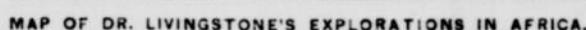


WITNESS  
P. S. Ross

MONTREAL WITNESS (Tri-Weekly) \$2 per annum  
DAILY WITNESS \$3 per annum.

*Glengarry, July, 1872.*



His (Mr. Parsons') experience of 18 years convinced him that to show his people what the Lord said was more important than anything he could say. He was called to a church highly respectable, strictly orthodox, and regular in attendance, but cold and formal. His congregation knew the catechism by heart, but did not feel the power of the Word of God; and there was no Christian zeal or activity for the conversion of the outside world. His first effort was to exalt the Bible and to make "Thus saith the Lord" respected. He suggested an open service of question and answer for the whole church, instead of the afternoon preaching service, and to connect it with the Sabbath school, which was numerous

and respectable, but formal and mechanical! There were older persons in the congregation who had been listening to preaching for 50 years without being converted, who absent themselves from the Sabbath-school, and did not attend this open Bible class, and many others who gave no personal study or examination to the Scriptures. The answer to all his exhortations for years was, that it was an old church and could not change its ways. Year after year, however, he kept on showing the customs and exhortations of Apostolic times, and about the middle of the fourth year the church voted to let him try the open Bible meeting instead of the afternoon preaching service, just to let him see that it would fail. The arrangement was to carry on the Sabbath-school as usual, with the addition of a Pastor's Bible class for adult and aged members of the Church and congregation; and at the close of the hour devoted to these exercises to throw the whole open to all, and have a question and answer meeting upon a portion, going regularly through a book of the Bible. At the first attempt 300 came, and it failed, as they kept on coming. For a while some wished to drag in every difficult and knotty point for discussion, but they soon learned to confine themselves to the passage of Scripture in hand. At first there were few questioners and answers, but soon there was no lack. None would speak at first, but soon they said, "We want to speak too?" and the speaking often became lively and earnest. Objections were urged to what this or that minister or writer had said, but they brought all to the test of Scripture, and it was only what God said that was authoritative. The effects of this meeting were great. Not only was it crowded, but the other meetings of the church were much benefited. Only give the Word of God a chance, and the Holy Spirit will use it for the quickening of believers and conversion of sinners. The Sabbath-school increased to 450, and the meeting of 10 teachers who studied the lesson with the prayer increases to two hundred. At the next meeting only a few had been in the habit of praying or speaking, and they by request; but when it was thrown open there were many who had something to say to God and to the brethren. That meeting also increased from 80 to 250. For a long time no one would say anything on the passages of Scripture under review, except what Barnes or Doddridge or Scott had said; but after a time they seemed to be taught of God, and brought out their own views with freshness and power. This gave a much deeper interest to the study, and brought forth much more fruit for the conversion of the world. They found out, for instance, that giving had not been conducted scripturally; that it was a part of worship that everyone was to bring an offering when he came to the house of God. The female members discovered that they should visit, and went two and two throughout the neighborhood to help the sick or distressed. There was no need for a special revival, for they had a continuous one all the year for years. The autumn on in the heat of summer were fully attended. Out of these meetings grew acquaintance between all classes, and especially between the old and young, and thus the fellowship of saints was promoted. There was for a while a good deal of opposition in the congregation, but the Church said, "We have experienced the benefits of the open

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Since the sale the prices of town lots in Winnipeg have increased, and holders are not desirous of selling, unless at prices considerably in advance of what was asked a week ago.

During the sale some protests were read forbidding the sale of certain of the lots, on the plea of previous ownership; but this did not seem to have any effect upon the bidding.

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The ship carpenters, mostly all Orangemen, have joined the rioters with their formidable weapons. The opposing parties had several engagements last night and this morning, and several were killed. If the authorities prevent the military from clearing the streets and shooting down the rioters, the city will be gutted. In attempting to keep the Orangemen and Roman Catholics apart, several of the soldiers belonging to the 4th Regiment of Infantry were seriously wounded, and conveyed to the hospital. Fighting is going on at a place called Thompson's Bank, where navvies are employed. Another fight occurred last night near County Down Railway Station, and it was not until several men had been cut down that the constabulary succeeded in dispersing the opposing parties.

Mr. Robert Foster, merchant.

Mr. Alexander W. Hestley, M. N. S., the brother of the deceased, stated that the deceased was a clergyman of the Church of England in charge of his father's parish at Bowmanville, and had been ordained a year. A year ago, after his ordination, he was sent to Hamilton to take charge of a church. He remained there until June, laboring zealously, and for the last two months his work was greatly increased by his studying for priest's orders, visiting during the day and studying all the night. He came to Toronto at the end of June and wrote a sermon, but he could not concentrate his thoughts, so that he could not carry out the examination and therefore went home at the advice of the Rev. Mr. Gervis, the examining chaplain; he took the duty at home and did it well enough, but he acted strangely, was despondent and melancholy. Witness heard from his cousin that after the boat left Prescott, on Thursday morning, the deceased was sitting in the sun near the tail all quite quiet; all at once he became very excited and asked to see the captain; his cousin, who was with him, said she would go for him, but deceased ran on to the upper deck to see the captain, and called to him to put them into a little boat and take them on shore, as the boat was going to be lost; he was very excited and called upon them to pray for salvation or they would be lost. Then several of the passengers brought him on to the lower deck, placed him in the captain's cabin, where they applied ice to his head. At that time his heart was beating very rapidly, and his head was feverish, but he soon recovered, and talked quite rationally, and went to Mr. Foster's house. All that information witness obtained from his cousin, Mrs. Murney, who was on board with the deceased and a young lady, a connection of hers. Witness believed that the primary cause of the deceased's weakness was application to study. In answer to a juror, the wit-

— The nomination for the different Parliamentary divisions came off on Monday. Mr. M. P. Ryan was elected in the centre, there being no opposition. In the west, Mr. G. A. Drummond and the Hon. John Young were proposed, and in the east, Sir G. E. Cartier and Mr. L. A. Jette. Considerable disturbance took place in the latter division, which was, however, quelled by the police.

| MEMBERS RETURNED.                               |                 |    |    |   |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----------------|----|----|---|
| M. Ministerial. O. Opposition. I. Independents. |                 |    |    |   |
| ONTARIO.                                        |                 |    |    |   |
|                                                 | M.              | O. | I. |   |
| Brant                                           | S. Patterson    |    |    |   |
| Brookville                                      | Baill           | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Carleton                                        | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Carleton                                        | Bergin          | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Dundas                                          | Gibson          | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Elgin, E. W.                                    | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Elgin, E.                                       | K. Harvey       | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Essex                                           | O'Connor        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Frontenac                                       | Kierulff        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Greenville, S.                                  | Brouse          | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Halton                                          | Landman         | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Grey, N. E.                                     | Meider          | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Grey, N. W.                                     | Flesher         | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Hamilton                                        | Quinn           | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Hamilton                                        | Witton          | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Hastings                                        | White           | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Hastings, W. R.                                 | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Hastings North                                  | Bowell          | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Kenora                                          | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Kingston                                        | Macdonald J. A. | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Lanark, South                                   | Hargart         | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Lanark, North                                   | Lawson          | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Leeds, N. E.                                    | Johns           | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Leeds, N. W.                                    | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Lincoln                                         | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| London                                          | Corring         | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| London                                          | Mack            | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Niagara                                         | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Niagara, N. E.                                  | Chrison         | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Northumberland                                  | Chapman         | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Ontario, N. E.                                  | Gibbs           | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Ontario, South                                  | Gibbs           | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Ottawa City                                     | Currier         | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Ottawa                                          | Lewis           | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Peel                                            | Smith           | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Peterborough, E.                                | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Peterborough, W.                                | Bartram         | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Prescott                                        | Harman          | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Russell                                         | Grant           | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Simcoe                                          | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Simcoe, S. E.                                   | Little          | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Toronto, E.                                     | Beatty          | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Toronto, W.                                     | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Toronto, C.                                     | Wilgond         | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Waterloo, S.                                    | Bowman          | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Welland                                         | Crabtree        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Wellington, N. E.                               | Stratton        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Wellington, S. E.                               | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Wellington, C.                                  | Ross            | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Wentworth, N. E.                                | McKenney        | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Wentworth, C.                                   | Rysmal          | 0  | 1  | 0 |

[illegible]

# RESULTS OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S EXPLORATIONS.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.

This celebrated traveller, whose safety must rejoice all has made great geographical discoveries during the five years in which he has been shut out from communication with the civilized world. But they just stop short of the most important point of all—namely, the ascertaining of the source of the Nile. It was believed by Speke and Grant that the great Victoria Nyanza Lake discovered by them was the source of the Nile, no river of any magnitude being found to enter it; but the discovery of the Albert Nyanza Lake by Baker placed the point in doubt, as there might be a river and lake to the south of it. To solve this problem, and ascertain the watershed between the Zambesi and the Nile was Livingstone's chief object, and in pursuance of it he has travelled great distances and incurred terrible hardships. He sought and found in about 11 degrees south latitude the elevated tableland, about 4,000 feet above the sea, which separates these two great rivers, and which is crowned with a chain of mountains from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea. From these issue innumerable springs, which flow to the River Zambesi on one side, and to the River Chambesi on the other. The Chambesi runs into Lake Bangweolo, from which flows the River Luapula, which flows into Lake Moena, and comes out as the great River Lualaba. This expands into Lake Komolondo, which receives another great river called Lufira. Another lake, which Dr. Livingstone called Lake Lincoln, to the west, was discovered, which he says also joins this great line of drainage, but lower down. And all these united form a fifth lake, which he was, to his great grief, forced by the vile men sent to help him to leave unvisited. This he calls the Lukouwa Lake out of which he thinks the western branch of the Nile flows, we presume, into Lake Albert Nyanza.

An acquaintance with this unexplored region is just what is wanting to convert conjecture into certainty, for it is possible that these five lakes and connecting rivers may be the upper waters of the Zaire, or Congo, which certainly rises near them. If they belong to the Nile system, that river, stretching over to degrees of latitude, will probably be the longest in the world, with the exception of the Amazon. It is, therefore, to complete his most important and interesting discoveries by Dr. Livingstone, aided and encouraged by Mr. Stanley's visit to him, and by the aid sent from Britain, purposes to remain two years longer in these regions.

## THE SLAVE TRADE.

Dr. Livingstone finds that the slave trade in the regions he has explored is the great bar to discovery, commerce, civilization and improvement of any kind, and that it is carried on by British subjects. The Bantus of Bomlay furnish Arab slave traders with means, and they employ Mohammedan negro slaves, who appear to be a mere compound of cruelty and rapacity. These, led by Arab slave traders, devastate the peaceful tribes of the interior, killing or driving off all who resist, and taking away men, women and children to be sold as slaves. The British, with an almost superstitious regard for vested rights, allowed a certain limited number of slaves to be exported, in order that the Sultan of Zanzibar might continue to obtain his revenue of head-money on them, and the Sultan, the Bantus and slave traders are all in league to export as many slaves as they see fit, and to obtain them by whatever means they can, which means are truly diabolical, as will be seen by bringing the matter home to ourselves. Suppose any village of Canada suddenly surrounded by degraded and ferocious specimens of the human race, all the men killed, driven away, or bound to a heavy yoke as slaves, and they, with all the women and children, marched away, subjected to any treatment their captors choose on a long journey. Suppose half of them or more on that dreadful march, and the remainder are sold into hopeless slavery, and then ask what government on earth dare allow such an infernal system to continue?

## THE NEGRO TRIBES.

The tribes in the interior are fine men and women, well formed, tall, and handsome, like the sculptured representations of the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians, and quite unlike the degraded, degraded, and brutified slaves upon the coast of either Eastern or Western Africa. Strange to say, however, one of the finest tribes continues its cannibal propensities, without even the poor excuse of having no other animal food.

These interior tribes are peaceable, reasonable, fair-dealing and reliable, until they become the victims of slave traders. Many of the leaders have very fine heads, and conduct the business of their tribes with skill and prudence. Their land is enormously fertile, yielding in some cases more than a hundred-fold, and they present a fine field for Christian effort, which it is to be hoped will soon be occupied. The Missionary is the most successful antagonist of the slave trade.

## INTERVIEW WITH MR. STANLEY AT MARSEILLES.

(Special London Telegraph.)  
MARSEILLES, July 24.—I have been fortunate enough to anticipate here that news from Central Africa and from its greatest explorer for which Europe and America have for weeks and months been anxiously on the watch. As every incident regarding the meeting between Livingstone and the enterprising American who tracked him out at Ujiji cannot fail to be of interest, I shall make no apology for any casual details that perchance might otherwise seem trivial.

## RESULTS OF LIVINGSTONE'S DISCOVERIES.

The broad fact which results from Livingstone's discoveries, he says, is, that there are three lines of drainage in the central region of Africa which he explored. The first line was that discovered by Captain Speke and Captain Grant, the second is supposed to be constituted between the Lake Tanganyika and the Lake Albert Nyanza, discovered by Baker. But the third and grand line of drainage is that now made known to us by Livingstone, under the various names of the Chambesi, the Luapula, and the Lualaba—all these three rivers being really one and the same great stream, bearing different names in different regions, bestowed by the people through whose country it passes. This triple-named river forms the upper part of the Nile, which, in fact, is a lake stream.

As the summary of Mr. Stanley's despatches stated, he met Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, on the 10th of November, 1871, when the dry and formal ceremonial previously described was observed in presence of the Arabs. "But," said Mr. Stanley, "the Arabs knew that we must have something very important to communicate to each other, and although their

principal men wanted to put a multitude of questions to me, they voluntarily withdrew in order to give us the opportunity of conversing freely. The chief man of the place had lost a son in the battle in which we were engaged on my way up the country; so I sent my head man, Bombay—who was Burton's celebrated attendant, but who none the less on one occasion tried to play me false—to tell the mournful news." Mr. Stanley describes with the greatest animation the difficulties of Dr. Livingstone and himself when at last they found themselves alone, and at liberty to give unrestrained flow to their feelings. He is most enthusiastic in praises of the personal character of the great explorer, whom he holds to be "one of the bravest and noblest gentlemen and truest Christian living."

## NEWS FROM HOME.

"When we were alone," relates Mr. Stanley, "I handed to him a packet of letters from home, and said that after he had finished reading them he should next be told all the news from the civilized world, so far as I myself knew them. 'No, no,' said Livingstone, 'for three years I have been waiting for letters from home, and I cannot afford to wait a few hours longer; give me the news of the world.' So I reported to him all that I could think of, of the striking events of the Franco-German war, the capture of Napoleon, the flight of the Empress, and declaration of the Republic; the fall of Queen Isabella of Spain; the election of General Grant in America; the opening of the Pacific Railroad; and whatever else I thought likely to be interesting to one who had lived so long at such remoteness from the movements of civilization. One of the very first questions which he put, with a view to supplementing my budget of intelligence, was about the welfare of 'his dear old friend,' Sir Roderick Murchison. I answered that at my latest advices he was quite well, for I was only on my return to the coast that I learnt of his death, which I since know had happened only about three weeks before I saw the traveller in whose eventful safety the veteran President so staunchly believed. Although Dr. Livingstone had been absent from his native country so long, he spoke English perfectly, both in phrase and accent."

## LIVINGSTONE'S WANDERINGS.

"After I had told Livingstone everything," continues Mr. Stanley, "he narrated to me in return all that had happened to himself, first recounting the latest and, in some ways, the most important facts, and afterwards going back over the whole period of his voluntary and toilsome banishment, to give a complete and connected history of his wanderings from the time when he quitted Zanzibar in the fall of 1865. This narrative was not the occupation of a single evening, as you may suppose, for it lasted, with explanations and amplifications necessary for one who had not been among the scenes himself, during all the four months I remained with Livingstone, from the 10th of November, 1871, to the 10th of March, 1872."

## HIS HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.

The explorer had countless and wonderful hairbreadth escapes to relate; in one single day he had narrowly saved his life three times—twice by avoiding spears which were thrown at him, but fortunately without inflicting a wound, and the third time by a man pulling him aside when a large tree was falling, just in time to evade the blow, though he was covered and blinded by the dust. One of Dr. Livingstone's men, being a witness to these three almost marvellous escapes in a single day, said to him, "Never mind, Bana! pluck up your heart! believe in Allah! You will get through all this trouble yet; you will live to see your home and friends again!"

## HIS HUMANITY AND COURAGE.

Mr. Stanley affirms that Dr. Livingstone positively does not know what fear is. At Lake Tanganyika both of the two gentlemen were in instant apprehension of a fatal attack from the hostile tribe of Murundi, who had surrounded them at night; and this instance, among a hundred others, will illustrate Livingstone's humanity and courage. While the travellers were engaged in eating their supper, Stanley called the attention of his companion to the fact that they were actually surrounded by the stealthy enemy. "Are you sure of that?" asked the Doctor. "Yes," said Stanley, "some are behind you at this moment." Livingstone turned and saw them, and ordered one of his men to hail them. So soon as the Murundi perceived that they were seen they advanced, and demanded to know who were there. The travellers answered that they were white men, and asked them what they wanted. The natives replied that they would come back again and see the white men in the evening. When they had gone, Livingstone and Stanley thought on due consideration of all the circumstances, that it would be better to quit the vicinity at once—accordingly they got into their boats, and Stanley had just pushed off from the lake shore, when the tribe suddenly made a new appearance in great force and with much fury, attacking them with stones and arrows. Mr. Stanley cocked his gun and said, "Doctor, give me permission to punish these fellows." But Dr. Livingstone answered, "No, no; we have got out of danger; it is not necessary to shed blood now." The attack, however, was, by Mr. Stanley's account, of an exceedingly dangerous character, despite the humane and cool conduct of the great explorer in face of it.

## AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

Another incident mentioned in the course of my long conversation with Mr. Stanley was as follows:—The party were in the cannibal country of Usani, on the western coast of Lake Tanganyika. Dr. Livingstone had gone out to take observations, while Mr. Stanley had retired to sleep. Suddenly a boy rushed into the tent, crying excitedly, "Master, master, get your gun! men want to fight." "I soon found," says Mr. Stanley, "that it was quite true; there were scores of excited natives yelling shouting out that they were going to kill me, so I sent four or five of our men to the Doctor, warning him of the danger, and desiring him to hurry back to the camp. By and by the Doctor returned, in his usual calm and deliberate manner, presented himself to the chief man of the natives who had made the hostile demonstrations, and without any appearance whatever of alarm or anger, coolly inquired what was the matter. From the reply to this question it came out that the son of the chief man had been murdered by the Arabs of Ujiji, and that they had come to wreak upon us their revenge for his death. Courteous and calm almost beyond anything that I can convey to you in words," continues Mr. Stanley, "the Doctor met their declaration with the answer, that although all that was alleged by the friends of the deceased might be true, we had nothing in the world to do with the business; we were white men, and not Arabs; and in proof he bared his arm and showed it to them. They were not however, satisfied even by this, which should have been tolerably conclusive evidence; and we had, in the long run, to bribe them in order to get rid of them. They left us, but, fearing lest they might return in greater force, we sailed into safer quarters across the lake, a distance of thirty-five miles."

## SEVERE CHARGE AGAINST DR. KIRK.

Considerable controversy is likely to arise as to the manner in which Dr. Kirk, the British Consul at Zanzibar, has acted; and respecting the way in which the expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society was conducted. The whole subject will, no doubt, be brought under discussion by the letters which Dr. Livingstone himself has written, by the state-

ments which Dr. Livingstone has made to Mr. Stanley, and by the assertions which Mr. Stanley himself repeats in the most positive manner. The substance of these statements is, that Dr. Kirk failed in rendering to Livingstone that proper support which might have given England the honor of finding him. Mr. Stanley complains of the long time that Dr. Kirk took in sending on goods, which were moreover given in charge to men who showed themselves unworthy of the trust. Dr. Kirk, too, does not seem, from conversation which Mr. Stanley reports, to have even repaid full confidence in Dr. Livingstone, or to have had relations of sympathy with him. "When I arrived at Zanzibar," says Mr. Stanley, "I heard that there was a party bound for the interior in search of Livingstone, stationed at Bogomoyo, twenty-five miles from Zanzibar, and that the party had been there two months. I remained at Zanzibar one month, and a fortnight after I was at Bogomoyo. It was reported by the natives there that Dr. Kirk was coming to send the caravan off. When the chief of the party heard that Dr. Kirk was coming, after having remained three months and a-half, he left two days before the Resident came. (Here I am simply giving Mr. Stanley's own words.) Dr. Kirk came in the Columbine, with the chief officers of that ship, on a shooting excursion, and he never paid the slightest attention to the caravan until his return from the shooting excursion, which was in about six days, when he found that the party had gone eight or ten days before he arrived. This apparent lack of enterprise and sympathy on the part of Dr. Kirk formed the subject of conversations between Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley. The latter ascribed to apathy, but Dr. Livingstone said, 'No, it is jealousy.' 'How can that be?' asked Stanley. Livingstone answered, 'You do not know the circumstances of this expedition, of which I have charge. At my request it was offered by Dr. Murchison to Dr. Kirk. He refused it. Here an extraordinary fact, alleged by Mr. Stanley, may be mentioned. In the course of nine months eleven packets of letters sent by Dr. Hosmer through Mr. Webb, the American Consul at Zanzibar, reached Mr. Stanley at Ujiji. He even had a telegram at four months' date relating to the communications sent to him. Yet during three years Livingstone never had one of the letters sent through Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk, doubtless, will be anxious, and probably will be able, to explain matters, which, while they suggest the appearance of a certain want of co-operative energy, must not, of course, be pronounced upon until the official concerned has had an opportunity of explanation."

## THE PRIZE.

Mr. Stanley gave Dr. Livingstone the solemn promise that he would deliver with his own hand, or place in the London Post-Office, his diary of the five years of his last expedition, which he has sent to his daughter, and the letters to Lord Granville, to the Geographical Society, and his private friends. "When I first saw Livingstone," said Stanley in the course of our naturally discursive talk, "he was worn out by diarrhea, broken down, and but a few days from his own words—'I was brought new life to me.' He said, 'After a companionship of four months, Mr. Stanley left him a hale, hearty, stout man, who bore his sixty years well. His hair was still dark; his moustache and beard were grey, not white. He had plenty of clothes, ammunition, rifles, revolvers, and also supplies for three years; while when Mr. Stanley discovered him he was destitute, and quite broken up; nothing but his brave heart and his belief in the goodness of God supporting him. Mr. Stanley assured me in the most earnest manner, that he had no fear whatever but that, at the expiration of about two years, Englishmen will see again their great countryman. Dr. Livingstone has gone to explore a tribe who live underground, but his great object is to discover the several lines between his own discoveries and those of Baker."

## LAKE TANGANYIKA.

While Livingstone and Stanley were together they travelled to the head of Lake Tanganyika. The reason why Livingstone had not gone there before Mr. Stanley came was, that he could not afford the cost. Before they went, Livingstone was of opinion that the head of Tanganyika did join the Albert Nyanza. He supposed that he had solved this by taking the level of the waters. The Earl of Winchester, in a recent letter, has stated that the level of Tanganyika above the sea is only 1804 feet; but Dr. Livingstone has found it to be 3000 feet.

## FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The *Daily Telegraph* publishes the following additional despatches respecting Dr. Livingstone from its correspondent at Marseilles, who had an interview with Mr. Stanley:—

In continuation of my messages of yesterday (July 24) I must inform you that the latest news which Mr. Stanley had from Dr. Livingstone reached the American seahor at Tura, a place five days journey from Ujijanyembe, where the two white men parted. It was agreed between them that Stanley should make five days' travel towards the coast, and then wait for a messenger from the Doctor. The letter of Livingstone, which was written in a good, firm, bold hand, contains the following passages:—

"If you can telegraph to me on your arrival in London, be particular, please, to say how Sir Roderick is. You put the matter exactly yesterday when you said that I was not quite satisfied about the sources of the rivers, but as soon as I shall be satisfied I shall return, and give reasons for satisfaction in for other people. I wish I could have given you a better one than the Scottish one—to put a stout horse to a steady pace. I would not have let you go but with great concern had you still been troubled with the continued fever (Mr. Stanley had shortly before leaving Livingstone changed from the permanent to the intermittent stage of the epidemic), but I feel comfortable in committing you to the kind guardianship of the good Lord and Father of all. I have been working as hard as I can copying observations made on the line of march from Kabure back again to Cazembe and on to Lake Bangweolo, and I am quite tired of it. Many a day will elapse before I take to copying again. I did my duty when I left Ujiji in 1869, and I am not to blame although they grope a little in the dark at home."

This letter was dated from Kivihara on the 15th March, 1872. When Mr. Stanley reached the sea-coast, he sent back to Dr. Livingstone all the news that had reached him there, including, among the rest of the items, and chief in interest of all to the explorer, the death of Sir Roderick Murchison, by whose unvarying friendship and confidence the traveller was urged on to his great achievements.

"When I saw Livingstone," said Stanley, in the course of our discursive talk, "he was worn down by diarrhea, broken down, and but a few days from his own words—'I was brought new life to me.' He said, 'After a companionship of four months, Mr. Stanley left him a hale, hearty, stout man, who bore his sixty years well. His hair was still dark, his moustache and beard grey, not white. He had plenty of clothes, ammunition, rifles, revolvers, and supplies for three years. When Mr. Stanley discovered him he was destitute, and quite broken down, nothing but his brave heart and his belief in the goodness of God supporting him."

# Cotemporary Press.

## PRIZE DISTRIBUTION AND REVIEW AT WIMBORLETON.

### THE CANADIAN PRIZE TAKERS.

(From the London Times, July 22.)

A meeting, successful beyond most of its predecessors, terminated brilliantly on Saturday. Weather, attendance, prizes, troops, prize-winners, prize-givers—all on all these points there was nothing left to be desired, and of drawbacks to the pleasure of the day, in the shape of serious accidents or misadventure, none happily are recorded. The heat, indeed, was excessive—so much so that the British Ambassadors, for whom places of honor in the Grand Stand were set apart, having occupied these for about an hour, could remain no longer exposed to the sun's rays, but sought the shelter of their carriages and drove away, declaring that the heat was "twenty-two times as much as in their own country."

The great body of the spectators probably felt the inconvenience as much as the foreigners, but with British fortitude, indifference or rashness, whichever may be the correct expression, they sat on, determined to let nothing interfere with their enjoyment of the spectacle.

This certainly was most interesting to those who had been present on similar occasions as well as those who saw the ceremony for the first time. As stated already Bismarck was officially represented in the assemblage; so was Japan, Lieut. Col. Weder, wearing the uniform of an officer in the King of Holland's army, was the centre of a group of European military men, while the great Republic of the west was represented by an officer who has been actively engaged since 1864 in establishing rifle ranges in different States of the Union, and now seeks to get a vote of Congress for the same object. Immediately in front of the Grand Stand a double marriage had been effected—one with a dais and raised pedestal for the Princess of Wales to occupy while distributing the prizes; the other and larger portion of the marquee for the protection of the ladies-in-waiting and members of the royal party. To the right of the marquee was a long table covered with the massive trophies, challenge cups and other prizes which the Association has annually to distribute, as well as with the special rewards distinctive of the meeting. Parallel with the table, and in front of it, were ranged those winners of the principal prizes who attended in person to receive their distinctions, to the number in all of some 500 or 600. A Guard of Honor composed of blue jackets from Her Majesty's ship "Excellent," was drawn up on the left of the Royal marquee, and looked exceedingly serviceable and quaint with their catlasses and rifles, their loose uniforms and straw hats. By and by another Guard of Honor was seen on its way to the marquee, coming from the direction of the volunteer camp, and marching across the common, preceded by six Highland pipers in full blast. On ordinary occasions the custom is that the Guard of Honor at the distribution of prizes should be composed of contingents from the different volunteer corps in camp; but in this instance the London Scottish, in virtue of a member of the corps having carried off the Queen's prize, claimed and exercised the privilege of furnishing the whole Guard of Honor. Punctually at a clock two open carriages, with outriders in the royal livery, and accompanied by an escort of the 9th Lancers, passed through an opening left for that purpose in the line of hurdles, and appeared upon the common. It is unnecessary to add that the Prince and Princess of Wales, the moment they were recognized, were warmly cheered, and that the cheering was taken up and continued all along the line. On reaching the marquee their Royal Highnesses were received by Lord Ducie, as President of the Council of the Association. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales wore the uniform of the Civil Service Corps, of which he is honorary colonel, and His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, who accompanied him, as the honorary colonel of the London Irish, appeared in the uniform of that regiment. A brilliant party assembled in the marquee to receive the Royal circle. After the usual presentation, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was conducted to the dais by the Duke of Cambridge, and the presentation of prizes commenced.

On the part of the Association, any attempt to convey to the spectators an explanation as to the names of the prize-winners, the nature and value of the prizes, and the circumstances under which these have been won during the meeting, seems now to have been definitely abandoned. The prizes have grown so much in number, and the degrees of excellence in the victors involve such *manera* of technical detail, that it is regarded as hopeless to convey to the public an adequate conception of the merits in each case. But here and there, something was done on Saturday in the way of calling out names, and the public quickly caught them up. There were, for instance, the well-known figure of Mr. Edward Ross, distinguished by his great height and greater achievements, taking three prizes in succession from the hands of the Princess; the representative team from Cambridge University, looking at, but not venturing to carry, the monster China Challenge Cup for volley-throwing; the team from Winchester School, which won the Public Schools Match, looking almost as well-grown as the team from Cambridge; the winners of the several International matches between England, Ireland and Scotland, the winner of the St. George's Challenge Vase; the conditions of which match, Colonel Lindsay came over specially to explain to the Princess; and some individual marksmen, whose skill and good fortune have been subjects of conversation, like Captain D'ane (Jus of Court), the winner of the distribution having the greatest interest for the public was undoubtedly the presentation of prizes to the Canadian team. First came the representatives of Quebec singly, who had won the Merchants' Cup in the match between the several Provinces of Canada; and then the full squad which achieved so signal a victory over the picked representatives of England, Ireland, and Scotland in the competition for the Rajah of Kolapore's Cup. Not merely were they most graciously received by the Princess, but volunteers and spectators applauded warmly as they moved off with their prizes. An opportunity also was sought by the Prince of Wales before the distribution concluded of entering into conversation with Major Worsley, who commands the team, and adding his personal congratulations. Private Turnbull, one of the Canadians, in his individual capacity, had won the Secretary for War's prize in the course of the meeting, shooting with a Martini-Henry rifle at 900 yards; and this rifle, enclosed in a suitable case, was presented to him at the instance of Mr. Cardwell.

The last and greatest of the prize-winners every year is the man who succeeds in winning the Queen's Prize. On this occasion the hero of the meeting is Color-Sergeant Michie, of the London Scottish, who was duly presented with a purse containing £250, and the gold medal of the Association. By permission of Mr. Cardwell, he also was allowed to retain the rifle with which he has made himself

famous. Usually the band strikes up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," as the Queen's Prize man approaches the dais, but on Saturday the Scottish pipers substituted "The Highland Laddie," and amid general applause Sergeant Michie retired with his well-earned rewards and decoration.

The ceremony of distributing the prizes was followed by a review in which regiments of Life Guards, Lancers, and Royal Artillery took part, and that was succeeded by another review of volunteers who acquitted themselves creditably in the trying ordeal of coming after such splendid regular troops.

One or two cases of apprehended sunstroke were reported, and not unnaturally, seeing that, according to Mr. Steward's figures, the thermometer stood during the afternoon at 82 degrees in the shade. Beyond this, the field hospital staff enjoyed a siesta.

## THE POSITION OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.

(From Review of Rev. Mr. Curteis' Bampton Lecture in Christian World.)

Without exception, this lecture is the most thoughtful, vigorous, and resolute impeachment of Popery which has appeared during the last few years. The writer does not hesitate to employ the strongest language when describing its essential characteristics and working. It is needless to say that such language seems to us fully warranted by the facts from which it springs, and commands our entire and hearty sympathy. Evidently Mr. Curteis has little hope of seeing this branch of Dissent brought into union with the Church of England. Whatever Utopian ideas he may entertain concerning other sections of Non-conformity, he sees not the remotest chance of a reunion of Christendom that shall include the Roman Catholic Church. He endorses Dr. Pusey's opinion that "Dr. Pusey's doctrine, the change of political relation, the ascendancy of the Jesuits, quenched the hope of the restoration of union in 1717, and he himself adds that 'the efforts made by Dr. Pusey and others have met with a far more shameful repulse.' He points out that the Teutonic and Saxon races are leaving the support of the Papacy to the Latin nations. In support of this he says, 'Let two facts be remembered: (1) That every single Pope since the Restoration has been an Italian; (2) That in the recent Vatican Council, while the Latin votes (including no less than 339 Italian prelates, in immediate dependence on the Pope) amounted to the enormous number of 589, the whole of Germany was represented by fourteen votes.' There can be no doubt that this last movement to proclaim the infallibility of the Pope has done more to alienate the Teutonic and Saxon people than any other cause during the last 300 years, and possibly may give the death-blow to the Papacy, even in Italy. It is in truth a case of—

"Vainum ab initio, quod cernitur ultimum."

Mr. Curteis' standpoint is one of firm and uncompromising hostility to Rome, and he does not, therefore, exhibit that comparative tenderness of feeling towards it which is so characteristic of its treatment of other sections of English Dissent. Very masterly is his review of the fundamental principle of Roman Catholicism, which he declares to be this, "that a despotism is the only divinely-ordered Christian polity and that whatever the autocrat of the Church—Christ's supposed, viceregent—should order them (the Romanists) to do that, as a matter of conscience, they must do." This lecturer calls "the key to the whole position." All dogmas are intimately associated with this question of ecclesiastical supremacy. The historical growth of this mighty assumption is expounded with great fullness and critical accuracy. If our readers are anxious to obtain a general summary of this important subject they cannot do better than study this able lecture, in which it is clearly proved that the Papal claims rest on literary forgeries. Passage after passage, quoted as from the Fathers to show the early and apostolic supremacy of the so-called See of St. Peter, turns out on investigation to be the most palpable, flagrant, and disgraceful imposture. In like manner the "Pseudoisidorian Decretals" are dealt with, and the phrase with which the whole is summed up is that the Papacy is a dictatorship founded on fraud. Well does Mr. Curteis, in the fulness of an honest indignation, say, "The spirit of falsehood which has long been at work in the dark precincts of the Roman curia, has not even yet, it appears, fulfilled its whole course; nor have all its shameful secrets even yet been brought out into the open light of day."

Proceeding further, he examines the "three steps in the ordinary Romanist argument in favor of entire submission to the Papal claims." First, and above all, we are confronted with the supposed fact that our Lord gave a distinct and special commission to St. Peter to become "prince of the apostles." This he clearly shows is nothing else than a misinterpretation of our Lord's words. "Secondly, we have the supposed fact that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome, and handed on this special commission to all the successive occupants of that see." But this is a mere untrustworthy legend. The probabilities are that Peter was never at Rome. "Thirdly, we are assured that, as a matter of history, the power exercised accordingly by the Bishops of Rome has been uniformly and visibly a blessed, saving, and Christianizing power, faultless in government, infallible in teaching." In reply to this, the lecturer produces a most powerful historical indictment against the Papacy. She has fought against national independence and reviving political life. She has resisted the right appropriation of Church endowments, and the proper husbanding of State resources. She has attempted to neutralize honest efforts at Church reform, and maintained a cursed monastic system. Apparently, everything that a Church of Christ should have done she has left undone, she has done with both hands earnestly. In a day like ours, when Papal pretensions are making themselves felt in England, though they are waning on the Continent, when a Prince and Princess of the Royal House give their sanction to its worship by personally attending a marriage service at one of its chapels, when the demand is made that the education of children should be placed in the hands of priests, it is desirable that some able, earnest men should tell the people of England what Roman Catholicism really is, and what it has done. We thank Mr. Curteis for his valuable testimony. There is less in this lecture that we are disposed to controvert than in the former ones already noticed. Still there are one or two statements and admissions which must not be passed over. For instance, we think that he errs in the statement that Roman Catholics are not now numerically strong in England. Possibly the statistics he quotes, which give only 180,000 English-born Romanists, may be correct. But in dealing with an Empire it is desirable to separate one section from another in this fashion? We must take the whole force into consideration, and estimate its political and social value. We are not alarmists, but not will we be well to keep our eyes open, and not lull ourselves with the pleasant fancy that the increase is not so great "as some people appear to imagine." Ritualism is gradually destroying the Protestant sentiment of the country, and we may see such a general movement towards Rome not long hence as will startle the nation.

# THE HORRORS OF THE MIDDLE PASSAGE RENEWED.

BURNED ON THE BREMEN AND HAMBURG STEAMERS.

For a long time past the people of this country have been horrified at the manner in which the German Steamship Companies have plied between this city and Bremen and Hamburg, treating their emigrant passengers.

Incredible as it may appear in the nineteenth century, yet, nevertheless, it is true, that men and women sleep promiscuously together in these foul holes called steerage trunks. Each berth is two feet wide, and about six feet long, but frequently the partitions are removed, and several people of different sexes are to be seen huddled together. For decency's sake a veil must be thrown over the horrors of a passage on one of these steamers. The effects of such surroundings on a young and sensitive girl are sad to contemplate, and many a woman, were she to live to the age of Methuselah, would never forget the horrors witnessed by her on her passage from Fatherland to this country. With foul corruption on every side it is not surprising that many unhappy women and young girls, who would have been lovely ornaments to American homes, fall, while crossing in these foul-holed post-houses, to a hideous fate.

One of the saddest cases of this kind which ever transpired was on board the steamer "Hansa," belonging to the North German Lloyd Steamship Co., whose agents are Messrs. Oelrichs & Co., of No. 2 Bowling Green. It appears that Sophie Fromm, aged nine years, accompanied by a widowed mother, who was a chronic invalid and confined to her berth in the steerage on her passage to this country, were on board the vessel just mentioned. By chance the eye of the first mate of the steamer fell upon the little girl, and he invited her to his state-room and outraged her. On arrival in this port, it was to have been expected that the Captain of the vessel, one Bruckenstein, would have had the villain put in irons and delivered to the authorities here for punishment; the more so as a full report of the occurrence was made to him by the second and third mates and the doctor who was in attendance upon the child. But no! the first mate was allowed to leave the vessel off Staten Island and make his escape to Green Bay, Wisconsin. Mr. Casserly, the able Superintendent of Castle Garden, investigated the matter, but as the first mate had been allowed to escape, nothing was done further than that Bruckenstein, the captain, was forced to make a statement of all he knew about the matter, which can now be seen among the records at the German Consulate, 2 Bowling Green. The unfortunate girl, a wreck for life, is resident at Albany with her widowed mother.

A CRY FOR REFORM.  
Legally speaking this young girl has no remedy in the country. The outrage was committed on the high seas on a foreign vessel. The North German Lloyds Steamship Company is a foreign corporation, and must be sued in Bremen. The girl is not an American citizen, and lastly and principally the first mate has been allowed to escape. These were some of the difficulties which staved the counsel for the Commissioners of Emigration in the face, when he tried to bring the martyred child. The existence of such a state of things is a disgrace to this country, and it is to be hoped that the recommendation made by President Grant to Congress, that a law should be framed for the protection of emigrants may be acted upon when that body reassembles. It may safely be said, and without fear of contradiction, that the revolting scenes to be witnessed in the interior of a slave ship, heavily freighted with humanity, a few years back, are now almost reproduced among the steerage passengers of the North German Lloyds Steamship Companies. If the Germans have no migration laws, it is about time that the advisability of creating them were suggested to Prince Bismarck. It may be remembered that a short time back the Bremen bark *Athena* arrived here with some 500 passengers, all filthy to the last degree. On the voyage there had been some 20 deaths, but there had been no doctor on board, and so the people, the children and infants especially, died off as from the effect of the plague. At the coroner's inquest the Captain stated that in his youth he had attended medical lectures—and yet 500 souls were entrusted to this man's keeping while they crossed the Atlantic, liable to all the ills that flesh is heir to.

NO EXCEPTIONAL CASE—FATAL SIGHTS.  
It must not be thought for an instant that such cases as that mentioned about Sophie Fromm are exceptional. The officers and crew know the effect of giving delicacies to half-starved women and young girls, such as a handful of almonds and raisins.

The writer knows of a lady, in reduced circumstances, who was forced to travel by one of these Bremen steamers, and although her ticket bore inscribed on it the number of a berth in the steerage, when she arrived there, all were engaged, including her own. She used to pass the night sleeping on her trunk, in a sitting position, and when she asked the steward to see if he could not get her a berth, she was answered with an indecent proposal. American people have no conception of the infamy existing on board these floating dens. The Hamburg line of steamers is undoubtedly superior to the Bremen line, in point of cleanliness and discipline. But here also the sexes are huddled together, and all laws of morality soon become tacitly ignored, and inferno reigns.

## THE FOOD ON THE BREMEN STEAMERS.

Words are wanting to describe the vile manner in which the emigrants are fed. Tepid and almost tasteless water, honored by the name of tea and coffee. Greasy concoctions of what is termed soup, into which the emigrants will plunge their unwashed arms to feel about at the bottom for pieces of meat, and to such an extent does this hand grabbing exist, that many persons become so disgusted that they can eat nothing, and content themselves with dry biscuits. It was the remark of several intelligent emigrants, the other day, on one of these Bremen steamers, which had just arrived, that the food was given in the most repulsive manner possible, but just in sufficient quantities to keep body and soul together. The sick are systematically neglected, unless they have money to pay the steward a gratuity, and many a poor wretch has been buried in the deep when a little timely aid would have saved; but death kindly ended their sufferings, for to live in such quarters was to endure a perpetual martyrdom.

Owing to the limited supply of water doled out, washing cannot be a daily affair, and many of the emigrants go for days, and some the whole week, without washing. With no washing basins, and being packed together like herrings in a barrel, cleanliness with some people ceases to be sought after. The sanitary arrangements are also as bad as had can be. The cost of feeding the emigrants is about 15c a day. The fare is \$35, and lasts from 10 to 12 days.

## TERMINAL SKELETON.

Dante, in his descent to the infernal regions, never conceived anything more foul, filthy, and nauseating than the stench which thickens in these emigrant pens. Strong men, with strong chests in this city, are unable to descend into them when the vessels arrive in New York, and they fall back retching. As one of the component parts of the vile stench, in which hundreds of people are penned away, may be mentioned the fact that 5th of every kind remains putrefying on the floor from the

tioned by Judge Keogh, and a criminal prosecution for undue influence would accordingly be instituted against them. In the course of the conversation which arose out of this announcement, Mr. Mitchell

Henry, who said that the bishop and clergy incriminated were his constituents, complained that the Archbishop of Tuam and the bishop of Galway were not to be prosecuted, as well as the others. The Government are to be commended for the bold step which they have taken, and ought to receive support from all friends of the impartial administration of justice. We may expect to hear a terrible howl from Ireland, and the fiercest denunciations of Saxon rule. We may suppose the Government are prepared to find that no

**COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN THE 13TH CENTURY.**—In the recent speech of the Duke of Argyll in proposing the second reading of the Scotch Education Bill in the House of Lords, mention was made of a curious exemplification of a system of compulsory education nearly four hundred years ago. The Duke of Argyll

stated that in 1494 an act was passed by a Scotch Parliament imposing the heavy penalty of £20 upon parents who failed in certain cir-

It is true that the conscription was continued to

The conclusion was confined to a section of the population, namely holders who were liable to the penalty and that only in the cases of eldest sons. No provision was made for younger sons, who in case of the death of their elder brothers might take their places. Still the fact stands, and it is a remarkable one, that nearly four centuries ago a stringent compulsory rule was applied to a certain section of the population, so as to ensure the education of those likely to prove the more influential and independent members of the community. If Scotland was ripe for such a measure four hundred years ago, there should be little doubt of its being now ready for a general compulsory law, such as is proposed in the new bill. There is another consideration, also, which is of great importance. There was such zeal for education in Scotland in the pre-Reformation days, it is obvious that the frequent statement that the Scotch owe their intelligence and their educational pro-

DOMINION NEWS.

— The navigation of the St. John River is to be improved and a scow with a revolving derrick has been built for that purpose.

— Heavy fires were burning in the woods from Point Migic to Bristol on Sunday and Monday last. On Sunday afternoon at Centreville and Bristol the fire blazed in the woods.

and bribe, the inhabitants had to make considerable exertion to prevent some of their buildings from being burnt. The back fences and some of the oat and buckwheat crops were destroyed — *Fredericton Express*, July 24th.

**BRUTAL OUTRAGE.**—A most brutal outrage

reported in the vicinity of the village of St. Sebastienne. A girl had been in the village to purchase medicine for her sick mother, and when returning home, it being then dark, she encountered a peddler of plaster of Paris mages, who asked her to accompany him to a road near by. The girl refused, and was trying to continue on her way when the ruffian seized

He dragged her into the wood, where he beat her in a shocking manner and outraged her, leaving weakened his brutality on the poor creature he made off, leaving her for dead. The unfortunate girl managed, however, to crawl to the roadside, where she was observed by a passer-by and taken to the village, where very attention was paid to her; but it is said there are small hopes of her recovery. The *Gazette* says "the authorities at St. Nicholas" quite seem to have been very tardy in their

endeavors to bring the villain to justice. It was not until Saturday the High Constable of the district arrived in town with a warrant for the peddler's arrest, which our magistrates

did not back, as the officer had no means of identifying the man of whom he was in search. He was, therefore, obliged to return home to obtain the services of some one, who, having seen the peddler, could identify him. This will not be difficult, as he had been seen by a good many people in that neighborhood." It was to be hoped the villain will be caught and subjected to condign punishment.

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AMERICAN NEWS.

— Gen. Buell's war-horse, recently decas-

— Mr. Pomeroy's *La Crosse Democrat* has  
 been merged into  
 another newspaper enterprise.

— Spotted Tail, the Sioux Chief, now in New York, is six feet high, perfectly proportioned, has a face of remarkable intelligence, and looks every inch a Chief.

— Colonel Forney, of the Philadelphia Press, writing on the government of cities, says at Boston is unquestionably the best man.

city in America, mainly because there is very little politics in its administration, a mere system of finance, a police extending over the State, and a rigid attendance at the may elections by prominent men.

— It is said that there is trouble among the people of St. Anne's Church, Gloucester, Mass. The Rev. Mr. Haley, the priest of the parish, being about to leave town for a short vacation, places his horse to graze in the Catholic cemetery.

And the protest of the superintendent there, who offered him free pasturage elsewhere, to whom he replied that he needed no one's pasture since he had one of his own.

the request of several who had friends died in the cemetery, the animal was removed in a few days. On his return, Father Kelly took occasion from the altar to charge the superintendent of the cemetery with inducing the people to disloyalty, when he might be confined the horse to unoccupied portions of the ground, where the feed was good, and no damage could have ensued, and rebuked that officer from office. The latter, of course, as a dutiful son of the church, could raise his voice in rebuttal. Though his line of explanation has been prepared for the altar in the offices of both the local papers, has not yet been given to the public, which may some ascribed to the influence of Father Kelly.—*Newsmonger Herald.*

1972.—*Chrysophora* *nitida*.

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## The Witness.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1872.

## TIDE BORE OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

I spent two days looking for the famed Tide Bore of the Bay of Fundy, at the places most frequented by it, but I have not yet been able to catch even a glimpse of it and began to vote it a bore. In its stead, however, there was something well worth the time spent. Imagine an estuary several miles long and from one to seven miles wide, all under your eye, and all bare and brown; the only water seen being little pools and scarcely perceptible streams, meandering through a trackless waste of slimy sand and mud, and then imagine in less than half an hour the whole of this desolate area converted into a shining lake almost as imperceptibly and silently as are the motions of earth itself. I say almost, for if you fix your eye on the water as it first comes up, you will see a quiet, steady, swift motion, crawling over the flats in a way that would appal a swift runner caught on them some distance from the banks, and there is all the time a low, confused sound of little waves plashing along the margin of this current, and wherever it is running swiftest over sandbanks. In this steady, silent way the water rushes on, and on, and up and up, till it has filled not only the broad flat but every creek and inlet to the brim. The wharves, where there are wharves, raised it may be 20 feet above the beach, which is 15 to 20 feet above low-water level, are speedily reached. The schooners on the ground below them begin to rise, till at last the water is nearly level with the top of the wharves, or perhaps flowing over them, while the vessels are of course raised far above them, tied to an invisible wharf.

## NATURE'S HYDRAULICS.

What arithmetic will calculate the quantity of water that is required to raise the Bay of Fundy with all its basins, estuaries, bays and creeks, 30 or 40 feet, or in some very high tides 50, and that in six hours, and twice a day? That just seen the pump of the Albion mines, one of the most powerful probably in the world, raising its thousands of gallons an hour; how long would it take to pump to raise the Bay of Fundy 40 feet? Such a question shows the infinite difference between man's pump and God's. All the people that ever lived on this earth, though they had spent all the time of their existence in nothing else but carrying water from the sea by every means they could devise, could not have made such an accumulation as comes into this Bay twice a day. This incredible power has brought to my mind more clearly than perhaps ever before, that he who has God on his side is in a majority, though the whole world were against him.

## A RUSHING TIDE.

The common idea of the tides in the Bay of Fundy is that they come in with a great wave like a wall of water from four to six feet high, rushing on with incredible rapidity; but the fact is, that there is no such thing in the Bay itself, nor in any bay or basin communicating with it. In some of the rivers which empty into these bays or estuaries, and where there is a pretty wide mouth narrowing rapidly into a river, the rush of water is so great in high tides and storms that a bore of three to four feet is raised by the resistance of the sands; just as the breakers swell up upon the shore, only the bore does not break in the same way, but rushes on and on over the nearly level sands, until it covers the inlet. But while there is no bore even in such narrow passages as into the Bay of Minas and Bay of Annapolis, there is a tremendous current, first in and then out, twice a day.

J. D.

## THE LOWER PROVINCES AND MAINE.

New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Maine, the region in which I travelled for three weeks this summer, have many points of resemblance. There is much similarity in the pursuits of the population, and consequently in their character and habits.

I think I am safe in saying that the temperance reformation is farther advanced in this region than in any other in the world, with the exception of Vermont; and probably I might say the same thing in regard to Sabbath observance and general morality. It is positively delightful to pass a Sabbath in a village of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, as I did at Shediac and Wolfville.

The great progress of the temperance reformation in those countries is, some would think, the more remarkable on account of such a large proportion of the population being lumbermen and sailors—classes generally regarded as pretty rough. But this is really the chief cause of progress. Men who can only visit taverns rarely—once a week or a month, like farmers—seldom become intemperate; and those who are away from taverns several months at a stretch, like lumbermen in the

woods, fishermen on their fishing stations, or sailors going to distant ports, are still less likely to become intemperate, unless, indeed, they take their enemy with them. Now it was early seen by the employers of lumbermen, sailors, and fishermen that it would be greatly to the advantage of all concerned to give up supplying men with liquor, and it was not difficult to persuade the men to accept of some substitute which was far better for them. Farmers also learned the same wisdom. Hence the men of Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were in a great measure shut out from the temptation which perpetually presents itself to the population of cities and villages, except where temperance principles have sufficiently prevailed to banish it.

So strong is the religious and temperance influence in Nova Scotia, for instance, that vessels from that Province—and they are not a few—are noted for the good behaviour of their masters and crews wherever they go; and the wonder is that shipowners in other parts of the world do not stop the most injurious custom of supplying their men with spirits. That Government should continue to kindle the drunkard's appetite in their seamen, after all the light that has been poured on this subject, is a marvel and a reproach.

We may also learn from what has been stated concerning the temperance of those regions, that the temptations presented by dram-shops are the great cause of drunkenness. The more licenses to sell liquor granted, the more intemperance abounds. Every license represents an average of so many tipplers, and so many drunkards. Every new license represents so many added to the hideous army of intemperance. How long will Christian legislators and magistrates continue to grant licenses, each one of which, on the average, represents so many human beings destroyed for time and eternity, and so much general deterioration of society?

## PROTESTANTISM IN MEXICO.

The death of Juarez closes a stormy chapter in Mexican history. It may serve to mark an important epoch in the political affairs of that unhappy country. The ex-President, whose life was so turbulent, at length rests in peace. Before, constantly opposed, he is now universally lamented. Even those so conspicuous for unscrupulous antagonism to his official life affected a decent sorrow over his sudden and untimely death. It is to be hoped that the cause with which he was so long identified will not die with him.

That cause on the whole, when separated from extraneous issues that mixed themselves with it, is seen to be the cause of his country. It was his country's cause against the foreigner. The sturdy *Mexico* was a "strong rod of those that bear rule." He was the most representative Mexican of his day. Like Luther, the greatest genius of Germany, or Cromwell, the first Englishman of his age, a born leader of men, he gradually raised himself to the highest trusts, and carried the hearts of his countrymen with him. The alien and natural enemies with whom he came in collision were not French and Austrians, but monks and Jesuits. They made Maximilian, and even Louis Napoleon, their tools. Alike foreigners and enemies, in every country and age, they are in a country or age, but never of it. Men die or change, but these orders and societies, in their antagonism to national rights and human progress, seem immortal and unchangeable as the very spirit of evil itself.

In Mexico, besides the inveterate restlessness of the Jesuits, prompting to mischief, the vast amount of church property that has been secularized is a constant inducement for them to plot revolutions. Such property in Catholic countries exerts an influence similar to that which used to consist of slaves in the South. When we see, however, the progress that has been made of late in Southern Europe in throwing off the yoke of Rome, we cannot believe that she will be able again to impose it on Mexico. The violence and anarchy that, because of her machinations, have so long laid waste that fair country will not always continue. Like so many other countries at present passing through a period of unrest and transition, to whatever she may be tending we are sure it is not towards Rome. As is nature, our sympathies with her are more religious than political. She will find a remedy for her ills, not in Republicanism, but in Protestantism.

Very encouraging progress is reported in the dissemination of evangelical views by the agents of the American and Foreign Christian Union, and by ministers and teachers connected with societies. Quite a number publicly profess their adherence to the Reformed tenets in the City of Mexico, and throughout the Provinces. Though the priests employ their accustomed arts to stir up mobs from time to time, public sympathy is largely in favor of Protestantism. The unpatriotic intrigues of the Ultramontane clergy will not soon be forgotten. Thus it is that a great and an effectual door is open for the spread of the Gospel in Mexico, which, it is to be hoped, no political revolution will close.

## WHAT FORM OF GOVERNMENT WILL FRANCE ADOPT?

No country perhaps ever profited more or more speedily from adversity than France has done since her recent disastrous war. With the exception of excessive severity towards the conquered Communists, and unreasoning anger against the conquering Germans, the course of the nation appears to have been marked by great good sense. The readiness on the part of the people to lend money to the Government to pay off the war debt shows three things: 1st, That they are generally inspired with a generous patriotism; 2nd, That they have perfect confidence in the good faith of the nation to pay its debts; and 3rd, That notwithstanding all the terrible losses of the war they have plenty of money to lend. It was a sensible thing in President Thiers to proclaim a national thanksgiving when the enormous loan of three milliards of

francs was not only subscribed with alacrity, but a great deal more was offered.

Here again France appears, contrary to general opinion, to be sufficiently advanced in intelligence and self-control to sustain a Republican form of government. The hopes entertained by Orleansists and Bourbons of a restoration of the Monarchy, appear to be as baseless as those of the Bonapartists for a restoration of the Empire. M. Thiers has acted upon the whole so judiciously, and the Legislature have manifested so much wisdom and prudence during their provisional term of government, that public opinion seems to have settled down into a general approval of the Republican form of government, which will in all probability be made permanent.

In the midst of so much good sense it is a pity that France cannot go a step farther. If she could only see that she is perfectly safe from attack, unless she is herself the aggressor, or dismiss her army to the pursuits of peace—if she would cultivate and extend education, manufactures, commerce, and colonies (she already stands high in agriculture), she would grow more rapidly in population, wealth, intelligence, and all the elements of real strength and greatness, than ever she did before; and all this, it is to be hoped, is gradually approaching.

Meantime, France has secured political and religious liberty, and these are worth all that the war cost. The Bible and preaching of the Gospel are free throughout her borders, and this is cause of unmingled satisfaction to all her well-wishers. It is also the best guarantee for that moderation and stability of national character which can alone make a Republic successful.

## THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SITUATION.

A good story is told of a Protestant and Papist who disputed to such good purpose that each converted the other to his peculiar views; the only room left for regret being that they did not thereupon resume the controversy and convert each other back again. We are reminded of this in the present situation of American political parties. Grant, an old Democrat, is the leader of the Republicans, and adhesion to his personal fortunes, even before his nomination, was made the test of party orthodoxy. Greeley, the Republican, is the standard-bearer of the Democrats, and the *Tribune*, which it was his boast "he would make a paper to swear at or swear by," is now the occasion of as much of the latter kind of swearing at the South, as it used to be of the former. Sumner and Banks are quoted as authority in South Carolina, and seem strangely out of place as representing Massachusetts.

Things, it must be confessed, are in general rather mixed. It is hard to tell who is who, or what is which. It is chaos come again. It is as if Puck or some mischievous sprite were leading every body about, and had inverted everything. All appears mad as a midsummer night's dream. It is in such circumstances ludicrously absurd for newspapers to refer to anybody's antecedents and expose his inconsistencies, for inconsistency is evidently the order of the day.

Doubtless all will soon come right again. Order will follow confusion. Parties will soon take a definite shape. Men will find their true level, and principles assume their real relative importance. But, meantime, the effect must be demoralizing. The suddenness with which men turn their backs on public men generally. It may seem invidious to refer to individuals. We knew that Horace Greeley, whilst a sort of amateur universal genius for theorizing and farming, was at heart an old Whig of the Clay school, who worshipped expediency. But we should almost as soon have thought that William Wilberforce would have abandoned anti-slavery as Charles Sumner. *Eta Brute!* This is the unkindest cut of all. His recent criticism of administration shortcomings towards the colored race, in view of his present defection, reminds one of the Pharisees, who tithed garden herbs to the neglect of more important interests. We would be far from intending to question his honesty in the premises; but the carping about slights to colored individuals, with which he justifies his present course, strongly reminds one of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

## THE HAMILTON ELECTION—A WORKINGMAN RETURNED TO PARLIAMENT.

After a run of ill luck in having their candidates beaten in their old constituencies, the Ministerialists have been cheered by the news of the capture of a supposed Liberal stronghold; Hamilton yesterday having returned both the Conservative candidates at the top of the poll, with only the difference of one vote between them. Mr. Chisholm, the leading Conservative candidate, is the present Mayor of Hamilton, whose citizens have thus testified their continued respect for raising him higher. The other successful candidate is Mr. Witton, a workingman, *par et simple*, and his election is the most notable feature of the present electoral campaign, and cannot fail to have an important bearing on the question of workingmen preferring members of their own class to represent them in Parliament. In this matter also Canada is ahead of the Mother Country, where we believe no workingman in the narrow and conventional sense of the term has yet succeeded in procuring election to Parliament. Of Mr. Witton, the *Montreal Gazette*, a good authority in regard to Hamilton matters, says:—

He is engaged as a painter in the Great Western workshops, and he was brought out by the Ministerialists of Hamilton as a tribute of respect to the body to which he belongs, not in Hamilton alone, but throughout the Dominion. Fortunately his eminent abilities and high personal character marked him as in every way fitted to become a representative man. For years in his own quiet, unobtrusive way, he has been devoted to science and literature, and he was in many respects one of the most highly cultured men in the Am-

erican City. He has never appeared before this in public affairs. Devoted to his books he has left politics alone, excepting in so far as the independent exercise of his franchise was concerned. The first speech made by him on his nomination as a candidate won for him the confidence and support of men of all classes.

The workingmen throughout Canada have reason to be proud of yesterday's work. For the first time in the history of this country, a man has been taken from the workshop to be placed in the Senate; and in that fact we have established the principle that in this Canada of ours honest worth, wherever it is found, may aspire to the highest positions in the State.

The workingmen of Canada will watch Mr. Witton's Parliamentary career with interest, and from the high character given him there is every prospect that he will reflect honor on his class. Meantime his example ought to be a powerful inducement to every workingman to strive for his own mental and moral improvement.

## THE ELECTIONS.

On Saturday last six elections came off, and the following constituencies returned Liberals—namely, Sheffield, West Durham, Two Mountains and South Waterloo, represented by Hon. Mr. Huntington, Hon. E. Blake, Mr. Prevost, and Mr. James Young, respectively. Two were carried by Ministerialists—East Toronto and L'Assomption, represented by Mr. Beatty and Hon. L. Archambault. On the day's polling the Liberals gain one seat, the others remaining as before.

For Monday the definitive returns of five election contests have been received, namely, Rimouski, West Toronto, North Westworth, South Westworth, South Brant, represented by Dr. Fiset, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Bain, Mr. Rymal and Mr. Paterson. All these except West Toronto have gone for the Opposition, who claim to have gained two seats on the whole. The most notable fact connected with the above contests is the defeat of Sir Francis Hincks in South Brant by Mr. Paterson, concerning whom the *Herald* supplies the following information:—

"Mr. Paterson, to whose bow Sir F. Hincks has fallen, is a wholesale confectioner, a comparatively young, but very able and well-informed man, a partner in the firm of Leeming and Paterson; Mr. Leeming being a brother of Mr. John Leeming, of this city who was an unsuccessful candidate at the last election."

It is likely, however, that the Ministry, who do not seem well able to spare Sir Francis as yet, will induce some one of their followers who occupies a safe berth to retire and allow it to be occupied by the knight.

## RELIGIOUS MEN AND POLITICS.

Under this heading the *Globe* denounces the shameful conduct of Tories and Tory journals in attacking Liberal candidates for Parliament on the ground of their being religious men, and being therefore unfit to meddle with politics. In arguing this way these politicians are self-convicted, and imply that the art of statesmanship is one that no man who feels he has a religious duty to discharge towards his God and his fellow-men can safely meddle with. Such a principle can only hold good in regard to a Government in the last stage of corruption, and good men of all parties will pause before lending it their countenance. The *Globe* says:—

"We are having the old talk revived about professedly religious men having no business to dabble in politics. It would seem that all such people ought to leave secular affairs to their godless neighbors, and mind their own business and church matters. For a person to make any reference to Providence in connection with public questions and national transactions is denounced as 'cant,' and the man who treats politics in a serious, thoughtful spirit, and with grave, well-weighted words, is a 'stiggins,' or a 'Chadband,' a 'sniffling humbug,' or a 'local preacher.' The most of those who speak about 'Chadband' of course, have not the most distant idea what is the reference. Their literary studies have never carried them the length of reading even Dickens' caricatures. But no matter. They know that it has something to do with an unprincipled preacher, and it is a fine brick-bat to throw at the head of any political opponent who is not ashamed to acknowledge God, and who may even sometimes go the length of speaking to his fellow-men on religious matters."

After particularizing the gentleman attacked—who is Mr. Wilkes, one of the Toronto candidates—and showing up the senseless conduct of his assailants, the *Globe* continues:—

"The religious part of the community has taken too little interest in political matters, and the consequence is seen both in the character of our Legislature, and too often in the character of our public men. A Tory English Squire long ago thought he had a mission to sneer at every individual who made any profession of religion, and in his place in Parliament fancied it decent to refer to the late William Wilberforce as the 'Honorable and religious member for Yorkshire.' The poor wretch unfortunately wakened the wrong man. Wilberforce, at that time in his prime, actually skinned and basted, and thereafter roasted the insolent blockhead who had tried to raise a laugh at the expense of the Yorkshireman's character and religion, and that in such a style as to keep the House of Commons as still as if it had been Sunday," and make Sheridan, in wonder and admiration, exclaim, 'Did you ever hear the like? Nothing so marvellous as that, except that a man should possess such a frightful weapon of assault and never use it!'"

## THE RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE NILE VALLEY.

With reference to the map of Livingstone's discoveries on our first page, we may add a summary of previous discoveries in the upper valley of the Nile.

In 1857-8 Speke and Burton discovered Lake Tanganyika, whose outlet still remains a mystery.

In 1860 Grant and Speke discovered the great Lake Victoria Nyanza, from which the White Nile flows.

In 1864 Sir Samuel Baker discovered the other great Lake, Albert Nyanza.

Whether all these lakes, together with those now discovered by Livingstone, viz.:—Bangweolo, Moero, Komolondo, Lincoln, and that which he came near but did not see, flow into the Nile, still remains to be ascertained. If they do, and the millions of springs in the equatorial mountain ranges discovered by

Livingstone all feed that river, its perennial supply of water through its whole lower stretch of fourteen hundred miles, through fiery sands and without a feeder, will be accounted for. The lake system of the Nile, also, will be only second in magnitude to that of the St. Lawrence.

A MYSTERIOUS DOUBLE MURDER.—There are from time to time, not only in out-of-the-way country places, but in the very heart of great cities, and in midday, atrocities committed which baffle the police to discover the perpetrators, and which elude all the subtleties of research supposed to be at the command of their detective departments. The Nathan murder in New York was one of these.

Yet that was committed during the lonely watches of the night; but what shall we say of the murder of two women at midday, in a shop in one of the leading thoroughfares of London? An old woman named Squires, and her almost middle-aged daughter, lived together, and kept a small but well frequented stationery shop in Hoxton, not far from Shore-ditch workhouse. At one o'clock in the afternoon a customer entered the shop and found the old woman lying dead behind the counter, with her skull fearfully fractured, and her daughter in a similar state in the next room. The widow was reputed to be possessed of money, but nothing seems to have been taken, nor were the premises ransacked. The audacity of any one entering a shop at the busy hour of noon, and murdering the inmates, seems almost incredible, and would lead to the belief that the act must either have been one of sudden impulse, or done to gratify a reckless and demon-like spirit of hatred and revenge. The murderer must have accomplished his aim almost instantaneously, as no cries were heard for help. The investigation of the case has been adjourned several times, in the hope of securing some evidence that may throw light on the hideous deed; but at our last accounts the affair was as dark and mysterious as ever.

## DWELLING-HOUSES—THE ECLECTIC PRINCIPLE.

Amongst other things, the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 will seek to solve one of the most important questions of social science; namely, how private dwellings ought to be planned to best fulfil their purpose, according to climate, modes of life of those who inhabit them, and peculiar customs and national habits. This will be done by exhibiting the kind of private dwellings which are found to best suit the climate and habits of the respective countries exhibiting, thereby enabling instructive comparisons to be drawn, and the adoption of whatever might be suitable to other countries and peoples. These houses will be furnished, and will comprise the farmhouse as well as the town and ordinary country residence. The idea is a novel one, eminently practical, and quite in keeping with the international spirit of the age which has been bred of the new facilities for travel, and the constant and rapid interchange of thought so characteristic of the present day.

TEMPERANCE AND THE ELECTIONS.—A committee of Temperance Orders of Toronto have boldly demanded of each and every candidate for the representation of that city in Parliament, his views on the question of intemperance and the liquor traffic. Prompt answers were received from the candidates in the field, Messrs. O'Donohoe, Shanly, Wilkes, Crawford, Beatty and McLehlan. In every instance the aspirant for political honors declared his firm adhesion to the cause of temperance, and his readiness to vote for any measure calculated to suppress the evils of intemperance.

From this we gladly draw one or other of two inferences. Either the replies of these six gentlemen are genuine and straightforward, in which happy case the good cause can rely upon influential support; or else, if they are dictated by self-interest, it is clear, at least, that the fact is beginning to be acknowledged, that the Temperance movement has assumed a very strong position in the land, so strong indeed as to force politicians to accede to the wishes and requests of its promoters.

POINTE-AUX-TREMbles.—*L'Aurore* announces that Rev. G. M. Desilets, Pastor and Superintendent of the Evangelical Institutions at Pointe-aux-Trembles, has resigned on account of the state of his health; which, however, he hopes will be re-established in a couple of years. Rev. Chas. A. Tanner, of Sherbrooke, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Desilets. He is the son of Mr. Jean Emmanuel Tanner, one of the first Evangelical missionaries from Switzerland to the Canadians, and under whose supervision the Boy's College at Pointe-aux-Trembles was opened in 1846. The Rev. C. A. Tanner is an old pupil of this school, having been brought up in it. Knowing and loving the French-Canadians as he does, and being in turn liked by them—even by the Catholic French-Canadians of Pointe-aux-Trembles—he cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence in his new field of operations.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The report for August states that regular trains have been running over a distance of 252 miles from Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, to the eastern border of Dakota, and that 200 miles more, reaching to the Missouri River, are now in rapid progress, and will be completed by October, thus making 452 miles on the eastern end completed in the first 24 months. A section of 25 in the western end has been in operation for some months, and 40 miles more will be completed this year, making in all 517 miles, or more than from Albany, N. Y., to Cleveland, Ohio. We learn from other sources that there is no immediate prospect of this road being continued eastward to Saint Mary, as was confidently expected at one time. And consequently one inducement to push through a Canadian road to that point is wanting.

EPISCOPAL WARNING.—The R.C. Archbishop, of Quebec and Bishop of Bi-

mouche have issued pastoral letters to their clergy and the people, enjoining upon them the disapproval of the New Brunswick School Act, but warning them not to take their instructions in matters of conscience concerning it from any of the newspapers which claim to represent the Church, or from any theologian however learned, but only from their Bishops; and that the best means of trying to amend the New Brunswick School law is left to their own discretion. The Bishop of Montreal, on the contrary, wishes them to follow the recommendation of a learned Canonist high De Angellis, who has been consulted, as he or other theologians had been before. Some questions concerning the constitution of the New Dominion, for instance, were submitted to theologians at Rome, whose advice was, he says, followed.

JACQUES CARTIER.—This constituency has to decide between Mr. Lafamme, on the Liberal or Reform side, and Mr. Girouard, on the Government, or Conservative side. Both of these gentlemen are advocates, and both, we believe, highly respectable. Of Mr. Lafamme we have often heard very favorable opinions expressed by parties likely to know. This Province must rest its hopes of emancipation from the undue influence of Rome mainly upon liberal and unenlightened French-Canadians, and we understand Mr. Lafamme is both. Had he left the Institut Canadien he would probably have no opponent now; but as it is, he is, we understand, disparaged by the Ultramontane fanatics and their followers.

COPPER MINES.—We understand the Capel copper mine, near Lennoxville, has been sold to an English Company for \$150,000. The Huntingdon mine was sold some time ago, but we have not heard the amount paid for it. The Tilt Cove mines, Newfoundland, have also been sold, it is reported, to an English Company for \$150,000. These purchases indicate the expectation of an increasing demand for copper, or decreasing supply, and the working of the mines will give remunerative employment to a considerable population.

LARGE IMMIGRATION.—*La Minerve* is informed that 1,100 French emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine have sailed from Havre on a steamer chartered by Mr. Vanier, agent of the Société Forestière of France, and that their arrival at Quebec may be expected very soon. It is also stated that these emigrants will be settled in Beauce and in the Valley of the Restigouche.

THE BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM AFFAIR.—In the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum cases, of which we gave some account the other day, Miss Rose M. Cane, known in her religious order as Sister Mary Stanislaus, also Miss Drew, have each been up before the Court. Miss Drew expressing a decided preference to remain in the Asylum for the present, has accordingly been removed thither, and the case on her behalf dismissed. Miss McCabe's case was continued.

RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.—It is reported that Russian agents are busy fomenting discontent among the Slavic populations of Austria, and that the Slaves are becoming convinced that Russia is really destined to unite them all under her protection. A man was lately arrested for distributing money with the object of creating disturbances in Northern Bohemia, and of making plans of roads and bridges. He made up a plausible story to exonerate himself, but not being believed he was put on trial and acquitted for want of proof. Certain parts of the Austrian Empire are said to be overrun with such personages. This is said to portend war between Austria and Russia, and the gravity of the situation is deepened by the knowledge that the Minister of War, supported by both Ministries (for Austria, it must be remembered, is embarrassed by two Cabinets), has decided to ask for a credit—as soon as the delegations meet in the latter part of August—to cover the expenses of building fortifications at every weak point on the Galician frontier, and of fortifying the cities of Cracow and Lemberg. A correspondent gives the following particulars:—

"The amount of the credit Baron Kuhn is to apply for is variously estimated at \$17,500,000 to \$27,500,000. From what I learn I believe the amount is to be \$20,000,000 only, at first to be supplemented, if necessary, by an additional \$5,000,000. That there can be no doubt as to the truth of this, the report is vouched for by the fact that the Minister of Finances is actually negotiating with a Syndicate of English bankers the terms on which the money is to be advanced and repaid, and that some officers of engineers have been employed in surveying the ground, in order to form an estimate of the amount of money that will be required to build the fortifications."

AN ARISTOCRATIC GAME.—The elite of London Society have invented a game which is very like hockey, lacrosse or shinny, only it is played on horseback. Six champions of the Life Guards and six of the Lancers had a great game on Woolwich Common, in which the Lancers were successful, after a most animated struggle, in presence of a great crowd. The game is thus described by a London paper:—

"Those who had not witnessed this game before must have been more astonished to see it come to an end without serious damage to man or horse. The scrimmages were frequently more like real combats in war than episodes in a friendly game. The rearing, swerving and collisions of the horses, the whirling and rattling of sticks as they struck one another or the horses' legs, combined with the shouting of the combatants, enveloped in a cloud of dust, almost suggested the scenes so graphically described by Homer, when bands of Greeks and Trojans fought hand to hand on the banks of the S. amander. This comparatively new game seems likely to become popular among officers, and those who can afford to buy and afterwards rich valuable cobs of a quick and active kind, in the sport. At all events it is an admirable school for riding, demands coolness and skill, and affords most healthy exercise. It is moreover a most picturesque, exciting game to witness."

LORD AND LADY LINGAR.—The London Daily News, of July 26th, says:—"Lord and

Lady Lisgar arrived at Ontario yesterday, and had the honor of dining with the Queen and Royal Family.

— Sir Roderick Murchison and other celebrated geographers have given their opinion that the Ophi of the Bible is the country between the Zambesi and Limpopo Rivers, which is known to be very rich in gold, though jealously guarded by the natives.

— The white butterflies have made their appearance in force, and the cabbage which cannot be cut immediately will be destroyed by the worms produced by their eggs. It appears to be only very early or very late cabbages that can be grown hereabout so long as this pest lasts.

— "M. E. Minister," Lincoln, Nebraska, denounces in the *Christian Advocate* of New York a swindling advertisement of a bogus lottery for a city hospital there. All that can be said is, that any one who buys a lottery or gift enterprise, or prize coupon ticket, even though it should be from Kankakee, and endorsed by the R. C. Bishops of Lower Canada, deserves to lose his money, and will lose it.

— A correspondent writing to *L'Aurore* from Joliette states that matters have improved very much there in respect to public order. The new Mayor, Mr. George Baby, who is stated to be a straightforward and capable man, has had the police force increased to five, and Protestants are no longer afraid of a recurrence of the disorders that prevailed under the weak and partial administration of his predecessor.

— The particulars of the shooting of Capt. Leroy at Fort Yuma, Cal., are as follows:—The Chinaman is a hotel-keeper and Leroy refused to pay for liquor which he had ordered. A quarrel ensued and Leroy fired on the Chinaman, but missed him. The Chinaman then fired, breaking Leroy's right arm, whereupon the latter grasped his pistol in the left hand and fired two more shots before he was killed. The "heavenly Chinese" seems to be becoming a dangerous customer to trade with.

— The hue and cry got up by Romanists in Ireland against Judge Keogh for delivering what every one must see was a true and just judgment, appears to have had its desired effect of frightening most of the other judges. In the case of Father O'Keefe against Father Walsh, the latter being supported by Cardinal Cullen, Judges Barry, Fitzgerald and O'Brien voted for a new trial, though Chief Justice Whitehead plainly showed that there was no ground for it.

— President Thiers, it is said, intends to take part in the approaching Conference of the Emperors of Austria, Germany and Russia at Berlin next month. The *N.Y. Mail* pictures the extraordinary spectacle of Alexander the Second of Russia arm-in-arm with Francis Joseph of Austria, followed by grim old William of Germany, escorting the venerable little President of the French Republic. It adds that all that is wanted to make the procession complete and induce belief in the advent of universal peace is to have it headed by Victor Emmanuel marching gayly by the side of Pio Nono. Seriously, however, the participation of the French President in the meeting of the Emperors, which is avowedly for the promotion of peace, would be a well-earned pledge on the part of France that she has no intention to disturb the tranquillity of Europe. It is also said that the adoption of measures against the growing power of the Internationalists will likewise occupy the attention of this Conference, and a proposition will be made for a Congress of the European Powers to sanction the territorial modifications of France, the occupation of Rome, and the revision of the Treaty of Paris of 1856.

# EDITORIAL NOTES.

— The *New York Herald* alludes to the fact that a contemporary of Stanley is pushing up the White Nile to join Sir Samuel Baker's expedition, and that the Khedive of Egypt has volunteered to pay half the expenses of this second expedition.

— Mr. Greeley's Cabinet, should he be elected, is gradually beginning to show itself. In addition to Sumner, Schurz and Trumbull, there will doubtless be those recent conversions, ex-Governor Banks of Massachusetts, advocate for the liquor-dealers of that State, and Galusha A. Grow. All of the above are prominent politicians and influential men, and if they are all provided for, there will be few enough places left for the Democrats—South and North.

— Mr. Richard, one of the Welsh members of the British House of Commons, and formerly a Dissenting minister, has given notice that early next session he will move that an humble address be presented to the Queen praying that she would be graciously pleased to direct her Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to enter into communication with Foreign Powers with the view to the establishment of a general and permanent system of international arbitration.

— Arizona diamonds are now at something of a discount. After a company had been organized and \$4,000,000 stock disposed of, nobody seems to know where the diamonds came from, or whether they are valuable. The whole matter looks like rather an expensive hoax, and the fools who find that their money has gone where the diamonds are said to have come from—the Eldorado of nowhere.

— The *Advocate* has an article showing the inconsistency of the Papists claiming to be Catholics; as Roman Catholics involves a contradiction in terms. It adds that to give any colour to the claim, the Pope, instead of being elected by the College of Cardinals, who are nearly all Italians, ought to be elected by representatives from every nation, according to the number of Roman Catholics they contain.

— We see by the *St. John Tribune* that Rev. Dr. Irvine, formerly of that city, (and more recently of Montreal) has paid a visit to St. John, N.B. He preached three times on Sunday, 4th inst., at the dedication of Calvin Church, and three times on Sunday, 11th inst., in three different churches, one of them being St. John's, his old church. On all these occasions he had crowded audiences, and every token of a most cordial welcome. The *Tribune* wishes him a safe journey back to his distant home, and many years of great usefulness there.

— The N. Y. Associated Press Office contradicts a statement by the cable authorities to the effect that the average time occupied in the transmission of messages between London and New York during the week ending 20th

July, was 13 minutes 59 seconds each. During that week, it states, the average time of 48 messages from London to the Associated Press was 49 minutes and 20 seconds, and not one of them was transmitted in the time claimed by the cable as the average of all its business. It is hinted that either a preference is given to certain customers over others, or there is no foundation in truth for the time claimed by the cable authorities.

— There is a remarkable similarity between the physiognomy of the Chinese and Japanese, and of the North-West Coast Indians. The Mongolian origin of these Aborigines may be accounted for by such involuntary emigration as we copy below from an American paper—"A few weeks ago a Japanese junk came ashore on one of the islands of Alaska with three living Japanese on board. The vessel had been disabled in a storm off Japan, and had drifted two thousand five hundred miles in nine months, twenty-three of the crew perishing from hunger and exposure. Just forty years ago a Japanese vessel with living men on board came ashore near the mouth of the Columbia River in Oregon. It had a cargo of rice, and the crew consequently had enough to eat, though their only drink was water from occasional rains."

— The National Educational Association held its twelfth annual session in Boston last week, extending over several days. Many topics of interest were discussed. In a paper on the census the following facts were stated—"Among the lessons taught by the census of 1870 were the facts that there were 6,550,808 youths under instruction in our public schools, at a cost of \$94,199,166, or \$14 per capita; that the cost per capita in private institutions was over \$8 more than in the public ones; that there were 5,543,470 persons in the country who could not write; that while 300,000 voters in America, turning from one side to the other, would control a Presidential election, this was one-sixth less than the number of illiterate males entitled to vote; that it was proved that educated labor was worth one-fourth more than uneducated labor, and in most of the States this increase would amount to many times the cost of the support of public schools. These facts had a meaning which would be apparent to every one."

## PERSONAL.

— Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, who went to Britain in April as delegate from the American Presbyterian General Assembly to the Presbyterians of Britain, returned in good health on the 3d inst.

— Dr. Norman MacLeod had his life insured for £10,000, which, with other property, will adequately provide for his family. It is proposed to raise a memorial fund in his name of £250,000, to be expended on the Indian Mission of the Kirk.

— Mr. Corcoran, the Washington Banker, has sold his residence to an Englishman for \$225,000, which he is going to bestow, with other benefactions, on the Gallery of Arts which he presented some time ago to the city of Washington.

— It is reported that James Gordon Bennett has bequeathed \$250,000 to the building fund of the great marble B. C. Cathedral on 5th Avenue, New York.

— Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of the First Baptist Church, Liverpool, who preaches to the next largest audience in Britain to that of Spurgeon, was to sail on 8th August for America.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

### DOMINION.

— Small-pox has broken out in Chambly.

— Freight rates at Ottawa are advancing, and vessels are in demand.

— There are 123 unlicensed groggeries in Ottawa city.

— The Toronto City Estimates for the coming year are \$906,688.

— Morrell, charged with murder of Rebecca Moss Giles, has been bailed.

— Mr. Evans, injured at the recent fire in Ottawa, is almost better.

— A Provincial Rifle Association is being organized for Manitoba.

— The "gathering of the clans" at Montreal has been a success.

— The price of salt is on the rise, and the Americans are paying \$1.05 for Goderich salt.

— Ottawa River is rapidly falling, making navigation difficult.

— The English Eleven G-n-tlemen cricket-ers arrived by the "Sarmatian" on Saturday.

— Col. Gage, of Quebec, is to sell off, and settle in Old England.

— Cauchon's election ballies are being daily filed in the Police Court.

— Recorder's Court business in Quebec is stuck for lack of a Recorder.

— An inquest is about to be held into the cause of the late fire in Sussex street, Ottawa.

— The Opposition appear to be bowling down their opponents pretty wholesale in the elections.

— A fire at Chambly on Tuesday last devastated the village to the extent of nearly \$20,000.

— Canadian lumber under the new American tariff is said to have advanced \$2 per m. foot on some grades.

— Col. Forest and Captain Cameron are en route to Manitoba to settle the international boundary line.

— It is confidently predicted that the Reformers will carry about 65 seats in the Ontario election out of a total of 88.

— A great temperance demonstration, combining both Protestants and Catholics, comes off in Toronto on the 18th proximo.

— An elector named Jones, 108 years of age, was present at the nomination for Niagara on Monday last.

— A man who was shot at Lonsdale, County Hastings, has since died. Three men accused of the murder are at large.

— An enquiry by the authorities into the conduct of the Quebec active force during the elections, is to take place.

— The Chair of Philosophy in Queen's College, Kingston, now vacant, is to be filled by Mr. John Watson, of Glasgow.

— Dr. McLean, of Kingston, has been called to the Chair of Surgery in the University of Michigan.

— The copper mines at Tilt Cove, Newfoundland, have been sold to an English Company for £150,000 stg.

— A grand congress of oculists has been held in London, Eng., at which Canada was represented by Dr. E. Desjardins.

— Riel and Atty-G-neral Clarke (*par nobilitatem*) are rival candidates for Provenc-cher, Manitoba.

— A man in Ancaster, who was quarrelling with his father, has died from a blow in the face received from another man who tried to stop the quarrel.

— The Toronto Conservatives collected money to celebrate their Hamilton victory by bonfires, but the police would not allow the latter.

— One of Cauchon's election ruffians, a lawyer to boot, has been fined \$30 and costs for presenting a pistol at one of Mr. Ross' canvassers.

— Smashing of windows, assaults and street fights wound up the East Toronto election yesterday; a policeman being severely injured.

— The Indians in Manitoba show discontent and refuse to accept their annuities. They threaten to stop the surveys unless better terms are granted them.

— Owing to the excellent state of the Great Western Road, the time of the Chicago night express from Suspension Bridge to Detroit has been reduced to eight hours and five minutes.

— There are a considerable number of Canadian holding commissions in the army and navy of the United States. Twenty-five hold brevets in various departments, or as officers of cavalry and infantry. Three who were wounded in battle have retired on the full pay they were then receiving. In the navy twelve Canadians hold commissions, half of them as surgeons.

## AMERICAN.

— Rich silver mines are reported as discovered in Lower California.

— It is reported that the corn crop in Illinois this year will be the greatest ever raised.

— Three deaths from yellow fever have occurred on the "Numancia" in N. Y. harbor.

— A destructive storm is reported from Louisville, Ky.

— The late Postmaster at Ogden has been arrested for robbing the mail of \$10,000.

— A Fenian picnic at Jones Wood, N. Y., was attended by 12,000 persons.

— They have eighty and ninety bushels of wheat to the acre in Tennessee.

— The Mormon School of the Prophets at Salt Lake has been discontinued.

— A stark 12 feet long has been killed at Cape May.

— Nine hundred children have died of cholera infantum in New York within a month.

— An immense quantity of corn is being shipped to Europe from New York.

— The crops in Utah are reported unusually good, and there are no grasshoppers.

— Commodore Vanderbilt's income is reported at \$12,000 per day.

— The "Edgar Stuart" at Panama has been handed over to her New York owners.

— A Baltimore Bank has been robbed by burglars of \$100,000.

— More yellow fever vessels arriving at New York. The quarantine hospital contains 28 cases.

— The Indians are reported as fairly on the war-path in San Pete County, and troops are ordered thither.

— Wendell Phillips sees in the movement for making Grover President a plot for retrieving the "lost cause" of the South.

— The great heat has scorched vegetation in Middle Georgia, and damaged the cotton crop.

— The negro who poisoned ice-cream at Greensboro, N. C., has been committed for trial.

— The "Sea Bird," another yellow-fever stricken ship, has arrived in quarantine at New York.

— Ingersoll, chairman to the N. Y. Ring, has been arrested under two indictments for forgery.

— The Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia R. R. was formally opened to the State line on the 13th inst.

— The S. S. "Pennsylvania," first of a new line under the American flag to Liverpool, has been launched at Philadelphia.

— A negro man of Lexington, Miss., recently whipped his daughter, a grown-up woman, to death.

— The *Deseret News* denounces the reported diamond discoveries in Arizona, &c., as frauds.

— A Mrs. Lloyd has been indicted at Leesburg, Va., for poisoning her daughters with arsenic.

— A man who attempted to rescue a woman from New York rowdies, was fatally stabbed by one of them.

— Hartford, Ct., anticipates closing the greater number of her 500 drinking saloons under the new license law.

— Syracuseans are determined to put a stop to the violation of the excise law on the Sabbath.

— Wm. Johnston, M.P. for Belfast, had a splendid reception from the New York Orangemen in the Cooper Institute.

— A negro has been arrested at Greensboro, for attempting to poison 26 persons at a Female Academy, some of whom it is feared will die.

— The Shaker Community at Tyringham, Mass., have dwindled from 137 members to 22, only seven of whom are men. Their property—1,400 acres of good land—is offered for sale.

— An official report to the U. S. State Department characterizes Consul-General Butler's assault on the officers at Alexandria as premeditated and unjustifiable.

— The Worcester saloon-keepers have a regular band of ragged archers, who are stationed on the streets to watch for the State police.

— The Mayor of Chicago has initiated measures against quack doctors, who have been distributing the most villainous circulars.

— "Molly Maguires" is the name of a class in Pennsylvania, to which belong a party of ruffians who fired on six miners returning from their work near Centralia.

— \$117,000 is the amount of claims made against the U. S. before the Mixed Commission for seizure and confiscation of English blockade runners and their cargoes.

— The celebrated scout and hunter, Wild Bill, and a party of Indians, passed through Hamilton on Tuesday for Niagara Falls buffalo hunt.

— Dr. Lowell Mason, whose name has been familiar to thousands in all parts of the country interested in music, died Sunday, at Newark, N. J., aged 73 years and 8 months.

— A German ship was towed into N. Y. harbor with only three hands left, and two of these ill with yellow fever, which had carried off the rest of the crew.

— Mr. A. Chiniquy, brother to Father Chiniquy, is a candidate for the Senatorship for the 8th District of Illinois, in the Liberal Republican interest.

— The crew of a steamer, and the proprietors and their families of a trading boat, which it was towing, were murdered at a point several miles above Memphis, and the vessels plundered.

— The large amount of claims lately reported as before the Mixed Commission is declared erroneous. There is a large amount of work for the Commissioner's September session at Newport.

— The New York Common Council has voted for sacred music in Central Park from four to seven on Sunday afternoons, but has negatived an effort to open the museum during the same hours.

— Some Chinamen employed on a California railroad to shovel gravel from a pit, struck gold, and took up the pit as a mining claim.

claim. "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor."

— A sailor on a ship in N. Y. harbor had a fearful fall through attempting to leap from one part of the rigging to another under threats from a brutal mate who stood in his way. It is feared his injuries will be fatal.

— During the late hurricane in Van Wert county, Ohio, a bolt of flannel, containing forty-six yards, was carried nine miles by the wind. Letters blown from the post-office were picked up nineteen miles away.

— Four negro minstrels went into the Chinese quarters at West Point, Calaveras County, last Friday night, and destroyed several buildings and robbed the Chinese of thousands of dollars. They were arrested.

— The death rate of Europe is said to be nearly double that of the United States, averaging yearly one out of every forty-three inhabitants, while in the States it is only one out of every eighty-one.

— Oberlin students still sustain their reputation as models of morality. Of the graduating class, numbering 61, and the present senior class, numbering 53, not one drinks, smokes, plays cards or chews gum.

— Bernard Foster, of New Haven, has entered complaint in the Police Court against Rev. John Carmody, of St. John's Roman Catholic church, for using abusive and insulting language toward himself and his wife in an address to the congregation on Sunday.

— A meeting of workmen at Pittsburg, Penn., has adopted measures to prohibit the introduction of Chinese labor into the factories of that city. It was also agreed to support no candidate for office who was not in sympathy with the movement.

— The civil suits against Hall and Tweed in New York have not been discontinued, as was reported, but were simply delayed by the State Attorney General because he did not wish to have them tried before Cardozo or Barnard.

— The new liquor ordinance in Sterling, Ill., contains a novel item. It provides a fine of from \$5 to \$20 for obscuring the windows or doors of saloons by means of screens, paint, curtains, or other devices, behind which crime may be hidden.

— A private telegram from Rome to the Most Rev. Archbishop McCloskey, announces the appointment of the Right Rev. William Henry Elder, D. D., Bishop of Natchez, to be Archbishop of Baltimore, to succeed the late Archbishop Spaulding. Bishop Elder was born in Baltimore in 1812, and was appointed Bishop of Natchez in 1878.

— A reward of \$500 (gold) is advertised for the body of the first hostile Indian, alive or dead, delivered at Mason County Court House. How the Indian's hostile character is to be ascertained is not stated. Are the Indians protected by the United States to be hunted like wolves by irresponsible private citizens?

— Arrangements are being made by German Free-thinkers to have a grand mass meeting of the German residents of New York, to be held in the Cooper Institute in the month of October next, to discuss the question of whether it would be better to have no President at all, and abolish the Presidential chair altogether.

— The wealth of some of the American dairy districts is enormous. Herkimer, N. Y., ships annually over 17,000,000 pounds of cheese and 300,000 pounds of butter, worth \$4,500,000 in the market. St. Albans, Vt., ships 1,000,000 pounds of cheese and 2,500,000 pounds of butter, worth in the market, \$1,250,000. The village of Wellington, Ohio, shipped 4,000,000 pounds of cheese in 1869, worth \$1,500,000.

— It is probable there will soon be constructed a new overland railroad beneath the snow line. The proposition is that a California company, based on private subscriptions to its capital stock, shall construct a road from San Francisco southward to meet the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, already in operation for a distance of several hundred miles westward from St. Louis, and possessing valuable land grants. The subscriptions already amount to \$1,250,000. San Francisco will vote \$100,000 toward the road.

— H. C. Childers, Liberal, has been elected M.P. for Pontefract.

— There are upwards of 38,000 outdoor pauper parents in London, England.

— Stanley has been entertained by the London press.

— The Princess Helena, wife of Prince Christian, has a daughter.

— The anniversary of the Relief of London-derry, August 12, was celebrated at Dublin.

— An English locomotive was lately run experimentally 75 miles in one hour.

— New Zealand has a spell of cold weather and the rivers are reported frozen.

— Nearly 25,000 persons fell victims to the small-pox in England last year.

— Mr. R. R. Torrens, M. P., has received the order of St. Michael and St. George in recognition of his colonial services.

— Stanley abruptly left a banquet at Brighton yesterday because of audible expressions of incredulity as to his meeting Livingstone.

— Her Majesty the Queen accorded a very warm and cordial reception to Gen. Sherman and officers of the American fleet at Osborne.

— England's 12,000,000 hares and rabbits exclude 3,000,000 sheep, which might otherwise be kept.

— Old workings are to be re-opened and fresh borings made in various parts of England in consequence of the high price of coal.

— Captain Nolan, the priestly nominee and unseated candidate for Galway, has had £14,000 subscribed towards his expenses.

— The drum of a column from the Temple of Ephesus has been received at the British Museum. Ten horses were required to draw it.

— Government have placed a number of soldiers at the disposal of farmers in Oxfordshire, where the agricultural strike continues, and the crops are being harvested.

— The Belfast riots continue. Four persons are reported killed; the military are firing on the mobs, and the city is about to be placed under martial law.

— The session of the British Association was opened on Wednesday last by Dr. W. B. Carpenter, LL.D., who referred in terms of praise to Livingstone and Stanley.

— One effect of the high price of coal and iron in England has been to increase the fares on railways and to double those on some of the Thames steamboats.

— The Council of the Society of Arts, in England, offer prizes of £60, £20 and £10 for the best improved cabs to be exhibited at the International Exhibition next year.

— Mr. Mundella, M.P. for Sheffield, praises both the British and American Governments for their conduct in the matter of the indirect claims, and is delighted with the settlement made of them.

— A petition from a large meeting in London had been presented to Parliament, praying for the withdrawal of the British protectorate from the Sultan of Muscat, owing to his support of the slave trade in Zanzibar.

— An Anti-Game Law League has been formed by the workmen of London, assisted

ed by Mr. P. A. Taylor, M. P., G. J. Holyoake, C. Bradlaugh, and other leading Radicals. The platform is total unconditional repeal.

— A new system of typography inaugurated in Britain consists in founding by syllables. By this means a smart compositor can set up 5,000 ems an hour. The invention has been patented.

— The new Central Railway Station in Liverpool occupies, with its offices, platforms, &c., six acres. The roof over the platform is 700 feet in length, and consists in one span of 160 feet in the clear. In order to connect this station with the Brunswick station, at the south end of the town, a line of three tracks, a mile and a half in length, mainly through tunnels, has been constructed.

— The first election in England by ballot has taken place in Boston, Lincolnshire. There was a vacancy in the town council, occasioned by the death of a member, and the election took place on the Monday after the royal assent had been given to the new law. There were two candidates for the vacant place, one named Farron and the other Best. It may be accepted as a favorable augury that on this occasion the Best man won.

## FOREIGN.

— Frequent falls of rock are injuring traffic through Mont Cenis tunnel.

— The German Government have closed a Jesuit institution in Alsace.

— A Havana paper states that the financial affairs of Cuba are rapidly approaching a crisis.

— France is flooded with counterfeit silver pieces.

— A revolution has occurred at Honduras, causing serious loss to foreign merchants.

— The Pope and Antonelli are said to have cast out, owing to the obstinate hostility of the former to the Italian Government.

— The number of buildings destroyed at Strasburg during the siege is now authoritatively stated at 388 out of 5,146.

— William Tell's Chapel at Uri, Switzerland, which has fallen into a ruinous condition is to be repaired.

— The chase has been interdicted in those departments of France occupied by the Prussians, as it is feared that quarrels might arise.

— While Berlin is rapidly gaining in wealth and population, its university is steadily declining.

— Paris reports present population within the walls as 1,794,380, a decrease of 5650 since the census of 1866.

— Dr. Doellinger, in his Munich lectures, calls Luther the greatest genius Germany ever produced.

— A family of eleven persons have been murdered by public officials at Yeddo, Japan.

## Family Reading.

## THE HEAVENLY FRIEND.

I have a Friend! a precious Friend, unchanging,  
wise, and true,  
The chief among ten thousand! Oh! I wish  
you knew Him too!  
Encompassed by a host of foes, weary in heart  
and limb,  
I know who waits to soothe my woe: have  
you a Friend like Him?  
He comforts me, He strengthens me; how  
can I then repine?  
He loveth me! This faithful friend in life  
and death is mine.

Have a Father true and fond, He cares for all  
my needs,  
His patience bays my faithless ways, my mad  
and foolish deeds;  
To me He sends sweet messages: He waiteth  
but to bless  
Have you a Father like to mine, with such  
deep tenderness?  
For me a kingdom doth He keep, for me a  
crown is won  
(was a rebel once: He calls the rebel child  
His son).

I have a proved, unerring Guide, whose love  
I often grieve,  
He brings me golden promises my heart can  
scarce receive  
He leadeth me, and hope and cheer doth for  
my path provide  
For dreary nights and days of drought have  
you so sure a Guide?  
Quench not the faintest whisper that the  
heavenly Dove may bring,  
He seeks with holy love to lure the wanderer  
neath His wing.

Have a Home! a home so bright, its beauties  
none can know;  
Its sapphire pavements, and such palms—  
none ever saw below;  
Its green streets resound with joy, its pearly  
gates with praise;  
A temple standeth in the midst no human  
hands could raise;  
And there unfading fountains flow, and pleasures  
never end.  
Who makes that home so glorious? It is my  
loving Friend.

My Friend, my Father, and my Guide, and  
this our radiant Home,  
Are offered you. Turn not away to-day, I  
pray you, "Come."  
My Father yearns to welcome you, His heart,  
His house, to share;  
My Friend is yours, my Home is yours; my  
Guide will lead you there  
Behold one altogether fair, the Faithful and  
the True!

Oh! leave the worthless things you seek:  
they perish in a day  
Serve now the true and living God, from  
idols turn away  
Watch for the Lord, who comes to reign; en-  
ter the open door;  
Give Him thy heart, thy broken heart, thoult  
ack it lack no more.  
Trust Him for grace, and strength, and love,  
and all thy troubles end  
Oh! come to Jesus! and behold in Him my  
loving Friend.

[For the Witness.]

## TANGLE-FOOT OF THE PLAINS.

BY ARTHUR MEMOIR.

The journey to New Mexico Territory ten  
years ago was not made with such expedition  
or comfort as it is in these days, for the Han-  
dels and St. Joseph Railroad carried the tra-  
veler no further west than St. Joseph, and  
from that point the journey had to be made  
in the stage. Now, it is very different. The  
iron horse has tramped its course to Denver in  
Colorado, from whence the journey is rendered  
more pleasant by recent innovations of all  
kinds, and although the route of the "Smoky  
Hill" still affords material for adventure;  
though the buffalo is still shot at from the  
platform of the cars as they journey from Kan-  
sas to Colorado, it falls far short of offering  
the chances for thrilling adventures that it  
did in those days gone by. But to my story.  
Ten years ago I had business which necessi-  
tated my taking a journey to the ancient City  
of Santa Fe, New Mexico. It was midwinter.  
I had crossed the Mississippi river at Quincy  
on the ice, and at Leavenworth the Missouri  
crossed in the same manner. I mention  
these facts that the reader may judge of the  
severity of the weather at the time. I felt  
many misgivings in attempting to cross the  
great American plains of such a season. I was  
warned by friends to defer my trip, and the frequent  
recurrence of people being frozen to death  
was anything but encouraging; but my busi-  
ness was imperative. So one piercing raw morn-  
ing at Leavenworth I paid my \$125 for a seat  
in the stage coach and made acquaintance  
with my travelling companions, six in number.  
I was very favorably impressed with the  
appearance and manners of these gentlemen—  
more especially with one to whom my story will  
more particularly refer. There were two doc-  
tors, an army captain, two merchants and a  
young lawyer. The three first mentioned  
were returning to their homes in New Mexico, while  
the young lawyer was journeying to Santa Fe  
with the intention of establishing himself in  
that city. This lawyer was a bright-eyed,  
spirited, handsome youth, apparently just of  
age, and from him I gleaned sufficient of  
his history to know that he was a son of an  
aristocratic Southern family. All his actions  
bespoke the gentleman, despite the occasional  
touch of that hauteur—not exactly insouciance—in his demeanor that so frequently  
manifests itself in the conduct of the young  
southerner, educated to the belief in the now  
obsolete but at one time Divine institution of  
slavery. His father had been a slave-owner  
in one of the States that had just been over-  
run by the Union forces, and had been unable  
to transport his slaves to a haven of imagin-  
ed safety within the rebel lines; they all left  
him save one or two, and the old gentleman  
had died broken-hearted in consequence, leaving  
a somewhat impoverished widow and a small  
family. The young man had adopted  
the law as a profession—had studied very  
hard in the days of his father's opulence—and  
having obtained his certificate, which pronoun-  
ced him duly qualified to practice his profes-  
sion, it was thought best, as he was precluded  
from taking a part in the war, to take neutral  
ground, as it were, in some far-off region, where  
he could apply himself diligently to his call-  
ing.

As an Englishman I could not help feeling  
great interest in the handsome youth, thus  
about entering into the world on his own re-  
sponsibility—especially when he told me in  
answer to my question as to why he had not  
joined the Southern army in the struggle for  
independence, that it was on account of his  
mother, who was a Northern lady. His eye  
moistened when he spoke of her.

"It is hard," said he, "my blood boils to fight  
with my countrymen, but I dare not draw a  
sword against my mother's kindred—I have  
sworn to be neutral in this war."

It was easy to discern, however, that his  
determination ill suited his inclination, and his  
sympathy with the Southern cause was  
apparent in his conversation. With the Union  
captain, his fellow passenger, he was frank  
and generous in his remarks whenever they  
argued upon the great topic of the time—the  
war. His defence of the system of slavery was  
always very cleverly maintained—too  
cleverly, in fact, for the rather undemonstrative  
captain; for the young man was so well ac-  
quainted with the subject, and brought out  
so lucidly the Divine origin of slavery, follow-  
ing it up with such an overwhelming amount  
of evidence in its favor—evidence gathered  
from actual experience—and, moreover, so cle-  
verly introduced and handled the Darwinian  
theory in regard to the descent of man, to the  
detriment of the unfortunate negro, that the  
captain was not the only one of us to be  
shaken by the young man's eloquence.

Day after day as we journeyed along upon  
our dreary route over the trackless waste of  
snow, with nothing to vary the monotony of  
the scene save the occasional passage in our  
front of vast multitudes of buffalo, we were  
continually enlightened by the lawyer, whose  
fund of anecdote and power of song seemed  
exhaustless, and was surprising in one so  
young. Often as we travelled at night would  
he stir our hearts by some thrilling narrative or  
enliven the dark hours with songs. At  
times he would discourse sublimely upon the  
immortality of man, embellishing his elo-  
quence with recitations from Pope or the Di-  
vine songs of sacred writ, and often, as the  
sun went down, he would gaze thoughtfully  
across the strange wintry landscape, fast fading  
from vision by the deepening shadows,  
and sing to some simple melody that beauti-  
ful poem of somebody's which begins with  
"Softly now the light of day."

In which all would join, modulating their  
voices to the tender, delicious pathos of the  
words, making such music as is seldom heard  
in the wild and savage regions of the Far West.  
But these more serious moods did not long  
dampen the cheerful vivacity of the  
young lawyer. To take him generally he was  
not a very devout man, though his acquaint-  
ance with the Scripture proved that he had  
been carefully trained—perhaps by a fond  
mother, who doubtless hoped that he would  
grow up to embrace the life of a Christian.  
Far be it from me, however, to offer judgment;  
He who discerns the sentiments of our hearts  
can alone do that. The world often misjudges  
men unfairly from their outward demon-  
strations; and when inclined to judge a man by  
that uncertain standard, I am always re-  
minded of the poor clown who, after offering  
the labellings of his merry calling, perhaps  
goes home to his cheerful hearth to weep.

The young and gifted attorney whose sad  
fate is the cause of this sketch, was, as the  
reader may imagine, nobody to me; he came  
across my path quite a chance—no, I will  
not say accidentally, but rather providentially,  
for his short acquaintance and ultimate fate  
have had much to do with my future destiny,  
and will perhaps influence my actions at least  
in one very important respect. The reader  
will easily imagine that by constant inter-  
course, the passengers in the stage became  
intimate as though they had known each other  
for years. To make each other comfortable  
was the order of day, and with abundance  
of buffalo robes, provisions, tobacco, matches  
and magazines, we managed to keep tolerably  
warm and contented. When the time threat-  
ened to hang heavily upon our heads it was  
immediately agreed upon by the party to  
young friend the lawyer, who had estab-  
lished himself as the favorite at once our coun-  
sellor, entertainer and captain. No matter what  
topic was considered most agreeable for discus-  
sion, whether it was commerce, law, medicine,  
botany, geology, geography, politics, war or  
theology, he was by common consent placed  
in the chair.

After a fortnight's agony of stage jolting  
numerous hairbreadth escapes and adven-  
tures which it is not necessary to relate here,  
but which can be imagined by those familiar  
with travel through an Indian country in mid-  
winter, we arrived at what is called the "dry  
route"—the name given to a stretch of country  
200 miles long, over which not a vestige of  
fodder can be seen at any time of the year, and  
where not a stick an inch long can be found,  
the fact for culinary purposes having to be  
carried in the baggage coach (we had two  
coaches, one for passengers and one for mail,  
provisions, etc.). In case of the fuel running  
short, its place is supplied by buffalo chips,  
which is abundant on the plains and forms  
an excellent substitute. Of course on the dry  
route, we could have no relay of mules; there  
was no stopping place, no human habitation  
except at 200 miles, the desert of Salinas could  
not be more desolate. We travelled daily  
from two hours before sunrise until sunset  
without halting an hour at noon. It was during  
our passage over this bleak and inhospitable de-  
sert that I learned from the young lawyer his  
prospects for the future.

Armed with credentials and testimonials  
from some of the most distinguished and  
American statesmen and politicians, with a  
very considerable sum of money—more than  
enough to support him in his brilliant inactivity  
for at least a year, and promises for further  
advances of cash if necessary—with a vigorous  
and healthy constitution, a very liberal edu-  
cation, it seemed to me that my young friend  
was starting life on his own account under the  
most favorable auspices. Many were the  
happy plans he formed for the future; his  
little office was already furnished in his mind's  
eye, also his pretty cottage in the venerable  
city of Santa Fe, which he mentally arranged  
with an eye to the possibility of having to  
accommodate at no distant date, two instead of  
one. Nor did he omit to shape out a course  
in the political arena, which he determined  
to enter without delay, and finished the con-  
struction of his aerial castles by playfully en-  
tertaining me with his maiden speech in  
Congress.

(To be Continued.)

## WALK SOFTLY BEFORE THE LITTLE ONES.

In nothing, I sometimes think, are we so  
incongruous as in the management of our  
children, and that too in the face of the fact  
that of all the human family, none have such  
claims upon us. We so often forget that  
childhood and youth are periods of discipline,  
and hence we fail to sympathize with them as  
we should, and as we certainly would, were  
we to put ourselves in their places. If we  
were so anxious to avoid disagreeable tasks  
would but consider how many such are im-  
posed upon them, we should be more careful  
to avoid laying useless burdens on their shoulders.  
If we, who are so impatient of restraint,  
would but consider how many checks we find  
it necessary to put upon them, we would cer-  
tainly avoid the unnecessary ones. The very  
fact that children have so many desires which  
it would be improper to gratify, should make  
us more anxious to induce them in all  
such as are really innocent. It would be  
well for us and them, if we were to be as  
active in creating for them suitable pleasures  
as we are in restraining them from those that  
are not so.

It is owing to this thoughtlessness and neg-  
lect that life to some children looks very  
dreary. Ode pity the child without child-  
hood! I have seen children whose parents  
were so hard and sour that existence looked

to them like a great pile of crab-apples, pickles  
and persimmons, which they were compelled  
to swallow; and if they did come across an  
occasional sugar-plum, and smack their lips  
over it, their enjoyment would, like as not,  
meet with rebuke. Our injunctions begin to  
often with the old Mosaic, "Thou shalt not."  
They should be coupled more frequently, with  
"Thou mayest." It is hardly fair to tell  
Johnnie that he must not go out of doors, if  
you do not tell him what to do if he stays in  
the house. He looks around for something to  
amuse himself with. Presently he hears the  
expostulation, "Johnnie, don't run the scissors  
in the pillow." That is abandoned, and  
presently here it comes again: "Johnnie,  
don't kick papa's hat to pieces." The hat is  
put up, but soon the cry comes: "Why, my  
son, don't put the kitten into the stove?" and  
the kitten is hurriedly dropped. By the time  
he is once more called to order, and prohibited  
from drinking out of the ink bottle, he gives  
up in despair, because, though what he may, he  
must be interrupted; and he really does not  
know what to play with.

This sort of process is apt to be prolonged  
even after children have become more dis-  
criminating. Now the best way to keep them  
from improper amusements and dangerous  
pastimes is, to create innocent pleasures for  
them in safe places. We keep cutting and  
trimming to prevent the branches from run-  
ning in the wrong direction, and train none of  
them in the right direction, we may at last  
have nothing but a stunted shrub with net-  
her blossom nor fruit. Besides all this, we  
forget that children are very tender, and some-  
times break in upon their feelings very ter-  
ribly. If you want to make a boy cry, it is  
not necessary to cut off his ears; you can be  
quite successful by cutting off the ears of his  
hobby-horse. And if you want to make him  
happy, you need not present him with a  
guinea; a five-cent whistle will fill the bill.

Activity is the normal condition of children.  
They must be busy, and if, when Johnnie  
reaches the jackknife period, he does not pos-  
sess one, on some unfortunate day his mamma  
will find her carving-knife in the chip-yard.  
Now he ought to know better than to take the  
carving-knife, but a knife in some shape he  
must have. You might as well try to raise a  
young calf without milk as to try to make a  
boy happy without a knife and plenty of string.

Dear mothers, do not grumble about the  
whittlings! And if your house is not large  
enough to allow the little girls a play-room,  
don't take it too much to heart if you do oc-  
casionally find a doll's night-gown and scraps of  
cloth and paper on your best floor, just as  
company is coming in. Habits of order will  
be learned in due time, and as for the broken  
toys, and things, that go straying around, that  
is better a thousand-fold than the seeds of  
discontent and unhappiness that stray into  
many families.

As the children grow older, do not fail to  
provide them with plenty of pictures and good  
reading. Let them have work to do to do;  
and take an interest in all their little plans,  
and your boys will not be likely to lounge around  
town, and learn bad habits. Neither will  
your daughters seek friends and companionship  
in doubtful quarters.

Whose neglect to provide for his own  
house is worse than an infidel. I never go  
into a house that is destitute of pictures, and  
good children's stories, but that text of scrip-  
ture comes to my mind. I have heard persons  
say they could not afford them, when those  
same persons could put meat and coffee on their  
table three times a day. A smaller account of  
the butcher's and a larger one at the book store,  
would do wonders for the children.—*Christian Union.*

## "THE PEACE OF GOD"

"The sun is very hot on this side of the  
boat," said a portly gentleman, who, with two  
ladies, was standing on the deck of a large  
steamboat.

"It is boiling," said one of the ladies fret-  
fully, raising a tiny parasol. "It will ruin  
my complexion; and on the other end of the  
boat it is blowing a perfect gale. For my part,  
I don't see any pleasure in it."

"Nor I," said the other. "It is hollow,  
like all the other so-called pleasures. I don't  
believe there is such a thing in the world as  
happiness. I would be glad to find even peace;  
but the more you cry 'Peace, peace,' the more  
you feel that there is no peace."

They were startled by a voice, saying, "O,  
that thou hadst hearkened to my command-  
ments! then had thy peace been a river."

Turning, they saw an old man, leaning  
heavily on a cane, for he was evidently past  
his threescore and ten years. His garments  
were coarse and ill fitting, though they were  
carefully brushed, and the ladies drew back  
with a dignified air. The gentleman was  
about to order the intruder away, but his gaze  
was fixed afar off, on the calm flowing waters  
of the river, and they contented themselves  
with drawing away.

"The lady who had last spoken, leaned  
over the side of the boat, and looked for a time  
down into the water, then she said—

"That was a bad comparison of the old  
fellow, about peace flowing as a river. Just  
think of it; calm, but deep, never ceasing  
never-ending, lost only in an ocean of the  
same. I would give the world for such a  
peace as that."

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall  
make glad the city of God."

The old man was still gazing at the blue  
waters, and perhaps was speaking aloud un-  
consciously; but an angry exclamation escap-  
ed from the gentleman, and they walked  
hastily away. Meeting the captain, the gentle-  
man said—

"Captain, why did you take that crazy man  
on board?"

"What crazy man, Mr. Porter? O! as his  
eye followed Mr. Porter's, that is old Father  
Reid. He is no more crazy than I am. He  
used to be a wealthy merchant, but failed.  
He paid his creditors in full, but he left himself  
penitent. He says it was a blessed day for  
him, for it led him to seek for rest and peace,  
where alone they may be found. He is the  
happiest man I ever saw, and I meet with a  
great many men in my trips up and down the  
river," and the busy captain bowed, and passed  
on.

In the afternoon a thunder-storm arose,  
the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed,  
the waters foamed, while the boat shook as if it  
were a reed at the mercy of the storm. The  
passengers were terrified, ladies shrieked, and  
even sturdy men yelled. Loud and clear, in the  
midst of the tumult, rose the voice of  
Father Reid—

"God is our refuge and strength, a very  
present help in trouble. Therefore will not we  
fear, though the earth be removed, and though  
the mountains be carried into the midst of the  
sea; though the waters thereof roar and be  
troubled; though the mountains shake with  
the swelling thereof. O God shall help us,  
and that right early."

The terror-stricken passengers almost felt  
as if he were a prophet, for even as he spoke  
the clouds broke, and though the rain still  
fell gently, a beautiful bow spanned the  
waters.

"Behold!" said Father Reid. "Behold the  
sign of God's promise, and be at peace!" and  
he quietly slipped out of his cabin, followed  
by Miss Porter, who grasped his hand, and  
asked—

"Sir, how can I obtain this rest and peace?"  
He looked at her with eyes full of love and  
pity, and said, gently—

"Jesus said, 'Come unto me, all ye that  
are weary and heavy laden, and I will give  
you rest.'"

"I have heard that often before," said she;  
"but it seems new."

"Yes, it is the old, old story, yet ever new;  
but it is all you can do. Only trust Him and  
follow Him; then, indeed, the peace of God,  
which passeth all understanding, shall keep  
your heart and mind, through Jesus Christ."

## "REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE,"

Lot's wife had many privileges, but she per-  
ished. Lot's wife had a godly husband, but  
she perished. Lot's wife had been often  
prayed for, but she perished. Lot's wife had  
a good example set her, but she perished.  
Lot's wife had been warned by God, but she per-  
ished. Lot's wife saw her danger, but she per-  
ished. Lot's wife was led by angels out of So-  
dom, but she perished. Lot's wife was nearly  
saved, but she perished. Lot's wife was  
loved by her husband, but she perished. Lot's  
wife only looked round, and she was damned  
for that look. She lingered when she should  
have made haste and left her. Mercy  
drew her, but she grieved. Mercy, and Mercy  
found her. Where Mercy left her, Justice  
found her. Destruction seized her. She  
loved Sodom, and would love Sodom, and  
God gave her her love to the full. The  
Lord took her out of Sodom, but she took  
Sodom out of her. Let me get a last look of my  
lovely Sodom, she said; and she got a last  
look with a vengeance. "She is joined to her  
idols," said the jealous God. "Let her alone!"  
and she was left terribly alone; she became a  
pillar of salt. Sodom was more to her than  
her husband, her children, her husband, her  
soul, or God. In judgment she was wedded to  
her evil choice. She entered eternity in  
fellowship with those that suffer the ven-  
geance of eternal fire.

All friends, you see how near being saved  
you may be, and yet never know salvation.  
Privileges and means of grace may be yours,  
and yet you may never enter heaven. You  
may sit at the Lord's table and sing of salvation  
and after all be cast away. You may feel the  
strivings of the Spirit, and yet be lost. You  
may break off from some sins and do many  
things, and in the end go down to destruction.  
You may be all but saved, and at last find that  
from the very gate of heaven there is a path  
to hell.

Anxious inquirer, you are out of Sodom,  
but not out of danger; you are on the plain,  
but not in the place of refuge. Flee to Christ.  
Escape for thy life.

Backslider, you are just where Lot's wife  
was when the devouring fire overtook her.  
She was looking back; so are you. Remember  
Lot's wife. "If any man draw back, my  
soul shall have no pleasure in him" (Heb.  
x. 38).

Procrastinator, you are trifling with your  
soul and with God. There is no fear of judg-  
ment, you think. How do you know? The  
sin of Lot's wife is your sin; take heed lest  
her fate be yours. You may die to-night;  
what then? And if you live, God may give  
you your own way and let you alone. Let  
alone, left behind by the merciful God! To  
be fixed in sin, to be a pillar of salt, a soul  
enslaved with judicial hardness, as good as  
damned, how terrible!—*Duncan Matheson.*

## "MY BIRDS."

"Every month I read the nice little stories  
in 'Our Young Folks,' and I have been  
thinking, perhaps, the girls and boys might  
like to hear the story of my birds."

"I am a farmer's daughter; I live in the coun-  
try, and have the whole farm for my play-  
ground. One day last summer, while search-  
ing in the pasture for strawberries, in a bar-  
berry-bush I found a beautiful bird's nest all  
lined with hair, and in it were four little  
robins, so young that their eyes were not yet  
open. On a tree close by sat the mother, mak-  
ing a pitiful cry, thinking her darlings were  
in danger, not knowing I loved them almost  
as well as she did. I soon left them, because  
I frightened her so.

"A little farther on, as I was passing a low  
juniper bush, out flew a small bird about the  
size of a sparrow. I peeped in, and there was  
the tiniest nest, with one speckled egg in it.  
I thought I might just take it one minute very  
carefully, without the old bird knowing it.  
Reaching in, I tried to pick it up, but the shell  
was so thin it crushed. I was dreadfully  
frightened, not wanting the bird to think I  
was such a bad little girl as to rob a nest. At  
last I thought the robin could afford to give  
up one of her young ones, as she had so many.  
I went back, took one from the nest, and car-  
ried it to the sparrow.

"Every day I had to go to the nest to see if  
the sparrow fed the robin, and I always found  
the mother bird there; but while the other  
robins grew fat and had feathers, this one was  
only skin and bones. I carried it worms, and  
as I had read in a book that birds would eat  
raw meat, I fed it on beefsteak. At last I  
visited it one rainy day, and found the spar-  
row gone, the nest all wet, and the robin, as I  
thought, dead. I took it out, and could not  
help crying to think it would have been alive  
and well if I had not troubled it. Just then  
I felt it move. I looked, and found it was only  
chilled with the cold and rain, and my warm  
hands had restored it. I carried it to its old  
home, and laid it beside its brothers and  
sisters.

"I watched, and found its mother fed it like  
the rest, and soon it grew fat. The others  
were able to fly four days sooner than this one,  
but the old bird did not forsake the poor lit-  
tle creature. They stayed with it until its  
wings grew strong and it was able to take  
care of itself. Should they come again next  
year, I shall not touch them, and I hope all  
the boys and girls who read this will never  
touch little birds' nests.—*Our Young Folks*  
for August.

"The lady who had last spoken, leaned  
over the side of the boat, and looked for a time  
down into the water, then she said—

"That was a bad comparison of the old  
fellow, about peace flowing as a river. Just  
think of it; calm, but deep, never ceasing  
never-ending, lost only in an ocean of the  
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"Jesus said, 'Come unto me, all ye that  
are weary and heavy laden, and I will give  
you rest.'"

## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## MADIE'S SECRET.

BY RUTH WASHINGTON.

Madie came home from school and tripped  
into the dining-room, to find Hal and Noll in  
close consultation. They started when she  
entered, but Hal said, "It's only Madie," and  
they went on with their talk in a low voice.  
"What are you doing, Noll?" she asked.  
"It's a secret about father's birthday; now  
run away, and don't bother."

"May not I be in it too?" she asked; but  
they were too much absorbed to notice her,  
and she sighed, "Oh, dear! I wish I was  
bigger!"

Father and mother were king and queen in  
Mr. Little's family, and when their birthdays  
came, the whole house was in a stir of prepara-  
tion, from Ed, the oldest son, down to Madie,  
the youngest child and only daughter. Every-  
one was to furnish his best, and look his bright-  
est, and the preparations were often begun  
long before the day. Even Madie's name was a  
tribute of love to her father. She had been  
Baby for the first years of her life, and as she  
was so neat and trim, and as fresh and sweet  
as a flower, her father called her "my little  
maid." In her baby talk she changed this to  
Madie, and gradually all took it up, until  
"little maid" became Madie Little.

As Madie sat watching her brothers she be-  
came very thoughtful, and suddenly a light  
came into her face, and, seized with an idea,  
she ran upstairs. Not stopping to hang up  
her satchel, she went to the drawer, took out a  
small rosewood box, and in a moment was  
walking rapidly through the street. She went  
to the store where her mother was in the  
habit of purchasing articles, and waited at the  
counter. No one noticed Madie for some time,  
and she began to feel frightened, when a  
clerk said.

"What will you have, Miss?"

"Madie started, and looking into his face,  
tremblingly said,

"Handkerchiefs, please."

The clerk opened a box of pretty little  
handkerchiefs with an M in the corner.

"Is your name Mary, Miss? Just the  
thing!"

"No, sir; my name is Madie, and those are  
not like father's handkerchiefs," she faltered.

"For your father, Miss?"

"Yes, sir. Mother gets the best," said  
Madie; but the clerk had turned his back, and  
was taking down a package from the shelf.

"Here they are, the very best the store af-  
fords. How many will you have?"

"Half a dozen," replied Madie, wishing she  
was at home.

Then summoning all the courage she had,  
she opened her little box and poured the  
money it contained on the counter. The  
clerk counted it over.

"There's not enough here; but I can give  
you a cheaper handkerchief—good, too," and  
he bustled away.

Madie was bitterly disappointed, and as she  
slowly put the money back into her box, one  
great tear, in spite of all her efforts, splashed  
on the pennies. Notwithstanding the  
clerk's urging, she would not take the other  
handkerchiefs. Father should have the best.  
Why, the thought of offering him anything but  
the handsest seemed a sacrilege to her—as if  
she had showed him disrespect. It was of  
no use for the clerk to tell her the others were  
good; that he sold more of them; that they  
were probably what her mother usually bought.  
He had said the first were better, and Madie  
must have them or none. As she returned  
home, she tried to devise some way to earn  
money, and again she wished she was bigger.

She sat in the dining-room still thinking,  
when Hal came down, and looking in, cried,  
"Hey, Madie! in a brown study?"

"Oh! Hal, how

Agricultural.

BOOKS FOR THE FARMER.

It was once quite a common occurrence to sneer at "book farming." It may be yet in some quarters, but the sneer has lost its force, and now has no other point than to illustrate the mental weakness of the man who uses it. A book on some technical subject is usually the record of an experience. An experience is valuable in proportion as it is accurate. It is valuable because, under like circumstances, we may know what result to expect in a given course. Without the experience of others to guide us, the world would make no progress; each generation would begin at the same point, and at the same, and be of no use to the world at large. Books record the experience of one man, or of a set of men, and from them we learn what to do or what not to do, in order to attain or avoid a given result.

The various learned professions—so called—have their standard works. A professional man would as soon think of doing without a library as a sailor without his compass and charts. A farmer, it is often assumed, needs nothing but a good constitution and such money capital as he can command or thinks it wise to invest. Books for study and reference are usually among the last things he thinks of when he makes his purchases in stocking his farm, or makes out a list of the tools he needs for carrying on the business. Generally he will say that he "cannot afford" much in the line of books, because he can do without them—he expects to rely on his own judgment—a judgment founded on an experience in part traditional, perhaps, and in part obtained under very adverse circumstances. He forgets that in buying tools and machinery he is relying largely on some other person's judgment and experience, at a cost sometimes of hundreds of dollars where books would not cost him ten, and that in rejecting books he rejects the very information which may tell him when and where to use his costly tools so as to reap the greatest possible benefit! He pays, we will suppose, \$200 for a mow, but a book on the grasses which will cost \$2, and which will tell him how to raise, when cut, how to cure, and how to feed the grass his mow is to cut he passes by contemptuously! And the same course follows through the whole list of farm duties.

The rising, the energetic, the progressive, and—may we add—the model farmer, is not content to do merely as his father did before him, or even if his success has been great, to suppose that there is nothing more to learn! Farming is not an exact science with demonstrations of unvarying regularity, but instead, one of the most uncertain in its results of all employments because of the complex circumstances that enter into the calculation. The varieties of soil, of weather, of culture, of fertilizing of pruning—a literal multitude of contingencies, in fact—bring up new questions at every step, and make every result more or less doubtful. Some points, it is true, have been settled, others approximately, while others—such as the mysteries of earth, air and vegetation—still require the most careful study. If Isaac Newton, with his vast learning and acquisitions, felt, late in life, as if he had picked up only a few pebbles on the shore of the great Ocean of Knowledge, how little learning can that farmer claim who has but a few years of personal experience and observation to guide him in the culture of the soil! And to assume that he can know so much about it that he cannot afford to give a few dollars to know what others have learned in the same field of labor, or to know how and why they failed, is an assumption of independence as dangerous as it is daring. We say unhesitatingly that every farmer ought to have at least a few of the standard works relating to the branch in which he is engaged. It is not at all necessary that he should guide himself "by the book," but familiarity with the views of others will give him an inquiring tone which will be to his benefit in all his transactions. One great danger in farming, resulting largely from its isolation, is that of falling into a plodding, routine system, in which all thought of investigation or improvement is lost. A farmer's mind should be as active as his body, or even more so. Labor without thought, without observation or inquiry, is such as horses and oxen perform, and a good deal of manual labor transacted in that way is what has brought upon farming the reproach of being a "plodding" vocation. Books, essays, discussions, club meetings—all act as a stimulus to thought, suggest inquiry and comparison, invite to experiments, to system and to watchfulness, and in scores of ways make farming more profitable, more attractive and more "respectable"—that is, we mean, it inspires the respect of others more readily. Professional men, though systematically trained and educated, never hesitate to consult books and authorities when they desire information, and surely the farmer need not hesitate to do so when puzzled questions come up in his experience. They often impart real and valuable information, and they seldom fail to suggest something which may not be of value in some way, perhaps in a way the author never dreamed of. It is only the prejudiced, the short-sighted, or the egotistical who will sneer at books, agricultural societies or agricultural papers as being useless to them, or who "cannot afford" to spend the little required to constitute a respectable farmer's library.—*Country Gentleman.*

—The beautifying of the front-yard and keeping it in order depends much more upon the girls than the boys, and generally they like to do it. With a little ingenuity and care, and the help of their brothers, a great many pretty ornamental things can be contrived at very small expense. Hanging baskets can be made of the wire of old hoopskirts, and, lined with moss and filled with ivy or other trailing vines, can be made to do double duty in beautifying the grounds and getting rid of a nuisance which nobody seems to know what to do with. Urns, made of boards nailed together, six or eight sided, the outside covered with rough bark—the rougher the better—either glued or tacked on, and filled with gay and ever-blooming plants, are as pretty as they are inexpensive. Another beautiful ornament can be made by taking a large, shallow dish—an old tea-tray answers the purpose admirably—filling it with wood's earth, making the surface into little hills and dales, and covering the whole with the prettiest moss that can be found. In this moss-bed can be planted young ferns, white and yellow violets, star grass, painted cups, and almost anything else that likes shade and moisture. If kept out of the sun and given plenty of water, it is surprising how luxuriantly these mimic landscapes will grow, and how beautiful they will be.—*Adelance.*

**BEANS FOR STOCK FEED.**—A Canadian farmer says, although white beans are of no value for fattening stock, yet they are the best things that can be fed to young animals, as they contain the necessary materials for making bone and muscle. For a young calf, one pint of beans and oats crushed together will be found much better than oats alone. A neighbor of mine, a few years ago, fed his stove with a regular allowance of beans and peas crushed, during the winter, and as a consequence the next spring never lost a lamb. They were so strong that they were on their feet and tried to suck almost as soon as they were dropped.

Miscellany.

LINES BY A PRINCESS.

The Princess Amelia, the favorite daughter of George III., wrote the following simple lines a short time before her early death—  
"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,  
I laughed, and talked, and danced, and sung,  
And proud of health, of beauty vain,  
Dreamt not of sorrow, care, or pain;  
Concluding, in those hours of glee,  
That all the world was made for me."

"But when the day of trial came,  
And sickness shook my trembling frame;  
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,  
And I could dance and sing no more,  
It then occurred how sad 'twould be,  
Were this world only made for me."

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-MASTER.

BY REV. EDWARD KOLESTON, D. D.

(Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York.)  
CHAPTER XXIII.—A CHARITABLE INTENTION.

When Ralph got back to Miss Nancy Sawyer, Shockey was sitting up in bed talking to Miss Nancy and Miss Samantha. His cheeks were a little flushed with fever, and the excitement of telling his story, their were wet with tears.

"Ralph," whispered Miss Nancy, as she drew him into the kitchen, "I want you to get a buggy or a sleigh, and go right over to the poorhouse and fetch that boy's mother over here. I'll do me more good than any sermon I ever heard to see that boy in his mother's arms to-morrow. We can keep the old lady over Sunday."

Ralph was delighted, so delighted that he came near kissing good Miss Nancy Sawyer, whose plain face was glorified by her generosity. But he did not go to the poorhouse immediately. He waited until he saw Bill Jones, the Superintendent of the Poor-House, and Pete Jones, the County Commissioner, who was still somewhat shuck up, ride up to the court-house. Then he drove out of the village, and presently hitched his horse to the poorhouse fence, and took a survey of the outside. Forty hogs, nearly ready for slaughter, wallowed in a pen in front of the forlorn and dilapidated house; for though the commissioners allowed a claim for repairs at every meeting, the repairs were never made, and it would not do to scrutinize Mr. Jones's bills too closely, unless you gave up all hope of a reformation to office. One curious effect of political aspirations in Hoosier County, was to shut the eyes that they could not see, to close the ears that they could not hear, and to destroy the sense of smell. But Ralph, not being a politician, smelled the hog-pen without the transparent fraud, and heard the echo of Jones's cry.

A weak-eyed girl admitted him, and as he did not wish to make his business known at once, he affected a sort of idle interest in the place, and asked to be allowed to look around. The weak-eyed girl watched him. He found that all the women with children, twenty persons in all, were obliged to sleep in one room, which, owing to the hill-slope, was partly under ground, and which had but half a window for light, and no ventilation, except the chance draft from the door. Jones had declared that the women with children must stay there—"he warn't goin' to have brats a-runnin' over the whole house." Here were vicious women and good women, with their children, crowded like chickens in a coop for market. And there were, as usual in such places, helpless, idiotic women with illegitimate children. Of course this room was the scene of perpetual quarrelling and occasional fighting.

In the quarters devoted to the insane, people slightly demented and raving maniacs were in the same rooms, while there were also those utter wrecks which sat in heaps on the floor, mumbling and muttering unintelligible words, the whole current of their thoughts hopelessly muddled, turning around upon itself in eddies never ending.

"That air woman," said the weak-eyed girl, "used to holler a heap when she was brought in here. But pap knows how to subjugate 'em. He slapped her in the month every time she hollered. She don't make no fuss now, but just sets down that a-way all day, and keeps a-whisperin'."

Ralph understood it. When she came in she was the victim of mania; but she had been beaten into hopeless idiocy. Indeed this state of incurable imbecility seemed the end toward which all travelled. Shut in these bare rooms, with no treatment, no exercise, no variety, and meagre food, cases of slight derangement soon grew into chronic lunacy.

One young woman, called Phil, a sweet-natured person, apparently a farmer's wife, came up to Ralph and looked at him kindly, playing with the buttons on his coat in a child-like simplicity. Her blue-dressing dress was sewed all over with patches of white, representing ornamental buttons, and the woman's instinct toward adornment had in her taken this childish turn.

"Don't you think they ought to let me go home?" she said with a sweet and a wistful, longing, homesick look, that touched Ralph to the heart. He looked at her, and then at the muttering crones, and he could see no hope of any better fate for her. She followed him round the bare-like rooms, returning every now and then to her question, "Don't you think I might go home now?"

The weak-eyed girl had been called away for a moment, and Ralph stood looking into a cell where there was a man with a gay red plume in his hat and a strip of red flannel about his waist. He strutted up and down like a drill-sergeant.

"I am General Andrew Jackson," he began. "People don't believe it, but I am. I had my head shot off at Buena Vista, and the new one that grew on isn't nigh so good as the old one; it's later on one side. That's why they take advantage of me to shut me up. But I know some things. My head is later on one side, but it's all right on t'other. And when I know a thing in the left side of my head, I know it. Lean down here. Let me tell you something out of the left side. Not out of the tater side, mine ye. I wouldn't a-told you if he hadn't locked me up for nothing. *Bill Jones is a thief!* He sells the bodies of the dead paupers, and then sells the empty coffins back to the county agin. But that ain't all."

Just then the weak-eyed girl came back, and, as Ralph moved away, General Jackson aloud: "That ain't all. I'll tell the rest another time. And that ain't out of the tater side, you can depend on that. That's out of the left side. Sound as a nut on that side!" But Ralph began to wonder where he should find Hannah's mother.

"Don't go in there!" cried the weak-eyed girl, as Ralph was opening a door. "Old Mowley's in there, and she'll cuss you."

"Oh! well, if that's all, her curses won't hurt," said Hartsook, pushing open the door. But the volley of blasphemy and vile language that he received made him stagger. The old hag paced the floor, abusing everybody that came in her way. And by the window, in the same room, feeling the light that struggled through the dusty glass upon her face, sat a sorrowful, intelligent English woman. Ralph

noticed at once that she was English, and in a few moments he discovered that her sight was defective. Could it be that Hannah's mother was the inmate of this loathsome creature, whose profanity and obscenity did not intermit for a moment?

Happily the weak-eyed girl had not dared to brave the curses of Mowley. Ralph stepped forward to the woman by the window, and greeted her.

"Is this Mrs. Thomson?"  
"That is my name, sir," she said, turning her face toward Ralph, who could not but remark the contrast between the thorough refinement of her manner and her coarse, scant, unshaped paper-frock of blue drilling.

"I saw your daughter yesterday."  
"Did you see my boy?"  
There was a tremulousness in her voice and an agitation in her manner which disclosed the emotion she strove in vain to conceal; for only the day before Bill Jones had informed her that Shockey would be bound out on Saturday, and that she would find that going agin him wasn't a payin' business, so much as some others he might mention.

Ralph told her about Shockey's safety. I shall not write down the conversation here. Critics would say that it was an overwrought scene. As if all the world were as cold as they! All I can tell is that this refined woman had all she could do to control herself in her eagerness to get out of her prison-house, away from the blasphemies of Mowley, away from the insults of Jones, away from the sights and sounds and smells of the place, and, above all, her eagerness to fly to the little Shockey-head from whom she had been banished for two years. It seemed to her that she could gladly die now, if she could die with that gladden head upon her bosom.

And so, in spite of the opposition of Bill Jones's son, who threatened her with every sort of evil if she left, Ralph wrapped Mrs. Thomson's blue drilling in Nancy Sawyer's shawl, and bore the feeble woman off to Lewisburg. And as they drove away, a sad, childish voice cried from the gratings of the upper window, "Good-by! good-by!" Ralph turned and saw that it was Phil, poor Phil, for whom there was no deliverance. And all the way back Ralph pronounced mental maledictions on the Dorcas Society, or for sending arguments to the Five Points, or for being so blind to the sorrow and poverty within its reach. He did not know, for he had not read the reports of the Boards of State Charities, that nearly all almshouses are very much like this, and that the State of New York is not better in this regard than Indiana. And he did not know that it is true in almost all other countries, as it was in his own, that "Christian" people do not think enough of Christ to look for him in these tawdry houses.

And while Ralph denounced the Dorcas Society, the eager, hungry heart of the mother ran, flow toward the little white-headed boy. No I can not do it; I cannot tell you about that meeting. I am sure that Miss Nancy Sawyer's tea tasted exceedingly good to the pauper, who had known nothing but cold water for years, and that the bread and butter were delicious to a palate that had eaten poorhouse soup for dinner, and coarse poor-house bread and vile molasses for supper, and that without change for three years. But I can not tell you how it seemed that evening to Miss Nancy Sawyer, as the poor English lady sat in speechless ecstasy, rocking in the old splint-bottomed rocking-chair in the fire-light, while she pressed to her bosom with all the might of her enfeebled arms, the form of the little Shockey, who half-sobbed and half-sang, over and over again, "God hadn't forgot us, mother; God hadn't forgot us."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

The Methodist Church to which Mrs. Matilda White and Miss Nancy Sawyer belonged was the leading one in Lewisburg, as it is in most county-seat villages in Indiana. If I may be permitted to express my candid and charitable opinion of the difference between the two women, I shall have to use the old Quaker locution, and say that Miss Sawyer was a Methodist and likewise a Christian; Mrs. White was a Methodist, but I fear she was not likewise.

As to the first part of this assertion, there was no room to doubt Miss Nancy's piety. She could get happy in class-meeting (for good had a better right?), and could witness a good experience in the quarterly love-feast. But it is not upon these grounds that I base my opinion of Miss Nancy. Do not even the Pharisees the same? She never denied that she had any right to speak of "Christian Perfection" (which, as Mrs. Partington said of total depravity, is an excellent doctrine if it is lived up to); but when a woman's heart is full of devout affections and good purposes, when her head devises liberal and Christlike things, when her hands are always open to the poor and always busy with acts of love and self-denial, and when her feet are ever eager to run upon errands of mercy, why, if there be anything worthy of being called Christian Perfection in this world of imperfection, I do not know why such an one does not possess it. What need of analyzing her experiences in *vacuo* to find out the state of her soul?

How Miss Nancy managed to live on her slender income and be so generous was a perpetual source of perplexity to the gossips of Lewisburg. And now that she declared that Mrs. Thomson and Shockey should not return to the poor-house there was a general outcry from the whole Committee of Int-reddlers that she would bring herself to the poorhouse before she died. But Nancy Sawyer was the richest woman in Lewisburg, though nobody knew it, and she herself did not once suspect it.

How Miss Nancy and the preacher conspired together, and how they managed to bring Mrs. Thomson's case up at the time of the "Sacramental Service" in the afternoon of that Sunday in Lewisburg, and how the

preacher made a touching statement of it just before the regular "Collection for the Poor" was taken, and how the warm-hearted Methodist put in dollars instead of dimes while the Presiding Elder read those passages about Zaccheus and other liberal people, and how the congregation sang

"He dies, the Friend of Sinners dies," more lustily than ever, after having performed this Christian act—how all this happened I cannot take up the reader's time to tell. But I can assure him that the nearly blind English woman did not return with blasphemous old Mowley any more, and that the blue-drilling pauper frock gave way to something better, and that grave little Shockey even danced with delight, and declared that God hadn't forgot, though he'd thought that He had. And Mrs. Matilda White remarked that it was a shame that the collection for the poor at a Methodist sacramental service should be given to a woman who was a member of the Church of England, and like as not never soundly converted!

And Shockey slept in his mother's arms and prayed God not to forget Hannah, while Shockey's mother knitted stockings for the store day and night, and day and night she prayed and hoped.

CHAPTER XXV.—RED WOODING.

The Sunday that Ralph spent in Lewisburg, the Sunday that Shockey spent in an earthly Paradise, the Sunday that Mrs. Thomson spent with Shockey instead of old Mowley, the Sunday that Miss Nancy thought was "just like heaven," was also an eventful Sunday with Bud Means. He had long admired Miss Martha in his secret heart, but like many other glants, while brave enough to face and fight dragons, he was a coward in the presence of the woman that he loved. Let us honor him for it. The man who loves a woman truly, reverences her profoundly, and feels abashed in her presence. The man who is never abashed in the presence of womanhood, the man who tells his love without a tremor, is a heartless, shallow egotist. Bud's nature was not fine. But it was deep, true, and manly. To him Martha Hawkins was the chief of women. What he felt that he should aspire to possess her?

And yet on that Sunday, with his crippled arm carefully bound up, with his cleanest shirt, and with his heavy boots freshly oiled with the fat of the mutton, he started hopefully through fields white with snow to the house of Squire Hawkins. When he started his spirits were high, but they descended exactly in proportion to his proximity to the object of his love. He thought himself not dressed well enough. He wished his shoulders were not so square, and his arms not so stout. He wished that he had look-larin' enough to court in nice, big words. And so, by recounting his own deficiencies, he succeeded in making himself feel weak and awkward, and generally good-for-nothing, by the time he walked up between the rows of dead holly-hocks to the Squire's front door, to tap at which took all his remaining strength.

Miss Martha received her perspiring lover most graciously, but this only convinced Bud more than ever that she was a superior being. If she had slighted him a bit, so as to awaken his combativeness a little, his bashfulness would have disappeared.

It was in vain that Martha inquired about his arm and complimented his courage. Bud could only think of his big feet, his clumsy hands, and his slow tongue. He answered in monosyllables, using his red silk handkerchief diligently.

"Is your arm improving?" asked Miss Hawkins.

"Yes, I think it is," said Bud, hastily crossing his right leg over his left, and trying to get his fists out of sight.

"Have you heard from Mr. Pearson?"

"No, I haven't," answered Bud, removing his right foot to the floor again, because it looked so big, and trying to push his left hand into his pocket.

"Beautiful sunshine, isn't it?" said Martha.

"Yes, 'tis," answered Bud, sticking his right foot upon the rung of the chair and putting his right hand behind him.

"This snow looks like the snow we have at the East," said Martha. "It snowed that way the time I was to Boston."

"Did it?" said Bud, not thinking of the snow at all, nor of Boston, but thinking how much better he would have appeared had he left his arms and legs at home.

"I suppose Mr. Hartsook rode your horse to Lewisburg?"

"Yes, he did," and Bud hung both hands at his side.

"You were very kind."

This set Bud's heart a going so that he could not say anything, but he looked eloquently at Miss Hawkins, drew both feet under the chair, and rammed his hands into his pockets. Then, suddenly remembering how awkward he must look, he immediately pulled his hands out again, and crossed his legs. There was a silence of a few minutes, during which Bud made up his mind to do the most desperate thing he could think of—to declare his love and take the consequences.

"You see, Miss Hawkins," he began, forgetting boots and fists in his agony, "I thought as how I'd come over here to-day, and—here he heart failed him utterly—and—see you?"

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Means."

"And I thought I'd tell you"—Martha was sure it was coming now, for Bud was in dead earnest—"and I thought I'd just like to tell you of I only know 'I just how to tell it'!"

here Bud got frightened, and did not dare close the sentence as he had intended—"I thought as how you might like to know—or rather I wanted to tell you—that—the—that I—"

that we—all of us—think—that I—that we are going to have a spellin'-school a-Chewin'-day night."

"I'm real glad to hear it," said the bland but disappointed Martha. "We used to have spellin'-schools at the East." But Miss

Martha could not remember that they had them "to Boston."

Hard as it is for a bashful man to talk, it is still more difficult for him to close a conversation. Most men like to leave a favorable impression, and a bashful man always waiting in the talk may let him out without a long time discomfiture. And so Bud stayed a long time, and how he ever did get away he never could tell.

(To be Continued.)

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP—A POISON.

BY W. F. M'NUTT, M. D., SAN FRANCISCO.

My attention was first called to the baneful effects and the enormous consumption of this nostrum in the November, '65, number of the *California Medical Gazette*, by Dr. Murray, U. S. A. Dr. Murray had been called to see a child aged six months, apparently in a dying condition from the effects of some narcotic poison. He found that this soothing syrup was the only medicine which had been administered, and of it the child had taken two teaspoonfuls within ten hours. There was remaining in the evening taken, ten drachms, which yielded, on analysis by a skillful chemist, nearly one grain of morphia and other opium alkaloids to the ounce of syrup. "The specimen of Soothing Syrup analyzed was made by Curtis & Perkins, of New York, who are the only manufacturers."

On the 7th of February, Mrs. W. came into my office with a child five months old in her arms, which, she said, was very sick—that it slept constantly and would not nurse or move for several days. The child was breathing heavily, and its pupils were closely contracted. I asked if the child had been taking opium; she replied that it had taken nothing but soothing syrup. She said that on the 5th, two days before, the child was restless and its bowels costive, and that a neighbor had advised her to give it a teaspoonful of soothing syrup, saying it was excellent to regulate the bowels. (She had previously given the syrup in small doses.) She administered the syrup twice during the day, a teaspoonful each time; the child slept heavily all night and would not nurse when roused. Not suspecting the syrup had anything to do with its sleeping, she gave on the 6th, at different times, three teaspoonfuls more. The child still refused to nurse when roused. On the 7th she gave it another teaspoonful, before bringing it to my office. I told her that the child was poisoned by morphia, of which soothing syrup contained a large quantity. The mother was surprised and alarmed, and had had no idea that there was morphia in soothing syrup.

I ordered brandy and coffee, the bowels to be kept open by injections, and the child to be kept wide awake as much as possible. The child recovered, but was not able to nurse until the 10th. This was but one of the many instances of poison by this nostrum.

Dr. R. J. Maxwell, my partner, was called to see a child five weeks old, to whom half a teaspoonful of soothing syrup had been given a few hours previous. The child was already past all help, and died in a few hours. No other medicine had been given.

In my own case, the child five months old had taken two teaspoonfuls on the 5th, three on the 6th, and one on the 7th, making six teaspoonfuls from 10 o'clock on the 5th until 8 a. m. on the 7th; consequently it got over half a grain of morphia in the space of 48 hours. As susceptible as children are to the influence of opium, it seems almost impossible that the child could have lived. In fact, we know that it could not have lived, had not the tolerance of the poison been induced by previous doses in lesser quantities. We may add that there are very few children at the age of six months, who would not be poisoned to death, were they to take the syrup as directed (namely: six months old and upwards, one teaspoonful three or four times a day until free from pain), unless a tolerance of the drug be induced by its previous administration in small doses. The morphia in a teaspoonful of soothing syrup is equal to about twenty-four drops of laudanum. Here we have thousands of mothers and nurses, ignorant alike of the ingredients and the effects of this deadly nostrum, directed to give to a child six months old morphia equal to twenty drops of laudanum, while a physician would not care to give a child of that age more than three drops.

Dr. Murray, in the article already referred to, says: "I have ascertained that there are about one hundred thousand two ounce bottles of it sold annually in this city, containing about one hundred and eighty thousand grains of morphia, which are given annually to the babies of this State."

If the babies of this State consume two hundred thousand ounces of soothing syrup, it is but fair to assume that there is seventy-five times that amount used in the whole United States, which would make 15,000,000 ounces of syrup, or about 14,000,000 grains of morphia. 8 tins aside the direct cost of this nostrum, it would be scarcely possible to estimate the damages which the people of the United States sustain indirectly from its use.

How much the early resort of our youth to tobacco and alcohol stimulates is due to the previous use of the opium contained in this nostrum is probably not realized. But that it has much to do with it any one can believe who has seen with what avidity the opium eater, when deprived of his opium, will fly to alcohol, ether, hashish, tobacco, or anything that will lull the eternal craving of the appetite for something other than wholesome food. It would also be impossible to estimate the number of children it sends to the grave before they reach their second year. But that the administration of 14,000,000 grains of morphia annually to the babies of the United States, by persons ignorant of its effects, must send thousands, any reasonable person will be inclined to grant. But a still graver question presents itself, namely: How much of the physical disease, of the drunkard's nose, of the degradation and of the vice, and how many of the weakened intellects, are due to the use of the soothing syrup in infancy? Probably enough to make it a wiser Legislature that will prohibit the manufacture of any nostrum for children which contains opium, than the Legislature that passes a prohibitory liquor law for the benefit of its adults.—*Pac. Med. and Surg. Journal.*

STRIKE, BUT HEAR.

We suppose that there is nothing simpler than simple addition, excepting, perhaps, those people who have no talent for it, of whom, unfortunately, there is a considerable number, especially among the striking craftsmen. If it were to be announced to-day that ten dollars will hereafter be the average price of a day's labor, among all the trades, we do not doubt that it would be regarded by the toiling multitudes as the gladdest and grandest event that had ever occurred in the history of the national industry. Let us see, then, if we can, what the effect of such an advance in the price of labor would be. This is a rich country; and every rich country has a multitude of artificial wants. To supply these wants, there have been organized a large number of productive industries; and hundreds of thousands of laborers are fed by them. The first effect of a doubling of the price of labor would be to destroy all those industries which are engaged in producing things that men and women can do without. When the price of the necessities of life is raised, the use of

luxuries is reduced in a corresponding degree. This law is just as unvarying in its operation as the law of gravitation. A man who spends \$10,000 a year, giving \$2,000 of it to luxuries, drops his luxuries, and spends his \$10,000 on a smaller number of people. He dismisses a servant, and gives up his carriage. He stops buying flowers and giving entertainments. Every man and woman who had anything to do in feeding his artificial wants loses his patronage; and then whole classes of people would, by such an advance in the price of labor, be thrown out of employment and into distress. This, however, would be only an indirect or incidental damage to the laboring interest, though it would be a damage to that interest alone. The rich would really suffer very little by it.

There are certain things that we must all have—the rich and the poor alike—houses to live in, clothes to wear, and bread and meat to eat. What effect would such a change have upon these? A house that cost \$3,000 to build yesterday, will cost \$6,000 to-morrow. The brickmaker, the stone-cutter, the mason, the carpenter, all working at double wages would, by that very fact, advance the price of their own rent in a corresponding degree. The tenant that rents for \$250 to-day will rent for \$500 to-morrow, and if it cannot be rented for that sum, it will not be built at all. The same thing will be true concerning what are called the necessities of life. If it costs twice as much money to produce a barrel of flour to-day as it did yesterday, it will double in price. Every article of produce, every garment that we buy for ourselves or our children, will have added to its price exactly what has been added to the cost of its production or manufacture; and when this excess has been added to the excess of rent the laborer will find himself at the end of his tied goose no whit benefited by what seemed to hold the promise of a fortune. We cannot imagine a man with common-sense enough to labor intelligently who will be unable to see at a glance that our conclusions on this point are inevitable.

Now there is beyond this direct result of a doubling of the price of labor an indirect effect upon the price of real estate, which greatly enhances the trouble of the laborer. The destruction of various branches of industry, and the rendering of other branches either precarious or insufficient in their profits, would inevitably concentrate capital, so far as possible, upon real estate. Idle or poorly employed capital is always seeking for an investment; and if banking and manufacturing and trade become unprofitable, through a disturbance of just relations between labor and capital, the man who has money puts it into real estate. Under this stimulus real estate rises at once. It already feels this stimulus in this country, and it is destined to feel it still more and more. If the price of labor were doubled, the advance in rents from this cause alone would not only be appreciable but decidedly enormous. The inevitable tendency of every strike is to drive capital out of manufacturing into real estate, to raise the price of real estate, and to raise the laborer's rent.

We have supposed this extreme case in order to show the laborer, as we could do in no other way, the tendency of his measures to secure large wages by arbitrary means. That there is a point beyond which it is not safe for him to go, is just as demonstrable as any problem in mathematics. There is a point beyond which it is not safe for him to push his demand for increased wages, or for lower hours of labor, which is the same thing. Our impression is that he has reached that point, and we are speaking in his interest entirely. The present high and increasing price of real estate, and the buoyancy of railroad and fancy stocks, show that money seeks to get away from manufactures, and to deal much with labor. This is a sad thing for labor—the saddest that can happen. The labor market should always be in that condition, which tends to draw capital away from real estate. Then rents will be low, provisions will stand at a reasonable price, every hand will find sufficient employment with sufficient pay, and labor and capital be mutually dependent friends. We sympathize with every effort the laborer to better his condition, and our simple wish is to warn him against supposing that increased wages beyond a certain point, which he seems already to have reached, will be of the slightest use to him. There is an average price for a day's labor, which capital can afford to pay, and which alone labor can afford to receive. Beyond this all is disorder, injustice, and pecuniary adversity and loss to every class. The extortioned dollar which capital cannot afford to give to labor is a curse to the hand that receives it.—*Dr. F. G. Holland, a Scottishman for August.*

DOMESTIC.

**HOW TO PRESERVE SOAP GREASE.**—Fill a cask half full of good strong lye and drop all refuse grease therein. Stir up the mixture once a week.

**TO WASH CALICO.**—Put a teaspoonful of sugar of lead into a pailful of water, and soak calico in it fifteen minutes before washing, and it will not fade.—*Harper's Bazar.*

**SWEET DRINKS.**—Ice-water should be drunk but sparingly. A most excellent substitute for it is pounded ice taken in small lumps into the mouth and allowed to dissolve upon the tongue. This will prove very refreshing and much more enduring in its effects.

Lemonade is a simple and grateful beverage. To make it—Roll the lemons on something hard till they become soft, grate off the rinds, cut the lemons in slices and squeeze them in a pitcher (a new cloth-sieve will answer for a squeezer in lieu of something better); pour on the required quantity of water and sweeten according to taste. The grated rinds, for the sake of their aroma, should be added too. After mixing thoroughly, set the pitcher aside for half an hour; then strain the liquor through a jelly-strainer, and put in the ice.

Travelers who find it inconvenient to use lemons can carry a box of lemon sugar prepared from citric acid and sugar, a little of which in a glass of ice-water will furnish quite a refreshing drink, and one that will help oftentimes to avert sick-headache and biliousness. Citric acid is obtained from the juice of lemons and limes.

Perry is a delicious beverage made from cherries, and will keep a year or more. Take six pounds of cherries and braise them; pour on a pint and a half of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; strain through a flannel bag and add three pounds of sugar. Boil for half an hour more, or until the liquid will sink to the bottom of a cup of water (try it with a teaspoonful of the liquid); then turn into jelly cups and cover with paper dipped in the white of an egg.

To prepare the drink: Put a spoonful of the jelly into a goblet of water, and let it stand ten minutes; then stir it up and fill with pounded ice. Pounded ice is also an agreeable addition to a saucer of strawberries, raspberries, or currants. Pound it until it is almost as fine as snow, and spread it over the berries. With fruit it is also an excellent substitute for cream.

Water ices are always acceptable. Those made of lemon, orange, currants, strawberries, raspberries, and pineapple, are much improved by adding the stiff beaten whites of four eggs to every two quarts of the liquid. Put it in just as it is turned into the freezer, and it will freeze in a foam.—*Scribner's for July.*

