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Stanstead June 1, 1876. 35

THE NINETY AND NINE.

AS SUNG BY MR. SANKEY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

There was ninety and nine that safely lay

In the shelter of the fold that safely lay

But one was out on the hills away.

Far off from the gates of gold.

Away on the mountains wild and bare.

Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;

Are they not enough for thee?

But the Shepherd made answer, "This of

me. Has wandered away from me.

And although the road be rough and steep,

I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed;

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord

passed through.

One he found his sheep that was lost.

Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all

the way?"

"That marketh out the mountain's track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone

astray."

"Ere the shepherd could bring him back."

"Lord, whence are they hands so rent

and torn?"

"They are pierced to-night by many a

thorn."

And all thro' the mountains, thunder-

driven.

And up from the rocky steep,

There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,

"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the throne.

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His

own!"

THE LOST WAGER.

The trunks were all packed and

corded, and the carpet bags were piled

up in the corner of the capacious, old-

fashioned hall.

How melancholy they looked, those

emblems of parting and adieu. Not

even the merry laughter of the two or

three young girls, who were gathered

around a table, and whose faces were

flushed with the excitement of the

moment, could entirely banish

an impalpable something of sad-

ness from the scene. Cousin Jack

was going away, the general mischief-

maker, torment and tease of the whole

family, and Mr. Chester, sitting by

the distant window, wiped his spec-

tacles every five minutes, and de-

clared, pettishly, that the type of the evening

paper was a terrible trial to old eyes.

"Aye, you may laugh, girls," said

Jack applying himself vigorously to

the refractory lock of a portmanteau.

"Perhaps you may one day discover

that it isn't such a laughing matter.

Think of the loss the family is going

to sustain in my excellency!"

"But you'll co-o-b'ck soon, Jack

dear," coaxed Minnie Chester, the

prettiest and most gorgeous of all

cons and the one who kept up a perfect

fire of practical jokes and girlish tricks

at his expense.

There she sat, on the biggest trunk

of the collection, her brown curls hang-

ing about her round face, and her eyes

sparkling with a curious mixture of

fun and tears.

"I'm not at all certain of that, Miss

Minnie," said Jack decisively. "If I

succeed in finding a location to suit

me, I shall probably decide to settle

permanently at Thornville and turn

landed proprietor on my own account."

"Only imagine our Jack a gentle-

man of property!" laughed Minnie,

appealing to her sisters.

"I've won the diamond sleeve-but

tons, Olive! but oh! I didn't mean to.

What would papa say if he only knew

it--and cousin Jack too?"

"Sit down, you wild little elf," said

Olive, gently forcing her sister into a

chair, "and explain this mysterious

riddle!"

"Will you know papa left me to

look over his letter to Mr. Thorne--

and he was detained longer than he

expected--almost an hour in fact, and

I couldn't help amusing myself by

writing a parody on the letter."

"A parody?"

"Yes--you remember somebody was

telling us what a beautiful daughter

Mr. Thorne had--so I wrote that Jack

was in search of a wife, and had heard

of Miss Thorne, and wanted to settle in

life, and all that sort of thing. In

short, wherever papa had written land

estate, I wrote wife! I wasn't I?"

"I ejaculated the little wiles, but eyes

dancing with mischief. But you know

I never once thought of sending the

letter; I only wanted to read it to

Jack when I went down stairs. Well,

I signed it, with a great flourish of

trumpets, and just then who should

come in but papa and the stranger. Of

course I fled--and when I came back

the letter was sealed and safe in Jack's

pocket-book, and Olive, it was the

wrong letter."

"It was rather a dim light--and

papa's eyes are not as keen as they

were--went to be and my impertinent

missive was gone, while the real bona

fide letter lay there, amongst a heap

of discarded papers. And I hadn't

courage to confess my misdemeanors,

papa is so opposed to my innocent lit-

tle jokes--and Jack is off with that

describable letter! I shall certainly

find the sleeve buttons, Olive, but

what a tornado there will be, when

my mischief is out."

And Minnie looked so bewildering

lovely in her alternate proxyisms of

terror and laughter, that Olive, grave

old sister though she was, had not the

heart to lecture her as rudely as she

deserved.

The crimson sunset of the very next

evening shone radiantly into the

special sanctum of the worthy old Jabez

Thorne, of Thornville, Justice of the

Peace, and chairman of all the agricul-

tural meetings for ten miles around.

It was no scholarly looking library,

like that of his ancient comrade Ches-

ter, but a square light room, with

an uncurtained window, and orna-

mented with numerous black-framed

engravings of prize cattle and giant

turnips. He was seated in a leather-

cushioned arm-chair, looking over a

copy of an agricultural journal, to find

some covered information on the sub-

ject of "phosphates" and "superphos-

phates," when a servant brought him

a card and a letter.

"The gentleman is in the parlor sir."

Jabez Thorne laid aside his newspa-

per, glanced at the card, which bore

the simple inscription, "John Lacy,"

then at the letter, which purported to

be introductory to that individual.

"How--ah--from my old college

Chester, as I live. Remarkable

change in his hand-writing, but

time alters us all. Haven't heard from

him in twenty years, and--hallo! what

is this? A pretty cool request, upon

my word--nephew wants to marry

me, I shall probably decide to settle

permanently at Thornville and turn

landed proprietor on my own account."

"Only imagine our Jack a gentle-

man of property!" laughed Minnie,

appealing to her sisters.

"I don't see anything so very ridicu-

lous in the idea," remarked the young

man rather proudly at the amusement

of his relatives. "At all events there's

no ineluctable advantage that will

result from my departure."

"And what is that, Mr. Orace?"

"The fact that you've played your

last trump on me, you tormenting little

man!"

"Don't be so certain of that, Cousin

Jack!" said Minnie, shaking her long

curls. "What will you venture I don't

bestow a parting trick on you yet?"

"Ah! I haven't settled with you for

several little pieces of impudence; but

pray don't imagine they are forgotten,

sir!"

"My diamond sleeve buttons to your

cock-necked that you don't impose

on me within the next three months,

Minnie," said Jack, gaily.

"Done!" said Minnie. "Girls, you

all hear the wager, don't you? I

always coveted Jack's diamonds."

"But you won't have them, made-

melle! How dark it is getting in this

cavernous old hall! Shall I ring

for lights, Uncle Chester? and by the

way have you written that letter of

introduction to Mr. Thorne?"

"All in good time, my boy--all in

good time," said the old gentleman,

depositing his huge, silvery beard spec-

tacles in a neat and convenient spot

all in a desperate hurry. Tell

Betsy to carry a lamp into the library

Death of Andrew Johnson.

Andrew Johnson died at his home in Tennessee on Saturday last from a shock of paralysis.

There are few names on this continent more generally known than that of ex-President Johnson. He was born in Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 29th, 1808. He lost his father when four years old, and was apprenticed to a tailor when ten years old, with whom he served seven years. He never attended a school a day in his life. He however learned himself to read when an apprentice. After working for several years as a journeyman tailor, he settled down in Greenville, Tenn., married, and commenced business. Up to this time reading was his only intellectual accomplishment, but he soon added writing and some knowledge of the common branches of an English education. He soon began to take a part in public affairs, and in 1828 was elected an alderman. In 1836 he was elected to the legislature, and in 1840, served as a Presidential elector. In 1841 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1843 to Congress, where he served until 1853. In 1853 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and also in 1855. In 1857 he was elected to the U. S. Senate. When the rebellion broke out three years later, Mr. Johnson stood firm for the Union, anathematizing the conspirators in strong terms. In 1862 he was appointed military governor of Tennessee, with extraordinary powers, that state being in a state of insurrection, and from his popularity with all parties was able to do much to assist the loyal inhabitants as well as materially aid the Union cause. In 1864, as a reward for his services, and moved by a desire to strengthen the union sentiment of the South, the Republican National Convention nominated him for Vice President on the ticket with Mr. Lincoln at his second election, although a life-long democrat.

The death of Mr. Lincoln in 1865, promoted Mr. Johnson to the Presidency, and made him the central figure in the stormy political contests of the next three years. The events of that period are yet fresh in the minds of the public, and it would be impossible to write impartially of the acts of the President. He exhibited an energy tenacity and disregard of public opinion, which under other circumstances would have given him a prominent place among American statesmen.

At the close of his term, Mr. Johnson retired to private life until last year, when, after a vigorous contest, he secured a seat in the Senate of the United States. Andrew Johnson, when he is considered in connection with his circumstances, is a marked illustration of the results of republican institutions, bringing prominently forward the best as well as the more repugnant features of a system under which alone such a man could arise to the prominence he attained. His life contains enough of incentive to the young, as well as suggestion and admonition to make it a prominent and instructive beacon to those, who like him, have their own fortunes and future to make by their own industry, tenacity, and energy.

The Western Floods.

The latest advices from the West report further damage to the crops from the continued rains, and bring a long array of disabled railroads, while in Indiana, especially, the flood has assumed a dangerous form, carrying away bridges and doing a vast amount of damage to crops.

Over thirty railway bridges are gone, stopping all railway travel. From Ohio the accounts continue gloomy. The Scioto river has overflowed its banks over extensive valleys, destroying an immense quantity of corn, but the water is now falling. From Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, the reports are equally unfavorable.—This freshet is one of the most severe known since the settlement of the country.

Heavy Failures.

Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., bankers, of New York, failed last week. The amount of their liabilities and assets are not yet known, but it is said that they have lost heavily in cotton operations and railroad stock. J. B. Ford & Co., publishers, have also suspended, with liabilities of about \$225,000. Their assets exceed that amount, but are property upon which cash could not be easily realized. The Christian Union, of which they were publishers, will pass into other hands on the 15th of August. The Commercial Warehouse Company, suspended on Wednesday, and their affairs are placed in the hands of a receiver. The Trenton Banking Co. of Trenton, N. J. lost \$160,000 by Jay Cooke & Co. and now lose \$100,000 by Duncan, Sherman & Co. Campbell & Cassels, of Toronto, bankers and brokers, have suspended until advices are received from England as to the fate of the sterling bills of Duncan, Sherman & Co. on foreign agents, on which Campbell & Cassels are endorsers.

Just because a Grand Rapids (Mich.) butcher trusted somebody to secure her husband's meat bill, Mrs. Thompson gave him a terrible horse-whipping, while a large crowd gathered round and cheered her on.

SAD ACCIDENT AT MONTPELIER.

We find in the Montpelier special of the St. Albans Advertiser, the following particulars of the distressing calamity in Montpelier, which resulted in the death of little Bessie Lord.—Thursday morning, Dr. Lord borrowed a horse and open buggy from his neighbor, the Rev. Mr. Smith, editor of the Vermont Chronicle, and taking his two youngest children, Charlie and Bessie, of eight and five respectively, drove to William Mulloy's farm-house, in that part of East Montpelier which adjoins the village of Wright's Mills, in town. There he left Charlie for a week's visit and shortly after noon he and Bessie started for home. Mulloy lives at the top of a steep and rough hill road which leads from the main road between Worcester and Wright's Mills. While going down this hill the horse became frightened from some unknown cause and began to run. Bessie, by her father's command, lay down on the floor of the buggy, while he tried to gain control of the animal. But the horse only ran the faster, and either while the team went over a high water bar, or while it swayed on to one of the side banks, Dr. Lord was thrown to the ground. He still kept hold of the reins, however, and by almost superhuman exertions succeeded in partially checking the horse. He endeavored to lift his daughter out with one hand while holding the reins with the other. He had just got his hand to her, when, with a tremendous spring, the horse tore the reins from his grasp and ran down the hill at a terrible speed, the little girl crying, "Papa, save me! Papa, save me!" Some fifty rods down was the house of James Thayer, and here is a sharp bend in the road. The team came leaping down the steep hill and at Mr. Thayer's place, making only a partial turn, went headlong over a stone wall. Bessie went into the air as the team went over the wall, and as she came down, the horse must have kicked her for when picked up she was lying in the road. Her jaw was broken in two places, there was an ugly scalp wound in the back of her head, and her skull was literally smashed to pieces. She was partly conscious a few minutes, but soon became insensible and died about four o'clock. Her father is inconsolable; she was the youngest and pet of the family, and the child of the parents' old age. To make the sad event more sad, Mrs. Lord was away at Hanover, in attendance upon the sick bed of her eldest daughter, Mary. She was telegraphed to immediately and Gov. Smith placed a special car at her disposal, which left White River Junction at 7 o'clock Thursday evening. The Dr. was somewhat hurt, but in his great grief he refused treatment as well as consolation. "Let my heart bleed," he says to his sorrowing friends.

A battle in all its aspects very characteristic of English society is that of which Mr. Plimsoll, M. P., is the hero. Single handed he has attacked the practice of many ship-owners of sending out over-loaded and unseaworthy vessels, by which, as he has clearly proved, hundreds of lives are annually lost. He has followed the matter up for years, with the greatest industry, and with the most fearless courage in exposing the wealthy and powerful men whom he found to be implicated. A measure which Mr. Plimsoll considered very inefficient was at last proposed in Parliament, but Mr. Disraeli last week announced that the Government would not pass it; and Mr. Plimsoll was so violent in his language that the House—albeit quite serene before the wholesale sacrifice of poor men's lives to rich men's greed—was waxed very indignant, and Mr. Plimsoll is threatened with a bad time. Truly British is his pluck, and truly British is the inertia—a compound of mercantile selfishness, political timidity, and general dislike for any change—that blocks his reform. But we greatly misjudge England if Plimsoll does not win in the end. The above suggests a possible scene say in 2875 A. D., between an ingenuous youth and a teacher in history. Teacher: "So these rich men were in the habit of sending their ships to sea till they were worn out and rotten; and if when the sailors found they were unsafe they refused to go in them, they were put in prison and punished; and very many of these ships went down, and thousands of sailors perished. And at last a man named Plimsoll found these things out and went into the great Council of the People, and told of them." Ingenuous Youth: "And what did the Council do?" Teacher: "They said they had other things to attend to, and that it was very wicked of Plimsoll to lose his temper and speak disrespectfully." Youth: "But wasn't England a Christian nation?" Teacher: "Oh yes, a very Christian nation, and spent vast sums to maintain Christianity. But at this time, part of the church were very busy in preventing a Wesleyan minister from putting 'Rev.' before his name on his daughter's tombstone; and part were contending about which side of the table the priest ought to stand at the Lord's Supper; and so the church couldn't pay much attention to the sailors." Youth: "And what became of Plimsoll and what became of the church?"—What the teacher will have to answer, remains to be seen.—Christian Union.

Two nickel coin counterfeiters have been arrested in New York.

Matters and Things.

BY LOT DOLITTLE.

The Waterloo Advertiser tells about a man at North Shefford 102 years old. That's nothing; they have a man down in the States, (where I've been) who is so old he remembers the beginning of the Beecher trial. He used to play marbles with Noah when they were boys, and used to cheat the old patriarch too.

Canticook has got the representative of the county in the local legislature, and now she proposes to get incorporated as a town, and Barnston may whistle.

It looks a little mean to me that the people of a town should give the encouragement the Hatleys did that they would help pay the bonus to get the Canadian Meat and Produce Company located in the Eastern Townships, and then, after the company has fulfilled its part of the contract, "back out" of the agreement by refusing to vote the money from the town treasury. I hope the Hatley folks "see it" by this time, and are heartily ashamed of themselves, and if the former vote is decided to be illegal and a new one is had that they will make amends by giving a good deal larger majority than they did before, and to the opposite side. We should all take a pride in anything that will help to develop "this Canada of ours," and nothing more directly tends to supply the need we have felt the most—that of a home market—than a concern as the Meat and Produce Company. By all means let us meet all manufacturing enterprises in the most liberal and inviting spirit, and not be too "peppy wise and pound foolish" to even "step a little out of our way to encourage anything that will tend to more rapidly develop the resources of our glorious country.

There are fifteen boys in the reformatory school at Sherbrooke. They have three hours schooling and three hours work each day, and the rest of the day can play in the jail yard a part of the time, or peak thro' the grates and call out to the passer by, "Mister, please give me five cents." "Say, Mister; please give me some tobacco." Once or twice I have noticed one of them lower a pocket (probably cut from his clothes) from the third story window where he was confined, by means of a piece of twine, when presenting his petition for "a bit of tobacco." The boys seem to be most kindly treated, and their prison fare is probably better than they often get at their homes.

AB ANECDOTE.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me wind this letter up by telling a true story which will answer the question sometimes asked of me: "Lot, why don't you get married?"

I used to think I should, sometime, to tell the truth, but I give it up some time ago, I'm too bashful. Once I thought I would make a venture in that unknown sea which lies between every bashful young man and matrimony, which its name is Courtship. I was a member of our Good Templars' Lodge, and the lodge had just been passing some "resolves" to the effect that more members were wanted and must be had, and I bethought me of a very pleasant, agreeable, fleckled face, jolly Miss T. who did not belong. Sunday morning, after the "chores" were done, I put on extra allowance of lambblack and tallow on my cowhide boots, brushed my somewhat threadbare coat with more than ordinary care, and wended my way—after the dew was off—across the field and wood, and up the back yard to the home of the little miss.—I had not determined what I should do, exactly; whether I should simply call for a few minutes, and then break the ice for a longer call next time, or whether it would be best ask her now, and to go and join the lodge at the next meeting. Even the first—a call for a few minutes on one of the fair sex—was a great venture for me. I found Miss T. at home, and, having just promised to pick hops the next week, she was at work, Sunday though it was, homing an apron to wear the next day. I stopped and talked perhaps fifteen minutes, and easily turned the conversation to the lodge. I saw readily that she was friendly to the lodge. Now I had resolved that if she would go with me and join the lodge I would hire a team and carry her, and darn the expense. But to ask her was the pinch, and I couldn't get up courage. It was easy enough to ask "why don't you join?" and to say "I should like to see you a member," &c, but that was all I had accomplished when I found myself at the door ready to go. I was mad at myself for that confounded bashfulness and felt desperate. Yes, I would make one more effort to ask her, so I again called up the subject: "So you ain't going to send in your name at our next meeting?" I said in desperation. "I should like to, very much, but it wouldn't be convenient for me to attend the meeting." Here I recognized my last chance—and a very good chance it was, too, looking at it from this distance. But my ever present evil genius kept my head in a whirl, and not knowing what I said while I knew my face was purple, and the hot perspiration stood on my forehead, I replied, as I stood, half within and half without the door: "Would you go if—I should—make it convenient?" The words were no sooner out than I had myself for sooper; or, than I lately would accept.

Forepaugh's Great Show.

(Toronto Globe June 10th, 1875.)

The citizens for some time have been on the tip-toe of expectation for the coming of Forepaugh's Grand Menagerie, Circus, and World-wonder Exposition. Now that it has arrived in the city there is but one general expression of opinion given by those who have visited it as to the excellence of the whole show. The menagerie itself is certainly the best that has visited Toronto, containing, as it does, many valuable and rare specimens of the denizens of the forest. This department is especially well looked after, everything being kept in good order, and the cages are scrupulously clean.

In accordance with the custom of similar exhibitions, a grand parade on the principal streets of the city took place yesterday morning between nine and ten o'clock. Previous to the time appointed for the procession to start, the sidewalks along the route announced were crowded with eager spectators. The procession from Dundas and Queen streets, along Queen to York street, and so on to King street, thence along King to Parliament street and on to Queen street East, along Queen to Church and Crickshaw street, and thence proceeding by Yonge street to the show ground on Green-rivoli street. There was one thing noticeable about this street parade which was that no attempt was made to make the procession appear larger than it really was, by allowing a ridiculous wide space to exist between each caravan. The cars were the best equipped we have yet seen, the horses being all in splendid condition. The carriages drawn by four elephants and dromedaries formed a special attraction to the spectators. The procession was headed by a band, which played a selection of music. If there is one thing more than any other which will attract the multitude it is a circus or a fire. At the afternoon performance yesterday the hippodrome at the show was crowded. The clever equestrienne Mdlle. Virginia delighted the audience by her graceful and charming performance. The acrobatic performance of the Wallalla Brothers elicited frequent applause, and the whole entertainment was of a very pleasing and enjoyable character. The atmosphere of good order prevailed and the management may be congratulated for the excellent manner in which everything is carried out. A visit to the menagerie is certainly not the least interesting part of the programme. The tent in which the cages are so large and airy. In one part there is a fountain, and the whole place presents a pleasant promenade. As you enter from the grounds on the right are a number of mechanical representations of caravans, dancing goats, dogs and rabbits, fighting "roosters," an automatic organ grinder, and many other ingeniously constructed mechanical works. The animals and birds, &c., are arranged in cages around the tent on either side. They consist of African and Asiatic lions and lionesses, Bengal tigers, rhinoceros, elephants, Brazilian puma, grizzly bear, polar bear, gnu, water buffalo, an eland, a giraffe, zebra, &c., &c. The Asiatic lions and an Abyssinian lion are very fine specimens of their class, and some lion whelps are very interesting. Among the rare animals we may mention an African elephant, a grizzly bear, an oryx, a water hog, a jaguar, and a puma. The rhinoceros, which is said to be considerably over three thousand pounds in weight, attracts the attention of the visitors. The lions were also admired, and the mane of one of the latter was more or less attractive, either from its rarity or its ferocious or general appearance. The beasts were all in splendid condition, and every care seems to be taken of them. Outside in the grounds is a museum, in which are several living human curiosities. One is that of a man with no legs, but yet possessing a fine intellect, and another is a man with an arm, which enables him to exhibit his acrobatic performance to the audience. There is also a man born without arms, who exhibits his ability to write with his feet. A bearded woman, an Albino young lady, a Lilliputian general, &c., are the attractions in this tent. The horses belonging to the company are all stabled under tents. They are all splendid animals, and it is seldom that any traveling circus has such a magnificent stud of horses. At the evening performance the place was again crowded, and the various exhibitions of skill and daring within the arena were enthusiastically applauded. There will be an afternoon and evening performance to-day.

And still the rains out West continue! Some places in Ohio report yesterday's storm the worst yet, and besides the damage to the crops, the railroads are suffering severely from washouts, and the rivers are beginning to overflow their banks and threaten serious inundations. The continuance of rain is unprecedented; the total rainfall at Cincinnati for July was 9.63 inches. He is charged with the duty of the month that it did not rain more or less.

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