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WHOLE No. 1207.

For the Journal.
ABRAHAM.

"By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac."
Thou hast spoken, Thou art great,
And I am as the dust;
I knew Thee good of late,
And still I know Thee just.
And yet, ah yet, how different far
Was Thine appearing, when of old,
Thy will came clear, as from a star;
And promised blessings manifold!
And I believed, that this weak brain
Resolved, as my heart doth now;
Yet verily I'll rise again
And crush the traitor, saying—It is
Thou!

Thy word shall never pass away;
Thy will by me shall still be done;
I'll press through Hell's shade toward the day,
And grasp the fringes of the sun,
And die in His recovered ray.
Of horrors past that now are but begun,
Thou only art! This painted dust
Of thy creation, drops away;
I see Thee glowing thro' the mist,
O, thou consuming Fire! that must
Burn on forever, while Thy works decay.
My soul Thou framed'st like a lyre,
And love and mercy breathed therein;
Unlike its elements! let fierce desire
And rapt passion rage with murderous
dint;
Thou knowest what is right and what is
sin!

Accept the offering of my blood;
Accept the offering of my brain,
My being in a sinless flood.
I pour it out upon the slain;
My rained hand, my riven soul,
A broken heart, a broken mind,
Under thy control;
Thy pure eyes cannot find in me
One fiber or one thought unsubjected to
Thee!
Hatley, P. Q.

The Stanstead Journal.

GOOD YIELD OF WHEAT.—Hon. T. L. Turrell raised the past season from 8 acres 340 bushels threshers' measure, and thinks the yield 40 bushels per acre by weight. Thos. Rutter raised 27 bushels from one bushel of seed. Our farmers will confer a favor upon the public and themselves by making a point of giving all interesting items of agricultural information to the Journal for publication.

BONED TURKEY.—This favorite dish for evening parties may be thus prepared: Boil a turkey in as little water as may be, until the bones can be easily separated from the meat. Remove all the skin; slice, mixing together the light and dark parts. Season with salt and pepper. Take the liquid in which the turkey was boiled, having kept it warm; pour it on the meat; shape it like a loaf of bread, wrap it in a cloth, and press with a heavy weight for a few hours. When served up, it is cut in thin slices.

RATS, MICE AND GRAIN.—A correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph*, says a few sprigs of gum or elder, fresh from the bush, if deposited in and about grain boxes, will be an effective protection from rats and mice; also, that stalks and leaves of the common mullein will drive rats from their haunts.

SAVING TREES GIRDLED BY MICE.—At the February meeting of the Northern Illinois Horticultural Society, D. B. Weir, of Lacon, read a paper on "Saving Girdled Fruit Trees."

He said he had over a hundred, seven years planted, completely girdled by mice. There had been for some time a heavy snow upon the ground, and mice being plenty, and in a starving condition, with nothing else to eat, they ate all the bark from the trees, as far as they could reach, some of them for a foot up and down all round; and portions of the sap wood in some places half an inch deep. As soon as the damage was discovered, which was on the first thawing days, he banked the snow around the trees, and as soon as the soil thawed, he banked that a foot high about the trunks.

This was all the attention they received; and to-day they have all the damaged parts covered by almost as thick a coating of bark as the uninjured portions of the trees. When the girdling is done high up on the trees, banking with soil will be impracticable. If the wounded parts are too high to reach by banking, clay may be bound on with a bandage. The sooner the surface is protected the better. The death of the tree is caused by the seasoning of the sap-wood.

[From the *Maine Farmer*.]

Weight of Hay.

One of the most striking circumstances in the effect of a drought on the weight of hay may be seen in almost any hay mow at the present time, especially if it has not already been consumed. It affords the farmer an instructive lesson, and establishes a very important principle in the cutting and curing of hay.

It will be recollected that the last spring was an unusually wet one.—Farmers did not get their planting done till late into June. This was followed by warm weather without the usual cold nights at that season. Grass grew rapidly and promised an abundant crop. During the month of July we had the hottest weather ever recorded. The effect on the grass crop was averse to consolidation of the juices that serve to make a crop with hard and solid stalks with the juices well formed and dried. We well remember how green and lively the hay looked as we gathered it into the barn during the hot week. But if we examine that hay to-day we find the stalks are of exceeding loose texture, they are slender and flat. Cattle and horses will eat a large quantity of it. For milder cows and young cattle and horses it is no doubt excellent, and they will eat more of it than is actually necessary for them. It probably takes well nigh one-half more in bulk of such hay to carry along the cattle and horses than when hay is well ripened. These facts are observed, we

presume, by every farmer in the State, the present winter.

This condition of things, it will be perceived is the result of a sudden change from moist, warm weather, to dry, hot weather. The stalks could not ripen well under such circumstances. To ripen well, it is especially necessary that the process should be a slow one, and this can be accomplished only after a long, wet spring, followed by a gradual drought. The saccharine juices are then matured and hardened. For working cattle and horses such hay is by far the best. To give them such hay as most of us have, is much like giving a lumberman sponge cake for his dinner, instead of his pork and beans. For a farrow cow we should always like some early cut hay, even if it took more of it, but for a solid, durable quality, let the juices be partially hardened before cutting. The second bloom is probably the best time, and is generally recognized by farmers.

A careful observation of the past season in its effects on the hay crop affords an instructive and striking lesson. Economy in its use will certainly be necessary or many farmers will be compelled to buy hay the coming spring. Winter set in very early. In the northern portions of the State it has been constant sleighing since the eighth of November. Two years ago sheep were not brought to the barn till the tenth of December. During the last month of the year did not cause the snow to yield but one day in the same vicinity, a circumstance almost without a parallel. We think that most of the hay cut last year may be measured out to stock without their suffering essentially. This is a matter requiring careful judgment.—Give them one-third more in bulk than we usually have given them and we are sure they will not suffer.

REMARKS.—Farmers in other sections who commenced feeding their stock earlier than usual the present season, are making the same complaints as to the spending quality of hay. Mr. C. Horace Hubbard, of Springfield, Vermont, says in the *Record and Farmer* that "Many a thoughtful farmer, who watches his hay-mows as well as his cattle and sheep, will notice that the hay disappears with unprecedented rapidity. The hay is very bulky, but a forkful of it is light. The truth of the matter is that the value of the hay crop of Vermont the past season is less than usual, by a large per cent." He agrees with the *Maine Farmer* as to the cause, and adds that the English grain filled badly, and in many cases the straw rotted in the field before or after cutting. In view of the necessity of the closest economy in the use of all kinds of fodder, he suggests that experiments be made in cutting and steaming, particularly corn stalks, straw, &c.—*New England Farmer*.

UNPROFITABLE DAIRY COWS.—It is extraordinary how many cows there are in the country who do not make an adequate return for the cost of their keep. The majority of the cows in farmers' hands do not, we think, average a yield of five pounds of butter each per week through the summer. There seems to be no definite object aimed at in raising animals for the dairy by very many farmers. It costs as much to keep a poor cow as a good one. There why not give a little more attention to the points required in an animal to ensure its proving profitable for the dairy. Any cow that gives less than a pound of butter per day, from May to December, had better be made into beef as soon as possible. There is too much of a hap-hazard system pursued in breeding and rearing animals from our native stock, which under proper management can produce good dairy cows, averaging a yield of 8 to 12 pounds of butter per week each for eight months in the year.—*Canada Farmer*.

Periods of Gestation.

The following table and remarks are extracted from an article in *Blain's Encyclopaedia*:

PERIOD OF GESTATION IN DOMESTIC ANIMALS.			
PERIOD.	MEAN PERIOD.	LONGEST PERIOD.	Days.
Mare ..	322	347	419
Cow ..	240	283	321
Ewe ..	146	154	161
Sow ..	109	115	143
Goat ..	150	156	163
Bitch ..	55	60	63
Cat ..	48	50	56
Rabbit ..	20	28	25
Turkey ..	24	26	30
Hen ..	19	21	25
Duck ..	28	30	32
Goose ..	27	30	33
Pigeon ..	16	18	20

According to the observations of M. Tessier, of Paris, in 582 mares, the shortest period was 287 days, and the longest 419, making the extraordinary difference of 132 days, and of 89 days beyond the usual term of eleven months. The cow usually brings forth in about nine months, and the sheep in five. Swine usually farrow between the 120th and 140th day, being liable to variations influenced apparently by their size and by their particular breeds,

The true causes which abridge or prolong more or less the period of gestation in the females of quadrupeds, and of the incubation of birds, are yet unknown to us.

From some carefully collected and very extensive notes made by Lord Spencer on the period of gestation of 764 cows, it resulted that the shortest period of gestation when a live calf was produced was 220 days, and the longest 315 days; but he was unable to rear any calf produced at an earlier period than 242 days. From the result of his experiments it appears that 314 cows calved before the 234th day, and 310 calved after the 234th, so that the probable period of gestation ought to be considered 284 or 285 days.

In most cases, therefore, between nine and ten months may be assumed as the usual period, though with a bull calf the cow has generally been observed to be about 41 weeks, and a few days less with a female. Any calf produced at an earlier period than 260 days must be considered decidedly premature, and any period of gestation exceeding 300 days must be considered irregular; but in this latter case the health of the produce is not affected.

Mr. C. Hillard, of Northampton, states that the period of gestation of a cow is 284 days, or, it is said, nine calendar months and nine days; the ewe 20 weeks; the mare 11 months. The well-bred cattle of the present time appear to me to bring forth twins more frequently than the cattle of fifty years ago. The males of all animals, horses excepted, are larger than the females. Castrated male cattle become larger beasts than entire males.

PREVENTION OF SHRINKING IN FLANNELS.—A correspondent of the *London Field* says: "In washing flannels, or other woollen articles, have the suds ready prepared, by boiling up and so dissolving small pieces of soap in rain water, without soda; but do not use the suds when boiling; let them be lukewarm only when the articles are put in. The flannels should not be rubbed with a large piece of soap, nor should the material itself be rubbed, as in washing linen, &c.; if the fibres of the wool contain numberless little hooks, which the rubbing knots together; hence the thickening of the fabric, and consequent shrinking in dimensions. Well sluice the articles up and down in plenty of suds, which afterwards squeeze (not wring) out. The American clothes-wringers (consisting of a pair of India rubber rollers, between which the clothes pass) are a great improvement upon hand labor, as, without injury to the fabric, they squeeze out the water so thoroughly that the article dries in considerably less time than they otherwise would do. After rinsing, squeeze out the water, and dry in the open air, if the weather is such as to admit of the articles drying quickly; if not, dry in a warm room, but avoid too close proximity to a fire. Let any dust or mud be beaten out or brushed off prior to washing."

Anna Stacy is a Michigan woman fifty years old, and lame in one leg.—Eighteen months ago she bought 40 acres of land in the western part of that State, and in two months built a comfortable house with her own hands. Now she has cleared 14 acres of heavy oak, enclosed it with a fence made by herself, dug a ditch, sowed eight acres of wheat, built a pair of "bob-sleds," and in short, furnished her farm, besides making axe-helves for her neighbors and doing extra work for them as payment for the use of their teams.—Let her vote.

Woman.

In a recent speech Mr. Gladstone drew a distinction between the word womanly and womanish. Womanly is almost a reverential epithet. It implies goodness, tenderness, fidelity. "Unwomanly rags" was the strongest phrase Hood could find for expressing a garb which unsexed its wearer. An unwomanly woman means a monstrousity; while true womanly pity, or a real womanly sympathy, is a something which goes straight to the heart of all who have suffered, or are suffering.—To be womanly is consistent with talent and genius, though there are many clever women whose womanliness is not preeminent. In short, to be womanly should be the first grace of woman; and the epithet, if applied to men, as it is in rare instances, and under circumstances which are exceptional, conveys an impression of goodness of heart, of a nature unspotted by the world, and of trustworthiness unassailed and complete. Womanish is the reverse of all this. It conveys the Oriental or brute notion of woman; pappets, cow, frightened, useless, and without soul or brain—creatures to be used as playthings by the superior animal, and to be thrown aside—beings whose humanity is devoid of all that makes humanity holy; such are the womanish women of the sensualists of the East—such is the contemptuous meaning the adjective bears here. To speak of an Englishman as womanish is to hold him up to the bitterest contempt.

The Outcasts of Poker Flat.

A STORY OF LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty-third of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere from the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath hush in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern at these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause, was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his coat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and unprovoked as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their inpropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst, overruled this narrow local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly, that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the departed wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement.—Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess," another, who had gained the infelicitous title of "Mother Shipton," and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-rober and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their put up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from "The Duchess," some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of epithets from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of "The Duchess" that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bunched out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding-horse, "Five Spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat dragged plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe journey. In that advanced season, the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foot-hills, into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess rolled out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no further, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheater,

surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was undoubtedly the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable.—But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay.—This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hands before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became mandarin, and Mother Shipton soothed. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow-exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah-trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement, which singularly enough was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that raise a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him; at the sky, ominously clouded; at the valley below, already deepening into shadow. And doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the new-comer, Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful spectator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble with a cent. Don't try it over again. He then handed him his money bag, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact—a giggle—he had run away with Piney Woods. Diddy! Mr. Oakhurst remembered Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? That had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Wood had objected, and so they had run away and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp and company. All this The Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney—a stout comely dame of fifteen—emerged from behind the pine tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment. Still less with propriety. But he had a vague idea that the situation was not felicitous.—He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling.—He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, "The Innocent" met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log-house near the trail.—"Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said The Innocent, pointing to the duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing frowl saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the canon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine trees with many sips of his leg-contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days.

The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to M. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer d—d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing fire-light and the tethered animals in the foreground.—Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hands before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became mandarin, and Mother Shipton soothed. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper.—Toward morning he awoke numb and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his lip. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered; they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians, and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his moustachios and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes, that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words—"Snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst, "so long as you don't mind—well, you'll be better not—you can wait until Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stamped the animals. He dropped a warning to the duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us all, when they find out anything," he added, significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion.—"We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gaiety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the duchess directed Piney in the re-arrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat said Piney. The duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through its professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whiskey—which he had prudently cached. "And yet it don't seem somehow sound like whiskey," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm and the group around it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had cached his cards with whiskey is something debatable, the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he didn't say cards once during that evening. Happily the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson, from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficul-

ties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by The Innocent on a pair of bone castanets.—But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and veneration. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanters' swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it to speedily infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain:—

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow. At midnight the storm abated, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson, somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to The Innocent, by saying that he had "just been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Oker!" replied Oakhurst, sentimentally; "when a man gets a streak of luck—nigger-luck—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler, reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you came and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along, you're all right, for," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance,

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut; a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung.—Through the marvelously clear air, the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness, hurled in that direction a final malediction.—It was her last vengeful attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of solemnity. It did her good, she privately informed the duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and ingenious theory of the pair to thus account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the rosy notes of the accordion-draw and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering camp-fire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney—story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed too, but for The Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the *Iliad*. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demi-gods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the canon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-leels," as The Innocent persisted in denouncing the "swift-footed Achilles."

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snow-flakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half-hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney.—

Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman querulously, as she lay down again, and turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to snow, Mr. Oakhurst took The Innocent aside, showed him a pair of snow-shoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the canon," he replied. He turned suddenly, and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeling the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces they read their fate. Neither spoke; but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut. Toward morning they found themselves unable to fend the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened the Duchess crept close to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours. "Piney, can you pray?" "No dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her sister sated upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Featherly drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled afoot about as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when plying fingers brushed the snow from their own faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them, which was who that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine trees, they found the fangs of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie knife. It bore the following, written in pencil, in a firm hand:—

BENEATH THIS TREE
LIES THE BODY
OF
JOHN OAKHURST,
WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK
ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER 1850,
AND
DIED IN HIS CHECKS
ON THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1850.

And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow, lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.—*Overland Monthly*.

TOBACCO.—Tobacco appears to be a deadly poison when introduced into the stomach. The celebrated French poet, Lantelme, was accidentally killed in this way at the Prince of Conde's table. A portion of Spanish snuff was put by one of his companions, a practical joker, into his glass of wine—this after the bottle had passed rather freely. Soon after drinking the draught, the poet was attacked with vomiting and fever, and expired in two days amid the tortures of the damned.

Dr. Clay, of England, says: "A German author states that one-half the deaths occurring in that country between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, are attributable to smoking and chewing." To one who has travelled in that country, and witnessed the almost incredible amount of smoking that is everywhere practiced, this assertion would not appear incredible.

A wise man, as well as witty, was Theodore Hook, when he told the alderman who had already surfeited him, and yet pressed him to partake of another course: "I thank you; but, if it is the same to you, I'll take the rest in money."

TERMS:—In advance, \$2.00 per annum; if not paid in advance, \$2.50 per annum. Single copies, 10 cents.

ADVERTISING:—One square (12 lines) one week, \$1.00; two weeks, \$1.75; three weeks, \$2.25; one month, \$3.50; three months, \$9.00; six months, \$16.00; one year, \$28.00.

NOTICE TO EVERYBODY:—The Journal Office is provided with all the requisites for doing all kinds of copying and printing.

THE PUBLIC ACCOUNTS.—Mr. Dunkin submitted a special statement of the public accounts of the Province on the 2nd, for the eighteen months ending on the 31st December last, which has been printed.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Total Receipts: \$2,012,514 51. Expenditures for Province: \$1,050,000 00.

Showing apparent balance of \$818,212 28. It is stated, however, that the actual balance to the credit of the Province is \$618,212 92.

The Privy Council of the Dominion have published a minute explaining the concessions made to Nova Scotia in the propositions accepted by Messrs. Howe and McLellan on the part of the Nova Scotians.

A horrible tragedy was unearched at Warsaw, Ind., Sunday night. Last April, John W. Vanatta of Fort Wayne went to the vacation of Miss Horn of Warsaw and married her in opposition to the wishes of her parents and relatives.

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clause sanctions a change of places by Executive officers within a month without forfeiture of seat. We have no Children Hundreds, but in lieu thereof any member can resign on giving notice to the Speaker, or in his place in the House.

It is impossible in this early stage of our new political life to say what results will flow from this blending of two nominally distinct representative bodies. The political preponderance of Ontario must impart to that Province a controlling power.

The current of public opinion will not recognize any fine drawn distinctions between Local and Commons members. Whatever policy Ontario adopts will find an echo at Ottawa. The Local members are now rampant for economy.

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gradually clearing away and yielding to better light. I trust that ere a long time elapses the inhabitants of Nova Scotia will find that their present position in the direction that affections have, no doubt, been always turned.

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that its members are to be elected for five years. Queen Isabella has issued another manifesto denouncing the revolution in Spain, and asserting her rights to the throne.

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"Ma, if you will give me an apple I will be good." "No, my child, you must not be good for pay—you ought to be good for nothing."

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The dauntless spirit that conceived the plan to free the slave and liberate his fellow man. What greater deed than this can man do? By selling clothing so cheap Coroner Maple Avenue.

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THE QUESTION SETTLED.—These eminent men, Dr. James Clark, Physician to Queen Victoria, and Dr. Hughes Bennett, say that consumption can be cured.

Dr. Wistar knew this when he discovered his Balsam of Wild Cherry, and experience has proved the correctness of his opinion.

The undersigned, Justices of the Peace, for the District of St. Francis, resident in Stanstead, hereby appoint WM. OLIVER BREADON, as Clerk of the Magistrate's Court, held on Stanstead Plain, in the room and stead of the late Amos Fox, Esq.

Blank Notes and Receipts, for sale at the Journal Office.

BOOK BINDING.

We are prepared to take orders for binding the last year's magazines, papers, old books, sheet music, &c. Forward orders at once, free of charge to the Journal Office.

WANTED.—Seed Barley—a variety without beard. Any person having such Barley, or knowing where it may be obtained, is desired to communicate with the Editor of the Journal.—17.

VACCINATION.—The subscriber has received a supply of fresh and pure Vaccine Matter. The prevalence of small pox in the cities should lead to a thorough preparation against its ravages.

MARRIAGES.—In Derby, Jan. 25, by Rev. J. Luce, U. S. STONE, to BLANCHE V. NELSON, both of Derby.

DEATHS.—Jan. 25, 1869, HATFIELD ELLEN, only daughter of John C. and Susan A. Taylor, aged one year and nine months.

THE LATEST MARKETS. Review. BOSTON LIVE STOCK MARKETS. Brighton, Cambridge and Medford, for the week ending February 3.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. A few prime Bullocks, 60 @ 60. Extra, 12 @ 12 1/2.

PRODUCE. Butter, Lamp, 47 @ 52. Best Tub, 42 @ 48. Ordinary, 42 @ 45.

MONTREAL PRODUCE PRICES CURRENT. Flour, 47 @ 52. Extra, 5 @ 5 1/2. Superfine, Canada Wheat, 4 1/2 @ 5.

MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET. Cattle, Extra, 80 @ 90. First quality, 88 @ 90. Second and Third, 87 @ 90.

REMARKS.—A fair supply of cattle offered, but drovers hold out for a rise in view of the possibility of further supplies being delayed by the snow-storm. Hogs slow of sale.

New Advertisements.

4000 LBS. OF FRESH FISH. Of good quality, which will be sold at THREE CENTS per lb., at SPALDING'S.

WILLARD GLIDDEN, Manufacturer of Wagons, Sleighs and Carriages, COATICOOK, P. Q.

A Public Lecture. Will be given by the Rev. J. Rogers, in the Town Hall, Stanstead Plain, on THURSDAY, the 27th INST., to commence at 7 P. M.

Subject.—SOCRATES AND HIS TIMES. A few Quartettes and Choruses will be given on the occasion. Admission free. All are invited, especially young men.

Give honor to whom honor is due. The Rev. O. Lambly takes the present opportunity of expressing thanks to the friends of Georgetown and vicinity for a donation of fifty dollars received on the evening of

