ON TIMES.

OF MR. DELANE.

...y, the London corres-
...York Tribune, writes,
...as follows:

...spread, and so often
...backgoms true. Mr.
...the editorship of the
...port was false, it cir-
...ridiculously, as often as it
...Now that the event has
...ssma almost unequivocal
...tentioned conjecturally
...ers this week. I am
...that I know his report
...founded. Mr. Delane
...he went to Homburg
...came back so little the
...y so to leave him, in his
...hope of soon returning
...ther thirty-seven years
...perhaps, to be wonder-

...to be wondered at, but
...Delane—I may surely
...ating any susceptibilities
...other claim—was beyond
...the First Journalist
...there is no journalist—
...great profession of which
...ter stood at the head—
...ows him, whether he
...ick, a debt of gratitude
...d immense. I for my
...it with readiness. I
...deeper, or, perhaps, a
...ikest sense of my obliga-
...ny lived abroad, whether
...abroad, whether Ameri-
...ny journalist who knows
...the condition of journal-
...at Mr. Delane's share in
...ing for the newspaper the
...ish in the world had until
...

...descended, other papers
...with it; journalism itself
...y. It is very unlikely
...would tolerate any marked
...ne for any long time. It
...erate, sure to be moral,
...ible interests with anxious
...n the side of religion and
...ing the future, as it has been
...ose are merely the indis-
...tions of its power; the
...t exist separately. There
...ain to direct the great en-
...ness of the first order;
...ake ability in other quarters
...illy; there must be settled
...well as wide knowledge of
...perfect coolness, and a
...ing rapidly as a soldier
...ing, and a quick eye. All
...ehme had, but he had
...ny had thirty-seven
...e, and who is to supply
...y-comer? For more than a
...tradition of the Times have
...y he has been the repository
...is through him that they
...ssed in the columns of the
...ome of them are capable of
...ome are not; and, to some
...ses must arrive with a new
...ot be quite sure has benefited,
...ill be, as Emerson said of it
...ago, a terror in Paris, in
...in itself. But how long and
...it will be so, no man can

...t. Delane has wielded, for
...y greater power than most
...ing, and, I believe, for a
...that time. It had been con-
...not gone out of office with
...disagreed, with changing
...is nothing to say that his
...ngland have far exceeded that
...ing the Times, it has equally surpassed
...Ministers; it may be compared
...two or three Foreign Secretaries
...some of the institutions of
...d modified its Constitution.
...ing it, in some sense, born to
...has been a dozen or more
...ment, Mr. Delane has never
...the Times.
...nally edited it. His control I
...ntended to be complete
...ervision of its leader column
...nt, his editorial direction of
...absolute, that to every one
...ition which went forth every
...his did not write, but he did
...d be written. He had very
...thout him and under him, but
...ts sketched the outline of every
...article; who turned all the
...ed decided what the Times
...ort and what it should oppose.
...ean that such decisions were
...ered and given; Delane's personal
...but they were always in accord
...e thought it wise and best on
...for most leaders of the day
...a wonderful knowledge of
...in the journal has, for
...such various sources of in-
...ort what the English people are
...and there so systematically
...man so well understood how to
...opinion by seeming to follow it
...ction that its use. I say
...unfortunate men seemed have been
...he expense of relaining their friends
...their interests. And when all is
...in return for the waste of the public
...the home expense in the service of
...ing is concluded. All the evidence has
...be given over again. Decidedly our
...of public needs reform.

...Brantford, a few days ago, a young
...named Edgar Williams was engaged in
...ching the newly-erected residence of
...Blind Institute. His foot slipped, and
...ll a distance of forty feet, but was
...taken up unconscious, and now lies in a
...ed condition.

...the late sale of lands for taxes, held
...County Treasurer Reynolds, (County of
...ington), all the lots advertised were
...are sold or had the taxes paid, except
...e in the township of Marybore', which
...e withdrawn by the township authori-
...they not being satisfied as to the
...ount of taxes to be paid on certain lots.
...county taxes have thus been so well
...ected that there will be no occasion for
...adjourned sale.

...The Listowel Banner of a recent date
...:—"Some evil person on Wednesday
...t, broke the horse power of a threshing
...chine belonging to J. Maynard. Mr.
...ynard had been threshing in Mr. Dewitt's
...in Wallace, when he left the machine
...horse-power over night. The person
...entered Mr. Dewitt's barn, and cut
...ldings hammer, and then broke the
...e wheel into several pieces. Such dar-
...ly conduct should be punished as severe-
...the law will allow."

...There is now in good repute in London an old
...man who will probably never leave its
...e. He is suffering from dropsy, and his
...ndition is such that he may die at any
...ment. There is no offence charged
...ainst him. He is merely in gaol for shel-
...e between gain administered to the law
...ch. The authorities of no municipality
...ll give an order for admission, as that
...ld involve them in the cost of his keep.
...the mind of the average magisterial ruler,
...ys the London Advertiser, this may seem a
...commendable stroke of economy, but to an
...ordinary man of the world it has the appear-
...ce of a great lack of charity. The Gov-
...rnment annually makes a grant towards
...the hospital, and if a case such as Jamieson's
...strange cannot be admitted because of the
...rilling difference in the amount necessary
...ds to support of that institution, and yet
...e required to feed a man at the gaol, per-
...aps it would not be a bad plan for the Gov-
...rnment to assume full control of hospitals
...it now does of asylums."

FARM AND OTHER NOTES.

Before frost catches the tomatoes cut the vines off near the ground, and after trimming off the shoots that set no fruits, hang them up in some dry place until all the tomatoes are ripe. The little trouble required will give one tomatoes until Christmas, a gain in this latitude of from two to three months.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A few kernels of browned or a spoonful of ground coffee smouldered on coals in a sick room or rusty room will purify in a few moments and for a long time. Let mg illustrate even though I use strong terms. A poke-cat was killed in a hen-house, and immediately coffee was burned on the spot; the atmosphere was not only endurable on the premises that night, but next day bore less of the stench than did places three-fourths of a mile distant.—*Chicago Tribune.*

I had three large bowlders in one of my fields. They weighed about three, four, and five tons respectively. I took some old stumps, old fence rail, several brush heaps, and the small limbs of an old apple tree—in all I had perhaps a little over half a cord of wood. I put it upon the bowlders and set it on fire, and it made the fat fall of cracks as if it were glass. The heaviest piece did not weigh over a hundred pounds, and some of the smallest pieces did not weigh over five pounds. Some kinds of stones will not crack at all, while others will crack into a hundred pieces with less than one-fourth of a cord of wood burned around them.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Keeping squashes in winter seems to be attended with considerable difficulty. They cannot be kept where it is damp, as in most cellars, or where frost can reach them, nor where they will shrink or wilt by warm rooms. The best conditions for keeping them seem to be where the air is cool and dry, yet safe from frost. An attic would seem to answer, then a closet near the chimney where the frost cannot reach, or the temperature does not rise very high, is the best most families can command. Extensive market gardeners often keep them in some bulk for the purpose, where they can maintain an even temperature by the aid of fires and ventilation.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

The writer of this has produced the best results in the feeding of plants by the use of decomposed weeds and harvyard manures well rotted, and it is made in this wise:—A layer of muck is put on the side of the compost heap, and upon this a layer of horse-dung manure; upon this another layer of muck, and so on alternating muck and manure, until the heap is four or five feet high. The manure is used in about the proportion of one-fourth of the muck. The whole pile gradually heats and rots together, so that without further stirring over, if the heap is made in early autumn, it will be in the best of shape to use in the following spring.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A correspondent strongly advises what has usually been considered an unnecessary article of diet for bees. According to the statement, there is no one more fond of water than the honey bee. In fact, water is believed to be absolutely indispensable to the successful operations of the hive. Water should at all times be set in some place, where it will be easily accessible and at the same time not to endanger the lives of the bees itself. But how long and how, pale, or tint; take either of the vessels mentioned, till up with water, and cover with a piece of coarse canvas, such as comes around bales of sheeting, and you have a most perfect watering place for bees.—*Western Pomologist.*

I had a clay barn-yard, which at times was very muddy, all except a drive-way through it that was covered with flat stones, and which I let remain. I commenced at one side, and took off the clay and manure, mixed to a depth of six or eight inches, and spread it on the meadows with good results. I then drew cobble stones and set them on end, beginning at the underpinning of the barn, leaning a little towards the barn. I then drew small stones and placed in all the holes as well as I could between the stones, and then shovelled on them enough to make a tolerably smooth surface. I then covered the stones with the clay and manure, leaving hollows, and then a coat of loam soil and turfs five or six inches deep, putting on the turfs first and part of the yard is always smooth and dry, and needs no repairing yet. It has been two years since I finished. I think straw would do instead of bongs.—*N. E. Farmer.*

In taking bees from combs chloroform may be used in various ways. A piece of rag about six inches square may be saturated with a teaspoonful of chloroform, placed on a plate, and covered with perforated zinc. Raise the hives and place the plate with its contents on the board, and then close the door for fifteen minutes or less. The bees fall down on the board helpless and prostrate. The hives should be removed and the bees exposed to the atmosphere. The shorter the time the bees are under the effects of the chloroform the better is the chance of their recovery. Bees may be fumed chloroform successfully and without apparent injury to the bees, we do not recommend it as a safe method to be used under ordinary circumstances. If your bees are young combs part of their contents may be preserved by the use of a strong extract of the bees should be driven into empty hives and fed. Sugar made stocks cost little and generally do well.—*Ohio Farmer.*

THE FATE OF THE "SCHELDE."

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROSENTHAL-BONIN.

BY F. FOSTER.

I loitered about the harbour in Genoa, there was should I stay! I had nothing to do, has trod the dock for ten years doesn't like climbing round on stony hills, even if they are overgrown with olive and orange and laurel, and dotted with marble villas. He can't stand it long in dark, narrow, up-and-down-hill streets, even when the most varied and active life ebbs and flows through them. His element is the open sea, and on the wooden ship he is at home.

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Everything in the harbour was lying still. The great vessels of war, with their red iron hulls, were being repaired, and the small, ships were just getting up steam. Tired and disgusted, I gave the front of my hat a jam over my eyes to keep off the sun, and was looking on carelessly while some work-men busy by packed sardines and salted and stamped them down in each other, a clerk on the shoulder walked me out of my disagreeable reverie. The hand could be none but a seaman's. It was a big, powerful paw, and could belong neither to an Italian nor a Spaniard, while for a German the blow was too decided. "Dutch or English," I said to myself as I turned round quickly. My surmisings of national characteristics had deceived me. A broad face, with red beard and thick, yellow hair, looked down on me kously, and there could be no doubt as to the origin of the big man who covered with flat stones, and which I let remain. I commenced at one side, and took off the clay and manure, mixed to a depth of six or eight inches, and spread it on the meadows with good results. I then drew cobble stones and set them on end, beginning at the underpinning of the barn, leaning a little towards the barn. I then drew small stones and placed in all the holes as well as I could between the stones, and then shovelled on them enough to make a tolerably smooth surface. I then covered the stones with the clay and manure, leaving hollows, and then a coat of loam soil and turfs five or six inches deep, putting on the turfs first and part of the yard is always smooth and dry, and needs no repairing yet. It has been two years since I finished. I think straw would do instead of bongs.—*N. E. Farmer.*

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My man has been drawing manure for some time from the city stables, which we use in making a large compost heap. The other morning, after a rain, the man found a dead horse in one of the heaps of horse manure at a livery stable within the corporate limits. In a few moments one of the horses became uneasy and the trouble seemed to increase—he doubled up and exhibited signs of extreme pain, soon becoming almost unmanageable; by the aid of immediate assistance the horse was removed from his harness and taken out on the street. He seemed no easier, but in his frantic jerkings about he tore off one of his shoes. He was taken to a veterinary surgeon, who gave up the case as one beyond his comprehension. The horse died in a few hours, after exhibiting the most unmanageable; by the aid of immediate assistance the horse was removed from his harness and taken out on the street. He seemed no easier, but in his frantic jerkings about he tore off one of his shoes. He was taken to a veterinary surgeon, who gave up the case as one beyond his comprehension. The horse died in a few hours, after exhibiting the most unmanageable.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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JACAULAY'S "NEW ZEALANDER."

...ay the *London Spectator* writes
...it is quite fair that Lord Macaulay
...ave all the honour of having in-
...ew Zealander." The staff had
...ay on Von Ranke's "History of
...," containing the "New Zealander"
...ished in December, 1840, and Ma-
...words are:—"And she" (i.e., the
...church) "may still stand to the end
...d vigour when some traveller from
...sland shall, in the midst of a vast
...lake his stand on a broken arch of
...Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St.
...'s." In Volney's "Ruins" (1848) we
...have this passage:—"Perhaps
...traveller may hereafter sit down
...ank of the Thames, like the Ara-
...ne, or the Zayder Zee, and la-
...the departed glory of a people new
...and their grandeur and decline as
...ians." Shelley, in the dedication to
...Child Harold," by "Miching Mal-
...date December 1, 1819, writes:—
...e firm expectation that when Lon-
...e habitables of Britons, when St.
...and Westminster Abbey shall stand
...ly and desolate, and the sea shall
...ssoled marsh, when the piers of Wa-
...Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets
...ed osiers, and set in the midst
...ve of their broken arches on the soli-
...ream, some Transatlantic commenta-
...the wrighing in the scale of Jus-
...and now unimoised system of critic-
...respective merits of the Bells and
...ders and their historians."

AUTUMN IN THE WOODS.

Every yellow fall of leaves
Turning yellow in their turns
Struggling branches focus and wild,
Yielding barrier to the child!
Oak balls tumbling from the tree,
Beech nuts dropping silently.
Roots of leaves come down to die,
Leaving coppings to the sky!
Bramble, forgetting, gone in seed,
Everything to death decreed;
Nothing left of flowers or buds;
Such is Autumn in the woods.

And so is there an Autumn known
To the heart. It feels alone.
Searing its best days are past;
Fond memories crowding fast,
Fond memories crowding fast through,
Fancy departed, I ween autumn;
Human flowers cold and dead,
Covered by a grassy bed;
Hopes, late blossoms nipped out,
Withering so—and flung about
By cruel winds; dread doubts and fears
Finding vent in sudden tears;
Yes, there is an Autumn known
To some hearts than left alone.

Yet, there's this thought after all—
Farm may fade and leaves may fall,
Hearts may change or prove untrue,
All may look lonely—Winter drawn—
Though and Autumn here is given,
Spring time awaits the just in Heaven.

Chambers' Journal.

THE GERMAN OF ROSENTHAL-BONIN.

BY F. FOSTER.

I loitered about the harbour in Genoa, there was should I stay! I had nothing to do, has trod the dock for ten years doesn't like climbing round on stony hills, even if they are overgrown with olive and orange and laurel, and dotted with marble villas. He can't stand it long in dark, narrow, up-and-down-hill streets, even when the most varied and active life ebbs and flows through them. His element is the open sea, and on the wooden ship he is at home.

The Napanee *Banner* says:—"In the trial of Pine for bigamy at the late Assizes, the nice legal point arose as to whether the second marriage was legal, from the fact that the blank used for the licence was issued by a Lieutenant-Governor (Crawford) who died in 1875. It is probable that there have been thousands of these blanks used by careless lawyers of marriage licences. There would seem to be a doubt as to the validity of a marriage licence issued under the signature of a dead man. A little positive information on a certain point would settle the question as to whether matches were made in Heaven or elsewhere. Statistics of the number of persons in this Province, or in this county, who have been married (or rather not married), within the last two years, on the authority of a licence issued by a defunct Governor, would form an interesting document in family circles where this delightful feature in the marriage state, and the result proves the truth of my surmise."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Now you must have been a schoolmaster, mate," said the man at the wheel, with the broad John Bull face, in a rather disparaging tone.

"You've hit it, comrade. There was a time when I was seven years old myself."

Thereupon the whole crew looked at me with astonishment. We were a motley company on board—three men, all told. Two calm boys, quick, supple Neapolitans, ugly as little monkeys; three heavy Englishmen, with faces as hard as flint; a Dirty Frenchman, with a red silk neckerchief, a large white-cotton shirt, and a big belly; a man, who was eating all the time, and my own small self from under the clean, pale skies of Sweden. It was very interesting to notice the behaviour of the different nationalities before me. The Englishmen examined my muscle and my hands, the Frenchman noticed my muscle and my hands, the Frenchman laughed disdainfully at the rather wide collar of my blue shirt; for he, the Dirty Frenchman, I felt, was at all times a dry place to wallow in. As the horse was for large fowls the roosts were too high, so my shirt was for a man, who could stand on the ground all night instead of roosting, if they preferred. The man who ate, I noticed the force between the poultry yards were boarded up some three feet high, while the roosts were placed thus. This prevented the cocks from fighting through the fence. The whole arrangement of building and yards was neat enough for a gentleman's country place, and yet not too extensive for a farmer to copy. The yards were set with plum and peach trees, and the owner said he had no difficulty in getting short-grass to feed his fowls, and every year, which was a handsome profit in itself, upon the cost of keeping the fowls.—*Boston Journal.*

A Tennessee at eighteen, the Detroit *Free Press* has discovered, wants five trunks when she travels. At fifty she is dragged along with a bottle of cold tea.

In 1871 Thomas Benoit, formerly of Montreal, married an English girl, left home, and deserted her in 1872, going to Chicago. At the same time he left a note behind him, enough for a second-class ticket to Chicago. When she got there he quarrelled with her and left her to shift for herself. Finding and made me give up my sleep, I lay down on deck. All quiet and still, and steeped in the deepest purple lay the southern mountains in the distant night, she began to be afraid. At sundown the tide rose and the waves ran higher. She was wet and cold and dizzily ill from the rocking motion. Courage and thought were gone. The only friends remembered that her brother had tried to run up the sail, and, in doing so, got overboard. She felt some thing cold upon her heart, and then fell into a long, dreadful swoon, from which she at last came to in the cabin. This was the substance of what she told the captain, and the story was all broken with convulsive sobs.

The wind acted as if it would dispute our lovely capture; for it came up so fresh that we had to shake everything off, and pull and the Wick light soon went out of sight. A cold gust of wind now brought some sleet with it, and the Captain ordered the sunbeam flakes of snow. It was a stormy night, and as early a one as I'd ever seen.

Lamps were lighted, and the uncertain gleam of the red and white lanterns falling on the wet, shining deck, and reflected on the gloomy faces and strange behaviour of the crew. Through the creaking, whistling, and lapping on board, and all the fury raging around us, there was still a sense of something centuries and thousands and this increased when there appeared on deck the cause of all the trouble—the lovely stranger, who was evidently frightened by the violence of the storm and the sudden darkness.

A sad-looking man, with a pale face, she, the lady, coming along by the bulwarks, sought shelter behind the binnacle, and so I came to my watch.

Just then I should have had eyes for nothing but the company, but, lame for years, spell-bound, upon the entrancing figure, and, involuntarily, watched her every movement.

Suddenly I noticed that one of the sailors, a black-haired fellow from Trieste, slipped from his post, for had, by the regular rule, added to me impatiently. I sprang to the woman. Up to the Captain's cabin door in the morning she sky glowed a little, and in the uncertain light of a pale moonshine we sat, as far as the eye could reach, the sea was dotted with green and white crests, and we four struggling men were alone.

"Breakers ahead!" The hoarse cry sounded over the deck, and those two words were the signal for a general rush of the crew with anger, rage, superstition, fear, and love. That my present life was hanging in the face of death before a yawning grave, our safety, the safety of the ship, hanging, as it were, upon a thread, and that I was torn from our hands a moment, but which seemed to me ages, I felt that the ship would only get the shipmaster control again, and this was only possible by every man doing at his post and working with all his might.

How I got back to my wheel I don't know. I heard not a word spoken. With the rushing of the waves, I heard, mingled with weird monotony the waves splashed and roared. The weaker I felt myself, the stronger I clung to the raft. Why, I can't tell, unless it is by instinct. I was exhausted in a strange condition of mind. As in a dream, I heard a distant call, then an answering cry of joy from the raft. Then I saw one of those long, lift-like boats labouring through the breakers to get into the current that drove us. There they go out of the confusion of false hundred yards off, six sailors, who were rowing, and one middle-aged man. They fifted up grappling-irons, and threw ropes to us. Something like confusion on the raft and how I managed to chase each other about; and then the raft suddenly upset. I felt a rope fly over me, which I instinctively grasped, and a few minutes later I was in the lifeboat with the rest of the crew. They shoved off, and I fainted. They shoved off, and I fainted. The Inspector of the Port at Syth drew up an official report of the loss of the ship, but as there was no denying that I had left my post, the statement was sent to Kiel. Then I was taken to Hamburg, to Altona, to Alline, to Aalborg, to Copenhagen, to Malmo, to Stockholm, to Gefle, to Hernosand, to Umea, to Pitea, to Lulea, to Tornea, to Haparanda, to Kiemi, to Uleaborg, to Kajana, to Kuopio, to Mikkeli, to Wiborg, to Helsingfors, to Abo, to Nystad, to Hangoe, to Reval, to Riga, to Pernau, to Arensburg, to Hapsal, to Baltic Port, to Pillau, to Konigsberg, to Pillau, to Konigsberg, to Stettin, to Berlin, to Hamburg, to Altona, to Kiel, to Flensburg, to Hadersleben