TRAFFIC IN NEW ENGLAND FERNS

Among the new industries of the last few years is the collection and sale of the creeping ferns so common in the New England woods, but entirely unknown beyond the Alleghanies, and, until last year, unknown beyond the Hudson. This business originated at Greenfield, where it is now carried on extensively, But few bunches were sold at first; but as the demand has steadily increased, the woods east and southeast of Springfield, in Longmeadow, Wilbraham and Somers, have been earefully gleaned. Often the value of the ferns growing on a single acre of corn, and wood-lots have been bought at high prices solely to control the fern trade.

The season for gathering these ferns begins about the middle of August and lasts till late in the autumn. Originally only fresh ferns were sold, and those largely for Christmas decorations, sold, and those largely for Christinas decorations, but the trade in the pressed ferms is now by far the largest part of the business, and gives employment to a number of hands. One dealer in Boston keeps about twelve girls at work pressing. A dozen ferms are pressed in one "string," and one New York house has ordered 20,000 strings. The pressed ferms are sent all over the United States and Canada, many going to Callifernia. They are used mainly for wall decora-tions, and the ladies will doubtless be surprised to learn that their western sisters often pay several dollars for ferns like those which can often be oldained herealouts during an afternoon drive. The native fern, like the native American, resists all attempts at civilization, and is an entire failure as a house plant.

The above illustrates what we have often urged upon habitrats that they will make more money upon small things indigenous to the soil than the large crops. The business above referred to of pressing ferns has been the source of support to many families in New England for years. It is now systematised and is quite an important Pressing autumnal leaves for the English Market and for home demand would pay well. Every year orders for autumn leaves arrive from England. At Christmas large quantities of garlands for church and house decorations are imported from Boston. And this trade might be done here if country people would undertake it, for Canada abounds in the material of which the garlands are made. One little village in New Hampshire, near Canada, sends to New York several themsand barrels of these garlands every year. Morelles, champignons, and other fungi are always in demand, so too are all will have reades. are all wild flower roots; a basket of Pitcher plant root which would take ten minutes to fill would yield more than a bag of wheat. We would suggest to some of the convents to give attention to this matter. This would not expose the sisters to jealousy of tradespeople who are ofraid their business will suffer by the industrious labors of the sisters.

Montreal.

NIAGARA. I took a run down to the Falls the other day. I had a little money and a great deal of that description of time, which, as Mr. Twain quaintly remarks, is not money. I was just recovering from the crippled condition (financially), in which a former visit to the same place, had left me. Having laid myself out to practice the strictest economy I began as soon as I stopped out of the train, by heating the backman down from \$5 to \$2.50 and then walking. After I had been there a few hours I began to lose money. The idea that I was "doing" Niagara vanished. The idea that Niagara was "doing" me was ever present. In two days I was almost beggared trying to get at the Falls. The hack-man and ruin stared me in the face. The former wanted \$10. As it wasn't convenient to pay it just then, I asked him to let it lie over till morning, and, in the meautime, he might think of something else that he would like to add to it. He saw the soundness of this advice and went on his way extorting. I avoided all intercourse with the natives, studbed the bell-bays, and sat upon every individual that shewed the least disposition to assist me in anyway or gave symptoms of calling a back. I had brought no luggage, simply a small hand satchel, umbrella and stick. These were taken from me at an early stage, and probably sold to defray ex-penses. The Falls are sublime, the cost of seeing your cab or take a few turns before the door them, reliculous. Water is about the only proir to going in. If you should be so unforthing there that continues to fall, everything else is rising. A native remarked one morning, in my hearing, that the atmosphere was highly charged, and one of the guests, (who had just made an assignment,) added, "and other things Another comprehensive swindle in proportion. consists in charging people 25cts, and giving them to understand that this trifling sum brings them into direct contact with the awful majesty of the Falls, whereas, in reality, it only entitle them to the blessed privilege, after seeing nothing, of paying 25cts, more to see it again, under, perhaps, a slightly different aspect. Signboards, so eminently calculated to mislead, evidently stand in need of some revision. How much more manly to be straightforward about everything, and then the very novelty of the sensation would afford them pleasure. Let us imagine a man, under a new condition of things presenting himself at the first gate, followed by his wife and ten children. He would observe on the board, in large letters, " Entrance to the Entrance to the Palls," 25cts. Coming to the next wicket he would observe, "Entrance to the Falls 50ets."

the children outside, and pass on by himself to the next barrier where he would observe in large gilt letters. "The Falls \$5." ("Through smoked glass \$2.50.") He would then tell the man at the gate that he was going back for the children and explain to the old lady how much grander they looked when seen from a distance, &c. When I saw the words, "Entrance to the Entrance to the Falls, 25cts." I paid the money, put on my spectacles, and looked about for some return for the outlay. Not recognizing any, and perceiving a door leading to what seemed a very promising avenue, I parted with another trifling sum and, I must confess, with very much the same result. I was beginning to lose all interest in the Falls, and walked, almost mechanically, through a door, into a stone building. A man came out of another door and asked me if I'd like to go down to the Falls. After having been trying for more than three quarters of an hour to attain that end, I thought this was a very singular question, but I was more struck with the tone of it than with anything else, because it seemed as if he thought I might want to go down, but that it was altogether unlikely and very unusual. When he asked me for another trifling sum, I understood the tone better. I said I would go back and settle something on the man at the gate and I believe I saved money by climbing over the tence, at great inconvenience to myself. I went about with 'my pockets inside out. I could easily imagine a man, after all the worry and anxiety of getting at the cataract, asking to be thrown in rather than return the way he came. The charge could only be trifling, and not to be weighed with the benefits to cusue. It is a thousand pities that the lands in the vicinity of, and including the Falls, are not in the hands of the respective Governments, and by them, thrown open to the public at such a charge as would defray the costs of maintenance, &c., and yet not be exactly prohibitory. Such improvements as have been effected by present proprietors, calculated, as they are, to facilitate and heighten the enjoyment of visitors, certainly warrant some charge being made, but do not justify imposition. remember a friend of mine being charged corkage by an hotel proprietor, and I thought, at the time, that impertment imposition could no further go, Since then I have been twice to Niagara Falls. Loor REVIL

A CODE OF TABLE ETIQUETTE. The N. V. Graphic has the following:

When scated at the table do not be betrayed into that cheap boarding-house habit of sticking your napkin up under your chin, nor even the French restaurant trick of pulling one corner of it through the buttonhole of your coat ; but lay it across your knee with no preliminary shokings out or noisy unfolding.

After you have been helped to a dish fall to and eat; to wait for others to be helped betrays a misrable lack of savair faire

Also when wine is served drink of it whenever you like; the custom of nodding to the hostess or host before drinking has gone out.

Clicking glasses is still retained as an accompanient to drinking choruses on the stage; but is no longer indulged in at the repasts of the bead modele. "Pray you, avoid it."

(to no account teluse to take the last helping

on a dish. To degline it seems to infer that you suppose the dish fannot be replaced; or it may be your refusal to take might be constructed into a contempt of it as "leavings."

If there are wines at table and servants do not keep the glasses well filled you may cand, indeed this is your duty, even at another table than your own) fill the glass of the lady or ladies near you. They cannot very well help themselves, nor can they ask to be helped to wine; but you must remember to pour out sherry or sauterne with soup and fish, hock or claret with roast meat, sparkling wines between the roast and confectionary, madeira for dessert; liqueurs come after coffee, and are served by the ser-

A special point to be remembered in going to keep an engagement to dinner is to be at the house of your host exactly at the time fixed for the dinner. If you come before, you are in the way; look at your watch before you enter the tunate as to be appreciably late-say twenty minutes or half an hour-do not attempt to ge to the dinner at all, but retire, and either return late in the evening and make an apology, or call again on the first opportunity and explain the matter. Though regrets will be expressed, of course, with an assurance that you would have been welcome at any time, "better late than and other polite platitudes, you may nevertheless rest assured that it was better for you to act as you did, and make the sacrifice of what probably would have been a pleasant experience if you had been in time for it, than to throw host and servants into a fever of confusion by obliging them to set about serving you with soup, fish, and cutrees when the rest of the guests have passed all these and got on to the roast or even the game

DRESS

To a people so universally well dressed as the Americans it is scarcely necessary to say much on this branch of the subject. Yet unless the dinner be a formal one Americans are likely to shirk putting on a dress suit for dinner. There actuated by motives of econ- are exceptions to this rule, of course, I was omy he would naturally leave the old lady and once the guest of a wealthy brother and sister

who live all summer and part of the winter in a very quiet old homestead away in a lonely place in one of the northern counties of New York State yet whether they had company or no these gentle folks always dressed for dinnerthe gentleman put on his dress suit; the lady something more funciful than what she had been wearing all day. They both said there was no affectation in this. They did not dress for "style," especially when there was nobody to witness it, but they simply felt better and enjoyed their dinner more after dressing for it than if they had "slumped" down to table in the attire they had worn during the afternoon and morning. In many New York houses of a certain elegance this custom now prevails, and most of our fashionable young men are seen only in dress suits in the evening, whether there is anything special in the way of engagements on the tapis or not. One thing is imperative among men of good breeding in London after nightfall, and that is to don a dark coat. may be a frock, and you may wear with it light trousers; but a "lounging suit"—what we call a business suit-is something no gentleman must be seen in under the gaslights. I perceive that the English gentlemen show a disposition to "cut" the white cravat with the dress suit and wear in its stead a very large black bow. To my eyes this is not so pretty as a smaller tie either black or white; but it is the fash-

I am greatly pleased to see that English ladies are falling into that mode which I maintain is a true Americanism, namely, the dinner toilet made as richly as one likes, and from that fact most indubitably entitled to be called "dress," and yet made without being cut low in the neck and short in the sleeves. It is now indeed a very grand and formal dinner which demands the conventional full dress so very trying to scrawny necks and arms and so apt to be immodest when these are the reverse. I believe the day will come when this fashon will be considered a shockingly indecorous one, and portraits of grandmothers dressed or undressed, in this way will be something to giggle or blush over. OLIVE LOGAN.

AN OLD POCKET DIARY.

The Hamilton Spectator says that a most remarkable pocket diary, kept by some one unknown in that city between the years 1825 and 1830, was picked up in the street, the other day, by a policeman, and is now in the office of the Chief of Police. It is very old, smoky and dilapidated, and has been much worn. The following are a few of the entries :-

	Ξ.	, s.	đ.
Paid for dying a handkerchief		13	0
" Belt (wet purse)	7	Hi	11
1 Sik hundber-dief	:3	161	41
Bell (milk nurse)	.,	00	0
Still (Brewer).	-	3	ö
Tool souff and hostlers		ő	- 5
" Miss Law		15	w
To Gardener for half days work.	•	1	υ
" A man with a boy and wirl for disseiner		•	
potatoes for 35 days		10	0
"A. Anderson, for 6 days work,			- (1
" Gave him in a present		1	- 6
" Ready money		13	-0
" A trough for the swine.		3	- 3
" Dressing 4 sheep skins		.,	- 0
" Candy, sugar, &c		- 2	- 1
" A stick, south etc.		6	0
" Man with two horses collecting bay.		2	
" Bennet for Catharine		- 5	i
Stockings for Mrs.		2	÷
" Night caps		3	4
" Petatoes and spott.		4	
" P'd Mr. Smith for barley		19	4
Betty wet nurse.		00	
" Freight of barrel of porter.	1		
Dips in warm both.		3	
For sunfficit wasn't good;		10	
to the wife for the tender.		- 5	
3 3 2 4 4 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		. 6	
Police taxes.	1		
" Watt for whiskey, 13 pints		5	
" Charity		3	
" Ainsworth's Dictionary		9	- 1
" Cleaning Piclisse			:
" Advanced to milk-man.		10	•
The Diary winds up with the following	117		

inds up with the following :-"Wish to have no more money transactions with Relations, have found them, almost without exception, the cause of an unpleasant feeling on the mind, without thanks or grati ade where such might have been expected-always without profit.

OUR PICTURES.

In a previous issue we gave an account of the Janatia has mudi Centennial Exhibition. She carried off fully three hundred prizes, some of them blacing her at the head of all competitors. Our amusing front-page cartoon fully illustrates the pleasing circumstance. We have also illustrations of the west end of the Main Building and of the Hunter's Camp at the Centennial. We give, besides, two pictures of art, appropriate to the season-Pasture Grounds after Rosa Bonheur, and the Family of the Happy Fisherman We continue our series of illustrations of the Eastern War by a panoramic view of the Morava Valley, and of the punishment of spies and cowards in the Servian army. . .

REVIEW.

Messes, Belford Brothers, Toronto, have just issued editions of "The Earnest Student" and "Wee Davie" well-known works of the late Dr. Norman Maclcod. In typography and binding they are equal to the other publications of this well-known house. Messrs, Dawson Brothers, of this city, have added to their list of Canadian editions "The Laurel Bush," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," a pleasing romance of a domestic nature.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A NEW opera by Lecoeq is to be brought out in Paris in about a month at the Renaissance, under the title of "Le Mikado."

The Prussian Government has instituted an inquiry into the condition of the theatre in Prussia, and the advisability of establishing un academy of the dram-atic arts, endowed by the Government.

A work entitled "Musical Myths and Facts," by Herr Carl Fugeb, and comprising essays on the art of music, and musical instruments, folk-lore, &c., is now in the press, and will shortly be issued.

Pauline Lucca is about to begin a farewell concert through Germany, after which, in compliance with the wishes of her husband, who longs for a quiet home life, she intends to quir the stage for good.

THE son of a well-known actor recently, at a public examination, in reply to the question, "Who was the greatest English divine?" said, promptly, "The divine William." The boy spoke more wisely Sothers has brought out a new play called

"A Hornet's Nest," in Boston. He enacts the part of a supposed noodle, against whom nearly all the other characters lay plans for monetary spoliation, but who turns out to be bright-wittest, and consequently circumvents them. It is farcical and improbable, but entertaining. H. J. Byron is the author.

Celina Montaland was very stout when, in Fisk's life, she sang in the Grand Opera House, N. Y. Lately, having increased so much in size that she had to abandon the stage, she employed a Paris physician who promised to reduce her to moderate plumpness. His system embraced daily shampooing, but she gained flesh under it instead of getting slender, and refused to pay him. A lawsuit brings out the facts.

FEW plays have been as variously adapted as "Le Procès Veauradieux," now running in Paris. It is acted in London as "The Great Divorce Case," Sir Randall Roberts uses it in Camala as "The Brighton Scandal," Mr. Daly as "Life" at the Fifth Avenue, Mr. Wallack at his theatre as "Forbinden Fruit," Mr. Byron has prepared it for the Eagle as "French Flats," and at the Boston Museum it is "Wanted a Divorce."

THE Bishop of Manchester, speaking at Ramsbottom, referred to Mr. Irving's recent performance of Hambet at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. He had, he said, learned with delight that 17,000 persons in Manchester had gone to see Mr. Irving act that character, into which he had thrown new life. Whether Mr. Irving's reading was the true one or not it was not for him to say; but he knew Mr. Irving was a great actor, and it was enumbling thing to see Hamlet played by him.

THE reception given to Madame Christine Nitson during her short stay at Christiana was quite as enthusiastic as at Stockholm. A crowd of some 10.000 people assembled in front of the hotel where the celebrated arists was staying, and a choir of students serenaded her, when suddenly Madame Nilsson stepped out on the halcony, and after thanking the students, sang an old Norwegian ballad, her voice in the quiet evening being heard all over the square. The crowd became so enthuslastic that several laddes were crushed and were carried away fainting. and were carried away fainting.

and were carried away fainting.

Mr. IRVING has just received a graceful and appropriate present from the Baroness Burdett Coutrin the shape of a ring, with a beautiful portrait of Shakspeare, which was formerly the property of David Garriek. It was presented by him on his death hed to his batter, and came into the possession of Mr. Patrick, a well-known theatrical antisparty, and was from him pure mased by its late owner some ten years since. The presentation inscription from the Baroness to Mr. Prving states the gift to be "in recognition of the gratification derived from his Shakspearian representations uniting to many characteristics of his great predecessors in the histrionic art the cuaim of original thought, giving to his delineations new form of dramatic interest, power, and beauty."

ME. MAPLESON, who has introduced some of the best singers to the English operatic world, including Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson, has just had another lineky "find" in Paris. This consists of a young girl not yet out of her teens, and who for many years has followed the occupation of a mould maker for phaster images in an obscure Italian village. Her voice, although lacking cuitivation, is said to be a sop-ano of wonderful range and dexibility, and as she has been singing in the choir of a Catholic church for for tyears, she is well acquainted with music, and gives promise of becoming a "star" of the first magnitude. Her heartly is also said to be of a kind that will take London by storm. She is a brunette, with large, spressive eyes, while her hair when hose trails the ground. Mr. Mapleson happened to be in the church one morning when he heard her sing, and being struck with the remerkatily rich tones of the voice be sought an in erview with her. She referred him to her father—a bumble image maker—and after much personation he consented to his daughter accepting an engagement under Mr. Mapleson as in apprentice for five years, at what for these psor people must be a princely sum. The voung haly is now at a musical school, and it is probable she will not make her dibut in London for a couple of seasons yet. Mr. Mapleson, however, is well pleased with his discovery, and seems to think that his coming singer is a wonder. The operatic world will look forward with considerable curiosity to the appearance of this phenomenon. ME. MAPLESON, who has introduced some of

SCIENTIFIC.

AN interesting observation, referring to the power of germination in seeds which is hundreds and even thousands of years old, is said to have been made by Professor Hendreich, in Greece. In the silver mines of Laurium, only the slogs left by the ancient Greeks are at present worked off, in order to gain, after an improved modern method, silver still left in that dress. This refuge ore is probably about two thousand years old. Among it the seed of a species of glaurium or poppy was found, which had slept in the darkness of the earth during all that time. After a little while, when the slegs were brought up and worked off at the smelting ovens there suddenly arose a crop of glaucium plants, with a there suddenly arose a crop of glaucium plants, with a beautiful yellow thower, of a kind unknown in modera botany, but is described by Pliny and others as a frequent flower in ancient Greece.

A CENTURY plant is now in blossom in Boston. A horticulturist from the North happening to be in the grounds of the old John C. Calhonn estate, in Florida, one winter, discovered indications of a flower stalk in the one winter, discovered indications of a flower-stalk in the centre of an old neglected plant, standing near a cart path on the premises. Several of its leaves had been chopped away, by one generation or another, as they had intruded across the way. Realizing his opportunity, he obtained the plant at a price which was merely nominal, and had it removed by steamer to losson, where it arrived last April, with its sten grown to some eight teet in height. Here it stood in the open air, and in the three following mouths added twelve more feet to its stature, and a few weeks since commenced to unfold its one thousand yellow blossoms, to the great delight of its owners and the swarms of bees and humning-birds that have constantly attended it. The stalk is six inches in diameter at the base, and full half that size at eight or ten feet high and is as hard and woody as the trunk of atree. The flowers is as hard and woody as the trunk of a tree. is as hard and woody as the trunk of a tree. The flowers which are something of the shape and size of sigars, are contained in twenty clusters supported upon arms which leave the trunk at right angles, like the limb of the white pine. As seen as it ceases to bloom, which will be in a tew weeks, the whole plant will wither rand perish, as its lifework is then at an end.