

things have passed away.' All the mightiest of all those lands have gone through the gate before you. Therein, beyond these shining doors, went Homer, Dante, and Milton. Shakespeare, Æschylus, and Goethe went through, and one day I saw Hugo enter. All these are members of one immense commonwealth, as pure, as just, gentle and intelligent, as it is vast. Nor do they regret the language they used with such mastery in that initial stage of their existence; for they are now masters of an universal language, into which has been transferred all the finest qualities of the speech to which they were born. What ever was most exquisite, whatever was aroma or flavor, whatever was colour or harmony in the Greek, the Latin, the Tuscan, the Gallic, the English, or any language, it is preserved and recognisable in this. Nor is it a difficult acquirement; for it is, like the first you knew, a sort of birthright: and many will gather around you by their converse the better to perfect newcomers in the speech of the Eternal City, sweeter and softer on their lips than honey of Hymettus. Enter, then, on these named conditions: and understand it is the man who should attempt to retain his old speech who would here find himself the alien."

Then, one by one, I saw them give assent, and at the indication of the President, the Secretary handed to each one a little thin ivory ticket, printed in gold; when they were motioned to pass on, and the keeper swung open the gate. Then the procession went streaming outward through the shining valves; and such a glory of light, such a burst of choral delight, such a waft of mingled perfumes, as came through, was enough to charm the night away. I started, for the living coals rattled down in the grate, and I was near dropping out of my hand an uncovered pot-pourri jar, of which I had been smelling sometime prior to entering the land of vision. So, leaving the Celestial linguists to themselves, I covered the fire, put out the light, and went up to bed.

Cherryfield, Maine.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor "Canada:"

Have you observed that a new paper is announced, to be called "*Canada*," under the editorship of Mr. Hereward K. Cockin, whose verses may, or may not, go down to posterity as the sort of thing written in the Dominion during the boodle era? If I mistake not, the English courts have decided that to issue

a "colourable" title-page is an offence at law. The unfortunate choice of a name for the proposed paper can be attributable only to one of two causes, either a desire to rob *you* of your popularity, or to ignorance of their being such a paper in the Maritime Provinces. If the latter, it certainly does not exhibit the acquaintance with native literature that the project demands. If the former, it is ungenerous. What would Mr. Cockin think, were a new book announced under the name of "*Gentleman Dick o' the Grays*, by M. R. Knight," containing further adventures of an impossible trooper? *FIAT JUSTITIA.*

NEWFOUNDLAND SEALING.

THE various fisheries which constitute the wealth of Newfoundland are the most extensive and the most valuable in the world. Speaking in general terms, it is surprising to find how widespread and real is the ignorance which prevails about everything pertaining to this ancient, though most interesting colony--the first fruits of Britain's lust for territory--an ignorance as dense as the fog which is supposed (though erroneously) to envelop it in perpetual gloom.

The fisheries comprise seal, cod, herring, salmon, trout and lobsters, though many other varieties of fish are found in the cold waters of Newfoundland and Labrador, not, however, in such great abundance as the first mentioned. In days gone by halibut and mackerel were both very plentiful, but since the enactment of restrictive legislation against the Americans (as many seriously aver) this has ceased to be so, and one material source of wealth has, therefore, been lost to the toiling fishermen. The following account of the fisheries, which is specially prepared for the readers of the *Ledger*, is given as we have ourselves witnessed them.

The seal fishery begins in March, about the middle of which month the young seals, or white coats, as they are called in their infancy, are whelped on the ice. The little creatures are most valuable when in the white-coat period of their being, though it is a very brief one, rarely exceeding a fortnight or three weeks. They are at this time literal balls of fat, and their pelts yield an enormous quantity of the purest oil. They are found on the ice by thousands sucking, by which, it is said, they derive nourishment when the parent seal is away fishing, or gambols delightedly and

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