ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 8. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1881. NO. 48.

Job Work.

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all descriptions fo first-class work. We make a specialty of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

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Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Weekly Monitor

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Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effectual alterative medicine known or available to the public. The sciences of medicine and chemistry have never produced so valuable a remedy, nor one so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures Scrofula and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, Neuralgia, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.

By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corruptions which contaminate the blood and cause derangement and decay. It stimulates and enlivens the vital functions, promotes energy and strength, restores and preserves health, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease which arises from impurity of the blood need despair who will give AYER'S SARSAPARILLA a fair trial.

It is folly to experiment with the numerous low-priced mixtures, of cheap materials, and without medicinal virtues, offered as blood-purifiers, while disease becomes more firmly seated. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a medicine of such concentrated curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and most reliable blood-purifier known. Physicians know its composition, and prescribe it. It has been widely used for forty years, and has won the unqualified confidence of millions whom it has benefited.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Complimentary Noticse.

— The Bridgetown MONITOR comes to us greatly enlarged and improved. If it keeps up to the standard of its issue of yesterday, it will be the best of our country exchanges.—*Hx. Herald.*

— The Bridgetown MONITOR, an excellent country newspaper, has lately been enla ged and improved.—*Chronicle.*

The Bridgetown MONITOR has been recently enlarged and improved. Its publication evinces wise management as well as enterprise.—*Wesleyan.*

One of our most welcome exchanges is the Bridgetown MONITOR which comes to us this week much enlarged and improved in appearance. — *Presbyterian Witness.*

The Bridgetown MONITOR, one of the best of our Provincial exchanges, has increased its dimensions. Allow us to congratulate you, Brother Piper.—*Temperance Watchman.*

ENLARGEMENT.—We omitted to mention last week that our contemporary, the Bridgetown MONITOR, now comes to us considerably enlarged and improved, and is now one of the largest as well as one of the best filled of our country exchanges.—*Western Chronicle.*

— The Bridgetown MONITOR appears in an enlarged form—an evidence of prosperity which is well deserved.—*Yarmouth Herald.*

GOING AHEAD.—The Bridgetown MONITOR appeared last week as a thirty-two column paper, having previously been issued the same size as the MAIL. The literary work of the journal is superior for a country weekly and we trust our contemporary may attain the success it deserves.—*Windsor Mail.*

JOURNALISTIC.—We note, with pleasure the enlargement and improvement of a valued Provincial contemporary:—the Bridgetown (Annapolis Co.,) MONITOR. It is now the largest of our Valley exchanges. We wish friend Piper unbounded success.—*Port Hawksbury, C. B., Eastern Beacon.*

The Bridgetown *Monitor*, always a lively and valuable local paper, has lately been enlarged and greatly improved otherwise. It is now one of the best country papers published in this Province.—*New Era.*

FOR SALE.

Iron and Steel, asstd. Sizes,
Hoop Iron and Rivets;
Horse Shoe Nails;
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Sleigh Shoe Bolts, &c.;
Slate Roofing Paint, Various Colors, Ready Mixed;
Planed Clapboards, and Sawn Shingles;
A number of Abrams & Kerr's Patent Root Pulpers, in hand for Sal

AGENT FOR
New England Boston Paint Co.'s Paints;
Walter Wilson, Saw Manufacturer, St. John, N. B.
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H. FRASER.

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Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the insuruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,
Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN

On the Loss of

MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 4586.

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends in Annapolis County, that he has just returned from Kings County, and will be at his office in

BRIDGETOWN

for a few weeks. FRIENDS, PLEASE NOT DELAY.

Nov. 19th, 1879. n3tf

For Sale, or To Let.

A SMALL PLACE CONTAINING

FOUR ACRES OF LAND,

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HOUSE AND BARN.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, May 10th, '80.

DENTISTRY.

PEINROSE BROS.,
Bridgetown and Lawrencetown.

MECHANICAL and OPERATIVE DENTISTRY promptly attended to in all its branches.

June 8th, '80. 6m

GREAT BARGAIN!

THE Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT or private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence

at

LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Guarden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 30 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with ease will soon increase to 100 or more barrals. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.

Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!

BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of

Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes,

consisting of

Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers.

All a

Splendid Assortment of

FALL SUITS

Pants and Vests. Also,

1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.
Horse Blankets.

All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH,

BEALES & DODGE.

Middleton. Nov .. '78

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THE LOCAL MEAT MARKET.

[Limited.]

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English, American, Canadian and Australian

MEATS

—AND—

Provision Depots.

CAPITAL - - - $100,000.

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BONDED WAREHOUSES—Cold Storage Wharf, Cousin Lane, E. C.

BANKERS:—The London and County Bank, 21 London Street, E. C. D. TALLERMAN, Esq., Gen. Manager.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of Shippers of Cattle, Poultry, &c., to the ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN PROVISION DEPOTS, 84 UPPER THAMES ST., LONDON. Furnished with Refrigerating Chambers of large capacity, where Produce of all kinds can be preserved for any length of time, at any season of the year. The advantages to shippers of live cattle are evident, inasmuch as by slaughtering immediately on arrival Expenses Cease, and the most advantageous moment may be seized for the disposal of the consignment.

To parties desirous of shipping apples, &c., to London, for sales and returns, the Company can offer advantages to be found in no other quarter. By use of the refrigerators, decay or deterioration is arrested, while every facility is afforded for sorting, sampling and laying out sound fruit, as well as for repacking such as may be injured on the voyage. Shippers who may wish more speedy returns than can be forwarded by regular mail, can realize an advance which will be ordered by Telegraph immediately on receipt of consignments landed in good condition.

Information in detail can be obtained by application to the undersigned, who are authorized to make advances to Shippers, and, if desirable, to take an interest for the Company in the profit and loss of operations.

WM. HARE, Agent,
171 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

THOS S. WHITMAN, Agent,
Annapolis, N. S. 43tf

Poetry.

Lost.

In other years, when life was gay,
And I was young and knew not care,
I took a gem of priceless worth,
And idly placed it in my hair.
I marked not when the breezes wild,
That through my locks did rudely play,
Unloosed the jewels from my brow;
It fell to earth, and there it lay.

Time drove the roses from my cheek,
And dimmed the radiance of mine eye,
And then I thought me of the gem
That I had cast so lightly by.
I went to seek it where it fell;
And where I searched in vain the place,
I saw another maiden pass,
A vision fair of youth and grace.

And lo! upon her brow of snow,
I saw my long-lost treasure shine,
Far, far less brilliant than of yore;
And yet I knew that it was mine.
I stretched my hand, and eager cried:
'Give back, restore what is mine own!'
She answering said: 'Nay; once 'twas thine;
But now 'tis mine, and mine alone!

'I found the gem thou couldst not prize
Lying unheeded in the mire;
I cleaned it with my love's pure tears,
And now 'tis all my heart's desire.'
She went her way; and I was left
To gaze into a cold blank life,
Of love and hope alike bereft,
A cheerless lot of toil and strife.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

Select Literature.

The Minister's Dream.

Before commencing my story, I wish to state it is perfectly true in every particular.

'We quite understand that,' said the sceptic of our party, who was wont in the security of friendly intercourse, to characterize all such prefaces as mere introductions to some tremendous blank, blank, blank, which trio the reader can fill up at his own pleasure and leisure.

We were seated, an incongruous company of ten persons, in the best room of an old manse among the Scottish hills. Accident had thrown us together, and accident had driven us under the minister's hospitable roof. Cold, wet and hungry, drenched with rain, sorely beaten by the wind, we had crowded through the door opened by a friendly hand, and now, wet no longer, the pangs of hunger assuaged with smoking rashers of ham, poached eggs, and steaming potatoes, we sat around a blazing fire.

Everything was eminently comfortable, but done upon the most correct principles. Jack could no more have taken it upon him to shock the minister's ears with some of the opinions he aired in Fleet street, than he could have asked for whiskey with his water.

'Yes, it is perfectly true,' continued the minister, looking thoughtfully at the fire. 'I can't explain it. I cannot even try to. I will tell the story exactly as it occurred, and leave you to draw your own conclusions from it.'

None of us answered. We fell into listening attitudes instantly, and eighteen eyes fixed themselves by one accord upon our host.

He was an old man, but hale. The weight of eighty winters had whitened his head, but not bent it. He seemed young as any of us—younger than Jack Hill, who was a reviewer and a newspaper hack and whose way through life had not been altogether on easy lines.

'Thirty years ago, upon a certain Friday morning in August,' began the minister, 'I was sitting at breakfast in the room on the other side of this passage, where you ate your supper, when the servant girl came in with a letter she said a laddie, all out of breath, had brought over from Dendeldy Manse. 'He was bidden run a' the way,' she went on,' 'and he's fairly beaten.'

I told her to make the messenger sit down and put food before him; and then, when she went to do my bidding, proceeded, I must confess, with some curiosity, to break the seal of a missive forwarded in such hot haste.

It was from the minister of Dendeley, who had been newly chosen to occupy the gulpit his father occupied for a quarter of a century and more.

The call from the congregation originated rather out of respect to the father's memory than any extraordinary liking for the son. He had been reared for the most part in England, and was somewhat distant and formal in his manners; and though full of Greek and Latin and Hebrew, wanted the true Scotch accent that goes straight to the heart of those accustomed to the broad, honest, under Scotch tongue.

His people were proud of him, but they did not just like all his ways. They could remember him a lad running about the whole country-side, and they could not understand, and did not approve of, his holding them at arm's-length and shutting himself up among his books, and refusing their hospitality, and sending out word that he was busy, when maybe some very decent man wanted speech with him. I had taken upon myself to point out that I thought he was wrong, and that he would alienate his flock from him. Perhaps it was for this very reason, because I was blunt and plain, he took to me kindly, and never got on his high horse, no matter what I said to him.'

'Well, to return to the letter. It was written in the wildest haste, and entreated me not to lose a moment in coming to him, as he was in the very greatest distress and anxiety. 'Let nothing delay you,' he proceeded. 'If I cannot speak to you soon I believe I shall go out of my senses.'

'What could be the matter?' I thought. 'What, in all the wide earth could have happened?'

'I had seen him but a few days before, and he was in good health and spirits, getting on better with his people, feeling hopeful of so altering his style of preaching as to touch their hearts more sensibly.

'I must lay aside Southern ideas as well as accent, if I can,' he went on smiling. 'Men who live such lives of hardship and privation, who cast their seed into the ground under such rigorous skies, and cut their corn in fear and trembling at the end of late, uncertain summers, who take the sheep out of the snow drifts and carry the lambs into shelter beside their own humble hearths, must want a different sermon from him who sleeps soft and walks delicately.'

'I had implied something of all this myself, and it amused me to find my own thoughts come back clothed in different fashion and presented to me as strangers. Still, all I wanted was his good, and I felt glad he showed such aptitude to learn.

'What could have happened, however, puzzled me sorely. As I made my hurried preparations for setting out, I fairly perplexed myself with speculation. I went into the kitchen, where his messenger was eating his breakfast, and asked him if Mr. Cowly was ill.

'I dinna ken,' he answered. 'He mad' no complaint, but he luiked awfu' bad, just awfu'.'

'In what way,' I inquired.

'As if he had seen a ghast,' was the reply.

'This made me uneasy, and I jumped to the conclusion that the trouble was connected with money matters. Young men will be young men;' and here the minister looked significantly at the callow bird of our company, a youth who had never owed a sixpence in his life or given away a cent; while Jack Hill—no chicken by the way—was over head and ears in debt, and could not keep a sovereign in his pocket, though spending or bestowing it involved going dinnerless the next day.

'Young men will be young men,' repeated the minister, in his best pulpit manner, ('Just as though anyone expected them to be young women?' grumbled Jack to me afterwards), 'and I feared that now he was settled and comfortably off, some old creditor he had been paying as best he could, might have become pressing. I knew nothing of his liabilities, or, beyond the amount of the stipend paid him, the state of his pecuniary affairs; but having once in my own life made myself responsible for a debt, I was aware of all the trouble putting your arm out further than you can draw it back involved, and I considered it most probably money which is the root of all evil,' ('and all good,' Jack's eyes suggested to me), 'was the cause of my young friend's agony of mind. Blessed with a large family—every one of whom is now alive and well, I thank God, out in the world—you may imagine I had not much opportunity for laying by; still, I had put aside a little for a rainy day, and that little I placed in my pocketbook, hoping even a small sum might prove of use in case of emergency.'

'Come, you are a trump,' I saw written plainly on Jack Hill's face; and he settled himself to listen to the remainder of the minister's story in a manner which could not be considered other than complimentary.

Duly and truly I knew quite well he had already devoted the first five guinea cheque he received to the poor of that minister's parish.

'By the road,' proceeded our host, 'Dendeldy is distant from here ten long long miles, but by a short cut across the hills it can be reached in something under six. For me it was nothing of a walk, and accordingly I arrived at the manse ere noon.'

He paused, and, though thirty years had elapsed, drew a handkerchief across his forehead ere he continued his narrative.

'I had to climb a steep brae to reach the front door, but ere I could breast it my friend met me.

''Thank God you are come,' he said, pressing my hand in his. 'O, I am grateful.'

'He was trembling with excitement. His face was of a ghastly pallor. His voice was that of a person suffering some terrible shock, laboring under some awful fear.'

'What has happened, Edward?' I asked. 'I had known him when he was a little boy. 'I am distressed to see you in such a state. Rouse yourself, be a man; whatever may have gone wrong can possibly be righted. I have come over to do all that lies in my power for you. If it is a matter of money'—

''No, no; it is not money,' he interrupted; 'I would that it were!' and he began to tremble again so violently that really he communicated some of his nervousness to me, and put me into a perfect state of terror.

''Whatever it is, Crawley, out with it,' said; 'have you murdered anybody?'

''No, it is worse than that,' he answered.

'But that's just nonsense,' I declared. 'Are you in your right mind, do you think?'

''I wish I were not,' he returned. 'I'd like to know I was stark, staring mad; it would be happier for me—far, far happier.'

'If you don't tell me this minute what is the matter, I shall turn on my heel and tramp my way home again,' said, half in a passion, for what I thought his folly angered me.

''Come into the house,' he entreated and try to have patience with me; for indeed, Mr. Morrison, I am sorely troubled. I have been through my deep waters, and they have gone clean over my head.'

'We went into his little study and sat down. For a while he remained silent, his head resting upon his hand, struggling with some strong emotion; but after about five minutes he asked, in a low, subdued voice.'

''Do you believe in dreams?'

''What has my belief to do with the matter in hand?' I inquired.

'It is a dream, an awful dream, that is troubling me.'

'I rose from my chair,'

'Do you mean to say,' I asked, 'you have brought me from my business and parish to tell me you have had a bad dream?'

''That is just what I mean to say,' he answered. 'At least it was not a dream—it was a vision; no, I don't mean a vision. I can't tell you what it was; but nothing I ever went through in actual life was half so real, and I have bound myself to go through with it all again. There is no hope for me, Mr. Morrison. I sit down before you a lost creature, the most miserable man on the face of the whole earth.'

''What did you dream?' I inquired

'A dreadful fit of trembling again seized him; but at last he managed to say:

''I have been like this ever since, and I shall be like this forever more, till—till—the end comes.'

'When did you have your bad dream?' I asked.

'Last night, or, rather this morning,' he answered. 'I'll tell you all about it in a minute;' and he covered his face with his hands again.

'I was as well when I went to bed, about 11 o'clock, as ever I was in my life,' he began, putting a great restraint upon himself, as I could see by the nervous way he kept knotting and unknotting his fingers. 'I had been considering my sermon, and felt satisfied I should be able to deliver a good one on Sunday morning. I had taken nothing after my tea, and I lay down in my bed feeling at peace with all mankind, satisfied with my lot, thankful for the many blessings vouchsafed to me. How long I slept, or what I dreamed about at first, if I dreamed at all, I don't know; but after a time the mists seemed to clear from before my eyes, to roll away like clouds from a mountain summit, and I found myself walking on a beautiful summer's evening beside the river Dedy.'

'He paused for a moment, and an irrepressible shudder shook his frame.

'Go on,' I said, for I felt afraid of his breaking down again.

'He looked at me pitifully with a hungry entreaty in his weary eyes, and continued:

'It was a lovely evening. I had never thought the earth so beautiful before. A gentle breeze just touched my cheek, the water flowed on clear and bright, the mountains in the distance looked bright and glowing, covered with purple heather. I walked on and on till I came to that point where, as you may, perhaps, remember, the path, growing very narrow, winds round the base of a great crag, and leads the wayfarer suddenly into a little green amphitheatre, bounded on one side by the river, and on the other by rocks that rise in places sheer to a height of a hundred feet or more.'

'I remember it,' I said; 'a little farther on three streams meet and fall with a tremendous roar into the Witches' Caldron. A fine sight in the winter time, only that there is scarce any reaching it from below, as the path you mention and the little green oasis are mostly covered with water.'

'I had not been there before, since I was a child,' he went on mournfully, 'but I recollected it one of the most solemn spots possible, and my astonishment was great to see a man standing in the pathway with a drawn sword in his hand. He did not stir as I drew near, so I stepped aside on the grass. Instantly he barred my way.

'You can't pass here,' he said.

''Why not?' I asked.

'Because I say no,' he answered.

'And who are you that say so? I inquired, looking full at him.

'He was like a god. Majesty and power were written on every feature, were expressed in every gesture; but O, the awful scorn of his smile, the contempt with which he regarded me! The beams of the setting sun fell upon him, and seemed to bring out as in letters of fire the wickedness, and hate and sin that underlay the glorious and terrible beauty of his face.

'I felt afraid, but I managed to say:

'Stand out of my way; the river bank is as free to me as to you.'

'Not this part of it,' he answered; 'this place belongs to me.'

'Very well,' I agreed, for I did not want to stand there bandying words with him, and a sudden darkness seemed to be falling around. 'It is a getting late, and so I'll e'en turn back.'

'He gave a laugh, the like of which never fell on human ear before, and made reply:

'You can't turn back; of your own free will you have come on my ground, and from it there is no return.'

'I did not speak; I only just turned round, and made as fast as I could for the narrow path at the foot of the crag. He did not pass me, yet before I could reach the point I desired he stood barring the way, with the scornful smile still on his lips, and his gigantic form assuming tremendous proportion in the narrow way.

'Let me pass,' I entreated, 'and I will never come here again, never trespass more on your ground.'

'No, you shall not pass.'

'Who are you that takes such power on thyself?' I asked.

'Come closer, and I will tell you,' he said.

'I drew a step nearer, and he spoke one word. I had never heard it before, but I knew what it meant, by some extraordinary intuition. He was the Evil One; the name seemed to be taken up by the echoes and repeated from rock to rock and crag to crag: the whole air seemed full of that one word; and then a great horror of darkness came about us, only the place where we stood remained light. We occupied a small circle walled round with the thick blackness of night.

'You must come with me,' he said.

'I refused; and then he entreated me. I implored and entreated and wept; but at last I agreed to do what he wanted, if he would promise to let me return. Again he laughed and said, Yes, I should return; and the rocks and trees and mountains, ay, and the very rivers, seemed to take up the answer and bear it in sobbing whispers away into the darkness.

'He stooped and lay back in his chair, shivering like one in an ague fit.

'Go on,' I repeated again; ''twas but a dream you know.'

'Was it?' he murmured, mournfully. 'Ah, you have not heard the end of it yet.'

'Let me hear it, then,' I said. 'What happened afterwards?'

'The darkness seemed in part to clear away, and we walked side by side across the sward, in the tender twilight, straight up to the bare black wall of rock, With the hilt of his sword he struck a heavy blow, and the solid rock opened as though it were a door. We passed through, and it closed behind us with a tremendous clang. Yes; yet closed behind us.' And at that point he fairly broke down, crying and sobbing as I had never seen a man, even in the most frightful grief, cry and sob before.'

The minister paused in his narrative. At that moment there came a most tremendous blast of wind, which shook the windows of the manse, and burst open the hall door, and caused the candle to flicker and the fire to go roaring up the chimney. It is not too much to say that, what with the uncanny story, and what with the howling storm, we every one felt that creeping sort of uneasiness which so often seems like the touch of something from another world—a hand stretched across the boundray-line of time and eternity, the coldness and mystery of which make the stoutest heart tremble.

'I am telling you this tale,' said Mr. Morrison, resuming his seat, after a brief absence to see that the fastenings of the house were properly attended to, 'exactly as I heard it. I am not adding a word of comment of my own; nor, so far as I know, am I omitting an incident, however trivial. You must draw your own deductions from the facts I put before you. I have no explanations to give or theory to propound. Part of that great and terrible region in which he found himself, my friend went on to tell me, he penetrated, compelled by a power he could not resist, to see the most awful spectacles, the most frightful sufferings. There was no form of vice that had not there its representative. As they moved along, his companion told him the special sin for which such a terrible punishment was being inflicted, shuddering, and in mortal agony, he was yet unable to draw his eyes from the dreadful spectacle; the atmosphere grew more unendurable, the sights more and more terrible; the cries, groans, blasphemies, more awful and heart-rending.

'I can bear no more,' he gasped at last; let me go!'

'With a mocking laugh the Presence beside him answered this appeal; a laugh which was taken up even by the lost and anguished spirits around.

'There is no return,' said the pitiless voice.

'But you promised,' he cried; 'you promised me faithfully.'

'What are promises here?' and the words were as a sound of doom.

'Still he prayed and entreated; he fell on his knees, and in his agony spoke words that seemed to cause the purposes of the Evil One to falter.

'You shall go,' he said, 'on one condition, that you agree to return to me on Wednesday, next, or send a substitute.'

'I could not do that,' said my friend. 'Better stop myself than do that.'

'Then stop,' said Satan, with the bitterest contempt; and he was turning away, when the poor distracted soul asked for a minute more ere he made his choice.

'He was in an awful strait; on the one hand, how could he remain himself? on the other, how doom another to such fearful torments? Whom could he send! Who would come? And then suddenly there flashed through his mind the thought of an old man to whom it could not signify much whether he took up his abode in this place a few days sooner or a few days later. He was travelling to it as fast as he knew how; he was the reprobate of the parish; the sinner without hope; successive ministers had striven in vain to reclaim from the error of his ways; a man marked and doomed; Sandy the tinker; Sandy, who was mostly drunk and always godless; Sandy, who it was said, believed in nothing, and gloried in his infidelity; Sandy whose soul did not siginfy much. He would send him. Lifting his eyes, he saw those of his tormentor surveying him scornfully.

'Well, have you made your choice?' he asked.'

'Yes; I think I can send a substitute,' was the hesitating answer.'

'See you do it, then,' was the reply; 'for if you do not, and fail to return yourself, I shall come for you. Wednesday, remember, before midnight;' and with those words ringing in his ears he was flung violently through the rock, and found himself in the middle of his bedroom floor, as if he had just been kicked there.'

'That is not the end of the story, is it?' asked one of our party, as the minister came to a full stop and looked earnestly at the fire.

'No,' he answered, 'it is not the end; but before proceeding I must ask you to bear carefully in mind the circumstances already recounted. Specially remember the date mentioned—Wednesday next, before midnight.

'Whatever I thought, and you may think, about my friend's dream, it made the most remarkable impression upon his mind. He could not shake off the influence; he passed from one state of nervousness to another. It was in vain I entreated him to exert his common sense and all his strength of mind to his assistance. I might as well have spoken to the wind. He implored me not to leave him, and I agreed to remain; indeed, to leave him in his then frame of mind would have been an act of the greatest cruelty. He wanted me also to preach in his place on the Sunday ensuing; but this I flatly refused to do.

'If you do not make an effort now,' I said, 'you will never make it. Rouse yourself, get on with your sermon, and if you buckle to work you will soon forget all about that foolish dream.'

'Well, somehow, to cut a long story short, the sermon was composed and Sunday came, and my friend a little better, getting somewhat over his fret, got up into the pulpit to preach. He looked dreadfully ill; but I thought the worst was now over, and that he would go on mending.

'Vain hope! He gave out the text, and then looked over the congregation. The first person on whom his eye lighted was Sandy the Tinker.—Sandy, who had never before been known to enter a place of worship of any sort, Sandy, whom he had mentally chosen as his substitute, and who was due on the following Wednesday—sitting just below him, quite sober and comparatively clean, waiting with a great show of attention for the opening words of the sermon.

'With a terrible cry, my friend caught the front of the pulpit, then swayed back and fell down in a fainting fit. He was carried home and a doctor sent for. I said a few words, addressed apparently to the congregation, but really to Sandy, for my heart somehow came into my mouth at thought of him; and then, after I dismissed the people, I walked slowly back to the manse, almost afraid of what might meet me there.

'Mr. Crawley was not dead, but he was in the most dreadful state of physical exhaustion and mental agitation. It was dreadful to him. How could he go himself? How could he send Sandy? Poor old Sandy, whose soul, in the sight of God, was just as precious as his own.

'His whole cry was for us to deliver him from the Evil One; to save him from committing a sin which would render him a wretched man for life. He counted the hours and the minutes before he must return to that horrible place.

'I can't send Sandy,' he would moan. 'I cannot, O, I cannot save myself at such a price!'

'And then he would cover his face with the bed clothes, only to start up and wildly entreat me not to leave him; to stand between the enemy and himself, to save him, or, if that were impossible, to give him courage to do what was right.

'If this continues,' said the doctor, 'Wednesday will find him either dead or a raving maniac.'

'We talked the matter over, the doctor and I, in the gloaming, as we walked to and fro in the meadow behind the manse and we decided having to make our choice of two evils, to risk giving him such an opiate as should carry him over the dreadful interval. We knew it was a perilous thing to do with one in his condition, but as I said before, we could only take the least of two evils.

'What we dreaded most was his awaking before the time expired; so I kept watch beside him. He lay like one dead through the whole of Tuesday night and Wednesday and Wednesday evening. Eight, nine, ten, eleven o'clock came and passed; twelve, 'God be thanked!' I said, as I stooped over and heard he was breathing quietly.

'He will do now, I hope,' said the doctor, who had come in just before midnight; 'you will stay with him till he wakes?'

'I promised him that I would, and in the beautiful dawn of a summer's morning he opened his eyes and smiled. He had no recollection then of what had occurred he was as weak as an infant, and when I bade him to try to go to sleep again, he turned on his pillow and sank once more to rest.

Worn out with watching, I stepped softly from the room and passed into the fresh, sweet air. I walked down to the garden gate as stood looking at the great mountains and the fair country, and the Deldy wandering like a silver thread through the green fields below.

All at once my attention was attracted by a group of people coming slowly along the road leading from the hills. I could not at first see that in their midst something was being borne on men's shoulders, but when at last I made this out I hurried to meet them and learn what was the matter.

'Has there been a accident?' I asked as I drew near.

They stopped, and one man came towards me.

'Aye,' he said, 'the warst accident that could befa' him, purr fella'. He's died.'

'Who is it?' I asked, pressing forward; and lifting the cloth they had flung over his face, I saw Sandy, the Tinker!

'He had been fou' coming home, I tak' it,' remarked one who stood by, 'pur Sandy, and gaed over the cliff afore he could save himself. We found him just on the side of the Witches' Caldron, where there's a bonny strip of green turf, and his cuddy was feeding on the hill top with the bit cart behind her.'

There was silence for a minute; then one of the ladies said softly, 'Poor Sandy!'

'And what became of Mr. Crawley?' asked the other.

'He gave up his parish and went out as a missionary. He is still living.'

'What a most extraordinary story!' I remarked.

'Yes, I think so,' said the minister 'If you like to go round by Dendeldy to-morrow, my son, who now occupies the manse, would show you the scene of the occurrence.'

The next day we all stood looking at the bonny strip of green, at the frowning cliff, and at the Deldy, swollen by recent rains, rushing on its way.

The youngest of the party went up to the rock, and knocked upon it loudly with his cane.

'O don't do that, pray!' cried both the ladies nervously; the spirit of the weird story still brooding over us.

'What do you think of the coincidence, Jack?' I inquired of my friend, as we walked apart from the others

'Ask me when we get back to Fleet street,' he answered.—*London Society.*

Ships Never Heard From.

The following European steamers have never been heard of after leaving port:

The President, which sailed from New York on March 11th, 1841, and among her passengers were Tyrone Power, the famous Irish comedian, and a son of the Duke of Richmond.

The Great Britain was lost in a storm on the coast of Ireland; left September, 22nd, 1846.

The City of Glasgow was never heard of after leaving Glasgow in the spring of 1854; 480 lives were lost.

The Pacific was never heard from after Jan. 23rd, 1856, when she left Liverpool. 200 lives were lost.

The Connaught was burned off the coast of Massachusetts, Oct. 7th, 1860.

The Tempest was never heard from after she left New York on Feb. 26th, 1857.

The City of Boston left New York, Jan. 25th, and Halifax, Jan. 29th, 1870, and was never afterward heard from; about 169 lives lost.

The United Kingdom left New York, April 17th, 1866, was never heard from; 80 lives lost.

The Hibernian foundered off the Irish coast Nov. 29th, 1868, but was heard from.

The Carolina was wrecked on the Irish coast Nov. 29th, 1863, and 50 lives lost.

The Ismalia left New York Sep. 29th, 1873, and is yet unheard of.—*N. Y. Star.*

NAPOLEON'S PARENTS.—The family of Bonapartes were of pure Italian race; there was not a drop of French blood in any of them. Their ancestors had come from the main-land in the early history of Corsica, and their names are found in the remote annals of Ajaccio. Carlo Bonaparte was a poor gentleman of excellent breeding and character, who married in his youth a young and romantic girl named Letizia Ramolino, who followed him in his campaigns up to the moment of the birth of Napoleon. It is impossible to say how much the history of Europe owes to the high heart and indomitable spirit of this soldier-y woman. She never relinquished her authority in her family. When all her children were princes and potentates, she was still the severe, stern Madame Mere. The beauty and grace of Josephine Beauharnais never conquered her; the sweet Tyrolese prettiness of Maria Louisa won from her only a sort of contemptuous indulgence. When her mighty son ruled the continent, she was the only human being whose chidings he regarded or endured. She was faithful in her rebukes while the sun shone, and when calamity came, her undaunted spirit was still true and devoted to the fallen. Her provincial habit of economy stood her in good stead in her vigorous old age; she was rich when the Empire had passed away, and her grandchildren needed her aid. It must have been from her that Napoleon took his extraordinary character, for Carlo Bonaparte, though a brave soldier and an ardent patriot in his youth, was of an easy and genial temper, inclined to take the world as he found it, and not to insist too much on having it go in his especial way. After the cause of Corsican liberty was lost by the success of the French arms, he accepted the situation without regret, and becoming intimate with the conquerors, he placed as many of his family as possible on the French pension list. His sons Napoleon and Louis were given scholarships