SHIPWRECKS ON ANTICOSTI.

How a Heroic Light-House Keeper Kept his Lamps Rightly Burning.

The Dreadful Suffering of Starving Crews in the Severe Winter of that Polar Island.

(Correspondence of the N. Y. World.)

QUEBEC, Dec. 14.—The lights in the Gulf were put out on the 1st inst., and henceforth until the 1st of April the darkness of winter will brood over the waters. The captains of the Government steamers returned from their annual tour among the light-houses report that this is the most tempestuous fall the Gulf has experienced for years. Wrecks have been frequent, particularly on the fishing grounds. Anticosti has kept up her dread reputation, and the Government provision depots along the coasts have been the salvation of many a castaway, while the strand has been the lone grave of more. The collapse of the company which a few years ago undertook to colonize this island has led to its abandonment by the little colonies which settled there in 1874 in anticipation of the good time promised in the prospectus, and it is now left to the few native fishermen who haunt its shores for cod and halibut, and the solitary light-house keepers. The Acadians have a tradition that God enjoined perpetual silence and desolation on Labrador and Anticosti when he gave them to Cain for a heritage. However that may be, it is certain that while other wilds of the earth yield to man's conquest, these vast wastes remain ever void and empty. The Indians called the island Natiscotee—the country of the wailing—and under the modern corruption of Anticosti it has added to its terrible renown. Its whole history, from the day it was discovered by Jacques Cartier in 1534 to the present, is a record of human suffering. Here and there, however, there is a tale of heroism worthy of a nobler scene. In August, 1869, the family of Edward Pope, keeper of the Ellis Bay light-house, was stricken down by typhoid fever, and to add to his misfortunes the revolving apparatus of the light broke. The Government steamer had gone and Pope had no means of communicating with the Marine Department at Quebec or elsewhere. The light revolved, or flashed, as the technical phrase is, every minute and a half; and if it flashed no more it would probably be mistaken by passing vessels in that region of fog for the stationary light at the west point of the island, and thus lead to dire loss of life. Pope found that with a little exertion he could turn it and make a flash, and at once determined to fill the place of the automatic gear. Accordingly, this humble hero sat in the turret with his watch by his side turning the light regularly at the allotted time every night, from 7 p.m. until 7 a.m., from the middle of August until the 1st of December and from the 1st of April until the end of June, when the government steamer came to his relief with a new apparatus. All through the first season Pope's daughter and grand-children were ill unto death, with nobody save him to nurse them. He waited on them tenderly during the day, but as night fell on the iron-bound coast he hastened to his vigil in the turret, doing his duty to the Canadian Government and to humanity with unflinching devotion. In the second season his daughter, who had lived through the fever, took turns with him in the light-room. This man may have saved a thousand lives. He died in 1872, and his deed has never until this day been chronicled, for of the heroes of Anticosti, as of the long roll of her victims, the world knows nothing.

The sufferings of the passengers and crew of the French ship, La Renommée, on this island form one of the most dreadful records of human misery in the history of mankind. The vessel, of 300 tons burden, [illegible] and laden with furs consigned to the Facands, the King's treasurers, sailed from Quebec to Rochelle, Captain De Freneuse in command, on the 3rd November, 1736. She was a staunch new frigate, well provided, and carrying fourteen guns. Father Emanuel Crespel, a Recollet, was a passenger. He arrived in New France in 1724 and was going home on a visit, intending to come back with the Renommée on the return voyage. He wrote a vivid account of his shipwreck and sufferings to his brother, and from this letter, which the chronicler Bibaud preserved, this narrative is taken. All went well until the 14th of November, when the ship encountered contrary winds, and, while standing towards the south point of Anticosti, and in the act of wearing, was struck by a tremendous sea and as suddenly touched ground, and found herself right on the breakers near the mouth of the Pavilion River, below Ellis Bay. The captain ordered them to lower the boats, and twenty persons jumped into the long-boat as she was swinging from the davits, but the tackling broke and ten were thrown into the sea. A sea at this time struck and broke the ship's rudder, whereupon Capt. De Freneuse had the mizzen-mast cut away. The long-boat had been righted and shoved off for shore, leaving the captain, with twenty-three men, on the wreck. As they approached the shore—the rudder had been injured in the accident, and an officer was steering with a broken oar—they heard the ominous roar of the breakers. It was night, and a heavy sea was running. They were soon caught in the raging surf and dashed with great violence on a small island at the mouth of the Pavilion, which they saw the rising tide would submerge. However, they reached the main land more dead than alive from cold and bruises, and huddling together under a pine tree passed the night in intense suffering, snow falling to the depth of two feet with a biting north wind. At daylight the jolly-boat with six men landed, and later on Captain De Freneuse, with the rest of the crew, also escaped, the captain hauling down his flag and weeping to see so fine a craft given over to the waves. Some provisions, carpenter's tools, some canvas and several muskets, with powder and ball, were saved. The next day the snow was six feet deep. A council was held, at which all hands were present, their common misfortune having made all equal. They knew that a French seal-fishing party would pass the winter at Mingan, fifty-two leagues distant on the north shore, and it was proposed that a detachment should start for there in the boats, secure aid, and return forthwith for those left behind. Ships from Quebec for France in those days carried only two months' provisions, and they found they had only been able to save provisions for forty days, and those in a damaged condition. As the winter in Anticosti lasts six months, it was clear that unless help could be obtained from Mingan they would have to face a horrible death. But while all volunteered for the relief expedition, none were willing to remain behind, and a deadlock ensued. At this crisis Father Crespel celebrated mass and preached a sermon urging self-denial. Yielding to his solicitations, twenty-four men agreed to remain at the Pavilion; and De Freneuse and the friar were appointed to lead the expedition. All that night Father Crespel heard the confessions of the Pavilion company, and at daylight the expedition, after swearing on the Holy Evangelists that they would return for their companions *coûte que coûte*, took to the boats after a painful leave-taking. The mizzen-mast of the Renommée—the vessel itself had broken up peacemeal—had come ashore and been used up in mending the long boat. The ice was troublesome and the cold unparalleled, so that they could scarcely make headway; indeed, on the 2nd December, they had only made nine leagues. That afternoon the long-boat lost sight of the jolly-boat, and soon after was driven ashore. Landing, this party, which included De Freneuse and Father Crespel, built a fire on the cliffs to attract the attention of those in the missing boat, but without avail. On the 7th December they set out again, but after battling vainly with the ice for three hours were compelled to seek the shore, realizing to their horror that further progress was impossible. They placed their provisions in a hut built of pine branches, and so situated that no one could enter it without being seen by his comrades, who camped in rude huts round about. Each man was served with four ounces of flour per diem, and in addition two pounds of flour and such fox and seal meat as they could obtain was made into a general mess, Father Crespel dividing it into equal parts. A spoonful of dried peas varied this scant bill of fare once a week. For water the melted the snow, which was now eight feet deep on the level. Ophthalmia caused by the smoke of the huts, the glaring of the snow and the intense cold, soon set in among them, and was followed apace by diabetes and scurvy. On December 24, Father Crespel succeeded in thawing a few drops of wine which he had religiously preserved, and celebrated midnight mass in one of the huts. "It was an affecting sight," he writes, "to see these castaways appealing to the mercy of the Divine Son. It was a chapel without ornaments, and my congregation was filthy and ragged, but more heartfelt prayers were never wafted to the throne of grace. On New Year's Day, 1737, they were appalled on finding that their boat had been carried out to sea during the night, and for five days the camp gave itself up to lamentation. They began to upbraid heaven and to talk of suicide, but Father Crespel exhorted them not to enter into the presence of their maker self-murderers, and held forth on the agony in the garden and the sufferings of the saints. On Epiphany he celebrated mass *De Spiritu Sancto*, imploring heaven to give them strength to die as became Christian men. That afternoon two of the party while in search of foxes came upon a deserted wigwam and a canoe containing the fat of a seal. This cheered them greatly, for it was proof that Indians were not far off. On January 23 the master-carpenter died, and the legs of many of the survivors began to swell. On February 16 De Freneuse gave up his intrepid soul; then Jerome Bosseman and Girard, sailors; and then the master-gunner, a Calvinist, "who before his death abjured the heresy." Each as his last hour approached confessed to Father Crespel and bade the survivors await their fate with resignation. As they died the strongest left sorrowfully lifted the dead body and with feeble steps carried it to the door of the hut and buried it in the snow, for they had not strength to carry it further or give it a christian sepulture. On the 6th of March, while they were all in one hut, they huddled together for warmth, a fierce snow-storm arose and buried them, and for three days they remained in this tomb; five more dying. They were too weak to dig through the snow, and hence could not reach their storehouse nor bring in firewood. On the fourth day Basile and Foucault managed to cut a passage out, and reached the provisions, but on their return their feet were frozen and soon mortified, dropping off at the ankles. The next day, being still without a fire, Lieutenant Vaillant died of cold while lying on his pine-branch litter. On the 19th of March four died, including De Senneville and Vaillant, the younger, a lad of sixteen. The rags were torn off their bodies and used as lint to cover the wasting sores of the living. De Senneville had been a page to La Dauphine and an officer in the Mousquetaires. Three only remained—Father Crespel, the seaman Leger, and Furst—and they determined to go into the interior in the hope of meeting with Indians. They yoked themselves, walking skeletons, to the canoe they found on Epiphany, but they could not drag it over the frozen snow. They killed a fox, however, and cooked it, falling upon it so ravenously even while it was roasting on the embers that they were ill for two days. On April 1 an Indian came upon them, much to his amazement, but went away promising to return with help. Two days passed and there was no sign of him, and they gave themselves up to death. Father Crespel began to read the litany for the dead, and was thus engaged when he was startled by the report of a musket, and on staggering to the door saw an Indian carrying off the canoe. The friar, who spoke several Indian jargons, crawled up to him and in tears entreated him to help them. The Indian had a child with him, and Father Crespel seized it, and pointing his musket at the Indian declared he would hold the boy as a hostage until help came. On this the Indian put them into the canoe, and, the sea being open in channels, conveyed them up the coast a few miles, when he landed them, and picking up the child fled into the interior. Father Crespel fired his musket in the air, and it was answered by a shot. He and Leger made their way slowly into the bush, while Furst lay down and said he would wait for death. They came to an Indian camp, the chief receiving them kindly, and explaining that the Indian who deserted them did so because he thought from their appearance they were spirits, not men. Furst was brought in also. On the 1st of May the Indians conveyed them to Mingan, and M. Volant, the chief of that post, at once fitted out an expedition for the Pavillon, Father Crespel accompanying it. On reaching the mouth of the river they fired a volley, and instantly four emaciated objects emerged from the woods and knelt on the strand, extending their hands towards the boat. These were all that remained of the party of twenty-four, and two of them died immediately—Tenguy, a Breton, while being helped to a glass of brandy, and Tourillet from joy. The sufferings of this party had also been terrible. They had eaten their shoes and even devoured their fur breeches. A stone cross, which stands to this day, was erected over a common grave into which the remains of the dead were thrust. A few miles from the Pavillon the bodies of the men who accompanied the De Freneuse party in the jolly-boat were found decomposed on the strand. Hence, of the fifty-four men on board the Renommée only five survived the shipwreck and the sufferings of that winter.

In 1828 the passengers and crew of the Gramous, from Quebec to the Cove of Cork, experienced even a more deplorable fate on this island. They were wrecked, forty souls in all, near the last point. Some were drowned, it is believed, while the rest set out for Fox Cove, where there had been a provision depot. It had been removed, however, and the castaways found only an empty hut and an iron pot. Of their sufferings there is no record, for none lived to tell the tale, but the Government schooner on its visit in the spring gathered the main facts. The beams of the hut were shambled like a butcher's stall with human carcases; the pot, containing human flesh and bones, hung over an extinct fire, while round about lay the skeletons of the guests of this infernal feast. One skeleton was found in a hammock, and by its side a bag containing 48 sovereigns and a note in pencil, signed "B. Harrington"—one of the passengers—requesting that the money, if found, should be sent to "Mary Harrington, Barrack street, Cove, as it was the property of her son." Two skeletons were also found in the woods, where it is supposed the living men went to avoid the scenes in the hut. These are but two of the hundreds of wrecks this desolate shore has witnessed. As a rule the vessel goes to pieces among the breakers and the crew are washed ashore. The lighthouse man scanning the shore and the sea from his eyrie sees wreckage beating up with the surf and dark objects lying on the strand. He knows from this that his domain has been the scene of a tragedy during the night, and hastens along the beach to give the mutilated bodies a grave. The French fishermen may well sing of Anticosti as of the Polar seas:—

Oh! combien de marins, combien de capitaines,
Qui sont partis joyeux pour des courses lointaines,
Dans ce morne horizon se sont ensevelis!

In 1680 Anticosti was granted in fief to Louis Jolliet, the discoverer and pioneer of the west, and he built a fort at Pointe des Anglais, where he ruled the island. His garrison consisted of six vassals armed with muskets, and it is needless to say that like Caius Julius Cæsar and Miles Standish, he knew the name of each of his soldiers. Jolliet was taken prisoner by the English under Admiral Phipps in 1690, but released on the failure of that expedition—which paid the tribute of one ship to the rocks of Anticosti—to take Quebec. He died there, or, as some say, at Mingan, in 1700, and the historian Charlevoix quaintly says that his death was not due to old age, but that his heart was broken by the stubbornness of the globe and the misery of his surroundings on Anticosti.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Wealth and Prospects of the Island.

As the question of Newfoundland becoming a part of the Dominion has again been revived, any information as to the island's resources is interesting. The following account, therefore, of the travels of a correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* will prove readable:—

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Dec. 10, 1878.

My peregrinations have been confined to Newfoundland. I wanted to see, with my own eyes, what is going on in the mining region, now attaining such widespread notoriety. I had also long cherished a longing to see something of the interior of the country. Both my wishes have been gratified. I spent several weeks in the mining region, and enjoyed ample opportunities of collecting information in regard to the present condition and prospects of our mining industry. I had also the good fortune to be enabled to enjoy an excursion into the interior, which is rarely visited, and to cross the island from east to west. Both excursions were exceedingly pleasant. The latter was made in company with Sir John Hawley Glover, Governor of the Colony, who, since his arrival here, has taken an intelligent and active interest in the affairs of the island, and has been unwearied in initiating and promoting measures of progress calculated to develop our fine natural resources and improve the condition of the people. Not satisfied with the enjoyment of inglorious ease within the comfortable precincts of Government House, Sir John takes means to inform himself by personal observation, regarding the wants and condition of our working population, the natural capabilities of the country, and all that concerns its industries and progress. For this purpose he makes frequent journeys through various portions of the island, in order to see, with his own eyes, what is going on, and what is needed to start us, more effectually, on the path of progress. He has formed a very high estimate of the capabilities of this island, over whose destinies he has been called to preside, and believes that a great future awaits it; and it is certain that since his arrival here, only two and a half years ago, we have made more rapid strides than during the previous twenty or thirty years, and mainly through the energetic impulse given by our present progressive ruler. A railway survey has been completed, and one hundred and eighty miles of telegraphic extension have been carried out, connecting the west coast and the mining region with the capital, one of the most useful and important public works yet initiated.

Sir John is also advocating energetically a graving dock for St. John's, capable of admitting the largest transatlantic steamers, and has obtained plans and estimates of the work through a London engineering firm. This year he planned an excursion across the island from Hall's Bay, an arm of Notre Dame Bay, to the opposite coast. He was good enough to invite me to accompany him on this expedition, an offer which I very gladly accepted. We were nearly a month on the journey, and we found the tract of country traversed far exceeding our expectations in beauty and natural fertility. Already a road has been surveyed, nearly coincident with the route we followed, and there is every reason to hope that next year a beginning will be made in the construction of such a road may be judged of from the fact that we found the greatest height of land, from shore to shore, to be only 400 feet above the level of the sea. In fact a great plain, with extensive stretches of water communication, has been levelled by the hand of nature across the island, and through this will undoubtedly be the first highway between east and west. The quick eye of Sir John Glover saw the advantages of this route, and by personal examination he has been able to confirm previous impressions. There is strong reason for believing that the line of road will pass through a coal field, on the borders of Grand Lake, the value of which may prove to be very great, while mineral indications are very abundant.

THE NEW CHILI—WONDERFUL MINING OPERATIONS.

Of course, in a single letter, I could not attempt to give an account of what I saw during these excursions. I shall, however, endeavour to give a slight outline, and in future communications I may be able to sketch some of the more important details. First, in reference to the mining region. The impression left on my mind, by all I saw and heard, is, that Newfoundland is destined to become the Chili of North America—that ere many years elapse, a new Cornwall will spring up in the northern portion of the island. The Bett's Cove Copper Mine has, in three years, yielded 75,000 tons of ore, and shows no signs of exhaustion. The lowest workings are now 400 feet below the surface. When I made the descent into this mine, I found the extent of the excavations perfectly astounding—sufficient, one would think, to occupy twenty or thirty years in opening them out. On reaching the first "level," I found myself at the bottom of a huge chamber, the roof of which was sixty feet overhead, shaped like the dome of a cathedral. The great cavity had been scooped out by the miners in removing the copper ore which originally filled it. Huge pillars of ore have been left for the support of the roof, and, in course of time, these will be replaced by wooden or stone supports, and the ore removed. How many tons of ore have been taken out of this great "pocket" it would be difficult to say. Galleries have been opened in various directions from this cavity, according to the run of the deposits, which are in beds, not veins; and in this way, each "pocket" is followed until it is emptied of its contents, and a new one is then entered on. A vertical shaft was first sunk, and cross-cuts were then driven out from the shaft at right angles to the strike of the deposits.

In order to reach the deep deposits, the working field is divided into various horizons or stories, the distance between two of which is from ten to twenty fathoms. The levels which serve as bases to two consecutive horizons or stories are connected by workings. The lower level serves to bring in the air from the downcast shaft, and the upper level takes it back to the upcast shaft, with which it is placed in communication. The lowest level opened in Bett's Cove mine, as I have stated, is 400 feet below the surface. The value of the ore already taken out of this mine I should estimate at two millions of dollars. Last year, when 45,000 tons of ore were shipped, nearly half a million dollars were paid in wages, etc.

PROGRESS AT BETT'S COVE.

All the ore goes to Swansea, where it is smelted. Six cupola furnaces, on the most approved principle, with hot-air blasts, have been erected at Bett's Cove; and in future all the poorer ores will be smelted there, and raised to a "regulus" of at least 30 or 40 per cent. of copper, before exportation. In this way the very poorest ores can be turned to account, and the expense of freight greatly reduced. A tramway of three-quarters of a mile in length, connects the mine with the harbour, and over this the ore is sent for shipment. Bett's Cove harbour, though small, is safe, and is now protected by a breakwater. Fine wharves, half a mile in length, have been erected on both sides. Great cliffs, 300 feet in height, guard the entrance of the harbour on each side, the mouth of the harbour being a cleft in a great wall of rock.

When I was there about 1,000 men were employed, the population altogether being about 2,000. Three years ago, two small huts, owned by fishermen, were the only erections. Now there are comfortable houses for the population I have named; three churches, a school-house, hospital, public hall, foundry, workshops, telegraph station, offices, stores, residences for the officers of the mine, a jigging mill to wash out the finer particles of the copper, a fine range of stables, etc. The Bett's Cove Mining Company is now regularly organized, on the principle of limited liability, with a subscribed capital of either a quarter or half a million pounds sterling. The stock is nearly all held by the same parties, who have so successfully conducted operations from the outset—namely, Mr. Ellershausen, the managing partner, who directs all operations, and to whose energy and sagacity the success of the mine is largely owing; together with the wealthy Glasgow capitalists, Messrs. Dickson and McKenzie, and four others to complete the legal number for a limited liability company.

LITTLE BAY MINE—A CLIFF OF COPPER.

The glories of Bett's Cove Mine have, however, been completely eclipsed by Little Bay Mine, about fifteen miles from the former. This mine was first discovered in August last, and leased, on a royalty, to the Bett's Cove Mining Company, who are working it with great energy. I visited it a fortnight after operations were commenced. The sight was wonderful. About 400 men were at work on an immense cliff of copper, some 30 feet high and 200 or 300 yards in length. They were literally quarrying the ore in huge blocks. I saw masses estimated to weigh three tons lying about, which had been brought down by the blasts of the miners. An immense pile of ore was heaped up—some 1,200 tons—ready for shipment, and a cluster of workmen were employed in constructing a tramway, over half a mile in length, from the mine to the harbour, down a gentle declivity.

The harbour is one of the finest in the island, being five miles in length, with deep water almost to the shore, and completely landlocked. The situation of the mine is beautiful, far superior to Bett's Cove. There is a small valley, at one end of which the houses of the workmen are erected, with tall trees all around, and a little inlet called Indian Bight in front. I paid a second visit to Little Bay mine a month later, just six weeks from the time it was opened. I found the tramway completed, and was informed that 3,000 tons of ore had passed over it, and had been shipped. Two vessels were taking in cargoes of ore at an excellent wharf, and 530 men were at work. Most of the surface developement of the ore had been removed, as well as 5,000 tons of rock, and tunnelling under ground had commenced. This will be the great mine of the future. It is ascertained that the deposits of ore are very large, and the ore averages 14.28 per cent. copper. The facilities for mining and shipping are unrivalled.

EXCELSIOR—EL DORADO SUPERSEDED.

This, however, does not end my tale. Since the opening of Little Bay Mine, yet another has been discovered on the south-west arm of Green Bay, and leased to Bett's Cove Company, which, if reports may be relied on, is destined, in turn, to eclipse Little Bay. The quality of the ore is said to be the best yet discovered, averaging from twenty to twenty-six per cent. of copper equal to fine ore brought from the Cape of Good Hope. A large surface development, in the form of a ridge of copper ore, has also been found here, and of great extent. I have not visited this new mine, but on the authority of a person whose testimony is quite reliable, I should be disposed to expect wonderful results from this newest mine.

There are now eight copper mines in [illegible] Naked Man Mine, from the fancied resemblance of the hill in which it is to a human being in complete undress. This mine has been leased by a wealthy London company on a royalty of eight shillings sterling per ton, and operations are going on in a very satisfactory manner. A Nova Scotia company is working two other mines, but I am unable to say with what results. Constant reports of new discoveries are pouring in, and as only a mere strip of the mineral region has yet been examined, there can be little doubt that greater discoveries will be made in the future.

Our proximity to Swansea—freight being only 18s per ton—the ease of carrying on mining operations here compared with Cornwall and Devonshire; the abundance of labour—all combine to give us great advantages. Should matters progress as they have done, this country will become one of the main sources for the supply of copper ore to Britain; a race of "copper lords" will spring up who will exercise a controlling influence over the English copper market; and wealth and population will increase here rapidly. Already most of the Cornwall copper mines have been closed, as at the present low price of copper, these deep mines cannot be worked but at a loss. The total quantity of copper ore raised in Britain last year was but 73,000 tons. We sent to Swansea 50,000 tons.

His Christmas.

Yesterday morning a man of frank countenance and confidential air halted a policeman on Griswold street, and asked the officer if he knew of a worthy widow woman in Detroit, adding:—

"You see, I'm a lone man, and having plenty of money in my pocket, I feel like making the coming Christmas a joyful one to some poor widow and her innocent orphans."

The officer gave him the address of three different worthy widows, and the man went his way. I about an hour some loud talk in a saloon on the street attracted the officer's attention, and the lone man with a big heart came out of the place with his coat torn down the back.

"Hello! I thought you were anxious to send a barrel of flour to some poor widow," said the officer.

"What I want is to send half a barrel of flour to some poor widow," slowly replied the man, "and now I'm going right off to do it."

He went across to Woodward avenue and tried to buy a dog off a boy for five cents, and then made several men drink with him. He then took a notion to go to the post office, but on the way met the officer, who asked him if the flour had been sent.

"Whaz flour?" demanded the inebriate.

"Why, that fifty pounds you were going to send some worthy widow."

"Wasn't joing to shend fifzy pounds—only twezy-five pounds," replied the man, and he at once started for a grocery. On the way he fell down and rolled off the walk, and being unable to rise, word was sent to the officer, who came to take him down. Lifting him up, he asked:—

"Did you send that flour to that worthy widow?"

Bursting into tears the man leaned over on the blue-coat and sobbed out:—

"Poor wurzy widder—fojot all 'bout 'er. Tell her to pull frew some way till Fo'th July an' I'll buy 'er hull buncher firecrackers!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Lardos, who poisoned his father and mother, and an old boarder in the family, with her son, in May, 1876, in Tennessee, was returned to the State Lunatic Hospital last night. Lardos escaped from the State Hospital about the middle of October, and passed most of the intervening time in Memphis, until a troubled conscience robbed him of sleep. He surrendered himself, having sought in vain to become a victim of yellow fever. His object in giving himself up, he says, was that justice might get her deserts in his execution. He expresses willingness to be hanged.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Peterboro' has a new post office.

Old rye is known as "tangle-leg" in Wingham.

Wolves and foxes are plentiful this winter in Manitoba.

In London three hundred families are in receipt of weekly relief.

An effort is about to be made in Montreal to revive the Canadian National party.

A large number of bogus quarters and half-dollars are in circulation around Prescott.

A by-law repealing the Dunkin Act in the County of Bruce will be voted on on January 21st.

The Council of the township of Hope thinks $514 too much to be paid in a year for sheep killed by dogs.

A fine large factory, the largest in the county of Argenteuil, has been erected in five weeks at La Cleute.

Mr. James Domville, M.P., is still confined to his bed with his broken arm. He is not likely to be out for some time.

The Methodists of Teeswater purpose building a new church. Two thousand dollars have already been subscribed.

The Governor-General and the Princess Louise attended service on Christmas day at St. Bartholomew's church, Bishop Lewis officiating.

The Grits of North Lanark have set aside Mr. Lædden and chosen Mr. W. C. Caldwell in his stead, as their nominee for the Local House.

Mr. Molesworth, the government engineer, who recently inspected the Belleville and North Hastings railway, has passed and accepted the road.

The Town Council of Peterboro' have resolved to petition the Ontario Legislature for a reduction of the number of its members to one from each ward.

The municipal council of Henryville, Que., have passed by one majority a by-law to impose a tax on all so-called "verbalized" bridges in the parish.

John Coburn, a brother of the celebrated pugilist, was sent to gaol at Sandwich the other day for fifty days for assaulting the Chief-of-Police, and drunkenness.

The Mormons at London held a public soiree on Christmas Eve, consisting of readings and recitations, followed by the presentation of prizes to school children.

Mary Ann Russell, an abandoned woman, aged 36, has been placed in gaol at Brockville charged with the murder of her illegitimate child at Leeds on the 8th inst.

A young lady of the town of Bowmanville has gone to California to meet a man with whom she had corresponded but never saw. He sent her $220 to pay her way there.

The Pembroke *Observer* has a rumour that Messrs. McIntyre and Worthington are about to purchase the Canada Central, the amount mentioned being nine millions of dollars.

Joseph Worrell, aged 84, having died suddenly while attending mass at the Friar's school, Diamond Harbour, the Quebec *Mercury* declares death was the result of fasting.

Mrs. Lane, an actress, gave the bell-boy, Charles Benton, at the Crawford Hotel, Windsor, ten dollars to pay her board bill. The boy quietly pocketed the bill and left for Detroit.

Pickpockets still infest the Bonaventure depot at Montreal. Four of them made an attempt to rob two passengers on Tuesday evening on the platform of one of the railroad cars.

The Maine Beet Sugar Company have offered the Aroostook, N.B., valley farmers $4 per ton for next year's crop of beets. From fifteen to twenty tons an acre can be raised in that district.

A Christmas dinner was, according to the prin- [illegible] and Drummondville to Sorel, a distance of about a hundred miles, and will open up, it is said, a valuable business connection.

The new gas works at Barrie are to cost $23,000. Mr. Cathels, formerly manager of the Montreal gas works, and Mr. Littlehales, designer of the works and superintendent of the Hamilton gas company's establishment, have leased the works for fourteen years.

While the inmates of Mr. Samson's house in Joseph street, Quebec, were at midnight mass on Tuesday night, thieves entered the premises and carried off almost everything portable. Mr. Samson estimates his loss at about $300, including two gold watches, silver plate, a fur coat, two fur caps, &c.

Mr. John McVey, of the village of Yarmouth, Elgin county, has reconsidered his offer to give a thousand dollars for the recovery of his daughter Margaret, who so mysteriously disappeared some time ago, and now only offers that very indefinite "liberal reward" for information concerning her.

Mr. Rufus Stephenson, M.P., announces that after twenty-seven years intimate association with that ably conducted paper, the Chatham *Planet*, he has disposed of the journal and all its belongings to his sons, Messrs. Sydney and Edward Frederick Stephenson, who will henceforth carry it on.

An attempt is to be made at Halifax to have direct steam communication with Havana. The first vessel, the steamer Valetta, of the Montreal and Acadian line, will leave Halifax for Havana direct on January 25th. This is no doubt the starting point to complete a revolution in Halifax trade with the West Indies.

The clergy of St. Patrick's church, Quebec, are making an active war on dime novels and trashy literature of that kind. A quantity of the stuff found in the possession of their parishioners has been recently consigned to the flames, some of it having been only borrowed, the holders have apologized to the owners for the loss of their property.

On Tuesday evening last Mrs. John Fairbairn, wife of a farmer living north of Sharon, in descending into the cellar missed her footing and fell to the bottom, breaking her neck. Her husband entered the house shortly afterwards, and having asked where his wife was, went down to the cellar and found her dead.

It is stated that a mission of Messrs. Sargent and Roxburgh to Belleville, regarding the railway scheme now before the people of Peterboro' county, was eminently successful, and that a conference of the Directors of the Grand Junction railway and some of the leading citizens of Peterboro' will shortly be held to discuss the matter.

The Moncton, N.B., *Times* says:—"A member of the police force in St. John, a short time ago, offered his hand and heart to a young lady, and was refused. He arrested her and took her to the police office. Magistrate—'What's the charge against the woman?' 'Resisting an offer, sir,' was the reply. She was discharged, and so was the officer."

Says the Orillia *Packet*:—"It is stated that Mr. Cook sent a present of a case of choice brandy a few days ago, to one of his enthusiastic supporters in East Simcoe, but some bibulous friends, discovering the destination and 'nature of the case,' broached the contents, and sadly diminished the quantity in drinking to the health of the generous donor."

A law society has been organised by the members of the Lindsay bar, with the following officers:—President, Mr. Adam Hudspeth, deputy judge; vice-president, Mr. Wm. McDonnell, jr.; secretary, Mr. D. J. McIntyre. The regulation of fees, and the advocacy of such a system as will enable county barristers to dispense with agents in Toronto, will be among the prin- [illegible] around, and scattering ashes all over the room. Fortunately the greatest damage was done to the nerves of the inmates of the house, which for a few moments were completely unhinged.

An ancient promissory note, reading as follows, is in the possession of a Hamilton detective:—

"ANCASTER, 11th Oct., 1801.

"On or before the 1st day of January next ensuing, I promise to pay Mr. John Baptiste Rousseaux, or order, two hundred and sixteen gallons of whiskey, to sink the bubble 36 degrees. Value received.

"WILLIAM GAMBLE.

"Witness, S. Hatt."

A quartette of musical tramps struck Harriston last week. They gathered in a few dollars, and then purchased a pail of whiskey and had a "glorious" time, the upshot of which was that two—a man and a woman—were found dead drunk in the gutter and provided with lodgings in the lock-up, while the others sought a resting place in a stable. The next day they left the town under pressure.

A correspondent says:—"We have an Edison in this vicinity of Bishop's Mills, who styles himself Professor Woolworth. He has of late invented an air engine, which he claims to be a great success. He was to have it on exhibition at Bishop's Mills on Saturday evening last, and also lecture on air as a motive power, but up to the time of writing I have been unable to obtain information regarding the success of the exhibition."

His Lordship the Bishop of Huron writes from England to Rev. John Gemley, of London, that the standing committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has passed a resolution recommending that a grant of £2,000 be made toward the establishment of the proposed Western University. This, with £500 given to the Bishop by a friend for the same object, makes altogether $30,000 which his lordship has raised.

Mr. Alexander Macdonald, of Malton, on Saturday last, invited a friend into his grocery and liquor store and gave him a glass of whiskey, along with some crackers and cheese. It was a dear piece of hospitality to Mr. Macdonald, for he was fined the following Monday $20 and costs, although the magistrate expressed his belief that the storekeeper was only acting in a "kind and hospitable manner." Mr. Macdonald has a shop licence.

James Scarlet, the man arrested at Woodslee, Essex county, for counterfeiting, has been committed for trial. He is a gunsmith and cabinent-maker by trade. His wife, with a small babe in her arms, was present at the preliminary examination, sobbing as if her heart would break. It was proved that on several occasions the prisoner had passed the bogus coins with the remark, when suspicion was aroused, that they were only a little greasy.

The Guelph *Herald* truly says:—"The favourite amusement of the Grit editor just now is to hunt up some business which has deteriorated somewhat since the election, publish the fact, and aver in all solemnity that 'Sir John, before the election, promised that if he were returned to power, this particular business would be increased. The fact that in every instance the statement regarding the promise is absolutely untrue does not stand in the way."

A Brampton papers says:—"While in the churches of almost every other town in Canada some allusion was made on Sunday last to the death of Princess Alice, nothing of the kind was mentioned here. Would it not have been appropriate to have offered a prayer for our beloved Queen in her deep sorrow, caused by the sudden and unexpected bereavement. We know at least one church in town where a loyal sentiment is seldom or never uttered during divine service."

Many a time and oft have the dangers of leaving young children at home alone been pointed out, and still thoughtless parents will do it. Recently the four-year-old daughter of a Mrs. Forrest, living at Huntley was left alone, and while she was playing by the stove, her clothes caught fire. The child, barefooted, ran out in the snow, and with wonderful presence of mind in one so young, threw herself on the ground and tried to extinguish the flames by rolling over and over. In this she did not succeed, and the fire was still burning when her little brother, about two years older than herself, opportunely arrived, and after stripping the burning clothes off her back, carried her into the house. The whole of the poor child's right breast and side were burnt to the bones, and her recovery is very doubtful.

Farmers are proverbially discontented. The crops are a standing grievance. These have been, however, very abundant this year, and therefore complaint is made of the low prices obtained for cereals. But if the farmer has received less per bushel for his crops, he has paid less for all articles consumed on the farm. Clothing and all articles which were required to be purchased have been lower perhaps than at any previous period. Of course a home market is required, and that will come in time.

The Belleville *Intelligencer* reports that there is a great deal of excitement over mining for phosphate in the northern part of Frontenac and Addington. Numbers of men have been prospecting for months past, and many deposits have been found, but few of which, however, are of an extensive character. Still, profitable occupation has been furnished to a number of men in developing the mines, the product of which realizes from $8 to $9 per ton. The *Whig* thinks it quite probable that similar deposits exist in all the townships north of Kingston.

Amateurs should be careful how they try to kill pigs. Recently a newly arrived settler at Brunel, Muskoka, attempted to slaughter a large boar, when, after he had been stuck, the animal turned on him and compelled him to take refuge by hanging to the joists of the barn. In this position the would be butcher yelled for dear life, and brought to his assistance a boy with a gun, who shot his infuriated boarship, and saved the man just as he was on the point of dropping from exhaustion.

Jackknife or pistol is the question a Harriston justice of the peace is called upon to decide. Messrs. Henry Stiles and Edward Burton quarrelled about a line fence, when the latter presented something at the former's head. Burton declares the weapon was a knife with a corkscrew attachment, which he produced in Court, while Stiles swears positively it was a revolver. The incident took place at Jerusalem, a few miles from Harriston, and is the first case of law-breaking that has occurred in the namesake of the Holy City.

The Peel, Carlton county, N.B., correspondent of the Woodstock *Sentinel*, says:—"This place has been the scene of a great deal of sickness during the present season. Almost every family has suffered from diphtheria; some five children have been taken from as many different families by this fearful disease. Through its effects others have been left without the use of their limbs; some have had their eye-sight very much affected by it; from this cause, one of Mr. Benjamin Atwater's sons, about seventeen years of age, has entirely lost the use of his arms and legs.

Bernard Naughton, jr., aged 19, of the 12th con., Peel, wished to become a better man, and to give his wish effect set fire to Mr. William Bettersen's barn, causing the destruction of ten cattle, three pigs, two horses, a lot of poultry and some agricultural implements, besides the barn and other buildings, the whole being valued at $2,772. Naughton's object was to get sent to the Penitentiary in order that he might learn a trade. A man so determined on reformation might, one would think, have gained his point at far less cost to Mr. Bettersen. But then he had a spite against the latter, and doubtless thought he would satisfy his vindictive spirit and cast the old Satan behind him at the same time. He has been committed for trial at the Guelph Assizes, and thus has made one step to- [illegible] turned party of deer hunters of this city, who had been in the upper peninsula, relate the following account of a characteristic wedding among the settlers, of which they were eye-witnesses after a "logging-bee:" The young man had taken up a homestead "amid the death-like solitude;" had cleared off a small patch, and with the assistance of his scattered neighbours, some of whom had come from a distance of eight and ten miles, had erected a log cabin, and while these same neighbours were there, having a general good time, and a "house warming," he was to take to himself, in his new home, a bride. They came in the heavy lumber waggon, driven by oxen, from the nearest station, twenty-five miles distant—a sort of preliminary bridal tour—to their new home, while the sturdy yeomen and their wives had collected from far and near to witness the unusual sight of the first wedding in that county. A minister to tie the connubial knot was not to be found in that unchristianized region, and the person selected to perform the ceremony was the justice of the peace, a very young man—who had not been selected to fill that judicial position with regard to his knowledge or qualifications for the office, but "because he had such a sedate and solemn way." He was brought there without knowing for what purpose, until after his arrival, and when told he remonstrated:—"Now, boys, I can't do it; I don't know how; I never married a couple in my life." But his objections were silenced when told that he was the only legally authorized person around there; that a minister was an unheard-of luxury, and could not be had for love or money. One or two of the married men present got the young justice off into a corner of the room, and gave him some instructions in regard to the ceremony from their own past experience. Then the ceremony began.

"Now, then," said his Honour, "stand up."

They stood up, and the company gathered closely around, like a "ring" at a prize fight of pugilists, with eyes open, and gaping mouth, determined not to lose any of the "show."

Then, turning to his elder informant, the bewildered youth asked, sotto voice:—"What next?" After receiving satisfactory information, he again addressed himself to the happy cou