

Literature.

WOODED.

In leafy girls, the garden-walls
Around the lines and plats were drawn—
Round many a myrtle interspace;
And crisper breadth of summer lawn;
High on the wild sculpt. Tassan urn;
The peacock drowed; and far below
Ranged many a terrace statue-dusked,
And fringed with balustrades of snow.
"I love," I said; she silent turned
Her thoughtful face afloat the south,
While twenty shadows, passion-winged;
Ran round the curvings of her mouth.

I stole one hand across the seat,
And touched her dainty, shining arm,
Lent to her neck, and whispered through
The trees that hid her small ear's charm.
The hot wind stirred the bleached grapes,
And sifted half the fountain's froth;
"And if I love, or dream I love,
Sweet cousin mine, need'st thou be worth?"
One moment trifling with her fan,
She pressed the margin to her brows;
"Love," she replied, "and peace and rest,
Dwell in your heart, and hearth, and house."

"Wouldst see the picture I adore?"
Through pensive lips she answered "Yes;"
Then, slowly breathing turned to me
Her sweet face white with pain's excess—
I drew the mirror from my breast,
And placed it in her passive hand;
"Look, cousin, look at her I love,
The brightest blossom in the land."
A faint blush bled about her brows,
Her low voice trembled thro' and thro',
She drooped her head—"Ah, cousin mine,
God help her, for she loves you too."

Then rising up, close linked we paced
Where the dun almonds dusk'd the swarth;
Nor heard the bells of Time, until
The great stars wheeled across the north
Till half the palms lapsed black in shade,
And half the poplar tops grew pale,
And woke amid the passion-flowers,
The mellow-throated nightingale.
Rich peace was ours; from bird and plant,
To the faint splendour in the blue,
I fancy myriad voices sighed:
"God bless her, for she loves you too."

HOW I MADE A FORTUNE.

(Concluded from last week.)

"I am going to give you a chance to make something for yourself. Draw out your money and invest it in this venture."

"Thank you, Sir. I should be very happy to do so; but unfortunately I have to give a month's notice."

"Never mind. Transfer the account to me, and I will draw it while you are away, and advance the amount to you now. The vessel will sail on day after to-morrow. Dine with me to-morrow afternoon. You can leave when Lipscombe comes to arrange your outfit. I will have your place supplied for you until your return. To-morrow morning I will put you in full possession of my views."

My preparations were soon made. The following day I dined at the Banks'. There was no one present but the family. After dinner I was invited to spend the evening there, and as Mr. and Mrs. Banks had a short visit to make, Dora was left to entertain me until their return.

Now, if there was anything in the world I would have given ten years of my life for, it was for a *let-a-lete* with Dora Banks. Without any sacrifices it was mine; and yet, now that I had it, what could I say? I felt that to make love to her—I being comparatively a poor clerk—would be, under the circumstances, a piece of gross ingratitude and a breach of confidence. Yet what could I talk about? We sat there, for some minutes after the elder people had departed, in embarrassed silence. Dora was evidently waiting for me to say something, and that added to my embarrassment. At length she took the initiative.

"Your departure is a rather sudden determination, is it not, Mr. Lovatt?"

"Rather so, Miss Dora—I beg pardon, Miss Banks, I mean."

A long pause, varied slightly by the very loud ticking of an ornate clock on the mantle, accompanied by a terrible thumping under my waistcoat.

"There is not apt to be yellow-fever at Rio at the season you arrive, Mr. Lovatt?"

"Oh no, not at all?"

The young lady gave a long breath, as though relieved. Another pause ensued.

"Have you been to the opera much this spring, Mr. Lovatt?"

"No, Miss Banks—but once. My duties are so laborious—so—that is—"

Another pause, of greater length. I began to feel confessed. I felt my face redden. I stole a glance at the lady. By Jove! she was blushing like the very roots of her hair! Just then our eyes met.

A few minutes after the conversation was quite closed.

"I thought of you sometimes too," quoth the lady. "I recognized you the moment you came upon the house."

"I had never forgotten you; and knew you on the moment," quoth the gentleman.

Now the more violently bodies, charged with electricity, are attracted to each other the more violently they are repelled. The attraction between Dora and myself must have been very strong in the first instance, for at the sound of Mr. Banks's latch-key in the door the two bodies and when the merchant and his wife entered the parlor, Pepperidge Lovatt was glancing over some knickknacks on a pier-table between the front-windows, and Dora Banks was turning over the pages of a music book at the piano, near the other end of the room.

After an hour's general conversation I bid the ladies farewell—the vessel leaving early next morning. They accompanied me to the door, and somehow or other we got mixed up, and I felt the gentle pressure of Dora's fingers, in return for a squeeze that must nearly have disabled her hand. It thrilled me from head to foot. But as I walked home I grew very miserable. I felt that I had not acted rightly. I had violated all my fine promises to myself on the first trial.

"Pepperidge Lovatt!" said I to myself, "you are a rascal. Is this your gratitude to an honest man, who has shown you such favor? Making love clandestinely to his daughter—the dear girl! Pepperidge! you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Never mind! she will forget you—and you must be glad of it. What a sweet girl she is! Ah, if I were only rich!"

Next day I sailed. We arrived at Rio after a very short passage, and our correspondent proved to be right. The flour came at the very height of the market, and coffee was unusually low. Everything went swimmingly, and just as it was concluded a perfect fleet of vessels arrived and coffee advanced. But my confidence about the yellow-fever was misplaced. It caught me, and badly at that. The ship remained a week later, and I was sufficiently better to be able to go on board without danger.

We had been but a few days at sea when I was able to walk the decks. It happened in the course of conversation that I expressed my regrets to the captain that we had no chickens on board. I had taken a strange fancy for an emmet.

"Lord bless you!" answered the old salt, who had taken a fancy to me from the first day, "that's easily made up. Just wait a few hours, and if the weather keeps good we'll stop at my poultry-yard."

That afternoon I had an explanation of his speech, for we came in sight of a small island a few miles from the coast, and made for it. As we approached I saw it to be a nearly barren rock, about a mile in length, mostly white, with a few green patches, and rising about fifty feet in the centre from the surface of the water. But what struck me was the number of sea-birds upon it scattered on its surface or rising in clouds. A boat was lowered, and I went with the party. We had no difficulty in effecting a landing; and while the rest were gathering eggs I wandered over the island.

It was a singular place—singular from the number of birds, old and young, but more singular from the peculiar situation of the little verdure on the island. On the long level patches nothing grew; but where a rock peered above the surface there a scanty soil had taken hold. The other parts were covered with a field, barren sand, strewn with the bones of birds. I gathered some few bleached birds' skulls and put them in my pocket, and, as a matter of curiosity, filled my handkerchief with the greenish-yellow sand. Hearing the rest call me, I went to the boat, where I found a large number of eggs gathered. We were soon on board. I asked the captain the latitude and longitude of this singular island, and he told me. I did this because I thought it worth noting from its odd appearance.

For several days we had sea-fowl eggs, in various ways, until we were all satisfied.

We arrived without misadventure. It was nearly dark when we approached the Narrows. We came to at Quarantine, and though, after examination, the doctor passed us, we lay there, intending to come up next morning. I was impatient to get home, and hired a boat to take me to the Jersey shore, where I got a conveyance to Jersey City, and crossed the ferry. It was after ten o'clock; but I knew that my news would make me welcome, and I took a hack from Cortland Street to Banks' house. On my way I thought a deal about Dora. Was she well? Had she forgotten me? But no matter how that might be, I was determined to be careful and not to let my love be seen. No! It would not be fair treatment to her father, whose kindness had bettered my fortune; and so I resolved to conceal my feelings.

I dismissed the hackman when we arrived at the house, and rang the bell. A servant came to the door and informed me that Mr. and Mrs. Banks were at the theatre with some friends from the country. Miss Dora was at home, not being very well.

I trembled from head to foot.

"I will remain till they return," I said. "I have important business with Mr. Banks."

I did not send up my name. No! I would not even let Dora know I was there. The servant showed me into the parlor and closed the door. There was a lady who turned as I entered. I trembled violently, for it was Dora herself! She stared at me wildly. Her face was pale. She gave a slight scream, followed by a burst of hysterical laughter, and staggering forward fell into my arms.

Now I put it to any man whether I was to blame under the circumstances. I ask any reasonable man—yes, even the rich father of a handsome marriageable daughter—whether the strongest resolution would not naturally give way in a like case? And could I help it, when I discovered that a report of my death by yellow-fever had been brought by a vessel arriving before us, and that she had mourned me so bitterly, that I then and there told my love, and, as I think I had a right to do—taking the time, place, and circumstances into consideration—that I gave her one of those kisses which are so delicious and unrequited in a man's life, the first kiss of an accepted lover? Who blames me?

It is useless to spin out the story. Ridiculous as it may sound in such a connection—but facts are facts—my barren rock was of as much value as a gold mine. John Van Gelt had grown sensible and gone into business. He dealt in fertilizers and agricultural implements—choosing that line, possibly, because he didn't know a Valparaiso squash from a Cashaw pumpkin. He had my yellow sand analyzed—tried to pump from me the secret of the place—and finally, for a percentage, negotiated with a great guano company on my behalf. I received, after the matter had been fairly tested, two hundred thousand dollars, less the fifty thousand which John took for commission—the grasping fellow! And when I proposed in due form for Dora, I had the pleasure of learning that the father and mother had suspected me all along; that the elder Banks had come to the conclusion that a young man brought up as I was, who could exhibit such pluck and industry, would make a good son-in-law; and that I might make the money which my share of the venture brought, and so pave the way to an admission to partnership. And that is the simple story of how I won fortune and Dora—commonplace, I admit; but you will remember that I warned you of that fact at the beginning.

THE SUSSEX EXHIBITION.

St. John, October 4.

Owing to my daily trips to and from this place taking so much time, to having a variety of work on hand, and to the fact that there is so much to see, I have not even yet been able to make more than a hurried examination of the articles exhibited, and can speak of but a few of them with particularity. But perhaps this will not much matter, as the readers of The Journal will scarcely expect very minute descriptions, but will probably prefer general outlines of the Exhibition and its attendant circumstances.

The agricultural products are by no means so numerous as might have been expected, but they are of undoubted excellence. The specimens of wheat I examined with peculiar interest. The articles of wheat and wheat flour are among our heaviest imports. New Brunswick was once a wheat growing country, and there are no good reasons, either in soil, climate, or anything else, that I am aware of, that prevent it again becoming so, the weevil excepted; and that the ravages of the weevil can, in a large measure at least, be prevented, the experience of our best farmers has proved. The samples of wheat are very fine, weighing from sixty three to sixty five pounds. Other grains are admirable, although perhaps the weight may fall short of what has been known in other seasons. Peas, too, are very fine; and roots generally bear testimony to the correctness of an opinion which has been enunciated in The Journal, that New Brunswick's soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the production of root crops. The display of fruit is ridiculously small; one would have supposed that as much could have been furnished by a single Parish. But what here is of it is capital; and Mr. F. P. Sharp's collection surpassed by far any other.

The number of articles in the woolen and cotton department in the south gallery is very great; and many do credit to the makers and the home industry of the Province. In filled cloths I was somewhat disappointed; but the raw homespun, flannels, dress patterns, carpeting, shawls, Scotch plaids, &c., are worthy of high praise. Specimens of satinet, tweeds, and flannels from the Mispick manufactory are much admired. There are some fine specimens of carpet, both with respect to texture and pattern. Two of the shawls were decidedly handsome. The blanket family is well represented. Then the display of ladies' handwork in the shape of quilts, worked counterpanes, coverlets, and a great many other articles, is highly creditable. This gallery contains the millinery and embroidery department, and is kept pretty constantly filled with a crowd of admiring visitors, chiefly of the fair sex. In the other gallery is a large display of leather; and a considerable one of manufactures from leather. With respect to these, however, I was also disappointed, as to quantity and variety.

The "Prince of Wales" collars, and the other collars, exhibited by Mr. John Haviland, of Woodstock, are conspicuous for their general appearance and neatness and excellence of workmanship and finish. Along the centre of the gallery are collections of hatter's work, and of furs, including a leopard skin, and the skins of several other animals, stuffed.

In the body of the building one is lost in the number and variety of articles strewed around him, and when he tries to select a few of the more striking of which to speak, knows not where to commence, what to notice, and where to stop. Let us make a dash at random. The first object which strikes my eye is a long table covered with specimens of native woods, some in their natural state, just as sawed or split out, and some polished and varnished. One collection of twenty-one kinds comes from Woodstock; another from Mr. Alexander Munro, Bay Verte; and there are various others. Then, not far away, are collections of minerals, ores of metal, specimens of building stones, whetstone clays, sands. I notice that Carleton County contributes here also, though not to that extent which she should. Albert County comes out strongly. At a little distance are specimens of various oils from the Albertine, varying in colour as they differ in the uses to which they can be put. The manufactures of wood and metal are chiefly from St. John. The display of edge tools is very fine indeed; and the castings are good. But of what use is it enumerating, when not one in ten can find room for even a mention. Remorselessly I cut the attempt short.

At the end of the building, opposite the entrance, and behind the date described in a former letter is a refreshment room; and in the second story, directly above this, with entrances from both galleries, is the room, running across the building, devoted to the fine arts. The walls are covered from top to bottom, and from end to end, with paintings and drawings, the most of them, we presume, produced in this Province. About the centre of the room is a portrait of the Prince of Wales, in his Colonel's uniform, by Mr. Holman, of St. John. The likeness we judge to be good; and the picture as a whole very meritorious. On the table directly below it, is the Silver Cup presented by the Prince to the Volunteers of New Brunswick, and the competition for which is the cause of the continued ring of the Rifle shots which you hear from a field not far from the building. Near it is the silver urn which the Government of this Province offers for competition among the Volunteers of all these Provinces. In the centre of the room is a case filled with a collection of stuffed birds of New Brunswick, each in some characteristic position. This picture room is a favorite resort, and is nearly always full.

The galleries, and this room, are gained by four stairways, one at each corner of the building. In the end gallery the Brass Band thunders away from time to time. In one corner of the building, near the door is the office of the Board of Agriculture, which here sits I presume, in permanence, to regulate the management of the Exhibition.

SUSSEX, October 4th.

THE RIFLE CONTEST.

On Wednesday last the shooting of the Volunteers for the Prince of Wales Cup, commenced. The shooting ground is a large level field, near the Railway station, and within a quarter of a mile of the Exhibition building. Two iron targets are planted near the extremity of this field, near a wood, with a cleared hill side beyond, on which you can see the symbolic red flag waving in the line of fire. In a line between the targets, and not far from them, have been raised two mounds of earth, behind which the markers take post. Each company sends as competitors one man for every ten of its effective strength; and thus all the best shots among the volunteers are here collected. The firing is done at three distances,—two hundred, three hundred, and four hundred yards; at each distance each competitor fires five rounds. The squad sent by each Company is drawn up, and completes its firing at each distance, each man of it stepping forward, in his turn, and firing his five rounds. At least, this was the mode adopted at the commencement. After a time it was so changed that the men in the squad fired by rotation, which allowed time for reloading, and prevented delay. As there are two targets, and two shooting stands, about twenty-five yards

apart, two squads are kept going away between the two shooting stands day long the umpire Lieut. Reh Regiment, with book and pencil calls out the name of the man who announces the result of his shot, the markers, and keeps the score.

is six feet high, and at two and a half yards is four feet wide; but at four yards is increased to six feet. A "bull's eye," eight inches in diameter, is a black ring, two feet wide. The points are counted as two and three hundred yards striking is three points, striking anywhere on edge of the ring is two points, a target outside of the ring, is one hundred yards there are no bull's eye and two points are counted as a sound of the rifles is almost incessant steps forward—crack goes his rifle, sound of the bullet is heard on the ground from behind the mound goes, and then you hear the clear voice "Outer—one point!" Another shot the flag is blue. "Centre—two other shot. This time the shooter's highest possible number. "But points!" Not seldom you look flag. But the cause is soon known must be dull indeed if you have an absence of the whack of the bullet iron target. The sound can be mile away, and in a din which drowns of the rifle itself. "A miss!"

able announcement which the "snake. Presently after a shot, from behind the mound a red danger. A bugler beside the mound instrument; and then the marker from behind the mound to examine not having been able without a c to detect where the bullet struck are soldiers of the 62nd Regiment heard it suggested by a volunteer have been much better to have had interested in the matter, as they been more likely to have attended the work. It cannot be supposed the common soldiers, not inter than to get through with their duty as little trouble to themselves as be particularly careful to examine bullet struck an eighth of an inch that, although the neglect might ence of one point in the score firing.

Thirty-three companies are present and there are some one hundred contestants. As no two of the competitors give a lively appearance to the are grays of all shades, reds, greys, blacks. Some of the uniforms are but many can lay but little claim. There is a strong interest taken—indeed much more than I had Hayne honors the occasion with uniform. But certainly one of the most and apparently interested certainly one who occupies a large attention of the other spectators tenant Governor, Mr. Manners who as Commander-in-chief of the Province has done as much movement as the insignificant. His disposal enabled him to do himself and the portion of his family within New Brunswick have been the upper story of the Sussex star has visited the Exhibition several gives a pretty constant attendance, in his uniform, watching the shooting apparently with as much certainly evincing as much concern affair, as any volunteer or observer.

The readers of the Journal are Government of New Brunswick silver urn, valued at two hundred, for competition among the different Provinces. The testants from each Province is twenty. The twenty from Nova Scotia from Prince Edward's Island twenty New Brunswickers will make the highest number of points for the Prince's Cup. None Canada. This offer is a liberal one, and will do not a little to encourage cause in all the lower Provinces, and to occasional interest. The shooting for the Cup this afternoon in order to allow to proceed. The Nova Scotians and were remarked for the manner in which they went through the regulations are the same five rounds each, at two, three and four yards. They made only one, the highest score being six