

the woods emerged four men, in appearance more like savages; they knelt on the shore extending their suppliant hands towards the boat. The tenderest care was taken of these walking skeletons. During the absence of Father Crespel and party, these unfortunates had undergone incredible sufferings. Exposure, hunger, gangrene had successfully decimated their numbers. Finally they had to face starvation, after every expedient had been resorted to. The shoes of the dead were boiled in snow water and then roasted on embers for food; last of all, the fur breeches they had worn were boiled and eaten; a single pair remained when Mr. Volant arrived.

Thus reduced, the greatest caution was necessary to bring them round. Strictest orders were given to regulate sparingly the supply of food for these exhausted stomachs. For all that, a native of Brittany named Tanguy, died suddenly, whilst being helped to a glass of brandy, and sudden joy produced insanity on another named Touillet. As for two of their comrades Baudet and Bonau, both natives of *le de Rho*, their bodies began to swell. Mr. Volant's boat was changed into an hospital, whilst those on shore set to digging graves for the twenty-one corpses, which encircled the spot where the first detachment of the crew of the French frigate had wintered. A modest cross was raised to mark the place where these human beings had suffered and resignedly closed their eyes in death. The boat then, cut out to sea, hugging the shore and watching closely for any traces of the small party who had entrusted their fortunes to the jolly boat. A few leagues from the spot where now stands the light house, lately kept by Mr. Ed. Pope, Mr. Volant now discovered two dead bodies on the strand, close by, the fragments of a small boat. These were the only remaining traces of the thirteen men who had striven in the jolly boat to keep company with Captain de Tremense and the long-boat until they were lost sight of, on doubling, in a heavy sea, the south-west point of Anticosti on the 2nd December, 1736.

This much respected gentleman died at Anticosti, aged 82 years, on the 2nd July, 1877.

(To be continued.)

KINGSTON. ADIEU!

"SOME GRAPES."

Silently, sorrowfully, with feelings almost akin to horror, I reluctantly turn from contemplating the beautiful in nature to meditate over some of the terrible realities of life. I have not to speak of a couple of institutions which I purposely postponed visiting until the last. No matter how much I tried to forget them, the recollection of their existence haunted me, and the grim spectacle cast a shadow about me like a funeral pall. At last the day arrived. Curiosity captured sentimentality, and, wrestling with a train of thought that was new to me, and brooding over Alexander Pope's reflection, "Whatever is, is right" I braced myself up and slowly wended my way to the Provincial Penitentiary, and Rockwood Asylum.

The Penitentiary is located on the lake shore, about two miles from the centre of the city. The great dome towering suggestively above the main building, can be seen afar off and I cannot say that it awakens any particularly pleasant reflections.

The whole of the large block of ground is surrounded by an immense, quadrangular wall, upon each corner of which is perched a strong tower. These towers have numerous embrasures, from which the guards have an uninterrupted range of both the interior and exterior.

The first glimpses of this terrible looking wall appals the heart and one feels a shudder creeping over him, but the feeling is somewhat allayed, upon nearer approach, by the beautiful architectural effect of the principal entrance. The lofty Tuscan columns which support the entablature are of handsome proportions, and the whole has a strikingly pleasing effect.

Gaining admittance through the huge iron doors, I proceeded over a nicely gravelled walk with tastefully arranged flower plots on either side, down a slight incline which leads to the entrance to the main building, in which is the office of the Warden. From here I am conducted through the long corridors and into the various wards and departments. The prison for females is in a separate portion of the building and has its own dining room—with its array of orthodox tin cups—its own kitchen and its own laundry. In an other part are ranged the long lines of little cells, in which these unhappy women are locked up at night, and still farther on is the female workroom. All these apartments are connected by stone passages and iron doors, with bolts and bars. The inmates are all busy at some kind of employment and many of them turn their faces away as we pass along. Dozens of them are moving silently about and some of them look back at us with an eagerness, which seems to say "I, too, was once free."

Old, middle aged, and young. Mothers, sisters, daughters. Imprisoned! Horrible contemplation.

That one, over there by the window, as well as a few others, must remain in here for the rest of their lives. They can never, never again set foot outside of those prison walls. If that young woman at the sewing machine, lives for twenty years, she will have purchased the privilege of going back into the accursed world which sent her here. That young girl sitting at the table, with her head bent low down over

her sewing, will be free at the expiration of ten years, and several of those at the other end of the room will be at liberty to wander about the streets again at the end of five years. And so runs the record. All of them were young and innocent once; perhaps some of them were the light and hope of some happy home, and when they were little prattling things, chasing butterflies amongst the flowers, who could have looked upon them and foretold the misery which they were to fall heir to? Why are they here? Why are they not out in the happy world like other peoples' daughters?

The portion of the prison for men is of much greater proportions. The arrangements and apartments are similar, but on a much larger scale. In a wing of the building is a chapel, a school room and a library. Gangs of convicts, in their prison garb, are engaged everywhere in keeping the whole of the immense place scrupulously neat and clean.

Close around the main building are located the various workshops in which great gangs are systematically at work. Their labour is not sweetened by the hope of reward. They toil on silently, hopelessly, day after day, year after year, and many of them cannot look forward to liberty—cannot expect one single instant of freedom—until they pass through the valley of the shadow of death.

Some of them are paying the penalty of the blackest of crimes; crimes which could be committed only by a heart hardened by long years of vice, yet, others bear unmistakable evidence that they are here through the committal of a deed which would have remained undone had it not been for the influence of bad company.

They do not look like criminals; some of them appear careless and indifferent, but this imprisonment has driven others mad. There is something about that tall young fellow, who is looking steadily at us, which seems to say "I am not guilty."

The most of them, however, have wicked and vicious hearts, and these unfortunates, unconsciously perhaps, boldly flaunt their colors at the mast head.

I turn away from this prison with a heart all frozen up, and, as the iron doors creak on their hinges behind me, I cannot refrain from wondering if even an "exaggerated appreciation of the influence of the religious principle on the conduct of human affairs" might not have kept some of those cells vacant.

A short distance farther up the road is located the Rockwood Lunatic Asylum. This is also an extensive institution and is beautifully situated on the lake shore. It appears to be arranged and conducted so as to afford the greatest possible comfort to the unfortunate ones confined within its walls. The system of treatment adopted is the most humane. The building is spacious, well lighted and ventilated. I was kindly shown over the various apartments and spent considerable time among some of the patients. Some of them are very talkative, while others are enwrapped in the most profound melancholy, and no trace of a smile ever lights up the vacant countenance. Walking slowly through the corridor, in the female department, quietly observing without staring, my attention was attracted by an elderly woman approaching from the lower end. She addressed me in a kind of ceremonious manner and I was not long in discovering that she believed herself to be no other than Queen Victoria. She was impressed with the idea that I, myself, was *Lord* somebody and had come to pay her an official visit. On her head was a curious kind of an old bonnet which was literally covered with brass buttons, and buckles and bits of tin, each of which, in her eyes, was a jewel of priceless value. All these trinkets have been brought to her, from time to time, by kind hearted visitors. Thus, the desire seems to be to humor the patients and thereby win them from unnecessary suffering.

The cool air of the lake is forced into the building by noiseless machinery, and the beautiful sun light streams in at the windows, but neither of these can be appreciated by the unfortunate people, for the chambers of the soul are shut and the mind is a blank.

A tour through the Penitentiary makes one unhappy, but a visit to this asylum makes one miserable. Poor human nature. I have beheld it to-day as I never saw it before. I have seen human suffering and misery depicted in pictures, but to-day I have beheld it in all its awful reality. I turn away, asking myself what does it all mean? What great end is it all intended to fulfil? I go back bewildered, overwhelmed, at the Divine scheme of creation, and try to console myself with the reflection that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world" and if the world had been perfect, then it could not have had a Redeemer.

I have said adieu to Kingston, and am now off for Hamilton. When you hear from me again, I trust I may have regained my usual cheerfulness. Meantime, adieu.

QUEIP HAWTHORN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

WORKING TO A PLAN.—A great many persons wonder why they have so little to show for their time and their labour, and how it is that some people can manage to get so much done. The secret, if there is any secret, lies in the fact that those who accomplish a great deal, work according to a well-defined and uniform plan.

SOURCE OF CHEERFULNESS.—No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. On the con-

trary, one good action, one good word, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.

"GET YOUR COAT ACCORDING TO YOUR CLOTH."—This proverb contains good advice to people of several ranks and degrees, to balance accounts between their expenses and their income (or, as a wag once expressed it, "between their income and their out-go,") and not to let their vanity lead them, as we say, to outrun the constable.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.—The history of the world is made of battles, conquests, the accessions and the deaths of kings, the doings of statesmen, and the tricks of law. This makes the vulgar story of the external world. Its deeper history is of the hearts, even of its lowest dwellers—of the ennobling impulses that swell them—of the unconquerable spirit of meekness which looks calmly upon terror, and turns every agony to patience.

MONEY.—It may be said that money cannot make love or win love. No; but is there anything in this world that wants money so much as love? It may be said to be extravagant to say that money stands at the door of every single taste, of every intellectual tendency, of every moral sentiment, and of every social feeling, however exquisite and pure and exalted, and has a relation to it; but it is a fact—for, although money, directly, in and of itself, will not satisfy the desires which men feel, it does control time and opportunity, which feed and satisfy those desires. So that there is no other one thing to which every man responds so quickly.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.—When sovereignty is divided it is very soon destroyed. Make presents to your judges; you will gain all you ask. To God glory: to the priest the candle. When the patriarch is starved, he steals like any other man. The trainer remains sound while the horse dies. His right arm is often a man's worst enemy. Misfortune engenders misfortune, and you escape the wolf only to be devoured by the bear. Beware of a tamed wolf, a baptized Jew, and a reconciled enemy. The robber does not always steal, but it is as well to be on the look-out for him. The rich man in battle shields his face, but the poor man takes care of his clothes. The old man repents of that of which the young man boasts. If you give a shirt to a beggar, he will complain that the linen is too coarse. Measure ten times and cut once. The smallest needles are the sharpest prickers. Do not eat cherries with your superiors—they will blind you with the stones.

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.—A physician says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore vigour to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure a sorrow. Indeed, we may make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room; a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

DON'T GAMBLE.—A confirmed gambler is the slave of a passion which he cannot conquer. He will give up all that other men hold dear rather than the fatal amusement which is his ruin. A man in a certain city who married a superior woman had become addicted to play. He had a hundred thousand dollars on hand when he was urged by a friend, who took an interest in his welfare, to forsake his evil ways, take this sum of money and go to Italy, where, upon the interest of it, he could support his family and educate his children. Some time after this conversation the parties met. Said the gambler, "I have been thinking over what you said, and I cannot do it. I cannot give up the passion for play." He could no longer govern himself—he was a slave to gambling. The victims of this terrible habit are more numerous than is generally supposed. They abound in all occupations, and in all ranks of life. They enjoy, briefly, an intense, maddening excitement at the cost of all that is noble in manhood, and their hours of sunshine are followed by days and years of bitterness and grief. Young man, beware! Shun temptation, lest yours be the gambler's doom.

OUR DAUGHTERS.—Let us teach them to be useful in all directions. Give them a thorough education. Teach them to cook a nourishing meal. Teach them to wash, iron, darn stockings, sew on buttons, to make their own clothes, and a well-fitting shirt. Teach them to bake bread, and to understand that a good cook takes much off the apothecary's bill. Teach them that only those economize who spend less than they receive, and that all those who spend more must become poor. Teach them that a calico dress, paid for, dresses one better than a silk one with debts. Teach them that one round, full face is worth more than fifty consumptive-looking

beauties. Teach them to wear good strong shoes. Teach them to make purchases and to examine the accounts. Teach them that an honest mechanic, with health and strength, is worth a dozen effeminate, exquisite, not over honourable loafers. Teach them to despise mere show. Teach them that happiness in married life depends neither upon the deportment of the man, nor upon his wealth, but on his religious sense and good character. If you have thoroughly impressed them with the importance of all this, and they understand it, then let them, when the time for matrimony has come, courageously marry. If they have profited by your teachings, you need have no fears for their future.

BURLESQUE.

A CLEAR HEADED GIRL.—"What kind of house will we play?" asked one little girl of another. "Oh, play calling," replied the other. "Mary, here, she can be Mrs. Brown and sit on the step, and me and Julia will call on her and ask her how she is, and how her husband is, and if the baby's got over the measles, and tell her how nice she looks in her new wrapper, and hope it won't hurt her much when she has that tooth filled. And then we'll say, 'Good-bye, Mrs. Brown, come and see us some time or other, and bring the children and your sewing; and you're such a stranger, and we don't see half enough of you.' And then me and Julia we'll courtsey and walk off a piece, and I'll say to Julia, 'Did you ever see such a horrid old fright as she looks in that wrapper?' And then Julia she'll say, 'The idea of any body having false teeth filled!' And then I'll say, 'Yes, and what a homely lot of dirty little brats them young ones of her'n is.' Let's play it; what do you say?"

WHAT IS A SQUARE MEAL.—Among the prisoners arraigned at the Tombs Police Court the other day for intoxication was a rough looking man, whose general appearance betokened a hard struggle with poverty. He gave the name of Eugene Hull, and stated that he was employed as a man of all work in a plumber's shop at the munificent salary of \$2.50 per week. The night previously his employer had only given him \$1.50 as his week's wages, and he felt so grieved about it that he indulged in too much whiskey, and was found intoxicated by the officer.

"Why didn't he give you your full week's wages?" asked Judge Duffy.

"I suppose it was to make sure that I would come to work on Monday. That's all the reason I know," said the prisoner.

"And is \$2.50 all you make during the week?" asked the magistrate.

The prisoner replied in the affirmative.

"How do you manage to live on that sum?" asked the Court.

"Well, Judge, I make out pretty fair. I don't have a luxurious bed to sleep in, to be sure. A woodpile often answers for one, but a fellow can live pretty good on pork an' beans, an' hash an' such things. Now, I know lots of places where a fellow can get a good square meal for thirteen cents."

"What do you call a good square meal?"

"Well, there's coffee and rolls five cents, and beefsteak eight cents, all anybody wants to eat. Sometimes when I feel richer than usual I add three cents more for a piece of pie for doozert."

The manner of the prisoner touched the Judge. Handing him a silver half dollar he said:—

"There I discharge you, with the warning not to drink any more. Now go and get a good square meal for this money."

"What, with all this money?" asked the prisoner, looking astonished.

"Certainly, buy fifty cents worth of food."

"Why, Judge, you don't mean that, do you? No man can eat fifty cents' worth at one meal. Why, for twenty-three cents I can get a regular 'buster.'"

The earnestness of the prisoner's language caused much laughter. He left the court room still doubtful of his ability to eat fifty cents' worth of food at one meal.

LITERARY.

It is proposed to celebrate the centenary of Tom Moore in 1879.

SOME admiring critic says that the pictures of William Black, the novelist, unite the gorgeous hues of Turner with the details of Gresswell and Wilkie.

MR. GLADSTONE is said to be engaged on a new work, the subject of which is Irish aspirations and the possibility of Home Rule.

THE first volume of "A New Testament Commentary for English Readers," edited by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, will be published this autumn.

ACCORDING to W. W. Story, John Lathrop Motley had eyes flashing with summer lightning, dark locks clustering thickly about his brow, proud, quick gestures, and a sudden laugh.

THE will of Mr. Samuel Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, was sworn under £12,000. The manuscript of that celebrated novel he leaves to his eldest son, to be kept as an heirloom as long as possible.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.—We learn that Barnjum's well known Gymnasium at 19 University street will open for the season on the 1st October. The systematic training and thorough development of the pupils of this establishment is proverbial and the announcement will be hailed with much pleasure by its old patrons, and a host of new ones eager to avail themselves of its advantages. Full particulars to be had at the above address.