

morsel, duly seasoned with salt. With gerrulous vivacity they anticipated every look, and when my wants were supplied they remained kneeling close to my side, and vying in their endeavour to be the first to bring me their native dainties. They afterwards examined my dress, and every portion of my equipment formed the subject of exciting comment and humorous wonder. European shoes, stockings, woollen cloth and umbrella, were eagerly examined, and afforded matter for renewed curiosity and mirth.—*The Bishop of Victoria.*

### BURYING A FORT.

In 1696 a large Russian army besieged the Turkish fort of Azof, which was situated on a plain, strongly fortified, and had a small but well-disciplined garrison. No common approaches could be made to it, and the Turkish cannon swept the level with iron hail. In this case the engineering skill of the Russians was baffled, but General Patrick Gordon, the right-hand-man of Peter the Great, and the only one for whose death it is said he ever shed a tear, being determined to take the place at any cost, proposed to bury it with earth by gradual approaches. He had a large army; the soil of the plain was light and deep, and he set twelve thousand men to work with spades, throwing up a high circumvallation of earth, and advancing nearer and nearer every day to the place, by throwing up the huge earth-wall before them in advance. The men were kept in gangs, working day and night, the earth being thrown from one to another like the steps of a stair, the top gang taking the lowest place every half hour in succession. In five weeks the huge wall was carried forward nearly one mile, until it rose to and above the highest ramparts, and the earth began to roll over them. This caused the Turkish governor to hang out the white flag and give in. Had he not done so, General Gordon would have buried the fortress.

### TURKISH PROMPTNESS.

A Turkish and a Russian officer, on some occasion of truce, had scratched up an acquaintance. As they sat together, the conversation turned on the comparative perfection of discipline and obedience to which their respective troops had been

brought. To give a specimen, the Russian calls in his orderly. "Ivan," says he, "you will go to such and such a tobacconist; you will buy an oke of tobacco; pay for it, and bring it home straight." Ivan salutes and goes. The Russian pulls out his watch—"Now Ivan is going to the tobacconist; now he is there; now he is paying for the tobacco; now he is coming home; now he is here—Ivan!" Ivan comes in, salutes, and hands over the tobacco. "Pek guzel!" says the fat Turk, with a condescending bow, benignly half shutting his eyes the while: "very nice indeed; but my orderly will do as much. Mustafa!" "Effendim!" says Mustafa, bursting into the room, and touching his chin and forehead in the curious double-action salute of the Turkish soldier. He receives the same directions, word for word, and departs. His master hauls out a gigantic turnip of a watch, such as Turks delight in, and proceeds, in imitation of the Russian, to tick off Mustafa's supposed performances. "Now he is going; now he is there; now he is paying; now he is coming home; now he is here—Mustafa!" "Effendim!" replies Mustafa, again bursting in. "Where is the tobacco?" "Papouchler boulmadim—I haven't found my shoes yet!"

### THE YOUNG MERCHANT.

"Come, Bob, get out your sled! Let us go down to Smith's Hill and have a good time," said Harry to his playmate one winter's day. "I haven't got any sled, Harry," replied Bob, looking quizzically at his friend.

"No sled? You're joking, Bob," said Harry, half nonplussed. "Where's your Racker?"

"Racker" was the name of Bob's sled. That worthy now put both hands in his pockets, and, looking archly at Harry, replied,—

"I've sold it to Benny Morris."

"Sold it, eh? What did you get for it?"

"Well, I got a dollar and a quarter. Didn't I make a good bargain?"

"A dollar and a quarter!" exclaimed Harry; "then you cheated him; for Racker only cost you a dollar when it was new, and you can buy lots of such sleds in the city at that price. What made Benny so foolish as to pay you so much?"

"Well, I came the sharp merchant over him," said Bob. "I stuffed him with all manner of stories about Racker, and told him it cost me a dollar and a half, and that he was getting a great bargain. Benny's a little green, you know, and so I came it over him a little."

"Bob!" said Harry, very gravely. "I think you 'came it,' as you call it, over yourself worst. You told Benny a lie, you deceived him, you cheated him, and all for a paltry quarter. Then how mean it was of you to cheat a poor widow's son! I dare say Benny has been over a year saving that money, and you, a rich man's son, cheated him! O Bob, if that ain't mean and wicked, I don't know what is."

"You're too hard on a fellow, Harry," replied Bob: "I only made a sharp trade. Every merchant does that when he can, you know, and I'll thank you not to call my bargain by such hard names again."

"Bob, I don't want to offend you," said Harry, with great earnestness; "but I must insist that lying, cheating, deceit, and meanness do not belong to honorable trade. No Christian merchant would be guilty of either, if his life depended upon his doing so. Good men, while they look out for fair profit on what they sell, also regard the interests of the buyer. You, by your own confession, are a liar and a cheat. If you carry such tricks into your business when you become a man, you will be despised by all good men. Instead of becoming a respectable merchant, you will be a 'Peter Funk,' or a 'gift-sale' man, or a pawnbroker. And as I don't wish to learn your practices, I shall not play with you any more. I can't make a liar and a cheat my companion."

Harry walked off, leaving Bob in a quandary. He didn't like Harry's plain dealing a bit, for in his heart he knew Harry was right. Still he loved the profits of a "sharp trade," as he called it, and so, with the quarter, he pocketed Harry's faithful words, the loss of his friendship, the sad gain of a bad reputation, a bad character, and a guilty conscience.

INDUSTRY.—If wisdom is the head, and honesty the heart, energetic industry is the right hand of every exalted vocation; without which the shrewdest insight is blind, and the best intentions are abortive.