

FALL NEAR TRURO.—Truro is a wealthy and flourishing town, two miles above the Cobequid Bay, on a handsome and picturesque site. Its first inhabitants were Acadians; after them it was settled by Irish and Scotch. The country contains rich mines. A large market is held here regularly. Fishing and ship-building are also carried on. The Intercolonial Railway forms a junction there with the Nova Scotia Railway. Its population is 3,000.

CARLTON HOUSE, SASKATCHEWAN.—We sometime ago presented our readers with a sketch of the meeting which took place near Carlton House, between the Saskatchewan Cree and the Commissioners sent out by the Dominion Government, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with them. We have in this day's issue a photograph of Fort Carlton, where the Commissioners resided during the time of the negotiations with the Indians. Fort Carlton (or Carlton House, as it is generally termed), is situated on the south-west of the North Saskatchewan river, about 18 miles from the Red River crossing of the south branch of the Saskatchewan—500 miles by the overland route to Fort Garry, and the same distance from Edmonton House—80 miles from Battle Ford. It is a post belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, of considerable importance from its central position. It is the depot for the storage of supplies transported overland, and by Lake Winnipeg, from Fort Garry, Manitoba, for transshipment to the northern districts and Upper Saskatchewan. Fifty miles down stream from Carlton on the side of the river, is the prosperous settlement of Prince Albert, where there are already 300 settlers. The soil is well adapted for agricultural purposes, with abundance of timber; there are a saw and grist mill in the settlement. The Presbyterian missionary, the late Rev. Mr. Nisbet, founded this colony, and since then the Presbyterians have had missionaries resident there, and latterly the English Church has been represented. Two years ago the first steamer built by the Hudson Bay Company at Grande Rapids, near Lake Winnipeg, successfully navigated the Saskatchewan River as far up as Fort Edmonton, a distance of over 1200 miles; but, last summer, owing to an unprecedented state of low water, the steamer on her second trip, could not ascend the Rapids known as "Cold's Falls," some 70 miles below Carlton House. This year the Hudson Bay Company imported from England an iron steamer which will be conveyed to the Grande Rapids, will be put together there, and is intended to run from the head of the Cold's Falls to Fort Edmonton—the other vessel remaining below the Falls. These steamers are about 100 tons, with stern wheels and of little draft of water. They are intended solely for the transport of the Company's freight, and have no accommodation for passengers.

THE PLAIN OF MARATHON.—The battle of Marathon was fought on September 28, 490 B.C. The Greeks lost only 192 men, who were buried on the field, and a mound was raised over them, which is shown in our sketch on page 252. This is the only thing remaining connected with the battle, except the landscape. The bay of Marathon, with its deep blue water, where the Persians landed; the village of Marathon, which gave the name to the plain; and the village of Vrani, where the Temple of Hercules stood, and where there is now a small convent—are still to be viewed. Here is the gorge down which the Plataeans came, and the position which was occupied by the Greeks. All these places of immortal renown are pointed out to visitors. The plain is very level, and is cultivated. The mound does not seem to have been opened; a mud house or look-out station appears to have been made on the top which makes the summit irregular. The mound is about fifty or sixty feet in diameter, and about twenty-five feet high. The snowy peaks in the distance are in the island of Euboea, and the view here given of the mound is taken with the back to the Greek position in the famous battle.

THE CHARITY OF THEOLOGY.

It was the custom of the old medieval schoolmen—separated from the world and debarred from all its connections by the stern law of celibacy—to push the logic of their philosophical and theological ratiocinations to the furthest conclusions; regardless of the practical consequences which these might entail upon the mind clouded by ignorance, or the heart made morbidly sensitive through an abnormal training in youth. The inquiry with its wheels and gibbets, its thumb-screws, and impenetrable dungeons, only carried out the teachings of the cloistered masters, and since those days, religion has gradually sunk into the vulgar arena of disputation until there seems nothing so calculated to stir up strife and ill-feeling as a divergence of religious sentiment. Men of the world may differ in origin, nationality and politics without thereby alienating friendship, but it is sad to think that sectarian divergences lead to domestic and social separations, and that of all morbidly deleterious influences, the *odium theologorum* is universally allowed to be about the worst.

The best men in every denomination make it precisely their mission to allay this feeling of hostility arising from theological differences, and from our humble experience we may say that no teacher—be he priest or parson—is worthy of being hearkened to unless he inculcate in very literalness the sweet and simple Gospel of Christmas night,

"Glory to God unto the Highest, and Peace to good men upon the sea and land."

In our peaceful community, the elements of discord have not been wanting of late, but the apostles of concord have likewise lifted up their voices, and among these we take pleasure in signaling Rev. James Roy, M. A., whom we had the opportunity to introduce to our readers on a previous occasion. This gentleman has just published a volume entitled "Catholicity and Methodism; or, the Relation of John Wesley to Modern Thought," which we have perused with much benefit for the information which it contains, and which yielded us much gratification from the clarity of its tone, the lucidity of its logic, and the terse Anglo-Saxon of its style. The author has fully confirmed the opinion we had previously formed of him, as a man of varied reading, of conscientious instruction, and of genuine eloquence.

The work is primarily written for members of the Methodist Church. Its object, as stated by the author, is to ascertain the limits within which a minister of the Methodist Church of Canada is allowed by the legal standards of that body to exercise his private judgment, and to show the bearings on Protestant and Christian work of that liberty of thought and speech which those standards sanction. In other words, the author wishes to inquire whether members of his creed may not, without proving recreant to the fundamental principles of their creed, join conscientiously the universal brotherhood of that ideal charity, which is the sum and substance of the Law, the *medulla* of the Master's teaching, and which delivers a generous mind from the trammels of mere ecclesiasticism. The writer refers only to the ecclesiasticism of Rome; but we believe we are justified in saying that it exists more or less in every sect, and that priestcraft, in its modern acceptation, is precisely one of the greatest obstacles to the spontaneous religious profession of thousands of otherwise well-meaning laymen.

Mr. Roy's pamphlet is partly historical and partly didactic. In both spheres he displays research, culture and evident impartiality. He inquires first whether Methodism was ever catholic, in the strict Greek etymology of the word, and his reply is an affirmative one. He next asks how it ceased to be catholic, going into particulars which are well worth reading. He then dives into the core of his subject by investigating how it can become catholic again, and it is here that his rare powers of reasoning and honest analysis are displayed. We are, of course, not competent to follow him in this study; but we may record an opinion, that he has exhausted the subject, and we shall be curious to see how his views will be met by professional theologians. The practical part of the inquiry lies in the fourth and last chapter, entitled the Relations of Methodism, which are set forth as triplicate—the connection with modern religious thought, with the future prosperity of Methodism, and with Protestant Unity. In treating of these crucial points, the author puts forth all his powers, and his language, prompted by his convictions, rises to the full dignity of the occasion. He concludes by affirming that the Methodist Church should be the leader in the movement towards this comprehensive unity against sacerdotalism; and he quotes a saying of Goldwin Smith, that Methodism, having arisen from opposition to no existing form of Christianity, but only from opposition to sin, has the best opportunity for becoming the nucleus of a reunion of the Church of God.

Altogether, we may recommend this work for its honest purposes, its scholarly treatment, and its eloquent exposition. It is printed in handsome style by the Burdell-Desbarats Company, and we have no doubt whatever that it will excite much attention among laymen as well as clergymen of all denominations.

EPHEMERIDES.

The following is furnished me by an antiquary:—At the Kingston assizes in 1826, eleven convicts were had, out of which six were sentenced, in addition to other punishments, to be publicly and privately whipped—five of whom had the *feeling* appendage of "twice" attached to the punishment of whipping. One criminal, for returning from transportation, was sentenced to be hanged on the 1st December next. The crime for which the whipping and other punishments were inflicted were grand and petty larcenies. In another part of Upper Canada, a short time since, a criminal, formerly from Coeymans, N. Y., was sentenced to be hanged some day in November for stealing a sheep, valued at twenty shillings. The Chief-Justice of the Upper Province decided in a recent trial that "a man has a right to chastise his wife moderately, however ungracious such conduct may be considered." Verily the administration of justice hath taken a curious turn.

The humorous and satirical treatment of public questions must be looked upon as a good symptom in a country where politics are cultivated with a morbid earnestness and where acrimony is made the chief ingredient of disension in the press and on the stump. Among these humorous writers, Paul Ford, of the *Montreal Gazette*, has attracted merited attention by his series of articles, lately entitled "Unparliamentary Papers." The last of these is done in verse, after the style of the old-country pantomimes, and some of the "bits" are both well conceived and cleverly expressed. Sir John, whom we did not know before as a

poet, thus discourseth on "some mixed tea." He addresses the Speaker:—

"You have attempted to choke discussion And ruled the roast like some Imperial Russian, But yet of you I guess I'll be the starter, You'll find in me that you have caught a Tartar."

This tea tariff policy works revolution, I'm now resolv'd to shake this *resolution*, And beg to move some substitute there be, To put a tax on in the place of tea.

The married ladies of this great Dominion, An important factor, numbering a million, At nightly conference meet in tribulation, And there decide, with urgent animation, This tax to be a fraud, all other frauds outvie-

ing; The poor dear creatures' eyes are red with crying;

The subject's one you cannot lightly handle, You cannot, will not tax this aid to scandle As scandels go this House I'm sure's no novice.

The latest (scandle) it was lit by Norris. That kind of flame's too weak for honest fellers,

They burn it mostly on played-out propellers. The stench it makes, by no means healthy quite,

For it won't stand the good old Solar light. Its wick burns low before approaching day, A wicked thing at best, you will say.

But to continue: Against these women's wits you're basely planning;

The public tea-pot sadly needs *Japin in*. The wisdom of your policy I muchly doubt, Your grounds of argument are not *drawn out*.

They lack in strength what they have lost in savor And but retain a stalish sort of flavor.

A STEELE PEN.

THE FREE LANCE.

Mrs. Meetington will hereafter contribute to the Free Lance column, aided by her son Timothy. She says the latter has been laid up with ulcerated throat, but hopes he will be better before the economical gales come on.

Timothy said to Mrs. Meetington: "I saw yesterday an antiquarian at the druggist's. I wish you would get one. I like to see the gold fish *gobble* in the water."

"Post-mortem showed heart-disease," exclaimed Mrs. Meetington.

"Why did they not have the *post mortem* while the poor man was alive and cure him?" asked Timothy.

Raymond played *Colonel Sellers* at Lynn, Mass., the other night, and at the close of the performance an ardent temperance man begged him to sign the pledge, saying, "You played your part to perfection till you got drunk, and then you made a confounded fool of yourself."

At the Kuklos meeting, the other night, one of the members, a distinguished tragedian and a ready wit, proposed the following as the motto for the next edition of a certain almanac:

"Facilis descensus a-Venno!"

At the same meeting, a well-known humorous physician christened St. Vincent street, as he had formerly done Little St. James street—THE VALE OF AVOCA!

Outsiders should know that these narrow streets are crowded with advocates' offices.

The antiquity of the Scotch may thus be exemplified: the clan *Forbes* also takes precedence of the Macphersons and Mackenzies, for we find among the shades that accost Eneas in the sixth of the *Æneid*, there was a Scotchman of the name of Hugh Forbes. The ghost exclaims:

"Olim Euphorbus eram."

One of the chiefs of the Kuklosians is responsible for this—not I.

"Blue glass, Timothy? What is that kind of glass they make such a fuss about? I always thought they blew glass, and I have seen them do it."

"Some folks," said Tim, solemnly, "have blue on the brain, and old Ryer had it when he blew his out."

"How can you talk so, Tim? You can't persuade me there is anything in blue, if you talk till all is blew."

"I am going to try it, mother," said Tim. "I'd be blowed if I don't."

The editor, who has a surfeit of other good things for his paper and can therefore afford to be generous, has kindly handed over to me at my request, made on bended knees, the following verses sent in manuscript from Amos Pitt. They will therefore first see the light in the FREE LANCE column, and I willingly leave out some of my best jokes, in order to make room for them. I preserve the orthography, syntax, and prosody, just as they are in the original text:

THE MAGPIE.

About the home of my childhood, A tale I now will relate. We had in a cage of the wild-wood A magpie sitting in state. "Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

One day, we boys had a whim To let poor magge go free, And give him the use of his limb, And give him sovereignty. "Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

The girls they scorn'd the wild act With balls of cotton and thread. I know it were so for a fact, They wish'd poor magge were dead. "Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

They swore the devil had risen A pandemonium of hell, And Magge was thrust into prison. A thief! he had learn'd to excel. "Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

The school boys came in a hurry, And the girls laughing with glee To see him penn'd up in a hurry, No more a bishop to be. "Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

And next a court martial was held. "Go! free him every one sesh. Alas! the first time we beheld He'd nothing worthy of death. "Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

The Squire went out with his gun, The fields were ripen'd with grain, And magge his chattering begun In a bough right o'er the main. "Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

The Squire, I'll never forgive him. He cap'd his gun on the mound, And through poor magge's misgiving, Magge came down to the ground. "Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry, Harry Terry," said he.

LAUDED.

FISH BREEDING.

Fish culture by artificial means has become one of the most important of Canadian industries, and is now under the direction of a Minister of the Dominion, assisted by Mr. S. Wilmot, Superintendent of the Ontario Fish-breeding Establishment, situated near Newcastle, who has spent years in perfecting the art of Fish Culture, and to whom a large amount of the honor is due for the good that is accruing from the re-stocking of our lakes and streams with finny beauties. The *Canadian Illustrated News*, of Montreal, of March 24th, contains a full description of the process, together with a double page engraving, giving views from different parts of the premises. The first page of the same number contains a full page engraving of the Hon. A. J. Smith, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and smaller cuts of Samuel Wilmot, Esq., and Mr. F. W. Whitaker, Commissioner of Fisheries. The number also gives several able articles on Fish Culture and a brief sketch of the manner of operation in the Newcastle institution. The *News* is deserving of special praise for placing so prominently before the public this very important branch of our resources.—*Picton Times*.

HUMOROUS.

DEADHEADS never want the doorkeeper to pass them. They only want to pass the doorkeeper.

SOME NEW YORK clerks carry their lunch down town in sardine boxes in their vest pockets, and use their handkerchiefs as napkins when eating it. The hypothesis is that they are prospective millionaires.

HEREAFTER U. S. postal cards must be stamped on the face, and not on the back. This is a righteous order, though we're constrained to believe it will deprive the rural postmaster of a chance for a good deal of interesting postage.

THERE never was a time when the insurance-business was so safe as it is now. All that a man wants to do after he gets insured is to die right quick before the company does. But he doesn't want to be fooling around living and having a good time.

"**THIS** is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of waxwork, pointing to a very slim figure. "I thought he was a very stout man," said the other. "Very likely; but if you had been without victuals half as long as he has, you'd be twice as thin."

DOMESTIC.

CARROT PUDING.—One pound of currants, one pound of flour, one pound of suet, one pound of treacle, one pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, one pound of carrots and one pound of potatoes (these to be well boiled and mashed), a little mixed-spice flavouring and peel. Mix well together; boil in a basin eight hours.

MINCED MUTTON.—Trim off from some slices of cold mutton, all fat, gristle, and outside parts, mince the meat finely, and sprinkle it with a little flour, pepper and salt to taste, and a dust of nutmeg; put a piece of butter into a saucepan, when melted add the mince and as much stock as will bring it to the proper consistency; let it simmer very gently for at least an hour; serve with fried sippets. Walnut or mushroom cats-up may be added, as also a little Worcester sauce.

A SAVOURY DISH FOR SUPPER, BREAKFAST, OR DINNER.—Skin and parboil some potatoes, and cut them into slices about as thick as a crown piece; eat up a couple of eggs, and mix with them about a teaspoonful of fine bread-crumbs and the same quantity of finely-chopped lean ham or tongue, seasoning it with a little salt and pepper. Into this mixture dip the slices of potato, and fry them in plenty of hot lard or good dripping, but let it be quite hot before they are put in; also, let the slices of potato be well covered with the mixture, which, if not thick enough to adhere like a batter, should be made so with the addition of a few more bread-crumbs. When done, serve on a hot dish; but be careful to drain them well from fat by putting them into a colander or sieve, and keeping them before the fire until they are all done.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Dobby's Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.