OUR NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

We have had the pleasure of meeting Professor Bell of the Geological Survey, since he returned from his last exploration in the North-West, and have learned from him many interesting facts in regard to the present state of that region. His object was to make as definite a geological examination as possible of the southern part of the territory, with special reference to the discovery of coal, or such facts as to the arrangement and age of the rocks, as might ultimately lead to the finding of it. He was also instructed to search for deposits of other useful minerals, such as iron-ore, and to collect information as to the soil, water, &c. In all these, we understand, he has been very successful and the results will soon be published in the reports of the Geological Survey. From the eastern edge of the prairies westward to Fort Ellice—a distance of 250 miles—Mr. Bell found the country everywhere fertile and attractive, and also the north of the Qu'Appelle river, but south of this stream and of the South Saskatchewan, it was found to be generally hilly, infertile and rather arid. The same character of country appeared to extend westward in the valley of the South Saskatchewan, except in some places, such as the valleys of the Bow and Big-belly rivers, and a strip of one or two hundred miles in width along the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains. After getting beyond the settlements, one of the principal difficulties which Mr. Bell's party had to contend with was the horse-stealing propensities of the Indian tribes. Out in these quarters it seems that horse-stealing is far from being a penitentiary offence as it is with us.

On the contrary, is is looked upon, especially among the young "braves" as a feat to be proud of and the next best thing to taking the scalph of an enemy. Mr. Bell says the vast region extending from the wooded country around Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains is inhabited by about a dozen tribes of Indians, more or less distinct from each other—namely, the Saulteux, the Swampy Crees or "Swamples," the Assiniaboines or "Stonies," the Plain Crees and the Wood Crees, the Little Dogs (a cross between the Stonies and Crees), the Sioux, the Blackfeet (including the blood and Peigan Indians), the Gros-Ventres and the Nez-perees. The Saulteux originally belonged to the eastern wooded country, but finding it easier to live on the buffalo, like the Plain Indians, they have gradually extended westward, till now they are found far up the Saskatchewan valley, much to the jealousy of their western neighbours. They are of a more frivolous character than the Crees and Blackfeet, and lack the bravery as well as the dignity which often characterises the Indians of these tribes. The Assinaboines or Stonies once occupied and still claim all the country drained by the Assinaboine River. At present they are in poor circumstances and live mostly about the Cypress Hills. It was a band of these Indians that were massacred by white men in British territory last spring. The Crees form one of the most numerous tribes, and range from the United States territories northward across the Saskatchewan valley to the Peace River. They live mostly by hunting the buffalo, and possess large numbers of horses, and are now getting into the way of having carts also to transport their camp materials and the produce of their hunts. They are frequently at war with the Blackfeet and allied tribes. One of these wars was reported to have broken out just as Mr. Bell was leaving the territory. The Sioux at present living within British territory are said to number between 2,000 and 3,000, and are mostly refugees from the United States, who came over after the Minnesota and Dacota massacre, ten or twelve years ago. Mr. Bell passed several of their camps between Fort Garry and Fort Ellice, and there is a large settlement of them at the Moose Mountain, south of the latter fort. They live quietly, and appear to be more industrious than the Indians of other tribes. They live principally on fish and small game, and by farming on their own account, or assisting the white settlers. It is proposed to reserve a township for them at the south end of Lake Manitoba. The Blackfeet are a powerful tribe, and, although at enmity with the Crees and the Americans, are well disposed towards the British, and are desirous of obtaining the advantages of civilization. Their country lies just east of the Rocky Mountains and includes a large part of the region between the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan, and also that drained by the south branch. Mr. Bell and his party did not find all the bands of Indians they met with particularly friendly. Those most disaffected belong to the Saulteux, Assiniboine and Cree tribes. Owing to a variety of circumstances they have begun within the last few years to be jealous and suspicious of the white man, and Mr. Bell thinks care will be necessary to prevent trouble with some of them. To prevent their horses from being stolen, the party were obliged to mount guard every night, and the Indians even threatened to kill the party themselves. With so small a party of white men, among so many wild Indians, hundreds of miles away from any assistance, and surrounded with the other annoyances and discomforts of such a journey, Mr. Bell often found himself geologizing under difficulties.

As might have been expected in a country where there is no definite means of intelligence, the circumstances of the massacre of the Assiniboine last spring near the Cypress Hills lose nothing in the telling among the tribes. The trouble to be apprehended is not so much from the true state of the case as from the versions of it which reach their ears. A curious circumstance connected with it is that many of the Indians have the notion that men who committed the deed belong to the British side of the line, and in some localities it was said to be as dangerous for an Englishman to travel as an American. It is to be hoped, however, that the mounted police whom the Government have sent to the North-West will put a stop to murder, horse-stealing and whiskey-selling in the future.—*Montreal Gazette.*

In an article on the export of lumber from Canada during the current year, based on the Dominion Trade and Navigation Returns, it was stated that the Province of Quebec exported lumber of various kinds of the value of $42,050,684, and the Province of Ontario of the value of $6,109,742. The figures we quoted are no doubt correct, according to the returns from which our data were derived, but are calculated to give an erroneous impression as to the relative timber and lumber export from the two Provinces. This will be at once apparent when it is taken into consideration that the square timber manufactured in Ontario is taken to Quebec and there shipped to Europe, and its value included in the total value of lumber exported from that port, while it is well known to those acquainted with the trade that the square timber, from the Ottawa, the great centre of its manufacture, is the produce of both Provinces, in about equal quantities; and that while Quebec produces little, if any, square timber from any other parts of the Province, Ontario sends large quantities of pine timber from other localities than the Ottawa. Further, nearly all the Canadian hardwood, oak, elm, ash, &c., shipped from Quebec, is taken from lands in the Western Peninsula, and the Midland District, between Toronto and the lower Ottawa. The value of timber stated in our article as exported from Ontario, only represented sawn lumber shipped direct from the Province to the United States, irrespective of the value of the square timber forwarded to and shipped from Quebec, in the exports of which it is included.—*Globe.*

THE FAMINE IN BENGAL

The threatened famine in Bengal has not yet been denuded of its menacing aspect. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Campbell, who has shown an inclination to view the prospect with more apprehension than the Viceroy, and even proposed to prohibit the export of rice, reports that the state of the Eastern District is considered better than was expected, and that prices are or were not extreme, though there was little rice in the market. He hoped "that the "rain, which usually falls in the cold "season, and free importation might "avert the worst calamity" in Behar and North Bengal; and the Viceroy expresses himself in a recent telegram as confident that the Government will be able "to meet the difficulties." Instead of sixty millions, the population likely to be affected is said now to be only twenty millions—"only twenty millions"—but we are dealing with india, and we see that at the best the calamity will be stupenduous. Between this and next February the Government of India will not merely have to supply food for twenty millions but also the means of carrying it to them. As to the food, that ought to present no difficulty, as there must surely be rice enough to be had, especially as in Ranceegunge and and Orissa, Madras and Bombay, and Hindoostan, except Benares the accounts are excellent. If this last information is correct, any failure to meet the impending crisis would be inexcusable. The Indian Government intends to permit the exportation of grain, and are supported by such high authorities as Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Chas Trevelyan. Yet there are clearly two sides of the case when enormous distances are taken into account. No doubt food will go to the dearest market. But suppose a grain "corner," or a slight miscalculation in time, and hundreds of thousands might die of starvation. The misery of a famine is rapid and local, while the operations of commerce are circuitous. No enlightened person is such a superstitious political economist as not to know that there are times when for paramount interests, its laws must be suspended; and with safety of 20,000,000 of people at stake, the Government might be wise in keeping a large stock of grain at hand. Even when an adequate supply of food is secured, there will be difficulty of ensuring its due distribution. Sir George Balfour writes to the *Times* to say that "Fifty tons of "rice will require 100 carts, with 200 "bullocks and 100 bullock drivers, to "carry rice to a locality with 400,000 "souls in order to feed them for one "day on 4 oz. of rice each; and if the "distance is 30 miles whence the rice is "supplied, then two sets of carts must "be on the road, laden with rice, and "two sets of empty carts returning to "load, whereby 400 carts, 800 bullocks, "and 400 drivers, will be needed to "feed 400,000 souls daily"; and he goes on to say that the road would be rendered impassable, and all the arrangements knocked on the head—a fact which points not to storage of grain alone, but to elaborated and complex organization for the purpose of distribution. This is perceived by the Viceroy, who is already making preparations, and has given directions to enlarge the Soane Canal works, and to commence the Northern, Railway, while the Lieut. Governor is authorized to enter upon local works. Committees are also to be formed, and there is every prospect that the dire terror of a famine will be averted.—*Globe.*

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The County Inspector of Schools has succeeded in making an engagement with Dr. Sangster, late Head of the Toronto Normal School, to hold a Teachers' Institute in the Town of Perth, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 21st and 22nd day of January. The Dr. has been engaged for several months past in holding these institutes throughout the different counties of this Province, and the success that has everywhere attended them has been very encouraging. As a Teachers' Institute is a comparatively new idea in this Province, we purpose, in this article, to give a brief outline of its object, and venture to express a hope that others interested in the cause of education will use their influence to make the proposed meeting a success. There are two main purposes designed to be accomplished by the Institute. The first consists in imparting to the Teacher a knowledge of the Philosophy of his Profession. The second is the establishment of a common sympathy between the members of the profession, and between the people. Teaching is a science' based on fundamental principles. To discover these principles, and to apply to them with judgment and discrimination to mental development, should be one of the Teacher's first objects of attention. Left to himself, he is too apt to follow on in the beaten track of those who, by chance, instructed him. He may be perpetrating errors, false doctrines and false practices, unconscious of their enormity and evil tendency. The Institute is designed to correct such abuses; It places all on a common platform, reasons from principles rather than practices, and aims at making the natural, practical, and consequently, intelligent teacher. We have often known teachers who had been vainly endeavoring (and faithfully, as far as they knew) for months; to teach young children the different parts of speech in the English language—set right by a ten minutes' exercise, conducted by one who could present the subject to them in an intelligent and impressive manner. There is a vast difference in systems: the aim of this Institute is to put all in possession of the very best system. This Dr. Sangster will do—and we venture to say that no teacher, however varied may have been his experience, however confident he may be of the perfection of his system, can attend this Institute without deriving some material benefit.

THE WRECK OF THE VILLE DU HAVRE.

A THRILLING REPORT OF A LADY PASSENGER.

LETTER FROM MISS BUCKLEY.

My Dear Brother,—I hardly know in what words to commence my letter to you. We were overwhelmed with the great calamity which has befallen us, yet I feel that it is due to you and our friends, at home that I should make an attempt to write and as my strength begins to return I will try to employ a few hours of our life on shipboard by writing you a letter, which will be mailed on our arrival on land, if God wills it that we are ever to see the shore again. I almost wonder that my hand does not refuse to hold the pen, which must tell such a tale of woe, but excitement and the necessity of daily action seems to give me a strength unnatural to myself. Our journey from New York was ominious from the beginning. The vessel was stopped for an hour and a half the same evening of our departure for arranging the machinery. The next day was pleasant, but on Monday and Tuesday the weather was rough. A dense fog set in on Wednesday, and continued three days. The staterooms leaked badly, so that we were very uncomfortable. This was owing to the bad condition of the deck. Many of the passsengers felt apprehensive, and a few of us expressed our mutual fears to each other. * * On Friday the sky was clear. The stars shone brightly; the wind, which had been ahead throughout, changed to the westward, and although we had no hope of reaching Brest until the following Wednesday, our fears were calmed, and after a pleasant evening in the saloon of the ship, we all retired with more quiet hearts than we had known since we started in the Ville du Havre. A little after two we were aroused by a terrific crash, fierce sound of the whistle, and human shrieks, I rushed into the hall. The state rooms were dark. I met first a stewart, who answered me nothing, then the surgeon of the ship who said "rien du tuit." However, I called out to Helen and Lallie to dress themselves at once then went again to the hall, and met Mr. Belknap, who told me to get upon deck as quickly as possible. Then heard that there was a collision. My idea was at once that we must get ready for the life-boats, so I told the children to get their warmest clothes, and take their satchels with their valuables. We were dressed in a moment. Could not pass the main staircase. Is was just there the collision had taken place. I did not know this at the time, but, seeing a crowd there, I felt that there was not a moment to lose, so hurried back with the children and rushed up the steerage stairs. On deck all was confusion and darkness, great flames bursting out of the ventilator, the life boats filled with sailors yelling and screaming. We walked down the deck to the front of the saloon cabin, just where we bid you all "good bye." On the right I saw a lifeboat black with sailors. I at once said to myself, there is no hope for us here, these men will swamp the boat. * * * I was desperately calm, knew we were in peril, yet never dreamed that we could be sinking. A great ship loomed up before us at a short distance, and then I thought there must be help. Miss Murray and her brother, and Mrs. Platt, (Mrs. Sturges' friend,) all stood by us; also Judge Peckham, and his wife from Albany; Mr. and Mrs. Montague, with their young daughter. We were all perfectly calm. A young man named Mr. Wait, son of the proprietor of the Brevoort House, came up and told me he was going to try with several other gentlemen, to cut away a life boat for us. Poor fellows! Had they found an axe knife five minutes sooner, they might have succeeded, but in another moment the mast fell with an awful crash just by us. "Good God, we are shipwrecked," cried Mrs. Platt; but still hoping that there might be some organized system of rescue going on which we did not see, I replied; "Perhaps it has been cut away on purpose." We could hear nothing of what the danger was. Mrs. Platt burst out into an eloquent song of prayer. Lallie and I, with Helen clung to each other. A beautiful young girl, Miss Tourcail joined us, and with pleading voice said, "May I stay with you." So we stood together * * * * * * * another instant and the water rushed over the deck reaching the spot where we stood. * * * We heard Mr. Wait's voice crying to us, "Rush to the other side;" we started together, and the next second we had gone down with the vessel.

As the water washed over us, some tremendous force parted Lallie from me: desperately I clung to her dress, but this too slipped from my fingers, and I was alone with my God. I knew that I was drowning; all the sufferings of strangulation were on me, I had not the faintest hope of life, yet my consciousness never deserted me, and when I found my head above water, I was almost horrified with surprise—my hand struck a hard substance, and I clutched an iron chain suspended from a boat; it was upset, but sailors were clinging instinctively to the upraised keel—I felt there could be no help from them, so I spoke not a word; in a few moments the boat was broken to pieces; the men clung to the fragments, and a friendly plank struck me on the cheek, I recollected that in this position a person could be sustained some time, so I rested lightly upon it; one by one all these men disappeared from around me on floating barrels and timbers then one woman floated near me and disappeared; again I was alone with my plank on the mighty ocean, I was not struggling for life only passively resting on my frail support. I was conscious that I was drifting off from the ship. I had a faintest thought of danger for I seen a life boat, no one knew the person from the steamer had rescued. Suddenly I felt a [illegible] piece of timber float under my feet, and found that I could rest upon it. Again I floated on with the plank under my chest, and the timber. I began to feel benumbed and cold—a death like faintness seemed to come upon me, and as I raised my eyes for the last time, as I thought, to heaven, a large white boat was coming near me. I had barely strength to cry "Help! a woman!" and in another moment strong arms were about me. "Who are you?" I cried. A voice replied, "An English sailor who has come to save you." They drew me in, and laid, me helpless and cold, in the boat; rowed off again, and in a few moments picked up Miss Edgar, of New York. We had been three quarters of an hour in the water, and were the last ones saved. The boat belonged to the ship Loan Earn, which had run into the steamer, and, when picked up we were taken to the ship, drawn up with ropes on deck, and then, one by one, recognized the passengers rescued as we had been. The boats cruised around for hours afterward, but we were the last found.

Nobly did the English Captain rescue us from death, took us on his ship, gave all warm flannels to put on, and wrapped in blankets had the eleven ladies in his cabin. His own bow was so injured that when the ship Trimountain of New York, came a few hours afterward, the gentlemen desired that we should come on board. Capt. Surmont gave the necessary orders, and the twenty six passengers and fifty nine officers and crew of the Ville du Havre were transferred here. We have been on board five days, and hope to reach Cardiff next Monday. Captain Urquhart, of this vessel is a noble hearted man from Essex Conn., and as kind and generous as possible to us. We are destitute—have no clothes nor money—but all the gentlemen passengers act as if they were our natural protectors, and our common sufferings make the ladies feel as sisters; rescued from the very jaws of death, we have yet much to thank God for. I dare not say a word about my own sorrow, or I could not find strength to write, All the passengers are going to Paris and as soon as possible will return home in one of the Cunard line. Mr. Cramer from Troy, and two young ladies from Newport, Misses Hunter, who have lost father, mother and sister, also wish to return, so I think we had best return together. Judge Peckham's last words were, "Wife, if we are to go down, let us go bravely." * * * If you receive this you will know that we have reached the shore. God bless you all.

"Your affectionate sister,
"MARY A. BUCKLEY."

COUNCIL MEETING.

Carleton Place Dec. 24th.

Council met on the call of the Chairman. Present Councillors Graham, Wilson, Morphy and Taylor. Mr. Graham in the chair. The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

The following accounts were read:—

Wm. Taylor	$1.17
Almon S. Newman	5.41
Wm. Wilson, jr.	5.00
James Morphy, hire of bull	50
Alvin Levingston	62.00
Wm. Patterson	2 50
	$76.58.

1. Moved by Mr. Taylor and seconded by Mr. Morphy, that Mr. Wm. Patterson's account be accepted and paid, and that the Reeve grant an order on the Treasurer for the same, $2.50. Carried.

2. Moved by Dr. Wilson and seconded by Mr. Taylor, that the account of William Wilson, jr., for two cords of wood, be paid, and that the Chairman grant an order on the Treasurer for payment of the same. Carried.

3. Moved by Mr. Morphy, seconded by Mr. Taylor, that the account of A. S. Newman for coal-oil, lamp chimneys, &c., be paid, and that the Chairman grant an order on the Treasurer for the same, $5.41. Carried.

4. Moved by Dr. Wilson and seconded by Mr. Morphy, that the account of Wm. Taylor, for nails, glass and putty, be paid, and that the Chairman grant an order on the Treasurer for payment thereof. Carried.

5. Moved by Dr. Wilson and seconded by Mr. Taylor, that Mr. Levingston be paid thirty dollars, in part of his salary as Chief Constable, and two dollars for making ladders, and that the Chairman grant an order on the Treasurer for payment. Carried.

6. Moved by Mr. Taylor and seconded by Dr. Wilson, that James Morphy's account be paid, and that the Chairman grant an order on the Treasurer for the same, 50 cents. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Taylor, seconded by Mr. Morphy, that Councillors Wilson and Morphy be a Committee to examine the Report of the Street Comissioner, and report at the next meeting of Council.

The Council adjourned until Monday, the 29th inst., at 1 o'clock A. M.

The Detroit Free Press relates the following:—"Sunday morning two farmers and their families, who were driving to Malden to attend church, noticed when about eight miles out of the town, a ship's yawl out on the lake heading toward the beach and about half a mile away. They could plainly make out a man in the stern sheet steering the boat with an oar. Passing the same spot on their return the men found the yawl hard on the beach and the man sitting stiff and motionless in her stern. Leaving their waggons they ascertained that the man was lifeless and frozen hard as a rock. He sat bolt upright on the seat the oar out behind, and both hands clasping the handle, and it required hard work to wrench it from his death grip. There was much water in the boat, but the craft did not show rough usage.—The man's legs were almost covered with ice as far up as his knees, and the spray had dashed over his back and shoulders and frozen there. There was no name on the boat, and the person who brought the information to Windsor yesterday could not say that anything was found on the person of the man to reveal his identity, nor to show how he had been at least three days or have been dead at least sail nor mast more. There was neither sail nor mast to the boat, and nothing in it but the oar, showing that the poor fellow had not intended a long trip anywhere, and that he must have been blown off shore. He had used his oar to keep before the wind, and had frozen to death on his seat, where he had was solidly held by the ice that it had to be broken with a stone before he could be pulled off."

SUSPECTED POISONING AT DEMORESTVILLE.

The Picton *Gazette* says: For some days back rumours have been whispered about that one George McGinness, a labourer in the employ of Nostram Sprague, Esq., of Sophiasburg, was lying in a dangerous state, and the supposition of the attending physician was aroused from rumours that constantly came to his ears that foul play was suspected, which led to careful study of the case, and a confirmation in the behalf that all was not right, and that the sick man was suffering from poison having been administered either by himself or by those who were attending him in his illness. During his illness, if we are correctly informed, he intimated to Mr. Sprague that he had felt the same symptoms on a previous occasion as those from which he was at the time suffering. However, no action was taken further than to watch the case closely. Rumours of this kind reached us on Thursday of last week, but in our opinion these rumours were not sufficiently authenticated to warrant us in giving them publicity. On Saturday, however, the victim died, and the mysterious circumstances of his illness, and subsequent death were deemed sufficiently important to warrant an inquest. Accordingly on Monday morning, the Coroner, accompanied by Dr. Morden, visited the place, and proceeded to hold an inquest. During the investigation the fact was elicited that the wife of deceased had procured arsenic from the store of R. J. McDowall. It was also ascertained that deceased and his wife had lived very unhappily together during their matrimonial alliance—a period only of about three months—the "green-eyed" monster, jealousy, having been the chief cause of bickerings and unhappiness. The Coroner deemed it expedient, from the evidence attained, to order a *post mortem* examination—which was performed by Drs. Morden and Moore—and the stomach taken out, and forwarded to Prof. Croft for analysis. The investigation was adjourned until the 30th inst., to give time for the analysis and report of Prof. Croft. The arrest of the wife of McGinness was ordered, and on Tuesday morning she was placed in the County Gaol to await the result of the Coroner's investigation.

As intimated above, this couple have been married about three months. The woman under arrest is the second wife of the deceased—who by his former marriage had four children, three of whom are still living. During the brief period of their union there has been, if report be true, incessant jarrings and contentions between them, and the only conclusions that can reasonably be arrived at is that either McGinness had became tired of these continual bickerings, and committed suicide to escape them, or that his wife repented of her union with him, and desired to hasten her freedom by causing his death. It is idle, however, to speculate further until additional particulars are obtained, which will doubtless be forthcoming at the adjourned investigation.

We are further informed that a third person is mixed up with the affair, but of this we cannot speak just now.

PERILS IN THE WILD NORTH LAND.

On the southern shore of the lake three moose had been killed. When the tidings reached the fort, two men and two sleds of dogs set off for the "cache;" it was safely found, the meat packed upon the sleds, and all made ready for there turn; then came the usual storm, dense and dark, the fine snow (dry as dust under the biting cold) swept the surface of the lake. The sun, which on one of these "poudre" days in the North seems to exert as much influence upon the war of cold and storm as some good bishop in the Middle Ages was wont to exercise over the belligerents of Cressy or Poictiers, when, as it is stated, "He withdrew to a neighboring eminence, and there remained during the combat!"—the sun, I say for a time, seemed to protest, by his presence, against the whole thing, but then finding all protests equally disregarded by the wind and cold, he muffled himself up in the nearest cloud and went fast asleep until the fight was over. For a time the men held their way across the lake; then the dogs became bewildered; the leading driver turned to his companion, and telling him to drive both trains, he strode on in front of his dogs to give a "lead" in the storm. Driving two trains of loaded dogs is hard work; the second driver could not keep up, and the man deliberately increasing his pace walked steadily away, leaving his comrade to the mercies of cold and drift. He did this cowardly act with the knowledge that his companion had only three matches in his possession, he having induced him to give up the rest to Indians whom they had fallen in with. The man thus abandoned on the dreaded lake, was a young Hudson's Bay clerk, by no means habituated to the hardships of such a situation. But it requires little previous experience to know when one is lost. The dogs soon began to wander, and finally headed for where their instinct told them lay the shore. When they reached the shore night had fallen, the wind had gone down, but still the cold was intense; it was the close of January, the coldest time of the year where eighty degrees of frost is no unusual occurrance. At such a time it was no easy matter to light a fire, the numbed, senseless hands cannot find strength to strike a match; and many a time have I seen a hardy voyageur fail in his first attempts with the driest wood, and with full daylight to assist him. But what chance had the inexperienced hand, with scant willow-sticks, for fuel and darkness to deceive him? His wood was partly green, and one by one his three matches flashed, flickered, and died out. No fire, no food—alone somewhere on Lac Claire in 40 to 50 degrees below zero! It was an ugly prospect. Wrapping himself in a blanket he got a dog at his feet and lay down. With daylight he was up, and putting the dogs into harness set out; but he knew nothing whatever of the lake, and he steered heedless of direction. He came at last to a spring of open water; it was highly charged with sulphur, and hence its resistance to the cold of winter. Though it was nauseous to the taste he drank deeply of it. No other spring of water existed in all the wide circle of the lake. For four days the wretched man remained at this place; his sole hope lay in the chance that men would come to look for him from the fort, but ere that would come about a single night might suffice to terminate his existence. These bad nights are bad enough when we have all that food and fuel can do. Men lose their fingers or their toes sometimes in the hours of wintry day but here fire there was none, and food without fire was not to be had. The meat upon the sled had frozen almost as solid as the stone of a quarry. He still hoped for relief, but had he known of the conduct of the ruffian whose desertion had thus brought him to this misery his hope would have been a faint one. On the day following his desertion the deserter appeared at the Quatre Fourche; he pretended to be astonished that his comrade had not turned up. On the same evening he reached Fort Chipewyan; he told a plausible story of having left his companion smoking near a certain spot on the north side of the lake; on his return to the spot the sleds were gone, and he at once concluded they had headed for home. Such was his tale. A search expedition was at once dispatched, but, acting under the direction of the scoundrel Harper, no trace of the lost man could be found. No wonder! the scene of his desertion lay many miles away to the south, but villain wished to give time for cold and hunger to do their work, not for any gratification or revenge toward his late comrade, but simply because "dead men tell no tales." Upon the return of this unsuccessful expedition suspicions were aroused; the man was besought to tell the truth, and all would be forgiven him if he now confessed where it was he left his companion. He still, however, asserted that he had left him on the shore of the lake at a spot marked by a single willow. Again a search party, goes out, but this time under experienced leadership, and totally disregarding the story of the deserter far down, near the south shore of the lake, the quick eye of a French half-breed caught the faint print of a snow-shoe edge on the hard, drifted surface; he followed the clew—another print—and then another; soon the shore was reached, and the impress of a human form found among the willows. Never doubting for an instant that the next sight would be the frozen body of the man they sought for (since the fireless camping place showed that he was without the means of making a fire), the searchers went along. They reached the Sulphur Spring, and there, cold, hungry, but safe, sat the object of their search. Five days had passed, yet he had not frozen! If I wished to learn more of the deserter Harper, I had ample opportunity of doing so. His villainous face formed a prominent object at my camp fire. He was now the packet bearer to Fort Vermillion and the Peace River.—*The Wild North Land.*

Buffalo hunting is again the rage. The plains are covered with thousands of them, and the Greeley *Tribune* says 400 were killed by a party from that place in a single hunt lately. Protests against such butchery are of no avail as long as the law provides no punishment.

An intoxicated man demanded admission at the house of a woman near Port Henry, N. Y., one night last week, and was refused. Finding it impossible to burst in the door, he backed his horse, a valiant kicker, up to the door and it soon yielded. As he was about to enter, the woman met him with a pistol and shot him dead.

The application of electricty for the reduction of metals from their ores has been patented in England. By regulating the electric current in a proper manner it is claimed that cast iron, wrought iron or steel can be produced directly from the furnace without any intermediate operations. This puddling by means of an electric current will occupy from ten to fifteen minutes only, instead of several hours, as in the ordinary puddling by hand labour of machinery.

Rejected contributors form so large a class, in England that they support two magazines, whose pages contain nothing that has not been declined by the editors of other periodicals.

A miner who had powder in one tin can, and oil in another, and forgot which was which, went into the blacksmith shop, at the Dunbar colliery, Clearfield County, one day last week, to melt the oil. He set the can, containing three pounds of powder, on the blacksmith's fire and went home, saying that that was the loudest clap of thunder he had ever heard.

The Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT $1 A YEAR

CARLETON PLACE, DEC. 31, 1873.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.—Toll, toll the solemn bell! Another year is gone! Its days, and hours, and minutes live only in the memory of the past. But its deeds are before us. Like the river flowing ever toward the ocean, they roll on to the future. What joys and hopes, what sorrows and disappointments, have thrilled and agonized the millions of people who inhabit this earth and the great number who have died during the past year!

How rapidly the seasons change! The NEW YEAR'S DAY comes round with constantly increasing frequency. Once it was not so. We can remember when all the days were long—when we wished the moments would fly faster away. Weeks were, in the days of our boy-hood, what seasons are now. The holidays seemed to be an age apart. But now, though we do not *feel* to be in the "sere and yellow leaf," though we try to think and act as if in the full prime of manhood, yet the years grow strangely brief. No day is long enough. Each week and every month is shorter than its predecessor; the seasons seem to succeed each other like the telegraph posts along the track of the fast-thundering steam car. And our work continually accumulates on our hands. Once we could do it all; we had time enough and to spare; indeed, we could not find work enough, nor play enough to occupy all the tedious hours. But how changed? Remorseless Time, thou gatherest for Eternity, as the reaper garners for earth. Nor age, nor station, nor prayers, nor duties deferred, nor tasks unfinished, nor promises unfulfilled, can stay thy hand for one short moment! But the New Year is a general way-mark, at which men pause, moralizing. Here, man notes his progress on the journey of life and in the upward movement of the age. Recalling perished hopes and extinct pleasures, he leans lovingly to the past. The past is dear to man for his life is blended with it. It has unfolded his powers and chastened his waywardness. Ah, those terrible chastenings! The soul writhes as memory recalls their details. The sorrows of the past endear it to man, as he stands enveloped in their shadow.

But we must remind our readers that the present is a most fitting time for striking a balance. Though the closing of the old year and the beginning of the new seems given up entirely to festivity, yet beneath the surface there runs a strong current of business enterprise and activity. They who find nothing to do but spend what others make, can give themselves up unreservedly to the gayeties of the season without a thought of what comes after, but those of us whose business it is to create the sinews of holiday sport find ourselves pretty busy in balancing accounts and ascertaining just where we stand. If the day of reckoning has been held steadily in view throughout the year, and a running account of debt and credit has been kept, it will not be difficult to determine on which side is the surplus. Well is it for those who have managed their affairs with such economy and discretion that they are able on new Year's Day to honor all the drafts made on them, and like an honest blacksmith, "look the world in the face, for they owe not any man." Cash accounts, we all know are readily enough kept; there is another sort of a balance which is not so easy to strike: and which many people never trouble themselves about at all. The class to which we refer take it for granted that they are evermore to receive and under no obligations to give. Always full of their own wants and enterprises, they never have any time or means or thought to bestow in advancing the common good. Alive to what will probably promote their own individual interest, they are dead and blind to all things else.

Though very far from advocating communism or agrarianism, we believe most devotedly that Christianity is benevolence, philanthropy, universal brotherhood." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." God is the father of us all and no respecter of persons. What right do we possess, who are but stewards and have nothing but what we have received, to withhold from a fellow creature that which he needs and we can bestow? Not money alone are we called upon to impart, but sympathy, countenance, advice, information, moral support, "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" The Roman civilization rivaled in many all that modern nations can show. Of this spirit all who will may partake, and each, in his measure, advance the essential interests of the community in which he lives, and the community of which he is a citizen.

In reckoning up what we owe at the close of this year let us then not omit from our summings up the civil, moral, and social obligations, undischarged, to give freely of what freely we have received. As to the bestowal of alms, there remains yet a short time before the record of 1873 is finally closed, in which brief time how many a hungry soul may be fed, how many a shivering child, be clad, how many a destitute family be relieved! At the end of life, as at the end of each year we shall look back with satisfaction not on what we have enjoyed most ourselves but what we have caused others to enjoy; on the treasures of love and gratitude we have laid up in the hearts of our fellows, on deeds of self forgetfulness and works of charity. Happy, indeed, wil' each one be against whose account is written: "He hath done what he could."

The efforts to promote immigration made by the Government of Ontario during the past year, have been attended with more than ordinary success. In point of numbers the immigrants have, by several thousands, exceeded those of 1872; at the same time, the class of persons who have arrived has been very superior, and they have generally been much better adapted to the wants of the country than was the case in some former years. The character of the new settlers has, in fact, been such as to promise an increase of the same class in an ever multiplying ratio, for they have, as a rule, appeared to be thrifty, intelligent and persevering, certain therefore to succeed, and to prove the most efficient agents in the work of inducing others of their fellow countrymen to follow their example. All have found ready employment at good wages, and still there remains, in the agricultural districts, ample room for an almost unlimited supply of the same sturdy raw material of industry.

Owing to the failure of the crops in Bengal it is believed that a famine is inevitable. At least 11,000,000 of the 60,000,000 of people inhabiting the district affected by the scarcity of food will starve to death unless aid is given to them. In the opinion of the English press the only thing to be done is the importation of at least 1,400,000 tons of food into Bengal. The cost of this undertaking will necessarily be enormous, and its success would be a splendid proof of the ability of modern civilization to combat and vanquish a famine.

Ale being forbidden to be sold in moral Massachusetts, the astute brewers have recently been selling a strictly temperance beverage called "hop-tonic". Some bold and devoted constable has tried the "tonic," and found it remarkably like old ale. As a consequence the dealers in that beverage have been arrested for a violation of the Prohibitory law. It is singular that no "salem-keeper" has thought of substituting "rye tonic" and "apple-jelly tonic" for the prohibited whiskey and rum which wicked Massachusetts people formerly drank.

In our last issue we published a few remarks in reference to the school examinations in our village schools previous to the holidays; and we referred to the fact, that very few parents or guardians of children attend those periodical examinations or seem to take much interest in the educational progress of their children. We have little doubt that it is the same throughout the country schools. And yet why should it be so? There is something cheerful in listening to the ringing notes of the school bell at 9 o'clock in the morning, which echoes through every village and hamlet in the land. With books and lunch basket, children, little and large, hasten their response to its call. They gather in rooms of every size and of every grade of comfort, from the log cabin chinked with mud to the elegant and costly structure of brick furnished with apparatus and meeting every physical want. However the school-rooms may differ, the course of study is essentially the same in them all. The three Rs, reading, riting, and rithmetic," are the corner stones now, as they were in the olden time, of a good education, and teachers of every grade of culture and experience are drilling the juvenile mind in fractions, interest, and square root, in spelling and reading, in grammer and geography. The school committee, the trustees, and the teachers are supposed by most parents to be quite competent to take entire charge of the children committed to their care, and when once school taxes are paid, books purchased, and the children entered, the parents are quite ready to throw all responsibility upon the proper authorities. Little do most of them trouble themselves about the teacher, whether or not he is competent mentally, morally for the task he has undertaken, for have not the school committee decided that, and who shall appeal from their decision? So the teacher is left quite to himself in his little empire, and without sympathy or co-operation on the part of parents discharges his duties and receives his pay. In the old days when "boarding round" was the fashion it was not easy for the teacher and the parents to remain unacquainted, but now it is by no means an uncommon circumstance for them never to meet. "Have you been in the school lately?" we ask frequently. "No," is the invariable reply, "I'm intending to go but haven't got there yet." Now we believe that intelligent co-operation between parents and teachers is essential to the best results in education, and that every parent should, as far as possible, note the daily progress of his child in his studies, that he should assure the teacher of his cordial and earnest sympathy and support in the arduous labours of the school-room, and by his own occasional presence there, show his interest in the progress of the school.

There are, of course, a great many patrons of our public schools who can do little to aid teachers, but readers of papers in which educational matters have always held so prominent a position, must have by this time certain convictions and views as to the extent and modes of culture in vogue, and ought to be able to exercise a wise and helpful influence in the scholastic training of their children. It would be a good thing for every mother who has children in public or private schools to spend half an hour every week or fortnight in the room within which her children pass so many hours of the day, and note the quality of the air they breathe, the temperature of the room, its tidiness, and the spirit which pervades it. We who have families know very well how difficult it is, in the midst of cares, perplexities, and physical frailties, always to take "correct bearings" and pronounce impartial judgments. A calm looker-on can often see clearly the right course to be taken and the proper decision to be made when the chief actor is quite incapable of determining them. The very presence of such a person steadies and nerves the divided mind, and aids it in reaching just decisions, and acting firmly in the right direction. Just so with the teacher. Harassed by difficulties in controlling the insubordinate, in teaching the stupid, in stimulating the sluggish, in keeping himself all the time at "concert pitch" as regards enthusiasm and endeavor, he needs the support of calm, sympathetic, and intelligent parents to sustain him in his duties, to keep him in the right path, and to help him in the solution of his perplexities. The presence of parents in the school-room has a most salutary effect on the rustic school. It quickens the interest of the children, breaks up the monotony of the school-room, and gives fresh zest to the teacher. Parents are most vitally interested in this important matter of education, and cannot if they would divest themselves of the responsibility, though by a hearty, thorough, and constant co-operation with the teacher they may divide it.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.—When any nation of European descent attacks a nation of native race in Asia, Africa, or America, the white men are, as a matter of course, sure to be victorious. As a general rule numbers appear to be of little consequence on the field of battle. The most numerous and best appointed armies of dark skinned men have been put to utter route in Mexico, as in India, by bodies of Spaniards or Englishmen, who could be counted by scores. Whether the relations of Cortes are exactly true or not, it is certain that immense masses of Mexicans were driven like sheep before the merest handful of invaders, and Clive gained the Empire of India defended by troops of very different quality from the Mahrattas, by a mere corporals guard of white soldiers. In Abyssinia our recent experience was of a similar kind. In spite of all the apprehensions