Carleton Place Herald.

VOL XXIV. CARLETON PLACE, ONTARIO, MAY 20, 1874. NO 33

BREAD, BUTTER AND POETRY.

Some years ago the Committee on Bread and Butter, at the Dorchester (Mass.) Agricultural Fair, closed their report with the lines given below. There is a playfulness in them worthy of a moment's attention. We do not know whether the poet was any more inspired than he ought to have been when he plunged th fair dairy-maid "elbow deep" in "meal and cream;" but this, probably, comes under the head of poetic licenses, with which we will not dare to meddle:

The girl engaged in moulding bread
Shall make some sweet-heart flutter
With hope to get the dairy-maid
To make his bread and butter.

She may not play the game croquet,
Or French and German stutter
If well she knows the curd from whey,
And makes sweet bread and butter

In meal and cream she's elbow deep
And cannot stop to utter;
But says if he will sow and reap,
She'll make his bread and butter.

The dairy-maid, the farmer's wife
Shall be the toast we utter;
Alone, man leads a crusty life,
Without good bread and butter.

COOFISH AND POTATOES.

"Who can that be?" said Kate with a little start. "The landlord. I suppose."

"Not he," laughed Hope, "he knows better;" and in a second more she had removed her calico apron, and was face to face wich her guest.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Earnest," she said frankly, but with heightened color, "And I am glad to see you," replied the gentleman with a friendly grasp of the hand. "And now where is the picture?"

Nobody can tell how grateful Hope was that her visitor should plunge at once in *medias res*: and nobody knows but just Hope herself how near she came to breaking down when, standing before the little landscape, he expressed his honest admiration of her labor.

"You were very kind to think of me, Miss Hope," he said, "and I only regret that I did not get your communication before. I have been out of town, and two hours ago was not only entirely unaware of the contents of your letter, but also ignorant of your change of residence. Had I known that you had been visited by trouble as heavily as this, I should have called, I assure you, without having been sent for on business.

"I am sure of that, Mr. Earnest," answered Hope. "I knew I should hear from you as soon as you received the letter."

"Thank you for that Miss Hope. I should hate to be misunderstood by a friend. And now as this is a matter of business, will you please tell me what price you have set upon your picture?"

If John Earnest expected to find the least trace of false pride, or even defiidence here, he was disappointed. True, the carmine on Hope's cheeks deepened a little, but she replied in a perfectly steady voice, looking her companion squarely in the face—"one hundred dollars."

"It is worth more than that, Miss Hope," said her visitor. "It is small, to be sure, but really, it will be the gem of my library. I have paintings no larger, and no more perfect, I assure you, than this, for which I have paid five times that sum."

"Yes," answered Hope, a little doubtfully, "but that is easily understood, Mr. Earnest. When *my* paintings come to be in demand, then I shall make folks pay for them; but I think a hundred dollars is quite enough for this one."

The gentleman understood too well the nature he was dealing with to urge this point, although he would have been glad to, so he said,

"I hope you will have no objection to having this picture hung in the Academy for awhile."

"Not in the least," she replied. "I should be only too glad."

"With your own name?"

"With my own name."

A queer kind of a smile crept into the corners of Mr. Earnest's mouth as he counted out the money, and handed over the crisp new bills to his companion; but Hope didn't notice it. There was the rent, and the gas bill, and a ton of coal, and something nice for her mother to eat; and it was a very sweet, though very grave face that looked into his as she inquired, "Oughtn't there to be a bill, Mr. Earnest?"

"A what! Miss Hope?" he asked in astonishment.

"Oughtn't I to give something to show that you have paid me in full for my picture?" continued Hope.

"Why yes," he answered, the queer smile deepening. "If you are determined to do business in a business like way—"

"And why not?" she inquired innocently.

"Surely—why not?" he repeated, and Hope sat down to her little writing-desk, and after a moment presented him with the necessary receipt.

"That is the way my father used to write them, I believe," said she, as her visitor carefully examined it.

"It is perfectly correct," he answered, and continued, as he folded the little piece of paper and tucked it in his pocket, "If you will paint a companion piece to this picture, I shall be delighted to be your purchaser, and if you are willing, Miss Hope, I should like to do myself the favor of calling on you sometimes as I used to do."

"You will be welcome, I assure you," Hope answered, and John Earnest, with his new purchase under his arm, walked out of that humble home a very thoughtful man. A moment after, Hope and Kate were hugging each other, and tears of joy were rolling out of two pairs of as beautiful eyes as ever opened to the light of day. Hope rallied first. "Put on your things, little sister, and run for some beefsteak—and anything else you think mother will relish. Let's have it all ready for her when she comes out."

"And I'll stop in and pay the landlord," cried Kate, all aglow.

"Not a bit of it," answered Hope, stern in a moment. "I shall give him his money just the very, *very* last thing. That man would have pushed us into the street if a stronger power had not interposed to prevent; and now I shall pay him when the time is up, or thereabouts." So Kate a few moments after returned with the grocer's boy, both laden down with good things, and in half an hour dinner was on the table, and Mrs. Merriam invited to rise and participate in the unusual festivities.

"There is no use in getting up, said the lady sadly; still she arose and came out. "What *does* all this mean?" she inquired, as her eye fell upon the well-filled table.

"It means," replied Hope, "that when the time came, money came; and it means also that God always helps those who help themselves; it means, moreover, that if we are 'faithful over a few things,'—'codfish tails for instance,' interrupted Kate, her beautiful eyes overflowing again

"Yes," answered Hope, "that He will surely see to it that we are provided with whatever we can manage to his advantage. There is nothing in this world that is right for us to have that can be kept away from us *when we are ready for it*, and I for one don't want the very first thing that is not mine by actual possession; mine by the right God has given me of *earning* it. Mr. Earnest paid me a hundred dollars for my picture, mother dear, and that's what it means again. Now sit right down and have a piece of this nice tenderloin, and—"

"A hundred dollars?" interrupted Mrs. Merriam. "Only a hundred dollars?" "Why, Hope! Surely that picture was worth more than that."

Hope stifled a sigh. This was the hardest thing she had to bear yet. For a single moment she stood directly in the road; the path was no longer distinct. Right in front, blocking her way, was the spirit of discontent and fault-finding. What progress could she ever expect to make with this phantom constantly before her? What comfort would there be in this world for her mother if she did not commence at once to exercise these twin demons—these ruthless destroyers of happiness? For an instant everything was clouded too: Mrs. Merriam kept on talking. Hope tried not to hear; and afraid at last that her slender stock of patience might not be able to hold out, slipped quietly into the sitting-room, and shortly after returned, her face as bright as ever, and all ready to do the honors of the table.

"What's that you were saying, Hope?" inquired Mrs. Merriam, surveying her well-filled plate.

"I believe I was talking to myself, mother," replied Hope. "This is what I was thinking: if one can't clear their paths of obstacles, there is no necessity of standing still and looking at them. One can go round them."

"But that will take longer," interrupted Kate, understanding the smile at once.

"But how foolish we both are, sister," said Hope. "What are we that we should say this or that is our path, and we must walk in it? If the one we thought ours is blocked up, then the way round is ours. All there is about it, we must travel a little faster—make a little quicker time—

"It is astonishing how fast one can travel down hill," put in Mrs. Merriam, cutting her beefsteak energetically. She understood, in a distant sort of a way, what her daughters were illustrating, and although in her heart of hearts there was no sentiment save that of honest and unselfish love for her children, yet their calm, philosophic mood jarred upon her, and it was with difficulty that she restrained herself from giving utterance to all she felt.

"Isn't your steak tender, mother?" inquired Kate, the plain-spoken.

"Yes, it is very nice," she replied without looking up. Kate's expression said very plainly, "Well, then, what is the matter with you?" but she didn't put it into words. Hope gave her a warning look, and Kate's mouth closed with a jerk. Mrs. Merriam, however, felt the spirit of her youngest daughter's question, and said:

"You seem to think that on account of this hundred dollars, and a decent civilized dinner once more, that I should immediately throw off all care, and fold my hands continually. Mrs. Merriam helped herself to another cup of tea and some more gravy. "But what's a hundred dollars, I should like to know? how far will it go? and what's a good dinner?"

"The absence of either furnishes a pretty good subject for growling, according to my experience," interrupted Kate.

Another warning nod and scowl from Hope, who immediately said, "I wonder which of my sketches Mr. Earnest would best like to have elaborated for the next picture? He shall select next time he calls. Kate, I wish you would help me to a little of the codfish; that mustn't be slighted because we have beefsteak."

"Then Mr. Earnest is going to visit us, is he?" inquired Mrs. Merriam. Before Hope could answer, she continued:

"He is to creep in I suppose, in the evening, when he is quite sure that his friends and acquaintances won't see him; and if they should happen to find him out, his excuse will be that Miss Hope Merriam is at *work* for him! I know just how it will be."

"Was that *your* way of treating your friends in misfortune when *you* had plenty of money, mother Merriam?" inquired Kate.

"How's that family treated you, Kate, this very day?" said the lady, now thoroughly excited. "Didn't you say yourself, only a little while ago, that they were a proud, stuck-up set, and—"

"Oh mercy, yes," answered Kate with a groan; "but I made no mention of Mr. Earnest. But why recall my foolish words?

"For the blessings we have this day received, oh Father, make us truly thankful," said Hope, lifting her eyes reverently; and with this little prayer left the table and the room.

John Earnest was brother to the wife of William Harkness, Sr., and for the last two years had, with his little daughter, May, resided with his sister's family. The lonely condition of his child, consequent upon the death of her mother, had made the change of residence necessary; but to John Earnest this place which he now ate, slept and lounged in, was anything but a home. The knowledge that May was well taken care of, and happy, was all that reconciled him to it. He had nothing in common here. Dinner was just over at the Harkness mansion. John Earnest had come in late, and as he took his seat at the table, the tide of talk he had at first interrupted, resumed its spluttering flow.

"Somebody told me to-day they hadn't a dollar but the girls earned," continued Harkness, Sr. "I don't see what will become of them. Pretty hard Tate for girls brought up as they have been." "We were talking about the Merriams, John," he added apologetically to Mr. Earnest.

"Ah?" said the gentleman thus addressed.

"You used to visit them occasionally, I believe?" continued Mr. Harkness.

"Occasionally," was the quiet reply.

"Will and Fanny met Kate to-day, they tell me."

"How was she looking, Fanny?" inquired Mr. Earnest of the young lady opposite.

"I didn't see her," was the haughty reply; "Will and May can probably tell you; they talked of nothing else on their way home."

"I think she was looking very well," said Will, with a face scarlet. "I hadn't much chance to notice. We only passed each other on Mrs. Sincoe's stoop."

"Why, I am surprised," said Mr. Earnest. "I have been out of town so much lately that I am entirely in the dark about Kate's misbehavior. What has the foolish girl been guilty of?"

"Misbehavior?—guilty of?" was repeated from all sides. "We haven't heard of anything, John," said Mr. Harkness at last. "What do you mean?"

"I thought of course there must be something of that kind," was the quiet reply. "Fanny says she didn't see her, and Will only passed her on Mrs. Sincoe's stoop, and May—May, dear, what did you do?"

"How did you know I was there, papa?" inquired May in astonishment.

"Didn't somebody just say so, child?" and now there was another red face at the table; but nobody noticed, and May continued, a little deprecatingly—she had evidently been well snubbed for the events of the morning—"Why I kissed her, papa, and sent my love to Hope, and asked her to please let me come and spend the day with them, and Kate gave me the number, and—"

"A shanty near Second Avenue!" interrupted Fanny.

"But don't you know, May," and here Mr. Earnest gave his daughter's little hand a tight squeeze under the table, which she evidently understood, and then looking up into his face received a knowing wink, which she also plainly comprehended, for her face lost none of its brightness when he had finished speaking; "but don't you know, May, that when you are with the Romans you should do exactly as the Romans do? If reason exist which forbid your cousins, so much older than you, from recognizing the Merriams, are not the same reasons good for you?"

"I am glad to hear you say this," said Fanny. "I told May, but she didn't seem to mind it at all, that she should always be governed by me in affairs of this kind. Now, May, you hear what your father says."

"I tried, all the way home," replied May, "to find out why Fanny and Will treated her so, but I don't know now. I love her, and I don't see why I should n't love her; and I love Hope, and I don't see why I shouldn't love her; and I'm always going to love them till I find out something that makes me do something else, and I don't believe that time will ever be."

"May—May!" said Fanny and Mrs. Harkness at the same time.

"May," repeated Mr. Earnest, again squeezing the little hand, "don't you know that when folks lose their money, they lose everything—standing, position, character, and all? You will understand this better after a while"—and inwardly added, "God helping me, you never shall."

John Earnest was thoroughly comprehended by one at that table, and that one his daughter. Will Harkness, Jr., had sense enough to wonder whether his uncle were really honest in the utterance of these most remarkable sentiments; but a something which was half shame, half caution, restrained him from asking any questions. After dinner Fanny took her uncle one side and said to him, "I am very glad, Uncle John, that you spoke to May as you did at the table. She annoyed me very much this morning, and all the way home insisted that she should visit these people, just as soon as she could obtain your permission."

John Earnest winced a little at "these people," but managed to keep very quiet, while she went on with her privacy. "Of course May will give it all up now you have frowned them down, but I am fearfully worried about Will. He was in love with Kate Merriam. I don't think there is any mistake about that. I saw her first, this morning, and said to him, 'Now, Will Harkness, here is your opportunity; you must cut her dead.' He refused. I passed her without recognition—

"Sensible, far-seeing girl!" said Uncle John, with a queer shrug of the shoulders.

"And he declares now that his intention," proceeded Fanny, highly pleased by her companion's compliment, "was to treat her the same as ever; but that my horrible behaviour (that's what he called it), confused him so that he didn't know what he was doing; and all the way home he and May were talking it over."

"Then you really think," inquired Mr. Earnest, "that Will did not wish to hurt Kate's feelings—did not intend to give up the acquaintance?"

"Oh! I know he didn't. Now, Uncle John, I want you to talk to him, if you can, this very evening. If he *should* lower himself in any such way—should so far forget the position of his family—as to—

"Don't speak of it, I beseech you; don't speak of it!" interrupted Mr. Earnest, tragically. "There is no family on the face of the continent that could sustain such a blow as that! A girl may be very honorable, very beautiful, very talented, and yet if she hasn't the almighty dollar, of what account is she? Note the difference. Here you are *my* niece—plain, with very little talent, and only ordinary truthfulness, the envy of the social circle, and an object of admiration by all the fortune hunters in your sex."

Fanny Harkness now fairly glared at her uncle. She too was beginning to wonder what the gentleman meant. He continued, taking no notice of her fierce looks—

"There are Hope and Kate Merriam—both of them beautiful, possessed of real talent if not actual genius, and as honest as the sun; but they have no money, Fanny! They ought to know by this time that they have nothing to to show them in the beginning just what hope for, socially, I trust that [illegible] former *friends*," [illegible] heavy moustache [illegible] being quite pulled [illegible] this last word—"[illegible] they have to expe[illegible]

"And you will [illegible] the young lady, q[illegible] last sentences.

"I will speak t[illegible] and slowly walke[illegible] May was there be[illegible] meet him as he e[illegible]

"When can I [illegible] Kate?" she inqu[illegible]

"Some day w[illegible] them," he answer[illegible] and if they invit[illegible] with you; but ju[illegible] don't say a word [illegible] that you understa[illegible]

"As if I didn't [illegible] May, lifting her [illegible] ed. "Oh, papa, [illegible] don't know how [illegible] looked for a mom[illegible] passed her witho[illegible] real glad when I [illegible] said of her. Sh[illegible] improving so fas[illegible] tion that she [illegible] frightened; and [illegible] fond of her. I [illegible] of Kate, papa."

"We'll see ab[illegible] Mr. Earnest, hi[illegible] new thought oc[illegible] go and tell your [illegible] to see him."

Five minute[illegible] entered his uncl[illegible]ently very ill at [illegible] with himself an[illegible]

"If you wer[illegible] Earnest, "I'll n[illegible] time will answe[illegible] mented upon hi[illegible] ance.

"No. I'm not [illegible] "The fact is I [illegible] where, I have [illegible] and throwing h[illegible] "as the lecture [illegible] tinued, I might [illegible] self as comforts[illegible] John, I expecte[illegible] from almost eve[illegible] but no live ma[illegible] me believe tha[illegible] the stand you h[illegible] I know you val[illegible] ings it brough[illegible] for a single sec[illegible] absurd questio[illegible] aristocracy."

"You and I [illegible] laughed uncle [illegible] the one to be le[illegible] and let's see w[illegible]

"Excuse me [illegible] truly this day [illegible] my life."

"How long [illegible] Merriams live[illegible]

"I never k[illegible] asked Kate,"

"Well, wh[illegible] the next quer[illegible]

"Because [illegible] had gone to a [illegible] the country, a[illegible] by any of the [illegible]

"Made up [illegible] uncle John, b[illegible] his companio[illegible]

"But why, [illegible] or the society [illegible] this very inte[illegible] you not soug[illegible]

"Good gra[illegible] else?" was th[illegible]

[illegible] I done anything [illegible] passionate response.

THE MURDER OF SCOTT.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. YOUNG.

Editor of the Free Press, (Manitoba.)

The Hon. [illegible]alcolm Cameron having stated, durin[illegible] the debate on the subject of Riel's exp[illegible]sion from the House, that I had informe[illegible] him (Mr Cameron) "that the stories of [illegible]e atrocious cruelties to Scott were u[illegible]ounded," I wish through your columns [illegible]o correct the error into which the h[illegible]n. gentleman has fallen. When in Ot[illegible]ario last summer I was asked by the [illegible]rother of the murdered and lamented [illegible]cott, and by many others, my opinion [illegible]oncerning these reported cruelties, tha[illegible] is whether the poor man died very s[illegible]n after the shooting, or lingered unti[illegible]night, and was barbarously put to death[illegible] I presume Mr. Cameron was among [illegible] catechisers. My reply in each case [illegible]as that I had never be[illegible] lieved that S[illegible]ott survived more than a few minutes [illegible]ter he was fired upon that while one of [illegible]e firing party told me that he lingered t[illegible] after six o'clock, and was then put o[illegible] of his misery, another assured me [illegible]at "he died in a few minutes," and t[illegible] from the appearance of the body, as [illegible]ell as from the quantity of blood which [illegible]aturated the snow, and which, althou[illegible] covered occasionally with snow, still ke[illegible] oozing up through it for some days af[illegible]r the perpetration of the horrible deed [illegible] I had concluded that death must have ta[illegible] place almost immediately. Before t[illegible]nty-four hours had elapsed I was told th[illegible] he did not die until after dark, and wa[illegible] then in a most barbarous way put to-d[illegible]th; but while on the one hand I was u[illegible] willing to believe Riel and his followers [illegible]pable of such cruelties, on the other I w[illegible] most unwilling to believe that one, wh[illegible] I had so recently conversed and [illegible]rayed with, and whose bravery I adm[illegible]ired, had endured such agonies. Un[illegible] the examination of certain witnesse[illegible] in the *Lepine* case a few months ago, [illegible]en those who well knew whereof they [illegible] affirmed testified to these "atrocious cr[illegible]ties" *as facts*, and more recently when [illegible] Mr. Bruce published over his own signa[illegible]re a statement to the same effect. I di[illegible]cling to my opinion as already given. [illegible] Most certainly I never said to Mr. C[illegible]meron, nor to any one else, that "these a[illegible]ics were unfounded." I had then no m[illegible]ns of knowing positively. My affirmatio[illegible] was simply that I had never, up to t[illegible] time, "*believed* them," for the reason[illegible] already given. I am now distressed on [illegible]count of a full belief in their correctn[illegible].

GEO. YOUNG.

Winnipeg, [illegible]pril 29.

The Carlist[illegible]laim a victory in a recent engagement [illegible]h the Republicans, of whom they st[illegible] 350 were killed and 300 taken pri[illegible]ers.

THE GREAT LONE LAND.

Ever since the Hudson's Bay territory became part of Canada we have been urgently calling attention to the responsibility thereby assumed by the Government of this country with regard to the Indians of that vast region. We have pointed out that throughout the great West the British flag was revered, while that of the United States was hated by the aborigines, simply because the Hudson's Bay Company had, doubtless from interested motives, managed to retain the confidence of the Indians, while beyond its jurisdiction the selfishness and cruelty of traders had had full play and had driven the natives to bay and created incurable hostility and war of extermination. That the loyalty of the Indians is very easily retained is, we think, the result of all experience. That to resent all dishonorable dealing and cruelty is with the Indian a sacred duty and one faithfully fulfilled, is also a matter now painfully familiar to the Christian world. The serious question, then, before us is how we can maintain that feeling of respect and loyalty to our Queen which happily exists. The encroachments of American traders and outlaws and the approach of settlements on both sides of the line must have a tendency to precipitate this question before long, and it is one of the most difficult problems before our Government to make wise provision for it. How to defend many thousands of miles against the invasion of fire water,—how to suppress the same enemy within our own borders, would test the statesmanship and philanthropy of the ablest Government that could rule in Canada. We copy to day from a publication entitled "Wesleyan Missionary Notices" a letter from the Rev. George McDougall, Wesleyan missionary in the Saskatchewan District, protraying in a very vivid manner the condition of things which exists in that country to-day. These territories are not now uncivilized regions belonging to barbarians, but they are part of the civilized Dominion of Canada, and every Indian who is shot like a dog is as much a British subject, and demands the protection of our Government as much as, or more than, the men for whom the Abyssinian war was carried through. Those men were on foreign soil by their own choice, but the Indians of the Plains are in the homes of their fathers, seized by us for our own purposes. Shall we deny them that care which we consider due to the least and the lowliest among ourselves? In the murder of one Indian there is as much ground for a popular outcry as in the murder of an Orangeman, so long as that murder is not avenged; but from the letter which we publish it appears that Indian murders are matters of daily occurrence. It becomes therefore a matter for immediate interference on the part of the Government. We suppose it is to meet the case of such outrages, and to suppress illicit traffic throughout all that territory, that a body of mounted police has been organized, and it remains to be seen how efficient this force will be; if their jurisdiction extends throughout the whole territory, they will have work enough on their hands. If these stories of Mr. McDougall are true we should expect to hear Dr. Lachlan Taylor raising his fervid eloquence to awaken the interest of our people in the condition of the Indians. He has told us of the magnificent territory we have taken possession of, of the charms of the climate, of the wealth of the soil, of its advantages and disadvantages as a place of settlement; but, in his recent lecture at least, he told us nothing about our duty as Christians to those who were in possession there before us, or about the duty of the subject to see that his fellow subject is under the protection of Government as well as himself, and not treated with less respect than partridges and trout. Probably Dr. Taylor has another lecture on our relations to the red men.—*Witness.*

Professor Buckham, of England, claims to have discovered one of the causes of typhoid fever. A family in his neighborhood was attacked with a severe type of the fever. On a careful search of the premises, a spout in the family pump was found to be covered with a sort of gelatinous matter. Submitting this to microscopic investigation, it was found to be a fungold growth, from which spores were constantly washed away by the flowing water. He followed up this discovery by a minute examination of the outlet of the sewer through which the drainage of the town flowed, and his scientific zeal was rewarded by finding fungold growths of a similar nature to those in the pump spout. In the vicinity of this outlet the fever also prevailed. Having cases of the fever in his own family, he followed up his enquiry by a chemical analysis of the water drank by the family, and found in it minute spores of the same fungus. His conclusion is a natural one, that the fever had its origin in the fungue matter taken into the system, where it ferments as yeast in beer, and poisons the blood.

RELATIONS OF WATER TO HEALTH.—Dr. Letheby, an eminent English physician and chemist, after devoting many years to the investigation of the properties of the water introduced into English cities, and to a study of the sanitary documents on the subject, is reported to have come to the conclusion that moderately hard water is safer and healthier than soft water. The former, he asserts, is not only clearer, colder, more free from air, and consequently more agreeable than soft water, but is less likely to absorb organic substances, to sustain the life of zymotic organisms, or to exert solvent properties upon salts of iron, or upon leaden conducting pipes; the lime salts also exerts a beneficial influence upon the animal economy, and even protect the system from dangerous outward influences. The argument is, that the human body requires for its nourishment and support a supply of certain mineral salts, among which carbonate and phosphate of lime play an important part in building up the compactness of bones and in other functions, and hard water furnishes these salts.

A model husband from the land of fiction.—"He admired his wife so much that he used to light the candle three times every night to look at her; and he became a very celebrated bankrupt two or three times."

FEARFUL THUNDERSTORM.

Ottawa was visited with a fearful thunderstorm early on Saturday morning, 10th inst. The main tower of the Parliament buildings was struck three times by lightning, and strange to say without any serious injury to the building. An eye witness gives the following description of the sublime spectacle:

The atmosphere was peculiarly hazy, the sky presented a dark leaden aspect, omnious clouds were slowly travelling along the vault of Heaven, and all nature seemed to stand still, awaiting some dread event. Flashes of lightning and the rolling of the thunder had disturbed members during the early part of the morning, and it was remarked that the storm appeared drawing closer to the city. For some time previous to this, no lightning was observed, and no thunder was heard, but just when it seemed that the worst part of the storm was over, and whatever sense of danger the timid may have had was departing, when only the heavy pattering of huge drops of water on the roads, or the noise of the rain driven by an angry wind against the windows, was heard; a flash of lightning shot forth from a dense cloud, followed instantaneously by an appalling peal of thunder, and from the south east turret of the main tower large sparks burst forth and fell in a shower of fire. While the thunder was echoing through the sky, another flash of lightning—more vivid and extensive than the first one—leaped from the cloud, and struck the iron work and flagstaff on top of the tower. Instantly they were surrounded by an electric halo brighter than the noon day sun, and Heaven's artillery shook the very foundations of the city. The lightning cloud seemed to descend lower, almost touching the main tower, and enveloping it in gloom, when suddenly another bolt flashed from the dark canopy, covering the roof of the building with a dazzling blue flame, while a copious shower of electric sparks as large and brilliant as meteors fell from the tops of the turrets. —*Cor. Montreal Gazette.*

MARRIAGE.

It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society, in which the husband and wife set out early together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations and desires, with reference to their present means, and to their future and common interest. Nothing delights me more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young couple, who within, perhaps, two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge or industry, have joined heart and hand, and engage to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life.

The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, whilst, perhaps, the little darling sits prattling upon the floor or lies sleeping in the cradle—and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and the best of fathers, when he shall come from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise.

This is the true domestic pleasure—the only bliss that survived the fall.

Health, contentment, love, abundance, and bright prospects, are all here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries—that the wife must have no sympathy, nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists, and the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unhappy.

It fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by a fortune, and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part; and thus many a wife becomes, "not a *help mate*, but a *help-eat*"

GREAT MEN AND LITTLE THINGS.

Sir Philip Francis once waited upon Bruke, by appointment, to read over to him some papers respecting Mr. Hastings delinquencies. He called on Mr. Burke in his way to a house of a friend with whom he was engaged to dine. He found him in the garden, holding a grasshopper. "What a beautiful animal is this!" said Mr. Burke; "Observe its structure, its legs, its wings, its eyes." "How can you," said Sir Philip "lose your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many objects of real moment to attend to!" "Yet Socrates," Mr. Burke, according to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes, attended to a much less animal; he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in a skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length; let me see." "My dear friend," said Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry; let us walk in, and let me read my papers to you." Into the house they walked; Sir Philip began to read, and Mr Burke appeared to listen

At length Sir Philip having misplaced a paper, a pause ensued. "I think," said Mr. Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed that locusta, not cicada, is the Latin word for grasshopper, What is your opinion, Sir Philip?" "My opinion," said Sir Philip, packing up his papers and preparing to move off, "is that till the grasshopper is out of your head, it well be idle to talk to you of the affairs of India."

Passengers to the Pacific by rail breakfast in Sierras with twenty feet of snow around them; four hours later they find wheat four inches high, and the next day see pear and peach trees in blossom.

"O! why should the spirit of mortal be sad?" exclaims the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, "when New Orleans Molasses pells at fourteen cents per quart, and buck wheat is thrown at a man in fifty pound packages."

Great excitement is reported in St. Petersburg on account of the arrest of the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Czar.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

The instruction of children cannot commence too early. Every mother is capable of teaching her children obedience, humility, cleanliness, and propriety of behavior; and it is a delightful circumstance that the first instruction should thus be communicated by so tender a teacher. It is by combining affectionate gentleness in granting what is right, with judicious firmness in refusing what is improper, that the happiness of children is promoted, and that good and orderly habits are established. If children are early trained to be docile and obedient, the future task of guiding them aright will be comparatively easy.

The training and education of children can, however, be only regarded as a means to the attainment of an end, for all acquirements, all learning, are valueless, if they do not make us better in our several relations of parents, children, husbands, wives, and unless they lead us to the practice of that divine precept of religion, "Thou shalt do unto others as thou wouldst wish others to do unto thee."

Supposing that you have secured for your children the benefits of education, and that they have been advanced in the different branches of instruction, as far as is necessary for the purpose in life to which they are destined—something else is yet required of those to whom an offspring has been given—you are still called upon, as parents, to attend to their religious and moral training; and to take care that, after right precepts have been imparted, your children may not be corrupted by your own evil example.

If a parent suppose that his vices can be hidden from his children, he is greatly mistaken: for children are quick in the perception of what is wrong, and in reasoning upon it and imitating it; and if, with the words, "Thou shalt not steal," in your mouth, you nevertheless make use of anything not your own, or take undue advantage of others, you unpractically destroying the force of the precept, and teaching your children to be dishonest.

How can it be expected that your children will have a horror of drunkenness, if they ever see you drunk, or if drinking is talked of by you as an object of gratification? If you encourage your children by promises to confess a fault, and afterwards punish them for it, do you not practically discourage their afterwards telling you the truth? Or, if you hold that nothing is to be said which can in any way injure your own interests, and say, "Remember not to tell so and so," can you expect that your child will not lie, whenever it suits his own purpose?

If you are violent and intemperate in your demeanor, overbearing and insolent, will not your children be infected by your example? and are you not crushing in the bud the truly estimable and Christian qualities of gentleness, forbearance and charity?

It has been well said, that "Drunkenness expels reason, distempers the body, inflames the blood, impairs the memory, is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse, a beggar's companion, a wife's woe, and children's sorrow; and that a drunkard is a picture of a beast, a self-murderer, one who drinks to the good health of others, and destroys his own, as well as the happiness of those whom he ought to protect, love and cherish." You need not be guilty of this vice, or the other vices, in a gross degree, to influence your children by your example; and you must abstain from vice altogether, if you wish to train up your children in the proper fulfilment of their duties, so as to secure their welfare here, and their eternal happiness hereafter.

MAXIMS FOR A YOUNG MAN.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speak evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Never play any kind of game.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent.

Read some portion of the Bible every day. —COUNSELS FOR LIFE.

A St. Paul locomotive threw a man one hundred and eighty feet through a trestle-work bridge and didn't hurt him, which is another recommendation for Western climate.

A Dubuque paper says that Victoria Woodhull is rich in wit, logic and pathos, strong in argument and pointed in applications, but she doesn't pay her printing bills when she can help it.

They were going to put a man out of a San Francisco theater for creating a disturbance, when a voice cried, out "he's all right, he's killed a Chinaman!" and they let the man alone.

The venerable Dr. Cheever, of anti-slavery memory, has put on his armor and entered the arena of polemic controversy in a vigorous assault on Darwinism. His blows were dealt with all the vigor of a youthful athlete; but whether they struck the vital point in the system they assailed, or whether they were of the kind that are calulated to overwhelm that sort of foe, is open to question. Texts of Scripture do not affect the average scientist as they do the theologian It is a little significant that while Dr. Cheever imagines he is demoralizing Darwinism, Professor Marsh, of Yale College, is discovering new proofs of its soundness by original and ingenius researches into the history of the horse, which he traces far back into the pleiocence formation, and hopes soon to carry up to a still higher point in the cretaceous deposits. Whether the Theologian will succeed in unhorsing the Professor, who rides into the field just in the nick of time with such a victorious and defiant air remains to be seen.

A young gentleman sent seventy-five cents to New York recently, for a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription on a card: "Write with a pencil."

Lazy husbands are known out West as stove watchers.

It is a sure sign of an early spring to see a cat intently watching a small hole in the wall.

A Chicago paper chronicled the election of officers of the St. Louis Board of Trade under the head of "Miscellaneous Crime."

Another remedy has been discovered for rheumatism in London. It is a hot sand bath. This makes 7,384 remedies all infallible.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed a lady in the witness-box "how should I know anything about anything I don,t know anything about?"

An editor in Troy displays a lead pencil that he has used for nine years. His writings can,t have much point to them.

Mono-poets, is the name for persons who write but one bit of verse and then due. This isn't the kind of a poet that sends pieces to the papers.

A bootblack painted in rude letters upon his box "Centennial Shine." That boy is both patriotic and shrewd and he sets an example.

A custom-house man writes that he has heard ladies of refinement, wealth, position and education lie a custom officer out of countenance.

The Ohio legislature has introduced a bill fixing a fine of from five to fifty dollars for pointing any kind of firearms at a person, loaded or "unloaded."

Inscription on a tombstone in Columbia, Tenn.: "Escaped the bullets of the enemy to be assassinated by a cowardly pup—a kind husband, an affectionate father."

A Chicago gentleman who recently travelled through Ohio says that every body be met called potatoes "taters," except one young lady, who called him a "small pertater."

"Myneherr, do you know for what we call our boy Hans?" "Do not, really." "well, I tell you. Der reason dat we call our boy Hans, dat ish his name

When a Maryland doctor spells it "accufortus," is it any wonder that patients die on his hands? Another doctor spells corrosive sublimate "coros of sublimate."

During a revival at green Bay, a citizen is reported to have arisen and asked to be forgiven for having been a subscriber to the Chicago *Times* for nineteen years.

A pack of wolves in Sherbourne County, Minnesota, chased a couple of lawyers five miles, and the new Orleans *Republican* thinks it showed a lack of professional courtesy.

An exchange says a Michigan man dreamed recently that his aunt was dead. The dream proved true. He tried the same dream on his mother-in-law, but it didn't work.

The *Saturday Review* tells of a Scotch clergyman who quoted a text of Scripture in his prayer, and added: "For that, O Lord, is the correct translations of the passage.

"You must be a quarrelsome fellow," said a phrenologist to a man whose bumps he was examining. "Say that again and I'll knock you down," was the response

If the cause of the redness of a certain Chicago deacon's nose were only discovered, a very important theological question in that city would be at once disposed of.

An English judge, Baron Alderson, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied, "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

A exchange asks: "Is there anything that man cannot do?" To which Dr. Wood, of the Glasgow, Ky., *Times*, replies: "Yes, sir, we have never known one suckle a baby."

Sixteen years ago Tom Kenyon went to Kansas City with a cent, and the other day he signed a check for sixteen thousand dollars. He signed with another man's name, however.

Twenty one freshmen were lately suspended from an English college because a professor couldn't find out who placed a ten-ounce tack in his chair. He, however, knew all about who sat down on it.

Kansas judges are either very generous or else they have little dignity. One of them was called "Old Skillet-legs" by a lawyer, and he only imposed a fine of seven shillings for the contempt of court.

A little boy, carrying home some eggs from the grocery, dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off some of em."

Type setters should be careful to dip their fingers in to the right boxes. Out West an editor has been sued for libel, in having published that a certain Mr Harrison was a well known house breaker. The defence of the editor is that he wrote horse-breaker, which the plaintiff is by occupation.

"Nothing," said an impatient husband, "reminds me so much of Balaam and his ass as two women stopped in church obstructing the way to indulge in their everlasting talk." "But you forget, dear," returned the wife, "that it was the angel who stopped the way, and Balaam and his ass who complained of it."

An English technical periodical points out an easy way of testing whether water is good and fit for general use. It says: Good water should be free from color, unpleasant odor and taste and should quickly afford a lather with a small portion of soap. If half a pint of the water be placed in a perfectly clean colorless, glass-stopped bottle, a few grains of the best white lump sugar added and the bottle freely exposed to the daylight in the window of a warm room the liquid should not become turbid even after exposure for a week or ten days. If the water becomes turb