

In the first ten days' march the travelers made no more than twenty miles, so difficult was the country, but during those days they enjoyed the luxury of a meal of deer's flesh, which, but for the crippled condition of several of the men, would have put new life into the whole party.

Then Captain DeLong determined to send Ninderman and Noros ahead, for they were in better condition than any others of the party, and when they left on their perilous mission they bade a sad farewell to a gallant, yet almost helpless band of men, whom no one ever saw again until nearly six months later, Mr. Melville found their dead bodies.

"The Captain," says Noros, "read divine service before we left. All the men shook hands with us, and Collins, as if knowing that their doom was sealed, said simply, 'Noros, when you get to New York, remember me.' They seemed to have lost hope, but as we left, they gave us three cheers. That was the last we saw of them."

Wholly without food, for the supply they had saved from the boat was exhausted, and the fresh meat which had been procured, was soon consumed; the two brave seamen pushed on. They supported life by chewing their leather moccasins and breeches, and after a few days they came upon two deserted huts, in which they found some mouldy fish which they ate with relish. Here in these huts they rested for three days, when a native found them; but they were unable to make him understand that they had left eleven starving comrades behind.

At length the governor of the province, who lived at a town called Bulun, arrived, but he did not understand their sign language, and so he sent no aid. He cared for the two seamen, however, and sent them to Bulun, and there it was that they fell in with Engineer Melville, whose boat's crew were by this time in safety. Melville at once started out in search of the ill-fated crew, and the result of his search was told briefly in a despatch, dated March 24th, and received in New York on May the 6th. "I have found De-Long and his party; all dead."

Thus ends the first chapter of this melancholy story of arctic peril. The last chapter may never be told, and the fate of Lieutenant Chipin and his crew never revealed.

PIGMY PRIDE.

SOME of the upstarts of to-day can not carry a package. The late Chief-Justice Marshall, the first biographer of Washington, was once in the market in Washington, when an insurance agent, with a waxed moustache, was pricing a turkey.

"I'd buy it," he said, "but I've no way of carrying it home."

"How much will you give?" said the Chief-Justice.

"Twenty-five cents," was the reply.

"Give me an order to your wife, then, for the money," replied the Chief-Justice, whom the agent did not know. The man holding the highest position in the United States carried home the turkey and got the twenty-five cents from the agent's wife, who knew the Chief-Justice, and was horrified at the lesson her airy husband had received.

Why is a dog's tail a very great novelty? Because no one ever saw it before.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT PEWS.

PEWs, straight-backed, high-walled, and cushioned, and inviting little children and listless hearers to a nap, belong to the sixteenth century. The subject is by no means uninteresting to the reader of history, as the following brief sketch will show:—

The first seats provided in churches are seen in some Anglo-Saxon and Norman edifices still standing. They consist of stone benches which project from the wall around the whole interior excepting on the east end. In 1319 the congregations are represented as sitting on the ground or standing, and it was at this period that the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church. Not until after the Norman conquest were wooden seats brought into use. In 1287 a decree was issued, in regard to the wrangling for seats (which had become a decided nuisance), that no one should call any seat in the church his own except nobleman and patrons, each person taking the nearest empty seat he could find as he entered the church. From 1530 to 1540, as we approach nearer to the Reformation, seats were more generally appropriated, their entrance being guarded by cross-bars, and the initial letters of their owners engraved upon them. But directly after the Reformation the pew system commenced, for there is extant a complaint from the poor commons addressed to Henry VIII. in 1546 referring to his decree that a Bible should be in every church at liberty for all to read because they feared it might be taken into the "guyre" or some "pue." Galleries in churches were not known until 1608. As early as 1611 luxurious arrangements were considered essential in church pews, and they were baized or cushioned all over their sides, and the seats furnished with comfortable cushions, while footstools were also introduced. Next, the sides of the pews were made so high that they entirely concealed the occupants from view. This is said to have been a device of those who desired not to be seen by the officers, who reported all who did not stand up and how low when the name of Jesus was spoken by the clergyman. Fireplaces (!) were also built in the pews, and every possible convenience added for the comfort of the highly-favoured few. But the services were often so long and tedious that the listeners fell asleep and frequently nodded their approbation of the minister's sermon, while they were totally oblivious of its teachings. Swift's lines, which we quote, allude to the prevailing fashion of church upholstery:

"A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep."

With the reign of Charles I. the reasons for the heightening of the sides of the pews disappeared; and from the civil war they declined to their present height.

M. Du Chaillu, in his recent interesting volume, "The Land of the Midnight Sun," relates the following curious particulars of a Norwegian church:—

"The pastor had been settled here for twenty-seven years, and visited the

old church with me. Ascending the pulpit, I saw near the Bible what resembled a policeman's club, at the end of which was a thick piece of leather. This had been used until within a few years to awake the sleepers, the parson striking the pulpit with it very forcibly, thus compelling attention. Near the pulpit was a long pole, rounded at the end, with which the sexton, it appears, used to poke the ribs of sleepers. These two instruments, intended to keep the congregations awake, were used extensively in many of the out-of-the-way places in Sweden twenty or thirty years ago, and here till within a few years, but were discontinued by the present pastor. Now pinches of strong snuff are often offered to the sleeper, who, after sneezing a considerable time, finds his drowsiness entirely gone.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

ONE of the finest examples of tact and delicacy in dealing with a bashful boy is thus given in the *Advance*:

When Daniel Webster's father found that his son was not robust enough to make a successful farmer, he sent him to Exeter to prepare for college, and found a home for him, among a number of students, in the family of "old Squire Clifford," as we of a younger generation have always heard him called.

Daniel had up to this time led only the secular life of a country farmer's boy, and though the New Hampshire farmers have sent out many heroes, as firm and true as the granite rocks in the pasture, there cannot be among the hard homely work which such a life implies, the little finenesses of manner which good society demands.

Daniel was one of these diamonds of the first water, but was still in the rough, and needed some cutting and polishing to fit him to shine in the great world in which he was to figure so conspicuously.

None saw this more clearly than the sensible old Squire. The boy had one habit at the table of which the Squire saw it would be a kindness to cure him.

When not using his knife and fork he was accustomed to hold them upright in his fists, on either side of his plate.

Daniel was a bashful boy of very delicate feelings, and the Squire feared to wound him by speaking directly to him on the subject.

So he called aside one of the other students with whom he had been longer acquainted, and told him his dilemma.

"Now," said he, "I want you this noon at the table, to hold up your knife and fork as Daniel does. I will speak to you about it, and we will see if the boy does not take a hint for himself."

The young man consented to be the scapegoat for his fellow student, and several times during the meal planted his fist on the table, with his knife and fork as straight as if he had received orders to present arms.

The Squire drew his attention to his position, courteously begged his pardon for speaking of the matter, and added a few kind words on the importance of young men correcting such little habits before going out into the world.

The student thanked him for his interest and advice, and promised reform, and Daniel's knife and fork were never from that day seen elevated at the table.

When, after a vacation, Daniel's father brought the lad for a second term to Exeter, he put in his saddle-bags a good fat turkey from the Franklin farm, which he gave to the Squire as an expression of his gratitude for Daniel's improved manners.

THE FARMER.

THE king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide,
But this, or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads,
But this, or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well,
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
From king to beggar whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth,
He's partner with the sky and earth,
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain,
And men may rise, or men may fall,
But the farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak,
He has no gift or place to seek,
To no man living need he bow;
The man that walks behind the plough
Is his own master, whate'er befall;
And, king or beggar, he feeds us all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk, and fruit, and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn, and all, go right,
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.

—Lillie E. Barr.

LONGFELLOW.

AN interesting incident in the life of Longfellow was related by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, at his chapel in South Place, Finsbury, on Sunday. Mr. Conway was told by the poet in 1853 that many years before, when he visited London, he being then without any personal friends in the metropolis, he experienced that sense of solitude which a stranger in London is apt especially to feel upon a London Sunday. He happened to walk into South place Chapel, where Mr. W. J. Fox was then pastor. As he entered the congregation were singing the poet's "Psalm of Life." The cheering effect upon Longfellow—the "thrill of joy" which he felt—was ever with him a cherished reminiscence of that visit to London. He had never before heard his poem sung. After being told this story the congregation were asked to sing the "Psalm of Life," and this was done with fervor. All the music at South Place on Sunday was sung to the words of Longfellow, and "Longfellow" was the subject of Mr. Conway's discourse.

Isn't that a beautiful color?" said the fish-dealer, as he cut into a large salmon. "Yes," said Flotsom, "I suppose he is blushing at the extravagant price he is getting for himself."