

Achmet paid them the thirty paros they demanded when they saw the supposed Turks had no disposition to cheat them they went back and brought more. Travellers who go by the land route give the people an excellent character for hospitality. I have been informed that it is almost impossible to buy anything, even when double the value of the articles is offered, but asking for it as a favor they will cheerfully give whatever they have.

On the third day, I saw the hippopotamus. The men termed him about a quarter of a mile off, as he came to breathe, and called my attention to him, and the boys shouted to draw his attention. "How is your old boy?" "Is your son married yet?" and like questions. They insisted that his curiosity would be excited by this means, and he would allow us to approach. I saw him at least within a hundred yards, only his enormous head, which was three feet across ears. He raised with a tremendous snort, opened his huge mouth at the same time, and a more frightful noise I never saw. He came up in our wake, after he had passed, and followed us some time. Directly afterwards we spied five crocodiles on a sand bank — he approached quietly to within a few yards of them, when my men raised their poles and shouted. The hippo started from their sleep and dashed quickly into the water, the big yellow one striking so violent against the bank that I am sure he went off with the headache. He seemed twenty feet long.

[ORIGINAL.]
HOPE.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Empty'ren Hope—all potent shade
That bears the soul thro' th' airy strife,
Thy naphtha blaze no cloud can dim,
Though gloom o'erhangs the path of life.
Ophian of the sinking soul,
Thy touch revives the fainting form;
By thee we reach the heart's bright goal,
With thee we breast life's darkest storm.

What though the ill of life betide,
Thou'lt nerve us with thy wrath to cope,
And (disappointment all defied)
Still on to-morrow let us hope.
Still on to hope for hours less dear,
When fate's dark veil shall be withdrawn,
And cherish still the wish that's dear,
Until a coming morn'row's dawn.

And though to-morrow we may prove
Earth's greatest treachery of ill,
When almost grasp'd we see it move,
And taint us as to-morrow still,
We doubt not though the shade may flee,
It still we feel thy magic breath,
Our hearts still link themselves to thee,
And twine around thee e'en in death.

Fate's dire Etesian blast may blow
O'er him who bows at fate's dark shrine,
But still his soul no dread can know,
While one bright link assures him thine.
E'en stern reality would seem
A cloud he grasp'd apart from thee,
And life became a cheerless dream,
When hope fled from reality.

One power o'er thine is all I'll own,
My Naphtha, while my breast you fill:
To God—my God, I'll yield alone
Submission to his holy will.
For this, my guide, o'en thee I yield,
But taints and thou need never part,
My sword, my shield, ye both may be
Thy life, the magnet of my heart.

But e'en though thou forsook me now,
With arts vile leman train to band,
I'd mourn thee not while I could bow
And own Jehovah's guiding hand
But thou, I know, wilt leave me not.
To wander down life's thorny slope,
Then earth my talisman I'll leave
To trust in God—my naphtha hope.

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE WHITE.

I went up one evening, said the Judge, to the Methodist church. A sermon was preached by a clergyman with whom I was not acquainted, but Father Axley sat in the pulpit. At the close of the sermon, he arose and said to the congregation, "I am not going to deliver you by delivering an exhortation; I have arisen to administer a rebuke for improper conduct which I observed here to-night." This, of course, waked up the entire assembly, and the stillness was profound. Father Axley stood and looked for several seconds over the congregation. Then stretching out his large long

arm, and pointing with his finger in one direction, he observed.

"Now, I calculate that those two young men who were talking in that corner of the house while the brother was preaching, think that I am going to talk about them. Well it is true when well dressed young men, who, you would suppose from their appearance belonged to some respectable family, come to the house of God, and instead of reverencing the majesty of Him who dwelleth therein or listening to the messages of his everlasting love, get together in one corner of the house, (his finger all the while pointing steadily and straight as the aim of a rifle-man,) and there, during the whole solemn service, keep talking and uttering, laughing and giggling, thus annoying the minister, disturbing the congregation, and sinning against God, I am sorry for their parents. I am sorry they have done so to night. I hope they will never do so again. It's another matter so important that I thought it would be wrong to let the congregation depart without administering a suitable rebuke. Now, perhaps that man, who was asleep there on that bench, while the brother was preaching thinks that I am going to talk about him. I must confess it looks very bad for a man to come into a worshipping assembly, and instead of taking a seat and listening to the blessed gospel, carelessly stretching himself on a bench and going to sleep. It is not only proof of great insensibility with regard to the obligations which we owe to our Creator and Redeemer, but shows a want of genteel breeding. It shows that the poor man has been so unfortunate in his bringing up as not to have been taught good manners. I'm sorry for the poor man. I am sorry for the family to which he belongs. I am sorry he did not know better. I hope he will never do so again. But, however, this is not what I was going to talk about." Thus Father Axley went on for some time, boxing the compass, hitting a number of persons and things "he was not going to talk about," and hitting hard, until the curiosity of the audience was raised to the highest pitch, when finally he remarked:

"The thing which I was going to talk about is chewing tobacco. Now I do hope, when any gentleman comes to church who can't keep from chewing tobacco during the hours of worship, that he will just take his hat and use it for a spit-box. You all know we are methodists. You all know it is our custom to kneel when we pray. Now, any gentleman may see in a moment, how exceedingly inconvenient it must be for a well dressed methodist lady to be compelled to kneel in a puddle of tobacco-spit."

Now said Judge White, at this time I had in my mouth an uncommonly large quid of tobacco. Axley's singular manner and train of remark strongly arrested my attention. While he was striking to the right and left, hitting those he did not mean to talk about, my curiosity was busy to find out what he was aiming at. I was chewing my large quid and spitting with much rapidity, and looking up to the preacher to catch every word and gesture—when at last he pounced upon the tobacco, behold, there I had a great puddle of tobacco spit! I quietly slipped the quid out of my mouth, and dashed it as far as I could under the seats, resolved never again to be found chewing tobacco in a methodist meeting.

A YANKEE TRICK.

Uncle Eb, as we used to call him, among lots of good qualities, had a failing. He did love good liquor, but such was the state of his credit that no one would trust him. He therefore one day resorted to a trick, to answer the great desire of his appetite. He took two case bottles, put a quart of water into one of them, then put a bottle into each pocket, started for the store.

"I'll take a quart of your rum," said Uncle Eb, as he placed the empty bottle on the counter.

The rum was put up, and the bottle replaced in his pocket, when Uncle Eb pulled from his purse what at a distance might seem to be a quarter of a dollar.

"This is nothing but tin, Uncle Eb," said the trader.

"Eh, now, it's a quarter," said Uncle Eb.

"It's tin said the trader, "and I shan't take it."

"It's all I've got."

Very well, said the trader, "then you can't have the rum."

Uncle Eb, without much demurring, poiled the bottle of water from his pocket. The trader took it, poured it into his rum barrel, and off, walked Uncle Eb, chuckling.

[ORIGINAL]

TO M. H—,

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT CHILD.

Why mourn, my love, thou hast but given
An angel baby back to heaven,
Thou art not yet of all bereft.
A husband and a child are left.
Though sadly thou didst linger o'er
The faded form of that loved child,
Till to the lone, lone grave, they bore
Thy darling—yet be reconciled.

The flower that's faded from thy home,
In happier lands again shall bloom,
The gem thou'st ceded to the grave
No trophy to the worm shall leave.
And in a fairer, happier clime,
Again thou mayst behold it—there
No millew from the breath of time
Shall blight it for the grave to bear.

What tho' thine eyes have looked upon
The pale face of thy lovely one,
Joy still thine aching heart may bless,
Thou art not yet left motherless.
Abs' the grave has never claim'd
A purer gem than thou wast given,
But dwell not there—thy tar unnamed
Not e'en the grave could bar from heaven.

Those ties which death has torn apart
Alike entwined a father's heart,
He feels thine anguish, yet he'd win
Thy heart to life and joy again.
He'd plead thee to that realm above,
He'd lead thee to thy Saviour's feet,
Where thro' the mercies of His love,
Thou may'st at last thy cherub meet.

Laid on a harder couch to rest,
And colder than a mother's breast,
Yet thou no anxious watch need'st keep—
Unbroken is thy baby's sleep;
And peaceful is its lowly grave,
No anguish o'er its heart may come,
Thy Father claimed the boon he gave,
And Jesus call'd his ransom'd home.

SYLVICOLA.

INTERLUDE. C. S.

A FIGHT WITH A POLAR BEAR.—The crew of a British fishing vessel had killed on the coast of Labrador, an immense white polar bear, which was conveyed to Halifax, and there stuffed. Mr. David Dixon, one of the chief actors in the battle with his polar majesty, gave the following particulars of the fight. The vessel to which the crew in question belonged was the *Lord Exmouth* of Halifax. The scene was the verge of Labrador, near Greenland. Two of the crew of the *Lord Exmouth* were cruising in a boat, when they discovered the bear upon an island. They immediately returned to the vessel, took in six others of the crew and eight muskets, with which they returned to the vicinity of the island. Upon approaching within gunshot, the bear perceived and came towards them. The first discharge wounded him in several places, but did not in the least check his approach. Finally, however, after receiving quite a number of balls in his body, he turned and slowly retreated, making his attackers shudder by the fierceness of his howling. It was then proposed by Dixon that they should land upon the island, in order to consummate the victory. To this the majority of the crew demurred from fear. Three of the sailors, however including Dixon, landed, having armed themselves with two loaded guns a-piece. The bear, as soon as he saw them upon land, turned about and began to approach, when six more balls were put into his body, without stopping his approach. Before, however, he got near enough to harm them, Mr Dixon succeeded in loading another gun. At this moment the bear presented his side, which he had not before done, and a bullet was lodged in his throat, which caused the animal to fall. It was more than half an hour, however, before they dare approach, as every few minutes the bear would, by a desperate effort, get upon his feet, with the intention of reaching them. After it was deemed safe, they ventured near, and foud him to be dead. He was with considerable labor taken to the vessel, and found to be sixteen feet long, and to weigh 2,200 pounds. Five hundred pounds of fat were taken from him in Halifax, and it was found that sixteen balls were lodged in his body. The contest lasted for an hour and a half, and the roars of the infuriated animal might have been heard for many miles.—*Traveller*.

☐ A three year old heifer, belonging to Elder Bond, of Leicester, gave birth to a calf with two heads and necks. A post mortem examination showed that it was also provided with two hearts, two windpipes and pair of lungs.