

THE ROYAL COMFORTER.

The following anecdote of His most gracious Majesty, George III, may be interesting to our readers, as there is a similarity in some of the habits between the gypsies and the Indians. It is an extract from a book entitled "The Gypsies' Advocate," written by the late Rev. James Crabb, a great friend and benefactor to that wandering but very interesting people, who had been too long neglected by the Christian public:

"A king of England, of happy memory, who loved his people and his God better than kings in general are wont to do, occasionally took the exercise of hunting. Being out one day for this purpose, the chase lay through the shrubs of the forest. The stag had been hard run, and to escape the dogs had crossed the river in a deep part. As the dogs could not be brought to follow, it became necessary, in order to come up with it, to make a circuitous route along the banks of the river, through some thick and troublesome underwood. The roughness of the ground, the long grass and frequent thickets, obliged the sportsmen to separate from each other; each one endeavoring to make the best and speediest route he could. Before he had reached the end of the forest, the king's horse manifested signs of fatigue and uneasiness; so much so, that his Majesty resolved upon yielding the pleasures of the chase to those of compassion to his horse. With this view he turned down the first avenue in the forest, and determined on riding gently to the oaks, there to wait for some of his attendants. The king had only proceeded a few yards, when, instead of the cry of the hounds, he fancied he heard the cry of human distress. As he rode forward, he heard it more distinctly. 'Oh, my mother! my mother! God pity and bless my poor mother!' The curiosity and kindness of the sovereign led him instantly to the spot. It was a little green plot on one side of the forest, where was spread on the grass, under a branching oak, a little pallet, half covered with a kind of tent; and a basket or two, with some packs, lay on the ground at a few paces distant from the tent. Near to the root of the tree he observed a little swarthy girl, about eight years of age, on her knees, praying, while her little black eyes ran down with tears. Distress of any kind was always relieved by his Majesty, for he had a heart which melted at 'human woe;' nor was it unaffected on this occasion. And now he inquired, 'What, my child, is the cause of your weeping? For what do you pray?' The little creature at first started, then rose from her knees, and pointing to the tent, said, 'Oh, sir! my dying mother!' 'What?' said his Majesty, dismounting and fastening his horse up to the branches of the oak, 'what, my child? tell me all about it.' The little creature now led the King to the tent; there lay, partly covered, a middle-aged female Gypsy, in the last stages of a decline, and in the last moments of life. She turned her dying eyes expressively to the royal visitor, then looked up to heaven, but not a word did she utter; the organs of speech had ceased their office; *the silver cord was loosed, and the wheel broken at the cistern.* The little girl then wept aloud, and stooping down, wiped the dying sweat from her mother's face. The King, much affected, asked the child her name, and of her

family, and how long her mother had been ill. Just at that moment another Gypsy girl, much older, came out of breath to the spot. She had been at the town of W—, and had brought some medicine for her dying mother. Observing a stranger, she modestly curtsied, and hastening to her mother, knelt down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears. 'What, my dear child,' said his Majesty, 'can be done for you?' 'Oh, sir!' she replied, 'my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her, before she died. I ran all the way before it was light this morning to W—, and asked for a minister, *but no one could I get to come with me to pray with my dear mother!*' The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much agitated. The air was again rent with the cries of the distressed daughters. The King, full of kindness, instantly endeavored to comfort them: he said, 'I am a minister, and God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother.' He then sat down on a pack, by the side of the pallet, and taking the hand of the dying Gypsy, discoursed on the demerit of sin, and the nature of redemption. He then pointed her to Christ, the all-sufficient Savior. While doing this, the poor creature seemed to gather consolation and hope: her eyes sparkled with brightness, and her countenance became animated. She looked up—she smiled; but it was the last smile; it was the glimmering of expiring nature. As the expression of peace, however, remained strong in her countenance, it was not till some time had elapsed, that they perceived the struggling spirit had left mortality.

"It was at this moment that some of his Majesty's attendants, who had missed him at the chase, and who had been riding through the forest in search of him, rode up, and found him comforting the afflicted Gypsies. It was an affecting sight, and worthy of everlasting record in the annals of kings.

"He now rose up, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promised them his protection, and then look to heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and mounted his horse. His attendants greatly affected, stood in silent admiration. Lord L— was going to speak, but his Majesty, turning to the Gypsies, and pointing to the breathless corpse, and to the weeping girls, said with strong emotion, 'Who, my lord, who, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto these?'"

A Sarnia Indian has been given thirty days for drunkenness.

Twelve families of half breeds from Batoche, are seeking a suitable place for settlement between Lethbridge and Fort McLeod.

Sioux Ben, of the Bird Tail Indian reserve, in the North West, is engaged in raising money to buy an organ for the new Indian church.

At the revising officer's final court at Walpole Island, all the Indians were struck off at their own request, and those from whom appeals had been entered declined to appear. The consequence is that there will be no voters in Walpole.

MANITOULIN NOTES.

PROVIDENCE BAY.

We were pleased to see two Gore Bayites in town to-day in the person of Messrs. Sutherland and Anderson.

The fires have done a great deal of damage in this section of country. Among the sufferers are John Kennedy, Wm. Craham, James Sawyer, Archie Cranston, Edward Ellis and Jas. Kendrick, all of whom lost everything.

The grain crops are looking very well considering the great drouth.

PIKE LAKE OIL WELLS.

Six wells have been sunk so far, the most promising of the lot being No. 1. The gentlemen having the contract for sinking the wells have completed their original engagement and will be in this village Saturday evening on their way below.

Mr. Newman still has abundance of faith in the locality, and is confident that by going further west and south they will strike it rich yet.

He expects work to proceed under a new contract in the course of a month or so.

THE CROPS.

A recent drive to Sheguiandah village by way of Ten Mile Point and return via Bidwell has satisfied us that crops are not going to be so bad as was expected. Notwithstanding the exceeding dry weather there are some excellent fields of grain, and the whole crop will be little, if any, below the average. Hay, too, though light, will not be a less crop than last year, taking the average of the Island; in fact, in some localities it has turned out exceedingly well. With careful feeding fodder will not be any higher next spring than it was last.

FIRE NOTES.

Although McKewan's camp was destroyed, as reported last week, all the Government supplies were saved with the exception of one or two trifling articles. Only some 100 feet of lumber was destroyed.

Hugh Rannic's house is not burnt.

Jno. Cochrane's loss will foot up to about \$300.

Two shanties, a stable and barn, on the Stover farm, next lot to Cochrane's, were destroyed.

Colman Wagg's frame barn, near Mindemoya Lake, is gone.

SWEPT BY FIRE.

CHICAGO, July 31.—The Canadian steamer Isaac May staggered into harbour at a late hour on Thursday night without fuel and almost destitute of provisions. Captain Muir, her master, relates a thrilling experience. The May left Chicago three weeks ago, towing three barges. After a run of five days they arrived at Manitoulin Island, on the Canadian side of Lake Huron. When the vessels arrived the inhabitants were badly frightened. For weeks not a drop of rain had fallen. The steamer and her tow began to take on cargoes of posts and ties, when the