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Select Tales.

ELLA'S LETTER.

"Who can this letter be from, I wonder?" exclaimed Ella Chase, as she finished reading a short, but evidently very interesting, epistle. "I wonder who could have written it?"

"Why, hasn't it any signature?" inquired her sister Edith, who looked up very languidly from the book she was reading.

"A signature? Yes, but it isn't the true one."

"What is it then?" inquired the young lady, condescending, in a lofty way, to manifest a little curiosity. "What name is it?"

"Edgar Mortimer—do you want to hear the letter?"

"Yes, if it is neither very long nor very intense."

"Neither one nor the other, but somewhat presuming, I think," she began to read:

"My DEAR MISS CHASE—You will be surprised, no doubt, (as I am myself,) at my presumption in addressing you; but having met you several years ago in Jersey, I have never been able to forget the impression which you made upon me then, and it is with the hope that our slight acquaintance there may ripen into something warmer and dearer, that I now address you."

"Pretty impudent, that I should say, interrupted Edith.

"Yes, decidedly; but then you know I like a little spice of impudence in a man."

"Rather too much spice there, I think. But go on."

"I know," continued Ella, "that there is a great deal of prejudice existing against an anonymous correspondence; but I have tried a number of times to renew your acquaintance in the usual and proper way, and have always been disappointed; and I feel so confident that you and I are every way adapted to make each other happy (I hope I am not conceited) that I can't wait any longer; and if you will kindly condescend to answer this letter, I will write to you in my true character. Please address to A. B. C., District Post Office, Hoboken."

"Very romantic, indeed?" observed Edith, dryly, and she returned to the perusal of her book; then in a few minutes lifting her head again, and said: "Have you any idea who it is?"

"Well, there are two gentlemen that I have been thinking of—met them both at St. Helier's, and one I liked very much indeed—the other not at all. So you may be sure that the letter is from the latter, for that is the way such things always turn out in this world."

"Are you going to answer it?"

"I don't know—would you?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because papa would be so angry; you know how strongly he disapproves of anything of the kind."

"Shall you tell him, if I answer it?"

"No; I am not a tell-tale, and I wouldn't take the trouble."

"Well, I shouldn't tell him, that's certain; so how would he ever have a chance to disapprove?"

"I shouldn't write to that gentleman, if I were you."

"I rather think I shall."

"I knew you would."

"Yes, you always know everything."

"I am pretty well acquainted with Miss Ella Chase; and the young lady was soon wholly engrossed by her book."

A young gentleman was seated in a suite of handsome chambers in Raymond's buildings, Gray's Inn, looking somewhat abstractedly out of the window.

"I wonder if she will answer my letter," he said aloud; "that pretty face of hers has haunted me ever since I first saw her. Ah! there's my clerk!" and in a few minutes afterwards he was nervously tearing open a delicately scented envelope, the whole appearance of which gave evidence of the writer's culture and refinement.

Charles Latham, barrister-at-law, but with a good private property, was a fine-looking man of perhaps twenty-seven or eight years of age, with a pale, serious face, that might not please a gay, laughter-loving girl; but when he smiled his whole countenance was lighted up in a way that must have been very fascinating to some women. That smile lingered on his somewhat haughtily curved lips, as he read the letter.

"A cautious little puss," he said; "but fortunately for me, her curiosity exceeds her caution. She must know at once who I am, or she will not write again. What will she say when I tell her? I could not make her out at St. Helier's whether she really disliked me, or was simply indifferent. The first, I hope, for dislike is easier to combat than a cold indifference. Now, little beauty, you shall know who I am;—and seating himself at his desk, he wrote rapidly for some time.

About a week after this, Edith was reclining one morning upon a couch in her room, reading, as usual, when suddenly Ella came rustling in, with a flushed, excited face, and throwing herself into a chair, exclaimed, quite petulantly, "How provoking it all is! That letter was from Charles Latham. I never could bear him, with his long face and stiff ways."

"I advised you not to answer the letter, but you never condescend to take my advice under any circumstances."

"Well, if I did, I should sit with my hands before me, and never care whether the world turns round or not."

"You would spare yourself a great deal that is disagreeable."

"I don't care; I'd rather have some disagreeable experiences, than never take any interest in anything."

"Are you going to answer this letter?"

"Yes; I shall tell him in very plain words that if I had supposed that first epistle came from him, I never should have replied to it."

"That will be rather disagreeable for him, I think."

"I can't help it, if it is. I was so in hopes that handsome Mr. Wheeler had written the letter! But men that I like never like me! I think it is a shame."

"Perhaps you are too anxious, Ella," suggested the provoking Edith, in her cool, dry way.

"How hateful you are, Edith!" said the former, seating herself to write the very ungracious reply.

"I think Mr. Latham will be apt to apply that term to you, if you write what you say you were going to. It is altogether uncalled for, in my opinion."

But Ella was in a decidedly very bad humor, and she wrote and posted the letter that very day; but no sooner was it gone than she repented it, for she was a very kind-hearted girl, although quick tempered and impulsive, and she was almost inclined to send a second letter of apology.

"He will think me very rude and ill-natured," she thought. "I wonder if he will write again?"

She waited very impatiently this time, but a week passed away, and then another, and she felt very sure that she had offended him, and was really quite distressed about it, considering that she disliked him so much. She was hesitating whether she should write again and apologize, when one day a card was handed to her, upon which she read the name, Mr. Charles Latham. Then all her feelings changed again, and she was quite indignant at his presumption.

"What an impudent fellow he is!" she thought. "I won't see him—yes, I will too!"

And she went straight to the glass, and pulled and twitched her hair into the most bewitching little curls, adding a ribbon here and a flower there, until she seemed at last perfectly satisfied with the general effect. She certainly seemed somewhat anxious that he should admire her, at any rate.

When she entered the dining-room, the gentleman rose from his seat, the haughty curve of his lip being rather more conspicuous than usual; and making a formal bow, he said, "Miss Chase, I have come to make an apology for my presumption in addressing that letter to you—a very foolish letter, that would hardly have been excusable in a boy of nineteen. I have been severely but rightly punished. I now return you two notes,—he handed the dainty missives to Ella, who felt very much inclined to toss them back again; and," he continued, "if you will be kind enough to burn my letters, I shall consider it a great favor."

"Would you like to have me do it now?" asked Ella, feeling exceedingly mortified and angry, she hardly knew why.

"Oh, no," he answered; "I will not trouble you now. I am very well aware, Miss Chase, that I have incurred your displeasure, so I will not intrude upon your time any longer;—and, with another formal bow, he left her."

The young girl went up-stairs in kind of a maze, but disappointment was certainly the predominant feeling.

"I wonder if he thinks I have grown ugly!" she thought, going straight to the glass again. "I believe he despises me!"—and she pulled the flower out of her hair in a most ferocious way, and then began crying as if her heart would break.

This was certainly a strange mode of proceeding for Miss Ella Chase. After the weeping was all accomplished, she seized his letters and was about to tear them up, when she suddenly stopped, saying, "No, I'll keep them just to spite him, the proud hateful fellow, with his lip curling all the time, as if he felt himself superior to every one else. I hate him!"

Charles Latham's reflections as he left the house were scarcely more agreeable than those of Ella.

"She is prettier than ever," he said to himself. "What lovely eyes! I wonder why she dislikes me so. Some women even more beautiful than she have seemed well pleased with my attentions; and yet I cannot think of any one but her. I believe if she were to put her little foot on my neck I should love her still. I must see her again. Ah, that party to-night—perhaps she will be there."

Ella was gliding gracefully through a quadrille that came evening, when, suddenly looking up, she saw Charles Latham, standing at a little distance, and gazing intently at her. After making a bow as haughty as his own, she turned her pretty head away. At the end of the dance Edith drew her aside, and, with most astonishing eagerness for her, said, "Ella, who was that gentleman you bowed to so coolly?"

"Mr. Latham," was the concise reply.

"Well, you are a goose, then. There isn't a man in the room that can compare with him. Why, he's splendid. I mean to have an introduction, and then cut you out."

And not long afterwards Ella saw Edith leaning on his arm, talking in quite an animated manner, while his face was turned towards her with an expression of surprise and pleasure. She could not keep her eyes away from the two; and although she talked and laughed even more gaily than usual to the group of gentlemen around her, she felt very much inclined to have a good cry, justly, anger, disappointment all gnawing at her heart.

Now Edith, notwithstanding her languor, dearly loved to tease her sister; and thinking also that the letter had treated Mr. Latham very unkindly for his only offence of loving her better than she deserved, she herself took pains to treat him with particular attention, while he seemed fully to understand and appreciate her motives.

That evening, when the sisters were alone in their room, Edith said, "Well, Ella, did you enjoy the party?"

"Oh, yes; well enough. You seemed to be enjoying yourself."

"I did; Mr. Latham was exceedingly entertaining."

"Well, I thought you seemed to do all the talking, for a wonder."

"Why, were you watching us?"

"No, I do not know that I was; but every time I did look at you, the gentleman had the appearance of listening very attentively."

"Did he? I hope he liked me, for I tried my very best to captivate him."

"Yes; I never saw you so animated."

"Well, it isn't often I care to exert myself, but Mr. Latham I considered really worth paying some attention to. I have given him permission to call and see me to-morrow; so, if you do not wish to encounter him, you must keep out of the parlor."

And with a tantalizing little laugh, she prepared herself for sleep.

Poor Ella tried to follow her example; but alas! sleep would not come to her, and she tossed and tumbled about, nervous and unhappy. Mr. Latham's face haunted her as she had seen it that evening.

"He certainly looked as though he loved me," she thought; "but he thinks that I dislike him; and now, if Edith tries to please him, she is prettier than I am, and he will soon change and like her best."

And so she fretted all the rest of the night, falling into an uneasy slumber just before her time for rising.

When Edith saw how pale she looked, her conscience reproached her a little.

"I do believe she cares for him after all," she thought; "poor little goose!"

And darkening the room, she went out on tip-toe, closing the door softly as she left.

When the expected visitor came, he received from the young lady a very cordial greeting.

"Ella is ill this morning," she said. "I believe the child hardly slept at all last night."

Charles looked up quickly, the color rushing to his face, but hardly knowing what to say, maintained a somewhat embarrassed silence.

"Mr. Latham," continued Edith, "I am afraid that you think my sister has been very rude; but I know that she regretted sending the last letter just as soon as it was gone. It has troubled her ever since. She is very impulsive, but very good; and as I imagine that you are just as proud, I do not see how you will ever make it up, unless I give some of my valuable assistance. Do you still feel as you did towards Ella?"

And she looked pretty enough to have bewitched any man not already in the toils of a fair charmer.

"I love her better than ever," was the reply.

"Then wait a moment, and I'll send her down here. I shall have to cheat her a little; but then all is fair in love or war, you know."

"But she dislikes me, Miss Chase."

"Do girls love their sleeping for men they dislike, Mr. Latham?"—and, smiling at the effect of her words, she left him.

And waiting ten or fifteen minutes, the door opened, and Ella came in, looking very pale and languid. She started violently when she saw Charles, and drawing up her slender figure, said, "I did not know that you were here."

"I will leave at once, if you wish it, Miss Chase," he answered; and was about to do so, when he noticed the proud look in her face change to an expression half pleading, half reproachful.

A moment more and he was by her side, her hand in his.

"Ella, Ella," he exclaimed, "why are you so cold, so proud?"

She tried to answer, but the tears ran down her cheeks, and as he passed his arm round her, she rested her head upon his shoulder.

"Oh, excuse me!" she heard at that very interesting moment; and looking up, they saw the long train of Edith's dress rapidly disappearing.

But Charles did not complain of Ella's coldness after that.—*Boo Bells.*

The Emperor of Brazil has just struck the last blow against slavery in his dominions by affixing his sign manual to a decree which makes all children born hereafter of slave parents free. It has been a weary process, this abolition of human bondage among civilized nations. At what cost of blood and treasure the United States has got rid of the curse, history can attest on many a sad page. Now Cuba alone remains, and even there the abolition of the system is only a question of time.

Miscellaneous.

About Tea.

Mr. Chan Lai Sun, Chinese Imperial Commissioner of Education, recently delivered a lecture in Springfield, Mass., on the subject of tea and its culture. He began by stating that tea grows in every province in China except three or four upon the northernmost Siberian border, but the quality depends largely upon the locality. The leaves resemble those of the willow, and are gathered during the spring and early summer. They are first exposed in a cool dry place for a day or two, then rolled into a ball on a table of bamboo slats, and dried in the sun. The rolling is to extract a portion of the juice of the leaves. After they have been dried in the sun, they are put into an egg-shaped iron pan over a charcoal fire, and incessantly stirred until a certain point of dryness is reached. The operator stirs with his hands, thrusting them in all portions of the pan, and practice enables him to dry the leaves almost exactly alike. The raiser superintends this process, and then brings his tea in bamboo baskets to the tea merchant, who adjusts its quality, and buys it at prices ranging from \$15 to \$20 per picul, equal to 133 1-3 pounds. The merchant mixes his purchases together in a large reservoir, and at his convenience weighs out a number of pounds of tea leaves into grades according to quality. The tea stalks are the lowest grade, and the sorters are paid by the number of ounces of stalks they bring in. Children earn from 4 to 5 cents a day; the very best work rarely earn as much as ten cents a day. Americans can hardly live upon such wages, and until other nations can raise tea for 12 cents a pound they cannot compete with China in its production.

After the sorting each grade is packed by itself in chests or bamboo baskets, the first for exportation and the latter for home consumption. It is ordered by importers abroad through the tea taster, who receives a salary of some \$3,000 a year and operates as follows: He has a long, narrow table, on which 60 or 70 cups are set; a boy weighs exactly one ounce from a small box into one of these cups, and if he has samples enough, all these cups are used. Hot water is then poured into each cup, and after five minutes the boy calls the master, who sips from every cup, holds the liquid in his mouth a moment, then ejects it and notes again the quality of the tea. The purchaser orders upon his taster's estimate, and when his packages arrive at the warehouse, about one in twenty is opened for comparison with the sample. If it proves of inferior trade, a marginal reduction is at once made in the price, so that without complicity with the tea taster, the adulteration of tea is next to impossible in China.

The tea is always examined to determine its age, as it is chosen when young. It is a vexed question whether black and green tea belong to the same species; it is probable, however, that that they are branches of the same variety and the color depends upon the locality. If a seed of black tea be planted in the green tea region, a few generations will make them both alike. When black tea is high, green can be readily turned into black, but black cannot be made to appear green. The latter obtains its bluish color artificially, Prussian blue being used in the coloring, but in such small quantities as to be harmless. The annual average yield of a tea tree is about twenty ounces, and too much rain affects the quality as well as the amount. The plants live from 20 to 30 years, and when old, are frequently cut down, and a young shrub grafted into the old stock. Quicker returns are obtained, but the plant does not last so long.

Tea is drunk pure in China, but there are very different ways of preparing it. The Chinese tea connoisseur purchases an article costing variously from \$17 to \$20 per pound. If he uses this choicest kind, which is only grown on the tops of mountains, and of which only ten or fifteen pounds are produced in the kingdom, he has a baby teapot, an inch and a half high, and about an inch in diameter. A pinch of tea is put in, about twenty drops of hot water turned on, and is ready to sip. It would be very intoxicating to drink much; even the taste of a sip will remain in the throat for hours after the tea has evaporated. The more common way of tea drinking is to have a teapot six feet high and three feet in diameter, kept warm, ready for any one to drink who chooses.

The speaker considered that, as long as the tea is of good quality, it matters little how it is prepared. The best way is to warm the pot with boiling water, then put in the tea and pour the water upon it. It should never be boiled.

The seeds of the plants are about the size of a small cherry; and from those not wanted for planting, oil is expressed, used for cooking purposes. The tea in this country is generally much injured by long conveyance by sea, and has a moldy taste to one who has drank it in its freshness. The individual consumption of tea is much greater in China than here.

BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT IN SOUND.—The following beautiful experiment, described by Prof. Tyndall, shows how music may be transmitted by an ordinary wooden rod. In a room two doors beneath his lecture-room, there was a piano upon which an artist was playing, but the audience could not hear it. A rod of deal, with its lower end resting upon the sounding-board of the piano extended upward through the two floors, its upper end being exposed before the lecture-table. But still no sound was heard. A violin was then placed upon the end of the rod, which was thrown into resonance by the ascending thirds, and instantly the music of the piano was given out in the lecture-room. A guitar and harp were substituted for the violin, and with the same result. The vibrations of the piano-strings were communicated to the sounding-board, they traversed the long rod, were reproduced by the resonant bodies above, the air was carried into waves, and the whole musical composition was delivered to the audience.—*Wave-action in Nature's*, in Popular Science Monthly for May.

Ocean Disasters.

George W. Smalley writes about travel and accident upon the ocean:

The wonder is that more, not less, disasters do not happen. The best discipline is not proof against mishap. For 20 years or more it was the boast of Cunarders that they had not lost a ship, but the *Tripoli* hid her bones last year on Tuscan Rock. It must be added that many accidents happen to these Atlantic lines which don't get narrated in the newspapers. The Cunard company always understood how to keep things quiet. Anybody who has crossed the Atlantic often knows that silence is their rule and the rule of other lines equally. Who is there to tell the tale of a wretched fisherman on the Banks goes down under the touch of a steamer. The steamer hardly feels the shock. The cry of the drowning man reaches no ears but those of the officer on duty and the crew, and it is by no means made a topic at next morning's breakfast. I never saw the thing happen. I saw once how it might happen. I was on the forward deck of a Cunarder late at night, crossing the Banks; a schooner lay nearly in the path of the steamer, her lights duly burning. The watch on the steamer was awake, and went from the bridge to the steering-house to starboard the helm, and starboard it was, and the steamer in another moment was swinging down towards the schooner instead of away from her. The engines were at full speed. When the officer saw the mistake he gave the right order, but it takes time to change a big ship's course, and before she could answer the contrary helm she had reached the schooner and lay almost upon her. As I leaned over the rail I could have dropped my hat on board. We just missed her, and nobody to blame. How many do you think are not missed every year?

As for the look-out on board the *Atlantic*, it may have been asleep, without differing much from that maintained on some other ships. There is a story of a passenger crossing on one of the steamers of a well-known line, whose distrust was so great that he spent every night on deck, keeping watch forward. During the days he slept. One night there came a shout from the bows, where this amateur stood, "Rock ahead!" The ship's look-out had gone to sleep. The watch on deck were asleep. They woke up with the shout, and when they had got the helm hard up, and the huge ship swung suddenly off her course, the startled passengers who thronged upon deck, saw the black cliffs glooming down on them within a biscuit's toss. My authority for that story is one of the engineers of the ship in which the incident occurred.

DUELING.

THE CODE OF HONOR AMONG THE F. F. V'S.

Virginia is the home of first families. On her sacred soil once stood cavaliers and now blooms chivalry. Two of its fairest flowers have recently been engaged in an affair of honor, though the written laws of their State makes the survivor of a duel a murderer, and the seconds accessories before the fact. But what of this? Is not honor or honor? and will any jury be abject enough to hang a duelist? Certainly not, and McCarthy, lying as an interesting invalid in a cell elegantly carpeted, surrounded by friends, sworn in as officers of the law in order to preserve a flower of chivalry from contact with regular practitioners, has every reason to congratulate himself upon being a noble example to hot-blooded youth. Why? The story deserves repetition. McCarthy writes somewhat questionable verses concerning a reigning belle, which are in due time published. Mordecai excoriates them and their author, whereupon all Little Peddlington bubbles with gossip started by clubs and ornamented by women. Through the kindness of good-natured friends McCarthy hears of the criticism. He is assured that his honor is in danger, that nothing less than blood will atone for the insult. A challenge is sent; a truce succeeds it; a quarrel ensues, during which the following dramatic dialogue takes place:—

"Do you intend those remarks for me, sir?"

"And pray, who are you, sir?" asks McCarthy with withering contempt.

"I am a gentleman," retorts the passionate Mordecai.

"Ah!" draws McCarthy, scornfully. Whereupon Mordecai knocks McCarthy down and, because of a lacerated nose, and swollen face and blackened eyes, McCarthy feels that he will be branded as a coward unless his honor be avenged. A duel follows close upon the fight. "I demand another fire," says McCarthy, when Mordecai's seconds suggest a settlement, after the first fire leaves both uninjured. He carries his point and kills his man, after which little pastime his honor is intact. What is the killing of a man compared with the approbation of Richmond clubs and Richmond women? As in most duels the less offender is launched into eternity, so of course the justice of duello becomes apparent to the most illigal mind.

Already this manly encounter in Virginia has borne deadly fruit, and we ask whether there is enough healthy sentiment in America to put down the wretched superstition that a man can make wrong right by exhibiting a certain amount of physical courage?

THE "POLARIS" EXPEDITION.

New York, May 22.—A New York gentleman who has been connected with a shipping house in New London, Conn., which formerly employed both Capt. Tyson and Capt. Boddington, says Captain Tyson six years ago was the principal in an adventure singularly like that of the "Polaris." He was in command of the schooner *Era* on a whaling voyage from New London to Greenland. In the fall of the year, while lying in Cumberland Sound, the vessel broke from her moorings. He was obliged to abandon her

with all his crew of twenty-four men, taking with him stores and provisions. Making his way on shore with the crew, he built tents of sails taken from the vessel, and lived under them during the entire winter. His vessel was five miles from the shore, in the pack ice, without anchorage all the time. When the ice broke up in the spring, on seeing that the ship was not much damaged, he regained it, filled it with oil, and returned to New London. Captain Tyson is a brave, dashing captain, who will expose his vessel to the dangers of an Arctic winter up to the last moment of safety, and will often accomplish brilliant results. Boddington, on the other hand is a careful and calculating Yankee, who is noted for his scrupulous guardianship of the property and lives under his charge. His New London neighbors are reported to have predicted when the expedition started that Boddington would bring back his vessel and crew in safety, and that scientific results would be subordinated, so far as he was concerned, to this end; but the story that he deliberately abandoned nineteen helpless human beings to their fate is not credited. He is man of family and experience. He is deemed incapable of any such cruelty. Both of the men are old whaling captains, and made many voyages. Captain Boddington brought into New London the *Resolute*, one of Sir E. Belcher's expedition, which was abandoned May 15, 1854, not far from Beechy Island. Captain Boddington was then on a whaling voyage. The impression is general among shipping men that the "Polaris" is safe.

GIVE THEM SUNSHINE.—My sister, if you have daughters growing up, don't be afraid of the sunshine. Let it come freely into your house—it will bring with it neither malaria, contagion, nor death. On the other hand it will bring only cheerfulness on its laughing pinions—you can't be sad in a beautiful room all ablaze with sunlight. True, it may kick a tint out of your unstably-colored carpet, now and then, but let them go—they are as nothing compared to the blessings which sunlight alone can bring to the household. Take away your dark curtains and pass the invigorator in. Move the vines off the window—a window is made for the admission of light and not to fill the office of a trellis for vines. If you must have a carpet with gay colors, buy one that will stand the test—there are plenty such. If they get a little extra don't mind it—a sickly daughter will cost you, or somebody else more than the extras on a dozen fadeless carpets would amount to. Yes, mothers, give your children the sunshine. You could not give them a gift that would cost you less, nor yet one qualified to profit them more. It will make them what we in the country call tough and hardy. They require sunshine just as much as plants do. All scientific persons are now united in this decision. The world is full of delicate and weakly women, and my word for it, more of the cause lies in an effort on our part to make "fair" ladies of our daughters than in anything else.—*Mrs. Mary C. West, in Mobile Register.*

THE RELIGION WE WANT.

We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the exceeding sinfulness of sin, but on the exceeding baseness of lying and stealing. A religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stall, pebbles from the cotton-bags, clay from the paper, and from the sugar, chloory from coffee, alum from bread, and water from the milk cans. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the little ones at the bottom. It will not make one-half pair of shoes of good leather, and the other half of poor leather, so that the first shall rebound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Jovian's stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves; nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop; nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing-filk that touches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half; nor all-wool delaines and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with cheapening cotton; nor coats made of old rag cladded together be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys it contracts to build of seven dollar material; nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine; nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join; nor daub the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered; nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is going to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to the gospel, though it may be according to law; it looks on a man who thus acts and who continues to live in luxury as a thief. Such is the religion of the blessed Jesus and of His book, the Bible.—*The Boston Christian.*

While every one is speaking of the present season as being remarkable in its characteristics, a correspondent in a New Hampshire paper gives some facts concerning the year 1816, known as the "year without a summer." It was the coldest ever known throughout Europe and America. The winter was mild. Frost and ice were common in every month of the year. Very little vegetation matured in the Middle State. The average price of flour during that year was \$12 per bushel, and the average price of wheat in England was 97s. per quarter.