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# MARSHLANDS.



A Monthly Magazine.

AMHERST, N. S.

# MARSHLANDS.

A Monthly Magazine.

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Vol 1

Amherst, N S December, 1895

No 1

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In launching this little magazine, MARSHLANDS, we offer no apology ; no reason for its existence beyond what the following pages can tell. If there is a niche for it, well and good ; if treated only as "a waif and a stray" we will cease our labors in this direction, pleasant though they be.

Little Fielding has proved himself a big man, at least big enough to boss the grid party in Nova Scotia.

Honest political opinion separates the chaff from the wheat, a carping factions opposition drives the ruling power into insolent recklessness.

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## The Marshlands in June.

Beautiful in the lights of a lovely Summer's-day,  
Lie the broad Marshlands, and the distant ruddy bay ;  
Far beyond this sea of grass, with its charming hues of green,  
Rise bold mountains blue ; a dear familiar scene.

It is a strange thing to see Roman Catholic Italy, establishing free, unsectarian schools everywhere, and protestant Manitoba, not allowed to do the same thing !

President Grant is a clever man, but he is too conservative for the times ; in separati. g Church and State, we will have to bisect Monsieur Grant and several more of his ilk.

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## Political and Personal Politics.

Laurier is easily leader of his party, yet he is not master of the situation.

We want stronger, stouter hearted, progressive statesmen not Priests in political gowns ; hearken ! or we will ask for aggressive as well as progressive statesmen and public leaders.

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Cumberland is fast losing her reputation for producing politicians of ability ; perhaps, Mr. Dickey—well perhaps, we will give him the benefit of the doubt, for the present at least.

It is hard for the Maritimes to forget they were but lately Sovereign States, hence the lingering, latent antagonism to Confederation, we would long ago have had Maritime Union but for that feeling.

Where none, now two railroads, run through Queens and Shelburne Counties, rival roads, projected and principally built on government pap. Guysboro County with hardly a good coach road, a pretty mess of things !

A significant banner was displayed by an Orange Lodge recently in Cumberland, "Hands off Manitoba."—We don't approve of religious bickerings, but must recognize them when they exist and raise their ugly heads.

Longley dead or Longley living, it may not matter much to the world at large ; is a much better known man, since his drubbing by the women of this Province, for his pronounced opposition to woman suffrage ; there are sound spots in every head.

Tupper possessed (we also speak of him in the past tense) wonderful executive ability, a fine debater ; fearless and very ambitious ; he had the credit of sticking to his friends. He was undoubtedly the cleverest politician

in Canada, and if not a great leader, was a born ruler.

Have the local and Dominion Government been so long in power, that now we have pert masters, instead of good public servants, true to the real interests of the Country ?—

Perhaps they think the people are blind to these little discrepancies, if nothing worse ; explanations are now in order.

Howe, the orator, author, statesman, and all round, intellectual athlete ; his enemies, were few ; his friends, as the sands of the sea, will have erected, to his memory, ere long, a beautiful monument in Victoria Park, Truro ; thanks to the generosity of his countrymen and Mr. James Ross the father of the park.

Separated from the upper Province, geographically, from the United States politically, and from N. B. and P. E. I., customs and other local differences and accustomed to almost absolute self-government, it has naturally taken us long to consider and feel ourselves as an integral part of a greater Country and to be partly governed from a distance.

"The world's a stage and every man an actor on it." Honest Temperance people must realize this, when they think of the enactment of temperance laws, the appointment of Commissioners, the carrying out of these laws, the commissions report

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to parliament, the voting for a general prohibition law etc. etc. Yet the revenue from the liquor traffic is undiminished, and quite acceptable as ever.

“A friend in need is a friend indeed,” in plain sight, grave dangers threaten the integrity of the British Empire. Let us as Canadians, offer assistance of men and money to the Home Government, ready the moment she may feel the need of them : or let us ask for Independence and thus save her, the poor task of further caring for us. Don't let the world believe us to be, what Carnegie called us. “Mean spirited colonists.”

Sense, common sense, every kind of sense tells us to unite ; but the Grit Triumvirate, Fielding, Blair and Davies ; would rather rule the three Provinces by the sea, each in his own Sovereign right, than to see perhaps the sceptre slip from their hands in a new order of things.

Can they roll back the sea, the coming sea of public opinion, perhaps coming from the necessity of some exigency ; One Canute could not turn back the tide. If there had been three, who knows ?

### The Bike.

'Tis gliding, t'is rolling, t'is flying,  
We silently, swiftly, move on.  
'T'is bumping, t'is thumping, t'is  
jumping,  
We courageously, surely keep on.

T'is scorching, ti's roasting t'is  
coasting,  
We skinningly, lightly, go on.  
T'is lively, ti's lovely, t'is gaily,  
We joyously, eagerly, ride on.

### “Ye Ancient Colony.”

A land of mountains, ravines,  
Brooklets and cascades ;  
Great lakes, wooded slopes,  
And moss grown glades.  
Tall, overhanging cliffs ;  
A rock bound shore,  
That breasts the broad Atlantic,  
And echoes, the surf 's hoarse roar.

Newfoundland, England's first colony “over the seas,” is a large, pear shaped island, in the North Atlantic, with its stem pointing to the North Pole. The northern extremity almost touches the mainland of the North American continent, (9 miles across the Strait of Belle Isle,) while St. John's the metropolis, on the south eastern part of the island is quite 500 miles distant from the city of Halifax. The coast, almost everywhere high and precipitous, is deeply indented by noble bays. The surface is broken by great mountain ridges and many great lakes, (ponds the natives call them) some of them large enough to swallow one of our counties. Here and there are patches of a sparse growth of an inferior kind of timber, large tracts covered with moss, peat and scrubs, but there is no true soil as we know it in Canada, it is entirely vegetable ; when the timber is accidentally fired,

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everything is burnt to the solid rock ; what kind of soil can you get from granite, serpentine and kindred rock ? The soil, little as it is, and such as it is, when heavily manured, yield small crops of potatoes, cabbage, turnip, grass and hay, and but little more. The agricultural capabilities amount to practically nothing, existing indeed only in the warm, loyal imaginations of a few enthusiastic Island savants. Though long known to possess some valuable mineral deposits, yet, only a few hundred men have found employment in their development. Several large copper mines have been worked, but have been worked out or worked to poor advantage, as they are now nearly all closed down, if not all, closed down ; the most valuable mine at present, is the Pilly Island deposit of iron pyrites, which is being steadily worked. Asbestos is making a pretty good showing ; while some parties are prospecting for petroleum of which there are good indications. Coal, has long been prospected for, but the indications of good coal, in paying quantities, is slender indeed. Taking it all in all, the mineral wealth of the Island is as yet a problem of an indefinite character. Barren though the land may be, the great bays and the surrounding seas, teem with the finest cod-fish, herring, lobsters, and other food fishes (the oyster is unknown on the entire coast.) During the month of March the taking of seals, furnish employment to several thousand men, bringing to the colony half a million to a million dollars.

The value of the fisheries amount

to \$6,000,000 and though a million less than the value of the Nova Scotia fisheries, yet, if more evenly distributed, should place all of the 20,000 of inhabitants, in a better position than many of them at present know.

Farming, mining, lumbering and other industries, employ a small part of the population, compared to the fisheries. Several hundred miles, of narrow guage railways have been built and more under construction ; a very dubious public asset ; indeed, what assets of any kind, poor Newfoundland has, are quite unavailable. The Dominion did wisely (in the writers experience and opinion) in refusing the extravagant and absurd demands of a rapacious bankrupt people. The population is 204,000 including Labrador. Nearly half of the adult population can neither read nor write ; and the majority of those that can, care little about doing so. The system of education is denominational, and in the case of Newfoundland, greatly against a good general education of the people. While the government is spending great sums on railways, they have cut down the school grant ! Though the oldest colony of the British realm, its people are probably the most illiterate of all the English speaking possessions.

St. John's city, population, 35,000 ; is the Metropolis in almost everything, and in almost every way. It is the head, heart and a large part of the body of the colony—Indeed in the writer's opinion, only a few other spots should be inhabited the year around, by intelligent white, human beings.

The isolation, the lack of educational facilities, the long cold season, the barren soil and the chronic state of starvation, in some part or other of the long coast line should forbid modern human beings from using it only as a fishing station, at certain seasons, as they use the Labrador coast.

The people are of English and Irish decent, not quite two thirds English and a little over one third Irish.

Very few of the inhabitants were born in the old country. The natives in general have an accent, peculiarly their own, and not a particularly agreeable one, to the stranger.

As regards the religious denominations 75,000 are of the Roman Catholic faith, 60,000 belong to the Church of England and 55,000 are Methodists, the rest Presbyterian, Baptist, Salvationists, etc. The school fund is divided among the first three mentioned churches. St John's now rebuilt since t' e great fire, two years ago, Pop. 35,000, with a number of quite handsome and creditable buildings lighted by electricity, with an abundant supply of water and I wish I could say as much for the sanitary arrangements, they are disgusting and extremely unwholesome.

The people have universal suffrage and they have also done away with imprisonment for debt. Universal suffrage in this colony, has only proved a temptation to the demagogue politician; as of recent politics, in this Island will show Suffrage is indeed a dangerous thing, when unaccompanied with intelligence and universal education of the masses in this, or any

other country. The clergy, the merchant and the politician, form a triumvirate, absolute in the public and private affairs of the colony. The Newfoundland is charitable to a fault and this true is of all classes and creeds. The "Old Vikings" never surpassed them, in the skill and courage they display as seaman. Though wild storms and dense fogs, are frequent on the waters around the coast, the summers for two or three months at least, are very fine; bright skies, the air delightful and bracing, the sea clear and intensely blue. An ideal summer climate for a debilitated Southerner. A trip on one of the coastal steamers is a luxury to all fortunate enough to make it. The scenery along the coast and up the grand bays is magnificent. Icebergs, whales and other strange dwellers of the sea you will surely interview in your thousand mile trip

Note.—A trip from Halifax through the Bras D'or Lakes of Cape Breton, and up the West Coast of N. on the staunch steamer Harlaw, Capt. Farguhar, is one unsurpassed for beauty, health and pleasure. The fare for the trip is very reasonable. The time about two weeks.

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### Hints in Preserving the Health of the Eyes.

Daily out-door exercise is of the first importance in the treatment of "weak eyes."

A rest of a few minutes at the end of every half hour when reading, sewing or other fine work, goes far to

save the strength of the eyes. A clear bright light, saves the eye the extra effort required, when the light is poor and dim.

If the eyes feel tender, bathe them in warm water. Red and sore, warm tea. Cold applications as a rule, are not beneficial,

When the eyes begin to age do not put off wearing glasses, as you will not arrest the natural failure in sharpness of vision, but you will worry and hasten any tendency to disease as cataract, etc.

The eyes of the present generation are as good if not better, than any preceding generation, but they are put to an infinitely greater strain from so much reading, writing, and other fine, close work. While the general tone of the system is lowered by the necessary constant application to sedentary indoor work.

Cases of sore, inflamed eyes particularly when accompanied with frequent headaches, should have the careful attention of a competent Oculist.

Our eyes, so frequently and easily injured by accident, should receive prompt and particular attention, as the first few days nearly always decides the whole future result as to the well-being of the injured organ, as every oculist so well knows.

After fever and other exhaustive diseases, the eyes should not be used for reading or any kind of fine work, till the general health and strength is fully restored. Many date a life long eye trouble from reading or sewing, during convalescence from serious illness.

Children before attending school should have their eyes examined by a competent oculist, that any defect in the construction of the eye-ball or tendency to disease can be detected, remedied or guarded against. I know this suggestion, within a few years, will be an accepted fact, at least by the intelligent part of the public.

J. R. McLEAN, M. D.



### The Earth.

The "Ashantee War" is over and nobody hurt. The African has come to know what it costs to resist the British.

Few Frenchmen ever care to leave happy, sunny, prosperous France for other and less favored lands; who can blame them?

The British government with its ultimatum seems to keep a chip on its shoulder, a challenge to the world in general, and certain nations in particular.

The German, Russian and French press are continually calling attention to British isolation. She has always fought best when alone and won great stakes too.

England the greatest of land grabbers (she has always claimed the sea) will get the lion's share. The world will be better everyway if England owns more of it.



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England's flesh pots," trade and commerce, with their benefits and luxuries have conquered more nations than her red coated soldiers or her blue shirted sailors.

England is evidently preparing for any surprise in diplomney or war itself. Fifty warships are under construction at the present moment, a powerful navy in itself.

China will be as surely "gobbled up" as Poland, India, Siam, Burmah, Egypt, Madagascar Algiers and Africa have been ; and Turkey on China will be the next dish to be served up to Europa.

Venzuela, is receiving much attention of late, particularly from the United States and Great Britain, and we think too much attention for a semi-barbarous lot of Spanish half breeds ; yet "from small acorns, great oaks grow ;" sometimes.

It seems strange to us middle aged folks, to see such intellectual giants as Bismark, Gladstone and Castelar, take a back seat in national affairs, perhaps even stranger to see Crispi in his old age again called to command the Ship of State in Italy after we had supposed him placed on the retired list.

The Germans and Italians among European nations, have taken to emigration in the greatest numbers, and are principally going to the English speaking countries. Even John

Chinaman if he does not go in a tub a la Diogones carries his tub with him goes to English speaking countries, and washes out of it honest, English gold.

The South African boom still continues overshadowing the West Australian gold developments, as well as the promising Kootenay district in our own country.

Argentina, if not a British Colony owes her development to British gold, this State looks as though she would take the lead of all these South American nondescripts—She is prospering greatly.

The newly acquired power of Japan is receiving great though hardly the politest of attention from the European nations—Russia, in particular has taken upon herself to snub and harass the enterprizing little Jap. The latest report of this "up to date" new nation is that in 1896 her mannufacturers intend to flood the American market with their productions in the principal lines of her trade, extending even to bicycles which they quote at \$12.

It seems to us wonderful that two nations, possessing such aggressiveness and fighting ability, and so many subjects to growl over and dispute about, as the British and American nations, keep from coming to blows. We can only explain it by recognizing that, "blood is thicker than water," and though undoubtedly somewhat jealous of one another, yet they can not but recognize and admire the quali-

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ties, the success, and the greatness they each possess.

Englishmen finding it hard to make both ends meet at home and naturally enterprising ; Scotchmen finding his environments hard and limited ; Irishmen, impoverished and hopeless in beloved Erin ; look to other lands to better their individual condition ; hence, the steady emigration of British people to new, unoccupied countries, which they cultivate and colonize to prosperity and to become the permanent home of their descendents, and in time to far exceed the old land, in extent wealth and population ; "The Greater Britain."

### Domestic.

All Amherstonians love and are proud of the town; the dwellers therein truly enjoy as much solid comfort as any other place on earth.

The large and beautiful Baptist Church excites the admiration of all, it is one of the finest, if not the finest religious edifice in the Maritime Provinces.

There is a great chance to develop a large industry in the cultivation of that delicious and wholesome fruit, the cranberry. The Amherst marshes are particularly adapted for the growth and culture of this fruit. We have it from reliable sources, "there is money in it."

We often hear French spoken on the streets, or rather sidewalks. It but shows the trend, when all Canada will have a homogenous people. It took England 300 years to blend the two languages. We have a couple of centuries left yet, to give one race and language.

We have a Rhodes, that is doing as much in building up our town as his namesake Rhodes has been doing in forcing South Africa. As business men and building contractors, the firms name extends throughout the Maritimes. Of such should be the Kingdom of politics—send him up !

We have many beautiful buildings, but we are far behind our Truro friends in gardens, lawns and trees, that add so greatly to the appearance of a town.

The beautiful lawns and gardens, the numerous stately trees, have made Truro one of the handsomest, if not the handsomest, small town in the Dominion.

Oh the mud ! the Amherst mud !!! how our citizens love the mud !!! Mr. Fred Parsons displaces it from the crossings, now and then ; but no honest citizen would allow a cart load to be taken away, much less to be covered over by planking and gravel, it would be out of sight then. As for asphalt sidewalks on the main street, that indeed would be too rich for the Amherstonian blood.

## The Miller of Hoffbau.

ANTHONY HOPE IN MCLURES.

There is a swift little river running by the village of Hoffbau, and on the river is mill, kept in the days of King Rudolf the Third, by a sturdy fellow who lived there all alone. The king knew him, having alighted at his house for a draught of beer as he rode hunting; and it was of him the king spoke when he said to the queen, "There is, I believe, but one man in the country whom Osra could not move, and that is the miller of Hoffbau." But, though he addressed the queen it was his sister at whom he aimed the speech. The princess herself was sitting by, and when she heard the king, she said:

"In truth, I do not desire to move any man. What but trouble comes of it? Yet who is this miller?"

The king told her where the miller might be found and he added: "If you convert him to the love of women, you shall have the finest bracelet in Strelsau.

"There is nothing, sire so remote from my thoughts or desire as to convert your miller," said Osra, scornfully.

And in this, at the moment, she spoke truthfully; but being left alone for some days at the Castle of Zenda, which is but a few miles from Hoffbau, she found time hang very heavy on her hands; in need, she did not know what to do with herself for weariness; and so for this reason and none others at all, one day she ordered her horse and rode off with a single groom into the forest. Coming, as the morning went on, to a wide road, she asked the groom where it led. "To Hoffbau, madam," he answered. It is not more than a mile farther on." Osra waited for a few minutes; then she said: I will ride on and see the village, for I have been told that it is pretty, Wait

here till I return." And she rode on, smiling a little, and with a delicate tint of color in her cheeks.

Before long she saw the river, and the mill on the river; and, coming to the mill she saw the miller sitting before his door smoking a long pipe, and she called out to him, asking him to sell her a glass of milk.

"You can have it for the asking," said the miller. He was a good looking, fair fellow, and wore a scarlet cap. "There is a pail of it just inside the door behind me." Yet he did not rise, but lay there lolling luxuriously in the sun. For he did not know Osra never having been to Strelsau in his life and to Zenda three or four times only and that when the princess was not there. Moreover—though this as must be allowed, is not to the purpose—he had sworn never again to go so far afield.

Being answered in this manner and at the same time desiring the milk, the princess had no choice but to dismount. This she did and passed by the miller, pausing a moment to look at him with bright curious eyes that flashed from under the brim of her wide rimmed feathered hat; but the miller blinked lazily up at the sun and took no heed of her.

Osra passed on, found the pail poured out a cup of milk, and drank it. Then refilling the cup she carried it to the miller.

"Will you not have some?" said she with a smile.

"I was too lazy to get it," said the miller; and he held out his hand, but did not otherwise change his position.

Osra's brow was puckered and her cheek flushed as she knelt down, holding the cup of milk so that he could reach it. He took and drained it, gave it back to her, and put his pipe in

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his mouth again. Osra sat down by him and watched him. He puffed and blinked away, never so much as looking at her.

"What have you for dinner?" asked she presently.

"A piece of cold pie," said he. "There is enough for two, if you're hungry."

"Would you not like it better hot?"

"Oh, ah, but I cannot weary myself with heating it."

"I will heat it," said the princess; and rising she went into the house and made up the fire, which was almost burnt out then she heated the pie, and set the room in order, and laid the table and drew a large jug of beer from the cask. Next she placed an arm chair ready for the miller, and put the jug by it; then she filled a pipe from the bowl of tobacco, and set a cushion in the chair. And all this while she hummed a tune and from time to time smiled gayly. Lastly, she arranged a chair by the elbow of the miller's chair; then she went out and told him that his dinner was ready; and he stumbled to his feet with a sigh of laziness and walked before her into the house.

"May I come?" cried she,

"Ay, there is enough for two," said the miller of Hofbau, without looking round.

So she followed him in. He sank into the arm-chair and sat there, for a moment surveying the room, which was so neat, and the table, so daintily laid, and the pie, so steaming hot. And he sighed, saying:

"It was like this before poor mother died;" and he fell to on a great portion of pie with which Osra piled his plate.

When he had finished eating—which thing did not happen for some time—she held the jug while he took a long draught; then she brought a coal in the tongs and held it while he lit his pipe

from it; then she sat down by him. For several moments he puffed, and then at last he turned his head and looked at Princess Osra, and she drooped her long lashes and cast down her eyes: and next she lifted her eyes and glanced for an instant at the miller; and finally she dropped her eyes again and murmured shyly: "What is it sir? Why do you look at me?"

"You seem to be a handy wench," observed the miller. "The pie was steaming hot, and yet not burnt; the beer was well frothed, but not shaken nor thickened, and the pipe draws well. Where does your father dwell?"

"He is dead, sir," said the Princess Osra, very demurely.

"And your mother?" pursued the miller.

"She also is dead."

"There is small harm in that," said the miller, thoughtfully; and Osra turned away her head to hide her smile.

"Are you not very lonely, living here all by yourself?" she asked, a moment later.

"Indeed, I have to do everything for myself," said the miller, sadly.

"And there is nobody to—care for you?"

"No, nor to look after my comfort," said the miller. "Have you no kindred?"

"I have two brothers, Sir; but they are married now, and have no need of me."

The miller laid down his pipe, and, setting his elbow on the table, faced Princess Osra.

"H'm," said he. "And it is likely you will ride this way again?"

"I may chance to do so," said Osra; and now there was a glance of malicious triumph in her eyes, and she was thinking already how the bracelet would look on her arm.

"Ah!" said the miller; and after a

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pause he added, "If you do, come half an hour before dinner, and you can lend a hand in making it ready. Where did you get those fine clothes?"

"My mistress gave them to me," answered Osra. "She cast them off."

"And that horse you rode?"

"It is my master's; I have it to ride when I do my mistress's errands."

"And will your master and mistress do anything for you if you leave your service?"

"I have been promised a present if—" said Osra; and she paused in apparent confusion.

"Ay," said the miller, nodding sagaciously, and he rose slowly from the arm-chair. "Will you be this way again in a week or so?" he asked.

"I think it is very likely," answered Princess Osra,

"Then look in," said the miller, "about half an hour before dinner." And he nodded his head again very significantly at Osra, and, turning away, went to his work, as a man goes who would far rather sit still in the sun. But just as he reached the door he turned his head and asked, "Are you sturdy?"

"I am strong enough, I think," said she.

"A sack of flour is a heavy thing for a man to lift by himself!" remarked the miller, and with that he passed through the door and left her alone.

Then she cleared the table, put the pie—or what little was left—in the larder, set the room in order, refilled the pipe, stood the jug handy by the cask, and, with a look of great satisfaction on her face, tripped out to where her horse was, mounted, and rode away.

The next week—and the interval had seemed long to her, and no less long to the miller of Hofbau—she came again,

and so the week after; and in the week following that she came twice; and on the second of these two days, after dinner, the miller did not go off to his sacks, but he followed her out of the house, pipe in hand, when she went to mount her horse; and, as she was about to mount, he said:

"Indeed, you are a handy wench."

"You say much of my hands, but nothing of my face," remarked Princess Osra.

"Of your face?" repeated the miller in some surprise. "What should I say of your face?"

"well, is it not a comely face?" asked Osra, turning towards him that he might be better able to answer her question.

The miller regarded her for some minutes, then a slow smile spread on his lips.

"Oh, ay, it is well enough," said he. Then he laid a floury finger on her arm, and he continued: "If you come next week, why, it is but half a mile to church! I'll have the cart ready and bid the priest be there. What is your name?" For he had not hitherto asked Osra's name.

"Rosa Schwartz," said she, and her face was all alight with triumph and amusement.

"Yes, I shall be very comfortable with you," said the miller. "We will be at the church an hour before noon, so that there may be time afterwards for the preparations for dinner."

"That will be on Thursday in next week?" asked Osra.

"Ay, on Thursday," said the miller, and he turned on his heel. But in a minute he turned again saying: "Give me a kiss, then, since we are to be man and wife;" and he came slowly towards her, holding his arme open.

"Nay the kiss will wait till Thursday. Maybe there will be less flour on your face then." And with a laugh she dived under his outstretched hands and made

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her escape. And, the day being warm, the miller did not put himself out by pursuing her, but stood where he was with a broad, comfortable smile on his lips; and so he watched her ride away.

Now, as she rode, the princess was much occupied in thinking of the miller of Hofbau. Elated and triumphant as she was at having won from him a promise of marriage, she was yet somewhat vexed that he had not shown a more passionate affection; and this thought clouded her brow for full half an hour. But then her face cleared. "Still waters run deep," said she to herself. "He is not like these court gallants, who have learnt to make love as soon as they learn to walk, and cannot talk to a woman without bowing and grimacing and sighing at every word. The miller has a deep nature, and surely I have won his heart, or he would not take me for his wife. Poor miller! I pray that he may not grieve very bitterly when I make the truth known to him." And then, at the thought of the grief of the miller, her face was again clouded; but it again cleared when she considered of the great triumph that she had won, and how she would enjoy a victory over the king, and would have the finest bracelet in all Strelsau as a gift from him. Thus she arrived at the castle in the height of merriment and exultation.

It chanced that the king also came to Zenda that night, to spend a week hunting the boar in the forest; and when Osra, all blushing and laughing, told him of her success with the miller of Hofbau, he was greatly amused, and swore that no such girl ever lived, and applauded her, renewing his promise of the bracelet; and he declared that he would himself ride with her to Hofbau on the wedding day, and see how the poor miller bore his disappointment.

"Indeed, I do not see how you are going to excuse yourself to him," he laughed.

"A purse of five hundred crowns must do that office for me," said she.

"What will crowns patch a broken heart?"

"His broken heart must heal itself, as men's broken hearts do, brother."

"In truth, sister, I have known them cure themselves. Let us hope it may be so with the miller of Hofbau."

"At the worst, I have revenged the wrongs of women on him. It is unendurable that any man should scorn us, be he king or miller."

"It is indeed very proper that he should suffer great pangs," agreed the king, "in spite of his plaster of crowns. I shall love to see the stolid fellow sighing and moaning like a lovesick courtier."

"So they agreed to ride together to the miller's at Hofbau on the day appointed for the wedding, and both of them waited with impatience for it. But, with the bad luck that pursues mortals (even though they be princes) in this poor world, it happened that early in the morning of the Thursday a great officer came, riding post-haste from Strelsau, to take the king's commands on high matters of state; and although Rudolf was sorely put out of temper by this untoward interruption, yet he had no alternative but to transact the business before he rode to the miller's at Hofbau. So he sat fretting and fuming while long papers were read to him, and the princess walked up and down the length of the drawbridge fretting also; for before the king could escape from his affairs the hour of the wedding was already come, and doubtless the miller of Hofbau was waiting with the priest in the church. And indeed it was one o'clock or more before Osra and

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the king set out from Zenda, and they had then a ride of an hour and a half—and all this when Osra should have been at the miller's at eleven o'clock.

"Poor man, he will be half mad with waiting and with anxiety for me!" cried Osra. "I must give him another hundred crowns on account of it." And she added, after a pause, "I pray he may not take it too much to heart, Rudoff."

"We must try to prevent him doing himself any mischief in his despair," smiled the king.

"Indeed, it is a serious matter," pouted the princess, who thought the king's smile out of place.

"It was not so when you began it," said her brother; and Osra was silent. Then about half-past two they came in sight of the mill. Now the king dismounted while they were still several hundred yards away, and tied his horse to a tree in a clump by the wayside; and when they came near to the mill he made a circuit and approached from the side, and, creeping along the house, hid himself behind a large water-butt which stood just under the window; and from that spot he could hear what passed inside the house, although he could not see. But Osra rode up to the front of the mill, as she had been accustomed to do, and, getting down from her horse, walked up to the door. The miller's cart stood in the shafts, and neither the miller nor anybody else was to be seen about; and the door of the house was shut.

"He must be waiting at the church," said she. "But I will look in and make sure. Indeed, I feel half afraid to meet him." And her heart was beating rapidly and her face was rather pale, as she walked up to the door; for she feared what the miller might do in the passion of his disappointment on learning who

he was and that she could not be his wife. "I hope the six hundred crowns will comfort him," she said, as she laid her hand on the latch of the door; and she sighed—her heart being heavy for the miller, and maybe a little heavy also for the guilt that lay on her conscience for having deceived him.

Now, when she lifted the latch and opened the door, the sight that met her eyes was this: The table was strewn with the remains of a brave dinner; two burnt-out pipes lay beside the plates. A smaller table was in front of the fire; on it stood a very large jug, entirely empty, but bearing signs of having been full not so long ago; and on either side of it, each in an arm-chair, sat the priest of the village and the miller of Hofbau, and both of them were sleeping very contentedly, and snoring somewhat as they slept. The princess, smitten by remorse at this spectacle, said softly:

"Poor fellow, he grew weary of waiting, and hungry, and, was compelled to take his dinner; and, like the kind man he is, he has entertained the priest and kept him here, so that no time should be lost when I arrived. Indeed, I am afraid the poor man loves me very much. Well, miller or lord or prince—they are all the same. Heigh-ho! Why did I deceive him?" And she walked up to the miller's chair and leant over the back of it, and lightly touched his red cap with her fingers; and he put up his hand and brushed with it, as though he brushed away a fly, but gave no other sign of awakening.

Then the king called softly, from behind the water-butt under the window:

"Is he there, Osra? Is he there?"

"The poor man has fallen asleep in weariness," she answered. "But the priest is here, ready to marry you O

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Rudolf, I am so sorry for what I have done!"

"Girls are always mighty sorry after it is done," remarked the king. "Wake him up, Osra."

At this moment the miller of Hofbau sat up in his chair and gave a great sneeze, and by this sound the priest also was awakened. Osra came forward and stood between them. The miller looked at her, and tilted his red cap forward, in order that he might scratch his head. Then he looked across to the priest, and said :

"It is she, father. She has come."

The priest rubbed his hands together, and smiled uncomfortably.

"We waited two hours," said he, glancing at the clock. "See, it is three o'clock now."

"I am sorry you waited so long," said Osra, "But I could not come before. And—and now that I am come, I cannot——" But here she paused in great distress and confusion, not knowing how to break her sad tidings to the miller of Hofbau.

The miller drew his legs up under his chair and regarded Osra with a grave air

"You should have been here at eleven," said he. "I went to the church at eleven, and the priest was there, and my cousin Gertrude to be your maid. And there we waited hard on two hours, and you did not come."

"I am very sorry," pleaded Princess Osra; and the king laughed low to himself behind the water-butt, being much amused at her distress and her humility.

"And now that you are come," pursued the miller, scratching his head again, "I do not know what we are to do." And he looked again at the priest, seeking counsel. At this the Princess Osra, thinking that an opportunity had come, took the purse of six hundred crowns

from under her cloak and laid it on the table.

"What is this?" said the miller, for the first time showing some eagerness.

"They are for you," said Osra, and she watched him while he unfastened the purse. Then he poured the crowns out on the table and counted them one by one, till he had told all the six hundred. Then he raised his hands above his head, let them fall again, sighed slightly, and looked across at the priest.

"I warned you not to be in such hurry, friend miller," remarked the priest

"I waited two hours," said the miller, plaintively, "and you know that she is a handy wench and very fond of me." And he began to gather up the crowns and return them to the purse.

"I trust I am a handy wench," said Osra, smiling, yet still very nervous, "and indeed I have a great regard for the miller, but——"

"Nay, he does not mean you," interrupted the priest.

"Six hundred," sighed the miller, "and Gertrude has but two hundred! Still, she is a handy wench and very sturdy. I doubt if you could lift a sack by yourself, as she can." and he looked doubtfully at Osra's slender finger.

"I do not know why you talk of Gertrude said the princess, petulantly. "What is Gertrude to me?"

"Why, I take it that she is nothing at all to you," answered the priest, folding his hands on his lap and smiling placidly. "Still for my part, I bade him wait a little longer."

"I waited two hours," said the miller. "And Gertrude urged me, saying that you would not come, and that she would look after me better than you, being one of the family. And she said that it was hard that she should have no husband



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while her own cousin married a stranger. And since it was all the same to me, provided I got a handy and sturdy wench —

“What!” cried the Princess Osra; and the king was so interested that he rose up from behind the water-but and, leaning his elbows on the window-sill, looked in and saw all that happened.

“It being,” pursued the miller of Hofbau, “all the same to me, so that I got what I wanted, why, when you did not come—”

“He married his cousin,” said the priest. A sudden, loud burst of laughter came from the window. All three turned round; but the king ducked his head and crouched again behind the water-but before they saw him.

“Who was that?” cried the priest.

“A lad that come to hold my horse,” answered Osra, hastily, and then she turned fiercely on the miller.

And that, she said, was all you wanted! I thought you loved me.

Ay, I liked you very well, said the miller. You are a handy— A stamp of her foot drowned the rest. But you should have come in time, he went on.

And this Gertrude—is she pretty? demanded Osra.

Gertrude is well enough, said the miller. But she has only two hundred crowns. And he put the purse, now full again, on the table, with a resigned sigh.

And you shall have no more, cried Osra, snatching up her purse in great rage. And you and Gertrude may—

What of Gertrude? came at this moment from the door of the room where the sacks were. The princess turned round swift as the wind, and saw in the doorway a short and very broad girl, with a very wide face and straggling hair. The girl's nose was very flat, and eyes

were small; but her great mouth smiled good-humoredly, and; as the princess looked, she let slip to the ground a sack of flour that she had been carrying on her sturdy back.

Ay, Gertrude is well enough, said the miller, looking at her contentedly. She is very strong and willing.

Then, while Gertrude stood wondering and staring with wide eyes in the doorway, the princess stepped up to the miller and leant over him and cried:

Look at my face, look at my face: What manner of face is it?

It is well enough, said the miller. But Gertrude is—

There was a crash upon the floor, and the six hundred crowns rolled out of the purse, and scattered, spinning and rolling hither and thither, all over the floor, and into every corner of the room. And Princess Osra cried: Have you no eyes? and then turned away; for her lip was quivering, and she would not have the miller see it. But she turned from the miller only to face Gertrude his wife; and Gertrude's small eyes brightened with sudden intelligence.

Ah, you are the other girl! said Gertrude, with much amusement. And was that your dowry? It is large. I am glad you did not come in time. But see, I'll pick it up for you. Nay, don't take on. I dare say you'll find another husband. And she passed by Osra, patting her on the shoulder kindly as she went, and then fell on her knees and began to pick up the crowns, crawling after them all over the floor, and holding up her apron to receive the recovered treasure. And Princess Osra stood looking at her.

Ay, you'll find another husband, nodded the priest, encouragingly.

Ay, you'll find another husband, as-

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sented the miller, placidly. And just as one girl is pretty nearly as good as another, if she is handy and sturdy, so one husband is as good as another, if he can keep a house over you.

Princess Osra said nothing. But Gertrude, having picked up the crowns, came to her with a full apron, and said :

"Hold up your lay, and I'll pour them in. They'll get you a good husband.

Then Princess Osra suddenly bent and kissed Gertrude's cheek, and she said, gently :

I hope you have got a good husband, my dear ; but let him do some work for himself. And keep the six hundred crowns as a present from me, for he will value you more with eight hundred than with two.

The eyes of all three were fixed on her in wonder and almost in fear : for her tone and manner now were different. Then she turned to the miller ; and she bit her lip, and dashed her hand once across her eyes, and said ;

And you, miller, are the only sensible man I have found in all the kingdom. Therefore, good luck and a good wife to you. And she gave a little short laugh, and turned and walked out of the cottage, leaving them spellbound in wonder. But the miller rose from his chair and ran to the door, and when he reached it the king was just lifting Osra on to her horse ; and the miller knew the king, and stood there with eyes wide and cheeks bulged in wonder ; and he could gasp out no more than The king, the king ! before Rudolf and Osra had ridden away. And they could none of them, neither the miller, nor Gertrude, nor the priest, tell what the matter meant, until one day King Rudolf rode again to the miller at Hofbau, and, having sent for the priest, told the three enough of the truth, saying that

the affair was the outcome of a jest at court ; and he made each of them a handsome present, and vowed them to secrecy by their fealty and attachment to his person and his honor.

Then she would not have married me, anyhow? asked the miller.

I think not, friend, answered Rudolf, with a laugh.

Then we are but quits, and all is well. Gertrude, the jug, my lass !

And so, indeed, it seemed to the king that they were but quits, and he said so to the Princess Osra. But he declared that she had so far prevailed with the miller as to make him desire marriage as a wholesome and useful thing in itself, although she had not persuaded him that it was of great moment whom a man married. Therefore he was very anxious to give her the bracelet which he had promised, and more than once prayed her to accept. But Osra saw the laugh that lurked in the king's eye, and would not consent to have the bracelet ; and for a long while she did not love to speak of the miller of Hofbau. Yet once, when the king on some occasion cried out very impatiently that all men were fools, she said :

Sire you forget the miller of Hofbau ; and she blushed and laughed, and turned her eyes away.

And one other thing she did which puzzled very greatly Queen Margaret and all the ladies of the court, and all the waiting-women and all the serving-maids, and, in fine, every person, high or low, who saw or heard of it, except the king only. For in winter evenings she took her scissors and her needle, and she cut strips of red ribbon, each a foot long and a couple of inches broad ; and she embroidered on each of them a motto a legend ; and she affixed the ribbons bear-

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ing the legend to each and every one of the mirrors in each of her chambers at Strelsan, at Zenda, and all the other royal residences. And her waiting-women noticed that whenever she had looked in the mirror and smiled at her own image, or shown other signs of pleasure in it, she would then cast her eyes up to the legend, and seem to read it, and blush a little, and laugh a little, and sigh a little—the reason for which things they could by no means understand.

For the legend was but this: Remember the miller of Hofbau.

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### Reviews in Little.

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Scribners "The Logic of Mental Telegraphy." A "fad" of some recent writers; Mark Twain among the first, or the first to bring it forth; 'there is nothing in it.' You think of some one at a distance you find out afterward he was that moment thinking of you or he is just commencing a letter to you etc. and Heigh, ho! and we have found a new law controlling our mental machinery; now dubbed "Mental Telegraphy," to our way of thinking it looks simple as a b c.

We met a friend the other day, we remarked was thinking of you last evening when the ten o'clock train came in, he instantly exclaimed how strange! I was thinking of you after I got in bed—Our friends with a fad would say a case of mental telegraphy, we will finish by saying both of us had important business and we both knew we would do it next day or postpone, nothing could be more natural and if such things are proofs of a new undiscovered law controlling mental acts then Solomon can not be right in his exclamation "there is nothing new under the sun!"

Poor Clements (Mark Twain) received little benefit from his discovery of mental telegraphy, he has lately we are sorry to hear become financially broken.—Von Helmholtz, the late scientist possessed one of the greatest minds of the century. He was the discoverer of that instrument of untold value to the oculist in particular and the world in general, the Ophthalmoscope for detecting diseases of the eye; also mirror for examining the ears and throat—The sketch of his life is made by a loving student.

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McClures, Magazine "A History of the man "Abraham Lincoln" written by a woman—everything is of interest pertaining to the life of Lincoln; one of the finest minds and greatest characters of this or any other time.

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Ladies' Home Journal.—A beautiful readable, very interesting magazine for men as well as for women—"A painter in Miniature." An article by a painter and with some exquisite illustrations by a lady "Painter in Little."—"Where is the Garden of Eden" after reading this "up to date" article, echo answers where?

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"American life, where it really exists." The writer claims already a typical American man—How about the typical Canadian? we are afraid the Anglo-French Candaian has'nt come yet.

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"The science of French cooking" and the "King's daughters" have a page each. We can hardly say which page is of the most benefit to man, not being an aesthetic, would rather give our vote for the culinary department.

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Cosmopolitan; "The story of the Samoan disaster, from a personal experience." Woodruff—A graphically told story of the greatest shipping disaster of

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modern times, those who have ever been at sea in a storm, can readily realize this terrible drama, enacted upon the wildly treacherous seas.—The gallant British ship Calliope creeping slowly by the fated American ship Mr. Woodruff was (the American) on board on her way out to sea, was grandly cheered by the American sailors, though realizing they were doomed themselves.

The captain of the Calliope, said afterwards, it was the cheer from the American sailors as he steamed by, that encouraged him on to the terrible venture of steaming out to sea in face of the storm.

“The German Emperor and Constitutional History.” The writer upholds the Emperor in many things and declares he is a much abused man at the hands of the English and American press. Time will more truly tell the story.

Codeys Magazine “Camera Caprices.” showing some remarkable illustrations of the powers of Photography.

“The Vatican and the peace of Europe.” A thoughtful and instructive article. The present Pope, one of the most progressive and intellectual men of the present age, has endeared himself to all men of all creeds, by his broad minded humanity and good will to all ; he has a wonderful personal influence, may his successor be as great and good.

Pastels in Sage, Green and Gold” is the euphonious and pictorial heading of a description of a man multimillionaire Russel Sage, and the exceedingly wealthy woman Hetty Green. Quite the fashion now-a-days to write biographies of the rich. Sage, in his day (he is an old man now) was an influential shrewd politi-

cian ; he did not forget his shrewdness when he jumped behind one of his clerks as he saw the bomb coming. Hetty comes of good old colonial stock—we have too many very rich for the good of the many poor

Munsey. —Good, old, brave Munsey that brought the price of magazine literature down to bed rock. “Walt, Whitman the good, gray poet.” That eccentric genius is still under discussion as to his position in the poetical atmosphere that surrounds the work-a-day world.

“As they see it” A discussions as to “whether it is better to be born to wealth or poverty?” Opinions of Ingalls, Conder, Flowers, Strauss and Clews : well-known, though not so widely known as some other Americans. The conclusion we arrive at after reading these gentlemen’s opinions, is that it all depends upon the make up of the individual himself. “Some unhappy Queens.” An article mainly interesting through “Napoleon” being cause of the unhappiness of several of them. The dramatic story of “Mary Queen of Scots” is retold.

Outing Nov.—An article on “Labrador,” R. G. Tabor, is of interest to many sporting bluenoses, on account of its nearness and undiminished resources for gunning and fishing or as our sporting journal puts it “Fin, Fur and Feather.”

A chapter from “Lenz’s world tour a wheel” in which he tells us, the roads in India are magnificent for wheeling.—Poor Lenz met with a sad ending in his ambitious travels, murdered by some savage tribesman in Asia Minor the scene at the present of the most extensive butcheries of christians that has taken place for a long time, the whole world is excited over these atrocities.

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Metropolitan. Is but a picture gallery for this month at least.

It is now an assured fact there will be in 1896 the greatest meeting of athletes the world has seen for 1509 years at least.

"The Coming Religious Congress" to be held in Paris 1900 A. D., is receiving the attention of a number of the leaders of religious thought, particularly of France. The Pope though wishing to take no official part, gives his thorough approval; Abbe Charbonnel, Cardinal Gibbons, W. Bonnet, professor of Protestant theology in the French Reformed Church, The Jewish, Grand Rabbi, etc.

We think it well for all churches to become more harmonious, when one-third of the French population (see census) live outside of any church, in Germany that proportion, if not greater have left the orthodox faiths, the Italians themselves are rapidly becoming lukewarm in their devotions. In England and America we find many aggressive in their opposition to every form of religious worship.

It has become a saying, even in our orthodox neighborhood, "You never know a sensible man's religion.—Ed,

The picture galleries of the world "The Gallery of Versailles," contains the greatest number, 3000, in all the galleries of Europe there are 24,404 pictures.

"Israel Zangwill" a Jewish novelist of London is acquiring much fame as a por-trayer of Jewish life and characters.

The South African gold boom "it is said on good authority has come to stay."

The Japanese have good qualities, great

natural ability and a genius that may make them a great nation, so says the writer in the *Rofks*.

Six thousand persons are said to own all the land in Mexico, the land is practically exempt from taxation, while taxes are levied not only at the port of entry but in every state whose border the goods cross.

Mr. Debbs on "The Significance of Labor Day," "A day set apart for the discussion of questions vital with interest to all workers involving not only labor but legislation, law and liberty; that it is a day set apart for labor to convoke its masterly men and muster its mind forces for highest deliberation upon events which throughout the land, create alarm in its rank."

The *Literary Digest*, Theo. Roseveltdt again, now getting interviewed on various political topics; more than we think he can do justice too—Chandler (senator) in his little "Monitor" newspaper says war with England is inevitable, the sure result "the capture of Canada," to use slang the Senator is "talking through his hat."

Blood is thicker than water. N. Y. Herald's remark on Sen. Chandler ultimatum. Don't claim the earth, brother; let's arbitrate and be square in a broad and honorable sense.—Springfield Republican.

Our combined imports and exports with the British Empire are over \$781,000,000, with Russia \$8,000,000, with which country are we more likely to go to war.—Chicago Journal.

Walsh's illustrated monthly magazine

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It is Catholic in its views.—Where “Labor is not Prayer.”—Is one of a series of articles on the “sweating system”—this ugly exeresence of the times. The writer remarks, the majority of those who carry on this system are Jews. It constrains us to remark. The Jewish race seem to desire mere existence at any cost and under the most debasing circumstances, parting with honesty, honor, mercy, shame, bodily mutilations, and lastly, the last penny that they be allowed only life itself—no wonder the Jewish race as a race, has continually increased and are widely spread over the whole globe.

“The Manitoba Question” is dealt with ably and fairly by Frank A. Ahglin ; Principal Grant is complimented by being largely quoted by Mr. Anglin—we have given our opinion on the question elsewhere.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly Has some good things “The cotton states and International Ex.’ W.G.Cooper “chief of department of publicity and promotion” “tells us of the great exposition going at present at Atlanta, Georgia, about the brightest Southern city.” The women of Atlanta are given great credit for their share in making it a success, the negro population of the country have fine buildings and grounds showing the industrial progress of the colored people since the war. Over \$2,000,000 is the cost of this useful and beautiful world's fair.

“The Boomerang” the once mysterious weapon of the native Australian, is now being quite skillfully used by a number of American lads since the touring of a number of Australian Boomerang throwers. The writer in Leslie gives a minute

description of the weapon, its measurement, size, make, and a scientific account of its properties, powers, etc.

“Prohibition and Christian Endeavor Society.” The Revd. John G. Wooley, a noted temperance and Christian Endeavor orator has openly denounced the policy Dr. Clark the originator and head of the C. E. S.—and called upon the rank and file to repudiate Dr. Clark's policy. So far Dr. Clark's partizans has the best of it. Bigots never seem to help any cause unfortunate enough to arouse their enthusiasm.

“Pessimism and Russian Literature.” This article would prove to us that Russians are satisfied with nothing, believe in nothing, never feel young, not even in youth. “The vigorous life of the western people is not in them.”

“Stephenson the man” possessed a remarkably striking personality it seems to us. “Stephenson though an invalid had an eager, bright, keen look that bespoke the wonderfully keen, clever brain the man possessed ; in full view, the countenance was remarkable, the upper part extraordinarily broad between the eyes and was clear like in its gentle serenity, but the lower part very narrow in comparison was almost fox like in its keen alertness, and the nobility of the mouth hardly seemed to fit with the steady in tentness of the wide, dark eyes. ’

The Forum.—“The third term tradition.” The writer Mr. McMaster informs us there is no law preventing a President of the U. S. serving a third or fourth time, indeed there is no legal limit. Jefferson though wishing it, foresaw he had no chance of serving a third term, promul-

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gated the unwritten law. No President should be eligible for third term; and thus it remains to the present day and probably will for a long time to come.

"A review of Huxley's essays" Dr. Brooks, of John Hopkin's University, would have us believe the public never got to the bottom of Huxley's thoughts, and questions his "radicalism." The public or rather the part of the public addressed are keener judges of the man and his intellectual tendencies than any individual no matter how clever that individual may be.

"Woman's Position in Pagan times" by Boizesen, lately deceased; an extremely clever man, a loss to literature. All should read this brief history of women before the Christian Era and inwardly digest.

The defeat of Woman Suffrage in the Carolinas 121 to 26 the vote stood before the Carolina Constitutional Convention. This convention has been some time in sitting, making changes and additions to the organic laws of the state. The acts of the convention are being closely watched in the United States and is not making a favorable record for itself.

"Four little travellers," not commercial but 4 of 400 who are travelling around in space between Mars and Jupiter, Ceres 485 miles in diameter, Pallas 304, Juno 118, and Vesta 243; chiefly of interest to us, to know that there are many little worlds doing business on their own hook.

"Sense of sight in spiders." Spiders can see their prey (which consists of small insects) when it is motionless up to a distance of 5 inches, they can see each other distinctly at 12 inches. It is believed they also possess the sight of colors.

Review of Reviews.—It may look like presumption to condense the condensation of the world's current history and literature; well, we will presume.—"Louis Pasteur, scientist," We have had many scientists, whose life work has contributed but little practically to the direct benefit of mankind, but in Pasteur the Parisian the application of scientific knowledge to the immediate and permanent amelioration of human suffering, as well as to the saving of life itself, we have a scientist and humanitarian, who ranks high indeed in our opinion and admiration. A long, useful, glorious life was Pasteur's.

The discovery of a cure for rabies by Louis Pasteur, has and will be the means of saving many people from the dreadful agony of mind, let alone the awful suffering and inhuman death, from the bite of a mad dog. He was the father of the germ theory.

The Review of Reviews, has always been a strong supporter of a world's meeting of modern athletes, a revival in a modern way of the historic olympic games, abolished 1500 years ago by Theodosius the Great. A young Frenchman Baron de Coubert has the honor of first proposing this great international revival of games of strength and skill.

"The Press in China." The Pekin Official Gazette the most widely circulated paper in China, was started more than 600 years ago. Papers in English, German, French and Portuguese are quite numerous in seaport towns. These papers are about twice the size of MARSHLANDS with 8 pages. They often contain absurd stories of foreigners such as would look silly or foolish to us.

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North American Review, "Quick transit between New York and London" Auston Corobin; the writer contends that the passage between the two great cities' for passengers and mails, could easily be shortened many hours by choosing the port of Milford Haven on the Welsh coast and Fort Pond Bay on Long Island on the American side as ports of *arrival and departure* of the mail steamers.

Argosy, "Frederick the Great," sidelights on Frederick's character as a man in good and evil days. It is a short but interesting article and reminds us of what Carlyle said in his history of this great, soldier monarch. "He possessed the most wonderful pair of eyes, ever put in a human head."

A. A. Rand. "The true source of American wealth by the Hon. Ben. F. Clayton, President of the farmer's national congress. "An encouraging well-written article and one that every intelligent Canadian should read, it is brief, to the point and excites ones surprise to know of the present great wealth of the United States, his figures are taken from Mr. Mulhall an impartial English statistician, probably he is the most accurate statistician in Great Britain. He says (Mulhall) in 1880 the annual accumulations of wealth were as follows; Great Britain \$525,000,000, France, 375,000,000, Germany 200,000,000, United States 825,000,000—he further says, "from 1870 to 1880 in the accumulation of wealth the American people surpass that of any other nation past or present." We now quote a paragraph from Mr. Clayton.—The natural product of the soil, aided by intelligent labor is the great creative force, the only source from which wealth may be obtained to meet all obligations."

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AMHERST, DECEMBER 1895.

### Pen Points.

Considering our sins of omission as well as commission, one is not surprised that the world counts but a few saints to a century.

Our honest but poor fathers, would be slightly surprised, to say the least, at the great churches, with their fine appointments, stained glass, memorial windows, and grand show generally that we build now-a-days.

How many of those worshipping in and contributing to these superb edifices lie awake at night trying to solve the problem of paying their debts.

While all these thousands are spent upon buildings in which to worship our Lord, how many dollars are spent in housing, caring for and educating



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our less fortunate fellows made in his image?

That "civilization is but a veneer," the Durant and Shortis murders, the boy assassins and the burning of negroes, during the past few months are terrible evidences.

The "sphere of woman" "woman in the professions," "the rights of women," "the emancipation of woman," "woman's suffrage," and the "new woman" all signify: women can go anywhere and everywhere and get what she can. While we acknowledge her rights and are "with her," yet the matter irritates us some.

### Temperance.

"Temperance in Germany." The medical profession in Germany has taken upon itself to combat intemperance among the people and they individually have undertaken to warn the people of the evils of excess. They do not favor total abstinence as they do not believe it can be forced upon a whole nation. Dr. Hans Buchner, says "The loss of money is great, one quarter of the income; we must teach the adults, and the schools must impress upon the young, what the effects of alcohol are; public health in Germany has no greater enemy than alcohol; to some extent the legislature may be asked to interfere," he continues farther. "It is not at all rare for a citizen of Munich to drink 8 to 12 quarts of beer daily, and there are some who consume 20 quarts and more, this must lead to illness, but what is temperance. It would certainly hurt the temperance movement to describe as a drunkard every man who

drinks beer daily. A pint of beer at dinner, another pint or even quart in the evening, is not much from a hygienic view. There are people who can drink 3 or 4 quarts per day and yet remain perfectly healthy, but a sensible man will not endanger his constitution by the absorption of so much alcohol.

### Philos.

You must consult another's self interest, if you would promote your own.

They must be a spirited race to discourage tyranny.

It is only the few who think deeply and think for themselves; it is so much easier, knowledge at second hand.

When you can turn a well bottom up, you will find Truth itself.

The readers of, our first issue must excuse some mistakes, particularly in the arrangement of some of the articles—and some failures in making proper connections.

Taking Nova Scotia lengthwise and splitting it as you would a herring, you have one side, the Southern, a stretch of granite rock heaving back the Atlantic, barren agriculturally except a number of valleys, yet auriferous quartz seams extend from Cape Sable to Canso—splendid fisheries extend also the entire distance, and fine harbors innumerable. The other side of the imaginary herring and you have fertile alluvial lands, marsh land, upland, fruit, farm and timberlands, coal, gypsum, iron and freestone.

## MARSHLANDS.

### The Big Blue Nose.

Where blooms in Summer the blushing  
rose,  
Where the winds of winter, heap up  
the snows,  
Where chill and raw, the East wind  
blows,  
There lives and grows the big Blue  
Nose.  
When the sea comes in, as an angry  
boar,  
With curling crest and long hoarse  
roar.  
Where highest of all tides, the great  
tide flows,  
There lives and loves, the big Blue  
Nose ;  
Where the giant Moose, through the  
dark woods roon,  
Where the big black Bear, is still at  
at home,  
Where game is yet, despite all foes,  
There lives and sports the big Blue  
Nose.

Cumberland, a fat County—It is a large county, quite 100 miles in length and fully 40 miles in breadth, its north coast stretching many miles along the Gulf of St Lawrence, the south coast lying extensively at the head of the Bay of Fundy with many fine seaports for the shipment of coal, lumber etc, forming part of the isthmus that connects N. S. with N. B. of the Mainland, thus ever being on the main line of all railways connecting the great sea port of Halifax with the continent by land ;—the only possible way of water communications between the Bay of Fundy and the St Lawrence waters—Extensive and extremely fertile marshlands, fine fertile uplands, an immense extent of fine timberlands, inexhaustible coal fields, a great abundance of building stone in many varieties of color and quality—valuable gridstone quarries and

undoubtedly large beds of salt exist along the line of the I. C. R.—to further enrich the county in the future, plaster, iron etc., yet to be developed—altogether Cumberland Co., is a fat one.

Grover Cleavelands late message to Congress, means "hands off" the two American continents, on the part of any foreign power, and following the past and present policy of England and also the policy so persistently followed by itself the U. S. will in time get ascendancy and control the whole vast extent of North and South America. Let us look back a moment in '76 with a pop. of 3,000,000 and territories stretching from Maine to Georgia, including 13 states, has grown in 120 years to include by purchase, war and settlement to state and territory covering 4 or 5 times the original size, with a population twenty times larger or 65,000,000 as England has grown in Empire till she probably owns or controls one seventh or one eighth at least of the whole Globe with a pop. numbering fully a fifth of all the human beings on the whole earth.

These giants are at present having a spirited little tiff over a few acres, between British possessions and those of the Nondescript Republic of Venezuela.

First Amherst man.—What is a cold fact ?

Second Amherst man's Reply.—A fact becomes cold, just when a hot headed enthusiast gets interesting and entertaining, some razor faced fellow suggests a little overlooked fact, appropos to the subject ; and a cold chill runs down the back-bone of the orator and the audience.

Those feeling at all inclined to encourage us in this little venture would do us favor by so intimating.

