Engaged Too Long.

Why do I grieve with Summer here!
I want the flower that died last year;
I want the old drops of the dew,
And my old love, sir—and not you.

Younger than you, nor quite so wise,
Was he who had your hair and eyes—
Who said, "I love you," first, you see;
This you repeat, and weary me.

A Female Robinson Crusoe.

Left Alone on a Dreary Island for Eighteen Years—An Indian Mother's Devotion—The Solitary Inhabitant of the Island of San Nicholas.

(From the San Francisco Chronicle.)

The romance of "Robinson Crusoe," woven so ingeniously by the imaginative De Foe from the slender thread of fact afforded by the narrative of Alexander Selkirk, who for over four years was the sole human inhabitant of the lonely island of Juan Fernandez, possesses a perennial interest. It appeals to the sympathies of the reader, and by the fascination of its style almost persuades him to accept it as veritable history. The story which we are about to relate, though true in every particular, possesses a remarkable similarity in many of its incidents to the tale told by De Foe, and affords another illustration of the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." In the spring of 1835 the small schooner Peor es Nada, built at Monterey, was chartered by Lewis T. Burton and Isaac J. Sparks for an otter-hunting expedition from Santa Barbara to the coast of Lower California. The schooner sailed in May, but the trip not proving so successful as was anticipated, she returned as far north as San Pedro, where she remained at anchor during a portion of the month of August of the same year. It being known that the small island of San Nicholas, situated about seventy miles southwest of San Pedro and a little further southeast from Santa Barbara, was inhabited by a number of Indians, the Peor es Nada was dispatched to remove them to the main land. Nineteen men, women and children were taken on board the schooner, which was preparing to depart, when one of the Indian mothers discovered that two of her off-spring had been forgotten and left on the island. With true maternal devotion she sprang into the water and swam to the shore in search of the missing children, one of which was 3 years of age and the other an infant unable to walk. Her hurried search was unavailing, and, abandoning all hope of finding the babes, she returned to the beach just in time to see the schooner sailing away with all her friends on board. She called frantically for some one to take her to the vessel, but received no reply but the one sad word, *manyana* (to-morrow), which never ceased to ring in her ear and was repeated on her dying bed. The schooner never went back to the island, which was not again visited until 1851, when George Nidever, an otter hunter, stopped there for a few days. He was not previously aware that the place was inhabited, but on this occasion he became convinced that such was the case. He noticed three small circular inclosures about two hundred yards from the beach about a mile apart. They were about six feet in diameter made of brush, the walls five feet high, with a small opening on one side. Near these openings were sticks of driftwood stuck in the ground in the form of a tripod, supporting dried blubber. These inclosures appeared to be simply wind breaks, affording no protection from the rain. He also saw a mysterious footprint, and judged it to be that of a woman from its small size and arched centre. An approaching storm obliged Nidever's vessel to leave the island without allowing him to pursue his investigations any further. Mr. Nidever, having seen many otter on his first visit to the island, made a second, the winter of 1852, and, being requested by the Mission Fathers of Santa Barbara, he and a party determined to make a careful hunt for the supposed lone inhabitant of the island. Within half a mile of the head of the island they discovered a basket in the crotch of a bush or small tree, covered with a sealskin and containing a dress made of shags' skins—a seafowl common in that section—carefully folded up, and several square pieces of skin similar to those of which the dress was made; also a rope made of seal-sinews, abalone shell fish-hooks, bone needles, etc. As it was late, and time for them to return to their boat for the night, Mr. Nidever scattered the contents of the basket on the ground, so that upon his return he could judge of the presence or absence of the owner by finding them gathered up or remaining as he left them. The following four or more days were spent in otter-hunting, and before the search for the Indian woman was renewed a southeast gale compelled them to seek a more hospitable harbor at the Island of San Miguel.

A third expedition made to the island in 1853 by Nidever, Charles Brown, and four Indians from the Santa Barbara mission was more successful. On the day after landing Mr. Brown discovered the object of their search at a distance, and cautiously approaching in an opposite direction from the remainder of the party got quite close to her without being observed. She was in one of her pens of wind breaks, clothed in a garment made of the skins of the shag, without sleeves, low-necked and, as observed when standing up, extending almost to the ankles. She was sitting cross-legged, skinning seal-blubber with a rude knife made of a piece of hoop-iron driven into a piece of wood. There was no covering on her head excepting a thick mass of matted hair of a yellowish brown colour, due to the exposure to the sun and air. The hair was short, looking as though the free ends had rotted off. She would occasionally raise her eyes and shake her hand, and look toward the other men on a sandy plain near the beach, whom she evidently saw. The balance of the party were now signalled in order that she might be captured if she attempted to escape. To the surprise of all she made no attempt to get away, but greeted each one as they approached with a bow and a smile, and chattered all the time in a dialect that none of them understood, although the Indians accompanying Mr. Nidiver were acquainted with several Indian dialects. She was talking apparently to herself, from the time Mr. Brown approached within hearing distance until she was made aware of his presence. The expression of her face was pleasing, her features were regular, and her complexion much fairer and her form more symmetrical than that of the Indian women on the mainland, and she is believed to have belonged to a different and superior race. By signs and other means of communication she was made aware that they wanted her to accompany them, and without any apparent hesitation she made ready to follow. In their course to where the schooner lay at anchor they found a beautiful spring of water issuing from the bank above the beach, under a shelving rock. The cracks or fissures in this rock were stuck full of bones, and there were other evidences of an encampment of the lone inhabitant of the island. These bones were used for nourishment, obtained by sucking; they were dried and resucked many times, showing that occasionally she was put upon short rations, but at the time of her discovery appeared to have an abundance, such as it was. She retained all her teeth, but they were worn low, supposed to be due to her chewing tough and solid articles of food. Her age appeared to be about 50 years. Mr. Brown made her a skirt of ticking, with which, and a sailor's cotton shirt and a black necktie, her dress was complete. A severe storm arose, and embarking with their island queen the men soon found themselves at sea in a storm. She made signs that she could stop the storm, and obtaining permission she knelt on the deck facing the quarter whence the wind came and commenced muttering something supposed to be a prayer. She soon got up, but continued the prayer at intervals during the day, apparently without fear, and when the wind began to abate she turned to her fellow-voyagers and with a smile made signs that her prayers had been answered. She was taken to the house of Mr. Nidever, in Santa Barbara, where she became the centre of attraction. The Mission fathers took a great interest in her, sending to Los Angeles and other places, hoping to find some one who could converse with her, but failed. Even the Pepimarse Indians, who were said to have had an acquaintance with the Indians on the island, could not understand her. Two offers, one of $1,000, for the privilege of taking her to San Francisco, were refused by Mr. Nidever. When found she was in excellent physical condition, strong and active; but the eating of fruit and vegetables brought on a sickness, which, in connection with an injury to the spine received by falling from a porch, terminated her life four weeks later, or seven weeks from the time she landed. Her dress of shag skins, basket, and trinkets were given to Father Gonzalez, of the mission, who, it is said, sent them to Rome. Messrs. Nidever and Brown are still living, and it is on their authority that the foregoing strange narrative is given to the readers of *The Chronicle*.

Afghanistan.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

It may be observed that the names given to Eastern countries by us Europeans are generally very different from those employed by the natives themselves. For instance, the people of China do not call their country China, but Chun-kwo, "the central kingdom." Nor do our Indian fellow-subjects call their country India. The names employed by them are Hindustan for that large portion of India where Hindi and its dialects are spoken, Dekkan for the south, and other special names, like Punjab, for special localities. The whole of India is often called Bharata-varsha. According to a common account of their origin given by the Afghans themselves, the name Afghan is derived from a person named Afghana, the supposed son of one Irmia (for Jeremiah), a son of Saul (corrupted into Talut), King of Israel. According to others the name is a mere nickname, derived from the plural of the Arabic word fighan, "a complaint," and given to the mountain clans because of their turbulent and querulous proclivities. It appears tolerably certain that the name Afghanistan, though now sometimes adopted by the natives themselves was originally imposed by outsiders, probably by Persians. A common name for the country used by the natives was Pusht, or Pacht, or Pashtan, whence they called themselves Pashtanis, and their language Pashtu. Those Afghans who have settled in India are called Pathans (for Pashtans). Others who colonized the district of Rohilkand are called Rohillas, from a Pashtu word, Roh, a mountain. To this day many Afghans settle in the Panjab or traverse India as traders. But the common name for Afghanistan most usual among the natives is simply Vilayat—"the country." When they employ a more distinctive appellation, they call the western part of the country towards Persia—where there is a desert—Khorassan, and the mountainous plateau on the Eastern side, Kabul. Those Afghans who visit India as traders are sometimes called Kabulis, sometimes Wilayatis. Afghanistan has been spoken of as the Switzerland of Asia. But in many respects it presents a great contrast to Switzerland. It may be described as Switzerland broken up into fragments and sprinkled in irregular patches over a quadrilateral region thre or four times the size of that country, with an area of nearly 600 miles in its fullest extent by 450 broad. This irregular plateau is bounded on the north by the snow clad Hindu Kush (an extension of the Himalayas, Kush meaning mountain,) and on the east by the Sulaiman range. It is traversed on one side by the lofty spine-like ridge of the Safed Koh, whence radiate countless valleys formed by a complication of vast rib-like mountain buttresses which jut out in all directions. Albeit the ruins of great cities attest the former grandeur of Afghanistan, it is at present an extremely poor country, with a sparse population of five million persons, divided and sub-divided into a confused medley of heterogeneous tribes and sub-tribes. A European traveller suddenly transported to Afghanistan, even though he came from Switzerland, would be struck by its lofty, snowy peaks, its formidable passes, and its impregnable mountain fastnesses. He would be amazed at the extents of its desolate wastes, its uncultivated tracts, unrelieved by trees, undiversified by lakes, and destitute of enclosures. He would at the same time be charmed by the fertility of some of its plains and valleys, and the industry displayed in their cultivation.

The Paris Dog Market.

Paris has no quarters into which ladies might not penetrate with impunity. At the dog market held every Monday, near the Barriere St. Jacques, old ladies are to be seen in great numbers, bargaining for pets stolen from England. A system of free exchange is said to go on between the French and English dog-fanciers, so that valuable quadrupeds filched on one side of the Channel are speedily shipped to the other. Anyhow, it is noticeable that many of the pugs, King Charles' terriers, and Havanahs, sold at the market are such well-mannered little dogs that they must have received their education elsewhere than in the back yards of frowsy shops. The fashion in dogs vary, and it is rather surprising to see how quickly the demand for any special breed is met by a lavish supply. A few years ago we were told that the race of pugs was dying out; but come great ladies took to cultivating pugs, and lo! all the markets swarmed with black-nosed little monsters. Yellow, wiry English terriers are now the rage in Paris, and Italian greyhounds have become so scarce that a fancier told me he could not undertake to furnish a well-matched pair—cream or mouse-colour for less than 600 francs. Let any *grande dame* or popular actress set up a pair of *levrettes*, and I will be bound that in a twelvemonth we shall see these shivering, uncomfortable little creatures skipping over the pavements of every city from Dunkirk to Bayonne. Amateurs of bull-dogs will be sorry to hear that M. Gigot's late edict against this race has altogether scoured them from the market, for it is now forbidden to walk a bull-dog about the city even with a chain and a muzzle on. Before leaving the market, let us take note of some placards advertising dogs "who go well in single or double harness." This applies to the long-suffering animals—mastiffs or colleys—who are made to drag the carts of milkmen, bakers, and butchers in French Flanders and all over Belgium and Switzerland.

Miss Wharton's Pie.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

Miss Margaret Wharton was a lady of good family and large fortune. She was one of the Whartons of Skelton Castle, Cleveland, and possessed £200,000, half of which she gave to a nephew. She was well known in Scarborough, where she used to send out for "a pennyworth of cream," and "pennyworth of strawberries," always paying her penny down. From this little peculiarity she became known as Peg Pennyworth. On one occasion, while in Scarborough, she had a meat-pie made; it was very large, as it was for herself, some visitors and the servants. She ordered her footman to take it to the bake-house. He refused, saying it was not consistent with his dignity to be seen dressed in plush and tags carrying a meat-pie. Mistress Peg then desired the coachman to take it; but he also declined. "Bring out the carriage," was the command. The carriage was harnessed, the coachman donned his powdered wig, and mounted the box; the footman ascended behind, and Mistress Margaret Wharton, sitting in state in the carriage, bore the meat-pie on her lap. "Drive to the bake-house," was her command. In an hour or two, the same state being observed, the pie was brought back. "Now," she said to the coachman, "you have kept your place, which is to drive; and you," turning to the footman, "have kept yours, which is to wait; and now we will all have some of the pie."

It is said that the laws of nature are always consistent with themselves. This can hardly be true, since many a man who sowed wild oats has been known to reap hemp instead.

The Plague at Athens.

An Old Story Retold—Thucydides' Account of a Classic Pestilence.

The following is a translation of Thucydides' account of the visitation of the plague at Athens in 430 B. C., the first authentic account of its appearance in Europe. This account is the source whence all subsequent historians derive their information, and is interesting in connection with its recent reappearance:

They had not been many days in Attica before a sickness first began to appear among the Athenians, such as was reputed to have raged before this in other parts, as about Lemnos and other places. Yet, a plague so great as this, and so dreadful a calamity, in human memory could not be paralleled. The physicians at first could administer no relief, through utter ignorance; nay, they died the faster the closer their attendance on the sick, and all human art was totally unavailing. Whatever supplications were offered in the temples, whatever recourse to oracles and religious rites, all were insignificant. At last expedients of this nature they totally relinquished—overpowered by calamity.

It broke out at first, as it is said, in that part of Ethiopia which borders upon Egypt. It afterward spread into Egypt, and Libya, and into a great part of the king's dominions; and from thence, it on a sudden fell upon the city of the Athenians. The contagion showed itself in the Piraeus (lower city), which occasioned a report that the Peloponnesians had caused poison to be thrown into the wells, for as yet there were no fountains there. After this it spread into the upper city, and then the mortality very much increased. Let every one, physician or not, freely declare his own sentiments about it. Let him assign any creditable account of its rise, or the causes, strong enough, in his opinion, to introduce so terrible a scene. I shall only relate what it actually was; and, as from an information in all its symptoms, none may be quite at a loss about it, if ever it should happen again, I shall give an exact detail of them, having been sick of it myself, and seen many others afflicted with it.

This very year, as has been universally allowed, had been more than any other free from common disorders; or, whatever diseases had seized the body they ended at length in this. But those who enjoyed the most perfect health were suddenly, without any apparent cause, seized at first with dreadful headaches, extremely violent, with inflammations and fiery redness in the eyes. Within, the throat and tongue began instantly to be red as blood; the breath was drawn with difficulty and had a noisome smell. The symptoms that succeeded these were sneezing and hoarseness; and not long afterward the malady descended to the breast, with a violent cough; but when once settled in the stomach it excited vomitings, in which was thrown up all that matter which physicians call discharges of the bile, attended with excessive torture. A great part of the infected were subject to such violent hiccoughs, without any discharge, as brought upon them a strong convulsion, to some but of a short, to others of a very long continuance. The body, to the outward touch, was neither exceedingly hot nor of a pallid hue, but reddish, livid, marked all over with little pustules and sores. Yet, inwardly, it was scorched with such exceeding heat that it could not bear the lightest covering or the finest linen upon it, but must be left quite naked. They longed for nothing so much as to be plunging into cold water; and many of them who were not properly attended, threw themselves into wells, hurried by a thirst not to be extinguished; and whether they drank much or little their torment continued still the same. The restlessness of their bodies, and an utter inability for composing themselves by sleep, never abated for a moment, and the body so long as the distemper continued in its height had no visible waste, but withstood its rage to a miracle; so that most of them perished within nine or seven days by the heat which scorched their vitals, though their strength was not exhausted; or, if they continued longer, the distemper fell into the belly, causing violent ulceration in the bowels, accompanied with an incessant flux, by which many, reduced to an excessive weakness, were carried off. For the malady, beginning in the head, and settling first there, sunk gradually down the whole body. And whoever got safely through all its most dangerous steps, yet the extremities of their bodies still retained the marks of its violence, for it shot down into their privy members, into their fingers and toes, by losing which they escaped with life. Some there were who lost their eyes, and some who, being quite recovered, had at once totally lost all memory, and quite forgot not only their most intimate friends, but even their own selves. For as this distemper was in general virulent without expression, and its every part more grievous than had yet fallen to the lot of human nature, so in one particular instance it appeared to be none of the natural infirmities of man, since the birds and beasts that prey on human flesh either never approached the dead bodies, of which many lay about uninterred, or certainly perished if they ever tasted. One proof of this is the total disappearance there of such birds, for not one was to be seen, either in any other place, or about any one of the carcases. But the dogs, because of their familiarity with man, afforded a more notorious proof of this event.

None of the common maladies incident to the human nature prevailed at that time; or whatever disease anywhere appeared it ended in this. Some died merely for want of care, and others with all the care that could possibly be taken; nor was any one medicine discovered which promised certain relief, since that which gave ease to one was prejudicial to another. Whatever difference there was in bodies in point of strength or in point of weakness availed nothing, all were swept before it in spite of regular diet and studied prescriptions. Yet the most affecting circumstance of this calamity was that dejection of mind which constantly attended the first attack—for, the mind sinking at once into despair, they the sooner gave themselves up without a struggle, and that mutual tenderness in taking care of one another, which communicated the infection, and made them drop like sheep. This latter case it was which caused the mortality to be so great. For if fear withheld them from going near one another they died for want of help, so that many houses became quite desolate for want of needful attendance; and, if they ventured, they were gone. This was more frequently the case with the kind and compassionate. Such persons were ashamed, out of selfish concern for themselves, entirely to abandon their friends, when their menial servants, no longer able to endure the groans and lamentations of the dying, had been compelled to fly from such a weight of calamity. But those especially who had safely gone through it took pity on the dying and the sick, because they knew by experience what it really was, and were now secure in themselves, for it never attacked any one the second time so as to be mortal.

Besides this reigning calamity the general removal from the country to the city was a heavy grievance, more particularly to those who had been necessitated to come thither. For, as they had no houses, but dwelt all summer in booths, where there was scarce room enough to breathe, the pestilence destroyed with the utmost disorder, so that they lay together in heaps—the dying upon the dead, and the dead upon the dying. Some were tumbling over one another in the public streets, or lay expiring around about every fountain, whither they had crept to allay their immoderate thirst. The temples in which they had erected tents were full of the bodies of those who had expired there, for a calamity so unmeasurably violent, and in the universal despair things sacred and holy had quite lost their distinction. Nay, all regulations observed before in matters of sepulture were quite confounded, since every one buried wherever he could find a place. Some, whose sepulchres were already filled by the numbers which had perished in their own families, were shamefully compelled to seize those of others. They surprised on a sudden the piles which others had built for their own friends and burned their dead upon them, and some, while one body was burning on a pile, tossed upon it another body they had dragged thither and went their way.

The following relates the second visitation of the plague in 423 B. C.:

In the beginning of the winter the plague broke out a second time at Athens, not that during this whole interval of time it had wholly ceased, though its rage had very much abated. But now the mortality began again, and continued not less than a year, but the former had raged for the space of two. There was nothing which lay upon the Athenians so hard as this, or so much impaired their strength. It appeared from the muster rolls that there perished four thousand and four hundred of those citizens who wore the heavy armour, and three hundred of the horsemen. The number of the lower people who died was not to be computed. There happened at the same time many earthquakes at Athens, in Eubœa, among the Bœotians, and especially at the Bœotian Orchomenus.

Ghost Stories.

More than thirty-five years ago, when my husband left the army till again summoned to military duty by the fatal Crimean war, it was agreed that we should live for at least a year with my father and mother, as some compensation to us all for the enforced and painful separation occasioned by our wandering army life. My father, Colonel D—, had just taken on lease an old-fashioned, picturesque-looking house on the banks of the Medway, close to Maidstone. Before the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII. this building had been a branch establishment of the great nunnery in Maidstone, and was called the New Wark of Prestehelle, now corrupted into the more modern appellation of Newark House. The mansion and the estate belonging to it had been for more than two hundred years in the possession of an old Kentish family of the name of Browne, whose portraits, collected from generation to generation, were still in the house, but, to clear the place for the new tenant, had been ignominiously consigned to one of the large attics. Just before my father took the place a very beautiful chapel, part of the old property, into which we had a private door from our grounds, had been opened for divine service as a chapel of ease. It had been for years in the possession of a farmer to whom the lands of the estate were leased, and who used it as a barn, when the admiration of a wandering tourist was attracted to its groined roof and the delicate tracery here and there perceptible through desecrating piles of hay and straw. This tourist having drawn public attention to its beauty, a subscription was opened, and very soon the ancient building was cleansed, restored, and re-dedicated to its original purpose. Tradition averred that from our wine cellar to the friary at Aylesford, a distance of eight miles, there was a subterranean passage which had served in the olden time as a means of communication between the monks and the nuns. Be this as it may, there certainly was a very large opening in the cellar which the workmen employed in repairs seemed most reluctant to enter, and which my dear father, very insensible to romantic adventures, but tenderly concerned for the safety of his valuable wines, had most securely bricked up before any of his property was removed into the house. When we did take possession, it was found that large as was the house there was barely sufficient sleeping-room, my nursery establishment being added to the family staff of servants. Under these circumstances my mother was compelled to assign one of the attics as a bedroom for her own cook and housemaid, to which they made no objection, for the room was large, and though rather gloomy, from the small, old-fashioned casement window, it had a delightful view of the river and the town beyond. I believe that the first night passed off quietly enough, but in the morning, when Mrs. Harris, the cook, went as usual to my mother's dressing-room for orders, she requested permission to turn the old portraits which had been ranged round the room with their faces to the wall, it being dreadful, as she phrased it, "for them horrid Brownes to be a watching everything she did, and a-following her with their eyes to every corner of the room." Permission for this change was easily granted, but it would appear that the buried originals of the portraits, indignant at being so unceremoniously displaced, resolved to avenge themselves, and very soon mysterious whispers of what took place nightly in the attic reached me through my nurse, whose face looked as pale as if she had shared in the terrors of the fellow-servants. The cook and housemaid both declared that as soon as they were in bed and the light put out, a trampling as of many feet began all over the room; in the calmest night the old casements rattled violently; an indistinct murmur of angry voices was heard, apparently muttering threats; however closely they drew the bed-curtains they were withdrawn by unseen hands; angry faces looked in upon them if they ventured their heads from under the clothes; and the bedclothes themselves were often forcibly pulled away, in spite of their frantic efforts to hold them fast. And all this went on during the whole night, only ceasing with the dawn of day, when they mostly fell into a troubled, uneasy sleep which was far from refreshing them. Of course this state of affairs could not go on. The cook, a hard-featured, strong-minded woman, determined to give warning, and Lucy, the housemaid, a young woman of very delicate health, became alarmingly ill. I had to represent to my dear mother the absolute necessity of yielding to their fears, and although at that time we both utterly repudiated the *possibility* of ghostly visitations, yet it was thought better to give up to the terrified women a spare bedroom, kept for visitors, on the floor with ourselves. Peace and tranquility were again restored to the family, and as far as I know no member of it ever went near the haunted attic. I have often deeply regretted that I did not myself take some pains to investigate these mysterious occurrences.

A stout Yorkshire farmer of the name of James Wreggit, having emigrated to Canada, settled himself and family on a good farm which he rented in one of the townships. He was considered fair-dealing and honourable in all transactions with his neighbours, and in every respect bore a most excellent character. In the farmer's house was a first-floor sitting-room with a large fireplace. In this room the children slept, but from the first night evinced the greatest dislike to going to bed there, screaming with terror, and saying that a man was in the room with them. For a long time the parents paid no attention to their complaints. During harvest time a change was made, and the farmer himself slept in this room, as it was cooler and more convenient. The first night he slept there he was about to rise almost before the break of day, when, glancing towards the fire-place, he saw standing there a stranger of a dissipated drunken appearance. "Hallo! What's thee doing there!" was his very natural exclamation. Receiving no reply, "Won't thee speak! I'll make thee speak!" and picking up one of his heavy boots from the bedside he was preparing to throw it at the intruder, when the man, suddenly raising his arm as if to ward off the blow, vanished in a moment from before his eyes. Wreggit, unable to get this matter out of his head, brooded over it till the next day, when about noon he entered into conversation with a neighbour who was working with him, and asked him to describe the former tenant of the farm, who had died from excessive drinking. The description so entirely resembled the man he had seen in the room that he at once exclaimed, "I saw him last night!" Wreggit recounted this to some old friends near whom he had lived before taking the farm, and it is from the dictation of one of his auditors that I have written down this remarkable circumstance. At the time neither Wreggit nor his friends had the slightest belief in apparitions.

A Generation on the March.

A generation on the march from the cradle to the grave is an instructive spectacle, and we have it carefully presented to us in the report by Dr. Farr.

Let us trace the physical fortune which any million of us may reasonably expect.

The number, to begin with, is made up of 511,745 boys, and 488,255 girls, a disproportion which, by-and-bye, will be redressed by the undue mortality of the boys, and will be reversed before the close of this strange, eventful history.

More than a quarter of these children will die before they are five years old, in exact numbers, 141,387 boys, and 121,795 girls. The two sexes are now nearly on a level. The next five years will be much less fatal.

In the succeeding five years—from ten to fifteen—the mortality will be still further reduced. Indeed, for both sexes, this is the most healthy period of life; the death-rate, however, is lower for boys than girls.

There will be some advance in the deaths in the next five years, and still more in the five that follow; but 644,045 will certainly enter on their 26th year.

Before the next ten years are at an end two-thirds of the women will have married. The deaths during that period will be 62,052, and of these no fewer than 27,134 will be caused by consumption.

Between thirty-five and forty-five a still larger "death-toll" will be paid, and little more than half the original band—in exact numbers, 502,915—will enter on their forty-sixth year.

Each succeeding decade up to seventy-five will now become more fatal, and the numbers will shrink terribly. At seventy-five only 164,124 will remain to be struck down, and of these 122,559 will have perished by the eighty-fifth year of the march. The 32,565 that remain will soon lay down their burthens; but 2,153 of them will struggle on to ninety-five, and 223 to be 100 years old.

Finally, in the 108th year of the course, the last solitary life will flicker out. Such, then, is the average lot of a million men and women.

She Wouldn't Melt.

A day or two ago, when a servant girl opened the side-door of a house on Jarvis Street in response to a tramp's knock, her face looked so kind and benevolent that the hungry man had no doubt that a good dinner awaited him. He had, however, laid out a certain programme, and he therefore began,—

"My dear woman, I haven't had anything to eat for two days, and I wanted to ask if you would spare me one of these icicles which has fallen from the eaves!"

"Well, I dunno," she slowly replied, as she looked out. "I suppose we might spare you one, if you are really suffering; but, of course, you won't take the largest and the best!"

He stepped down and selected an icicle about two feet long, and in a hesitating manner he inquired,—

"If you would only sprinkle a little pepper on this I would be for ever grateful.

"It's rather bold in you to ask it, but I suppose I can sprinkle on a little—a very little," she replied, and she got the pepper and dusted his "luncheon" very sparingly.

He started to move away, but, seeming to recollect something, he turned and said:

"You seem so benevolent, I'll ask you to sprinkle on a little salt as well. I like my icicles seasoned up pretty high."

"You are a bold man, sir, and it's plain that you have the appetite of a glutton; but I'll give you a bit of salt, and then you must be gone," she replied.

When the icicle had been duly salted, the man expressed his thanks, but didn't move away. His game wasn't working to suit him. Some folks wouldn't have stood there and seen him bite off the end of a big icicle, but this girl did. And further, when he hesitated to go, she indignantly called out—

"I know what you want. You now want me to warm the icicle in the oven for you and then put on some mustard; but I'll never, never do it."

The man moved slowly out of the gate, and as he threw his icicle at a passing dog he gave utterance to his disgust in language punctuated entirely with slug shot.

Gunpowder.

(From Nature.)

It has, of late, grown to be an axiom that the larger the gun the larger must be the grains of powder. A large grain of gunpowder burns slow because the fire is some time reaching the centre, and a slow-burning powder is what artillerists require for rifled guns. In a smooth-bore weapon the cannon-ball fits loosely, and may be expelled at a bound; but in rifled cannon, the shot, so to speak, moves upon a sort of railway, and it would never do to get the shot into motion too suddenly. An undue strain would be exerted upon the gun, while the velocity of the shot would not be increased. For a rifled gun, therefore, a slow-burning charge would be absolutely necessary, and this is to be secured only by reducing the surface to be kindled. In the case of the prismatic powder, the grains, if they may be called by that name, are so closely packed that no fire can get between them, and hence the action of kindling is still further reduced. Not only is the shape and density of powder grains now attracting particular attention, but the percentage of moisture contained in the material has also lately been under study. The amount of water in gunpowder to the minute extent existing in ordinary samples is found to influence combustion in a very marked degree, and nothing but an exhaustive series of trials can give sufficient data for practical application of so important an element in the science of explosives. In the meantime chemists are pointing out yet another source of uncertainty in the combustion of gunpowder, to which, notwithstanding their repeated warnings, but little attention has hitherto been given. We mean the composition of the charcoal. According to the manner of preparing this, the method adopted for charring and the material employed, so does the chemical composition of the charcoal differ. Some samples, for instance, prove on analysis to contain 85 per cent. of carbon, while others have 20 per cent. less; it is scarcely to be expected that gunpowder made from the two kinds will have the same burning qualities, and yet with gunpowder manufacturers charcoal is charcoal, no matter how much its component parts of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and ash may differ. It is of little use, therefore, paying any particular attention to the physical qualities of gunpowder so long as its chemical composition is almost entirely ignored.

When a Woman Will She Will.

The Rome (N.Y.) *Sentinel* has a curious story about a married couple in Springfield. It says: "When a Massachusetts woman forms a habit it is all a waste of time for her husband to try to break her of it. Well knowing his wife's disposition to make him a present regularly at the anniversary of his birthday, a citizen of the Bay State, who likewise forcibly realized the fact that economy was an absolute necessity in his household, said to his wife, "This year you must not undertake to make me a present, I insist. It would be absurd to do so at this time, when we need everything we can rake and scrape. I give you fair notice that if you do carry out your former custom this year, I will burn up the present as surely as you make it." So the wife bethought herself. She could not bear the idea of being deprived of her annual pleasure. Therefore she gathered together her dimes and bought for her dearly beloved, as a birthday present, a ton of coal."

Nine times in ten, if you run against a man in the dark, you will say "Hello!" The other fellow begins to say the same; often he omits the last syllable.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about the house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial, 10c.; regular size, 75cts.

Business Items.

A HANGMAN, being asked by a stranger what trade he pursued, replied that he was a finisher.

IF YOU are suffering with a cold do not fail to try HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM; it is daily relieving its hundreds throughout our Dominion. It is pleasant and palatable. For sale by all dealers.

THE ladies unanimously vote Cooper's Shirts the best made. The buttons remain, button-holes perfect. Altering unnecessary. Order them at once at 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

A TRUISM.—Constant grinding at the mill of life, perpetual loss of vital force, will drag the strongest man to the dust; it is manifest, therefore, that the system must be kept supplied with a due amount of oxydizable phosphorus. The pleasantest and most palatable way in which it can be introduced into the system is by the use of VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES, which is the greatest brain, blood, and nerve food in the world. For sale by all dealers.

READY FOR SPRING.—The new spring stock of Furniture now being shown by the Oshawa Cabinet Co. is ahead of anything yet offered. The latest styles of parlour sets from fifty dollars upward are very pretty and well got up. In walnut bed-room sets they have extra bargains. In chairs their prices are much reduced. Their wareroom is very tastefully arranged, and the four large flats are filled with every kind of Furniture. Oshawa Cabinet Co., 97 Yonge St., Toronto.

A COLONEL in the army lost his head by a cannon ball. A rhetorical friend, after relating the sad circumstance, added: "And his last words were, 'Bury me on the spot where I fell.'"

MILLBRIDGE P.O., TUDOR, ONT

MESSRS MILBURN, BENTLEY & PEARSON,—Sirs, I feel it my duty to inform you that last spring I lost my hearing with one ear, and this fall I lost the hearing of the other also, so that I was afraid I would never be able to hear again. I tried everything to bring back my hearing I could think of, but found it all in vain. At last I made up my mind to try some of the YELLOW OIL, so I rubbed a little on the outside of my ears two or three times a day, and every night and morning. I wet some wool with the oil and kept it in my ears, and in one week's time I could hear as well as I ever could, but still rub on the oil when the weather is cold, and I keep wool also in my ears. I write this to you to let you know the value of your Yellow Oil. Yours truly,

JOHN CLARK.

For sale by all dealers.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Bankers & Brokers:
Lake & Clark, 41 Adelaide St. East.

Barristers & Attorneys.
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers.
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

Rossin House.
Palace Hotel of Canada. Mark. H. Irish, Prop.

Seedsmen.
Steele Bros. & Co., cor. Front and Jarvis Sts. See adv't.

BOYS Send 3ct. stamps for samples (Rich) Transparent Cards. F. C. PARSONS, Westboro, Mass.

PICTURE MOULDINGS, Frames, Mirrors, etc. Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

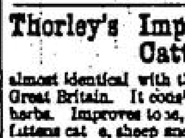
BUY ONLY *Ontario Baking Powder.*

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Rubber Printing Bank Stamps, Patent Pocket Stamps, self-inking Solid Rubber Types, Stencil, Steel Stamps, etc. Removed to No. 10 King Street East. C. C. STEWART & Co., Toronto.

$3,000 A YEAR MADE WITH the PIERCE WELL AUGER, the only one that bores successfully in hard pan, quicksand, and amongst boulders. Size 6 in. to 36 in. Horse or manpower. Tools and rights for sale. HOLT & CO., 82 King St. West Toronto.

150 ACRES ADJOINING VILLAGE OF PALERMO, Co. Halton; 25 acres timber, rest in high state of cultivation. Two frame dwellings, good outhouses; two orchards, choice fruit. Terms easy.

HURD & ROBERTS, Hamilton.



DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR

Thorley's Improved Horse and Cattle Food.

almost identical with the far-famed Thorley food of Great Britain. It consists of seeds, roots, barks, and herbs. Improves tone, flesh and spirit in the horse, fattens cattle, sheep and pigs rapidly, and greatly increases products of the dairy. Only $10 per 100 lbs. Circulars sent free. Manufactured 45 John St. South, Hamilton.

ONE AGENT WANTED in every village, town, and city in the Dominion.

AGENTS WANTED For our new and popular work, "The History of the Sea," by Goodrich. A grand volume, containing 300 beautiful illustrations, and 800 pages of letterpress of thrilling interest. Also, for the Best and Cheapest Family Bibles in Canada, containing the most attractive features, the greatest number of illustrations (by Gustave Dore), bound in the most beautiful emblematic designs, at greatly reduced prices and most liberal terms. Address, MAX HERGER & CO., 22 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

CHEAP FARMS FREE HOMES *IN KANSAS*

HOW TO GET THEM in the best part of the State. 6,000,000 acres for sale. For free copy of "Kansas Pacific Homestead," address S. J. Gilmore, Land Com'r, Salina, Kansas.

TURKISH BATH

Is a sure and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, and all Blood Poison and Kidney Diseases. There are also steam, vapour, and electric baths. Fumigations, of mercury, iodine, and sulphur.

KENNETH OLIVER, Proprietor, 145 James Street North, Hamilton

THE **Vienna Baking Powder** Is still Unrivalled, and guaranteed to make Whiter, Lighter, and better Bread than any other Powder. Try it.

C. M. PUTNEY, Proprietor, Montreal.

HOMES IN THE NEAR WEST.

A choice from over 1,000,000 acres Iowa Lands, due west from Chicago, at from $5 to $8 per acre, in farm lots, and on easy terms. Low freights and ready markets. No wilderness—no ague—no Indians. Land-exploring tickets from Chicago, free to buyers. For Maps, Pamphlets, and full information apply to Iowa Railroad Land Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or 92 Randolph Street, Chicago.

Farm Lots in Dysart,

and adjoining Townships, and Lots in the village of Haliburton, terminus of the Victoria Railway.

C. J. Blomfield, Manager, Can. Land & Em. Co., Box 2614. 50 Front St., East.

F. E. DIXON & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF **LEATHER BELTING,** 81 COLBORNE ST., Near St. Lawrence Market, Toronto. *Send for Price Lists and Discounts.*

CANADIAN STEAM USERS INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Licensed under Act of Parliament.
HON. A. CAMPBELL..........President.
HON. J. McMURRICH..........Vice President.
Steam Boilers inspected and policies issued covering damage by explosion. Plans and Specifications of steam boilers, heating apparatus, etc., supplied. Head Office, 50 Front street east, Toronto.
GEO. C. ROBB, Chief Engineer.

ALWAYS AHEAD!

STAR AUGER Grand Diploma awarded by Great Central Fair held in Hamilton October 1876. Highest prizes awarded by Provincial, Central and County Fairs throughout the Province. Grand Testimonials from Practical Well Borers, Farmers, Pump Makers, Civil-Engineers, and many others. Bores 20 feet per hour, hand or horse Power. Hard Pan, Boulders, and Quicksand a specialty. Send for Circulars. Manufactory, 63 Mary street, Hamilton, Ont.

SEEDS. My Catalogue of FIELD, GARDEN and FLOWER SEEDS, &c., for 1877, is being mailed FREE to all who address

WILLIAM RENNIE, Seedsman, Toronto.

HURRAH FOR MANITOBA!

A large party will start by special first-class train for

Winnipeg, on the 26th March.

Fare same as last year. Other parties will start each ten days afterwards. For particulars address: with 3 cent stamp,

R. W. PRITTIE, Manitoba Land Office, 85 Colborne, st., Toronto.

Maps of Manitoba Lands, 30 cents.

THE GORE DISTRICT Mutual Fire Insurance Co'y.,

of Galt, (established 1836) insures all kinds of property against loss or damage by fire either on the *cash* or *Mutual* plan.

It makes the *largest deposit* with the Treasurer of Ontario of any of the Mutual Companies.

Insurance at Fair Rates;

Ability to pay its Losses; Liberality in Settling; and fair play all through are some of the features of this *old and well tried* Company.

JAMES YOUNG, M. P., President. R. S. STRONG, Managing Director.

Dominion Telegraph Institute

(Established A. D. 1868),
32 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.,

For the special purpose of qualifying Operators for the Telegraph Lines built, and now building, through the Dominion and United States.

This institution, which has now been established ten years has become one of the permanent institutions of the Dominion. Its rapid growth and prosperity are due to the demand of the telegraph community.

The Institute is fitted up in the most complete and practical manner, with all the fixtures of a regular Telegraph Office on a large scale. Messages of every description, train news, and market reports are daily practised on the lines. Individual instructions are given. Neither time, pains, or expense are spared to qualify its students for an important office in the shortest possible time. Students may enter at any time, there being no vacations. The hours of attendance at the Institute are from 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1.30 to 4 p.m.

Until the present year it was difficult for ladies to procure employment in Telegraph Offices in Canada. The companies have now made such arrangements in their offices that ladies can be received, and lady operators are now in much demand.

For terms, etc., address,

D. McMILLAN & CO.
Box 955, Toronto.

SEEDS. FREE.

Our spring Seed Catalogue will be mailed *free* to all on application. It is handsomely illustrated with descriptions of Flower, Vegetable, and Field Seeds, and contains a short treatise on *Natural Grasses*, their value for Meadow and Pasture uses, and much useful information for the Gardener and Farmer.

Please send for it.

Address

STEELE BROS. & CO., Seed Merchants, Corner Front & Jarvis Streets, Toronto.

P.S.—We cordially invite correspondence from those who wish to sell or buy choice SEED WHEAT, OATS, or other SEED GRAIN or SEEDS.

THE "SIMONDS'" SAWS

Are Superior to all others

More Work. Better Work. Less Power. Uniformity in Temper

R. H. SMITH & CO., ST. CATHARINES, ONT. Sole manufactures for the Dominion of Canada. Send for Price List.

CUT NAILS!

Pillow, Hersey & Co.

NAIL MANUFACTURERS,

MONTREAL,

Respectfully announce to all Dealers, as well as Consumers of Cut Nails, that they have purchased the SOLE RIGHT for the Dominion of Canada, to use

COYNE'S PATENT

AUTOMATIC NAIL PICKER

All Cut Nails manufactured by us from this forward will therefore be selected, and each Keg entirely free from DUST, SCALE, SLIVERS, and HEADLESS NAILS, thereby ensuring to the CONSUMER at least 3 to 5 POUNDS MORE of perfect Nails to the Keg than those made by other makers in Canada. By the old system of packing Nails (as ill practised by all other Nail Manufacturers in the Dominion and until lately by American Manufacturers, who have seen the absolute necessity of using the Coyne Picker to sustain their reputation of their nails, and now use that device only), every Keg is filled with the whole production of the Nail Machine, and averages to each Keg 3 to 5 Pounds of Dust, Scales, Slivers, and Headless Nails. It must then be clear to Consumers that they are made to pay for just that quantity of worthless scrap, whereas by purchasing Nails selected by Coyne's Automatic Picker there is a clear saving of from 12 to 15 *cents per Keg*.—We invite all to test the result for themselves by picking over a Keg of our make and that of any other maker. Every Keg of Nails made by us will bear a *GREEN OR RED LABEL*, and in order to secure the advantages named, see that every Keg is label.

"Selected by Coyne's Patent Automatic Picker."

Always ask for Coyne's Machine Picked Nails.

Large amounts in the aggregate are lost every year by Farmers alone, as well as families generally, in not having a correct and reliable weighing scale.

THE DOMINION STANDARD **SCALES** MANUFACTURED BY **GURNEY & WARE,** HAMILTON, CANADA.

Have gained an almost world-wide reputation for their perfection in every respect and great durability.

One hundred different styles and sizes to chose from.

An illustrated price list free on application.

GURNEY & WARE, Hamilton, Ont.