O the Morn.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The star o' the morn is whitest,
The bosom of dawn is brightest;
The dew is sown,
And the blossom blown
Wherein thou, my dear, delightest!

Hark, I have risen before thee,
That the spell of the day be o'er thee!
That the flush of my love
May fall from above,
And, mired with the morn, adore thee!

Dark dreams must now forsake thee,
And the bliss of thy being take thee!
Let the beauty of morn
In thine eyes be born
And the thought of me awake thee!

Come forth to hear thy praises,
Which the awakening world upraises;
Let thy hair be spun
With the gold o' the sun,
And thy feet be kissed by the daisies!

The Disaster at Virginia City.

Searching for Dead Bodies in the Depths of a Silver Mine—Fighting Against Foul Gases and Almost Intolerable Heat—How the Miners had Died—The Work of Recovering the Bodies.

(From the Virginia City Chronicle.)

Yesterday morning the bodies of the three men suffocated in the Bullion Mine on Tuesday night were found by Superintendent Schultz and his party. It was four days from the time the fire alarm sounded to the time when the bodies of the dead were reached. During this period Superintendent Schutz had been indefatigable in his work of subduing the fire and looking for the dead.

Four bulkheads had been put in, and on Thursday Mr. Schultz with a gang of men, went down the Imperial shaft to reach the Bullion incline and put in the last bulkhead. The route from the Imperial to the Bullion incline lay along the 1,840 drift of the Bullion, a distance of 2,700 feet. The drift for a long time had only been used for ventilation, and was in a bad state of repair. When the men started they knew full wel lwhat their errand was, and calculated the chances of their never coming back alive. They took with them several pails of water, and about one hundred pounds of ice. In addition to that each man was provided with a small bottle of ammonia and a sponge. The sponges are used to tie over the mouth when the wearer is in proximity to foul gases, and are saturated with ice water. If a miner feels faint from inhaling the gases, the ammonia revives him. A sudden cave was looked upon as liable to spread the gas. The journey through the 1,840 drift was fearful. The mud and water was knee deep in many places, and the bottom of the drift was strewn with loose rock, old pipes, broken timbers, and dismantled bulkheads. The weight of the rocks had forced the timbers out of place, and their jagged edges came down nearly halfway to the floor. The sides were crushed in in a similar manner, and as the men advanced they stumbled over the obstructions, floundered through the mud, and crawled on their hands and knees.

The incline was finally reached. At the station was an air compressor run by steam, but of course the engine had been abandoned. By leaning over the platform the smell of the gas was plainly discoverable, and a faint trace of smoke was swept up by the draught. The men placed sponges over their faces and lowered themselves down. Instantly their candles were extinguished by the foul air; again and again the lanterns were lowered and went out instantly. The next thing done was to order the men back on the platform and disconnect the air pipes. Two pipes passed that point, and after considerable labour they were disconnected, and this gave a fresh supply of air. While this was being done the men worked with the sponges over their mouths, and these were kept saturated with ice water. Some placed pieces of ice the size of their fists in the hollows of the sponges and sucked them. Part of the time they were in the incline, and the sponges becoming impregnated with the gases had to be wrung out every five minutes. The men drank two gallons of ice water in half an hour.

After about an hour's work the gas in the incline seemed to be increasing, and the heat was frightful. Orders were finally given to leave the place and go back to the Imperial cooling station. The men availed themselves of the order at once, and returning to the Imperial remained there an hour, and after recuperating returned again to the station with timbers and canvas for the bulkhead. This bulkhead was constructed only with great labour, and was finished at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. Two compartments had to be bulkheaded. Timbers were laid closely together, just below the floor of the station. These were covered with canvas and clay thrown over the canvas. The heat was so intense that the clay had to be kept wet with a hose. After everything was tight about the bulkhead the gas still escaped, and a spray hose was put down through the bulkhead. The shower of water from this kept back the gas, and in half an hour the atmosphere was comparatively pure. This took until nearly 3 o'clock in the morning, and when the incline was considered safe two men were sent up to the 1,000 station.

At this point the naked body of a man was seen crouched down under the end of an air pipe. It was swollen to twice its natural size and discoloured here and there from decomposition. It was the body of young Donahue. In his right hand was the flat plug which is placed in the end of the air pipes when they are not in use. His dinner bucket was by his side. This indicated that he was in the station cooling off when the deadly rush of gas came from below, otherwise he would have left his bucket at some point lower down the incline, had he been fleeing for his life. He had taken off his overalls, as men sometimes do in a cooling station, to wring them out. It had been supposed that any one in the cooling station at the time of the first rush of the gas could have lived there at least twenty-four hours on the air from the pipe. His death was easily explained. Either from neglect or inability he had not turned the damper in the pipe. It was just beyond his hand, and the supposition is that he was so suddenly overcome that he could not reach it. A piece of canvas was stones sent up from the 1,840, and the body was sewnd up in it and left at the station until a car could be sent down the incline.

A gang of six men were next sent down the Bullion shaft at 7 o'clock in the morning On reaching the first station of the incline, on the 800 level, they found the body of Perry. It was lying on the last still, and within seven feet of a cooling station. He was evidently trying to reach this station when he was overtaken by the gas. His lantern was found about one hundred feet below the incline. The body was much swollen and discoloured. It was sewnd up in a canvas sack and taken to the cooling station.

Search was next made for the body of Crocker. It was found thirty-five feet below the 1,200 level. The dead man's back was supported by a centre post, and his legs were resting on one of the sills. He appeared as if he had been struck and had fallen as found. The body was placed in a canvas sack.

During the past four days the men about the Bullion have worked ceaselessly in the recovering of their comrades' bodies. Henry Blight, J. J. Brooks, and A. N. Baker worked twenty-four hours each on a stretch in getting out the bodies. Foreman Mennyfreed did double duty nearly all the time.

There is lots of fun to be had at little private picnics, when the party goes up a stream in a large boat to a pleasant woodland. All you have to do is to lug three baskets of provisions and a box of croquet to the boat, and then help row it and get four blisters on each hand, and then climb a tree covered with briars to adjust a swing and work yourself to death swinging the girl who never seems to get enough of it, and reverse the order of things until you get home. There is loads of fun in it. Fun! Why it is just reeking with it.

In a Den of Rattlesnakes.

A Berrying Party Killing Thirty-eight, the Largest Five Feet Long.

A party of ladies and gentlemen went to High Knob, two miles from Lord's Valley, Pa., the other morning, on a whortleberry excursion. One of the party took along a small black and tan terrier dog. While all hands were gathering berries the dog wandered off into the thicket, and was soon heard barking. One of the men hurried to the spot, and saw the dog with a big rattlesnake in its mouth, shaking it fiercely. He seized a stick, and, taking a few steps forward, was startled by a load rattling noise a few yards to his right. Giving a glance in that direction, he saw scores of rattlesnakes coiled, and sounding their rattles. He took a small fish horn, which he had tied to his belt, and blew it to call together the rest of the party. Soon three other men arrived. They armed themselves with sticks, and, moving cautiously to within reaching distance, began the battle. When it was over, the victors counted thirty-eight dead snakes, measuring from two and a half to five feet in length, and some having as many as twenty rattles.

This section abounds in rattlesnake dens. The largest is at the foot of Ball Hill, six miles northeast of the valley. It was at this den that Sam Helms, a noted snake tamer, captured most of the snakes he exhibited throughout the country.

A Story about a Millionaire.

One of Mr Astor's captains had sailed six voyages to China without a chronometer, depending on "dead reckoning" and "lunars." Just before starting on the seventh voyage he suggested to the merchant that it would be safer to have a chronometer. "Well get one," said he. The captain did so, and entered its cost in his account current. When Mr Astor's eye fell upon the item, he drew his pencil through it. The captain expostulated. "I tolt you to get one," said Astor; "I didn't say I'd pay for it." The Captain severed his connection with Astor then and there, went into Wall Street, engaged with other owners, and before night was in command of as fine a ship as ever floated in New York bay. In three days he was ready for sea, and set sail. At the same time Astor's ship, under a new captain, set sail also. They had a race for Hong Kong, but the captain who, as he used to put it, had discharged John Jacob Astor, by keeping the man at the brooms took advantage of every puff of wind, and won by three days. The ship was loaded in the shortest time possible, and, before Astor's vessel, which had arrived meantime, was half loaded, the first captain weighed anchor, and, with a full cargo of tea, set sail for Sandy Hook, arrived in good time, got his ship alongside the wharf, and began hoisting out his cargo, which was sold by auction on the spot. This glutted the market, for the consumption was small in those days, and when Astor's ship came in prices had fallen. Two days later, as the captain was sauntering about Broadway, he met his former employer. "How much did dat chronometer cost you?" asked the latter. "Six hundred dollars." "Vell," said Astor, "dat vas sheap. It cost me sixty thousand."

The Waifs of Zululand.

Gen. Wood's Camp.—The volunteers are *sui generis*; they have little in common with the British regular. All our volunteers are mounted men, and they are the strangest mixture imaginable—among them is a considerable infusion of Dutchmen, perhaps more Germans, a sprinkling of Frenchmen, a large proportion of Africanders, as the colonial-born Europeans is called, a good many emigrants from home of singularly diversified antecedents. This colony contains an extraordinary number of waifs and strays who have seen better days at home, and who have drifted down the world's gulf stream until stranded in Natal. It seems the refuge of men who have been in the service, and with whom from whatever causes times have not gone well.

A man whom I remember as the pride of a crack light infantry regiment, and who was proud of the reputation of being one of the best dressed men in London, is now lying out in the open on a section of this frontier, living with a handful of Kaffirs, who eat with him, and call him Boss. The son of a Crimean general is a transport conductor in this camp. In the volunteers, broken gentlemen, ex-soldiers of our own and half a dozen Continental armies, farmers whose farms are on the frontier and deserted, sons of storekeepers, artizans who prefer campaigning to work, loafers who have concluded to see a spell of soldiering, and some respectable respectable young fellows whom fighting enterprise has brought out from home, ride together in the same troop.

The Toronto Exhibition.

The liveliest interest is being taken in the Exhibition to be held in Toronto during the first three weeks of September next, and, judging from present indications, it promises to be in every respect the largest exhibition ever held in Canada. $20,000 is offered in prizes for agricultural and industrial products of all descriptions. The Exhibition is to be opened by the Governor-General and Princess Louise, and boat races, a large volunteer review, a band competition, dog show, illumination of the city, and many other attractions are on the programme for exhibition time. Cheap excursions will be run from all over the Dominion. Several new buildings are being erected to accommodate the exhibits, space for which has already been applied for. The Exhibition will be a second Philadelphia one, though on a smaller scale. The attendance of visitors from various parts of the Dominion and the adjoining States is sure to be very large. Exhibitors at the Toronto Exhibition will be able to exhibit at the Provincial and other fairs which follow directly after.

A Lonely Pilgrimage.

A correspondent of the *Pioneer* gives the following account of an incident on the recent return of some British officers from Afghanistan: "Scene, the wildest part of the Khyber, with barren rocks towering on all sides; an English officer riding along, escorted by a motley company of malike and tradesmen, all armed to the teeth; more armed Afreedees in the middle distance; a weary, lonely figure toiling on the dusty road with huge black boots, face burned a brick red and fringed by a scanty sandy beard. The figure is clad in a thick, wadded garment, and has a bundle on its back. 'Halt! Who are you?' 'A Turkestani.' 'Where are your comrades?' 'I am alone.' 'Where are you going?' 'To Mecca.' 'How will you get there?' 'God will help.' 'Peace be with you.' 'And with you.' The figure moves off, and the armed circle breaks up. This poor devotee has tramped hundreds of miles through hills and valleys, swarming with cut-throats, secure in his simple faith which had led him to leave distant Turkestan in quest of the still more distant Mecca."

Coffee Planting in Southern India.

Notwithstanding the serious decrease in the average yield of coffee per acre in the last two or three seasons, the area under mature plants in the Madras Presidency has increased in one year, 1876–6, from 45,252 acres to 49,850 acres. The enhanced value which coffee fetches in the London market has doubtless given this industry a great stimulus. And the Indian planter, profiting by the almost total cessation of coffee cultivation in Jamaica, and the great decline in production in Brazil and Java, may, despite temporarily severe checks, look forward with confidence to the future. A largely increased value has also accrued to the fee-simple price of coffee estates in both India and Ceylon. We heard just the other day of a Ceylon planter buying his partner's share in the estate at the enormous price of £100 per acre for cultivated and jungle land alike; and the purchaser was no tyro at his trade.

After Many Years.

A Lost Ship Heard From—Mutiny of Her Crew and Murder.

(From the Victoria Colonist.)

It will be well remembered by many in this community that several years ago the ship Alaska left Barrard Inlet, British Columbia, for China with a cargo of lumber. She arrived at her destination in safety, and was announced to have sailed again for this port to receive a second cargo. Time rolled on, and at the expiration of the usual number of days allowed for the passage from China the good ship Alaska was announced as "due." She failed, however, to put in an appearance; but this was not considered at all extraordinary, as voyages from China vary in duration as much as voyages to or from any other place. But the days she was overdue gradually crept into weeks and the weeks into months, and after she had been reported "missing" for a long time the conclusion arrived at was that she had doubtless foundered or had become the victim of foul play.

Years passed by and no word came of the rescue of any one who had been on board the ill-fated ship, and at last the faint glimmer of hope, which had sustained the hearts of the friends of officers and crew, died out. The wife of the supercargo of the vessel who had been watching and waiting for many years, succumbed to the effects of the terrible suspense, and was quickly followed by her only child.

The fact that during the time which would be necessary for the Alaska to make the passage to this port there had been no heavy winds or storms was the main reason for the suspicions of foul play; and among those who entertained them was a gentleman who happened to meet a drunken sailor in a saloon in Japan. The old adage in *vino veritas* was again verified (as will be subsequently seen) for the sailor quickly began to give a disjointed narrative of mutiny and bloodshed. The gentleman kept the narrative in his memory, and, following up his determination to unravel the mystery surrounding the fate of the ship, compassed the arrest of several sailors who had been incriminated by their drunken companion. One of those sailors admitted he had belonged to the crew of the Alaska, and made a full confession of the circumstances concerning her loss. He stated that when but a few days out from Hong Kong, sailing under a light breeze off the coast of Japan, the crew mutinied and, without a moment's warning, threw overboard the second mate, who was the only officer on deck at the time. Hearing a commotion, the captain and first officer rushed up and were immediately murdered and given to the sea. The supercargo, Mr. Thorndike, brother of the owner of the ship, who had $50,000 in coin on board, shared the same fate as the other officers, and the crew, having secured the money and everything else of value that could be readily moved, set fire to the vessel, and, taking to the boats, pulled for the coast of Japan. Having landed in safety, they divided the spoils, cherishing the hope that every trace of their foul deed had been obliterated. But time, the certain avenger of crime, has proved that their hope was fallacious, as, following closely on the confession above referred to, the arrest of all but two of the criminals was effected, and they will, in all probability, quickly be called on to pay the penalty demanded by justice.

(From the San Francisco Call.)

A reporter met Capt. J. K. Thorndike, at present residing in this city, who owned the Alaska at the time she was lost, and despatched her from Shanghai for Victoria, B. C., on the 16th day of December, 1869. Since that time, up to seeing the account of her loss in the *Call*, he had never heard tidings of his vessel, but had always supposed that she had gone down at sea with all on board. The Alaska was a ship of 1,400 tons burden, built at Puget Sound in 1869, and had cargo capacity for 1,000,000 feet of lumber. She had been fitted up as a troop-ship, and had six boats, capable of carrying fifty men each. She had been recoppered and thoroughly overhauled just previous to her departure from Shanghai, and was in excellent condition. She was valued at $70,000, and uninsured. She cleared from Shanghai under command of Capt. Charles Cavanaugh. Frederick Thorndike, a brother of Capt. Thorndike the owner, went out as supercargo, and had in his possession a letter of credit for $20,000, with which to purchase a cargo on the arrival of the ship at Puget Sound. Capt. Thorndike states that the report as to there being $50,000 in gold was an error. It is very probable, however, that the mutineers supposed that the funds for the purchase of a return cargo were in coin, and if so, it would prove an incentive to the crime. Two days after the Alaska had sailed a rumour was prevalent in Shanghai that her captain and officers had been thrown overboard and the ship taken possession of by the mutineers. The commander of the United States steamship Ashuelot, which was in the harbour at the time, proposed to go out to sea, regain possession of the ship, and tow her into port; but Capt. Thorndike, upon tracing the matter, was unable to find real foundation for it, so no search was made for the ship at that time. He ascertained, however, that there were eleven stowaways on board, who were among the very worst characters in Shanghai—discharged sailors of different nationalities, who would not hesitate to knock a man on the head or slit his throat for the coin in his pocket. This, however, gave Capt. Thorndike little alarm, as he believed they had got tired of hanging about Shanghai and took this method of reaching America, where they might gain good wages with easy work, and thought that, as usual in such cases, they would come out on deck and show themselves when the ship got a safe distance from shore.

Including the stowaways, there were forty souls on board, several passengers being among the number. Of the latter, Capt. Thorndike remembers specially two—an old man and his wife—who were going back to Victoria, where they had children residing. The old man came to him and told him that he had but $70, but he hoped he would allow him to go for that. Capt. Thorndike told him to keep his money, but that he should have a passage for himself and wife anyway. Capt. Thorndike confirms the report of the death of his brother's wife from a broken heart. Disarred hope, too, carried off one of his daughters, and the other, the last of the family, is now gradually pining away.

Capt. Thorndike has always been of the opinion that the Alaska had met with some fate similar to that which has overtaken many other vessels sailing from Chinese and Japanese ports to ports upon this coast. The Alaska was the sixth ship sailing from Shanghai within five or six years that was never heard of afterwards. In 1861, it will be recollected, the ship Black Prince and the fine clipper ship Romance of the Seas were also lost, all sailing the same route—along the great Japanese stream to latitude about 50° north, at which southing and easting is made. In September last the schooners Cygnet, Ocean Pearl, and Sarah Louise were also lost—swallowed up by the sea. And now the ship Black Hawk, owned by George Howes & Co., is seventy-eight days out from Hong Kong, and anxiety is expressed in regard to her.

Birds of Paradise.

The birds of paradise join the graceful plumes of the ostrich to the dainty colouring of the sun-bird. Crests almost as largely developed as that of the umbrella bird overshadow their beautiful heads; frills as full as those of the beautiful humming-bird fall down in metallic splendour before their gorgeous necks. And if any proof be wanting of the connection between the nature of the food and the general beauty of the plumage, it may be found in the fact that the royally attired creatures are first cousins of our own dingy crows and jackdaws; but while the crow seeks his livelihood among the insects and carrion of an English ploughed field, the bird of paradise regales his lordly palate on the crimson and purple fruits which gleam out amid the embowering foliage of Malayan forests.

VARIETIES.

There are 650 lady dentists in the United States, and three times as many studying dentistry.

When a man goes a fishing and don't catch any fish, can you call him a tryangler sort of a fellow?

It doesn't do to look squint-eyed at a man with a pistol in Texas, unless you prefer to look like a porous plaster.

The Illinois Lutherans, in synod assembled, have instructed their ministers not to administer baptism by immersion to any person.

M. Waddington, the French Premier, asserts that never has France been more calm. "There is nowhere a trace of secret societies or conspiracies."

The Unitarian denomination has a permanent committee of ladies at Boston to examine all books intended for use in the Sunday-school libraries of that church.

A poet in the Whitehall *Times* exclaims: "I am haunted, weirdly haunted, by the dripping of the rain." The Boston *Post* would advise new shingles as a remedy.

The whole fabric of the Haworth church is to be pulled down, notwithstanding numerous protests against disturbing a building so closely associated with the Bronte family.

London *Truth* mentions a characteristic rumour as current in Paris to the effect that the savages who savaged the Prince Louis Napoleon were no Zulus at all, but political agents in disguise.

It is said that nearly ninety musical and dramatic combinations are in process of formation in the cities of New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia for the purpose of taking the road next season.

The tombs of Moliere and La Fontaine, in the Pere-la-Chaise Cemetery, Paris, have been repaired, the sarcophagi containing the dust of the celebrated poets have been patched with cement and the inscriptions thereon recut.

It is said to be quite the custom in Dublin for pawnbrokers to receive from washerwomen on pledge clothes belonging to respectable families which they have received to be washed. The articles are usually pawned early in the week and released in time to be sent home on Saturday.

A new society, called the Church and Stage Guild, has been established in London for the purpose of "providing religious and social sympathy between the members of the Church and the stage." The Rev. Stewart D. Headlam is secretary, and other ministers are connected with it; also, Emily Faithful and Charles Reade.

Experiments are now being tried in Paris in paving with quadrangular blocks of compressed bitumen. Some 20 metres have been laid down in the roadway in front of the National Library in the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. The blocks, which are not cubes, but parallelograms, are joined together with melted bitumen.

Charles Reade is likely to make a fortune out of "Drink," his dramatization of Zola's novel "L'Assommoir." The play, although it does not differ much from the one that failed in New York, is an enormous success in England. How deeply it interests audiences was indicated during a recent performance in London. In the bar-room scene, where *Coupeau* is tempted to drink, an excited old woman in the pit cried out: "Don't give it him, you beast; don't give it him!"

The question of Magyar nationality is not settled in Hungary yet. The Hungarian Parliament recently adopted a bill to make instruction in the Hungarian language compulsory in all the public schools, notwithstanding vigorous opposition on the part of Serbian, Croatian, German, and even Magyar delegates, who protested earnestly against disturbing the present peaceful condition of affairs. The old patriotic spirit of the Magyar empire and the aspiration for a separate national existence are not extinguished yet.

Women do the work of longshoremen on the wharves of St. Johns, Newfoundland. When the time arrives for vessels from Southern Europe, Brazil, West Indies, and elsewhere, to take aboard their cargoes of salt cod, herring, etc, files of females, with tucked-up gowns, bared arms, and coarse brogans, may be seen along the wharves, carrying flat barrows of fish to and fro. Each barrow has four handles and is borne by two women. They perform the same labor as men at this business, but their pay is inferior. Women also go on the "summer voyage" to Labrador, and act severally in the capacities of "splitters," "salters," and "headers."

The Green Room.

Ignorance and prejudice have done their best to accumulate around the mysterious land "behind the scenes" a mass of fiction which is dispelled so soon as we bring to bear upon it the "fierce white light" of truth. The "Green Room" is the centre of attack, being—as is believed—the head and front of the offending. The average outsider has, to begin with, very hazy ideas as to what the green room is; he knows it is a room of some kind, and believes it to be a sort of condensed Cremorne, free to whoever likes to enter it, and the favourite haunt of the *petit crevee* of the town. Thousands of people have nothing to say against the theatre as regards the stage. "But behind the scenes," they will say, with a knowing air, "*there* is the mischief." Not one of such persons has ever been into the terrible green room, or can have had any personal acquaintance with a dramatic artist, or they would speedily discover that—in the case of theatres where a legitimate business is done—their impressions were wholly and ridiculously wrong. In good houses, then, both in London and the country—and, thank Heaven! the well-conducted houses are in the majority—the green room is simply the drawing-room of the artists, like the artists' room at a concert hall. So far from the outside public being admitted behind the scene at all, such strict rules prevail at our high-class theatres—and we speak from an extensive personal experience—that the very relatives of the artists, who come to fetch them when their work is over, are obliged to wait in the porters' hall, even when personally known to the management. No respectable manager of a theatre would dream of allowing "outsiders" behind the scenes. The business of the evening is far too serious to admit of the interruptions which would be caused by "visitors." Managers and artists are accordingly by turns highly diverted or justly indignant when they hear and read the monstrous fables told of what goes on "behind the scenes." Indeed, the very artists themselves often hardly see each other except on the stage itself while at the theatre. The stage lover who is leading off with such apparent tenderness the young lady who has just accepted his addresses, parts with her in the wings with but scant courtesy, for he has probably to hurry off to his dressing-room for the change of costume necessary for the next act, and she has the same reason for flying up the opposite staircase which leads to the dressing-rooms assigned to the lady artists. The green room, except in cases of long "waits," is a deserted place, and even then the momentary expectation of the call boy's summons keeps the attention ever on the alert. It is all hard work and "business;" there is no time or opportunity for the mischief to which a generous public always imagine actors to be so readily inclined. The so-called "players" are earnest men and women, working for the honest support of themselves and their families, according to the special gifts God has given them. They may be simply amusing those who sit on the other side of the foot-lights, but they themselves are working hard, sometimes with aching hearts through the illness or loss of those who are nearest and dearest to them, sometimes struggling with physical pain and suffering, because they know their bread depends upon their faithfulness to their duty. They are true to their trust, and as diligent in their work as the members of any other profession, and as deserving of honour.

Good News for the City of Glasgow Bank Shareholders.

The Dundee *Advertiser* gives the following extract from a letter received from Mr. James Cunningham, jun., son of Mr. James Cunningham, Douglas House, Broughty Ferry. The letter is from Invercargill, New Zealand,:—"We set out early with Mr. J. to a sale of stock and implements at Edendale. This is a model farm belonging to the New Zealand Land Co., which was promoted by Morton and the directors of the City of Glasgow Bank. In consequence of the failure they are realizing their effects. The company own 450,000 acres here. They say the worst of it is worth £10 an acre, and some 6,000 acres were sold the other day at from £22 to £30 an acre, so that the assets here alone, if properly managed, ought to go a long way to meet the bank's liabilities. I suppose nine-tenths of the people at the sale were Scotch—small farmers having farms of four or five hundred acres, working very hard just now to make both ends meet, but who will one day be rich men, as all their farms are or will be freehold. Land here is a very good investment. Some which Mr. J. bought five years ago for 10s. an acre he sold the other day for £7."

STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

(St. Catharines Daily News, July 11th, 1878.)

The following pleasant letter, addressed by Messrs. John H. Grout & Co., of Grimsby, to Mr. W. H. Eckhardt, agent for St. Catharines and vicinity of the above sterling company, speaks for itself. Its perusal will no doubt afford pleasure to a large number of our citizens who are interested as policy-holders in this popular and successful Fire Insurance Company, whose operations from the outset have been steadily progressive and prosperous. In this city the interests of the company and its patrons are well cared for by its local directors, H. Carlisle, Esq., and C. Brown, Esq. Its agent, Mr. W. H. Eckhardt, while indefatigable in pushing its business, is also courteous and obliging in his transactions; the same is, we believe, characteristic of this company's agents generally. The Hamilton *Times*, which may justly feel proud of the Standard Fire Insurance Company as a Hamilton institution, in referring to Messrs. Grout & Co.'s recent loss, and its prompt payment, says:

"Prompt Payment.—By the recent disastrous fire in Grimsby, the well known Agricultural Implement Factory of Messrs. J. H. Grout & Co. was entirely destroyed, entailing a very heavy loss on the firm. Their only insurances were in the Standard and the Lancashire. We are pleased to learn that the Standard with its customary promptness—where the loss is an honest one—has been the first to settle and pay its policy of $1,000 in full. The letter which the Company has received from Messrs. Grout & Co. is a flattering one, and well deserved. We hope to see the firm re-build shortly, as otherwise it would be a serious loss to the village of Grimsby."

Mr. W. H. Eckhardt, Agent,
St. Catharines.

Dear Sir,—We desire you to convey to the President (D. B. Chisholm) and to the other Directors of the Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hamilton, our sincere thanks for the very satisfactory way, payment in full, the Company's adjuster has this day disposed of our claim, $1,000 under policy No. 5201 of your agency, insuring our Agricultural Implement Factory which was accidentally and totally destroyed by fire two weeks ago.

The timely assistance thus promptly afforded us as well as the courteous treatment we have experienced herein at the hands of the several officers of your Company, merit our best wishes for its success.

Permit us, therefore, to add that we shall take pleasure on all occasions in advising our friends to act wisely in following our example by insuring their property in the Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hamilton.

If our present expression will be of service to you in promoting your Company's interests we will be more than pleased.

Wishing your Company every success, and especially in your agency,

We are,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. H. Grout & Co.
Grimsby, July 5th, 1879.

Enjoy Life.

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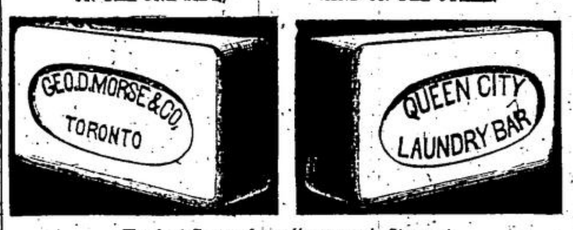

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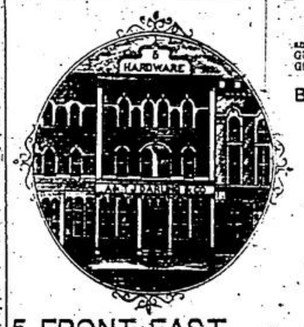

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