Our Heritage, the Grave.

Upon these headstones of the Dead Upon these headstones of the Dead I drop a tribute tear, And read with reverence each fate, For much swritten here. Here humbly hows a stone as if To kindly shield and shade Its silent tenan, that beneath Had, years ago, been laid.

Its dome is emeralded with moss And the words that had been traced Are (save the one word "SACRED") now By ruthless Time defaced. And near to it the roses wave To hide a wee white stone On which is "Hattle," carved in scroll-Just that one word alone.

Here poor and wealthy; gay and sad; The proud and haughty bow; The ioved and hated; false and true Are all companions now. There, in the center of this yard, The church in ruin stands, Its wails inside all torn and marked Hy sacrilegious hands.

Its quaint old pillars; broken steps; Its roof with cobwebs grown; Its rook with cobwebs grown; Are crumbling year by year, and now The night-hawk's lonely home— The night-hawk's home, where once within The sweet old strains were raised— Where earnest hearits look up to God— Where He alone was praised.

And just beyond its mould'ring walis A fresh-dug heap of earth Tells that a soul will soon, for aye, Depart its family hearth. Hark! Even now the funeral comes In slow and solemn gloom : A shrouded face is borne bencath The hearse's sable plume.

They gather round the grave. O hear That agonizing sob! Soon, soon from that fond mother's sight The tomb her son will rob. A prayer waves on the silent air, The ceremony's read, And down with cold and hollow thud The clods fall on the dead.

Oh! this is what will wring a heart With pain years may not quell, We feel, we then forever part With those we love so well. It rent that tender sister's soul-It tore that mother's breast With anguish far too keen, too deep, To be by words expressed.

The burial's o'er. The crowd disperse : Some with a thoughful mein ; But on the world-stamped face of some A careless smile is seen. Poor foolish souls! they never pause To think *they* are but clay, Nor deem a sympathetic tear Worth while to shed to-day.

By present time and past; by these Old tombs that have been raised So long ago the very words Upon the stone's erased; By the solemn pageant just dispersed; And by this iresh-dug earth; The tyrant truth they well might know There's nothing sure as Death.

E. B. BIGGAR Etoney Creek, Nov. 16, 1872

Jemima Jackson.

A gust of wind blew sharp and stout, She was alone without a fellah, I saw her tack and veer about, And struggle with an umbrella.

It eddled 'round these knobby chai ins, (I saw her feet, I'm only human), I rushed and caught her in iny arms— Delicious walf' that breezy woman.

"Oh! thank you, sir, for this relief, I thought I was about to blow up." Said I, "That umbrella reef, Or Miss, or Madam, all will go up."

She did it, as I saw the name, "Jemima Jackson," on the lining, Date, eighteen thirty, which the same Would make her forty and declining.

I read her age as in a book. The faded blue spoke of the bygone, The handle with its curious crock, Also the dog's hear with an eye gone.

Jemima's face was in a veil, Although her ways were frank and open; As home I saw her through the gale She chattered and was loosely spoken.

Said I, "What are you snuffing for ?" Said she, "There's something burning, stranger." And then I thought of my eigar I dropped when snatching her from dauger

Then peering round in auxious thought

I quickly saw the aris of man were Mockery, since the flames had caught The news department of her panier. I worked and shouted out of breath, And jerked away her loose adjusted

But wind and fire are strong as death When on the rampage in combustibles.

When on the reaction So up Jemima Jackson went, A prey to fashion and to folly; No insurance—no, not a cent— Which makes it rather melancholy. —The Capital.

THE CONVERSION OF COL. QUAGG.

BY W. L.

Some fifty years ago, a religious sect, de-ominated "The Grace-Walking Brethren," "By no means," was the reply, neverthenominated "The Grace-Walking Brethren," held a prominent position in this country.

"Quick, ile," said the colonel. The ile, or oil being brought, he proceeded there with to anoint an enormous leathern strap, a triffe larger than the trace for a carthorse. John cance in at night-", Weel, Tibby, ye've "Twankey dillo ! Twankey dillo !" he shouted, as grasping the weapen in his mighty hand, he strode out of the smithy door. He saw, coming towards him, a tall man weel; and they had "exercise" in their iam-ily; and it's an unco thing o' you an me, Jobb, thats been sae lang th's ether, and never ha'en 'exercise,' an' I'm determined this nicht atore I sleep that ye'se mak' it to dressed in black, mounted upon a long-tailed white horse. He had but one spur, on his left foot, the rider had, and in his hand he carried a little dogs-eared book He was singing a verse of a favorite hymn me an' the weans."

This was rather a ticklish subject for John, quite softly to himself. Quagg waited until the verse was quite finished, and then called who was quite ignorant of these matters which was certainly uncommon, particularout to the stranger in a thundering voice, "Good evening, brother, and peace," replied the Rev. Zedekiah Stockdolliger, for it

"For the matter of that, rot !" replied the Colonel, "and get out o' that hoss !" "Brobought a book for the purpose, an' a pair o' specks, an' a' thegether. Come, come, nae " Brother ?" interrogated the minister. " Get out o' that hoss. ye long-tailed blackrefusal." John, sore against his will, was induced to get on the specks, and commenced, gomery laid down their lives. The closing bird !- get out, legs and feet, I tell ye !" The brother slid, or rather got off the with the book in his hand, which began thus: John: "Fall into your ranks"—(a was enacted just outside the walls, and one pause.) Tibby speaks: "Noo, bairns, sit of the most gallant enterprises of the Amerihorse, and he did so, he shut one eye and expectorated. "Now, then" said the Colonel, scating hima' round yer faither, he's gain to mak' i exer-ercise'—whisht! whisht!' John: "Turn the slope of the steep bank just out of the

self on a block near his door, and bringing down his strap on the ground with a whack ercise' -- whisht! whisht?' John: "Turn the left." Tibby: "Bairns, stan' up at yer faither's left hand no., and be gude bairns. Whisht, d'ye hear thot? Say awa' noo, John." John: "Mairch." Tibby: "What's that?' John: ,Right aboot wel." Tibby: "Dear forgi'e me! Weaps group shout debot the whee!" that made the peebles dance: "whar d'ye

"From Rapparoarer city, brother." "And what are ye goin' for to du in this Weans, gang round aboot the wheel" me!

"Going on Lord's business, brother." "Now, hok ye here! there was a brother came this way on Lord's business last fall; he passed this edifice, he did; he met this whisht, bairns." John: "Shoulder hoop." strap close by here, and it made him dance Tibby: "Ah, the tangs hoop ye! Whatna like a shaker, and feel uncommon like a bob-tailed bull in fly time." way o' hoopin's that? Guide us, the man's witched. Can ye lie doon on yer knces an' tailed bull in fly time."

At this suggestion the clergyman "riggled uneasily." Call yet weans, like hon-riggled uneasily. "Now, I du hope, brother," continued the wriggled uneasily,

"Hold hard !"

was indeed he.

hail from ?"

location ?"

Colonel, "that you ain't of the same per- John got down on his knees, but not knowsuasion as that babe of grace was as met the strap when he was riding; his persuasion hosted and clawed his head. At length he was the Grace-Walking persuasion, and that began with, "O !----, (claws and hosts.) 'O ! ----' (whispers)-'Tus. I dinna ken

dreadful i

minister, "I am a man of peace, and don't go raging about with sword and buckler like unto Apolyon, or a corporal of the Pitchfork Tigers; but I am a member of the Grace-lie still an' say awa' there. Biess me, say Walking Brethren, humble, but faithful, I awa'! But John being at a standstill, and

"Brother," meekly responded the minister, "lay thy hand it thou wilst upon the coulter "any thy hand it thou wilst upon the coutter of the plow, the hammer of thy trade, but take not ho'd of sword or spear, or itrap of leathern hide, for, from the uplifting or leathern hide, for, from the uplifting or down-falling of those instrumints came never good, but blows and bruises, misery and death."

and death." "Now, look ye here; talk as long as ye like, but talk while I'm a lickin' of ye, cause time is precious, and musn't be wasted no-how. Do you mean to take it fightin' or him a lick of the state of

lying down, only make haste ?" "You are bard on me, Colonel, and, to tell the truth, I would much rather not take it at all."

"But you must !" roared the blacksmith ; "pickled alligators, you must! Moneys is riz, and snakes will wake, I'll knock ye into horse thoes and then into horse-nails if ye their way in the desert. keep me waitin'. Now, is it fightin' or lying

down ?" "Well, then, Ill take the fighting," the

man of peace replied. With a wijd yell the now infurialed Colonel rushed upon his intended victim—the tatal strap was swinging in the air; but stay—can you, dear reader, imagine the astonishment of a school-teacher caned by his own pupit; Irish emigrant; a general ordered to stand at case by a drummer boy—if you can, you may imagine how Colonel Quagg felt when a guardian of the estates of minors, has a large scribed as a showy woman, has taken a mid. shower of blows, well directed and incessant, began to fall upon him, and that he was hit everywhere, and that he could not plant a first taking up the loan in question we hear that he has some thirty or forty thousand pounds in hand. The Savings' Bank, too, single blow upon the body of his opponent. A bob-tailed bull's sufferings in fly time were as nothing compared to those of the bewilone of our best institutions, has lately been compelled to issue a notice that it will in dered Colonel. He saw more stars than Herschell ever dreamed of; he telt as if he dered Colonel. future pay no interest on sums deposited above £100, and no higher rate than 3% per then as if his bones went in and his blood came out; at last he went down "all of a cent on sums below that amount. The rate used to be five per cent ; but the truth is that heap," with the long brother atop of him, still pounding away with all his might, and

singing a little hymn softly to himself "Hold hard !" gasped the Colonel, "you

inging down his fist wit less h tremend. ous bash upon the Colonel's nose, as though Canada; and although circumstances pretended to their own business, and did not he saw a fly there and wished to kill it; "but, seem to trouble themselves much about that said he playfully, knocking away one of his adversary's loose teeth, to make his mouth frain from expressing the favorable impreslook neat and tidy, "I want you, Colonel, be- sions we received concerning the country fore I leave off hammering of your body, to and its people. in a grim cabin, near the Rapparoarer Falls, promise me two little things: viz, you must where, for aught anybody knew, he kept give up drinking of rum, which is perdition where, for aught anybody knew, he kept bears and lions, and burnt Bengal lights in his fire-place, or slept on the bones of his struction. You must not ill use, by word or the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky, save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky, save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky save that it is much better watered to the far-famed Blue Grass Regions of Ken-tucky save that it is much better watered enemies. He was six feet four inches in his deed, any member of the Grace-Walking and much better cultivated. Its advantages stockings; the integument that covered his Brethren, and you must come to our next as a stock country are of the highest order, camp-meeting clean-shaved, and with a contrite heart."

time in maining the charge, site which could be a function of the escape of his 4 Ay, broken bottles. The storehouses look dismal son and daughter-in-law from assassination. and I was in Tam Scott's a' nicht." An' ir they a' weel?" says John. "Ay, they're a' weel; and they had "exercise" in their fam-are rather untidy tenements. But even miraculous escape," &c. are rather untidy tenements. But even miraculous escape," &c. in its neglect the fortress of Quebcc is

NORIH CAROLINA &VIRGINIA LANDS. little wharf and climbs the rocky road to the upper town, past ridiculous old gables, and

500 CHEAP IMPROVED FARMS, AND 200,000 ACRES OF VALUARLE FIMBER LANDS FOR SALE.

under stone archways, and beneath the quaint facade of the ancient church of Notre Dame, Persons desirous of visiting the above ly among shepherds, who were generally known to be a pious, intelligent, and well-informed class of men) "We'll no fash the nicht," quoth John. "We'll consider aboot it." "Ye maun dae't," says Tibby. "I with the forms of Champlain and his comrifice, and parties wishing reliable informa and free transportation to see the lands, it will be to their advantage to communica with the subscriber as he is well acquainted with the above states and the most de sirable best opportunity ever offered to get a chesp home and the best climate in America. Sen

202, North John Street, Hamilton.



A Visit to Canada. We embraced the opportunity presented opium from one acre of poppies.

FOREIGN.

"Not take a glass of wine ?" said the great

the statesman's beautiful and faseinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite,

What a picture of moral grandeut was that! A poor triendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous states

tops of the Pyramids into lighthouses for the benefit cf the Nile sailors and those be-nighted Cook's excursionists who have lost " No," said the noble young man, and his voice trembled a little and his cheek flushed.

"I never drink wine, but-(here he straight-ened himself up and his voice grew firmer)--The Capetown Standard and Mail says: The general prosperity of the colony has had the effect of making landed property rise in value. In some districts we hear of farmers *Times.*

paying off their mortgages by wholesale, and it is certain that good investments in such was badly crushed between two cars on Satsecurities are no longer to be got. There urday last.

is indeed a plethora of gold in the colony, as -The contractors of the Kingston and is shown in many ways. A Government loan at 5 per cent. for railway purposes was gress with the road. About 20 miles of the

-A certain Mrs. Rose of St.Catharines. dcstim of money lying idle in his hands for want of the means of investing it. Even tors to mourn their guilibility and their lost dollars.

-The death is announced at Mount Pleasant, Ont., of John Carlyle, Esq, a na-tive of Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and brother of Thomas Car yle, Loudon, England, at the age of 81 years.

-An over-much hored Western editor has had pasted over his sanctum door the followmoney is now not worth more than four per cent in this Colony. ing startling announcement: "Lady visitors are requested to go to the *devil* when they wish to obtain an interview with the editor.

-An experimenting Californian has this year manufactured one hundred pounds of

the Apocalypse of St. John.

-There are \$2.000.000 worth of new



JOS.WEY&Co



when she becomes fine and fashionable we shall go no more to see her, and there will be nothing but her commerce, such as it is, to remind the world that Quebec still exists. The Patriarch in "Little Dorrit" was a most venerable old gentleman while he wore long gray locks and a broad-brimmed hat; but as soon as his hair was cut and his head un-covered, everybody found out that he was a hard-featured and vulgar old scoundrel. So ized her dress and swept away her antiquities, that mankind will look upon her as a mean

Y. Tribune. A Noble Youth who Couldn't Drink Wine. "Then," replied the Colonel, making an ironical bow, "this is the strap with which I am a going for to lick you into saree." ("Debke and cries-Are ye mad, John; what d'ye at a loss what to say, at length, in despair,

icet and cries--'Are ye mad, John; wi:at d'ye mean '?--' It's a' in the book, Tibby,' re-just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who

statesman, in wonderment and surprise. "Not one simple glass of wine?" echoed

endeavored to press it upon him. "No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the profiered glass,

-It is asserted by a French paper that a French engineer has left Paris, by express command of the Kheoive, to convert the man, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady.

They were a mcek, law-abiding people-atof others. Yet, somehow, they had incurred the displeasure of one Colonel Quagg. This Colonel was a blacksmith, and lived

bones was as hard and as horny as a crab-shell; his hair and beard were like the primeval forest-they had never been cut, combed, mended or trimmed-he had neither all the tobacco in Virginny-not for to be wife nor relation, chick, nor child.

There were only two things concerning hi n on which one might, with any certainty, expatiate—viz., that he liked rum, raw, which he drank in large quantities, without even winking or getting intoxicated; and that he hated the Grace-Walking Brethren. called them opprobious names in the street, an occasio and made it his invariable custom of giving lar hymn. every "Grace-Walker." as he termed them. who passed his smithy, a feetful and humil-iating beating. His wrath being thus ap-peased, he turned aside into Silas B. Powkey's tavern, hot, perspiring, and fatigued, and throwing his huge leathern strap on the counter, and ejecting a powerful stream of tobacco juice, shout d out, "Squirel strap-ped another Grace-Walker. Rum !"

"Walk in Grace," he was wont to say, "till pumpkins is peaches, but licked ye must be, till your te nails drop off, and your nose bleed blue ink !" And licked they were accordingly.

There was a meeting of the Grace-Walking Brethren to arrange who should go on the ensuing Spring Circuit, just as judges arrange who shall go a hanging, and where, The Rapparoarer circuit was discussed in solemn Rapparoarer circuit was discussed in solema conclave. The brethren, one and all, were fighter, but, having perceived the error of naturally averse to that particular circuit. Brother Biownjohn would rather not-Brother Fearful had a bad cold. Brother Slocum gave heroic parson sat down. more definite reason than any of the number he said that he would be considerably licked if he'd go, because he was sure of being awfully licked if he went. Brother Zedekiah • Newly entered. Stockdolliger, a long, lose-limbed brother, with a face somewhat like a quince three parts withered - a brother, of whom to tell the truth, a rather mean opinion was held, for he was given to stammeting and blushing, and seemed to possess no particular accomplishment save the questionable one of shutting one eye when he expectorated, rose up, and thus addressed the assembly :

I'll confront the man-even Goliah Quagg !" having said which the devoted bother shut one eye and expectorated. The meeting turned its quid and expectorated also, but

one of them !"

postmaster.'

"Then I must sing another little hymn." the tall man's arms whirling ove him like an occasional stammer, the words of a popu- already presents to those wishing to purchase

"I du give in," faintly whispered the expiring Colonel.

The Coloncl shod the neg as well as his bruised arms would permit, and the minister, gravely handing him a coin, mounted his freed and gravely role away.

conversion of Colonel Quage. He confessed that he himself had been as one of the wicked : he confessed that he had been a prize-Colonel Quagg discarded rum and ciergy-

* Newly entered.

liumorous Incident of Family Worship in Scotiand.

About thirty years ago a shepherd and his wite lived in Tweedsmuir, the latter of whom had to go to Peebles Fair, which was held in March; but not being able to accomplish the distance in a day, she went the night be. "Brethren, a man's skin was not meant to be flayed off h:m, like unto the hide of a wild cat; thoms isn't pleasant handling, nor is thistles nice worn next to the skin; but it Brother Brownjohn will loan me his hoss, Ull confight the maximum call and the skin is the skin is the state of the skin is the sk tomed to such a practice, was so well pleased with it that she resolved to have the same solitary piece of ordnance which booms twice the the same solitary piece of ordnance which booms twice the same solitary kept up in her house for the time to come. a day from the corner of the citadel serves

y the recent stock sales, to make a visit to vented as general an inspection of the country as we could have desired, we cannot re

In its general appearance, the portions of the grasses being abundant and nutritious, and the proximity of the lakes and of the "I wont," muttered the Colonel, "not for Il the tobacco in Virginny—not for to be liable pasturage than that of almost any other region it has been our fortune to visit. Its stock interests, too, are developed to a good stock possesses over poor stock; and property of this description, are not excelled anywhere; for the supply is abundant, the quality good, and the prices demanded for it urlappy to hear it, Colonel," said the Rev. Stockdoiliger, rising, "perhaps you will kindly look to my horse, which cast a shoe

The people lack that "high pressure

which is so common with us, but they are, in many respects, the better for it. They live quietly and happily, and show upon every side the evidences of contentment and thrift.

In short, we were exceedingly well pleased with what we saw of Canada, and cannot conceive wby any one should have a desire to emigrate from such a country to any other. -Chicago Live Stock Journal.

The Desecration of Quebec.

It is reported that Quebec is about to pull down its ramparts, throw its citadel into the river, remove the gates which still pictured new con. The fire blazed, and the sparks flew up the chimney one fine evening in April, and Col-pute about a red-hot borse-shoe. Suddenly, Zeek, the lanky bellows-blower, who, through a hole in the smithy wall, could perceive any, one coming down the hill, cried out "Colonel." business she went to a man who kept a book-stand, crying, "Hae ye ony excrise books?" He thinking she meant a military one, replied, "Plenty of them; but what are ye gaun to do wit?" "Deed," says Tibbie, "I was just gaun to tak' ape hame to gar oor John mak' exercise to the weans an me." "Ye'se no want for that," accordingly she got the book. "But lad. I'm no dure of the book.

Pallageri, in Lapland. In the center of this lake is an island, on which the fish-ermen build their huts in summer. At early dawn the sea-swallows gather round these huts and their cries admonish the occupants that it is time to begin the day's work. The boats are hardly loosened from their moorings when the birds start out to find a spot where the fish are abundant. Immediately the helpless Colonel's tor-ments recommenced. All he could see was farmers appreciate the advantages which movements of the swallows. When the movements of the swallows. When the birds stop and redouble their cries, the even winking or getting intoxicated; and that he hated them fiercely and implacably; he raved against them in drinking bars, he called them opprobidue names in the street. soor nave the satisfaction of having them well-filled. In accordance with the old maxim that the laborer is worthy of his hire, the swallows receive their share of the booty. Every fish that the fishermen throw up in the air is gracefully caught by the birds; and, indeed, they are so tame that they sometimes come into the boat and help themselves out of the nets. If one spot becomes non-productive the birds lead the way to another. To The part of the state of the st censing act. Much dissatisfaction was felt at the working of the new ballot act. At some of the polling places the process of voting was so slow that many persons were unable to cast their ballots before the hour arrived for closing the polls. -Messes. A. & W. Sprague, of Providence, R. I., have recently purchased 450,000 acres of timber land in Maine, paying therefor \$1,350,000,

-During Wednesday night, a man supposed to be James R-illy formerly l'reasurer of the Township of Metcalf, was run over on the G. W. R. track between Glencoe and Appin, and litterally cut to pieces. Some

purts of his clothing were found on the brakes of the night express by the wheeltappers at this station while examining the wheels and gearing. It seems the unfortunate man, lived for several years past in Ne braska, and was on a visit to his relatives near Appin. He left the train at Glencoe, and was proceeding along the track towards Appin when he was run over and instantly killed. From the mangled appearance of the remains, it is evident that several trains had passed over the body. In his hat which lay near by the place, was found a ticket from Windsor to Appin. Evidently the train on which he took passage did not stop at the latter station, and in trying to reach the residence of his friends by walk-ing along the railway track, he appears to have been knocked down and fatal y injured. -London Free Press.

-Of a miserly man who died of softening want for that," accordingly she got the book. "But, lad, I'm no dune wi'ye yet; I maun has been withdrawn the pomp and circum. gave way but his hand never did. His brain hae a pair o' specks, for really oor John's no stance have faded. The fortress has grown oftened, but his heart couldn't." 2 - 1 Baras Day - C