A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

A DOMESTIC STORY WITH A MORAL.

CHAPTER I.-LEFT MLONE.

The dreary March evening is rapidly passof icy rain and sleet are sweeping full against a man who, though driving, bows his head so low that he cannot see his his head so low that he cannot see his in a dazed, mechanical way. The horses horses. The patient beasts, however, plod and live stock were fed regularly, the cows along the miry road, unerringly taking their course to the distant stable door. The high-room until it spoiled. Then he would sit course to the distant stable door. The highway sometimes passes through a grove on the edge of a forest, and the trees creak and groan as they writhe in the heavy blasts. In occasional groups of pines there is sighing and moaning almost human in suggestiveness of trouble. Never had Nature been in a more dismal mood, never had she been more prodigal of every element of discomfort, and never had the hero of my story been more cast down in heart and hope than on this chaotic day which, even to his dull fancy, appeared closing in harmony with his feelings and fortune. He is going home, yet the thought brings no assurance of welcome and comfort. As he cowers upon the seat of his market wagon, he is to the reader what he is in the fading light,—a mere dim outline of a man. His progress is so slow that there will be plenty of time to relate some facts about him which will make the scenes and events to follow more intelli-

James Holcroft is a middle-aged man and the owner of a small, hilly farm. He had inherited his rugged acres from his father, had always lived upon them, and the feel-ing had grown strong with the lapse of time that he could live nowhere else. Yet he knew that he was, in the vernacular of the region, "going down hill." The small the region, "going down hill." The small savings of years were slowly melting away, and the depressing feature of this truth was hill process had only to continue sufficiently about whiskey than mil long to leave him landless and penniless. It his home a terror to him. was all so distinct on this dismal evening that he groaned aloud.

"If it comes to that, I don't know what I'll do—crawl away on a night like this and give it up, like enough."

so abundantly along the road were types of his character,—they could break, but not his character,—they could break, but not place, and say to her the words he had spokbend. He had little suppleness, little en before. Such a marriage would be to power to adapt himself to varied conditions him a grotesque farce, at which his soul results and appropriate the course of life. An event had occurred a year since, which, for months, he could only contemplate with dull wonder and dismay. In his youth he had married the daughter of a small farmer. Like himself, she had always been accustomed to toil and frugal living. From childhood she has been impressed with the thought that parting with a dollar was a serious matter, and to save a dollar one of the good deeds rewarded in this life and the life to come. She and her husband were in complete harmony on this vital point. Yet not a miscrly trait entered into their humble thrift. It was a necessity entailed by their meagre resources; it was inspired by the wish for an honest independence in

their old age.

There was to be no old age for her. She took a heavy cold, and almost before her husband was aware of her danger, she had left his side. He was more than griefstricken, he was appalled. No children had blessed their union, and they had become more and more to each other in their simple home life. To many it would have seemed frigid apartment. which had been rea narrow and even a sordid life. It could not have been the latter, for all their hard work, their petty economies and plans to increase the hoard in the savings bank were robbed of sordidness by an honest, quiet affection for each other, by mutual sympathy and a common purpose. It undoubtedly was a meagre life which seemed to grow narrower with time and habit. There had never been much romance to begin with, but something that always wears better,—mutual respect and affection. From the first, James Holcroft had entertained the sensible hope that she was just the girl to help him make a living from his hillside farm, and he had not hoped for or even thought of very much else except the harmony and good comradeship which bless people who are suited to each other. He nad been disappointed in no respect; they had toiled and gathered like ants; they were confidential partners in the homely business and details of the farm; nothing was wasted, not even time. The little farm-house abounded in comfort, and was a model of neatness and order. If it and its sur-roundings were devoid of grace and orna-ment, they were not missed, for neither of its occupants had never been accustomed to such things. The years which passed to uneventually only cemented the union and increased the sense of mutual depend They would have been regarded as exceedingly matter-of-fact and undemons trative, but they were kind to each other and understood each other. Feeling that they were slowly yet surely getting ahead, they looked forward to an old age of rest, and a sufficiency for their simple needs. Then, before he could realize the truth, he was left alone at her wintry grave; neighbors dispersed after the brief service, and he plodded back to his desolate home. There was no relative to step in and partially make good his loss. Some of the nearest residents sent a few cooked provisions until he •ould get help, but these attentions soon •eased. It was believed that he was abundantly able to take care of himself, and he was left to do so. He was not exactly unpopular, but had been much too reticent and had lived too secluded a life to find, uninvited, sympathy now. He was the last man, however, to ask for sympathy or help; and this was not due to misanthropy, but simply to temperament and habits of life. He and his wife had been sufficient for each other, and the outside world was excluded chiefly because they had no time or taste for social interchanges. As a result, he suffered serious disadvantages; he was misunderstood and virtually left to meet his calamity

But, indeed, he could scarcely have met But, indeed, he could scarcely have met friendship based partly on business relatit in any other way. Even to his wife, he tions, and the well-to-do purveyor for had never formed the habit of speaking paupers always gave his old playmate an freely of his thoughts and feeling. The freely of his thoughts and feelings. There had been no need, so complete was the understanding between them. A hint, a for the town's pensioners. sentence, revealed to each other their simple and limited processes of thought. To

talk about her now to strangers was impos sible. He had no language by which to ex press the heavy, paralyzing pain in his heart.

For a time he performed necessary duties down at his desolate hearth and gaze for hours into the fire, until it sunk down and died out. Perhaps no class in the world suffer from such a terrible sense of loneliness as simple natured, country people, to whom a very few have been all the company they

required. At last Holcroft partially shook off his stupor, and began the experiment of keeping house and maintaining his dairy with hired help. For a long year he had struggled on through all kinds of domestic vicissi tude, conscious all the time that things were going from had to worse. His house was isolated, the region sparsely settled, and good help difficult to be obtained under favoring auspices. The few respectable women in the neighborhood who occasionally "lent a hand" in other homes than their own would not compromise themselves, as they expressed it, by "keepin' house for a widower." Servants obtained from the neighboring town either could not endure the lonetiness, or else were so wasteful and ignorant, that the farmer, in sheer despera-tion, discharged them. The silent, griefstricken, rugged-featured man was no com pany for any one. The year was but a re-cord of changes, waste and small pilferings. Although he knew he could not afford it, he tried the device of obtaining two women in stead of one, so that they might have socithat he did not see how he could help him-tety in cach other; but either they would self. He was not a sanguine man, but not stay or else he found that he had two rather one endowed with a hard, practical thieves to deal with instead of one,—brazen, sense which made it clear that the down-incompetent creatures who knew more about whiskey than milk, and who made

Some asked, good-naturedly, "Why don't you marry again?" Not only was the very thought repugnant, but he knew well that he was not the man to thrive on any such errand to the neighboring farmhouses. Though apparently he had little sentiment Perhaps he was right. When a man with a nature like his "gives up," the end has come. The low, sturdy oaks that grew was like his religion. He felt that he could not put an ordinary woman into his wife's volted

At last he was driven to the necessity of applying for help to an Irish family that had recently moved into the neighborhood. The promise was forbidding, indeed, as he entered the squalid abode in which were huddled men, women and children. A sister of the mistress of the shanty was voluble in her assurance of unlimited capabil-

ity. "Faix I kin do all the wourk, in doors and out, so I takes the notion," she had as-

There certainly was no lack of bone and muscle in the big, red-faced, middle-aged woman who was so ready to preside at his hearth and glean from his diminished dairy a modicum of profit; but as he trudged home along the wintry road, he experienced strong feelings of disgust at the thought of such a creature sitting by the kitchen fire

During all these domestic vicissitvdes he had occupied the parlor, a stiff, normal, frigid apartment, which had been rarely used in his married life. He had no inclination for the society of his help; in fact, there had been none with whom he could as sociate. The better class of those who went out to service could find places much more to their taste than the lonely farm house. The kitchen had been the one cosey, cheer-ful room of the house, and, driven from it, the farmer was an exile in his own house In the parlor, he could at least brood over the happy past, and that was about all the solace he had.

Bridget came and took possession of her Holcroft from the first. To his directions and suggestions, she currly informed him that she knew her business and "didn't want no mon around, orderin' and interfer-

In fact, she did appear, as she had said, capable of any amount of work, and usually was in a mood to perform it: but soon her male relatives began to drop in to smoke a pipe with her in the evening. A little later on, the supper table was left standing for those who were always ready "to take a bite." The farmer had never heard of the camel who first got his head into the tent, but it gradually dawned upon him that he was half supporting the whole Irish tribe down at the shanty. Every evening, while he shivered in his best room, he was compelled to hear the coarse jests and laughter in the adjacent apartment. One night his bit-ter thoughts found expression: "I might as well open a free house for the keeping of man and beast."

He had endured this state of affairs for some time simply because the woman did the essential work in her off-hand, slap-dash style, and left him unmolested to his brooding as long as he did not interfere with her ideas of domestic economy. But his impatience and the sense of being wronged were producing a feeling akin to desperation. Every week there was less and less to sell from the dairy; chickens and eggs disappeared, and the appetites of those who dropbed in to "kape Bridgy from bein' a bit lonely " grew more voracious.

Thus matters had drifted on until this March day when he had taken two calves to market. He had said to the kitchen potentate that he would take supper with a friend in town and therefore would not be back before nine in the evening. The friend was the offic a! keeper of the post-house and had been a crony of Holcroft's in early life. He had taken to politics instead of farming, and now had attained to what he and his acquaintances spoke of as a "snug berth." Holcroft had maintained with this man a honest welcome to his private supper table, which differed somewhat from that spread

(TO BE CONTINUED).

HOME AND GENERAL NEWS.

It is proposed to erect at St. John, N. B., a memorial hall in commemoration of the Queen's jubilee.

It is estimated that over 1,800 locomotives were built in the United States during the past year. They cost about \$15,000,000.

The other night Chief Randall, of Guelph, assisted by two policemen, arrested five young men engaged in gambling with dice in Coady's Billiard Parlor.

The Council of Sherbrooke, Que., have imposed a tax of \$30 on a Montreal manufacturer who shipped into the city and sold to the highest bidders eighteen carloads of furniture.

Smuggling has been detected in the sleep-Porters have been in the habit of carrying dutiable goods over the line "to accomodate a friend."

The school teacher at Osceola, W. T. is a oung woman of only 18 years; but she has no difficulty in keeping order, for she threatens to sit down on the first pupil who is insubordinate. She weighs 325 pounds.

A Chicago merchant reveals the secret windows rubbed twice each week with a cloth dipped in glycerine.

Magog, Que., there is a trained dog that treated there—got good grub, clothes, and will mount the sled, go down the slide, good bed. draw the sled back and go down again to an indefinite extent, and if properly encouraged will accept the company of a young

Through a blunder, the handsome residence of Mr. Hugh Sutherland, of Winnipeg, was sold for a small sum for taxes, and as it was not redeemed the purchaser now claims it. Mr. Sutherland, however, holds a tax receipt, and a lively contest in court is anticipated.

Some months ago Daniel Kelly of Port Clinton. Pa., saw that a heavy boulder had fallen on the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and he managed to run ahead and stop an approaching passenger train in time to avert a wrock. The other day he receivto avert a wrock. The other day he received a costly gold watch and chain with the compliments of the railroad company.

A Connecticut newspaper offers a big dietionary to the person who shall write for it, before Jan. 15, the best article not over 1,000 words long on the subject, "How to insure to the criminals in our prisons the occupation essential to their mental and bodily health without bringing their labor into competition with the labor of honest working men." The solution of that problem is worth considerably more than an eight-dollar-and-a-half book.

It is reported from Blaine, W. T., that Chinamen, opium, liquors, and merchandise are being smuggled in large numbers and quantities into the United States from British Columbia, by the way of Point Roberts, the Gulf of Georgia, and the islands of the lower Sound on Semiahmoo Bay. In Whateom county, W, T., the border is entirely unprotected.

Nicholas Spear of Hartland, Mich., went home for a week's spree one day last week, and the next morning put Paris green in the waterpail used by the family. Then he forgot all about it and drank of the water himself and died. His wife discovered the poison in the dipper beare any other person drank of it.

Abram Cretis of Grant county, W. Va., tells a remarkable sheep story. He says that he was on the mountain near Petersburgh Gap after a flock of sheep, when one of them, startled by the sudden appearance of the shepherd dog, leaped from a precipice and landed uninjured 175 feet below. Abram watched it in its flight, he says, and saw that it passed the tops of several tall pines, leaving little tufts of wool as mementoes, and appeared to light in a top, whem it was thrown back against the mountain and there struck another top, and so on until it reached the ground.

In a school section in Northumberland teacher, there has been quite a dispute as to whether it would be prudent to re-engage her or not. It was claimed that she had too many admirers of the opposite sex, and that the section had thus been deprived of a portion of her time that should have been spent in the discharge of her duties as a teacher. Accordingly at the school meeting the trustees had an agreement drawn up to the effect that she should not keep company during the coming year with any young men during school hours, as her un-divided time should be devoted to the school. Upon her refusing to sign this agreement it was decided to leave it to a vote of the meeting as to whether she should be compelled to sign it or not. A show of hands was taken, and it resulted in a tie, when the chairman, being a young man, gave the casting vote in her favor.

A fast train on the East Tennessee, Vir ginia and Georgia Railread ran into a big bald eagle near Chattanooga, the other day, and threw him upon the cowcatcher, where he clung. Before the bird had time to re-cover from the shock of his collision with the cow-catcher Fireman Fortune climbed along the footway to the pilot and endeavored to capture the eagle, which fought vi-ciously for his liberty. The train was going at the rate of forty five miles an hour. The man had to hold by one hand to keep his footing and manage the eagle with tother hand. But the bird was finally secured after he had nearly torn Mr. Fortune's overalls to shred, with his powerful talons, and was carried back over the footway, fighting like a demon. He measured seven feet from tip to tip of the wings.

A baby dressed in expensive and elegant clothing was found the other day in a snow bank beside the Chicago and Northwestern Railway track near Milwaukce. It had evidently been thrown from the window of a passing train. When found it was com-fortably sucking its fist.

OUR AVERAGE WEIGHT .- According to Quetelet, a Belgian savant, a man attains his maximum weight about his 40th year. A woman, however, does not attain her maximum weight until her 50th year. The weight of persons of the same age in differ-In the general classes it is 164 pounds, and is reached between 40 and 50 years of age. alive and well.

A COCKNEY'S STORY.

Of Mardship at Home and Experience in Canada.

His name was John Cook. He had hair of the character known as "brick-dust." His head, hands and feet were of abnormal proportions. He had the body of a lad of fifteen and the face of a man of twenty five. His big blue eyes had a keen, enquiring look, and when he spoke you believed him that he was twenty years of age, although at first glance you had taken him for a lad of sixteen. He told the following story of orphan life in London, England, and of his struggles in Canada since he arrived, seven montus ago.

"Yes, sir, I was born in Whitechapelyou don't know what a poor place it is-hundreds and thousands with 'ardly any thin' to heat the whole year roun'. fether was a capting—leastways, any time I seed 'im he wore a big sword, and had goold lace on 'is breast. But 'e was always in Hindia a fightin' the Hafghans, and 'e scarcely sent anythin' to mother. I 'ad to go down the streets, and look for hodd jobs, sich as carryin' parcels goin' messages and sich as carryin' parcels, goin' messages, and a 'olding 'orses' ead, while the gentlemen went into the banks to draw money to pay of the fact that while in cold weather other their men. Sometimes I'd sixpence for show windows are heavily frosted, his revery 'orse, and I've seen me make two or main clear and transparent. He has his three shillin' in a day. Other times I'd make nuthin' and then it was 'ard to live. Mother died, and sister and hi were taken It is alleged that at a toboggan slide at to the St. Hann's 'Ome, We was well

> "After some time we 'eerd that father 'ad been killed by the Hafghans. That was in 1880. Sister, when she 'eerd it, she jist went to sleep, and never wakened. She lay stunned-like for a long time, and then died. I used to cry to think I 'ad no one in the world; it made me lonesome. I was fond 'o sister. Then, about six months ago, me and another lot o' boys were brought out by government in the "Sardinian" to Canada. We came intermegiate, and was very comfortable. A kind lady was in charge of us, and we used to sing hymns, and the big nobs 'ud chuck us down money.
>
> "I was taken to a place at Richmond; but

> I had to leave my master, with only 25 cents in my pocket. I could get nuthin' to do in Richmond, and I wanted to come to Montrehal. Hi went to the station and saw a kind-lookin' guard, and asked 'im wud 'e gimme a ride. 'E said 'e dursn't, but jist as the train was startin' 'e winked 'is eye, and nodded for me to get up. Wasn't that kind of 'im? When I got to Montrehal I hoffered 'im the 25 cents; but he wouldn't take it, and 'e brought me to a place and give me a good dinner.
> "I went about the streets and hasked in

> some places for somethin' to do, but could get nothin'. I slept hout that night—this was in October—and the next day I spent the the 25 cent. Then I 'ad nothin' "I went about for three days and three

> nights without grub. I went to the Salvation Army people, but they said the cudn't 'elp me. On the fourth day I went into a confectioner's on St. James street-Halexan der's-and I hasked the hold gentleman for somethin' to heat. Mr. Halexander said-Sit you right down at this table, an' 'eat your fill.' An' 'e made a lady wait on me, an' I tucked hin all I could, and then Mr. Halexander said—'now, put plenty in your pockets.' Wasn't that kind, an' me a stranger? Jist as I was goin' hout he said "I know what I can do,' hand then he wrote hout two notes. 'Ere,' he said—'Take that to Mr. Dick, of the Boys 'ome, and this to Mr. Carsley.' So hi thanked 'im, an' went to the 'ome, an' Mr. Dick, he said as how it was hall right. Then I went to Mr. Carsley, and 'e said it was hall right, and gave me a job as messenger, and I'm hall right. Honly I can't help feelin' lone some sometimes, when I think that my little sister—all I had—is dead. But Mrs.

again in 'eaven.' Oh, you've no idea of how poor they are at 'ome. The big nobs what own the fact-ories, fail hevery day on account of things bein' so cheap, hand thousands are turned hout of work."

Dick, she says, 'don't fret, for you'll see her

County, where a young lady is engaged as The Hard-worked Queen of Spain.

the most over-worked woman in her Dominday, reads her letters, glances through the newspapers, and is ready by 10 or a little after to receive the report of the Captain-General of the garrison. He is succeeded by the Prime Minister, who has a long interview with the Queen on affairs of State every day but Monday, when she presides Cabinet Council instead.

At 12 the royal family sit down to dejeuner, at which meal the little King always assists-though only as a spectator, of course. At 2 one of the Ministers presents himself with the decrees and State papers of different kinds which await her signature. Twice a week she holds a levee, and it is rarely over before 6. The other days she takes a drive without an escort or any other show of State. After dinner the royal party amuse themselves with cards or talk literature and art with Count Morphy, who is an accomplished musician, and at 11 the Queen retires te seek the rest to which she is so well entitled after her fatiguing

STRENGTH OF BRICK WALLS.-It is found that walls laid up of good hard-burned bricks, in mortar composed of good lime and sharp sand, will resist a pressure of 1,500 pounds per square inch, or 216,000 pounds per square foot, at which figures it would require 1,600 feet height of 12-inch wall to crush the bottom courses, allowing 135 pounds as the weight of each cubic foot. also appears from accurate calculations and measurements that walls laid up in the same quality of brick and mortar, with one-third quantity of Portland cement added to the same, are capable of resisting some, 2,500 pounds per square inch, or 360,000 pounds per square foot; this would require a height of wall of 2,700 feet to crush the bottom

bricks. Two months ago young Tatro, a mere boy, was caught by a shaft in a mill in ent classes of society also differs. In the Grosvenordale, Conn. He was whirled wealthier classes the average maximum around, his right arm was torn from the weight is 172 pounds, and is attained at 50 socket with such force as to send it a dis years of age. In the artisan class it is 154 tance of fifteen feet, his left leg suffered a pounds, attained at 40. Among farm compound fracture, his right knee was dislaborers it is 171 pounds, attained at 60. located and fractured, and he was otherwise fearfully bruised, and yet to-day he is

FARM.

ROOTS FOR DAIRY COWS.

Roots are healthy food for cows and inrease the flow of the milk, but care is required in feeding those liable to give an un-pleasant flavor to the milk and butter. Carrots and sugar beets, experience has taught, are among the roots best adapted for dairy cows. Turnips and cabbages give unpleasant flavor to both milk and butter. Roots should not be fed alone but in combination with more nitrogenous foods.

TO INCREASE THE FLOW OF MILK.

The following advice is applicable to every farmer who keeps cows, especially if fol-lowed during the winter season: Give your cows three times a day water slightly warm, slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find that the cow will not only give much more milk, but she will become much attached to the diet. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pailfull each time, morning, noon and night.

KEEP A GOOD TEAM.

Without doubt the greatest and most common loss in team management is from keeping poor horses unable at any time to do a full day's work. It is the most difficult thing possible for many farmers to get the idea into their heads that a horse capable of doing but little is entirely valueless. An old, worn out horse will always sell for something, no matter how poor he may be, and always for a greater price in proportion to his value when most worthless. For farm purposes, with the dear wages now paid to tarm help, it does not require much deduction from a rull day's team work each day to make up the value of a first-class team in every respect.

SOFT CORN AS FOOD.

The greater part of soft or unmerchantable corn is fed easily, and to fattening hogs without grinding. The idea is to get rid of it as soon as possible to prevent it from heating and moulding. It is true enough that in large unventilated heaps it is apt to spoil; but hundreds and even thousands of bushels may be kept until it is dried out. Considering the wastefulness of the usual methods of feeding it will pay to take the needed care to keep it later. Giving to hogs while wet and even water-soaked by rains it is little more nourishing than so much grass. Much of the nutriment in its soft state is in the cob, which fattening hogs will not eat. Probably the best use of soft corn is to feed it to nulch cows, and after cold weather comes there is no difficulty in keeping it. During the winter this soft corn freezes dry, and towards spring may be ground in the coo with a mixture of equal parts of oats or light barley.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

Sheep need but little care this month. Give them good hay and a few roots each day, and in dry weather let them have a run in the fields for exercise. It may not be well to allow their fleeces to be soaked with snow, or by a cold rain, as it gives them a heavy load to carry, besides the fact that the chill may injure the weakly ones, but they need fresh air and exercise. The air in a well-filled sheep shed is too strongly impregnated with ammonia to be best for breathing purposes. Keep the floor of the sheep shed well supplied with dry litter, and supply them with pure water at least twice a day. They need it as much as any other animal. They will also relish an occasional feed of evergreen boughs if there is snow on the ground long.

COLOR IN HORSES. A good horse is never a bad color, it is

said. Still color has its ir portance, especially as indicating temper and purity of breed. Thus, black colored horses are of a hot and fiery temper and disposition; the chestnut and brown bay are reckoned to have strength and spirit, and the white are always tender. As to gray, it has been observed that those which tend the most to The Queen Regent of Spain is probably black are stronger than the brighter grays. There are besides these other colors in ions. She rises at 7, and as soon as she has made her toilet she sends for her little son and the members of the royal family, and gray. The sorrel and white seem to be horses, as the roan, which seems to be the and spends ar hour or so with them. At 9 the author of the dun and cream color, and she attends to her household affairs, goes over her accounts, gives her orders for the berry, they may, probably, proceed from a coupling between a bright gray and a bay. There are also some horses mottled or red (commonly called piebald), either black and white in spots, or chestnut and white.

As to the choice of color in a stallion, a person of great skill says the dapple bay, the white bay, and the dapple gray are to be preferred; but does not object to a horse of a pure black, provided it has a white star and a white foot. In the judgment of others, however, he should be all of one

We find in many cases that horses of a bright bay color, with a black mane and tail, are good as well as beautiful, and these have commonly the tips of their ears and the extreme parts of their legs black. It is so common for a dapple gray to have a white mane and tail, with the former mentioned extremities white, such as the tips of the ears and the extreme parts of the legs; but for other colored horses, except the dun, we seldom find their manes and tails of a color different from that of the body; but in a dun horse the long hair in the mane and tail is commonly black, and for the most part there is also a black stripe down the back, which is not a little remarkable, as it is not observed in any other creature, except the ass, mule, zebra, etc. In a horse, indeed, it is only a plain, straight stripe; but in the ass there is always a cross stroke of black over the shoulders, so that if the skin was to be opened and spread the black would exactly represent the figure of the cross. Some pretend to tell us, as to the cross upon the ass' skins, that asses were not thus marked before the Christian era, and that none are now without the sign; but upon what good authority they assert this we do not know.

The produce of a white horse and a white mare will be white, and by keeping the breed constantly without any intermixture of color the color of the original may be maintained. So, a black horse and a black mare will produce black, a brown horse and a brown mare, brown, etc.

Whittier is said to have lately finished a rather long poem of historical interest, which will be given to the public with a new edition of his works revised by himself.