see Page 3

"THE GREY REVIEW"

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday,

At the Office, Garafraxa Street, Upper Town

Durham, - - - Ont.

TERMS—$1.00 per year in Advance.—$1.50 if not paid Within three months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Professional and business cards one inch space and under, per year.....$4
Notices of 10 lines Nonpariel measure.....7
Business notices do. per year.....10

Casual advertisements charged 8 cents per Line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.—Nonpariel measure.

Ordinary notices of births, marriages, deaths, and Resolutions of local news, inserted free of charge.

Stray Animals, &c., advertised three weeks for $1, the advertisement not to exceed 12 lines.

Advertisements, except when accompanied by written instructions to the contrary, are inserted until forbidden, and charged at regular rates.

J. TOWNSEND, Publisher.

The Grey Review.

Vol. VI. No. 21. DURHAM, Co. Grey, MAY 24, 1883. Whole No. 271.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL

E. D. MACMILLAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c.—Office opposite Parker's Drug Store, Upper Town, Durham.

Money to Loan. y10

JACKES & PRINGLE,

ATTORNEYS at Law, Solicitors, &c. Office—Lower Town, Durham.

B. JACKES, B. A. R. A. PRINGLE. y190

Frost & Frost.

BARRISTERS and Attorney's-at-Law Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, etc., Owen Sound, have resumed at Flesherton. Office open every Thursday as heretofore.

ALFRED FROST, J. W. FROST LL.B
County Crown Attorney.

June 24th, 1880. y187

MEDICAL.

DENTISTRY.

J. S. JEROME, Licentiate of Surgery, will visit Durham—Office, British Hotel—from third Tuesday (Fair Day) to the end of every month, where he will be most happy to wait upon all those that may favor him with their patronage. All work entrusted to him will be performed in the latest and most approved style. REFERENCE, any of the leading Dentists of Toronto.

Head Office,—Wingham. y162

W. Tanner, L. M. O. C. V. S.

FIRST Class Honor Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association. Member of the Student Union & Co-Operation, will visit Durham every Fairday, arriving the previous evening in Durham to practice his profession. Trimming and extracting teeth a specialty.

Will reside at the McAlister House. y23

F. Z. NIXON,

GRADUATE of Ontario Vetrinary College, Toronto.

VETERINARY SURGEON,

DUNDALK, Ont.

Will be at Hesting's Hotel, Shelburne, every Monday and Friday, from 10 o'clock a.m. to 5 p.m.

Dundalk March 20th 1879. y57

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN MCODIE,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the County of Grey. Residence and Office in Durham. Sales attended to in Town or Country on reasonable terms. 1fm128

HUGH MACKAY,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER, for the County of Grey. Auction Sales attended to in all parts of the County, at reasonable rates. Goods sold on Commission. Land Sales carefully attended and the sale bills promptly posted up.

H. STEVENSON

GENERAL AGENT. London and Ontario Leading Company—London and Lancashire Life Insurance Co. Mercantile Fire Insurance Co. Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Saugeen Mutual Fire insurance Co. Accidents insurance Company. All Business promptly attended to.

Residence—Fergus St., Mount Forest. y232

W. M. CLARK

Architect and Builder,

MARKDALE.

PLANS, Specifications, Estimates, &c., Furnished. Work Superintended and Inspected. Charges Moderate. 158

REVERE HOTEL,

MARKDALE.

T. SPROULE, - - - Proprietor.

THIS Popular Hotel has had a large addition added to it, thoroughly refitted, and is now second to none in the county. Good stabling and attentive hostler First class accommodation for Commercial Travellers. TERMS $1 per day. y222.

First Class Barber in connection with the House.

SHOEMAKERS

Should Call and Examine

COLGAN'S

IMMENSE STOCK of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC LEATHERS,

also Findings in great variety. A splendid lot of PRIME HARNESS LEATHER.

Call and examine and you cannot fail to suit yourselves.

Tannery corner of Saddler and Albert Streets, Lower Town, Durham.

Highest market price paid for Hides, Calf Skins and Tallow.

Durham Feb. 7th 1882 y197

W. CALDWELL,

SHOEMAKER,

SOUTH End, Durham, formerly Military Bootmaker in Her Majesty's Service would call the attention of the Public, before going elsewhere, to give him a trial in the line of

Gents' Fine Sewed & Pegged Boots,

also excellent French Kip Boots and Shoes all kinds. A fitskeless Fit as I make no mistits. My Fine Work is made on the Latest London and New York Styles. For Workmanship and Cheapness I defy Competition.

Durham, Nov. 1882. y245 WM. CALDWELL.

Look out for cold weather.

How are you of for Socks

A VERY important question for everyone to consider as there is nothing more injurious for health than cold feet, however such can very easily be remedied and everybody made to feel comfortable by calling on William Johnstone, junr., who has all the appliances for

Knitting Stockings & Socks

In all sizes on the most improved methods, latest styles on the shortest notice and at charges that defies competition.

Give him a call and support native industry

WM. JOHNSTON, Jr.,

Lower Town, Durham.

Oct. 13th, 1881 y139

They All Say so!

Who have been there,

IT PAYS to go twenty miles to buy a

Watch, Clock, Ring or

Have their Repairing done,

From the Peoples' Jewellers,

DOLL & BROWN.

MARKDALE only.

DAVID JACKSON, Jr.,

LAND & LOAN AGENT CONVEYANCER, Land Valuator, &c.

MONEY to Loan on Farm Property, and Mortgages Purchased. Moneys Invested for parties in Mortgages and other Securities,

A General Financial Business Transacted.

A large amount of Money to lend at Lowest possible rates. Charges Moderate. Farms sold on Commission. Insurances Effected at the Lowest RATES—FIRE & LIFE.

—:- FARMS FOR SALE. -:—

OFFICE—One door South of C L Grant's Store, Garafraxa St, Durham, Ont. y246

CANADIAN

BANK of COMMERCE,

DURHAM.

Capital $6,000,000: Reserve $1,400,000.

THIS BANK issues Letters of Credit on Great Britain and other Foreign Countries; Buys and Collects Sterling Exchange; Issues drafts on New York and all parts of Canada.

DEPOSITS of $4 and upwards Received, upon which the current rate of interest will be allowed.

COLLECTIONS MADE

On reasonable terms, and a

General Banking Business

TRANSACTED.

y169

Money to Loan.

THE undersigned has a large amount of both private and Company funds to lend either Farm or Village property at lowest rates of interest.

Business strictly confidential and costs of loans reduced to the lowest figure.

R. A. PRINGLE, Lower Town, Durham.

Sept. 29th, 1881. tf176

Changed Hands.

THE HARNESS BUSINESS previously conducted by Boulton Bros., has been purchased by

NELSON REABURN,

Who is now ready to turn out Light or Heavy

HARNESS

Of any kind.

Repairing promptly attended to.

Remember the place, 2nd door north of Parker's Drug Store.

NELSON REABURN.

Durham, Aug. 22nd 1882. d 132.

NEW FIRM.

ROSE & WHITMORE.

THE Undersigned wish to intimate to the residents of Durham and surrounding country that they have purchased the Tools and goodwill of R. W. HORN and commenced

BLACKSMITHING

in Horn's old shop, South End Garafraxa Street Bridge, Lower Town, Durham.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

WOOD-WORKING in CONNECTION.

JAS. ROSE. - - WM. WHITMORE, jr.

Durham, April 16th, '83. y-207

GEO. KRESS.

New Furniture Warerooms,

Opposite Parker's Drug Store.

I BEG leave to announce that I have Commenced the Manufacture of Furniture in all its Branches, and from my long experience as a Cabinet Maker, I hope to turn out work second to none in the County.

All Styles in Stock or made to order on Short Notice.

GEO. KRESS Sr

March 9, 1882. y208

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties indebted to the Undersigned either by note or Book Account to call and settle up the same at once, as he is going out of business. All accounts not settled at once will be placed in other hands for collection.

T. J. ADIE.

Durham, March 12th, 1883. c265

NORTHERN Business COLLEGE,

OWEN SOUND.

STUDENTS may enter any School day in the year with equal advantage.

Special Features for 1882-3

PHONOGRAPHY is included in the Commercial course without extra charge.

COMPLETE

Actual Business Departm't

having Bank (Capital $100,000). Wholesale Store and everything that can be had to make it as practical as possible. Send for a Circular.

C. A. FLEMING,

Principal, Box 72, Owen Sound

Durham Planing Mill,

SASH, DOOR

—AND—

Blind Factory.

ROBT. BULL

BUILDER, Durham, keeps on hand a large stock of Sash, Doors and all kinds of Building materials, also a stock of Mouldings in Walnut, Rosewood, and Gilt. Plans, specifications and Bills of Lumber made out on short notice. A full stock of Coffins, Caskets Shrouds and Trimmings always on hand

Askins' Patent Metallic Glass Burial Cases kept in stock.

A FIRST-CLASS HEARSE TO HIRE.

Remember the place—a short distance north the Town Office.

WALL PAPER.

MRS. E. DAVIDSON has just received a good and fine stock of Wall paper, Bordering, &c., of first class quality and New Designs selling cheap, also

A large Stock of FANCY GOODS and CONFECTIONERY, consisting of Fancy Brackets, Vases, Chinaware, Ladies' Hand Satchels, Purses, Necklaces, Beads

—)and(—

TOYS OF EVERY KIND.

Remember the Place—Opposite the office of D. Jackson, Upper Town.

Durham, April 26, 1883. y268

HARNESS!

THE Subscriber would respectfully intimate to the public that he has a heavy stock of HARNESS that cannot be surpassed in the county, and which cannot fail to give satisfaction. Call and examine before purchasing.

COLLARS A SPECIALITY.

Lambton-Street, Lower Town, Durham, one door east of the Post Office.

CHAS. LEAVENS.

Private Instruction.

IN French, Latin, Mathematics, English and Writing. Terms Moderate.

C. J. McCABE, B. A., Middaugh House

Durham, Feb. 4, 1883. tf257

Dress & Mantle Making.

THE undersigned wishes to inform the Ladies of Durham and vicinity, that she has commenced the Dress and Mantle Making business in the building

Next door to the REVIEW Office, Upper Town, and will be happy to receive orders for work in the above line. As she has had several years experience, she will be able to give good satisfaction in all work entrusted to her care.

MISS FAKLINGHAM.

Durham, April 19th, 1883. cm265

Blacksmith & Waggon SHOP. Re-opened.

THE Subscribers wish to intimate to the residents of the Township of Glenelg and surrounding country, that they have leased the Stand recently occupied by the late Thos. Brown on the Durham Road, at the

ROB ROY HOTEL, (RYAN'S),

And have commenced a

General Blacksmithing and Waggon Making Business.

As they are each practical workmen in their respective departments, they hope to be favored with a share of the patronage. Prices as low as any shop in the County.

HORSESHOEING and General Jobbing done at short notice.

NICHOL & McCLOCKLIN.

Glenelg, March 15th, 1883. tcm26

F. DOWNES,

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter,

DURHAM.

Glazing, Graining, and Paper Hanging promptly attended to.

Fresco and Banner Painting a Speciality.

Charge Moderate.—Orders left at J. F. Mowat will receive prompt attention

Durham, March 3rd 1881

- IMPORTED -

FIELD & GARDEN

SEEDS,

By Steamer Earlking,

From the Best Houses in Britain and consisting of the leading Field and Garden Seeds.

—o—

Canadian & American Seeds,

Clover,

Timothy,

& other Grass Seeds.

—o—

SEED POTATOES,

New Varieties.

H. PARKER,

Druggist and Seedsman,

DURHAM

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

POETRY

CANAAN.

I'm but a wandering Pilgrim here,
I'm bound for the Land of Canaan,
My all is there I hold so dear,
My heart's in the Land of Canaan.
My Father's there, the God I love,
My Savior dwells in Canaan,
With life and joy to all above,
He's the glorious King of Canaan.

CHORUS.

Canaan, bright Canaan,
I'm bound for the Land of Canaan;
O! Canaan is a happy place,
Will you go to the Land of Canaan.

My Jesus makes me happy now,
Though far from the Land of Canaan,
If blessed with but a Pisgah view.
O! what will it be in Canaan?
No raging storms nor gathering clouds,
E'er darkens the land of Canaan;
But pleasures flow in crystal floods,
Each heart's a Heaven in Canaan.

I have not wealth nor honors here,
But I'm heir to the Land of Canaan;
A crown of life he'll give me there,
I shall reign a king in Canaan,
The glorious hour is on the wing,
That will land me safe in Canaan;
With higher notes than angels sing,
I shall praise the King in Canaan.

George Harrington.

BY DAVID MACRAE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN WHICH WALTER GIVES MR. GLIME A BIT OF HIS MIND, AND SEARCHES OUT AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN A STRANGE PLACE.

The girl disappeared into the bar-room, and presently returned with a big, bloated man, who after a look at Walter, said in as suave a manner as he could command, "Glad to see you, sir—(cough)—jist come this way." So saying he walked into the bar, followed by Walter.

"Sit doon, sir," said Mr. Glime, endeavouring to clear his husky voice, as he shut the door; "you're a freend of Mr. Harrington's, I learn."

Walter replied that he was: whereupon Mr. Glime nodded, and said, "I'm a freend o' his too," as if this announcement should put them both on the most friendly footing with one another. As Walter did not appear to see the matter in that light, Mr. Glime, who seemed to be taking stock of Walter's appearance, proceeded—

"He's a jaynius, yon (cough)—yon chap—a rale jaynius, and a very excellent young man, sir—leastways when he (cough) taks care o' himsel'."

Walter thought within himself, that if poor Harrington had taken care of himself, his excellence would not have been so familiar to Mr. Glime.

"You can give me his address, I suppose?" said Walter.

"Weel, I doot it," returned Glime, bringing a fat pocket-book out of a drawer behind him, and proceeding to turn over the papers in it. "But it's like enouch he'll be lookin' doon in a day or twa, an' I can get it frae him."

"Is there no way in which you can get it for me to-night?" asked Walter, with increasing anxiety.

"Let me see—let me see," returned Glime, who was still abstractedly turning over the papers. "You'd ha' been sure to find him here on Setturday nicht a while sin'. He used to come verra raig'lar. And I had so (cough)—so high an opinion o' him, that even after he went off the stracht a bit, and rin oot o' siller, I aloo'd him to rin a gey lang bill here."

Mr. Glme had brought out a slip of paper from his pocket-book by this time, and after a fit of coughing that attacked him was over, he resumed—

"But if there's no freen' that'll len' him a helpin' han'"—the rascal turned his small gray eyes upon Walter—"I'm afraid it'll be a deed loss to me. This is the principal part o't—no verra much to mony folk, but it fa's hard on me that loses sae a dale in the same way."

Glime' as he spoke, handed the slip of paper to Walter.

It was an I O U for fifteen shillings, and was signed "George Harrington." Ah! to well Walter knew that hand.

"Here," added Glime, who had marked hopefully the sorrowful look with which Walter was contemplating the I O U, "here's twa'r three pawn-tickets that, as a favour to a freend, I gi'ed him some brandy for; and I'll be willin' to let you hae them for a consideration—a *quid pro quo*, ye ken."

Walter examined the tickets and found that two were for clothes, another for a watch, and a third for a brooch—he wondered, with a sad heart, if it could be the brooch wi h Harrington's likeness and hair in it, that Mrs. Harrington had shown him with so much pride. He looked at the remaining ticket. Worse and worse! It was one for "a gold mounted hair-guard"—too evidently the last fond gift of little Tiz. Alas! had Harrington sold that too.—and for drink!

"They could easy lie here," said Glime, whose cunning eye had been watching Walter's face, "but as you're a freend o' his, a've nae objection to let ye hae them, tho' it be a loss, in case Mr. Harrington may want ony o' the things in this cauld weather."

"In fac'," continued Glime, following up the last sugestion, which he saw had told powerfully on Walter, "his mither was here nae langer since than yesterday, beggin' back a ticket for an auld coat and a shawl that the pawnbroker had lent auchteenpence on. She beggit if I wad gie baith the tickets for claes; but when she couldna-get that, as it's no very likely she wad, she said she wadna ask the tickets for her ain things, if I wad only gie her that wan for her boy's top-coat, as he had naethin' else to put on"—and Glime, not noticing the look that was kindling in Walter's face, jerking his thumb carelessly twards one of the tickets that lay on the table.

"And you wouldn't give it her?" exclaimed Walter, with sudden indignation.

Glime stared at him in amazement.

"You wouldn't give it her! repeated Walter, with increasing vehemence, "when that poor lady and her son may be perishing in the cold for want of their clothes!"

"An' why, I wad like to ken, should I gie her't?" retorted Glime rudely. "Am I first to gie value, and mair than value in liquor, for thay tickets, and then gie them back for naethin'? A profitable way o' doin' business that!" and Glime broke into a husky taunting laugh.

"Ruffian!" cried Walter, rising to his feet, his eyes flashing with uncontrollable indignation, "heartless ruffian—to your face! You can see one of the noblest youths in the city come to this infameous den of yours, and drink away his talents, his goodness, his reputation, his hapiness—and never try, by a single word, to save him! You can pocket his money when you see him drinking himself and his poor mother down to beggary and starvation; you can find it in your heart to give him drink for the money he has borrowed on his very clothes; and when you have pocketed his last sixpence—when you have fattened yourself, like a vampire as you are, upon his life-blood, and now see him and his poor mother starving with cold, you can refuse to let her have back a ticket for even so much clothing as a miserable broker would lend no more than eighteen-pence upon! Shame on you!—pitiless—monster!"

He hurled these last words at Glime with savage vehemence. Walter was not easily roused, but when roused, his wrath was something tremendous.

"Curse your impudence!" said Glime, turning crimson with rage, "If you gie me ony mair o' your jaw, I'll bring in my man, and hae you kicked oot into the street."

Bring in whom you like," said Walter, clenching his powerful fists, and drawing himself up to his full height, "If your man, or any other man that's had to do with this inhuman conduct, dares to lay a finger on me, I'll leave him less like a man than I found him. See If I don't."

He strode up and down the bar-room for a few moments like a caged lion, and then by a powerful effort, quelling his indignation, he turned to Glimes abruptly, he said, pointing to the tickets on the table—

"How much do you want for these? I'm going."

"What would you say my fine fellow," replied Glime, tauntingly, "If I wodna let ye hae them at all?"

"I should say you were a fool, I suppose if these articles cannot be got back others can be got in their place."

Glime, in whom passion and greed of gain had been striving for the mastery, no sooner saw his hopes of making a profit out of the pawn tickets endangered, than he pocketed his affronts with no very good grace, and named the sum.

"And, as your freen's a guid customer," he said with a hideous leer, "I'll likely hae anither lot frae him in twa'r three days—ha, ha!—so if you can mend your manners, and look in as you're gaun by, I may gie ye them a wee cheaper."

"Wretch!" said Walter, with a look of mutterable loathing, as he threw down the money on the table, "there, and may the curse of"—he checked himself, and added in a tone of stern solemnity—"No, I had forgotten myself. God help you! If this be a specimen of your business, you have curs enough upon your head without mine."

So saying, Walter Lorraine took up the tickets, and followed by a low jeering laugh from Glime, strode out into the shop, and was soon in the thronging streets once more.

His sadness and apprehension returned now with double force. To remain in suspense and inaction till Monday, when he did not know in what state poor Harrington and his mother were, was something terrible even to think of. If he could only have got the clothes, that he was now able to redeem, sent to them, it would have been some relief,; for if that hideous rascal had not been telling lies, they were in want even of the commonest necessaries.

"I shall go and see where the pawnshop is—and perhaps get out poor little Tiz's gift"—he said to himself. "That will be always one thing done."

He stopped at a shop-window a moment to look at the pawnbroker's address on one of the tickets, and then passed on.

He was soon standing in front of another flaring spirit-shop just under the big, dingy pawn-office, of which he was in search, but it was sometime before he discovered the proper entrance. It was a narrow, dark close a little way down, to admit apparently of people sneaking in unobserved. He hung about for a minute or two, hesitating whether or not to go in. He was not much encouraged by the look of the people he saw passing in and out. Most of them were dirty, slip-shod women with bundles under their shawls; or rough, half-intoxicated men providing themselves no doubt with the means of buying more drink—for Walter saw that they, and indeed almost all that emerged from the gloomy close, turned at once into the adjoining spirit-shop. Once there slunk into the close a thievish-looking scoundrel, who had evidently been about no good. Then there came a well-dressed boyish-like youth, not much accustomed yet, as Walter could see, to this sort of work; and he stood for a few seconds, pretending to be reading the theatre bill that hung at the side of the public-house door, but glancing about him all the while; and when he was satisfied that no familiar eye was upon him, hurried into the close. Then came a man with a shameless, gaudily-dressed woman on his arm, and disengaging his arm, he slipped into the close, while the woman stood at the entrance awaiting his return. While Walter was still looking and hesitating, he was very much astonished to see emerge from the close Dr. Daidlaw's new missionary. The gentleman was scarcely less astonished to see Walter, but on learning his errand, and finding that he was unacquainted with pawnbroking transactions, he volunteered to go back with him.

"I have frequently to do jobs of this sort," he said, "redeeming the clothes of some of the poor creatures amongst whom I labor. I have just been up renewing some tickets for a poor man in my district, who has been brought to beggary by a drunken wife."

"These accursed places!" exclaimed the missionary with bitterness in his tone, as he stood beside Walter in the street; and looked up at the huge dingy tenement. "You have no idea, Mr. Lorraine, what depths of misery and destitution they open the way to, by the facilities they give for turning everything a man has or can lay his hands on, into money. Here's the case of this woman that has brought me here. What could her husband do? He might keep his earnings from her; but so long as he left a blanket on his bed or a rag on his children's backs, she could bring it here while he was away at work, and get money for it to drink."

"Ay, there they stand, in natural proximity!" he continued, pointing with his finger—"the pawnshop and the public house—playing fast into each other's hands—two parts of one gigantic system that is doing more than all other evils put together, to drag the masses down into beggary and crime, and baffle every effort to raise them up again. But if we wait here longer we shall be too late. This is the hour for closing. Follow me, please."

So saying, the missionary led the way into the close and up a dirty stair, to a passage flanked on one side by a row of narrow wooden doors. He opened one of them and they both passed in. They were now in a small dingy compartment, with a high wooden partition on one side, designed to conceal the customers from one another—an arrangement which Walter could easily understand would be welcome to most of the characters he had seen enter. The compartment looked across the counter into a gloomy warehouse, fitted up with gigantic racks, that were literally crammed from floor to ceiling with bundles of bed and body clothes. The whole place had a repulsive disreputable air about it, that suggested vividly the squalor and wretchedness of the thousands of homes from which these multitudinous piles had been brought.

Walter looked about him with his mind full of gloomy and sad thoughts. And this was the place where Harrington had come and pawned those things. Had he stood in this compartment? How had he looked—how had he felt—when he parted with the keepsake he had got from little Tiz? Was it that coarse, overdressed clerk at the desk over there, who had written out this ticket?

While they were waiting till their turn came to be attended to, the missionary directed Walter's attention to the crowded racks.

"What tales of unknown suffering and beastily excess these bundles could tell!" he exclaimed in a low earnest voice. "There cannot be less than six or seven thousand bundles of clothes in this place, yet this place is only one of scores that flourish on the drunkenness and improvidence of Glasgow alone. You will scarcely credit it when I tell you that nine-tenths of all the money borrowed on these things has gone directly or indirectly for drink. There are coats and shirts there by the dozen, Mr. Lorraine, that drunken men and women have stripped off in the next close, and pawned to get more whiskey; blankets there by the hundred pawned by drunken wives and mothers in the very midst of this piercing winter. You have no idea, sir, what drunken women will do. I have seen them actually strip their dead and pawn the grave-clothes for drink. And even that's not the worst—for, thank God, the corpse can suffer no more. But I have seen mothers go into closes, in cold, sleety nights, and strip their own babies rather than want the drink. Look at yon little scarlet frock hanging from the rope, and that little paletot! I fear some poor little child is shivering at this moment for want of it."

He stopped, for the pawnbroker's assistant now stood before them, and picked up the ticket which Walter had laid on the counter. The well-known hair-guard was soon brought. How strange it seemed to find it in such a place, and see little Tiz's hair in that man's hands! Walter paid back the loan with interest, and following the missionary, was soon in the crowded street again.

They went the length of the bridge together, and then parted; and Walter heavy at heart, disappointed in his errand, and full of vague and anxious fears, directed his steps towards home.

(*To be Continued.*)

A RELIC OF THE PAST.—The Stratford *Beacon* says:—Lovers of the antique who were at the station yesterday morning had an opportunity of seeing a genuine relic of the early days of railroading, in the shape of an engine, tender and coach, shipped from England to the railway exposition soon to come off in Chicago. The engine was called the "Samson," and was built by George Stephenson in 1838. It was about 14 feet long, narrow gauge, with a seat for the driver in front, and one for the fireman in the rear. The machinery was altogether different from that now in use, but was evidently powerful and had done good service in its day, the wheels showing marks of long usage. The coach was about the size of an ordinary hack, resembled an old fashioned stage coach, with seats for six or eight passengers. It was finely upholstered and comfortable, but looked ridiculously small to one accustomed to the roomy cars now used. In no way could a better idea be formed of the marvellous advance in railway machinery than by comparing the entire outfit with the fast passenger train which was standing beside it.

A Quebec lad named Cote while leaning over an unused well was asphyxiated by gas and fell in when the deadly gas completed its fatal work.

The Author of Home, Sweet Home.

(*Prepared specially for the Review.*)

John Howard Payne is the author of this song, expressing the yearnings of the heart after home, which is to all the sweetest spot on earth. It is not our present purpose to enter on a critique of this song, which conveys to us the spontaneous and universal experience of mankind in regard to home, but to draw attention to a few things in regard to the writer of it, who sings so sweetly the native sentiments of the heart.

1. Incidents in the life of the writer. Payne was a warm personal friend of John Ross, who will be remembered as a celebrated chief of the Cherokees. At the time the Cherokees were removed from their homes in Georgia to their present possessions, west of the Mississippi river, Payne was spending a few weeks in Georgia with Ross, who was occupying a miserable cabin, having been forcibly ejected from his former home. A number of prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia in which the tribe was located was scoured by armed squads of the Georgia militia, who had orders to arrest all who refused to leave the country.

While Ross and Payne were seated before the fire in that hut, the door was suddenly burst open and six or eight militia men sprang into the room. Ross's wife was seated on a trunk containing many valuable papers and a small amount of money, and at the unexpected intrusion she sprang up and screamed wildly. Ross spoke to her in the Cherokee language, telling her to be seated, as she would thus save the contents of the trunk, and, as she sat down again, the intruders told Ross that both he and Payne were under arrest and must prepare to accompany the squad to Milledgeville, where they would be imprisoned. The soldiers lost no time in taking their prisoners away. Ross was permitted to ride his own horse, while Payne was mounted on one led by a soldier. As the little party left the hovel rain began falling and continued until every man was drenched thoroughly. The journey lasted all night. Toward midnight Payne's escort, in order to keep himself awake, began humming: Payne remarked: "Little did I expect to hear that song under such circumstances and at such a time. Do you know the author?"

"No," said the soldier; "do you?"

"Yes," Payne answered, "I composed it."

"The devil you did! You can tell that to some fellows, but not to me. Look here, you made that song you say; if you did—and I know you didn't—you can say it all without stopping. It has something in it about pleasure and palaces. Now pitch in and reel it off; and if you can't I'll bounce you from your horse and lead you instead of it."

This threat was answered by Payne, who repeated the song in a slow, subdued tone, and then sang it, making the old woods ring with the tender melody, and pathos of the words. It touched the heart of the rough soldier, who was not only captivated but convinced, and who said that the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could help it. And when the party reached Milledgeville they were, after a preliminary examination, discharged, much to their surprise. Payne insisted it was because the leader of the squad had been under the magnetic influence of Ross's conversation, and Ross insisted that they had been saved from insult and imprisonment by the power of "Home, Sweet Home," sang as only those who feel can sing it.

2. The tenor and end of the writer's life, the very opposite of his own ideal of home. He lived a single life, he died away from home and lies buried in a foreign land. There were present no relatives to soothe him on his deathbed with loving attentions to follow his remains to the grave with heart felt grief and to retain his effects as precious relicks of him but strangers waited on him in his last hours, conveyed his mortal body to a resting place in the cemetery of Tunis and disposed of his worldly goods without sacred regard to his memory. In view of such facts, does not a reflective sadness creep over us, similar to that which passed over one on the actual scene? From a deep impression made on him by his visit to the cemetery of Tunis, he thus speaks in a strain of sympathetic sentiment and saddened thought—A great wave of home-sickness swept over me. How far off we—I and the silent dead beneath my feet—seemed to be from the land of our birth! And even as this thought was surging through my heart, my eye fell upon one special grave for which I had been searching. There was a plain stone slab, surrounded by a little bed of heliotrope and dwarf roses, and it bore an inscription telling how beneath it lay 'Col. John Howard Payne, a citizen of the United States of America,' and how this monument had been erected by his grateful fellow-countrymen in honor of the author of 'Home, Sweet Home.' Strange, indeed, is the irony of fate. We shape our own destinies in fancy; we plan and plot and labor and contrive, and each one of us for himself has formed his own ideal of the end at which, in due season, in the fullness of his time, he is to arrive, and probably not once, in the whole history of the human race, has that end, when it did come, been in harmony with the visions thus indulged in. But surely, of all the strange freaks of malicious fortune, there has been none stranger, none sadder, than that which sent the man who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home' to die an exile on African soil, and which has left him to a grave here among our English dead at Tunis!"

Since poor Payne died on the shores of Africa hundreds of millionaires have passed away who are now utterly forgotten, as are the writers of hundreds of pretentious works in poetry and prose, now not worth the paper they are written on; but the impoverished African consul's name remains a household word wherever the English language is spoken, for his simple lines had about them that which "makes the whole kin." He died a bachelor, with but one near relative, an elder brother, well known and in high repute as a lawyer. This brother, who left an only child, a daughter, had been as a tainer to Howard, who was indeed a most trying and expensive relative, being utterly guileless of common prudence, and always out at elbows. When he died, the brother, in feeble health, was unable to give close and prompt attention to wind up Howard's affairs. The result was that many personal possessions, which the family would have dearly cherished, never reached them. Among these were a cane he set great store by, and always carried, the gift of his friend Irving, a unique and splendid desk, and a superb portfolio, containing most valuable paintings and sketched by West, Leslie, Washington, Alston, and other celebrities, gifts from the artists to Payne. His niece detected some of the contents of the portfolio one day in a Broadway shop; but returning a few days later to prosecute further inquiries, found them persistently evaded. The only relics of her uncle that she ever succeeded in getting were some perfectly valueless papers which, by the kind offices of a friend, were rummaged, rat-gnawed, out of the cellars of the consulate at Tunis.

3. The removal of the writer's remains to his native land. We delight to honor men of genius with all marks of distinction and public demonstration, especially on their departure from this world. We assemble to accompany them to the mansions of the dead with all the display of pomp and circumstance. We erect to their names monuments, memorial halls and other tributes of honor. In accord with public opinion Livingstone, the famous missionary and traveller, was brought home from Africa and placed in Westminster Abbey among the illustrious dead. A similar honor is about to be paid to Payne, the author of Home, sweet home.

I.

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Is coming home at last!
For years his poor abode was seen
In foreign lands alone,
And waves have thundered loud between
This singer and his own.
But he will soon be journeying
To friends across the sea;
And grander than of any king
His welcome here shall be!

II.

He can not come with cheerful brow,
And step of conscious pride;
He will not hear the tributes now
That fall on every side;
And when we tell him how his rich
Sad strains our hearts have sought,
He cannot tell the price at which
The yearning words were bought!
And silently this man must come
Unto the waiting throng—
Who gave a trumpet voice to Home,
And thrilled the world with song!

III.

He wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone;
He who could teach Home's matchless worth
Ne'er had one of his own.
'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
Along the hilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load;
And wheresoe'er true love had birth
This thrilling song had flown:
But he who taught Home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own!

V.

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Shall have a home at last!
And he shall rest where laurels wave
And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept and honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine.
And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sung the triumph hymn
Of earth's devinest love.

Photographing the Stars.

It becomes continually more and more evident that photography is to play an important part in astronomy. At the observatory of Harvard College Professor Pickering is making a set of photographic charts of the heavens, by means of a camera of wide angle equatorially mounted. The plates each about six inches by eight, cover a space in the sky two or three times as large as the constellation of Orion. They show with only now and then exception, all the stars visible to the naked eye, and many others running down to about the 7th magnitude. The interesting point, however, and that which gives the method its great importance, is that the *photographic* magnitudes of the stars do not correspond with the visual, except in a very general way. Some stars which are small to the eye are conspicuous on the plates, and *vice versa*, so it is likely that in this way we shall get a great deal of information as to the nature of stellar radiation. At the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Gill obtained, with a photographer's camera, a number of pictures of the great comet, which exhibit many interesting points. Finally, at a recent meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, Mr. Common presented some photographs of the great nebula in Orion, which seem to be decidedly in advance of anything done previously.—*New York Independent.*

A GIANT CLAM.—Colonel Berkeley, who has lately returned from the Andaman Islands, has brought with him an extraordinary specimen of the clam tribe which he succeeded in capturing in that locality. The shell—*Tridacne gigantea*—weighs two hundred and thirty-two pounds, measures three feet nine inches one way and three feet six inches the other, and is nearly three feet in depth. This gigantic bivalve was captured by driving two poles on each side, on which was rigged a pulley; hooks were attached to the fish, and it required sixteen men to dislodge the monster from his bed and haul him ashore. When opened, the shell inside was of a pure white. The mantle of the fish was of a beautiful blue color, and he formed an ample meal for the sixteen men and families. This is probably the largest shell ever brought to England. There is one of the same species, but a smaller size, in Cologne Cathedral, which is used for holding holy water.—*Family Herald.*

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