Christmas 1878.

Acadie Historical Cutlines.

year 1603, King Henri IV, of France,

-Piere du Gaust, Sieur de Monts-

latitude,) with full power to colonize it.

sailed from Havre de Grace on the 7th

March, the following year, with

Champlain, Baron Poutrincourt de

Chaste, Pontgrave and a mixed com-

pany of noblemen and gentlemen,

Catholic Cures and Hugenot Ministers.

Artisans and Soldiers. The party

landed in July and settled on a

small island in the mouth of a river

that flowed into Passamaquoddy

Bay and which they named St.

Croix (now Doucet's Island.) 36 out

of 76 men died of the scurvey owing to

the winter; and when a supply-ship

arrived from France, in June, the Is-

land was abandoned and the Colony

posite side of the Bay of Fundy, where

a quadrangular fort was erected. Ap-

prised by letters from Paris that he

had enemies who were jealous of his

to deprive him of it, De Monts.

returned to France, leaving Pont-

By his influence at Court.

he preserved his privileges. It was

now the summer of 1606, and Poutrin-

court who had returned to France with

Pontgrave in 1604, was prepar-

length a vessel of 150 tons was prepar-

by Marc Lescarbot, the historian. On

the 26th July they arrived at Port

-La Taille and Miquelet, who had

been left in charge of the place, Pout-

grave having left on the 14th of the same

the arrival of Poutrincourt at Canso, he

In the month of August, De Monts and

Pontgrave resolved to return to France,

leaving Poutrincourt and Champlain to

explore the coast, and Lescarbot to

take charge of the settlement. The

mild, seemed to have been passed

The first ship from France

brought dismal news to the Colony.

ment. Preparations were now made

that view Lescarbot, on the 30th July,

Three years afterwards, (1610),

remain in France where he passed a

year in negotiations and at last he was

young Governor and the Jesuits not

agreeing, the latter were glad to avail

themselves of the opportunity of leav-

tlement was made by the Marchioness

of Guercheville, under command of

Saussaye. The internal harmony of

Port Royal was restored for a while,

and the settlement of St. Sauveur, on

the Island of Mont Desert, was also

The early settlements of the English

in America proved unsuccessful, and it

was not until repeated miscarriages that

a permanent establishment was effected

year 1613 the colony of Virginia num-

grave as commander of Port Rov-

HOLIDAY ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHRISTMAS 1878

TOYS AND GAMES FOR THE MILLION!!!

CHOICE

---THERE WILL BE A-

ENGLISH, GERMAN, & AMERICAN

TOYS, GAMES,

DISSECTIONS, PUZZLES,

& FANCY GOODS.

---IN GREAT VARIETY, AT-

J. B SNOWBALL'S!

WATER STREET, CHATHAM.

From Wednesday, 11th December, to the end of the Month.

An Early Inspection is Invited.

CHRISTMAS ANNOUNCEMENT!

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Furs! Furs!! Furs!! J. B SNOWBALL.

CHATHAM, MIR.,

Begs leave to announce that his Stock of FRESH AND FASHIONABLE FURS for this Season stands unrivalled in this Market in regard to QUANTITY QUALITY and PRICE

THE STOCK CONSISTS PRINCIPALLY OF Ladies' & Misses' Real & Imitation Seal Caps,

the "Lorne" Shape (a Novelty and Very Stylish.)

ENGLISH CONEY, BELGIUM

South Sea Seal Muffs

GENTS' CONEY, SEAL, BEAVER, & MINK CAPS. (VARIOUS STYLES.)

GENTS' FUR GAUNTLET GLOVES. RACCOON AND BUFFALO COATS,

VERY GOOD.

BUFFALO ROBES,

Lined & Unlined. (Prices Lower than for Years past.)

IT IS ADMITTED that a SET OF FURS is unquestionably can feel thankful for the discipline and cast into prison. During this time the the Choicest and Most acceptable Christmas Gift that can be Presented.

ALL FURS WILL BE OFFERED BY ME DURING THIS MONTH

At Remarkable Low Prices FOR CASH.

CHATHAM, 10th Dec. 1878.

FOR SALE.

OIL of Lemmon, Peppermint and Cloves. ESSENCE of Lemon, Cloves, Almond, Va. nilla, Peppermint, Cinnamon, Nutmeg, Pincapple and Strawberry. PEELS Citron, Lemon and O:ange Peel. SPICES Cloves, Cinnamon, Caraways, Corian ler, Allspice, Ginger. FOR PUDDINGS, &C : Macaroni, Sago. SEASONING Sage, Summer Savory, and

CHOICE PERFUMES

ALSO : -AN ASSORTMENT OF

TOILET SOAPS. J. PALLEN, & SON.

Tobacco! Tobacco!!

T HAVE just received a large Stock of

W. C. McDONALD'S TOBACCO. which I will sell in Bond or Duty paid,

CHEAPER THAN CANBE IMPORTED.

ISAAC HARRIS,

Call and see Samples and prices.

CARDS,

Note Paper and Envelopes, At the MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE, Chatham.

REQUISITES,

THE YEAR ROUND

JAMES GRAY'S

George St., Chatham. EVERY FACILITY IN THE WAY OF

SMALL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. Indispensable in the Kitchen,

AND WITHOUT WHICH THE

CHRISTMAS

NEW YEAR DINNERS

MUST BE POORLY PREPARED

TIN WARE, WIRE GOODS. ETC.

Call and see the Useful and Fancy

Special Notice.

The colored address slip on first page denotes the date on which the subscriber should pay. We have placed a good many of our bills in outside hands for collection, a course which ought not to have been necessary, considering the small sum charged for the paper. When each subscriber in arrears is sued in turn the fault will not be ours, but we intend to compel payment where it cannot be obtained by other means. The subscription is one dollar a year, payable in advance and two dollars when payment is deferred. After 1st January next no paper will be sent out of the office unless the subscription is prepaid.

M iramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, - - - CHRISTMAS, 1878.

Explanatory. Readers will observe that this number of the ADVANCE is published a day before our usual publication day. The change was to enable us to go to press on Tuesday evening, so as to avoid work and secure a

holiday on Christmas. We have gone somewhat out of the beaten track, also, in filling our reading columns this week, there being a prepouderance of matter suited to the season. A good deal of it, too, is original and the product of Miramichi pens. We have drawn some interesting supplies from the Snowflake contributors, while Mrs. Beatrice McGowan of Chatham contributes an excellent Christmas story and a Christmas poem of more than ordinary merit. We hope this lady will continue to contribute to the literary department of the ADVANCE, even though she should find elsewhere the remunerative market which her work deserves.

Current matter held over will appear next week.

Christmas, 1878!

As regularly as the footfall of time marks the paces of the passing years, comes the Christmas season with its hallowed memories, blessed associations and joyous experiences. Christian culture and obedience to the "New Commandment" of the Founder of our religion, are necessary to the fullest enjoyment of Christmastide, but it also brings happiness to those amongst us who seem to know little of the "good tidings of great joy" which came with the first Christmas that gladdened the earth. It matters not in what aspect we view the season, we cannot but find pleasure in it, for there are no homes in the land to which it does not bring some light and happiness which, without it, would have been uncreated, and no hearts to which it does not impart joys known at no other season. The man of business turns from his work; the implements of industry are laid aside; the store, the office and the workshop are closed, while hearts and homes and purses are opened. On every side the joyous influences of the time leave their impression. In the churches, as well as in the houses, decorations tell by text and symbol that no ordinary holiday attire is put on. The church bells ring more joyously. the sleigh pleasantly at Port Royal; in the spring bells jingle more merrily than at other | the Colonists were busy sowing seed, times, and all around us presents an and, says Lescarbot, "it was a marvelaspect, or is clothed with a life which ous pleasure to see it daily springing belongs alone to Christmas. It is a time up.' when the better part of our nature comes into action. We feel more strongly the brotherhood of the human family-more | The enemies of De Monts had for a sympathy with our fellow-creatures, and time prevailed, and he sent out imperaare more sensible of the fact that the tive orders to break up the establishbattle of life begets in us a selfishness which it would be well if we could over- to return to La Belle France. With come more successfully than we do.

Among the most pleasant of our 1607, left for Canso, where he was to Christmas customs is that of exchanging be joined by Poutrincourt in 11 days pledges of friendship and remembrance. after he had secured samples of his Young and old participate alike in it growing crops. Poutrincourt having Ormsby is alone. Even the housekeeper and all appear to delight more in giving | joined his friends at Canso, the whole than receiving-another significant ex- party sailed for France on the 3rd of emplification of the spirit which rules | September and arrived at St. Malo on | has gone to, merry-making in the next the season. But what associations are the 28th. blended with the assembling together of scattered family membership at Baron Poutrincourt with his son Christmastide! The home-decorations | Biencourt and a little Colony returned of the season, perhaps, display a word to Port no. where he found the which recalls some scene of long ago, buildings standing and untouched by and the mind is carried back over the the Indians and uninjured by the cliyears until it lingers around some mem- | mate. In July of the same year, Bienory which time had almost mossed over | court returned to France and came back and buried forever. Even the glee of | to Port Royal the 11th of May, 1611, with the little ones with their Santa-Claus about 30 men and 2 Jesuit Fathers. favors again peoples Christmas | Soon after their arrival Poutrincourt set scenes of by-gone years, and, here and | sail for France in order to get a supply there silent guests come out from the for the new Colony. He succeeded in shadows of the past, seeming to give sending a vessel to his son, which untheir benediction to those who shared fortunately only reached Port Royal on their love and joys and hopes in other | the 23rd of January 1612. He had to days. Happy, indeed, should they be, who amid the rejoicings of Christmas restraints which such memories bring, and whose merry-makings are tempered with thoughts which are born of the

past and are lost amongst the mysteri- | ing for Mont Desert, where a new setous possibilities of the future. The season has its duties as well as its pleasures if, indeed, its duties are not amongst its greatest pleasures. In every community there are those who can experience little of the outward joy of Christmas, unless aided by the charity and kindness of those who are better off in the world than themselves: and we should, therefore, not forget the duty of giving to the poor, remembering that they are especially com- in Virginia. In April 1606, King James mended as the objects of our care, by I, of England, issued letters patent to Him whose birth is commemorated to- | Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers day. We know that since last Christmas | and others, granting them all the terrimany have felt the effects of the reign- tory on the eastern sea-board of North ing business depression and that there | America, between 34 and 45 degrees is less to give than there was last year, north latitude. This large and undebut there is also greater necessity for fined tract of country was granted to two giving and there must be more self- associations called the London and Plydenial. In proportion as the difficulties | mouth companies. The London comin the way of this duty are overcome pany began a settlement in May 1607

shall we, ourselves, enjoy the blessings which they called James Town. In the Notwithstanding many general dis- bered about 400 souls. In the summer couragements there is as much to be of that year, Capt. Samuel Argall of thankful for as ever, if we only choose Virginia, who commanded a ship armed to see it. We still live amid the cher- with 14 guns, went northward towards ished institutions which, as Christians Acadie with a fleet of fishing vessels. and subjects of the noblest empire of Hearing of the French colony on Mont the earth, are our heritage. We have Deserthe resolved to break it up, though been protected from the famine which | England was at that time at peace with has carried off whole peoples in France. Argall landed his men and the east, and from the fever- plundered and destroyed the rising setscourge, which has put many tlement. Sir Thomas Dale, the Goversouthern cities in mourning. We have nor of James Town approved of the conlived in peace while revolt, rapine and duct of Argall, and despatched three war have been carried on by adherents vessels, of which Argall took command,

away in an hour, involving bankruptcy, Fundy and plundered and destroyed story from being the property of other sitting in front of the fire. This time a Heavens! Mathews I have given you ink." ruined hopes and ruined reputations, Port Royal, and caused the names of people. have not visited us. The earth has con- DeMonts, Pontrincourt, Champlain, and tinued to bring forth her increase others, and the fleur-de-lis of France, to the rainbow of promise is be erased from a massive stone. In a seen over the mist of our future. We, | meadow, and standing on the opposite therefore, ought to feel grateful and side of a stream, he and Biencourt had happy that we are in a position so a stormy interview. Each accused the favored as that in which we are found on other of piracy and robbery, and they parted in rage.

It is a remarkable fact that these attacks of the Virginians on Mont Desert The writer of the "North Shore and Port Royal were the very com-Sketches," which have appeared in the mencement of the wars between Great MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, has changed his Britain and France in North America, plan and before continuing them, will which scarcely ever entirely ceased ungive an outline of the History of Acadie, til, at the cost of infinite blood and which he has compiled from various treasure, France was stripped of all her

On the 8th day of November of the On receiving intelligence of the disaster happened to his colony Pontrincourt created a gentleman of his bed-chamber immediately set sail for Port Royal. When he arrived there on the 27th Lieutenant-General of the Province of March 1614, what remained of the Co-Cadie, or Acadie, (which extended from lonists had lived, according to Lescarbot, the 40th to the 46th degree of north since All Saints Day, on roots and buds of trees, and many had died from and with authority to; make grants of hunger. Pontrincourt was so disheartland and to confer titles, to levy troops ened that he resolved to leave Acadie and to wage war. Sieur de Monts forever, which he did, returning to France, and fell fighting bravely in the service of his country at the seige of Mery-sur-Seine in the month of Decem-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.—The St. John Globe issued a beautifully printed Christmas number which was a crdit to the establishment of that enterprising

> [Written for the ADVANCE.] CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY MRS. BEATRICE M'GOWAN. was removed to Port Royal, on the op- Peace, peace on earth, again, this blessed day

And watched the star that heralded the morn Of man's salvation. Man from evil torn monopoly, and who were endeavouring

God's promise kept. His word by angels borne, That gave good will to man and peace on earth. Ring out ye bells, your lay Clash thro' the quiet air, Fill all our hearts with pray'r, God guide us ev'ry where

On Christmas day.

The joy is ours, on this thrice happy morn, Peace, peace on earth, the Prince of peace is born."

Joy, joy on earth, the God of hosts is ours. As on that day ing for another voyage. He had When, King of Kings, He left the Heav'nly pow'rs, difficulties to contend with, but at And lower than the lowliest shepherd lay In Bethlehem's manger. While the wise men, old. ed, which left Rochelle on the 13th of They knew the blessed story now was told,

May, and Poutrincourt was accompanied | That Christ was their's throughout eternity: And as they sung, the Virgin Mother smil'd

Royal, where they found only two men o, deepest mystery! O, bliss so wild-So deep ! so pure ! that time cannot destroy. Joy to the world ! As thro' the gulf of time

month with the intention of returning And kindred love, knit closer soul to soul. When man shall worship but the truth sublime to France; but receiving intelligence of Joy to the world! On this thrice blessed day, Our hearts, our lives, our praise their tribute pay, immediately returned to Port Royal. To Christ, our King, and Heaven's Prince of Peace.

Ring out ye bells, your lay ! Thro' this fair earth around Let no sad hearts be found, Peace, love and joy abound,

On Christmas day. The joy is ours, on this thrice happy morn winter, which had been comparatively "Peace, peace on earth, the Prince of peace is born.

Written for the ADVANCE. Bertie's Christmas Eve.

BY MRS. BEATRICE, M'GOWAN.

The soft, white flakes fall and rest against the panes like the down of birds: and through the winter twilight a pair of just now eyes look wistfully, as they have looked through the twilight of every Christmas eve since that one, when another pair of eyes-passionate brown eyes, these last -had shared their scrutiny. And both had felt, in the holy calm of the season, the very intensity of their feelings, as a sort of reproach.

The room is comfortable, with the comfort of bright firelight and luxurious furniture; but in all the quiet house - Bertie has been obliged to venture forth, Christmas Eve and all as it is, to sit up with a neighbor, and their one maid-of-all-work

Of the Brighton branch of the Ormsbys, Bertie is the last. She has refused many kind invitations through the past week, to spend this joyous season in the midst shake it outside," Miss Ormsby, sugof happy home circles, and they, knowing gests. her, have felt neither offended nor surprised at her refusal. But now, as she down ruefully at the little heap of snow drops the curtain across the window and lying around his feet, "I never thought draws her solitary little rocker up under of the carpet, but if you will bring me a shadow of the reading lamp, a great sense | broom I will soon fix that.' of loneliness falls upon her, such as she has not known since the night when Louis and goes for the broom. Perkins would lonliness of a sleeping city lay around them, and only they two had heeded it not in the bitterer lonliness which that parting would mean to both.

"Good bye darling," he had whispered, as he kissed her, "It is hard to leave you just now, Christmas time, too, but two the ulster a last shake, as she comes back. weeks won't be long slipping by and I shall write to you. But she, knowing all that this Christ- the first time mas might have held for her, was cruelly

"Tell me, once more, that I have done what is right, Louis," she had cried, pitifully, "That I could not do anything else, and easily melted and -my God! Bertie! even though my heart broke, than what I

"You are a brave woman," he had told her, and he meant it. "And no man loving you, little Bertie, and knowing you, could look for you to do anything else. "And you will be sure and come."?

pretty well settled by that time-yes." Then the door had closed, and the cab that was to take him to the station, rattled away through the quite streets. and she was alone.

a year-she and Louis. When they had Mr. Longworth was sub-editor of a Boston daily, and owing to the multifarious nature of his duties - for the dignity of even a sub-editor has to be paid for-his visits to Little Brighton and the Lodge had always been brief ones, so that even to the neighbours and Miss Ormsby's had a master, and from that I know that own immediate friends he was, little more

He had urged her once to go with him to New York, where he was to start a paper of his own, but there had been an invalid father to think of, and the Ormsby's with me. never flinched from sacrifice when it was

in a couple of weeks, if only for a day. A couple of weeks then. Now it is five my own, for I see that you are mine still, There had been some talk about "Bertie

Ormsby's romance," but no one ever got the right way of it, and like all uncertain- falling," to come and torture me like Then had come her father's death, and after that, the pale lonely girl, weary with watching the close of one life, and hopeless over the wreck of her own, withdrew erself from the eyes of Little Brighton

society and shut herself and her disappointments within the four walls of the lodge: only content to be left alone, too what he is doing, he has taken her in his proud to accept sympathy when it would arms; gravely and tenderly, for even betonly reveal how bitterly she suffered. But five years is a long time for people and true she is, but unresistingly. to remember the events happening in a "There is no other woman in the world neighbour's life, and bye and bye, as Bertie whom I respect as I do you," he says, began to go out a little, and be more among simply "and no other woman in the world the elder, the celebrated comedian, in his

very near her to-night.

through the medium of a little heap of world's treachery and hardness. burning coals. That bright, tiny spec to A man had loved her, and she had rethan the promised two weeks, before she upon her. could see him. His brother was dying in ter, from the west. His brother was dead | end that presented itself to this peepand had left Louis a rich man. No need | ing Tom of Little Brighton was to interof the paper in New York, now. He would | cept their letters. He did so, but kindly only stay in Chicago long enough to settle | permitted a stray paper to find its way possessions in America by the peace of his affairs, and then he would come back once in a while to the Lodge, wisely

and each one repeated the story of the | would total forgetfulness. other. The management of the estate had were so slow. But in all these he was and with marvellous patience had waited very anxious to get back to Little Bright until the proper season had arrived, when at the next water; but his load became

grate in darkness, Bertie thinks of the ried a girl for whom he had not one time when no letter came; of the weeks | thought. and months and finally the years that had each run their course, only bringing no place and went out West. Once in a while there had been a paper

addressed in the writing she knew so well -but her woman's pride could never allow her to answer that. Even that had ceased to come at last, and then it was that the rumour first reached her It had found its way to the little town, but how, she could never learn, although she had the Boston paper, the one in which Louis And surely, she reasoned, if it were so the rumour was, that he had married the most | you to him, neither did I think to ask him beautiful girl in Chicago.

the reward of his constancy.

was to have married one man, I can never | not look at you at first.' the other end of the grate where the coals herself to speak just yet. The joy is all the lives of other people must be like, those who have had no trouble such as she has; and what her's would have been, if she had married the postmaster's son, and ling. We willhad a master for the quiet house, and perhaps little children to cheer the lonliness of this Christmas Eve. "No, no," she thinks, a warm flush spreading over her face with which the fire light has nothing to do, no one else if not Louis. No other man's children may ever call her mother since the one love of her life has been dethings that classing them altogether they shew five minutes of twelve. amount to that, till a loud ringing of the bell startles her, and she gets up to open the dark coals in the left hand corner of the the door. Of course it is Perkins, for she grate are bright and glowing, and Bertie, had told the old woman to come in that way as the back door would be fastened. of feet is going on outside, in the porch. Perkins would never stamp in that way, she thinks, were the snow to the knees. And then, she remembers that she is alone, that it is Christmas-eve, and except very near friends-and Bertie has none suchno one comes visiting on Chrintmas-eve, and a sudden sense of fear touches her-

she to whom any weakness of that kind is She stoops down so that her lips are on a level with the key hole.

"Who's there?" she asks. "Me," is the ambiguous answer. "Yes, but you must tell me your name," There is no reply to this, and Miss Ormsby suddenly recollects that her very cautiousness, may have betrayed the unprotected condition of the house. "You must tell me your name,"

reiterates through the key hole, adding, as the thought strikes her. "It is the master's orders, "Who is the master?" How it is she can never afterwards explain, unless that inadvertantly he had come into her thoughts this evening, that to all the various cognomens to which the human

family is heir, not one but that of the Post-"Mr. Thornton," she calls out. There is a sort of gasp, she can hear it

quite distinctly, and then the voice outside Mrs. Thornton. I have news from Chicago for her. To her only will I tell my

Somehow Bertie is not afraid now. She draws back the latch and opens the door and a man crosses the threshold. He is not very tall, about half a head taller than she is. The collar of his ulster is turned up and the light in the hall is dim, so that she can not get a glimpse of

"Snowing faster than ever," he says, as he tries to brush his coat with one of his "Perhaps you had better take it off and

She turns, in a strange, new wonder,

Longworth bade her good bye; when the never have left him there alone, and the drawing-room door open too, but Bertie knows that he is a gentleman and has no fear that, way, while the stranger follows her advice and takes off his coat. "Your plan is decidedly the better one," he says from the door, and giving

> Then he turns to hang it on the rack and faces the light, and she sees his face for "I thought you went for a broom," he adds, when his eyes have become accustomed to the light, and he raises his head to look at her-"The snow is quite soft

"It is cruel of you," she gasps, "why do you come here? How dare you let any one see you in my house, after what has passed Your house, this! Then you are Mrs.

Thornton, and he was treacherous to the "At the end of two weeks-I shall be last," he mutters to himself, "and he 'Insult too," she says, looking at him At least spare me that Mr. Longworth. . What do you mean?" And with one

stride he is beside her, "You told me At that time they had been engaged for that Mr. Thornton was the master of this house, although I know him to be dead. first become acquainted with each other Yet were you his widow you would be living in the house that had once known him for its master. How else do I find "You forget that the lodge is mine. "I forgot nothing. I know that it was

> "I am Bertie Ormsby still," she says, quietly, although every nerve in her body is quivering, "and waiting to learn what business Mr. Longworth can possibly have

your's, but you have just told me that it

"The business that has brought me from the death bed of a-but no, the He went alone, promising to run down dead are sacred - From the deathbed of a man who has wronged us both. To claim "O, you are cruel," she says again,

leaning against the wall to keep her from this. You have a wife, Louis Longworth. Do you respect her as little as you do me, that you think you can talk to me like He looks slightly bewildered, but the

She cannot help herself, she is far too weak for that now, and before she knows

huge arm chair is drawn close beside the Whatever that story is to her still, it is little Queen Anne rocker. Louis is telling

her his story, while her hands are folded She has wheeled her chair round with upon the arm of his chair, and she is look- low a bit of blotting paper." her back to the light, and sits looking into ling into the dark, handsome face as she the fire, her small hands folded idly in her | used to look in the old time, before the What castles en Espagne can be built It is a very simple, commonplace story an active interest in all proceedings taken and what by-gone visions restored, after all, when compared with all the

letter that told her that it would be more | what he knew would be a life long misery She was Longworth's promised wife but Chicago, and he must not lose an hour in | Longworth should never be her husband; going to him. Then had come another let- and the one means of effecting such an

After that there had been several letters | ture would resent this more than she When the time was ripe, he had circul-

he could once more urge his own cause. And now, looking were the little spark He was rejected a second time, and has died out, leaving that corner of the thoroughly disgusted now, went and mar-After a year he left his wife and the

One night Mr. Longworth received a summons to go to a man who was dying, and begged him for God's sake to come. He went, and found Charlie Thornton.

preyed upon him the most. Louis promised him that he would return at once to Little Brighton, find out Mrs. Thornton, and do all for her that a friend could "I heard that you were married, Bertie mention of it would be in that. And the he says in finishing, "and so never named

who his wife was before she was his wife. Then it was that her life had had its and when I came here to-night, intending the river. second tinge of romance. When Charlie to ask you for some information of her, Thornton, faithful Charlie who had loved | you told me that the house was Mr. Thornher always, came and pleaded with her for | ton's. And finding you in it, I confsss to being slightly unwilling to believe my own "I am sorry," she had said "sorry that senses. I did not recognize your voice you love me so much Charlie, for I have through the keyhole, and you spoke very but the one answer to give. I loved, and low after the door was opened, and I did humanity solicited him in a letter to send love and marry any other". Looking at | She does not answer- She cannot trust

are all red and glowing-of course a good too sweet and new for words. And just house keeper would at once declare that at this moment there is a second stamping the fire was wrongly lit in the first place of feet in the porch. This time it is Persome how the thought comes to her what kins and Miss Ormsby gets up to open the door for her,

"What?" she asks, timidly, wondering

why he stops. "Te-merrow is Christmas day. will be married to morrow.' though she knows how impossible it is. In no one thing will she contradict him to-night. And so they sit and talk, never nied her. And for a long time she sits and heeding the minutes as they slip away till this prescription to the comfortless thinks of nothing, or of so many indifferent | the hands of the clock upon the mantle The fire has burnt all alike now. Even

looking into their depths, and listening to the beloved voice, thinks she knows at As she reaches the hall a loud stamping last what happiness is.

f feet is going on outside, in the porch. Twelve o'clock! And mingling with the silver strokes of the dainty time piece, a sweeter, merrier sound from without, the bells of Little Brighton ringing in another

Christmas day. Another day of peace and good-will to men. Louis gets up to go, Bertie rising also. "How like the old time," he says, Only that there are five years lost."

"Never, darling. And I need not ask-" "No, no," she says, in a pained voice. You need not. I have suffered, but it while he does so a great pity touches him, for all the loneliness and solitude which

those five years must have held for her. And all the while the sweet, tender ring- circumference of the civilized world. ing of the bells goes on like a benedic-At last he says, holding up her face between his two hands. "This is Christmas morning, sweet. Tell me your first thoughts." "I was wondering" she answers re-

verentially, "whether any thing unforworld to-day And Louis Longworth knows, as he bends down and kisses the pure lips, that she is thinking of Charlie Thornton, and that the wrong he tried to do them will never

[From the "Snowfiake."] STANZAS IN WELCOME TO THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE.

years of their happy future.

Sons of Britain's sea-girt strand, Sons of Erin's sister-land, Sons of France in heart and hand, True to Britain's Queen. Europe's race of far descent ; Those o'er whom her skies have bent In life's morn; with others blent, And red tribes, I ween-

Of your rule O! high born pair, Lord of Lorne, and Princess fair, Welcome, warm and true, To the land where man has made Fertile plain and smiling glade, Marts of commerce and of trade, Where vast forests grew.

All in the glad welcome share

Land where forests' axe-spared trees Bend their high tops to the breeze, Soughing weird-like symphonies, Through the lonliness. Land where Nature, emblem-shade Of the Almighty, is displayed In new vastness, and arrayed In new Western dress.

Keen, where frosty breezes blow, Long and deep the winter snow. And congealed the waters' flow. Rivers, lakes and bays. But this land of yours and ours, Lacks not gladsome winter hours, And a gorgeous glory pours, O'er the summer days!

Daughter of our gracious Queen, In her virtues' beauteous sheen, Winsome and sincere, -They to worldly hearts shall prove Better things there are to love, Than the power and wealth that move Men to homage here.

Chief! thy Princess-wife has been.

Sprung of Scotland's good and great, Thine 'tis to consolidate In firm union every state Of this wide domain. Each whose interests divide: With the races' jealous pride: And the strongest hope to guide Sordid hope of gain.

All in the glad welcome share, Of your rule, O! high born pair, Lord of Lorne, and Princess fair, Of old Brunswick's line. From the East to Western shore. With one heart we all implore, On both may Heaven blessings pour. Heaven's choice favour shine.

GLEANINGS.

It is said that the devil has many imps; it is presumed the following are among the number :-- Imp-erfection, imp-etuosity imp-lacability, imp-udence, imp-ertinence, imp-urity, imp-iety.

his minister, "I can give you a treat-a bottle of claret forty years old." The expression passes off almost immediately. Doctor was in raptures, and eagerly ac- RICH FRUIT. cepted the invitation, when, to his dismay, the expected quart proved only to be a pint bottle. "Waes me," said he, ter than five years ago he knows how good taking it up in his hand, "but its unco A friend attending on Charles Mathews

SAAC HARRIS,

Water St., Chatham.

of both the Cross and Crescent. Commercial disasters which, in Great Britain and elsewhere, have swept fortunes

After completing the ruin of St. Sauveur settlement, he sailed for Bay of veur settlement, he sailed for Bay of

"Never-never mind, my boy-never mind" said Mathews, faintly, "I'll swal-

A church in the North Country, which required a pastor had a beadle who took to fill up the vacancy. One of the candidates, after the afternoon service was over, the left of the grate, where the rest of the fused him; and being something infinite- put off his cloak in the vestry and stepped coals are black, is like the first letter she ly less then a man he had sought to avenge into the church in which our worthy was and from Louis after he went away—the his own disappointment, by inflicting, just putting things to rights. "I was just taking a look at the church" said the minister. "Ay, tak a guid look at it, said the beadle "for it's no likely ve'll ever see't again."

Pause before you follow example. A mule laden with salt, and an ass laden with wool, went over a brook together. and wait until she could marry him. arguing that Bertie Ormsby's proud na- By chance the mule's pack became wetted, the salt melted, and his pack became lighter. After they had passed, the mule been sadly neglected, and the lawyers ated the news of Longworth's marriage, told his good fortune to the ass, who thinking to speed as well, wetted his pack heavier, and he broke down under it. That which helps one man may hinder another. Be cautions in giving advice: and consider before you adopt advice.

> One of the most amusing scenes in the legislature of Pennsylvania occurred on a motion to remove the Capitol of the States from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. A mat-The man confessed everything, even to ter of-fact member from the rural dishis desertion of his wife, which evidently tricts, who had heard by the great facility with which brick houses are moved from one part of a city to another, and who had not the least idea that moving anything but the State House was in contemplation. rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have no objection to the motion, but I don't see how on airth you are going to git it over

> > A poor woman, who had seen better

days, understanding from some of her acquaintances that Doctor Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient found him sinking into "Bertie" he says, when she comes back, that worst state of sickness-poverty. "We won't wait another five years, dar- The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip box, with She does not say that they will not, al- the following label :- These must be used as necessities require; be patient and of good heart. He sent his servant with mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to anything Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his re-

THE NEW YEAR!

In a few days we will have to bid an eternal farewell to this year 1878, with all its laughter and tears, its jokes and jests and "merry quips." The echoes of its funeral knell will, however, have scarcely died away on the frosty air, before the shouts of joyous welcome of the year 1879 will "Louis," she whispered, "In those five come floating across the snow-clad field years was there ever any body that came | and forest. The first foot-pace of the New Year on Time's stage will be the signal for friend to greet friend with the salutation. "I wish you a happy New Year." In this, or in some other form like this, will the He holds her in his arms silently, and the same kindly wish be expressed by many loving lips, or kindly look, or warm grasp of the hand from the centre to the

Some will utter it with accents of intoxication, as they reel across the mysterious line dividing the known past from the unknown future, with the certainty that unless they dash the intoxicating cup from their lips forever their career through master of Little Brighton occurs to her given or unforgiving could exist in the the days and weeks and months of the New Year will but add to their sin and shame and ruin. Some will utter it with pained hearts, because of the memories of those gone into the great Hereafter, who "Let me in. I am come as a friend to be remembered against him through the made years past new and happy to them. Some will utter it with mingled fears and hopes, because of the shadow of some loss or disappointment which falls athwart. their heart and home. Some will utter it in the exuberance of youthful spirits, towhom the new and the future are all sun-

shine and flowers. Thus, "A happy New Year!" will pass from lip to lip in the palaces of the rich, be heard in the humble homes of "honest poverty," mingle with the sigh and wail of wind and wave on board ship, and be repeated by the lumbermen in the depths of

silent and lonely forests. The very university of the interchange of the friendly greeting shows that every New Year-every new period of time-is of incalculable importance to us. Important it is as containing the scenes and the elements of our happiness. What are these elements? They are partly outward and partly inward. The outward elements are such as health, money, troops of friends, etc. For us to wish our friends to have these is surely a good wish. But are they the sum and substance of a person's happiness? Decidedly, no! A person may have them all, and in overflowing abun dance, and yet be far from being happy Other elements which belong to the world of mind and spirit must mingle with these to produce real heartfelt joy. A mind and heart full of noble thoughts and kindly sentiments, and exercised by the spirit of the law, which teaches us to do to others as we would have others do to us, can alone extract the honey of happiness from the flowers of outward prosperty. The natural flowers which yield honey to the bee, yield poison to other insects. So it is only the mind and heart permeated by the spirit of goodness which can draw wholesome sweetness from the flowers of outward prosperity. The snarling, snappish, waspish spirit will fly from flower to flower, with no hum of happiness, because

unable to extract any honey from them. When, on January 1, 1879, we will wish each other "A happy New Year!" our wish will or should embrace these two kinds of elements of happiness, especially the spiritual. The Snowflake, in the spirit and meaning of our definition of happiness, begs to greet its every reader, in anticipation of January 1, 1879, with the personal salutation, "I wish you a happy New Year!" NEWCASTLE.

Newcastle Bakery.

CHRISTMAS. "Come, Doctor," said a gentleman to Grand Display of Cakes.

> PLAIN, POUND CAKE. QUEEN, " Princess Louise," "Marquis of Lorne," Buns. ALL KINDS OF PASTRY. Also-Confectionery, Syrups, Choice Fruits, in

Lemons, Oranges, Prunes, Tamarinds, Apples, Dates Raisins, Figs, &c., and everything belonging to a First Class Grocery, at