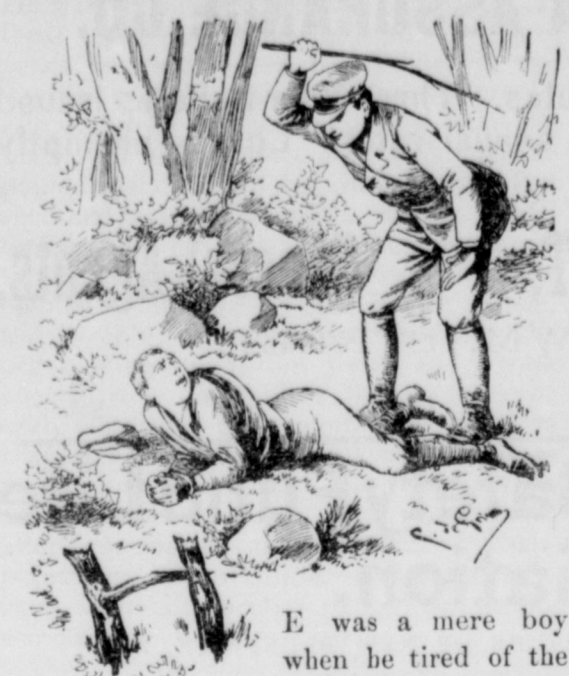


TWO BOYS' ADVENTURES.

AN UNPUBLISHED STORY OF STANLEY'S FIRST EXPEDITION.

He Was a Mere Boy When He Journeyed Through Asiatic Turkey With Another Lad On a Pair of Old Horses—Dare Devil Adventures On the Road.



E was a mere boy when he tired of the monotonous duties of a ship's clerk, and set sail for Smyrna in quest of adventures. He was accompanied on this Quixotic journey by a lad of the name of Lewis H. Noe, now a respected citizen of Sayville, L. I. Like Ulysses, "they travelled far, visited the capitals of many nations, and endured great sufferings on land and sea."

Mr. Noe first made Mr. Stanley's acquaintance in 1864, when the former was a boy of 15 serving as commodore's messenger on board the United States frigate *Minnesota*. Commodore Joseph Lanman, then lying in Hampton Roads. Stanley had enlisted as a sailor, but by reason of his marked ability and skill as a penman, he had been made ship's clerk. He was, even then, full of aspiration for adventure, and had stored his mind with tales of mystery and marvel. He urged Noe, as soon as they should leave the service, to accompany him in a tour through Southern Europe, a proposal that Noe's somewhat romantic nature made him eager to follow. The period of final discharge being yet a long way off, the youths became impatient, and Noe says that Stanley planned their desertion when the *Minnesota* put in for repairs at Portsmouth, N. H. This, he adds, was done by merely affixing the commodore's name, in excellent *fac simile*, to a pass by which the pair were permitted to leave through the navy yard gate. They went directly to New York, and Noe visited his home on Long Island, intending thereafter to return to the ship. But on his way back he met the wicked Stanley in New York, who dissuaded him from returning by picturing the disgrace and punishment that awaited him. He suggested, however, as an alternative means of raising the wind, a frolicsome experiment in the then popular pastime of bounty-jumping. But Noe's neck and his feelings were alike tender, and conscience, quickened by the vision of a halter and a youth dangling at the end of it, literally made his flesh creep. He declined the suggestion, and leaving New York, found work with Joshua Hubbs, a farmer at Hicksville, L. I. But recollection of his wrong-doing still troubled him, and at the end of a week he came again to the metropolis and enlisted as a private under the name of Lewis Morton in the Eighth New York Mounted Volunteers, Colonel Pope commanding. He continued in the service till the close of the war. Stanley, who is believed to have found employment, meantime, in a New York law office, finally



KHAN BAHADOOR, ALIAS STANLEY, IN ABBYSSINIA.

learned his whereabouts and began a correspondence with him in which he opened up a scheme of travel to the Rocky Mountains. As Noe could have joined him in the journey only by again becoming a deserter, the proposal was declined, and Stanley went to Colorado alone. He remained there until the spring of 1866, continuing correspondence with his friend, and stimulating the interest in foreign travel with which he had imbued him early in their intimacy. The war had ended, and, having received an honorable discharge from the army, Noe had returned to the home of his parents when Stanley came back to New York. The latter lost no time in visiting Sayville, and besought the father and mother of Noe to allow their son to accompany him on a journey into Asia. They were inclined, from the statements made to them, to look upon Stanley's previous conduct in deserting as a pardonable indiscretion, and were uninformed of his later efforts to graduate their son as a bounty-jumper. His representations, too, of the possibilities of wealth that offered in the east had their influence upon the worthy couple, and when, in connection with these, they considered the apparently disinterested character of the proposal, they gave their consent. Thus it came to pass that about the first of July, 1866, the young globe trotters left Sayville with a faith resembling Abraham's, solely in its ignorance of whither they went. In New York they met a gentleman named Cook whose acquaintance Stanley had made in the Rocky Mountains, and who was to accompany them on their journey. The trio thence proceeded to Boston where, about

the middle of July, they embarked on the E. H. Yarrington, a vessel bound for Smyrna. Contrary to his expectation Noe was obliged to work his passage. Stanley, very early in the expedition, having met with financial reverses. But he was assured that all his expectations would be more than realized on arriving in the East. Stanley had a project in view that could not fail, which would result in fabulous wealth to them all. When after a 60 days' voyage, however, Smyrna was reached, it became evident that the exchequer stood in no likelihood of being immediately replenished, and its condition was one of extreme exhaustion. But Stanley was undismayed. There was no doubt of success further on; but where and by what means were secrets he studiously kept to himself. With the assurance of one possessed of unlimited resources he negotiated with a guide at Smyrna to accompany his party into the interior, offering him a sum equivalent to \$60 a month and his expenses. Fortunately for himself, the guide declined the offer, and the three travellers proceeded without one.

"On our second day from Smyrna," Mr. Noe continues, "while we were at rest and Mr. Cook was seated by a bunch of bushes half asleep, in boyish sport I set fire to the bushes to give him a scare. I succeeded, and Stanley and I had a good laugh at his expense. But unhappily, the flames spread further than I intended. They caught on a briar hedge and soon destroyed it. The inhabitants of the neighborhood became much excited in consequence, and four or five men, evidently invested with some kind of police authority, came up and, after some resistance on the part of Stanley and Cook, arrested them. During the struggle I escaped and made my way to Smyrna, a distance of ten or twelve miles. That afternoon Stanley came back to Smyrna in search of me, and stated that after I left, he and Mr. Cook had been taken to a guard house where their papers were examined, and that, after some little delay, they were released.

Stanley's power over him Noe declares to have been absolute. Had he been his hypnotized subject he could not have been more completely under his control. Henceforth



EXAMINING THEIR PAPERS.

Stanley required of him unquestioning obedience, and soon after their departure from Smyrna said to him in severest tones: "Remember, you are to do my bidding. If I tell you to cut a man's throat you do it." An act of apparent insubordination soon after brought to the youth such punishment as left no ground for mistaking the significance of these words. Without notice of his intention Stanley led him into a pomegranate forest, a short distance from the traveled road. He then seized him, tied his hands, stripped off his clothing and gave him a sound switching with a rod previously cut from one of the trees. The lashes were administered at intervals during which Stanley recalled facts in their past intercourse when his victim had offended him; and at the end of the chastigation said comfortingly: "Now, I think you're a good boy, just the lad I want for a companion. We will let the matter drop, for I am satisfied." "Two or three days afterwards," Noe adds, "he asked me if I recollected that he had told me on our voyage from Boston to Smyrna that he was going to give me a severe trial, and one which would convince him whether I was the companion he wanted or not? I told him I did. He added, you now see what I meant. It is the way you stood that whipping that has convinced me I made a correct choice."

It was only a day or two after this that Stanley and Noe overtook a Turk who was riding one horse and leading another. Leisurely as was his pace it was with difficulty that the sorry animals on which they rode kept up with him. Stanley, who had learned a little Turkish from a phrase book, engaged the Turk in conversation, and soon the latter—with a motive that cannot be explained—dismounted from his horse and rushed toward Noe with the evident intention of assaulting him. Stanley, following, raised his sabre and dealt him a stroke that would have killed him had he not been protected by a pasteboard stiffening within his fez that broke the force of the blow. The Turk staggered but did not fall. Two other strokes followed, and the men then closed, apparently for a



STANLEY AS A BOY OF ELEVEN.

death struggle. The Turk fought desperately and with a drawn dagger tried to reach his antagonist's heart. Stanley, finding he could not free himself, called out to Noe: "Shoot him, Lewis; shoot him, or he'll kill me!" Noe raised his gun, levelled it at the Turk's head and pulled the trigger. But the rifle did not go off. That morning, Stanley, after shooting at

a mark, had failed to reload it. As an only resort, Noe clubbed the Turk with the butt end of his musket, and with such effect that he let go his grasp of Stanley.

The Turk retreated about in the direction whence he came. Stanley fired two shots after him from a revolver taken from his saddle-bags, and mounting one of the Turk's horses and telling Noe to mount the other, he led off at a gallop, crying out to Mr. Cook, who just then came in sight, "Ho! for the mountains." The fugitives kept their horses going at full speed for a distance of fifteen miles, when they and the riders were alike exhausted and obliged to encamp for the night.

"Meantime," continues Mr. Noe, "the Turk had not been idle. He collected a force of eight or ten men and started in hot pursuit of us; and just before dark when Stanley thought that all was safe, we were startled by the yells of our pursuers, who captured us, bound us with lariats, conveyed us to Chihissar, and there held us prisoners for four or five days, during which we were subjected to cruel torture.

"Each day we were drawn up over the limbs of trees by ropes and lariats placed loosely around our necks to compel us to give them money. At other times they laid our heads on blocks and sharpened knives before us, and by signs made us understand we must give them money or they would cut our throats. As we were penniless we, of course, could not accede to their wishes. But they refused to believe we were without means because it was usual for foreign travellers to be abundantly provided.

"The first night of our imprisonment I was taken out by three of the Turks and treated in a shocking manner. At last, tired of torturing us to no purpose the band took us to Affum-Kara Hissar, a city about four hours travel from Chihissar, where we were again imprisoned and a charge of highway robbery was preferred against us before the Cadi.

"But, fortunately, the excesses of our captors in committing outrages upon us and robbing us of what little we had—our arms, our passports and blankets and our few extra garments—opened an avenue of escape and Stanley's genius was quick to take advantage of it. He, himself, confidently declared: 'Boys, I've got you into this scrape and I'll get you out of it.' He did it most ingeniously and ably. When we were accused of robbery, with leonine assurance, he made a counter accusation, declaring that we not only had not robbed, but had been robbed, and that the truth of his statement might be verified by searching the persons of our accusers. There, sure enough, underneath their garments were found our papers and such portions of our property as they had been able thus to conceal. The Cadi was hence convinced that Stanley's story was true, and our accusers were at once placed under arrest and conveyed to Broussa, a provincial city, nearly a day's journey from Constantinople. After some delay and many adjournments they were all convicted."

During the pendency of the trial, Stanley and his companions paid several visits to Constantinople, reaching there at last, destitute, ragged and forlorn. Stanley was equal once more to the emergency. He appealed to the Hon. E. Joy Morris, their American Minister to Turkey, and so enlisted that gentleman's sympathy that he obtained from him a sum equal to several hundred dollars, which he made good after returning to America. Without waiting for Mr. Cook, who was still at Broussa, Stanley compelled his *protégé* to take ship with him for Marseilles, whence they proceeded directly to Liverpool. "There Stanley left me," says Mr. Noe "at the house of his aunt and uncle, people in humble circumstances, who treated me with the utmost kindness, while he made a trip into Wales, where he was born, and where he lived until he was 15 years old, when he went to America. From his relatives I learned his early history, and that he had possessed the same characteristics as a boy, that he has since exhibited as a man."

Stanley's real name was John Rowland, and he was so addressed by his aunt and uncle in Noe's presence. It was after his arrival in New Orleans, having secured employment from a rich old merchant named Stanley, who took a fancy to him and adopted him, that he assumed his present name.

Such were his phenomenal will-power and self-possession that Noe cannot recall a moment in which he weakened in determination or exhibited fear. "The most daring thing possible in any given circumstances was the thing he was most likely to do. While in Turkey he is said to have become convinced that a uniform of a United States naval lieutenant would be likely to secure for him respect in certain quarters and produce intimidation, when desirable, in others. He had such a suit among his effects, but as it had unfortunately lost the buttons he procured a set of Turkish ones, on which the crescent was plainly discernible, as seen in a photograph remaining in Mr. Noe's possession.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mr. Gladstone watches the house of commons pretty closely. He is a determined "stayer" and no amount of proxy speechifying will drive him home. He remains at his post to the end, even though the session be an all-night one. Very frequently he falls asleep in his chair—in fact 'tis no unusual sight to see one-third of the house dozing placidly while orators are exchanging platitudes on the subject of Armenia or "our foreign relations." But the most inspiring spectacle of all is to see Mr. Gladstone yawn—he performs that refreshing office so earnestly, so deliberately, and with such apparent relish.

Prince Bismarck was one day passing through the Royal Palace at Berlin, when he entered a room in which the young princes were merrily romping and dancing to the music of a barrel organ. The youngsters insisted that Prince Bismarck should stay and dance with them.

"I am too old," said the stiff and stately septuagenarian, "and really I cannot dance, but if the Crown Prince will dance I will grind the organ." The bargain was at once struck.

The Crown Prince joined his two brothers, and Prince Bismarck ground away merrily at the organ while the children danced on in high glee. In the midst of their mirth the door opened and the young Kaiser entered. He smiled to see the redoubtable Reichskanzler grinding the barrel organ, and, after a word of

greeting to his sons, he observed in mock displeasure, to Prince Bismarck, "You begin in good time to make the heir-apparent dance to your piping. Why, this is the fourth generation of Hohenzollerns to whom you devote yourself!"

John Burns, the leader of the London dockmen, is a demagogue of the best type. He has more than once had the chance of enriching himself at the people's expense, but he lives on the salary of a lower bank clerk, in a little dingy back street in Battersea, where there is not a house rented above the means of a laborer in regular work. His life is Spartan in its simplicity. He rises in the small hours, and has often done four hours' solid reading in philosophy or political economy before breakfast-time. He neither smokes nor drinks, and has, in fact, been a total abstainer from tobacco and alcohol all through his life. He has a splendid physique despite his little stature; is as strong as an ox, and can box like a "pug." His dark complexion, black eyes, and jet-black hair and beard give him a foreign air, but there is a vigorous Saxon ring in the rough geniality of his tones, and not a trace of affectation in his manner. He is a good fellow to the back-bone. He has a young and pretty wife (whose features are not unlike those of a well known lady of title and fashion) who has a limitless admiration for him, and to whom he is the best of husbands. His moral courage matches his physical. Witness his public attack upon Stanley not long since, though he and Stanley are and have been on the best of terms. He has been offered £20 for the straw hat which he wore during the dockers' strike.

Tallyrand served eight thousand masters without counting the great number of others who were said to have had him secretly in their pay. He was president of the Constituent Assembly which organized the French Revolution. He went to London on a secret mission with a passport from Danton. He was minister of foreign affairs under the Directory, under the Consulate, under the Empire, under Louis XVIII., and under Louis Philippe. He was a profligate priest, who owed his start in life to an ill-favored joke about the immorality of Paris, made in the drawing-room of Madame du Barry. He was a Bishop, who pleaded that he had been grossly maligned by the statement that he had won a fortune at play—he had not won more than thirty thousand francs. While in office under the Directory, he thwarted their measures and plotted for the *coup d'état* of Napoleon. While in office under Napoleon, he intrigued with the Emperors of Russia and Austria to defeat his plans, and plotted for the return of the Bourbons. While in office under Louis XVIII., he plotted for that King's overthrow, and the accession of Louis Philippe. At the end he had a king at his bedside, and a Cardinal of Paris to bless him as he breathed his last.—Daily News.

Dining in England with a very straight-laced set of people, who he fancied, considered him as something little short of an orge, Sir Richard Burton met several very young ladies, and he made up his mind to horrify them. He commenced giving a narrative of an imaginary shipwreck on the Red Sea, or the Blue Nile, remote from all human habitation or help. After describing how they all suffered from the pangs of hunger, and the wolfish glances they began to cast on each other from time to time, as the days wore on, and no relief came; dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper, almost under his breath, he added: "The cabin-boy was young and fat, and looked very tender, and on him, more than on any other, such looks were cast, until—"

Here he paused, looked around at the strained and startled faces of his auditors, in which horror was depicted, and then abruptly concluded, as though dismissing a disagreeable memory—"But these are not stories to be told at a cheerful dinner party, in a Christian country, and I had best say no more. Let us turn to some more cheerful subject."

Of course he was pressed to continue, and complete his story, but stubbornly refused; leaving his hearers in a most unsatisfactory state of mind as to the denouement of the unfinished narrative.

Burton told me he was thoroughly convinced, by the startled looks cast upon him by the younger ladies, that he believed that he and his tougher comrades in the shipwreck had roasted and eaten that cabin-boy whose tenderness he had so eulogized. They seemed to have no doubt that he really was a cannibal, in fact as well as in intention.—Edwin de Leon.

The black veil of final and absolute retirement from and renunciation of the world and its pleasures has been taken by Miss Kate Drexel, the Philadelphia heiress to \$7,000,000. In complying with its requirements Sister Mary Catherine not only gave herself a bride to the church, but promised to devote her mental talents and her vast wealth to the education and amelioration of the condition of the Indians and negroes. It may be six months before Miss Drexel issues forth with her little band of workers. According to Mother Neri, of Mercy Convent, Sister Catherine, as superior of the new Order, will retain control of her immense income, which she will in reality hold in trust for the benefit of the Order.

A Great Compensation.

Visitor—Are you going to be a great man when you grow up, Willie?

Willie—You bet! I'm going to be an arctic explorer.

"An arctic explorer's life is full of hardships, Willie."

"Yes'm. But I can stand 'em, I reckon."

"I like your spirit, my-boy. There is a great deal of glory to be gained in a career of that kind."

"Yes'm. And you don't never have to wash your face."—Chicago Tribune.

Only Once.

It was a pitiful mistake,
An error sad and grim;
I waited for the railway train,
The light was low and dim.

It came at last and from the car
There stepped a dainty dame,
And looking up and down the place,
She straight upon me came.

"Oh Jack!" she cried, "Oh, dear old Jack!"
And kissed me as she spoke;
Then looked again, and frightened cried
"On what a bad mistake!"

I said "Forgive me, maiden fair
That I am not your Jack;
And as regards the kiss you gave,
I'll straightaway give it back."

And since that night I have often stood
On the platform lighted dim;
But only once in a man's whole life
Do things come to him.—Boston Courier.

CANADIAN AND LITERARY NOTES.

The *Week*, which does not entertain all Mr. Goldwin Smith's theories, but nevertheless admires him, says of his late address on loyalty, given before the Young Men's Liberal Club:

Probably few readers . . . would conclude it without finding sentiments from which they would very cordially dissent . . . But the charm of the style, the moderation of the language, the breadth and toleration of spirit, and the lucidity and dispassionateness of the reasoning, all mark it as the production of the hand of a master in the science and art of literature . . . None of us are bound to adopt Mr. Goldwin Smith's political views, and not many of us are likely to do so in all respects, but none of us can, without singular ingratitude, forget the great services he has rendered, and is rendering to Canadian literature.

If a too liberal disposition to praise—somewhere denominated as daubing with "critical taffy"—is indicated in some current comments on Canadian literary products, it is a fault easily forgiven, except by such as are without sympathy and are of fastidious tastes. Such motives as those of servility, truckling, or self-seeking, need not be ascribed, nor need it be assumed the makers of such comments are devoid of discernment and are without discrimination. The character in this respect attributed by Macaulay to Dryden may be applicable in other quarters:

His literary creed was catholic, even to latitudinarianism; not from any want of acuteness but from a disposition to be easily satisfied. He was quick to discern the smallest glimpse of merit; he was indulgent even to gross improprieties, when accompanied by any redeeming talent. When he saw a severe thing, it was to serve a temporary purpose, to support an argument or to tease a rival. Never was so able a critic so free from fastidiousness. He loved the old poets, especially Shakespeare. He admired the ingenuity which Donne and Cowley had so wisely abused. He did justice, amid the general silence, to the memory of Milton. He praised to the skies the school-boy lines of Addison. Always looking on the fair side of every object, he admired extravagance on account of the invention which he supposed it to indicate; he excused affectation in favor of wit; he tolerated even tameness for the sake of the correctness which was its concomitant.

The fourth prize story of *The Week's* series is "Winona's Tryst," by Jessie M. Freeland, of Brockville, Ont. The incidents in this pathetic little tale, quite cleverly told, connect themselves with the rebellion of 1837. Winona is a Huron maiden, whose devotion to the fiery young Hugh Gordon is even to the death. *The Week* might well advertise another series. In the same issue appear a vividly picturesque account of "Indian life in British Columbia," by Susan Louisa Allison; a delicate bit of Weirs' verse; and a reprint of "A Canadian People," from the *Fortnightly Review*, the author of which is George Baden Powell. The editor takes note of two important works recently issued in London and New York; "Royal Edinburgh: her saints, kings, prophets and poets," by Mrs. Oliphant; and certain volumes containing graphic portraits of ladies of the French court (from Marie Antoinette to Marie Louise), translated from M. Imbert St. Amand by Thomas Sergeant Perry. Both of these works are doubtless literary treasures, of substantial and permanent value.

Some notes on recent Canadian books are thus mentioned. From the subjects they must needs be of peculiar interest to such a lover of our country's history as Mrs. Curzon:

I have just gone through a little book that pleases me very much. It is "Hemlock, a tale of 1812," by Robert Sellar, Huntingdon, Que. The story itself is a pretty one, and is well told; and the history involved is correct and careful. The scene lies near the field of the battle of Chateaugay, but is shifted to the Upper Ottawa, among the Oka Indians, to an American camp, and to several interesting but more domestic localities, which have each some sentiment woven round it. D. B. Reed's "Life of Brock" is ready for press, but I have not heard who the publisher will be.

Another book, dealing with our past, is promised, but I must only mention the subject, which is the Negro in Canada.

The Proctor cowardice controversy is not quite ended. *Historicus* has challenged Charles Mair by name to show proof of the correctness of his characterization in *Twentieth*. And there is no doubt but Mr. Mair will take up the gauntlet as soon as he is aware of the challenge.

Rev. Principal Grant avows that, as an advocate of Imperial Federation, it "does not interest him if its advantages were simply to put money into the purses of the Canadian people, advantage means the best development and progress of the nation. It is not so much the acquisition of wealth as the better performance of duties, the development of political life, and the safety of the commonwealth." Whatever practical condition of things will secure these results—obtain us that condition. But just here is the question; and what sage without experience can answer?

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, R. C. A., read an able paper on "Canadian Art of today" at the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening, Jan. 31st., in which he spoke warmly of the growing national sentiment of Canadians, as being one of the most hopeful signs for the advance of art in our country.

Prof. Lloyd delivered the third of the Trinity College series of Saturday afternoon lectures at the College Hall on the 31st ult., on the subject, "Japanese Language and Thought." The reverend lecturer showed that he was quite at home, with his subject, and his lecture was able, interesting and instructive.—*The Week*.

A late practical beatitude is a temporary home for brain-worn work-weary authors to be established in Brooklyn, N. Y. The

scheme is substantially supported by Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, and others good Samaritans of the age. The plan contemplated is a good one, and we trust it will not fail for lack of support.

I have thought sometimes that a collection of such records as eminent writers of great impressionability have left of their preferences, and especially of the effect of certain natural objects and influences upon them, would be highly interesting. Of course in verse, and in a general or inferential way, we have an abundance of such passages in English verse from Chaucer to Tennyson, such as Chaucer's partiality for the daisy, which he shares with several other poets. But I mean chiefly such passages in prose as that of Burns in his celebrated biographical epistle to Dr. Moore, familiar to the reader, in which he refers to the effect produced on him by an autumnal wind shaking the tops of some hillside grove by which he happened to be wandering, as well as that other letter to Mrs. Dunlop, in which he descants after this manner:

This day—the first Sunday of May—a breezy, blue-skyed noon, sometime about the beginning, and a hoary morning, and calm, sunny day, about the end of autumn; these time of mind have been with me a kind of holiday.

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-briar rose, the building birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, like the Eolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings within us argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities as God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.

Have we got so far beyond this in our philosophy of to-day?

A "man and brother," who has struggled into some measure of power and influence against almost every obstacle that fate or fortune can oppose, writes to us of his hopes and aims:

I thank you very much for your . . . kindly feeling toward one of the least and feeblest of Canada's sons. Circumstances, partly for which I blame myself and partly over which I have had no control, have put me in this position, else had I brought to my beloved country an offering more worthy than a "harvest of withered leaves." . . . Yet, if I can say one word that will be remembered for the benefit of my native land or the human race, I shall not consider my life lived in vain.

Courage and good cheer, my goodly-meaning friend—the future is an unseen field,

Like dust from scornful fingers cast,
And scattered on the odorous blast,
Let not its unprofitable past,
Oppress the soul;
If now we run, we may at last
Attain the goal.

The correspondent mentioned above informs us that he has "a poetical friend in Kingsclear, N. B., who has written, printed and bound, himself, several poetical productions which are above the average standard. . . . He is intensely religious and deeply imbued with the 'Identification' doctrine, of which Hines is the apostle, viz.: the identification of the British nation with the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel." We own ourself curious to see some of this work.

When the best literature abounds to all—words of beauty, words of power, the literature of "sweetness and light"—poetry, history, biography, science, religion, elevating fiction and romance—why, O why will so many still feed on garbage, and prefer a book which it did not require sense or genius to write, and which would disgust and revolt a wholesome taste if touched, and which is printed with the slatternliness of a slop-rag? Reader, stop! Ask, Is this well written? Was it worth writing? Ought I to be pleased with such a thing? Will it not hurt and disgrace me to read it? P. F.

Note.—The name of Mr. J. F. Herbin was inadvertently omitted from the review of his poems in last week's issue. It is himself who is an alumnus of Acadia College, rather than Mr. Anslow, his printer.

Edgar's Presence of Mind.
"Edgar!"
There were italics in her voice that sent a thrill of apprehension through him.
"What is it?" he cried.
"A hair on your coat lapel!"
"It can't be any one's but yours."
"Do not think to deceive me. My hair is brown; this is blonde, very blonde."
Edgar was silent for several heart-beats, and then, with a sigh of relief, said:
"Yes, my dearest. But this is an old coat. When I last wore it to see you blond hair was the fashion."—*Washington Post*.

A Japanese Wife Seeker.
Here is a translation of an advertisement found in a Japanese newspaper of recent date, under the heading, "Wanted—A Wife": If she is pretty she need not be clever. If she is rich she need not be pretty. If she is clever, she need not be perfect in form (provided always that she be not conceited). Her station in life is no object; neither is the remoteness of her place of abode, whether in country or town. She ought to be in the neighborhood of 20 years of age, more or less. The would-be bridegroom is an artist of Osaka, occupying a medium position in society.—*Ex.*

A Simpler Method.
Anxious Mother: "I wish, Susan, that when you give baby a bath you would use the thermometer so as to ascertain whether the water is at the proper temperature."
Susan: "Oh, don't you worry about that, ma'am. I don't need no thermometers. If the little 'un turns red, the water's too hot! if it turns blue, it's too cold; and that's all there is about it."