[CRAD]LE-SONG OF THE POOR.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Hush! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
[Dea]r, I have [no br]ead to give thee,
[Nothing, child,] to ease thy pain!
[When God sent] thee first to bless me,
[Proud, and] thankful, too, was I;
[Now, my dar]ling, I, thy mother,
[Almost l]ong to see thee die.
[Sleep, my] darling, thou art weary,
God is good, but life is dreary.

[I hav]e watched thy beauty fading,
[An]d thy strength sink day by day,
[So]on, I know, will want and fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.

Better thou should perish early;
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than in helpless sin and sorrow
Vainly live as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace, were flown,
Than thy heart grew cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all opprest,
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to his heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.

Such the plaint, that late and early,
Did we listen, we might hear
Close beside us—but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, as God's bright angel,
Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when his children
Bring his poor ones joy and peace.

THE MYSTERY OF FULTON VALENCE.

BY MRS. BEATRICE McGOWAN.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER V.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE.

When first I awoke to consciousness after that dreadful day at Cranmer Castle, the snow lay thick and white upon the ground.

I remember wondering why I felt so strangely weak that I could not even raise myself in the bed.

"My dear, you have been very ill. Have a little patience, Diane, and the strength will soon come back."

It was Lady Valence who spoke, and I noticed a strange gentleness in her voice.

I was lying, propped up with pillows in her own sitting room—my first attempt down stairs—listening, also for the first time, to what had all been a mystery ever since, the end of my adventure at Cranmer.

It appeared that when I had heard the shout, Sir Reginald had discovered brave old Roberts in the very act of lifting Alice off her perilous perch. In his rude knowledge he had discovered that of which we would never have dreamed. That underneath the thick growth of ivy—to the left of where she was sitting—were the remains of a flight of stone steps, evidently forming a secret stairway—as they were sunk in the masonry of the wall—between the keep and some other tower, since fallen into decay. By clinging to the overgrowth it had afforded the old man ample footing to reach and rescue the child without further need of my romantic services.

It also solved the enigma of her success.

"Had I been there you never should have attempted such a mad exploit," her ladyship said, in conclusion, "and I think that Rex must have been as mad as yourself to have sanctioned it for a moment."

"Please, don't speak of it now," I entreated, all the wretched recollections of the pain I had suffered coming back with her words. "He could not do anything else, and I made him let me go."

"You are a good girl, Di., and I hope my son may be worthy of you."

"My Lady!"

I ejaculated in surprise.

"My dear, Rex has told me *everything.*"

"O! he has not; he cannot, or you would never sanction it, I am sure. You, so good and honorable in everything."

"Diane, what have you done?" she cried, catching me by the arm. "Anything to make you unworthy of being my son's wife?"

"Me unworthy of *him!*"

"Your words—reluctant as I would be to believe it—certainly implied so. You said I would not sanction it, did I know all, my dear. I have known you but a short time; my son I have known *all* his life."

Did she know him, I wondered, even as well as I did!

Should I tell her if she was ignorant? Had I any right to betray Sir Reginald, even to his mother? Might he not—in mercy to her—have deceived her in regard to Alice's parentage?

Surely, had I been in my right senses I could never have held such a supposition for even a second. Deceive Lady Valence!

Looking out over the beautiful grounds where park and lawn lay bathed in the purity of new fallen snow and thinking of the home, so peaceful and happy, now; of the only son, so honored and beloved; I made up my mind. I, least of all—for the kindness shown me—would never be the one to repay it by bringing discord among them, let come what would.

"Why do you not answer me, Diane?" her ladyship asked.

"Because I cannot," I faltered, thinking at the same time of a miserable prevarication.

"You are certainly aware that I cannot be satisfied with anything less than an explanation, after your very strange words." And I, knowing her so well, knew that she would not.

"He asked you to marry him, did he not?" she asked, coldly.

"Yes, my lady."

I felt myself growing white to the lips.

"Pardon me, and you then—"

"Refused him. Or—or at least I must."

It was done!

She could not help it, the look of supreme amazement. But O, the expression of relief that came into her face also. And I knew its meaning: surprise that I, a penniless girl, should presume to refuse the master of *Fulton Valence.*

"Do not ask me any more," I cried, despairingly, "Believe me it is no fault of mine. There is no reason why I should not be your dear daughter, only that—that [illegible]."

"I understand," she said, gently, bending over me, "I could wish that it might have been, but you could not love him, Diane. You are a brave little girl, not to be tempted from the right."

I understood what she meant, that I held her son's wealth and rank, lower than I did the love that I must bring my husband.

I only wonder that I did not cry aloud in my torture. I who loved him better—even *then*—than, God forgive me, I loved my own life.

"I am afraid, my dear, that your answer will cause great pain. I think that he quite expected something very different. Perhaps I had better tell him and—

"No, No, I cried, "tell him nothing. He will take it better from me. Dear, Lady Valence do not speak of it any more for the love of Heaven."

Perhaps she saw how weak I really was, and that prevented her from feeling surprised at my strange vehemence.

For days after that I never left my own rooms, except to sit with Lady Valence, and that only at such times that I knew we were perfectly safe from intrusion.

I persistently refused to see Sir Reginald although not a day passed but some kind message reached me from him.

Miss Carleon had gone back to her home in Hythe, taking Alice with her, during the first week of my illness.

It wanted but one day to Christmas. I could see from the windows the men bringing in the holly and mistletoe for the usual Christmas decorations.

Dear old English custom! O! how I love it. Wreathing all the home shrines in the beautiful evergreen, so typical of what the home love should be! making the hearts of the children overflow in delightful anticipations of wonderful trees, laden with all the stores of St. Nicholas. Mistletoe boughs for the young people—

"Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know,
What is done under the mistletoe."

And then for the elders, floating visions of steaming punch bowls, good cheer and the hearty *waes hael* of our Saxon ancestors. While over every christian country the bells ring in "Good will to men," with every chime that heralds in the glorious anniversary, of that precious life, that saved us all.

I crept down to the drawing-room in the dusk of the evening, to see the decorations before the lamps should be lit.

Every where, where a bit of holly was possible it had been placed, the red berries lying in pretty contrast to the dark green of the leaves. Over pictures, doors, cornices—every thing was wreathed with it, and in the centre of the great arch, a crown of mistletoe hung in waiting.

"Never did sweeter face, love, go,
Blushing beneath the mistletoe."

A voice sang, low, right behind me, and before I could turn round a pair of arms held me prisoner.

"How dare you," I cried, angrily. "Who are you?" "One who wishes you a very Merry Christmas, dear Di," the voice said, in its own voice and not in the disguised one that had deceived me so completely.

"Do you know, little one, that you have been barbarously cruel to me of late."

"Sir Reginald, do you deem it either honorable or gentlemanly to use such words to me, under the circumstances," I asked, indignantly, "after the disgraceful avowal you made to me at Cranmer?"

He did not answer immediately as I expected, but going over to the fire, stirred the coals into a bright blaze. I could see by the light that he was very pale.

"Now, Diane," he said, quietly, "come here, where I can see you."

"I obeyed," standing before him in the bright firelight.

"I am disappointed in you, Enid," all he said, smiling.

He took it cool—smiling—while I was trembling from head to foot.

"And you—" I retorted, vehemently. "Geraint was at least *honorable.* He was *Sans peur et sans reproche* in spite of all his absurd jealousy. He loved the woman he tortured."

"What can you mean?" he asked, "you are a veritable mystery to me. Di., I must confess."

Was it possible that he could *not* understand? Was he *mocking* me?

"You! You tell me that? You who are one despicable mystery from beginning to end."

"What has come to you, child; did I not tell you that I loved you?"

"Yes, and what *right* had you to tell me so?"

"What right had I? The right that every man possesses I suppose, to try and win the woman he loves for his own. And O, Diane," a strange earnestness coming into his voice, "I thought that you knew *how* I loved you and that you returned it. At least you did not repulse me, and I have been so sure of you these last few wretched weeks—so sure that I was content to wait for my answer—not even feeling hurt when you refused to see me. I *trusted* you, Enid, for God's sake say that you are but jesting now."

"Douglas, Douglas,
Tender and true."

Why did it come into my head just then? When he looked so handsome in his proud strength and I felt myself so weak and pitiable by the contrast.

I am not jesting; I am only speaking the hard truth. You remember the last question I asked of you," I added, my cheeks burning. "Who Alice was?"

"And I told you," he answered, quietly.

I looked at him.

"And telling me that, and that her mother is living, you dare to ask me to marry you.

"And why should I not?

"O, this is too much, I cried, "you say you love me and even when that—that woman is alive to reproach you, you offer me this disgrace. Were she dead a hundred times over I would never be your wife, knowing *that.*"

"Diane, your words are very harsh ones. *That* thank God is past, and no dishonourable act of mine e'er yet stained the name I bear. I do not see that another's act—even were that other my only brother—could so materially reflect upon me; of course we all felt the disgrace keenly, my mother most of all, because she was always so proud of Guy, but she most gladly sanctioned my suit to you. Diane, you will not punish *me* for the error my brother committed?"

Did my ears deceive me? What was he saying? in a choking voice, I gasped out.

"As you hope for the mercy of Heaven, are you telling me the truth now?"

(Conclusion in our next.)

Winter begins December 21st, 1877, at 11.42 a.m., and lasts 98 days, 0 hours, 52 minutes.

Spring begins March 20, 1878, at 0.34 p.m., and lasts 92 days, 20 hours, and 21 minutes.

Summer begins June 21st, 1878, at 8.55 a.m., and lasts 93 days, 14 hours, and 23 minutes.

Autumn begins September 22nd, 1878, at 11.18 p.m., and lasts 89 days, 18 hours, and 15 minutes.

"Words," says Lavater, are the wings of action. Now, Mary, get up and make the fire—git.—[Evansville (Ind.) Journal.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Sister of Charity, gentle and dutiful,
Loving as seraphim, tender and mild,
In humbleness strong, and in purity beautiful,
In spirit heroic, in manners a child.
Ever thy love like an angel's reposes,
With hovering wings o'er the sufferer here,
Till the arrows of death are half hidden in roses,
[illegible]

[illegible]
As clouds in the [illegible] to heaven unrolled,
The [illegible] precedes him expiring,
And the cross on the bosom his last looks behold;
And oh! as the [illegible] to the words of love listen,
What [illegible] descend on thee then,
Thus the [illegible] dew in the bright iris glistens
And returns to the flower more richly again.

Sister of Charity, child of the holiest,
O, for thy living soul, ardent as pure—
Mother of orphans and friend of the lowliest
Stay of the wretched, the guilty the poor;
The embrace of the Godhead so plainly enfolds thee
Sanctity's halo so shrines thee around,
Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee,
Nor droops in thy presence abashed to the ground.

Dim is the fire of the summer's blushes,
Burning the breast of the maidenly rose
To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty flushes,
When the incense ascends and the sanctuary glows;
And the music, that [illegible] language is pealing
Adoration has bowed him in silence and sighs,
And man, intermingled with angels, is feeling
The passionless [illegible] that comes from the skies.

O, that this heart, whose unspeakable treasures
Of love have been wasted so vainly on clay,
Like thine were devoted [illegible] the phantoms of pleasure,
Could rend every earthly affection away.
And yet in thy presence, the billows subsiding
Obey the strong effort of reason and will,
And my soul in its pristine tranquility gliding
Is calm as when God bid the ocean be still.

Thy soothing how gentle! thy pity how tender!
[illegible] thy voice is—thy step angel grace,
And thy union with Deity shines in a splendour
Subdued but unearthly, thy spiritual face.
When the frail chains are broken, a captive that [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] in the prison of clay,
[illegible] Earth's shadows around thee
[illegible] eternity's day.

Still mindful, as now, of the sufferer's story,
Arresting the thunders of wrath ere they roll,
Intervene, as a cloud between us and his glory,
And shield from his lightnings the shuddering soul.
As mild as the moonbeam in autumn descending,
That lightning, extinguished by mercy, shall fall,
While he hears with the wail of a penitent blending
The prayer, Holy Daughter of Vincent de Paul.

Written for the WEEKLY HERALD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

BY NOW AND THEN.

Having, at an early age, become slightly afflicted with, I might say, a mania for travelling in other lands than where I was fated to have been ushered into existence, became to the conclusion the first favorable opportunity that would present itself would find me wending my way to some other portion of this mundane sphere. Where would I go? What region would I seek in quest of fame, fortune, and the many other gilded shadows that lure the unsophisticated and the [illegible] from [illegible] happy homes? California had seen for many years a great magnet of attraction for such adventurous spirits, and, under the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that I, too, was suddenly seized with the fever—dazzled by the glitter of its golden shores. For, as the [illegible] disposition remarked when she reversed her opera glasses to gaze on the beauties of the "Black Crook," "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view," and to that marvellous land of wealth and splendour would I bend my wanderings [illegible] and see for myself if the many extravagant tales I had heard of this modern Eldorado were realities or merely fancy arising from the heat-oppressed brain. Of course my friends and relatives were heartily opposed to my wandering notions. My scheme was of course, pronounced wild and foolish—"a rolling stone never gathers any moss," and several other epithets of a similar nature were hurled at me in the vain hope to keep me "the tranquil [illegible]" at home. It was on a bright May morning, in the Spring of 1865, that I stood on the deck of the good steamer "New Brunswick," and around me a number of my young friends, who had come to see me off—friends of youth's bright day who had been my associates from childhood and my boon companions in later years through many a gay and festive scene. The last bell was ringing out its parting chimes, the plank was pushed ashore, and the steamer swung from her moorings, leaving me all alone in my glory. I pulled my cambric from my pocket and flung it gaily to the breeze, waving a last adieu to the many friends I left behind, all of whom, I am sure, wished me success in the land I was going to. And, now that I was really off, I began for the first time to think on the [illegible] of my situation. I felt that I was going forth into the world alone, unknown and unheard of to battle with all its trials, troubles and disappointments; and as I watched the fast receding outlines of the city that had given me birth, I half exclaimed "Farewell, a long farewell to all thy greatness."

As the trip from St. John to Boston has been so often and so ably described and is so well known to the majority of people in this region, I will not attempt to fatigue you with a recital of it. Suffice it to say that on board I found several persons with whom I was acquainted, and we continued to amuse ourselves very agreeably with "seven-up," "euchre," and several other little games which serve to break the dull monotony of life while travelling on the deep blue sea. After leaving Eastport it commenced to rain quite lively and the sea became quite rough, which considerably annoyed those delicate creatures who, whenever they venture forth upon salt water, are invariably compelled to pay tribute to Neptune by being afflicted with sea sickness. Turn in whatever direction you would there was always to be found some of these unfortunate individuals "piling on the agony." I distinctly remember one poor fellow, who had wandered all the way from Fredericton; he had just taken unto himself a wife, and in company with his young and blushing bride was on a tour of pleasure to the neighbouring Republic,—but for my part I could not exactly discover where the pleasure was travelling in that fashion, for he and his fair "Cara sposa" were so lamentably sick as to make them a sorry sight for pitying humanity to look upon. I formed the acquaintance of this apparently unhappy bridegroom, and I was almost tempted to ask him if he did not at one time vow to love, cherish and protect that fair young maiden, but I refrained, for I saw plainly enough that if he was willing to love and cherish her he was not able to protect her for the simple reason that, at that particular time, he was not able to protect himself. [illegible] infallible remedy [illegible] all the ills [illegible] "Temperance question." I left him to his fate, admiring his moral courage and pitying his misfortune. We arrived at the "modern Athens," the "Hub of all Creation," as the Bostonians love to term their not very beautiful city, at seven p.m., on the 9th of May. The rain was coming down in a lively manner, and I was immediately conveyed to my comfortable lodgings on Court Square. In the morning, after a night of sweet repose, I sauntered forth for a walk through the narrow and crooked streets of the Tri-mountain city, and as I had been in Boston a short time previous, I managed to navigate successfully through its serpentine and intricate thoroughfares, and having on that occasion made the ascent of Bunker Hill Monument, and from that giddy eminence had a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country; saw the spot where Warren fell; paid a visit to the State House, Faneuil Hall, Quincy Market; lounged for a while around its beautiful Common; in short, seen and done everything that strangers are generally supposed to see and do on such occasions. My stay in Boston was of brief duration, at five p.m. I took the train that leaves the Providence Depot, *en route* for the great commercial city of New York.

It was, indeed, a beautiful evening, the sun was shining brightly as she pursued her course towards the western horizon, nature was clothed in her prettiest garb of green. The whistle of the locomotive sounded its shrill blast, and the "iron-horse" commenced making tracks for its destination. Boston, with all its historic associations, speedily vanished from sight, and in the dim twilight of evening we arrived at Providence. We remained a few moments, just long enough for the passengers to get off who wished Providence to watch over them on that night in question.

At ten p.m. we reached a small village called Groton, where we were transferred to the steamer "Plymouth Rock," one of those magnificent floating palaces that ply on Long Island Sound. In a few moments we went upon our way rejoicing, the pale moon was casting its feeble light upon the calm and placid waters, but at that particular time I did not care much for gazing on "yon pale moon," or of taking astronomical observations of any kind whatever, for my vision was becoming limited, and I felt like partaking of a small dose of "Nature's sweet restorer"—balmy sleep; and I stood not upon the order of my going, but went at once and—slept.

The following morning, at an early hour, I was aroused from my slumbers by a watchful African, who informed me that we had arrived safely at our moorings in New York. I was soon at my lodgings in the vicinity of City Hall Park.—it wasn't the "Astor House," it was nearly opposite, a favourite resort for persons journeying to California. Here I was in New York on the morning of the 11th of May, and as the steamer was not to sail for California until the 16th, I flattered myself I would have a splendid opportunity of seeing the elephant and the various other animals that are to be seen in this great human menagerie. During my short stay I enjoyed myself hugely in a truly Christian manner, visiting the principal places of interest,—its beautiful Central Park, Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn, and numerous other places of note. The theatre, of course, I patronized extensively, winding up with a visit to Barnum's museum. At that time, any person visiting New York always made it a point to visit Barnum's great curiosity shop. Barnum is acknowledged to be a great humbug, but, I must say, his show was worth visiting once, (not oftener). A person could see all that was to be seen for the small sum of 25 cents; I made an investment of the aforesaid amount one pleasant afternoon. I found the place crowded with women and children; unsophisticated youths like myself from the country; pickpockets, I presume, plying their vocation, and other specimens of the *genus homo.* I remained about an hour amusing myself by gazing upon the huge proportions of the Nova Scotia giantess; smoothing the golden locks of the Circassian girl; pulling hairs out of the tail of his "Woolly horse;" besides going one eye generally on all his varied collection of monstrosities, and with the other optic I looked out for my loose change, which I had scattered around indiscriminately in all my pockets; and after satisfying myself that I had received an equivalent for my money, I took a quiet stroll down Broadway—one of the finest and most fashionable thoroughfares in the world. Gentle reader, have you ever taken a promenade along that gay and busy thoroughfare on a pleasant afternoon? Well, ain't it a mystery where all the people come from and where they are going, and what they are going to do when they get there; how the place is thronged with all sorts of people: it is as much as a person's life is worth to attempt to cross the street at certain hours of the day, for it seems to be continually filled with vehicles of every description, that are whirled along at such a rate as to endanger life or limb, in a foolish attempt to gain the other side; and then the elegant and costly structures that line the street on either side have to be seen to be properly appreciated.

At the time of which I write the civil and fratricidal war, which had raged so furiously for the preceding four years, was about terminating. Grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front;" and after an expenditure of so much blood and treasure in the cause of right and justice, the poor unhappy South was lying prostrate, bleeding from every pore, at the feet of the victorious Union armies. The curtain was about going down on the last act of the rebellion; still, from appearances in that great city, there was nothing much to indicate that the nation had just emerged from one of the most gigantic rebellions the world ever saw, with the exception, perhaps, of the many maimed and crippled heroes, who had gone forth to battle for their country, and now could be seen at my side, having just returned from scenes of blood and carnage on many a well-fought field, terribly scarred and mutilated. New York, at that particular time, with all its greatness and all its splendour, had not the same attraction for me as it would have, perhaps, were I merely on a pleasure trip. I was looking towards the setting sun, and my thoughts were wandering back to the dear ones I had left behind and away towards the golden shores of the Pacific slope, and my imagination conjured up everything that was beautiful in the land I was so anxious to see. Time passed quickly away, and the morning of the 16th of May dawned bright and beautiful, and I leisurely wended my way to the foot of Canal street, to pier No. [illegible] North River, where the good steamer "Costa Rica," was lying, awaiting her living freight, who, like myself, were bound for the land of gold.

At this stage of my journey, I must confess that I felt a little homesick, from the fact that I was going to the land of my dreams a high-toned steerage passenger, and the horrors of such a trip had been often painted to me in glowing colors, by persons who had been over the road, that I commenced to have some gloomy forebodings that I would not be enabled to endure it all for twenty-four days. I then saw what an advantage it is to be possessed with an abundance of this world's goods, but unfortunately I was not thus afflicted and, as a consequence, I had to get through the best way I could under the circumstances. At that time the fare was extremely high, and to take a cabin passage would go considerably beyond my pile and I was, therefore, contented to go with the majority of the folks in the forward portion of the ship. There were about three hundred persons going in the same direction and in the same fashion as your humble servant. Bustle and confusion seemed [illegible] supreme. Jew and Gentile, [illegible] Passengers, women and children, laughing dogs and crying babies, were huddled together in every conceivable manner,—some of them occupying very prominent positions on huge piles of luggage, and there was more than one duck of a bonnet came to grief and rendered unfit for service in the future from too much pressure on the band-boxes that were strewn around the vessel's deck. I looked around for some time to see if I could not discover some familiar face among that motley group of three hundred individuals, and at last, I was successful. I was agreeably surprised to find a young man I had known for years; he had been in California before and was now returning a second time. We were glad to see each other and we both took a drink and felt happy.

At noon, after considerable bustle and confusion, we parted our cables at the pier; friends were bidding friends a long and sad farewell; handkerchiefs were waving in abundance, in the merry laughing sunshine, from the passengers on board to their friends on *terra firma,* and amid this parting scene we speedily shot out upon the rippling waters of the North River, with the prow of our gallant barque turned toward the deep and turbulent waters of the blue Atlantic,—passing in our course out to sea an innumerable fleet of vessels of every description and mould which would ever and anon cross our path in such a manner that a collision seemed imminent at any moment. Fortunately nothing of the kind occurred, and in a short time we were well rid of these little annoyances.

Closely hugging the classic shores of New Jersey on our way down, towards evening we were fairly out to sea, our noble vessel breasting the waves (which even then were beginning to assume some shape,) in such beautiful style as to make a person feel that he was all right on board of such a craft. And here it was that I began to see the different phases of sea-sickness in its many aggravated forms, for even at this early stage of our ocean voyage it commenced playing sad havoc with at least two-third of my fellow voyagers. Of course there was any quantity of these folks who never in their lives before seen the briny deep, living all their lives previously far into the interior of some portion of this sad wicked world—far away from the roar of Neptune's great ocean. They presented, to the eye of the unafflicted beholder, rather a melancholy spectacle,—apparently they didn't seem to care what became of them: whether school kept or not. Some of them looked so far gone that a person (unacquainted with the nature of the disease) would almost come to the conclusion that they were about to shuffle off this mortal coil immediately, if not sooner. They would roll around the vessel's deck like a porpoise on the bosom of the great ocean, and every time the ship would heave they would heave too, while others, who had a little more life left, would crawl around inaudibly exclaiming perhaps: "Oh! for my home in the wild woods or some other spot, where sea-sickness never comes." As for your humble servant I was not thus afflicted during all my salt water career, nor would I ever wish to be on any voyage, for—if it is really as bad a it seems to be—a person thus annoyed must, indeed, be in a rather queer frame of mind.

As the sun was quietly sinking to rest, beneath the western horizon, our evening meal was prepared; and oh, ye gods and little fishes! such a meal. You may talk as much as you please of your down town boarding houses, or your benevolent free lunches—such food as met my astonished gaze on that especial evening would almost make a person vow that he would never eat any more, and on that beautiful diet we had to exist for twenty-three days. A person should have great fortitude and immense powers of endurance to go through all that. There were no luxuries of the season to be seen around that table; no, not much! Nothing but a hungry and ravenous looking mass of humanity, who appeared eager and willing to devour anything that came within their reach. The plate which adorned the queer looking table consisted of tin—very rusty and delapitated looking tin it was. The provisions were served up by four or five rough-looking fellows in such a style as would make a waiter at a cheap hotel blush for his profession. The bill of fare consisted of something they termed tea—the last of the kind, I think, ever seen outside of China and as black as midnight,—together with ship bread, commonly called at sea "hard tack," and I can safely venture to assert that it was the hardest kind of hard tack any unfortunate individual ever attempted to get outside of. If your teeth were not composed of first-class material you would have quite a lively time among it. There were some other dishes of a similar nature given to us. To let good digestion wait an appetite, I partook of a very light repast, and I saw at once that it was going to be rather rough in the culinary department. but, by a little diplomacy, I became very good friends with one of the cooks, and by that means I fared pretty well on the voyage to Aspinwall.

When night cast its sable mantle with all its silent gloom o'er the surface of the surging waves, jollity and good humor seemed to prevail on board our craft, that is among those who, at that particular time, were not affected by sea-sickness. A crowd of melodious fellows were making "night hideous with their howls," or singing in not very melodious strains, "A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep," merrily, perhaps, to annoy the other unfortunates who, from appearances, did not seem to relish such a life or entirely coincide with their views on the subject.

[To be continued.]

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A large stock of SEAMEN'S CLOTHING AND OUTFITS always on hand.

Intending purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere.

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NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL WINE STORE.
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
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BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.
By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best
Wines, Brandies, &c.,
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june2—glb M. & H. GALLAGHER, 8 and 12 Charlotte street.

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(Late with H. Chubb & Co.,)
STATIONER, PRINTER
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REPAIRING carefully attended to. june2

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Most popular Book of its kind ever published in this country.

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WE refer with pleasure to upwards of 600 of these Beautiful Instruments sold by us in the Lower Provinces during the past four years. They are

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Their prices range from $70 upwards.

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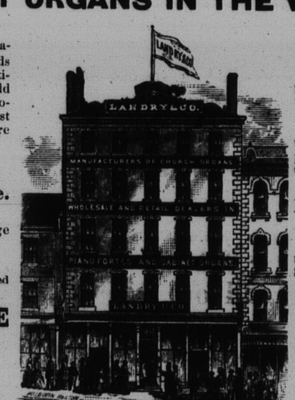

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built to order, at prices from $500 to $5.000.
Plans and Specifications furnished on application. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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from the the best makers in the United States, at lowest possible prices.

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Sheet Music,
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Write to us for anything wanted in the Musical line and your orders will receive prompt attention.

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No. 52 King Street, (Old Stand) St. John, N. B.

HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES
ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR
Costiveness, Dyspepsia and Piles!

They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical Pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results, viz:—

Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Palpitation, Sick Headache. Also, the Best WORM MEDICINE ever used.

They RESTORE NATURE, are pleasant to take, act promptly, cause no pain, NEVER REQUIRE INCREASE OF DOSE, effect a thorough Digestion of the Food, do not weaken the bowels, require no detention from business. Physicians prescribe them; Clergymen use them; Lawyers recommend them; the Medical, Religious and Secular Press praise them, and every man and woman who has ever tried them advise their friends to use nothing else. Price 30 and 60 cents per box, and sold by druggists, or will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.

may23 **E. S. HARRISON & CO., Sackville, N. B**

J. M. J.
INSTITUTE OF THE
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS,

Prospectus of Saint Michael's Commercial College, Chatham, N. B.

THIS College has for object to impart to young men, together with the benefit of a Christian education, the necessary knowledge of commerce in all its branches, and whatever else may fit them for industrial pursuits.

TERMS OF BOARD.

Board and Tuition for the scholastic year, payable in advance in two terms: $70; September 1st $35:—March 1st $35.

No deduction is made for absence, unless for expulsion or protracted sickness, that is one month or more.

The Board dates from the 1st or 15th of each month, according as the pupil entered in the first or last half of the month

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Physician's fees, medicines, Instrumental Music, Navigation, Telegraphy, Drawing and Stationery form extra charges.

Drawing	$5.00	per	annum.
Navigation	5	do	do.
Telegraphy	5	do	do.
Bed and bedding.	8	do	do.
Half-board	2	do	a month.

Each pupil should have a trunk wherein to keep his clothes.

Letters and packages should be addressed as follows:—
Mr.
Pupil in St. Michael's Commercial College, Chatham, N. B.

For more ample information send for prospectus. Classes will re-open first Monday of September.
aug18

McDONALD & HATFIELD,
Custom Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE REMOVED
TO
MARSHALL'S INSURANCE BLOCK,
Cor. of Market Square and Prince William Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

GENT'S GARMENTS made to order at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

TRY THE ST. JOHN SURPRISE PACKAGE!
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

A Prize of Money, Jewellery or a Watch,
IN EACH PACKAGE.

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

Put up at the GIFT STORE, MAIN STREET, PORTLAND. (nov 24)

HAWKES BROTHERS,
Dealers in
Ales, Wines and Liquors,
48 GERMAIN STREET,
AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
nov8

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Saw Manufacturer,
MAIN STREET, PORTLAND,
(Opposite Kelly & Murphy's Factory).
ALL KINDS OF
GANG AND CIRCULAR SAWS,
HAMMERED AND CUT OVER.
Also Agent for Cook & Son's,
GLASGOW SAWS.

HAVANA CIGARS.

Just received from New York:
THIRTY-FIVE M. LaReal, LaUnion, El Horcon and Moses CIGARS, in Regalia Fina de La Reinas, Princessas, Infantas and Londres.
Daily expected from New York:
45 M. Republica Espanolas and LaUnion CIGARS, in CONCHAS and REYNITAS.
The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.
nov17 M. A. FINN, Hazen Building.

WM. MARTIN, Jr.,
Custom Tailor and Clothier,
HAS REMOVED
TO
60 MILL STREET,
(Opposite Old Stand,)
SAINT JOHN, N. B.,
WHERE HE WILL CARRY ON THE BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

M. J. DRISCOLL,
Custom Tailor,
(LATE DRAMATIC LYCEUM.)
Can be found at
47 BRUSSELS STREET,
Where he will be most happy to have his friends call and leave their orders.

WHISKEY.

Just received ex "Hibernian," from Liverpool:—
8 QR-CASKS GLENLISSA WHISKEY;
25 cases Lorne Highland "
16 " Hazelburn " "
20 " " " pts "
20 " Old Irish
For sale low, by
nov17 M. A. FINN.

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From the Office of KANE & C[O.]
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DURING THE
MONTH OF DECEM[BER]
WE WILL SELL ALL GOODS
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Boot & Shoe St[ore]
NO. 212 UNION STR[EET]
(Next door to A. Sinclai[r])
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A FIRST-CLASS assortment of BOOT[S]
SLIPPERS, RUBBERS, &c., which
Lowest Prices for Ca[sh]
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ST. JOHN, N. B.
Coaches furnished for Weddings
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All orders promptly attended to.

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Just Received per S. S. "Ma[...]
"Nova Scotian," a choice lot of
HARD FELT HAT[S]
suitable for Men and Boys wear. These
excellent value.
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SCOTCH KNITTED CAPS, Deep Crow[n]
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FUR and FELT HATS, suitable for all
In addition to the above we are show[ing]
lot of FUR CAPS, MUFFS and TIES,
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SILK DRESS HATS and MERIN[O]
order at short notice.
Purchasers will save money by calli[ng]
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oct20

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The very best of Oysters always
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Satisfaction guarantee[d]
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(Successor to the late J[...]
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