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THE EXILE IN CANADA; Or, The Boodler's Lament.

I wandered to the river's bank
And looked across to where,
Upon the other side, I saw
The lights reflected there;
And, as I gazed, a longing came
To reach that place once more
And walk upon the good old soil
I'd often trod before.

Last night I dream'd that once again
I saw the old, old home—
Where oft, when I was but a lad,
My wandering steps did roam—
I'd crossed unto the other side
Of this wide, running stream;
Alas! I woke in full delight,
To find it but a dream.

Oh, could I but retrace the years!
And backward go once more,
I would not then be cursing fate
Upon this barren shore.
What rocks it that I have the gold
Where with to pass all time?
Since I must while away the years
In this most wretched clime!

Ye stars that shine so bright to-night,
In yonder vault above,
How merrily ye're looking down
On friends that I do love.
Would I were there; but yawns a gulf,
Wide as eternity!
The sheriff's arm, the broken trust,
Doom me to misery!

So, here an exile I must stay,
On this cold, barren land;
No sight of home, or kindred dear,
No grasp of friendly hand;
With gnawing thoughts of keen remorse,
Like specters, ever near;
Nor one kind smile, nor welcome glance,
My lonely life to cheer.

—H. McGrath, in America.

HIS NOTIFICATION.

How Thornton Executed His Commission.

"She'll have to go; ain't no way out o' that. She'll have to skip," said Dave Kinney. He squinted in a cross-eyed manner at the cracker-crumbs on his tawny, scraggy beard, and transferred it carefully to his mouth. There was a wedge of cheese on his left knee. When the Fence Corners School Board—originally Fennett's Corners, but thus aptly abbreviated—held a meeting, it was, by general agreement, in old Hanks' grocery, where crackers and cheese, and mayhap a herring, might relieve its tedium. But to-night there was an alleviating interest.

"About the size of it," said Silas Saunders. He preferred tobacco, and rolled a quid under his tongue. "This ain't no place for her here. Why, I wouldn't answer for the consequences if she staid; there ain't no tellin' what might happen, ner what deviltry them boys might be up to. Look at Corny Rourke, six foot two or three if he's an inch, and chuck full, chuck full, chuck full! He's always be'n the one to put the teachers out, and there ain't no doubt but what it's his idee this time. Baricadin' the school-house right out bold first day o' school; now, who but Corny'd 'a' thought o' that?"

There was something of contemplative admiration in his tone. "Goin' to be done, whoever's doin' it," said Kinney, exploring his cracker-bag. "Goin' to git in at eight o'clock to-morrow mornin' an' shut up the door and fasten the windows, and any teacher that gits in'll have to git in through the key-hole er a crack; what they said."

He had told it before; He had called the meeting for the purpose of telling it. But it was interesting to dwell upon.

There was an impressive silence. "Wall, we'll have to give her notice. You're jest the one to do it, Thornton—eh?" Saunders observed to the third member of the board. He was himself uneasy. "She got along fast-rate, summer term," he added. He appeared to feel a vague and wholly impotent regret. "Needs the money, should judge."

"She needn't 'a' made no calculations to teach no winter term here—not to Fence Corners," Kinney responded, with some contempt. "If there hain't be'n a winter for five years but what there's be'n a rum-pus, and generally school shut up, w'y, she needn't 'a' looked for there got to be."

It was unanswerable, but the store-keeper entered a weak suggestion over his motley counter.

"I should think that gang ought to be broke up," he said.

He expected no rejoinder, and got none. The School Board's attention centered upon no such whimsical irrelevancy.

"Reckon you're the one to notify her, Thornton," said Saunders, again.

He wriggled unquietly on his stool. Thornton sat motionless. Whether in fact or by a trick of the ill-burning lamp on the counter, his good-looking face with its heavy, light moustache, appeared pale. He sat with his arms crossed on his knees and his eyes on the floor, silent.

"Jest so," said Kinney, with an air of impartial decision. "You can git it off better 'n Saunders or me, Thornton. You're a better lookin' man, anyhow, and you're better rigged up," he concluded, with politic amiableness.

They made an attempt at a careless dismissal of the subject. Kinney got up and threw his cheese rind in the stove. Thornton passed his hand over his mouth and swallowed hard.

"You can jest put it easy," said Kinney, encouragingly. "You can tell her jest how 'tis, and how it's for her own good, and ain't to be put off ner avoided. You can tell her she done first-class, summer term. W'y you can tell her jest what you're amine to," cried Kinney, magnanimously.

Their colleague arose. He was a tall and powerful young fellow, but there was an odd laxity in his movements now as he went toward the door. He held his hat-brim to his lips, too, and turned his face away from the light. Hanks stared after him till the door closed.

"I s'pose you've found out that Jim Thornton's about the bashfullest feller in town, ain't you?" he queried.

There was no response. "And you've prob'ly suspicioned, same as other folks, that he's kind o' sweet on the school-ma'am, or would be if he dast?" pursued the store-keeper.

The School Board was silent. "Wal," he concluded, with a grin, half of disgust, half of admiration, "you couldn't 'a' hired me to be'n that mean to a yellin' dog—not to a yellin' dog!"

Thornton made his way up the road through a warm and lightly falling early snow that whitened and softened and beautified it, dark as it was from the infrequency of buildings and huddled with the frozen mud. He forgot to put his hat on till he met a man in a wagon, who stared at him. His face and hair were damp with melted flakes

He went slowly, almost creepingly, for there was in his heart a terrible, sinking dread of what he must do. It was almost more than he could master.

Where was she? Bissel's; he knew she boarded at Bissel's and it was not far; he could see its light through the snow laden trees. The pain at his heart was all but physical; he winced, and kept his hand on his nervous mouth; there was a mist in his eyes, and it grew into tears. He was not surprised at them, nor ashamed of them; he wiped them off mechanically with his rough, strong hand. He did not know whether they were from pity of her or of himself; he knew not which was the stronger within him; he was not clearly conscious of either, but of a dull unhappiness such as he had never known.

He looked down at his clothes with faint shame; they were not his best ones. He had a ready-made suit at home, but these his mother had made. He wished they looked better. The light in Bissel's window cast his long shadow on the white ground. It wavered there, shrinking and lingering; then it pushed on and up to the door.

It was not the custom in Fence Corners to rap; it would have been looked upon as a useless formality. He stepped into Bissel's large, scantily furnished, rag-carpeted best room.

He gasped as he stood there. He had vaguely hoped for a little reprieve, but she sat there by the lamp, alone, bending over some work. She rose at his entrance, and came forward a little to offer her hand; but he did not see it, and she dropped it back in awkward haste.

"Won't you take a chair?" she said. She brought one forward. Thornton sat down. He dropped his hat as he did so, and picked it up with a red face. Then he sat still. He would have tried to speak, but he knew he could not; his tongue felt thick and immovable.

"It's snowing, ain't it," said the school-teacher; she bore the marks of diffidence herself in her timorous voice and look.

Thornton nodded; it was all he could do. He stared at her fixedly, almost vacuously. His mind wandered back and strove to anchor itself to something. Once he had spent an evening at Bissel's, on the occasion of a sociable, and taken her hand in one of the games; once he had overtaken her, in a wagon, on her way to school and given her a lift. That was all. He thought it might have been less hard for him if there had been something more, but that was all his morbid self-distrustfulness had allowed him.

The ticking of a clock on a corner-stand filled the silence. It was a round, nickel clock, and it ticked so loudly as to force itself upon them.

"That's my school-clock," said the teacher. "I am all ready for to-morrow. There are my books over there with it and the register."

The school director dropped his miserable eyes to the faded stripes in the carpet at his feet, but he did not see it; his hat shook with the trembling of his hands.

"I've be'n thinking how many I'll have, likely," the school-teacher went on. His misery imparted itself to her in a degree of nervousness, and she let her work drop. "I had twenty-five this summer; there's always more winters, ain't there?"

He managed to say yes. His eyes were wandering about the room now, his lips parted as if for air. He saw a new pane in the window, clumsily puttied—a camphor bottle left on the melodeon—a break in the cane seat of a chair—a small tub filled with white asters still in bloom. He continued looking at these.

"They're real late, ain't they?" said the girl. "They're mine. I potted 'em myself and I guess they'll last best part of the winter; I've heard they will, took care of. Do you want one?"

She put down her work and went and picked one. Then, with a shy laugh, she took her scissors and went back to them.

"May be your mother'd like a few; she hain't got 'em, has she?" she said.

She made a bunch and tied it with her black thread. Thornton watched her; a slight girl in a cheap and well-worn dress, her dark hair in a girlish braid, and her eyes mild. This she was, but who shall tell what he was? His agony rose, culminated as she turned to him; he clutched his hat till its stiff brim cracked. She was coming toward him with the flowers.

"There, may be she'd like a few," she repeated, faint-heartedly; but he did not hear her. He felt his face aflame like fire, and a choking in his throat. He struggled to speak, and did make an inarticulate sound, at which she looked at him in wonder. He looked up at her pitifully—and then fell stumbly on his knees at her feet and groping for her hands, pulled them down till they pressed his throbbing head and rested there, her happy, wondering tears falling upon them.

"Bashful!" said Dave Kinney to Hanks, the store-keeper. "I'd like to know what's your idee o' bashfulness. W'y, Jim Thornton walked out o' this store that night and up to Bissel's straight as a string, and told that school-teacher that, owing to circumstances that he didn't have no control over, she couldn't have the school this winter, ner likely there couldn't nobody else neither, but if it'd be any consideration to her, she could have him; told her that right up and down, and didn't make no bones of it. If Jim Thornton's bashful, w'y, the feller that ain't's what I'd like to see."—Emma A. Oppen, in Leslie's Newspaper.

The Value of Hot Water.

"The soothing effects of hot water are not fully appreciated," said a physician the other day. "I recommend it to many of my patients who suffer from insomnia, produced by nervous irritation of the stomach, and also for certain forms of indigestion. Many of them object to it at first, but soon come to like it and are generally much benefited by it. A glass of hot water now and then will work no appreciable good, of course, but a steady habit of hot-water drinking once formed, and sustained regularly for a few months, works wonders with certain constitutions. I generally recommend its use just before going to bed. It is a great soother."

To Retain Mental Vigor.

If you would retain the vigor of your mental faculties, keep them employed, not in old ruts but in new routes of reading, experiment and thought. The brain requires exercise to keep its strength, as much as the arm does. It will not do to swing the arm continually in one direction; so the mind has memory, perception, reason, imagination, choice, emotion—each its own sphere of activity employing its special department of the brain. By practicing all these faculties the brain keeps its vigor.

BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

The Most Obstinate of All the Sanguine Fights of the Revolution.

About two miles west of Oriskany, the road was crossed by a deep semi-circular ravine, concave toward the east. The bottom of this ravine, writes Prof. John Fiske in the Atlantic, was a swamp, across which the road was carried by a causeway of logs, and the steep banks on either side were thickly covered with trees and underbrush. The practiced eye of Thayendanegea at once perceived the rare advantage of such a position, and an ambushade was soon prepared with a skill as deadly as that which once had wrecked the proud army of Braddock. But this time it was a meeting of Greek with Greek, and the wiles of the savage chief were foiled by a desperate valor which nothing could overcome. By ten o'clock the main body of Herkimer's army had descended into the ravine, followed by the wagons, while the rear-guard was still on the rising ground behind. At this moment they were greeted by a murderous volley from either side, while Johnson's Greens came charging down upon them in front, and the Indians, with frightful yells, swarmed in behind and cut off the rear guard, which was thus obliged to retreat to save itself. For a moment the main body was thrown into confusion, but it soon rallied and formed itself in a circle, which neither bayonet charges nor musket fire could break or penetrate. The scene which ensued was one of the most infernal that the history of savage warfare has ever witnessed. The dark ravine was filled with a mass of fifteen hundred human beings, screaming and cursing, slipping in the mire, pushing and struggling, seizing each other's throats, stabbing, shooting and dashing out brains. Bodies of neighbors were afterwards found lying in the bog, where they had gone down in a death-grapple, their cold hands still grasping the knives plunged in each other's hearts.

Early in the fight a musket-ball slew Herkimer's horse, and shattered his own leg just below the knee; but the old hero, nothing daunted, and bating nothing of his coolness in the midst of the horrid struggle, had the saddle taken from his dead horse and placed at the foot of a great beech-tree, where, taking his seat and lighting his pipe, he continued shouting his orders in a stentorian voice and directing the progress of the battle. Nature presently enhanced the lurid horror of the scene. The heat of the August morning had been intolerable, and black thunder-clouds, overhanging the deep ravine at the beginning of the action, had enveloped it in a darkness like that of night. Now the rain came pouring in torrents, while gusts of wind howled through the tree-tops, and sheets of lightning flashed in quick succession, with a continuous roar of thunder that drowned the noise of the fray. The wet rifles could no longer be fired, but hatchet, knife and bayonet carried on the work of butchery, until, after more than five hundred men had been killed or wounded, the Indians gave way and fled in all directions, and the Tory soldiers, disconcerted, began to retreat up the western road, while the patriot army, remaining in possession of the hard-won field, felt itself too weak to pursue them.

At this moment, as the storm cleared away and long rays of sunshine began flickering through the wet leaves, the sound of the three signal-guns came booming through the air, and presently a sharp crackling of musketry was heard from the direction of Fort Stanwix. Startled by this ominous sound, the Tories made all possible haste to join their own army, while the patriots, bearing their wounded on litters of green boughs, returned in sad procession to Oriskany. With their commander helpless and more than one-third of their number slain or disabled, they were in no condition to engage in a fresh conflict, and unwillingly confessed that the garrison at Fort Stanwix must be left to do its part of the work alone. Upon the arrival of the messengers Colonel Gansevoort had at once taken in the whole situation. He understood the mysterious firing in the forest, saw that Herkimer must have been prematurely attacked, and ordered his sortie instantly, to serve as a diversion. The sortie was a brilliant success. Sir John Johnson, with his Tories and Indians, was completely routed and driven across the river. Colonel Marinus Willett took possession of his camp, and held it while seven wagons were three times loaded with spoil and sent to be unloaded in the fort. Among all this spoil, together with abundance of food and drink, blankets and clothes, tools and ammunition, the victors captured five British standards, and all Johnson's papers, maps and memoranda, containing full instructions for the projected campaign. After this useful exploit, Colonel Willett returned to the fort and hoisted the captured British standards, while over them he raised an uncouth flag, intended to represent the American stars and stripes, which Congress had adopted in June as the National banner. This rude flag, hastily extemporized out of a white shirt, an old blue jacket, and some stripes of red cloth from the petticoat of a soldier's wife, was the first American flag with stars and stripes that was ever hoisted, and it was first flung to the breeze on the memorable day of Oriskany, August 6, 1777.

Of all the battles of the revolution, this was perhaps the most obstinate and murderous. Each side seems to have lost not less than one-third of its whole number; and of those lost, nearly all were killed; and it was largely a hand-to-hand struggle, like the battles of ancient times, and no quarter was given on either side. The number of surviving wounded, who were carried back to Oriskany, does not seem to have exceeded forty. Among these was the indomitable Herkimer, whose shattered leg was so unskillfully treated that he died a few days later, sitting in bed propped by pillows, calmly smoking his Dutch pipe and reading his Bible at the thirty-eighth Psalm.

Two Fridays in One Week.

A day is added or taken from the calendar when a ship is crossing the Pacific Ocean. Those who remember this fact will be interested in the following extract from the journal of a traveler on his way from China to San Francisco. "We ran a north-easterly course at first, going as high as forty-seven degrees fifty-eight minutes north, in which latitude we crossed the one hundred and eighty degree of longitude on July 9, and consequently had two Fridays and eight days in the week. This fairly puzzled one of our party, who came to breakfast in a bewildered state of mind, asking whether to-day was yesterday or to-morrow, and declaring that he had certainly gone to bed on Friday night, and yet had got up again on Friday morning! For my own part I must say that it looks very strange to see in my diary 'Friday, 9, July, No. 1,' 'Do, do, No. 2.'"

F. J. SEERY, M.D., C.M.

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