Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

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THE
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Summerside Markets.

February 6, 1868.

Oats per bush	2s 6d
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 9d a 2s
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Pork per lb by carcass	3½d a 5d
Geese each	1s 6d a 2s
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 18s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 9d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

February 6, 1868.

Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	2d a 4d
Mutton	3d a 5d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 4d
Butter	14d a 16d
Do. by tub	1s a 13d
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	15d a 16d
Potatoes	2s a 2s 3d
Turnips	13d
Barley	3s a 9s
Oats	2s 9d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 3d
Hay	70s a 80s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Homespun	5s 6d a 6s
Sheepskins	2s a 3s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4½d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BRENAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m from 2 p.m to 4 p.m

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m to 1 p m., from 2 p.m to 4 p m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.
President—Hon. JOHN R. GARDINER.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.
Hours of Business—10 a. m., to 1 p. m., from 2 p. m., to 4 p. m.

KITSON CASEY, M D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office, over the Store o Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

DAVID BERTRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Water Street . . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

SAWS,
SAWS! SAWS!!
SAWS of the best quality, and at the following Cash prices, always on hand at the manufacture of the subscribers:—
CIRCULARS.

DIAMETER.	DIAMETER.
36 in. $20 each	34 in. $18 each
32 in. $16 each	30 in. $15 each
28 in. $12.50 each	26 in. $11 each
24 in. $9 each	22 in. $8 each
20 in. $7 each	18 in. $5.75 each
16 in. $5 each	14 in. $4 each
12 in. $3 each.	

Mill Saws 5½ feet, $5 each; Buck Saws 28 $7 per dozen, set and sharped.
A RICHARDSON & Co.
St. John, N .B. April 11, 1867.y

Business Cards.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

CARD
WILLIAM BEARISTO,
Commission Merchant,
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WATER STREET,
Summerside, - - - - - - - - P. E. Island.

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FLOUR
Commission Merchant.
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CARVELL BROTHERS,
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Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.
Charlottetown, - - - - P. E. Island

JABEZ HUDSON,
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GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
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June 27, 1867.

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Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
ST. ELEANOR'S.....P. E. ISLAND

North British and Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—1y

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
WATER STREET,
opposite Green & Schurman's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867 1y

PRINCE COUNTY
Tobacco Factory.
THE SUBSCRIBER would announce to his friends, customers and the public, that he has, at a considerable outlay for new moulds and machinery, so enlarged and improved the capacity of his FACTORY
In Summerside,
that he is now enabled to turn out an article of
Natural Leaf Tobacco.
equal to the very best, and superior to most Tobacco imported, which he will WARRANT IN EVERY RESPECT, and will sell nearly
Twenty per cent. Cheaper
than it can be imported into the Island.
FLAT OR ROUND TOBACCO furnished to suit the taste of buyers.
Try it and judge for yourselves.
Dealers supplied on liberal terms.
Be sure to ask for REILLY'S PRINCE COUNTY NATURAL LEAF, and take none other.
Remember that the PRINCE COUNTY TOBACCO FACTORY turns out nothing but the BEST KIND OF TOBACCO.
PATRICK REILLY,
Summerside Dec. 6, 1866.

Ladies Sewing Circle.
THE LADIES of the SUMMERSIDE WESLEYAN CHURCH AND CONGREGATION have established a SEWING CIRCLE, assembling on Tuesday afternoons, at Messrs. Strong's Hall. Preparation for a BAZAAR towards liquidating debt on the Church is the object. Contributions of material or money will be gladly received.
President—Mrs. R. A. Strong.
Vice President—Mrs. Richardson,
Secretary—Mrs. Alex. McRae,
Treasurer—Mrs. Charles Strong.
Summersiee, Nov. 14, 1867.

Important to Shipbuilders
Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!
IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE
Price of Vessels
in England, order a set of those SPLENDID BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from
YOUNG'S.
Terms Liberal.
Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26, 1867.

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE,—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING,
GREAT GEORGE STREET.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Charlottetown, Oc . 18, 1867. oct 24

Business Cards.

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
Flour, Produce, Leather,
AND GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
MONTREAL, - - - - - - - C. E.
The most careful attention given to the execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds, Provisions. Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and general Merchandize. Freights secured and Insurances effected at lowest current rates.
Merchants in the Lower Provinces will find it to their interest to forward their orders for Flour to us for execution, as an extensive acquaintance with Western Millers, and as Agents for some of the most popular Brands in Canada, we can with safety assure them of every satisfaction.
Remittances against orders when not otherwise provided for, may be made with Stirling Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York. Drafts on New York being worth usually an ¼ to a ¼ per cent more than on Boston.
Every information as to the state of the market, present and prospective, given when required.
Consignments of Fish, Cod Oil, &c., carefully realized, and returns made with the utmost promptitude, or applied according to the wish of consignors.
Charges only made for actual disbursements and Commissions not over those of responsible Houses in the line. Unquestionable refernces given when required.
KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
503 St. Paul Street,
Montreal, C. E.
February 7, 1867.

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. 9. King Square, St. John, N.B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.
In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
May 30, 1867.—1y

Commercial Hotel,
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
COACH FARE PAID!
IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travellers from the Railway Station and Steamboat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID by the Proprietor.
FARE AT THE HOTEL:
TRANSIENT.
One Day, - - - - - - - - - $1 00
One Week, - - - - - - - - 5 00
PERMANENT.
Per Week, - - - - - - $3 25 to $4 50
The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.
D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 1867 1y

Fountain House Hotel.
King Square, (North Side,)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.
Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.
JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

North American Hotel,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.
Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

C. L. RICHARDS,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
British & Foreign Groceries.
1, Head North Wharf,
ST. JOHN, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.
Dec. 6, 1866. 1y

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.
MARKET STREET,
St. John, N. B.
☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1867.

Apprentice Wanted!
A LAD, not more than 15 years of age, to learn the Tailoring Business. One from the country preferred.
ANGUS McSWEEN.
Su 1867

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
☞ Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

POETRY.

Original.

A SILVER THAW IN P. E. ISLAND.

Or'n ever eye on fairer scene than *this*
Since Adam fell, and that eventful morn
To *man* eventful—when in Eden's bowers,
He shrank abashed before Omniscience?
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Ye murm'ring souls, that with impatient eye,
Behold fair winter as she passes by,
And when she sits enthroned upon the sea,
Refuse your homage to her majesty,
And long to hear the vernal breezes blow,
That sap her strength, and lay her sceptre low,
Look forth *to-day*, and in your ravish'd breast
Be all her claims to loveliness confessed.—
Look forth to-day, the silver age again
Has surely dawn'd upon the haunts of men.
Or, we have pass'd since evening's shadows fell,
To fabled isles where fairies only dwell!—
The stately trees as by magician's wand
To chandaliers all metamorphosed, stand
Crystalline lamps from ev'ry branch depend,
And to the scene enchantment's colors lend.
The sombre earth in icy mantle veil'd,
Gleams like the surface of a silver shield,
Ten thousand jewels in the vallies glow,
And fancy revels in the burnished snow;—
What graceful forms embellish ev'ry slope.
Say is the world a vast kaleidiscope,
Or has the sun disclosed at length to view,
Some El-Dorado buried hitherto?
Soft fleecy vapors fill the azure sky,
Entrance the bosom, and deceive the eye,
Sol seems to shine with Phœbe's mellowed light,
And Day to linger in the car of Night:—
Illusive glories lend the mirror'd plain
The smiling features of the placid main,
Each blazon'd roof, and Heaven-pointing spire,
Seems sheathed with gold, or wrapp'd in living fire,
Whilst *all below*—lake village, forest, sea,
In common own the spell of mystery!—
Creator! Lord! how manifold the ways
Employed by Thee to win the creature's praise,
What various charms the seasons as they roll,
In turn present to captivate the soul!
At *Thy* command, from ocean's angry breast
The storie Iceberg lifts its silver crest,
Sailes down in triumph on the puny barque,
Or looms portentous through the tempest dark!—
Impelled by *Thee*,—Aurora's arrows fly
In paths of light athwart the starry sky,
They seem to lend a momentary view,
Of glories 'neath yon canopy of blue,
Or else, to write on Heaven's walls afar,
Thy coming doom—apostate Lucifer!—
Thy spirit breathes—but why my God prolong
A strain more fitted for a seraph's tongue—
Or strive to tell, when goes Thy fiat forth,
What marvels gild the chambers of the North?
Their balmy gales let other regions boast,
Pellucid streams, unfettered by the frost,
Unclouded skies, and groves that never know
A fading leaf, or coverlet of snow;
We would not change *these* sublime,
For *all* the splendors of a Southern clime!
Blanch'd though her cheek, by winter's chilly breath,
Yet nature still is beautiful in death—
'Nor praise *Thee less*, hyperborean snows,
Than spring's fair blossoms, or the summer's rose.

M. S.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 1868.

*Psalm CLVII, XVI, XVII; Psalm CLVIII, VII, VIII.

Select Literature.

A LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Rohana awoke from that long and feverish dream, she was lying upon a rude couch in her father's wigwam. Mahtoree was bending over her with a parent's solicitude, watching every breath that heaved her bosom, and at the first gleaming of her eye upon him, he turned his heart to Manito, who had rescued her in the hour of need. Rohana awoke to consciousness with a dim recollection of the storm, and the sound of the waves still ringing in her ear. She was startled by a strange apparition, for beside her father stood the form of a young pale-face who had been watching by her couch. His dress was that of a boatman, and his hair was yet moist with spray. The Indian girl gave him a confused glance of pleasure and gratitude, for her heart whispered that he was her preserver. She knew not the ordinary forms of delicate compliment and fastidious etiquette, but a single look convinced the young mariner that her heart was speaking through her eyes.

Rohana arose with an activity which evinced her entire recovery. She advanced to the door of the wigwam, and looked out upon the scene. A strange vessel, much larger than she had ever seen before, was moored in the little harbor, with a single piece of canvas flapping idly in the wind. She soon learned from her father that the crew was composed of a party of fur-traders who had left the boat in the charge of a portion of the crew, and had departed to the Indian villages, in prosecution of the purposes of their expedition. Won by this strange apparition, Rohana bounded off towards the vessel. The sun had risen in all his beauty upon the lake. The winds were lulled, and the waves were still as a giant in repose. The birds, from their airy nests on the cliff, sang as sweetly as ever, and the wild deer bounded unharmed by the Indian wigwam. And the Indian girl and her preserver strolled out upon the beach.

"Are you alone?" said Rohana, timidly, to the being thus strangely thrown beside her.

"My companions have gone into the woods," he replied, but the pale-face has chosen to remain in the Indian wigwam.

"You are welcome!" said the girl, in the brief though eloquent language of his country. "The Bird of Erie is grateful to the stranger, and her father's wigwam is open to his steps."

"You are bold to trust to such a shell as that," said the mariner, pointing to the boat which the waves had driven ashore.

"I was born on the lake," was the reply, "and I have lived on its waters from a child. The daughter of the fisherman is proud of her fathers calling, and not a day passes in sunshine or storm, but I launch my boat on the waters of Erie."

"If you had a craft like that," said the mariner, pointing with pride to his own vessel, "you might justly prize this beautiful sheet of water."

Then calling to one of the boatmen, who had been left in charge of the vessel, he demanded to be taken on board. In a few minutes Rohana was standing on the deck of the sloop. The simple daughter of the Indian chief was delighted with all that she saw—the mast, the ropes, the sails, and the blue waves rolling in quiet grandeur beneath her. At a signal from her companion, the rigging was unforled, the anchor was loosed, the helmsman was at his post, and the gallant bark shot like an arrow from its moorings. Rohana, with emotions of wild delight, watched the waves breaking and curling before the prow, and pointed with wonder to her father's wigwam and the highlands beyond, receding from her view, until they rested like a single speck on the horizon.

Still the vessel pursued its onward way, now driven out of sight of the shore, now coasting in the shadows of the trees that overhung the water's edge. The wild deer along the shore starting at the approach of the strange craft, gazed for a moment at its swelling sails, and then bounded away into the depths of the forest; while the Indian girl, scarcely less startled than they, felt that her heart was beating wildly as she listened to the willing flatteries of her companion. Thus passed the day; and when the evening shadows rested on the lhe lake, Rohana wondered why the hours had passed so sweetly away. But a new era had dawned upon her heart, and she was unable to account for the strange wild emotions that were rife in her breast. Through the stillness of twilight they retraced their path to the shore, and the rich moonlight was sleeping on the waters, as they leaped on the beach, and approached the wigwam.

Day after day thus flew by in quick succession. Upon the romantic shores of that beautiful lake they loved to linger with that devotion that never wearies of its object. Morning found the fair hostess and her youthful guest roaming along the cliffs that arose in their majesty around her father's hut. She delighted to guide him to recesses in the valleys which she had explored in her lonely rambles, where the wild flowers bloomed, and the birds held their carnivals, and the rivulets made sweet music where all else was still; and she knew for the first time how a pleasure is enchanced by being shared by those whom we love. It was very strange, but she felt lonely whenever he strayed for a moment from her side; and, whether sailing on the lake, or climbing the hills, or resting in the shade of the wigwam, she was ever near him. And there, while the young boatman lingered in this enchanted spot, where no eye could mark their interviews and no ear could hear their vows, were whispered those words of love and devotion that rested like a spell on the heart of Rohana.

Would you find love in its purest and holiest array? Go not into the crowded city or the glittering saloon, where fashion corrupts her votaries, and the most tender of all ties is made subservient to interest or ambition. But leave the abodes of polished life, plunge into the forest, where human footstep has rarely been, and there you will find it among quiet valleys and unbroken solitude. There it becomes allied to religion, and is associated with pleasing thoughts of the trees, and the flowers, and the stars, and all the bright creations that render life and love more dear. Such was the feeling of Rohana for her preserver. The latent principle in her being had been aroused; the vacuum in her heart had been filled. Her gratitude had ripened into idolatry, and that idolatry was the more absorbing because she knew nothing of the great circumspection which experienced lovers adopt before involving themselves in the labyrinths of the tender passion. The bird that has once been caught is ever after shy of the snare of the fowler; while the heart that is untrained to love rushes precipitately in its mad career, without dreaming of disappointment or regret. The fountain that has long been confined on some airy height, and at length wears a channel in the mountain-side, glides with hasty murmurs among the flowers that grow along its banks; but that fountain might as easily endeavor to retrace its steps, as the heart that has been launched upon the sea of love might hope to return safe to its moorings. If the Indian girl had ever loved she would have known all this, but the very blindness of her devotion gave to its object a hue of unnatural interest.

The youth who thus suddenly and mysteriously had been thrown into this romantic situation, was one of that band of wild and reckless adventurers who, in early times, left the seats of civilized life to explore the hills and rivers of the new-born West. They were equally ready for a march through the forests or a voyage on the lakes; and were alike skilled in conducting an *affaire de guerre* with the Indian chiefs, or an *affaire de cœur* with their daughters. A slight feeling of admiration of the beauty and innocence of the being whom he had rescued from a watery grave induced him to remain in in the hut of Mahtoree, and explore the wild scenery that clothed the borders of Lake Erie. Rohana clung to him with all the ardor of a first love; while he regarded her as a flower to be cherished for a moment and then left to wither. But ere he was aware of the real state of his feelings, the gentle being who had nestled in his bosom had so twined herself about his heart that the cord could not easily be broken. Unconsciously he had grown in love with the hospitality of the old Indian, with Rohana and the scenery that endeared her presence, and with the wild, free, happy life he was leading on the enchanting borders of Lake Erie.

But this dream of love was destined soon to be dispelled. The boat's crew returned laden with the fruits of their expedition; the sails were spread, and the vessel was about to leave its moorings. The fair-haired stranger and the Indian girl were standing alone on the beach, in the agonies of parting lovers. She prayed with all the eloquence of woman's love, that she might go with him; she would follow him to the farthest clime, and love him still; but he rejected her petition with the vague promise that ere many moons had waned upon the lake, he would return to her bosom and abide with her forever. He tore himself from her arms, and leaped upon the vessel, which shot like an arrow from the bay; while the Bird of Erie flew to the loftiest pinnacle of the cliffs, gazed with longing eyes on the retreating vessel, and when the last trace had disappeared, she threw herself upon the rock and wept bitterly.

She wept! she who had never wept before; for her life had been one scene of uninterrupted happiness, with no cloud in her sky and no sorrow upon her heart. That heart had once been her own, but now she felt that it had flown with the retiring vessel, far beyond the distant billows. Poor Rohana! it was her first love, and she knew not that love and sorrow are inseparably united.

There is a tear that comes from the deepest foundations of the heart; there is a sorrow that withers the very sources of existence. A new era had dawned upon the Indian girl. She descended from that rock, but she was no longer the same happy, thoughtless being that once twined herself around her father's heart. She accompanied him, day after day, in his fishing boat, but her eyes were ever turned toward the setting sun, in long and weary glances. She never for a moment doubted her lover's fidelity, for she knew no heart but her own, and could not dream of dissimulation in another. At morning, noon, and night she would climb to the summit of the cliff, and look out upon the lake, and it was a touching sight to the father to see the child of his bosom thus dropping from his grasp like a withering flower. She never mentioned the name of her lover, but in her dreams she would smile and whisper,—

"He will come again—I know that he will come again!"

Weeks and months passed away, and the truant pale face still failed to return. Instead of becoming weaned from her unhappy attachment, it preyed still more terribly on her heart. She still cherished a conviction of his fidelity—still sought the rock, whence she had seen the last traces of his retiring vessel, and still watched with the stars, gazing at every gleam that rested on the waters, and listening to every wave that broke in dying murmurs on the shore.

Autumn came. The birds left their favorite haunts, the flowers faded on the hill, the streams ceased to murmur melodies of summer, and the leaves fell withering like her own gentle heart. Many moons had waxed and waned, vessel after vessel had often been descried from the cliff, skimming along the distant horizon, but none approached that lonely wigwam.

Winter came with its storms and snows, and the melancholy wind howled above the lake. She still listened for his footsteps, but listened in vain, and sometimes eluding her father's vigilance she would stroll like a maniac along the beach, with the storm howling around her, and the snow beating upon her breast, gazing upon the stormy lake, in vain longings for the return of the strange vessel. Like the dove, torn from its mate, she pined in her loneliness, in the agonies of a broken heart. She who had once been the pride of her father, was now drooping beneath the heavy stroke. She knew not that the reckless mariner had perhaps forgotten her existence, and might be, at that very time, deceiving some heart as fond and confiding as her own.

Spring returned with its birds and its flowers, but the gentle airs that wandered over Lake Erie, brought no balm to the heart of Rohana. The pangs of her disappointment were destined soon to be mitigated by new ties, for ere the glong summer days returned, she was a mother, and an infant was slumbering on her bosom.

(To be Continued.)

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

After a careful examination into ancient and modern history; after consuming about two barrels of midnight coal oil and holding high discourse with various learned colored citizens deep in lore of the noble mystery of gastronomy; after having at the imminent risk of being arrested as a burglar, penetrated into the sacred penetralia of many kitchens, and critically investigated the pots and pans therein, we are in a position to submit a small installment of the valuable knowledge obtained for the inexperienced, which will not be read without profit:—

How to have hot water always in the house.—Let your wife find out that you visit another woman, and you will never afterwards be out of hot water. This is infallible.

How to bone turkeys.—Get up at two o'clock a. m. The darker it is the better. Climb over your neighbor's fence, and bone the first gobbler you can. You had better bone two or three while you are at it, as it saves trouble. You will find this plan very economical.

How to have sauce at a moment's notice.—Order your servant to do something which she does not like. You will get more sauce than you bargained for. If that does not do, get into a row with a cabman.

To make hasty pudding.—Make your pudding and leave it out on the doorstep to cool, carefully shutting the door afterwards. In five minutes return and you will find it the hastiest pudding imaginable, it being, perhaps, five or six squares off already.

The best beats.—Those on which the policemen have the least trouble. Never have dead beats about your kitchen.

How to obtain Calves-head Jelly.—Consult one of the outside butchers and question his veracity on the subject of mutton, accidentally accompanying the rebuff with an insinuation that he is of canine expectation. You will have calves-head jelly soon.

Pickles.—Always be disputing with your relatives. A very pretty pickle will be the consequence. Those pickles are usually put up in family jars.

To clean house.—Get up an alarm of fire and invite the members of the fire brigade into your premises. They will provide a bountiful supply of water, and wash the house thoroughly, until requested to desist.

Irish Stew.—This is a favorable viand variously prepared. The most expeditious