

The incident, the particulars of which I am about to relate, occurred when I was a boy...

It was when I was about ten years of age, that a strange driver, in pursuit of his avocation, passed through our district.

After passing thus to and fro for over a year, a house, with some grazing land attached, became vacant by its tenant emigrating to Australia.

When it was noted abroad that the low-country driver had taken a lease of the house thus left tenantless, general satisfaction was expressed...

It was in the succeeding spring, after they had lived about a year in this way, that she observed with alarm, on her husband's return...

The evening before his departure, he was sitting alone with his wife. She had been busy all day preparing for his journey...

"Oh, John," she said, "there is something wrong with you. You go looking daunted about your head, and dinna lippen to what is gan'ing on about you."

With this affectionate outburst, delivered with all the earnestness of her nature, her husband was obviously touched. He stretched forth his arms to move her gently away...

"It's a bad morning," he said to his wife, who was standing by his side, and a tranquil expression passed over his face...

The Canadian Gleaner.

It was a fortnight after his departure, that a stout Border driver was bustling and pushing his way through the crowded streets of Montreal...

"Ay, ay, my man, sure enough, though I didn't think my meeting you here at this time," said the driver, as he stepped forward...

"I don't know," he said, as he recognized in the interloper of his reverie an old acquaintance, and warmly shook his hand.

"Well, John, gin it will do no harm, I'll meet you on Monday mornin' as you wish," said the driver, as he turned away...

"Heh, that fits weel sae early in the mornin', though it be usae guid as our north-country spirit," quoth the stout Border driver...

"That I do," again replied his companion, to whom every mile of Scotland was familiar.

"Weel, what I have got to say is soon tauld; I may be lugh at me, but it has been a sair burden to me for the last eight weeks."

"Next morning, as the sun was slowly rising above the hills that hemmed in the little glen, streaming their brown sides with mingled bars of sunshine and shade, the driver stood at his doorway, ready for his journey."

I will likely ever see. I didna tell my wife, for it wad ha'e grieved her to see purpose; I thought I wad tellin' the minister, but he could see mair than any other mortal, put back the hands of time."

With all his solicitude and compassion for his young friend, the Borderer knew not how to advise him. "Weel, John," he said, "I hope ye may be mistaken as to what the forecast means, and I wad hae ye tak' another road, but if ye be it wad, I'll do your bidding, though I trust in Providence their way may never be cause to do it."

The factory bells were ringing, and groups of artisans and mill-girls were passing to resume their monotonous labour. The paths of the two drivers here separated, with a strength of grasp that indicated the depth of attachment on the one side and affection on the other...

"I shall see you again, my brave fellow," said the surgeon. "If you do not, I've donee lapoukin, I shall never forget you. Even doors are grateful!"

"I am called Lestok—born in Moldavia, but lately from the surgical school of Paris. Here is my stake in trade."

"I have nothing else to depend upon," he said. "You have come to a good field. Our Russians are sluggish. Like most of your class the opportunity meets you halfway."

A sleigh, drawn by two fiery steeds of the Ukraine breed, driven by a serf and containing a single occupant wrapped in rich furs, came dashing up the street. It urged with a noise like the report of a pistol against the sidewalk...

"A crowd gathered around the noble and released him from the snow. The thinly-clad man alone assisted the driver. The noble was raised to his feet and approached the serf."

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It is at last officially stated that the American Archdeacon, Maxima, has declined to accept the throne of Mexico for himself and his descendants. This announcement... Every French act in Mexico has long been perfectly manifest that there could be no other sequel.

SCOTLAND.

THE BOOKS EVERY.—The following story, of a father-lover is true in every part, but for obvious reasons, the names of the principal actors will not, in the meantime be mentioned. The story is of a young man, who had invested with much of the romantic yet high all romances, it had been and a hero; but in this instance, these neither distinguished for their wealth nor their civility.

At the expiration of the fortnight, he departed for Neusk, and was installed as physician to the Princess Elizabeth. Time passed on Lestok had found favor in the eyes of the Princess Elizabeth, and Goloffkin was more than satisfied with him. Let us look in upon him in Castle Neusk.

He sits at a table, writing. He throws down the pen, and reads aloud what he has written. It is but a line. "The princess does not conspire!"

"My usual despatch to Goloffkin," says Lestok, commencing with his own thoughts. "The princess does not conspire—ay, but she shall! It is time to take another step upward. I will sound the princess to-day."

He rang a bell upon the table, and a courier entered the apartment. Lestok folded up the despatch, sealed and directed it, and gave it to the courier, who instantly departed.

"I am called Lestok—born in Moldavia, but lately from the surgical school of Paris. Here is my stake in trade." "I have nothing else to depend upon," he said.

THE REGISTER GENERAL'S RETURN.—The Registrar General's quarterly returns for England contain some interesting facts. The birth rate of the quarter was a fraction under 29 to a thousand of the population. The number of deaths was 1,189,611, exceeding the deaths by 71,256. This gave for each day of the three months an annual increase to the population of 788 souls.





THE only indigenous long tailed cat in America north of the parallel of 30 degrees is the panther...

It has received many trivial appellations. Among Anglo-American hunters, he is called the Panther...

The cougar, or panther, is far from being a well-shaped creature: it appears disproportioned. Its back is long and hollow...

He is a splendid tree climber. He can mount a tree with the agility of a cat; and although so large an animal, he climbs by means of his claws...

WAL, strenger, we hev floody-hur in Louisiana, such as I guess, you've never seed the like o' England ain't big enough to hev his floods...

acquaint with your geography. I know, howsoever, they're mighty big freshets hyur, as I sailed a skiff more'n a hundred mile across one 'o' em...

I had finished the shanty all but the chimney. An' the buildin' o' a chimney, when what shed come on but one o' 'em tar-reamed floods...

I found the path out to the edge of the prairie easy enough. I had blazed it when I first come to the place; an' as the night war not a very dark one...

I ad lose the mar to a dead certin, if I did n't make the high ground; so I spoke to the critter to do her best, an' kep on...

I war towed in this way about a quarter o' a mile, when I spied somethin' floatin' on the water a leetle ahead...

left the shanty, but it war clear enough to show me that the thing war a varmint: what sort I couldn't tell.

I war jest prospectin' what ad be the endin' o' the business, when I seed we war a-gettin' closer to the timber...

When I first sighted the island I seed somethin' that I had tuck for bushes. But that war n't no bushes on the mound...

I ad lookt all round to see what new company I had got in. The day war jest breakin', an' I could distinguish a leetle better every nimit...

I war towed in this way about a quarter o' a mile, when I spied somethin' floatin' on the water a leetle ahead...

the deer, but I darn't do it. I war afraid to break the peace, which mout a led to a general shindy...

We found the game not exactly as I had left it. The fall of the flood had given the painter, the cat, and the wolver close...

I saw I had built my shanty in the wrong place; but I soon looked out a better location, and put up another...

SINGULAR METHODS OF STUDY.—It is recorded of Anthony Magliabechi that his attention was continually absorbed, day and night...

HOW THEY DEAL WITH DRUNKARDS IN NEW ZEALAND.—In the Liffelton Times, published in the province of Canterbury...

DISCOVERIES IN DREAMS.—In an article on accidental invention in Miscellaneous Magazine, we find the following:

HOPE'S. All day had my soul been filling With magical echoes of thought;

I gathered the bright buds that faded In sorrow's weid shadows away...

I've woven a mantle of gladness, And hidden my heart in its fold, Yet still I go mournfully backward...

I lately talked with one who strove To show that all my way was dim, That his alone—the road to Heaven...

"Strike not the staff I hold, away, You cannot give me yours, dear friend; Up the steep hill our paths are set...

"On heights with eagle glance unfixed On what lies beyond our mortal ken, You tread the broad sure stones of Faith...

"To each, according to his strength, Let us carve out a wider stair, - A broader pathway through the snow..."

"And when upon the golden crest We stand at last together, freed, From mists that circle round the base, And clouds that but obscure our creed...

FACE-TO-FACE.

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were the only pieces of second-hand goods that sold at prime cost.

Mrs. Partington thinks there will be such facilities for travelling soon, that we can go anywhere for nothing and back again.

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady, "he has made a fiddle out of his own head, and has wood enough for another."

An honest farmer once wrote to an agricultural society, that was going to hold a cattle show...

"Grandma," said an intelligent but crafty child, "do you want some candy?" "Yes, dear, I should like some."

"Then go to the store and buy me some, and I will give you a part!"

Joscy being rather remiss in his Sunday-school lesson, the teacher remarked that he hadn't a very good memory.

"Can a man see without eyes?" asked a professor. "Yes, sir," was the prompt answer. "Pray, how do you make that out?"

Lord Dundreary tells his friend the solution of the difficult riddle why a dog waggles his tail...

A Scotch old maid who was asked to subscribe to raise money for the King during the Napoleon war, answered, "Indeed, I'll do nae sic thing; I never could raise a man for myself, and I'm no going to wise men for King George."

"If I place my money in the saving-bank," inquired a careful man, "when can I draw it out again?"

A Cockney tourist met a Scottish lassie going bare-foot towards Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in these parts go bare-foot?"

A jurymen having applied to the recorder to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the latter asked, "Could you not hear my charge to the grand jury, sir?"

Lady Morgan, in her autobiography, records a blessing she once received from an old Irish beggar to whom she had given sixpence.

Mrs. Martineau tells a story of an old woman, who was urged to cross the river Forth at the time a storm was brewing.

May is considered an unlucky marrying month. A young girl was asked not long since to unite herself to a lover who named May in his proposals.

Julius, "Sam, I feel as if I'd like to have my name handed down to posterity."

An Irishman once said to another, who had taken the pledge, "And so you have signed the teetotal pledge have you?"

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "you are met here on one of the most solemn occasions that ever happened since I had a brief."

Some years ago, in Philadelphia, a merchant's son, a boy of some six years, happened to be at his father's office one morning...

A Hibernian, fresh from the Green Isle, having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart...

Mr. Artemus Ward, the renowned showman, thus describes the constitution of his company of volunteers.

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THE BRITISH AMERICAN.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOTWITHSTANDING the repeated attempts which have been made in Canada to establish a MONTHLY MAGAZINE devoted to Literature and Science...

The Canadian Institute at Toronto, the Natural History Society of Montreal, the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, aided by the Government grants they enjoy, regularly publish their proceedings...

It is the design of the originators of the British American Magazine to occupy this vacant field, and endeavor to satisfy a want which is so generally felt to exist.

In maturing the plan of a new periodical, it is desirable to apply the public with some guarantee of its character and prospects.

Many of the difficulties which have impeded the progress, and ultimately led to the abandonment of a Monthly periodical, have disappeared with the advance of the country in population, wealth and civilization...

The aim of the British American Magazine is to encourage British American Literature, to offer an opportunity for giving public and permanent expression to their thoughts...

ROLLS O' ADAM, Publishers, Toronto.

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THE Sixth Volume of THE SCOTTISH AMERICAN JOURNAL commenced January 1st, 1862, each year constituting a complete volume of convenient size for binding...

A distinguished feature of the Scottish American Journal is its regular publication of notices and articles of the leading articles of the prominent British newspapers and other periodicals upon the most important topics of the day...

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