

The "Yarellon" "Lucek"



Rosey Farm house.

Vol. I. No. 9      Saturday February 12<sup>th</sup>      1881.      Gratis.

Outside the tropics, clouds and comfort are only related where the comfort of a cozy fireside is enhanced, by the outside tumult of wind and rain hushed down by inky clouds. Clouds and heavy boots, clouds and waterproofs, clouds and clogs, or pattens, until the goloshes were worn: such were the cloudy associations in the old country. We shiver to think of the drenched land drenched daily, and for weeks covered with lakes, floating reservoirs. Our spirits fell with the mercury, and temper suffered through lack of sunshine. But we are ungrateful to clouds, only doctors should weep with them: for the longer the downpour the shorter the bills, and smaller the death rate. Insurance companies then pay higher dividends not so umbrella factories for their frail productions last longer the oftener opened. Tailors hate clouds, so do hatters, likewise cabmen, but not cabhuses, clouds bring coppers to the crossing sweeper, and fish to the angler, thick clouds, thin churches and full taverns, no wonder then if Beer and Bibles, licensed victuallers and preachers, have, confie-

ting interests. Clouds therefore banish good spirits and offer a flimsy excuse for imbibing hurtful ones. Clouds produce melancholy but never extinguish the ever bright wit of the Sun of Erin, these should come to this sunny land when it would blaze with their fancy. They might inspire a few aristocrats from whom they might draw blue blood when they are weary of peace and prosperity. But we are too hard on clouds, in their playful freaks they sometimes daunt the mountains, mock railway speed especially, emigrant trains, and look down with contempt on birds and balloons. They are among the most delicate, beautiful, quaint, chaste, mysterious, prophetic, glorious and sacred of nature's productions. Like pearls strung by the western Sun with golden thread they adorn the neck of the bridelike mountains. Higher still they mount up and blush, as night curtains the ruler of the day, and are the first to welcome his glorious face fresh from the lap of dawn. No one has yet explained the nature of these lofty clouds, they are thought to consist of ice crystals which refracting and reflecting the rays of light produce various and

we have quite lately seen beautiful examples of both, these cirrus clouds are the best and surest indications of changes of weather these bright prophets of the upper air are so likely as not to be twin sisters to Will o' the Wisp that springs from the marsh or bog. if unlike, not more so than metal men offspring of the same parents, some content to dance on the bosom of prom-Nation, while others soar upward like chaste eager spirits to see first, and most of the face of the Divine Father of Spirits and then reflect some of his glory towards their birthplace.

We have in type a splendid picture by our first artist, which we had intended to present to our readers with this issue; but being unable, we trust to do so in our next.

Mr. Shipley has paid a flying visit to the "Forks" they were the guests of Bishop Ridley.

Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune that punishes a good man, but never contempt him.

The Bears revenge — continued —

when Sunbeam put her foot on the dung of a bear, which made her very angry, and she abused the bears very much, till her slaves told her, it was unwise to do so, as surely something would happen to them, but Sunbeam told them she did not mind the bears a bit; they had not gone far after this, when the Strap that was round Sunbeam's basket broke, and all the berries fell to the ground; all the Slaves stayed to help her fill her basket again, but the same thing occurred again, and again and at last some of the Slaves went on ahead, till now, only one was left with Sunbeam, when again the string broke she then told the slave that remained with her to go home and that she would follow; so Sunbeam soon picked up what was left of the berries, for very few remained now, so often had the basket been upset; and started again towards the village she had only gone a short distance when two young men suddenly appeared before her, they had blackened faces, and Bear skins for robes, and offered to guide Sunbeam to her home so one started on in front, and one behind, keeping the noise frightened girl between them, Sunbeam soon found out that she was not going in the direction of the village, when a bright idea struck her, that she would hang up one of her many

bracelets on the branches, so that she would know the way another time; and on and on they went a very long way Sunbeam from time to time hanging up one of her bracelets on some of the trees they were passing; by this time they arrived at the foot of a big mountain, which they passed over and arrived at a large village the two young men conducted Sunbeam to the principal lodge and shouted out "how she is" "how she is" then a loud gruff voice bid them enter, and the chief of the lodge told them to spread a mat for the stranger, and give her food so Sunbeam sat down, and while waiting for the feast, she felt something pull at her mantle robe she turned round and saw a little mouse, who told her in a whisper that she was in a village of Black bears who had taken her captive for insulting them, when she was picking berries, but not to be frightened as nothing would really hurt her, only she must be careful what she eat, when the bears offered her salmon, she must not eat of it, as it would not be salmon but the dried skin of a dead man, then they would offer her real Salmon; also they would offer her crabapples and greens, but not to eat the first dish, as they would not be "crabapples," but dead men's eyes; So when the bears offered Sunbeam salmon, she only pretended to eat it, then they gave her good salmon, the same happened with the green apples and greens, she only pretended to eat the first dish, and they soon gave

her real ones to eat — when the feast was finished, Sunbeam laid down to sleep, and she noticed that all the people who they laid down when just like bears while before they had appeared as men to be continued

On Monday last Mr Hynton paid a short visit to the town returning on Wednesday to his farm

Parties are anxiously expecting arrivals from the coast; we advise "patience" the Otter is supposed to have left Victoria on or about the 1<sup>st</sup> consequently about next Tuesday week we may look for some one. Ed.

Mr Hankin lost a promising young heifer calf this week; could not appreciate mercury being frozen last Sunday week

"Good for Ominica" Mr Youmans has already forwarded some 14000 lbs of freight to the Ominica mines, this looks well, and as it ought to be

A young Indian woman died suddenly at "Kyspyouk's" on Tuesday last, busting a blood vessel while packing a big load of firewood, was the immediate cause.

We shall have to enlarge our sheet our space is too small, we cannot give our ideas scope; besides a vast amount of valuable matter has to be laid over on account of room we predict a grand future for the