

Carleton Place

VOL. XIII.

CARLETON PLACE, C. W., OCTOBER 22, 1862.

No. 7.

SABBATH READING.

Alone in the Dark.

"Stay by me to-night, dear mamma," said a child, "The rain rattles down, and the wind is so wild, I shut up my eyes, and I cover my head, And draw myself up in a heap, in the bed, And think about robbers and shaver with fear, Do stay by me, mother! It's so dark up here."

"I cannot my darling; and why should I stay? You are never afraid to come up here by day; You study and play in this little room; And never have left it with fear and with gloom; Why, then, when you're wrapped up so cozy and warm, Do you think about things that can do you no harm?"

"O mother! 'Tis light in the day-time, you know, And the sunshine then puts all the room in a glow; And up from the hall comes a murmur of sound, When Tenny and Kitty are running around, And though your voice, mother, I don't always hear, Yet it's so light and cheerful, I know you are there."

"My dear little boy, I'm afraid you forget That God is near by, watching over you; Not darkness, nor light, would be safe without Him, Who sees us, and guards us, till life's race is run. In the lonely night, He is close by your side. If you love Him, and trust Him, 'The Lord will provide,'

"You never need fear; but when feeble and faint, Then call upon God, who will hear your complaint, There is no one to hurt you, when God is so nigh, His angels, to keep you, descend from the sky."

The child put his little soft hand in her own, And kissed the sweet face that so lovingly shone; "You may put out the light, mother dear, when you please, If I feel afraid now, I will think that God sees."

The Art of not Hearing.

The art of not hearing should be taught in every well regulated family. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many which if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in and shut out sounds according to their pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If, in my quiet voyage of life I find myself caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would fur his sails, and making all tight and snug before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief those sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept and instantly close the door.

Does a meddling mischief-making fellow begin to inform me that people are saying about me, down drops the portculis of my ear and he cannot get in any further. Does the collector of neighborhood scandal take my ear as a warehouse, I instinctively shuts up. Some people seem very anxious to hear every thing that will vex and annoy them, and I have known many who have spoken ill of them they set about searching and finding out. If all the petty things said about one by headless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a mosquito for emptying on my face a bush of nettles, as listen to a swarm of misquitos in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring upon me the tattle of careless or spiteful people. If you would be happy when among good men open your ears, when among bad shut them.

Does a husband take care of the air passages of his own accord, so the ear should be trained to an automatic dullness of hearing. It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what your neighbor says about your business and dress.

This art of not hearing, though not taught in the schools, is by no means unknown or unpracticed in society. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent circumstance in dishonorable conversation.

There are two doors inside my ears, a right hand door leading to my heart, and a left hand door with a broad and steep passage leading to the ear. The last door receives all ugliness, profanity, vulgarity, mischief-making, which suddenly find themselves outside of me.

Judicious teachers and indulgent parents save young urethines a world of trouble by a convenient deafness. Bankers and brokers often are extremely hard of hearing when unsafe borrowers are unimportant. I never hear a man who runs after me in the street bawling my name at the top of his voice; nor those who talk of views who are absent; nor those who give me unasked advice about my own affairs; nor those who talk largely about things which they are ignorant.

If there are sounds of kindness of mirth, of love, of sympathy, or of any other pleasant nature, I open my ears; but temper or harshness, or hatred, or vulgarity, or flattery shuts them. If you keep your garden gate shut, your flowers and fruit will be safe. If you keep your doors closed no thief will run off with your silver and if you keep your ears shut your heart will lose neither its flowers nor its treasures.

Before and After.

Almost everything in this life has two faces and the two are very unlike. Our pleasures are always double and sweet anticipations are always contrasted with better reflections. Still more generally is this true of our sorrows; the dark clouds when fully past reveals only the silver lining to our view. The anxious representative of Janus, the Roman god of war, with two faces, one looking behind and the other before, and the same imagery applies to what ever challenges effort and awaits conquest in modern times. Our duties especially prevent this double face. When full on the path before us, the features we confront are often lowering and stern, the eye frowns in menace or glooms in derision. The road is beset by wolfish fears, the fear of danger the fear of reproof, of failure. All martyrs look mean when they are suffered, and many a sensitive nature has struggled on to the goal of its convictions

under an overwhelming weight of self-conceit, hopeless of the success that would sustain its own respect. Far different is the face that smiles upon us when we look back after the duty is past. The enemy has made an unconditional surrender; may he wears the aspect of a friend. He is a tyrant yesterday; he is a servant to-day. The path that we are treading leads upward, and we stand on higher ground than he.

It is well for us to take advantage of this fact, for like a crown with duties, many of them repulsive; and the practical question is, shall they stand before and threaten us, or behind and do us homage? The same object look very differently from different points of view. They differ as the lion rampant does from the lion tamed, as the weapon at our throat differs from the weapon in our good right hand. Every duty fulfilled is a fortress taken, and the guns that lately frowned upon us now bristle in our defenses. Every pang survived is a disarmed rebel, who has taken the oath of allegiance and means to keep it. We look upon our past years as upon princes deposed, whose vanquished and deadly fighters, some won to fealty and tribute by the gentle arts of peace; we bend our worn tempers to receive their silver crown. Even the dark angels that stand where the many ways meet has two faces also, the one of terror the other of triumph; and in the hour when we pass beneath the shadow of his wing, it is not we that perish, but death itself that is "swallowed up of life."—Timothy Titcomb.

The Torn Tract.

Leigh Richmond in walking up a hill to relieve the horses of the coach in which he was travelling, distributed several tracts to such persons as he might chance to meet. He was received and torn to two and thrown upon the ground. A fellow traveller smiled and said:

"See how your tract is treated; there is one at least quite lost!" "I am not so sure of that," said Mr. Richmond; "at any rate, the husbandman sows not the less that some of the seeds may be scattered." Reaching the top of the hill, and turning round to view the scenery, they saw that the wind had carried the torn tract over into the field among the haymakers, and that one of them was reading it to the others. The devil had done his work imperfectly, as the two parts of the tract were held together by a thread, and in hindering one man from reading it, he had introduced it to a whole company. The reader of the tract was led to reflection and prayer, and became an earnest Christian and tract distributor. Three others soon became diligent laborers in the Master's Vineyard.

Pass the tracts along, they will not be lost!

Beginnings of Estrangements.

No stream flows so smoothly that somewhere on its surface a ripple appears, and no married life but has here and there moments of disagreement. Two human beings who have not yet become perfect, cannot be perpetually together, without sometimes differing differently and willing in opposition to one another. I know that there are here and there a husband and wife who are conscious of no such opposition, who can look over possible years of interrupted companionship, and undivided partnership, and who might easily suppose that it is the same in thought and purpose. But I take it, it is rather that, impelled by a mutual affection and keen-sighted wisdom, they have unobtrusively learned to allow nothing for a moment to stand between their hearts. To accomplish this, a husband and wife must meet at the beginning of estrangement, and be the perfected fruit of little estrangements. A word, or even a look, sometimes, like a small break in a tyke, becomes a vast crevasse, through which pours a flood of unhappiness. Nay, it may be a positive blessing, only a neglect, which may be the foundation-stone of untold misery. It is noticed and felt, but pride forbids any explanation or any questioning. Each notices the others coldness, but neither can come to the point of asking what is the way. Meanwhile, the peaceful consciousness of mutual agreement is broken, and each is unhappy, and I may add, each conscious of wrong, in this state of mind a new offence is easily given, and more easily taken, and the breach is wider and wider. The process may go on till the husband or perhaps both, begin to seek in the society of others what they have lost in their own, and at last, embarked on a troubled and rapid stream, in some dark hour they are hurried into crime, and are lost to each other forever.

A something light as air—a look, A word unkind, or wrongly taken—O! love, that tempest never shook, A breath, a touch like this hath shaken. And ruder winds will soon rush in, To spread the breach that words begin; And eyes forget the gentle ray They wore in childhood's smiling day; And voices lose the tone that shed A tenderness round all they said; Till fast declining, one by one, The sweetness of love are gone, And hearts sorely mingled, seem Like broken clouds, or like the stream That smiling left the mountain's brow, As though its waters ne'er could sever, Yet ere it reached the plain below Breaks into floods, and parts forever.

To be weighed down with a sense of our own incompleteness; too long for that which we have not and cannot gain; to desecrate our moments, as islands in the sea, eagerly sought, but which change to clouds as we draw near; to spend our life in the hidden land, as Columbus for the new continent, and to find only weeds floating, or a broken branch or, at best, a bird, that comes to us from the unknown shore; this it is to be an earth-bound man. And yet, are not these very yearning the wind which God sends to fill our sails and give us good voyage homeward?

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.

Man's time is his property; it therefore behooves him to improve it.

A man, God gave us to ourselves, in redemption he gave himself to us.

The English Press on Canada.

(From the London Star.) This is the season when Canada may be seen in her most attractive garb. The forest is blue as that of Italy, the forest tinged with those various hues which deepen in the autumn months, and the sparkling waters of her great inland seas are whitened with the sails of ships bearing to other shores the wealth of her harvest. The "fow acres of snow" which France yielded to our arms is perhaps the best wheat bearing country in the world, which only awaits a large influx of population to take its place in prosperity by the side of the mother country. We claim no gift of prophecy when we venture to predict that the day will come when the Finance Minister of Canada will decline to address even the Chamber of Commerce of Manchester in defence of the colonial policy, and that he will treat with the masters of States and the Parliament of England. The country has grown rapidly, and it has arrived at precisely that period of progression when an arithmetical will be exchanged for a geometrical ratio, if no obstacles are thrown in the way by bad laws, foolish tariffs, or excessive burdens. The fields on that vast farm have been thoroughly cleared, the owner is no longer a mere laborer, brandishing the axe with his own brawny arms, while his toil-worn wife bakes her own bread, transforms maple ashes into soap, or kneads up huge pumpkins into savory dishes. He has earned capital by his industry, he can afford to pay for assistance, and he invites the labour of the world, to the task of clearing off the remaining timber land, and thus open it up to agriculture. All that Canada now needs is wise men at the head of colonial affairs, to guide in a proper direction an energy and prosperity which may well style exuberant. We cannot commend the policy of such nations who have adopted to increase their country's prosperity. Not all Mr. Galt's ingenious explanations at Manchester can make us believe that protective duties were necessary to provide a revenue for a young province with unlimited wealth of territory, nor that the effects of such duties on the colonies can be different from their recognized harmfulness in every other country. The principles according to which we object to protective duties are of general, not local application; and had Canadian public men studied more closely the changes for the better which were taking place in the mother country, and the relations on the exploded theories of an unwise colonial system, we could have complimented more highly their sagacity and statesmanship. Mr. Galt states that the feeling of Canada is in favor of reducing the duties on imported manufactures, and that every desire exists to improve the relations with this country. We hope this feeling will take practical shape, and that he will report to his constituents the opinion of all enlightened Englishmen, that the worst possible mode of raising revenue, even for such a laudable purpose as the public works, is to dwarf commerce by the imposition of such duties. It is a mode of showing a partiality for the mother country which we cannot approve, any more than we can contemplate with equanimity the idea of being saddled forever with the defence of a colony strong enough to defend itself. Mr. Galt will not pass the remark, saying, "to thank Canada for her unwillingness to raise a vast host to ward off dangers which only existed in the brains of timid old gentlemen at home." On the contrary, we cordially approve of the determination of the Canadian people not to be bullied into a panic by those on this side of the water, who imagine that the rebellion of the insurgents on the south side of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes were burning to carry fire and sword among their peaceable neighbors to the north of the boundary line. There is no slavery question so deadly enemy betwixt the Northern States and Canada, although we can easily understand how those who justify the rebellion of the slave holders feel uneasy from the consciousness that they are acting an unfair and unneighborly part towards those who looked rather for their sympathy and encouragement.

Mr. Galt introduced another topic most closely connected not only with Canadian prosperity but with the future progress of our whole North American dependencies. He, like many other of the leading men, approves of the project of a Federal union embracing Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland. * * * For the British possessions in North America, (excluding British Columbia), the united population of which does not equal that of London, there are five Governors with separate staffs of ministers, privy councils, and subordinate officers. There are five Parliaments, and different garrisons are of course retained to keep the inhabitants in remembrance of their dependence on the British Crown. It is a healthy sign of progress when anomalies so much behind the age have become the subject of discussion, and the colonists may rely on an influential support in this country whenever their efforts at reform take so practical and wise a direction.

The Excitement in Wall Street.

From the New York Herald Oct. 9. Wall street is giddy with excitement. Gold has risen to 150 cent premium; but paper is plentiful, and engravers and printers easily transform it into cash. Every man you meet is rich and will be richer to-morrow. The bulls took stocks higher than ever, and the most inveterate bears have borrowed two horns and a tail, and embally the bulls. Such a rapid increase in wealth, no such a sudden influx of wealth, no one has ever seen in this country before. The greatest operator is only to buy to-day and sell to-morrow, and be rich. There is no choice among stocks when all are going up so marvellously. The Stock Exchange is in a great lottery in which every one draws a prize, but those who hold their tickets to long will find them blanks. Wall street is an El Dorado where every man can pocket all the money he pleases. The very appleman along the sidewalks cannot avoid feeling wealthy, and to the street it is such numbers to make Broadway almost impassable. Bull and bear turn their jewelry into money-fates, than they can turn their money into jewelry. Diamonds of the first water are almost as common as the Croton. The Central Park boxes more

English vs. Irish Murder.

We do not forget how much we have had to say on the savage brutalities which have characterized so many of our Irish murders. They are certainly bad enough; but, originally how they may, they rest in their inordinance the simplicities of a primitive state of society. Fearful as they are, however, as tragedies, and mischievous as they are to the best interests of society, they are in their relation to property on our side and labor on the other, they ought to impress us less seriously than the long series of English murders which have been filling our columns during the same period. The Irish murders have at all events about them the solemnity of great crimes. The victim is warned; they say too he is tried; it is certain that he is publicly executed, often before witnesses, as one who has committed an offence worthy of two—he is not particular about the manner of his death—because he has received a verbal insult or been punished a point beyond his deserts. The man at Manchester killed his family, and then killed the man who had made some mistake about his kitchen fireplace, with no practical view beyond being first killed himself at the State's expense. Two happy brothers went to go to fish; the sudden thought strikes them; one kills the other, and then himself. The youth at Chatham, who inveigled away the child that he might slay him, had hardly committed the crime before he rigidly refused to justice as a ground for rightly exacting the right to be strangled himself by the State's executioner. Again, in the case which occurred this week between two respectable Dorsetshire farmers. They had been for some time in feud about the parish rating, and could not agree about the terms of a new survey and valuation of the parish. Hereupon one of these gentlemen, perceiving the other to be passing the day in a fine autumn morning, brings out his double-barrelled gun, and taking deliberate aim at his enemy's back, sends a bullet through his head which he instantly dies. The one great event accomplished, he now seeks the usual sequel, and discharges the barrel upon himself. Unable however, like so many of the participants in these tragedies, to direct against himself the effectiveness he could command against second parties, the wound failed of its effect, and he will shortly have to appear before justice to try the question whether the bullet he could not carry out himself shall be carried out for him. These facts show what our assets have been busy demonstrating for some time and our doctors as active in explaining, that murder, is growing into one of the instincts. People take it as to their tobacco or their beer. If they now have a proxy, this is the turn it will take, and you know of its existence by finding it in the hands of the participants, ready trimmed and set out for interment. The Roman poet laughs at those who 'to live' deliberately, forego everything that makes life a boon. Here we have men who do the same thing, and more, to die; and the question arises, what is it in the constitution which predisposes to many of what are ordinarily felt to be comfortable circumstances, to be so willing to part company with the world, even under the disadvantage of one or two murders, if need be. In a world made so full of sunshine and gladness where the endless beauties of nature sets the added charm of man's infinite ingenuity use and contrivance, and the life is so full of pleasure, and the one which represents life—the first instinct, and dearest possession of our nature—to turn into so hateful a boon that men in sound health and the full possession of their faculties are content on provocation the most insignificant to risk every consequence, moral and physical, to wreak any excess of crime, and find besides every law the most fundamental of their being, in order to dispose themselves of the trust. In all this let us say with Hamlet—"There is something more than common if philosophy could find it out."

The War News.

The gallant Stewart is worthy to hold a high command in the same army with Lee and Jackson. His "raid" into Pennsylvania is the most daring and remarkable event of the war. It throws the whole of the White House and Capitol's Station altogether in the shade. In the face of Gen. McClellan's army he enters Pennsylvania at Hancock, with 2,500 men and four pieces of artillery, marches on Chambersburg, which he captures; proceeds east to Gettysville, destroys railroad bridges and telegraph lines on the way; passes rapidly from Gettysville to Emmetsburg, thence on through Woodsboro and Newmarket; crosses the Baltimore and Ohio R. R.; passes along the right and rear of the Federal army; re-enters Virginia in the vicinity of Conrad's Ferry, taking with him five hundred horses, and all in less than three days. Let any one take the map and look at the circuit which this gallant officer and his daring men have just made and he cannot but feel admiration for these brave Northern soldiers. Were a Northern corps to perform such a feat, we would never hear the end of it, to use a common expression. What was General McClellan's? What will we say of his energy and activity? Where are his headquarters, and where is he declared that the whole command would be captured? His premature exultations are in striking contrast to his "masterly inactivity," unparalleled imbecility. Out upon such warriors.—Toronto Leader.

Miscellaneous Items.

On Friday last the oldest son of Fred. Douglas, the celebrated negro orator, left for Rochester for Washington to make final arrangements to start for central America, whether an expedition of about 500 negroes is to depart in about a week.

Parson Brownlow says of the emancipation proclamation that it is a useless measure, but it will quiet the conscience of that class of radical men who are afflicted with that incurable disease which he calls "nigger on the brain."

At the negro theatre in Cincinnati the printed programme has the following liberal announcement: "Take notice—But the paper of the upper tier has been reserved for respectable white folks at half price."

The moist foggy weather in England this year has been attributed, to a considerable defection in the gulf stream, which has brought the Nantius to its shores. The same cause may be influencing our climate, and would also account for the absence of the Indian tribes in Minnesota, who have been driven from the north of the river.

As to the fact concerning the Indian massacres, it is now sufficiently demonstrated that the Confederates were in nowise implicated in them. The truth of the case appears to be that the Federal Government has fallen into arrears in its payments to the Indian tribes in Minnesota, who have in consequence, been driven to the West. They endeavor to wreak their vengeance on the Government by killing all the white people they come in contact with.

London, C. W., must be a fast city. At the Assizes now sitting there is no less than three seduction cases have been tried, and it is said that more are to follow. In each a verdict and heavy damages were given for the plaintiff. In the last, the defendant, William Turv, was a clerk-master, member of the church and Superintendent of Sunday school, and the defendant, Susan Bustard, regularly attended Sunday school.

Hon. Mr. McGee at Ottawa.

Speech on the seat of Government, Intercolonial Railway.

Last week the Hon. D'Arcy McGee visited Ottawa at the same time as His Excellency the Governor General, and on Tuesday evening was entertained at an impromptu supper got up by several of the honorable gentleman's admirers connected with the St. Patrick's Literary Society of that city. The chair was occupied by R. W. Scott, Esq. M. P., and about fifty gentlemen sat down to the well-supplied board. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been duly honored, the health of the guest was proposed and drunk with much enthusiasm.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

Hon. Mr. McGee thanked the company for the compliment paid not merely on personal grounds, but as a member of the Administration now governing the country, to which he thus referred:—

Gentlemen, the Administration which you have honored have nothing to complain on the part of the country. Quite the reverse. Of fourteen years ago, the Upper House we have carried eleven or twelve, and we would be very unreasonable if we complained of that enormous proportion of our successes over our opponents. Of the eleven elective ministers every man was returned without opposition—a fact unparalleled in the political history of the country, and which shows conclusively how sick the country must have been of our predecessors. (Cheers and laughter.) You have seen, no doubt, a good many rumors about the Ministry in the press. I have seen them myself, and generally the first I heard of these was what we in private life call "the press." I tell you a secret—I don't (Laughter.) But this, whether you have seen it in print or not, you may firmly believe, that the Macdonald-Stout Administration, having once matured any great measure of public policy, will stand or fall by the measure, will rely upon the intelligence of the country, and not put its faith in the system of subterfuges known generally as "open questions." (Cheers.) This I dare say for my colleagues generally.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT QUESTION.

And now you will no doubt expect me to allude briefly to some other subjects in which the people of Canada and the citizens of Ottawa are more deeply interested than in the personal of the Administration I suppose you would like to hear my frank opinion on the subject of the Government Buildings, in this city. Well, gentlemen, it was one of the last to admit to the propriety of reference which was made on that subject, but having admitted and adopted that decision as part of the policy of the present administration—having done so in perfect good faith, without any ulterior views—ever—I would be the last to consent to reopen the question. Ottawa was not my choice—but it has been selected by Her Majesty—that decision has been frankly adopted by the present Government, and it will be frankly and fully carried out by us. (Cheers.) There is only one remote possibility of disturbing that decision, and that might follow if the members for Ottawa consented to allow themselves to be made use of by any party, and if that party allowed the Ottawa question to be made use of as a party question—they might drive others to reopen the question; but unless it is revived by some such error as that—and it is your interest to see that no such error is committed by your representatives—Ottawa may rely upon it that the present Administration will not go back on that word. Yes, gentlemen, not only may your city become the Seat of Government of Canada, but in after times of all British America, between the rocky mountains and the Atlantic ocean. (Cheers.)

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

I suppose you have all seen in the public journals a good deal of discussion as to the late Intercolonial Conference at Quebec, and a projected Intercolonial railway. Well, gentlemen, all I can tell you on that head is that discussion must necessarily be premature, because no man at this moment, in any of the colonies, or in England, can possibly what propose a scheme that project may ultimately take—what route may be chosen—what distance involved—on what terms—under what conditions—subject to what management—that road will be made, if it is made, within a few years. The discussion must be premature, because the project is inchoate because the negotiation has merely taken its first preliminary form—because, as a negotiation, it can only be matured in London by and with the Imperial authorities.

VALUE OF INTERCOLONIAL CONNECTION.

Those who wish to avoid rash conclusions and needless retractions will suspend their judgments till the project has matured and received its last form from negotiation, and then if it can be shown to be necessary to strengthen the connection with the mother country—if it can be shown to be necessary for our self-preservation as a British American people—if the liability can be limited, and the proportions are fairly adjusted—I for one would not shrink from going to the people of Canada, from end to end of the Province, with this test question: "You think the connection valuable to Canada; what will you pay for it?" If it were to you five-twelfths of an iron road fourteen hundred miles long? Is it worth the outlay on an additional link of railway of the distance, say from Montreal to Kingston.

THREE CHOICES BEFORE US. For, gentlemen, depend upon it, we cannot in the North America of our day, and this new American age which announces its advent like the first boom of a conqueror's salutes of artillery—we cannot go on as we have gone on in the piping times of peace. We have three choices before us; either to continue the connection, or to set up for ourselves the Northern Democracy. Not one per cent of the people of Canada desire annexation; not one per cent of the people feel that the substitutes for cotton suggested to the London Daily News, is the Scotch thistle, which some years ago was experimented upon, but given up owing to the cheapness and plenty of cotton at that time. The down is said to be capable of being manufactured into a beautiful silky material for cloth.

what can you pay, and when, and how will you pay it.

REASONS FOR THE ROAD.

As to the commercial reasons for the road, gentlemen, I do not rest our railroad on military reasons only; there are political reasons, and there are commercial reasons as well. As to the commercial reasons the three Provinces are fully committed to the principle of inter-colonial free trade, which would bring us 700,000 more customers, and if we should unfortunately lose the reciprocity Treaty in 1866, would give us 1,000,000 more customers, which takes us to a breadstuffs market, which takes us to the United States from the United States, as the intrinsic value of the new country to be opened, I have the authority of a gentleman whose ability to judge cannot be questioned in Canada, Mr. Walter Shanly has been over the ground this last summer, and made very full notes of his tour, that with the exception of some things, like the border of Canada and New Brunswick, the remainder is generally as fine a country as any in British North America.

EXTENSION TO THE PACIFIC.

And this enterprise may very fairly be looked upon as an additional motive and guarantee of British extension to the Pacific. Before I had a seat in Parliament, in this very city, several years ago speaking of the "future of Canada," I expressed the same view. I do now, when I say the route by Lake Huron and Lake Superior to Central America—to the prairie country too long monopolized by the 268 stockholders of the Hudson Bay Company, a country rich in hides, in furs, in tallow, in salt, and in mineral wealth—the materials of a great interior commerce—and rich, too, in agricultural capabilities, ought to be, and must be opened up. But we can hardly have the aid of a British ministry or of British capital for Western extension to the Pacific, unless we have the connection, or refuse to open that of which lies next to England, and is more immediately required to maintain the connection.

THE ROAD A POLITICAL NECESSITY.

As to the general political reasons for the road, I think they will be found to be, of the utmost weight, deserving the most careful consideration from the people of Canada. We are, for fully five months in the year, as much an "inland kingdom," as that Bohemia whose castles, even Corporal Tim was forced to admit, "could not stand by the aid of God and will." We now get to the aid from the prairie five months in every year, by the grain and favor of the State of Maine; but unless Maine were some future day to join us politically, that relation between us cannot be counted on, from year to year. Let us reason by experience, of other inland states, of which we know something, on the continent of Europe. Take the two most conspicuous examples, the great German powers Austria and Prussia. Why does Austria hold on so tenaciously to her Italian provinces. Because it is only through them she touches the sea. It is only through Venice, Trieste, and Flume, that Austria observes the Adriatic and the great German powers Austria and Prussia. Why does Austria hold on so tenaciously to her Italian provinces. Because it is only through them she touches the sea. It is only through Venice, Trieste, and Flume, that Austria observes the Adriatic and the great German powers Austria and Prussia.

RETRIBUTION AND DEVELOPMENT.

"I know it is said, the motto of our government is and ought to be, the one word, 'Retribution.' Gentlemen, that is an excellent word—Retribution—which will follow with it another, not hostile nor inconsistent with it, the word 'Development.' (Cheers.) Retribution is the immediate duty, the duty of the day and the hour,—but a government must lead as well as live, it must march as well as stand, it must originate plans for the future, as well as correct the errors of the past. The great opportunity for British America is now, the side of our affairs is at the flood, we must act as well as examine, advance as well as retreat. It is for us to appropriate the olive branch of peaceful progress, which the great Republic has relinquished for the blood-stained laurel; it is for us to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific, and to lay broad and deep on this soil the foundations of a thoroughly constitutional government. (Cheers.) I see here many of the young men of the city and neighborhood, and to the young men of British North America, I look with every hope that they will sustain and maintain the program of national development in connection with Great Britain, which is the cherished aim of my colleagues to inaugurate. (Cheers.) The future belongs to them, and they belong to their successors; if a generous, far-sighted, British-American policy is to triumph in the West, and the sister Provinces, the young men must be up and doing; if they will follow I venture to promise they shall have a lead—(Cheers)—a lead which will make Canada a great country, and Ottawa the capital of a United British America. (Loud cheers.)

THE STONE OF AN ATOM.

The atom of charcoal which floated in the atmosphere of the old volcanic ages, was absorbed into the leaf of a fern when the valleys became green and luxuriant; and there, in its proper place, it received the life of the sun, and the dew, and the rain, and heaven a reflection of heaven's gold; and at the same time to build the tough fibre of the plant. The atom was consigned to the tomb when the waters submerged the jungled valley. It had lain three thousand years and a month since was brought into light again, embedded in a block of coal. It shall be consumed to warm our dwellings, cook our food, and make more ruddy and cheerful the hearth whereon our children play; it shall combine with a portion of the invisible atmosphere, second upward as a curling wreath to revel in a high dance up in the blue ether; shall reach the earth again, and be entrapped in the embrace of a flower; shall live in the velvet beauty on the cheek of the apricot; shall pass into the human body, giving enjoyment to the palate, and health to the blood; shall circulate in the delicate tissue of the brain; and aid by entering in some new combination, in educating the thoughts which are now being uttered by the men. It is but an atom of charcoal; it may dwell one moment in a stagnant ditch, and the next be flushing on the lip of beauty; may now be a component of a limestone rock, and the next an ingredient in a field of potatoes; it may slumber for a thousand years without undergoing a simple change, and the next hour pass through a thousand; and after all it is only an atom of charcoal, and occupies its own place wherever it may be.

Why is it vulgar to send a telegram?

Because it is making use of flash language.

REASONS FOR THE ROAD.

As to the commercial reasons for the road, gentlemen, I do not rest our railroad on military reasons only; there are political reasons, and there are commercial reasons as well. As to the commercial reasons the three Provinces are fully committed to the principle of inter-colonial free trade, which would bring us 700,000 more customers, and if we should unfortunately lose the reciprocity Treaty in 1866, would give us 1,000,000 more customers, which takes us to a breadstuffs market, which takes us to the United States from the United States, as the intrinsic value of the new country to be opened, I have the authority of a gentleman whose ability to judge cannot be questioned in Canada, Mr. Walter Shanly has been over the ground this last summer, and made very full notes of his tour, that with the exception of some things, like the border of Canada and New Brunswick, the remainder is generally as fine a country as any in British North America.

EXTENSION TO THE PACIFIC.

And this enterprise may very fairly be looked upon as an additional motive and guarantee of British extension to the Pacific. Before I had a seat in Parliament, in this very city, several years ago speaking of the "future of Canada," I expressed the same view. I do now, when I say the route by Lake Huron and Lake Superior to Central America—to the prairie country too long monopolized by the 268 stockholders of the Hudson Bay Company, a country rich in hides, in furs, in tallow, in salt, and in mineral wealth—the materials of a great interior commerce—and rich, too, in agricultural capabilities, ought to be, and must be opened up. But we can hardly have the aid of a British ministry or of British capital for Western extension to the Pacific, unless we have the connection, or refuse to open that of which lies next to England, and is more immediately required to maintain the connection.

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