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MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1864.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—I hope to utter nothing in the course of these lectures inconsistent with the courtesy of a gentleman, the patience of a scholar, and the candour and charity of a Christian. Any other line of conduct would disagree with the seriousness of my purpose, my consciousness of responsibility, my compassion for those whom I believe to be wrong, my reverence for the truth which I have to defend, my confidence in its power, and my persuasion that its effects would be weakened if my spirit were to misrepresent it. But on the other hand it would be repugnant to my nature, and unaccordant with my moral convictions, to search for gentle words when the strongest expressions are imperatively demanded. If we must sometimes have it so, *give us veracity before blandness*. I would rather perish in the iron gripe of an unpalatable truth, than be dandled and caressed by the velvet paw of deception and falsity. Be not offended with me if I call what I feel compelled to believe is inconsistency—*inconsistency*; falsehood—*falsehood*; hatred—*hatred*; nonsense *nonsense*; stuff—*stuff*.—*The Logic of Atheism*. Lect. I. Pp. 3, 4. By the Rev. HENRY BATCHELOR.

MARY TRESCOTT, THE MANIAC.

BY EDWIN K. ROBERTS.

(Concluded.)

A week had gone by, and a change had come over Jack Trescott; but it was a change none could well wonder at, seeing that it is a terrible thing to have a man die under one's roof, under such appalling circumstances as those of the poor pedler—let it be by "visitation," or by "disease of the heart," or "natural death." And all this time the pedler lay sleeping in the village church yard, and would trouble no one more; but Trescott, in the sullen, apathetic calm that had come over him, found little ease. It is true his *daily* life was a restless one, and but little note was taken of his moody fits.

One morning a gallantly-attired young man, of some five or six and twenty, mounted on a bay blood mare, descended at the doorway of the "Red Bull," and being recognised by the obsequious landord as "Mister Richard Glanvill," his steed was put into the stables, while, with a jaunty nonchalant, yet somewhat flashy air he sauntered on towards Jack Trescott's house, at which he soon arrived.

A faultless coat, curled hat, breeches, riding-boots—all of the first rate London make, distinguished the outer man; while his dark whiskers, ruddy checks, and white

teeth—added to his free and easy air—turned more than one pair of archly-winning eyes after him. He was the son of a well-to-do farmer in the vicinity—has taken to "sporting," and of course an extravagant course of life—tried jockeying, betting, the turf, and horseflesh, generally under the tuition of Jack Trescott, and apparently "events" of some consequence were about to come off; and as Jack had a colt for him in training, his visit to the horse-dealer's caused no great surprise.

Arrived at the door, his summons was answered by Mary Trescott, a remarkable fine young woman of about nineteen, who now, out of her gaunt childhood, had grown into a surprisingly fine person. She blushed with a sort of subdued delight on seeing him; and as he stepped within, and put his arm familiarly round her waist to kiss her, it was met without resistance, and returned with the fervor of a young woman in the passion of her first love, who firmly believes in it, and in her lover, of course, despite the disparity in degree between them.

What is simply indicated was the fact Richard Glanvill loved—admired (he said he loved) Mary Trescott; while in return Mary Trescott adored him. Having little