

cleaned out by the old ministry, and it would really seem as if there were nothing out of which the present ministry can make an honest penny, except it be out of this 'Big Bubble Railroad scheme,' upon the merits of which Arcadians are by no means agreed. The railroad itself, considered merely as a public work, which is a rather narrow and contracted view to take of it, and not as a ministerial mine, which is the largest and most comprehensive view to take of it, is not of much importance. It is to be built as a winter outlet to the sea to Arcadians, who have several other and handier outlets through friendly territory. It will not be needed in summer, when navigation is open; and, when it is wanted in winter it will be hopelessly blocked with snow, which has an inconvenient habit of falling to a great depth over the whole projected route. Says the premier to the builder: 'I saw some fine buildings of your erection in St. Kitts, as we came along to-day.' The man of mortar looked confusedly in several directions for Sunday, and modestly asserted that he was innocent of having done anything which he thought could be deemed worthy of such august attention and urbane remark; but the gracious and observant minister intimated that he kept his eyes skinned for native genius, and that the builder's architectural light could not be hid under a bushel. 'By the way,' he added, 'if the Big Bubble Railroad goes on there will be some fat contracts there.' Yet no reforming or non-reforming editor in Arcadia, where even the press is gentlemanly and never imputes motives, ever thinks of charging the good premier with corruption, or hinting that he has an eye to speculation, and his character is as spotless as that of a man who has never defiled his hands with politics.

I shall not say whether it was at this dinner, or at some other dinner, or at no dinner whatever, that he ventilated opinions in favor of the confessional, which are distinct additions to the arguments on that question, and are quite as remarkable in their way as anything Nathaniel Hawthorne has said on the same subject in his 'Marble Faun.' 'It is not a bad thing,' said the argumentative premier, 'for a man to make a clean breast of it once a year, and turn over a new leaf, and have a fresh start. Besides, at the great day there will be a good deal of business to be got through, and there will not be time to go into everybody's accounts, if they are very long ones.' And then, 'they say,' that he said something about the doom that would be denounced against the luckless wights who had long lives of unsquared accounts to be settled, which the propertics forbid me to say.

But these are tales of Arcadia, and that is what 'they say' of the Arcadian premier, with whom we have nothing to do in Canada, where we have no such premiers, and no Big Bubble Railroad schemes, where the premier is incorruptible, the ministry impeccable, the press vigilant, the public men pure, and the constituencies patriotic and unpurchaseable.

#### YOU'RE ANOTHER.

WE sometimes howl about our statesmen as if they were the worst under the sun, instead of being neither better nor worse than their neighbors, who, 'Artemus Ward' tells us, are 'all gifted and talented liars.' If Canadian politicians 'can turn, and turn, and yet go on, and turn again,' there is nothing singular in their genius for turning. It is the common gift of gifted politicians all over the world. It is shared alike by Palmerston and Russell, Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton, Louis Napoleon and Persigny, Lincoln and Seward, Cartier and Macdougall.

Earl Russell, once known to fame and Punch and the house of Commons, as Lord John Russell, furnishes an instance illustrative of this capacity for turning.

On August, 31, 1860, he addressed a dispatch to Sir James Hudson; the

English Minister at Turin, in which he denounces any attack upon 'the domains of the Emperor of Austria or the King of Naples,' describes Austria warring for her Italian provinces as 'fighting in a just cause to maintain her violated territory, and restore her military honour,' and threatens Count Cavour if he relies on help from France: 'But let not Count Cavour indulge in so pernicious a delusion. The great powers of Europe are bent on maintaining peace, and Great Britain has interests in the Adriatic which her Majesty's Government must watch with careful attention.'

On October 1, this year, to some Italians who had presented him with a statue and an address, in testimony of their gratefulness for what he had done for Italy, he made this reply:—

Gentlemen,—It is with feelings of deep gratitude that I accept your gift of a statue, the work of the excellent sculptor, Carlo

Romano, and representing 'La Convincione dell'Unita d'Italia.' It has always been my persuasion that *Italy herself was the fittest judge of the mode best adapted to secure her freedom, her happiness, and her independence.* The only merit I can claim in conjunction with my colleagues in the Government, is that of having *expressed openly, constantly, and successfully, the opinion that Italy should not be interfered with in the great task which, to the immortal glory of her sons, she undertook.*

Has any Canadian Minister carried the difficult, and delicate, and graceful, and interesting art of turning to such perfection as this? Yet we are always writing and speaking of the wondrous achievements of our portfolio holders in this ministerial art, as if they had no equals under the sun, and had no pegs amongst England's peers, not even Earl Russell of historic name of widespread fame and one of the foremost of the living statesmen of the little isle.



F. W. STONE, Esq.

#### MR. STONE.

F. W. STONE, Esq., President of the Provincial Agricultural Association for 1862, ranks foremost among the breeders and importers of stock in America, and has done much for Canada by introducing some of the best blood in England, and improving the breed of stock at very considerable pecuniary loss to himself, for it does not pay to import stock, as those acquainted with the business well know. Indeed, we are assured that some of Mr. Stone's imported stock would bring more money in England at the present time than he could ever hope to get for them here. 'Stock,' with him, however, is a passion, and it is gratifying to know that he can afford to indulge it. His beautiful farm of Moreton Lodge, situated one mile from Guelph, and comprising five hundred acres, is one of the finest in the country. The principal portion of his fine stock is kept here, and the buildings are very extensive and exceedingly well arranged. When finished they will be the best in the Province. His agricultural implements are of the highest order and are well worth inspection. 'In a year or two,' writes a valued correspondent, 'when the buildings are completed at Moreton Lodge, I think the *Canadian Illustrated News*, should give a view of the place, and send some one to inspect every thing about it. A detailed account would be interesting to agriculturists.' Mr. Stone has another farm of two hundred acres in the township of Puslineh, four miles from Guelph, where he keeps his celebrated 'Southdowns.' He has also a store in Guelph, and does a good business in the mercantile line, chiefly however, with the old settlers, by whom he is held in the highest esteem.

We are simply in the performance of our purpose, and the fulfilment of our pledges to our agricultural readers, in presenting them with a portrait of so distinguished a member of their order, and subjoining thereto a brief record of his life.

Frederick William Stone was born at Barton, Warwickshire, England, 17th September, 1814. He removed to Gloucestershire, when very young, and remained there until the period of his quitting England, 1st November, 1830. He came out to America with a gentleman named John Arkell, also from Gloucestershire, and arrived in New York, December 29th, 1830. In the May following he came to Canada with Mr. Arkell, who took up two thousand acres of land in the township of Puslineh, county of Wellington, C.W. Mr. Stone remained with him during that summer and fall, and then took a farm at the same settlement. In clearing his purchase, 107 acres in extent, he had his full share of all the dangers and difficulties that usually fall to the lot of the pioneers of the forest. For the first seven years the crops in this section were much injured by the frosts, and this had a very disheartening influence on the settlers. In December, 1835, Mr. Stone paid a visit to England, and his friends at home were very anxious for him to remain there, or try some other country where the road to fortune was not so rugged as the one he had just left; but their efforts proved unavailing, and he returned again in June, 1836, to his home and hard work in the wilds of Canada.

In 1841, having greatly improved his farm, he removed to Guelph, and commenced store-keeping, which he carried

on very successfully, devoting however, a considerable portion of his time to agriculture, and losing none of his old taste for it; and, thinking it would be a benefit to the neighbors, he determined to import some thorough-bred stock. He went to England in 1851, and again in 1853, and, while there, purchased five short-horn heifers, in calf, and a young bull, as also some Cotswold sheep, which were shipped by the 'Norman' of Boston, but after being at sea forty five days they were lost in a gale.

In the following year, 1854, he imported one cow, one heifer, a young bull and thirty-two Cotswold sheep, all of which arrived safe. In the spring of 1855 he imported four heifers. In September of the same year, two cows, seven heifers and eleven Cotswold sheep; and in July, 1856, a shorthorn cow, two very superior heifers, four Cotswold ewes, two sows and a boar of the small white breed. He visited England again in July, and purchased two cows, one heifer, one bull, thirty-two Southdown sheep, seven Cotswold rams, two Berkshire sows, and two young Berkshire boars, all of which came out in the October following. In November, 1854, he imported twenty-one Cotswold sheep. In 1850 he again went to England, and while there purchased sixty Cotswold ewes and seven rams. In addition to which he imported the same year eight Hereford cows and heifers and one bull. The Herefords, it is believed, are well adapted to this country. In 1861 he imported twenty Cotswold rams and two Southdown rams, purchased at Jonas Webb's sale, and twenty-five Leicester ewes and six rams, bred by Mr. Pawlett; also, one Hereford bull and three heifers, bred by the late Lord Berwick. His importation during the present year has been one Berkshire boar.

Mr. Stone has always taken an active part in promoting the interests of the Provincial Agricultural Association. In 1860 he was second Vice-President, first Vice-President for 1861, and President for 1862. Of late years he has taken the greatest amount of prizes at the annual Exhibitions of the Association, the last two years averaging about \$550 per year.

The stock from the herds and flocks of Moreton Lodge has been widely distributed throughout Canada; and in the following States of the neighbouring Republic, viz: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, and California; and at many of the State shows it has taken the sweep-stake prizes.

We may mention as an instance of the value of some of his fine stock, that a calf by Captain Guiter's sixth Duke of Oxford, and whose dam was imported in 1855, sold for \$650, when only a year old. This calf took the prize at Kingston.

Mr. Stone was married in 1842, and has a large and promising family. His two eldest boys are being educated at Rossall School, near Fleetwood, Lancashire, one of the best institutions in England.

It is less important to a young lady that her lover's diamonds should be of pure water than that his drink should be.

The difference between a fish and the husband of a vixen is, that one lives always in cold water and the other in hot.

If a lady has a thousand acres of valuable land, the young men are apt to conclude that they are sufficient grounds for attachment.

'I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush!' The fact is, husband, 'I was born to blush unseen.'

A woman's tears are generally more effective than her words. In such cases, wind is a less powerful element than water.

Joseph Miller mentions an Irishman who enlisted in the Seventy-fifth regiment so as to be near his brother who was in the Seventy-fourth.