Carleton Place Herald.

VOL. XXIV. CARLETON PLACE, ONTARIO, NOVEMBER 26, 1873. NO 8.

AT REST!

She sleeps!—not on the pillow of rest,
But in the quiet tomb;
That mansion in heaven has another guest,
For she said, "I am going home."
She sleeps! and dear ones mourn for her!
(Jesus at the grave of Lazarus wept,)
But with a murmured "Thy will be done,"
For they think of the words that she spoke ere she slept.
"I see my Saviour in that glorious heaven,
More beautiful than you can think,"
And now, in that blissful home above,
Of the waters of life she will drink.
She sleeps! but her soul forever lives
For that longed-for home of love,
She dwells with her Saviour—He sent for her
To be harpy with Him above.
She sleeps! could we wish her back again
To this world of toil and sorrow?
Ah, no for we feel she is resting there;
She need take no thought of the morrow.
She sleeps! God grant all dear ones may meet her there,
Where the weary are at rest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
In the mansions of the blest.

THE ST. HILDRIC DIAMONDS.

Some three or four miles from the little fishing town known as Hartlepool, in the county of Durham on the English coast, stands a time-worn old mansion, which bears the name of St. Hildric Court.

At the time our little story opens, the once grand and famous old place was rapidly falling into ruins, the handsome and extensive grounds were sadly neglected, and only the modern wing of the once really elegant building was at all inhabited, save by the bats and owls, and perchance the flitting ghosts of the dead and gone St. Hildrics.

The present incumbent and heir, Lord Ross Hildric, was a young bachelor, very handsome, very gay, and very reckless in his habits. Most of his time was spent in London; but once or twice in a season, when the shooting was good, he came down with a party of friends as gay as himself, to enliven the whole Court, and to make Dame Gwinneth, the antiquated housekeeper, bring out the massive St. Hildric silver and china.

A little below St. Hildric Court, stretching itself lazily along the sunny coast, was another little fishing hamlet called Carrow Head, so near to the great sea that the salt waves thundered against its very threshold when the tide was up. But the people of Harrow Head were used to the sea, and liked to have it near them, and to hear its hoarse voice.

One quiet afternoon, in early Spring-time, when this same little hamlet seemed to look lazier than ever before, an incident took place that thrilled it to its inmost heart, and brought the oldest fisherman on the strand to his feet.

Luke Hartly was arrested, and for stealing the St. Hildric diamonds.

Was he guilty?

Every man, women, and child in Carrow Head rushed out to ask the question, and a dozen voices volunteered what they could tell. Mr. So-and-so had told Mr. So-and-so that he saw Luke as the officers were taking him to goal.

But the old men and women shook their heads. They must have stronger proof than mere say-so before they believed such a charge as that against a lad like Luke Hartly.

But the proof soon came in the person of the old rector, who came down the coast lane toward them with a slow and solemn step. The babel of tongues ceased in an instant. Not many in the hamlet, but for miles and miles up the coast he was looked up to with loving reverence. All eyes were turned upon him now as he appeared in the midst of the excited crowd.

Is it true, Mr. Renfrew?

The question came in a low, intense whisper from a dozen lips at once.

The old man paused before he answered, steadying himself upon his cane, and shaking his grey head slowly from side to side,—

"Yes, lads," at last, his voice feeble and piteous; "I saw them take him to prison with my own eyes."

That was enough.

The Carrow Head people asked for no better assurance than their rector's simple word. But they hesitated about that other question, burning in their hearts, and trembling on their lips, not daring to put it into words.

The rector had one child, a daughter, Berenice Renfrew, the fairest maiden in all Durham, perhaps, and she was the affianced wife of Luke Hartly.

People wondered, at first, that a girl like Berenice, so young, and fair, and well-taught, should care for a great plain fellow like Luke, especially, when she could have her pick of the very best of the Carrow Head lads; and rumor said that the young Lord of St. Hildric himself was in love with her.

But Berenice seemed to think it all right and proper, and walked to St. Hild with Luke on Sundays, in preference to any one else.

In due time it was all settled—Berry and Luke were affianced; and when he returned from his next voyage they were to become man and wife.

The rector had no objections to make, so the village folks left off wondering, and called Berry a sensible girl to choose a true, honest fellow in preference to a false young noble, or fine-dressed fop.

What would Berry do now? What would the old rector do? Was Luke innocent or guilty?

Not one dared to ask, but reading what they dreaded to speak, in their eager eyes, the old man went on,—

"'Tis a bad case, lads—a bad case; it'll go hard with poor Luke, I'm thinking," his eyes filling with tears as he thought of Berry, then flashing out suddenly as he added,—

"Not that I believe him guilty, lads—not that I'm settled on that point, though the evidence will go strong against him; Luke Hartly's no thief, and we must stick close to the poor lad if the worst comes to the worst."

"Ay, ay, sir."

These simple Carrow Head folks knew how to keep their word, and when they made promises, they meant them.

When the day of trial came round, Luke Hartly did not find himself friendless—they stood up for him to a man. But for all that, they could not save him.

Lord Hildric had engaged skilful counsel, and the evidence was clear and indisputable.

It was after this wise—

On Tuesday night, at twelve o'clock, precisely, Lord Hildric's valet heard some one entering the library, a room on the east ground-floor of the Court. He at once called up some two or three of his fellow-servants, and rushing towards the spot, reached it only in time to see the burglar make his escape through an open window.

His lordship was aroused, and his private desk was found to be opened, and rifled of a considerable amount of money, and of an antique casket containing the St. Hildric diamonds.

An officer was at once notified and started in pursuit; and just down the sands they came upon Luke Hartley, looking wild and dishevelled, like a crazy man. Lord Hildric caused him to be searched, and the stolen articles were found upon his person.

To all questions, whether put by friend or foe, he kept a most provoking silence. He was not guilty; he went to St. Hildric Court that night, but he did not commit the robbery. Farther than that, he had nothing to say. In vain his friends urged upon him the insane folly of such a course. Nothing moved him—not even the old rector's remonstrances, or his widowed mother's tears. He did not steal the diamonds, but how he came by them he was not at liberty to say.

"He was a fool," said the lawyer who conducted his case, and who had known him from his boyhood up. But Luke smiled quietly and said nothing.

The day of trial brought a large crowd to the Hartlepool court-house. Crime was something new to the simple fisher-folks, and they flocked in from miles and miles to see the prisoner, and form their own opinion concerning him.

He stood up proudly enough in the prisoner's box that day, his arms folded across his brawny chest, and something in his grey eye that gave the lie to any accusation that might be brought against him. Lord Hildric paled and grew nervous at sight of him.

The valet's evidence was brief. He heard some person entering the library, only one instant after the turret clock struck twelve, and reached the room only in time to see the thief escape. He did not recognize, and could not identify him; but there was another witness in the person of an old lodge-keeper, who testified to having seen Luke Hartly hanging about the Court on the same night and at about the same hour.

After him, Berenice, the old rector's daughter, was called to the stand. White as winter snow, her pretty curls pushed back in disorder, her brown eyes strained upon the prisoner's face with a wild and a pitious gaze; she stood their awaiting there cruel questions.

Was the prisoner at her father's house on the night of the robbery? He was. At what time? Nearly all the evening; he came early? But at what hour did he leave? Could she remember? Ah, she could indeed, but she would not tell.

They stood together on the porch of the old rectory, watching the flash of the distant waves, and the yellow moonlight crowning the brown Durham hills. Berenice was awaiting her father's coming, who was out with some poor, dying sinner, and her lover kept lingering from hour to hour.

He was absent and gloomy, and often sighed heavily, like one in deep distress.

Berry did her best to comfort him, and begged to know the cause of his trouble; but he answered her almost savagely, that it was something she could not know.

A minute later, Lord Hildric came galloping by, on his way to the Court, and the young sailor grew fairly livid at sight of him.

"Curse him!" he ejaculated, with blazing eyes and clenched fists. "I'm afraid I shall murder him yet." Then turning suddenly to the affrighted girl "Berry," he said, "I want you to promise me something—never to speak to yon fair-faced villain again. Will you?"

"Why, Luke," she expostulated, "how absurd; I never do speak to Lord St. Hildric except about parish affairs, and I'm sure he's a nice, fair-spoken gentleman."

"Oh, yes, too fair-spoken by a great deal, but as black a villian at heart as ever lived—and, Berry, I've heard your name coupled with his, more than once—they say he loves you; but if you don't want to make me a murderer, you never must speak to him again. He's a bad man."

"Then, I never will, Luke," she said, submissively; "I'm willing to do anything in the world you wish me to do."

"I know it, my darling," he cried, clasping and kissing her; "and 'tis because you are so pure, and I love you so that I require this."

Just then, standing side by side, they heard the turret clock at St. Hildric strike eleven, and away down the lane came the sober tramp of the rector's cab.

"There's papa at last," cried Berenice; "run away, now, Luke, and let me go in; he'll scold to find us out so late."

And Luke kissed her good-night, and strode away through the spring moonlight, not in the direction of his mother's cottage and Carrow Head, but up the open highway that led to St. Hildric's Court.

She remembered it all, but she would not answer; no word of hers should convict Luke. The counsel repeated the question, but she turned from him with white sealed lips. Luke watched her keenly for an instant and then rose to his feet.

"Let me answer for her," he said, his grey eyes gleaming, his plain face grand and touching; "don't worry the poor child. I left the rectory at eleven o'clock and went straight to St. Hildric Court. I wanted to see his lordship," he continued, turning his blazing glance on the quailing young nobleman—"there's a matter 'twixt him and me that's not been settled yet—but his lordship was in bed when I got there, and the place was all dark, and I had to put it off; but, I didn't steal his diamonds, and he knows it, and what's better, *God knows.*"

A great thrill swept through the crowd as the honest fellow uttered these words and turned his clear eyes from one to another of the familiar faces around him, and not one soul, perhaps, dared question the truth of what he said. Still, the evidence, the circumstances the influence of Lord St. Hildric, and the law convicted him; and he was sent to penal servitude for a term of five years.

The morning when Berenice went down to bid him farewell was a wild one black with scudding clouds and rain, and mournful with the hoarse cry of the sea.

The prisoner was pacing up and down his cell, but heard and recognized her light step, and came forward to meet her with glowing eyes and extended arms. For an instant both were silent, he reading the language of her tender, uplifted face. Then he said, passionately—

"You do believe in my innocence, Berry?"

"Yes, Luke, as truly as I believe in heaven."

"You do not doubt me, in spite of all you have heard?"

"No; I trust and believe in you, because——"

She paused, blushing, and drooping her shy, brown eyes.

"Because what, Berenice?"

"Because I love you so, Luke."

"Heaven bless you, little Berry," he said, brokenly; "you don't know how this comforts me. I believe I should sink under this only for your trust. Five years won't last forever; I'm young and strong; I'll live this down and assert my innocence. I'll come back to you one day, little Berry."

"I'll wait for you, Luke."

"Heaven bless you; I know your love will never fail me—but, here they come—good bye."

"Good bye, Luke!"

He kissed her again, and followed the officers out, into the rain, and the last object his eyes rested upon was the shadow of her white face looking after him from the prison window.

* * * * *

Five years made but little change at Carrow Head. The fishermen fished and mended their nets, and lovers strolled along the sea-sands in the summer moonlight and little children hunted shells, just as they did in days of yore. The old rector still lived at the rectory, and Berenice lived with him, and performed her household duties, and looked after the poor of the parish, and was as sweet and winsome and as obliging as if the shadow of no great sorrow had ever fallen on her life.

But her father was growing old and feeble, and one evening, toward the beginning of the winter, Berenice called a physician. Lord St. Hildric, hearing of his illness, came down to see him. His lordship had been very kind to the Renfrews in all of these years, and he was getting to be a good, steady man. He lived at the Court now, and had abandoned all his associates, and reckless life, and many a long evening he spent at the rectory, talking and reading with the rector, and, more than once, he had offered Berenice a place in his handsome home, and in his heart. Of all the grand and gay ladies who smiled upon this handsome young lord, none charmed him save fair, brown-eyed little Berry, and, despite her lowly origin, he was bent on making her his wife. But she steadily refused all his offers and importunities.

Sitting by the fire that chill November afternoon, while the old rector slept, the Lord of St. Hildric renewed his proposal.

"Why will you persist in refusing me, Berenice?" he said, "and living this lonely and desolate life when you might be the Lady of St. Hildric's Court? You knew how much I love you. Will you come?"

She shook her head.

"Why not, Berenice?"

"Because," she replied, glancing out at the gathering storm, "I must wait for him."

"But he will never come."

"Then I must wait forever."

There was something so sublime in her sad sweet face, and her quiet answer, that Lord St. Hildric could find no words to press his suit, and a silence fell between them which was broken by the entrance of old Janet.

"An' if you please, step down to the kitchen, Miss Berenice," she said, dropping her courtesy to the young lord, "there's a poor creature there that seems half wild, and a-dying, besides, and she says she must see you."

Berenice arose with a strange thrill at her heart—a prescience of some good or evil. She followed Janet down, and found a white-faced, hollow-eyed woman shivering before the kitchen fire.

"Don't you know me?" she began, extending her thin hand as Berenice advanced, "look at my face and see. No; you have forgotten me—my own mother wouldn't know me know. I am Bessie Hartly, Luke Hartly's half-sister—ah, you remember me now! I was a young girl once, fair and happy, like yourself; I am a ruined, heart-broken wanderer now. And, 'tis all his work, the Lord of St. Hildric's Court—and I shall curse him with my last breath."

"But I must see him," she continued, falling back in her chair, and gasping painfully for breath, "send for him quick—for Lord St. Hildric and for a magistrate. I have a confession to make before I die, and I can't hold out much longer. Go, do you hear?" Berenice whispered a few words to the old housekeeper, who went out, and returned in ten minutes, accompanied by his lordship and a magistrate.

The woman rose to a sitting posture on their entrance.

"Lord of St. Hildric," she cried, her hollow eyes burning upon him, "come nearer,—look at me—look at your own work."

The young nobleman recoiled, white, and shivering, as if a ghost had confronted him:

She broke into a wild laugh.

"Oh you tremble and turn white!" she shrieked; "and well you may—I am here to let the world know what a cowardly viliain you are." "Berenice Renfrew," turning to the rector's daughter, "Luke Hartly did not steal the St. Hildric diamonds—he was innocent. I stole them myself at the instigation of that wretch yonder."

"Bessie, Bessie," interposed his lordship, coming nearer, "you are excited."

"I am dying," she cried, waving him off, "and the world shall know the truth; your power over me has ended, Ross St. Hildric. You made love to me, and wrought my ruin with your false, fair ways, and then, when my good name was at stake—when I would have died a thousand deaths to win your favor, you tempted me with false promises."

"Yes sir," she went on, turning to the magistrate, "he, the Lord of St. Hildric Court—see how the craven villain cowers and trembles—promised to make me his lawful wife, and to give m[illegible] an honorable name, if I [illegible] bidding. Luke Hartley, [illegible] ther, was his bitter enemy; [illegible] would stand between us a[illegible] piness. He must be got out [illegible]

"He laid a findish plot, [illegible] his instrument, promising [illegible] should come to Luke. I wa[illegible] my half-brother because he [illegible] to save me from my destr[illegible] silenced my conscience and [illegible] bidding. It was I who [illegible] library that night, and took [illegible] and the St. Hildric diamond[illegible] cabinet. I knew that Luke [illegible] to the Court that night, a[illegible] with my stolen treasures, sur[illegible] met him. He was coming [illegible] and force St. Hildric to do [illegible] he said. But the officers we[illegible] my heels, and I thrust the sto[illegible] into Luke's hands, and imple[illegible] help me.

"The officers took him befo[illegible] time to conceal them, and w[illegible] not a dozen yards distant, but [illegible] good fellow would not betray [illegible] worked his destruction.

"Ah! how the thought of it [illegible] me now—he was such a good [illegible] and took the crime on himse[illegible] me. I think I should have come [illegible] and confessed all, but my child [illegible] a few days after, and for month[illegible] on the brink of the grave. Wh[illegible] covered, it was all over, and po[illegible] was gone. And then, for my [illegible] sake, and because of yon villai[illegible] mise, I held back.

"But My child is dead now, [illegible] eyes are open. I have learne[illegible] Lord Hildric's true object wa[illegible] loved you Berenice Renfrew, and [illegible] me his instrument to disgrace and [illegible] your lover."

Berenice uttered a startled cry [illegible] his lordship tottered toward the [illegible] with a face like death.

"Curse you, curse you, for eve[illegible] ever!" shrieked the dying woman, "you have ruined and deceived me, and [illegible] my curse rest on you for ever mor[illegible]"

An hour later the hapless woman [illegible] dead, and, leaving her father in the care of some neighbors who had dro[illegible] in, moved by impulse was irresis[illegible] Berenice went down to the sea.

The rain had subsided and the w[illegible] were high, and the waves lashed [illegible] strand with sullen fury. She stret[illegible] out her arms toward the stormy sea [illegible] cried piteously.—

"Luke, Luke, when will you c[illegible] back to me?"

The sobbing waves drowned [illegible] feeble cry, but at the same instant [illegible] tiny speck, far out upon the foam[illegible] waters, caught her eye. Slowly it ca[illegible] on, now sinking out of sight in [illegible] trough of the sea, and again to view [illegible] the crest of a billow.

At last she could discern its form. [illegible] life boat containing two men, who pul[illegible] for the shore.

The night came down heavily, a[illegible] with it the solitary boat struck [illegible] strand. One of the men leaped o[illegible] with a boat lamp in his hand. His f[illegible] was worn, but the clear, grey ey[illegible] were unchanged. Berenice put out h[illegible] hand with a cry of joy.

"Oh, Luke have you come?"

"Yes Berenice, I was going anoth[illegible] way, out into the world to win a nam[illegible] but our vessel struck the bar, and t[illegible] storm sent me home."

"Heaven sent you, Luke," she sai[illegible] solemnly, "your sister is dead at th[illegible] rectory, and the Carrow Head peopl[illegible] know that you are innocent."

His eyes flashed proudly for a [illegible]tant and then filled with tender tears.

"And you have trusted me, an[illegible] waited for me all these years, Berry?"

"Yes, Luke; and we will never part any more now, will we?"

"Never any more, my darling, unti[illegible] death shall part us."

FREIGHT TRAFFIC ON RAILWAYS.

The means of transporting the vas[illegible] products of the West at rates whic[illegible] shall enable them to be sold, at a profi[illegible] to the producer, in the great consumin[illegible] markets of Europe, is a subject engagin[illegible] very close attention by capitalists on t[illegible] American continent. The western far[illegible]er has to compete at a distance of from four to five thousand miles, with the home grower whose market lies literally at his own door. And hither to the construction of railways which must henceforth be the chief means of conveying inland produce to the seaboard—owing to the influences of climate on water navigation—has been effected with the least possible regard to the important economical question on the true solution of which the main source of their revenue must depend. The Americans are as sensible of the necessity for action in this matter that they have already projected a direct railway to connect the Mississippi with the Atlantic seaboard, and General Kibbe, of New York, in a recent speech at Chicago, whilst advocating specially the undertaking of which he is a promoter, suggested many considerations equally applicable to the subject generally.

They are all the more worthy of being well weighed by ourselves in view of the obligation Canada has incurred to construct a Canadian Pacific Railroad. It is useless to expect that such a line can derive any considerable portion of its revenue from local traffic. Its success, commercially, will have to depend mainly on its capacity for carrying at comparatively low rates, the bread stuffs and meat raised on the boundless prairies of the North-west to the Atlantic or by the freights of merchandise that may find their way through Canada from the manufactories of Europe to the countries of the far east. In either case the competition must necessarily be severe. The Pacific, China, Japan, and Indian trade will have a choice of five or six distinct routes, and our own products will have to hold their own against those of the American States supplied with abundant facilities for transport.

Taking a bushel of wheat as the most convenient standard and example—for the rule applying to one article of commerce practically applies to all—we find that, in Great Britain, the wheat lands are valued at an average of $500 per acre, and rented at $25. The yield of wheat will not exceed twenty five bushels to the acre, and the cost of cultivation being added to the rental, it will be found wheat cannot be grown profitably by the British agriculturist under a market price of two dollars per bushel. It is calculated further, that the wheat grown in the regions contiguous to the Black Sea, whence comes a very large portion of the supplies of Western Europe, must also realize two dollars a bushel to repay the producer and merchant. On the other hand, the Western American farmer, owing to the cheapness of his land and other causes, can afford to sell his wheat on the spot at a good profit. Our capacity, therefore, to deliver wheat grown in the valley of the Saskatchewan at Liverpool, at a charge for transport of some sixty cents per bushel, depends our ability to cope with the rivalry we have to contend with.—What will be the price he can obtain for his crops is the first question the intending settler or immigrant will ask himself. Taking then, the sum we have above given, as the estimated price at the point of consumption, it will be seen that the price at the place of production will depend altogether on the intervening charges, and every cent above a certain amount added to these must come off the sum otherwise put by the grower into his own pocket. The direct bearing, then, of this question of transport upon the progress of settlement and the extent of the land brought under cultivation, will be seen in a moment.

General Kibbe, in the speech we have referred to gives a practical illustration of the saving that may be effected to the producer by the judicious adoption of a shorter in preference to a longer route between two given points. The distance by railway from Chicago to New York is, by the shortest existing road, 914 miles, whilst a direct line would measure 786 miles. But the mere shortening of the distance, between the termini is not the only point to be attained.—Judicious arrangements with respect to gradients aligments have just the same effect on working expenses. A grade of twenty feet to the mile is equal to a mile of level road. Taking, then, all these matters into account, General Kibbs claims that the saving of a direct line, built with an exclusive regard for economizing the cost of through, freights would amount, as against existing lines, to no less than $4,930,392 per annum, or just five per cent on a capital of one hundred millions. And this is on a little more than one third of the estimated length of our Canadian Pacific.—"What costs," he says, "the Pennsylvania Central 00,887 per ton per mile "for 914 miles, will cost us (the proposed direct line), only 00,763 per ton "for 786 miles, a difference in favour "of the latter of 26 per cent. The dead "cost of a car load of wheat would be by "the present lines, $81,07, as against, "$59,97, by the new projected line." We can see from this, then, how all important is the question to us, of securing for our North-western traffic, the shortest and most economically worked route from the Rocky Mountains to tide water.

Hitherto, constructors have acted with very little regard for these considerations, in laying down trunk lines of road. Our remarks do not, of course, apply to local lines built for the express accommodation of local traffic. A very little calculation will show that to act upon the principle in laying down a through line, of meeting this local want, or that sectional interest, might be in the end absolutely fatal to national progress and development. It would be quite possible—for railways must somehow or other be made to pay their working cost and the interest on their bonds—to levy what would be, practically, a tax of ten or fifteen cent on every bushel of wheat grown west of Fort Garry. In other words upon a wise selection of the route of the Canadian Pacific Railroad may depend, whether the corn-growing or beef raising capitalist is, or is not attracted to the vast region there awaiting settlement. The necessity for a sound policy in this respect is further shown by the fact that in contiguous territories we have competitors who are equally interested with ourselves in securing an influx of immigration, and in providing a cheap outlet for the productions. Eleven years ago Minnesota was forced to import the breadstuffs consumed by her scanty population. This year she has a surplus of 30,000,000 bushels of wheat. Iowa, with only one eighteenth of her soil under cultivation, has sent to market no less than 30,000,000 bushels of wheat and 187,000,000 bushels of corn. A saving of five cents per bushel on the wheat alone exported from these States would represent a sum to be distributed amongst the producers of no less than three millions of dollars; and these figures are altogether insignificant when compared with the productive capacity of our North Western territories.

We have referred to the Canadian Pacific only as being the most striking illustration for our purpose. The same principle, however, applies equally in degree to all other trunk lines. It was disregarded in the location of the Grand Trunk, it was altogether overlooked in the case of the Intercolonial, and it is probable that the error in both cases when other lines come into competition, be nearly fatal to both of those just named. But it is not the railway alone that suffers. Just as the future settler in the North West may be wealthy or impoverished by attention to or the neglect of these considerations, so will the Intercolonial and Grand Trunk blunders be a permanent dead weight and cargo upon the industry that finds its outlet through their agency. At all events, to use our illustration once more, either the farmer who grows the bushel of wheat or the railway company that carries it to market must lose the difference between a short route and a long one. Ultimately it will be the former on whom the loss will probably fall The vigorous uprising of Western State farmers against railroad monopolies has bee founded on precisely the same principle as the one we have been urging, and it is the energetic action that has forced the whole question so prominently into public notice.—*Globe.*

Eve was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with mamma. And Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about the way mother used to cook.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?

Apropos of Mr. Livermore's last lecture on the above important question the Davenport *Democrat* thus sensibly makes answer.

Bring them up in the way they should go.

Give them a good substantial common school education.

Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them how to make shirts.

Teach them how to make bread.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, dining room and parlor.

Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents.

Teach them that the more one lives within their income the more they will save.

Teach them the further one lives beyond their income the nearer they get to the poor house.

Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.

Teach them that a good round rosy romp is worth five delicate consumptives.

Teach them to wear thick warm shoes.

Teach them to do the marketing for the family.

Teach them to foot up store bills.

Teach them that God made them in his own image and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Teach them every day, hard, practical common sense.

Teach them self religion.

Teach them that a good steady, greasy mechanic without a cent is worth a dozen oil-pated loafers in their broad cloth.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

Teach them to climb apple trees, go fishing, cultivate a garden and drive a road team or farm wagon.

Teach them the accomplishments: music, painting, drawing, if you have the time and money to do it with.

Teach them not to paint and powder.

Teach them not to wear false hair.

Teach them to say no, and mean it, or yes, and stick to it.

Teach them to regard the morals, not the money—of the beaux.

Teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—when at a suitable time let them marry.

Rely upon it, that your teaching depends, in a great measure, the wealth or woe of their afterwards.

A BOY'S LETTER.

A father, who had a boy visiting relatives in the country, is so pleased with the following letter from his son that he wishes us to put it in the *Herald.*

Dear Pa I like the country heap better than the city you know I like eggs very much Here I have good fresh eggs every day to eat I dont like the eggs that biddie has been cookin There are a good many eggs that are spoilt but we dont eat them Aunt sends them that dont look fresh and nice to the city.

The cholera is among Uncles chickens and he intends to bring a lot to the city to-morrow. We dont eat any Aunt says they will do for city folks but she cant bear them S. P. dont buy any.

This morning I grown the coffee for aunt Lizze The mill is nearly played out aunt says it was done by grindin gravel stones that are put in the coughey by nauty folks Pa I think you aur not to put them little stones in the coughfe.

Aunt makes good butter you know but let me whisper to you dont buy her butter this week a mouse fell in the cream I saw it. From your son,

JOHNNY.

When Santanta and Big Tree were released from the imprisonment which they justly merited, they made the U. S. Commissioners "a big talk." According to the interpreters, who usually have a flavor of Cooper's novels in their translations, Big Tree made sundry allusions to the leaves of the forest, to which his people were comparable, and to his heart, which was "soft and good." He concluded his oration by saying, "I have learned something from you whites; I know enough not to fight you again." This noble savage has a short memory; he has not been out of jail thirty days, and he is now on a raid, blundering and burning with all his ancient freedom. Santanta and Big Tree were tried, convicted, and sentenced under the laws of Texas, the whole proceeding being in exact accordance with the newest phase of the Indian policy of the Administration. Without consulting the Governor of Texas, who has the pardoning power, an agent of the President promised that the convicted Indians should be released; they were so released, "in order that the President might keep his word." The result is not a little mortifying; but the Indians, who promptly promised good behaviour, doubtless think the whole affair a first rate joke.

The Danville [Ill.] *Times* is getting quite excited about the Farmers' Movement. It says, in a wild war whooping way; "Stand aside, politicians—you little gnats and worms—or the farmers will step on, and kill you! The farmers will crush the very life of any party or any politician who hinders the car of reform! With corn at a quarter a bushel, you may as well play with an elephant as with a farmer." The sentiments are good, but what puzzles us is to know why the farmer is like an elephant, and what comes of playing with an elephant.

He is the wisest and happiest man, who by constant attention, discovers the greatest opportunity of good and with ardent resolution, breaks through every opposition, that he may improve these opportunities.

Jerold once went to a party at which Mr. Pepper had assembled his friends, and said to his host on entering the room "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see your friends all mustered!"

LOUIS RIEL.

It is one of the delusions, real and pretended, of the party now in Opposition, both in Ontario and the Dominion, that those who have succeeded them in power must find some terrible difficulty in preserving their consistency with respect to Louis Riel, the murderer of Thomas Scott, now member elect for Provencher. The act of Government is, after all, not so very difficult a business. Its embarrassments and troubles mostly begin as do those of private life, in a departure from the path of rectitude, or in having recourse, not to the plan guidance of principle, but to the shifting resources of temporary expediency. If men in power will only be reasonably honest, if they will only dare to do right, regardless of the immediate consequences to themselves, it is astonishing how soon the lowering clouds lift, and the storm passes harmlessly by.

We have never heard but one opinion expressed by anybody calling himself a Reformer as to the duty of the administrators of the law in Canada with regard to Louis Riel. Nor, so far as our information goes, has any member of that party been found to argue that his crime was one to be either palliated or justified. It cannot be seriously intended that, because a man is of a particular nationality or creed he is exempt from the penalties of crime. When an offender is caught in the law's toils, justice does not stop, so far as we ever heard, to ask whether British, Celtic, or Gallic blood flows in his veins, or under what name he may have brought disgrace upon religion. If the late Prime Minister of Canada was not guilty of the most shocking hypocrisy, he and his most pronounced political opponents are in accord in believing that Riel was guilty, in putting Scott to death, of a foul and deliberate murder. This seems to be the view taken, too, by the legal authorities of Manitoba, for a warrant is now out against Riel, and his former deputy and accomplice, Lepine, has been actually arrested and committed for trial on the same charge. If Riel had been discovered, we presume he also would be, with Lepine, a prisoner in Fort Garry. The committal of Lepine, too, seems to settle, until otherwise decided, the question of jurisdiction, and to wipe out the scandal of crime being committed within British jurisdiction with impunity. Louis Riel, then, so far as the world knows, stands to-day in the position of any other person against whom the law has been set in motion, but who up to a certain point has managed to evade his pursuers.

And if there has been nothing done of which the world has been kept in ignorance, if there has been no assurance given in the name of Britain or of Canada that this man shall go free, there is only one course possible for every good and honest citizen, whether he be a Minister of State or a private individual. The duty of all men in a civilized community is to uphold the law, to enforce the law, and especially so when the alleged offence is the highest known to the law. But then the question arises. Has any pledge been given to Riel, or those acting for him, which entitles him to expect the pardon or forgiveness of the Crown, in which is vested the authority of administering the law? Has any one been guilty of dissimulation towards the people of Canada all these years that have elapsed since Thomas Scott died, a victim of his loyalty, at Fort Garry? How is it we have never been told whether, in 1870, a pardon or amnesty was promised or not? We know the most positive statements have been made that the Government of Canada, or the British Government acting through its then representative, Sir John Young, did, in 1870, agree to condone all offences committed during the troubles at Red River. We know, too, that General Wolseley was wholly precluded from taking steps to arrest and bring to justice the ringleaders of that insurrection, including those guilty of Scott's murder. We know, too, that so far from being treated as a criminal or outlaw, Riel was greeted with the most effusive demonstrations of pleasure by the representative of the Sovereign in Manitoba. We know, too, that until within the past few months all efforts to bring Scott's murderers to justice were discouraged and rendered nugatory by some mysterious agency, the source of which it was, however, not very difficult to discover. All this certainly calls for explanation from those who alone are in a position to afford it.

It is they, not the Ministry now in office, that are placed in a predicament. Ever since the spring of 1870 the late Government have been deceiving and befooling either Riel and the Metis of Manitoba or the whole people of Canada. Let them now only have a courage to tell the truth, and there will be little trouble in deciding what is the duty the facts of the case impose upon us. If Riel abstained from resistance—futile though it might have been if attempted—and gave to Canadian authority peaceable possession of the country on a pledge that he should be held harmless, that pledge—however censurable those who gave it—must be respected. But if there was no such pledge or engagement, if the national good faith has not guaranteed to the murderers of Thomas Scott immunity from punishment, then let none presume to stand in the way of the law. That is our solution, a very simple one, of the question, How is Louis Riel to be treated? And we know of no one to whom the answer need be more difficult than to ourselves, unless it be a certain beaten and discredited political charlatan who has had no regard for law, justice, humanity, or national good faith, if their claims seemed for the moment to thwart his own sinister ends.—*Globe.*

Fidelity good humor and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a face, and make its decay invisible.

A good drain on a farm—A heavy mortgage at ten per cent. will drain it about as rapidly as anything.

A crooked log makes a straight fire.

The devil is not always at the one door.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

We possess only that which we comprehend.

Facts are the ores, truth the metal, and cant the scum.

Confidence may not be reciprocal, but kindness should be.

Virtues sometimes, but vices often, make men appear ridiculous.

Merit is mostly discovered by accident and rewarded by destiny.

Nature has put a considerable share of iron in the blood, but no gold.

A word spoken in season, at the right moment, is the mother of ages.

The thinking man has wings; the acting man has only feet and hands.

Great places are great burden; distinguished conditions in life exact great servitude.

We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself.

It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of a severe retaliation and not to exercise it.

When good will goes gadding, he must not be surprised if ill will sometimes meets him on the way.

Change is the only thing which is constant, mutability being an immutable law of the universe.

The honester a man the easier cheated. Nothing is so difficult to impose on as an impostor.

Sound not the vain trumpet of self-condemnation, but forget not to remember your own imperfections.

The purest joy that we can experience in one we love is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

Music is a prophecy of what life is to be; the rain of promise translated out of seeing into hearing.

There is no arena in which vanity displays itself under such a variety of forms as in conversation.

Few men feel joyous and light-headed and remain utterly selfish; they must communicate their feelings.

Pride frustrates its own desire, it will not mount the steps of the throne because it has not yet the crown on.

He who never relapses into sportiveness is a wearisome companion; but beware of him who jests at everything.

BEAR KILLED.—A Bear having visited the premises of Mr. John Crosby (Old Kempt Road), three nights in succession, he was watched for on the fourth night, 23rd ult., and at two in the morning was seen and killed by Mr. C. and one of his neighbors, Mr. Chas. Pierce. The animal was very large and fat being six feet nine inches in length, and girthing four feet around the body, one foot six inches above the knee, two feet five inches at the thigh, two feet eight inches around the neck, and weighing 513 pounds. The oil measured 16½ gals., and weighing 125 pounds.—*Yarmouth Tribune.*

We have never much favored corporal punishment in schools, but whether the substitute adopted by a Wisconsin teacher is desirable is a little doubtful. When a pupil is disobedient, idle, or refractory, he administers to the delinquent a dose of castor oil. The only result of this treatment which we have to report is a pun, strangely and fearfully execrable, made by the editor of the local newspaper. He says such treatment ought to render the scholars "dose-ile." He evidently needs a quart or so himself.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1874—SEVENTH YEAR.

THE ALDINE,

An illustrated monthly journal, universally admitted to be the handsomest periodical in the world. A representative and champion of American taste.

NOT FOR SALE IN BOOK OR NEWS STORES

THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or timely interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light and graceful literature; and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of THE ALDINE will be most appreciated after it has been bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness as compared with rivals of a similar class, THE ALDINE is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possessor of a complete volume cannot duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other number of volumes for ten times its cost; and then, there are the chromas, besides!

ART DEPARTMENT 1874.

The illustrations of THE ALDINE have won a world-wide reputation, and in the art centres of Europe it is an admitted fact that its wood cuts are examples of the highest perfection ever attained. The common prejudice in favor of "steel-plates," is rapidly yielding to a more educated and discriminating taste which recognizes the advantages of superior artistic quality with greater facility of production. The wood cuts of THE ALDINE possess all the delicacy and elaborate finish of the most costly steel plate, while they afford a better rendering of the artist's original.

To fully realize the wonderful works which THE ALDINE is doing for the cause of art culture in America, it is only necessary to consider the cost to the people of any other decent representations of the productions of great painters.

In addition to designs by the members of the National Academy, and other noted American artists, THE ALDINE will reproduce examples of the best foreign masters, selected with a view to the highest artistic success and greatest general interest. Thus the subscriber to THE ALDINE will at a trifling cost, enjoy in his own home the pleasures and refining influences of true art.

The quarterly tinted plates for 1874 will be by Thos. Moran and J. D. Woodward.

The Christmas issue for 1874 will contain special designs appropriate to the season by our best artists, and will surpass in attractions any of its predecessors.

PREMIUM FOR 1874.

Every subscriber to THE ALDINE for the year 1874 will receive a pair of chromos.—The original pictures were painted in oil for the publishers of THE ALDINE, by Thos. Moran, whose great Colorado picture was purchased by Congress for ten thousand dollars. The subjects were chosen to represent "The East" and "The West." One is a view in the White Mountains, New Hampshire; the other gives The Cliffs of Green River, Wyoming Territory. The difference in the nature of the scenes themselves is a pleasing contrast, and affords a good display of the artist's scope and coloring. The chromos are each worked from thirty distinct plates, and are in size (12 x 16) and appearance exact fac-similes of the originals. The presentation of a worthy example of America's greatest landscape painter to the subscriber of THE ALDINE was a bold but peculiarly happy idea, and its successful