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Home, Sweet Home, Shall be our Song.

When in other lands we wander,
Fair and bright the scenes may be;
They't not make our hearts grow fonder
Of the land beyond the sea.
Then our thoughts will still be burning
With affection, deep and strong;
To the land we now are spurning—
Home, Sweet Home, shall be our song!

The Wife of Our New Minister.

There had been a pastoral change in our congregation. The people, after a ten years' trial of good old Mr. Wharton, and his amiable, compliant wife, came to the conclusion that a different kind of preacher, with a different kind of wife, would vastly improve their spiritual condition. There was a lack of strength about Mr. Wharton (so it was alleged), and certain prominent ladies in the church had wished (aloud) so often that Mrs. Wharton were less old-fashioned in her ways, that change, sooner or later, had come to be a settled thing in the minds of a majority. It was simply a question of time; and time settled the question. The change was made. Old Mr. Wharton and his wife retired, and Rev. Mr. Newton and his wife took their places in the pastorate of the congregation—I say Mr. Newton and his wife, for our people think, or used to think, that, when they "hire a minister," they hire his wife also, and regarded her duties among them in quite as high a light as they did the duties of her husband.

I happened to be away from the village at the time this change was made, and did not return until after Mr. Newton and his wife had been doing duty for something over three months.
"How do you like the new minister?" was the first of my inquiries.
"He's a charming preacher," was the reply I received on every hand. Yet I saw, by the manner of my friends, that some drawback existed.
"How do you like his wife?"
"Ah! The little mystery was explained. Mr. Newton was well enough. But his wife!
"What kind of a woman is she?," I asked.

"Don't know. Can't make her out," was the vague answer I received.
"Is she anything like Mrs. Wharton?"
"O dear, no! I only wish she was. Why she doesn't take a particle of interest in the church. Hasn't been to one of the monthly concerts for prayer; nor to the weekly sewing-circle; nor even to the Sabbath school. We calculated entirely on her taking the senior girl's class which Mrs. Wharton taught for so many years; and a committee of ladies waited on her with an invitation to do so, but she actually declined, saying that she had neither taste nor aptitude for teaching! Now, what do you think of that for a minister's wife! I did you ever hear the best of it!"

I saw, at a glance, that there was trouble ahead for Miss Phoebe Lane, who made up this communication, was an active "circulating medium" in the congregation. She knew everybody, and acted as opinion-maker to a large majority of ladies who had too much to do in their families to have time for independent thinking in church matters.
I must confess that I felt a sort of liking for Mrs. Newton on this representation of Miss Lane. Mrs. Wharton had been such a pleasant subject in the hands of my spinster friend, and a few like her, that an involuntary respect was created for a minister's wife, who, in coming among us, could from the beginning show, that she had an individuality of her own, and meant to hold on by it.

Two or three days' intercourse with the members of the congregation satisfied me that Mrs. Newton would not do for the Church of St. Charity. When and where this lady was saintly I have never learned. I have my suspicion that Miss Phoebe Lane, who rechristened the parish on the occasion of building our new church, was not particularly well read in the *Saintly Calendar*. But let that pass. Ours was the Church of St. Charity. Mr. Newton was a delightful man! Such a preacher! So active in all the interests of the society! So pious! So humble minded! But his wife! No woman could be less suited to her condition. It was even doubtful whether she were a professor! Phoebe Lane was positive in regard to it; and averred that she didn't believe there was a spark of life in her soul. How a man like Mr. Newton could ever have mated himself with such a wife was regarded by Miss Lane as one of the inexplicable mysteries. "A man like Mr. Newton, who might have had his choice among women!"

I went to church with no ordinary feeling of interest, on the Sabbath following my return. Whether my leading impulses were of the earth, earthly, or of heaven, heavenly, I will not stop to question. Five minutes before the time for service to begin, a lady, just above medium height,

beautifully formed, and with a step of blended grace and dignity, passed along the aisle, leading a child by the hand, and took her seat in the minister's pew. Though not in any sense gaily attired, there was a style and air about her that by no means indicated a pious disregard of worldly things. Taste had evidently presided at her toilet. I noticed a slight flutter running through the congregation, and the turning of many heads toward the minister's pew, which occupied the most prominent place in the church. The lady did not look around her, nor show the slightest sign of interest in the people. How different in all things, was her appearance and bearing from that of good, kind, compliant Mrs. Wharton, whose pleasant smiling face I had seen for so many years in that pew—a face turning as by instinct, its mild sunlight ever and anon upon the congregation, while her husband broke for them the Bread of Life!

The contrast was hardly agreeable.
"She'll never do!" whispered a lady shadow of Miss Lane's, bending to my ear from the pew just behind the one I occupied. "Proud as Lucifer, any one can see! Such airs won't do for St. Charity!"
I made no reply. Though annoyed, I was yet sensibly influenced by the remark.
Very still, almost like a statue, sat Mrs. Newton, the minister's wife, and I could see that the child, a little girl six or seven years old, leaned very close to her. How I wished that she would turn toward the congregation! How I longed to see her face! But I was not granted this desire until after the morning's services were closed.

I was particularly pleased with Mr. Newton. His sermon in contrast with the usual discourses I had listened to from the lips of Mr. Wharton, was a masterpiece of eloquence. No one seemed to listen to him with more rapt attention than Mrs. Newton.
At last the services closed, and the time came when my restless curiosity was to be satisfied. The minister's wife turned her face to the congregation, and I had a view of every feature. It was a face, once seen, to be remembered. Classic almost to severity in its outline, the full lips and soft hazel eyes gave it a gentle expression. You saw at a glance that she was a woman of thought as well as feeling.
A few ladies gathered around her as she stepped from the pew, and I noticed that her countenance lit up very pleasantly as she spoke to them. But there was nothing obsequious; no undue familiarity, no wordy affability. A certain air of dignity and self-respect marked every attitude of her person, and every expression of her countenance. All vulgar familiarity toward her was out of the question—I saw that at a glance.

But only a few ladies in the congregation ventured to approach her. In the eyes of many she was proud, and they were not "going to force themselves upon her notice." The prejudice admitted in their minds by others made them shun rather than court her acquaintance. Of the few who did notice her, some were attracted by affinity, and some by a desire to gain a little re-affected importance. Others thought it but hospitable to show her attentions, as a stranger among them, and acted accordingly; though the force-work was apparent. Desiring to meet her and her acquaintance, I asked to be introduced, and was presented by a friend. I thought the reception rather cold; and after passing a formal word or two, moved past her to speak to an old acquaintance, whom I had not met for some time.

"How do you like our new minister's wife?" was almost the first question.
"Can't say. Must know something about her first," I answered.
"She'll not do for us!" said my friend warmly. "She's not the woman for St. Charity!"
"What's the defect?" I inquired.
"It's all defect!" was the sweeping reply.
"Just look at her! A pretty thing for a minister's wife, indeed! Why, she carries herself with the air of a queen."
"Mr. Newton," said I, "is a cheering speaker. I never heard her more beautiful sermon."
"O, Mr. Newton is splendid!" replied my acquaintance warmly. "But his wife! O dear! it's dreadful! What could have possessed him to marry such a woman! She'll never suit us in the world—never! Why, I don't believe she's even a professor. She didn't stay to the communion on last Sunday! Just think of that—and she the minister's wife! It has been the talk of the congregation ever since! We fully expected her to take a class in the Sunday School—but no!—We invited her to be present at our sewing-circle—but no; she couldn't leave her children! A mere excuse, of course!—Then we elected her President of our Indian Missionary Society; but she declined the honor, saying that she had neither time nor taste for such public duties; that with her charity for the present, must begin at home. Now, isn't that a Christian spirit for you! Our minister's wife to talk of charity beginning at home! Why she's a heathen!"

My church acquaintance waxed warm. "Some of our people were eager enough to get rid of dear good Mrs. Wharton," she added. "She wasn't bright and fashionable enough for them but I rather think they have got their dose now!"
I met her and there a lady of our church, who belonged to the home-duty-mid-year-own-business class, who did not join in this lude and cry against Mrs. Newton; who thought that, if she had neither taste nor inclination for Sabbath School teaching, sewing-circles or missionary societies, the congregation should not interfere with these peculiarities. She had three little children, to whom she gave all a mother's care; and as the slender income which her husband derived from the parish of St. Charity (four hundred and the paragon) would warrant her to keep only a single domestic, a large part of her time had, necessarily, to be given to household duties. "Nobody can say," remarked one of these ladies in my hearing, "that she neglects her children, or wastes her husband's income. The little paragon has never looked so attractive inside or out as now. Mrs. Wharton was not tidy, as we all know, and things around her were generally at sixes and sevens. And as for her children, they were always neglected. Many times have I seen them playing in the dirt while their mother was at the sewing circle, or somewhere else that she had no business to be."
But the ladies who talked in this way belonged to the "quer" ones of the congregation. They were not of the pious kind. So all they said went for nothing with the many.

Without "variableness or shadow of turning," as St. Paul says, did Mrs. Newton keep on her way. Home was her parish, and she was content to do her duty there. Occasionally she accepted an invitation to take tea and spend an evening abroad; but in most cases declined these pleasant entertainments, and though over three months had passed, there had yet been no tea-drinking at her house. Mrs. Newton on the other hand, mingled very freely with her congregation—sat with them at their tables, and joined them in their gatherings. Of course the absence of Mrs. Newton on these occasions always formed a subject of remark; and it was generally voted that her failure to accompany her husband seriously marred the pleasure of the evening.

At, if his wife were only like him!"
This was invariably the sighing ejaculation of Miss Phoebe Lane, or some one of her party.
At last the matter assumed so serious a shape in the minds of certain leading ladies in the parish, that it was determined to wait upon Mrs. Newton, and remonstrate with her on the course of conduct she was pursuing—"that is working untold injury to our church. Ever since she came here a change for the worse has been going on in the congregation. Members are growing cold or indifferent. Our sewing-circles are losing their interest, the monthly concerts of prayer are badly attended, and the Sabbath school is dwindling away. The social sphere, always so warm and attractive under the genial influence of good Mrs. Wharton, is fast losing its power—and all from this strange conduct on the part of our minister's wife. She must be talked to on the subject! If she doesn't hear her duty she must be taught it. If she won't hear her husband, she must hear the congregation."
(To be concluded in our next.)

A LUCKY MAN.—By one of those sudden changes in the wheel of Fortune which we seldom meet with in real life, but constantly read of in yellow-covered novels, a Bradfordford has suddenly been elevated to the pinnacle of the world's greatness. The lucky man is Mr. James Tatt, a carpenter in this town, who, we are credibly informed, has just fallen heir to an estate in England valued at £120,000, or half a million of dollars.

DIFFICULTY.—What is difficulty! Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bug-bear to children and fools, only a mere stimulus to men.—Warren.

Our rainy days are not the only ones for which we should prepare. Our wants are as numerous in sunshine as in gloom; therefore, frugality is an unfeeling friend.
It is the privilege and glory of genius to appropriate to itself whatever is noble and true. The region of thought is thus made a common ground for all, and one master-mind becomes a reservoir for the present and future times.

The pleasure we feel in the scenes of Nature is at once so lively and delicate, that it is very difficult to communicate it to the mind of another, though nothing is more generally attempted.
The latest dog story is of two dogs who fell to fight in a saw mill. In the course of the tussle one of the dogs went plump against the saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instantly. The hind legs ran away, but the four legs continued the fight and whipped the other dog.

The often we renew our intercourse with God the greater will be our devotion.
There is one disease a miser is pretty sure never to die of—enlargement of the heart.

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Parliamentary News.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

Quebec, March 20, 1862.
His Excellency the Governor General came down in state about half-past three this afternoon, to open the first session of the 7th Parliament of Canada.
The members of the Legislative Assembly, headed by His Excellency, were summoned to attend His Excellency, and were speedily in waiting without the Bar.
The Clerk of the Legislative Council then addressed both Houses, saying that His Excellency did not set, for various causes, to state the reason of his summoning Parliament, until the Speaker had been chosen for the Legislative assembly, but that he would do so to-morrow at 3 o'clock.

Yea—Alexander, Armstrong, Baby, Belleau, Cameron, Crawford, DeBeaujeu, De La Terriere, Dickson, Ferrier, Foster, Guevremont, Harwood, Knowlton, Mills, Paquet, Perry, Ross, Shaw, Smith, (Harmon) Smith, (Hollis) Smith, (Sidney) Tache, Walker—26.

Nays—Allan, Armand, Christie, Duchesnay, (A. J.) Duchesnay, (E. H. J.) Fergusson, (A. J.) Hamilton, (Takerman) Jeffrey, Lacoste, Lesie, Letellier, Masson, Matheson, McDonald, Moore, Morris, Provost, Resser, Rensselaer, Simpson, Teasler—23.

The Speaker elect was then escorted to the chair by his mover and second, and, having suitably returned thanks for the distinguished honor conferred upon him, the House adjourned at 4.30.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.
Quebec, March 20.
The Clerk took the Chair at half-past three o'clock, when the members were summoned to attend His Excellency in the Chamber of the Upper House. On their return.
Hon. Mr. Cartier moved as Speaker of the House, Mr. Turcott, member for Three Rivers. Attorney General Macdonald seconded the motion.
Hon. Mr. Drummond moved in amendment that the Hon. Mr. Sicotte be Speaker. Hon. Mr. Foley seconded the amendment.

A debate arose, after which the House divided.
Yea—Abbot, Alley, Anderson, Baby, Beauharnais, Bell, (North Lanark) Bell, R. (Russel), Benjamin, Beaudreau, Blanchet, Brousseau, Cameron, (John H.) Carling, Cartier (Atty. Gen.) Cauchon, Chappais, Daoust, Dawson, DeCazes, Denis, Desautels, Dostaler, Dufresne, Dunkin, Dussault, Fergusson, Formet, Gagnon, Galt, Gaudet, Hebert, Jackson, Jones, Knight, Langevin, Leboutillier, McBeth, McDonald, (Atty. Gen.) McCann, McLachlan, Mongenais, Morin, (Sub. Gen.) Morris, Morrison, Morton, Portman, Poupore, Powell, Ross, (John J.) Ross, (John S.) Ryerson, Simpson, Street, Sylvain, Taschereau, Tasse, Tett, Walsh—66.

SPEECH.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council:—

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:
Since this Legislature last met Her Majesty and her subjects have suffered an irreparable loss in the death of the Prince Consort. It is not necessary for me to remind you that this illustrious Prince, though born, and in a great degree educated in a foreign country, was truly British in thought, feeling and action, while the spirit of universal benevolence by which he was animated, caused him to devote the great intellectual abilities with which nature had endowed him, and the stores of acquired information with which, by his own industry, he had filled his mind, to the promotion of every well-advised plan for the moral and material improvement of his fellow creatures of all nations and races.

The bill was read a first time.
On motion of the Hon. Sidney Smith the House agreed to take the speech into consideration on Monday next.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.
The Speaker took the Chair at three o'clock. Shortly afterwards the members were summoned to attend His Excellency in the Upper House. On their return, several motions of a formal character were made and adopted; and, among others, that the Votes and Proceedings be printed under the direction of the Speaker; Select Committees on Privileges and Elections; on Expiring Laws; on Railways, Canals and Telegraph Lines; on Miscellaneous Private Bills; on Standing Orders; on Printing; on Contingencies; and on Public Accounts, were also appointed.

During the past recess a conference took place between delegates representing the Government of this Province and those of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to consider the propriety of renewing the application to the Imperial Government for assistance in constructing the railway which will unite the three Provinces. A joint deputation proceeded to England for the purpose of re-opening negotiations with Her Majesty's government. No answer has yet been received. The final decision of the Imperial government shall be communicated to you so soon as it shall reach me.

I have received from the Secretary of State for the Colonies an intimation that it is the intention of Her Majesty's government to introduce into the Imperial Parliament in the present session, a bill for the abolition, in this and other Colonies similarly circumstanced, of the power of the Superior Courts in England to issue the writ of *habeas corpus* into such Colonies, in conformity with the representations made by my predecessor to the Imperial Government.

I would ask your careful consideration for a measure which will be submitted to you for the purpose of securing a proper Administration of Bankrupt Estates in Upper Canada, and also for one having for its object the establishment of well regulated Jails and local Penitentiaries throughout the Province.

I have directed papers to be laid before you showing the extension, by the French Government to Canadian built ships, of the privileges in French ports already enjoyed by ships of British build. This cannot but be advantageous to the ship-building interest, and affords a fresh proof of the friendly feeling which underlies the alliance between England and France.
The House then adjourned until Monday.

THE OPPOSITION LEADERS.

FOLEY AND SICOTTE SELECTED!

The Quebec correspondent of the Leader, writing to that journal on the 22nd inst., says—
"The Opposition held a caucus here, last night, when Mr. Foley was elected leader. Mr. Mowat was a candidate for the post; but he ran very badly. Mr. Foley's majority over him being thirteen."
Dr. Connor was an unitarian candidate—he got just one vote.
The ballot showed the following result:
Foley 20
Mowat 7
Connor 1
Foley's majority over Mowat 13.
"Connor" 19

Dr. Connor would naturally vote for himself; and in that case he is his best friend.
Mr. George Brown had sent his brother here to look after party arrangements. This deputy of the defeated Grit Chief, and the few who opposed Mr. Foley's election as leader, are indignant at the failure of their intrigues to elect Mr. Mowat. Great dissatisfaction exists among this clique, who threaten all sorts of commotion.
On another point the clique who tried to prevent Mr. Foley's election to the leadership have been defeated. Mr. Sicotte has been formally confirmed in the leadership of the Lower Canada Opposition.

MORE CAPITAL FOR CANADA.

An association for the investment of money in Canada, and for other objects, to be called the "Canada Land Investment and Colonization Company," is on the point of completion at home.
Some of the leading names of the party who attended the recent meeting of the British North American Association, have long since signified their readiness to join this company.
It is proposed to advance money on much easier terms, as regards interest and other costs, than those paid to the "Canada Agency Company," the dividends on which have been 20 per cent., and the shares of which were some months ago at 300 per cent. premium.
The objects of the new society will not be confined to mere money lending, and quasi banking operations in the purchase of exchange, but will extend to the encouragement of immigration by judicious loans to newly arrived settlers who have adequate security to offer for the advance. No land speculations will form part of the scheme—the promoters of it having a personal interest in the general progress and prosperity of the Province.

A man named William Simpson was killed in Hillsburgh, on Thursday last, by falling down stairs while in a state of intoxication.
Mr. Atkins is the Grit nominee for the representation in the Legislative Council for the Home Division.
The measles are very prevalent on the South Line, Brant, whole families in some cases, being killed with the disease.
David Hill, chief of the Onondago tribe of Indians, died at his residence, on the 5th inst. He was 73 years of age, and took part in the battles (on the American side) of Cataract, Chippewa, and Lundy's Lane, in the War of 1812.

STRENGTH OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.—It is the sworn statements of four men who were actually employed by the Confederates on the railroads in the removal of their army. These men deserted from the enemy and joined the Federals. They all assert that up to last Friday week the Confederates had between 90,000 and 100,000 men at Manassas and Aquia Creek, and 12,000 at Winchester, Leesburg, &c., all of whom, nearly 140,000, could have been concentrated at Manassas at a day's notice.
An old writer has said that in the sensation of Christian joy, the heart sits smiling in the face, and looks merrily out of the windows of the eyes.
Ladies are following the profession of dentistry in New York. Wrenching, in his cynical manner, approves of this, and the reason of this approval is, because "women," he says, "are universally acknowledged to be the most practised hands at stopping men's mouths."

A pleasing circumstance occurred at the dinner, on the 22nd, at Freeman's Hall, in honor of Washington's birthday. Bishop McTear, of Ohio, the chairman, in proposing the health of the Queen, not only adverted to her in the most kind and graceful terms, but mentioned that her son, during his visit to America, was his guest; that he had seen much of him; and that he was much struck, not only by his propriety of conduct in all the novel circumstances in which he was placed—that was too feeble a word—he was struck with his judgment and discretion. The Prince, before leaving on his present tour, sent for the Bishop to bid him farewell.
When we read the almost interminable sentences of some writers, we cannot help thinking that their readers are in danger of being "sentenced to death."
If your sister, while engaged in a tender conversation with her sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can omit the errand you need not return. You will not be missed that's certain—we have seen it tried. Don't forget this, little boys.
Medicine has killed as many people as war. Powder and pills are as fatal as powder and ball. Be careful, therefore, how you allow people to shoot them into you.
A brother editor tells us that when he was in prison for libeling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailer to give the prison a puff.
"Oh, an' what's your honor agoin' to give me, secin' as it is myself that saved yer honor's house from burnin' to ashes entirely!" "How so, Pat?" "An' see, when it catched afire, wasn't I the second one that holded fire first?"
POPULAR DEFINITION.—What is fashion? Dinner at midnight, and headaches in the morning.
What is wit? That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pulled noses and broken heads.
What is idleness? Working yellow mountains on a wheel, or a blue-tailed dog in sky-colored convulsions.
What is joy? To count your money and find it to overrun one hundred dollars.
What is conscience? Something that a guilty man feels every time it thunders.
What is contentment? To sit in the house and see other people stuck in the mud. In other words to be better off than your neighbors.
Keep out of debt, out of quarrels, out of law, out of politics, out of idleness, out of thin-soled shoes, out of damp clothes, out of the touch of brandy and water, out of public office, out of matrimony, unless you are in love, and keep clear of the monstrous sin of cheating the Printer of his just dues.
An Irishman fights before he reasons; a Scotchman reasons before he fights; an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either, to accommodate his customers.
Which travels faster, heat or cold? Heat does; because you can catch cold.

The Montreal Telegraph Company has paid to the widow of Connolly, who was killed during the Mayoralty procession at Ottawa, in January, by the falling of a telegraph pole, the sum of \$1,000.