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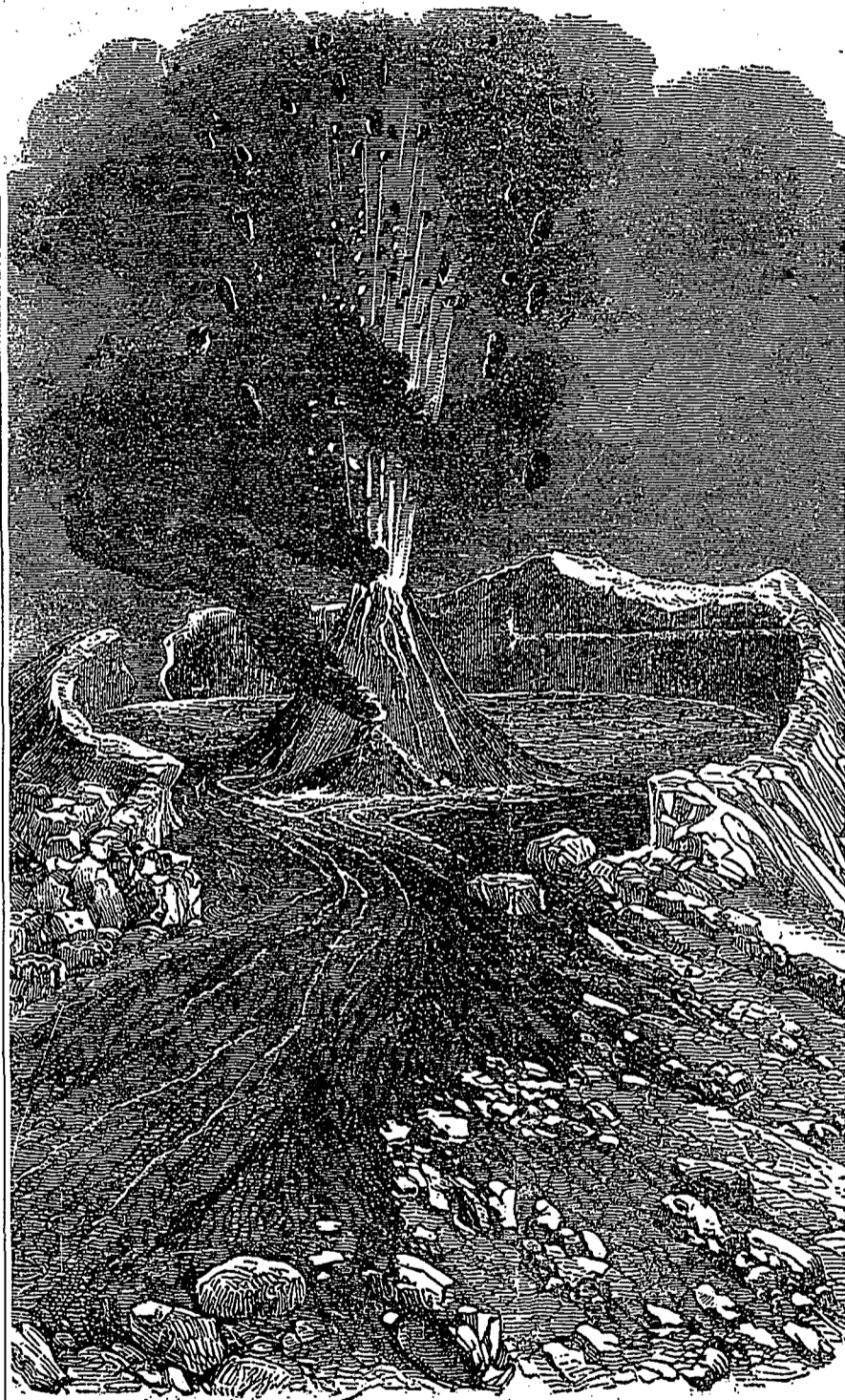
NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 9 after their names will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

VESUVIUS.

The congregation of guides, mule-drivers, horse-leaders, bundle-carriers, and general attendants that welcomed us at Resina, where we stopped our carriage to ascend the mountain, was sufficient to have manned the expedition to Abyssinia. Such clamor, such pulling and hauling, such lying and swearing, such attempts at imposition, such utter confusion and perplexity, were almost enough to induce us to abandon our purpose. But at last, by firmness and patience, we got off with not more than twice as many guides as we needed. What advantage to the rider or mule it was to have a guide hanging to the creature's tail up the mountain, was not plain, but this was at least the only aid my guide rendered. My beast was not put into good humor by this prolongation of tail, but unhappily directed his animosity against my neighbor's mule instead of his tormentor, who merited a sound tap from his heels in return for the needless thwacks he gave him, which merely endangered my seat, without the least accelerating the ascent. But at last we got up the mountain. The old road, good for carriages nineteen years ago as far as the Hermitage, was ruined by the eruption of 1857. It was a costly road, and it is not likely to be rebuilt.

Vesuvius is about four thousand feet high. The Hermitage is about two thousand five hundred feet from the base. The lower cone begins about five hundred feet above the Hermitage. The crater (the old one) opens about seven hundred higher up, and within it a new cone has shot up two or three hundred feet. The recent eruption has been active about forty days, and is not to be considered a very serious one. It has been too deliberate and methodical to be alarming. It seems about as active as the one I witnessed in 1848. Indeed, in the few days I have been in Naples there has been no serious flaming from the top, or expulsion of stones. That had all gone by. The outflow of lava, though evidently much less than at many previous periods within recent generations, has been, and continues to be, considerable enough to awaken a lively interest and to produce a very impressive spectacle. The stream of the descending lava on the Naples side seemed to be about three hundred feet wide, and ran at least one thousand five hundred feet down the mountain. It changed its form, from day to day, from a Y to an O, and then nearly to a solid band. Hanging against the blackness of the mountain, it presented a very imposing if not a threatening appearance. It grew on the imagination with reflection, and was never grander than when it lighted us, with its lurid glare, out of the Bay of Naples—a red path of reflected light lay upon the smooth water, binding us to the volcano. The city with the crescent of lights, occupied its amphitheatre, as if spectators of the threat which Vesuvius held over it. Some day, the people are accustomed to say, the mountain will fulfil its warning, and bury Naples as it did Pompeii, and what they say as a jest, may well become a terrible fact. What a strange catastrophe, should the recovered statues of Heroulanum and Pompeii be doomed to a second entombment in the ashes of Vesuvius!—*Rev. Dr. Bellows.*



BOYHOOD OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

In 1821 Lieut. Keppel resumed his soldier's career as aide-de-camp to Lord Hastings in India. He takes advantage of his voyage to make himself a fair Persian traveller, and on his return he took a wide detour up the Tigris across Persia to St. Petersburg, which resulted in the publication of "Keppel's Overland Journey to England." In Dublin, as aide-de-camp to Lord Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he seems to have heard much to the detriment of the Duke of Wellington as a lad. He says:

The post which I now held brought me

into frequent contact with persons who had been acquainted both with

"The Wellesley of Mysore, and the Wellesley of Assaye"

The elder brother, as is well known, after carrying away all the honors of school and university, entered Parliament at an early age, and soon established a character for himself as an orator and statesman. The abilities of Arthur, the younger brother, were of much slower development. The late Earl of Leitrim, who was with him at a small private school in the town of Portarlinton, used to speak of him to me as a singularly dull, backward boy. Gleig, late Chaplain-General, in his interesting "Life" of the great Captain, says that his

mother, believing him to be the dunce of the family, not only treated him with indifference, but in some degree neglected his education. At Eton his intellect was rated at a very low standard, his idleness in school-hours not being redeemed in the eyes of his fellows by any proficiency in the play-ground. He was a "dab" at no game—could neither handle a bat nor an oar. As soon as he passed into the remove, it was determined to place him in the "fool's profession," as the army in those days was irreverently called. At the Military College, at Angers, he seemed to have a little more aptitude for studying the art of war than he had shown for the "Humanities," but he was still a shy, awkward lad. It is a matter of notoriety that he was refused a collectorship of Customs on the ground of his incompetency for the duties; and I have reason to believe that a letter is now extant from Lord Mornington (afterwards Lord Wellesley) to Lord Camden, declining a commission for his brother Arthur, in the army, on the same grounds. When he became aide-de-camp to Lord Westmoreland, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, his acquaintance with the usages of society was as limited as could well be possessed by any lad who had passed through the ordeal of a public school. Moore, the poet, who visited Dublin shortly before me, and who lived in much the same society as myself, alludes in his journal to the character for frivolity which young Wellesley had acquired while a member of the viceregal staff. An old lady, one of his contemporaries, told me that when any of the Dublin belles received an invitation to a picnic they stipulated as a condition of its acceptance that "that mischievous boy, Arthur Wellesley, should not be of the party." It was the fashion of the period for gentlemen to wear, instead of a neckcloth, a piece of rich lace, which was passed through a loop in the shirt collar. To twitch the lace out of its loop was a favorite pastime of the inchoate "Iron Duke." The disastrous campaign of the Duke of York appears to have had a sobering effect upon his character. From that time forth he put away childish things, and betook himself in good earnest to the active duties of his profession.—*Literary World, Review of Lord Lyndhurst's Memoirs.*

NEW HEATHEN TEMPLES.—The *Lucknow Witness* says:—"A minister residing in America who made the tour of the world two years ago, remarked in a Missionary anniversary a few weeks since that in all his travels (through Japan, China and India) he never saw a new heathen temple; that all the pagan worship he witnessed was in old, dilapidated temples. We should be glad to corroborate the implied statement that heathen people have ceased building new temples, and that their places of worship as well as their faith are waxing old and vanishing; but so far as our experience in India is concerned we feel that this is not the case. And we presume that in every city of India whose Hindu population is not less than 15,000, new temples are being erected every year. Yet the circumstances under which these houses are being built should be explained. It is not to be inferred that they are the result of any deepened interest in spiritual things, either on the part of an individual or the community. Frequently they are result of a vow made to god or goddess. Often they afford a comforting method of disposing of ill-gotten gains. Always they are built *nam ke waste*, for the name of the thing, and to set the neighbors talking in praise of the man who knows no other or cheaper way to show forth his generosity. These new temples do not at all dismay us or shake our faith in the coming day of India's redemption, when Christian Churches shall outnumber and eclipse both temples and mosques."