Carleton Place Herald.

VOL XXIV. CARLETON PLACE, ONTARIO JULY 29, 1874. NO 43

RIPE WHEAT.

We bent to-day o'er coffined form,
And our tears fell softly down;
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands,
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms white and sweet
We noted a bunch of golden wheat
Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
Of a land where fall no tears;
The ripe wheat told of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of the years.

We knew not what works her hands had found,
What rugged places her feet;
What cross was hers; what blackness of night;
We saw but the peace, the blossoms white,
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

"MY CANDLE WILL SOON BE OUT."

The hour was late, the night was dark,
The blast was severely keen,
While, wrapped in gloom, in a dismal room,
A woman at work was seen:
And as she plied her needle she eyed
Her glimmer with anxious doubt;
And faint and sick, said, "I must be quick,
My candle will soon be out."

O man of God! by the burial clod,
Which soon may be turned for thee;
By life's brief stay, by the judgment day.
By time, by eternity,
With every nerve thy Redeemer serve,
And spend not a day without
Striving to win, precious souls from sin,
For thy candle will soon be out.

Thy Master's course, till he reached the cross,
Was one of incessant toil;
He bore thy woes, he subdued thy foes,
That thou mightest share the spoil.
To do God's will, his law fulfil,
He constantly went about:
With every power he improved each hour,
As his candle would soon be out.

Be stirred my soul, thou art near thy goal,
Time flies on the swiftest wing;
Work while 'tis day, and in every way,
Thy powers into action bring.
Let my life be brightless in shining light,
My Spirit like Christ's devout:
My days are few, there is much to do,
My candle will soon be out.

O sinner! think of the feeble link
Which holds thee above the grave,
If that should snap—oh woeful mishap—
No power thy soul could save.
Hell is the end to which sinners tend:
And short is the longest route:
Weigh well thy fate ere it be to late,
Thy candle will soon be out.

What'er you be, you will shortly see
The Judge of the earth appear,
Now, now, be wise for the dread assize,
The day of the Lord is near,
To fix your fate is a changeless state,
The Lord will descend with a shout:
O seek his face in a day of grace,
For your candle will soon be out.

KEKWAHARKESS.

A STORY OF CANADA.

Will Bexley was in the thick of the throng. He had offered his services to Mr. Grove in the matter of the pocket book, and they had been accepted. This was known, and Joe—whose antipathy to the man increased instead of diminishing—wondered how Bill had the face to do it. In his heart of hearts he was sure that the justice's son and the night thief were one and the same man. He did not like to see the cordial grasp of the hand that Grove bestowed on him when he stepped into the boat, and felt that there was deception and treachery somewhere.

"But I'll have it out wi' him or my name's no Joe Dermott," muttered he between his teeth, as he saw Bexley move away along the shore with an ill looking man, the captain of a strange brigantine that had arrived the day after the wreck.

"Who's Bill's new chum?" asked old Lawson, who was also watching the pair.

"Dunno. Some stranger, like enough, come to see if he can pick up stray wreck."

"He's a rough looking fellow, anyhow. His men have a hard time of it, I'll be bound."

"Bexley had better no consort too much wi' him Ben. It's such as he they fill up with."

"No, no. He knows more than to take a chap like Bill, that's not worth his keep in work. You stranger if he wants hands for his ship, would rather take lads like you, my man."

"Sma' danger o' that happening. The sea's not my line, and I'm thinking more of marriage than sailin'."

"Ay! and the wedding will be soon, I guess, Joe. Well, ye have waited fairly long enough, and Rose is a good girl."

"That she is, and no o' the Bexley's in the world can say ought to the contrary. Any word of that pocket book, d'ye know?"

"None. I'm thinkin' the gentleman had better no think of it. He'll never set eyes on in again."

"No, if Bexley gets it.'

"It's queer, too, that Bill should volunteer to find that."

"Set a rouge—ye know the rest, Ben."

"Surely—but, I forgot, there's no love lost between you two lads."

Ben Lawson was perfectly right, and could he have overheard Bexley's conversation at that very moment, with Bob Gulcher, master and principal owner of the brigantine "Vulture," he would have had ample confirmation of the fact.

Gulcher was a man who believed in wrecks, in smuggling, in everything that smacked of illegality and daring. He preferred turning a dishonest pound to earning an honest penny, and his crew for the most part resembled him. It was by chance that he had turned up near Hemskerk, having been driven out of his course by the gale which wrecked the "Livonia." He had no reason to complain, however, for his men had been hard at work stealing cargo and cheating the customs; an easy matter where there is no coast guard to take charge of the property, and one officer alone deputed to look after a large crowd. Still he was anxious to get away, but wanted to replace two or three men whom he had lost overboard during the storm. He had tried Bexley and, and this precious rascal, fully alive to the necessity of decamping, had agreed to go with him as far as Boston, where he was to be landed.

"You see," he said, "a sea life does not suit me, and what I want is to get to some big city in the States or Canada where I can make my way. At Boston you can easily fill up your crew with better men than I."

"True enough. But yet I must hook another hand. You're one, but I want two. I saw some able fellows in that crowd, if I could lay my fingers on them."

"You'll not get any of the Hemskerk boys, that's sure."

"Fairly or foully, I must get one. We are short handed now, and all the wind in the clouds hasn't come yet. The "Vulture" is a good ship, but I can't afford to lose her for want of men. Come; you know every one here. Couldn't you enlist some hardy fellow to take his passage?"

"The boys I know wouldn't be fit for your work."

"I saw you nodding to a tall, fair haired man who was speaking to that Grove."

In an instant a plan for revenge flashed through Bexley.

"Dermott, that was; Joe Dermott, a lumberman, Ay! he would do. He's strong enough, d——n him." and Bexley raged as he remembered the occasions on which he had felt that strength. "There's nothing I should like better than to see him go."

Gulcher eyed his companion narrowly.

"You bear no love to him seems to me?"

"That I don't. I hate the fellow. There's nothing I wouldn't do to see him dead before me now. Curse him, I say, curse him for a bully and a brute."

"You're the man for me," thought the captain of the "Vulture," as he looked at Bexley's features working with passion. "And I'll have the lumberman."

"Look here, Gulcher," quoth Bexley, after a pause. "I'll make a bargain with you."

"Let's hear the terms and if I can oblige you I will."

"Get Dermott on board your ship by hook or by crook, keep him there and take care that he dosen't get back to Hemskerk."

"That's what I'm to do. Now your share?"

"my share? Well, I get you a hand: that's what you want, isn't it?"

"Ay! but it ain't enough."

"I've got you a lot of cargo."

"Just as lucky for you as for me. You made a cool hundred dollars there, so we are quits."

"What do you want more, then?"

"Money?"

Gulcher spoke to the point, desirous of finding out the reason for Bexley's hate.

"I'll give you fifty dollars down when you sail with Dermott on board."

"Fifty! No, no. Three hundred, or I cry off."

"And where am I to get three hundred?" cried Bexley.

"I don't know. None of my business," returned the seaman with indifference, but never removing his eyes from his fellow scoundrel's face. "You might mayhap pick up enough along shore in dead men's pockets, to say nothing of the living."

Bexley staggered as if he had been struck. His face became ghastly pale and he gasped for breath. Recovering himself by a violent effort, he said:—

"There's no such luck for me."

"I don't know," interrupted Gulcher; "the night after the wreck some body made a pile out of Grove, and might have made more if Dermott hadn't come up."

"Three hundred, did you say?" broke in Bexley, abruptly reverting to the proposed bargain.

"Three hundred," returned the captain quietly, adding with a searching look that made the Hemskerker wince, "and no questions asked about Grove's pocket book."

"That's neither here nor there," rejoined Bill. "I'll pay you the money on board."

"No you don't. Half now the rest then."

It was useless to resist. Gulcher was the stronger in every way, and besides, was evidently acquainted with Bexley's secret: The money was paid over, and the pair then settled their plans for impressing Dermott and sailing with the full of the tide.

Their devilish plot succeeded but too well. Joe, coming along the shore that night about ten, was set upon suddenly, overpowered, struk senseless and rapidly taken off to the brigantine.

Half an hour later the "Vulture" was out of sight of Hemskerk.

As the lights of the village disappeared one by one behind the point, a man standing at the stern of the ship shook his closed fist in the direction of the cove.

"Good-bye, Rose Christie," he said, "Bill Bexley won't be back, nor Will Joe Dermott. You'll rue now your sirs to me, my pretty wench. Good-bye, and curse you."

Hemskerk was greatly startled by the news of Joe's disappearance, and many were the conjectures hazarded by way of solution The major part of the fishermen had assembled, as was their wont, in front of the chief store, and round the little knot which they formed, hung women and children equally excited with the men.

Joe had not been seen during the previous night, nor all that morning. Dick and Ben Lawson had parted from him only about half-past nine the previous evening, and his last words had been that he would reach home almost as soon as they, but he had never turned up, and no one had set eyes on him again. He had never been known to absent himself like that before, and Rose had got extremely anxious.

It was feared some accident had happened to him, but of what nature no one could suggest. He was a bold and skilful swimmer, so that even had he slipped from a rock and fallen into the sea, it would have been an easy matter for him, who had saved so many lives, to save his own. He had no enemies, no one who wished him ill—for bad though Hemskerk believed Bexley, he was yet unsuspected—the disappearance was a mystery.

But now among the gathered in front of Allison's store, arose a rumor of foul play having been used towards Dermott, the favorite of the village. How it arose, was never ascertained; it spread rapidly, and in a few minutes every man would have sworn to the treachery as a fact. But talking, Ben Lawson said, was no good. They must establish a search; find Joe, dead or alive. If dead seek his murderer. Thus quickly did conviction gain ground. Above all, widow Christie and Rose must not hear bad news.

At all events Lawson spoke sense, and his hearers knew it. Parties of search were rapidly formed and the first gang was on the point of starting, when Dick Christie suddenly appeared.

Every one who looked at him read in his set, stern face that he had tidings of the missing man, and that they were bad.

He was surrounded questioned.

"Have ye found him, lad? Have ye seen anything of him?"

"Ay!" replied the young fisherman, hoarsely. "I have found this!"

And he held up Joe's well known cap. Every eye in the crowd saw the dark stain of blood on it. Every heart in the crowd beat faster.

Then came a low muttered—

"He's been murdered!"

Thus were confirmed the worst fears of Hemskerk.

"Where found ye the cap Dick!" asked old Lawson.

"Not a quarter mile from where we left him.

"Ye must see the justice at once, I'm thinkin'," suggested Allison, who had come forth with the rest.

"The justice!"

And Dick laughed bitterly.

"Mebbe he'll be getting Bill to look up this case, too, boys. Bill Bexley to look after Joe's murder!"

"He'll no do that," quoth another man. "Bill's gone."

"Gone!" cried Christie. "Gone; did ye say."

"Shipped in the "Vulture," that brigantine of Gulcher's. So they tell me."

Dick looked around on the assemblage held up Joe's cap, and slowly said: "Boys afore Bexley went, he murdered Joe."

And every man believed him.

Aut Rose and Widow Christie had to be told. They went first to the widow's. Mother and daughter came out, as they heard the rumour of the advancing throng, for all Hemskerk was there. They saw Dick in front, and like all before them read the news in his face.

"Oh! Dick, Dick! He is dead!" screamed Rose, and fell fainting to the ground.

They hastened to raise her, to revive her.

Mrs. Christie only asked—

"Is it true, my son."

"Yes mother: He's been murdered."

"Go to the Justice. I'll mind Rose."

No more: She pressed her hand to her heart drove back the tears that welled into her eyes, uttered one fervent prayer and set herself to her task.

"Best leave them so," said Lawson. "Poor Rose, its a sore trial for her. Come lads, we must see Mr. Bexley.

As the crowd drew away from the house of mourning, and the hushed silence of awe that had fallen on it was broken, there came a revulsion of feeling that found vent in angry clamour as they neared Squire Bexley's house, too, there was sorrow. Sorrow for Will who had left them at dead of night and gone off with evil companions. As yet they knew nothing of Joe's disappearance, but were speedily to be informed of it.

The fishermen, and storemen, the idlers, the flock of women and children poured in through the white gates and spread over the lawn and gravel walks before the house. There were cries for "justice Bexley."

"Squire Bexley!" that brought the old man to the steps, and behind him his wife and two daughters, alarmed at this sudden eruption.

Then the mobile crowd once more stilled; the presence of the culprit's family, his father's gray hairs, his sisters—both were well liked in the place—abashed the well nigh riotous assemblage. Men fell back, not liking to face the poor old man with accusation against his son. Alone, Dick strode forward, for his heart was very hard and sore, and fixing his clear glance on Mr. Bexley, said, in the same hoarse voice in which he had told the first tidings of the horror—

"We've come to see you, judge, about a serious matter."

"What is it; what is it," enquired wife and daughters breathlessly.

Ere answer came from Christie, the father filled with ominous dread of further woe, had turned to them.

"That is not for you to know; go in, Mr. Christie, follow me."

And he walked to the library, in which he spent most of his time.

Dick Lawson, Jim Hale, and two or three more entered it after him.

"Now," said he, what is the matter."

"The matter is that Joe Dermott has been murdered last night by Will Bexley.

There could be no doubt about it. Even Mr. Bexley was convinced when he considered the various circumstances: On the beach were plainly visible all the marks of a struggle, as if two men had fought and rolled over and over. The ground was trodden under foot at the very place where Joe's cap had been discovered, and a neighboring rock was stained with blood. The body could nowhere be seen; it was conjectured that the murderers had thrown it into the sea, and that the ebbing tide had carried it away. Then came up Joe's conversations with Dick about the culprit, and many testified to Bill's hatred for the lumberman. Rose had to tell how he had frequently followed and annoyed her and how, on one occasion, Joe had struck him down. This refreshed Dick's memory, and in his turn he related the suspicions Dermott had entertained against Bill in the matter of Mr. Grove. Of course, Hemskerk accepted these suspicions as certainties, and held that not only had Bexley murdered Joe, but had also robbed Mr. Grove. Most damning proof of all was his going off in the "Vulture" at dead of night.

The effect of these disclosures on the poor Squire was crushing. He called in a brother magistrate and handed the case over to him: Then he packed up his wordly goods, sold the old house, and with his whole family removed to a strange land where none should know him. He departed amid the unanimous expressions of sympathy and regret, for the fishermen felt for him as for a man in his trouble, and cared not to make it worse.

Only Dick Christie held out, stubborn and angry. His hate, his thirst for revenge, included the whole family; they were kith an kin of the murderer's, and his deep wrath made him look at the matter in the light of feud. Whatever additional misfortunes befell the Bexley's he could only rejoice at. Their grief was pleasant to him.

Nor was he entirely blameable. Never once did he set foot in his home, but his heart was wrung by the sight of Rose's profound distress and his mother's silent anguish. Rose bore herself well. After that first faint she behaved nobly, never giving way before her brother or other people, never complaining, never cross, but the light faded from her eyes, the colour from her cheeks; her step lost its lightness; she seldom sighed, and then so mournfully that it seemed more than tears. One could see she still hoped, but with the hope of despair; the hope of a miracle, and not the hope of a trust.

For months Hemskerk's fisherlads searched each cave and nook of the rocks for traces of Joe's body, but nothing ever turned up, and no momento of the dead was there save that bloody cap over which, in solitude, Rose wept floods of bitterest tears.

Bye and bye the memory of the wreck of the murder passed away The events were not forgotten: they were only not as vivid as before. In the quiet churchyard rose two great mounds, covered with green grass and profusion of wild flowers, which marked the last resting place of the bodies rested from the sea. On the beach of Dermott's cave, as the scene of the murder was called, was piled a huge cairn of massy boulders and vast fragments of rock built up as a monument to brave Joe, and by that cairn, Rose, of an evening, would sit and think over all the happy past that ended so gloomily, or Dick would renew to himself the vow he had made to bring Joe's murderer to justice, if ever he came across him.

AN AWFUL DEATH STRUGGLE.

Last week as the mammoth fleet of steamers employed to transport old John Robinson's great world's exposition approached the landing at Wyandotte, situated on the bank of the Ohio river in Western Virginia an unusual commotion was observed to take place on board the flagship 'Erie,' No. 9. Men, women and children were wildly running to and fro frantically shouting to the other steamers, while at the same time their arose a series of shrieks, screeches, yells and howls, as if all the inmates of pandemonium were being let loose.

The good people on shore were unable to make out the meaning of this strange behavior of those on the steamers, but surmising that everything was not right among the animals in the menagerie, they very quickly concluded that the open levee was no place for them should any of the ferocious monsters make their way to land, and quickly fled to their homes. In the meantime Commodore John B. Robinson hoisted signals of distress which were quickly responded to by the steamer "Champion," Captain G. N. Robinson, also the steamer "Argosy," Captain James Robinson, "Erie" and who ranged alongside the battle was were informed that an awful double horned raging between the huge elephant, rhinoceros and the monster elephant, "Old Emperor." The ladies and children were quickly transferred to the steamers "Champion" and "Argosy," and then the entire crew of the three steamers armed themselves and went below to endeavor to separate the combatants.

As they reached the portion of the deck just off the boilers, a horrible sickening sight met their view. Wounded, bleeding, horribly lacerated men were lying where they were stricken down by the terrible brutes; dead, wounded and dying horses and ponies strewed the deck in every direction; cages destroyed and literally smashed into fragments were scattered among the dead, wounded and dying, and the terrific roar, shrieks, grunts and groans told that the battle was still raging. A portion of the boat of almost every cage was imminent. All efforts proved unavailing to separate the savage denizens of the forest. At this juncture a loud crash was heard, and the cage containing the monster sea lions and Labrador seals were driven overboard.

The veteran showman was as cool and collected as it was possible for a man to be under the circumstances when his property was going to destruction every moment by thousands of dollars. Not so however, with manager Johnson, jr., for when he saw his favorite sea lions being dashed overboard without mercy, he said:

"Boys, I can't stand this any longer, and we might as well attempt to kill one of these brutes before they ruin every oage on the boat."

He then gave orders to fire upon them, and a heavy volley was discharged which had no effect on the now thoroughly aroused and frightened monsters than to cause them to fight with more fury than before. The situation was getting each moment more dangerous for all on board, and the proprietors were in despair of all hope when it occurred to manager John F. Robinson to open the steam pipes and deluge them with steam.

The engineer quickly turned on the steam, and as it suddenly escaped from the boilers with a terrific roar, a shrill trumpeting screech was heard from the elephant, such as they always utter in crying for mercy when conquered in their native wilds. Whether the animal had received his death blow from the rhinoceros or was frightened into submission by the steam could not be ascertained until it had cleared away, which it did in a few moments, disclosing to the astonished gaze of the showman a curious and at the same time gratifying sight. There lay the huge elephant on the deck, cowering trembling down, uttering moans of pain and fright, while a little beyond was the rhinoceros snugly ensconced in the cage, quaking and shivering with fear, where he had retreated the instant the steam was opened upon him. The attendants wrang for-ward, and closed and bolted the door of his cage, thus securing themselves from further molestation from him.

Five horses were found killed, as also were three ponies, and four more were so badly maimed and wounded that they were killed in mercy, to end their suffering.

DR. SANGSTER'S CANDIDATURE.

Those who have read the report of the Convention held at the Normal School and noticed the result of the voting, can have little doubt about the ultimate issue of the contest. Most of the delegates were nominated before all the facts regarding Dr. Sangster were known; and the greater number of those who voted for him had what the French call "an imperative mandate." It was easy to see that not a few of them had little liking for the *role* they found themselves compelled to play. When the time comes we should not be surprised if many of them, too, were to record their vote against Dr. Sangster. Dr. Sangster was the first in the field, and besides this and an energetic canvass, had no doubt great apparent, though only apparent, advantages, over his rival. Yet he had in the Convention only a nominal majority of one, and if a square vote of the whole Convention had been taken between the two actual candidates, he would have been in a minority.

Professor Goldwin Smith did not canvass at all. He issued no address until Friday, when a letter was read by Mr. McAllister which states his claims in a modest and effective manner—claims which dispose of the only cogent arguments used against him.

It will have been observed that the advocates of Dr. Sangster never met the issue for a moment. They contented themselves with characterising as "abuse" facts patent to everybody, such as Dr. Sangster's philandering with a pupil while he was still a married man, his bigamous marriage, his endeavour to foist on the teachers as an opinion of Mr. Hillyard Cameron's that which Mr. Hillyard Cameron, under his own signature, has repudiated. No attempt was made to get rid of these facts or to explain them away, and for the best reason in the world—the facts admitted of no explanation; they could not be pared down nor qualified. The seconder's only argument in Dr. Sangster's favour was that he held a first-class teacher's certificate. This gentleman declared that until that was taken from Sangster, or he was prosecuted for bigamy, we must continue to believe him to be of good moral character. This is certainly attaching an amusing importance to a certificate, and to give it a *retro-active* and indeed a sacredly prophylactic character—amounting, as it does when closely examined, to the hugely preposterous proposition that nobody holding a first-class teacher's certificate can do wrong. The whole conduct of those who advocated the claims of Dr. Sangster at the Convention shows that his case is hopeless. Why, they even insisted on the votes being taken by ballot, lest, as one of them said, "their names should be published in the papers," so ashamed were they of their own candidate. Those who are interested in the purity of our educational system and the honour of the country, have only to bestir themselves to prevent the crying disgrace of a body such as the teachers of a great Province voting for a man who has violated the most sacred obligations and brought himself within the grasp of the criminal law.

Something was said at the meeting about Dr. Sangster holding a high opinion of the teachers. The man who wrote the pamphlet which has circulated amongst them must have the lowest opinion of their intelligence of any man in the Dominion. That he should suppose such a pamphlet, as that, so false, so coarse, so inconclusive, and so audacious, could weigh with the teachers, shows that he thinks of them, as we understand he said to an intimate friend—"they could as easily be led by the nose as asses are." But the Convention and its incidents, and the information arriving from all sides, demonstrate that the teachers of Ontario are capable of coming to the exercise of their electoral functions with high and broad views of their duty, and that they are not going to support immorality and criminality merely because the person guilty of both happens to have belonged to their own profession.

The time for argument is passed. No man of intelligence and self-respect could, in face of the facts now before the world, vote for Dr. Sangster; still less could they do it after his advocates have so palpably shirked the issue. The female teachers will know what is due to their sex, and when the election comes off we shall see that we have all escaped a disgrace with which we were menaced with unblushing hardihood. Let the advocates of morality in our teachers and educational officers be active and strong, for we know there are unscrupulous intriguers behind the scenes; and let there be an overwhelming vote which will show the moral indignation with which a body of educated men regarded the impudent candidature of a bigamist, a concocter of bogus legal opinions, a man whose only refuge from social scorn and public disgrace, and universal reprobation, is "a refuge of lies."

DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION.

Toronto, June, 1874.

The arrival is expected in a few weeks of a considerable number of labourers with families, chiefly from England, and of the agricultural class.

It is important to find places for these people, without delay, on their arrival, and Farmers and others needing labourers, and possessing accommodation for families, are requested to forward applications to the Department at once, stating Post Office Telegraph address, nearest Railway Station, and number of labourers wanted.

Such applications will, on the arrival of the Emigrants, receive, as far as practicable, prompt attention.

The question of providing cheap, comfortable houses for families, is one of great importance to our agriculturists. Until this is done, the labour supply in our rural districts cannot be placed on a permanent and satisfactory footing.

Married labourers are likely to take root where they locate. Their families, by furnishing domestic servants and other assistance on the farm, would supply a want always felt in our rural districts. This class, moreover, when comfortably located, become the most effective emigration agents we can have. The demand for labourers is this season far in excess of the supply, but for obvious reasons, application for this class is not large.

A condition of permanent service, though accompanied by all reasonable social comforts, is not a leading inducement held out to Emigrants from the old lands, but to be able to say in the Old Countries to the Old Country workmen, that he will find, on his arrival on our shores, ready employment and reasonable wages, with a cottage and garden equal, if not superior, to those he has to leave, will remove a serious practical objection to Emmigration, and will be a strong inducement to his making the experiment.

In some of our districts this subject is receiving partial attention, and farmers and employers are reaping corresponding advantages.

It is hoped that a matter so intimately connected with the prosperity of our leading industry, will henceforward receive all the attention which it merits at the hands of our farmers generally.

Mr. E. Richardson, a Delegate from the National Agricultural Labourers' Union of England, has lately arrived in charge of a number of families, more will follow. All that is wanted to secure an increased immigration of the very class best suited for our wants, is the assurance of good arrangements for the immediate employment and reasonable comfort of the immigrants as they arrive here.

The late arrivals are chiefly from the lock-out districts of England, and are the cream of the English agricultural labouring class.

Mr. Richardson is highly pleased with our country, and with the condition and prospects of his people. On his return to England he will be able to speak with authority on what he has heard and seen to his fellow-workingmen.

D. D. HAY,
General Agent for Ontario.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH'S CANDIDATURE.

The following letter relating to the election to the Council of Public Instruction has been addressed to Mr McAllister by Mr. Goldwin Smith:—

Toronto, July 20, 1874.

SIR,—In the journals of this morning there is a report of a meeting of teachers organized to promote my election to the Council of Public Instruction, with reference to which I think it necessary to explain my proposition to you and my other friends.

At the meeting it seems to have been proposed to issue, in my interest, and with my sanction, if it could be obtained, a pamphlet or circular setting forth, if I rightly understand what was said, objections of a personal character to the candidature of my opponent.

In the invitation addressed to me when I was in England, though it was stated that there would probably be other nominations, no name was mentioned, nor was there anything to lead me to suppose that the contest if there was one, would assume a personal complexion, or turn upon anything except the ordinary qualifications of candidates. I accepted the invitation because I was sensible of the honour done me, and because I hold as a general principle that under the election system it is a man's duty not to draw back when called upon, but if he feels capable in any way of serving the public to place himself at the disposal of his fellow citizens.

The circumstances which have imparted so painful a character to the present contest occurred before I had settled in this country; I am not personally cognizant of them; and it would be entirely beyond the line of my duty, as well as at variance with my inclinations, to take any part in the controversy to which they have given rise.

While, therefore, I again most heartily and gratefully ratify my acceptance in your nomination, and while I desire as a candidate to be loyal to my friends, I must beg you to understand that my own qualifications, such as they are, form the sole ground on which I can appeal to the electors, and that I should feel it necessary to decline to lend my name or sanction to any pamphlet or circular relating to questions with regard to which, whatever may be my private conviction, I have neither the right nor the inclination publicly to express any opinion.

Yours very truly,
GOLDWIN SMITH.

Samuel McAllister, Esq.

POWERS OF PLEASING.

Woman's chief business is to please. A woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth, or beauty, or even manner, but she must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed towards your race to look at or listen to. Womanly women are very kindly critics of men. The less there is of sex about a woman, the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment, well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resplendent as so be a show and a sensation, with the varied outside influences that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her, and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that makes an hour memorable? What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature, as the warm and cool currents of thought blow by turns? In the hospitable soul of woman man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful at the same time that he is mesmerized by all those divine differences which make her a mystery and a bewilderment.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

In New-Albany, Ind., last Thursday, a marriage, decidedly out of the usual order, was celebrated between Mr. Gardner Knapp and Miss La Mira P. Hobbs, daughter of Dr. Seth Hobbs, all of that city. When the guests who were bidden had assembled the following written agreement was read and subscribed to by the Bridal party, no other ceremony being performed. The parties are Spiritualists:

Friends and Fellow-citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We, Gardner Knapp and La Mira P. Hobbs, believing that our hearts and souls are already matrimonially united, appear before you now, thus publically to celebrate the consummation of our union. We hold the opinion that neither Church nor State has any moral or equitable right to interfere with, or any just claim to be consulted in reference to, the arrangements that our spontaneous sentiments and sympathies have prompted us to make. Therefore, in non-conformity to, and disregarding the rules and regularities in such cases made and provided by what is called society, we adopt such from and ceremony as in our judgments and consciences seem most just and proper. And now, in the presence of those witnesses and of our invisible spirit friends here assembled, we proclaim, publish, and declare ourselves husband and wife; and may God and the angel world add their blessings.

THE DANGERS OF EAR-RINGS.—An inquest held at Liverpool the other day on the body of a little girl, aged eight years, the daughter of a sailor, conveys a lesson with regard to ear-rings. The unfortunate child, whose death formed the subject of inquiry, about three weeks ago underwent the operation of having her ears pierced with a stocking-needle. After the ears were pierced, two ear-rings belonging to her mother were put in them. A few days later a blister came behind one ear; then the jaw began to swell; worse symptoms ensued, and on Saturday last the child died. The medical evidence was to the effect that death had resulted from exhaustion consequent upon the intense inflammation caused by the piercing of the ears, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly. Of course, if women choose to have their ears pierced, it would be impertinence on the part of man to remonstrate against the self-inflicted torture; but there can be no harm in suggesting that children might be allowed to reach years of discretion before they are called upon to follow the example of their elders and betters in this respect. It is, however, only fair to admit that she did not invent the practice of ear piercing. According to the Mohammedans, Abraham began it. In one of Sarah's jealous fits respecting Hagar, she declared that she would not rest until she had dipped her hands in Hagar's blood. In order to quiet Sarah and enable her to redeem her promise without further upsetting her household, Abraham pierced Hagar's ears and drew rings through them. From that time ear-rings became the fashion.

A microscopic examination by M. Meunier of Paris of certain meteoric stones shows the exterior, or crust, to have a specific gravity precisely the same as that of the interior portions. Like the mass it covered, the crust appeared crystalline instead of vitrified. At a few points there were exceedingly delicate glassy fibres, which seemed to form a network, sometimes amounting to a continuous layer; these had certainly been fused, but were of uncommon fineness, and, as well as the external layer, were entirely colorless and of irregular form. At the first glance it presented, in some places, a blistered and slaggy appearance, but closer observation showed it to be only slightly wrinkled: and the enlargements on the surface at certain points, at first attributed to the accumulation of melted matter, proved to be due to the accidental shape of the stone at these points, a section perpendicular to their surface, showing the dark crust to be no thicker here than elsewhere. M. Meunier also states that the splintery appearance of the surface, which in many cases suggest scorification, results, in fact, from the sudden cooling which the warm surface experiences on contact with terrestrial bodies. Attempts to imitate the black crust confirm the conclusion that it does not result from fusion.

New York, July 20.—An ex convict sent a letter to the morning papers saying that while in Sing Sing prison, in June, 1870, he knew of the planning of the robbery of the Nathan mansion, in this city. The plan was for one Sweeney, then a convict, to get one day from the house of Ellis, instruments, &c., and make the robbery with others. Ellis was then a convict, and planned the whole robbery, so that others might do the job and get money enough for him to bribe his way out of prison. The burglary was placed in the hands of Smith, a well-known burglar, assisted by Tucker, Brown, and Sweeney; the latter was the only one who entered the house with Smith, and Smith was the one who killed Nathan; our informant says Forester may have been in the secret, but doubtful.

All Rome could not strike such a blow at Non-Sectarian Education as would be done by the Province of Ontario in the election of Dr. Sangster, a man whose history notoriously unfits him to occupy a prominent position in the eyes of young teachers, to say nothing of all the youth of his Province. If the result of the morality taught in our common schools is to be to find a majority for such a man as Dr. Sangster, the character of that morality may well be doubted. As it is now beyond question that religious teaching is not the function of the State, it is evident that the churches will need to exercise a more powerful influence over the people than they have done, if they do not desire that the additional power and enlightenment which springs from education shall be but added strength for evil rather than for good.—*Witness.*

Next to the sweetness of having a friend whom you will trust, is the convenience of having a friend who will occasionally trust you.

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.

MRS. TILTON'S COURSE.

The story of how Mrs. Tilton came to go before the Investigating Committee has never been told. At the correspondent's request, Mr. Tilton related it as told him by his wife. Her associates all along have been prominent members of Plymouth Church and warm friends of Mr. Beecher. By them she has been urged to tell all she knew and end the scandal. This advice did its work, and the result was that, through a friend, she asked Mr. Beecher what it was best for her to do. Mr. Beecher announced that it would not be proper for him to advise her, but recommended her to his lawyer, Gen. Tracey. She wrote to Gen. Tracy, who replied by appointing an interview. Gen. Tracy appeared promptly,

ADVISED HER TO TESTIFY BEFORE THE COMMITTEE,

and told her what questions she might expect to be asked. While they were yet conversing, all the members of the Investigating Committee came in, concerted arrangement, and some one remarked that the present was a convenient time for her examination.

MRS. TILTON WAS ONLY ASKED TWO QUESTIONS:

First, Was there ever any improper intercourse between Mr. Beecher and yourself? and, second, Did Mr. Beecher ever make any improper overtures to you? To both questions she answered No Then the lady made a brief address. She insisted that both her husband and Mr. Beecher were great, honourable, and worthy men, who were at loggerheads through a singular misapprehension. She dwelt on the harm done to Christianity by the false stories circulated about Mr. Beecher, which put him, who had forty years been urging on the people the beauty and wisdom of a virtuous and religious life, in the light of a hyporite and knave, and spoke of the sufferings of her husband till nearly all her hearers were in tears. Thus closed the examination. "Poor Woman," said Mr. Tilton to your correspondent.

"SHE IS GUILTY OF DELIBERATE FALSEHOOD,

but it was from the best of motives."

In response to a question as to his motives for keeping silent so long, and at last consenting to make specific charges, Mr. Tilton said that all his personal friends had before Mrs. Tilton announced that their paths lay apart, advised him to

KEEP SILENCE FOR HER SAKE,

and he had done so; but now that she had withdrawn from his protection, and, to a certain extent, for his pity, he was no longer under obligations to keep silence. His friends now insisted that it was his duty to prove that he had not been heedlessly swearing away a man's reputation.

Answering further questions, Mr. Tilton said that his friends were very indignant at the audacity and wickedness of Mr. Beecher in appointing a committee to make an investigation. None understood better than Mr. Beecher the intense misery that an impartial investigation must engender. If Mr. Beecher anticipated that his committee would make a fair investigation, his act was identical with the signing of a warrant for the utter ruin of an innocent man's home, but he doubted if Mr Beecher anticipated any such thing. It was merely a piece of bravado.

THE SEPARATION OF MR. AND MRS. TILTON

was very quietly made. On Saturday she notified him of her intention. He assented, and she went away. The wife has no ill-will for her husband, neither has the husband any for the wife. It was proposed that the matter be left to the respective lawyer of the two. Mr Tilton said he was content to leave it in the hands of Mrs Tilton's step-father, who, while he retains all his affection for his daughter, is a warm personal friend of Mr Tilton. With rare generosity, Mr. Tilton is having papers drawn deeding the beautiful house and all it contains to Mrs Tilton. When the papers are finished, Mrs. Tilton returns to her old home, and he who has shared it with her for many years goes out from it forever leaving behind him all the beautiful pictures, rare books,—everything, except, perhaps a few books of reference.

TILTON UNFOLDS HIS TALE.

New York, July 21.—The following is the statement of Theodore Tilton read last evening before the Beecher Investigating Committee. Mr. Tilton's sworn evidence: Whereas the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has instituted the appointment of a committee, consisting of six members of his church and society to inquire and report upon alleged aspersions upon his character by Theadore Tilton. Mrs. Tilton wrote a letter to her husband on February 3rd, 1868, as follows: To love is praiseworthy, but to abuse the gift is sin. Here I am strong. No demonstrations or fascinations could cause me to yield my womanhood. The first suspicion which crossed the mind of Theodore Tilton that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was abusing, or might abuse, the affection and reverence which Mrs. Tilton had towards her pastor was an improper caress given by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to Mrs. Tilton, while seated by her side on the floor of his library overlooking the engravings. Mr. Tilton a few hours afterwards asked of his wife an explanation of her permission of such a liberty, whereat she at first denied the fact but then confessed it, and said she had spoken to Beecher concerning it. On another occasion Mr Tilton, after leaving his house in the early morning, returned to it in the forenoon and on going to his bed chamber, found the door locked, and when, on knocking, the door was opened by Mrs. Tilton, Mr Beecher was seen within, apparently much confused, and exhibiting a flushed face. Mrs. Tilton afterwards made a plausable explanation, which, from the confidence reposed in her by her husband, was by him deemed satisfactory. On the evening of July 3rd, 1870, when then and there within a few hours after her arrival, and after exacting from her husband a solemn promise that he would do the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher no harm, nor communicate to him what she was about