

PURE A WEEKLY JOURNAL



GOLD FOR CANADIAN HOMES

Vol. I. No. 3.

TORONTO, JULY 7th, 1871.

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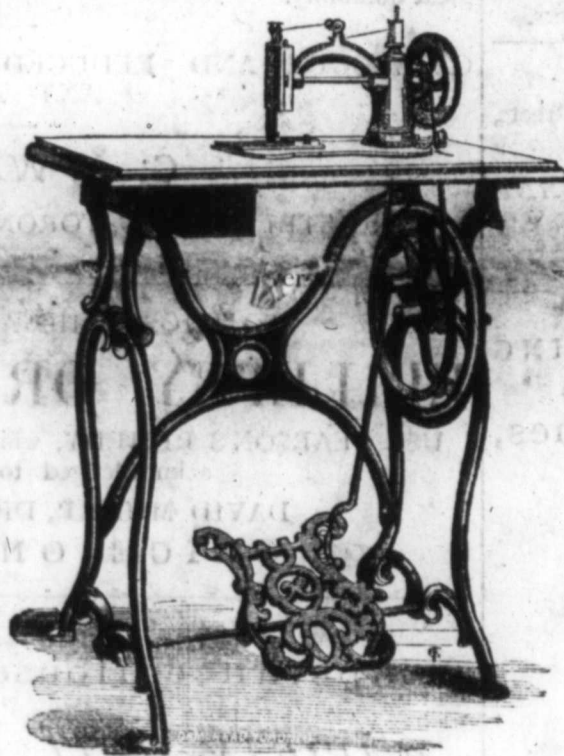
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Vol. I.

TORONTO, JULY 7th, 1871.

No. 3.

Original Articles.

SLAKING THIRST.

AN argument is often adduced by non-temperance men somewhat to this effect:—"That it is almost absolutely impossible to exist in such hot, enervating weather as we have now, without what you call *strong drink*, but what we call *strengthening drinks*. The process of reduction which takes place so largely in the system, necessitates the adoption or use of some such counter-balancing restorative, as is afforded by the use of stimulants. Then, too, the stimulating beverages are made deliciously cool by ice, and what we ask in conclusion, could you take more peculiarly appropriate to the present time, than a draught or draughts of something at once delightfully refreshing and reasonably exhilarating?"

This argument at first sight seems doubly trenchant, but before we have concluded, we hope to show that it is purely fallacious. Let us endeavour to blunt one edge first, only premising, that when we make use of the word "drink" it is not to be understood in the common acceptance of the word, but as applying indiscriminately to all fluids used for drinking purposes.

Undoubtedly, in hot, sultry weather the amount of moisture given off the six or seven millions of pores is very considerably more than the amount of exudation in chillier times. Such being the case, one might suppose a corresponding extra amount of fluids would be required to supply the waste. Such, however, is not necessary, and a superabundance of drink is quite as deleterious to general health, as is its deprivation. This must not be taken as the writer's individual opinion alone, unsupported by facts.

Nine years ago a party of gentlemen made a photographic expedition in North Australia. Some made a habit of drinking water freely during the day, whenever at opportunity presented itself. Two of the party, however—it was from the lips of one that we had the story—determined to try the experiment of imbibing as little moisture during the day as was compatible with comfort. The consequence was that, in the first instance, such a supply only created a demand, and long before the expedition was concluded, those who drank freely were utterly incapacitated from hard work; whilst the other two who drank sparingly met and overcame the exigencies of the journey with an ease and comfort that seemed simply wonderful to their fagged companions. Even in a matter of a hot day's march, the difference was clearly discernible. They were not as the narrator termed it, "so distressed." Such a fact as this is in itself really valuable as a confutation.

Those of the faculty who are unprejudiced will confirm the statement above made. Besides, the majority of travellers aver the same thing, Bruce, to wit. Kinglake, the gifted author of *Esthen*, states distinctly that in crossing the fiery, scorching Deserts of Arabia, nothing afforded him so much comfort and refreshment as a sip of *cold tea*. And, bye-the-bye, nothing that we know of is nearly so refreshing as a sip of *cold black tea*. It is in this hot weather indeed, "a cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

Lord Clyde too gave it as his experience that the man whose canteen was empty first, was the man who was fagged first.

Let these facts prove that copious libations to Sol,

have not even the plea of necessity. In the matter of spirituous "liquoring up," we shall attempt to show the advisability of such a practice in hot weather, and again not so much by force of argument, as by that stronger one of fact. A short time ago, when dining with one Captain Horwill, he related the following striking incident: Captain Horwill, himself not a temperance man, was present at the theatre of the drama and witnessed the playing out of the tragedy.

Off that dangerous, fever-ridden spot, the south coast of Africa, there lies the group of guano islands; named Ichaboe. Here some eleven hundred men were engaged in work, in work, too, of the most trying and disagreeable nature. For twelve years these men lived on the plainest of fare, obtained from the mainland, using as a beverage only a very moderate supply of tea and coffee. For twelve years the health they enjoyed was perfect, the only casualty being the partial disabling of one man, through an accidental wound with some cutting instrument. In due ratio to the discomfort of the work, the wages were good, and the men had accumulated sufficient to keep them in comparative comfort at home, and had already begun forming plans for home settlement, when by some sad fatality, a few kegs of whiskey were left in the little colony. The liquor was made use of freely and strange, no, not strange, but sad to say, coincidental with the use of the fire-water as if by magic, fever and pestilence played such dire havoc with the workers, that they were more than decimated. The mortality was frightful, something like sixty per cent.

A more remarkable instance of the miserable disadvantage of "strengthening drinks" we do not remember to have met with. Here were these men exposed to a tropical heat, and engaged in an employment unmatched perhaps for unpleasantness, living on food that only our lumbermen are inured to, drinking only the most reasonable quantity of tea and coffee, and yet living such healthy lives as our free drinking communities know nothing of—at least by experience. Then came the liquor, and with it, its brother spirits—evil and misery. It would certainly be most unfair to urge as an explanation that this was simply the result of a coincidence. The facts are so clear, the effect so evident, the inference so obvious, that, to every unbiassed mind, must come but one conclusion.

But no reasonable man in his sober senses does, or ever did, believe that such quantities of alcoholic drinks as are now so freely taken can have any beneficially cooling influence. The thing seems palpably absurd. It is a well known fact that, next to oleaginous and glutinous matters, alcohol has the greatest percentage of heat-giving properties. How, then, can it reasonably be expected that any preparation of such can cool or satisfy the thirst? It is but adding fuel to the fire—adding fuel, too, in unreasonable and unnecessary super-proportion to the demand.

It must be granted then, we think, first, that too much drink of any sort, even water, is hurtful and injurious; and secondly, it is just as evident that alcoholic drinks, in any shape or form, can by no means cool, as they certainly do not refresh. Also, that the greater the amount of moderation observed in drinking during the hot weather, the greater will be the probabilities of your enjoying health and comfort.

But the non-temperance man argues, "See what admirable sophistry you use. You talk readily enough

about the 'heat-giving properties of alcohol,' and the absurdity of supposing such can exercise a cooling influence on our sun-baked, sun-dried frames; but you ignore altogether the fact that nearly all our summer beverages are made deliciously, refreshingly cool by the use of ice."

Au contraire, the fact of ice being so copiously made use of is simply an argument *contra*, and certainly not *pro*. It would be difficult to choose between these two evils, the Alcoholic Scylla and the Icy Charybdis. First of all, though, let one mistake be rectified. However much disguised alcohol may be by ice or anything else, the spirit remains the same and is the same. With reference now to the iced drinks: just imagine for one moment the fact of the caloric generated in the digestive organs amounting to between 90° and 100° of heat, and then imagine draughts of mixtures of intense cold poured down into this reeking furnace! Why, the very idea seems to produce unhealthy symptoms in the abdominal regions. Such conduct is nothing more or less than deliberately sowing broadcast the seeds of all miserable stomachic complaints and ailments. The only wonder is that dyspepsia, dysentery, diarrhoea, and other kindred scourges are not more prevalent than they are. The injurious effect such conduct *must* have on the system is something saddening to think of. No wonder, either, that toothache claims its victims wholesale. Such a subject need not be argued to become convincing; it need only be pondered over.

We shall not even recapitulate, but trust to all our readers' good sense to see that an argument, however plausible at first sight, should be carefully looked into and weighed before accepted and acted on. Lastly, simply remember the gist of the above remarks lies in a higher authority than ours, that authority which teaches us "to be temperate in *all things*!"—T. J. V.

PHILOLOGICAL FILBERTS.

No. 1.

WE are great sticklers for speaking, and writing the English language with propriety; and therefore always keep Dean Alford's book—"the Queen's English,"—at our elbow. Our readers profit by this practice more than they suppose. We were rewarded this morning for our pains-taking by an important discovery. How often have we used the apparently innocent words, "Dear, dear; O dear me!" without suspecting our dangerous proximity to profane swearing. The Dean was no wiser on this point, until he went to Rome,—but we will let him tell his own story. "I had observed," he says, "that my Italian friends often in their talk uttered some sounds very like our 'dear, dear!' and at first I thought that my ears must have deceived me. But I soon found that it was so; and that sometimes the exclamation even took the form of 'dear me!' The explanation, of course, is obvious. The Italians were exclaiming, 'Dio, Dio!' and the fuller form was 'Dio mio!' And the reflection arising from it was as obvious: viz., that it thus seems probable that our unmeaning words, 'dear, dear,' and 'dear me!' are, in fact, nothing but a form of taking the Sacred Name in vain, borrowed from the use of a people with whom we were once in much closer intercourse than we are now. Thus it would seem that the *idle* word is not quite free from blame."

We believe this to be the most important philological discovery since Mr. Morgan O'Doherty announced to an astonished world, that "Down, down, derry down" was good "Trojan-Greek." "Dardanus," says Sir Morgan, "is derived from Dar, der, dur, drus, &c., an oak, and Dan, a down. He was a Celt, and the words composing his name, after having long served the Druids in their mystic groves, as the refrain of a hymn to the oak, 'Dan, dari, dan, dara, dan,' still survive most flourishingly among us a chorus to many a hymn of a different kind in the form of 'Down, down, down, derry down,'—'which nobody can deny.'"

"In my hot youth, when George the Fourth was king," a certain Mr. Bennett sued the *John Bull*, then the most truculent of Tory newspapers, for damages, and gained them. Mr. B. had "given an explanation" of something he had said or done; the paper reported that he had "made an apology." The counsel for the plaintiff insisted that the difference between these expressions was most serious; while his learned friend on the opposite side urged that it was of no consequence, Verdict for the plaintiff; followed by an indefinite amount of bellowing and kicking dust into the air, bull-like, on the part of the defendant.

"John Bull," in his national, not in his newspaper capacity, has just entered on "a very pretty quarrel," of a similar character. The British members of the Joint High Commission have, in the Treaty of Washington, expressed their regret at the escape of the *Alabama* from an English port. A very natural and proper feeling, one would say. That confounded vessel has caused so much trouble and ill-will between England and the United States, and is likely to cost the former country so much hard cash, that, laying aside all consideration of the charge of censurable negligence, a feeling of sorrow or regret seems inevitable,—all the more so, as Captain Semmes initiated a system of naval warfare of an unparalleled and atrocious character. Very mournful indeed would it be if the burning of captive merchant ships were made a precedent instead of remaining an exception to the rules of war.

The statesmen and journalists of the United States have not, however, accepted this word, "regret," as a simple expression of sorrow. "No," they cry, "it is an apology; it is an atonement to our sensitive honor; it is what we have so long demanded, and Great Britain refused,—but which she now concedes." Unfortunately this view of things is re-echoed from the other side of the Atlantic. Here is a *tid-bit* from the *Saturday Review*:—"If it were worth while to discuss the verbal question whether an expression of regret is an apology, ordinary critics would agree with Lord Lauderdale and Mr. Sumner in maintaining the affirmative. An expression of regret implies a confession of wrong, and it is in this sense that it has been repeatedly demanded by the American Government, and as steadily refused by England. The Commissioners in their general surrender have not shrunk from the formality of passing under the "Caudine Forks."

Now, does an "expression of regret imply a confession of wrong?" Sometimes it may, but by no means usually. How does Johnson define the word? "Vexation at something lost—bitterness of reflection—grief—sorrow—dislike—aversion." What says Webster? "Pain of mind at something untoward—sorrow for the past." Away, then, with your "Caudine Forks!"—a *fiat* for the phrase! "Forks," however, are connected with more pleasing associations than those of a disgraced Roman army, or of the supposed humiliation of British plenipotentiaries. What think you of that "tocsin of the soul,—the dinner bell?" Let us look at the matter from this point of view. We will suppose that the Earl of Lauderdale has received two invitations to dinner for the same day, and has accepted one of them; how does he act with regard to the other? "The Earl of Lauderdale regrets that, owing to a previous engagement, he cannot have the distinguished honor of dining with—" Now, this may imply a gentle sorrow—a tender regret—on the part of his lordship, that he cannot eat two good dinners at once, and join in two pleasant parties at the same time; but he has injured no one; where, then, is the "confession of wrong?"

SYLVESTER EVERGREEN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

GREAT preparations are going on, both here and in Britain, to celebrate in a fitting manner the centennial anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott. We therefore take the opportunity of making a few remarks on his life and character as a man and a writer.

Sir Walter Scott was born on the 15th of August, 1771, in the city of Edinburgh, a city around which he has thrown a halo of romance, and which he styles, in his poem of *Marmion*, "Mine own romantic town." In his infancy he was attacked by a fever, which settled in his leg, and left him lame for life. He was therefore frequently sent to the house of his uncle, a stout farmer on the banks of the Tweed, for the benefit of air and exercise, and there it was that he first listened to the old border ballads sung by the peasantry in all their rude simplicity. The old life of the border, its chiefs and retainers, its outlaws and moss-troopers, its hoary palmers and wandering minstrels, its fearful feuds and extempore gallows, were the themes on which his young imagination fed; and he would call up the shades of the old heroes, and make them fight their battles o'er again.

"While stretch'd at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each battle o'er;
Pebbles and shells in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed."

Lame though he was, he managed to find out every old ruined tower and border keep in the district; and never did devotee hang around the shrine of his saint with more enthusiasm than he hung around those mouldering remnants of the feudal ages, till, as he says—

"Methought that still, with tramp and clang,
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features seamed with scars
Glared through the window's rusty bars."

In fact, the whole wrought in his brain like the charm in the witches' caldron in *Macbeth*, and came forth at last, a dead world revived, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. It was at this period, also, that the beauty of the sights and sounds of external nature first dawned upon his heart; and he would frequently steal away from his young companions, and wander alone by the "green burn-sides," listening to the lark, the linnet, and the thrush, or sit among the broom, gazing up at the great old hills till his soul caught some touch of their sublimity.

"And well the little wanderer knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl,
Up the long crag and ruined wall,
And deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all his round surveyed."

Such were a few of the things by which his early life was influenced, and which, no doubt, gave direction to his genius. He was called to the bar at the age of two-and-twenty; but he made no great figure there. He then married, and was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, an office worth three hundred pounds a year. He lived during winter at Edinburgh, and in summer at Laswade, in a cottage close by the castle of St. Clair, or Roslin castle, the name by which it is celebrated in Scottish song. It was here that he composed his first original work, the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The critics were puzzled; what to say about it they knew not, for it was unlike any other poem, so they called it "an overgrown ballad;" but the people read it again and again with renewed delight, and his fame as an author dates with its publication. We need not describe the work, as we presume our readers are all familiar with it, for it has long ago become a British classic. It was soon followed by "*Marmion*," a tale of Flodden field, which also became very popular. Then came the "*Lady of the Lake*," which was also received with a shout of rapture. The question has often been asked, "Which is the better poem?" Of course, that's a matter of taste, which no one can decide for another; we will therefore merely say, that though there is no single passage in the "*Lady of the*

Lake" equal to the fight in "*Marmion*," yet we think the story is far more interesting and better told, and the scenery described of a more grand and rugged character. In fact, the description of the Trossachs and the wild mountain scenery around Loch Katrine, and the characters with which his genius has peopled them, has made the Highlands a land of pilgrimage; and travellers from the most distant lands shall for ages to come hear the bugle of Fitz-James winding among the mountain gorges of Loch Katrine. They shall see the Lady of the Lake pushing her shallop from the shore. Again, as if by magic, the bonnets of Roderick Dhu's band shall start from the heather; and once more the headlands shall re-echo that magnificent boat-song:—

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honoured and blest be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree in his banner that glances
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgen and broadly to grow,
While every highland glen
Sends back its shout again,
'Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ierho,' etc., etc.

And yet after all, the *Lay*, taken as a whole, we decidedly think the greater poem. With the *Lady of the Lake* his poetical career may be said to close. *Rokeby*, which followed, contains some fine descriptions and some characters admirably drawn, but as a whole it is inferior to its predecessors. In the meantime Byron had appeared on the field, and was disputing the poetic palm, and for awhile it was doubtful to which it would be awarded. But now that the men have passed away, and all personal and political feelings are forgotten, and their works rest exclusively on their own merits, it is almost universally admitted that though Byron has often a high air of elemental grandeur about him, and more of the fire and concentrated spirit of the lyric, as when he says—

"Red Battle stamped his foot, and nations felt the shock,
yet Scott is by far the most truthful and natural. We wish not to say anything disrespectful of his great rival, yet certainly nobody believes now that his *Gaflours* and *Corsairs* are representations of actual men; we question if he believed it himself. But be that as it may, Scott left the poetic field to him, and began to issue those great prose fictions, which certainly have never been surpassed, and which have entitled him to the name of "the prose Homer." Space prevents us from even glancing at those admirable works; but they have been so often reviewed, and they are so familiar to almost every one, that to review them now would be a work of supererogation. Up to this time Scott had been a prosperous man; everything went well with him; and like the "gracious Duncan," he bore his honours meekly. His romances sold better than ever such works did before, and his writings for magazines brought him a great deal of money. His yearly income was upwards of two thousand pounds, independent of his writings altogether. But it is difficult even for a great mind to bear a full cup steadily, and he became ambitious to be the owner of a piece of land, so that he could found a family of Scotch lairds, to be called by the name of his estate; though what honour such a man could derive from property of any kind, or from a connexion even with nobility, is hard to understand. But this was the great weakness of his character; so he bought a piece of land which lay on the banks of the Tweed, which was famous in border story as the scene of the last battle between the rival families of Beclough and Elliot on the one hand, and Douglas Kerr and Johnston on the other. In front towered up the Eldon hills, and behind it lay the old Abbey of Melrose. This to him was classic ground; and though the land was barren, it had an interest in his eyes altogether independent of its wheat producing capability. This place he called Abbotsford, after an old Abbot of Melrose; and here he began to build "a romance in stone and lime." Much better it would have been had he contented himself with building pen and ink romances, for they will delight the world when Abbotsford is a mouldering ruin like those of which he loved to sing; and he

would have saved himself a great amount of trouble and heart-break had he but remembered the old proverb which says: "Fools build castles, but wise men live in them." It might be said that the day on which the foundation stone of Abbotsford was laid his sorrows began. Yes, that was the foundation of all his misery. We can easily understand how any one having little personal merit would be ambitious to derive honour from landed property, stone walls, or rank and title; but how Scott, with his wide sympathies for all mankind, with his great sagacity, his quick perception of the follies of others, could be ambitious to have the stare of fools and the lip honour of flunkies; how he could endure, far less purchase it at such a ruinous price, surpasses us to know; and the easiest way to account for is to believe with Pope that—

"Genius is to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do the walls divide."

And much though we may revere his memory, yet we cannot close our eyes to the fact that he was bit with the same vulgar ambition which made Napoleon end his days a poor prisoner on a lonely rock of the ocean, fretting his heart out after lost empire. Yes, it was the same thing, though exhibited in a humbler and more innocent way, which made this intrinsically greater soul a bankrupt, and brought his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. The money which his writings brought him, which was about fifteen thousand a year, was all swallowed up in adding addition after addition to Abbotsford, or in the purchase of antiquarian curiosities, old swords, bucklers, breastplates, and the helmets of old mosstroopers, "pikes and guns and all," till his hall was literally like that of the "fine old Englishman, one of the olden time." Or as Burns would have said:—

"He had a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty aim caps and jingling jackets,
Wad haud the Goathians three in tackets,
A turmount guid,
And parrich pats and auld saut buckets,
Afore the flood."

And still he kept purchasing acre after acre, at four times their value, for he was ambitious that his land should join with that of the Duke. Now there is something so absolutely silly in the greatest man of all the world ruining himself that he might be able to touch the hem of a duke's garment, that one knows not whether to laugh or weep over it. In the meantime, his great fame and his good table attracted a great many visitors—those lion hunters who always run after notoriety of every description, whether they are great poets or great walkers on the tight-rope, it is all the same to them. The same kind of characters were the ruin of poor Burns, not that they had any sympathy with genius, or any true appreciation of it. No, they flocked to see Scott merely for excitement, and to have it to boast that they had eaten with the great "Lion of the North." And they would have flocked just as willingly to have seen Scott hanged, and he must have known this, for his penetration of character was quick and true. And yet he kept open house, and would have no less than sixteen parties in a day; and it must be acknowledged that he liked this kind of incense, the statement of his biographer to the contrary notwithstanding. If a man makes money honestly, he has a right to spend it as he pleases, so long as his pleasure does not interfere with the happiness of others. Yet, for all that, we think that Scott might have found a better way of spending it than in feeding dandies. However, we ought also to state that his charities were many, and often bestowed on worthy objects; and none knew better than he how to bestow without awakening a feeling of degradation in the recipient; and he gave more than any other man of his time to destitute men of letters. He was the very idol of his workmen and dependents. Evil times came at last, and on the failure of his publishers in 1825 he found himself a hopeless bankrupt, involved for his own and the debts of the firm in the enormous sum of six hundred thousand dollars. His creditors acted leniently with him; time was given him to redeem his property if he could; so he divested himself of all that which had at best been but a useless incum-

brance, left the halls to which his heart still clung and retired to an humble lodging in Edinburgh, and sat doggedly down to toil both day and night with the pen to clear that mountain of debt. Letters of condolence and offers of money were sent him, but like a brave man he refused to involve others in his ruin. And there he sat chained to his desk, like Prometheus to the rock, with the vultures of mortified pride and disappointed ambition gnawing at his heart. It is a sad scene, and yet one cannot help admiring the courage and the perseverance of the great old man. Here he wrote "Woodstock," the "Chronicles of the Canon-gate," the "History of Scotland," the "Life of Napoleon," in nine volumes, which were all written with amazing rapidity; and in a very short time he paid a dividend of forty thousand pounds to his creditors. Work followed work as if by magic, till at last he reduced the original debt to the sum of fifty thousand pounds. But in the midst of these great achievements his mind and body began to give way. The novel of "Count Robert of Paris" showed that the grasp of his mind was gone. The wand was broken in the hand of the magician; the overtaxed brain could do no more; and the idea then took possession of his mind that Abbotsford was redeemed, and no one wished to awaken him from the pleasing delusion. It was agreed that he should go to Italy for a change of climate. He visited the imperial city, looked upon Vesuvius and the green plains; but his heart was on the banks of the Tweed. Here he heard of the death of Goeth, and he exclaimed, "Alas poor Goeth! But he died at home, and I am to die among strangers! Let us go to Abbotsford! Let me hear the murmur of the Tweed once more! Let me die amongst my own people." His wish was fulfilled, for he died at Abbotsford on the 21st of September, 1832.

His fame is wide as the world, and we believe that it will be enduring. He has stamped his spirit on almost every hill and valley of his own mountain land, where his memory is cherished almost to idolatry. He was intellectually taller by head and shoulders than all his contemporaries. Deep sympathy with nature; a brother's love for all the human race; strong common sense; a great creative imagination, excelled but by Shakspeare alone, are his leading characteristics, and ages will pass away before "the world will look upon his like again."

NOTES ON THE GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TWIN RECORDS OF CREATION," "GEOLOGY AND GENESIS HARMONIZED," &c.

SECOND PAPER.

ABOUT the close of the Carboniferous age, an immense island—or rather series of islands—extending from the eastern extremity of "Laurentia" (the Silurian island) to the confines of Alabama—gradually rose "out of the sea," its upheaval being attended with considerable violence. The Atlantic thundered against its eastern shores, and the music of the Pacific waters was heard along its western slopes. This carboniferous island (or rather chain of islands) is now represented by the Alleghany or Appalachian mountains. Its upheaval was the second great event in the geological history of North America. Its elevation, so far as this continent was concerned, seems to have been succeeded by a period of rest; as if Nature had exhausted her energies in the production of such a "giant." The Permian, Triassic, Jurassic, Liassic and Oolitic eras succeeded, and, their representative formations on this continent being comparatively slight, they may be called "the barren geological ages of America." The Cretaceous age succeeded, and fully compensated for the "barrenness" of its immediate predecessors. Much land was formed in the South and West during this remarkable and prolific era.—Nor was Nature idle elsewhere. In Europe, the gigantic forms of the Alps, Pyrenees and Appenines rose above the "waste of waters," whilst in Asia the Hymalayan and Caucasian ranges "suddenly sprang

into being," and further broke the ceaseless roll of "old mother ocean."

During the morning of the Tertiary epoch, another island (or rather series of islands) extending almost from the Arctic to the Antarctic circles—rose above the surface of the "western main." These islands are now represented by the Andes and Rocky Mountains. Their elevation marks the third great event in the geological history of America. These Tertiary isles, with those of the Carboniferous and Silurian eras, formed the sides of a triangle partially enclosing a sea nearly ten times as large as Hudson Bay. The direction of the Silurian island was from east to west; the Carboniferous island ran from the north-east to the south-west; whilst that of the Tertiary era ran from the north-west to the south-east.

These "sides," or ranges, being composed of a series of islands, the waters had free ingress and egress; but as the continent gradually rose out of the ocean, (during the post-Tertiary ages), they became the summit of mountain chains. The deep beds of this ancient great "inland sea," are now represented by the rolling prairies and "trackless forests" of the Mississippi basin. Then, as now, an equatorial current flowed across from the "eastern" to the "western" hemisphere. This current was larger and more powerful than the modern Gulf stream. The elevation of the Tertiary isles, or Rocky Mountains, diverted it from its course to the west. Striking the "new range" on what is now the Mexican coast, its waters "rebounded," (forming an "angle of reflection," equal to "the angle of incidence,") and, flowing in a northern direction along the eastern slopes of this immense barrier, they entered the great "inland sea." The polar current of that day was divided by the Laurentian island (or range). Part of it, passing the Atlantic extremity of this island, flowed along the eastern shores of the Carboniferous isles (now the Alleghanies); and part of it, passing the western extremity of this same Laurentian island, flowed south along the eastern shores of the Tertiary isles, (now the Rocky Mountains.) The latter division of the stream, meeting the current from the south, deflected the course of the latter, and caused it to flow towards the north-east, even as the present polar current, aided by the conformation of the modern continent, turns the course of the Gulf Stream in the same direction. The great southern current then continued its course over the site of the Mississippi valley, without further interruption, until it reached the south-western extremity of the great Laurentian isle. Here it was divided. One section escaped to the Northern Ocean, and the other flowed due east, along the southern shore of the island, until it reached what are now the eastern coasts of Lake Superior. Here it was deflected south again by a spur of the Laurentian range. This gave it a rotary motion, and caused it to form an "immense whirlpool," (or rather series of whirlpools), where the blue waters of the "greatest of the great lakes" now repose. After the waters had escaped from this huge eddy, and gathered strength from that portion of the southern current which had not come within its influence, they pursued their course to the east; but being again deflected to the south by another spur from the "Laurentia," (part of which is now represented by the isle of Manitoulin,) they ran south along the iron bound coast and formed other whirlpools on the sides of the modern Lakes Huron and Michigan. Escaping thence, and being joined by a more direct but less feeble portion of the current from the south, they flowed over "peninsular Canada," and entered the valley of the St. Lawrence,—at that time a deep sea bottom.

The hard surface rocks forming the basis of the whirlpool on the sites of Lakes Huron and Superior, dislocated by local internal violence were, in the course of vast ages, eroded by the action of the waters. That done the soft underlying formations yielded rapidly to the eroding power and the waters gradually "scooped out for themselves" the two-gigantic reservoirs which are now the glory of the American Continent and the envy of the people of less "favoured nations. After the completion of the Continent by the elevation of the Mississippi valley the great salt

water reservoirs "were gradually converted into great fresh water lakes." Lakes Ontario and Michigan, it seems, owe their existence to other and less exceptional causes than those alluded to in the foregoing.

After entering the valley of the St. Lawrence, the "southern" current met with but few impediments (excepting, perhaps, the Madoc range and a few Laurentian spurs near Quebec,) until it lost itself in the polar current off (what is now called) Labrador,—then the eastern or "Atlantic" extremity of "Laurentia." This state of things existed for countless ages; but, in the wisdom of Providence, a time came when the seabottom, enclosed between the Laurentian, Appalachian and Rocky Mountain ranges, should rise above the surface. Gradually and slowly the elevation proceeded. First some islands appeared in Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, &c., and then the Ohio and upper Mississippi valleys rose above the waters, and the great southern current became "a thing of the past." Salt water gradually disappeared, and fresh water from the hills supplied its place. Rivers flowed through the valleys, and what had been green sea-bottoms soon became "rolling prairies" or "verdant forests." The Mississippi then fell into the sea a short distance below its junction with the Ohio. The elevation of the lower valley—thence to the Gulf, must be referred to a later age. The States south of Kentucky were still under water; so also were the eastern portions of many of the Atlantic States. New Brunswick, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward's isle, were then luxuriating in oceanic verdure; but it is more than probable that Nova Scotia was "dry land." The fossils of its superficial stratum must be referred to a higher antiquity than those of the upper strata of the more Southern States. Nova Scotia was then an island. Hayti, Cuba, (then consisting of three isles,) were also "dry land" at that remote era; as was also a vast portion of "the modern bed of the Atlantic."

It may be well to mention that the waters which flowed north between the Appalachian and Rocky Mountain ranges were "only a branch of the great southern current." This mighty stream, after being diverted from its equatorial course by the newly raised mountains of Central America, took a course varying from N. W. to N. E., gradually increasing in width as it advanced, even as the present Gulf Stream now does after passing the Florida Reefs. Striking the southern extremity of the Appalachian range, on the northern confines of Alabama, this ancient current was divided. One section advanced north over the Mississippi valley, as already described, whilst the other pursued its career along the eastern side of the Alleghanies, being deflected more and more to the east by the polar current as it entered higher latitudes. It will be seen that during the period to which we allude, four great currents—two from the north, and two from the south,—flowed over the greater portion of this continent, and these were only subdivisions of the polar and equatorial currents. The western division of the polar current flowed over Dacotah, Minnesota, Montana, Colorado, &c.,—between the Rocky Mountains and the western division of the "equatorial streams." The eastern division of the polar current flowed between the "Oceanic" division of the southern stream and the Alleghanies, and over New Brunswick, part of New England, part of New York, &c.

These polar currents carried with them immense masses of ice, laden with rocks of various sizes, which were torn from the shores or swept down from the hills of the "Laurentian isles" by glaciers, during their descent from the summits and slopes of the northern hills, tore away the exposed, or projecting surface rocks, even as the modern Alpine glaciers now do, during their descent into Swiss vallages. Some of these rocks—now called boulders—were partially rounded, by being rolled and crushed beneath the immense mass of "sliding glaciers" in their descent to the ocean. Others were rounded by being rolled between the glacier and surface rock, or by the action of the water, after their deposition on the sea bottom. Getting into the warm waters of southern latitudes; the "great ice continents," or "floating ice fields" broke up and slowly melted, and the imbedded rocks

gradually dropped out of their frozen cases and descended to the bottom. Thus were formed the "Boulder formations" of New England—on the eastern side of the Alleghannies, or ancient "Carboniferous Isles;" and in the same manner was formed, the boulder beds of the states, comprising the Eastern Slopes of the Rocky Mountains—the ancient Tertiary isles."

The existence of these vast "boulder beds" are sufficient (even were we deprived of other evidence) to fix the site of the ancient polar currents. Some of the embedded rocks, being carried by ice, into shoal water or over rising sea-bottoms, made deep grooves in the superficial stratum. These indentations are generally parallel with each other. On the eastern side of the continent, they run from north-east to south-west—the direction of the eastern branch of the ancient polar current. The tendency of these northern currents to flow in this direction, then, as now, may be ascribed chiefly (1) to the diurnal motion of the earth by which a greater impetus was, and is, given to the equatorial, than to the polar waters; (2) to the greater heat of the tropical regions which caused, (and causes) the local evaporation to be much more considerable than it was, (or is) in arctic latitudes; and (3) to the peculiar position of certain large masses of land, and the direction of "the chain of isles" now represented by the three great mountain ranges of which we have treated. The grooves under consideration, have been often found to cross each other, (as at Dundas, Ont. and Lowell Massachusetts) at various angles of inclinations. It is evident that the "setts" of grooves exhibiting this singular appearance, must have been formed during different eras and by different currents; or otherwise that the original current, must have varied considerably, from time to time; as the result of some local cause, such as the elevation or depression of an island or series of islands.

Such changes in the Geographical Configuration of the Continent, exercised an influence on the climate of that day, in proportion to their size or extent. We will the more easily comprehend this if we consider the effects which would be produced on the climate of Europe, by a total or partial alteration of the course of the Gulf stream. If Florida, for instance, were to sink beneath the ocean, and a large island were to rise out of the Atlantic, parallel to, and at a certain distance from, its coast, the Gulf stream would be diverted from its north-eastern course; and would thenceforth run along the shores of America instead of crossing the Atlantic to Europe. In that case the climate of the British Isles, would become like that of Labrador and Rupert's Land; whilst the climate of Canada and the Atlantic States, would be materially modified and improved.

Great as were the former Geological eras they did not (in the opinion of many) far surpass those now in progress. Slowly, but surely, now as then, all things are being altered and modified—everything having an apparent tendency to enter into new combinations, and assume new forms of existence; whilst even man himself, notwithstanding his former degeneracy, is shaking off his barbarism and earnestly endeavouring to attain that degree of perfection, which should be the *beau ideal* of every child of Adam, and is even now the common heritage of every true christian.

A TEMPERANCE DICTIONARY OF SIGNIFICANT WORDS.

ILLUSTRATED FROM EVERY DAY LIFE.

BRANDY, a liquid which brands the stomach, and often stamps its brand, a red or purple tinge, upon the nose, thus making that prominent organ a vignette of illustration, a combination of frontispiece and index to a chapter of bad habits in the book of daily life.

RUM.—A liquid which produces rum effects upon life and character. Among others may occasionally be seen a disposition fruitlessly to rum-mage the pocket for money, spent long before on rum; this habit sometimes induce rum-ination.

GIN.—A liquid which has proved to thousands a gin indeed; a trap, a snare, certain and fatal as the hangman's noose, for many have confessed that it has led them to the gallows.

Some call this drink a medicine! it is certainly a

tincture; for it is usually made with proof spirit, juniper berries, fennel seeds (*F. dulce*), turpentine, lime-water and alum, sweetened *ad libitum*. We merely give this as one method of preparation. Now supposing it a medicine, what follows—the taking of most medicines is injurious; but this medicine is the Arch Tempter's temptation, usually retailed in palaces of death.

WHISKY.—Another strong drink, which is not simply a whisk, but positively a huge besom of destruction, sweeping before it white, red and black potvaliants, who venture within its mighty whirl.

The red men call it *fire-water*, because of its hot nature, for it burns the stomach, the brain, and has proved the fire of perdition to multitudes in both the old world and the new.

In pronouncing this word whisky, a rich Hibernian accent gives us *wish-key*, which suggests another view of this potion. How often indulgence in this drink has in opposition to *wish* proved a *key*, which has certainly ann fatally unlocked the door which led to our police stations, prisons, gaols, penitentiaries, poorhouses, worse still, to the chambers of eternal death.

ARRACK OR ARACK.—A spirituous liquor distilled in the East Indies. Those who are acquainted with that country, know what a *rack* it proves to our soldiers and seamen, and indeed to all who indulge in its use.

WINE.—This, when a genuine product of the grape, is a gift of Providence, which, however, like many others, has been and may be abused! Suppose we say of it—

When of the grape an extract true,
We may with caution then partake;
But not in quantity, undue,
A little for our stomach's sake.

We must never forget the examples and fate of Noah and Lot, and thousands besides, who have drunk of this generous, refreshing beverage, forgetful of its potent charm, and have thus disgraced their character, ruined their reputations, destroyed their peace and blighted their prospects for this world and the future. Let the strongest remember!

Infirmities may o'er us creep,
Of flesh and spirit, which alas!
If not restrained may always keep
Us slaves and bond men to the glass.

But if this may be said of the genuine, rich wine, what may we say of that article, or rather, in the plural of those commercial compounds which pass under the names of port, sherry, &c. These commercial products are not true extracts of the grape, are manufactured in the laboratories of human greed and satanic cunning.

The principal ingredients are a basis of some fermented liquor, such as proof spirit, perry, brandy, cider or weak-wine, to which may be added drugs, such as log-wood, cocculus, indicus, liquorice, alkanet, sambucus (elder berries), and a few other choice materials according to flavor required.

This is the wine which does not "make glad the heart of man," but stupifies the sense, impairs the judgment, and leads to drivelling dotage, and *whining* poverty.

We may notice a few of the compounds of the above liquids:—

PUNCH.—This favourite drink commonly changes the drinkers into *punches* or *punchinellos*, while under its influence; and such may perform in the public street or the private room. The other day we saw a punch devotee vainly endeavouring to punch the thin air, and not succeeding to his own satisfaction, attacked the more tangible and resisting door step. Here was *punch in character and practice*.

Besides the above illustration, our police reports prove that *punch* leads to many ugly punches at home and abroad which we need not enumerate.

GIN-SLING.—A kind of sling which has slain more victims than the famed slings of ancient history.

CHAMPAGNE.—This is a manufactured wine, composed of water, sugar, acid of lemons or crystallized acid of tartar, then fermented, and additions made of perry or brandy. This liquid in its best and worst form is neither a sham or a sham-pain to the most distinguished drinkers.

To the above list we may add our common beverages.

ALE.—with its ailments.

BEER.—and its no unusual termination, the bier.

PORTER.—A generally vile compound of nastiness, which never carried anything or anybody properly.

Money spent upon this article is usually far more profitable to the portly sellers than to the *weak* purchasers. Besides the above list, there are cocktails, sherry-cobblers, refreshers and hoodwinkers. All of these names are significant, some of them are gross misnomers; the last is not common, probably on account of its extreme significance. We think they are all apt to hoodwink, for "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," and he or she who is deceived by them is not wise.

Public Opinion.

THE JUGGERNAUT OF ENGLAND.

(From Church of England Temperance Magazine.)

I AM at present reading with great interest the Rev. Claudius Buchanan's "Christian Researches in Asia." There are three sermons in the volume. In one of them, preached before the University of Cambridge, on Sunday, July 1, 1870, he gives a description of the worship in India of the Hindoo idol Juggernaut. The worship of Juggernaut in India, in many respects, resembles the worship in England of the great British idol Alcohol.

Dr. Buchanan tells us "that he resolved to visit the chief seat of the Hindoo religion, in order to examine the nature of that superstition which held so many millions in its chains." On entering the Province of Orissa, in which is situated the Great Temple of Juggernaut, he and his fellow travellers "were joined by many thousands of pilgrims who were proceeding to the festival." Some from great distances were accompanied by their wives and children. "Many of the pilgrims die by the way; and their bodies generally remain unburied, so that the road to Juggernaut may be known for the last fifty miles; by the human bones which are strewn in the way."

On the great day of the festival, the idol is brought out, amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of its worshippers. It is seated on a lofty throne, and surrounded by priests. In this, also, Alcohol, the god of England, resembles Juggernaut. Alcohol is surrounded by bishops, priests and deacons, and worshipped as the grand panacea for all the ills "to which flesh is heir." "Men and women devoted themselves to death before Moloch." Dr. Buchanan says that he himself beheld the libations of human blood. He then makes a statement, which is almost incredible, if it were not that the very same thing is done in England with regard to our great god Alcohol: "I feel it my duty," says Dr. Buchanan, "to state to you that these idolaters are, in general, our own subjects; and that every man who can afford it, is OBLIGED TO PAY A TRIBUTE TO THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT FOR LEAVE TO WORSHIP THE IDOL. This is called the Revenue of the Temple, and a civil officer supported by a military force is appointed to collect the tax. Other temples in Hindostan have long been considered as a legitimate source of a similar revenue. The Temple of Juggernaut is now under our own immediate management and control. The law enacted for this purpose is entitled 'A regulation for levying a tax from pilgrims resorting to the Temple of Juggernaut, and for the superintendence and management of the Temple, passed by the Bengal Government, April 3, 1806.'"

It is quite unnecessary for me to say more on the many points of similarity between the Hindoo worship of Juggernaut and the English worship of Alcohol. If I am not mistaken, the English Government in India, has ceased to derive any revenue from the worship of the Hindoo idol. May the time soon come when our revenue at home will cease to be polluted by money derived from such an unhallowed source as the prison-filling, crime-producing traffic, in poisoning drinks!

Dr. Buchanan, in the same sermon, refers to another horrible evil which prevailed in India—viz., the immolation of female victims on the funeral pile. We have in England, even now, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, in the very midst of churches and chapels and Sunday and week-day schools, an infinitely worse sacrifice and immolation of female victims in a manner more dreadful than being burnt to death on an Indian funeral pile. We may say of the British women destroyed by poisoning drink, what Dr. Buchanan says of the Indian women; "that the number of these unfortunate persons who thus perish annually in our own territories is so great that it would appear incredible to those who have not inquired into the fact."

CURE FOR INEBRIATES.

(From the New York Tribune.)

SHALL Drunkards be punished or cured? Are they best dealt with—for their own good and that of the community at large—when sent to gaol, or to an inebriate asylum? Is Drunkenness a crime, or is it a disease? Is the rational ground on which to meet it that of punishment or cure? To the elucidation of the problem which these questions outline, the letter giving the observations of a correspondent whom we sent to investigate the workings of the Birmingham Asylum forms a not unimportant contribution.

The boy who first develops the insatiate craving for drink is regarded as a criminal at home, is liable to arrest and imprisonment, and is certain of dismissal from any religious body of which he may be a member. Now, what are the facts in his case? At asylums like

this they have made it their study, as other physicians have done with consumption or deformities: have had in their own care thousands of such patients, and cured them. Their statements are so simple that a child can comprehend them. "I claim for inebriates," says Dr. Parrish, in his masterly analysis of the philosophy of Intemperance. "that they should not be made exceptions to the ordinary rule, as it relates to the entire class of invalids. The common ills, such as rheumatism, gout, consumption, &c., are all traceable either to direct hereditary taint, or to the accident of exposure, fatigue, etc. The same may be said of Intemperance." By the hereditary taint, he does not mean that the mere taste of alcoholic liquors is transmitted from generation to generation, but that men are born inheriting certain temperaments which drive them to seek relief in these stimulants. They are born "suffering from the effects of an organization which they did not create, and from infirmities which they did not knowingly promote." "They come," says Maudesley, "into the world, weighed with a destiny against which they have neither the will nor the power to contend; they are step-children of nature, and groan under the worst of tyrannies—the tyranny of a bad organization." The other causes of exhaustion of nervous energy common among us, and which are increasing every year, he states justly to be the intensity of American social and business life—the forcing of children's brains, the incessant drain upon the supreme nervous centre in the rivalry and struggle for money and power. Whenever, therefore, from hereditary taint, or this exhaustion of nervous energy, the patient seeks relief in alcohol, the disease assumes a definite form, the symptoms of which are given by Dr. Davis. Chief among these and most liable to misconception by the ignorant, is the diseased condition of the gastric and ganglionic nerves which constitutes the morbid craving for renewed stimulant that is railed against as a temptation of the devil. There would be quite as much reason in calling the chills in ague a work of Satan. Dr. Davis puts the case forcibly:—"If the inebriate, then, is a victim of a positive disease, induced by the action of an alluring and deceptive physical agent, alcohol, will any number of moral lessons addressed to his intellect, or any amount of denunciation hurled at his degradation and his vices, cure or reform him? Or will his arrest, arraignment in a police-court, and extortion of the few dollars left as a fine, eradicate the disease that is preying upon the most delicate part of his organization?"

The remedy urged by both science and humanity is, the establishment of asylums for the inebriate, where he can be subjected to medical treatment, receive brotherly encouragement, be given employment suited to him, and secure a foothold in the outer world when fit to enter it again. Such asylums have been established by the State or private enterprise in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Texas, Illinois, and California. It is not essential that these establishments should be large. The most successful, probably, are those in which the number of patients is so limited that each is brought into direct and constant contact with the superintendent, and receives individual care and sympathy. Indeed, the massing of any class of patients together is always to be deprecated. No power forces its way so rapidly as a true idea. Slavery is blotted out, Intemperance, we believe, will be the next stronghold to disappear—not before fanatical outcry, but the force of reason and science. Before many years, the Drunkard, instead of being legally amenable to fines and imprisonment, will receive the rational treatment awarded to the insane, and be sent to an asylum.

FRENCH MEN AND WOMEN.

(From the New York Tribune.)

THE extraordinary success of the French popular loan is a good omen. There must be abundant patriotism and national self-reliance, as well as abundant material resources, among this people, who at the end of such a terrible war, while the dead are scarcely buried, the smoking ruins hardly cold, and the trampled fields not yet restored to cultivation, drag forth their savings, hoarded in old stockings, or hidden in out of the way corners, and offer them in such immense sums to a government which is not yet fairly established. Evidently they have faith in the future of France, and are ready to make any sacrifice for her glory, and this confident disposition is the best ground we have seen for expecting a speedy regeneration of the country. It shows that the spirit of the people is not broken, and a great leader, if one ever arise, will find in France some of the most important elements of a great nation. But there is another side of the picture. The war has developed in the men of France, a shocking combination of ignorance, brutality, and moral degradation. The conceit which made every Frenchman believe himself a hero, and forbade him to acknowledge either his own weakness or his adversary's strength, which suspected treachery whenever he was beaten, and shouted

"Treason" when the ropes broke in the hands that were trying to pull down the Vendome column, which plunged into a gigantic war, without the most ordinary military precautions, and marched towards Berlin without knowing the road, was in a less offensive form a national failing, but twenty years of the imperial humbug had increased it to a dangerous national vice. The ferocity, which perhaps, is the natural result of a cultivation of the military passion, and the selfishness which makes the average Frenchman, in spite of a little superficial polish, one of the rudest of men, united, under the pressure of an embittered war and an unparalleled disaster, to produce a type of savagery of which no other civilized nation had ever given an example. Add to this the moral corruption which has permeated all ranks of French society, and we can understand the deep degradation of that once proud people; we can see that the abyss into which they have fallen is one from which patriotism and money are not enough to raise them.

The worst of all is, that the one softening and humanizing agency which might have partially supplied the lack of education and even of religion, seems to have been utterly destroyed. There is no doubt that our own civil war was happily modified, and spared many of its natural effects by the influence of American women. To them came the grief and suffering of war, but never its brutal passions. The dreadful struggle was for them an opportunity of mercy. They made it their part to bind up wounds, to nurse the sick, to comfort the prisoner, to feed the orphan. It was some compensation for the miseries of those four years that they should have witnessed a magnificent development of female gentleness, kindness and charity. Good deeds such as our wives and daughters did all through the war, are blessings in more than one way, and we value them less for their relief of physical suffering than for their mollifying effect upon the national character. They cannot but have done wonders in counteracting the mischief of war, and saving us from the loss of culture and of moral sensibility which almost always follows a long civil conflict. But how different is the picture in France! Doubtless French women have done noble services in the ambulances; but we hear more of their fierce anger than of their charity. During the last days of the Commune, it was the women whose fury was most develish. It was the *petroleuse* who stole out by night and devoted private houses to the flames. It was the virago of the barricades who assassinated when she could no longer fight. Worse than this, when women by the score were dragged by the victors to some dead wall, and shot like wild animals, it was women who applauded the shocking scene, urged on the massacres, and insulted the victims in their dying moments. There is no sadder page in history than that which records the part taken by the women of France in the last tragedy of the war. The nation must be deep in barbarism when its women are more savage than its men; and its regeneration will at best be slow when manly dignity, truth, magnanimity, and culture, and womanly gentleness and mercy are destroyed together, and hardly any national virtue is left except the love of country.

MANITOBA.

(Daily Globe.)

ALL the intelligence coming from the North-West tells of the large arrivals of immigrants from Ontario and elsewhere, in the new Province of Manitoba. The great bulk of this immigration is from the western part of our own Province; and while we are glad to learn that in general, the new comers are well pleased with the country, we cannot be surprised when we are told that many of them are sorely dejected on account of the state in which they find the public lands. No survey has been commenced by the last accounts, and no prospect of its being set about speedily. The half-breed claims, and those of the Hudson Bay Company, were also unsettled. All in short was in the state of admired confusion which would at most lead to the fear that the authorities were anxious to disgust newcomers and drive them away. There is not even a single official to whom a poor immigrant can betake himself for reliable information. Everything is in a muddle, and the authorities appear as if they loved to have it so.

The want of surveys is a grievous drawback to this seasons operations, and so is the scarcity of building material. Brick yards and saw-mills are not yet in very full operation, and the demand is greatly in excess of the supply.

Provision has also not been made for such a large influx of inhabitants, consequently all kinds of food are expensive.

The *Manitoban* says:—"It is really strange that in a first-class agricultural and grazing country, cattle and horses should be so dear. We have vast prairies around us on which a luxurious grass grows, and over which our animals roam at large without let or hindrance, costing their owners not a copper for pasturage during

six or seven months out of the twelve; and the same prairies are available as a common where farmers can get without stint or circumscribing all the hay they want for winter use. And yet an indifferent horse costs £25 or £30 sterling; and for what is here called the best class of horses, the price will range up to £45 and £50 stg.,—prices which would buy far superior animals in other places. Good oxen bring from £20 to £25 stg., each, when a few years ago they would cost less than half that. Cows, £12 to £15 and £18 each. Pork, just now, brings about 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. per lb., and ham cannot be got at all. Beef is 1s. a lb., and a very indifferent article at that. Eggs, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. per dozen. Butter from 1s. 6d. to 2s.—all sterling money.

"People abroad would naturally think that in an out-of-the-way place like this, with good soil and plenty of it, and with very little market, living must be cheap—that at least beef, mutton, pork, butter, cheese, eggs, vegetables, etc., must be cheap; but it is quite the reverse. One who has to buy everything can live far cheaper in Toronto or Montreal, and in better style, than we can in Winnipeg. Think of all this, all ye who imagine that you have only to reach Manitoba in order to be all right."

The consequence of such a state of things is that the most prudent and considerate of the settlers in Manitoba are advising intending immigrants to wait for another year, unless in the case of such mechanics as carpenters, tailors, etc., who could find immediate and remunerative employment.

Of the character and prospects of the country there are not two opinions. All, apparently, have the same story to tell, and that of a very encouraging description; but it is certainly not pleasant for any man to settle down upon and improve land with the prospect of its by-and-by being taken as a public road, or claimed as part of those innumerable "reserves" that are going to be the curse of Manitoba, as they have been of every country where they have been tried.

Pure Gold.

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1871.

ERRATA.

Through oversight in proof-reading, a number of errors appear in last week's article, entitled "Canadian Legislation."

In the 4th line of the 2nd paragraph, for *prominent* read *primary*. In the 15th line of the same paragraph, for *wealth* read *well*. In the 20th line of the same paragraph, for *might* read *must*. In the 9th line of the 3rd paragraph, for *religious* read *religion*. In the 4th line of the 5th paragraph, for *distribution* read *distinction*. In the 9th line of the same paragraph, for *ignored* read *ignores*. In the 10th line of the 6th paragraph, for *involve* read *pay*.

ONTARIO PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

The Provisional Council of the above league met on Tuesday last. Arrangements were made for permanent organization, and an advertisement was ordered to be inserted in the daily papers, for agents to act under direction of the League. Applications for agencies—local or general—will be received until the 20th inst., by the Provisional Society, Mr. T. J. Wilkie, Toronto.

The prospects of the League are encouraging, and steps are being taken for a thorough campaign during next fall and winter.

WE BEG to remind our readers of the contemplated visit of Dr. JOHN HALL, of New York, to our city. On Sunday next Dr. HALL will preach twice in Cook's church, in the morning at eleven o'clock, and in the evening at half-past six; and lecture in the above church on Monday evening. The reverend Doctor's talents are too well known to need a word of commendation from us, to secure him excellent audiences. For particulars see advertisement.

WE SEE by the *Globe's* report that at the Orange Picnic at the Crystal Palace grounds, on Dominion day, no intoxicating liquors were used, consequently everything passed off quietly and pleasantly. Well done, Orangemen!

WE HAVE pleasure in announcing that we have concluded an engagement with Mr. T. J. Vivian, of London, Eng. (author of *Strange Folk at Tercreek*, a *Northern Stroll in the Easter Tide*) &c, for the appearance of a new story of great interest, entitled "a Life Wasted," written for our pages.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Yes, but not only so—it does him a very serious injury as well: an injury, too, whose bad effects may never be eradicated. From the days of Solomon, up to those of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, there has been no lack of great-hearted and proper-minded men, who have, by their observation, experience, and their own innate good sense, discovered and held up the fact, that a sufficient amount of relaxation is absolutely necessary to the worker, whether his employment be bodily or mental, and that over-work is only a mischievous error, resulting in no good, but rather in the development of a community which, while it is in danger of being physically stunted, is as equally in danger of becoming morally distorted.

No mistake can be more egregious than to suppose that the maximum of work obtained from the maximum of labour can be continued for any great length of time without such a course resulting in effects that are simply pernicious. And if this is true of open air labour, what must be said of it when applied to in-door employment? This long continued and close confinement of young people in houses of business is a subject of extreme importance, and one that demands earnest attention. This week we shall content ourselves with a simple statement of how the early closing movement stands, and in our next issue we shall enter more fully into the matter, and consider it in its social, moral, and physical aspects.

Some little time ago, a meeting of employees was convened, a committee formed, and the co-operation of the merchants desired, to bring about the establishment of an early closing movement in the retail houses, so that clerks and assistants, both male and female, might have a reasonable quota of time to recruit their energies. Of course, the adoption of such a movement was at first delayed by demur and opposition; but at length common sense triumphed, as far as King street was concerned, and now, by the stores closing at half-past six, those who have been pent up during the day are at liberty to seek amusements, or to enjoy our glorious summer evenings. An hour of extra labour is required of them on Saturdays.

In Yonge street, there was a fair promise of matters being amicably settled, and it had been arranged that June 3rd should see the commencement of the new and sensible *regime*, when the whole affair came to a miserable conclusion through the peculiar conduct of one firm alone—a very undesirable distinction, we should suppose. The unity of action was thus destroyed; the other firms naturally refused to adopt the movement; the affair fell through, and now these stores close in beautiful irregularity at any time from eight until midnight.

We have passed up Yonge street ourselves after midnight on a Saturday, or rather Sunday morning, and seen the stores open until the small hours have almost crept in. Business was commenced in these places in the morning, say from seven to eight at the latest, so that the assistants had been cooped up in a store in the summer weather for something like fifteen or sixteen hours! We should suppose delving in a railway cutting, or digging on a farm, to be a more agreeable occupation than this, certainly, undoubtedly it would be a far healthier one. Worse even than this, in some of these stores young girls work on until eleven and half-past eleven at night.

And so the matter stands, and will stand, until some energetic, sensible men, employers, take it upon themselves to remove at one and the same time a shame and a burden.

T. J. V.

THE SYNOD OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA (Kirk of Scotland), met in Toronto, Rev. S. Mylne, moderator. The subject of union with the Canada Presbyterian Church was the most prominent. The Synod unanimously adopted the basis of union agreed on by the joint committee in Montreal, in September, 1870; and after several telegraphic communications with the Canada Presbyterian Assembly in Quebec, agreed to hold a special meeting of Synod at Toronto, which would remit the subject to Presbyteries and Sessions. A strong determination was shown to uphold Queen's College as a Presbyterian University. The *Presbyterian* magazine, hitherto owned by a Layman's Association, is to come under the care of the Synod. The Widows and Orphans' Fund has 34 widows and 41 children as annuitants. Income, \$6,500; expenditure, \$4,000. A larger allowance was given to annuitants. The French Canadian mission had two missionaries, Messrs. Dondiet and Tanner. Its income was but \$1,278. A Mission to the lumbermen on the Ottawa had been well sustained, and quite successful. The Queen's College endowment had realised, since January, 1869, \$72,777, out of \$107,000 promised. The deficiency in revenue caused by the failure of the Commercial Bank and the withdrawal of Government aid, was \$3,200 in 1869, but only \$1,500 in 1871. There were 29 students in arts and theology, of whom 15 were for the ministry; 35 in medicine; 81 in grammar school; and 23 in ladies' classes; total, 168.—*Canadian Independent*.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE citizens of New York are apprehensive of a serious disturbance on the 14th inst. The Roman Catholics, or a portion of them at any rate, are said to be meditating an attack on the Orangemen. If their purpose is carried out, it will most probably result in a considerable loss of life. It is to be hoped, however, that the proper authorities will take every precaution in their power to prevent such an occurrence.

CONSIDERABLE interest has of late been excited by the announcement, that a remedy has been found to cure cancer. This remedy is called by the name of Candurango. The State Department of Washington received a few pounds of this wonderful plant some three months ago. It was sent by the Government of Ecuador, and came highly recommended. For some time the matter did not receive much attention, but from various circumstances, it has been determined to obtain a considerable amount of it, in order to give its medicinal qualities a trial. We should be heartily rejoiced to hear that it is all it purports to be, and we have no particular reason for thinking otherwise. But the great number of bogus "patent" medicines—guaranteed to cure every disease, and to restore the vigour of youth to those whose race is nearly run, that have been forced upon the public causing more evil results than perhaps we have any idea of—have made us rather sceptical on matters of this description. We shall wait, however, with hopeful anticipation for further revelations.

A DISTRESSING accident occurred on Tuesday last, in this city, from the careless use of coal oil. A little girl in her haste to start the fire quickly, in order to prepare her father's supper poured a large quantity of coal oil upon the wood. Some of the oil unfortunately was spilled upon her dress. As soon, therefore, as the match was applied to the wood, the flames extended to her dress, and before sufficient assistance could be rendered, she had received such serious injuries that she died the following morning. This sad accident carries its own moral.

LATE INTELLIGENCE from Utah is of a very startling character. The Mormons appear determined to hold their old homes, and to keep up their old usages, in spite of the American Government. The acting American Governor is as steadfast in his resolution that they must yield themselves to the laws of the United States. Troubles appear imminent, and what the result will be is impossible to say. It is feared that a conflict between the opposing parties will take place.

SEVERAL FIRES have lately occurred in Toronto, and under circumstances which make it probable that incendiarism is the cause. Strenuous efforts should be made to find out any guilty of this crime, and severe punishment ought to be meted out to them.

THE ELECTIONS in France, created a good deal of excitement, but on the whole, passed off quietly. The result was a great victory for the Republican party; Gambetta, Faidherbe, and Denfert have each been returned. The evacuation of those forts near Paris, now occupied by the German soldiers, has been demanded by the French Government. No positive reply has been given by Bismarck.

THE HON. MR. TRUTCH is officially announced as having received the appointment of Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia.

VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX has re-affirmed his determination to retire from public life. His health is said to be improved considerably; but he says that he enjoys his rest and relaxation exceedingly, and so he will not, for some time at least, take any further part in political life. The Republican party loses a very able and worthy supporter, and one whose place will not be easily supplied.

AN ACTION is pending against the Montreal HEARTHSTONE for the infringement of the copyright of CHARLES READE'S new serial story "A Terrible Temptation." It is stated that the publishers of the paper endeavoured to purchase the right of publication from Mr. READE. Failing in this they bought from Messrs. Cassels and Co., who were publishing it in CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, the right of publication which was not theirs to dispose of. Mr. READE accordingly, we learn, commenced an action for damages.

It is positively asserted that Mrs. FAIR, the beautiful murderess, is to be executed on the 28th inst. The application for another trial has been refused, and any likelihood of pardon now appears to be out of the question.

THE FOLLOWING DECISION with regard to women holding the position of Justices of the Peace in the United States, will interest those of our readers who are in favor of women's rights: By the Constitution of the Commonwealth the office of Justice of the Peace is a judicial office, and must be exercised by the officer in person, and a woman, whether married or unmarried, cannot be appointed to such an office. The laws of Massachusetts at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the whole frame and purport of the instrument itself, and the universal understanding and unbroken practical construction for the greater part of a century afterward, all support this conclusion, and are inconsistent with any other. It follows that if a woman should be formally appointed and commissioned as a Justice of the Peace, she would have no constitutional or legal authority to exercise any of the functions appertaining to that office.

The decision was signed by Reuben A. Chapman, Horace Gray, Jr., John Wells, James D. Colt, Seth Ames, Marcus Morton, Judges Supreme Court.

THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH" was duly celebrated across the lines. The demonstrations in New York, Buffalo, and other principle places, were, as usual, of a very huge description.

A FATAL ACCIDENT occurred on Dominion day. A man who was on the train with the Caledonian Excursion party, on their return trip from St Catharines to Toronto, was missed by some of the passengers as the train neared Waterdown. After some urging, the conductor had the car stopped. A thorough search having been made, and it having been ascertained that the man was not on the train, an engine was sent back, accompanied by two or three of the excursionists, to see if he could be found. He was discovered on the track within a quarter of a mile from Waterdown. He was then dead. It is supposed that he either attempted to get off the train while it was in motion, or else that he fell off. As is often the case; we have to add that the man was DRUNK.

THE TICHBORNE CASE still continues to be the wonder of the world. The cross-examination of the claimant has been most severely and vigorously carried on. The claimant's ignorance upon some points is rather against him. He professes to have attended college, and yet on being shown a copy of Virgil, he said he did not know what language it is written in, but thought it was Greek! Public opinion in England as to whether he is the rightful heir or not, is greatly divided. If he is not, he certainly plays his part well. The English correspondent of an American paper says that the accounts of his illness have not been at all exaggerated; but that he is suffering from a most painful disease, which often makes him unfit to attend to his examination properly.

A REPORT has been largely circulated, and is received with some confidence in certain circles, that a plot is on foot to assassinate the Pope on the 19th inst.

A TELEGRAM from Constantinople states that Mr. Wm. H. SEWARD arrived there on July 1st; also that the office of Foreign Secretary to the Grand Vizer, has for the present, been given to Server Effende.

ACCORDING TO late reports from New York, the small-pox is prevalent in the city, and it is feared unless vigorous means are taken to prevent its spread, it will likely cause a great number of deaths.

TEMPERANCE REFORM.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE ON TEMPERANCE.

At the late Session of the Wesleyan Conference, the Committee on Memorials presented a report on the subject of temperance, which cannot fail to cheer the hearts of all true friends of the cause. The portion of the report referred to is as follows:—

1. That this conference reiterates its frequently expressed views on Total Abstinence, and would renew its earnest recommendation that every minister preach at least one sermon in each year to every congregation under his charge, enforcing Mr. Wesley's sentiments against the drinking and the sale of intoxicating liquors.

2. That this Conference earnestly recommends some form of Temperance effort in connection with all our Sabbath-schools, and urges on all superintendents and teachers, because of the potency of example, the practical adoption of Total Abstinence, and that they place in the hands of the children such books and tracts that will serve to inform them on the subject of Temperance, and guard our youth against the pernicious drinking practices which now prevail to an alarming extent.

3. That in as much as the rules of our Church virtually constitute it a Temperance Society, we heartily approve, and respectfully recommend the general adoption of a practice now prevailing in some of our Circuits of incorporating into the meetings of the Church, one of the discussion of the subject of Total Abstinence, which may also assume the character of a Literary or Mutual Improvement Society.

We moreover, devoutly hope that our Church will practically respond to the prayer of the York memorialists, heartily identify itself with any judicious measures inaugurated to secure the prohibition by-law of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks; and we would respectfully suggest until this consummation shall have been realized, a public meeting will be held during each session, of Conference, for the promotion of Temperance.

There is no mistaking the import of the above. The Conference has come out squarely for Prohibition, but recognizing the magnitude of the work to be accomplished before public sentiment is brought up to the right point, recommends continued effort for the spread of sound temperance principles. Let the laity of Methodism rally around the banner thus planted by the Conference and it will not take long to leaven the whole country with Prohibition sentiments.

THE REGULAR MONTHLY meeting of the Elm Street Christian Total Abstinence Society will be held at 8 p.m., in the lecture room of the above church on Friday evening the 14th inst. Addresses will be delivered by members of the association and others. Admission free, all are welcome.

Bro. Rev. John Waterhouse has been delegate to organize a worthy Grand Lodge, of British Templars in Newfoundland.

A bill has passed the Legislature of Michigan amending the Prohibitory Liquor law of the State, which provides that money or other valuable consideration paid for spirituous liquor sold in violation of law may be recovered back by the person so paying, or by his wife, or his child or his parents, or his guardian. And the owner or lessee renting or leasing any building or premises, having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein at retail as a beverage, shall be liable with the person selling intoxicating liquors. And the amount recovered by every wife or child shall be his or her sole and separate property.

GOSSIP ACROSS THE BORDER.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

I have watched with some curiosity and not a little care any observable effect upon the people of the United States as a result of the recent treaty with Great Britain. Matters move a pace now-a-days—thoughts as well as things—and I believe that that result may be defined as well now as it ever will be. It is no use denying, and therefore it may as well be candidly avowed that there never has been a friendly feeling on the part of the people on this side towards anything or anybody claiming to be British. This ill-will did not date from the recent civil war, although a sentimental feeling, as the *Boston Journal* once had it, may have been an excuse for intensifying it. It is of much older date. It originated with another generation; it has been handed down by tradition, and is even now taught in our schools by means of perverted histories and ill-devised books. No such feeling ever existed among the British towards this country; and England, anxious to bring about the good feeling which ought to be mutual between members of the same family, felt that her dignity and well-established fame could well afford to show some leniency, and to yield some concessions, to gratify the natural sensitiveness and self-pride of her young and immature offspring. I do not discuss the wisdom of those concessions, only as a watchful chronicler note their effects. What, then, are these? I find that while the open expression of public opinion is generally favourable to the treaty, a large section of the people denounce it. This is the result of political partisanship, and sets forth one of the evils of our political system, in which great interests are rendered secondary to party feeling. But there is no doubt that one great result of the treaty has been to allay the expression of animosity towards England. Some papers, such as the *New York Tribune*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Rochester Democrat*, and of course the *Detroit Press* generally, are still full of "strange" things about England, Canada, and everything British, and probably they will continue so to be while their present managers live. The *New York Times*, too, despite its English editor, is full of sneers and malevolence; and the *World*, as the great organ of the Democratic party, is spiteful, of course; but the general tone of public feeling is one much more of sullen satisfaction at the labors of the High Commission. I do not say that the ancient animosity is allayed as yet, but it is certainly not as openly displayed, and that is one step towards removal. Nor do I believe that the Democrats, if they had had the chance, would have been otherwise than glad to earn the credit of the treaty, much as they now pretend to denounce it; knowing well, as they do, that directly the Commission was agreed upon, success or war was the only alternative, and certainly this Republic was never more unprepared than now to undertake a war with Great Britain.

In some parts of Canada—especially in the villages on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, and perhaps as far west as Port Hope—I have sometimes heard the complaint that beef cannot be had at any reasonable price, because the Yankees come across and buy up all the best cattle. A few days ago, I was talking to a lady from Massachusetts, and who, although long a resident in northern New York, had retained all the violent New England prejudice against Canada and England. She denounced Canada vigorously, and when at last she had cooled her anger sufficiently to be able to explain the immediate cause of her excitement, I learned that it was because the Canadians eat so many "American" strawberries! "We can not get strawberries," she said, "for love or money, nor fruit of any kind; all goes over to those Canadians." And she seemed to think that not even annexation would remedy this alarming state of things, nothing but abolition. She was a strong-minded woman, so be warned; and if the Woman's Rights Brigade should adopt as a battle cry in their next campaign, "Strawberries for ever! Down with Canada!" you may look out for abolition. In the meanwhile, lest your sympathies should be aroused for our fruitless condition, I may tell you that fine strawberries, and cherries, too, are retailing freely at twelve cents a quart, Canada notwithstanding, so we shall not starve.

A curious discussion has been going on for some time past in some of our newspapers upon the subject of trial by jury. New York city is the most prolific hot-bed for murder and manslaughter, and the discussion arose out of a recent trial of one Foster for the former offence. We have a custom, which I believe is peculiar to this Republic, by which persons who have read the incidents of any crime in the press are disqualified from sitting upon the jury in the case; and as most persons read the papers, and as the press very carefully sifts the evidence, and prejudices every incident of importance before it can go into the courts; it is not always easy to get together twelve men who are sufficiently ignorant to try the facts. This was the case in Foster's trial, and the inconvenience was so great that the discussion aforesaid arose out of it. But the remarkable point is, that while great efforts have

been made by newspapers and their correspondents to fix the origin of trial by jury, not one has succeeded. Some have gone to Alfred the Great for it, others to Magna Charta, and one party has strongly advocated the claims of certain Welch princes; but no one has touched the truth. Moral: A little constitutional history is needed in our Schools.

The "Sunday Question" is agitating sundry isolated spots throughout the States, and promises to assume some importance. If facts are of any value, and I do not think their force can be denied, those nations which enjoy the most liberty are the foremost in giving due respect to Sunday observance. In Europe, Great Britain and Switzerland are the only nations where the first day of the week is worthily kept, and—for I speak from personal observation in a great measure—the same feature of the "old country" prevails throughout the whole of her vast empire—in Australia as well as in India—in Africa as well as in America. Nor will I claim much less for the United States, for if there be not amongst us all that reverence for sacred things which most of the thinking part of our people would wish to see, there is nevertheless a very general observance of the Sunday, and our laws, too, are frequently framed to protect our citizens in their conscientious maintenance of a day of rest. But German influence is growing strong amongst us; the Germans do not approve of the Anglo-Saxon definition of Sunday, and they are leaguely together to insist upon their own construction of it. In Germany, Sunday is no more a day of rest than it is in Paris; and it might not be too much to say that in most parts of North Germany there is more lager drunk on Sunday than on any other three days of the week. Your real whole-souled Teuton is a very fair colonist; he is frugal, thrifty and honest. He is peaceful, too, as long as you let him hold his nationalistic ideas without contradiction; but he must also have his beloved lager, especially on Sunday. He cannot—or he thinks he cannot, which is practically the same thing—do without his Sunday beer and his Sunday revelry. His must be an active beer-drinking rest; and if you ask him, by your laws, only to let his Sunday be quiescent and still, in order that others may enjoy their religion, even though you do not insist that he, too, should be religious in your way, he forthwith thinks his liberties are encroached upon, and he rebels. Even in Chicago, a city not more remarkable for its morality than is New York, the Germans are finding our Sunday observance too strict for them, and they have formed a league to resist all Sunday laws; and it is much to be feared that certain politicians, in order to secure the German vote, are very much inclined to encourage and support them. It has already become far too much the custom here to mistake license for liberty; but it will be a sorry day for the United States when we even yield so far to foreign prejudices as to destroy the good Sunday observances of our ancestors. It would be worth some sacrifice to make our German friends understand, once and for all, that when they come to America they must abide by American laws and customs, and that one of these consists in devoting the first day of the week to something higher than lager beer and tobacco; but if we do not make a decided stand against them at once, I much fear that Teutonic influence will prove too strong for some of our legislators.

THE TRAFFIC AND ITS RESULTS.

MATRICIDE—At Hambleton, near Garstang, Lancashire, a widow named Jane Gardner was murdered by her illegitimate son, Robert Hodgson, on Tuesday morning. Two women who were sitting up with the deceased, who was ill, ran out of the house when Hodgson entered the room with an axe in his hand, and on their return found Mrs. Gardner dead from a frightful wound upon her head. Hodgson had been drinking for a fortnight.

MURDER NEAR CARDIGAN.—A man named Mackintosh, who was in the service of Mrs. Brigstoke, Blacnpant, near Cardigan, as woodman, had received notice of dismissal; and, in a drunken fit, he seized his gun, went to a neighbouring house, and shot an old woman, who, he thought, was the cause of his dismissal. The woman died in a few hours.

Since the last number of our paper went to press, Ecker has been hung at Fonda, and Foster and McNevins have been convicted of murder in the city of New York, and sentenced to the same fate. We had a reporter at Fonda, and his full and minute notes are before us, but we do not feel in humor to spread the sickening details before our readers. It is sufficient to say that, though his guilt was unquestionable, and proved by the clearest of evidence, he died with the usual protest of innocence on his lips—another victim to the licensed sale of intoxicating beverages. The people, through their chosen agents, licensed a grog shop; Ecker drank under the license, was drunk and committed the murder. That is the whole story—a story repeated over and over, daily, and yet the people slumber, and their agents continue to license "men of good moral character" to manufacture more Eckers to slay their fellow men. It is the same story, substantially, that as told of Foster and McNevins. The former pretends, and probably with truth, that he has no recollection of striking the blow which took life, and for which he must end his days on the gallows. He was drunk. And the New York Board of Excise has just licensed 3,500 dens to manufacture drunken Fosters to commit murder and other crimes in the metropolis!—*N. Y. Patriot*.

A Union Temperance excursion under the auspices of the I. O. G. T. in Toronto, is announced for the 24th of this month.

Tales and Sketches.

(From the Christian Union.)

MY WIFE AND I;

OR,

HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY.

By HARRIETT BEECHER STOWE.

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

MY SHADOW WIFE.

MY Shadow Wife! Is there then substance in shadow? Yes, there may be. A shadow—a spiritual presence—may go with us where mortal footsteps cannot go; walk by our side amid the roar of city; talk with us amid the sharp clatter of voices; come to us through closed doors, as we sit alone over our evening fire; counsel, bless, inspire us; and though the figure cannot be clasped in mortal arms—though the face be veiled—yet this wife of the future may have a power to bless, to guide, to sustain and console. Such was the dream-wife of my youth.

Whence did she come? She rose like a white, pure mist from that little grave. She formed herself like a cloud-maiden from the rain and dew of those first tears.

When we look at the apparent recklessness with which great sorrows seem to be distributed among the children of the earth, there is no way to keep our faith in a fatherly love, except to recognize how invariably the sorrows that spring from love are a means of enlarging and dignifying a human being. Nothing great or good comes without birth-pangs, and in just the proportion that natures grow more noble, their capacities of suffering increase.

The bitter, silent, irrepressible anguish of that childish bereavement was to me the awaking of a spiritual nature. The little creature who, had she lived, might have grown up perhaps into a commonplace woman, became a fixed star in the heaven—land of the ideal, always drawing me to look upward. My memories of her were a spring of refined and tender feeling, through all my early life. I could not then write; but I remember that the overflow of my heart towards her memory required expression, and I taught myself a strange kind of manuscript, by copying the letters of the alphabet. I bought six cents' worth of paper and a tallow candle at the store, which I used to light surreptitiously when I had been put to bed nights, and, sitting up in my little night gown, I busied myself with writing my remembrances of her. I could not, for the world, have asked my mother to let me have a candle in my bed-room after eight o'clock. I would have died sooner than to explain why I wanted it. My purchase of paper and candle was my first act of independent manliness. The money, I reflected, was mine, because I earned it myself, and the paper was mine, and the candle was mine, so that I was not using my father's property in an unwarrantable manner, and thus I gave myself up to my inspirations. I wrote my remembrances of her, as she stood among the daisies and the golden lilies. I wrote down her little words of wisdom and grave advice, in the queerest manuscript that ever puzzled a wise man of the east. If one imagines that all this was spelt phonetically, and not at all in the unspeakable astonishing way in which the English language is conventionally spelt, one may truly imagine that it was something rather peculiar in the way of literature. But the heart comfort, the utter abandonment of the soul that went into it is something that only those can imagine who have tried the like and found the relief of it. My little heart was like the Caspian sea, or some other sea which I read about, which had found a secret channel by which its waters could pass off under ground. When I had finished, every evening, I used to extinguish my candle, and put it and my manuscript inside of the straw bed on which I slept, which had a long pocket hole in the centre, secured by buttons, for the purpose of stirring the straw. Over this I slept in conscious security, every night; sometimes with blissful dreams of going to brighter meadows, where I saw my Daisy playing with whole troops of beautiful children, fair as water lilies on the shore of a blue lake. Thus, while I seemed to be like any other boy, thinking of nothing but my sled, and my hat and ball, and my mittens, I began to have a little withdrawing room of my own; another land in which I could walk and take a kind of delight that nothing visible gave me. But one day my eldest sister, in making the bed, with domestic thoroughness, disemboweled my whole store of manu-

scripts and the half consumed fragment of my candle.

There is no poetry in housewifery, and my sister at once, took a housewifery view of the proceeding—

"Well, now! is there any end to the conjurations of boys?" she said. "He might have set the house on fire and burned us all alive, in our beds!"

Reader, this is quite possible, as I used to perform my literary labors sitting up in bed, with the candle standing on a narrow ledge on the side of the bedstead.

Forthwith the whole of my performance was lodged in my mother's hands—I was luckily at school.

"Now, girls," said my mother, "keep quiet about this; above all, don't say a word to the boy. I will speak to him."

Accordingly, that night after I had gone up to bed, my mother came into my room and, when she had seen me in bed, she sat down by me and told me the whole discovery. I hid my head under the bed clothes, and felt a sort of burning shame and mortification that was inexpressible; but she had a good store of that mother's wit and wisdom by which I was to be comforted. At last she succeeded in drawing both the bed clothes from my face and the veil from my heart, and I told her all my little story.

"Dear boy," she said, "you must learn to write, and you need not buy candles, you shall sit by me evenings and I will teach you; it was very nice of you to practice all alone; but it will be a great deal easier to let me teach you the writing letters."

Now I had begun the usual course of writing copies in school. In those days it was deemed necessary to commence by teaching what was called *course hand*; and I had filled many dreary pages with m's and n's of gigantic size; but it never had yet occurred to me that the writing of these copies was to bear any sort of relation to the expression of thoughts and emotions within me that were clamoring for a vent, while my rude copies of printed letters did bear to my mind this adaptation. But now my mother made me sit by her evenings, with a slate and pencil, and, under her care, I made a cross cut into the fields of practical hand writing, and also saved the dangers of going off into a morbid habit of feeling, which might easily have arisen from my solitary reveries.

"Dear," she said to my father, "I told you this one was to be our brightest. He will make a writer yet," and she showed him my manuscript.

"You must look after him, mother," said my father, as he always said, when there arose any exigency about the children, and required delicate handling.

My mother was one of that class of women whose power on earth seems to be only the greater for being a spiritual one. The control of such women over men is like that of the soul over the body. The body is visible, forceful, obtrusive, self-asserting. The soul invisible, sensitive, yet with a subtle and vital power which constantly gains control and holds every inch that it gains.

My father was naturally impetuous, though magnanimous, hasty temper and imperious, though conscientious; my mother united the most exquisite sensibility with the deepest calm—calm resulting from habitual communion with the highest and purest source of all rest—the peace that passeth all understanding. Gradually, by this spiritual force, this quietude of soul, she became his leader and guide. He held her hand and looked up to her with a trustful implicitness that increased with every year.

"Where's your mother?" was always the fond inquiry when he entered the house, after having been off on one of his long preaching tours or clerical councils. At all hours he would burst from his study with fragments of the sermon or letters he was writing, to read to her and receive her suggestions and criticisms. With her he discussed the plans of his discourses, and at her dictation changed, improved, altered and added; and under the brooding influence of her mind, new and finer traits of tenderness and spirituality pervaded his character and his teachings. In fact, my father once said to me, "She made me by her influence."

In these days, we sometimes here women, who have reared large families on small means, spoken of as victims who have suffered unheard of oppressions. There is a growing materialism that refuses to believe that there can be happiness without the ease and facilities and luxuries of wealth.

But my father and mother, though living on a narrow income, were never really poor. The chief evil of poverty is the crushing of ideality out of life—the taking away its poetry and substituting hard prose; and this with them was impossible. My father loved to work he did, as the artist loves his painting and the sculptor his chisel. A man needs less money when he is doing only what he loves to do—What, in fact, he must do,—pay or no pay. St. Paul said, "A necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is me, if I preach not the gospel." Preaching the gospel was his irrepressible instinct, a necessity of his being. My mother, from her deep spiritual nature, was one soul with my father in his life-work. With the moral organization of a prophetess,

she stood nearer to heaven than he, and looking in told him what she saw, and he, holding her hand, felt the thrill of celestial electricity. With such woman, life has no prose; their eyes see all things in the light of heaven, and flowers of paradise spring up in paths that to unannointed eyes, seem only path of toil. I never felt, from anything I saw at home, from any word or action of my mother's, that we were poor, in the sense that poverty was an evil. I was reminded, to be sure, that we were poor, in a sense that required constant carefulness, watchfulness over little things, energetic habits, and vigorous industry and self-helpfulness. But we were never poor in any sense that restricted-hospitality or made it a burden. In those days, a minister's house was always the home for all ministers, and their families, whenever an exigency required of them to travel, and the spare room of our house never wanted guests of longer or shorter continuance. But the atmosphere of the house was such as always made guests welcome. Three or four times a year, the annual clerical gatherings of the church filled her house to overflowing and necessitated an abundant provisions and great activity of preparation on the part of the women of our family. Yet I never heard an expression of impatience or a suggestion that made me suppose they felt themselves unduly burdened. My mother's cheerful face was welcome and a benediction at all times, and guests found it good to be with her.

In the midst of our large family, of different ages, of vigorous growth, of great individuality and forcefulness of expression, my mother's was the administrative power. My father habitually referred anything to her, and leaned on her advice with a childlike dependence. She read the character of each, she mediated between opposing natures: she translated the dialect of different sorts of spirits, to each other. In a family of young children, there is a change for every sort and variety of natures; and for natures whose modes of feeling are as foreign to each other, as those of the French and the English. It needs a common interpreter, who understands every dialect of the soul, thus to translate differences of individuality into a common language of love.

It has often seemed to me a fair question, on a review of the way my mother ruled in our family, whether the politics of the idle state in a millennial community, should not be one equally pervaded by mother influence.

The woman question of our day, as I understand it is this.—Shall MOTHERHOOD ever be felt, in the administration of the affairs of state? The state is nothing more nor less than a collection of the families, and what would be good or bad for the state.

Such as our family would have been, ruled only by my father, without my mother, such the political state is, and has been; there have been in it "conscript fathers," but no "conscript mothers;" yet is not a mother's influence needed in acts that relate to the interests of collected families as much as in individual ones?

The state, at this very day, needs an influence like what I remember our mother's to have been, in our great, vigorous, growing family,—an influence quiet, calm, warming, purifying, uniting—it needs a womanly economy and thrift in husbanding and applying its material resources—it needs a divining power, by which different sections and different races can be interpreted to each other, and blended together in love—it needs an educating power, by which its immature children may be trained in virtue—it needs a loving and redeeming power, by which its erring and criminal children may be borne with, purified, and led back to virtue.

Yet, while I thus muse, I remember that such women as my mother are those to whom in an especial manner, all noise, and publicity and unreasoning conflict are peculiarly distasteful. My mother had that delicacy of fibre that made any kind of public exercise of her powers an impossibility. It is not peculiarly a feminine characteristic, but belongs equally to many men of the finest natures. It is characteristic of the poets and philosophers of life. It is ascribed by the sacred writers to Jesus of Nazareth, in whom an aversion for publicity and a longing for stillness and retirement, are specially indicated by many touching incidents. Jesus preferred to form around him a family and to act on the world through them, and it is remarkable that he left no writings directly addressed to the world by himself, but only by those whom he inspired.

Women of this brooding, quiet, deeply spiritual nature, while they cannot attend caucuses, or pull political wires or mingle in the strife of political life, are yet the most needed force to be for the good of the State. I am persuaded that it is not till this class of women feel as vital and personal responsibility for the good of the State, as they have hitherto felt for that of the family, that we shall gain the final elements of a perfect society. The laws of Rome, so said the graceful myth, were dictated to Numa Pompilius, by nymph, Egeria. No mortal eye saw her. She was not in the forum, or the senate. She did not strive, nor cry, nor

lift up her voice in the street, but she made the laws by which Rome ruled the world. Let us hope in a coming day, not Egeria, but Mary, the mother of Jesus the great archetype of the christian motherhood, shall be felt through all the laws and institutions of society. That Mary, who kept all things and pondered them in her heart—the silent poet, the prophetess, the one confidential friend of Jesus, sweet and retired as evening dew, yet strong to go forth with Christ against the cruel and vulgar mob, and to stand unfainting by the cross where He suffered.

From the time my mother discovered my store of manuscripts, she came into new and more intimate relation with me. She took me from the district school, and kept me constantly with herself, teaching me in the intervals of domestic avocations.

I was what is called my mother's-boy, as she taught me to render her all sorts of household services, such as are usually performed by girls. My two older sisters about this time, left us to establish a seminary in the neighborhood, and the sister nearest my age, went to study under their care, so that my mother, said playfully, she had no resource but to make a girl of me. This association with a womanly nature, and this discipline in womanly ways, I hold to have been an invaluable part of my early training. There is no earthly reason which requires a man, in order to be manly, to be unhandy and clumsy in regard to the minutiae of domestic life; and there are quantities of occasions occurring in the life of every man, in which he will have occasion to be grateful to his mother, if like mine, she trains him in woman's arts and the secrets of making domestic life agreeable.

But it is not merely in this respect that I felt the value of my early companionship with my mother. The power of such women over our sex is essentially the service rendered us in forming our ideal, and it was by my mother's influence that the ideal guardian, the "shadow wife," was formed, that guided me through my youth.

She wisely laid hold of the little idyl of my childhood as something which gave her the key to my nature, and opened before me the hope in my manhood of such a friend as my little Daisy had been to my childhood. This wife of the future she often spoke of as a motive. I was to make myself worthy of her. For her sake I was to become strong, to be efficient, to be manly and true, and above all pure in thought and imagination and in word.

The cold mountain air and simple habits of New England country life are largely a preventive of open immorality; but there is another temptation which besets the boy, against which the womanly ideal is the best shield—the temptation of vulgarity and obscenity.

It was to my mother's care and teaching I owe it, that there always seemed to be a lady at my elbow, when stories were told such as a pure woman would blush to hear. It was owing to her, that a great deal of what I supposed to be classical literature both in Greek and Latin and in English was to me and is to me to this day simply repulsive and disgusting. I remember that one time when I was in my twelfth or thirteenth year, one of Satan's agents put into my hand one of those stories that are written with an express purpose of demoralizing the youth—stories that are sent creeping like vipers and rattle-snakes stealthily and secretly among inexperienced and unguarded boys, hiding in secret corners, gliding under their pillows and filling their veins with the fever poison of impurity. How many boys in the most critical period of life are forever ruined, in body and soul, by the silent secret gliding among them of these nests of impure serpents, unless they have a mother wise, watchful, and never sleeping, with whom they are in habits of unreserved intimacy and communion!

I remember that when my mother took from me this book, it was with an expression of fear and horror which made a deep impression on me. Then she sat by me that night, when the shadows were deepening, and told me how the reading of such books, or the letting of such ideas into my mind would make me unworthy of the wife she hoped some day I would win. With a voice of solemn awe she spoke of the holy mystery of marriage as something so sacred, that all my life's happiness depended on keeping it pure, and surrounding it only with the holiest thoughts.

It was more the thrill of her sympathies, the noble poetry of her nature inspiring mine, than anything she said, that acted upon me and stimulated me to keep my mind and memory pure. In the closeness of my communion with her I seemed to see through her eyes and feel through her nerves, so that at last a passage in a book or a sentiment uttered, always suggested the idea of what she would think of it.

In our days we have heard much said of the importance of training women to be wives. Is there not something to be said on the importance of training men to be husbands? Is the wide latitude of thought and reading and expression which has been accorded as a

matter of fact of course to the boy and the young man, the conventionally allowed familiarity with coarseness and indelicacy, a fair preparation to enable him to be the intimate companion of a pure woman? For how many ages has it been the doctrine that man and woman were to meet in marriage, the one crystal-pure, the other foul with the permitted garbage of all sorts of uncleansed literature and license.

If the man is to be the head of the woman, even as Christ is the head of the Church, should he not be her equal, at least, in purity?

(To be Continued.)

CRAYONS OF CANADIAN CLERGYMEN.

THE REV. JOHN HOGG OF GUELPH.

Here is a modest, retiring man of great worth, who deserves to be brought forth to light. Indeed, if we have been correctly informed, he begins to be appreciated in a matter in which we had long thought he was unjustly overlooked: that is to say, in not having received proper credit for his scholarship. He has lately received a *Doctorate in Divinity*, of which he is abundantly worthy.

Doctor Hogg, if we may call him so, must be over fifty years of age, perhaps nearer sixty than fifty; yet young looking, strong, and active. He is a native of Scotland, the son of a small farmer, educated in Glasgow, where he successfully prosecuted and finished his collegiate course, and nourished a large, strong body on porridge for breakfast and supper, with a herring and pot of potatoes for dinner. Of this he is not ashamed, nor ought he to be. To such simple fare he probably owes his good health and great scholarship. If all who desire knowledge were equally abstemious, we should have more learned men, despite their early penury.

Although he exhibits a plain exterior, and although his Scottish accent and homeliness crop out on minor matters, we pronounce him the most thorough scholar we ever had personal intercourse with. He is thoroughly familiar with *Greek* and *Hebrew*, joined to complete mastery of *Latin*, *German* and *French*. He has no need of seeking for a translation for the most elaborate or critical work in either of these last mentioned languages; neither does he obtain his knowledge of the latest works, in these or the English language, on exegesis, theology, science or philosophy, from the Reviews, which he wholly eschews. He buys the earliest issues of the originals, and grapples with them in person, forming his own independent opinion of them for himself. He is incessantly engaged in study, and his course of study is wide, continuous and exhaustive. We regard him as a very able theologian; he is Calvinistic, but liberal.

Mr. Hogg is not a 'popular' preacher, in the usual acceptance of that term. His speaking is not that of a ready extemporiser. To that he makes no pretensions; but give him time, and he will produce something respectable. His pulpit preparations are painfully elaborated, and entirely memorized—yea, they are preached in his study, before they are preached to the people; yet, in the pulpit no scrap of notes trammels his delivery. That delivery is very earnest, but not so impressive as it would be, if his manner were a little more flexible. With something like a lisp on his tongue, his voice is strong and musical, though its power of emphasis and variation is not great. He is eloquent in thought and language, which makes even his argumentation, which is cogent, appear declamatory.

No more laborious pastor ever existed. For reasons satisfactory to himself, he does not try to develop lay talents, so much as some other pastors; on which account his own duties are made the more onerous. He has been often seen on foot, with his coat across his arm, during the periodical visitation of his members, or going to see some distant sick person, trudging (or rather *striding*, for he is of almost gigantic height, and long in limb) away to the country, and performing a circle of twenty miles, or more, in a day; an edifying example this, to all young ministers of this land.—Somewhat late in life, he obtained a help-mate for him in his pastoral attentions. Both minister and wife are much, and deservedly, beloved; and happy is the flock who rejoice in such a pastor and pastor's wife as they.

Dr. Hogg is quiet and neighborly with all the ministers and congregations around him. He will interfere with do one; but then let no one interfere with him; he will not quarrel, but then he knows how to preserve a dignified reserve when he thinks his kindness has been imposed on.

He commenced his public life as a United Presbyterian minister. He served for several years the congregation in Hamilton, which afterwards fell into the hands of Dr. Ormiston. While there the writer learned that Dr. Hogg was no theoretical dissenter, or

voluntary. He received and responded to a call which removed him to Detroit, Michigan, where he remained for a time. There is much in his character, which would prevent his being a resident of the United States from choice, or if it could be helped. Knowing his principles on Church establishments, we were not surprised, when a dozen years ago, more or less, we learned he had returned to Canada, and taken charge of the small residuum of Kirk members in Guelph, which were left after the sweeping Free Church disruption in that place. Small as were the "grape gleanings," Mr. Hogg's Scottish sagacity enabled him to perceive that a good thing could be made out of the situation, and a good cause gathered out of the wreck. Their church site, which was in the centre of the Market Square, they sold to the city corporation for a very large sum. They had a glebe lot adjacent to the town, part of which was sold, leaving, however, enough to pasture the pastor's pony and cow. The avails of the two sales, enabled the adherents of the old cause to build a beautiful church, and provide a convenient manse, in a central and conspicuous part of the town. The minister's diligence soon collected a congregation and organized a church; and the purity and reliability of his character, has retained them. The pew rents go wholly to the support of the minister. May their prosperity long continue.

The Home Circle.

"LET THE GOOD PREVAIL."

(AN ANCIENT GREEK SAYING).

On, fellow-men, through storm and showers,
Through mist and snowdrifts, sleet and hail!
Brace up the strong right arm of power,
And—Let the good prevail.

Let never selfish thought intrude,
Nor selfish fear your heart assail;
Work bravely for the common good,
And—Let the good prevail.

True brothers in the race of life,
Rejoice not if a brother fail;
We all may conquer in the strife,
And—Let the good prevail.

Rejoice not in a brother's woe,
Life's sea is wide for every sail;
Each in our turn we come and go,
So—Let the good prevail.

O truthful lips, O toiling hands,
O many hearts that never quail,
Work each for all what God commands,
And—Let the good prevail.

Men are not units, one and one;
One body all, we stand or fail;
The common good must aye be won,
So—Let the good prevail.

The common good, the common health,
Tho' selfish tongues may sneer and rail,
Be this our task, our truest wealth;
And—Let the good prevail.

Go, take your Bible from its shelf,
And read the ancient hallowed tale;
Love thou thy neighbour as thyself,
So shall the good prevail.

CLEANLINESS OF PERSON.

THERE is no one cause so productive of disease as the lack of attention to cleanliness of person on the part of such a vast majority of people. To keep the pores open, so the fetid matter discarded by the growth and progression of the body may not be retained in the system as the germs of disease, is not the only thing necessary in cleanliness; but we should be careful how we take unclean substances into our systems, so the vitality required for a healthy growth shall not be wasted in throwing off these foul secretions. In no one thing do people display so much recklessness as in the use of tobacco. If "cleanliness is next to godliness," we are, as a people, far from enjoying the felicity of having a heavenly Hebe or a Ganyrède of cleanliness as our cup-bearer, to minister to our spiritual life those subtle essences of æsthetic enjoyment which raise us above the animal kingdom, and fit us for better and purer lives than we can now enjoy. James asks, "does a fountain at the same place send

forth sweet water and bitter?" and what would the apostle have said had he lived in our day, and had he seen a mouth employed at one time in squirting tobacco juice, and the next in kissing a lady, or in the mastication of food? "Let all things be done decently," he would have repeated. What an abuse to have one's mouth—originally pure, studded with pearls, and formed for noble purposes—converted into a smoke factory, or, what is worse, into a fountain overflowing with a black stinking liquid! And how unpardonable it is that an organ designed, in part, for kissing, should ever come in contact with a lady's lips, loaded with the stench of tobacco! An arithmetical genius has estimated that there is enough of this foul liquid of tobacco-juice every few years ejected from human mouths, to float navies, and well-nigh drown the world if it was collected in one shower of deluge proportions. Prof. Denton, in one of his lectures on geology, tells the story of a man putting a quid of tobacco in the mouth of a rattlesnake once, and the snake did not live to crawl its length. Had old heathen poets been acquainted with tobacco, he should have imagined that it was tobacco juice, as squirted from men's mouths, that suggested to them their idea of such rivers as Styx and the Acheron! Another lecturer on geology Prof. Gunning, recently offered an illustration to prove that species change, and that the organic world of to-day is the offspring of organisms which lived through the geologic ages, which serve as a warning to those who make habitual use of tobacco. He mentions the fact that a few years ago the Swiss Government published a report on the natural history of Switzerland. Two very distinct species of rats were pictured and described; one was large, plump and glossy; the other was lean, scrawny, and almost bereft of hair. They seemed two distinct species. In the second edition of the report the two rats are reduced to one. A naturalist has found how the meaner rat was made. One of its ancestors—a good, plump, glossy fellow—had strolled into a tobacco warehouse and made his abode there; he began to nibble, curiosity led him on, he went from bad to worse, till you see where he turned up—so unlike his grandfather that a naturalist mistakes him for another species. Those who think they can touch pitch and not become defiled, or use tobacco, and remain clean and pure, should heed this.

RAG CARPETS.

THESE indispensable articles of the house are made and highly prized in nearly all families in the country. The suggestions of the experienced may lessen the labor of making them to the experienced, besides making a better looking carpet.

First, the rags or old garments ought to be washed clean; then rip them to pieces, rejecting the parts too worn to be used; if not ready to color them, tie in bundles all that are to be colored each color, and any that do not need coloring may be cut and sewed, or tied up by themselves, if not ready to commence the work. All woolen ones ought to be kept in linen sacks to exclude the moths from them.

Any light, mixed, or plaided woolens may be improved in color by dipping in a good red dye. Clean white rags can be colored yellow, orange, blue, or green. Dingy white rags will look well colored hemlock color and set with lime. This is a cheap, pretty and durable color for some of the rags and the warp. Bits of bark may be gathered around saw mills, when one cannot get it elsewhere; boil enough bark to make a strong dye, and add to it a little clear lime water, after removing all bits of bark or straining the dye. If dregs remain in any dye, it will spot the cloth or yarn.

If a smooth parlor carpet is wanted, the rags must be cotton, and other rags that are made of fine yarn. Coarse threaded woolen rags make a carpet look rough, and though it may do well enough for a kitchen it is not so nice for a parlor.

Unless the rags are light, it will take a pound and a half, and sometimes more, for each yard of carpet. To know when sufficient rags are prepared for the number of yards wanted, the prepared rags must be weighed. If the rags are light, it will not take quite a pound and a half; but if they are coarse threaded or woolen rags, it will take some more than a pound and a half, if the carpet is well up.

If a striped carpet is wanted, tear each color separately, and mix together the different shades of the same color when sewing; this will make the carpet more uniform in color and prettier than if some stripes contained all the brightest colors, and others paler ones, which they will, if the shades of the same color are not mixed in sewing. A carpet always looks much better if all the breaths are uniform in color, and by mixing the shades of the same color in sewing them it will be so.

For a hap-hazard carpet, all different colors may be mixed in sewing. This will use up all short rags, of

any color or shade, and often makes a very pretty carpet, which may be woven easier and cheaper than a striped carpet. Short pieces, or those not more than three or four yards long, alternated with shorter ones, look the best in this kind of carpet.

For warp, good strong prepared yarn is the best, and saves much labor. It may be reeled into skeins of five knots before coloring, allowing one skein to a yard and about three knots over, to be woven in at the end of each breath, for binding.

Measure the inside of the room, and let the weaver know how long to make each breath. Carpets will shrink a little in length from the weaver's measure after they come out of the loom, but will often stretch a little in width. The stripes will match the best, if the edges on the same side of the loom are sewed together, as the different sides of the loom sometimes vary a little.—*Hotschouid—Brattleboro.*

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

(London Times.)

IN these hot days a cool apartment is a real luxury to be had far oftener than most people suppose possible. The secret consists, not in letting in cool air, for naturally all do that whenever they have the chance; but in keeping out the hot air. If the air outside a room or house be cooler than the air inside, let it in by all means; but if it be hotter, carefully keep it out.

A stair-case window left open during the night will often cool the passages of a house, and the rooms, too, if their doors be not shut; but it must be closed at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, or if on the sunny side, at 4 or 5 o'clock, and the blind drawn down. The mistake people generally make is to throw open their windows at all hours of the day, no matter whether the atmosphere outside be cool or scorching.

Let us have some air, they say, and in comes the treacherous breeze—for even hot air is pleasant while it is gently blowing, taking away perspiration, and thereby cooling the skin; but the apartment is made warmer, instead of cooler, and as soon as they move out of the draught they find their room to be more uncomfortable than before.

Let in cool air—keep out the hot—that is the only formula to insure the minimum of discomfort. Sitting rooms may generally be kept cool during the whole day if the doors be only opened for ingress or egress, and the windows kept closed and shielded from direct sunshine by a blind. If the atmosphere of a room be impure from any cause, let it be renewed; hot air is less injurious than bad air. If a room be small in comparison with the number of persons engaged in it, free ventilation becomes indispensable.

In a cooking apartment the temperature will probably be higher than outside, hence the free admission even of hot air will be desired. If persons do not object to sit in a direct draught of air, windows and doors may be opened, a breeze being more refreshing even though several degrees warmer than still air; but under nearly all other circumstances rooms should be kept closed as much as possible until after sundown, or till the air outside is cooler than that inside. Let in cool air; keep out hot.

A very curious protest against the ratification of the fishery portions of the treaty has been presented to the Senate. It states that two of the four living heirs of the late Earl of Stirling are now citizens of the United States, and that their heirs demanded their rights to the American fisheries and proprietorship of the Canadas, as inheritors of William Alexander, the first Earl of Stirling. The father of these four heirs, the ninth earl, came to America some years ago to claim these rights. Upon his death his title and property were inherited by the present earl; but these proprietary rights were decreed by will to his five children, two of them being citizens of the United States. One of these, Charles L. Alexander, during the late session of the High Commission, served a protest on the Secretary of State against the consummation of the contemplated treaty.

The *New York Times* states that a solid section cut from one of the original "big trees" of Calaveras county, California, is in New York, on its way to a European museum. Five men were employed twenty-five days in cutting down this huge tree; its height was 302 feet, and its largest diameter 32 feet. The specimen was cut at a distance of 20 feet from the base. The stump is covered over, and is now used as a ball-room, being so large that thirty-two persons can dance a double cotillion on it, and leave room for the band and spectators. If one has sufficient patience, the age of the tree might be determined by counting the annual rings; but, to save trouble, it has been already ascertained that there are more than 2,500 of them, each representing a year.

BRIDES AT NIAGARA.

THERE is an indescribable fascination to the mere looker-on in watching the omnibus as it drives up from the station on the arrival of the different trains. The bridegroom of a day jumps unconcernedly out and with a new sense of importance assists the bride to alight. He bustles around looking after wraps and travelling-bags in as business-like a manner as though his principal occupation during his whole life had been the care of a lady's luggage. Entering the house, he airily waves her into the ladies' parlor, and walks to the office to register their names, with a manner intended to impress people with the idea that he has been in the habit of doing that same thing for a long time. Their self-delusion is respected, and there is nothing in the clerk's countenance or address as he assigns the room and sends the waiter to pilot the way, that would betray his consciousness of the utter failure of the attempted deception. The very prettiest rooms in the house are assigned to them, and they are treated with a marked consideration that is shown to no one else. The waiters beam upon them benevolently, and assume a protecting half confidential air that is indescribably touching, while the head waiter hovers round like an olive-complexioned guardian angel, watching them with a sentimental glance and as tender an expression as a young lover's when he surveys the special object of his adoration. The young porters handle the luggage tenderly and considerately—the newest of all new trunks, the clean canvas showing how little experience they have had as yet in traveling. Underneath those lids, and strapped neatly down, are all those multitudes of things that have cost months of study and labor to bring to their poetic completion. Wonderful little nondescripts, whose earthly use no one but a woman can ever learn. The jaunty little breakfast caps of lace that will set so cunningly on the top of the frizzes and curls that deck the young wife's head. Miracles of art in dainty embroidery jackets, and rainbow combination of bows, sashes and rosetts.

A shadow of a blush comes to her cheek as her new name stares her in the face from the porter's shoulder, where her trunk is mounted, and the least touch of conscious dignity is visible in her carriage. The Russian leather traveling bag is just as evidently on its first journey, and the odor of the shop is not yet out of the pretty gray traveling shawl, which is so daintily and neatly folded and strapped, showing the touch of interest feminine fingers in its precise arrangement. And all the while the bridegroom is growing more nonchalant and unconcerned, quite overdoing the character, and the bride is shy to catch some of his assumed ease and assurance, evidently relived enough when the door of her room closes behind her, shutting her away from the eyes that will follow her merclessly, studying her face and general style, and comparing her with those who have preceded her. The hotel register is a sad tell-tale. Were there no other means of finding out the newly-wedded pairs, this would betray them. The masculine name is written with the usual careless flourish, indicating habit, but in the words that follow "and wife" there is a noticeable change. The pen has lingered over them, and they are written with a care and precision and plainness that cannot be mistaken—with the least bit of awkwardness too. Page after page of these names are recorded, and all in the same peculiar manner. It is a sort of idiosyncrasy of these newly-made husbands to write in every register Mr. So-and-so and wife, while those to whom marriage is an old story, whose romance years has dimmed, are entered in the most matter-of-fact way, Mr. and Mrs. Such-an-one. This is the evidence of experienced hotel proprietors and clerks.—*Letter to Boston Post.*

With summer comes the palm-leaf hat, worn by thousands of town and country people. But probably not a quarter of these wearers have any idea of the magnitude of this branch of the hat business. The estimated number of hats sent into the market from a single manufacturing establishment in Amherst, Massachusetts, since July 1870, is one hundred thousand dozen. The Island of Cuba produces all the palm-leaf used in this country and in Europe. The leaf, having arrived at the proper maturity, is carefully cut and shipped to New London, Connecticut; but as the braid is manufactured only in Massachusetts, the stock is sent to the various establishments in that State. It first undergoes a bleaching process, and then is cut into fine strips. If desired, it is afterwards coloured. The straw is braided into hats by the wives and daughters of farmers, it is a sort of "knitting work," with which they occupy all their spare moments. When the hats are brought back to the manufactory, they are again bleached, pressed, bound, packed and sent to market. The so-called "Shaker hoods" are made from the split palm-leaf woven into "webs" by hand-looms. The crown and front of the hood are cut by steel dies. Then they

are crimped into proper folds, stitched, pressed, bound, wired, labeled, and varnished—all the work, except the cutting and pressing, being done by girls. From the Massachusetts manufacturing towns the hats and hoods are largely sent to New York, and thence to all parts of the country.

EAR-RINGS AND OTHER TRINKETS.

WHAT a barbarism to bore a hole in the flesh and stick in a trinket! I have seen several ears in which the ring had cut its way out, making a slit, and a new hole had been punched in one of the pieces. Men have fallen into this vulgar barbarism. American savages offer many instances of men with gold or silver trinkets in the ears. But among lower savages, in different parts of the world, the custom is quite general, and many of them add an ornament in the nose.

What a vulgar show you sometimes see among the demi-monde—a dozen great gold and jeweled rings on the fingers, two large rings or hoops about the wrists, a great buckle in the belt, a good chain about the neck, a good watch, several charms, a locket or two, a breast pin—what barbarous, vulgar show; poor things, I suppose they think it helps to advertise their unhappy trade.

My dear girls, leave this trinket show to the Indians, and use no other jewelry than a neat, small pin to hold the collar and a delicate small chain to guard your watch. The watch should be in a pocket, and not slipped under the belt. The belt must be mischievously tight to hold the watch. To wear a watch pushed half-way under the belt is to constantly expose it to accident, and at best to make a vain announcement of the fact that you have one.

In England it is a common remark, that you may know a nobleman by his plain dress, and by the absence of all jewelry. And I will add, that everywhere you may know a shoddy pretender by an excessive display of jewelry. No person of really fine culture delights in an exhibition of trinkets or gew-gaws of any kind. The refined soul cannot make an ornamental parade.—Our Girls.

TWO FATAL MISTAKES.

A man may drink moderately but steadily all his life, with no apparent harm to himself, but his daughters become nervous wrecks, his sons epileptic, libertines or drunkards, the hereditary tendency to crime, having its pathology and unvaried laws, precisely as scrofula, consumption, or any other purely physically disease. These are stale truths to medical men, but the majority of parents, even those of average intelligence, are either ignorant or wickedly regardless of them. There will be chance of ridding our jails and armshouses of half their tenants when our people are brought to treat drunkenness as a disease of the stomach and blood as well as of the soul, to meet it with common sense and a physician, as well as with threats of eternal damnation, and to remove gin shops and gin sellers for the same reason that they would stagnant ponds or uncleaned sewers. Another fatal mistake is pointed out in the training of children—the system of cramming, and forcing of their brains, induced partly by the unhealthy, feverish ambition and struggle that mark every phase of our society, and partly for the short time allowed for education. The simplest physical laws that regulate the use and abuse of the brain are utterly disregarded by educated parents. To gratify a mother's silly vanity during a boy's school days, many a man is made incompetent and useless. If the boy shows any sign of unnatural ambition or power, instead of regarding it as a symptom of an unhealthy condition of the blood vessels or other cerebral disease, and treated it accordingly, it is accepted as an evidence of genius, and the inflamed brain is taxed to the utmost, until it gives away exhausted.

"CHOOSE YE."—A glass of whiskey is manufactured from about seventy grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A glass of this mixture sells for a dime, and, if a good brand, is considered worth the money. It is drunk in a minute or two. It fires the brain, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same sideboard on which the deleterious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million type, it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog, but it is not less true that there is a large number of people who think corn juice cheap and newspapers dear! The newspaper is a source of pleasure and enlightenment to the home circle, as the family are gathered around the bright glowing fire on a winter evening; and the results of newspaper reading prove beneficial through life.

OLD SONGS.

The Songs of old, they come to us, and take possession of our heart;
The words are rude, the measure strange, devoid of ornament of art,
And yet they touch a deeper depth—bring warmer tears to fill the eyes—
And hold a sweeter, stronger charm than finer songs in finer guise.

Their words were gathered on brown moors, amid heather belled and red;
Or where green ferns and mosses draped the mountain-torrent's rocky bed;
Or where in woodlands gray the groups of yellow primroses loved to blow;
Or in the field where white moonshine lay glistening on fresh fallen snow.

Their tunes were borrowed from the birds that sang at eve upon the trees;
Or where the surges charge the cliff, swift rising from the foamed-fleeked seas;
Or where the winds made bitter wail above old graves in churchyards lone;
Or where in foxgloves summer bees were sounding their deep monotone.

And these combined, the songs were made by men who knew the midnight foe,
Who caught the arrow on the shield, and swung the sharp sword's fatal blow;
Who held the helm of rolling ships, and steered their course by icy cliffs bare;
Who hunted wolves upon the hills, or fronted lions in their lair.

And some were writ by women whose white hands were wet with salt tears' rain,
Keeping a drear sad watch at home for those that never came again;
Who broke their hearts in dungeons deep of gloomy castles closely pent,
Or withered slow in foreign lands, doomed to a life-long banishment.

And these old Songs bear in them now the spirit of the writers' days:
Each word a well of their old life which rises as the tune we raise;
And lo! there flows from them to us the feeling, be it stern or sweet,
And with its added volume makes our smaller, shallower lives complete.

There are a good many people like the boy whom a gentleman met on the highway of a country town. The boy was on horseback, crying with the cold.
"Why don't you get down and lead him, my lad?" said the gentleman, "that's the way to keep warm."
"No," sobbed the boy, "it's a b-b-borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze."

An exchange, remarks, sympathetically "We don't care so much for the two men who have set out to recross the Atlantic in that cockle-shell of a boat, the *City of Ragusa*, but we are solicitous for the dog." It may be remembered that a fine looking dog was announced to accompany the *City of Ragusa* "as boatswain."

Thirty thousand Sunday School children of Brooklyn joined in the procession on the occasion of the forty-second anniversary of the Sunday School Union. It was a gala day in the City of Churches. Parents, teachers, ministers, and many others who were interested in the young folks, joined in the celebration of this happy day. Brooklyn seldom has witnessed a prettier sight than those thirty thousand children in clean apparel and with happy faces.

A medical journal estimates the annual cost to the people of the United States of medical services and medicines at \$100,000,000, and adds \$25,000,000 for the quack medicines swallowed. A large fraction of this sum would be saved if people could be induced to eat, drink, and work more moderately, and avoid deliberate violations of the law of health.

A mutual marriage-present and matchmaking society with the appropriate title of the Maidens' Club, we learn from a Birmingham paper, is doing a good work in the village of Stickney, in Lincolnshire. The members are of both sexes, and when one gets married the club presents him or her with a marriage present. That the members of the club may shine in grace, excelled by none in the village, one of its objects is to induce young people to become and continue members of the Church of England.

A KINGDOM WITHOUT A KING.

LICHTENSTEIN is the name of the smallest principality in the great German "Vaterland," and this has hitherto been the most remarkable thing that could be said about it, for in the great political world it has as yet played no part. It appears, however, that its time has now arrived; and for the benefit of those who might receive this bit of intelligence with a sceptical smile, I subjoin a few words of explanation.

In order fully to appreciate this important question, it will be necessary to commence by going back into the past—if not so far as to the Flood, at least to some part of the twelfth century.

It will not do to believe that the Lichtensteiners are people of vulgar extraction. True, their ancestors hardly anticipated that the House of Lichtenstein would ever be reckoned among the reigning families of Europe; but this did not affect the nobleness of their quarterings. The founder of the House was a lively and enterprising Lombard, and related to the Este family. He went to Germany with the object of making his fortune, and there he married, 1145 A.D., a little princess of the House of Schwaben. They had not the slightest fraction of a principality, but they had plenty of children to educate and provide for. Their fortune was not very large, but in his quality of Lombard, the father exercised the lucrative business of a usurer, whenever the occasion presented itself. The sovereigns of those times were often in want of money, and our Lombard supplied them with this article, proper security being forthcoming. When the time of restitution arrived, it was not always convenient to the debtors to pay in cash, and the affair was therefore generally settled by means of small pieces of land, titles, or privileges. The Lichtensteiners soon became allied to the greatest German families. In the year 1614, the Emperor Matthias ceded to them, in settlement of their pecuniary claims, the principality of Troppau, in Schlesien. Ten years later, the Emperor Ferdinand II. added to their possessions the principality of Jagendorf. Then they obtained the title of "Prince of the Holy Roman Empire;" and by this time they had purchased the districts of Vadutz and Schnellenberg, on the borders of the Rhine, and close to the Swiss frontier. These possessions form the actual principality of Lichtenstein, which has the small town of Vadutz for its capital.

The Congress of Vienna—contrary to its principles of mediation—resolved, from reasons which we abstain from investigating, to maintain Lichtenstein as a sovereign and independent state, and gave it an entire vote in the German Confederation.

In return for these advantages, Lichtenstein had to provide a contingent of ninety men and one drummer to the Federal army. It is important not to lose sight of these ninety men and one drummer, for they play a principal part in the impending question. The subjects of the principality of Lichtenstein, according to the last census, numbered 7150; they are clever people, of a peaceable disposition, but impressed with no particular awe for authorities. They even have a slight taint of independence, undoubtedly owing to the close vicinity of Switzerland.

A year had scarcely elapsed after the remodelling of the map of Europe by the Congress of Vienna, when the inhabitants of Lichtenstein addressed themselves to their sovereign, John I., and declared with rustic frankness that they had no objection to being ruled by him, since the Congress had decided it so, but that they found it entirely superfluous to pay any civil list; besides, they were too few in number to contribute every year ninety men and one drummer to the Federal army. Prince John was an excellent man, and, moreover, he was immensely rich. He informed his subjects that he could do very well without any civil list; and as for the Federal contingent, he concluded a convention with the Austrian government, by which the latter undertook to furnish it together with its own. With this the loyal subjects declared themselves satisfied; and everything went on well until the year 1836, when Prince Aloysius I. ascended the throne. In the meantime, the natives of Lichtenstein had made various reflections. The conclusions arrived at were: that a prince, even if paid nothing, entails sundry expenses on the country where he is reigning; festivals have to be given, as well as solemn audiences, illuminations, fire-works, &c.

Accordingly, they sent a deputation to their new lord and master, and made it obvious to him that he must indemnify the country for all expenses of the description alluded to. Aloysius I. was as excellent a monarch as his predecessor; he admitted the claims of his subjects, and made an agreement with them concerning an annual indemnity which he paid with exemplary regularity.

The Lichtensteiners had now obtained the object of their wishes; they led an existence entirely ideal. They occupied a position unique in Europe, nay, in the whole

world; for instead of paying for government, they actually were paid for submission to it. It would now be supposed that nothing in future could disturb the good understanding existing between prince and people. But alas! that the old saying should here find its application—namely, that he who has got yellow hair, wants it also to be curled.

John II. became Prince of Lichtenstein. One fine morning he said to himself; 'Since I have no civil list, nay, since I—contrary to all established usages—pay a tribute to my subjects, I ought at least to have full liberty to live according to my tastes. This small capital is a bore. I have plenty of money; I will set out for Vienna!' No sooner said than done, John II. built a magnificent palace in the capital of Austria, and there he lived in a luxurious style. The government of the principality he intrusted to a minister, with whom he corresponded. But were those stupid Lichtensteiners to be satisfied? They put their heads together; and resolved to send a deputation to their supreme master in Vienna; and one particular morning, just as the prince had got out of bed, a dozen of the most distinguished among his subjects made their appearance. After the customary reverences and ceremonies, the deputation put forth its request with becoming solemnity, expressing itself somewhat to the following effect: "We don't pay your Serene Highness any civil list; on the contrary, your Serene Highness pays an annual indemnity to us. But your Serene Highness is in possession of a large fortune, and spends it in a royal manner, by the which formerly your principality benefited. If, now, your Serene Highness continues to reside in Vienna, you inflict a serious loss upon your subjects; and it appears therefore to us but just that you should in future inhabit at least six months of the year your own capital." Several demands of a political nature were appended to this petition. John II. granted their request, and issued, moreover, a brand new constitution, with a parliament of fifteen members, whom he promised to pay out of his own pocket.

But what about the ninety men and the drummer? Well, now the difficulty arises, for they are exactly the cause of the present dispute.

Austria having long furnished this contingent, sent, some time ago, a bill of the resulting expenses to the prince. But the prince thought that, as he had renounced his claims to a civil list, and even paid his subjects a round sum every year, it would be no very heavy burden for the said subjects to pay their own Federal contingent. This the Lichtensteiners obstinately refuse to do; the prince, on the other side, tired of so much trouble, has expressed his intention to abdicate, and to cede his dominions to Austria. But against this scheme his people protest most energetically—they would rather belong to Switzerland. Besides, if Austria annexes Lichtenstein, then Prussia will regard the transaction with an envious eye. The prince will neither pay nor govern. Such is the present state of things, of which nobody can predict the end.—*Chamber's Journal.*

SOMETHING WRONG WITH JUPITER.

M. R. Proctor, in an article in *St Pauls Magazine*, states:—During the last two years the planet Jupiter has presented an extraordinary appearance. The great equatorial belt, which is usually white, has been sometimes ruddy, sometimes orange, then coppery, ochery, greenish yellow, and, in fact, has passed through a number of hues, mostly tints of red and yellow; but has at no time, so far as observation has shown, exhibited what may be called its normal tint. Then, again, this belt, and the two belts on either side of it, has changed very rapidly in form; great dark projections have been flung (I speak always from appearances) into the great equatorial belt, which has thus seemed at times to be divided into a number of ovals. The whole aspect of the planet has suggested the idea that mighty processes are at work, tending to modify, in a most remarkable manner, the condition of the planet's atmospheric envelope.

Now, it certainly is a remarkable circumstance that at the very time when Jupiter has been thus disturbed, the solar atmospheric envelope has also been subject to an exceptional degree of disturbance. As most of my readers know, the face of the sun has been marked by many spots during the last twenty or thirty months; some of these spots have been of enormous magnitude, even so large as to be clearly visible to the naked eye, and the spots have been of such a nature, so long lasting, and so variable in figure, as to imply the action of long continued processes of disturbance acting with extraordinary violence. It may seem at first that the very circumstances of the case should prevent us from tracing any connection whatever between the solar disturbances and that which seems to be taking place in the atmospheric envelope of Jupiter. Two orbs separated, as the sun and Jupiter are, by an interval of about four hundred and fifty millions of miles, cannot

be simultaneously affected, it would seem, by any disturbing forces. Nay, more: it seems so reasonable to infer that both in the case of Jupiter and of the sun, the forces at work to produce change lie far beneath the atmospheric envelope of either planet, so that the idea appears at once disposed of, that these forces can operate simultaneously except by mere coincidence.

USES OF SPIRITS OF AMMONIA.

BY AN OLD HOUSEWIFE.

SISTERS in household labors, have you any idea what a very useful thing ammonia is to have in the house? If not, give your maid of all work ten cents and an empty bottle at once and send her to the first chemist's for a supply. Tell her to be sure to get the spirits of ammonia; it's the same as hartshorn, but if she asks for that they'll give her, for the same money, a few drops in a smelling bottle not as big as her thumb. While she's gone I'll tell you how to use it.

For washing paint, put a tablespoonful in a quart of moderately hot water, dip in a flannel cloth, and with this simply wipe off the wood work; no scrubbing will be necessary. For taking grease spots from any fabric, use the ammonia nearly pure, then lay white blotting-paper over the spot and iron it lightly. In washing faces put about twelve drops in a pint of warm suds. To clean silver, mix two teaspoonfuls of ammonia in a quart of hot soap-suds, put in your silver-ware and wash it, using an old nail brush or tooth-brush for the purpose. For cleaning hair-brushes, &c., simply shake the brushes up and down in a mixture of one teaspoonful of ammonia to one pint of hot water; when they are cleansed rinse them in cold water and stand them in the wind or in a hot place to dry. For washing finger marks from looking glasses or windows, put in a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag and make quick work of it.

If you want to make your house-plants to flourish, put a few drops of the spirits in every pint of water used in watering. A teaspoonful in a basin of cold water adds much to the refreshing effects of a bath. Nothing is better than ammonia for cleansing the hair. In every case rinse off the ammonia with clear water.

Ammonia is used as a rising in cake making, &c., but I cannot recommend it for that purpose; and ten drops in a wine-glass of water are said to be an excellent remedy for headache and acidity of stomach but I don't believe in newspaper doctoring, and so will not endorse the remedy. However, for a score of needed practical household purposes, spirits of ammonia are invaluable, and I'm not afraid to proclaim it.

Farmers and chemists are profound concerning the native article in its free state, and admit its all-important services, but housewives throughout the country really know very little of the manifold uses that can be made of a pint of the spirits "kept in the house, bottled and labelled." I say emphatically, labelled, because it is a sin not to have all such things so conspicuously marked that no mistake need occur.

Let me add here, by way of caution, that ammonia directly applied is not good for the eyes. It has a way of melting them that is any thing but agreeable.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

MOVING NORTH.			
TORONTO.	NEW MARKET.	BARRIE.	COLLINGWOOD.
City Hall Station.			
MAIL—7.00 a. m.	8.50 a. m.	10.40 a. m.	arrive 12.25 a. m.
EXPRESS, 4.00 p. m.	5.50 p. m.	7.40 p. m.	" 9.25 a. m.
MOVING SOUTH.			
COLLINGWOOD.	BARRIE.	NEW MARKET.	TORONTO.
			City Hall.
EXPRESS, 5.10 a. m.	6.55 a. m.	8.50 a. m.	10.35 a. m.
MAIL, 3.45 p. m.	5.30 p. m.	7.25 p. m.	9.10 p. m.

G. W. RAILWAY.

TORONTO TO HAMILTON.		ARRIVE.
EXPRESS, - - -	7.00 a. m.	8.45 a. m.
ACCOMM. - - -	11.50 a. m.	1.45 p. m.
EXPRESS, - - -	4.00 p. m.	6.00 p. m.
EXPRESS, - - -	8.00 p. m.	9.40 p. m.
HAMILTON TO TORONTO.		ARRIVE.
ACCOM. - - -	9.10 a. m.	11.00 a. m.
EXPRESS, - - -	11.30 a. m.	1.15 p. m.
MAIL, - - -	3.35 p. m.	5.30 p. m.
ACCOM. - - -	7.30 p. m.	9.20 p. m.

Trains on Toronto line connect regularly with Trains on MAIN LINE running East and West.

G. T. RAILWAY.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
Leave Toronto.		Leave Toronto.	
7.30 a. m.		5.37 a. m.	
11.45 a. m.		12.07 p. m.	
3.45 p. m.		5.37 p. m.	
5.30 p. m.		7.07 p. m.	
11.30 p. m.			

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2. The value, to the public, of an able and reliable Journal in which public questions, of general interest, will be viewed from a high moral stand-point, and free from mere party bias.
3. A desire to aid in circulating a pure, strong, healthful literature, throughout the Dominion.
4. A desire to aid in producing a *National Literature*, and to encourage and develop *home talent*.

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1. *In regard to Public Affairs:*—All public measures to be judged on their merits, irrespective of mere party watchwords.
2. *In regard to public men:*—Integrity, Morality and Intelligence, indispensable qualifications in our public men, and of vastly greater importance than party relationships.
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FRIDAY EVENING—*Star Temple*, Temperance Hall, Temperance St. *St. John's Temple* Mission Church Sayer St.

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TUESDAY EVENING—*Crystal Fountain Division*, Temperance Hall, Temperance St.

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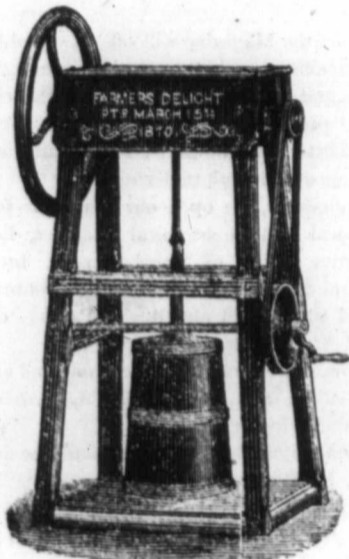
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