

The Trumpet.

"PLEDGED TO TEMPERANCE, LIBERTY AND LAW."

VOL. 1.

SYDNEY, C B., MAY 2, 1870.

NO. 14.

Literature.

A VERY NARROW ESCAPE.

It was not quite a year since Mr. George Hartfield, the leading solicitor in the market town of Norbury, had returned from his honeymoon tour, bringing with him the prettiest little wife that the good old town had boasted for a long time. George was only thirty years of age, but his wife looked a mere girl, and was at least eleven years his junior; much to the disgust of more mature damsels, who would have been willing to step into proprietorship of the good-looking young lawyer and his grim, conspicuous old house, which was one of the most respectable dwellings in the upper and more rural part of the High street. Mr. Hartfield had inherited an excellent business from his father, and was altogether a person of some importance in the opinion of the Norbury world at large, and of himself in particular.

The wife was a shy, girlish creature, who seemed scarcely fit to be mistress of that big, formal house, with its shining wainscoted walls and grim old furniture—furniture that had been fashionable in the days of George's grandfather—gloomy old mahogany four-posters and walnut-wood presses, in the polished panels whereof sentimental little Alice Hartfield, whose head was a kind of branch station of the circulating library, used to fancy she saw ghosts in the gloaming. In honest truth she did not take much to the house in High street, and looked back with fond regretfulness to the bright country home from which George had won her; but Mr. Hartfield being of an arbitrary temper, and convinced that the old house was perfection, she had never ventured to hint her dislike. It must be owned that the evenings were long and dull for so girlish a matron. George Hartfield was often out—sometimes at a public dinner at the Crown Hotel, sometimes at the social club held at the same prosperous tavern, sometimes playing billiards with bachelor clients—all in the way of business, of course, as he told his wife; but not the less lonely on that account.

Mr. Hartfield employed three clerks; a gentlemanly young man, who was articled; a stripling, for copying and out-of-door work; and a gray-haired old man, with a face upon which there was a look of settled melancholy. Mr. Bestow, the articled clerk, and Thomas Dredger, the stripling, had christened him old Dismal, and spoke of him commonly by that disrespectful sobriquet. If he ever heard the name, it apparently troubled him very little. He rarely spoke except so far as his business required him to speak; and in the two years that he had been with Mr. Hartfield, he had not advanced by so much as one step toward intimacy with his fellow-workers. He lived three miles out of Norbury, walking to and from the office in all weathers and no one had ever seen the inside of his home.

Her first year of married life closed in sorrow and disappointment for Alice Hartfield. The baby-stranger from whose coming she had expected so much pleasure, only opened its eyes upon this world to close them again for ever. She dwelt upon this loss with a grief which seemed to her husband just a little exaggerated, and it is possible that her tears and sad looks drove him to his club at the Crown rather more often this year than in the previous winter. It was not that he was unkind or indifferent to his pretty young wife. He fancied that she was perfectly happy with her books and work and piano in the interval between six o'clock and eleven, at which hour he punctually returned to his abode, as sober as when he left home, well pleased with himself and with the world at large.

The two younger clerks commented very freely upon the solicitor's conduct in his domestic capacity.

"If I had such a pretty wife, I wouldn't leave her alone evening after evening as our governor does," remarked the stripling pertly; "I wonder he is ashamed of himself."

"He ought to take her more into society," replied Mr. Bestow, the articled clerk, "certainly," much request in that brilliant clerk, who was in Norbury society.

Mr. Morgan, the old clerk, looked up from his desk with a sigh.

"What,"

"my funeral friend," cried Bestow, "do you mean to say you are interested in the subject?"

"I am very much interested in Mrs. Hartfield," the old man answered quietly; "she is always kind to me. It is a good sign when a woman of her age takes the trouble to be polite to an old man like me—a sign that her heart's in the right place. I wish her husband understood her better. I don't think she wants to be taken to tea-parties, Mr. Bestow; but I do think she wants a little more sympathy."

This was a long speech for Mr. Morgan. The two younger men stared at him superciliously, and then went on with their work. From the first day of her coming to be mistress of the old house William Morgan had shown himself interested in his master's wife. He was always pleased to perform any little services for her, and seemed needlessly grateful for the smallest kindness at her hands. His way home took him the whole length of the town; and Mrs. Hartfield used to entrust him with her books to change at the circulating library, an office which he performed with much taste and discretion.

"I take the liberty to carry a volume home with me for the night at odd times," he said to her one day.

"What, Mr. Morgan, do you read novels?"

"No, madam; but I have a niece living with me who is glad to skim the volumes of an evening."

"Indeed! You never spoke of her before. Is your niece married?"

"She—she is a widow, to all intents and purposes. Her husband deserted her three years ago, and left her and her child, a boy, on my hands. But we are very happy together, I thank God!"

"The husband must have been a bad man."

"He was a most consummate scoundrel," answered the old clerk, with suppressed intensity.

"How hard it must be for you to work for all three!" said Alice.

It will be harder for the two that are left when I am gone. My niece is able to earn a little money at her needle, but very little. It is a dark look-out for the future."

One morning early in spring, Mr. Hartfield came into the office with a very dashing gentleman, a new client, who had just come into a handsome fortune by the death of old Squire Comberford of Comberford Hall, seven miles from Norbury. Edgar Comberford, the new proprietor, was a nephew of the old man, and had been a schoolfellow of George Hartfield's fifteen years before. Since that time he had disappeared from the ken of Norbury, and was supposed to have led a wild life in foreign lands. He was eminently handsome, and in high spirits at the accession to the Comberford Hall estate.

"There are the papers, title-deeds, leases, and so on," said George Hartfield, pointing to a japanned box on a shelf in the office; "do you want to see them?"

"Not I, George," answered Mr. Comberford gaily; "it is quite enough for me to know that the lands are free from mortgages, and that the rents come in briskly. The papers could not be in better hands. Hallo! what's that?"

It was Mr. Morgan, the old clerk, who had put his head in at the door of the office and suddenly withdrawn it.

"Only one of my clerks," answered George Hartfield. "Come in, Morgan!" he bawled; but the clerk did not reply, and the two young men left the office; Mr. Comberford to be introduced to his friend's wife.

He was not a little surprised by her grace and beauty, not a little fascinated by her shy, demure, and bashful manner. He stayed to dinner, and contrived to make himself eminently agreeable to both. He had to give an animated account of his host and hostess, during the last two years of his adventures in Mexico.

"I should never have come home from there, George, but for my uncle's death," he said. "I was thoroughly die-dreaded when I left England, and meant to live and die abroad."

After this social dinner, Mr. Comberford dropped in very often at his friend's house. He seemed to have some perpetual reason for securing the solicitor on business, and happened by a kind of fatality to call when the master of the house was out. Would he leave a statement of his business with a clerk? No, he would wait; and he strolled unannounced into the little sitting-room at the back of the offices, where Mrs. Hartfield spent her mornings. It was the prettiest room in the house, opening into a small garden, at the end of

which there was a narrow creek—an inlet from the pretty river that flowed through Norbury.

By and by Mr. Comberford took to approaching the house by this way. He was an expert waterman, and spent a good deal of his time on the river. So it was an easy and natural thing for him to moor his boat at the bottom of George Hartfield's garden, and step lightly on shore. He always found Alice in her sitting-room, and he found a look in her face which told him his visits were not unwelcome. Being a thorough man of the world he knew the danger of the game he was playing, nor did he yield without a struggle to the temptation that had overtaken him. Such a heart as he had was hit harder than it had been of late years.

The outside world of Norbury had not yet been awakened to the scandal of Mr. Comberford's frequent visits to the lawyer's house, nor was the lawyer himself alarmed by them; but the younger clerks were quick to remark upon the length and frequency of these morning calls, and on George Hartfield's blindness to the fact.

Edgar Comberford had been settled at the Hall for six months, when George Hartfield had occasion to go to Paris on urgent business. He had intended to take his wife with him for the trip, but the weather was sultry and oppressive, and he went alone. Mrs. Hartfield seemed very little disappointed by this change in his plans. Mr. Comberford had assured her that Paris was utterly unbearable in July. It was upon his business that George Hartfield was engaged. He went to make a settlement with a Parisian money-lender who had advanced money to the young man in the days of his insolvency, and who now put in an exorbitant claim for interest.

The first day of Mr. Hartfield's absence went by without any visit from Mr. Comberford; but in the evening, when the clerks were gone and Alice was sitting alone and very low-spirited, the peculiar sound of the boat grating against the woodwork at the bottom of the garden struck upon her ear, and brought a sudden blush into her cheeks. She looked up with a movement of surprise as Edgar Comberford came across the garden. He came in at the open window with the air of a person who had a perfect right to be there, and seated himself opposite to Alice at the little table where she was drinking tea.

"I thought you would give me a cup of tea after my row," he said, "and could not pass the creek without begging for one. I dread going home to the desolation of the Hall—dreary, empty room and a cross old house-keeper. I think I shall go back to Mexico before the year is out." Alice gave a little start.

"What!" she said "leave the Hall forever?"

"In all probability forever. A man seldom comes home again from such a place as Mexico."

"But why should you go back there—why should you be tired of the Hall so soon?"

"Why should I be tired of life altogether?—Why should I wish to run away from myself—from you?"

And then he went on to speak of his love for her, in dark hints rather than in plain words. She tried to reprove him, tried to show him that she was angry, but the attempt was a very feeble one. She could only insist that he should leave her immediately. He did leave her, but not immediately, and not till she had begged insistence into pitiful entreaty.

The boat had scarcely shot away in the twilight when the door between the sitting room and the office opened, and the old clerk, Morgan, appeared on the threshold.

"You here, Mr. Morgan!" exclaimed Alice, making a vain attempt to conceal her tears; "I thought all the clerks had gone."

"I had some letters to copy, Mrs. Hartfield. Can I do anything for you in the town to-night?"

"Nothing, thank you."

He lingered, twisting the brim of his shabby old hat round and round in his tanned wrinkled hands.

"I wish to Heaven I might speak to you freely," he said at last, "without offending or wounding you."

"About what?"

"About the man who has just left you."

"Mr. Comberford, my husband's friend?"

"Your husband's direct, dearest friend—and yours," answered the old man passionately.

"What right have you to say that?" asked Alice, trembling with indignation.

"The right given me by my knowledge of the world, and, above all, by my knowledge of Edgar Comberford."

"What knowledge can you have of Mr. Comberford? Did you ever see him before he came to this office?"

"Never; but his name is a word of dire meaning in my life. Ask him what he means of the girl he stole away from an honorable home and left in a wretched London lodging four years ago. Ask him the fate of Bessie Raynor?"

[Continued in our next.]

"THE TRUMPET,"

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THE TRUMPET.

SYDNEY, C. B., MAY 2, 1870.

LICENCES:

The Grand Jury of this County have done a noble deed—have saved many an inebriate from the too tempting public bar-room, where, without thought he would wander, as was his daily custom, in quest of that pollution called rum; and if he had no means to buy, wait at the counter, staring like an idiot at the crowd of miseries, whose hard earnings were lavishly squandered in payment for the past and present indulgences, too eagerly dealt out by the worthy proprietor while lauding his poisonous liquors as the very best town; but inwardly acknowledging them fools of the lowest grade to be so easily imposed on. The loafer, for many of that class are always at hand—received a chance glass of the same—out of pity—from the crowd, which with a craving appetite he greedily swallowed. What a state of degradation? What contempt must have been felt for the poor loafer? This is no fiction; there have been such wretched characters and perhaps there still are some of this class. But thanks to the Grand Jury of 1870, a case of the above description is rare at the present day. The public bar-room is no longer openly resorted to, the loafers occupation is at an end, and the hard working man has not the temptation as heretofore. The worthy proprietors of grog shops must turn to some more honest calling and endeavour to enjoy the gains of a business, they must have known was disreputable and unchristian like. Their day of plunder is at an end, and the argus eyes of the Clerk of the License are guarding the welfare of families who have long suffered through the facilities afforded by grog shops and gambling tables to entrap their chief supporters.

A drunkard is now unknown in Sydney, at least publicly. Formerly a bar-room was never empty, except when too late for decency sake to keep it open longer, or when the cash was ascertained to be at a low ebb. The working man now sees into his folly, and having time for reflection, will no longer disgrace himself by resorting to such dens of misery and vice.

How visible is the improvement in the morality of our hardy laborers? Witness the last pay-day of the the Railroad laborers. The poor fellows who received their small pittance in cash, had no open public grog shop to resort to, consequently they husbanded their wages and added to their comfort and respectability by leaving the town as sober men—confident in the rectitude of their conduct.

It is to be hoped that much happiness will result from the step now taken, and if any person dares to violate the law, clandestinely vending poison to his neighbor, he will meet his just deserts from the magistrates, notwithstanding the privilege of an appeal—the last resort of the guilty.

SPECIFIC WORK OF BRITISH TEMPLARS:

Our Temperance organizations are to have each a specific work. As men in an army have their preferences, selecting the Cavalry, Infantry or Artillery—each working where he can serve the cause best, so the many Temperance Associations show that there are various tastes to be consulted, and that people work best where there affinities and sympathies are the most fully met. In a work where there is room enough for all, quarrels with our brethren, who do not chose to do the work in our specific way, would be as absurd as it would have been for Noah's children to have quarreled over a big gin of water in the ark when the flood was at its height. It was a wise arrangement in the great reform with which we are connected, to have associations adapted to the peculiar temperament, intelligence and social status of all classes. Whether we have chosen wisely or not, we have chosen; whether our field is superior to others, or our modes of action better or not, we have our field assigned to us, and our success will be found not in copying or contending with others; but in pursuing our peculiar work to the utmost and in doing our labor in our own way.

The claims of our order need only be known to be accepted. They commend themselves to the sympathy of the friends of religion, intelligence, and refined culture, the simplicity and beauty of our Ritual, the decided religious tone of our ceremonies, the devotion that hallow our gatherings, which for beauty and simplicity of utterance, are not exceeded by any liturgy. The refining and softening influence of our sisters, who in office are our equals; the solemnity of our pledge, the marked social character of our Lodges, which hold the grade of a well-ordered household, the grouping of families together, are some of the characters which meet a general want. Our meetings shun the two extremes—moroseness and gloom are banished, and rudeness, coarseness, and grovelling past times cannot enter.

The intemperate are to be recalled; every inducement should be held out to the fallen to reform. But we have other work to do. The British Templars have claims upon those who are socially known as the upper classes. Many of these are practically friends of temperance. Many of them have not united with any public organization. Men were especially commissioned by the Apostles to preach the gospel to those who were of "Reputation."

Some temperance organizations must carry the claims of temperance to the higher social circles. Here drunkenness begins; here the power of women can banish the wine cup from the social board. There are professional men in this county, men of talent and position; merchants, men who touch the pulse of thousands, of whom the great cause hath need. Our Lodge-room, with the cheer, the genial glow, and the social refinement of home, would prove a cordial place for such. There are thousands of heroic women battling a gainst sin, oppression, suffering; many of them visit homes of wretchedness and want; daily they carry relief to the chambers of sorrow; they feed the hungry, they cloth the naked, they know the ruin and wretchedness wrought by intemperance.

We, British Templars, throughout the Dominion, need their talent, refinement, and pious consecration in our order; we need their spirit of doing good; their deep sympathy with the fallen and suffering. They need to know the power of organized effort against gigantic wrongs; a power recognized in the bible, where it instructs us that while one can chase a thousand, in a good cause, two can put ten thousand to flight.

P. P.:

The letter over the above initials, which appeared in our last issue, has proved satisfactory to many of our readers. We congratulate the inhabitants of Catalone on having such talent in their midst, as the letter alluded to exhibits. The style and diction bespeak the gentleman and scholar. We will with pleasure receive communications from the same pen, in support of the TRUMPET.

We have to apologize to our subscribers for the non-appearance of the TRUMPET on Monday last. The delay was occasioned by press of business. We promise that such shall not occur again.

The Weather continues fine and summer-like.

To the Trumpet Committee.

WORTHY BRS.,

I congratulate you on the return of our County Lecturer, whose absence we all missed from our weekly meetings, and rejoice to learn from him that he was so well received by the members of the Lodges he visited in Richmond County. He also mentioned the genuine hospitality he experienced from the residents of Saint Peter's, New Dublin, and L'Ardoise, many of whom are not members of our order. As time was pressing, he referred me to his journal, which he kindly allowed me to peruse and make such extracts as I thought worthy of insertion in the columns of the Trumpet, and conducive to the satisfaction of all British Templars.

Having Copied some of his remarks, I enclose them to you *verbatim*, for consideration:

Left Sydney by mail on the 26th Feby; reached New Dublin Sunday evening; kindly and generously received by my old friend, Mrs. Kelly, at the Hotel, where real comfort is to be met.

March 1.—Lectured at Lodge-room; a tolerable fair audience; a few members from "Sea Board" Lodge attended. Br. Joseph Matheson in the chair; audience attentive and respectful.

3d—Attended St. Peter's Lodge; a thin meeting.

7—Visited L'Ardoise, 9 miles from St. Peter's; lectured at "Sea Board" Lodge; Br. Neil Skaw in chair; well received. Br. Joseph Matheson made an excellent address; several members from St. Peter's Lodge attended; some of whom addressed the meeting social conversation followed, and much harmony prevailed.

10—Again visited St. Peter's Lodge; a fair meeting, 5 candidates proposed, balloted for, elected, and initiated; one member reobligated; officers for ensuing quarter elected; two candidates proposed; Lodge improving; members determined to more punctuality. The officers chosen are intelligent and every way worthy; took leave of the members, parted with warm feelings on both sides.

The inclemency of weather prevented my proceeding to Grand River and Loch Lomond; will visit those thriving settlements next summer; hopes held out of organizing Lodges in both places.

Communicated with Port Hastings and Arichat Lodges; for reasons assigned by both, prevented my visiting them.

[Here the Lecturer speaks in glowing terms of his old friends and new acquaintances, their hospitality &c.]

"Have no doubt but the cause of Templarism will firmly take root throughout the portions of the Island I have visited. Energy in the members is required and occasional public lectures will greatly benefit the cause. Some misunderstanding exists in the minds of the principle advisers of the inhabitants of Richmond Co. injurious to our order, which has caused several to withdraw from it; but I trust when a full explanation is entered into, the difficulty will be removed, and the once-worthy members again enrol their names on our list.

11—Introduced to a young gentleman, Dr. McDougald, son of Lt. Col McDougald. The Dr. intends practising his profession in Richmond County, and will reside at the residence of Mr. D. Urquhart, New Dublin, close to the S. Peter's Canal. What argue strongly in the young Doctor's favor is, that he belongs to our glorious order of British Templars. In such men confidence can be placed. Those professional characters who style themselves M. D.'s, should never indulge in the enebriating cup, they are not to be trusted.

I only met one solitary case of drunkenness during my sojourn (3 weeks). King Alcohol very sickly, his demise expected.

14—Left for home, by stage, weather cold and threatening."

Such, worthy BRS. are the remarks of our County Lecturer, who no doubt will afford your Lodge an account of his *periphrations*. I hope when the fine weather opens, he will resume his exertions and fulfill the expectations of his friends. Should he succeed at Grand River and Loch Lomond in organizing Lodges, we will have a body of Brethren not to be surpassed throughout the Island, for general good conduct and intelligence.

Heartly wishing him success and a continuance of the health he enjoys,

I remain, Brethren,

ONE OF YOURSELVES.

Sydney, April 20, 1870.

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and LODGE ODE CARDS for Sale at this Office.

Communications.

MR. EDITOR:—

I noticed the remarks in your last issue in regard to Louisburg, with much pleasure, as it is seldom that this splendid harbor is taken notice of. There are a great many persons who object to this harbor as the place to ship coal from, on account of the fog, and also to a sunken rock which lies one side of the entrance to the harbor, and which they say is in the track of vessels coming in. Now, taking the first of these objections, it is but a trifling one, for if coal was shipped from here it is likely there would be pilot boats ready to meet vessels, and I am sure there are men in Louisburg capable of bringing vessels in through the most dense fog, safely. The next great objection is the rock. Now, I doubt if there is one out of ten of the Masters of vessels who are well acquainted with the harbor, and who are so much opposed to it, that could strike Frogs Head Rock if he tried, as it is merely a small round rock. I have seen accounts of the damage done by the gale of the 17th to 20th March, at Cow Bay, Canso, and even in the fine harbor of Halifax a vessel was driven ashore, while a vessel rode that same gale in safety in this neglected, but still splendid harbor.

I will now bring to notice the advantages this harbor has in different points. In the first place, vessels coming from the westward—which is the direction that the greater part of the vessels which carry coals come from—can get to this harbor with any wind it does not amount to a gale; but let them try to pass Scatarie with a head wind, and what is the result? Why? they often stand about for days and at length bear up for Louisburg, and once in they are safe from all danger; and I would not, or do not wish to see the gale that would drive a vessel out of the North-East end of the harbor, if she had good anchors and chains.

I have known vessels to lie here with north and Easterly winds, for weeks at a time, waiting for a chance to get either to the out mines or Sydney; whereas if they could have got their loads here, they might have been in New York, the West Indies, or even to England. Another great advantage would be the small cost of building suitable wharves for shipping the coal, as a few blocks give sufficient water in any part of the harbor, with the exception of a few hundred yards, for large vessels.

I now pass on to the drift ice, which keeps vessels so long from getting loaded in the spring. It is a very rare occurrence to see any drift ice here; as for the last few years we have not had any to stop our navigation for more than a day or two, while the harbors to the N.E. and Eastward of Scatarie are blocked up with ice every easterly gale.

Taking all the advantages to be gained by coal being shipped from this harbor, into consideration, I think, if even those who are most opposed to it, would speak as their conscience dictates, they would say, that both shippers of the coal, and ship owners would gain by this being the loading place, and I hope the day is not far distant when the Block House Mining Company will run their Railroad to Louisburg.

In looking over your issue of the 17th January, I notice in some remarks made by an "Unknown Contributor," where he says, that "The last stage from the Pacific coast will end at Sydney, and noble steamers from France and England sent, will meet it there," but I say will meet it here, at Louisburg, and I think this will be fact.

But I will drop that subject, and take a look at the British Templars. I am happy to say that the order is in a fair way to get ahead, as we are now getting a few members to join again, and every prospect of more. Since the order has formed a Lodge here, there has been a marked improvement both in the appearance and behaviour of our young men, and also in their liberality; and I hope that every young person, and also the old, may come to see the evil that intemperance has been bringing on our land for years past and may use their influence to drive it from the country. I think that the British Templars will get their hall built this coming summer, as they all seem anxious to see it commenced, and all it wants to put it ahead is for every member to lend a helping hand.

If you will give these few remarks a corner in your paper, from one who wishes to see his native place, and also the people, prosper, you will much oblige,

Yours truly,

ENIPLA.

Louisburg, April 13, 1870.

For the Trumpet.

MR. EDITOR:—

Having observed in your last issue that your editorial called attention to "Progress," glad was I that you had done so, with ardent hopes that your remarks will receive due attention and prove advantageous to your native land.

If not thought too presumptuous, I request the favor of sufficient space in your columns for the following facts which have come within my own observation during a residence on this Island, very close on half a century; they will exhibit to the present generation the growth and progress of that portion of Cape Breton, to which I allude. Also, cause our youth to form some idea of the difficulties their fore-fathers and early settlers had to undergo before the forest "Bowed beneath their sturdy stroke," and procured for them the comforts they enjoy. Let them regard their venerable sires, now bent with hard labor, "Whose hoary locks proclaim their lengthen'd years," and ever keep in mind that Divine command—"Honour thy Father and Mother."

DE FACTO.

Richmond, 1870.

L'ARDOISE, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I was acquainted with the above-named settlement about the time stated. The inhabitants were poor, so poor that their precarious mode of life (fishing) afforded little comfort, not even the necessaries of life. There was not a store in the settlement to supply their wants, they had to travel through almost impassable roads, some eight or ten miles, to obtain even a little meal or flour, (a barrel of the same was never thought of.) Their spiritual wants were almost neglected, until visited by that good and pious Ecclesiastic, the venerable Bishop McEachern, who had a heart to feel for his flock, as well as for all other denominations. He applied to the Bishop of Quebec for a Clergyman of their persuasion, they being of the Roman Catholic creed. His Grace immediately responded, and L'Ardoise had the happiness of a resident Parish Priest. But the poverty of the people and the privations endured, were too great for the health of those unused to the like, consequently frequent changes took place, and the Pastor and his flock were comparatively strangers to each other, and little attention was paid by the former to the required wants of the latter, even the place of worship was incommodious and unsightly, and the Priest's residence neither wind-tight or water-tight. And little is it to be wondered at, that the health of these several clergymen succumbed to these privations. I was intimately acquainted with two of these Revd. Gentlemen. They were of the first families in Quebec, highly educated, and of the most polished manners, reared almost in the lap of luxury, and even though piously bent on performing their duties, they had not constitutions to bear up under the high pressure put on them. One of the above gentlemen alluded to, died shortly after his return to Quebec, from a severe cold caught while attending a sick call at River Bourgeois.

Then there was no chance of a 'backwoods' man or a settler being sure of receiving a letter; no Post or Way Office nearer than Arichat, a distance of over 40 miles. Letters were then either returned to Halifax, "not called for" or sent by a chance friend.

Such was L'Ardoise fifty years ago. At length a beam of light dawned on these poor people. An Irish Clergyman was appointed to the parish. He commiserated their wants, he determined to advance their position. Thoroughly acquainted with their language (he spoke French like a Parisian), his first step was to erect a handsome church, establish a school in the old place of worship, and secondly, had influence with the people, by promising to remain with them, to have a comfortable house put up for himself, and as it afterwards proved, he was a kind pastor, and long enjoyed their friendship.

L'Ardoise, as it now is, in 1870. A good line of road leads through the settlement, on towards the most south-eastern point of Cape Breton; mid way a branch runs direct to Grand River, settled by a hardy race of industrious Scotchmen, whose appearance and manners bespeak attentive cultivation. Public grants of monies have, from year to year, been expended on these roads, and carriages of any description may travel over them with safety and comfort.

Now, there is a Post Office at Saint Peter's, and Way Offices established along the whole line; a courier travels the route twice a week, despatched from the Saint Peter's Office, where every accommodation is afforded to the public by the present Post Master, R. J. Morrison, Esq.

L'Ardoise can now boast of a neat Roman Catholic Church, erected on a pleasing height, and visible at a

great distance. Close by is a comfortable residence for the Parish Clergyman, and was occupied for many years by the Revd. Mr. Corteau, who succeeded his predecessor on his removal to Cheticamp.

The Revd. Mr. Corteau died about a year ago, sincerely and deservedly regretted by all who were acquainted with him. His benevolent disposition endeared him to his flock, and in him the poor had a generous friend. The present incumbent is a nephew of our esteemed townsman, the Revd. James Quinlan, and as he is personally known to us, we sincerely hope he will follow the example of his uncle.

Within a short distance of the Priest's residence, is the establishment of Br. Neil Shaw, who is extensively engaged in the fisheries. Mr. D. Matheson has also a handsome establishment, and follows the same pursuit. Farther towards the eastward is the neat and handsome residence of Br. Joseph Matheson. As a cottage, its style is truly classic, and its outward appearance fully corresponds with the interior. Comfort and neatness are visible throughout, and generous hospitality is offered by our worthy Brother and his lady to visitors, without ostentation or apparent inconvenience. The out-houses and fish stores appear in complete order, evidently showing the thrift of the owner.

Several comfortable houses have been built by the French throughout the settlement, and I was gratified to hear of the prosperity attending the industry of the surrounding inhabitants.

The late Laurence Devereux, Esq. had a large fishing establishment in the vicinity of Saint Peter's Island, the only harbor along the shore of L'Ardoise for small vessels. Also, the late Arthur Brymer, Esq., done a considerable business in the trade of the settlement, each in a great measure contributed to the prosperity of the inhabitants, by affording employment to large numbers of both sexes, in the taking and curing of fish. Both of the above names have long since gone to that "Bourn from whence no traveller returns." Such is L'Ardoise in this year of grace, 1870. That it may continue to improve, is my sincere wish.

Cleanings.

It is said that Captain Cameron, one of Mr. McDougall's distinguished comrades in misfortune, is to accompany the Red River expedition as chief of a company of mounted police. The gallant captain, it will be remembered, displayed great courage at the beginning of the outbreak. It was he who bravely advanced to the barricades placed across the Fort Garry road, and demanded the instant removal of that "blawsted fence." But the "blawsted fence" did what the gallant captain did not. It remained there, whereas the gallant captain withdrew in good order to the other side of the boundary line; being persuaded thereto by the muzzles of sundry Hudson Bay muskets, which persisted in remaining in rather dangerous proximity to his gallant coat-tails. The captain considered this very improper conduct on the part of the muskets, and immediately declared the rebellion a "howid boia." Then he stroked his whiskers at Pembina for a week or two; then he came back to Canada, covered with glory; and now, it is said, he is to return to Red River, as captain of mounted police. Probably he wants to go back to see about that "blawsted fence." Provided the gallant captain is capable of performing the duties of a mounted policeman, by all means let him a mounted policeman be. But people do say that the gallant captain's fitness has nothing whatever to do with the matter; but that he is to be made a mounted policeman simply because he has distinguished honor of being interestingly connected with a Cabinet Minister. Now this sort of thing will not do at all. If kissing must go by favor, let those in authority keep their kisses for some more appropriate occasion. In the settlement of this Red River business we want no political soldiers. No man must be shoved into a responsible office simply because he happens to be the son-in-law of that Minister. We want men who know what they are about, who have the confidence of the troops under their command, and who have the brains to complete, in a manner creditable to themselves and the country, the important duties of their task. These are the men we want—and these are the only men the people will be satisfied with. For all we know to the contrary, Capt. Cameron may be eminently fitted for the elevated position of a mounted policeman. But, remembering how he distinguished himself in front of that "blawsted fence," we do not think that he is just the best man in the country for an emergency in war times.—Toronto Telegraph.

The Salt Lake Telegraph, alluding to Neil Warner, now residing in that city, says that he has "a full, round, fleecy voice, of great compass, that can reach the deep tones of power and concentrated passion, or the winning softness that falls on the ear like summer evening zephyrs playing among roses."

Temperance Department.

BAR-ROOM.

Young man! has not your eye been frequently attracted to a sign having the following ominous word on it?

"BAR"

Avoid the place; it is no misnomer. The experience of thousands have proved it to be—

- A Bar to respectability;
- A Bar to Honor;
- A Bar to Happiness;
- A Bar to Domestic Felicity;
- A Bar to Heaven.

Every day proves it to be—

- The road to Degradation;
- The road to Vice;
- The road to the Gambler's Hell;
- The road to the Brothel;
- The road to Poverty;
- The road to Wretchedness;
- The road to Want;
- The road to Robbery;
- The road to Murder;
- The road to Prison;
- The road to the Gallows;
- The road to the Drunkard's Grave;
- The road to Hell.

Some, it is true, do not pass through all of these stages; but intemperance, persisted in, always ends in the drunkard's grave; and, we have too much reason to fear, in hell.

The bar-room is truly the curse of the drunkard's wife; the curse of the drunkard's child; the curse of the drunkard's home.

Those only who have known the bitterness of being a drunkard's wife or child can know the misery and the horror of a drunkard's home.

Young man! before you enter the bar-room, stop!

Ponder the paths of your feet, ere it be forever too late!

Man of family! flee the bar-room as you would in honor fulfill the pledge of love made to her who is the companion of your joys and of your sorrows.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.—"I took the pledge," said an old man, "at the foot of the gallows when I saw a young man hung. The sheriff took out his watch and said, 'If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live.' The young man burst into tears, and said, 'I have to die. I had only one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one day I got drunk, and coming home, found him gathering berries in the garden; and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. * * * Whiskey has done it—it has ruined me. I have but one word more to say, never! never! NEVER! touch anything that can intoxicate.'" The appetite for strong drink, when indulged and pampered, gains such a mastery of the soul, that its subjugation is almost impossible. An Eastern fable illustrates it thus: "A king once permitted the devil to kiss him on either shoulder. Immediately two serpents grew from his shoulders, who furious with hunger, attacked his head and attempted to get at his brain. The king pulled them away and tore them with his nails. But he soon saw, with indescribable horror, that they had become parts of himself, and that in wounding them he was lacerating his own flesh." Such is the deplorable condition of appetite and lust.

BEER SHOPS.—In England the friends of the working classes, temperance men, and others, are making a determined effort to get rid of the beer shop Act of 1832. Beer shop licences are obtained of the Excise without the interference of a magistrate. Since the Parliamentary session commenced, a half dozen deputations have waited on the First Lord of the Treasury, and on the Home Secretary. The Premier showed the deputation, that upon this question the country must make up its mind as to what it really wanted—let them agree upon an effectual remedy, and the Government will carry out their behests. To that end a society has been formed, supported by peers and dignitaries of the Church, the ministers of various denominations, a large number of magistrates and intelligent working men, and a large proportion of pledged temperance men. The society does not profess to desire to shut up the existing beer-shops, but simply to issue no more licences. It has been ascertained that upon an average a beer shop runs out in four years, (of late years the number of licences issued has increased at the rate of two thousand a year.) By this simple method, it is calculated that nearly all the existing beer houses would be closed in ten years. The English

beer shop Act has introduced what has been described as "a cancerous growth in the body politic."

TEMPERANCE MEMORANDA.—Remember that so long as you are in health strong drink is unnecessary, and that ninety-nine of every hundred who adopt drinking habits thereby injure their health and shorten their lives. Remember that not drunkenness, alone, but drinking, fills our jails and poor-houses and floods the land with crime. Remember that drinking retards education, industry, sanitary reform, and every branch of political and social improvement. Remember that multitudes yearly die a drunkard's death and go to a drunkard's doom. Remember that every year multitudes came from your "moderate" ranks to recruit the wasted army of drunkards. Remember that every drunkard once tried to follow the example which you set, and in the trial fell from his slippery ground into the whirlpool of intemperance. Remember that "to him who knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin;" and there is a "woe for that man through whom the offence cometh to the little ones." Remember that you cannot be neutral, and there will be a day when you will be unable to plead ignorance. Remember that all this weight of responsibility rests with you as you raise that cup; then drink if you think it right, but we envy not your conscience.

The smoking-cars on many of the railroads have degenerated into drinking and gambling saloons, the whiskey-flask being considered an indispensable accompaniment to every game, and when greenbacks are scarce men play to see whose flask they shall drink out of. So what begins in smoke, ends in fire of the most literal and destructive sort, and a great many young men, and even boys, are getting badly burned in mind and soul, as well as in pocket and reputation. If the railroad companies do not abate these drinking and gambling nuisances, which, under the name of smoking cars, entice the unwary and ensnare the unsuspecting almost before they know it, the authority of legislation must be invoked to abolish them altogether.—N. Y. Evangelist.

Pennsylvania has a criminal and pauper population of 24,004—nine-tenths from intemperance—maintained at a cost of \$2,259,910.66 or \$5.80 for each voter in the State. The State revenue for licences is \$317,742.75; while the cost to the people of supporting intemperate criminals and paupers is \$2,259,910.66.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lovell's Dominion & Provincial Directories
TO BE PUBLISHED IN OCTOBER, 1870.

NOTICE.—Learning that my name has been unwarrantably used in connection with Directories now being canvassed in the Provinces, and entirely distinct from my works, and that in other cases it has been stated that my Directories have been abandoned, I would request those desiring to give preference to my works to see that persons representing themselves as acting for me are furnished with satisfactory credentials.

JOHN LOVELL, Publisher.

Montreal, March 19, 1870.

LOVELL'S DIRECTORIES.

It is intended to make these DIRECTORIES the most complete and correct ever issued on this continent. They are not being prepared by correspondence, but by PERSONAL CANVASS, from door to door, of my own Agents, for the requisite information. I have now engaged on the work in the several Provinces forty men and twenty horses. These are engaged mainly on the towns and villages of the Railway and Steamboat Routes, important places on the lines being held till the completion of the former, to admit of correction to latest date.

I anticipate issuing in October next, the CANADIAN DOMINION DIRECTORY, and six PROVINCIAL DIRECTORIES, which will prove a correct and full index to Dominion of Canada, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island, and a combined Gazetteer, Directory and Hand Book of the six Provinces.

SUBSCRIPTION TO DOMINION DIRECTORY:

Dominion of Canada Subscribers	\$12 Cr.
United States do	12 Gold.
Great Britain and Ireland do	£3 Stg.
France, Germany, &c. do	£3 Stg.

SUBSCRIPTION TO PROVINCIAL DIRECTORIES:

Province of Ontario Directors, 1870-71	\$4 00
Province of Quebec Directory, 1870-71	4 00
Province of Nova Scotia Directory, 1870-71	3 00
Province of New Brunswick Directory, 1870-71	3 00
Province of Newfoundland Directory, 1870-71	2 00
Province of Prince Ed. Island Directory, 1870-71	2 00

No Money to be paid until each book is delivered.
Rates of advertising will be made known on application to
JOHN LOVELL, Publisher.
Montreal, March 16, 1870.

List of Lodges in the County of Cape Breton under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia:

No	Name.	Location.	Nt. of W.
131	Lavinia	Sydney	Tuesday
139	Clive	Big Glace Bay	Tuesday
137	Sylvan	Mira Gut	Monday
257	Falconer	Gabarouse	Thursday
254	Marion	Mira	Tuesday
284	Arcite	North Sydney	Tuesday
288	Louisburg	Louisburg	Tuesday
292	International	Catelone	Thursday
293	Cape Breton	Maindieu	Wednesday
294	Helena	Cow Bay	Thursday
310	Theresa	North West Arm	Thursday
354	Martin	Forks	Friday

HARNESSES,
BUFFALO ROBES.

F. FALCONER,
TRUNK & HARNESS MAKER,

Has now on hand 15 SETTS CARRIAGE HARNESS, which will be sold from \$10 to \$22 per set, together with an assortment of TEAM HARNESS.

BUFFALO ROBES, BELLS, ROBE-TRIMMING, WHIPS, &c. &c.

GREEN HIDES taken in exchange for HARNESS. All responsible orders punctually attended to, and forwarded to any part of the Island.
Sydney, Dec. 20, 1869.

STEAM TANNERY.

THE Subscribers have just completed the enlargement of their TANNERY at "FRESH WATER CREEK"; and the introduction of new and improved machinery, with all the important modern appliances for manufacturing LEATHER, in all varieties, both for manufactories and country trade.

They think this a favourable opportunity to return thanks to the public for the liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of its favors, hoping by their increased facilities they will be enabled to give good satisfaction.

They remind the butchers, and the public generally, that they are giving the highest CASH prices for GREEN HIDES, TALLOW, COD OIL, and HEMLOCK BARK.

H. E. MELONEY & CO.

Sydney, C. B., Dec. 1, 1869.

A. V. P. B.

ARCHIBALD'S VEGETABLE PAIN BALSOM is considered one of the best medicines in use for Colds, Coughs and Sore Throats, Headaches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lame Backs, Cramps and pains of all kinds; excellent for Cuts, burns and Sores. For a Sarain it can not be excelled. Sold by all the principal Dealers in Medicines in the Provinces, at 25 cents per bottle, and Manufactured by Mathew Archibald.

Send for Testimonials of the most wonderful cures on record to

MATHEW ARCHIBALD,
Matland, N. S.

For Sale or to Let!

THE Subscriber has been authorised to Sell or Let that valuable Property situated on South Charlotte Street, known as the Coupe Property.

ROBERT MARTIN.

Sydney, April 9, 1870.

JOB PRINTING

Of all kinds executed at this Office. Blank Deeds always on hand.

DR. A. L. BAYLEY,
SHIPYARD,
SYDNEY, C. B.