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Original Essays, etc.

ADDRESS BY REV. R. WALLACE.

TEMPERANCE FROM THE BIBLE STAND-POINT.

Delivered at the Ontario Temperance and Prohibitory League, on Wednesday, December 18th, 1872.

THE vice of intemperance is admitted to be one of the greatest hindrances to the triumph of the Gospel in christian and heathen land; it destroys more life and property, and causes more misery than war, slavery or pestilence, and yearly drags down thousands to the drunkards doom.

And shall the Ministers of Christ keep silence, and with folded arms behold all this evil brought upon society, without one earnest effort to stay that vast tide that is daily rising higher and higher, and carrying so many victims to the place of eternal woe?

If they keep silence the very stones would cry out against them as unworthy to stand in God's name between the living and the dead.

When we think of the near approach of that day when we must give an account of our stewardship, and when we hear the solemn command of our Master, "work while it is day, for the night cometh," we dare not keep silence on this vitally important subject. The question with many is, what do the Scriptures teach about it?

I believe that it we only fully examine the subject with a sincere desire to know the mind of God we shall come to the conclusion that the Scriptures give no countenance to the modern drinking usages, and that the fundamental principles of the New Testament require christians to deny themselves the ordinary use of that which has become a snare to multitudes of the human family. Reason has been given to guide mankind in the path of duty and safety. Means of information have been put within our reach, and as a part of this the experience of others is often a great help in seeking to arrive at right conclusions. A lesson thus learned is that many things are practised by men ruinous to themselves and others. The source of this is set forth in the Inspired Word, "God made man upright, BUT THEY HAVE SOUGHT OUT MANY INVENTIONS."

One of these was the art of distillation by which alcohol was extracted from fermented liquors by the Arabian Alchemists. It was first recommended as a medicine by Arnoldus de Villa, a physician of the south of Europe, in the thirteenth century.

In 1381, distilled liquor was adopted into the diet of English soldiers, and so great has been the increase of its consumption, that many million gallons are distilled yearly in Britain. The manufacturing and sale of strong drink were discountenanced in England by the best writers till the time of William the Third, who unfortunately caused measures to be passed by Parliament encouraging the traffic.

Many esteem alcohol a good creature of God, which He has given to be received with gratitude. This is an entire mistake as not a particle of it is to be found save through the influence of vinous fermentation. Alcohol is no more a good creature of God than MIASMA, which also arises from decayed vegetable matter. The good

creatures of God are changed before we get alcohol. It is not the custom of the Bible to speak of a natural object before it exists, and the most common way of obtaining alcohol is by distillation which is a modern invention.

I do not say that drunkenness began with distillation, yet it has thus been greatly increased and aggravated by rendering more accessible the means of producing that great evil, and augmenting the injurious effects which the excessive use of liquors entails on society in modern times.

We admit that intoxicating wines were in use from the earliest times, but the question that imperatively demands an answer in this does the Word of God GIVE ENCOURAGEMENT to intoxicants?

We must take into account the circumstances in which each portion of Scripture was written. Thus for instance, we find more frequent reference to the use of wine and stronger prohibitions or warning against it in some portions of Scripture than others. The reason of this is to be found in the fact which contemporary history corroborates, that the tendency to intoxication is greater at certain periods than others.

Thus there is little reference to this evil in the early ages of Jewish history, because like most unadorned Eastern tribes, the Hebrews were a temperate people. As wealth and luxury increased during the days of Solomon and afterwards, intemperance—through the use of fermented and drugged wines became more prevalent—and hence we have more frequent and severe prohibitions in the Proverbs of Solomon, and in the writings of the Prophets, such as "Look not upon the wine, etc." It is as the result of similar luxuries and corruption, that cases of it are recorded in the early ages of human history. From the prevalence of this luxury and evil example before the flood, sprang the drunkenness of Noah on one occasion. The human family corrupted its way by eating and drinking, and revelry, until the judgments of Heaven came upon them suddenly. The daughters of Lot were misled by witnessing similar luxury, and sinful indulgences in Sodom.

The lapses of the people of Israel into idolatry were also accompanied by an increase of intemperance and kindred evils. Heathen idolaters were much addicted to intoxication and revelry, in connection with religious ceremonies. Hence the frequent reference in the Prophets to the association of drunkenness, with music, dancing and impurity. Thus in Isaiah, 5th Chap., we are told that the ungodly Jews delighted in scenes of carnal excitement, but forgot God their Maker, Benefactor and Redeemer, and the great end for which they were created to serve, honor and obey God. By their long and severe captivity the Jews were cured of idolatry, and to a great extent of intemperance, so that when Christ was on the earth it was not a national vice or prevalent evil among them. Hence there are few references to it in the Gospel. But after many converts had been gathered in from among the heathen who had been previously addicted to this vice, it was not to be expected that its tendency would all at once disappear. In the case of many converts then—as with heathen converts now—intoxication was their "EASILY BESOTTING SIN," by which they brought suffering and sorrow upon themselves, and the Church of Christ. Hence the Apostles in their letters to these converts, use frequent warnings against this special source of danger. Thus Paul says: "Many walk of whom I have often told you, and now tell you even weeping that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose end is destruction, WHOSE GOD IS THEIR BELLY, and who glory in their shame." Jude calls such persons "spots in your feasts of charity." And believers are enjoined to separate from them, and to abhor their practices as crucifying the Lord afresh. See Rom. 13, 12; Eph. 5, 18; 1st Cor. 6, 9, 10, 19, 20; Gal. 5, 21; 1st Pet. 4, 3, 4; 2nd Pet. 2, 20, 22; Thess. 3, 6, 14, 15.

But does not the Bible allow, and approve of the use of wines that were intoxicating? The Bible does NOT APPROVE OF THE USE OF ANY INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE. Where it speaks of such

it ever speaks with DISAPPROVAL, and when it speaks with approval of the use of wines, they are not intoxicating.

In some cases wine is spoken of as a blessing, in others as a curse. It will not do to say that it is the ABUSE that is disapproval of, for it is the wine itself that, in some passages, is pronounced a blessing, and in others a curse.

Can any candid christian believe that the wine by which Noah was dishonored, and Lot defiled, which caused Prophets to err, and Priests to stumble, which is a mocker, and causes wounds without cause, is the same as that which the Divine Word says, "makes glad the heart of man," which the divine mercy mingles, and which the Jews were enjoined to drink freely before the Lord as an act of worship? That it is the same thing that is a symbol of the mercies of salvation and of the outpouring of the wrath of God, that is an emblem of the pleasures of piety and the pleasures of sin? Would God call a thing a mocker, and then press that mocker to men's lips? Such a supposition is an insult to Jehovah, and a mockery of human reason. Would God exclude men from the kingdom of Heaven for a vice without being opposed to that vice and every temptation to it?

The conclusion to which we are irresistibly led is, that there is a difference of character in the wines, and that those which God's word commands are innocent and un-intoxicating, while those that it condemns are injurious because intoxicating. When we read, "Can there be evil in a city and the Lord hath not done it?" and in another place, "He is of purer eyes than to behold evil," we conclude that the term evil in these places applies to different things. So is it in the opposite statements of the Word respecting wine. There are eight or nine terms in the Hebrew which are translated "wine" in our English version. It must be evident that all these terms are not used to designate wine of the same nature. The Jews, like all Easterns, used extensively the grape in the cluster with bread. Rev Professor Porter, for years missionary at Damascus, states that this is still common in that land. Tirosh used 38 times, and rendered new wine, or sweet wine, is always spoken of with approval, and is generally associated with corn or bread and oil—which latter Dr. Eadie, and other authorities, say denoted orchard fruit, comprehending figs, olives, pomegranates, citrons, &c.

The three things formed the trial of blessing, which constituted the staple products of Palestine and the common food of the people, namely: vineyard fruit and orchard fruit, in whatever state they might be used. Tirosh refers generally to the fruit in its unmanufactured state, that is, grapes or raisins, but some times to the fresh juice of the grape, or the syrup made from that juice—but never to the wine after it has fermented or become intoxicating. It is applied to grapes in that beautiful passage (Zech. 9, and 17), "Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine or grapes the maids." It is spoken of as gathered along with corn and oil, and as eaten.—(Deut. 11-14, 12 17). The promise made to those that honor the Lord with their substance is "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses burst forth with new wine or grapes."

In Isaiah 65, 8, it is described as the juice in the ripe fruit; "When the new wine is in the cluster and one saith destroy it not, for a blessing is in it."

The term "Eshisha," denotes cooked wine, or grape or raisin-cakes. The learned orientalist, Pocock, says the term denotes cakes of dried grapes, ("Gesenius" a cake or hardened syrup made of grapes.) In 2nd Saml., 6 and 19, Hos. 3, and 1, it is incorrectly rendered "a flagon of wine." The Sept. correctly render it "a pancake," that is a cake of dried grapes.

The term "Asis," denotes must, or grape juice, something trodden, the grapes as trodden in the wine press. In several passages it denotes the juice of the grape newly pressed, and this was frequently drunk. Pharaoh's chief butler pressed the grapes into the cup, and gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand. And yet some tell us that the juice of the grape is not wine until it has fermented. Chamier, or "red-wine," sometimes refers to the juice of the grape in the first stage of fermentation, and is

neither good nor palatable. It is employed as an emblem of God's wrath.

The term "Shemariam" denotes "lees," also preserves and jellies, that is a boiled syrup, or sweet unfermented wine, such as the Greeks and Romans used according to Pliny and Plutarch. This wine, when boiled and skimmed of the lees or dregs, was not liable to ferment.

"Sheekar," or sweet palm wine, was used in drink-offering (Exod. 19, 40; Numb. 27, 14). The Arabs still call palm wine "Sacharion," dibbs or honey, because it is like honey in sweetness. When it was drugged it became "strong drink," and was used only by the ungodly or the lowest of drinking people, and is spoken of with disapproval.

"Messech," mixed or drugged wine, (Prov. 23, 30), is spoken of as an evil thing; and in connection with idolatrous feasts.

"Yayin," is the generic term for wine; it includes various kinds, sweet wine and fermented—and it is spoken of with approval according to its character—while the grape fresh or dried, or confections made from it and used with bread as an article of diet, and pure fresh wine just pressed from the grape are ever spoken of with approval; on the other hand in the use of the term yayin the whole tone of the words of the Holy Ghost is different. In examining the 141 places in which this term occurs it is found that 33 of the texts are marked doubtful, 24 are marked as pointing out permitted enjoyment, while 71 are marked as branding it with notes of warning, both by solemn admonition and examples of its intoxicating power. Why is it thrice condemned as an evil, for each time it is allowed? Evidently because in the one case the passages refer to intoxicating wine, and in the other to wine not intoxicating.

When wine was spoken of with approbation it was not intoxicating. "Wisdom hath mingled her wine (yayin) and saith, drink of the wine which I have mingled." Wine was intoxicating or not, according to the mode of manufacturing it; whether it was fermented or drugged, or boiled down and mixed or diluted with water when needed. In this case Wisdom mingled or diluted her boiled wine with water, according to the Jewish custom among the pious, who used it for refreshment, not for excitement or the gratification of appetite.

Christ says, "I will not drink this fruit of the vine till I drink it new with you in my Father's Kingdom." This language refers to the new, sweet, un-intoxicating juice just pressed from the grape. The rich clusters of grapes are divinely provided as a part of man's food, and are full of luscious juice that forms, when expressed, a cool refreshing drink, (Ps. 104, 14, 15; Hosea 2, 21, 22.)

This is "NEW WINE," perfectly innocent as an enjoyment, and incapable of producing intoxication. Its connexion with bread shows that it was not intended as a stimulant, but as a part of their ordinary food.

We learn from scripture and history that this freshly expressed grape juice was greatly used (Judges 9, 27; Deut. 32, 14). In ancient Statues of Bacchus he is represented as pressing grapes into a cup. This was the most common and approved mode of using wine, as many ancient writers tell us. Captain Charles Stewart says that the unfermented juice of the grape and palm wine are delightful beverages in India, Persia, Palestine, and other adjacent countries at the present day. Dr. Buff says it is used with bread in France, Germany, and other grape growing countries, as they use milk in Scotland as a part of the food of the people.

How was this intoxicating wine preserved? Pliny, Plutarch and others tell us that it was common among the ancients to boil wine to a syrup, about one third of the quantity, to prevent fermentation, and this they kept in stone jars, and diluted with water as they needed it.

Jahn, and other writers on the wines of Syria, at the present day, say that they are prepared by boiling them immediately after they are expressed, to prevent fermentation, and that they are preserved in large firkins buried in the earth, and thus the wine is kept for any length of time. Capt. Treat says it is a common practice in Italy to boil down the fresh grape juice and bottle it or put it in casks and bury it in the earth or keep it in water.

"The admissions of those who claim a scriptural endorsement for the use of intoxicating wine are sufficient proof of the practice. Smith's Bible Dictionary says, "Sometimes it (wine) was preserved in its unfermented state, and drank as milk."—It may be at once conceded that the Hebrew terms translated wine refer occasionally to unfermented liquor." Rev. Henry Holmes, missionary at Constantinople, says, (Bibliotheca Sacra, May, 1848), of the boiled juice of the grape, which he kept for two years without its undergoing any change: "Here is a cooling grape liquor which is not intoxicating, and which in the manner of making and preserving it, seems to correspond with the recipes and descriptions of certain drink, included by some of the ancients under the appellation of wine."

TO BE CONTINUED.

DID NOAH GET DRUNK?

BY CHRISTOPHER CROSSCUT.

CHRISTOPHER is not addicted to the habitual use of intoxicating drinks, but he does not claim exemption from the common weaknesses and frailties of his fallen race; and he never had assurance enough to taste the cup, and then wipe his mouth—hold up his hand and say, "I have done no wrong." But once upon a time things had gone hard with Christopher—his heart was very, very sad, and his hopes and prospects were all upset by the circumstances into which he had been suddenly brought; and one day, in town, he met first with one acquaintance and then another, who, partly out of sympathy, asked him to "take something." Now Christopher is not one of your altogether thoughtless mortals, who never reason or reflect, and his general aim and intention is to do right; but feeling acutely his sores, he thought it might not be unwise to experiment on the direction given by the wise woman,—"Give strong drink unto him who is ready to perish, and wine unto those who are of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more." So he partook of the proffered glass, and felt relief. Two or three more during the afternoon made him feel "strong as other men," and the burden of his sorrows was wonderfully lightened. Next day, feeling somewhat thirsty, and being threatened with a return of his grief and despondency, he took "a hair of the dog that bit him," and got home in the evening still more "elevated." In the morning his eyes were heavy, his head confused, his stomach unpleasantly out of sorts, and he felt within him certain compunctions in addition to the previous burden of his sorrows. In short he felt he had done wrong, despite the apology he sought in the above quoted advice of the wise woman. "Did every one," he asked, "who took 'too much' feel as he did?" Did not Solomon, the wisest of men, "give himself to wine?" Yes; but while doing so, he was "acquainting himself with wisdom," and pronounced it to be "vanity, even a feeding on wind." Then there were Nabal and Belshazzar and Lot and Noah; and he thinks, "I don't know how drunk Nabal might be, or Belshazzar; but I was not so bad as Lot is reputed to have been, nor so bad as Noah, either, for I walked home quite easily—I might stagger a little, but I was not lying drunk for any one to find me, and go and tell the story. I must own that getting 'high,' as they call it, is wrong—that it bites, afterwards, like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder; but if it is really so bad as the teetotallers say, how comes it that Lot, just newly rescued from destruction in Sodom, could behave so, and not be found fault with, when his poor wife who is not blamed for anything half so bad, that we

hear of, was so signally punished? Neither do we hear of Noah being found fault with for being 'drunken,' and some of the oddest apologies are made for him in the circumstances, by preaching men, who would not be slow to consign Christopher to Gehenna for the same 'mistake.' And yet in the sacred writings, Noah is not only *not* blamed but is classed alongside of two of the best men the world has yet produced. Can it be consistently held that Noah, a noted preacher of righteousness, and so eminent for his piety as to be the only person eligible by divine scrutiny to be the new progenitor of the human race, by being alone preserved through the deluge, while all others, excepting his family, were destroyed, could be so forgetful of the claims of duty and of gratitude to God, as to go to the reputed extent, into sensual indulgence, and thus incur the displeasure of a sin-hating God, and yet be allowed to pass without censure or condemnation. Sin of any description is followed by the hidings of God's countenance from the sinner; but according to common belief, here is Noah with the fumes of his wine still about him, made the vehicle of a Divine communication. Is it possible to conceive that the aged patriarch, when waking from a drunken sleep—cross and irritable, and in a state in which we may consistently believe the prophetic spirit would have no communion with him—should pronounce a prophetic anathema affecting the future destiny of millions of his posterity and yet that curse be fully executed in the course of ages, by the providence of God? And on what grounds is the curse pronounced? Does not the Patriarch himself appear more at fault than his son who found him in his reputedly undignified condition?

Now Christopher cannot see consistency in these things, nor yet the proper dignity of Divine Revelation in the circumstances as stated in our common version of the Scriptures. He therefore believes that there is an error in the translation of this passage relating to Noah, and that the venerable Patriarch *did not get drunk at all*. He therefore takes up his Bible, turns to the passage and reads thus:

Gen. IX. 20. "Now the man Noah cultivated the ground; also he planted a vineyard. Then he drank of the wine, and he was satisfied: for he himself opened the inmost part of the tabernacle, when Ham the father of Canaan, exposed the symbols (sacred furniture) of his father; which he declared to his two brethren without. But Shem with Japheth had taken the vestment, which both of them set up for a portion; thus they afterwards went, and concealed the symbols of their father; with their faces backward; but the symbols of their father they saw not."

Ham's offence was profane intrusion into the most holy place, a crime worthy of the most condign punishment.

REVISED FOR PURE GOLD.

EYRION.—PART IV.

A NEW ORIGINAL POEM.

BY WILL HENRY GANE.

PART THE FOURTH.

THE RESCUE AND DEDICATION OF EYRION.

The frost king had vanished
In a haze of golden splendor—
In a haze of mellow glory.
The white and fleecy mantle
Of pure, unsoftened beauty—
Like the vestments of the angels,
Has taken wings and wandered
To the great, and wide blue ocean,
Where the mighty constellations
Perform their revolutions.

It is spring-time! lovely spring-time,
When the violets are peeping
From among the grassy hillocks.
When the birds are singing gaily
In the depths of the old forest—
In the light and lovely forest—
In the green and balmy forest.

They have chained him to a sapling—
A young and pliant sapling,
In the heart of the old forest.
They have chained him for a purpose,
That they may sacrifice him
To the God of the Hereafter.
And he stands there, brave and fearless.
The man of brain, the man of muscle,
The man of heart, the man of sinew,
While the sun is sweetly shining
Through the trees of the old forest.

The chieftain of the Mohawks
A great and mighty warrior,

Seizes the glittering war-axe—
The fatal, cruel war-axe,
And he hurls it with a power
That is almost superhuman,
With a skill so very fearful,
At the very heart of EYRION!
But a monarch of the forest—
A royal and antlered monarch,
Bounded just before the victim
And received the fatal war-axe.
Thus EYRION was rescued
By a power that is mighty,
That belongeth to Jehovah
Who governs the universe
With wisdom unapproachable—
And a goodness without parallel.

A very aged chieftain,
A father of the Mohawks—
Of the great and mighty Mohawks,
Laid his hands upon our hero
And blessed him with a blessing
That contained a mystic power;
That enabled him to conquer
All the dark and strange diseases—
All the cruel ills and sufferings
That the angry spirit showered
On the disobedient people.

There was EYRION, noble EYRION
Working out his retribution,
'Mong the red men of the forest.
He blessed them, and he healed them,
And, when the great death angel
Robbed the happy little wig-wam
Of an inmate, it was EYRION
Who closed the weary eyelids,
And wrapped them in their blanket—
Their old and cherished heirloom,
And laid them where they slumber
Underneath the swaying branches
Of the monarchs of the forest.
Where the birds are ever singing
Their sweet and happy fragments
Of songs pure and holy—
Of songs sweet and dreamy.

PART THE FIFTH.

ION.

It is summer now, and glory
Lies upon the eastern hill-tops,
A sweet and graceful glory—
A calm and balmy glory.
The world is just as peaceful.
Just as calm, and just as holy
As that most sacred hour
When the words of love are whispered!
When the mystic words are spoken,
That change the revolution
Of the life of man and woman!
Making them more good and holy—
More grand, and brave and lofty.

Out among the fragrant flowers—
The violets and daisies,
Out among the chanting choristers,
Out beneath the swaying branches
Of the monarchs of the forest,
A boy, brave and happy,
With hair as bright and golden
As the dancing of the sunrays
In the mellow Indian summer.
You would know him in a moment,
Despite the curious costume—
Despite the painted features,
To be ION, son of EYRION.

Let us leave them—leave our heroes
Until twenty golden summers
Have been numbered with the dying!
Let us leave them in the forest.

Through the sweet and balmy spring time,
Through the cold and chilly winter.
If it please the mighty Spirit
That dwells above the tree-tops,
In the fabled land of forests—
Of shining rills and rivers—
Of rich and verdant meadows,
In the happy hunting ground,
In the land of the immortal.

PART THE SIXTH.

THE RE-APPEARANCE OF MONSALVASCHE—
THE CASTLE OF THE GRAL.

It is autumn; and the glory—
A soft and fleecy glory
That we call the Indian summer,
Drowns the world in light and splendor!
So dreamy, so delicious,
It seems to be a foretaste
Of the everlasting summer
That lies beyond the tree tops.

Twenty golden summers
Have blazed the old St. Lawrence—
The chanting old St. Lawrence,
Since we met upon her waters—
Her tossing, tumbling waters,
That is ever chanting dirges
For cold and sightless dreamers,
For loved and lost darlings
Underneath the rippling surface.

Listen! Oars are splashing!
Boats are coming down the river.
Very gently, very slowly,
Just as sweetly, just as careless
As dead leaves floating downward
With the current of the river!

Another boatman, rowing upward,
Pulling hard against the current.
He is brave, and strong, and noble!
Despite his curious costume
You would know him by a halo
Of hair light and golden!
The boat-men come together
Upon the smiling river!
There's a rippling of the water
Upon each little boat keel!
The oars are poised a moment—
A holy, mystic moment.
EYRION whispers as though dreaming,
"ION! is it ION?"
A pause for just a moment,
Like the fading of the lightning
Before we hear the thunder,
Then a voice of manly vigor
Answers, like one awaking
From some dark and gloomy day dream,
"We have met at last, MY FATHER!"

As they gaze toward the sunset
The outlines of a castle—
A grand, and lordly castle
Was pictured in the halo
Of the purple mist of evening.
It was the MONSALVASCHE,
The CASTLE OF THE GRAL—
Ingersoll, Ont.

THE END.

Tales and Sketches

FROM HEARTH AND HOME.

The Mystery
OF
METROPOLISVILLE.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,
Author of "The Hoosier School-Master," "The End
of the World," etc., etc.

SAWNEY AND WESTCOTT.
CHAPTER XXI.

'Well, Gray,' he said 'how are you?
Have you written any fresh verses lately.'

'Verses? See here Mr Charlton, do you 'low this 'ere, is a time for verses?'

'Why not?'

'To be shore! Why not? I should kinder think yer own heart should orter tell you. You don't know what I'm made of. You think I a'n't good for nothin' but verses. Now, Mr. Charlton, I'm not one of them air fellers as lets themselves all off in verses that don't mean nothin'. What my pones say, that my heart feels. And that my hands does. No, sir, my po'try's like the corn crop in August. It's laid by. I han't writ nary line sence I seed you afore. The fingers that holds a pen kin pull a trigger.'

'What do you mean, Gray?'

'This 'ere,' and he took out a pistol. 'I wuz a poet; now I'm a garden angel. I tole you I wouldn't do nothin' desperate tell I talked with you. That's the reason I didn't shoot 't'other night. When you run him off, I draw'd on him, and he'd been a gone sucker eft hadn' been fer yore makin' me promise 't'other day to hold on till I'd talked with you. Now I've talked with you, and I don't make no promises. Soon as he gits to makin' headway agin, I'll drap him.'

It was in vain that Charlton argued with him. Gray said life wont no 'count no how t' he had sot out to be a Garden Angel, and he wuz agoin' through. These 'ere Yankees tuck blam'd good keer of their hides, but down on the Wawbosh, where he come from, they didn't valley life a copper in a thing of this 'ere sort. Ef Smith Westcott kep' a shovin' ahead on his present trail, he'd fetch up kinder suddent all to wonst, weth a jolt.

After this, the dread of a tragedy of some sort did not decrease Albert's eagerness to be away. He began to talk violently to Plausaby, and that poor gentleman, harassed now by a suit brought by the town of Perritaut to set aside the county-seat election, and by a prosecution instituted against him for conspiracy, and by a suit on the part of the fat gentleman for damages on account of fraud in the matter of the two watery lots in block twenty-six, and by such trouble arising from his illicit speculation in claims—this poor Squire Plausaby, in the midst of this accumulation of vexations, kept his temper sweet, bore all of Albert's severe remarks with serenity, and made fair promises with an unruffled countenance. Smith Westcott had defeated Whiskey Jim in his contest for the claim because the removal of a dishonest receiver left the case to be decided according to the law and the regulations of the general Land Office, and the law gave the claim to Westcott. The Privileged Infant, having taken possession of Jim's shanty, made a feint of living in it, have moved his trunk, his bed, his whiskey, and all other necessities to the shanty. As his thirty days had expired, he was getting ready to pre-empt; the value of the claim would put him in funds, and he proposed, now that his blood was up, to give up his situation, if he should find it necessary, and 'play out his party little game,' with Albert Charlton. It was shrewdly suspected, indeed, that if he should leave the Territory, he would not

return. He knew nothing of the pistol which the Garden Angel kept under his wing for him, but Whiskey Jim had threatened that he shouldn't enjoy his claim long. Jim had remarked to several people, in his lofty way, that Minnesota wuz a healthy place fer folks weth consumption but a drefle sickly one fer folks what jumped other folk's claims when they wuz down of typus. And Jim grew more and more threatening as the time of Westcott's pre-emption drew near. While throwing the mail-bag off one day at the Metropolisville post-office he told Albert that he jest wished he knewed which mail Westcott's land-warrant would just come in. He wouldn't steal it but plague ef he wouldn't have it off into the Big Gun River, accidentally a purpose, ef he had to go to penitensh'ry fer it.

But after all his weary and impatient waiting on the badgering of Plausaby, Albert got his land-warrant, and hurried off to the land-office, made his pre-emption, gave Mr. Minorkey a mortgage with a waiver in it, borrowed two hundred dollars at three per cent a month and five after maturity, interest to be settled every six months.

Then, though it was Friday evening, he would have packed everything and hurried away the next morning; but his mother interposed her authority. Katy couldn't be got ready. What was the use of going to Red Owl to stay over Sunday? There was no boat down Sunday, and they could just as well wait till Monday, and take the Tuesday boat, and so Albert reluctantly consented to wait.

But he would not let Katy be out of his sight. He was determined that in these last hours of her stay in the Territory, Smith Westcott should not have a moment's opportunity for conversation with her. He played the tyrannical brother to perfection. He walked about the house in a fighting mood all the time, with brows drawn down and fist ready to clinch.

He must have one more boat-ride with Helen Minorkey, and he took Katy with him, because he dared not leave her behind. He took them both in the unpainted pine row-boat which belonged to nobody in particular, and he rowed away across the little lake, looking at the grass green shores on the one side, and at the bass wood trees which shadowed the other. Albert had never a happier hour. Out in the lake he was safe from the incursions of the tempter. Rowing on the water, he relaxed the strain of his vigilance; out on the lake, with water on every side, he felt secure then. He had Katy, sweet and almost happy; he felt sure now that she would be able to forget Westcott, and be at peace again as in old days when he had built play-houses for the sunny little child. He had Helen and she seemed doubly dear to him on the eve of parting. When he was alone with her, he felt always a sense of disappointment, for he was ever striving by passionate speeches to elicit some expression more cordial than it was possible for Helen's cool nature to utter. But now that Katy's presence was a restraint upon him, this discord between the pitch of his nature and of hers did not make itself felt and he was satisfied with himself, with Helen, and with Katy. And so round the pebbly margin of the lake he rowed, while they talked and laughed. The reaction from his previous state of mental tension put Albert into a sort of glee; he was almost a boisterous as the Privileged Infant himself. He amused himself by throwing spray on Katy with his oars, and he even ventured to sprinkle the dignified Miss Minorkey a little, and she unbent enough to make a cup of her while palm and to dip it into the clean water and dash a good solid handful into the face of her lover. She had never in her life acted in so indignant a manner, and Charlton was thoroughly delighted to have her throw cold water upon him in this fashion. After this, he rowed down to the outlet, and showed them where the beavers had built this dam, and prolonged his happy rowing and talking till the full moon came up out of the prairie and made a golden pathway on the ripples. Albert's mind dwelt on this boat-ride in the lonely year that followed. It seemed to him strange that he could have had so much happiness on the brink of so much misery. He felt as that pleasure party did, who after hours of happy sport, found that they had been merry-making in the very current of the great cataract.

There are those who believe that every great catastrophe throws its shadow before it, but Charlton was never more hopeful than when he lifted his dripping oars from the water at half-past nine o'clock, and said:

"What a grand ride we've had! Let's row together again to-morrow evening. It is the last chance for a long time."

A young lady of Philadelphia has invented an improvement in sewing-machines, which will adapt them to the manufacture of sails and other heavy goods, something heretofore impossible.

Froude says that the ablest of living naturalists is looking gravely to the courtship of moths and butterflies, to solve the problem of the origin of man, and prove the descent from an African baboon.

BRANWELL BRONTE.

It was my fortune, many years ago, to make the acquaintance of Patrick Branwell Bronte, the gifted and unfortunate brother of the authoress of "Jane Eyre." Those who have read the life of Charlotte Bronte, written by Mrs. Gaskell, will remember the vivid and revolting picture she draws of the unhappy Branwell—a picture, in my judgment, altogether overdrawn, and far too highly colored. The young man had his failings, very grave and sad ones, but he was by no means the reckless profligate that he is represented to be by Mrs. Gaskell. He fell into evil courses during the last year or two of his life. He drank deeply, and disturbed thereby the peace and happiness of his family. They took his misdoings very closely to heart—perhaps too closely. He had his private griefs, and was not strong enough to carry them on his own shoulders. His family treated him unwisely, and spurned him when he most needed their love and forbearance. They also, no doubt, felt deeply wronged by his conduct, and allowances must be made for them; but it is quite clear that their indignation conquered their charity. His sins were not unpardonable, and he paid their full penalty.

Whatever he was, even had he been a criminal and an outlaw, instead of sinning in a direction whitherward tend all the unclean passions of mankind, and through a fascination of cause which has lured thousands and tens of thousands to destruction and death, it was no part of Mrs. Gaskell's duty, as the biographer of his sister, to consign him to ignominy and scorn; and, having done her worst to blacken his name and memory, take to the chanting of Pharisaical litanies over his doom. There is such a faculty as silence, and it was esteemed so highly among the ancient pagans that they exalted it into a god; and, if Mrs. Gaskell had tested its power in this case, the scandal might have been less offensive. It is no bad maxim that, when one can say no good of a man, 'tis better to say nothing.

Branwell, during the latter part of my acquaintance with him, was much altered; for the worse, in his personal appearance; but if he had altered in the same direction mentally, as his biographer says he had, then he must have been a man of immense and brilliant intellect. For I have rarely heard more eloquent and thoughtful discourse, flashing so brightly with random jewels of wit, and made sunny and musical with poetry, than that which flowed from his lips during the evenings I passed with him at the Black Bull, in the village of Haworth. His figure was very slight, and he had, like his sister Charlotte, a superb forehead. But even when pretty deep in his cups he had not the slightest appearance of the sod that Mrs. Gaskell says he was. His great, tawny mane, meaning thereby the hair of his head, was, it is true, somewhat dishevelled; but, apart from this, he gave no sign of intoxication. His eye was as bright, and his features were as animated, as they very well could be; and, moreover, his whole manner gave indications of intense enjoyment.

We talked a good deal about his sisters, and especially about Charlotte. He said he believed that more strangers had visited Haworth since the acknowledgment of the authorship of the novels than had ever visited it before, since it was a village. He described some of the characters with much gusto, and found himself, as Charlotte's brother, almost as much an object of curiosity as she was herself.

He complained sometimes of the way he was treated at home, and as an instance related the following:

One of the Sunday-school girls, in whom he and all his house took much interest, fell very sick, and they were afraid she would not live.

"I went to see the poor little thing," he said; "sat with her half an hour, and read a psalm to her and a hymn at her request. I felt very like praying with her too," he added, his voice trembling with emotion; "but, you see, I was not good enough. How dare I pray for another, who had almost forgotten how to pray for myself! I came away with a heavy heart, for I felt sure she would die, and went straight home, where I fell into melancholy musings. I wanted somebody to cheer me. I often do, but no kind word finds its way even to my ears, much less to my heart. Charlotte observed my depression, and asked what ailed me. So I told her. She looked at me with a look I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old—which I never shall. It was not like her at all. It wounded me as if some one had struck me a blow in the mouth. It involved ever so many things in it. It was a dubious look. It ran over me, questioning and examining as if I had been a wild-beast. It said, 'Did my ears deceive me, or did I hear aright?' And then came the painful, baffled expression, which was worse than all. It said, 'I wonder if that's true?' But, as she left the room, she seemed to accuse herself of having wronged me, and smiled kindly upon me and said, 'She is my little scholar, and I will go and see her.' I replied not a word. I was too much cut up. When she was gone, I came over here to the Black Bull, and made a night of it in sheer disgust and desperation. Why could they not give me some credit when I was trying to be good?"

One evening, as we sat together in the little parlor of the inn, the landlord entered and asked Brandwell if he would see a gentleman who wanted to make his acquaintance.

"He's a funny fellow," said the landlord, "and is somebody, I dare swear, with lots of money."

As the landlord spoke, a squat little dapper fellow, with a white fur hat on his head, an umbrella under his arm, and a pair of blue specs on his nose, strutted into the room sans ceremony. He approached the table in a very fussy and excited manner, exclaiming: "Landlord, bring us some brandy. I must have the pleasure of drinking a glass with the brother of that distinguished lady who wrote the great book that made London blaze. Three glasses, landlord—do you hear?—And you, sir, are the great lady's brother, I presume? Professor Leonidil Lyon, sir, has the honor of introducing himself to your distinguished notice."

Brandwell responded gravely: "Patrick Brandwell Bronte, sir, has the honor of welcoming you to Haworth, and begging you to be seated."

Whereupon the little man bowed and scraped, and laughed a good-humored laugh all over his good, round face, and said it was an honor he could not have hoped for, to sit as a guest at the same board, as he might say, "with the brother, the very flesh and blood of the great lady who wrote the books."

Here the brandy-and-water came in, and the little man grew merrier still, and more and more communicative. He was a professor of Greek at the London University, and, chancing to be in at Smith's, the London publisher's, whose partner, Williams, was a "wonderful man man of letters—a very wonderful man, indeed!"—Williams asked the professor if he had seen the book of the season—the "immense book," he called it—which was going to make one good reputation and half a dozen fortunes. Mr. Williams praised it so highly that he (the professor) grew wild about it, and asked where it could be got; and, when the publisher showed it to him, and put the wonderful treasure in his hands, he threw down a sovereign to pay for it, and would not wait for the change, but hurried home as fast as could go; when he threw himself down on the library-sofa, rang for his candles, and ordered them to be placed on a little table close to his hand. He then fell to work a-reading of the book which the great lady had written.

"It was prodigious, sir!" he exclaimed. "I never read anything like it. Why, I fell in love with little Jane myself after I had known her only half an hour, and thought her the bravest little heroine in the world. Then—but you'll laugh if I tell you, I know you will! However, I can't help it, and it's the truth. I am an irreclaimable sinner, sir, if I didn't get as jealous as the Saracen who murders his poor, innocent wife in the play with a pillow, as soon as I found out that Rochester loved her and she loved Rochester. What right had that surly old bear to love that poor, little, forsaken girl of a governess? Now, a remarkable thing happened to me, sir, on that night. My usual hour of retiring is ten o'clock—ten to a minute; for I'm a punctual man, sir, very; like a clock. Well, ten o'clock came. I was absorbed in a most interesting conversation between Jane and Rochester. To me, sir, this was now a personal matter. I listened and listened, and read and read, on and on, until I got at the secret that was between them. How enraged I was! If I could have got hold of that Rochester, I would have pounded his bones for him. I kept thinking he meant no good to her, you see—and I should have liked much to have her myself, in a most honest and honorable way, sir, you see. So, away went the leaves over and over, and away went the time. Eleven o'clock, then twelve o'clock, and still I was in an interesting part. So I kept thinking 'I'll read away until a dull part comes.' And so one o'clock overtook me—that was the least the clock could strike, which was consoling to me—because I had all the less time to brood over the strokes, and then what a fool I was to be out of bed at such a small hour of the morning. I had no time to think about anything long, however; the book was so unreasonably interesting it absorbed me like a sponge. So two, three, and four o'clock came, and my candles were getting low, and I resolved that I would go to bed next page. But, instead, I got into the very focus of the magic where Jane doesn't mean to be a mistress, and makes up her mind to leave Rochester forever sooner. Didn't I put that like a sweet morsel under my tongue? Didn't I devour it as hungry as a wolf? Wasn't every thing outside those leaves as dead to me as if they had never existed? Even my bed forgot to call me, and my eyes to blink; and I swear that, if five o'clock struck, I never heard it! At last, all on a sudden, and singing an old milk-maid's ballad, if my wench, Sarah Anne, didn't burst into the library, broom in hand, and only half dressed, and all her hair in curl-papers! She screamed like a hyena, or any other similar animal innocent animal of harmless habits, and I stared at her through my glasses like one who has seen a ghost, letting the book fall out of my hands at the same time. This broke the

spell, as I thought; so I took the book under my arm and went up to bed. 'I'll just take another peep,' quoth I, as I sat on the bedside. So I cautiously opened where I had left off, running my eye over two or three pages ahead, just to see if there were anything there peculiarly interesting, and so, likely to fascinate me for more hours to come; and, satisfying myself that there was no immediate danger, I began to read again.

"But, what's the use of talking? I tell you there never was such a book. It's most amazing! It would humbug a saint, and cheat him out of his prayers. For, to cut the matter short, I read and read until daylight, until nine o'clock and then ten; when I came to F for figs, and I for figs, and N for Nickleby Bony; and I for John the waterman, and S for Sally Stony—which, in short, means FINIS, and in English The End."

Branwell said this history of a professor's reading of "Jane Eyre" made him laugh as if he would split his sides. And, when he told Charlotte about it the next day, she laughed as heartily as he did; and presently Charlotte told the other girls, and he heard them, up-stairs, making such a confusion of melodies in the mixture of their vociferous laughter, that he caught up the echoes and gave them another ringing peal himself.

When the professor's story was ended, he tried to cajole Branwell into introducing him to his sister, the "great lady who wrote the book." He was dying to see her, he said, and had come all the way down into Yorkshire from London in the fond hope of getting a glimpse of her, and perhaps of touching the hem of her garment. When he found that Branwell fought shy of the proposition, he actually offered him a large sum of money, and then, taking from his fob a valuable gold watch, laid it on the table, and said he would throw that in to boot, if he would only let him see her and shake hands with her.

On another evening, Branwell related to me the circumstances of his early life. The whole family, he said, was fond of drawing, and Charlotte was especially well read in art-learning, and knew intimately the lives of all the old masters, and criticised their works with great discrimination and judgement. She was a good judge of paintings, and knew the secrets of composition and analysis. Branwell was also a good draughts-man, and had attempted oil-painting. He hoped, when he was about twenty, that he should have been sent to the Royal Academy, and all his studies were directed to that end. His father had provided them all with a good teacher, but Charlotte would go her own way, and ruined her eyesight—so that for two years she could not read at all—by making minute copies of steel engravings; and she wasted over one of these six precious months. Branwell knew how worthless his oil-paintings were; but he mentioned a family picture of his, containing portraits of Charlotte, Emily and Anne, which a friend of mine had seen, and spoke of in very high terms as portraiture, although not as art. The likenesses were perfect, and there was a spiritualization and an individuality in them, he said, very rare to find in the performance of an amateur.

I understand that Charlotte's husband is now in possession of this picture, and it is to be hoped that some publisher may be induced to engrave it for the benefit of the public. A more welcome picture to the friends of the three sisters could not be issued.

Poor Branwell told me of all his dreams and hopes when that bright vision of the Royal Academy floated before his eyes. He knew he had great and versatile talents, and had no fear of failure if he could once kegin a career. So enthusiastic was he about London at this time, that he got hold of all the maps he could find, illustrating its highways and byways, its alleys, and back slums, and short cuts, and studied them so closely that he knew them all by heart, and often cheated the "commercial gents" who came to the Black Bull into the belief that he, though a young man, was an old Londoner, and knew more about the ins and outs of the mighty Babylon than many a man who had passed his life within its walls. Then Branwell would astonish them by saying that he was never in London in his life.

He confessed to me that, if it had been possible for him to have prosecuted his own purpose and the design and hope of his family by going to the Royal Academy as a student when he was nineteen years of age, or thereabouts, all would have been well with him. He was passionately fond of art, and so, indeed, was Charlotte, who had once a serious design of making it her pursuit instead of literature. Many a fine fancy and grand picture of the imagination has she expressed through its sorcery. The exquisitely fine, delicate, and almost invisible handwriting which she adopted and used in the composition of her earliest literary efforts, was not more exquisite than her drawing, which was rendered with such pre-Raphaelite faithfulness in the accessories, down to the smallest details, as to suggest a very intimate and universal acquaintance with Nature and her occult meanings and correspondences. There are still in existence, as I learn, small pictures of hers, which are crowded with apocalyptic characters and moving processions, and strange, wild, sublime scenery.

These pictures were often done extemporaneously, as it were, in great moments of silent and solitary thought, when the mind was dig with conceptions which thus struggled, or rather burst, into being and birth. She found the pencil, indeed, so competent to express the creations of her mind, that she had hard work to persuade herself that literature was her true vocation.

Poor Branwell spoke of this sister in most affectionate terms, such as none but a man of deep feeling could utter. He knew her power, and what tremendous depths of passion and pathos lay hid in her great surging heart long before she gave expression to them in "Jane Eyre." When she wrote the first chapters of her Richardsonian novel, he condemned the work as in opposition to her genius—which is good proof of his discrimination and critical judgment. But when "The Professor" was written, he said that was better, but that she could do better still; and, although it is not equal in many important particulars to "Jane Eyre," yet it is a work of great originality and dramatic interest.

"I know," said Branwell, after speaking of Charlotte's talents, "that I also had stuff enough in me to make popular stories; but the failure of the Academy plan ruined me. I was felled, like a tree in the forest by a sudden and strong wind, to rise no more. Fancy me, with my education, and those early dreams which had almost ripened into realities, turning counter-jumper, or clerk in a railway-office, which last was, you know, my occupation for some time. It simply degraded me in my own eyes, and broke my heart."

It was useless to remonstrate with him, and yet I could not help it, and did my best to rouse the sleeping energies within him to noble action once more.

"It is too late," he said; "and you would say so, too, if you knew all."

He used to be the oracle of the secluded household in earlier days—before the love of drink mastered him. His opinion was invariably sought for upon the literary performances of his sisters; but, at the time I am now speaking of, he was a cipher in the house. I do not believe, from what he said himself, that Charlotte read to him any portions of "Jane Eyre," which she wrote, poor girl, under the pressure of terrible moral and physical suffering and calamity. His was a sad history, and, later in the night, I had from his own lips the story of his final fall. It was an awful temptation that he endured, and through which he fell into ruin and degradation. But the time has not yet come when the story can be told.

JANUARY SEARLE.

A SINGULAR CASE IN BELGIUM.

THE insufficiency of certain kinds of evidence to form a basis for conviction in cases of alleged murder has been lately established in the celebrated Wharton and Schoeppe cases in this country.—The conflicting testimony of a number of the chemists and medical men in these cases went far to establish the innocence of both; whereas, fifty years ago, the testimony of them would have established the guilt of either.

Since the testimony of so-called medical experts has so frequently brought the innocent within the shadow of the gallows—the fact of its unreliability has gradually forced itself upon the public mind, and steadily and surely has the conviction extended, that this class of testimony, once so decisive and final in courts of justice in this country, at present ranks but little in advance of circumstantial evidence.

A case similar to the Wharton and Schoeppe cases, but more singular in its character and termination, has lately been tried at Burges, Belgium, the seat of the Royal Medical College.

It was intended as a test-case of the value of medical testimony in establishing the guilt of accused persons in cases of this kind. Its strange result, and the high character of the medical men engaged in the chemical analysis, form one of the most conclusive arguments against too strong a reliance upon the testimony of experts or scientists, however eminent.

In August, last year, Agnel, a man-servant, was arrested in Burges and placed on trial, charged with the murder of his master, M. Rigaud. The victim of the alleged murder had been a retired physician, a graduate of the Royal College, and a gentleman of wealth. His sudden and mysterious death at once enlisted the interest of a large number of people, and among them some of the most eminent physicians of the kingdom. The post-mortem examination and analysis were conducted under the immediate care of these latter gentlemen, including M. Girault, of the Imperial Laboratory, Paris, and M. Conde, a celebrated analytical chemist, of the city of Brussels. The case occasioned a deeper interest, occurring as it did, at the time of the meeting of the Royal Medical Society in the ancient city of Bruges, of which society M. Rigaud was an honorary member. During its deliberations the subject of chemical poisons, and the methods of detecting their presence, formed a principal theme of discussion. In these discussions the Wharton case in this country was reviewed, and the tests then employed and the results arrived at were severely criticised. The discussion of the subject

also developed a wide and irreconcilable difference of opinion among members of the society. The death of M. Rigaud, from alleged poisoning, occurring at this time, afforded an opportune test. The ability and learning of the college were at once brought to bear in establishing or demolishing the various theories that had been advanced during its sittings.

The result of an elaborate scientific analysis was held to establish the presence of a sufficient quantity of arsenic in the system of the deceased physician to have produced death; which, taken in connection with the evidence collected by the Bruges and Brussels police, led to the arrest of Agnel, the servant, on a charge of murder.

The criminating circumstances, apart from the testimony of the medical experts, which led to the suspicion and arrest of the servant, were very complete and conclusive in their character; and, a Belgian court, which, like those of the French, seem intended only for conviction, it is probable that Agnel, under ordinary circumstances, would have speedily found his neck under the knife of the guillotine. He was a man of violent temper, and had been discharged from the service of M. Rigaud for exhibitions of ungovernable anger, the last occasion of his discharge being an intemperate quarrel with his master three days before the alleged murder. Three days before the death of Mr. Rigaud, Agnel had been reinstated, the physician appearing to possess a deep regard for his servant. This affection was also shown by an inspection of the will of the deceased gentleman, in which he bequeathed to his servant the sum of four thousand francs, and recommended him to the service of his (Rigaud's) brother, in Bourdeau, France. At the time of his death Rigaud and his servant were living in apartments in the Rue Varrie, with a lady by the name of Frank. The testimony of this woman and of Dr. M. Sardou, of the faculty of the Royal College, formed the strange denouement of the trial which ensued, and saved the innocent Agnel from a felon's death.

After the death of the physician, and the result of the chemical analysis was made known to the authorities, the whereabouts of Agnel during the two days of his discharge were thoroughly hunted and traced by the detectives. Every angry word that had escaped him was noted, and an array of criminating evidence collected against him that must have been fatal.—It was shown that, on the evening of his discharge he had procured a small phial of arsenic from the dispensary of the college, for the use, as he had stated, of his master. This was after the quarrel and his departure from the residence of Mrs. Frank, in the Rue Varrie. It was also discovered by the detectives that Agnel had become involved in money matters in a manner that threatened his arrest and disgrace; so that the bequest in Rigaud's will, of which the accused was aware, became especially desirable to relieve him from his embarrassment. Agnel strenuously denied his guilt, as well as all knowledge of the matter, and evinced the deepest grief at his master's death.

The trial was conducted before the judges in the city of Bruges, and lasted four days. The testimony of the chemical experts who had conducted the analysis, was of a highly interesting character, forming the basis of the prosecution. A number of dissenting opinions regarding the chemical tests for poison appeared in a newspaper during the progress of the trial, which were replied to by M. Girault and M. Conde, sustaining the methods of the test and defending their efficacy. On his examination before the judges, M. Girault testified positively to the presence of arsenic in the system of the deceased, and entered into a highly-scientific explanation of the manner of its detection, too abstruse for comprehension except by professionals. M. Conde's evidence, however, formed the most novel and interesting feature of the trial, being an explanation of a new process of detecting arsenical poisons by the test of affinity. His testimony, which was very elaborate and interesting, called forth the comments of medical men in all parts of the kingdom and of France. M. Coterie, an eminent chemist of Brussels, as the representative of a large body of medical men, was called to the stand. He testified that the process employed by M. Girault was, in his opinion, wholly inadequate to establish the presence of poison, and that the process of M. Conde would, in its operation, generate arsenic. His evidence, which was voluminous, was carefully prepared, and elicited the profoundest interest of the medical profession of Belgium.

By a preconcerted arrangement between Dr. M. Sardou and the counsel of the defence, the testimony of the former and of the landlady, Mrs. Frank, was reserved until after the evidence of the police and the long array of medical testimony had been taken. At that time the opinion of the judges and the public was evidently against the prisoner, who offered no evidence to dispel the damaging proofs of the police in regard to his strange conduct previous to the alleged murder.

On the last day of the trial the woman was called, and testified that, at the time of M. Rigaud's death, Agnel was not in the house, nor had he been there for four or five hours previous. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of August, she had been summoned, to the apartments of the deceased by a violent ringing of his bell and had found him apparently in the ago-

nies of death.—As she approached his bed he handed her a large envelope, directed to M. Sardou, and had told her to send for him. Greatly frightened, she took the letter and hurried down stairs, for the purpose of sending her husband, as the sick man had requested. As she reached the bottom of the stairs, Agnel had entered the house. She ordered him to run for the doctor at once, that his master was dying. Instead of going, Agnel ran up-stairs to the room of M. Rigaud, whom he found dead. He then proceeded to the residence of the doctor, whom he accompanied back to the house in the Rue Varrie. Mrs. Frank gave the letter in charge of the physician. The interest of her testimony ended here, but it opened the way for the riyidence of Dr. M. Sardou, which, with the letter, were submitted to the court. He testified that he had withheld his testimony and the letter from the previous investigation of the case solely for the benefit of medical science, and to establish a test of the reliability of chemical analysis in cases of this kind. The letter forms the strangest feature of this strange case. It thoroughly established the innocence of the accused by showing that the deceased had deliberately committed suicide, and further that his death had not been occasioned by arsenic at all, but by a dose of antimony. Altogether, the case is one of the most singular in the history of medical jurisprudence, and the medical savants, who conducted and defended the theory of the chemical tests for poisons, are astonished and indignant at its termination.

CHARLES HOWARD.

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PURE GOLD

TORONTO, MAR. 21, 1873.

THE PROHIBITORY BILL, AND THE MEMBER FOR EAST TORONTO.

THE recent debate in the Ontario Legislature having drawn out an expression of opinion from a large number of members upon the question of the Liquor Traffic, we are in a position, from their varied utterances, to discuss who are its friends and who its foes.

Although the Prohibition party are a strong and compact body, it is evident there are many opponents to the measure in the House, some of whom it is possible to convert to our side, and others who, from their persistent and dogged opposition to everything like Temperance Reform, may be at once set down as enemies to our cause. Among the latter class we regret to say that the member for East Toronto has pushed himself to the front apparently prepared to take the van in defence of "the poor man and his beer," for although the Hon. gentleman is himself, or professes to be, a strict teetotaler, he nevertheless likes to see his friends enjoy themselves over their glass, and would not think it just to debar them from their pleasure by an act so coercive as the Prohibitory Liquor Bill.

The Hon. member moreover, although a "Temperance man," dubs teetotalers and Prohibitionists as *Fanatics and Hypocrites*, (polite language for his constituents to ponder). Whether he himself belongs to the fanatics or hypocrites, he didn't say, but seeing he himself is a *Temperance man* one or the other class he must be connected with, and knowing that the gentleman is no fanatic upon the Prohibition question, we give everybody the liberty to class him with whom they choose.

Such are the views enunciated by the representative for East Toronto, who, whatever other class he represents, certainly misrepresents the social and Temperance Reformers of that constituency. The question for the Prohibitory League to consider is, are we satisfied with the conduct of the hon. member? Does he represent the *Sober part of the community, or Liquor drinkers and Liquor sellers?* In short, is he a friend or foe? From the undignified and uncharitable remarks uttered before the Ontario Legislature respecting teetotalers, we cannot discover in them any token of friendship or sympathy either towards us or our movement.

As Prohibitionists it is the duty of all to find out a man who is staunch and un-

swerving to our Bill whatever his politics may be, in preference to one whose conduct and views are totally opposed to it, and though such an one may not be as the Hon. member, a *Temperance man*, he will not be found wanting when the day of battle comes.

W. E. M.

FALLEN, BUT FAIR.

ALTHOUGH sin has stretched its withering hand over the earth, and marred its glory and its beauty; although it has permeated society with its deadly poison till the whole human race has felt its blighting and soul-destroying influences; till it has transformed men into demons and laid kingdoms and empires in the dust, still, though earth's loveliness has been much impaired, there remains much upon which the rightly constituted mind can dwell with pleasure—scenes that are well adapted to fill the soul with transport and lead the mind from nature up to nature's God.

And yet individuals are constantly met with who never seem to realize the fact, that we are surrounded by objects calculated to fill our hearts with the most pleasurable emotions; who act as if animate and inanimate creation had conspired to render them miserable and effect their destruction. They are always pining over the supposed hardships of their lot, ever imagining no sufferings are so great as their own; that none have been so unfortunate as they; in short, they will tell us that this is a hard world, a world of trials, of sorrows, and afflictions. Now this may all be true to a certain extent, but why dwell continually on such sombre scenes? Perpetual brooding over them is productive of much misery and gives rise to distorted and mistaken views of nature. The world is not so bad as these misanthropists represent it.

Such gloomy cogitations proceed, we think, from a disordered condition of a certain class of minds, and are to be attributed to this, rather than to the effect of surrounding circumstances on the individual. We may be in error, but we trust you will pardon us when we state we have but little sympathy with those who in their devotions constantly use the stereotyped phrase, "This world is no friend to grace." We know that the Christian has much to contend against. There are foes without that would rejoice over his downfall, but of all enemies a man's own heart is perhaps the worst. We should remember that the picture has a bright as well as a dark side; and if we reflect aright, we shall surely find, even in inanimate objects, aids to devotion—something to excite gratitude and stimulate our hearts to render thanks-giving to Him who made them all.

Objects present an entirely different aspect when seen through different colored media. Viewing a landscape in a clear day with the naked eye, we are impressed with its beauty and grandeur; the variety of shade and colour to be found in its superb foliage. But look at it through a pair of dark colored glasses, and how different are the feelings it inspires. The great outlines are the same. There the grand oak extends its massive branches to the sun, the delicate flower unfolds its tiny leaves to catch the pearly dew drops, but its varied hues are no longer visible. It would seem as if a thick, murky atmosphere had settled down on the scene and rendered obscure the beauties that were before so apparent. But while gazing on the scene before us, we know that the landscape is the same. It is the medium through which we view it, that has affected the sudden change in its appearance. As with the eye, so with the mind. The impressions made on it by surrounding objects and circumstances will depend very much upon its condition at the time.

Almost all minds are subject to periods of depression. Under such circumstances nature seems to have lost her charms; our tea its grateful flavor, our homes their attractive loveliness. The father, who in the morning was amused by the sportive merriment of his children, in the evening regards their mirth as intolerable. Jest, which before would have excited laughter, are now considered as studied insults; the man is out of humor, and at war with everything and everybody about him. This leads us to the conclusion that the effects of sin are more observable on mind than matter, and that those gloomy thoughts with which many are perpetually haunted, are to be attributed more to their disordered state of mind, than to any lack of attractiveness in the material world. Take

a man who is always cheerful. For him nature has ever a smiling face, is ever full of beauty; not only when he is in prosperity but likewise when in adversity. Just as we have heard the little bird which had come prematurely to our climate in spring, singing in the bare tree, while the ground around and beneath it was covered with snow; so when affliction comes and adversity crushes, the rightly constituted mind can still see beauties in nature, causes for gratitude and praise, illustrating what the poet meant when he tells us:

"All nature's full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love."

Again, take a man of the world whose thoughts are ever centered in self, who is bent on self aggrandizement, who is content by putting his ingenuity on the stretch in order to devise ways and means to heap up wealth. He walks along with hurried step and downcast eye, looking neither to the right nor to the left; he sees the pebble beneath his feet, but it awakens in his mind no reflection as to its origin. He thinks not of the varied elements entering into its composition. The verdant grass supplies to him a rich and beautiful carpet, but he tramples it under foot without bestowing on it a passing thought. For him the trees put on their most pleasing foliage in vain. To him they are but trees and nothing more. The feathered songsters carol their sweetest notes as he passes along, but their melody goes no further than the ear. No tender chord in his heart is made to vibrate and re-echo their melodious measures; no sound can find admittance to thrill his chords save the clink of gold as it is deposited in his cash box.

Not so with the whole-souled man, with him whose sympathies embrace more than himself, with him whose heart overflows with love to man and to God. To him the pebble is something more than a mere stone. It affords food for a train of reflections of a most pleasing and instructive nature. He traces it back through its various stages of formation; endeavors to determine the causes by which it has been made to assume its present configuration; resolves it into its elements, and then, unable to proceed further, is led to think of that creative power which said, "Let there be light, and there was light." To him every blade of grass has a lesson written on it. He admires its simple yet pleasing beauty, and as he gazes the thought flashes on his mind "If God so clothes the grass of the field, shall he not much more care for me who am made after his own image?" To him the birds carol their songs, but not in vain; they cheer, they charm and elevate the soul. Thus it is that some men "Find tongues in trees, looks in the running brooks," "Sermons in stones and good in everything." Many of you have doubtless read the following affecting and beautiful incident in the life of Mungo Park, the African explorer. In one of the vast arid deserts of that country, he was left alone, without a visible friend, many miles from the nearest settlement. Hope all but gave way to despair. He felt that he had nought to do but to lie down and die. While thus sorrowful and depressed, his eye rested on a tuft of herbage. The sight of it revived his drooping spirits. Surely, thought he, that God, who so tenderly cares for this will not be unmindful of me. Gathering courage from this little incident he started forward and reached his destination.

Scotia's bard, Robert Burns, was not without his faults, though not so bad a man as many suppose. We believe that the unprejudiced reader in perusing his works will meet with many passages indicating a deep reverence for the Deity, while it will be abundantly evident he delighted to contemplate His works. How touching his reflections on turning down a mountain daisy with the plough:

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neighbor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat,
Wi' speckled breast
When upward-springing, blithe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share upturns thy bed,
And low thou lies.

The minds of most men seem to desire variety. To them monotony is distasteful and tends to produce discontent. Variety is demanded to satisfy the cravings of the mind, and methinks from this circumstance coupled with the fact that nature abounds in varieties, we may deduce the existence of a Great First Cause,—an overruling Providence—and that that Providence has a regard for those, for whose gratification such a law has been made to pervade his works. We welcome the genial warmth of spring and its delightful breezes: rejoice to see nature set free from winter's cold, icy grasp; to witness the flowers raise their tiny heads above the dark brown earth; but our first emotions of delight are transient. The scene soon ceases to inspire us with rapture.—Summer steals on, and forgetful of spring, we welcome her and admire her fragrant meadows, her waving fields and dense foliage. Autumn approaches, and as if with magic pencil, gives our fields a yellow covering, painting the leaves with varied hues; and though we know this is a harbinger of decay and death we feel, it may be a melancholy pleasure as we gaze on the superb scene. Winter comes and finds us ready to receive him. Here, too, we can see new beauties in the waves of drifting snow, as they chase each other over hill and dale, as if in sportive merriment. Thus every season has its own peculiar attraction, something to impart a feeling of gladness and satisfaction.

If we go into a picture gallery we do not expect to see the room filled with a series of pictures representing the same scene; but that each shall, in some respect, differ from all the rest. We would estimate the merits of the collection to some extent by the variety of scenes represented. In nature Providence has made ample provisions for the gratifications of this desire for novelty. What a boundless variety of objects are presented for contemplation? What a multiplicity of orders are there in the animal creation differing from each other in some particular! Even between individuals of the same order there are marked differences. You may search creation through, and yet fail to find two men exactly resemble each other, either in personal appearance or mental endowments. In the vegetable world, too, although the difference may not be so apparent, it is nevertheless striking. A garden containing but one kind of roses would seem tame; it would be more pleasing if it contained a variety, and still more so if in addition to roses it contained numerous other flowers. It is so in nature's garden; above, around and beneath us we see leaves and flowers of every shade and hue, till we begin to think that Eden's beauty has not all been swept away, and that the purification of the soul from one sin will cause us almost to regard our earth as "Paradise restored."

We cannot but be struck with the admirable adaptation pervading God's handiwork. If the herbage and foliage covering our earth had been red or scarlet instead of green it would have dazzled but soon tired the eye; it can, however, gaze on green without becoming wearied, while instead of irritation it produces a soothing effect, calming the mind and strengthening it for vigorous thought. If instead of the blue color that generally pervades the sky, it had been shrouded in black, how very different would our feelings have been. Instead of cheerfulness, a melancholy gloom would have pervaded our spirits, robbing existence of half its charms.

As there is variety in the scenes presented to our view, so there is a variety of emotions called forth by their contemplation. Those of which we have spoken are calculated rather to inspire delight than to excite wonder; but there are others whose terrible grandeur and awful sublimity while exciting our admiration, inspire terror.—Such are the feelings we experience as we stand by the sea shore, while the angry billows lash the beach and dash their foam above our heads; when lurid lightning turns night into day, and heaven's artillery shakes the solid ground. As we stand beneath Niagara's thundering cataract and watch the immense volume of water precipitated from the giddy height above, into the seething gulf at our feet; as the ear is almost deafened by the roar of the mighty, rushing waters, we are impressed and overpowered with a sense of their awful gran-

deur and sublimity, our own littleness and utter insignificance. We feel that if engulfed in that terrific whirlpool, our loss would be no more felt by the world than would that floating bubble, which, in a moment, the falling water dashes into spray. But as we again emerge from the cavern and take our place on the river's bank; thought, ever busy, still pursues her way till the words of the poet are suggested to our mind:

"And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? A light wave
That breaks, and whispers of it's maker's
Might."
WM. N.

MR. CROOK'S LICENSE BILL.

This Bill defining places amenable to the license law, and in other ways relating to the licensing of the traffic is certainly of the right stamp. Clause the seventh which declares police officers, inspectors of licenses &c., as officials upon whom it is incumbent on receiving information of violation, to make inquiries, and if necessary to enter complaints, and which, moreover, makes it incumbent upon county attorneys to prosecute in such cases, will be a material aid to the enforcement of the law. This will obviate the difficulty hitherto experienced in obtaining respectable parties who were willing to prosecute those that endeavored to elude the restrictions hitherto placed upon them.

A GRAND RALLY.

The recent mass meeting in Shaftesbury Hall, of those sympathising with the Prohibition measure was a striking illustration of the interest manifested in the progress of the temperance movement. A few years ago and such an audience for such a cause could never have been gathered together as was present at the meeting held under the direction of the League. The rounds of applause and the marks of approbation that greeted each speaker, more especially the mover of the Bill, Dr. Clark, M. P., was proof positive that there was no half heartedness in the cause in the interest of which the meeting was originated. A spirit of determination to know no defeat is cropping up which bodes ill for the continuation of the liquor traffic in this country—a spirit which makes politics and party and personal interest secondary to the advancement of this great social Reform. We are glad that temperance men are beginning to feel their power and their influence in the country. They were undoubtedly in a position in the past to have exerted much greater power than they have done. The leaders of political parties at the approach of a contest endeavor to instil into their followers the necessity for complete organization, and it is that only that the Prohibition party needs to ensure success. There is not a portion of our territory in which there are no members of temperance organizations. The Independent order of Good Templars alone can boast of sixty new temples, with a membership of twelve hundred during the past four months. The material for carrying on the fight successfully is at hand, let it be organized and moulded and success is certain. Nothing shows that fact more forcibly than the support the measure received from the Ontario Legislature, and now that the question is to be brought up at Ottawa—we are informed by Mr. Chisholm, of Hamilton,—let every influence be brought to bear on the Legislature there to favor the measure.

INFORMATION FOR EMIGRANTS GOING OVER DAWSON'S GOVERNMENT ROUTE.

Those desirous of making their home in this splendid country will do well to avail themselves of this route. In a previous article I gave the resources of the Territory, &c., and I wish to correct an error or two as follows: "For land becoming settlers after 8 years," should have been three years. For "three inches dark loam," read 30 inches, resting on four feet of alluvial clay.

Now as regards the best way of reaching this new country I strongly recommend emigrants going together in a company, as each can assist one another, and make the journey more congenial. The passage from Toronto to Fort Garry has been reduced for the ensuing season from thirty to fifteen dollars, and children under

twelve years ago half price, with allowances for each adult of 150 pounds of luggage free. All emigrants must start from Toronto by railway via Northern Railway to Collingwood, and from thence by steamer to Prince Arthur's Landing, Thunder Bay, which will take about 34 days, and on arrival at Thunder Bay, the emigrants will find a large, commodious Emigrant House with every accommodation for their reception on landing from the steamer.

They then proceed from Prince Arthur's Landing by Government stage over a most splendid road 45 miles long to Lake Shebandowan, and for accommodation of passengers to obtain meals, there are houses every 10 miles. On arrival at Shebandowan another first class Emigrant House will be found there, with good bedrooms for rest for the night. From this place commences the journey by water, which is made easy and comfortable by a small steamer on each lake. As a portage of land divides the several lakes, the emigrant will find there houses erected for their comfort. By this way of pleasant travelling after a few days the emigrants will arrive at Bare Portage, or Kettle Falls, and then commences Rainy Lake where a large steamer, 100 feet long, (built by the contractor, Captain James Dick, will convey passengers and freight to Fort Francis, and be met by another steamer 120 feet long, to take them down Rainy River and across the Lake of the Woods, terminating at the North-west Angle. Then comes a land journey of 95 miles of good road to be travelled by first class stages and teams, with resting places in Government houses at Brick River, White Lake, and Oak Point, about 30 miles from Fort Garry. On arrival at destination a very large Government House is erected with every accommodation and comfort, where the emigrant can remain until he settles his business or finds employment. It will thus be seen that the water and land journey to Red River can be made a summer excursion with the opportunity of viewing some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. The lakes, studded with thousands of islands, covered with trees and rich foliage. By this sketch it will be seen that 96 miles by Railway to Collingwood, 532 by steamer to Prince Arthur's Landing, 45 miles by stage or wagon from Thunder Bay to Lake Shebandowan, 310 miles of broken navigation from Shebandowan to the North-west angle Lake of the Woods, and 95 miles stage or wagon to Fort Garry, can be accomplished in about 14 days from Prince Arthur's Landing for the small sum of \$15, with an additional \$5 for provisions for consumption on the way.

Mr. Dawson, superintendent of the route, and his officers, have hitherto done all in their power to make the emigrants comfortable, and I feel sure that those taking this journey will find everything to their satisfaction, and have occasion to prove that Mr. Dawson's route, as it now exists, is essential towards the peopling, peace and happiness of our great north-west possessions. Had this route not been opened (as was the case in 1870) by this gentleman, the Red River Territory being in open rebellion, by putting through 500 troops to restore tranquility, it is a well known fact that Manitoba would never have formed a part of the Dominion of Canada, and consequently those early settlers would have been ruined, and one of the richest agricultural countries in the world, with all its wealth, entirely lost to the Anglo Saxon race. By Mr. Dawson's exertions this route is always open to troops passing over it, should an emergency require their presence; as for example, in 1871, this gentleman brought through, with perfect safety, 200 troops in about 14 days, and restored peace and quiet, which was threatened by a Fenian Raid from the United States, at a frozen-in season of the year. Should this Government route not have been open, there is no knowing what destruction of property might have occurred, as by Treaty, no armed troops will ever be allowed to pass through the United States to Manitoba.—Therefore this route is a purely national work, and essentially necessary for Government use, as well as for emigration purposes, and such a splendid road being opened through such a country as the one from Prince Arthur's Landing to Fort Garry, although the cost has been great, I consider great credit should be given to the Engineer, Mr. Dawson, for the consummation of such an undertaking, consid-

ering the great difficulties he had to contend with. All emigrants I spoke to at Fort Garry who passed over this route, speaks highly of its facilities, and the comfort they experienced on the journey.

When I returned to Ontario from Fort Garry, last year, I came by the United States route via Duluth, and a short account of the journey may not be uninteresting to the readers of your paper. I left Fort Garry in the Hudson Bay Steamer *International* for Morehead, by way of Red River, which cost \$17.50, and after 7 days reached the terminus of the railway at the latter place, and paid \$14.00 more for my ticket to Duluth, and on to Collingwood by steamer and rail to Toronto, making a distance of about 1600 miles by water and land, costing with board and provisions \$86.00. It will be observed that Dawson's route is nearly 600 miles shorter, and cheaper by some \$60.00, which is a great item in the financial exchequer of those starting on a journey to become settlers in a new country. In addition to the above information I would point out that there is and will be a great demand for agricultural farmers with small capital, and laborers, who make the tilling of the soil their particular calling.—Also from the fact of a brick Parliament House and Governor's residence, departmental offices, and buildings being raised at Winnipeg, there will be a great demand for masons, bricklayers, plasterers, brick-makers, painters, glaziers and laborers, &c., for such kind of work, at better wages than can be obtained in any part of Canada, averaging for first class mechanics from \$4 to \$5 per diem, and for laborers about \$3 to \$3 1/2 per diem, and although the cost of living is dearer than in Canada from \$25 to \$30 per month, yet I contend that a greater amount of money can be saved than can be done in any part of Canada.

I write these remarks from practical experience, and wishing to place the truth before hundreds who have written me on this subject, I am induced to advocate an early emigration to Manitoba over the Dawson route.

Several questions have been asked me whether it will be safe travelling through a country inhabited by Indians? To this I can only say that the few remaining red men are in the neighborhood of Fort Francis, and are entirely civilized and willing to assist emigrants all in their power, and from a personal residence of nearly twelve months in their midst, I can sincerely assert that I always found them kind and obliging, and anxious for their late country to be opened up for settlement, knowing full well that by said colonization they would occasionally receive food for services they might render to the white settler.

The time is now becoming short when those who intend proceeding to Manitoba should provide themselves with the necessary articles for the journey, which should consist of bedding, with water-proof sheet, three tin pails, two of these for soup or boiled meat, and one for tea, with spoons, knives and forks, also a respectable stock of clothing, consisting of warm exterior coats, or shawls, woollen shirts, boots, &c., and by this means avoid paying for some time to come for such clothing, which is very dear at Fort Garry.

In my next article I shall endeavor to point out the benefits that may be expected to accrue to the early pioneer, as regards the agricultural portion of the expedition, and prove that with little capital, such persons may expect to realize positions. As leading citizens, and by honest labor become in a short time rich and happy.

F. BURTON MARSHALL.

Temperance.

I. O. G. T.

COMMUNICATIONS for this department to be addressed: J. S. R., Box 308, Toronto, P. O.)

THE ADVANTAGES OF UNION.

We know of no like event in the history of our Order in this city, that could have given more general satisfaction and encouragement to its members, than the Union Temperance Soiree held in the Temperance Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 11th 1873. In point of numbers, interest, entertainment, enthusiasm and good will, it was, we may say, more than a success. In all these particulars, it surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine. The members came together, evidently, for the purpose of enjoying themselves, and this, we believe, they did. They were also assembled, as has already been stated, with a definite object in view, namely, to increase the sociability of the members of our Order, and this object was, no doubt realized. Being a Union affair it was, of course, successful. How could it be otherwise? It was in fact one of the many evidences of the benefits of combined and united action. As Mr. S. P. Rose at the meeting in question forcibly showed. When individuals fight single handed they cannot accomplish a very great deal, but when united every barrier can be surmounted, and victory is a certainty. Some few years ago the members of our Order in the good city of Toronto held a Union Good Templar's excursion. The venture was experimental. Some doubted its success, others, with little hope, prophesied failure. Many, however,

lose or win, worked with commendable determination, and what was the result? Though the excursion was late in the season; though numbers of church and other excursions preceded it, yet on that memorable morning, for such it should be to every Good Templar, under the auspices of the I. O. G. T., of this city, the largest and most respectable party of the season left the Yonge St. Wharf, per steamer City of Toronto for Niagara and Lewiston. It was the largest and most prosperous excursion, because the work not of a single temple, but of every temple. Last year the first public Temperance Demonstration in this city took place. It also was experimental, but as the members were united, and worked unitedly, and with a will, we all know the result. Now these are instances that are familiar to all our readers. Were we writing a lengthy dissertation on the subject of Union, our illustrations might be more abundant and more general. This, however, we are not doing. We simply present these facts, as proof of the course that should be pursued in the future. Reasoning from analogy, if in these cases, when Good Templars have combined for pleasure in one instance, and pleasure and profit in the other, and in all cases successfully carried their plans; are we not justified and rational in supposing that were they to concoct some plan by which, not only the principles, we profess, would be more publically promulgated, but the temptations to drink would be removed from our midst, that by combined energy the result in the one case would be as satisfactory as in the other. We think so. We cannot think otherwise. We will not say at present, whether or not all temperance societies and organizations, could with profit be united in one, but we certainly do say that the strength of the I. O. G. T. would be a deal greater, and felt more in the right direction, if those petty jealousies and individual dislikes and prejudices between members of the same lodge, members of different lodges, and between lodges themselves, were banished. It is time, that they were. And if after another proof of the power of united and harmonious action some will still wrangle and quarrel, for the good of the Order, the ostracism of such, though seemingly severe, would, we believe, be the best measure to adopt. Temperance brethren in both town and country will in the instances here recorded find much that should be pondered upon. We write in hope, that such will be the case.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Though in the above case we have altogether dwelt upon the subject editorial from a practical standpoint, believing it to be the most important yet concerning the proceedings themselves, though we do not consider it necessary to enter into a detailed description, yet below will be found a list of those who by speech, song and recitation entertained the very large audience present on that occasion: Bro. R. Dennis, C. D., occupied the chair; Bro. C. Bugg, of Rescue Temple; Bro. S. P. Rose, of Metropolitan Temple; Bro. Fennell, of Nasmith Temple; Bro. Innes, of Toronto Star Temple; Mr. H. L. Thompson; Mr. Spence; Rev. E. H. Dewert, and the Misses Freeman, Durant, Dennis and Marks.

A friend has sent us a copy of the *Orillia Expositor* of March 6th, containing an account of the first monthly Temperance meeting held in the Temperance Hall, under the auspices of the Good Templars of that town. The chairman of the meeting was Mr. D. S. McCorquodale, W. C. T. of the temple in question. The Rev. John Gray delivered a telling speech in which he spoke of the hold Good Templarism had among the people of Scotland, and the great good they were doing: Miss Wainwright, Miss Vick and Mr. Arthur Wainwright sang "Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest." Rev. Dr. Fowler said that the morality and patriotism of the people depend upon their domestic happiness, and it was in the family that the greatest evil is accomplished by the indulgence of the appetite for strong drink. He also pointed out what he thought to be the duty of the Temperance Societies, in enforcing such laws as we can obtain for limiting the traffic. Mr. C. B. King sang "The Drink Demon," accompanied on the organ by Miss Wainwright. Rev. H. Parrish addressed the meeting. He was in an anecdotal vein and brought his hearers "from grave to gay." He concluded with a warning against yielding in any degree to compliance with the drinking customs of society. A reading by Mr. C. B. King, and "Queer People," by Mr. Teskey, were well received. Mr. McFedris related some of the triumphs of Good Templarism in Scotland, pointed out, what they are doing in Canada, and offered some suggestions as to what might be done in our own town. After votes of thanks, the proceedings were concluded by singing the National Anthem.

We had the pleasure last week of a visit from Bro. E. E. Parrott, Grand Temple Lecturer. In Toronto and vicinity he has been impressing the friends of temperance with, not only the importance of their work, but also telling them of the valuable results that are being realized throughout the country, though the instrumentality of the Good

Templar Order. On Wednesday evening the 12th inst., he addressed a meeting in Davisville. Bro. James Scribner, W. C. T. of Union Star Temple, No. 266, filled the chair. The attendance was not as large as might be; for this many good reasons might be given. At the close of the lecture a meeting of Good Templars was called, when Bro. Parrott instructed the members on those knotty points in the working of our Order, in which all were not perfectly clear; though as a correspondent informs us for this there was no very great need, as the Templars in that section of the country are by no means backward in this portion of their work.—the correct rendering of our Rituals. On Thursday evening he visited Rescue Temple in this city, and on Friday spoke at Chester. He also informs us that the members of the I. O., of G. T. in the county of York, will meet for the purpose of organizing a County Temple, in the Temperance Hall, at Richmond Hill, on Tuesday, March 25th, 1873, meeting to commence at 11 o'clock a. m. Each temple in the county is requested, and kindly invited to send one delegate for every ten members. Visitors are welcome and admitted to membership.

Collinville Temple, Lambton County, is progressing. Bro. Johnston, Grand Temple lecturer, has paid them a visit, and the increased interest is due to this cause.

Bro. T. W. Casey, G. W. S., has kindly sent us the following fine list of new temples instituted within the past three weeks:

- Green Valley, No. 107, Warden P. O., Shefford County, P. Q., instituted by Rev. Samuel Jackson, night of meeting Saturday, P. A. Curtice T. D.
 - Kenmore, No. 281, Kenmore P. O., Carlton County, instituted by E. Storr, G. W. M., of Ottawa, night of meeting Wednesday, George Smiley T. D.
 - Waubawik, No. 280, Muskoko District, instituted by W. Beatty, P. D., of Parry Sound, Robert Reid W. C. T.
 - Derryville, No. 290, Derryville P. O., Ontario County, instituted by T. H. Wilson, P. D., of Whitby, Mr. Whiteside T. D.
 - Clayfield, No. 182, Dalkeith P. O., Glenary County, instituted by John A. McLaurin, C. D., night of meeting Wednesday, Kenneth McLennan T. D.
 - Lansdown, No. 293, Lansdown, Leeds Co., instituted by Rev. M. Pearson G. W. C., night of meeting Tuesday, John Redmond T. D.
 - Mountain View, No. 302, L'Original, Prescott Co., instituted by John E. Campbell P. D., night of meeting Monday, Eden A. Johnson T. D.
 - Foley, No. 293, Parry Sound, Muskoka, instituted by W. Beatty, night of meeting Friday, Jonathan White T. D.
 - Yonge Mills, No. 298, Lyn, Leeds Co. instituted by J. Brekenridge C. D., night of meeting Thursday, John Dickey T. D.
 - Morning Star, No. 316, Hawksbury, Prescott Co., instituted by John E. Campbell, night of meeting Friday, John Porter T. D.
- The above list makes up sixty new temples instituted during the past four months, with an aggregate charter membership of about 1,200. Never has the Order in Canada been stronger and more progressive than now.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE IN PRINCE EDWARD:—Our temperance friends in old Prince Edward are moving in the cause. On Friday evening, 14th inst., a Soiree was held in Corger's Hall, Picton, it being the second anniversary of the formation of a Division of Sons of Temperance in that place. The audience was exceedingly large and orderly, and manifested a zeal worthy of emulation, in advancing the interests of the temperance cause. Surrounding clergymen delivered addresses urging that the Temperance Banner should never be furled, but that its bearers should not weary of flaunting it to the breeze, until entire Prohibition should reward them for their earnestness in advocating a principle so fraught with our prosperity as a nation, and our welfare as a people. The Sons of Temperance now number about one hundred (lady visitors included) and acquisitions are constantly being made to their ranks. This is very gratifying intelligence from this quarter, and we hope our temperance friends in this locality will "not weary in well doing." In other parts of the county the Good Templars are doing a useful work, also. Let the work increase and prosper.

TORONTO MARKETS.

STREET PRICES.

WHEAT—Sourles and Delhi.....	\$1 25 to 1 25
Barley.....	0 65 to 0 0
Oats.....	0 41 to 0 42
PEAS.....	0 65 to 0 70
Rye.....	0 65 to 0 00
BUTTER—1 lb. rolls by the basket.....	0 18 to 0 20
4 lb. do.....	0 12 to 0 14
Choice Dairy Tub.....	0 15 to 0 16
TALLOW—Rough.....	0 04 to 0 06
Rendered.....	0 07 to 0 09
STRAW.....	8 to 12 00
Clover.....	0 00 to 0 00
HAY—Timothy new.....	15 to 24 00
PEA STRAW, per ton.....	8 00 to 0 00
BEEF, per side.....	6 to 6 00
MUTTON, by the carcase.....	5 50 to 6 00
APPLES.....	1 50 to 3 00
POTATOES—Per bag.....	0 40 to 0 50
POULTRY—Geese.....	0 75 to 0 90
Turkeys, per pair.....	1 20 to 1 75
Chickens, per pair.....	0 60 to 0 70
Ducks, per couple.....	0 70 to 0 75
Eggs—Fresh.....	0 14 to 0 15
WOOD.....	5 00 to 6 00
ONIONS.....	1 20 to 1 60
TURNIPS.....	0 25 to 0 30
CARROTS.....	0 65 to 0 00

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SPRING CIRCULAR.
GOLDEN GRIFFIN,
128, 130, & 132, King-st., E.,
Toronto, March, 1873.

We have much pleasure in announcing the arrival of the greatest part of our

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.
Our goods this season have been selected with the greatest care by our own buyer, whose long experience, together with the many advantages we have of buying in the best Foreign Markets, warrant us in saying that our stock will be found as

COMPLETE, VARIED, STYLISH
and of as good value as can be shown in Toronto. The Stock is replete with the greatest possible variety of

FIRST CLASS GOODS
Comprising the following departments:
Silks, Dress Goods, Cottons, Sheetings,
Linen, Hosiery, Gloves,
PARASOLS, LACES, DRESS TRIMMINGS,
FANCY GOODS,
MILLINERY,
MANTLES,
SHAWLS, &c.
The largest Stock of
CARPETS and HOUSE FURNISHINGS
in the city.

DRESS MAKING
done on the premises in the latest New York and London styles.
The Ladies will please remember that our SHOW ROOM is on the ground floor.

GENTLEMEN'S TAILORING DEPARTMENT
We have received Special Novelties in
COATINGS, TROWSERINGS & VESTINGS
from the best makers, that will be made to measure in Latest Styles.
Workmanship Warranted. Four first-class Cutters employed.
TWEEDS FOR BOYS WEAR.
We have a large quantity from 40 cents per yard and upwards.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.
We have specially got up with a view to supply the want long felt in Toronto of keeping in stock goods as well cut and as well made as any custom made clothing at much less price. Our great aim has been to keep the best goods in all departments, employ the best cutters and workmen, and turn out every garment "satisfactory, or no sale"

The Managers beg to thank their friends and public for the patronage bestowed upon them during the past year, and they take this opportunity of stating that it was the most successful season the house had ever had, their returns being more than double that of 1871, and they are determined to still keep it advancing by giving the public the best value for their money, and keeping a good staff of obliging assistants in every branch that our customers may be waited on without delay.
Hoping we may have the pleasure of showing you through our establishments.

We are your obedient servants,
PETLEY & DINEEN.

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

PUBLICATION OFFICE,
32 King St. East, Toronto,
Supplies Original and Select Temperance Literature.
Having printed and imported from England, Scotland, the United States, and wherever obtainable the best of everything published on Temperance and Prohibition.
The present assortment includes over 100 var books, 500 different Tracts, Leaflets, Readings, &c. CALL AND PURCHASE.
Friends at a distance, and Temperance Organizations may make a good investment by sending a dollar for sample packets of books, tracts, &c., by mail.
Orders to be addressed to
JACOB SPENCE,
Secretary O. T. & P. L.
Specimen Tracts and Catalogues on application

Satisfaction Inspection
Guaranteed Invited.
J. W. BRIDGMAN, Portrait Painter
Life-sized Portraits in Oil
Studio, 20 King-street, West, over E. Ing & Co.
N.B.—Copies made from Photographs & micro-types, etc.

PIANOS! PIANOS!! PIANOS!!!

THE MATHUSHEK
Is endorsed by the most noted artists of the day as the Best Piano made
THE FISCHER
Is thoroughly made, and a most delightful Parlor Instrument.

THE BEAUTY
Seven octave, overstrung, rosewood all round corners, three mouldings, back finished like front, carved legs, at \$325. Endorsed by Jules Benedict, Pianist to the Queen, Thiberg, &c., and awarded gold medal at the Rensler Institute

PRINCE ORGANS
The best in the market. All instruments Wholesale and Retail are warranted five years. We are in a position to supply local dealers in every part of the Dominion at manufacturers lowest prices
NORRIS & SOPER,
Colborne Street, Toronto.

Scientific.

BLASTING IN A COAL-MINE.

DOWN in a coal mine is a locality which, although immortalized in a popular air ground out at the rate of some twenty times a day by wheezy hand organs under our windows, is not the most inviting place in the world to eke out one's existence. We descend the shaft with a disagreeable feeling of going, we know not whither, save somewhere into the depths of a black pit which yawns beneath us. Once at the bottom, there is a damp oppressive feeling in the air; the rock overhead drips dirty water down upon us, and occasionally an icy stream crawls down our back, sending a disagreeable shudder from head to foot. Of course we get bewildered; the light from our little oil skin hat is very dim and smoky, and casts a sort of uncertain radiance for about three feet in advance, throwing great black shadows which leave us in a kind of unpleasant doubt whether or not we shall suddenly step into some abyss and disappear forever into the bowels of the earth.

We trudge through countless leads, now scrambling over timbers, then compressing ourselves into incredibly small compass in order to crawl through the narrowest of openings. There is a conglomeration of coal dust and mud under foot that sticks to our shoes like glue. We trip over the rails, and bruise every square inch of our bodies against the sharp angles of the rough walls, while our hands and faces, within a very few minutes, partake of the somber hue of our surroundings.

Soon we encounter a party of miners, rough hardy looking men, far healthier than we should believe would be the case with beings whose labor is carried on away from the light of day. They are preparing a blast, our guide tells us, and we draw near to watch the operation, but speedily retire in dismay at the apparently careless handling of the powder in close proximity to the unguarded flames of the lamps. The men manifest no concern, and all are coolly smoking or chatting.

Now, the charges are ready, and one of the miners lights the fuse from his pipe. We scramble precipitately to a safe position in total disregard of either dirt, wet or bruises; and then, in a state of suspense, we stop our ears and wonder whether the smoke will leave us entirely or only partially suffocated. The men lounge lazily out of the way, forming a little group by themselves—and puff quietly at their pipes.

A flash—then a deep muffled explosion which echoes through the long caverns, and is followed by the rumbling and crashing of the falling debris—clouds of dense sulphurous smoke fill the chamber, rising up to the roof and curling away toward the shaft. We get down close to the floor with a handkerchief—a very grimy one by this time—over our nose and inwardly yaw for one breath of fresh air. Meanwhile the blasters wait until the smoke disperses, and the atmosphere becomes less stifling; then they resume work. Some pile the detached bits of coal in heaps, and others fill the tubs which travel on the rails in the foreground of the mine. Then the mules are signalled for, and we can hear the noise of their hoofs approaching, mingled with the sounds of blows and an alarming chorus of expletives on the part of the drivers. The animals are attached to the tubs, and, after arguing some time with their attendants, mule fashion, by drumming on the waggon with their heels, refusing to stir, or manifesting an unconquerable disposition to lie down, they are at length persuaded through the energy of a club or by being banged about the head with a lump of coal, that resistance is useless, they have reluctantly start off on a slow jog trot. We follow them to the shaft, leaving the miners swinging their picks or hammering at their drills, apparently careless of the dark heavy atmosphere around them.

MINNESOTA TREE PLANTING.

The Minnesota newspapers are calling upon the State Legislature not to adjourn without taking some action in the matter of appropriating a sum of money for the purchase of seed trees to be distributed to each town throughout the State. They especially urge that trees be planted on the prairies of the State, for the benefit of the farmers who fill up the broad stretch of land between the railroad and river, so that they may thus fence their roads and farms with forest trees. Already has this been done to some extent. The system has been adopted on all the lines of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, and already have many miles of trees been planted. The same course has been pursued by farmers in the neighborhood of Hutchinson, who have set out from 1,000 to 20,000 trees each.—*Scientific American.*

The Prince of Wales has succeeded in shooting a bull at seventy yards, and the English papers indulge in enthusiastic admiration, for so princely an act, to the extent of about the same number of yards of fine writing.

A LARGE SAW.

A BAND saw, fifty-five feet long, sawing planks from a pine log three feet thick, at the rate of sixty superficial feet per minute—probably the most extensive experiment in log cutting ever undertaken and successfully carried out—is the subject of illustration herewith presented. No more forcible instance of the great capability of the continuous saw blade can, we think, be adduced, nor its superior efficiency, as compared with the gate and circular saw, for the purposes indicated by better demonstrated, than by the details below given, obtained directly from Mr. J. J. Van Pelt, in whose mills (at the foot of 10th street, East river, in this city) the immense machine has, for some time past, been employed.

The saw, which is 55 feet long, 4 1/2 to 6 inches wide, and of 16 gage was made by the celebrated firm of Perin and Co., of Paris, France at the cost of one hundred dollars. The machinery was constructed from the drawings and specifications of M. Van Pelt, by Richards, London & Kelley, of Philadelphia, Pa. The pulleys are of 75 inches in diameter, including hubs of wrought iron, and are mounted centrally on the main column so as to equalize the strain of the saw and prevent its springing, and to economize its weight. They are covered with a lagging of pine, over which is glued an envelope of heavy harness leather. The bearings for the wheel shafts are four inches in diameter and twelve inches long, and are made of alloy of six parts copper and one of tin. The tension is from one to four turns, and necessarily calls for the greatest rigidity in the framing to prevent the guides from being thrown out of position by the varying tension of the blades.—*Scientific American.*

COMPLETE DRAINAGE OF HOUSES.

THE importance of good drainage is advocated as follows, in the last issue of *The American Builder*:

Where the geological character of the ground is such that nature has not made ample provision for removing the surplus water at all seasons of the year, a builder cannot expect to have the advantages of a dry cellar and a dry yard unless a system of complete drainage is commenced below the foundation of the lowest stones or bricks of the cellar wall. Many builders have made the grave mistake of deferring all provision of drainage until after the superstructure was finished.

Very few builders, either in the country or city, can be induced to introduce a proper system of drainage beneath and around a dwelling, or a large barn. For this reason, the proprietor himself, or some competent representative, should supervise this important part of the building, as soon as the excavation for the cellar is completed. A deep ditch should first be sunk so that water will flow readily away from the cellar to some distant point, where it will mingle with some stream. Before any part of the foundation wall is laid, let a channel be sunk about three inches deep around the outer edge of the excavation, partially beneath the bank of earth, for receiving the water that would otherwise come to contact with the foundation wall and find a passage into the cellar. The most convenient way to sink such a channel is to make a sort of a rammer of a stick of hard timber. Should the earth be exceedingly compact, as the substratum is in many sections of the country, it may be necessary to use an old axe for cutting down the sides of the channel, after which the middle can be removed with a sharp pick. When the channel is completed, let two or three pails of water be poured into it at the highest point; and if it does not flow readily away into the ditch, let the channel be sunk deeper in places until the grade is uniform. Then let drain tiles two inches in diameter be laid with such care in the channel, and be covered with gravel. If the drain tiles are thoroughly burned, and if they are laid assuggested, the drainage will be complete as long as the building endures. One or two poor drain tiles, however, will spoil an excellent job, as they will disintegrate and obstruct the watercourse. After the foundation walls are carried up above such a drain, the excess of water in the earth, that would come in contact with the walls, will form direct passages through the ground to the tiles, and will quickly pass away without wetting the walls. By this means the earth around the building will never become excessively wet, even while protracted storms prevail; the walls of the cellar will never become damp or covered with mildew, and the cellar bottom will always be dry.

To keep the watercourse of the drain tiles always free from silt the waste water from the cistern should be directed into the tiles, at the highest point of the drain. During heavy showers of rain, the tiles would be thoroughly cleaned of all silt, several times a year. But it is difficult to introduce such a system of drainage after a building is erected.

"Your Field-marshal Moltke," said an enthusiastic Englishman, recently, to a Prussian democrat, is very much like our Duke of Wellington, "Certainly," was the answer "he is just as stubborn a reactionist as the iron duke was."

Miscellaneous.

HOME HINTS.

OIL THE MACHINERY. The oil of the cheerfulness makes the machinery of the household run smoothly—not that compulsory sort which says, "Though my heart is like ashes, my lips shall wear a smile," but a true, hearty lightness of spirit which shines out through the face. Servants and children need encouragement more than fault-finding, and their mistakes and failures should not be treated with severity. They soon rebel against injustice. It is better to be too lenient than too severe; better occasionally to pass over an error with a smile and an expression of a hope of better doing in the future, than to be always on the alert for faults.

HOW TO MAKE BOYS GENTLEMEN.—How many mothers complain that their boys are not gentlemanly, without ever considering whether the boys are treated in anywise like gentlemen. The 'boys' room' is too often a cheerless, unattractive place, with no toilet conveniences, and scarcely such as are necessary. Do not say it is of no use to put nice things in so untidy a place. If you want to interest a boy in keeping himself and his room in gentlemanly order, give him some encouragement to do so, by providing a little something luxurious and ornamental. A little sometimes go a great way.

SHOEBLACKING.—A very safe and efficacious shoedressing, is a simple mixture of Printer's ink and sweet oil. It does not give the polish which the patent dressings give, but it is far better for children's shoes, since it keeps the leather soft and renders them less liable to crack.

ECONOMICAL AND PURE.—Many persons injure their teeth by a free use of strong acids or alkalis, under the guise of some fancifully entitled dentifrice. Simple pulverized chalk, which is the principal ingredient in all good tooth powders, is the very best thing to use for keeping the teeth white and clean. See that the children are provided with a box of it, and a soft brush, and that they use it the last thing before going to bed; then no food is left in the mouth to do harm during sleep.

MISCHIEVOUS CHILDREN.—The surest and easiest way to keep children and grown folks too for that matter, out of mischief, is to keep them busy. Require a certain amount of work, and provide an abundance of recreation. The trouble is, that babies begin to throw out their hands and feet after the things within reach, and we begin by saying "No!" and holding them back, and by-and-by, when the little ones get out of our arms and we say "No, no!" they turn faster than we can follow them to something else, only to be again reproved, until they are glad to get out of our sight, and find vent for their activity in liberty.

Begin rather, by supplying the outreaching fingers, and as the desires develop and enlarge, keep the busy brain and body interested in harmless ways, and there will be little cause to fear that they will go far astray. Does the task seem irksome? It can be made so, but even then it is not better to be wearied in seeking employment that to be broken-hearted over a ruined son or daughter? And it need not be so irksome. Let mothers and fathers interest themselves in their children's tasks and sports, and the elders will keep young and the children will keep happy.

CREDIT MOBILIER.

THE public corruption—if so it is to be regarded—which has been brought to light in Congress, is not a singular abnormal, exceptional vice. It is only the exhibition, on an astounding scale, of one that has grown unrebuked and almost unrebuked in American society. The House of Representatives is, in fact, as well as in form a representative body, and those who have been convicted before the country of having been, if not false in their trust, at least swayed by personal interest in its administration, are not "sinners above the multitude." The Poland Committee report that there is no evidence that the members of Congress who took the Credit Mobilier stock made any agreement to pay for it by their votes, and we see no reason to doubt the correctness of their conclusion. But the acceptance of stock, in fact a gift though in form a purchase, was, if not a breach of trust, a dangerous temptation to it, since it put them under a seeming, if not a real obligation, and subjected them to a personal bias in the administration of their public duties.

But is this a sin that is confined to Congress?

There is probably not a week that goes by that customhouse inspectors do not receive for themselves or their wives, a handsome present from some one of the numerous importing-houses whose goods are passing through their hands. There is hardly a day that reporters and sub-editors of the very papers loud-mouthed in indignant denunciation of the receivers of the Credit Mobilier stock, do not receive gifts varying in value from an oyster-supper to a one-hundred-dollar bill, from interesting friends who follow Oakes Ames afar off. It is more than suspected that with many of

them the color of the literary criticism in one column depends upon the largeness of the book publisher's advertisement in another. It is the custom of our great railroad corporations to give free passes over their roads to judges before whom at any time they may be brought in due process of law, and to legislators who are to enact laws representing them. The very presses which reveal the sums paid by the Credit Mobilier to Congressmen, disclose the fact that half a million of dollars was distributed among the disinterested and patriotic members of the old Erie Board, to induce their resignation and the expulsion of Mr. Gould from the presidency of the railroad.

We are not prepared to condemn all gift-taking by public men. We are not prepared to say that the nation may not recognize its indebtedness to the general who has carried it through experiences that threatened its existence, or that railroad companies may not be required by law, as servants of the public, to carry judges and legislators free of charge over their roads, or that newspapers may not receive free tickets to lectures and concerts, and books from publishers, or that Congressmen may not invest in stock as well as any of their constituency. We are not even prepared to draw the line which separates between the gift which honors and the gift which disgraces, that which ennobles both giver and receiver, and that which is a shame, and a humiliation to them both. In this as in all else in life, it is the motive which gives character to the deed. But of this much we are certain, that if only he that is without sin cast the first stone there would be few broken bones. Corrupt gift-giving and corrupt gift-taking are not confined to Congress, and the nation will not be purified when corrupt givers and receivers are expelled from Congressional halls. The work of purification must be far deeper to be effectual. Not only every public official, every private citizen, must form the purpose to take no gift whose offering is with the purpose of securing personal interest to swerve from public duty, or whose acceptance may tempt to such a result. There has been discovered a pretty large mote in the Congressional eyes, but there are some beams in other eyes, that it is perhaps quite as important to the national welfare to extract.

But the vice lies deeper than this; it is not confined to public officials, or even to public men.

The contest of old times was between the sword and the people. The modern contest is between the purse and the people. Wealth is power. Millionaires are our feudal lords; the great corporations are our despots. The American's haste to get rich that leads Congressmen to receive stock which they have never paid for, leads private citizens to petty frauds which pass unrebuked. We are all amazed at the fraud which the Credit Mobilier perpetrates on the nation for twenty-seven million of dollars. But is fraud less heinous that pays less wages? Is that fraud only monstrous which pays well? Every grocer who mixes sand with his sugar, every milk-man who waters his milk, every carpenter who puts sappy shingles on his roof every mason who puts ill-made mortar in the walls, every manufacturer who makes his cotton fabric thick and heavy by rolling in starch, every farmer who puts good hay on the outside of the bail and thistles inside, every minister who preaches dogmas which he does not believe for the sake of his place or the perpetuity of his church, every editor who sanctions falsehood to defend his party, or maintain or enhance his subscription list, is guilty of the vice, the exposure of which has justly brought disgrace on men whom the nation aforesaid delighted to honor.

SEPP'S COURTSHIP.

(From George MacDonald's Magazine.)

"TO-DAY is our Statute Fair," said an old peasant woman who had been laid up with the gout nigh upon five years, as she raised herself with difficulty and tied with trembling hands a handkerchief round her head. After taking it off and off many times she succeeded in tying a bow in the middle of her forehead, which stood out like the wings of a windmill, and then she again repeated, "To-day is our Statute Fair, Sepp, and you'll have to go alone to the dance this evening, as you did last year, and the year before, and always will, I verily believe! Didn't you promise me faithfully to take a wife this year? But I suppose its no use! you won't marry in my day—no, nor after me either. Ah! if your poor father had lived to see such a thing! Do you want to be forever an old bachelor?—Don't you know what the girls sing?"

"Clipper, clapper, bachelor old,
Get to the forest and think of the cold;
Think of the winter, how soon 'twill be here,
All you can muster your cottage to cheer,
Wood that makes ashes, and wood that makes soot,
Cut from the stock, or dug up by the root,
Get you a plenty, but mark what you choose,
And see you don't take what the beggars refuse."

The son timidly answered he really did not know which to choose, for all the girls in the village pleased him equally well.

"Go into the village, then," said his mother, "and look about amongst the

girls you think will suit you, and come back and tell me what you found them doing." And Sepp went accordingly.

"Well!" cried his mother when he returned, how did it fare with you? Where have you been?"

"I went first to Ursula: she had just come home from church, with such a fine dress on, and a pair of new earrings."

The mother sighed, and said, "The nearer to Church the farther from God! The miller doesn't hear the noise of his mill! Where then did you go?"

"To Kate, mother."

"And what was she about?"

"Oh! she was in the kitchen, rattling about the pots and pans."

"How did they look?"

"Quite black."

"And her fingers?"

"Quite white."

"Slatternly and greedy," muttered the mother, and then sang:

"Slipper, slapper, dainty and fine,
Thinks of herself, not your dinner and wine:
Thinks of herself, not the children and cattle,
Loves her fine dresses and much tittle-tattle.
Look at her twice, and mark what you choose,
And see you don't take what the beggars refuse."

Have naught to say to her, Sepp!"

"After that I went to Barbara. She was sitting in the garden making three wreaths, one of violets, one of roses, and one of pinks. She asked me which she would wear to-day at the fair."

The mother was silent a while, and then she sang:

"A groom dressed in silver, a bride dressed in gold,
The wedding-day over, the story is told;
The silver and gold turns to copper and brass,
And woe, hard as iron, mars every face.
So look at her twice, and mark what you choose,
And see you don't take what the beggars refuse."

Well, what farther, my son?"

"The fourth visit was to Madge; she was standing at the street door, giving bread to the poor."

But the mother still shook her head, and said, "To-day she does what she wishes people to see—another day she may perchance do something she would like to hide. This morning she was standing before the door, this evening, perhaps, she will be hiding behind it. When the farmer comes into his field at midday, it is only the lazy mower who jumps up and begins to mow—the industrious ones remain taking their noontide rest. Sepp, I would rather you never married at all than take her for your wife. Did you go nowhere else?"

"Yes, I went lastly to Mary."

"And what was she about?"

"Well, nothing at all, mother."

"Nothing! she must have been doing something," persisted the old woman.

"She couldn't be doing nothing."

"She certainly was doing nothing I could see," answered her son, "Absolutely nothing—take my word for it."

"Then choose you Mary, my boy; those girls make the best wives who never do anything the lads can talk of."

So Sepp married Mary, and was supremely happy, and he said afterwards to his mother, "Mother, your advice was very sound advice."

"There is Ursula dainty, and Kate, who so fine?
And Barbara thinking by gold to outshine;
There's Madge, and who like her? all so proud
and so airy.

But weighed altogether, not worth half my Mary,
So I'm glad I looked twice to mark what to choose,
And I find I have won what no hand would refuse."

THE TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

PROGRAMME—TUESDAY EVENINGS—
JAN., FEB., MARCH, 1873.

Jan. 7. Meeting postponed on account of the Evangelical Alliance Meeting.

14. ESSAY—F. H. Wallace, "How the Ancients thought and wrote."
Geo. H. Maxon, Chairman.

21. ESSAY—John Craig, "Ambition."
H. L. Frostman, Chairman.

28. LECTURE—Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, "A Canadian Oxford."
George Hage, Chairman.

Feb. 4. LECTURE—C. A. Morse, "The Pioneers."
T. Dixon Craig, Chairman.

11. An evening of Songs and Recitations.
C. A. Morse, Chairman.

18. LECTURE—T. DeWitt Talmage, Brooklyn, N.Y. "Gumbler & Co."
John MacDonald, Chairman.

(Admittance to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the winter course of pay lectures.)

25. LECTURE—Nicholas Flood Davis, of London, Eng. "Thomas Moore and His Poetry."
Wm. Anderson, Chairman.

11. LECTURE—Geo. Hague, "Commercial revolutions and Parties."
Bastiel McLean, Chairman.

18. An evening of Songs, Recitations and Readings.
Chairman.

25. LECTURE—Rev. W. Morley Pearsall, L.L.D. "Wilberforce."
Chairman.

(Admittance to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the same course as on 18th Feb.)

WE FURNISH

Boarding Houses, Employment, (if possible,
Free Reading Room, Good Company,
Noonday Prayer-Meeting, 12.30 to 12.55.

Literary Entertainments every Tuesday Evening at 8,
Young Men's Prayer-Meeting every Saturday Evening at 8.

Bible Class every Sabbath Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

We cordially invite strangers, and ALL who feel interested in our work to attend the above meetings. The undersigned may be found in the Rooms of the Association, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 1 p.m., or from 2 to 4 p.m.

YOUNG MEN, STRANGERS in the city are especially invited.

THOS. J. WILKIE, Secretary.

P.S.—A well-assorted Library of some 1,200 volumes, to which access can be had by becoming a member. Members fee only \$2 per annum.