

CORRESPONDENCE
AND PAPERS,

BY

THE LATE WILLIAM EDWARDS.

CLARENCE, ONT.



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D. R. McBord Esq
With Compliments of
Geo. Edwards

Thurs May 18th '89

CORRESPONDENCE
AND
Papers on Various Subjects,
BY
THE LATE WILLIAM EDWARDS,
OF CLARENCE, ONT.,
Together with a Sketch of his Life.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY HIS BROTHER,

JAMES EDWARDS,

PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO.

Peterborough:

J. R. STRATTON, PRINTER, EXAMINER STEAM PRESSES, GEORGE STREET,

1882.



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INTRODUCTION.

WILLIAM EDWARDS, the author of the following letters, papers, essays, &c., and the subject of this short memoir, was born in the town of Portsea, Hants, England, on the 6th day of June, 1810, and was the youngest son—save one, who died in infancy—of John and Margaret Edwards. He was sent to school at an early age, but before he was 9 years old, the family left England for America, and, as a consequence, his attainments in education were very limited. In the fall of 1822, the family removed from Kingston to the Ottawa River to begin bush life. Foxes' Point, in the Township of Clarence, then an unbroken forest, was the spot selected for settlement. It is situated about 30 miles below where the City of Ottawa now stands, on the South side of the river. The first, and most necessary job for the settlers, was the building of a house to dwell in.

Notwithstanding a considerable outlay and pains taken to have the house warm and comfortable, it proved the very reverse.

Potatoes purchased for winter use were frozen. The chimney proved a miserable affair, smoky, and being built of sticks and clay, it was continually taking fire—threatening the destruction of the house. Often cups and saucers, at breakfast, adhered together by the frost.

The winter passed away slowly, sufferings from cold and smoke were severe, but in due time, spring came round, and was cordially welcomed. Time came and went, and years of privation and trials were endured by the

settlers. The father and his three sons toiled on, learning the lessons of experience. In the division of labor, William was appointed to the care of the cattle, and before horses were introduced, oxen supplied their places, and he was teamster of them. In those early days, beaver meadow hay was the only hay the settlers had for their stock. It was cut and stacked in the meadows, and drawn home in winter. William's business was to draw this hay with his oxen. He rose early, and was off with his team before daylight, and back with his load early in the afternoon. While at home, the lowing herd had not long to wait for the accustomed meal. His continual practice was to carry a book in his pocket, and he seemed to occupy every available minute in reading and committing to memory favorite portions of the authors he perused. I have often heard him make the woods vocal, repeating them while riding on a load of hay, or on a stick of timber. He had a vein of poetry, which, in his younger years, he cultivated, and his fondness for the poets was great.

In the early part of the year 1837, he was married to Anne Cameron, the youngest daughter of Mr. John Cameron, of the adjoining Township of Cumberland. He had eleven children, (7 sons and 4 daughters,) ten of whom, together with his beloved wife, survive him. His domestic relations were loving and sincere. He loved his wife and family, and was never more happy than when surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and, in return for that love and affection, he was con-

scious that they were reciprocated. He possibly enjoyed more of connubial bliss than usually falls to the majority of mortals. His acquaintances and connections were varied and numerous. Few men on the Ottawa, were better known or more highly respected, and few, it may be added, who more richly deserved to be had in remembrance for honesty and sterling worth. He lived to see six of his sons and one daughter married, and all his children comfortably settled in life.

Shortly after the introduction of Municipal Institutions, he was elected Township Councillor, Reeve, and one term, he was chosen as Warden of the United Counties of Prescott and Russell. Whilst in office, he was strenuous in his endeavours to benefit Townships and Counties alike, opposing all sorts of dishonesty and double dealing in either, and approving and upholding what he considered right and proper. He was, from 1850 to 1866, elected continuously to the latter period, having during those 15 years never sought elections, yet he was unanimously returned without a contest or a canvass on his part. In the latter year he was replaced by another, and ever after, he refused to be a candidate, though frequently solicited to stand. He held the appointment of Justice of the Peace for a long period, and exercised its functions with wisdom, firmness and efficiency. Reference is made in the "Scenes in the life of a Canadian Pioneer" to his father having an extensive agency for the preservice and sale of timber and lands. At the death of his father, in 1843, this agency was transferred to his son William, by which time the business had increased so much, that a great part of his time was occupied in surveying, valuing and selling land and timber. His transactions were large and varied in this department, extending even to Royalty and to India, Australia, &c. In all his dealings, he was scrupulously exact and upright with the parties he acted for, and was as free from the charge of selfishness as any person I have known.

His integrity and honesty were conspicuous, on acquaintance with him, and never was he known to wrong any one.

His benevolence and hospitality were striking features in his character. He loved social intercourse with people of intelligence and moral worth, and his house was the frequent resort of numerous friends, who enjoyed his genial hospitality.

He possessed a very large share of good common sense, coupled with a ready and a sound judgment. In fact, I have never known any one who seemed to have so correct a judgment, or so safe.

His opinion and advice were sought after by old and young, many of whom confided their secrets to him, finding in him a safe and wise counsellor. No one feels the want of his advice more than I do; accustomed as I have been to consult him in difficulties, I find that his loss to me is irreparable.

But his career is over, life is done; we shall hear his welcome voice no more, nor see his benignant smile again. He had a good constitution, and for a long period, was a stranger to sickness, but in his 68th year, he contracted a severe and painful malady, which seriously threatened his life. This trouble, however, yielded to treatment, and he enjoyed between two and three years of life, interspersed with suffering. The early part of the year 1881, he had a stroke of paralysis, which he soon got over, but a second attack on the 17th of March occurring, caused unconsciousness. He lingered till early on the morning of the 4th of April, 1881, in the 71st year of his age, when the "weary wheels of life stood still at last," and his spirit passed from its frail tenement to the Father of our spirits; he died as one going to sleep. Says the man of affliction and suffering: "Is there not an appointed time to man upon the earth, and are not his days as the days of an hireling?" The last entry in his diary was on the 16th of March, and his last day upon earth the 3rd of April following.

It was the practice of my late brother, for some twenty years prior to his death, when he wrote for the press, to cut out and preserve copies of his letters, papers, &c., which he pasted in a scrap book. These contributions were entered therein, in the order as to time in which they were written; but being composed on a number of subjects, when it was decided by his family, after his death, that they should be published, and that I should undertake the task of overseeing and classifying them, as well as superintend their publication, using my own judgment, I at once set to work to collect and compile them, arranging them under ten headings. As will be observed, I have introduced some notes, connecting dates and occurrences, and supplying useful information in the historical items.

A noticeable omission of my brother in writing the history of the family to which he and I belong, is his studious avoidance of any reference to himself. It would scarcely be fair or proper to send out a book, written by one who has climbed the ladder of fame, under such disadvantageous circumstances, and not give a sketch, at least, of his life and history; especially as he has kept himself so much in the dark. Those who were acquainted with him, would soon discover how ready he was to acknowledge excellencies in others, and no one more shy in attributing anything praiseworthy in others. He endorsed and practised the saying of the wise man: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth, a stranger and not thine own lips." Egotism he abhorred in others, and shunned it in himself. In his history of the Ottawa "Pioneers" he has honestly described their struggles and successes, and when discernable, their aims and motives. He has labored long and patiently to set forth the praises so justly due to them, so that their descendants, by the "divine art of printing" can realize the fact, that the "author, though dead, yet speaketh." Though naturally modest and retiring, he was, nevertheless, ready to frown down

wrong doing of all kinds, sturdily battling for the right. Of a kind and sympathizing nature, he rejoiced with those that rejoiced, and wept with those who wept. His brain and pen were ever at work, encouraging to virtue, warning the unwary to beware of evil and evil influences. In all his various writings, he rarely gives his name or even his initials, using continually a *nom-de-plume*, as if, in doing good, he wishes to shrink from recognition.

His reading was varied and extensive, for a backwoodsman, his memory very superior, and he turned to good account the information he acquired from the sparse library at his command. His extended and thorough reading has given him a style in his writing, that points to him as a highly cultured writer. His terse but vigorous pen flows from serious to gay, from sad to ludicrous, from sarcasm to laudation, with an ease and grace, all his own. There is a thread of wit and humour running through most of his writings, especially in his narrative and descriptive pieces, that is spicy and agreeable. Satire and sarcasm are occasionally employed with effect.

My brother has written a great deal that is not available—having been mislaid or destroyed. The earliest dates of the available documents, occur in the correspondence to the Peterborough *Examiner*, in 1862, at a period when his brother was Editor of that paper. In his "Scenes" he notices the formation of the "Foxes' Point Young Mens' Society," for moral, religious and intellectual improvement, which was a happy means of benefitting many, none more so than my brother. In addition to papers, composed and read by him weekly, before the Society, he wrote, in prose and verse, essays and papers on agriculture, for a member whose *sobriquet* was the "Farmer." These early contributions have not been preserved, which is a pity, as most that fell from his pen, was worthy of record and perusal. It is, however, fortunate that so much has been preserved and made available—thanks to the foresight and

care of one of his sons, who acted partly as a mentor, that so much will see the light. Very few men, in this busy and fast world, who have business on hand, can write so much and so well as he has done.

His history affords proof of what may be accomplished by improving time. His industry was remarkable, and he seemed not to know what "killing of time" meant. So anxious was he for study and mental improvement, that for years I have known him eat sparingly on Sundays so as to avoid sleep, and this, while yet a lad. He was largely indebted to the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, (noticed by him in the "Pioneers," page 108,) for giving his mind a bend to literary improvement. Mr. F. took a deep interest in the society and the locality, designating "Foxes' Point" as "a light in a dark place." He frequently turned with pleasure to the favored spot, declaring that some of the best visits in his life time were spent there.

While my brother has left behind him an unimpeached character for morality and uprightness, during a long life, his religious character is not so marked as we should have liked. There is no doubt but that, at one of those memorable revivals of religion, so ably portrayed by his facile and graphic pen, he received the truth, became a Christian, by believing the Gospel, and was baptized on a profession of his faith, but for some reasons, which I am in ignorance of, he never joined a church.

I have spoken with several friends, who knew him thoroughly, and to whom he has, at several times, opened his mind and stated his views of Gospel truth, and they all concur in the conviction that he was a truly Christian man. He knew the truth and loved the truth, and he was grieved if truth suffered, and hurried to vindicate its honor. He did not like to see professors of religion living or acting unworthy their profession, and would often remind such of their high vocation, which demanded works as well as faith.

Possibly, when experiencing a change of heart, and finding how prone he was himself to wander and come short of what he should be, and fearing that the charge of inconsistency might attach to him, he has yielded to the temptation, and put off a clear and paramount duty. His natural humility and retirement operated against anything like profession or display, and it would seem as if he dreaded that his profession would lead others to stumble. Whatever may have been the causes, they are not known for a certainty. We know that he knew and loved the truth, and that the truth made him free from the law of sin and death. Doubts and fears do not separate the humble believer from the gracious Saviour, who has said: "him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

J. E.

"Rocklands,"
Peterborough, Dec., 1881.



SCENES

IN THE

LIFE OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

CHAPTER I.

The readers of *Good Words*, have enjoyed frequent treats from a facile pen, depicting the lives and characters of real worthies, under the caption of "Our Indian Heroes."

Canada must hold humble rank, as compared with the rich, populous and vast region of India, and her heroes take form proportioned to the limited sphere of a new and undeveloped country.

Still, we can boast of men who truly earned renown, and they deserve to be had in everlasting remembrance, in the history of this great nation yet to be. Among the number might be named the discoverers of the country, and those who first ascended its rivers, passed over its great lakes, and mapped the outlines of its geographical character. Another class claims notice as the defenders of the soil. Holding not their lives dear unto themselves, they fought, bled and died to retain in their integrity the bounds and government of the country. Nor yet has been wanting the true patriot who has struggled, and not in vain, in the political arena to secure enlarged and enlightened civil and religious liberty. Then we have the industrial heroes — lion-hearted men with strong arms, who fought the battle of the wilderness—who went up and possessed the land, and bore their part in redeeming the earth from the dominion of the forest, making the desert places fruitful as a garden, and aiding to usher in the time when the earth shall yield her increase.

Yet another class, though last not least, stands out demanding our gratitude and admiration. These are the moral heroes—men who have combated the evil habits of society—worked to educate the masses, and preached the everlasting Gospel, whilst enduring the toil and self-denial incident to a backwoods ministry. From all these classes pleasing and interesting pictures might be drawn, characteristic of real life in Canada, and calculated to inspire its rising race to emulate the action of departed worthies and thankfully benefit by the legacy of their examples and labors.

The foregoing remarks are introductory to presenting to the reader's attention some fragmentary sketches from the life of a man entitled to rank among the industrial and moral heroes of Canada. The writer will briefly trace his history in the land of his birth, his journey hitherward, and life in the backwoods of Canada.

John Edwards was born in Morayshire, Scotland, in the year 1780, of parents in humble circumstances, but possessed of that pearl which rich men cannot buy. He was trained to the labors of the farm; but, on nearing man's estate, conceived the idea of learning a trade. With this view he left home for Edinburgh. The parting advice of his father evinces Scotland's deep veneration for the day of rest, and seemed, in the mind of the anxious parent, the safeguard against temptation. The advice was: "Jock, be sure and remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Arrived at Edinburgh, he engaged with a Leith ship-builder, being bound for seven years as apprentice, and continued to follow this occupation as a journeyman, both in England and Scotland. About the time of his going to Edinburgh, at the beginning of the present century, the Haldanes were making no little stir by their "new-fangled" preaching, and the pulpits of the land rang with fulminations against "wolves in sheep's clothing." Their only answer was a blameless life. They will stand through all time ranked among Scotland's greatest benefactors, and they lived to enjoy the esteem of all classes and churches in the land. Thousands owned these men as their spiritual fathers. Drawn by curiosity, the subject of our story listened to the words of eternal life proclaimed by James Haldane, in the circus of Edinburgh. These words proved effectual to a change of views and purpose, and were followed by his joining the church under the care of Mr. Haldane. Men of no little distinction were connected with this church at the time. Dr. Patterson, who went to Denmark, and subsequently to Russia; Dr. Henderson, who went to Iceland, and afterwards was principal of a college in England, and Dr. McClay, who came to America, were all champions in the interests of religious truth; and yet another man of mark, who went to Africa, John Campbell, known to everybody.

Not only were men of mark in this church, but it enjoyed the occasional services of some other distinguished preachers of the day. Among the number was Rowland Hill. The quaint sayings and doings of Mr. Hill have given birth to extravagant anecdote; yet the reality was very novel to the minds of sedate Scotchmen. The youthful shipwright was present in the circus when this Episcopal clergyman effected a change of posture in praise, that has prevailed among dissenters ever since. Mr. Hill gave out a hymn, and, to his surprise, the whole people kept their seats and commenced singing. He called out in tones of thunder

to stop, and every voice was hushed. An earnest lecture followed on the impropriety of worshipping God in a sitting attitude. Then the church membership arose, and the song of praise proceeded. Again Mr. Hill's voice silenced the united volume of several thousand tongues, and a second lecture brought the entire congregation to their feet.

The Calton Hill was then, as it is now, a favorite resort for open-air preaching. Thousands, at the time of which we write, congregated there to listen to Gospel truth from the lips of Mr. Hill. On one occasion, when passing up to the spot from which he spoke, he observed a long row of well-dressed ladies comfortably seated. He stopped short, turned to the ladies and said: "Ladies, you look very fine, and appear very comfortable. I hope you will not allow a poor person to pass your door."

Connected with the Haldane Church at this time, were four other apprentice shipwrights besides the subject of this sketch, all of whom were converted under the ministry of its pastor.

The five youthful artisans were of one heart and one mind, and a sanctified friendship ripened into a bond of union broken only by death. Having tasted themselves of the heavenly manna, their souls were fired with desire that others might be made partakers of like precious faith. To this end they met for mutual improvement and study of the Divine Word. They also sought out destitute localities, and told to all who would listen, the story of the Cross. At length the days of their servitude were ended, and the question of future duty engaged grave attention. John Edwards was senior in years, and being under a matrimonial engagement, decided to follow his avocation as a shipwright; but to continue at the same time his loved employment of preaching the Gospel.

The others, Hercus, Wilson, McNeil and Hastie, entered the class of Robert Haldane, and pursued studies to qualify them more fully to be preachers of the Word. Three of the number be-

came men of some note. Mr. Hercus became the highly-respected pastor of a Church in Greenock; Mr. Wilson settled in Glasgow; Mr. McNeil went to Elgin, where his memory is still fragrant for worth and usefulness. Mr. Hastie carried the Gospel to the Far West in America. All have gone from the busy stage of life; and the Haldanes, too, have long since entered into their rest.*

During his lifetime, Mr. Edwards maintained epistolary correspondence with the Messrs. Haldane, and also with his shipwright associates. Distance and time abated not the ardor of the first love of these friends.†

CHAPTER II.

British history, during the earlier years of the nineteenth century, was written in gore. Bloody conflicts by sea and land followed in quick succession, from the battle of Canopus in Egypt, under Abercrombie, in 1801, to the memorable battle of Waterloo, under Wellington, in 1815. Nelson's victory at Trafalgar,

the bombardment of Copenhagen, the Iron Duke's Indian and Peninsular Campaigns, and the second American war are conspicuous among the national events that tried the prowess of England, swelled the volume of her debt, and filled the land with mourning for the slain, which alternated with frequent and loud rejoicings for triumphs achieved. The arsenals and dockyards of England at this period were intensely active. Even the Sabbath Day saw men building vessels to supply the demands of war. Shipwrights in sufficient numbers could not be obtained in England.

A Government official visited the Scottish yards, and eloquently pleaded the claims of the country in her necessity for mechanics. A large number from Leith and other yards responded, and a man-of-war was sent to convey them to the different dockyards as allotted.

Patriotism was a ruling principle with Mr. Edwards. He became one of the number of volunteers, and was desig-

*These singularly self-denying and truly excellent men deserve more than a passing notice. Both were connected with a sea-faring life. James was a Captain of an East Indiaman. Robert was also in the East India Company's service. But on becoming Christians they left the service, and began to enquire what they should do for the glory of God, who had brought them from the kingdom of darkness, into the Kingdom of His dear Son. Their first and anxious desire to serve God was to go to the East Indies as Missionaries, and earnestly and continuously did they seek the suffrage of the giant monopoly to permit them to sail for India, to pursue their cherished idea of being made instrumental in the conversion of the natives of India. The Company at this period was an all-powerful one, and despite the influence of the Haldanes, belonging, as they did, to one of the first families in Scotland, and their uncle, Lord Duncan, at the time the First Lord of the Admiralty, their efforts to get a passage were unavailing. James commenced preaching in the circus at Edinburgh, his stentorian voice reaching to every part of it; and his brother, by pen and voice made known the riches of redeeming love. Observing the want of a spiritual and enlightened Ministry, he invited young men, of piety and talent, to attend a class he formed for the preparation of such for the Gospel Ministry, and how many have been blessed by this instrumentality eternity alone will disclose. Robert went to the continent, and finding religion very low, he gave lectures to the students of the University of Geneva, and was instrumental in awakening an interest in religion among the masses there. He published several works, among which may be noticed his exposition of the Epistle to the Romans—an able and sound work. The Scottish clergy were mostly of the "Moderate" school and took great objections to the "new-lights;" and efforts were strenuously used to silence the "babblers" but to no purpose. In 1799 a Dr. Hugh Blair issued a "Pastoral Admonition," which was meant to sweep from the Kingdom all preachers unauthorized by the Church and all Sunday School Teachers who had no commission from the Presbytery of the bounds! The Assembly intended to crush the Haldanes, to keep Rowland Hill from the pulpits, and to scare the people from countenancing these adventurers who wanted to teach the Bible to their children. The Haldanes were two gentlemen of property, and of old family, who had given up an honorable career on the sea in order to promote religion in Scotland. Ready to spend and be spent—Robert Haldane alone gave £70,000 in ten years to the cause of religion—men of zeal, energy, fortitude and faith, they did more to bring Scotland into living sympathy with missions in heathendom, and with the reviving faith in the churches of the Reformation than any court of any church in the beginning of this century. Though they were not always right, nor always gentle in expression, they were always upright and self-regulating men whom no party could claim. As, at the beginning of their life, they defied the careless parish ministers and the angry Assembly, so, at the end of it, they publicly denounced the voluntaries, who courted martyrdom by refusing to pay the Annuity Tax which supported the National Church in Edinburgh. When they went over the land, preaching love and good works, and with such power that Sunday Schools and prayer meetings started up behind them as they went, they were only doing what the Church herself ought to have done. See St. Giles' Lectures, No. 10., p.p. 292, 293.

†Reference having been made to the five apprenticed shipwrights who were of one heart and mind, which ripened into friendship and a bond of union, broken only by death, there was one outside of the craft who formed a member of that union—a Mr. Christie, who came out to Canada somewhere about the year 1835, and settled in Toronto as a Hardware Merchant. He called upon his old friend at Clarence, and was very cordially received and entertained. I am not sure but a son and daughter of Mr. Christie are still alive in Toronto.

nated to Portsmouth, then the greatest naval arsenal of the world. A residence there for a few months was followed by a settlement for many years, and many circumstances concurred to develop his character and enlarge his usefulness. Many hundreds of shipwrights were employed in this dockyard. The nature of the work was arduous and dangerous, and many accidents occurred, often attended with fatal results. These casualties pointed to the necessity of provision being made for families thereby deprived of support. A few of the leading workmen, including the subject of our narrative, devised a scheme of creating a fund by weekly contributions to meet the necessity of the case. A general meeting adopted their views, and a highly successful and beneficial "Widows' and Orphans' Fund" was established.

The bakers of Portsmouth took advantage of the demand for bread by the large numbers of dockyard men and their families. This advantage affected both the quality and price of the staff of life. The cupidity of these men of the oven overstepped moderate bounds, and resulted fatally to their own interests. The shipwrights arose in their might, and determined, if they could not be better served, to serve themselves. Mr. Edwards took a prominent part in the deliberations that resulted in a society being formed to carry out the project, and afterwards in carrying on the operations of this society. Land was purchased, a wind-mill erected in sight of Southsea Beach, steam power was added for use in case of emergency, and all necessary buildings and conveniences provided to constitute a first-class establishment. Grain was

imported from the Continent, and the whole machinery set agoing, and continued with success and profit. Sir George Grey, the Commissioner of the yard, patronized the enterprize by becoming a member of the society and receiving his bread from the shipwrights' mill.*

While secular efforts of usefulness engaged much of Mr. Edwards' spare time, he felt more at home when employed in promoting the religious interests of his fellow-men. With him religion was an every-day business. His tool-chest contained a canvas-covered Bible, and all available seasons at meal-time were filled up in drawing supplies from the fountain of living water. On the Sabbath he occasionally preached for absent ministers in Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. Going to fill appointments in the latter place, he passed over much of the scenery made memorable by the pen of Leigh Richmond in his charming sketches of the "Dairymen's Daughter," "Young Cottager," and "Negro Servant."

Instant in season and out of season was, with him, matter of solemn obligation. The Sabbath was more fully occupied than week days. After being engaged as leader or listener at morning and afternoon worship, his evenings were usually devoted to preaching in some thoroughfare or in the barracks. He was the devoted friend of soldiers, and travelled many miles on dark nights to carry them the news of salvation. Believing an addition to the ministers of the place was much needed, Mr. Edwards wrote to his friend, Robert Haldane, Esq., urging him to send a graduate of his class. This re-

*This gigantic operation was managed by a committee appointed by the members, of which committee Mr. Edwards was one and was always ready for an emergency or an occasion to render valuable service. Possessed of good common sense, a good memory, and considerable intelligence, his service, in the way of advice, was valuable. The committee meetings were held at the mill, on Southsea Commons, which was some distance from his home, but it was seldom he was absent from any of these. On many occasions his eldest son accompanied his father on these journeys. One evening while returning home he thus addressed his boy: "My son, let me impress upon you the great importance of doing *right* under all circumstances, and on all occasions,"—an advice that has never been forgotten, though uttered 65 years ago—words little heeded perhaps then, but they "were as a nail in a sure place." Memory still recalls the place, where and when uttered. It was while passing a lovely and retired spot called the "Bush Inn," and not far from the mill. The admonition has been often thought over, and the recollection has often deterred the son from breaking his parents command. A striking instance of the importance of the saying: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, as thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

quest was responded to, and Mr. Neave came to Portsmouth, where he proved himself to be a workman not needing to be ashamed. Mr. Neave chose, in the matter of support, the independent plan of supporting himself. He opened a first-class academy, and gave evidence of being an educator of no mean rank, and, withal, a most acceptable preacher.†

The British Government having long felt the lack of educated shipwrights in the official departments of dockyards, determined on establishing a superior class in Portsmouth, where boys should receive scientific training and learn practical ship-building. Candidates for this class, not over thirteen years of age, were examined annually, and a certain number, who passed the ordeal, were accepted and educated more fully at the public expense. Lucrative situations rewarded the successful competitors; hence, the schools of England were ambitious of their pupils' success. Mr. Neave's academy distinguished itself by sending a larger number of boys to the superior class than any other school in the land.

There is much in the surroundings of a naval seaport to awaken feelings of deep sorrow in the bosom of every enlightened lover of humanity. How terrible are the horrors of war! and what a drain on the resources of a nation! Yet these are but secondary to the immorality superinduced by the manner of life of the brave men engaged to fight their country's battles. Mr. Edwards' heart was deeply stirred in witnessing daily the bitter fruits of the system. He pondered long and anxiously on the question: Why cannot national quarrels be adjusted as private differences best are, on principles of ar-

bitration? Meanwhile, might not the unbounded licentiousness of the army and navy be abated, if Governmental provision were extensively made to enable the men to enter wedlock? Another source of pain to him was the severity of the punishment then inflicted on shipboard. Shipwrights occasionally worked afloat. At such times they were cognizant of all capital cases of using the "cat,"—the rule being that every man on board must witness the punishment. Mr. Edwards in one instance, at Spithead, looked upon the mangled body of a poor fellow who was being flogged through the fleet for desertion, and was horrified to see him whipped to death before the allotted lashes were laid on. The inanimate body received a portion of the penal strokes after the soul had flown to witness against this foul blot on the glory of a Christian nation.

It has been already remarked that fatal accidents occurred frequently to shipwrights. Mr. Edwards had many hair-breadth escapes; but a work in Canada awaited him, and his life was preserved to accomplish it. On one occasion he was passing on a narrow plank from one man-of-war to another. His hands were encumbered with his breakfast-kit, and, by some means, his foot slipped, and he fell headlong from the giddy height into a rushing tide. The alacrity of sailors is marvellous. With lightning speed one tar sent a coil of rope after the man overboard, which reached him as he rose breathless from the plunge. Another flung himself into a boat astern, judging it likely the luckless shipwright would be carried past. Although the first saved the man, Jack in the boat secured the traps—sugar bowl, coffee-pot, bread and all were

†Mr. Neave was installed as Pastor of the Baptist Church, on Gravel Lane, Portsea, with Mr. Arnot as assistant. The latter was employed by Mr. N. as assistant teacher in his academy. Mr. Neave possessed the qualities of a successful teacher; firm, yet mild; severe only when the discipline of the school required it; kind, genial, and even witty at times, which sometimes was really worse than a dusting with the rattan. Once an unfortunate wight, that could be named, was examined for being late in coming to school. When asked how it happened the culprit replied, "I came straight from home sir." "Why," said the teacher, "I may come straight from London and yet be seven years on the road." The reply led some 200 voices to join in the loud laugh at the urchin's expense. He gained and kept the respect, confidence and love of his pupils. One youth, who left his school for a foreign land, was so overcome with attachment to his teacher that he tried to leave his family to come back again to see his teacher; thus verifying the saying of a writer that "the love we cherish towards a good teacher is second only to that we owe and accord to our parents."

picked up, and, in almost no time, were with their owner safe on board.* Mr. Edwards regarded such escapes as crowning mercies, claiming grateful aspirations of praise to Him who numbereth the very hairs of our head. Their tendency also fired his soul to greater consecration in efforts to serve his Divine Master while the day lasted, knowing that the night must come wherein none could work.

Our next chapter will describe him bidding adieu to Old England, bound for the backwoods of Canada.

CHAPTER III.

Waterloo sealed the fate of Napoleon and blessed Europe with peace. Long and loud were the rejoicings in Britain. Portsmouth was the scene of magnificent sights. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, and our own Prince Regent, by their presence added *clat* to the triumphs that celebrated an era of rest, after weary years of strife and slaughter.

Among the rope-makers men light of foot were chosen. These, in uniform, forming a goodly company, went forth to meet the approaching mighty ones, and, as was done of old, ran before their chariots, singing as they ran, an thems prepared for the occasion. There, too, were the conquering generals. "The hero of a hundred battles," was the idol of the hour. The presence of Wellington awakened uncontrollable plaudits from the excited people. The sailors took special fancy to Blucher: detaching his horses, a string of the brave fellows impelled his coach rapidly through the crowded streets, while a tar on top danced with fury in honor of the captured veteran.

In a brief time this frenzy of delight passed away, and a sober aspect was presented by the change from war to peace. Commercial and industrial interests were disturbed. The demand for shipbuilders, in common with that for other craftsmen,

slackened. The remuneration for labour was reduced. As a consequence, multitudes sought new fields for employment. Emigration to America became a favorite scheme. Mr. Edwards intended to make England a permanent home. With this view he had built a residence. Himself, wife and three sons constituted his family. His two eldest boys were preparing, with good promise of success, under Mr. Neave, for the superior class. Thus, strong inducements to remain were not wanting; but thoughts of America had seized his mind, and resulted in the determination to seek a home in the New World. Strongly British in feeling, Canada was, from the first, the chosen place, backwoods farming to be the secular employment, while he anticipated a wider field of usefulness in his loved work of preaching the Gospel.

In March 1819, with his family, he bade adieu to loving friends, and started for the land of the setting sun. How dissimilar the manner of reaching Canada then, compared to what it is now,—dissimilar both as to time and convenience, as well as cost. The roundabout way of this intending settler reminds one of the journey of Israel from Egypt to Canaan. He crossed the channel to France, waited two weeks at Havre for a vessel to New York, was six weeks reaching that city, remained there some time, sailed up the Hudson to Albany, thence by waggon to Sackett's Harbor, and then across Lake Ontario to Kingston in a sloop.

On shipboard Mr. Edwards sought opportunities for usefulness, and every Sabbath preached in the steerage and forecastle. In after years he met persons in his travels, who dated their religious life from impressions received at the services held by him on board the "Comet," the vessel he crossed the Atlantic in.

Having letters of introduction to Mr.

*At another time at Spithead, he slipped from a plank, and, while falling feet foremost, he caught hold of a standing rope, and thereby saved himself from a ducking, or it may be a drowning. An old sailor who witnessed the occurrence remarked that he had never seen anything so clever during a long life at sea.

Buchanan, British Consul at New York, that gentleman took special interest in Mr. Edwards and others of his craft who accompanied him. About the time of his arrival, a British ship came into port disabled, and requiring extensive repairs. Mr. Buchanan secured the job for the new comers, and the subject of our tale superintended the work. No sooner was the vessel made seaworthy than another arrived in need of repairs, and was disposed of by the same parties.

The summer of the year thus passed, and its close found Mr. Edwards at Kingston, Canada, engaged to follow, for a time, his occupation in the naval yard at that place. To labor with the hands during the week, he, as of yore, added the work of preaching on Sabbath, and frequently preached in the town, which was then indifferently supplied with ministers.

The Kingston Naval Yard, at the period of which we write, was the scene of considerable activity—an immense drain on the Imperial purse, without any earthly good further than giving employment to men for works which would never be put in requisition. A number of war ships lay in the bight between Point Henry and Point Frederick. Two of these, the "Montreal," and the "Charvel," lay anchored from the shore, and were occupied by officers and sailors. The "St. Lawrence," (a three-decker) "Kingston," "Psyche" and others lay by the wharves untenanted. To keep this useless fleet afloat was the chief work of all the sailors, and it was, day in and day out, for years, pump, pump, pump. The shipwrights, carpenters, painters, blacksmiths and laborers were as profitlessly employed. Red-tapeism eventually gave way to common sense, and, in 1822, an extensive reduction took place, and the leaky ships were got rid of. One feature in the establishment, infinitely more hurtful than inutility, was its immoral character. Commodore Barrie was a family man and an example of propriety. A previous commissioner had set a different example which was freely follow-

ed, and concubinage and licentiousness became common in all ranks. Several bright exceptions to this picture existed, but, as a rule, vice reigned with brazen face. Intemperance, too, was a crying evil. Dockyard men, as well as seamen, received rations, and a half-pint of "Jamaica" daily was allowed each man. Too many were not content with even that, and drinking and drunkenness prevailed generally. The bitter fruits of inebriety were fearfully plain; but none thought of abstinence. Mr. Edwards raised a warning voice against the sin of excess; but partook moderately of the accursed thing, and gave God thanks. Deaths and accidents were of common occurrence; but the warnings went unheeded and survivors drank away.

At the reduction many connected with the yard were despatched to England. While descending the St. Lawrence, two of the number, excessive drinkers, met sudden deaths. A little below Kingston, one of them, a mechanic, maddened by drink, flung himself from the Durham boat and sank to the bottom. Further down, an officer, in *delirium tremens*, sprang from the steamer before the paddle-wheel and met a similar fate.

Early in 1822, Mr. Edwards decided on preparing to begin life in the bush. In search of a resting place he travelled much of Western Canada, preaching as he went. Returning without deciding fully on a locality, his attention was directed to the Ottawa River by some officers who themselves wished to select lands in that direction. Again leaving Kingston, he went to explore the back region of the Ottawa. To do so then was widely different from the pleasure trip of a day or so as at present. Embarking in a Durham boat, the St. Lawrence was descended to Cornwall; thence, after a journey of about sixty miles on foot, he reached L'Orignal, ascended the River in a batteau about thirty miles, and landed at Fox's Point, Township of Clarence and County of Russel. After tramping through the woods of Clarence for

some time, the decision was made to cast anchor within its bounds, and fight the battle of life in the wilderness of the Ottawa Valley. By the next ascending batteau, Mr. Edwards proceeded to Richmond Landing. It was not then imagined that beside that humble spot should arise a city to be selected by a future sovereign as the political capital of a vast Dominion. From the Landing the hardy explorer turned his face towards Kingston, and walked the whole way over roads at that time by no means the best. A selection of lots for several officers had been made, and much interest was taken in the establishment at Kingston regarding the outfit of Mr. Edwards and party for reaching the Ottawa.

A Government Batteau, fully equipped, was placed at their service. The only condition attached to the surrender of this vessel was, that she must be returned when required by His Majesty's Service. The service never required her, and she and all the adults who embarked for the Ottawa have long since mingled with the dust.

The party consisted of three families and, after getting their stuff all on board, they hoisted sail and turned their tiny craft from Navy Yard, Kingston, bound for the Ottawa. The descent of the rapids in a heavily-laden boat, manned by persons unaccustomed to the work, and piloted by a Frenchman whose language they did not understand, was a somewhat hazardous undertaking. The perilous descent was, however, accomplished in safety, and, after reaching the junction

of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, the prow was turned westward and the ascent of the Ottawa commenced. The Long Sault was a formidable barrier to overcome, even with an empty vessel, the cargo being sent past in carts. This difficulty surmounted, these pilgrim fathers again set forward, slowly impelled by force of muscle, till they arrived at Fox's Point, two weeks after their departure from Kingston.*

The aspect of things on the Ottawa at that time, and some pictures of the early pioneer life of the subject of our story, will supply matter for the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

In 1822 the navigable reach of the Ottawa, extending from the Long Sault, about sixty-five miles upwards, to Richmond Landing, was bordered by an almost unbroken forest. The means of transit was by canoes or batteaux. One of the latter made weekly trips, and carried the mail to and from the rising settlement founded by the veteran pioneer, Philomen Wright, at Hull. The Grenville Canal was in progress. The now flourishing lumbering establishment of Messrs. Hamilton Bros., at Hawkesbury, was in its infancy, and managed by the father of the present firm, aided by Mr. Low, who afterwards became a partner. Mr. Wright's spirit of enterprise was something remarkable.

Hawkesbury and Hull were wide apart, and in 1822 the intervening space had few settlers, and these few were scarcely farmers, as lumbering was then in better favor than tilling the

*After locating the lots to the several officers entitled thereto, in the Township of Clarence, and after settling in the Township himself, he was duly appointed their agent, and it was not long thereafter when his services were required to protect the valuable timber growing on these lands. In the winter of 1823-4 he ascertained that the shanty men of Judge Hamilton were felling and drawing off the pine timber. He at once, with one of his sons, repaired to the spot, and found an extensive establishment hard at work. The foreman, a Mr. Jamieson, was told that he was trespassing, and that he must at once desist. With a look of astonishment, and a strained, sardonic smile he exclaimed: "Do you really think, Mr. Edwards, that we can stop such work at your *ipsi dixit*?" He was told he would be made to desist. On communication with the Judge it was agreed on his part to pay for the timber cut at the rate of \$5 per thousand cubic feet. This is believed to be the first money ever paid for cutting timber on the Ottawa Region. The custom then was to cut timber wherever it was to be found. The Judge's men, frequently, on finding a good grove, put in their men and teams, and, if occupied by others, the weaker had to yield to the stronger, as all were trespassers alike. If complaints were made to the Judge of being forcibly driven out of their shanty, his honor usually informed the complainants that all was in conformity to "shanty law"—"the strongest is to keep the field"—a decision more in accordance with the rules of a lumberman than the principles of Blackstone. Mr. Edwards also held the agency of land for a great number of proprietors, which agency was, after his death, transferred to his son William, who found the greater part of his time was required with the business of selling timber and land for parties in Canada and Europe as well. Strict integrity and upright dealing marked all his transactions, earning thereby a reputation for these second to none in the region of the Ottawa Valley.

soil. When Mr. Edwards landed in Clarence, six families formed the population of the township. The nearest post-office was thirty miles distant; the nearest market was Montreal. Clarence could boast of but one barn and a single horse. One settler threshed his grain on the ice; another in the stable loft. Roads were a luxury not to be thought of. Canoes were the order of the day, and ice, in winter, the great highway. Lochaber, on the opposite shore, had but one solitary inhabitant, who could, with Selkirk, exclaim, "I am monarch of all I survey;" and of the surrounding country it might have been added:

"The sound of the church-going bell,
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

The few settlers scattered along what was then the Upper Ottawa, paid little regard to the day of rest, and the matter of religion gave them little concern. Parental duty, in this particular, was comprehended in having the children sprinkled, either by priest or minister who chanced first to pass, and teaching the little ones to say their prayers. The year named saw the introduction of a new order of things. In a very marked sense it might be said, "Old things passed away; behold all things have become new."

No minister had yet settled on the Upper Ottawa, below Hull. Mr. Meach, a Congregationalist preacher, a few years previously had followed Mr. Wright to Hull, and was doubtless the first minister on the Ottawa above St. Andrew's. On the first Sabbath after landing in Clarence, Mr. Edwards raised the standard of the Cross, which has been borne aloft ever since, and to it multitudes have flocked, and children's children proved the truth of the Apostolic declaration, that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of life that now is, and that which is to come." Soon after arriving in Clarence Mr. Edwards went to Montreal to purchase land, and the supplies necessary for the approaching winter. From John Gray, Esq., a purchase of

land was effected. The store of John Torrance, Esq., furnished provisions, groceries, and a puncheon of rum. The latter was a cumbrous article of transport and worse than useless; but at that time regarded as an immense blessing. The old and newly arrived settlers pronounced benedictions on the man who had brought "Old Tom" to their aid, so needful in chopping and building in the bush. Three gallons at a time was the least quantity that could be sold without a license, and far and near parties came to purchase, so that in time "Old Tom" was emptied, and served for many years afterwards to hold the sap of the maple during sugar-making. Another purchase of the kind was never made, and to this day liquor cannot be legally sold in Clarence.

Another gentleman in Montreal, on the application of Mr. Edwards supplied him with an article for the use of the new settlers, very different from the last mentioned. Through Wm. Lunn, Esq., he was furnished with a stock of Bibles and Testaments, in French and English. This seed of the word proved "bread cast on the waters," to be found "after many days."

An interesting fact in illustration is as follows:—An humble French-Canadian female, born in Quebec, grew up sincerely attached to her Church, in which she had been taught the form, but nothing of the power, of religion. She had learnt to read, but knew nothing of the Bible. Circumstances led her to Montreal, where she resided some years and married. Subsequently herself and family were induced to move up the Ottawa, and finally brought up at Fox's Point. Mr. Edwards gave her a French copy of the Bible, which she read with attention. The result was she became a new creature in Christ Jesus. For nearly fifty years she has adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour, and now, in her eighty-fourth year, rejoices in the truth which first burst upon her mind when reading the sacred volume so long ago. Shortly after reaching Fox's Point, her husband died; but before death desired

his wife to bury him in the Protestant place of burial, and remain herself among Protestants. Her only child was a man of deeply religious character, but was snatched from life by the upsetting of a canoe, leaving a widow and widowed mother to mourn, but not as those who have no hope.

After completing his purchases in Montreal, Mr. Edwards returned to the bush. His first labor was to erect a house, and prepare for winter life in the forest. This house became a hallowed spot. Here the scattered settlers assembled each Sabbath afternoon to listen to the word of eternal life. The morning of the holy day was spent in giving instruction to the young. The Sabbath School then formed proved highly beneficial, not only spiritually but temporally, as many who afterwards became useful members of society, there learned to read.

While his humble dwelling was the regular preaching place of Mr. Edwards, for many years, ministers and laymen from distant points, and of different names, proclaimed therein, occasionally, the Gospel of God. Mr. Gilmour, of Montreal; Mr. Naysmith, of Glasgow; Mr. Buchanan, of New York; two clergymen of the Church of England, and others at different times and after years, preached here to listening crowds.

Mr. Edwards applied himself diligently to clearing away the forest, and cultivating the land through the week. The labor was severe and the returns often slight. The school of experience is severe; and, in the absence of example to direct, the new settler acquires knowledge at a high cost. Nor is ignorance the only drawback, for the backwoodsman has to contend with endless difficulties, trials and dangers. In levelling the giant trees life and limb are often in jeopardy. Within one year six persons were killed in Clarence by falling trees. The absence of roads is severely felt. The loneliness of isolation, incident to life in the woods, is trying to the social instincts. Many bodily comforts existing in town or

village, are wanting here. Among the many battles to be fought, is the battle of wild beasts. Bears and racoons love corn and oats; and the impudence with which they invade the fields of the back settler is surprising. Wolves, too, keep him in constant dread, and often destroy large portions of his rising flock. Another hard fight is the battle of the flies—enough to try the patience of Job.

Mr. Edwards had his full share of the trials of bush life, but he met them bravely, and lived to witness the triumphs of success. For many years he continued to labor with his hands, during the week, and to teach and preach on the Sabbath, both at home and in adjoining stations. As additional settlements were formed, the number of these stations increased; but his application aimed to keep pace with the growing demand, and made his life truly a busy one. The day of rest was his day of hardest work. Among his out-stations were Cumberland, Buckingham, Lochaber, Papineauville and Plantagenet Mills. Assisted by one of his sons, he would paddle his canoe to one of these places, preach and return the same day, the distance varying from five to fifteen miles each way. These labors were sustained only by considerable physical strength, and a heart fired with zeal in the master's work.

CHAPTER V.

"None of us liveth to himself," is a declaration of holy writ, much of the spirit of which was expressed by the noble Roman: "I am a man, and interested in whatever affects mankind." The enlightened Christian will glory more in the general extension of his Master's kingdom than in the progress of his own denomination; yet denominational convictions ought to take practical form, and no soldier in the spiritual army should blush to raise aloft the colors of his corps. The subject of our story was a lover of good men of every name. In his convictions and practice he was a Baptist. When

in connection with the Haldanes, congregational order was the practice of the church. The change on baptism, which after a time occurred in their history, he shared in. It was his privilege to be the first man to consecrate the Ottawa River to the purpose of baptism by immersion. Stephen Tucker, Esq., the well-known and much respected lumber merchant, was the first subject. This was in 1829. A tributary of the Ottawa had, however, precedence in point of time, in having been used for this holy rite. Mr. Meach had previously consecrated the Gatineau in a similar manner, by the baptism of Deacon Allan, a relative and follower of Mr. Wright. The good seed of the word was, during many years, sowed along the Ottawa, in much discouragement and mental and bodily toil, by the pioneer preacher of Clarence. He imbibed and, in goodly measure, testified in practice, the self-denying spirit of living for others. Impressed with the prevailing religious destitution around, he determined on a trip to fatherland, to try to awaken in the breasts of British Christians an interest on behalf of Canada, and induce, if possible, some ministers to emigrate thither. In the fall of 1829 he bade his friends and family adieu, and started for Britain. When leaving he said: "Should I never return, bear in mind I go on behalf of the spiritual interests of Canada."* Arrived in Montreal the purpose of his trip was warmly espoused by Ebenezer Muir, Esq., who gave Mr. Edwards a letter to Mr. Gilmour of Aberdeen, and desired him to use all means to induce him to come to Canada.

Late in the season he embarked in a timber ship, and after a tedious voyage landed at Greenock and was soon in

Edinburgh. The Messrs. Haldane strengthened his purpose with regard to Mr. Gilmour, and took a deep interest in the object of his mission. In due time Aberdeen was visited, and an immediate call paid to Mr. Gilmour. That gentleman and family had just finished breakfast, when a stranger was announced, who, on entering, made short work of his business. Handing Mr. Gilmour a letter, he said: "I have a message for you from Montreal, and you must go there to preach the gospel." Mr. Gilmour laughed at the proposal. No minister ever got so sudden or unceremonious a call, and he might be pardoned for treating it with apparent levity. The call, however, was soon backed by an inward irresistible conviction that duty pointed his way to Canada, and to Canada he decided to go. It was painful to part from a church gathered by his own labor, and in which he was deeply revered, to encounter the perils of a long voyage, and go forth, on his own responsibility, to an untried sphere, where nearly all were to him strangers. Mr. Gilmour was not a man to consult long with flesh and blood. Paying his own way, notwithstanding the liberal offer of Mr. Muir to provide for the expense of the voyage, he steered for the new world, and reached Montreal in safety, on the seventh of September, 1830. Twenty-two years before, this gentleman, then a sailor boy, sailed from the port of that city, but, when nearing his native land, a French privateer made all on board prisoners, and he was forced to taste one of the bitter fruits of war, in the shape of several years of prison life. It was there, however, that the eyes of his understanding were opened, and spiritual light poured into his soul. There, too, lessons of ex-

*Dangers existed on the river by water and ice, and the wonder is that so few fatal accidents have followed canoe navigation on this noble river. On leaving home for Britain on his cherished mission, he proceeded by canoe, having his eldest son and a neighbour's daughter with him. In crossing what is called Big Bay, just above L'Orignal, the waves were so high that they threatened to swamp the canoe, which had, in addition to the live freight, several bags of grist for the mill; by bearing away before the wind, with the aid of the sail they managed to reach the land on the opposite side of the river, the canoe filling with water when it touched the shore, where they had to wait till the wind fell. It was a narrow escape, indeed, but, like the former escapes recorded, it proved that his work was not yet done, and he was safe, being under the shadow of Omnipotence. It is but proper to add that this voyage to Europe was made and expenses incurred at his own cost and charges. At another time, in company with his two sons and a neighbour, while crossing the river with a quantity of boards, the canoes filled with water, and all had a narrow escape from drowning. It was late in the month of November, a heavy snow storm raging at the time.

perience were received which were helpful to him in after life, when he became the honored instrument of turning multitudes from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Very many of his fellow prisoners shared the inward transformation he experienced, and among the officers, both of the naval and civil service, were men who preached effectively the truth they had once despised.

Released from prison, Mr. Gilmour, after a time, had the desire of his heart gratified by entering upon a course of study, preparatory to preaching the gospel. Subsequently we find him settled over a growing church in Aberdeen. From that church he separates, and begins his labors in Canada at Montreal, in Bruce's School House, on the 11th day of the month in which he landed. There he began a cause that has reached large and still enlarging proportions, and proved himself a blessing to many still living to testify how unblamably he behaved himself and labored, seeking not his own, but their good. The missionary spirit of Mr. Gilmour was not bounded by city limits. He passed to regions beyond, and proclaimed, through much of Canada, the gospel of the grace of God. Multitudes own him as their spiritual father, and it is not easy to estimate the extent of his usefulness both in Eastern and Western Canada. Before he removed permanently to Peterboro, the Ottawa valley enjoyed much of his labors, and many within its precincts were converted under his preaching. Clarence was especially favored, and thus the efforts used to bring Mr. Gilmour to Canada, were repaid in abundant measure.

Mr. Edwards visited much of England and Scotland, making widely known the claims of Canada. In London he was supplied with a large stock of tracts from the Religious Tract Society, for distribution in Canada. In Scotland he was successful in inducing another minister to emigrate, namely Mr. Fraser, who became the pastor of

a church in Glengarry, and was a man abundant in labours, and singularly blessed.

Early in the summer of 1830, country and kindred were bade farewell—the Atlantic crossed, and Mr. Edwards reached his forest home, and the scene of his useful labours.

Material as well as moral progress was becoming apparent in Clarence and along the Ottawa. One luxury had been enjoyed for several years, in a steam-boat passing daily along the river. In 1824 the "Union," built at Hawkesbury, first rippled the smooth sheet of water between Grenville and Hull. She was a slow coach, requiring all day to make the passage one way, but was very accommodating. She stopped for every canoe that brought her freight or passengers. On one occasion a party, presuming on this good nature, detained her in mid-stream to hand on board a letter, with a request to the captain to mail it at Hawkesbury. The captain complied, but rebuked such freedom by using an adjective that showed his dislike of being imposed upon so far.

Occasionally the method of boarding the steamer was attended with danger. Mr. Edwards had his share of escapes on bad ice, and by canoes capsizing; but all were put into the shade by his almost miraculous preservation when boarding the steamer one day.

The boat was about stopping, but the wheels were slowly revolving, when the person steering the canoe very awkwardly allowed it to pass before the wheel. In a moment the occupants of the canoe were struggling in the water. Mr. Edwards grasped one of the blades of the wheel, to which he clung while it made two revolutions, his body passing through a space so narrow that every one wondered how he escaped with life.*

In 1827 Col. By passed up to commence the Rideau Canal. This costly work made no small stir on the hitherto quiet Ottawa. The embryo town, bearing the Colonel's name, grew apace.

*It were well if the action of the person steering were only to be attributed to carelessness, but there is reason to believe it was rather the result of intention. So many think to this day.

The construction and trade of the canal, the fast settling of the surrounding country, and the increasing extent of the lumber trade, united to push Bytown rapidly forward. An interesting incident connected with the first flight of locks ascending from the Ottawa, is the fact that the renowned Sir John Franklin laid the foundation stone. Sir John, happening to pass on one of his overland trips northward, was assigned the honor. Lady Franklin, when in Ottawa in 1861, was shown the stone her lamented husband had laid so long before.

During the progress of the canal, the demand for farm produce was great, and prices ranged high. The settlers along the river felt the benefit. Clarence improved rapidly; settlers came in fast; and those previously located improved in circumstances. The blessing of a day school was added to the Sabbath school. A church, receiving frequent additions, watched over by Mr. Edwards, was exerting a beneficial influence on the whole community.

The necessity for manual labour, on the part of Mr. Edwards, being lessened, he devoted his time more fully to ministerial work. Not having been hitherto formally designated to the charge of a church, he was, in 1831, ordained. About that time an Act was passed in Upper Canada, to enable other than Episcopal and Presbyterian ministers to marry. Mr. Edwards took advantage of the law, and supplied a want long felt. Previously, candidates for wedlock had to make long journeys, or content themselves with the services of a magistrate.

Many amusing anecdotes might be told of the doings of some J.P.s, in early days, in the back woods, both in their style of tying matrimonial knots, and administering justice. Nice points of law were not studied; in fact some of their worships were a law unto themselves. One of these, an old officer, who had served under Wellington and loved despatch, would put up a notice on a Saturday, stating "This is the first, second and third time of calling,"

and marry the couple on the following Monday. Any case in the whole calendar, civil or criminal, he would take hold of—breaches of promise, or cases of debt, just as readily as breaches of the peace.

CHAPTER VI.

Now mark the change: Zion in glory stands;
The pines rejoice—the maples clap their hands.
Waste places sing—the wilderness is green,
And fruit abounds where barrenness was seen.
The placid river mirrors on its face,
These scenes of beauty and results of grace.
Lochaber's mounts reverberate the strains,
By David sung in Juda's fair domains.

How great the joy in the breast of a general who gains a hard fought battle! With what ecstasy the explorer in search of new countries sees, like Columbus, a light in the distance, assuring him of success! Who may estimate the delight that thrills the bosom of the philosopher, in discovering some new law of nature, or planet in the immensity of space? But the happiness enjoyed by all these wanes before the lasting felicity of him who saveth a soul from death, for "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

The subject of our narrative enjoyed pleasure of no ordinary character in the growth and prosperity of Clarence. Its material progress was satisfactory, but its moral and religious advancement was, to his heart, the chief cause of exultation. To this end he long labored, and lived to realize a remarkable fulfilment of the divine promise, "They who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Instances of individual consecration to God were of frequent occurrence. Among these his eldest two sons were numbered. His second son, John, after a course of study, entered the ministry, and proved a labourious and very successful preacher of the Gospel. He spent some years at Chatham and St. Andrews, was for a time located in Peterboro, and afterwards filled the place of his father in Clarence and surrounding settlements, where he toiled faithfully for twelve years. Subsequently he became travelling agent for the

Grande Ligne Mission, in the service of which society it may be said he died "in harness," December, 1866.

Single sheaves, as we before noticed, had hitherto been garnered in the spiritual storehouse at Clarence; but a harvest of precious fruit was to be given, and "multitudes fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows." The summer of 1835 was a memorable time in the history of this portion of the Ottawa, to which many now living look back as the period when they began their journey heavenward. Untoward circumstances had much discouraged Mr. Edwards, and the future was dark before him. He solicited the aid of his friends, Messrs. Gilmour and Fraser, with the view of endeavoring to awaken among the people a deeper interest in the things of religion. These friends responded, and their pungent preaching produced a most extraordinary effect. A meeting, intended to last three days, was protracted to many more. The above named ministers left early, their places being taken by Mr. John Edwards, jun., from St. Andrews, and Mr. Silver, a student from Madiscen, N. Y. The spirit of preaching was poured out on the people, who obeyed in a remarkable way the injunction, "Let him that heareth say Come." For some miles, up and down the river, the interest was intense. Several townships shared in the work. Matters of the world were, for the time, disregarded, the crops left uncared for, and the language of Watts felt with unwonted power:

"Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below."

The scenes which transpired on the Ottawa during the days of this meeting, are worthy of more than passing notice. Early morn witnessed canoes in large numbers, crowded with living freight of all ages, steering for Foxes' Point, the songs of Zion rising from glad hearts, as the nimble paddle quickened their progress to the place of ga-

thering. From day to day the arm of the Almighty was made bare, as multitudes, of various ages, were made subjects of redeeming grace. Unusual power accompanied the word, and prayer possessed the potency of faith. The fountain of many hearts was broken up; the penitential tear flowed from many eyes; the cry rose from many, "What shall we do?" About a hundred professed to start for the better land. Of this number several turned back; but a goodly number continue to this day to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour; while some have gone to swell the throng of the redeemed in the sanctuary above.

Other revivals of deep interest have been enjoyed along this portion of the Ottawa, but this was the first, and, considering the extent of the population, the most widespread.

Besides church privileges, Foxes' Point became noted for other means of social, moral and intellectual improvement which did much to give form and character to the township. In all these Mr. Edwards took prominence, and did all in his power to advance the interests of the people generally. The Sunday School he established has been in existence nearly half a century. The Bible Society, formed through his means, dates back over forty years. A society, founded by Mr. Naysmith, of Glasgow, called the "Young Men's Society for moral, religious, and intellectual improvement," was a happy means of improvement to many at Foxes' Point; and some who enjoyed its benefits are now filling situations of honour and responsibility.*

Yet another institution claims our notice, the influence of which has proved to the community of Clarence and the neighborhood around a blessing of no ordinary kind. That institution is the Temperance Society. It was not Mr. Edwards' privilege to organize the society in Clarence, as he was absent in

*It is worthy of note that this Young Men's Society was of infinite value to the inhabitants at the Point, and the Society owed a very great debt of gratitude to the Rev. Mr. Fletcher for the interest he took in its prosperity. He often wrote letters full of sound advice and wisdom. He frequently referred to the Christian and moral influences at work in the settlement, and loved to refer to them, comparing them to a light which shone brilliantly from Fox's Point, in the dark valley of the Ottawa.

Britain; but every member of his family signed the first pledge, and subsequently he became a warm advocate of the cause. Not only did he renounce intoxicating drinks of every kind, but, on principle, discontinued the use of tobacco, after having used the pernicious weed over a quarter of a century.*

To the honour of the aged men of Clarence, it must be said, nearly all who espoused temperance principles eschewed also the use of tobacco. In April, 1830, the temperance banner was raised in the township, and it has continued to wave to the present time.

How great the influence for good of some men! The name of Mr. Christmas, American Presbyterian Minister, to many in Canada, must be as ointment poured forth. Montreal was highly blessed in the ministrations of one who travailed for the spiritual birth of its people. Nor was his usefulness limited to the city, or his talent confined to pulpit efforts. He labored upwards on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, and the benefits of his labors extended farther than he himself was able to go. The Hon. Billa Flint was won to the temperance cause through the advocacy of Mr. Christmas, in a meeting at some point on the St. Lawrence. A champion was gained in this gentleman, who has done much to extend the benefits of total abstinence throughout Canada.

St. Andrews, on the Ottawa, was blessed spiritually, in no common degree, by the labours of Mr. Christmas, who also pleaded successfully with its inhabitants the claims of temperance. A solitary tract on the subject (Keteridge's Addresses), received from St. Andrews, sowed the seed in Clarence, which resulted in a rich harvest of blessing to multitudes on the Ottawa, and which will continue to benefit generations yet unborn.

In view of the increasing religious wants of Canada, Mr. Edwards became strongly impressed with the necessity of a native educated ministry. In his own

experience he felt keenly the disadvantage of limited mental culture, and how much more useful he might have been with a mind early disciplined by a liberal education. He was desirous of aiding to supply the wants of Canada in this respect, and an opportunity soon occurred enabling him to labour in this direction. Leading men in his denomination at Montreal, and along the Ottawa, holding similar views on the necessity of a native educated ministry, decided on making an energetic effort towards this end. Mr. Gilmour was selected to visit Britain to raise funds and secure the services of an instructor. Herein he was eminently successful, and ere long, Dr. Davis, a man of mark in the paths of literature, had, under training at Montreal, a goodly number of young men, preparing to become preachers of the Gospel. From this "school of the prophets" went forth men who have been blessings to Canada.

Additional means were soon required in carrying forward this new enterprise, and the contemplated project of erecting a college building. Mr. Edwards was requested to visit Britain for the purpose of awakening a deeper interest in behalf of Canada, and to collect funds for the college. In 1839 he again crossed the Atlantic, and spent over a year and a half travelling through England and Scotland, in furtherance of the educational scheme of Montreal. The results of the mission were satisfactory; and, in the spring of 1841, Mr. Edwards again sailed for Canada. He was accompanied by Mr. Girdwood, who came to take charge of the church established by Mr. Gilmour, and by Mr. King, who became a laborious worker in the spiritual vineyard of Canada. The Montreal College, so dear to the hearts of many, and for which a few did so much, for some reason or other, was not sustained by the denomination generally. Mr. Edwards promised 150 acres of land, which was deeded to the

*At the formation of the Clarence Temperance Society, on 1st April 1830, seven parties joined. The names are: Mrs. Edwards, James Edwards, John Edwards, William Edwards, Eliza Cameron, Henry Matthews and Mary Ann Ager. Two only survive at this date (1881) of the seven—another reminder of the mutability of everything on earth.

College by his son. After a few years it ceased to exist, and the beautiful building passed into other hands, to be used for purposes widely different from those for which it was erected.

Mr. Edwards did not live to witness this sad result to anxious thought and weary toil. A year spent in the service of his master, for Canada, and his work was finished. While preaching in Lochaber, a current of air from an open window was the appointed means to produce disease, of which he died on the 29th of April, 1842, aged 62.

Six days afterwards his beloved wife, and cheerful helpmate in the toils and duties of life, without apparent disease or suffering, was called home. Both were interred at Foxes' Point, in view of the spot where, twenty years before, they landed and began life in the bush.

The foregoing sketch will attain the aim of the writer, if it should interest the reader, and tend to stimulate others to imitate the example of one who did what he could, exemplifying the Divine aphorism: "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."



RUSTIC

JOTTINGS FROM THE BUSH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CANADIAN PIONEER."

No. I.

EMIGRATION.

DEAR READER,—Should Jottings No. I pass muster with the Inspector-General of the *Dominion Monthly* other effusions will follow on a variety of subjects, including sketches of the trials and triumphs of backwoods life—topics familiar to the early settler, and possibly interesting and useful to such as seek a home within the borders of our Dominion.

Emigration being an important undertaking to those who move, and a valuable source of strength to our country, may properly claim our first attention.

You good people in the three kingdoms of fatherland, who feel moved to try and better your fortunes, we invite cordially to this portion of Her Majesty's Dominions. You will find here no abatement of your privileges as British subjects, but an enlarged degree of liberty and an ampler field in which to exercise your abilities and ambition.

With the exception of the Governor-Generalship, every office in the land is open to every man, whatever his country, color, or condition. It is well, however, for intending settlers to be aware that Canada is a very miserable country for shiftless, indolent people. Stop where you are unless you feel willing to work, and to work hard, during the earlier stages of your career. Men here, are, as a rule, what they make themselves. Emphatically, in Canada

there is no royal road to wealth and position. We are, in a large sense, a nation of self-made men.

Another necessary qualification for successful life in Canada is steady habits. Tipplers had better die at home than hasten their end by coming here. One course alone is safe for every man who sets foot on our shores, and that is total abstinence from all that intoxicates. Of all the causes of failure in securing prosperity in Canada indulgence in strong drinks stands pre-eminently first. In very many respects to effect settlement now is an easy and pleasant business compared to what it was some years ago. The voyage is much cheaper and much more expeditious.

The country to which we invite you is a far more desirable region than it was of yore; in fact it is a prepared place. The early settler can speak feelingly of the time and toil required in passing through Canada when he made the journey. The ocean trip is now performed in as many days as it formerly took weeks; and on landing the voyager finds a train of cars waiting to hurry him forward to any point of the compass he may desire to go.

Commercially, Canada is in a vastly improved condition. The facilities for trade are such that the luxuries and necessities of life are more easily, as well as more cheaply, obtained than they were a few years ago. Agriculture has also made rapid strides, and the labor saving machines at present in use, not

only secure despatch but soften the rigor of toil, and make farming a much more pleasant calling.

Politically, Canada can boast great progress. The men who in earlier days fought the battle of the wilderness, had also to fight the battles of civil and religious liberty. The machinery of our Government as at present constructed, is such that if good laws are not enacted and faithfully administered, the fault is our own. The power lies with the people. The Government is responsible to Parliament, and the Parliament is chosen by the people. The franchise is so low that every man fit to vote may soon be able to do so. In no particular do we enjoy one whit less liberty than our Republican neighbors.

We wish our kindred south of 45° all prosperity. Britain may well feel proud of such an offspring; and her child, even if occasionally wayward, cannot fail to rejoice in such a mother. "Hail Columbia!" march onward to the proud destiny awaiting you in the future! We in Canada hope to follow close upon the heels of your progress, and in due time cut a respectable figure among the nations of the earth.

The advancement of both countries, however, depends upon our cultivating kindly feeling, and living as neighbours always should live—not seeking every one his own only, but every one another's good. To this end let us both devoutly respond the prayer of Judah's King to the Almighty: "Scatter thou the people that delight in war." And may we both in our intercourse aim to realize by happy experience that "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim."

War between John and Jonathan!—let it not so much as be named among us as becometh brethren—one in origin; one in language; one in our common Christianity; united by inter-marriage, by commercial interests, by telegraphs and railroads, and a thousand other ties that forbid in tones whose vibrations tingle upon every ear, the fratricidal folly of making war.

Let no other strife prevail between

us but which shall be foremost in every scheme calculated to advance the happiness of our own citizens, and benefit the entire family of man. And let all the people of both countries say, Amen.

Another feature favorable to the present aspect of Canada, is the enlarged and enlarging character of our school system. Without money and without price every child can claim a common school education, and the facilities for superior mental culture are already respectable and yearly becoming better. Religious privileges, too, are vastly in advance of what they were wont to be. Ministers of all denominations are numerous, and are scattered all over the land. There is nothing in our climate to frighten any one. Summer's heat and winter's cold are within moderate bounds, and for a healthy country we are pre-eminently blessed.

It is true the land now at the disposal of Government is not so convenient or so generally good as it was; but throughout many of the partially settled portions of the country much fair land is yet obtainable at moderate prices. There is also a government draining scheme being at present carried out in Ontario, which, it is anticipated, will bring into the market large tracts of good land hitherto useless. Then there is the Red River region, a very Goshen, to which a tide of emigration will flow through Canada as fast as a convenient channel can be opened for it. In view of the considerations advanced—and they are not colored—we invite our countrymen and others to try Canada as a home. Very many thousands of its present inhabitants, living in abundance, landed here poor in pocket and forlorn in feeling. Persevering industry, honest dealing, and sober habits lead infallibly to competence.

In Canada we enjoy a goodly inheritance, and we invite you to share it with us. We have a generous soil, great mineral wealth, invaluable timber forests, fisheries unequalled in the world, a genial climate, liberal institutions; and, as a whole, we are a loyal, law-abiding, contended people. The fruits

of past effort are apparent in our railway and canal systems, the growth and wealth of our cities, and the many thousands of improved farms that dot and beautify the land. And what Canada will be fifty years hence no one can prophecy; but, if true to her interests and her legitimate destiny, she will stand high in the scale of social existence, whether still allied to Great Britain, or occupying the position of an independent kingdom. Either way, may a virtuous and enlightened populace be her bulwark of defence; for "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

NO. II.

PATRIOTISM—COUNSELS TO NEW SETTLERS—EXPERIENCES IN THE PAST.

"My eye delighted not to look
On forests old or rapids grand;
The stranger's pride I scarce could brook,
My heart was in my own dear land."

So sang the lamented McGee; but he learned to love Canada, and his patriotism for the land of his adoption cost him his life.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,—if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." This outburst of religious patriotic feeling, penned by the sweet singer of Israel, doubtless paints in truthful colors the longings of the exiled Jew for the city of his God.

Our exile, unlike his, is voluntary; yet how strong in the breasts of true men is sympathy with the sentiments of Sir Walter Scott:—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand."

Cowper, the bard of Olney, exclaims in his delightful "Task":—

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee!"

This devotion to fatherland is creditable to the hearts of those whose impassioned utterances we cannot but admire. Notwithstanding, as a filial child

cannot forget or cease to love her parents, yet when she becomes a wife her allegiance is transferred, even so the emigrant who exchanges his own for another country, where he becomes a permanent resident, and enjoys the protection and privileges of the country chosen, is in duty bound to transfer his allegiance to the government under which he lives.

This doctrine may be unacceptable to many in whose bosoms the fire of patriotism burns fervently, but it will bear the test of reason, and should be duly considered by all who elect to settle in an alien country. Fortunately, those of our countrymen who come hither have no trouble on this score, and they will find us a very loyal people. Troubles enough will, however, crowd the track of the early settler apart from this; but patience and perseverance will in time clear the way, and the sky of his prospects brighten daily, until the sunshine of comparative prosperity shall appear attainable. If the counsel of one who trod the rugged path of emigrant life long ago will be taken as kindly as it is offered, he would say: "Friends, crowd not the city, but scatter and seek employment wherever it can be found without loss of time, and accept such wages as can be got. If you are possessed of means to purchase land, be in no hurry to do so. Learn the husbandry of the country under others before you start on your own hook. Do not pretend to judge Canada or its people before you have sufficiently tested both. What others have done you can do, by using the same means; and you have before you in this country the example of thousands of families living in comfort, and even some degree of refinement, who began life as low down as you can be."

The writer could relate many amusing instances of the ignorance of early settlers, by no means amusing to the parties concerned at the time of their occurrence, but painful proofs that experience keeps a dear school. One hardy settler who faced bush life destitute of the knowledge necessary to suc-

cess, determined to make his own sugar. As the season drew near he made due preparation. Troughs to receive the sap were provided, the stately maples were tapped, and freely gave their life-blood. Snow was removed for a fire-place, and kettles for boiling suspended in order. These were filled with sap, the fire applied, and the crackling billets blazed away, and soon the kettles boiled right merrily. As the industrious man surveyed the completeness of his preparations, he anticipated ample and early reward for his toil. As yet, how sugar was made, or in what manner it came, he knew not—other than it had to be boiled ; so he boiled away. Unfortunately, he had never studied the effects of evaporation, and thought the boiling process would be helped by keeping the kettles closely covered. Day after day he boiled away, and expected the sugar to form at the bottom of the kettles. Evaporation was partially secured by the steam raising the covers of the kettles, and their contents grew gradually sweeter. Fresh sap was constantly supplied, and the sugar looked for ; but no sugar appeared. It never occurred to the poor fellow that, to get sugar, he must cease putting in sap, and boil all down to a certain consistency. Business brought a member of the family some forty miles from home, where he witnessed the operation, and the mystery was solved. On his return sugar was soon produced, and the family luxuriated on the delicious product of the maple, and thanked God for planting in the wilderness a tree so useful, living or dead. Our boiling friend acquired such intense admiration for the maple that he vowed his axe should touch them not—an unprofitable decision, as will appear. A giant crop of these favorites grew where he intended to clear for

crop ; all other kinds of trees were removed, and the corn and potatoes planted beneath the sturdy sugar maple. Alas, the ample foliage of their wide-spread limbs so shaded and dwarfed the growing crops beneath* that the luckless settler became convinced the same ground could not yield at the same time two such crops. With feelings lacerated in a two-fold sense, the beloved maples were cut down, and in their fall so smashed the corn and potatoes that little of either was harvested, and thus his first season was in a great measure lost. Nothing daunted he prepared to try again. He enlarged the limits of his clearing, in order to plant more extensively, as well as to secure more abundant sunshine. The latter, he had learned by experience, was quite a necessity in crop-growing. Unflagging industry, a rich virgin soil, and favorable weather, secured the promise of an ample crop. Very beautiful did it appear as the summer advanced, and very proud was the aspiring settler of his corn and other crops. But another blunder produced another failure, tried the metal of the man, and taught him another lesson in the school of experience. As his principal clearing was some distance from his house, and surrounded by a thick bush, he trusted to the latter for protection, and built no fence. The bush will keep out the sun but not cattle. One night in July, a large flock of neighbors' cattle invaded the unfenced clearing, and the result can be guessed. The following morning presented a scene of desolation painful to behold. The sickness of heart in hope deferred felt by the sufferer, was sufficient to extinguish the courage of a less brave man, in the loss of another season. He tried again but not in vain, and lived to rejoice in the life of a Canadian far-

*It happened some time in June that two men from Locheil came to Fox's Point to perform settlement duties on land they had down in Clarence, and being slightly acquainted with Mr. Edwards, they stopped at his house and went with him to see "his crop." On entering the "clearing" they looked up and down, and exclaimed with astonishment: "Mr. Edwards, why have you these maples standing here?" He replied as they were so valuable in making sugar, he had concluded to let them grow. "Well," they said, "you cannot grow crops and maples at the same time ; if you wish to raise crops you must cut the maples down." And the good men offered to assist, and spent two days in aiding to fell them. The consequence of felling trees upon growing crops may be imagined better than described. In fact the crop was scarcely worth harvesting.

mer. He tasted in large measure the trials of bush life, and enjoyed many of its triumphs. The blunders of early settlers may seldom be so grave as those now recited; but they are numerous, and, if written, would supply a rare chapter of instruction and caution to candidates for life in the bush.†

The youthful settler loves the arduous toil of felling trees, and it is an honour for a man to have borne an active part in aiding to redeem the earth from the dominion of the forest. The necessity for tree slaughter may, however, have made us Canadians blind to the beauty and benefit of tree culture. The bush farmer must remove the forest in order to raise crops; but he should soon begin to replant. Tree-planting is easily performed, and more suitable than trying to save solitary trees among those you cut down. For shade and ornament, as well as for sugar trees, and for wood-work requiring a tough description of timber, planting should receive early and careful attention. In some countries the government takes this matter in hand, and in Canada something should be done to awake enlightened views on the subject. The labour of chopping trees is exciting, as the monarchs of a thousand years are tumbled to the ground. It is attended with some danger, and has proved fatal to many. All require care, and the beginner has especial reason to be wary. The first thing to do when about to fell a tree, is to ascertain which way it leans, and begin to cut on that side first. A worthy Scot, newly arrived, believed he could improve on the Canadian method—save much chopping and oblige the tree to fall where he chose, and not where it was inclined to fall itself. To this end he provided a long ladder and a long rope. Each tree was scaled, the rope attached, and while a portion of his party pulled away with might and main, the other portion did the chopping. The worthy man learned, in

time, that Canadian trees were too tall for ladders, and over strong for his rope; and like a wise man he laid both aside, followed the example of others, and soon had a large clearing.

Not far from the Scotchman's farm an Englishman pitched his tent, and began life in the bush. Mr. Crane had the advantage of education and means, but being unwilling to learn from those he deemed his inferiors, he struggled many years in fighting the battle of the wilderness—was finally beaten, and returned home, reduced in circumstances and humbled, to acknowledge, "My pride has caused my failure." The first error committed was purchasing land immediately on his arrival, and before experience enabled him to make a good choice. Blunder followed blunder; yet counsel was spurned, and a well-intended suggestion from neighbors would elicit, "I know my own business, and have not come here to learn from you." Living beside a navigable river made a means of conveyance on water necessary. Who would imagine a man fresh from London would undertake to make a canoe without aid or directions? This plucky man did, and buried himself some days in the bush to effect his purpose. A pine tree of large dimensions was levelled, and a portion of it hollowed out and shaped canoe-wise. When finished a team drew it to the river's bank. The launch was privately performed, his wife alone being permitted to witness the operation and to help accomplish it, as she, good soul, would not sneer, even if failure was the result of presumption. The vessel glided upon the bosom of the old Ottawa, but somehow would not keep even; in fact, was so perversely one-sided in her bearing that her builder, in disgust, gave the cranky thing a good shove into the stream and the current bore her ignobly onward to supply some Lower Canadian with a pig trough, or otherwise wood for his fire. Mr. C. anticipated when

†There were some 25 yoke of shanty oxen belonging to Mr. Hamilton who were turned adrift in the bush to make their living as best they could. Their depredations caused the crop to be late in maturing, and it was attended with more labour than it was worth in saving it. But where there is a struggle for existence going on, as in this case, it is not so much "will it pay?" as "can it be saved?"

potato-digging came, a root-house would be required to hold them, and determined to make one. Although the son of a wealthy man, he could handle tools, and at hard work was in his element. Too proud to copy from others, something original must be attempted. Choosing the sloping face of a deep gully, he commenced to tunnel inwards under the bank, and having reached a sufficient distance, he formed a chamber of the required size, all underground. A small aperture was dug to the surface, intended for the conveyance of the roots into the chamber below. The whole work being lined with boards, doors were put up, and the job finished in a workman-like manner. Many days of hard toil were spent in sweltering weather to achieve this object ; and the first heavy fall of rain caused the earth to cave in and make ruin of the whole structure. More labor lost. The next scheme that engaged the thoughts of this determined man, was how to remove stumps. It mattered not how others performed this work, Mr. C. in everything preferred his own way. As the pulley is one of the mechanical powers, he concluded that even pine stumps must yield to its irresistible force. Expensive blocks and tackle were procured in England, and Mr. C. and his horses pulled away long and hard among stumps, but to little purpose ; they kept their ground in spite of him. Thus another abortive enterprise was abandoned to make room for others, all ending in vanity and vexation of spirit—a warning to others to heed the admonition, “Be not wise in your own conceit.”

Mrs. Moody has painted in living colors the trials of Canadian bush life. Her own share in these, and the manner in which she braved them, are creditable to her heart and head. How much unwritten heroism has adorned many of the wives and daughters of early settlers cannot be known. Permit a slight sketch of one such character in the wife of Mr. C.—the man whose failings and failures have just been alluded to. Mrs. C. was the

daughter of a London lawyer ; delicately reared, of refined manners and accomplished education. In person she was of fragile form, and possessed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. How great the transition from fashionable life in London to bush life in Canada ! Her husband had decided on forest life, and she accepted the situation without a murmur. Alas, it proved a hard one, and much worse than was necessary, by the perverse disposition of her husband. Her fair hands had never before performed servile labour ; embroidery, manipulating the keys of her piano, and kindred employments, alone had occupied her fingers. Now household duties of the roughest kind were learnt and performed. To such work was soon added the care of children, and, in the absence of her husband, the care of cattle. On the coldest day of mid-winter, this gentle creature might be seen many acres from her house chopping the ice at the river, and watering the cattle. In her husband was blended a strange mixture of fondness and severity towards his wife. He would admit the course he was pursuing must kill her, which event he contemplated with deep sorrow, and would then add, “I can’t help it.” If at any time she mildly remonstrated, and suggested a better way of doing a thing, she was answered with an oath, followed by the question—“Don’t I know better than you, my dear ?” Nor was the care of cattle the only outside work this lady shared in. While her husband held the plough, she drove the horses. When preparing timber for a house, she worked the lower end of the whip-saw ; and when the house was building, she alone was his helper from laying the foundation to putting up the rafters. To deficient crops was added the loss of their house and nearly all its contents by fire. Reduced means carefully concealed from fond parents at home, cut off many little comforts enjoyed at first, and for several years deficient food and lack of suitable clothing increased the trials of this heroic woman. Finally her husband yielded

to the force of circumstances, admitted he had waged an unequal conflict, in which his will was pitted against the judgment and experience of every other person, and he was beaten. He closed accounts with Canada, from which he retired a poorer but wiser man, and sought an asylum in his native land. In the employment of his father, who was an extensive manufacturing chemist, his skill and energy found ample and profitable occupation. Ten years were thus spent after the close of his Canadian campaign, when an accident, by which he inhaled the poisonous gas of some drug, cut him down suddenly in the midst of his days. Mrs. C. still survives, and must often revert, in imagination, to her life in the woods a quarter of a century ago. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction. We hear much of women's rights. Some competent pen should set before the world woman's wrongs. These are neither few nor small, and claim a redress:—

"I am not sad; though sorrows not a few
Have laid their darksome trace upon my brow;
Still hopeful, I can life's rough way pursue,
And 'neath the load of duty meekly bow;
For sorrows are but ministers of God,
Sent to remind us of the home we seek—
The path of sorrow He before us trod,
Who taught the blind to see, the dumb to speak."

No. III.

TEMPTATIONS OF SETTLERS.

A change of country involves much change of circumstances. A prudent man will consider these and adapt himself to his new condition. One quality, especially valuable in a beginner, is a teachable disposition.

"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him."

"Seize upon truth where'er it's found,
Among your friends, among your foes;
On Christian or on heathen ground,
The flower divine where'er it grows:
Neglect the thistle and assume the rose."

How humble, yet beautiful, the comparison applied to himself by that wonder in science, Sir Isaac Newton, "A child gathering shells on the shore, while the great ocean of truth lay before him unexplored."

A gentleman who rose to the highest

position as a ship-builder under the British Government, made it his constant practice to consult every working shipwright of intelligence who came in his way as to his views in different points bearing on ship-building, and thereby gathering valuable hints helpful in his profession.

Capt. Cook, the great explorer, mentions in the record of his voyages a valuable suggestion he got from a common sailor, by acting on which he saved one of his ships when in a sinking condition. The vessel had struck a coral rock and was filling fast. The suggestion of the sailor was called "foddering the ship." A sail was got and covered with grease mixed with goat's manure. Long ropes were fastened to the corners of the sail, which having weights attached to make it sink, was passed over the bows, and by means of the ropes on either side of the ship, was drawn towards the stern until the leak was reached. The ropes were then tightened, and the sail covering the hole made in the ship's bottom was firmly secured. This make-shift served until they reached a place where they could lay the vessel over and repair damages.

Readers of the life of the first Napoleon will call to mind an incident which occurred during the progress of one of his great battles. A private left his place in the ranks, and going to where the Emperor stood, said, "If your Majesty will order an additional force to aid the troops at such a point on the field (naming it), the victory will speedily be ours." No rebuke fell from the lips of his sovereign for such unusual conduct. He merely said to the man, "Who told you my thoughts?" The order was made and the expected result followed. At the close of the action the Emperor inquired for the soldier, intending to reward his sagacity; but the poor fellow had fallen and was beyond promotion.

Such facts afford valuable examples how great men are not beyond instruction. With what greater avidity should ordinary mortals embrace every opportunity of adding to their stock of know-

ledge. Conceit is not unfrequently a failing with the new comer. He is apt to pride himself on his old country acquirements, and set at nought whatever clashes with his preconceived notions. The folly of this temptation was illustrated in "Jottings No. II." There are two other temptations which beset the way of the man who starts for himself to carve out a living in the wilderness. He is in danger of idleness on the one hand, and of working too much on the other.

A person who heretofore has always been in the employ of others, and suddenly finds himself his own master and relieved from the spur and promptings of supervision, is liable to be lax in application and prodigal of time. As "the hand of the diligent maketh rich," even so "an idle soul shall suffer hunger." The traveller, in passing the farm of one of this class, does not require to be told a sluggard dwells here. The forest keeps in close vicinity with the house; what clearing has been made is growing over with brush; fences are out of repair; the cattle are miserably housed and as miserably fed in winter, and in summer are left to find shelter from the heat and respite from the flies as best they can. If he enters the hovel a stampede of young ones with nothing to cover them but their nudity, will follow, making for shelter that does not exist, as the dwelling has but one apartment, which serves for kitchen, dining-room, parlor and bedroom.

The picture within is not inviting; and as our traveller would prefer to pass on, let us do likewise. In contrast, many of the industrial heroes who have come over to possess the land, are in too great haste to be rich. Stimulated by the facts that all profits are their own and that affluence is attainable by exertion, they go to work too eagerly at the laborious task of clearing the forest and making from the wilderness a farm with ample fields, and the necessary appendage of buildings to house themselves and the abundant yield of these fields. In passing through Canada multitudes of such men are met, whose own hands

have achieved the transformation of a forest-covered lot into a beautiful farm, with residences pleasing to the eye and comfortable in their appointments, with out-buildings to correspond, which bespeak the taste as well as the industry of their owners.

But how often have such men over-worked themselves, and made property at the expense of health? "There is that maketh himself rich and yet hath nothing." This class are under temptation, too, to err in another particular—namely, over-working their children. These olive plants round about our table should be too much the delight of our eyes to permit our avarice to tax unduly their tender energies. We thereby rob them of what does not belong to us, and cause ailments felt and deplored in future years; and however valuable and freely given, the aid of his wife in the lighter kinds of outdoor work, the pushing settler should aim to exempt her from the more masculine labor of using the axe or rolling logs. Woman's rights should be respected in everything that draws too severely on her strength of body, or trenches on her delicacy of mind. Our daughters should be also very precious in our sight. They were born to be wives. Let them qualify for this honorable estate, and pass from our care uninjured by our cupidity, prepared as fully as our means will allow worthily to fill the high position of ruling their own households.

We have each been indebted to others for the blessing of a wife; even so must others be indebted to us for a like benefit. In this way we repay to society the debt incurred by our connubial relationship. Let us pay the debt, not grudgingly, but of a ready mind and generous disposition.

The number is growing smaller, but still there are too many who believe in the virtue of strong drink as helpful in bush labor. The emigrant should eschew this temptation as he would the Evil one, nor allow cheap liquor or hard work to seduce him into the dangerous practice of tippling. Cheap liquor is very dear in the end, and hard labour

made much harder by using it.

Vivid pictures of the evils of alcohol to settlers in the bush, crowd the recollection of the writer. In earlier days when stimulants were considered blessings, a house or barn could not be raised, or even a chopping or logging "bee" made, but whiskey was a standing necessity. Accidents were frequently the result, and if the work of the day was passed in safety, very often revelry and drunkenness at night left the imbibers next morning in a sorry state for the work before them. In a settlement which might be named, a number of neighbors were engaged logging. They, as usual on such occasions, drank freely of the maddening draught. Two of the number, on some trifling difference or old grudge, quarrelled, and one of them raised the handspike in his hand and smote his fellow dead on the spot. Alas, what language can describe, what pen can portray the carnage of this destroyer?

Events thrilling in their nature and fearful in their consequences, transpired not far from the scene of this murder. Funerals, as well as births and marriages, were seasons for drinking. On one of these occasions a quarrel occurred over the open grave, and a free and general fight was then and there gone into. A professional man, whose practice was much injured by his habits, was imitated by his wife in the sin of indulgence. They were a sad example of the debasing influence of drink. Education, refinement, and connections all laid in the dust. One night both retired to bed beastly drunk. The husband on awakening in the morning found his wife on the floor dead, and beside her corpse a new-born child. Remorse stung him to the quick, and within two or three days he took his own life. In the localities where these scenes occurred, were men who professed in words to guide the people in wisdom's ways, but their practice gave the lie to their profession. It was even said on creditable testimony that most unbecoming scenes of indulgence occurred there, after sacramental seasons,

in which the officers of churches made merry on the unused wine. The attention of the reader might be called to another neighborhood, and another example of this great evil claim his pity. A solitary settler lived a few miles back from the Ottawa, and toiled in cutting away the forest. Christmas brought him to the front, to relax his labor and enjoy the usual pleasures of this festive season. When about to return he drank freely of the poisoned whiskey of the tavern, and carried a bottle full of it in his pocket. He tracked his way back, and nearly reached his shanty, when, being overcome, he laid himself down and slept his last sleep. The frozen corpse was afterwards found in the snow, and the quantity of whiskey in the bottle told too plainly the story of the poor man's fate. Among his effects sold were many tokens of former respectability; and among his books a Bible and a Psalm Book bore marks of the love and solicitude of fond friends in Scotland. Alcohol is no respecter of persons; all who look upon the beauty of its colour will feel the weight of its power. Instances of this kind might be multiplied to fill volumes; one more at present must suffice. In yet another neighborhood on the Ottawa, an industrious settler had conquered the early difficulties of the bush, and owned a comfortable homestead. Unfortunately drinking practices at "bees" had created in him the appetite for liquor. His love for it became supreme, and all claims of wife and children were sunk in the selfish gratification of this one lust. On a cold night in winter he left the tavern and staggered homewards. An anxious wife spent the night vainly watching for his return, but he came not. Daylight revealed to her his lifeless form stretched on the frozen ground, a short distance from the house. The hapless widow was sister to the tavern keeper who sold the man the liquor, and a large family to provide for magnified her troubles; but the hard hearted man sold on. Verily the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

Vanity may be named as another

temptation which besets the way of the Canadian settler.

In reality,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise.
Act well your part—there all the honor lies ;"

and it is much to the credit of a man to be the architect of his own fortune—to have risen from being a servant to be himself a master. On the other hand, the avenues to titles and position in our country are so open that many well-meaning men are tempted to accept offices for which they are indifferently qualified, overlooking that the chief honor of any office is the ability to fill it. A property qualification in Ontario of \$1,200 is required of Justices of the Peace ; but the more necessary qualifications of nurture and education are strangely overlooked. Things will not be better until the ballast of intelligence steady our heads, and the title "Esquire" is esteemed an empty name, when the office which gives it has been conferred for political reasons only.

In Canada, for the sake of their votes, men have frequently been made magistrates who could neither read nor write. Under such circumstances it is small wonder that, in many localities, it is difficult to get Justices to act, and too frequently, when they do act, their administration of law is a libel on their office.

Militia matters are at present under more efficient arrangements. The former order of things consisted more of conferring titles than in providing defence ; and we poor Canadians valued these titles much beyond their worth. Every other man you met was Captain, Major, or something else above or below these, and usually without a particle of military knowledge.

Nor are we colonists free from the temptation of desiring to have M.P. or M.P.P. attached to our names. Now, going into Parliament is a laudable ambition, if a fair share of the required ability is possessed, and the motive for desiring to do so will bear scrutiny. Usefulness should be the controlling incentive. When it is, a man will not seek to buy his way to the floor of the House, and corrupt a constituency by

wholesale bribery. Any man who buys his seat can himself be bought, and the people who sell themselves may expect to be sold. Too frequently the object in going into Parliament is office and emolument, and too many neglect their ordinary business for the casualties of political preferment, and make shipwreck of their circumstances. Common sense and common honesty are fundamental qualifications in a legislator. The more talent and education the better ; and the possession of means sufficient to make a man feel independent is also desirable. A man may be a very good cultivator of the soil, or merchant, but a poor law maker. Farmers, have a care of mistaking your calling, even if your election be sure. It does appear like a reflection on the yeomanry of the country even to hint that bribes could in any way be a temptation to a man who owns the farm he cultivates. But there is no getting over it ; the escutcheon of our honorable profession is tarnished by the countenance we give to bribery at our elections. There are men now occupying high positions in our Parliaments who in their canvass set at naught all law and morality, and who, while loud in talking of what is honest and honorable, have gained the seats they occupy by means of the most unblushing expenditure of thousands of dollars. Shall we continue to stoop to the meanness of being thus bribed, and elect men who are mean enough to purchase us like so many sheep ?

Among the temptations which beset the backwoods farmer is, to neglect the day of rest. Accustomed in his native land to attend church, and feel the spur of the good opinion of neighbors, there existed little inclination to desecrate the Sabbath Day. In his new position things are changed and principles tested. To multitudes in the woods, the sound of the church-going bell is music unknown, the voice of the preacher is rarely heard, and the stimulus of example is wanting to prompt in the way of duty. Inattention to dress is often the beginning of lax practice. Hunting and fishing are apt to follow, and ordi-

nary labor eventually be performed by persons who, before emigrating, would have exclaimed, "What ! is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" The temptation to indifference in the isolation of the bush is great; but if yielded to, the danger of temporal as well as spiritual damage is certain. All experience goes to prove that in keeping the Sabbath Day holy, there is great reward. One good man who felt severely the trying situation of bush experience on the Sabbath, persisted in the practice of dressing as he had been accustomed to do, frequently making the remark, "We honour God by honouring the Sabbath." His example of Sabbath Day observance influenced a whole settlement, and he lived to see, not only much of the wilderness become fruitful fields, but a spiritual transformation, in multitudes of his neighbors being turned from darkness to light, and from the bondage of Satan to serve the living God.

Another temptation lurks in the hearts of some to abstain from a religious service conducted by ministers of a different denomination from the one they have been accustomed to attend. Denizens of the forest consult their own best interests by willingness to hear all who proclaim truth, of whatever name. Nor are the differences among Evangelical bodies so great as to justify people in fencing themselves apart, and practically exclaiming, each to the other, "I am holier than thou." Let the claimants to the purest faith fix things as they will, there is but one Church, of which every true Christian is a member.

Another temptation worthy of notice is that of running into debt. To have good credit is an honor, and useful but—dangerous. Bills at the store run up by magic, but are not paid by enchantment. Unlike a key, credit is brightest when least used. Not only is it wise to eschew dealing too freely at the store, but to have a special care of the mortgage. High interests cannot be paid from farm profits, and the farm not unfrequently slips from its owner by this

method of raising money.

One other temptation shall close our list. It besets the pathway of farmers young and old. Thousands have already been duped. Past experience should teach them wisdom. The temptation now referred to is to being "humbugged."

The portion of Canada along the Ottawa is not sufficiently remote to escape very frequent and very close shaves, generally having their origin among our 'cute friends over the border, or those of our own countrymen near the lines. If the country at large has suffered imposition proportionally with the people in this region the drain on its inhabitants has been immense, and it is high time for every Canadian to put his foot on further levies of the sort, whether from natives or foreigners. One very offensive feature in the business is, that religion is often used as a cloak in furthering rascality, and ministers made tools of in the matter. The enterprising speculators who drive the humbug trade, deal in a variety of articles, such as books, clocks, stoves, maps, soaps, gates, harrows, bee-hives, etc.; but, to do them justice, so far, basswood hams and wooden nutmegs have not formed a part of the merchandise introduced here. It is now very many years since the first imposition was practised in selling the "Book of Martyrs." Its title was very appropriate, for commercial martyrdom has prevailed ever since. This book, the prospectus announced, was to be published in Upper Canada, to be of the best materials and style—price, fourteen shillings. Subscribers were sought, and the canvasser, as became a dealer in such a book, was very meek and pious. He attended prayer meetings and entered into the feelings and sentiments of the devout wherever he went. Of course he was successful in getting a large list of names. The book was subsequently delivered by another person; but turned out to have been published in Connecticut, and was miserably got up. The subscribers reluctantly took the book and paid their cash.

Soon after followed a perfect inundation of wooden clocks—price \$26, or less if you proved stiff,—a difference of \$10 in sales to near neighbours was no uncommon occurrence. The clocks were sold on “tick.” Notes were taken with verbal provisoes. A second party collected the notes. Of course he knew nothing of the verbal promises of his confrere, nor did the Judge, when legal costs were often added to the first cost. The surviving pioneer traveller in the Ottawa Valley will have a distinct recollection how rare it was to enter any shanty, however mean, and however wanting in other furniture, to miss the clock. The “Book of Martyrs,” too, very commonly kept it close company, whatever other book was wanting, even the Bible. Nor has the sacred volume escaped being made an imposition. The “Cottage Bible” received a wide circulation, aided materially by the recommendation of its comments by some excellent ministers who did not dream of the consequence of their approval. The work proved a Yankee “shave,” not value for the money, showy in exterior ; but, lacking strength in its binding, was soon a wreck. The “History of the World,” and the “History of all Nations” soon followed. Both were humbugs ; but, as if people loved to be cheated, the same person frequently took all. Stoves of different patterns and qualities were widely scattered. These were excessive in price ; but credit secured purchasers, and litigation was the consequence, when interest and costs greatly increased the first cost. Among the articles sold on the credit peddling system were “rights” to make certain articles. These proved to be the climax of humbugs. Bee-hives, harrows, and gates, or rather the “right” to make these within certain limits after a pattern carried round by the vendor, were what were for sale.

Now, no objection can be made to the sale of “rights” simply considered ; but pawning on unsuspecting people a privilege they are in no position to use—the virtue of which has been indif-

ferently tried—and making religion a stepping-stone to a bargain, merits reprehension. Please allow a few facts in illustration.

A township on the Ottawa was visited some time since by a party who had for sale the right to make gates and harrows of a certain pattern. He was mild in aspect and meek in speech. He sought out the minister and established his affinity to the denomination of the Church in the neighbourhood. The Rev. Mr. D. introduced him as Brother K. Brother K. being now fairly armed, addressed himself to work, and soon snared a green farmer, who gave his note for \$45 for the right to make gates—a right he will leave unused to his heirs.

The next mark sought was a man to invest with the right to make harrows—price, \$25. This proved tough ; but where there is a will there is a way. Brother K. made the acquaintance of Brother R. and pressed him to buy ; but the latter staved off manfully. Fortunately for Brother K., there was to be a prayer-meeting in the evening, and he decided to leave further effort to the subduing influence of that religious exercise. He then said, “Brother R., I should like to stop with you to-night.” Brother R., afraid of another seigneurial harrows, declined, observing that they were pretty full, and it would not be convenient.

Br. K. attended the meeting, was fervent in prayer and speaking, in fact was so overcome that tears testified the depth of his emotion, and overcame, among others, Br. R., who on being again asked, opened to Br. K. his house and his heart. Their communing was sweet, for they talked much of the things unseen and eternal ; but ever and anon, by some clever management, Br. K. came down to earth and earthly things, always falling upon the harrow. He praised its merits, and showed the great profits his Christian brother would lose by letting slip the present chance of a little fortune. “Try it, Br. R.; you will never repent the venture—only \$25, and how many twenty-fives you

will make cannot be guessed. You need a start; this will give you one. My word for it, now is your chance. Let me draw up the note—you will have time, and a fraction of your profits will meet my claim."

The note was drawn. Br. R. signed it, but repented all night. Next morning he appealed to his guest to be relieved. Br. K. coolly told him to be more careful next time, and took his departure. Br. R. will leave his "har-row right" unused to his posterity. A wise man has said, "Experience keeps a dear school, but it is the only one fools will learn at." It is well if they learn even there.

NO. IV.

TRIALS OF SETTLERS.

Spurgeon remarks: "We ought not to be put out of heart by difficulties. They are sent on purpose to try the stuff we are made of; and, depend upon it, they do us a world of good. A world where everything was easy would be a nursery for babies, but not at all a fit place for men."

Rocks and hills, dangers and difficulties, have ever been favorable to the production of muscle and mind. Albeit Canada is necessarily yet in the rear in producing the higher type of individual greatness, she turns out a very handsome supply of serviceable humanity. Our young men possess a power of adaptation that makes them no mean rivals on ordinary fields of competition; and we may, without vanity, boast of a soil favorable for producing men. In passing under review trials incident to emigrant experience, it is not intended to refer to those fiery ordeals which awaited the white man when he tested for the first time in a new world the rigour of climate, the local diseases of the country, and the enmity and revenge of the red man. Terrible things are recorded of the suffering and death experienced by the pilgrim fathers who laid the foundation of civilized existence in America. Their fame is safe in the annals of the qualified historian.

The humbler task assumed in "Jottings from the Bush," is to expatiate on the ordinary trials of ordinary times. In dwelling briefly upon these, it will be attempted to draw lessons of instruction from the various ways in which difficulties have been met by different individuals in fighting the battle of forest life, and remarks offered thereon which may interest and benefit the reader. In a previous number of these "Jottings," the pain of parting from country and kindred was referred to. Perhaps it may not be wide of the mark to denominate the next trial

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Interested and injudicious parties, in describing Canada, have oft-times induced persons to emigrate who were comfortable at home, and should have stayed there. Very much misery and discontent have been the consequences in such cases, and, in many instances, individuals thus deceived have returned from whence they came.

On the other hand, it is scarcely possible to convey to the minds of our trans-Atlantic friends correct impressions of things as they are. Their imaginations will diversify and change the picture, so that some degree of disappointment awaits them on their arrival here. Then again, the nature of man is such that this feeling can hardly be provided against, so much are we creatures of habit. A man who has been long a prisoner scarcely values liberty when it comes. Translate an inhabitant of the most inhospitable clime to one of the most favoured, and he will sigh for the land of his birth. Small wonder, then, that time is necessary before anyone can judge justly of this or any other country.

The circumstances under which the emigrant arrives, have often much to do in producing despondency. The state of his own health and even that of others, the condition of his purse, or the character of the weather will exert influence over his judgment in approving or condemning the country. Take an example:—

Some years ago a worthy and industrious farmer left Scotland, intent on life in Canada. His numerous family possessed every quality to secure success. After defraying all the expenses of the voyage a thousand sovereigns remained to the good with which to make a start. Alas! they landed in Montreal the first year of the cholera, 1832, and the scenes witnessed on the wharf as they stepped ashore made them shudder. Suffering and death met their gaze at every point. The father pushed on to Bytown; but cholera and its fruits met him there also. Dispirited and discouraged, he concluded Canada was not the place for him or his, and hastened back to Montreal. They re-embarked immediately, and returned to their native land. A farm was rented; but a succession of bad crops exhausted the good man's means, and obliged them to try Canada again. This time the family brought no other capital but the will and ability to labor. Their success has been ample, and every member occupies a comfortable and respectable position in the community.

Probably another trial will be the climate. Such it must be until experience enables the new-comer to provide against greater heat in summer, more intense cold in winter, and deeper snow for several months than he has been accustomed to. The more even nature of the weather in Canada must strike old country people favourably. Considering the absurd stories about our climate which are widely circulated at home, we have a right to expect emigrants to be agreeably surprised with the reality. In a geography published in Britian, the cold of Canada is represented as being so severe that no part of the body can be exposed during winter without the certainty of being frost-bitten, and the entire person must be enveloped in furs before venturing out of doors!

In the April number of Spurgeon's *Sword and Trowel* for 1870, is an article on the distinguished missionary, Wm. Burns. In this article occurs the

following language :—" In Canadian wilds it is not unusual for people to get weather-bound; and if excuses for not keeping a preaching appointment, or for not filling up one's pew, can ever be pleaded conscientiously, it is when the primitive roads, enveloped in snow-drifts, only allow the preacher or hearer to be dragged to chapel during a lull in the storm by *a team of twenty horses* at the rate of a mile an hour."

What will Canadians think of this picture of Canada experience, drawn in this enlightened day in the great city of London, only ten days distant from the land so misrepresented? Who among us ever saw such snow-drifts, such a team—unless drawing masts—or such an accommodating lull?

This descriptive piece partakes of the character of one on the Falls of Niagara, to be seen in the "English Reader" once extensively used in common schools, wherein it is stated that Indians in their canoes have been known to descend in safety the mighty cataract, and which is as truly true as the legend of the Chaudiere at Ottawa.

In a *Gazeteer* of no mean pretensions, it is stated that the great Chaudiere is the mouth of a subterraneous channel whose extent and direction is unknown; that a cow which had fallen into its boiling waters disappeared, but came up all right at Foxe's Point, ten miles below. It happens Foxe's Point is more than twice ten miles down the river; but a few miles make no difference in a big story.

Isolation is another trial which presses sorely on the social instincts of the settler. He enters fully into the feelings of Selkirk when he asks :—

" O solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?"

Even this trial has its compensating benefits. Generally a humanizing influence steals over the mind of the dwellers in the bush. With ungrudging hospitality they make welcome the lone traveller to the cover of their shanty and the frugal fare of their board. Neighborly interchange of good offices in helping and being helped is favorable

to rubbing off the asperities of temper, and in teaching men of different nations and diverse religious and political creeds to respect and esteem each other.

The trial of flies will not be deemed a light affliction by any son or daughter of Adam who has experienced their power to torment poor humanity. When a cleared country and drained fields are enjoyed, a great diminution of this plague is the result. The old settler has a lively recollection of his sufferings in days gone by, when these trouble-makers made sad havoc of his comfort both by day and by night. Mosquitoes in legions waged eternal war on his person. Blackflies, as plentiful and as unrelenting, followed suit, and sandflies plied with equal energy the same vocation, until his face and neck were swollen and lacerated with the poisoned bites of these bloodsuckers.

Another trial claiming notice is that of wild beasts. Bears have carried off children, indulged in fresh pork, and hugged the huntsman to death; but such occurrences are rare, and generally Bruin prefers running to fighting. He prefers vegetable diet to animal, and loves such dainties as nuts and berries. Green corn and green oats are especial favorites, and the back settler has oftentimes had to mourn the destruction of much of his crops by bands of these marauders. The racoon, too, is an efficient hand in this kind of work, being at one with the bear in the opinion that green corn is good eating. These freebooters occasionally pay dear for their good cheer, and in turn supply the owner of the crops with excellent meals from their flesh, while their skins can be sold, or manufactured into sleigh robes.

In securing such gentry, the dead-fall, the trap and set gun, are common means employed. On one occasion the writer had the good luck to kill two bears at one shot with a set gun—the accommodating animals pulling the trigger themselves, thus committing suicide. Another method of dealing with these robbers is, erecting stages in the invaded fields and shooting them

therefrom without the intervention of judge or jury. An old veteran settler, who had fought under Sir John Moore and in nearly every battle of the Peninsular War, tried the stage plan to compass the enemy; but always did so with fixed bayonet, in case, as he observed, of coming to close quarters. One night as he stood sentry, a formidable fellow in dark dress entered an appearance, and began, as usual, to feast on our hero's corn. A well-aimed shot stretched Bruin on the ground; but to make all sure, the gallant warrior charged and gave the foe the full benefit of his trusty steel.

Wolves are more dangerous and more destructive customers. Many a flock of sheep has been thinned, and sometimes all destroyed, by their incursions. Sometimes they will attack a man. An instance within the writer's knowledge occurred several years ago. One cold winter night as the schoolmaster of a back settlement was passing through a strip of woods between two clearings, a numerous pack of these ravenous animals fell on his track, and set up a most unearthly howl that well nigh frightened the poor pedagogue out of his wits. He concluded it was all up with him as they came bounding towards him. Fortunately he was young and nimble, and having no desire to be made a supper of by such fellows, he managed to climb a tree just in time to save his skin. His cap and mittens, in the hurry, were left behind,—these the disappointed scamps tore to shreds, and evinced their rage by gnawing the bark of the tree and scratching the snow at a furious rate. The unfortunate schoolmaster was serenaded for some two hours by the most unmusical sounds that ever saluted human ears. Each hour seemed a day, and, as he shivered aloft, he began to think seriously of the likelihood of freezing to death or falling down to be eaten up after all. However, longer days were in store for him. The pack left for other game, and he escaped, and he yet lives a useful member of society. More than thirty winters have passed over the

head of our friend since he was "treed" by wolves, and his hairs are whitening by the frost of age; but he retains a vivid remembrance of the event, and gratefully acknowledges the good hand of the Almighty in sparing his life.

Other animals are troublesome and thievish, particularly in invading the hen-roost. The porcupine and skunk are occasionally unpleasant neighbours,—the former for lodging its quills in your dog's body, and the latter by the horrid stench by which you recognize its presence. Both these, however, act on the principle of letting alone if left alone; but Master Fox, whose morality is much more lax, is a thief of the first water. Many times does he disgust the good wife by large drafts on her poultry yard, thereby disappointing her of an intended roast or choice fowls for market.

Hard work is legitimately one of the trials of the emigrant. Every man who enters upon a bush-covered lot, and wishes to succeed, must lay his account with continuous hard labour for many years. Cutting down big trees taxes the muscle, and yet, when the art of using the axe is acquired, it is not an unpleasant kind of heavy work. There is pleasure as well as danger in levelling the primeval forest, as one after another of the sturdy giants tumble to the ground. A few days only are required to chop an acre. A few acres each year in time presents an ample farm. After chopping, logging and burning follow, which are more laborious and less pleasant employment.

Still the land is covered with stumps, and the bush-farmer must harrow, plough, reap and mow among these as best he may for some years. This is a trying operation to man and beast, and calls into exercise a quality that distinguished a noted farmer of old; but patience and application will surmount all difficulties, and the day will come when the wilderness shall become fruitful fields, and when the mower and reaper shall perform their labor-saving work with ease and profit where stumps erst-while covered the ground.

Another of the trials of early settlement is the absence of roads. The townships as surveyed in Canada West had road allowances provided for, so that every lot should join a road. These allowances oft-times remain, after settlement has begun, for many years uncut, and the settler has to travel to and from his farm as best he can, frequently backing his grist to mill or carrying other supplies for many weary miles. The legal enactments anent road-making provide that each settler in proportion to the value of his property should perform so many days' work yearly on the public roads. All males of age, not on the assessment roll, were formerly required to work three days on the road each year, but this is now reduced to two days. Each day of statute labor, as it is called, consists of eight hours actual work, directed by a pathmaster or overseer of highways.

This labor could be commuted formerly at 2s. 6d. per day; now the figure is 5s. per day. Non-resident land-owners pay their road-work in money. This money formerly was expended under the direction of the magistrates, in quarter sessions assembled, in the different townships where it was levied, but when municipal institutions were established, their worships were relieved of this duty. Another source of income for road-making was this. The House of Assembly would include in the estimates a grant to the whole Province for road-making, apportion the same on some principle of supposed wants or claims, and appoint commissioners in each township or county for expending it. Another source was the special grants made by Parliament to particular localities. At present, in addition to the statute labor and the money from non-resident assessment, there is a certain portion from crown land sales paid yearly to each municipality where such lands are situated. Another source of income, applied to road improvement as well as other purposes, is from the clergy reserve fund, paid annually to each municipality in proportion to its population on the

assessment rolls. Some good people, regarding with horror the application of this money to road-making, speak of it as spoilation, and treading in the mud revenue sacred to religious purposes. Others think making good roads to go to church a very proper use to make of this money, and that the true apostolic clergy fund is the free-will offering of the people.

Another privation incident to early bush life, and which was long felt in Canada, was the lack of schools. As settlements advanced, however, school-houses arose, at first very unpretending in appearance and by no means comfortable in their appointments. Other things were in keeping. Books of every variety were used, and one book would often serve several scholars.

The teachers as a class were not overstocked with learning; their pay was small and they boarded from house to house. No general system prevailed, and the whole machinery of education was widely different from what exists at present. These rustic school-houses, rough though they were, served many purposes in new settlements, and proved useful buildings to the whole neighborhood. Here township meetings were held, here elections were made, here the Bible agent presented the claims of the inspired volume, here the temperance lecturer pressed the benefits of total abstinence, and here the heralds of Zion told to listening crowds the story of the Cross. The writer can call to mind many scenes of school-house preaching in the earlier days of Canadian history, some deeply solemn, some noisy, and others which stirred his youthful mirth not a little. Of the latter kind, an example will illustrate the contrast between things past and present. A bark-covered building served a large settlement for school and meeting house. When used for the latter, its dimensions were out of proportion to the demand on its space. On a cold evening in mid-winter, the settlement mustered strong at the school house to hear preaching. The worshippers crowded in, and soon formed

a solid mass. The luckless natives near the stove were nearly roasted, as the sweat flowed freely down their faces, while the outsiders near the door, were only comfortable with their great coats on. In order to consult their Bibles and join in the song of praise, the considerate people brought with them candles, which they held in their hands. Two were placed on the desk for the use of the preacher, with the means of lighting them. As the good man could not conveniently make candlesticks of his hands, while he preached and turned leaves, he deliberately dropped grease from the burning candles on the edge of the desk and then dabbed them against the cooling tallow for support. Bravely freed from candle holding, he proceeded with the service, and said much that instructed and quickened his hearers. Unfortunately, many times the candles needed snuffing, and the preacher's fingers were the only means at hand to do the work. The feat was somewhat perilous from the danger of displacing the candles, and sending them over among the people, or that of burning his reverence's fingers. This latter he did several times and thrust them into his mouth for relief. Time was also lost on each occasion when snuffing was required, as two or three attacks and retreats followed each attempt, very amusing to behold. Near the spot where the bark-covered school-house stood, on a rising ground beautiful for situation, is now seen a handsome stone chapel which would be a credit to any settlement. Within are conveniences for public service, and among these a chandelier affording ample illumination, requiring no candles and no snuffing. But the pioneer settlers of the times just described, where are they?

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

It is a day to be remembered when a house for worship rears its head for the first time in a new settlement. Much discussion and jarring opinions prevail usually ere this consummation is realized; the site, the size and material are

important items to settle, and the diversity of views—the fitful zeal of many and the selfishness of human nature interpose obstacles to united action. In one neighborhood in Canada which might be named, many years elapsed after the first steps were taken before the meeting-house was a reality. During these years three different localities were chosen; on two of them the timber rotted after being framed and partly put up.

To many in the backwoods the absence of religious privileges is a sore trial. Such enter into the feelings of David when he exclaims, “For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.” No house of prayer invites willing worshippers to unite in praising God. Hence the invitation that rejoiced the heart of Israel’s King and drew from him the response, “I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord,” cannot be given. Not only is the material sanctuary wanting, but no man of God stately breaks for them the Bread of Life, and they perceive more than ever the force and grace of the prophet’s exclamation, “How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth.” The visits of the pioneer preacher, although few and far apart, are sunny seasons to the pious backwoodsman. Weather permitting, service in a barn or grove will be attended by the settlers for many miles round, and the word spoken oft-times has proved bread cast upon the waters that appeareth in after days. To persons so situated it is consoling to know that “God who made the world and all things therein, dwelleth not in temples made with hands,” but wherever two or three are gathered together in His name there will He be in the midst of them. Spiritual worship alone imparts consecrating virtue to any place, and when thus employed a barn in the bush is as holy as the most magnificent

cathedral on earth.

Social trials are to be met with here; let us notice some in relation to children. Family government involves duties and responsibilities of the gravest kind. This remark holds good the world over, irrespective of latitude or longitude. The phase of the subject particularly trying to the emigrant parent is the republican tendencies of youth, so different from what obtained when he was a child and at home. Probably even there things are much changed from what they used to be. Change is the order of the age; yet doubtless our proximity to the great Republic has its influence in forming the notions of liberty and rights somewhat prematurely developed in our children. Wisdom is profitable to direct; we must accept the situation, and adopt an administration to meet the case. It cannot be denied the tendency with us is laxity in authority; on the other hand, the old regime cannot be defended. Like the criminal code in the punishment of men, the administration of justice to children required amendment. Parental authority should be nicely adjusted to the individual cases of the family. One rule for all, and that a stringent one, was too much the custom in days gone by. Our fathers believed strongly in the virtue of the rod, and whipping was a religious duty, frequently preceded by reading a portion of Scripture. The frequency and severity of these whippings oft-times had a bad rather than a good effect. No less severe was the discipline of the school, and here the hardening process went on. How irrational to beat a child for a slip of memory. Think of a teacher about to hear a class spell, taking a heavy ruler or thick strap of leather, and for every word mis-spelt striking with all his force the tender hand of a child. While the tendency of the age may be to err the other way, we must meet this otherwise than by reviving the practice of the past, which would be as sensible as re-enacting the law that formerly hung a man for stealing a sheep. Another error common

in parents, was in the matter of choosing professions for their children ; this was too often done to please the parent rather than the child, and how many children have learned trades for which they felt no inclination, and as soon as they could, ceased to follow? How reasonable that the taste and capacity of children should be consulted first ! It is much better to excel as a mechanic or farmer than to take a low position in a profession. It would have been a great loss to the world if Scott, the commentator, had continued farming ; Cook, the discoverer, to serve behind the counter, or Carey, the translator, to mend shoes. It may be taken as a safe maxim that proficiency in any calling depends very much on the love which one has for it, and therefore it is wrong to force a child to follow an uncongenial occupation, when this can be avoided. Another matter in which parental authority is too often misapplied, is in the marriage of their children. Wed our children will, and wed they should ; and the important consideration comes up, what part has the parent the right to take in this momentuous business ? In a general way, very little, and the less the better. Next to the rights of conscience, the rights of marriage are sacred, and only in extreme cases should parental authority interfere with the choice of their offspring. In spite of the sovereign claims of patriarchal jurisdiction we learn a valuable lesson in the pleasing story of the nuptials of Rebecca. Abraham's servant pressed her parents to send him away speedily with their daughter that she might become the wife of Isaac. "And they said we will call the damsel and enquire at her mouth. And they called Rebecca and said unto her : Wilt thou go with this man ? and she said I will go." The legitimate power of parents in relation to suitable matches lies in educating their children's tastes and principles, and in aiming to qualify them for the duties and responsibilities of the connubial state.

But enough of the dark side of the picture ; there are silver linings to the

cloud, and we turn from the trials to the triumphs of forest life, in which we shall delight to expatiate in the next number of JOTTINGS FROM THE BUSH.

No. V.

TRIUMPHS OF SETTLERS.

These are neither few nor small. Set forth in a manner commensurate with their character and number, ponderous volumes might be profitably filled. The present effort is confined to a few glances at individual success, compressed within the limits of a single chapter.

As the Scotch proverb has it, "A rolling stone gathers no moss ;" but the Yankee saying is equally true, "A change of pasture makes fat calves." While the Scotch maxim is correct in fact, the lesson intended is not invariably sound in theory. The moss on the stone may be compared to rust on iron ; and, like the latter, the stone be the better of its being rubbed off. As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the countenance of a man his friend. The friction of intercourse improves the faculties, and education is incomplete without travel.

The dormant mass of humanity crowded together in fatherland has not room for improvement ; but when induced like one of old, to migrate, like him they take an important step towards advancement. The mandate of the Almighty to Abraham was imperative : "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shall be a blessing." Thus the Patriarch became an emigrant, and while the promises to him were largely spiritual, they were not exclusively such. Material wealth was added thereto, and Abraham became very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold. His nephew also, Lot, who emigrated with him, became possessed of flock, and herds, and tents.

We have also in the history of Jacob an evidence of the benefits of travel-

ling off and seeking independence beyond the family circle. He went forth with his staff but returned possessing great abundance. A king, gifted as a linguist, was wont to say each language a man acquired gave him a new soul. If visiting new countries does not multiply souls in a man, it multiplies his ideas and improves very much the soul he possesses. To Abraham and his seed were also promised the gift of land. In becoming land owners the thousands in Canada who hold in fee simple the farms they cultivate have achieved a great triumph. The majority of these did not and could not possess one acre in fatherland. Here the acres owned by the yeomanry are counted by hundreds, in some cases by thousands.

Another great triumph is in having redeemed these acres from the dominion of the forest, and turned a wilderness into fruitful fields. The labour of doing so was arduous, requiring patient, unflagging toil; but the reward was sure and ample. The settled portions of Canada present countless farms, well-cultivated and pleasing to the eye; the character of the buildings and the general surroundings of each place speaking the industry, intelligence and taste of their owners. Nor are the benefits of such improvements confined to the men who make them. The country at large is benefited in the augmentation of its wealth and increase of prosperity among its people. Food and clothing are cheapened and rendered abundant—the rigor of the climate is relaxed and the sanitary influence from draining and clearing made evident in the circulation of pure air and the banishment of malaria. Add to these results the beautifying of the landscape—the advancement of intelligence—morality and religion among the people; and who will deny the dignity of such labor, or hesitate to admit and admire the triumphs of Canadian settlers. In the prophetic language of scripture, they realize practically the figurative sentiments of its prophets: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them and the desert

shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree. Then shall the earth yield her increase and God, even our own God, shall bless us."

Contrast the achievements of the men who have fought the battle of the wilderness, driven back the dense forests, and instead have covered the earth with corn and cattle, and all the necessities and comforts of life—contrast these conquests of peace with the victories of war, and who has the greater honor, the industrial heroes, or the heroes of blood? The greater conquest of Canada was not that signalized on Abraham's Plains, memorable by the death of the heroic leaders, Wolfe and Montcalm, with multitudes of their brave followers, and the triumph of British arms. It was rather the conquest of the country from being a wilderness, and making it a fit abode for millions of the human race. War is a gigantic folly—fearful in its cost, but more fearful in its effects. To desolate and destroy, not only property of every kind, but men made in the image of God is its legitimate work. May our Canada be spared in future this direful scourge, and may the mind and muscle of its young men find more rational employ in the pursuits of peace. The signs of the times are favorable in this direction, when the more Christian course of arbitration is being taken by Britain and the United States for the settlement of long-standing and difficult questions of State. If success in destroying life entitles the destroyers to triumphs, what greater triumphs belong to those who preserve life, and make living profitable and pleasant? No country on earth has a greater stake than the Dominion of Canada in the issues of war, or is more deeply interested in the continuance of peace. Every good citizen must devoutly pray that peace may be within her walls, and posterity within her palaces, and long for the promised period when "He maketh war to cease unto the end of the earth—he breaketh the bow and

cutteth the spear asunder—he burneth the chariot in the fire, and he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people, and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

The diligent settler presents a picture pleasant to behold, as you find him after years of toil reaping the reward of his industry. His position was perchance in fatherland that of a humble laborer, whose limited income made it difficult to make both ends meet—a representative of the class so beautifully described by the poet:—

“ Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield,
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.
 Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.”

Not even in vision did he dream of sufficiency, abundance, affluence and honors. The chance of bettering in some degree his circumstances occupies his thoughts—the decision is made—the Atlantic crossed, and he finds himself in Canada with scarcely means sufficient to reach his intended locality. For a time he works for others better off than himself, and learns the ways and work of the country. At length, having saved sufficient means to make a payment on land, he commences for himself and plods onward and upward, and ere long a change in his condition is reached beyond anything he had dared to hope for. Under a good and clear title he owns the ample acres around. Well-filled barns bespeak a fruitful soil and diligence in its cultivation. The once solitary cow has many companions, and the first two sheep have become a flock. The patient ox, servant of all work, even to go to mill and meeting, may be wanting, but his place is occupied by the well-conditioned span of horses ready to be yoked to the plough, or to dash along the road, obedient to their master's will.

Beneath surrounding sheds may be seen the double sleigh and cutter for

winter, and the buggy and waggon for summer. Within hail we behold the dwelling of stone, brick, or wood, a mansion pleasing to the eye, standing out the successor of the rough bark-covered shanty, once the abode of this well-to-do farmer. In his social condition he has kept pace with his material progress, and we find him a Reeve, a Magistrate, and perhaps a Member of Parliament. At least he is a man who takes an interest in the moral, educational, municipal, political, and defensive interests of the country.

Viewing this picture, the counterpart of thousands in Canada, and no fancy sketch, who will deny to bush-life triumphs worthy of record? Still the picture is but half drawn. Enter the mansion and we find an inner kingdom yet unexplored—a co-worker entitled to share the honors of these triumphs—a help-meet in procuring them. A farmer, lacking a farmeress, is of all bachelors most miserable and most inexcusable. The surroundings within speak of comfort, even refinement, and how comes to pass all that constitutes “sweet home?”—magic has no part or parcel in the creation. Ceaseless, persistent, unnoticed, and too often unpraised, toil of woman is the source. How much is man indebted to her for his happiness and honor in life? No small gift was she, but one worthy of the giver; and no unmeaning language is the declaration: “Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord;” or as pictured in the words of the wise man: “Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good all the days of her life. She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household. She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth them out also to the poor, yea to the needy also. She is not afraid of snow, for her household are clothed with scarlet. Her husband is known in the gates and among the elders of the land. Strength and honor are her clothing. She open-

eth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children shall call her blessed, and her husband also, and he praiseth her."

While within the precincts of this domestic abode, let us mark more minutely the life routine of her who presides therein. Note the two-fold duties performed, as with one arm she carries her babe, while with the other she attends to some household duty ; or the three-fold employment, as she rocks the cradle with her foot, darns or sews with her hands, while she sings with her voice a lullaby to soothe the restless object of her care. A scene this on which an angel might gaze with envy and delight. Then as these troublesome comforts multiply, there is no end to demands on the patience, contrivance and work of the mother. But she is a wife as well, and her lord expects that his house shall be in order, notwithstanding the tossings up and down of the juveniles within. He expects a smiling

welcome as he enters the threshold, and that his dinner will be ready to the hour. She too must have a care of herself, and appear in dress and person comely and neat. Then there are the general cares of the house to superintend, in the kitchen, the dairy, and perchance the garden, visits of friendship, to make and receive, and missions of charity and benevolence to perform. In a word her labours are endless, unseen, but invaluable, sustained beyond cavil the dignity of labor and the rights of a wife to share with her husband the honors and triumphs of successful bush life. All honor to such wives and such mothers. Their husbands cannot sufficiently speak forth their praise. The woman who bravely and worthily fights the battle of life in the woods, and rears a family to honor and usefulness, deserves well of her country, and merits renown as much as the hero who gains a battle, or the explorer who enlarges the map of the world.





CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE

PETERBOROUGH EXAMINER.

From Our Ottawa Correspondent.

OTTAWA RIVER, July 9th, 1862.

DEAR EXAMINER,—The Book tells us that “as cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country”—but bad news is as much in demand as good news—how is this to be explained?

Alas ! for the news coming daily from our kinsfolk over the line. The chastening rod of the Most High is heavy upon that people. Long have they been oppressors of a race, for the having “skins not colored like their own” ; and, while other nations were letting the captive go free, they were riveting the chains of Slavery. But God has taken the matter in hand, and will make short work of fulfilling his promise in breaking the power of the oppressor.

The news, however, here intended, is not from a foreign country, nor a far country ; and is not exclusively good, nor entirely bad. Emanating from a spot on the Ottawa some thirty miles below the city bearing that euphonious name, perchance your readers will relish to hear a little about things general and particular hereabouts, especially as this region is contagious to the capital elect of our great country.

That city is at present very quiet, a circumstance your readers may infer from the knowledge of the fact that not a hammer is raised on the Government

buildings. Silence there reigns supreme. This is felt severely by many hundreds of workmen, who hitherto have had profitable employment rearing these Legislative piles. The appointed commission is busy, and it is to be hoped their enquiry will be thorough, and the result such as the people have a right to expect—corruption exposed—evil-doers punished, and economy enforced. No time in the history of Canada was it more necessary to turn over a new leaf. Far better for the days of the Family Compact to return than for the country to be ruled by a Ministry so reckless and so unscrupulous as that which has just passed away.

Another source of dulness in Ottawa City arises from the fact that the lumber trade is rather inactive. Some parties in this trade have, however, done very well this season, while many others complain. A very large quantity of timber has stuck, and will not reach market this season. Not only is this the case on the streams of the Upper Ottawa, but also downwards, below the city. On the South Nation several thousand cribs are hopelessly detained, thus depriving the owners of the necessary means of paying their men and furnishers, and having a surplus to reward their own toil and risk in the venture of getting out a raft.

What portion of Canada cannot sympathize in another sorrow, of which we complain? If every blade of grass and

grain had a tongue, the vocal volume arising would lift the very heavens in expiring entreaty for rain—rain or death. Providence in the exercise of its inscrutable and wise procedure, has, during the present season, withheld both the early and the latter rain. This applies to, perhaps, the most valuable crop that grows,—hay. The time to cut hay arrived, but in most fields of these parts there is positively nothing to cut—the like was not seen before by the earliest settlers. In the whole month of May it only rained twice—on the 21st, freely; on the 27th, only showers. In the month of June it only rained three times—twice, mere showers, on the 18th and 24th; on the 30th there was a good rain, but it did not wet to any depth; this is the last rain we have had, and the weather continues hot. In some cases, late sowed crops are not up. Potatoes, generally, look well, and early-sowed grain crops appear wonderfully well on many farms, considering we have had so much heat and so little moisture. May the Giver of every good and perfect gift open the windows of Heaven and pour down upon the thirsty earth drops of fatness, that man and beast may live and not die.

Yet another visitation has been sorely felt in large portions of the Ottawa country, fulfilling the adage: "Troubles never come single." Fire has proved a troublesome agent, and, to many, an expensive one. The assistance of fire at the Spring season is patent to every settler who has to redeem the earth from the dominion of the forest. The long continued drought of the present season made everything so dry that fires spread from the fields which were being cleared to those already under cultivation, so that hay and grain crops were burned, houses, barns, fences, and even live stock destroyed. One young settler in the township of Buckingham, named Guy Larwell, fought the enemy vigorously to stop its progress towards his out-buildings, but was worsted in the attempt; his stable, harness, sleighs, and other property to the value of \$400, were speedily consumed. Still worse

fared his adjoining neighbor, who, with his family, was driven out of his house, which, with its contents, was soon in ashes. The flames spreading through and around his fields, burned a flock of sheep, some pigs, and a colt, leaving the poor man not only houseless, but stripped or nearly all he owned. The day of this calamity was the 17th of June, when a high wind lent power to the flames, and fighting fire was the employment of every one—very many being great losers. The Sheriff of this County, Mr. Treadwell, had several valuable buildings burned, and also many hundred cords of firewood. The evil was great and wide spread.

And now, dear *Examiner*, adieu. Should you hereafter desire to hear further from the Banks of the Ottawa, the agreeable task of gratifying your desire may be attempted by

Yours truly.

CLARENCE.

BANKS OF THE OTTAWA RIVER, }
July 16th, 1862. }

It is a pleasing feature in the character of the *Examiner* that the Sons of Temperance have their column, wherein something weekly appears, calculated to stir up the public mind by way of remembrance, anent the great and good cause of temperance. May the "Sons" of Peterborough become fathers in the work, and beget a numerous offspring, whose example and precept shall tell powerfully in renovating the bebased and being debased, multitudes that throng the land. Would that your excellent paper, in opening its columns to the Sons, felt constrained to close them to the makers and vendors of the article, the use of which so desolates and destroys the human race. Can the conductors of the press consistently approve of the temperance cause and yet insert, in emblazoned characters, advertisements for the sellers of whiskey and rum? It is only a matter of time when such advertisements will be unsuitable for moral and respectable papers.

In a recent issue of the *Examiner*, an editorial appeared under the caption, "Behind the age"; if not an offensive intrusion within the sanctum of the occupier of the editorial chair, a word of remonstrance against some of the views therein expressed may be kindly taken, if not acquiesced in. The Diocesan Synod of Toronto, in passing a resolution to memorialize the Legislature to establish an asylum for drunkards, and to appoint a commission to enquire into the "most effectual mode of discouraging the habitual and inordinate consumption of alcoholic drinks," appears, Mr. Editor, not to meet your approval, and you denominate passing such a resolution as being "behind the age." You speak of an asylum for drunkards as benevolent, but utopian; and legal interference is not the way to effect the desired reform. The fair inference from the foregoing, is that you are opposed altogether to having the legislature advance the temperance reform, and that you approve only of moral efforts in the work. Conceiving this view to be gravely at fault and regretting it the more as emanating from one apparently so sound in the doctrine of abstinence as the cure for excess, the remarks following will refer chiefly to legislative means as indispensable to success in the temperance movement.

So far as the above Synod is concerned, it is true, its action has been tardy in the great Reform; but, "better late than never," and it may be hoped that the movement thus made is the first fruit of a more abundant harvest—an instalment of the effort to be made to put down the great enemy. God grant that the memorial to the Legislature may be successful—that the asylum may be established, and the commission of enquiry appointed. What a glorious opportunity for the friends of temperance to appear before such a commission, and demonstrate the "most effectual mode of discouraging the habitual and inordinate consumption of alcoholic drinks." With regard to any asylum for inebriates, by referring to the Report of the Committee of the

Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance on this subject, published in the *Temperance Advocate* of 1st February last, it will be seen that experience has shown that so far from such asylums being utopian, expensive, and of questionable utility, the very reverse is the case. They have been tried over the line with great success, are managed in such a way as to be in a great measure self-supporting, and the proportion of patients who have been cured and restored to their families and friends is very large.

Your remarks, Mr. Editor, are very true: "To prevent men becoming insane is more hopeful, and much easier of accomplishment than to cure them when they become so;" but what, I ask, will you do with those who are already insane? Your remark applies equally to every species of default, physical or moral, and would stay the heaven approved schemes for restoring the prodigal, or reclaiming the fallen ones. Shall the sick be allowed to die because they have neglected the rules of health? Is there not "more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons, who need no repentance?" The two-fold work is ours, prevention and cure: may we be faithful to both.

The Legislative bearing of the question is most important. Shall law be employed to check the spread of intemperance? why not? Because, say some, it is an unconstitutional means; others say it is an inexpedient means, moral suasion by example and precept being alone the legitimate powers to wield. Here might the admonition be quoted: "These things ought you to have done, and not leave the others undone." Is there no probability that the advocates of these views may be, and are much farther "behind the age" in this than the Synod of Toronto?

To enjoy the benefits of social life a compact is formed—much of natural liberty is necessarily surrendered—private interests must yield to public good—a man must not burn his own house, because his doing so endangers his

neighbor's—he must not expose his person, for the reason that his doing so is hurtful to public morals—however partial to filth, the householder must cleanse his yard to prevent the spread of contagious diseases. Whatever fancy a husband may have for a second wife, and however willing the first and second may be to the contract, the penitentiary is the penalty for bigamy. How jealously law watches our every interest—the birth of an infant may not be concealed—the least suspicion as to the cause of the death of the most obscure person receives the closest scrutiny. None may with impunity threaten or endanger the life of his neighbour. A ship cannot approach a port unless all aboard are in health—in fact, there is no end to restriction for public good, and who is legally wise enough to show us the illegality of passing a prohibitory liquor law? Does not law already profess to regulate under what circumstances liquor shall be made and sold? Is not the use of these liquors the greatest curse that afflicts God's earth? Whether would law exceed its constitutional limits most in regulating or abolishing the means of a curse? No law can be unconstitutional that is not at variance with the law of God; who then will have the hardihood to say that a law to prevent drunkenness and its concomitant evils would be antagonistic to the code of heaven? Further, have not Canadian legislators already made progress in a prohibitory direction, by forbidding the sale of liquor to the Indian, near public works, or where an election is being held? What is good for the red man is also good for the white, and what is dangerous near public works, or on election days, is so, near all works and on all days.

As to the inexpediency of law to compel sobriety, the arguments advanced are equally telling in reference to all vice, and do not tell at all. We want moral suasion, we want legal suasion, and we want heavenly suasion ere the work will be complete. Admitted that moral suasion is the best, and it were much to be desired that this would be

sufficient to stop perjury, theft, murder, and the lesser times of trespass and misdemeanor. But because moral suasion is best, but insufficient, shall we forego legal suasion? or because law does not remedy the evil, shall we repeat its penalties. The great doctrine of moral suasion to advance temperance must be upheld and enforced, but a part of its teachings should be, that law must be sought, must be had, and shall be had to aid in the work—reach evil-doers who cannot be otherwise touched, and protect the poor drunkard, his worse than widowed wife, and more than orphan children, from the avarice of the man who, for gain, is heedless, though his trade desolates the earth, and peoples the regions of despair. We may not expect that clean work will be made of this, more than of other evils; but it can be lessened, it can be checked, it can be abated. Let us rob the destroyer of the plea of legality—let us magnify the law of Canada, and make it honorable by forbidding and not sanctioning the sale of the poisonous drink. To do so we want help—let every good man and true come—let every minister, every editor, and every patriot come. Come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and the victory shall be ours!

Respectfully yours,

CLARENCE.

BANKS OF THE OTTAWA RIVER, {
August, 1862. }

DEAR EXAMINER,—The Covenant holds good and cannot fail: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest shall not cease."

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

is a pretty sentiment, and, in a way, truthful, but few as are his real wants, some of them are very importunate; bread to the eater, admits of no denial, it is a question of life; and the present prospect of abundance throughout our borders, should awaken in every breast grateful aspirations to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

In this region no longer are lamenta-

tions heard for rain. Copious showers have refreshed the soil, and the promise of good crops are most encouraging. During the last three quarters of July, we had rain on thirteen days. The hay crop, although exceedingly light, specially on old meadows, has improved, and famine prices for fodder are no longer dreaded.

Our fair city is somewhat desolate. She mourns the absence of progress in those preparations necessary to her being fully invested with Metropolitan honors. The result of the labours of the Commission, and its influence in forwarding or retarding advancement of the works, are matters of interest with Ottawa people—one thing is certain: the loss of the present year is nearly so. It is to be devoutly hoped no further nodding to disturb the Imperial choice will arise, and that the Ottawa members will truly believe that Her Gracious Majesty's decision will be like the laws of the Medes and Persians, that cannot be changed. This will lessen their cares and liberate their action, and give them a wider sphere of politics than the Seat of Government question. Perhaps it was an error to refer the choice to the Queen, but when referred, and the reference accepted, Canada was bound to acquiesce. England has been lavish of her concessions—we are the freest people under the sun—she sought not to dictate. We could not agree, and asked our Sovereign to choose for us; she did so. And shall a lady, the most elect, a Queen, the most virtuous and indulgent, receive, at our hands, insult, by even apparent hesitancy to accept the selection made.

Great questions await the action of our Legislators when they again meet in Council, they require great wisdom and great honesty in dealing with these questions, but have we men at the helm possessed of these qualities in a sufficient degree to afford comfortable hope that needed deliverance for the country will be wrought.

Patriotism has evaporated from our land; justice has fallen in the streets,

and equity cannot enter. Place, power, and pelf, appear the guiding principles of public men; we want a deliverer: where shall he be found?

Our friends, the Methodists, will clamour for aid to Sectarian Colleges; here is trouble. Others must have Separate Schools; more trouble. It was a vain hope indulged when the Clergy Reserves were finally disposed of, that Canada had seen an end of Church and Stateism. Both these questions partake of the doctrine of such Union. Episcopalians may plead consistency in advocating such views, but our Wesleyan friends are without excuse—they ought not to sow this seed of discord in our midst.

It might be thought the Chief Superintendent of Education for Canada West was sufficiently notorious for inconsistency and questionable morality, without adding to the catalogue of his offences—advocating of Separate Schools. Egerton, you have sinned enough for any uncommon sinner, and if you will persist in going further the downward road it were well the summons came. "Gather thy feet up into thy bed, and be thou gathered to thy fathers: Canada will be better wanting thee."

Highly gifted is Dr. Ryerson, and he will figure in the history of Canada. Good service he has, doubtless done in the cause of education; pity his well-doing should be tarnished with so much ill-doing. Consistency, sterling honesty, are wanting in his composition; he confers over-much with flesh and blood. As an editor, he fought in the ranks of those who sought full liberty for Canada; nor were their labors in vain. But when this was conceded, and the principles of responsible Government were being acted upon, Sir Charles Metcalfe was not prepared to recognize the rights and privileges of the new order of things, and soon got into a game with his advisers. Sir Charles was a shrewd man, and soon found means to gain a temporary success. Division is weakness—he split the ranks of the Liberals—the Dr. was his man—the celebrated

letters followed, defending the Governor, and the Dr. was made Chief Superintendent.

His appropriation of the interest on public money—the exposure of dishonesty before the Committee in Quebec on the University charges, and now as a climax his support of Separate Schools—a scheme calculated to destroy our public schools and national education—stamp the character of his reverence with no enviable brand. Had he lived two hundred years ago, *Trimmer* would have been the term applied to him. How carefully he watches the weather and adjusts his sails to the changing breeze. Mere policy will serve no good end. “An honest man is the noblest work of God.”

The rural, romantic town of Peterborough and its surrounding neighborhood appear really flourishing in all useful and interesting matters. The accounts in the *Examiner* of School Examinations, Lectures, Temperance Meetings, &c., are really pleasing. Doubtless you have numerous other causes for congratulation, in the stamp of many of your farmers, the skill of your mechanics, the enterprise of your merchants—the talent and purity of your ministers, and ability of your teachers, but you have a special blessing in your County Member. Members of Parliament, or rather candidates to be such, is the easiest obtained article the country affords—a good number, the scarcest commodity in the land. The gallant Colonel has a splendid opportunity for usefulness, may he go on as he has begun, may his shadow never grow less.

The number of your correspondents evinces much interest being taken in public topics, very, specially, instructive are the letters of your correspondent in Europe: his “Notes by the Wayside” are worthy of note and being noted. To one of the number who favoured your columns in the issue of 31st July, signed “C. W.,” with your kind permission I should like to say a few kind words and ask a few civil questions.

Friend, you advocate a good measure in suggesting the utility of getting

knowledge by means of a library, but why would you confine its use to Orangemen? Freely you have received, freely give; every man is your brother, and you are commanded to do good unto all as you have opportunity. If your order really merits the title of “Illustrious,” what are the deeds which have earned its renown? Does it instruct the ignorant, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, or comfort the afflicted? Does it use means to convert the Catholic, and thus make friends of foes? Bear in mind if the spirit of religion pervades the system, the duty must be apparent that you are to love your enemies and do good to them that hate you. An Order that counts its adherents by twenties of thousands in Canada, should have something to show for its strength and have a valuable purpose to serve. What is this purpose? Is it to uphold the Protestant faith? The true faith requires no such aid. “My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight.” The gates of Hell shall not prevail against the Church. The blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the Church. It is in direct opposition to the spirit of the Bible to fight to uphold religion. “I say unto you resist not evil, when they persecute you in one city flee to another.” Is it to assist the civil power in protecting us in the enjoyment of liberty, that the Order exists? The civil law acknowledges no such assistance, and it is a reflection on the law of the land to insinuate that such help is required. If to enlighten and conciliate Romanists was the design, here is an object worthy of your highest ambition, but suitable means must be employed—processions, and flags, and drums will not serve the purpose—one scripture reader with the Bible in his hand and love in his heart will accomplish more to advance Protestantism and true religion than an army of Orangemen with all the tinsel and tune that ever pleased the eye or charmed the ear. Have you not rejoiced long enough over one conquest? Why not seek higher victories than even the

Battle of the Boyne : victories that would make friends of your enemies. In doing so you would imitate more fully the example of the Great Prince of whom every lover of true liberty is proud, and earn for yourselves the approval of the infinitely Greater Prince whose dominion is everlasting.

Is there not much in your practice calculated to irritate Catholics, and is it well to do so? Is there any necessity in this day and in this country to keep up the Order? It may have served a good purpose in by-gone days, and it may be Ireland would have been less Popish without it. England and Scotland were as thoroughly Catholic as Ireland; without Orangeism they have made greater advances in reformation. The United States with its many millions of Catholics get on without this Order, and why should it be necessary in Canada? Is our form of Government less, or rather is it not more effective than theirs to preserve order? If neither the Church nor State requires Orangeism, what are its uses? The writer could name a mission that has been the means of converting one thousand Catholic French Canadians who have become not only good Protestants but good Christians. If the means employed to anger Catholics were directed to secure their esteem and benefit, who may calculate the advantages here and blessings hereafter.

Respectfully,
CLARENCE.

To the Editor of the Examiner :

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me through your columns to stir up the people of this land to imitate the goodly example of their reforming ancestors as well as of their Catholic predecessors in the better times, in holding a public fast to the God of Peace, who alone can avert from us the calamities of war—whether those of actual warfare, which threaten, or those of trade disturbed, and hearts torn with sympathy for the miseries of

our neighbors. God does not deal merely with individuals, but with *nations*, as such, and as represented by their Governments. The nation was prosperous under David and Hezekiah though many wicked people were in the land, and punished under Ahab and Manassah, though many good people were in the land—and we see that it is so still. Britain is quiet though the people are very wicked, so that for their drunkenness and extravagance, and wantonness, and murmuring, they are most righteously and mercifully punished, when they need it most for correction; because God has given us a wise and gracious ruler. May God in pity not take her away also before her time as he did Josiah and Edward the Sixth, for the wickedness of the people. The late United States are in trouble, because though there may be many good people in them, the nation is *ungodly* in its Government, from the President to its whole *body*. It is an infidel nation which does not recognize *God*—the God of all the nations of the earth—and because they have rebelled against the God of Nations, God has punished them by the rebellion of the Confederate States, and will yet punish them by continued rebellions unless they repent. Let Canada then take warning and repent, and for this I call them to a *public fast*, that they may consider their ways.

Yours, etc.,
A REFORMER.*

BANKS OF THE OTTAWA, {
Sept. 23, 1862. }

DEAR EXAMINER,—The part of Canada included in the Eastern Division is just passing through the ordeal of an election for a member in the Legislative Council. All is quiet in this vicinity but considerable enthusiasm prevails—quiet because neither candidate (wisely) spends money, enthusiastic for the reason, religion is the groundwork of action. The gentlemen aspiring to

*The above letter, signed "A Reformer," was written by the Rev. J. S. Douglas, Presbyterian Minister of Peterborough, and is answered in the next letter of my brother's. A sharp rejoinder from each follows.

the honor of representing the Division are Dr. McDonald, of Cornwall, who pursues his medical profession, and is Treasurer of Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry—in religious faith a Catholic; and Mr. Thos. Bennett, of Athol, who is an honest farmer of independent means, hails from the great City of London, but has lived so long among the Macs, and is allied to them by marriage, so that likely he suffers nothing on national grounds, especially being otherwise a worthy man and an Elder in the Free Church. The Dr. swallows at one gulp the entire fare of the present Ministerial dish. Mr. Bennett advocates representation by population, and is adverse to Separate Schools.

A few days will decide who stands best—the man of the plough or he of the healing art. Agriculturists, otherwise qualified, are desirable men to send to Parliament. We have already law, physic, and commerce fully represented; nor is divinity altogether overlooked. A strange choice, however, for the “Legate of the Skies,”—a mighty descent from proclaiming the Gospel to be a debater in the Assembly. And stranger still that a man should be too old and weak to whisper “the still small voice” of redemption, and yet adequate to defend the tottering fortunes of a corrupt Administration. Is this like *His* faith that shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day? Surely a minister in Parliament is a man out of place, and if too old to do the duties of the pulpit he is too old to pass his nights in the bickering turmoil of the Legislature.

It is not unusual for men to carry with them into the duties of legislation the mannerism and the caste of thought and action peculiar to their previous profession in life, and what smacks of the parson supplies irreverent fun for too many of our law-makers, and exposes to ridicule the highest office a mortal can occupy in this world—being an ambassador of Heaven.

The soldier-legislator requires to keep guard against the tendencies of professional habit, or an evil of another kind

will mar his labors, so great is the disparity between martial and civil law.

A few examples in proof of the sayings and doings of a veteran who resides within the precincts of the Eastern Division may not be uninteresting.

Our friend occupied a seat in the Assembly of Upper Canada at a period when the political feelings of the people were stirred to the bottom. He hails from the Emerald Isle—dates his existence back to the period of the American Revolution—followed the fortunes of Sir John Moore in Spain, and fought under the Iron Duke through the Peninsular War—was specially named for acts of bravery during his military career, and promoted from the ranks to a Lieutenancy. The years immediately following Waterloo brought many old warriors to Canada, and among them our gallant hero.

Honors awaited him: Colonel of Militia and Justice of the Peace were followed by a seat in Parliament. The professional tendencies of the Colonel became mocked in the exercise of the duties of his several offices.

In making speeches pith, brevity and steel characterized his eloquence. In magisterial matters summary punishment was his delight, and summary procedure in cases foreign to the powers of a Magistrate his besetting sin. For instance, one party was summoned for breach of promise, another tried for not paying the Priest for christening his child, and another for shooting a dog on Monday that had bitten him on Sunday previous. Addressing the guilty party his Worship said:

“If sir, under the influence of passion you had shot the dumb brute immediately, the case would have been different; but, forgetful of the divine injunction that commands us not to let the sun go down upon our wrath, you murdered the poor dog. I shall fine you, sir, with costs, twelve dollars.”

Under the Master and Servants' Act some parties were imprisoned who were clearly innocent, but our Soldier-Justice declared disobedience of orders, under any circumstances, was a flagrant breach

of the articles of war, and he would make an example of this kind of defaulters. Narrow escapes the Colonel had of being fined for his summary illegal acts, but friends at Court saved him, although in the case of the man not paying the Priest, a brother Magistrate was a loser of forty pounds for false imprisonment; notwithstanding he was ably defended by the present Premier of Canada, and only finished what the Colonel began.

Our friend was a member of the House at the close of the rebellion. How Col. Prince would be received on his first entrance after that period (for reasons well known) was doubtful, but no sooner did the Member for Prescott observe the presence of "the English gentleman" than he raised a cheer that quieted for a time what should be a guilty conscience.

The question soon arose at whose expense those condemned to banishment should be sent to Van Diemen's land, the Provincial or Imperial Government.

"Mr. Speaker," said our hero, "in my opinion there is no necessity for either Government to be at greater expense than the cost of so many ball-cartridges as will send the miscreants where they ought to go."

The disposal of the Clergy Reserves soon after came up and occupied and excited the House for some weeks. In the opinion of some the very existence of religion depended upon State support—others regarded it spoilation to take the Reserves from that Church to which a King of pious memory had given them—more agreed that two Churches being established in Britain each of these had an equal right—another reasoned as there was no Church established in Canada all should share alike. Many maintained each Church should be left to support itself and the Reserves secularized. The gallant Colonel, ever ready to give a reason for his opinion, arose:

"Mr. Speaker, I am most anxious to give my views on this important subject, and to indicate how I am prepared to record my vote. There are, sir, four

leading ways of going to heaven. There is the way which I myself am travelling, that supplied by the Catholic Church; the other ways are through the Church of England, that of Scotland and the Methodist Church. Any person unwilling to go to heaven on one or other of these ways deserves to go elsewhere and fare accordingly. I go therefore for dividing the Reserves among these four Churches."

The destruction of Brock's Monument aroused the indignation of the land. A great assembly were gathered on the Heights to give expression to their indignation. This portion of Canada was represented by our friend, who concluded a right loyal speech as follows:

"Your Excellency, this is the proudest day of my life, and I anticipate but one more proud, and that day shall be when at the head of a Militia force I shall march into that land of pretended liberty and revenge the insult done to the ashes of the immortal Brock."

Adieu, Colonel, thy earthly warfare is nearly ended. The grasshopper is becoming a burden and desire faileth. If thy four ways of reaching the Celestial City are reduced to one, and that "the way, the truth, and the life," happy shall they be to whatsoever Church belonging. One unfortunate failing in our friend just dismissed: he could see nothing good outside the Queen's dominions, and a people without a Church established was infidel—alas, in this he is not alone.

A writer signing himself "Reformer," in your issue of the 11th instant, calls Canada to a Public Fast that the people "may consider their ways." Doubtless inwardly they have sufficient cause, but would not a day of thanksgiving be better, seeing we have "peace within our walls and prosperity within our Palaces." "Reformer," have you not chosen a wrong name? Is not your mind wandering in the darkness of Church and Stateism? What do you mean by such language as the following? "The late United States are in trouble because though there may be many good people in them

the nation is ungodly in its Government from the President to its whole body. It is an infidel nation and does not recognize God—the God of all the nations of the earth.” Pray, what constitutes a Godly government, and which nation on this wide earth possesses one? Does Monarchy secure this blessing, or is an established Church requisite to its possession? If the latter, Russia, Prussia, Austria and France each possess the boon. May the human race be preserved from such godliness. Does our own dear country possess a godly government, where prayers must have the sanction of Parliament and Bishops are made by the Premier, and the Sovereign is head of the Church? Let past history of Great Britain answer?

Look at the system of persecutions and disabilities that have followed in the track of establishments, the monstrous practice of dictating what a man is to believe, and submitting him to pains and penalties if he refuses.

Let this century be reminded of an event when 200 years ago 2000 ministers, the most distinguished for piety and learning, were in one day ejected from their churches, and for what? because they could not and would not do and say things contrary to their consciences. Let this event speak to the advantage and godliness of rulers intermeddling in matters spiritual. The godliness of the people of any nation is irrespective of the government, and generally in spite of it. There have been good members of all the governments referred to, and will he deny this of the States? On what ground then does he call it an infidel nation? Friend, you are guilty of slander—you bear false witness against your neighbor, and have cause to repent and humble yourself while you call others to this duty. Will you please inform us in what way the Government of the States is infidel more than other nations? Do they as a Government deny God? They do not. The principles of their common law, as are those of Britain, are founded on the Bible. Their officials, from the President downwards, are installed to office by an ap-

peal to the great Being. Chaplains are appointed for their Houses of Legislature, their Navy and Army, and they do all and everything in matters of religion usually done in what are called Christian nations, apart from having an establishment. Wherefore, then, are they to be denominated infidel? Is their form of government the reason? The world is too old to listen to the divine right of kings. It is the divine right of the people to choose their form of civil government and enact their own laws, as long as these do not oppose the laws of heaven, and the business of a Government is to administer these laws (as they should everything else) in the fear of God; but leave matters of faith and church order to the choice and management of the people, neither aiding nor hindering (as a government) the interests of religion: these are too sacred for such interference—the ark which may not be touched by such hands—God is king in his own house—his kingdom is not of this world. “Reformer,” reform and retract the foul charge of infidel nation as applied to the States. Many portions of that country will compare with advantage with any country in our world, either in intelligence, education, morality or religion, or in the talent or patriotism of its statesmen, the princely liberality of its philanthropists, the deep learning and piety of its ministers, in self-sacrifice of its missionaries. Let the names of Peabody, Everret, Edwards, Wayland, Judson, Adams and Washington, with thousands more, attest to the greatness and goodness—notwithstanding abounding sin—that have adorned the people of the States, and say not a nation loved and venerated by such men is an infidel nation.

CLARENCE.

To the Editor of the Examiner:

MR. EDITOR,—My letters are generally short, and I trust you will therefore the more ready allow me short space more, in order to defend my former note against the insolent remarks of your flippant correspondent,

"Clarence." Does he mean to say that the people of Canada have no public sins to repent of, because they have no State Church among them? or that they have no reason to repent, because they have so much to be thankful for? Should not the goodness of God, so unmerited, the rather lead to a thorough reformation? And what has all this rambling rhapsody about Established Churches to do with a Public Fast for National Sins so shamelessly prevalent in this land? and especially the contempt for truth, honesty, and the sacred obligation of an oath, for which, in my judgment, the neighbouring States are now suffering, and I, too, justly fear, Canada will soon have to suffer. Whenever the *Globe*, their friend, (and I am their friend) begins with, "If we can believe McClellan," can any one deny the infidelity of the States' Government? If you wish, Mr. Editor, Church Establishments may be debated in your columns, but what has this to do with my call to a Public Fast?

But fair play, Mr. C., who are you that takes upon you to *slander* so many worthy men, better than yourself? I do not know Col. Prince, but from your account he must be an honorable man, since though so liberal a Catholic, he wishes the Priest to be paid for his labours as well as the Doctor. Is there anything wrong in that? I do not know Dr. Ryerson, but he is certainly as much a citizen of this free country, and as much entitled to be a member of Parliament if he chooses, as any lawyer in the country. The fact is, that Mr. C. is, by his own showing, both a persecutor and an infidel. He would starve any man to death under an outlawry who dares to avow himself a public servant of Jesus, and deprive him of every civil privilege; and at the same time forbid him to change his profession—a degree of persecution never attempted before by Prince, Pagan, or Papal! An Infidel like Julian the apostate, or Henry VIII., or Mr. C., if he only had the power, is the most merciless persecutor. What wonder then that he blasphemes the cause and

the advocate of Truth in the manner he does. But, thou hypocrite, in England, ministers are recognized legally, and paid and honoured as the ministers of the King of Kings, by Her Most Gracious Majesty and her God-fearing people; and Mr. C. may make his choice in Canada. Ministers must either have justice as ministers of Christ, or they will have it as private citizens. As for this Mr. C., with all the baseness of a self-seeking demagogue, he would first murder the minister of every religion, and then spoil and insult them. This exhibition of narrow-minded bigotry only urges the more strongly the expediency of a Public Fast, which if you please, *may* end in a thanksgiving. But without repentance your thanks will be despised, as was Cain's offering.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

A TRUE REFORMER.

Peterboro', 4th Oct., 1862.

BANKS OF THE OTTAWA, {

Oct. 20th, 1862. }

MR. EDITOR,—Will you kindly allow me space to reply to a "True Reformer," and I shall be brief.

Would that my friend's example was as worthy in other respects.

My good fellow wherefore this fuss? Could you not take your part without recourse to Billingsgate? Are you incapable of distinguishing between abuse and argument? Do you not know such weapons recoil on him who uses them?

If conscious of being right, occupy the proud position, which truth supplies with dignity; but if you feel yourself cornered do not make bad worse, by allowing a haughty spirit to call railing names, and thereby verify the language of Solomon—see Prov. 27 & 22. Is supposed opposition to your "call to a Public Fast," and my defence of the United States against the charge of being Infidel, sufficient cause why dead Kings and Emperors, Apostates and murderers must be disturbed in their graves to supply comparisons for the man who dares differ in opinion

from you, and asks wherefore you slander your neighbor?

If you must have a Fast, by all means get it up, but have a care to the state of mind necessary, or the words of the good book will apply, "Behold ye fast for strife and debate, and to strike with the fist of wickedness, ye shall not fast as you do this day to make your voice to be heard on high." One would imagine you were allied to the sacred office, so valiant are you in defense of minister's rights, but for the honor of the pulpit and profit of the people it is hoped such is not the case—inasmuch as an Elder must not be a "brawler and not soon angry."

Wherefore add "True" to "Reformer." It reminds of the *True Witness*, of whose style you are an apt imitator in the use of ill names. What other print in Canada could emulate you in such a choice collection as the following, within the limits of a short letter: Infidel, Hypocrite, (strange union) Blasphemer, Persecutor, self-seeking-demagogue. Now don't you think you draw a beautiful picture, and supply a rare substitute for plain reason and common sense. My friend, I hope it is less your fault than your misfortune to deliver yourself thus. I anticipated a foggy atmosphere surrounded your mental vision—but the darkness is much deeper than I supposed. Do try and scatter its offensive shadows and accompany me in a brief examination of your argument in proof of your assertion that the States are an Infidel Nation. You say, "whenever the *Globe*, their friend, begins with 'if we can believe McClellan,' can any one doubt the Infidelity of the States Government." Now, is not this capital reasoning; unanswerable argument; logic beyond dispute. Let us try how it works. McClellan is a citizen of the States, therefore McClellan is the States. The *Globe* implies a doubt on McClellan's veracity, therefore McClellan lies, and is an infidel. McClellan being such, so are the States and who can deny it? To bring the matter home. A "True Reformer" a short time ago

slandered the States—he being an inhabitant of Canada, is Canada, consequently Canada is a slanderous country, and a "True Reformer" cannot deny it. My friend, rub your eyes and seek the grace to see yourself as others see you. Come down from the self-erected pedestal of vain glory from which you dictate "My call to a public fast" and demand of your opponent "who are you?" Inform yourself better and you will know—Col. Prince is not a Catholic and Dr. Ryerson is not in Parliament. To my request for you to name a country having a Godly government, the following I suppose is your reply: "But thou hypocrite, in England, ministers are recognized legally, and paid and honored as the ministers of the King of Kings by Her Most Gracious Majesty, and her God-fearing people." Is honor and state pay confined to the ministers of the establishment who are really ministers of the King of Kings, or does the hireling whose inward call proceeds from his stomach, and he whose doctrines and practice savors more of Rome than the Bible, share equally well with the true shepherd who cares for the sheep?

Further, does all the ministers of the King of Kings, in England, receive like honor and legal recognition, or does the Government of that country make a wide and invidious distinction? Alas for such proof of Godliness.

If good pay to ministers is an evidence of possessing this quality, the States are pre-eminently Godly, for ministers there get excellent salaries.

I promised to be brief, I have given your letter all the attention it is entitled to; who I am or who you are is probably of small importance. The maintenance of truth and correct principles is most important. I charge you with doing violence to the one, and teaching the opposite of the other—perhaps not wilfully, but really. You defend yourself by calling names, an old recourse in a weak cause. "True Reformer," I call upon you again to reform—and as repentance is a necessary part of reform, repent, and if abstinence will aid the lat-

ter duty—fast, and do it on your own account, and before calling the Nation to this act.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Yours respectfully,
CLARENCE.

To the Editor of the Examiner :

MR. EDITOR,—As you are pleased to insert another abusive letter from “Clarence,” please also to hear my reply. I know nothing of Mr. Clarence or his friends whom he slanders, I merely expound his own text. I held up the mirror of his first letter, and, blinded by fury, he is still barking at his own likeness. But now I am done with him, for his heart must either be very bad or his memory very short. It was himself who raised the cloud of “*dead men’s dust*,” though now he tries to blow it about me. Read his first letter and you will see this.

But I must guard others against mistaking my meaning. Of Gen. McClellan personally I said nothing, because I knew nothing, and I never speak ill of the absent. But I said that the public reports of the United States are so grossly falsified that even the *Globe*, their friend, does not believe them ; I find also some of the Northern newspapers confessing and lamenting this as much as I do. This under-current in favor of public good faith, and the recent improvements in the reports themselves, I regard with pleasure as favorable symptoms, for I desire few things more than the recovery of the United States from their past errors. I foresaw their coming divisions from the course they were pursuing, and foretold them. I now foresee their taking the second step in the dreadful tragedy they are now enacting, already initiated by the President’s proclamation to the Blacks to massacre their masters, and soon to spread into mutual massacres of blacks and whites both, unless, *through the mercy of God*, their better feelings or the intervention of the European powers come in time to prevent them.

As for Mr. Clarence himself I must

say that with all his seeming horror of Priestcraft he is still held in its net to the present hour. I myself never received any State pay, but I cannot perceive why a Minister of Religion has not as good right to receive State pay as the Ministers of Law, Education, or Finance ; as good a right, if you please, to fill his pocket out of the public purse, or his stomach off the public table, as any man in Canada ; to make himself as rich and as comfortable as he can at the expense of his neighbours ; yes, and if he choose, to lie and cheat and swear with the best of them, or to be as bad as the worst of them. I know no reason why he should not, except that his profession implies a belief in the existence of some God which the others *may not*. In my opinion, a Minister of Religion is merely a private citizen like any other member of the community, and to speak of depriving a citizen of any of his common privileges because he is a Minister of Religion, is to exhibit a spirit of persecution and of Infidelity ; a spirit not confined to kings, but equally powerful in upstarts. I may just whisper in Mr. Clarence’s ear that large promises are signs of bad payments, and irregular terms.

I have to thank Mr. Clarence for keeping the subject of a public fast before the public mind, which he himself agrees with me to be certainly required on at least one side ; and if my beginning the reformation, as Mr. C. began the strife, will be any inducement for him to follow I shall do so very willingly by silently leaving him to his own reflections, trusting that he being now warned, he will no longer continue to wrangle with his own echo.

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Yours respectfully,
A TRUE REFORMER.

To the Editor of the Examiner :

BANKS OF THE OTTAWA, }
November, 1862. }

MR. EDITOR,—Who does not appreciate pluck, however it may show itself ?

Your correspondent, "A True Reformer," possesses no common share, and as many lives as are assigned to a certain domestic animal. He has set his heart on a fast, and a fast he will have in spite of poet, editor, governor, or any other body. So be it my friend, do it up brown; but oh! forego, I beseech you, the other rights you claim for the Ministerial office, and do not lie, swear, or cheat, for, depend upon it, that while such things are wrong in any, they are far worse in those who are commanded to be examples. Suicide should have been included in the list of rights. Adieu.

CLARENCE.

BANKS OF THE OTTAWA, }
January 23rd, 1863. }

DEAR EXAMINER,—It being now some time since you were addressed from this part of Canada, perhaps something anent matters general and particular, will not be unwelcome.

Another year big with events is consigned to the past. Its annals pictured on the historic page will make the ears of future generations tingle. Where is the expected dawn of millennial glory? where the fulfilment of the prophecy that the trumpet should be hung in the hall and men study war no more?

What study so engrossing at present? Ingenuity is taxed to its utmost to contrive methods of attack and defence.

The science of warfare would appear to be only entering on the manhood of its existence, instead of being consigned to the fate of the lost arts.

The sweet singer of Olney mourned that

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed,
Make enemies of Nations, who had else
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

Alas, the people of the States seceding and non-seceding without geographical barriers, in fact, lacking physical features to indicate either by a straight or crooked line, boundaries by which to divide the nation, most cordially abhor one another. Brother against Brother, father against son, son against father. Said a Minister recent-

ly who professes allegiance to the Prince of Peace, and exercises his holy calling in the State of New York:—"But for the misfortune of a wooden leg I would enlist to-morrow, and my first object would be to shoot my own brother, who is in the rebel army. My son, however, is gone, and I charged him to be sure, if he had the opportunity, to drop his uncle the first man"!!

Let none plead Scripture in defence of Slavery. The voice of God in his dealings with Nations of the present, as of the past, speaks out judgments on the oppressor. Egypt might have warned America—the lesson was spurned, and bitter is the fruit thereof. To mourn thousands upon thousands of her first-born does not suffice. The untold blood and treasure already wasted seems not enough, nor the universal wail of the bereaved who refuse to be comforted. Will they not let the people go free, or is it the will of Providence that the people should free themselves with a great deliverance? "Come it must," said Adams, "may it be peace; but if in blood let it come."

The year of grace, 1863, not unlikely will be to the millions of America now enslaved, the year of jubilee. God grant it.

In common with all Upper Canada, the municipal battle for the present year is fought throughout the region contiguous to Ottawa City. Within the metropolitan city the contest was sharp, especially for the Mayoralty. Mr. Fellows had set his heart on honor as introductory to other and higher positions, and as tending to wipe out the stains of the Cambridge fraud. He was, however, doomed to severe, but just disappointment, and made to taste, during the conflict, the bitter fruit of his evil doing by pointed references to his political sins.

It is a matter for study and instruction to mark the course frequently pursued at Township elections. How often there is a total neglect of the qualities necessary in a municipal councillor. Some party on local consideration guide the choice, and for dear life the voters

will strive to return their man, who is often as unfit for the office as his friends are eager to place him in it. In one township on the Ottawa an entire batch was elected this year, not one of whom could draw up a resolution, if promised a fortune for the operation. Two of this select number cannot speak English.

Our liberties in Canada have outstripped our intelligence, in fact, have become a rod of self-infliction. We want more conservatism, or the interests of the country will suffer.

Our political and municipal franchise is too enlarged, and as a consequence too often men without stake, in fact, the rabble, rule. The legislator who will look this evil in the face, and devise and carry through some remedy, will deserve well of his country.

Our experience in this section of Canada goes to favour, as an improvement in the municipal law, a provision to make the establishment of Wards in Townships obligatory. At present as the law stands, interested parties manage to stave off the equitable and convenient system of Wards.

The weather here has been most unusual for the season—exceedingly mild, and very little snow. Cattle feeding in the fields in January is seldom seen near Ottawa. The lumber interest has suffered for want of snow—but at present there is a fair share for ordinary purposes. In the winter of 1819 the season was very much like the present one—scarcely any snow came till March, and then it fell to the depth of 4 feet, and blocked the roads.

The travel here has been mostly on the ice, which is very thick, but being very glare, glades are not easily seen, particularly after dark, and several unwary travellers have lost their horses and narrowly escaped themselves.

One poor man lost a span, harness, sleigh, and load in a twinkling, and in a very simple way. He had fed them at a tavern on the banks; some distance out was a glade; a boy passing with a hand sleigh caused the horses to take fright, and not being tied galloped towards the glade; when nearing it the

animals sheered off and would have escaped, but the sleigh loaded with coal slid round, dropped in, and brought the horses along—all sunk in an instant.

The newly-appointed County Judge for Prescott and Russell has made his appearance in our midst.

The resident Barristers who were eligible made strenuous efforts, each, to get the appointment, but the Premier has laid their ambitious views in the dust by selecting Mr. Daniels, of Hamilton, to take the place of the late Judge Friel. It is perhaps better to choose a foreigner to fill County Judgeships—more independence may be expected in the exercise of the important functions of the office.

Lack of independence was a painful want in the late incumbent here, and it is hoped we are going to be blessed with a man who will perform his duty in righteousness, and for righteousness' sake. Adieu. CLARENCE.

BANKS OF THE OTTAWA, May 15, '63.

DEAR EXAMINER,—On the 21st April old Ottawa broke its prison doors, and freed from the sway of stern winter, invited once more to its smooth waters, the commerce and travel of another season. On the 29th the mail steamers began their regular trips, thus uniting, by river communication, the political Capital elect with the commercial capital of Canada.

The season here is very dry, which is unfavorable to the farmer, and as much so to the lumberer, as there is danger of timber sticking on small streams. Feed is very scarce and dear, and large numbers of cattle have died of want.

The Ottawa people have had quite a great “kick up” anent matters concerning the railroad, i.e., the Prescott and Ottawa Railroad. It appears that the present management of the road is unsatisfactory to certain parties, who, to obtain a change try the virtue of rowdy expedient. Robert Bell, the President of the road, has been mobbed and maltreated, forcible possession taken of the offices, and sundry other things said and done of which there will be a

reckoning anon. Knowing that a storm was brewing at home, Mr. Bell had to fly from Quebec to Ottawa, thereby escaping one fight to enter into another. It has been said that he was glad to shirk the want of confidence motion, but he is not the man to desert his colors, and the mal-content stockholders will find they have "the wrong pig by the lug," when they try by illegal and mean schemes to subvert him from the due exercise of his duties as President of the road.

Robert Bell is a self-made man, but has done more towards advancing the interests of the country than those of himself, and if he could be induced to unmake a habit that destroys so many, few men could be more useful in Canada than he. Possessed of a massive intellect, bull-dog perseverance and unselfish disposition, he is bent on doing great things for their own sake. In a township midway between Ottawa and Prescott, he spent the years of his youth assisting his father in the labours of a new farm. After the farm work of the day was closed, study occupied the early hours of night. Potato planting and chopping were followed by astronomical observations, and thus the boy was preparing to become the man who would occupy an honorable and elevated position in the country. Familiar with every acre of the surrounding country, this knowledge afterwards became invaluable in locating the railroad. The duties of the farmer were exchanged for those of the surveyor and engineer. Mr. Bell performed several surveys for the Government which gained him special credit. He became connected with the press, and was thus enabled to exercise a powerful influence in promoting Ottawa interests; for the manner in which he yielded this influence, he will, at a future time get more renown than falls to his share as yet. Among these interests the Ottawa and Prescott Railroad stands foremost; it forms a necessary link in the chain of qualities which gave the City of Ottawa the pre-eminence which it now enjoys. Mr. Bell is now being paid with black

ingratitude, but time will blow off the dust, and it will then be seen that if McGillivray, Goodwin, Hunter & Co. were in the right, they would establish their position by less questionable means than by turning rowdies, breaking and smashing the property of the road, and endangering the lives of the officers and peaceful stockholders of the Company. Dr. Hunter has an eye to Russell, and would feign damage Mr. Bell; with him the end justifies the means—foiled twice in gaining a seat in the House, he has tried a desperate game to favor his ambitious views. If true to themselves, the people of this county will bid him seek a constituency where he practices his quackery—in New York—and not take into their confidence an adventurer who cares neither for the county nor country, but has some selfish purpose to gain by entering Parliament.

The people of Canada have self-government; shall the boon prove a bane? Wherefore do we not try to return men of common sense and common honesty—and not men who make speeches to suit the hustings and afterwards, on the floor of the House, admit that they had no faith in what they were saying—men who to gain office will forswear the professions of their lives. Wherefore is the country put to the expense and annoyance of a general election after two brief sessions? Forsooth the long lived double-shufflers can be borne with no longer, and are forced to resign—J. Sandfield forms a ministry on principles of economy, and in one short year the double-shufflers convict him of the very sins they had committed, and another hoist is intended. Is this vote of want of confidence a patriotic vote, or a selfish one? It seems fun to our rulers, and they sing jollily over their work while the country must pay the cost.

May the electors of Canada feel the solemn duty that devolves upon them to return upright men who will fulfil the high trust of legislature for the benefit of the country, and not simply to aggrandize themselves.

CLARENCE.

TEMPERANCE.

To the Editor of the Canada Temperance Advocate:

CLARENCE, Dec. 5, 1862.

SIR,—It may be interesting to your many readers to learn the progress of the good cause along this portion of the Ottawa River. We date our commencement in temperance to an early period: when the Rev. Mr. Christmas and other honoured names fought the good fight in the City of Montreal, and an extra, semi-monthly, of the *Courant*, published in that city, spread abroad the news of success, and ably urged the claims and benefits of abstinence among the people of Canada.

The *Advocate*, the writer thinks, took the place of these extras, and well has it continued for many years to do battle in the warfare of truth. Would that its support was more commensurate with its claims on the community.

In common with other places, the history of the cause here presents a fluctuating character—life and zeal succeeded by indifference—then again a rallying of forces, and a determination of no surrender until triumphant success should gladden every nook and bless every inhabitant of the land. It is just now a season of prosperity in this and adjoining neighborhoods. The friends of the cause are at work, and a great ingathering is the result, of multitudes in the ranks of reform. The enemy is abashed; is smitten; may he be vanquished, and may the makers and vendors of intoxicants learn their interest in the interest of their fellow-men, and no longer hurt and destroy their brother man by following a trade doubly cursed: it curses him who gives as well as him who takes.

A terrible warning has been given the tavern keepers here by the death of

three of their number within a few months—all living within a few miles of each other—all in the prime of life, and all clearly victims to the use of their own liquor. One of them died while deeply drunk,—may survivors take the alarm and forsake the horrid traffic. The Clarence society holds monthly meetings which have been well sustained and proved successful in results. Thirteen additions were made at the last meeting, and nineteen at the meeting before. Freedom of speech is permitted in recitations of song and sentiment of a moral and useful kind; not always bearing on the subject of temperance, although this topic is kept uppermost. The valuable aid of ministers is not wholly depended upon, which is too much the case, and men jaded with other cares unnecessarily overtaxed. Variety is the spice of life, and gives life to everything. There is such a thing as talent hid, worth searching for; and we have found here an impetus given to the good work by enlisting as speakers men hitherto overlooked, who have proved the possession of heads as well as hands, minds as well as bodies, and who, although fully employed in redeeming the earth from the dominion of the forest, manage to read and think, and turn their reading and thinking to valuable account.

In Cumberland during the past summer weekly meetings have been sustained and still continue. The people there have become downright in earnest as they have enjoyed a large measure of success, in great numbers joining the temperance ranks, both of the young and many over whom the destroyer had held long and mighty sway. The stirring little village of Thurso, cosily nestled beside old Ottawa, has its Temple as well as old Society, and the Templars

weekly contemplate their own and country's good, in sayings and doings anent the common cause. Still further interior, the Gore of Lochaber presents among its mountains another Temple, strong in number and strong in purpose to put down strong drink. May their strength not be spent in vain. Last summer they held a most interesting festival among the hills, at which some hundreds spent a pleasant day. The Presbyterian church, tastefully decorated was laid out with tables covered with good things, as abundant as good, prepared by lady friends who, in common with other ladies in similar circumstances, if privileged with less of the saying had most of the doing to perform. The outer man being amply supplied, the multitude adjourned to an adjacent grove, where a platform and seats accommodated speakers and hearers. Speeches interspersed with music and song pleasantly occupied the rest of the time, and towards evening the crowd dispersed, well pleased with the exercises, notwithstanding a drenching shower closed the cold water doings of the day. Soon after another Temple sprang from the Gore one, and is now in active and useful operation at Gilmour's Mills, North Nation River. So closes, Mr. Editor, our report of progress so far. It is hoped still better things may be said hereafter, and I trust one fruit of the revival being enjoyed will appear in an increase of subscribers to the *Advocate* for next year. The *Advocate* well merits the countenance and support of the friends of temperance—long and well has it sustained the heat and burden of labor. We need union of effort—moral suasion, legal suasion, heavenly suasion, with the assistance of every persuasion, and the powerful aid of the press—that the glorious work may advance and bless every portion of one's own and other lands. W. E.

DEATH FROM LIQUOR.

To the Editor of the Daily Witness :

SIR,—A few days ago this township was the scene of a painful event. Samuel Gillis, a man respectably con-

nected, but addicted to occasional inebriety, partook of liquor in the tavern of Ewen Cameron, of Thurso, and took away a bottleful with him. In Clarence he called at another tavern, and drank freely of the contents of his bottle. Hiram Johnson, a tavern-keeper of Vankleek Hill—soon after entered the same house, taking with him a bottle of brandy, from which he gave Gillis two draughts. The latter, shortly after swallowing the brandy, fell to the floor, was picked up and placed in a bed, and next morning found dead, leaving a worthy family to mourn the sad end of its head.

The above facts came out at the inquest, and speak for themselves. Fearful responsibility rests somewhere. One tavern-keeper began, the other finished the work. A day of reckoning will come : " Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished."

W.

Clarence, Feb. 24th, 1863.

To the Editor of the Baptist Freeman :

DEAR SIR,—In the issue of your excellent little paper of the 28th March a Teetotaler cavals at the Dunkin Bill, and claims, from long experience and careful observation, to speak with the authority of a father ; and believing this aged friend of Temperance to be much astray in his views, with your permission I will try to blow away the smoke that beclouds his mental vision anent this subject. My good friend, I respect years, but *truth much more* ; and while I say all honor to the man who has fought in the Temperance ranks for 35 years, and I would remind him that the instruments and missiles of military warfare are changing and improving, and old fogies of the time of Nelson and Wellington, who should condemn ironclads and guns of five miles range, would be treated with no forbearance on the ground of long experience. So in the moral world, progress and improvement mark the aim and efforts of society. The Temperance cause has passed through several phases, and the

last improvement in Canada is partial and conditional prohibition. We accept it only as a half measure, but believe it calculated to do much good, and a valuable step in advance, even though opposed by fossils like yourself wedded to first principles, who instead of forgetting the things behind and pushing forward to the praise of their high calling, grumble if jostled in the way, and point to their whitening locks to vindicate the soundness of their views. It is plain you advocate moral suasion only, and condemn legal suasion entirely.

My friend, is not 35 years more than sufficient to try one method? Do, I beseech you, make some advance. Bear in mind legal suasionists condemn not moral suasion but regard it as the first and best means, yet find it insufficient, and seek this additional help, and why not? Do you condemn legislation on the Sabbath, on blasphemy, on indecent exposure of the person, if not why condemn legislation in a vice that leads to all these crimes, and is the fruitful source of every evil that afflicts mankind.

My friend, your arguments against Dunkin's Bill will not hold water. You say, before passing such, that Parliament would have done better in passing a law prohibiting the manufacture and importation of intoxicating liquors first. Very true, but in such case Mr. Dunkin's Bill would be waste paper, and you know very well we have tried in vain to get such a law, and because we could not, would it have been wise to refuse what we could get; and you yourself admit this Bill has two good provisions, by facilitating the conviction of illicit vendors, and rendering spirit dealers responsible for the consequences of their traffic; also that some temporary good will follow the prohibitory by-laws passed under it in some localities, but that it will advance the cause generally you have no hopes.

And why? Because, you say, if legislation precedes public opinion its Acts will remain a dead letter.

Well now, the Dunkin Bill is just the thing for you; it provides for testing the public opinion first, and prohibiting *only*

when public opinion approves.

If not afterwards carried out, the more the pity it is not the fault of the law but the people. Again the Dunkin Bill is a national feeler, and if generally acted upon, prohibition entire will follow.

Your objections on the ground of wholesale vending being allowed is not valid; it is in the dram-shop and tavern where drunkenness is chiefly promoted, and if these can be put down temptation will be abated, and a great point gained. How can you reconcile your objections with the declaration, "I will rejoice in any measure *tending* to the suppression of the evil of intemperance."

Does not the Dunkin Bill tend to this? Your own admission allows it; then why condemn it, and ridicule the idea of its making teetotallers by Act of Parliament, and why not make them by law, if every other method fails, as well as make men honest by law.

When, pray, will the time come when public opinion will be ripe for prohibition? When it is ripe the law will be uncalled for. As well condemn laws forbidding theft or murder because the crimes are still committed, and in many cases the guilty escape punishment.

Prohibition of the liquor traffic is legitimate legislation. The laws of God and interests of man demand it; and hereafter as much horror will be awakened in looking back upon such traffic being permitted as we feel in relation to the slave trade. Temperance men accept Mr. Dunkin's Bill meanwhile, and thank that gentleman for it, and hope he will live to introduce and carry a measure that will go the whole figure, and draw down upon his head the blessings of thousands ready to perish, and I hope you, my friend, will live to see and bless the day.

PROHIBITIONIST.

Clarence, April 3, 1865.

[When the communication above referred to was published, we intended, when "Teetotaller" had completed his letters, to make some remarks upon them; but being absent last week, we

were not aware that another letter had been forwarded. Upon reading the last communication, however, we could scarcely refrain from the opinion that the writer was either a liquor-dealer himself or that his brain was dyspeptic on the Temperance question. If the best authority can be relied on, there is not a single town in the whole Province in which there are not more drunkards than in the whole State of Maine, where a prohibitory law is in full force. Where our correspondent says that "with a large number of people taverns and grogeries are needed places, and the license makes them lawful," we are at a loss to know how he has arrived at such a conclusion. For what are they needed? To spread vice, poverty, disease and misery broadcast over the land, and people the regions of darkness with souls that might shine in heaven? If this is necessary then they are needed. Again we ask how can licenses make them lawful institutions? Can man make legal and right that which God and universal truth has branded with infamy? But we leave him with "Prohibitionist."—ED.]

Temperance in Peterborough.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the letter in your issue of the 23rd inst., signed "An Old Teetotaller."* I recognize in the writer, a champion in the good cause, with whom I signed the pledge nearly fifty years ago in a place remote from his present dwelling. For many years, shoulder to shoulder with others, like minded, and not in vain, we did battle in the temperance army in full concord, adopting the progressive phases of this moral war, until legal prohibition became a plank in the platform of the advanced advocates of temperance.

On this point we joined issue and parted company, and it is on this point I desire to comment briefly, as I regarded the tendency of my friend's views very damaging to the interests of our glorious enterprise. He paints in

alarming colors the mixed up state of affairs in Peterborough; and it is probable both the temperance men and the Town Council are at fault. No law, however good, amounts to aught if permitted to remain a dead letter.

It may be hoped this outspoken exposure of delinquency will move the guilty to action and that order will yet rise out of confusion. Great changes usually involve more or less trouble of this kind.

Your correspondent accounts for the muddle on grounds which betray his unsound notions anent prohibition expressed thus.

"And this to me appears to be the error the friends of temperance have fallen into in submitting too early 'legal suasion'—coercive measures in fact—in place of their only legitimate power in the present state of society." When, pray, is the set time to come, when society will be ready, and how known when legislation may be invoked to abolish the hellish traffic of strong drink? Is it when moral suasion has converted everybody to temperance opinions? or when, in language of Scripture, "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea?"

In either case no occasion would exist for prohibition, and its enactment would be folly. It may be "An Old Tetotaller" considers society would be ready when a majority of voters favored prohibition.

Well, how are we to ascertain when a majority can be counted on? Some legislation is necessary to test the question. Such legislation we have, and a majority of the votes in Peterborough was cast against liquor-selling. Still our friend is not satisfied, and he evidently wants a majority of *all* the people to be consulted, voters and non-voters; hence he says: "I am perfectly satisfied that the majority of our population is in favor of the drinking usages of the day, or at all events, the majority want and will have intoxicating

*His brother, J. E.

liquors, and where a demand exists a supply will be had."

A gloomy conclusion verily, and the man who draws it must expect to leave this world hopeless of speedy improvement in society. It is a comfortable doctrine to the liquor dealers, and, in fact, I think our friend, without meaning it, stands convicted of giving comfort and support to the enemy. By what means does he become satisfied that a majority of our people "are in favor of the drinking usages of the day?" Mr. Editor, I regard such an opinion an aspersion on the inhabitants of Canada.

Doubtless nothing is further from your correspondent's intentions, but the fact is the same. Take for example the abstainers, the portion of moderate

drinkers that would aid albeit their present practice, the multitude of immoderate drinkers who wish the temptation out of the way, the thousands of the young old enough to know good from evil, who would be influenced on the right side, and add to these three-fourths of the female portion of the country (a safe number), and I venture to affirm we have already a vast majority in the land favourable, yea, yearning for prohibition. I hope your correspondent will amend his record and that your readers will stand proof against the mistaken idea that prohibition entire and immediate would be premature.

ANOTHER OLD TEETOTALLER.
Clarence, May 25th, 1878.



RELIGIOUS.

Cecil and Dunlop.

To the Editor of the Ottawa Citizen :

SIR,—In your weekly issue of the 9th instant, a correspondent, over the signature of "Cheops," offers, for the entertainment of your readers, a chapter on what he styles "The Theatrical preaching of Mr. Dunlop and Lord Cecil."

What does this writer mean by theatrical preaching? Does the place justify the language, or is the matter and style of preaching theatrical? Verily, such language was never worse applied. More simple, direct Bible preaching is rarely, if ever, heard from any lips, clerical or lay. These gentlemen will not be astonished beyond measure, nor will they be induced to alter their course in order to escape censure. They will call to mind the words spoken by certain philosophers regarding the prince of preachers. "What will this babblers say?" and glory in sharing with Paul evil speaking for their Master's sake.

"Cheops" denominates them "two unanointed, unconsecrated laymen." Was any other kind of laymen ever heard of? If anointed and consecrated, would they continue laymen? But may they not, minus the authority gained by the laying on of hands, possess a commission of greater weight than man can bestow, and have applied to them the words, "But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you."

What does your correspondent mean by styling Mr. Dunlop's address "a leprous commentary?" Is such language becoming one who assumes to be

a critic on the doctrines and types of the Bible? It is, however, in keeping with his closing remarks on Lord Cecil's address, "a more crazy exposition of Scripture no human being ever before listened to." And how many crazy human beings did listen to it, and will again crowd the theatre to listen to similar crazy expositions? And numbers will be eternally benefitted by going, because it pleases God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.

Casting aspersions on preachers who deviate from the beaten track prescribed, is easily done, for there is red-tapism in religion as well as in secular matters. He who spake as never man spake, was accused of blasphemy, and adjudged worthy of death. Paul was a "pestilent fellow," and his fellow-apostles no better. So has it been all the way down to the present day. Earnestness in religion bespeaks a man mad or crazy, and multitudes deem

"Faith want of common sense,
And ardor in the Christian race
A hypocrite's pretence."

Who, in his day, so abundant in labor and success, as Whitfield, and how did he fare? Did his own church honor or dishonor him? He—

"Stood Pilloried on Infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting storm of half an age,
The very butt of slander, and the blot
For every dart that malice ever shot.
The man who mentioned him at once dismissed
All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed,
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart."

It is no extravagant language to say that the advent of Lord Cecil and Messrs. Dunlop and Turner, on the Ottawa, is an era in its history, and it may be hoped that "Cheops" will yet blush for using his pen to caricature

men so eminently honored of God. For many weeks, this summer, they have labored in several townships below Ottawa City, on both sides of the river, with results such as have probably never before been witnessed in any portion of Canada. Hundreds have been converted, with whom religion has indeed become the one thing needful. Clarence and Cumberland, as well as Lochaber, and Buckingham, can attest to the truth of this statement. And what were the means employed? The simple Gospel, preached in the simplest manner, by men in downright earnest—by men who sought not *ours*, but *us*—who eat their own bread and slept in their own tent—who preached every night to the multitudes that came from far and near and tarried late, hanging on the lips of the speakers as if they had been messengers from Heaven. Every hour of every day was fully employed in visiting the homes of these multitudes, reading, conversing and praying with them, thus fulfilling the injunction “instant in season and out of season.”

Undue excitement had no part in this revival. The words spoken were those of truth and soberness. Nor was its influence confined to the notoriously wicked or ignorant. Many who had deemed themselves good, and persons of education and position have been humbled to confess a change never before experienced. Ministers of various denominations, and among them men whose learning and talents will compare favorably with those of ministers generally, have stood aside and given place to those “unanointed laymen,” believing that they had a special message to the people, and results have proved they had. These ministers, themselves, have also been benefitted. They have learned a new lesson, even in preaching—to be more earnest, direct and simple.

Has the population of Ottawa city less need of being roused from spiritual slumber than the people of those townships had? Or are its ministers less needful than others of being reminded

of their duty as watchmen? Is it fair, wise, or just, not to speak of higher considerations, to criticise as “Cheops” has done, the preaching of these devoted, disinterested, honored men? If no other consideration avails to check his irreverent mirth, some sage advice uttered by one of old might be profitably pondered by him; “I say unto you refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught. But if of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God.”

Please allow both sides a hearing and oblige,

Yours, &c.,

VINDICATOR.

Banks of the Ottawa, Oct. 12, 1868.

To the Editor of the Ottawa Citizen :

SIR,—Circumstances seem to necessitate the secular press in Ottawa supplying, in a measure, the lack in that city of a religious organ. The *Citizen* seems to be the elected medium, through which are discussed the merits and demerits of the men who, as instruments, originated the religious interest now wide-spread in the Valley of the Ottawa.

The writer, some time since, defended in the *Citizen* the work and views of these men; nor would he now abate one jot or tittle of the honor and credit then accorded them. But the truth which men proclaim does not excuse the error they teach—in fact, being mixed, with truth, increases the danger and necessity of resisting it. The apostle honored to introduce the Gospel to the Gentiles, afterwards, in relation to them, acted so inconsistently that a greater apostle “withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed.”

To Lord A. P. Cecil and Mr. Dunlop it might be said: “Ye did run well; who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth?” In the townships below Ottawa they were received with open arms. The doors of most of the churches were thrown open, and the ministers confidently resigned the

people to their teaching. These gentlemen professed to belong to no sect, and to know nothing among men "save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Being questioned about the "Brethren," they disclaimed any connection with that body, and spoke of them as being more intensely sectarian than any other. The preaching of these men was effectual in doing much good; and, had they been content with referring their converts to *the* Book for guidance in their future course, and passed on to new fields and fresh triumphs as Evangelists, they would have escaped grave charges with which they now require to be withstood to the face, for they are to be blamed. Trampling under foot the amenities of Christian and gentlemanly courtesy, within the very buildings so frankly thrown open to them, they denounce ministers and churches of every name with an assurance of infallibility ill in accordance with that charity that thinketh no evil, or that love which rejoiceth in good, by whomsoever accomplished. It is only in the last year of the world, according to Baxter's figures, that good is being done, and babes are doing it. The year is past, and the world remains. Mr. Baxter is at fault, and so are they who speak contemptuously of ministers and churches. Both are appointed of God, and for centuries, from those of different names, has sounded out the word, as a savor of life to millions now tuning their harps in the upper sanctuary.

The converts of these gentlemen are instructed to shun all churches, as they are already in the church general. They are taught loose views with regard to the communion—that any one may administer it—and to any number—two are sufficient. These instructions carried out would justify groups of Sunday School children getting up little communions of their own.

It might be expected of men bred to discipline, and close readers of the Scriptures, that they would note and follow the injunctions of order anent the Lord's Supper. They not only use their influence to withdraw members

from churches to which they belong, but try to induce them to join that body before denounced as intensely sectarian. To this end, leaders of the order visit the several localities, and chime in chorus denouncing ministers and churches. These apostles of annihilation look on Canada as their appointed field—all ministers and churches their lawful prey, given into their hands by the Most High, as fully as the Canaanites were to Israel of old.

In nothing should men be more honest than in religion. If it is the mission of these gentlemen to demolish churches and to build up the "Brethren," let them frankly say so and we shall know our fate. At the same time let them inform themselves if these "Brethren" possess, throughout the world, an exclusive claim to being the excellent of the earth, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless. Are they all of one mind and one heart? Do they all possess the quality of cohesion, and are they steadfastly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints? Can they boast superiority to all others in efforts at home and abroad in turning men from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan to the service of the Lord. The church which fulfils best the commission "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" has the best claim to superiority, and not that which shrivels charity to so narrow limits as to say, "We are the people, and wisdom will die with us."

Forbear, ye preachers, of planting and then plucking up—building with one hand and pulling down with the other. The track of Paul became studded with churches. Yours promises, like that of an advancing army, to be marked by desolation and wreck.

VINDICATOR.

Banks of the Ottawa, Jan. 12, 1869.

To the Editor of the Ottawa Citizen :

SIR,—It is usual to record the movements of great men, particularly those of men of war, whose doings engage

general interest. At several points on the Ottawa just now, the appliances of spiritual warfare are being employed to demolish sundry churches, whose existence is deemed contrary to Scripture, as read and expounded by some who are wiser than what is written. To this end, men of ordinary capacity, have been sent with limited success. To secure complete victory, a great gun of extraordinary (Armstrong) calibre, has appeared on the stage in the person of Mr. Hook. It would seem to be expected that this Hook will fasten on the roofs of our little Zions and topple them all to the ground. What desolation! The thought of it might cause rivers of water to run down our eyes, did we forget that error, like a bubble, abides but for a time; while truth, like its author, is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The presumptuous little few located in Ottawa, who arrogate to themselves being the only true representative type of a Christian Church, would do well in their proselyting efforts to imitate Paul.—“Yea, so have I strived to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build on another man’s foundation.”

Let them take this lesson of true, Christian, manly dignity—act upon it, and go into the waste places of the land where the people are famishing for the bread of life, and waste not their time in crying down ministers and seeking to divide and break down churches. But if they will not persist in this course let them employ some more likely champion than this Goliath, Mr. Hook; or otherwise school him into how he ought to behave himself in the house of God. Such rash, unseemly remarks in speaking and wicked irreverence in prayer, as he is guilty of, are not easily matched, and yet he claims to be a follower and teacher of him who was meek and lowly of heart, whose voice was not heard in the street, and who in his intercourse with men pitied rather than reviled poor sinners. In one of Mr. Hook’s recent crusades down the Ottawa to demolish

churches, he gave startling proofs of his irreverence and devilishness of nature.

Professing to pray, he desired God to silence the dogs that were making a noise, and to cast out the dumb devils in those girls who stood up to be prayed for, but who would not answer when spoke to, and asked the Lord to strike him dead if he was the cause of their not being converted.

On another occasion he asked the Lord to take away those sinners who would not be converted, and send them at once to hell, where they ought to be. In speaking he claimed to know who were Christians and who were not, and said he could chalk every true believer, provided the chalk held out. This was done by the answers given to the enquiry, “Are you a Christian?” To one who would say, “I do not know; I hope so; I go to church,” &c., he would say, “You will go to hell and be damned.”

How appropriate the caution to such a teacher—“Judge not that ye be not judged.” Yet we are asked to fly our ministers and run after such and save our souls.

If this is an acknowledged sample of Plymouth preaching and preachers, “Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly mine honor be not thou united.”

VINDICATOR.

Banks of the Ottawa, Feb. 1, 1869.

The Way They Work.

MR. EDITOR,—In a recent number of the *Baptist* a letter appeared over the signature of J. Cooper, giving an account of the Evangelistic labours of three men in Western Canada, of whom Mr. Cooper speaks in the highest terms. The style and spirit of that letter do credit to the head and heart of its author. If he would allow it many might correct him in one point—that of giving those Christian gentlemen the name of *Plymouth Brethren*. They do not act, so far as Eastern experience is concerned, like those camelion people, who, claiming to be guided

by one spirit, outvie Joseph's coat in the variety of the colours of their opinions, and the morning cloud in the instability of these opinions.

This section of the country has been visited by three Evangelists, men of aristocratic connections—one a Lord. As the proscribed British officers, who were not allowed to serve their heavenly as well as their earthly sovereign at the same time, and who imitated Moses in their choice between the two, their fame is wide-spread. Last summer witnessed in the Ottawa Valley the labours of these men. They disclaimed connection with any church or body, and preached incessantly "the old, old story," while converts flocked to the standard of the cross as doves to their windows. The doors of the Baptist chapels were thrown open, and the ministers, for a long time, waived all official right to teach and preach. This right was accepted and used so fully by the officers, that the men who granted it were left unnoticed, either in being asked to assist, or in being consulted as to the appointment of services or otherwise. But, as great good was being done the virtually interdicted ministers, fearful of hindering it, remained in the dust. One duty they were permitted for a time to perform, exclusively, namely, baptising. Many score professed their faith, and were buried with Christ in Baptism, the three officers among the number. They, however disclaimed being Baptists, and declined joining the church.

In process of time it came to pass that the good men, who had been so signally blessed in building up, began to pull down. It transpired, that, though denying Plymouth Brethrenism they truly were one with the people so called. Their power over the converts was immense, and they determined to use it fully. The leaders of Plymouthism were sent, and are still being sent, among the converts to teach grand truths mingled with dangerous errors. The officers feeling strong in their position, threw off all reserve, and, it may be added, some-

thing of due regard to good manners. Within the building of a Presbyterian body, they denounce the system of the people worshiping therein; and in a Baptist chapel, condemn restricted communion and church order. With their friends of the Plymouth school they are loud in denouncing ministers, missionaries and churches of every kind. Although immersed themselves by Baptist ministers, they do all they can to prevent converts going to ministers for the purpose, and now perform the ordinance themselves.

It will be a matter of astonishment how men so good, can act so unworthily, and how men, holding errors so grave, can be so blessed. Unriddle the enigma who may, facts cannot be disputed. One thing is certain, these Evangelists, notwithstanding the appearance of dissimulation, are earnest, single-minded, devoted men, and sincere in error. The day they fell in with Plymouthism was an unhappy day for their usefulness. One may conjecture what a blessing these men might have been in Canada, had they confined themselves to simply preaching the Gospel. But they have crippled their energies, and marred their future usefulness by the course adopted here. Christians in other localities, warned by the experience of the people on the Ottawa, will be afraid of them, or at least not accord the hearty and unreserved reception that was given them here.

In one locality there are over one hundred converts, who are warned against joining any church. To these the communion is administered every sabbath. They are frequently styled *Cecilians*, as Lord Cecil is the spiritual father of most of them, but whether they will retain the name, or what will become of them, as regards church organization, remains to be seen. When Lord Cecil leaves, a strong bond of union will be broken, and a scattering will be apt to follow. Many of them have been immersed, and all would likely be, if scriptural order were followed, but it is a practice with

these good men to give the communion to unbaptised persons, the only requirement being an assurance of conversion. As another sample of the mistaken and erroneous teachings afforded their converts, it may be mentioned that, at a recent meeting, Lord Cecil observed that some one, who took part in speaking had made preparation, and condemned such conduct by saying that they should trust to the Spirit alone for help.

Mr. Dunlop is the ruling power in another locality where he has chiefly laboured. After being useful to many, other fields claimed his attention, and he apparently took leave after giving much good counsel. But some impulse or rumour soon brought him back to labor in drawing off the members of one of the Baptist Churches that received him so frankly and unsuspectingly. In a building a few rods from the Baptist Chapel, he has started a communion service, so free, that all that feel sure of salvation may partake. A number of church members, most of whom are young converts, join him, many without knowing or understanding what they are doing. Thus Plymouthism is at present waging war on several churches, which little dreamed of danger from that quarter. Some of our ministers are too quiet, and trust to the evil killing itself—overlooking that there are times when it is necessary “to *contend* for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.” There is an exception in one, whose celtic blood warms when he hears church order and ministers denounced, and he comes down on the teachers of such heresy, with an avalanche of scripture truth, that overwhelms and scatters them, so that they play shy of his people.

No doubt most excellent people are among the Plymouth brethren. But the system is bad, and much of it is delusion. They claim to be taught by one spirit; if so, why such diversity and instability? Take a few examples. The leader of the body whose baneful influence is at work here, was, some

years ago, immersed on a profession of faith; afterwards he got his unconverted children baptised (sprinkled?) Subsequently, in the early part of last summer, he immersed four candidates, and a few months later he refused to immerse a candidate for the ordinance, and declared he did not believe in it. Others among them stoutly contend for immersion, while some regard all kinds of water baptism of no value. One brother in Montreal, a Mr. Mann, goes farther still, and favours the world with a tract, now in circulation, in which he states that the apostles never carried out the Lord's commission in the matter of baptism—that it is a carnal ordinance never intended for the Gentiles. These are the people guided by one spirit. Truly they require a discerner of spirits—a gift which probably ceased with the gift of miracles. They might profitably conclude with Peter, “we have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts.”

One of the fancies of the Brotherhood is being guided by the Spirit, overlooking the test of truth in the word. Another vagary is seeking to be directed in duty by opening the bible, or tossing up a copper—the act being preceded by prayer.

Prayer is often prostituted and becomes an irreverent tirade. A great gun of the order, named Mr. Hooke, just now employed against the churches, lately, while professing to lead in public prayer, asked the Almighty in a rude manner to silence those dogs that were making a noise. At another part of the services, he prayed that the dumb devils might be cast out of three girls, who had stood up to be prayed for, but would not answer when spoken to, and that, if he were the cause of hindrance in their conversion, he might be struck dead on the spot. Another disciple of the order prayed that the dogs might stop barking, the babies cease crying, the bells be kept from ringing, and that the devils might

be kept quiet, so that they might have a good meeting. A shocking instance of malignant presumption occurred on another occasion, when the above named preacher prayed the Lord to take those sinners who would not be converted, and send them at once to hell, where they deserved to go.

Their manner of observing the communion, in these parts is quite novel. A minister, as such is not to preside, and anyone present, even the youngest boy, may preside, if moved thereto. The professed special object in gathering is to break bread, any religious exercises engaged in are incidental, and depend on the Spirit. There is, however, no breaking of bread, as each one picks a piece from a loaf passed round. It is observable, too, that the motions of the spirit are dependent on the character of the communicants—the most forward are the persons chiefly moved. One excuse for the crusade against the churches, and the holding of these irregular communions, is the exclusion, on the part of the churches, of unbaptised persons from the Lord's supper. They maintain that they wish to exhibit the oneness of the body of Christ; yet, though so liberal in profession, no body is practically more narrow. They take into their communion all who will come unto them, but they will commune with none in return.

This is a time of trial; to the law and the testimony, the only chart to guide the enquirer into all truth, and to it all will do well to take heed.

E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, Feb., 1869.

Extempore Preaching.

MR. EDITOR:—Two ministerial writers recently appeared in the *Baptist*, one condemning, the other justifying, the use of manuscript in preaching. Will you kindly allow one of the people to show his opinion, and in doing so, he believes he expresses the sentiment of most Baptist hearers, in disapproving of ministers reading instead of preaching their sermons. Mr. Denovan has discharged a shell into our camp,

in his bold, unmeasured advocacy of Pulpit MS., and if the views he advances should be generally adopted, the glory of our denomination will speedily depart. Strange that a man who can preach so well without a MS. should plead the necessity of its use in terms so unqualified.

No slight is intended to Mr. D. in the remark, that his essay on this subject in the paper of the 3rd inst. is proof positive the pen does not shield a man from expressing ideas crude and imperfect, for it contains many thoughts "In its bruised, maimed, mangled condition." Why say so much about the pulpit? Who advocates its shape, make, or utility? Doubtless it is a mistake to hoop in a man thus, as elevation—not imprisonment—was the ancient design of the pulpit or tower. Ezra did not stand in it, but on it, to be seen. "For he was above all the people."

The reference to this scribe in favor of sermon reading is trifling. What manuscript did he use but the book of the law? Equally trifling is it to point to the use made by the apostles of manuscripts, unless their epistles are to be taken as verbatim copies of their sermon. If Paul's eyes were so sore as to prove a thorn in the flesh, to read all the sermons he delivered, must have been a sore task. What means Mr. D. by the "Heaven bestowed apostolic art of writing?" It is usual to credit an earlier period of the world with the discovery of this divine art. Mr. D. remarks: "The most slavish, monotonous delivery of God's truth from a MS. is better than the free and noisy delivery of man's erroneous and ill-digested vagaries." Does writing and reading a sermon necessarily exclude error, and secure only truth? Are sermons not so prepared and given, usually and necessarily noisy "and erroneous and ill-digested vagaries?" In the matter of Satan's share in the sermon question, it is a great mistake to class him as favorable to extempore speakers. He is decidedly on the side of the readers. The practice opened up a

new trade in the church ; for, if a man could buy a much better sermon than he could write, why not do it, and save the drudgery of writing an inferior one? Will Mr. D. inform us when sermon reading began, and if read praying had not an intimate connection with the state of religion which originated read preaching? Will he please say further if the religious bodies in which these practices chiefly prevail have been, and are, most distinguished for piety and usefulness? Are not most of your arguments in favor of read sermons equally applicable to read prayers. The prayers of some of our ministers are nearly as long as their sermons, and if it is wrong in speaking to men "to obscure thoughts beneath the tawdry garments of ill-chosen words," surely, in addressing the Almighty, "the dust and dirt of random talk" should be avoided. In short, if read sermons are good, for the reasons given, so are read prayers ; consequently, let a book of common prayer be provided, that all things may be done decently and in order. It may be asked, however, have sermon-reading ministers been the most useful, or are facts against this conclusion? With regard to the great men named by Mr. D., who possessed memory so largely, they could commit verbatim from MS., and required not to read, Whitfield depended on no such aid ; with him writing was an impossibility for his general ministry. During the leisure of an Atlantic voyage he wrote a number of sermons, but these are considered much inferior to those taken in short-hand from his lips. Rowland Hill was a slap-dash preacher, who spoke from his heart, whose travel and labor permitted no time for writing, let alone learning to repeat his discourses. Spurgeon does not write his sermons. Their matter is deeply pondered. Much of the language in which they are delivered is no doubt unpremeditated. A short-hand writer catches the words as they flow forth ; and, in readable characters, he presents each sermon to Mr. Spurgeon, who scans it over, makes necessary corrections, and the printer

finishes the work. Robert Hall was a wonder in the composition line. His sermons are marvellous. They gained him renown on earth. If permitted to preach again below, most likely his discourses would gain him renown in Heaven. His ministry was not successful in the chief end of preaching. Many a humble pastor in the backwoods of Canada, held in small account here, will hereafter take a higher place above than he, and be able to point to a larger multitude of redeemed souls as the fruits of his ministry below.

How strange, that men over fifty should be better qualified to dispense with MS., than preachers in the vigor of manhood, who should be held to manuscript drill until they are old. It would seem more reasonable, as memory and vivacity failed, helps would be more necessary and more excusable. If politicians and lawyers can entrance multitudes for hours, in discoursing on earthly themes without MS., shall our ministers take lower ground in proclaiming the everlasting gospel with the promised aid of the Divine Spirit, that the word spoken shall accomplish the thing whereunto he hath sent it ! Surely not. There is a wide difference between extemporaneous thought and extemporaneous language. If the preacher has obeyed the command, "meditate upon these things," "Give thyself wholly to them," and comes forth himself imbued with the subject, instead of his paper, acceptable words will not be wanting, as he proves himself a workman needing not to be ashamed rightly dividing the words of truth. We fervently pray from read sermons, as from read prayers,—Good Lord deliver us !

PROTEST.

Thurso, March, 1870.

Concert in Thurso.

To the Editor of the Ottawa Citizen :

SIR,—Matters pleasing and profitable to the people always find in the press a ready chronicler. The capital has enjoyed its splendid celebrations dur-

ing the winter, and eager readers have scanned every particular. The outlying portions of social life in the Ottawa Valley are content with humbler things, yet the participants deem their joyous reunions not unworthy of some notice.

A short time since some of the young people in Thurso and Clarence, conceived the idea of a concert in aid of the Protestant Hospital in Ottawa. The good people of Buckingham lent valuable aid, and the family of one of the chief citizens of the capital favored the scheme by attending and taking part. On Friday evening last the Town Hall in Thurso was the scene of the entertainment. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags and evergreens. A large and appreciative audience evinced much pleasure during the performance, and gave the juvenile amateurs much credit for their success throughout.

The programme included music and song, intermingled with charades and recitations. Mrs. Shepherd presided at the piano with her usual good taste. The duet, "What are the Wild Waves Saying," by Mrs. Shepherd and Miss Cameron of Thurso, was well received. The singing of Master T. Bate, of Ottawa, called forth great applause. The duet, "When ye gang awa Jamie," by Miss Sauvie and Miss McLaren of Buckingham, was well rendered. Miss McCaul sang, "You have been a Friend to Me," with much sweetness and effect. Mr. Nichols gave the song, "Sweet Spirit hear my Prayer," with approval. Miss Ella Edwards sang the "Female Auctioneer," with favor. Mr. E. H. Cameron recited "Rienzi's address to the Romans," and Miss McLaren "The Lady of Virginia." This young lady excels in recitation, and delivered this long piece with fine effect. The charades were well executed in all their parts, and the performers were warmly applauded. Miss Cameron, Miss McCaul, Miss Sauvie, Miss McLaren, Miss Edwards, and Miss E. Edwards, were the lady artistes, aided by Dr. Cooke, Master H. Bate, and Messrs. E. H. Cameron, Jas. Fraser, C. F. Ed-

wards, and Alex Edwards. It would be difficult to discriminate where all did so well. The ladies without exception sustained their parts most creditably. Master H. Bate and his "Minnie" were darling runaways. Dr. Cooke as Advocate and Judge, did credit to the bar and the bench.

The net proceeds amounted to \$25, which sum has been paid to the object intended.

W. E.

Clarence, March 21st, 1870.

To the Editor of the Free Press:

The *Free Press* appears free to permit the ventilation of diverse views on all subjects of general interest. Theological questions have recently largely occupied your pages. It is well to afford the opportunity to discuss points of difference and if done in a proper spirit much benefit may result to honest enquiries for truth. No opinion is worth holding that cannot stand the test of enquiry, and there is an injunction which saith "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you." Father Damen's advent to Ottawa has rippled the surface of the religious feeling in the capital, and will, I doubt not, benefit its inhabitants. If the high ground assumed by him, of being infallibly right, has been unerringly sustained, the adherents to his faith will be strengthened in their belief. If, on the other hand, presumption and not proof marked the tenor of his lectures, thinking honest men will be led to doubt and enquire.

Those who differ from the father have had a fine opportunity of presenting the grounds of their difference, and can justify the warfare waged as being on the defensive. They, too, if unconvinced by his reasoning will feel established in their Protestant convictions by means intended to have a widely different effect.

Ministers and some others have, Mr. Editor, written considerable in the way of reply to Father Damen; yet there are some statements in his lectures

which appear to the writer untouched, or at least too lightly passed over. With your kind permission, these statements he would offer some remarks upon. In one of his lectures the Father explains divine faith, "It is to believe upon the authority of God the truth that God has revealed." An excellent definition with which no Protestant can find fault. Surely the Father had a glimpse of true Protestant (Bible) light when he uttered his sentence. Will Father Damen permit the question "which is the cardinal truth on which divine truth faith should be exercised?" He cannot deny that there are degrees of value in objects of faith. For instance, we are to have faith in and imitate certain graces enumerated by one of the inspired writers, who adds "the greatest of these is charity." There are many commands given by God, and yet condemnation is attached to the violation of only one, which is want of faith in the Son of God. Father Damen must, I think, admit the foundation truth God has revealed is, that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. Observe in *Him*, not in His church, or in any person or thing whatsoever in Heaven above or in the earth below.

Make what you may of the divisions among Protestants, all enlightened, consistent Protestants are a unit in their faith in the divine truth. It is the Alpha and Omega of their religion. The magna charta of their hope.

How then dare you deny to such the possession of divine faith. You say "man is bound to believe whatsoever God has revealed" Very good again. Well, God has revealed that we are to cease from man and not put trust in an arm of flesh. And further the Saviour says, John 7 and 17: "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." John 14 and 23: "If any man love me he

will keep my word, and My Father will love him, and make our abode with Him."

Romans 8 and 16, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

1 John 2 and 27, "But the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth and is no lie, and even as it hath been taught you ye shall abide in him" John 6 and 45, "It is written in the prophets and they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto me." Now the scriptures clearly show the infallible teacher is a divine not a human person, or any number of human persons.

These truths are addressed to and spoken of individuals not to bodies. Father Damen with brasen hardihood, dares to say the Church and not the Bible is the means God has given us whereby we shall learn the truth God has revealed. What said Christ, John 5 and 39: "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life and they are they which testify of me."

His mission and teaching were confirmed by constant reference to the scriptures and we read Luke 24 and 27: "He expounded to them in all the scriptures," and verse 32: "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures." The apostles did the same Acts 17 and 11 and commended the Bereans because they received the word "and searched the scriptures daily whether those things were so" In the face of these facts what presumption for an uninspired teacher to stand up and demand our implicit credence to the dictum of his fancies, and threaten us with damnation if we doubt.

As understood by you, pray Father Damen what is the church? Does it consist of the priesthood or of the entire membership? In either case its adherents, like the adherents of other

bodies, are made up of fallible creatures. How many fallible men does it take to make an infallible body? The question may be answered by asking: how many sinners would it take to make one saint? How many nights to make one day, or how many falsehoods to constitute one truth? Even the apostles were infallible only when speaking under divine guidance. Paul gave opinions as a mere man. Peter erred in speech so much that he was withstood to the face.

Father Damen possesses magic power in raising dust. What clouds darkened the eyes of many of his hearers as he spoke the praises of the Bible "The bible, my dear people, is a good book, we Catholics allow that the bible is the word of God—the language of inspirations. Your understanding of the Bible is not inspired, for surely you do not pretend to be inspired."

Now then, what is the teaching of the church upon the subject? The Catholic Church says the Bible is the book of God, and that God has appointed an authority to give us the true meaning.

So then the church is inspired? If so, is the whole body so favored, or only a part of it, and which? If inspiration is confined to the Priesthood, Father Damen comes to Ottawa armed with power from above. Will he in imitation of his predecessors obligingly allow us to search the Scriptures whether the things he states are so?

No danger of his doing this, and if he did so how small the proportion of his own body have even the authorized version to consult.

It would be satisfactory if Father Damen, or some one for him, would inform us where and when God appointed an authority to give the true meaning of the Bible.

The Catholic Church claims this authority; when and where did she get it? A greater than this church says John 5 31, "If I bear witness of myself my witness is not true."

We demand proof for the claim other than that of the Church. We claim

the testimony of Heaven that God has delegated to any man or set of men to be the infallible interpreters of His Word, and in the absence of this testimony denounce the claim as a blasphemous assumption.

What a deal of twaddle and untruth Father Damen utters about the misuse of the Bible by Protestants. He makes them speak what no enlightened Protestant ever uttered. Should the question be asked, "What are we to do to save our souls, the Protestant preacher would say to you, you must get a Bible, you cannot go to Heaven without that book. Unless you are baptised over again, says the Baptist, you are going to hell as sure as you live."

The Protestant does not live that ever said a man could not go to Heaven unless he possessed a Bible. It is not the Book, but faith in the truths contained in the book that saves the soul. Equally untrue is the charge against the Baptist. A slander which comes with a bad grace from one who does believe the application of water secures salvation.

How very anxious Father Damen appears to show how well the Church got along for centuries without the Bible.

He states that the early church for 65 years did not possess it. Why not be honest and say that it did not have the entire New Testament for that time. Was the Old Testament of no account for that time, and was it neglected by the early Christians?

Copies of the latter were not so scarce as the Father would make us believe. Different Churches were enjoined to give attention to reading.

Timothy knew the Scriptures from a child.

The Eunuch, as he travelled in his chariot, read the prophet Isaiah. There were ready Scribes in those days. The material used for writing lasted long, and copies of the Scriptures were handed down from father to son, as well as being gradually multiplied.

All new testament writers and speak-

ers quoted from the old. A very important question arises in view of this discussion. Is the church of Father Damen the counterpart of the Apostolic Church, or is it a development of the state of things foreshadowed in the Scriptures? 1st Tim. 4 and 1st: "Now the spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils. Speaking lies in hypocrisy having their consciences seared with a hot iron. Forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats which God has created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." Sacred and profane history inform us that in primitive times a Bishop was the overseer of one church, and every church was independent of all others.

We also learn many of these bishops were married men. Bishops and Deacons appear to have been the officers of the churches.

These churches had no connections with the state. Even the Apostles worked for the means of living. One other very significant characteristic of these churches was they employed none but moral force to diffuse the doctrines they held. Another trait was the purity of membership. They were addressed as saints or sanctified ones. It is said of them: "And they continued steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and prayers." Now is Father Damen's church, in which alone is salvation, much like the picture of the churches in Judea when Peter was an Apostle and an elder? The reputed successors of Peter have been for centuries earthly kings living in pomp surrounded by princely cardinals.

The power thus possessed has been used to extend the wealth, influence, and worldly grandeur of the church, but alas for its purity.

Scarcely a vestige remains of identity to the primitive churches. Forms, ceremonies and putting on of vestments, have taken the place of sound

teaching and bible truth. Forbidding to marry, abstaining from meats, and a man putting himself in the place of God and saying that he is God, is the church Father Damen would have us trust.

Among the many marks of its apostacy stands prominently out the persecuting spirit that has darkened its downward course. Love your enemies was the teaching of the Divine Master. Destroy all who refuse to believe what we teach says the Church of Rome, and the records of history are red with the blood of the martyrs it has slaughtered. Let the tortures of the inquisition speak. The tens of thousands of the Waldenses and Albigenses tell the tale of the slaughtered saints whose bones "he scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

Let the massacre of St. Bartholomew ring in the recollections of the world, and the fires of Smithfield strike in a note of warning in the ears of all who falter in the pathway of solemn protest against a system so opposed to right and yet so arrogant as to claim to be the infallible expounder and teacher of truth.

PROTEST.

February 9, 1873.

"Protest" Defines His Position.

To the Editor of the Free Press:

MR. EDITOR,—I notice in your issue of the 15th inst., a reply to my "Two Mortal Columns" in protest of the assumptions of Father Damen. "A Reader" thinks it a pity Protest and others did not take Father Damen up while he was in Ottawa, and not wait till he was 2,000 miles away, making it impossible for him to answer his assailants.

"A Reader" overlooks the bad manners of interrupting a man till done speaking, and that as soon as the Father was done he left—quite in keeping with the crafty tact of his order. Catch *him* holding parley with heretics; a summary way of applying the gag would please him much better.

We bid him adieu. When he again visits Ottawa may he come in the spirit and power of the Divine Master to proclaim that Gospel which Peter preached, and which "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Meanwhile the teaching of this priest is public property, and those who regard it as poison to the human soul are in duty bound to lift up their voice and show to their fellow men, by the light and truth of scripture, a more excellent way. "If the blind lead the blind both fall into the ditch." God has not left himself without a witness; therefore let Catholic and Protestant walk by the light of heaven and shape their faith by the teaching of no man. "Through thy precepts I get understanding, therefore I hate every false way." Psalm 119-104.

So far as the writer is concerned, Father Damen's lecture reached him in his forest home, many miles from Ottawa, and only a short time before he penned the letter which has called forth the rejoinder of "A Reader"

My good fellow, I like the calm, kind manner in which you write, and I hope you are not impervious to the shafts of truth or entrance of light. From the views you express of the church and its functions, I am constrained to regard you as at present surrounded by spiritual darkness as dense as the natural obscurity which once brooded over Egypt. My friend, shake yourself from the fetters of man teaching, and as you are "A Reader," read, mark, learn and inwardly digest that word, the entrance of which giveth light. "God is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain." Trust neither priest nor minister, bishop nor pope, Catholic nor Protestant. They are all fallible creatures. Nor is the church of either any better ground of trust; for as it was, it may be, "For both prophet and priest are profane. Yea, in my house I have found their wickedness, saith the Lord," Jeremiah 23-2. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in

man," Psalm 118-8. "The fear of man bringeth a snare, but who-so putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe," Prov. 29-25, Please accept this counsel in return for the advice you offer myself, and I pass on.

You rejoice apparently over the concession that the Apostles were infallible, and ask if too much was not thereby conceded. My friend, don't whistle till you get out of the bush. Protestants accept the writings of the old and new Testaments as the inspired word of God, and, as such, infallible guides to truth. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," II Peter 1-21. These writers were fallible men, but when writing under infallible guidance, they were in a sense infallible.

How you fly ahead and jump to the conclusion that Christ established an infallible Church; and then affirm, "the Apostles were that Church" and comfortably assert "very well then, the Apostles and the Church are synonymous."

Man! what are you talking about?

You have reached a dreadful conclusion.

The Apostles are dead; where then, is the church? In the grave! of course, dead and buried, if the Apostles and the church are the same. Perhaps you answer,—the Apostles had successors, and these perpetuated the church. Well, admitted for argument's sake. Now then, is there more than one successor, at a time? If not, *he* is the church or religious assembly. Poor fellow! what a lonely lot he would have of it. Maybe you include all the bishops among the successors of the Apostles. Before you had too few; now you have too many. Twelve was the divine number. By what authority have you so many more?

Let this pass. The Apostles being the church and the bishops the successors of the Apostles, they are likewise the church. Then, my good fellow, if the bishops are the church, where are you, and all Catholics who

are not bishops? Alas! out of the Church out of which there is no salvation. Does it not strike you that you have admitted a little too much? Do you know what a Church is? "Have faith, man, as a grain of mustard seed," and learn. Take the version of the Bible authorized by your own Church: cast away all nonsense and preconceived ideas, and learn from the word of truth what a Church is. A Church is a religious assembly, selected and called out of the world by the divine doctrine of the Gospel, to worship the true God, in Christ, according to His word. In 1st Corinthians, 1 and 2, we read: "Unto the Church of God, which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours." Philomen 2 teaches that a church may consist of a gathering in a private house as does Romans 16-5, "Likewise greet the church that is in thine house." Then in Rev. 1-4, Johh writes to the seven churches which are in Asia.

Another sense in which the church is to be understood is that of all true Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, of every name and nation under the sun. In the passage above quoted 1st Cor. 1, 2, Paul addresses not only the church named, called to be saints, but includes, "all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ." In Col. 1, 18, we read, "and he is the head of the body the Church, who is the beginning the first born from the dead."

I hope, my friend, you now perceive that the Apostles were not the Church. Jesus Christ himself is not the Church. He is its head; the Church is His body, and it includes all purchased by His blood.

Mr. Moore will have no trouble in answering your question, "Is there an infallible Church on earth, and what Church is it?" He will tell you that no Church has or ever will have infallibility.

Rub your eyes, "Reader." Open the

volumes of history. Ponder upon the deeds and the doctrines of your Church. Compare them with the doings and teachings of the Churches in Judea, and learn from the sacred volume that a falling away was predicted, when the man of sin was to be revealed, and strong delusion be sent that they should believe a lie. Notice also in Revelation 17 and 18 chapters, the predictions regarding a great city "which reigneth over the kings of the earth" personified by a "woman arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of the abominations and filthiness of her fornication. With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication. And upon her forehead was a name written: Mystery, Babylon the Great. The mother of harlots and abominations of the earth. And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus; and when I saw her I wondered with great admiration. And after these things I saw another angel come down from heaven having great power and the earth was lightened with his glory. And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

Next, look over the chapter of passing events, and read from the volume of Providence, lessons of instruction, not forgetting the injunction, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." On the day and at the very time the monstrous dogma of papal infallibility was pronounced, the thunders of the sky pealed forth the rebuking voice of heaven. On the same day the man who had upheld the civil power of the Pope, declared a war that drove himself from the throne and plunged France into anarchy and almost hopeless debt. The war also opened the way for Victor Emmanuel to dethrone

the Pope and give religious and civil liberty to Rome.

Look also at the spread of liberal views in Austria and Spain, as well as all Italy. The spread of that book which Father Damen so praises, but deems so unnecessary, is working wonders on the earth, and will continue to work until "the knowledge of the Lord covers the earth as the waters do the channels of the great sea." Why should this part of Canada lag behind! Alas! while thousands of Catholics, amongst them the wisest and best of Europe, rose indignant against the assumption of infallibility, Ottawa meekly accepted the dogma, and too many, it is to be feared, as meekly accept as truth the unfounded statements of Father Damen.

"Reader," I must bid you adieu, lest I repeat the mortal two columns; this I do in your own words: "Reflect, my friend, reflect."

PROTEST.

February 16, 1872.

Two Enquiries.

MR. EDITOR,—Please permit one or two queries. We read in the good Book:—"For whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning." Among the things written we have very decided injunctions by an inspired author in the following words:—"I exhort therefore, that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men. For kings and for all that are in authority, that we may lead peaceable lives in all Godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable, in the sight of God our Saviour."

The queries the writer desires to propound, are the following:—Are the injunctions, above named, binding for general practice, and if so, wherefore are they generally neglected by not a few Baptist ministers? If the Cæsars of Rome, and the Stuarts of Britain were the subjects of public prayer, by the men whom they imprisoned, tortured and slew; how much stronger are the claims of our Sovereign Lady,

Queen Victoria, on her liege people, (when they meet together) to call down upon her head the blessings of Heaven? She rules in the fear of God, and in accordance with the principles of love and justice. Her people luxuriate in the amplitude of freedom and sit, "every man under his vine and under his fig tree and none shall make them afraid." Are we not then under manifold obligations thankfully to accept our enlarged privileges and, more fervently than our progenitors, pray for all who are in authority? Canadians very specially enjoy the treasure of freedom; and with them loyalty is spontaneous, being a habit, rather than a hurrah.

Whatever the cause of the omission of Paul's exhortation by some of our ministers, it cannot be put to the score of disloyalty. This charge has often been laid against their body, but most unjustly. Enlightened principles of fidelity to the state, have ever marked the course of Baptists, albeit a sorry requital was their reward. Most certainly they stand justly accused of often refusing to obey the commands of earthly princes when these clashed with the mandates of heaven. On all such occasions they deemed it no treason to say to any king, "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter." Well, then, lack of patriotism not being the cause why rulers are forgotten in prayer by many ministers, what is the reason in the face of the direct injunction to the contrary? Will some one of the defaulting ones say?

QUERIST.

May 30, 1872.

The "Witness" on Infant Salvation.

In the Montreal *Daily Witness* of the 5th inst., appears an editorial headed "The slaughter of the innocents." We learn therefrom that in the Foundling Hospital connected with the Grey Nunnery, Montreal, the mortality among the rescued infants taken in last year, was most shocking—that of the 683 infants taken in, 642 died.

The *Witness* quotes from the *True*

Witness very comfortable words as follows, "If out of the 683 children born and sent to the Foundling Asylum in 1872, only 41 have been saved to the earthly community; 642 have been gained to the heavenly Jerusalem." Further on the *True Witness* shows how this great boon is obtained, namely, by the "ineffable advantages of the sacrament of baptism."

The *Witness* reads its contemporary some instruction anent the doctrine of the salvation of infants, the sense of which is to condemn baptismal regeneration. It, however, indicates a theory on this subject which the writer submits, "is as wide from truth, as this or any other figment of the papacy." Among other remarks occurs the following: "The Bible leaves the eternal condition of infants among the mysteries; *hinting that the extent of their future happiness depends on the faith of their parents.*" Alas! that our Goliath of Protestantism in Canada, should come before the enemy so palpably vulnerable as to make an avowal of faith in a doctrine sustained by hints! "What saith the Scriptures?" "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son. The righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." "Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor." "For every man shall bear his own burden."

It is due to its readers that the *Witness* should point out in what part of the Holy Word these hints may be found. Their discovery is marvellous! What comfort to parents of great faith—discouraging to those whose faith is weak, but dismal to the many who possess no faith. What an incentive to possess faith and to increase faith. The spiritual pulsations of parents on earth vibrate along some mystic cable that spans the gulf between earth and heaven, and their offspring are thereby brought into harmony with these pulsations and their happiness engendered. How absurd the idea that the faith of

parents secures heaven to their deceased infants; and, that the degree of their faith influences the degree in extent of their happiness. Scripture, reason and common sense scout such logic. Did the Saviour not atone for the sin of Adam? If so, what punishment can await human beings innocent of actual transgression? Did not the language of the Saviour, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven," imply more than like such are the kingdom of heaven, and mean as well, that of such, in part, would be made up the kingdom of heaven. What is the value of hopes or opinions built on foundations of air? Of this character, are the hints named by the *Witness*. Of what more value is the faith of one individual to secure the happiness of another, than the necromancy of sprinkling an unconscious child to make it spiritually a new creature?

The *Witness* should re-examine its articles of faith; and, if this were thoroughly done it might discover that baptismal regeneration is the more consistent phase of the doctrine of infant baptism—that it has as much to do with securing heaven for infants as the faith of their parents has. If the *Witness* will be advised, it will shun any encounter with the *True Witness* where baptism enters into a matter of difference. Strong as it usually is in the defence of Bible truth, it is a child of tender age on this subject, and weak as helplessness can make it on this point, and necessarily so. "The Bible, and the Bible alone, our rule of faith and practice," is an idle boast of the Protestant who claims even the authority of hints from that book for infant baptism. The Catholic can find us distinct hints for every error with which we charge his faith. Nor are any of these more contrary to common sense and reason, than belief in the efficacy of a rite done to benefit a soul that neither desires or understands what is being done.

If religion in some respects is above common sense, it is never against it. "In malice be ye children; but in

understanding be men." We repeat, the readers of the *Witness* have a right to claim from it chapter and verse for those hints of which it speaks in support of the extraordinary doctrine already named.

AN INTERESTED PARENT.

Ontario, May 14, 1873.

A Stricture on "Ottawa."

The wise man saith "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," also, "and a word spoken in due season how good is it."

Such may be said of the last article in the *Baptist*, of the 28th of October. "Ottawa" enters the arena of debate at the nick of time as contending parties announce conflicting opinions as to the finality of the doctrines of the Presbyterian church, hitherto generally regarded scripturally sound. This champion, strong in the conviction that his own body dreads nothing from commotion by upheavals in religious opinions, calmly surveys the thickening struggle and notes the share taken by each combatant and exultantly exclaims, "as Baptists we hail the criticism of the secular Press as indicating the cordial appreciation of principles we have held and advocated from the beginning." "Let the Bible in fact as well as in theory be elevated above human opinion and tradition and there is a glorious future before the church." Boldly, and nobly spoken, and yet withal is "Ottawa" infallibly certain no vulnerable spot weakens the defence of his own citadel—no theory adhered to by a large portion of his own church not beyond the region of doubt and fairly open to debate? "Ottawa," in referring to a possible re-arrangement of the Presbyterian Confession of faith, observes, "Then would it not be well to place faith before baptism" even in the case of believer's children? This is very well, but he adds Faith, Baptism, Communion would be re-arranging according to scripture." Will your correspondent kindly designate direct scripture where communion as occupying this order can be found? The

order as to faith and baptism is placed beyond doubt, not so that of communion. In the matter of communion it is inferential that it invariably followed, and in no case preceded baptism. You may as well select any other duty in command comprehended in the words "teaching them to observe all things," &c., as communion, and tack the same to the order of faith and baptism. Would it not be wiser to adhere to the impregnable position of faith preceding baptism than weaken any argument by adding an article which divides the Baptist church itself, and is held more as a matter of order, than a principle by many even of the strict school?

The Master in establishing this memorial feast attached no conditions but discipleship. The frequency of its observance as well as the day and its order in relation to other duties are left open. Wherefore will men lay burdens on one another without authority and contend so tenaciously for order often at the sacrifice of principle? Will "Ottawa" suffer this word of exhortation from one who otherwise values highly his well-timed deliverance, "what does it all mean?" It means much, and is the explosion of pent up conviction. Truth must assert its existence and assume its divine right to reign however systems and creeds of human mould may for a time resist its heaven given power. The writer knows one minister of the Presbyterian church who takes credit for having never signed the confession of faith, and who admits that himself and several other brother ministers hold in opinion the doctrine of believer's baptism, but must keep their whist or leave the church. Truth must and will triumph.

A. B.

Russell, Nov. 1875.

Questionable Amusements.

MR. EDITOR,—The very excellent editorial on the above subject in the *Baptist*, has been followed by a very strong article on the same subject, signed "S. Tucker."

Overdoing is often worse than un-

der-doing, and a cursory glance at the views propounded in this article is sufficient to satisfy an unbiased reader that their author, while saying much that is good, fails in his object by the expression of extreme opinions. For example, Mr. T. observes, "The dance although older than the ten commandments, has never become unfashionable, why? Because I believe that nothing so fraught with evil in the church, has been invented by the enemy of souls through all the ancient and modern ages down to 1875, having so strong a cord of attachment drawing together the church and the world." "I believe it to be one of his (Satan's) schemes, the most prolific in enticements to ruin, and successful in the destruction of the souls of the young and the happiness of families." "This, amusement practised by the professed Christian church, has probably been the cause of the greater proportion of duels that have been fought." "It lays before the old man one of the strongest temptations of the flesh." "I believe the dance to be one of Satan's most powerful battering rams to work his way into the visible kingdom."

After reading these remarkable utterances, the thought occurs that a great want exists in the fact of the Bible being silent on this monster evil. Wherefore was it not included in the sum of the commandments; and thus the injunction of heaven close all controversy by the mandate, "Thou shalt not dance." The omission is still more noticeable in the New Testament summary of sins, Gal. 5, "Now the works of the flesh are manifest which are these, adultery, fornication, uncleanness" &c., &c., but not a word of "Satan's most powerful battering ram." On the contrary, without exception wherever the dance or dancing is named, both in the Old and New Testament, it is in an innocent and often in a religious sense. The first notice we have of it is in Exod. 15, 20. "Sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." In Samuel

6, 14, we read, "And David danced before the Lord with all his might." And in the 149 Psalm he invokes the worship of the Most High thus: "Let them praise His name in the dance." In another Psalm of thanksgiving he exclaims, "Thou has turned for me my mourning into dancing." When Israel worshipped the golden calf and danced, the anger of Moses was hot against the people, but in pleading with the Almighty for them, he made no reference to their dancing, but made confession thus, "Oh this people have sinned a great sin and have made them gods of gold." The dance referred to in Judges 21-22, was doubtless for amusement when the daughters of Shiloh came out to enjoy themselves and were kid-napped by the Benjaminites to make of them wives. The dance was also used to express joy for victories, and to honor the heroes who had achieved them. David, when returning from the slaughter of the Philistines was greeted with timbrels and dances as the fair ones sang, "Saul hath killed his thousand, and David his ten thousands." Thus was Jephthah met, also, as he returned home from smiting the children of Ammon, with timbrels and dances.

In the list of things specified, Ecclesiastes, 3, for which there is a time nothing sinful is named. There is "a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to dance," &c., but there is no time to lie, steal or cheat, yet these occur as well as the things mentioned. To come down to New Testament authority, we find, with one exception, the great Teacher alone refers to the dance, and in a way by no means conveying censure. In one place he likens the then generation to children sitting in the markets and calling unto their fellows, "and saying we have piped unto you and ye have not danced." And in the beautiful parable of the prodigal son, the Saviour describes the joy at his return being expressed by the family and friends gathered at a feast with music and dancing.

Is it not dishonoring to the Divine Master to suppose he would approvingly paint a scene of domestic felicity at which was practised one of "the most prolific incentives to ruin? Yet it is possible this amusement is changed in character since the days above referred to, and if so dangerous now as described by "Mr. T.", spare it not; but in battling this alleged evil let us have argument founded on facts, and logic not at variance with Scripture teaching. It may be the thing under consideration belongs to the list of which Paul said, "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient." And the same high authority rebukes the tyranny of dictation in matters open to choice in these words: Rom. 14-5, "One man esteemeth one day above another, another esteemeth every day alike." Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind? The amusing picture "Mr. T." draws of Paul popping on the Colossians—deacons and deaconesses engaged in the dance with Timothy and Titus, and their pastor leading off and admonished by the great apostle thus: "This is not what I meant when I penned the 16th and 17th verses of the 3rd chapter of my letter to you"—"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly," &c., with equally ridiculous suppositions might be multiplied *ad libitum* in regard to any amusement. And where the sin if the woman named as well as the bishops had rejoiced over the returned prodigal, and shared with the family in the dance as well as in the feast.

Those distinguished women, Mrs. Judson and Mrs. Newell, jumped the skipping rope on ship board as they sailed for India, to convert the heathen. Would Paul have censured them? By no means—nor would he censure many pastors in Canada who play at croquet and believe they preach the better for the excitement and exercise offered. If Paul never danced he did not judge those who did, or we should have had on inkling of it among the many sins far which he reproved the churches.

If now on earth he would find much

graver things to condemn in christians than their family amusements, and would spare himself the folly to pay tithe of mint and other herbs, and neglect weightier matters of the law judgment, mercy and faith. If duelling is an outgrowth of dancing, it is strange the effect has almost ceased while the cause has increased. With regard to the death from exposure after this amusement, the argument loses force when we bear in mind that many deaths occur from exposure at funerals, and that the laws of nature are not violated with impunity whether in a good or bad cause. Why speak of this amusement as if the church recognized it. Apart from the Shakers, no other body has introduced it into worship, and if wise, will not assume the responsibility of regulating this or other amusements. If a church begins to decide what is right and what is wrong in such things, it must specify a code of allowable as well as forbidden games, and would soon find abundant trouble and rather aid than hinder wrong-doing.

Members would differ widely as to what was and was not innocent. For a church to legislate on family amusements is consummate folly, for the reason the divine statute book affords not a shadow of authority herein, and doing so is contrary to Baptist usage and principle. With much more show of right it should ascertain if husbands loved their wives. If wives obeyed their husbands—If children obeyed their parents, and if fathers were not bitter to their children—If members practised hospitality—If they were courteous one towards another and obeyed the injunction "mind not high things, but condescend to men of lower estate."

"Mr. T." imputes to Spurgeon "Little less than profanity," when he spoke on a recent occasion of smoking a cigar to the glory of God. Very many christian merchants who join in condemning Spurgeon, scruple not to make money by selling tobacco. Do they do this for the glory of God, or in the service of mammon?—For the bene-

fit of mankind or the love of lucre? Let conscience answer. "Happy is he which condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

After all, the matter of amusements is difficult of solution—yet the difficulty is not removed but increased by speciality. "No specific rules are laid down" in scripture. Each must judge for himself as to the harm or benefit of recreations, and if wise he will avoid doing aught injurious to himself or others; he will aim to err on the safe side.

W. E. C.

A Sermon for the Times—on Well-Doing.

BY A LAYMAN.

GAL. 6-9.—"And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

The text contains an exhortation and a promise. Let us briefly dwell on each. Firstly, the exhortation.—And let us not be weary in well-doing. This is a very comprehensive subject, and points to the whole duty of man. It comprehends in a nutshell all that he should and should not do. An endless theme for instruction is supplied by the words well-doing. They contain an inexhaustible stock of meaning, suited to every man through all time, whereby he may shape his conduct to secure the approval of his own conscience and the approbation of God. But we must discriminate, and the context indicates one department of well-doing worthy of our earnest attention: "Let us do good unto all men." The question naturally arises how shall we do them good? We may do it by our example, whereby they take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus. They, seeing your good works may glorify your Father who is in Heaven. Shew me your faith without works, and I will shew you my faith by my works. Not the hearers, but the doers of the law are justified. Another way of doing good to our fellow men is by instruction. We are commanded not to put light past our neighbor—freely ye have received, freely give. "Go ye into the world, and preach the gospel to every

creature. Let him that heareth say come." A further way of doing good to mankind is by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. On these too much neglected duties allow me to dwell somewhat.

Some of you may have enjoyed frequently the luxury of doing good in this way. Under your ministrations the hearts of many widows may have sung for joy, and the fatherless made to rejoice, in their wants being supplied. The blessings of many ready to perish rest on the heads of such benefactors, and they are enabled to realize experimentally that "Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world." It is, however, well for all to ask, and the enquiry may humble and stimulate us: How much have we left undone that we ought to have done?

Alas, if our efforts had been tenfold more than they have been, appropriately might we exclaim, unprofitable servants are we all. The standard of our liberality should be our ability. The widow who gave her living, though but two mites, stands out through all time a witness against the rich, who, of their abundance, give little, and that little often grudgingly. Let it ever be borne in mind they who give to the poor lend to the Lord. What an honor! The good book tells us the borrower is servant to the lender. Think, then, of the exaltation of laying, as it were, the Lord, High and Mighty under obligation to us, his creatures, who possess nothing but what we received from him, for the silver and gold are the Lord's. Yet, he consents if we as stewards, give him his own to become a borrower, and truly he will pay on time with many fold interest, for we have his bond which is yea, and amen.

Even the selfish motive of personal advantage might influence our conduct in liberality, for it is more blessed to give than to receive, and further, if our benefits are extended to a suffering disciple in the name of a disciple, the

act is accepted as done to the Lord himself. For as much as ye did it unto the least of these my disciples, ye did it unto me, and verily ye shall not lose your reward. "Lay by in store as the Lord hath prospered you" is the apostolic injunction.

If you would reap abundantly you must sow abundantly. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty. The doctrine of liberality, like all other doctrines, availeth little if held only in theory.

It is of small value to say be ye warmed and be ye clothed, unless accompanied with the means whereby the suffering can be warmed and clothed. Let each put the question to himself. Have I done what I could? And bear in mind this is the only measure verified with the stamp of Heaven. Have we made an humble approach to this standard?

Alas, how distant from that advanced point unattained in another department of christian duty by some to whom Paul wrote, "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin." Who of us by his acts of benevolence has suffered any abatement of self indulgence or one jot of daily comfort. Have we not been less ready to search for objects of charity than to avoid them? Have we felt constrained to go out into the highways and compel the reluctant suffering to partake of our bounty? Is it our practice to speak kind words to the broken hearted, and pour the oil of consolation into the distressed breast? Forgetting and forgiving the sin of the sinful, is it our practice to labor to restore them to the right paths, ever mindful of the caution, "Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Do we recognize in man a brother, and treat him as such, whatever his creed, color, country, or condition? It is well also to consider the kind of spirit in which we should aim to fulfil acts of charity. They should be done in a spirit of willingness. The Lord loveth a cheer-

ful giver. They should be done in a spirit of humility, we do but our duty, and this at best but imperfectly. No parade should trumpet forth our good deeds, but rather we should seek not to let our left hand know what our right hand doeth.

Our acts should be prompt, whatever our hand findeth to do we should do it with all our might. Posthumous benevolence deprives the giver of the pleasure of giving, and is often too late to benefit the receiver. Above all let our gifts be discreetly bestowed; by giving only to the needy, and doing it rather from principle than impulse, ever bearing in mind no acts avail one atom in purchasing heaven. The work which justifies is a finished work, and the bestowal of all your goods to feed the poor is worthless, but as an evidence of faith. For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that, not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, and by no other means can we hope to be saved, for doing is a deadly thing, doing leads to death.

By many, the present is regarded as a season specially prompting to acts of kindness and liberality. Such acts are never out of season, but he that regardeth a day to the Lord let him regard it. There lacketh not abundant reasons apart from the associations which in many minds cluster around Christmas to enforce the injunction, remember the poor. It is a time of plenty in our Canada. By occupation, its inhabitants are largely husbandmen. The earth has brought forth her increase abundantly. The promise has been fulfilled, "While the earth remaineth seed time and harvest shall not cease; and He who has kept his promise expects we shall keep his command." Open thy hand wide to the poor. Abundance should be an incentive to liberality, thankfulness should enforce the duty, and the keen necessity of the suffering, especially under the rigor of winter, should awaken prompt and enlarged sympathy. Let not the joyousness of your festive reunions at this sea-

son be marred by the thought that the cry of the poor has gone up to heaven against you.

And now for the promise. "For in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." We are told in keeping God's commandments there is a great reward. His ways are ways of pleasantness and all his paths are peace. We shall enjoy inward peace—the peace of God which passeth understanding, which the world can neither give nor take away. Not only inward, but outward peace. When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. Godliness has the promise of the life that now is as well as that which is to come. All things shall work together for good to them that love God. But the expression, due time may point rather to the heavenly state, and in view of this, how appropriate the condition. If we faint not. It is only by persistent continuance in well-doing that we have any promise of reward. They only who continue to the end shall be saved. If we faint in the day of adversity our faith is small. We are called upon in view of the conflict with the flesh and the devil to put

on the whole armour of God—to gird up the lions of our mind and to stand fast, having done all to stand. We are nothing in ourselves, our sufficiency is in him whose strength is made perfect in our weakness. But O! the exceeding great reward in reaping the fruits of righteousness at God's right hand, and celebrating the praises of Him who loved us and washed us in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God, to dwell in his presence in the city that has no need of the sun neither of the moon to shine upon it, for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. There to verify in glorious fruition the Saviours' declaration, "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God has prepared for them who love Him." In view of all this what manner of persons ought we to be in all manner of communication?

How intently should we consider our latter end, daily and hourly bearing in mind the exhortation and promise of the text, "And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."



ESSAYS

ON

DIGNITY OF LABOR.

NUMBER ONE.

There are many and high considerations which invest toil, either mental or manual, with the importance implied by this expression : a review of some of these claims our attention. The example and precept of the Creator demand our first notice. He is represented as the Almighty Master-workman, by whose word the universe was made and is upheld. For he spake, and it was done, he commanded and it stood fast, and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

His creative power is not more marvellous than his *continuous* superintendence, and control of the vast machine of nature. Nor is our wonder less excited by the *minuteness* of his care. He who taketh up the Isles as a very little thing, holdeth the winds in his fists and the waters in the hollow of his hand ; feedeth the young ravens when they cry—suffereth not a sparrow to fall unnoticed to the ground—numbereth the very hairs of our heads—and in the watchful care of his people neither slumbers nor sleeps. When in human flesh he came to earth to achieve a work greater than creation, he dignified humble toil and drew upon himself the offence of proud hearers, who asked, “ Is not this the carpenter the son of Mary ? ” Thus the architect of the skies, the builder of the universe by whom all things that exist were

made, worked at the occupation of a mechanic, and left on record to all time his testimony to the worthy character of honest labor.

No sooner was Adam made, and while yet in his innocency than he was assigned employment, for he was put into the garden of Eden to dress it and keep it, and although by the fall and partly in punishment, it was said to him, “ in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return unto the ground ; ” a blessing was to follow the curse.

“ Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.”

The greatest good to the human race was bound up in the fiat of the Almighty, that laid upon man the penalty of toil. His interests are thereby promoted physically, intellectually, materially, and morally, and when these benefits are secured, his happiness is advanced, and glory to God is the result. Who then will question, such being its fruits, that there is dignity in labor, honor in toil and reward in application. If cavillers to these views exist, let them take rear rank in the world's march of improvement, and try the honor of eating bread earned by other hands, or the comfort of doing without labor : and there is high authority for leaving such to their shifts.

“ If any man will not work neither let him eat.” Let them try the pleasurable experience of rags to protect their persons from the winds of winter,

and their fluttering raiment will eloquently plead that shivering is harder than working and less honorable to boot. For many years of infancy and childhood we are dependent on the care and toil of others, and how proper when capable of doing so, we should provide for ourselves, and aim to fight the battle of life in a manner creditable to our manhood. Individual wants are to be met—social ties involve numerous claims—and our country lays upon us obligations to the right fulfilling of which demands that idleness form no part of our character but that persevering application be the ruling principle of our lives.

The poor fishermen of Galilee became pillars in the temple of their God, and Prime Ministers of a Kingdom before which the crowns and thrones of this world vanish like the "Baseless fabric of a vision," and while prosecuting the high mission to which they were appointed, they preferred the humble condition of the lowly—inculcated upon their followers the duty of diligence in business, and denounced as worse than an Infidel, the man who fails to provide for his own household.

How strikingly sublime and independent is the language of one of these teachers, and the one, of all, who might have claimed exemption from severe toil, for he was a scholar and a gentleman:—Yet Paul had learned a trade, for, by occupation, he was a tent maker, and could say, "These hands have ministered to my necessities, and to the necessities of those who were with me." Here is true dignity, manly independence, and genuine benevolence. If we turn the leaves of profane history, we shall become acquainted with a noble Roman, who left guiding the plough to guide the state, and returned again to pursuits of husbandry, with more relish than he had governed Rome. Discontinue labor and what becomes of the world and all its concerns? Let the mistaken and ill-judging mighty one disdain the toiling multitudes, as they may wear the very diadems that adorn their brows. The

robes that beautify their persons are the fruits of laborious toil. Ere the sumptuous feast can be spread, how many appliances must be set in operation to produce the required supplies? And who in reality hath the greater honor—the man who makes a crown, or he who can merely wear one? Who is worthy of the highest estimation—the producer, or consumer of bread?

E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, May 10, 1867.

NUMBER TWO.

The profit of toil is no inconsiderable consideration in estimating the duty and honor of labor; and when surplus profits are applied to purposes of benevolence and usefulness, what a source of happiness to the giver as well as to the receiver.

Franklin began the world a poor boy, and worked hard as a printer, but ahead of his age, he was not only temperate in things useful, but a total abstainer in things hurtful, and tested thoroughly the superiority of water as a beverage:—being able to work harder, and continue longer, than any of his companions who used strong drink. He became distinguished as a philosopher—his discoveries in Electricity formed an important link in the chain of discoveries—culminating in the telegraph which has annihilated space, and brought the human family within speaking distance. Not only was he distinguished in science, but as a statesman, he lived to occupy the highest political positions in the gift of his country as Minister to France, and Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. In the latter country he had worked in the humble capacity of a journeyman printer; but returned to it, to sit with George the Third and his councillors to arrange high matters of state, and settle the relations of Britain with the New-born Nation of the United States. Franklin was enabled to apply, and did apply to himself, the saying of the wise man. "Seest though a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

This Prince of common sense became rich by industry ; and was enabled to devote his time and means to the benefit of his race, and the honor and happiness of himself. More recently the world has seen in Mr. Peabody a striking exemplification of the Dignity of Labor. From humble origin, he rose by dint of persevering toil to the possession of princely wealth, and proves himself as princely in its distribution, to bless, not only the people of his own country, but to thousands, in our fatherland he has extended the benefits of his liberality that shall go down to the latest ages still more widely, making glad the sons of toil, and drawing from the lips of multitudes ready to perish, blessings on the memory of this great benefactor of his fellow men. If "it is more blessed to give than to receive," who does not envy this American Philanthropist, the pleasure he must enjoy, in having added so much to the happiness of man ? If we begin at the beginning, and travel downwards through past generations, we will find the men of toil, the men of worth and distinction. Adam was a gardener and farmer. Noah was a shipwright. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were shepherds. Moses, though skilled in all the learning of Egypt, followed the same calling. David was taken from the sheep-folds to the throne. The prophets, too, were generally men of humble birth, dependent on their own industry. To move still further down the steps of time, when choice was to be made of men to wield the mightiest influence on earth, it was not those of noble birth, or royal blood, that were selected, but sons of humble toil.

NUMBER THREE.

How indispensable to all living, the labors of the husbandman, and how continuous his toils. Glance, for example, especially on the life of the Canadian pioneer cultivator. He purchases a piece of land, but finds it encumbered with a dense forest. With a stout heart and strong arm he swings the axe, and the monarchs of a

thousand years are levelled—cut into lengths—rolled into piles and burnt.

Thus is the earth subdued—redeemed from the dominion of the forest, and the wilderness becomes a fruitful field. In the course of time the unsightly stumps disappear, and the polished share lays the even furrow to receive seed and yield a rich harvest to fill the barns with abundance for man and beast. Contrast the humble beginning of this pioneer farmer, with his present state, and know the truth of the Proverb. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." An humble laborer perchance in fatherland, whose limited income made the meeting of both ends difficult ; a representative of the class referred to so beautifully by the poet.

"Oft did the harvests to their sickles yield,
Their furrows oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield ?
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke ?
Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a contemptuous smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Not even in vision did he dream of plenty, abundance, affluence and honors. The chance of bettering matters occupies his thoughts—the decision is come to—the Atlantic crossed, and he finds himself in Canada with scarcely means to reach his intended locality.

For a time he works for others better off than himself, but enough for a start, and a payment acquired ; he commences as we have seen, and patiently plods onward, and upward ; and now survey the scene. In fee simple he owns the ample acres around. Well filled barns bespeak a fruitful soil, and industry in its cultivation. The once solitary cow has many companions, and the first two sheep have become a flock. The patient ox, servant of all work, even to go to mill and meeting, may be wanting, but his place is filled by the well conditioned span, ready to be yoked to the plough, or dash along the road obedient to their master's will. Beneath surrounding sheds may be seen the double sleigh and cutter for winter, and the buggy and waggon for summer. Moving inward to the dwelling, the eye is pleased—taste and comfort is apparent

in the brick, frame, or stone mansion standing out as the successor of the bark or trough-covered shanty, once the abode of this well-to-do farmer.

In his social condition he has kept pace with his material progress, and we find him a Reeve, a Magistrate, perhaps a member of Parliament. At least, he is a man who takes an active interest in the religious, educational, municipal, political and defensive interests of his country—who not only subscribes for his family and general paper, but is punctual in paying for them. Viewing this picture, and it is no fancy sketch, who will deny the Dignity of Labor productive of such results? Still the picture is but half drawn. Enter the mansion and we find an inner kingdom, yet unexplored—a farmer wanting a farmeress is of all bachelors most miserable and most inexcusable; but here we are introduced to a wife, who is a help mate indeed.

The surroundings bespeak comfort—even refinement. And how comes to pass all that constitutes sweet home? Magic has no part or parcel in the creation. Unflaging, persistent, unnoticed and often unpraised toil of woman is the source. How much is man indebted to her for all his happiness and honor in life? No small gift indeed was she, but worthy of the giver: and no unmeaning language is the declaration. "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." But what shall be said of the class who persistently refuse to avail themselves of this gift? Is it too severe to say they merit the fate of the man, lacking patriotism; and deserve to go down, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

But while within the precincts of this domestic circle, let us mark more minutely the life routine of her who presides therein, and join me in exclaiming, if ordinary dignity beautifies ordinary toil, surely sublime dignity glorifies the extraordinary labors that tax the energies of woman. How endless her cares—how indispensable her attentions. Man, indeed, lord it over

woman! To her mainly he owes his being, and poor helpless mortal, but for her momentary and sleepless attention, he would be born only to die.

Note the two-fold duties performed as with one arm she carries her babe, and with the other attends to some household duty, or the threefold employment of rocking the cradle with her feet; darning or sewing with her hands, as with her voice she sings a lullaby to sooth the restless object of her care. A scene this, on which an angel might gaze with envy and delight. Then as these troublesome comforts multiply, there is no end of demand on the patience, contrivance and work of the mother. But she is a wife as well, and her lord expects that his house shall be in order, notwithstanding the tossings up and down of the juveniles within. He expects a smiling welcome as he enters the threshold, and that his dinner will be ready to the hour. Nor is he in the best of humour if buttons are lacking at wrists or collars, or things generally not suited to his convenience.

She, too, must have a care of herself, and appear in dress and person comely and neat. Then there are the general household duties to look after in the kitchen, the dairy and perchance the garden, visits of friendship to make and receive, and missions of charity and benevolence to perform. In a word, her duties are endless, they are unseen, but invaluable, sustaining beyond question or cavil the dignity of labor. All honor to such wives and such mothers.

Their husbands cannot sufficiently speak forth their praise. The woman who bravely and worthily fights the battle of life, and rears a family to honor and usefulness, deserves well of her country, and merits a monument as much as the hero who gains a battle, or the explorer who explores the map of the world.

E. W.

NUMBER FOUR.

Labor is honourable because it is commanded—because it is beneficial

and indispensable. It is the main spring of life. The whole machinery of existence would stop, but for strong hands and willing hearts to give it motive power. What wonderful achievements have been, and are being effected by labor, which is an additional proof of its dignity and honor.

Noah, by years of toil built a ship to the saving of himself and household, with two of all living creatures. Solomon's temple presented an object of beauty, the most splendid the sun ever shone on. The Pyramids of Egypt may awaken doubt as to their utility, yet they are a standing wonder to all generations, as monuments of skill and labor in the past. St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's in London, are mighty specimens of art in Ecclesiastical architecture, and the religious element in man has covered all lands with proofs of his energy and genius in this respect—in the cathedrals and churches—synagogues and temples so numerous and splendid, throughout the world; reared and beautified by the operation of toil.

Passing from these to the secular triumphs of art, we find the restless brain and busy hands of man in every age intent on improvement, progress, and advancement, all tending to better the social, intellectual and moral condition of his race. What a stride from the tracings of the pen in men's fingers to the doings of the Press! And if first the wonder was ascribed to the Devil, what would be thought of the ten thousand fold despatch of the present day, when a million of men, ready scribes, would fail to compete with one press worked by steam? Who can measure or describe the gigantic influence and benefit of the steam engine?

The march from the distaff to the spinning-jenny was great; but how many spinning-jennies would be necessary to equal one factory driven by machinery? The greatest ships are not only impelled without wind, but against it, reducing distances more than half between widely separated continents. The wind, like the speed of the locomotive, still more surprisingly

attests the wonder-working ingenuity of man, who toils to save toil and increase the effect of labor. The humblest helper in fabricating and stretching the Atlantic cable, uniting the old and new worlds, may feel proud of his part in this last wonder of this wonderful age, and in its success is exemplified the dignity of labor. The telegraphic feats of our day seem to overstep the boundary of things common to mortals, and to invade the regions of spiritual existence.

Bogles and warlocks; witches and wizards; so familiar and troublesome to our ancestors, did well in decamping ere the age of railroads, for the steam whistle would have scared the whole tribe from every nook and glen of the land, and the telegraph make of no account their super-human exploits.

In considering this subject the department of mind claims special attention. The revenue of thought has enriched mankind infinitely more than any other means, supplying the most abundant sources of profit, honor, and happiness to the human race. Nor is the toil of mind less severe than the toil of body.

The aspirant for literary fame, finds no royal road to geometry.

The doctrine of substitution forms no article in the creed whereby learning is acquired. Men have fasted and prayed by proxy; but you cannot hire another to do your thinking. This is a war from which there is no discharge.

The hill of eminence can be reached only by each one himself climbing upward. what others have done can be repeated, and the student who applies himself patiently and perseveringly will succeed. A glance at the triumphs of mind in the past and present reveals results so stupendous, ordinary intellects can but feebly appreciate them.

The sculptor and painter have enriched the world with trophies of their art. The poet has charmed successive generations with his heaven-inspired song; supplying, as it were, the music for the army of the world, as it marched along in the campaign of life. The

sciences in all their branches have had, and have, their devoted students. Man intermingling in all knowledge, not content with measuring the earth, applies his rules to the skies, and tells us the distance—the size—the velocity—and track of the heavenly bodies.

The historian, wading through the records of the past, supplies the ample page, rich with the spoils of time, affording instruction and enjoyment to thousands. The statesman, skilled in the science of Government, finds his position no sinecure; but when the duties of his office are wisely and faithfully fulfilled, what a blessing to a nation in enlightened legislation; and law administered, so that it shall be a terror to evil doers, and the praise of them who do well. No doubt the profession of law in Canada is full to overflowing, (though doubtless as Webster said "there is room upstairs,") yet the practitioner who honors the bar or bench, by devotedly and honestly fulfilling the duties of his office, occupies a place of laborious duty, and confers on the country benefits of no common kind.

Much as we sometimes abuse the doctor, no man is more welcome when sickness overtakes us. If skillful, he has acquired his knowledge by hard study, and can retain his position only by continuous application. Much bodily labor also, is necessary, particularly if he is located in the country, will his bones be feelingly sensible of long journeys over rough roads.

Yet, what a blessing to the human family, are men who can mend broken limbs, set dislocated joints, and subdue and often remove afflictive maladies.

The instructor of the rising generation fills a niche most honorable and laborious which should secure him the

respect and aid of parents and the whole community. He has much to do in moulding the characters of your children and fitting them for the duties of life. It becomes us to see that nothing is wanting in the capacity, convenience and furnishing of the school room—the supply of books, or salary of the teacher, to give efficiency to an institution so important to a community.

Yet another illustration of the dignity of labor, to close, and it is furnished by the spiritual instructor so beautifully described by Cowper.

"There stands the messenger of truth, there stands
The legate of the skies; His theme divine;
His office sacred; His credentials clear.
By Him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by Him in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken-hearted,
And armed himself in panoply complete,
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright, as his own, and trains by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect."

Pre-eminently is the faithful minister a man of toil in body, soul, and spirit. His qualifications are won by toil—they are exercised by continuous toil. He has to please many, but fails to please himself. He requires talent and education, which would fit him for high positions of honor and emolument, but he must be content with moderate compensation, nor covet more.

Whoever may growl, he must not be soon angry. However churlishly dealt with, hospitality must adorn his home, and blamelessness his character. If in this world only, ministers had their reward, they would be of all men most miserable, but in view of the future, they can estimate aright the value of their toil and dignity of their labor.

E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, July, 1867.

OTTAWA PIONEERS.

NUMBER ONE.

To the Editor of the News :

The first of special note was Philomen Wright, the grand father, great grand father, and probably great great grand father of many in Hull, who are his descendants. This daring pathfinder merits extended notice, and no doubt when the annals of early settlement on the Ottawa are written by some pen-painter yet unborn, the memory of the sagacious, daring founder of Hull, will receive that measure of justice to which he is entitled. Perchance the romantic adventures of his journey hither, and experience of wilderness life, may yet supply material for some pleasing tale of historic romance when the actors of the present generations shall be "each in his narrow cell forever laid." All that is intended in this sketch is but a few glimpses at the character and work of a primitive and distinguished settler on the Ottawa. Mr. Wright was a man of modest pretensions, but remarkable self-reliance. He had faith in ultimate success and labored with undaunted perseverance. Difficulties and reverses but kindling renewed vigor in his arduous undertakings. One very commendable feature in Mr. Wright's sentiment in Hull was his conciliatory treatment of the Indians, thereby quieting their claims and securing their friendship. British diplomacy in dealing with the red man, accord with christian civilization, and is politic, as well as philanthropic. Albeit wise in their generation, in many ways, our republican cousins, have erred herein. Had they spent a tenth of the money wasted in fighting and kill-

ing Indians in feeding and clothing them, what an economy of gold and glory would redound to the honor of the Government of that country. As early as 1797, Mr. Wright began his exploration in Canada. He made several visits for this purpose, and carefully examined both sides of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, from Quebec to Hull. In 1799 a thorough examination of the land, front and rear at the latter place proving satisfactory, he decided there to make a settlement. On the second day of February, 1800, Mr. Wright left his native town, Woburn, Massachusetts, bound for his new home in Canada. His company consisted of five families, including his own, 25 hired men, 14 horses, and 8 oxen. Seven sleighs carried the human freight, beside tools and provisions required for the enterprise. This little army of adventurers moved forward and in eight days reached Montreal. After a short stay there they proceeded westward, lodging at night with the *habitants* till they reached the foot of the Long Sault. From here they were obliged to cut their way through the bush to the Head. The depth of the snow rendered the task exceedingly difficult, and at night they were obliged to camp as best they could. In time the Head was reached, after which the journey was performed on the ice, the travellers seeking the river banks only for the purpose of camping. On the seventh day of March this courageous little band arrived at Hull and took possession of their future home by felling the first tree, in which all who could use the axe took part. Mr. Wright made rapid strides in clearing and build-

ing. Land was cleared yearly by the hundred acres. In farming his success was remarkable. In the summer of 1813 he harvested 1000 bushels of wheat then worth \$3 per bushel. The cost of this crop was \$2000, leaving a clear profit of \$1000. Threshing out the produce of one acre, he found the yield forty bushels. Such results in wheat growing would favourably compare with western experience. At the time here referred to, and for many years after, wheat growing in Eastern Canada, was much more general and profitable than at present. Mr. Wright built mills, manufactured timber, cultivated flax, and aimed to build up a place which he then imagined might rival Montreal. He was the first to take timber down the Ottawa to Quebec, this was in 1806, in doing which he had to feel his way in descending the Long Sault and in exploring the unused waters of the north channel which he successfully did. It is not easy to estimate the value of such men, in developing the resources of a new country. It is likely his means were sufficient to enable him to remain in his native town and pass his days in luxurious ease. But impelled by a spirit of ambition, enterprise and adventure, he foregoes the indulgence of a refined home, transfers his allegiance back to his former sovereign, and bravely faces backwoods experience in Canada. Mr. Wright was decidedly loyal to his adopted country. A principle by the way not uncommon among our intelligent citizens of American origin. Republicanism is O K in theory, but in practice not so beautiful as to induce Canadians to desire a change. Apart from any additional reason the everlasting turmoil and cost of electing a Chief Ruler intensified by the present muddle is sufficient to make every man in our favored land from his inmost soul exclaim "Long live the Queen." When considerably advanced in years, he was elected a member of the Lower Canada assembly. Although statesmanship was not his gift, yet in practical matters relating to the wants of a new country

his knowledge and counsel were valuable. On one occasion when going to or from the House his foot slipped at the top of one of those breakneck stairs, then (perhaps now) existing in the streets of Quebec. The penalty was a rough though speedy passage to the bottom and a broken leg into the bargain. In matters of christian faith Mr. Wright was liberal to all creeds. He had not the credit of being gospel greedy, but the preachers of all denominations were made welcome to the hospitality of his house, and he and his family very generally attended services held by any of them. He had the credit of nodding continuously during the sermon, which habit charity might construe into giving assent, but the preachers pronounced it evidence of indifference. Certainly slumbering in church may not be justified, but some preachers have themselves to blame and the cause was well put by an eminent English actor. A minister one day said to him "How is it that you can melt an audience to tears by mere fiction, while I fail to move one even when announcing the most solemn truths?" The actor replied, "Because I speak fiction as if I believed it truth, and you speak truth as if you believed it fiction." Our notice of this distinguished early Pioneer, must here close. Long since he began his last sleep and we bid him adieu in the devout though trite aspiration.—*Requiescat in pace.*

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, Dec. 1876.

NUMBER TWO.

To the Editor of the News :

About the year 1780, and twenty years before Philemon Wright founded the colony at Hull, Mr. James Fox, a Revolutionary soldier, hailing from the Emerald Isle, with his wife, a native of France, ascended the Ottawa in search of a favourable locality on which to settle for the purpose of trading with the Indians. Accompanied by their only son, and two or three servants, they left Lachine with as large supplies as a moderately sized canoe could

carry. Buoyant with hope, and strong in the resolve to overcome difficulties, and acquire wealth, they paddled forward. Canoe travel is not the most desirable means of transit on earth, either for comfort and progress, but at the time of which we write, no other was available.

Mounting on the smooth waters of old Ottawa, these voyagers deemed sufficiently hard work, but when the Long Sault was reached, further advance seemed impossible. The shame of defeat, and the conviction that what had been done could be done again, impelled to trial and after some days of hard labour, this first difficulty was mastered. Passing onward by the North Shore, the wide and long bay, where Papineauville stands, was mistaken for the true channel, and when the travellers found themselves abruptly brought up, they were at their wits end to divine the mystery. After camping there for some days and exploring the surrounding country, the true channel was discovered. The party with brightening prospects retraced their line of travel, and again made progress upward. A journey now accomplished in part of a day, then occupied these adventurers many long and weary days. Thence they became feign to debark and abide at the first inviting spot presented. Such was offered at the mouth of a creek, in the centre of what was afterwards the township of Clarence. They remained here but a short time, as a more inviting locality was found, three miles further down the river at a prominent sandy point to which they removed and permanently settled. Hence the names Foxes Creek, Foxes Point, and Foxes Island—the latter being opposite Foxes Point and added largely to the beauty of the surrounding scenery, when its thickly wooded forest was in summer dress. The son became the father of a large family—was intelligent, but lacked force of character—he was, however put upon the commission of the peace, shortly after the counties of Prescott and Russell were formed into the Ottawa District. One of the most frequent

duties then claiming magisterial aid, was that of uniting in wedlock, candidates for matrimony—ministers of any church being a scarce commodity on this part of the Ottawa. Squire Fox consequently did more in this line than in punishing defaulters.

Happily, breaches of the peace were of rare occurrence in this neighborhood. On one occasion it fell to his lot to deal with a case that tried his nerves severely. Windsor was a character, well known on the Ottawa as a man of giant strength and mental power, of ready wit and dare-devil pluck. He had belonged to the British Navy, and it was said, shared in the mutiny at the Nore, which ended in the leaders being strung up. Windsor escaped by having a friend at court. One failing he had imported from ship board, was love of grog—under the influence of drink Windsor committed some act at Foxes Point of breaking into a store, and was apprehended by warrant issued by Squire Fox. The magistrate in the exercise of his duty, very mildly proceeded to try and convict the defaulter, but his moderation failed to beget contrition. On the contrary, Windsor justified his conduct, and addressing His Worship, Squire Jimmy, told him it would require more than one basswood magistrate of his stamp to deal with him. The prisoner was sent to jail for trial at the sessions. On his way down he met Mr. John Chesser who hailed him,

"Hello Windsor, where are you going?"

"To jail, John."

"You will be hung yet Windsor."

"John, when you come down call and see me, you will find me at home."

"I will, good bye."

Wherefore witness knoweth not, but the sessions cleared Windsor and he was strengthened in his assertion that J. P's were not invariably made of good timber. In Windsor, the country lost a man possessing mental qualities of a high order, which, if cultivated, would have fitted him to fill any office in the land, but that enemy of our race, strong drink, debased and ruined him. After

a few years following their settlement on the Ottawa, the Foxes dropped the fur trade, and in common with their neighbors, lived a rather precarious life, being a mongrel between hunters, farmers and lumbermen, and at all making but a scanty livelihood. The writer has seen a large family surround the table for dinner with no other eatables thereon but an ample supply of black berries, and other families pass days together, depending exclusively on the fish in the river for their food. Catch, cook and eat being the order observed. The old man and his wife died where they lived, and lie buried at Foxes Point. The son and grandchildren migrated to more fruitful portions of Canada, and those of the latter now living are wealthy and prosperous.

Four miles above Foxes Point is another point, now called Rockland, where the steam saw mill of W. C. Edwards & Co. is located. This place, before the mutilations of the forest, for mill purposes, and the larger destruction by the great fire, was one of the loveliest places on the Ottawa river.

Of late years it passed by the name of Butternut Grove, trees of this species being very abundant. Pic-nics of sundry kinds from Ottawa city were of frequent occurrence here, and no other nook on the Ottawa was more accessible or better suited for such purposes. No doubt for ages it was a favorite rendezvous for the red man and the Canadian voyager, when bound to or from the distant trading posts of the North-West, stretched here his weary limbs on the green sward beneath the umbergeous butternuts.

At an early date in the history of By-town, Lord Dalhousie, then Governor General, visited the future capital of Canada, and in going and returning by Batteau passed the night there at the house of Mr. Hiram Marston, (uncle of our respected treasurer) who was then the proprietor of this Point.

When Mr. Fox settled at the point bearing his name, Butternut Grove was in possession of a lady named Madam Perault and her husband, and the little

romance that follows was vouched for by Mr. Fox, who learned the story from the lady's own lips. Away back in the first half of the last century, when the second George sat on the throne of Britain, and the French claimed Canada, a Count, connected with the army accompanied his regiment to this country, taking his Countess with him. After a period of service in Canada, the regiment was ordered home, but the Count preferring to remain, procured his retirement from the service. Very many at that time were engaged in the fur trade and large fortunes were made by not a few. The Count, intent on trying his luck in this venture, chose the Ottawa for the scene of operations, and accompanied by his wife, a clerk named Perault, and three or four canoe-men, ascended the Ottawa until they reached Butternut Grove, where they halted and made a permanent settlement. At the early period of which we write, fur-bearing animals were very abundant throughout this portion of the Ottawa, and the red men in large numbers followed the chase. A brisk trade was carried on at the grove, and Indian tents frequently formed quite a village of canvas. But death entered the dwelling of the trader, and the Count was summoned to the spirit land. The Countess carried on the business for some time, aided by the clerk Perault, and finally took him into partnership, socially as well as commercially, and of course assumed his name. Madam Perault was a woman of no common mould. Kind, generous, inventive, firm and bold. These qualities were often largely drawn upon, in dealing with the untutored natives, but an event occurred which tried her metal severely. In some skirmish with the British Colonists, a young English officer fell into the hands of a party of Indians from the Ottawa.

Intent on deliberate vengeance on their enemy, they brought him through the woods from the St. Lawrence, to the trading post of Madam Perault. Here he was bound and kept in close confinement waiting the arrival of some

absent warriors, who would gloat with them over the torturing slow death of this unhappy victim by fire or otherwise. Madame Perault visited the young officer, and her womanly compassion was deeply stirred, and her inventive sagacity roused to action. Waiting her opportunity, one day when all the men were absent hunting, she contrived to draw away the women on some pretext, and by the free use of sweeties the children also were decoyed out of the way. The prisoner was then set at liberty and arrayed in woman's attire, put to bed in an upper chamber in Madam Perault's house, and waited upon as an invalid extremely ill. A terrible hue and cry was raised when the Indians returned and found the prisoner gone. A general search was made, but failing discovery, they went to the house of Madam Perault and asked permission to search it also. She in the most courteous manner gave consent, but begged them to make as little noise as possible, as a sick lady lay in bed up stairs whose malady might be increased if disturbed. The device succeeded, and the enraged Indians returned to their tents maddened by disappointed revenge.

Madam Perault took the earliest opportunity of forwarding her rescued charge to Montreal, from which place he subsequently reached England in safety. The conquest of Canada by the British, followed soon after, and Madame Perault was thanked and rewarded by the English Government for her brave and merciful conduct to the officer.

Legendary story, unless of Indian kind, is not rife as relating to this particular part of the Ottawa Valley, nor is the scrimp supply so probable, as the Rockland tale. One may be here noticed on the authority of an English Gazeteer of no small pretensions, yet its credibility is best tested a long way from the scene of its occurrence. Speaking of the Chaudiere, we are told that below the falls is an underground channel, into which sticks of timber occasionally enter, and come to the

surface some miles below. That a cow by some means was sucked into this channel, and came up alive and well at Foxes Point some miles below.

An early lumberman on the Ottawa, who loved to astonish the credulous, beat the foregoing hollow, by gravely telling a new arrival one day, that sticks of timber were known to enter the said channel, and come up at London bridge with Philomen Wright's mark on them. At this point, for the present, the writer stays his pen, with the promise of more anon, anent pioneer's experience.

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, January, 1877.

NUMBER THREE.

The first M. P. for the United counties was Dr. David Pattee, a man of moderate attainments, respectable character, and a well-to-do-farmer.

The next representative was Mr. McDonald, of "Mile Square" celebrity. This sobriquet became a little amusing when applied to the ladies of the family, as on one occasion one of them was introduced to another lady as Miss McDonald "Mile Square." Mr. McDonald must have been returned frequently as he went by another distinction which would imply long service, being styled "Member McDonald," or it might have been considered more convenient than "Mile Square." However, Member McDonald in time ceased to be member, and other men shared in the honor. Russell returned a member for itself, and Prescott for a time sent two members. District officials in those days were eligible candidates, and our first sheriff, Mr. Greenfield McDonald, died in Toronto, when attending Parliament. Mr. Hotham, too, our first registrar and clerk of the peace, was in the assembly during one Parliament. If Prescott cannot boast of sending distinguished men to Parliament, she can take credit for having never returned an absentee.

Russell can point to more men of mark that have represented the county, than her sister can, but with Russell

absenteeism has been the rule, resident members the exception.

The first representative for Russell was Mr. Thomas McKay, of New Edinburgh. This gentleman, like the present Premier, (Mackenzie) had been a worker of stone, but there is free-masonry among the masons of Scotland, by which men of this craft build up themselves while they build buildings.

Hugh Miller for example, and many more—Mr. McKay's first luck in Canada was at the Lachine Canal, and next at the Rideau Canal. He built the eight locks at the Ottawa entrance of this canal, the foundation stone being laid by the celebrated Arctic Explorer, Sir John Franklin. In the estimate of costs for this job, it was supposed the stone must be brought from Hull, but was found on the spot, and Mr. McKay enjoyed this large advantage. Mr. McKay was opposed by Mr. O'Connor, one of the 27 men, as the first residents of By-town in 1827, were called.

In the next election Mr. McKay was returned by acclamation. But he was soon invited to step higher. Judge Draper who was then Attorney General, failed to secure a seat in the west, and the proposition was made to Mr. McKay to vacate in his favor. This he did, Mr. Draper got Russell, and Mr. McKay a seat in the Legislative Council. Mr. McKay was the only appointment for the Upper Chambers from Russell, and the Hon. Alexander Grant, the only one from Prescott. In Robert Bell, Russell had a man of great mental capacity, unselfish character, unyielding will, and tireless application; qualities alas, eventually rendered abortive by the common enemy of our race, intemperance.

The Ottawa country owes the memory of this man a deep debt of gratitude. He sought not his own but its advancement, and sacrificed his private interests to the public good, and died a poor man. The Ottawa and St. Lawrence railway owes its conception and completion, chiefly to his efforts. When the competition for metropolitan distinction was awakened among the as-

piring cities of Canada, it was Mr. Bell who mainly supplied the statistics which guided the Royal arbiter in the selection of Ottawa.

In Mr. Fellows the county had a member in many respects of widely different qualities. In natural abilities he was by no means wanting, but in application fearfully deficient, and the ruling principle within was exclusively one-sided-ness.

Dr. Grant, in his profession, proper, appears to shine a star of some magnitude, but if wise, he will hereafter give politics a wide berth.

His labored speech, however, dainty in phrase, or polished in diction, will never command the applause of listening senates. Nor is discourse though it glitters and sparkles with diamonds of thought, a substitute for muscular decisive action.

"The tongue is but an instrument, on
Which we play what tune we please—In the
deed—

The unequivocal, authentic deed
We see sound argument, we read the heart."

Regarding the numerous representatives for Prescott in the past, nothing special claims attention, unless exception is made of Col. Kearns, whose amusing deliverances in the House and on other public occasions, might be touched upon for the benefit of the younger readers of the *News*, but must stand over meanwhile.

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, January, 1877.

NUMBER FOUR.

Colonel Kearns was one of the early Ottawa settlers, and figured somewhat prominently in these United Counties, in different public positions. About the year 1820 he planted his stakes in North Plantagenet, on the Nation river, two miles below Hagar & Chessers mills. He was a genuine Irishman, and every inch a soldier.

Born during the American Revolution, he was early enrolled for service, and took part in the Irish Rebellion, at the close of the last century, under Lord Dalhousie, afterwards Governor General of British North America. He

afterwards followed the fortunes of Sir John Moore in Spain, and fought under the Iron Duke, through the Peninsula war. He is specially named in the military records for acts of bravery during his army career, and was promoted from the ranks to a lieutenancy.

The years immediately following Waterloo brought many old warriors to Canada, and among them one gallant hero. Honors awaited him. Colonel of Militia and Justice of the Peace, were followed by a seat in Parliament, in which he represented the county of Prescott. The professional tendencies of the Colonel became marked in the exercise of the duties of these several offices.

In making speeches, pith, brevity, and steel characterised his eloquence. In magisterial matters, summary punishment was his delight, and summary procedure in cases foreign to the powers of a magistrate, his besetting sin. For instance one party was brought before his worship to answer for a breach of promise. Another fined for not paying the priest for christening his child. And another for shooting a dog on Monday, that had bitten him on the Sunday previous. Addressing the latter, his Worship said, "If sir, under the influence of passion you had killed the dumb brute immediately, the case would have been widely different, but sir, forgetful of the divine injunction that commands us not to let the sun go down upon our wrath in cool-blood, you murdered the poor dog; I shall fine you with costs twelve dollars." Under the Master and Servants Act some parties were imprisoned who were clearly innocent, but our soldier—justice declared disobedience of orders under any circumstances, was a fragrant breach of the articles of war, and he was determined to make an example of this kind of defaulters. Narrow escapes the Colonel had of being fined for his summary illegal acts, but friends at court saved him, although in the case of fining a man for not paying the priest, a brother magistrate was a loser of nearly two hundred dollars for false imprison-

ment, albeit he was ably defended by the late John Sandfield McDonald, and only finished what the Colonel began. Our friend was a member of the House of Assembly at the close of the rebellion, and when the question was discussed as to whether the Provincial or Imperial Government should bear the expense of sending the rebels who were condemned to banishment to Van Diemens land, his loyal soul became fired, and rising, he thus addressed the house:

"Mr. Speaker—In my opinion, sir, there exists not the slightest occasion for either Government to be at greater expense than the cost of sufficient ball cartridge as will send the miscreants where they ought to go."

The disposal of the clergy reserves soon after came up, and occupied and excited the house for some weeks. In the opinion of some of the members as then expressed, the very existence of religion depended upon State support, and they regarded it spoliation to take reserves from that church to which a King of pious memory had given them. Others argued that two churches being established in Britain, each of these had an equal right. More again insisted that as there was no established church in Canada, all churches should share alike. Many maintained that each and every church should be left to support itself, and that the reserves should be secularized, in other words sold, and the proceeds employed for education and general improvements. The gallant Colonel, ever ready to give a reason for his opinions, arose to ventilate his views on this momentous subject, and spoke nearly in the following words:

"Mr. Speaker—I am most anxious to give my views on this important subject, and to indicate how I am prepared to record my vote. There are sir, four leading ways by which to go to Heaven—there is the way by which I expect to reach the Celestial City, namely, the Catholic Church. The other three comprise the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, and the Methodist

Church. Any man unwilling to go to Heaven by one or the other of these ways, deserves to go elsewhere and fare accordingly. I advocate, Mr. Speaker, an equal division of the reserves between these four churches."

NUMBER FIVE.

To the Editor of the News :

DEAR SIR,—Large allowance is due to men printing manuscript, yet the writer submits the following errors in the last article "Ottawa Pioneers" are inexcusable. "Pioners" for "Pioneers," "Col. Kennis" for "Col. Kearns," "Genuine fisherman," for "Genuine Irishman," and "one gallant hero" for "our gallant hero," murders the sense.

VINDICATOR.

Russell, February 22, 1877.

[We admit the above to be very true. The errors occurred through the absence of the Editor of this paper in Montreal, when the proofs were (or should have been) corrected. We hope it will not occur again.—ED. *News*.]

NUMBER SIX.

The destruction of Brock's monument aroused the indignation of every loyal subject, and a mass meeting was held on Queenston Heights, to give expression to this feeling.

This portion of Canada was represented on the occasion, by our gallant friend.

It was an epoch in his history, and evoked from his fluent lips, and fiery loyalty, a burst of impassioned eloquence. The day was one of nature's choicest sort. Sir George Arthur, the Lieutenant-Governor, was present—two or three regiments of the line did duty on the occasion—very many of the leading men of Upper Canada were there, and much of the beauty and fashion of the surrounding cities, towns and rural parts, animated and beautified the scene.

The colonel was attired in full regimentals, and when his turn came to speak, his vehement utterances thrilled the thousands within the range of his voice.

"Your Excellency, ladies and gentlemen,—The scene here presented to my vision, transcends anything I have ever before witnessed. I came from the remotest eastern portion of the province, but I forget the fatigues of the journey in the spectacle here beheld.

I am reminded, your Excellency, on looking around on this vast gathering, of the depth of veneration felt in this country, for the memory of the Hero whose name we now delight to honor. I am also reminded of battles fought in bygone days, in which I shared, and witnessed the gallant regiments before me cover themselves with glory on more than one bloody field during the Peninsular campaign

This is the proudest day of my life, and I anticipate but one more proud, and that day shall be, when, at the head of a militia force, I shall march in that land of pretended liberty, and revenge the insult done to the ashes of the immortal Brock."

The Colonel was the embodiment of Irish generosity, joviality and wit. He loved to fight his battles over again, and never tired of describing the sanguinary conflicts in which he had shared, and in some of which his courage had been notably tested, and scars of honor received.

Fealty to his temporal sovereign, outweighed spiritual submission to any power on earth, and he adjusted and explained his relationship to the State and to the Church, by styling himself a military Catholic.

In his political sentiments he was an ingrained tory—dyed in the wool, and entirely astern of the age.

The improved appellation conservative, would fail to picture the true color of the colonel's creed, and the more advanced term, liberal conservative he could not away with.

He regarded the union of church and state, and an affluent aristocracy, the glory of Britain, and the surest supports of the throne. As for Yankeedom it was a nation of rogues and infidels, a by-word and a reproach to civilization and good government.

Had our friend lived a few years more, and visited the Centennial, his opinions herein would have been revolutionized, and he would have esteemed the revolution of 1776 less a crime in the colonists, and less a curse to the world, than he before thought it.

Perhaps in no other way was the colonel's magisterial powers more acceptably employed than in tying matrimonial knots, for ministers in those days, in these parts, were few and far between. The writer has a vivid recollection of his worship's style herein, albeit nearly a half a century has passed by since he witnessed for the first time, the ceremony performed.

In the upper county a young pair yearned to be made one flesh; and the colonel was the nearest J. P. To reach his residence, 12 miles, paddling by canoe was necessary. A large one being available, 12 occupants, formed of both sexes, embarked. But alas, the windows of heaven were opened, and rain came down in torrents the whole way.

On arriving at the place to debark, the entire group presented the most doleful procession of drowned rats ever beheld. But the blazing fire in the open chimney, and the colonel's hearty cheery speech as he helped to remove the outer garments and hang them up to dry, worked wonders in restoring the spirits of the party.

Among other pleasant words he uttered were these, "as they say in Ireland, any one will come to see you on a fine day, but only friends will come when it rains." All being somewhat warmed and dried, business was suggested, and his worship stood forth, Prayer Book in hand, and issued orders, and pronounced prayer in true military fashion. As one part of the service, the order was given. "The company will turn their backs; the parties will kneel down," and at the close of the prayer "Amen, get up," was rapidly pronounced, as if the order to rise formed part of the service. The ceremony over, some counsel and encouragement were added in these words,

"you have been married by the service of the church of England, than which none other should be used, and you are as well married as if the Arch-bishop of Canterbury had officiated; here madam (handing the bride the certificate of marriage) here is a cog-anchor, to keep your husband from running away.

The colonel lived in a military atmosphere and his passion for war continued till death. A short time before he breathed his last he waived his handkerchief and exclaimed, "a despatch from the Duke of Wellington."

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, Feb. 1877.

NUMBER SEVEN.

One of the first settlers of the western limit of the county of Russell, on the Rideau river, was Mr. Bradish Billings. He was not only one of the first in point of time, but first in rank as a go-ahead agriculturist. If Mr. Billings did not leave in his family a worthy successor to till the soil, he gave to the country more than one son, genuine lovers of science. One of these who died last year, and was connected with the geological department of the Government, was distinguished in the important sphere which he occupied, and his loss to the country was deeply felt.

This gentleman first adopted the profession of law, and practised some years as a barrister. Evidently it was an uncongenial pursuit, and one in which he was unlikely to attain eminence, and from which he retired with unqualified delight.

The exchange from the dry details of legal lore, to study nature, accorded entirely with the qualities and aspirations of his mind, and hence the elevated position he occupied as a naturalist and geologist. Dr. VanCordtland who himself loved these studies, was the first to mark in young Billings similar tastes, and to suggest to him Geology as a pleasant and beneficent study.

The hint was acted upon, and the surroundings of Ottawa supplied a rich field which the young man turned to good account.

At a trial at L'Orignal was about the last, if not the very last time, he practised in Court. Those who recall the occasion will remember his listless address to the jury, and his apparent indifference as to the result of the trial, proving how completely unfitted he was to be a lawyer.

Whether his case was won or lost is not recollected, but at the close of the court, all returning to Ottawa, proceeded to the wharf to await the steamer. Meanwhile a number of passengers from Montreal arrived by stage from Point Fortune. One of these handed Mr. Billings a late paper, and as he scanned it his eye caught the announcement that he was the lucky winner of the first prize offered by the Government for the best essay on the growth and progress of Upper Canada. He seemed to value this honor more than forensic glory, and modestly remarked that it was somewhat singular, that he was once before similarly successful and first learned the fact at L'Orignal, standing precisely where he then stood.

It was, however, at the eastern side of these counties, and over sixty years ago, when early settlement and improvement to any extent first took place—Mr. Mears resided where the village of Hawkesbury now is situated, and evinced considerable enterprise in building mills, and making other substantial improvements that promised fair to benefit himself and promote the interests of the surrounding country. Losses in lumbering cut short his career, and he retired from Canada leaving all for the benefit of his creditors.

Conspicuous at this early period among the Pioneers of the Ottawa, was Judge Hamilton. He laid the foundation of an extensive lumbering business that has maintained a healthy and progressive existence—a model of system and success.

Precise in requiring conformity to its rules, the firm has been no less distinguished by honorable, upright dealing in its transactions throughout. In one feature they occupy as the writer believes advanced ground, over any

other establishment outside the Government. This is in the considerate treatment of old servants, who, in many cases have been pensioned when unfit for active service. Doubtless this extensive concern has been profitable to its owners, but it has also very largely benefitted the country around by giving employment to large numbers of men, and also in supplying a market for large quantities of produce. In a public capacity likewise, Judge Hamilton occupied in these counties a very prominent position. At the period of which we write non-professional men were appointed Judges of County or District Courts, and Mr. Hamilton on the score of knowledge, abilities and independence, would compare favorably with the best appointments made in other districts. It is possible a tendency to arbitrary rule, may have been with him a fault, and yet considering our mixed population, our unformed character and new existence as a district, such a fault was a necessary evil. Smaller lights among our Pioneer men were numerous, each in his sphere, doing as he thought the best for himself and something for the public good.

NUMBER EIGHT.

To the Editor of the News :

When memory strives to call the muster roll of the earlier settlers who figured on this portion of the Ottawa, the conviction is realized how few now remain to speak of the past ; and the question may be asked, "Your fathers, where are they?" and the response is heard, "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever."

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy house-wife ply her evening care,
Or children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield ;
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke."

The boys at the time of the inception of the Ottawa district are now the old men, whose frosty pates bespeak advanced years. How familiar to such

are the names of Kerby, Waddle, Pattee, Lough, Higginson, Grant, Treadwell, O'Brien, Johnson, McDonald, Marston, Cass, Waters, Frost, Flynn, Gates, Murray, Hall, Stewart, Vankleek, McCann, McLaurin, Hagar, Holmes, Beckwith, Lighthall, Chessier, Jorden, Fletcher, Rae, Edwards, Paxton, Dunning and Way, and many more who laid the foundation of settlement amid trials and labor of which the present rising race has no conception.

The writer's first acquaintance with L'Original dates back to September, 1822. The capital of our counties is not chargeable with growing too rapidly, and if leisure growth is favorable to healthful expansion, L'Original should be substantially built, but many reasons probably exist for its tardy advancement.

The absence of a favorite harbor, the non-existence of manufactories and the limited extent of back country within the county of Prescott, may, in part, account for the slow progress of L'Original. The county of Glengarry, in a most unneighborly fashion, crowds Prescott unmercifully close to the Ottawa. At the time above mentioned, no public buildings were yet in existence, the newly created district was but in its infancy, and things remained for some time in a transient state. The offices and small courts were accommodated in private buildings, and the Superior court trials were for many years thereafter held at Cornwall.

By 38 George 3. Chap. 5, the several townships in Upper Canada were formed into counties, and the counties into districts. Prescott and Russell, with Glengarry, Stormont and Dundas formed the eastern district. This act was promulgated by proclamation on the first day of the present century. On the 22nd day of March, 1816, Prescott and Russell were detached from the other counties and formed into the district of Ottawa (See 56 George, 3 Chap. 2) L'Original was not only without public buildings, but private dwellings were few and wide apart. Its citizens were of course few in number,

for Jacob Marston, his brother Jeremiah, Mr. Wait, Mr. McDonald, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Waters composed the chief inhabitants. Uncle Jacob as he was familiarly styled, was a firm believer in concentrated energy, and agriculture was his exclusive pursuit. A large garden in the centre of the village and a fertile farm a short distance back, fully occupied his time.

His better half judiciously superintended the inner cares of the domicile, where order and hospitality prevailed. The latter quality was a grateful benefit in a new country, and was largely shared by not a few. The old gentleman had a hearty way of greeting his more distant friends, on their arrival from the upper townships, which, if quaint, was pleasant. While yet some way off he would hail his friends with :—" How do you do? how do you do? When did you come down? How are all the folks up there? How is Bro. Hiram; is he farming away?" There was a significance in his enquiry, for Bro. H., unlike Uncle Jacob, lacked faith in the dignity of labor, especially of the farming kind. Shiftless, appropriately described his practice, exemplified, some seasons by cocking his hay, but omitting to stack or house it, and postponing the digging of potatoes till spring, a very dangerous experiment, as frost usually vetoed the use of that vegetable when dug at that season of the year. Bro. H. flung care to the winds, and in a very liberal sense took no thought of the things of to-morrow. In politics he was a Conservative, as this required the least exertion. In faith, he was an Episcopalian, reserving the right to change with the Government, which he held to be the duty of every loyal man, without the necessary motive of a noted cleric, he sympathized in his determination :—

" And this is law that I'll maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir."

A city official life, in the absence of energetic ambition, was a bad preparation for roughing it in the bush, and the case of Bro. H. has been the fate of

many in Canada—from comparative affluence to comparative want, was the dire but natural result. Jeremiah Marston managed the mill in the village, and the other inhabitants chiefly farmed and lumbered.

Old Becket, as he was called, pursued lumbering somewhat largely, wherefore, deponent knoweth not, but this son of Adam was held in some dread along the Ottawa, and his name was used by mothers to scare their babies into propriety. Even very big children talked of him with horror—as a man-monster to be shunned. At Foxes Point the children described him as a double jointed giant, with a double row of teeth and in full league with the devil. His Satanic Majesty failed to aid his portage to ward off misfortune, and the old man degenerated from being the master of large rafts, to picking up stray pieces. In this employ he claimed all not in possession of the owners.

He was occasionally resisted by some, who held that their right was as good as his in the absence of the real owners. One day a sturdy Scot forbade his removing a stick from his landing, which roused the ire of this timber gleaner, and his deliverance on the occasion was equivocally complimentary to the timber trade. Addressing the Scot he demanded:—

“Do you not profess to be a religious man?”

“I do,” replied the Scot, “and I am not ashamed of my profession.”

“Well sir, as such, you have no business with lumber,” and with this testimony he took his departure.

Many years have elapsed since Mr. Becket passed from earth, but his name remains to designate a creek in Cumberland and perhaps many other places in the Counties.

Before our last war with the United States, Messrs. Hagar and Chessier began operations on the South Nation, in the mill business. They also took a contract to build a number of batteaux for the Government, which were delivered at Montreal, but built on the

Nation and run over the rapids. Mr. Hagar hailed, like many of our enterprising men, from the United States. For many years he did a large and successful mercantile business in Montreal, which he continued for some time afterward at Plantagenet. Having made very large purchases in Britain towards the close of the war, the sudden suspension of hostilities brought down the prices, and Mr. Hagar suffered great loss thereby, after which he decided to permanently remove to the Nation. Here he engaged in a new business, and being of an easy pliant temperament, he failed to cope successfully against the altered circumstances of his position. His children however, possessed the spirit of ambitious independence, which, together with rare filial qualities, enabled them to free from care the declining years of their aged parent, and all his wants were most zealously attended to by an affectionate son and daughter. Mr. Hagar, sen., was the embodiment of kindness and honor, and died at a good old age respected by all who knew him. In his son, business men have a man of capability, and one who possesses an obliging and kind disposition. Conscientious conduct has marked his course, and uprightness is a habit with him as well as a principle.

The interests of Prescott are safe in his keeping, and no man in the county is as likely to represent its people in Parliament as fairly, honorably, and efficiently, without respect to creed, country, or condition. Mr. Hagar is not numbered among the talkers of the House, but when occasion demands, he can ventilate his views in practical common sense thought, clothed in appropriate language. The voters in Canada are too much influenced by party clap-trap, and require to distinguish more carefully between mere names and principles. Many who loved to be styled Conservatives, hold advanced and progressive views, while some calling themselves Liberals, are natural Tories. The advocacy of extreme party lines in Canada is folly. Are we not as

a whole a loyal people? Conservatives have no monopoly herein, and Liberals have no exclusive title to purity. The sin of Sir John as compared with that of his opponents, was but in degree, not in kind. As in bestowing favors so in planning a gigantic scheme, to bribe and corrupt the people on a large scale accorded with the towering ambition of his soul. Among those in the House who denounced his sin, how few could with a clear conscience cast the first stone? Take an example. During the same election, in which Sir Hugh's money was used, a Grit of the pure type aimed to represent a county on the Ottawa, and claimed to contest it upon principles of purity and piety. To a portion of his supporters he said, "I have committed the issue of this election to the Lord, and I accept his will in the result. Our pious friend, however, thought it advisable to enlist the agency of another power, which he did, and used ten dollar bills to secretly purchase votes. This policy was much the same as that of a poor Highlander when overtaken by a great storm crossing a Loch in Scotland. The chances of his being saved were small, but Donald prayed fervently to the Lord to save him or take him to Heaven. Having done so, he next addressed his Satanic Majesty beseeching the aid and favor of the devil, much to the horror of his fellow passengers. Fortunately they got safe to land, when Donald was challenged to explain his conduct, which he did as follows:—"Weel, ye see, I did no ken to which I might gang, and I thocht it weel te be in favor wi baith." It is well when a man's practice is not a libel on his profession.

Yours,

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, March, 1877.

NUMBER NINE.

To the Editor of the News:

Attention has hitherto been given exclusively, to departed veterans in the ranks of early settlers. As variety is

the spice of life, perhaps a living specimen will be welcomed, of the brave men who have conquered the forest, and covered Canada with fruitful fields. Does the reader desire to know of whom we are about to speak? He may guess by being informed that the first and last letters of his surname, are the first and last letters of the alphabet in both cases, save one. If he desires to view him personally, his abiding place is in a back township in the lower county, named after a country consisting largely of hills, while it is largely flats.

This fact has added a distinctive cognomen to our hero, hence he is oft times styled B of the flats. Said appellation is a misnomer in his case, as flatness is abhorrent to his nature, while being elevated is entirely to his taste. Like Col. Kearns he hails from the land of saints, of song and eloquence. No saintly airs are flaunted by our friend. His better sense makes him fully sensible that he is wickedly wicked, and he is satisfied to appear as he is.

The harmony of music warbles not from his lips, either in profane or sacred numbers. He is mentally eloquent, but impatient, thoughts press too urgently on the machinery of speech and a sputter in utterance is the consequence. These qualities, however, do not exhaust the roll of Irish attributes, and B. will compare favourably with the most hilarious native of the Green Isle, in his love of wit and whiskey.

Nor is he one jot behind the best in a generous and forgiving disposition. He would fight you to-day, and feed you to-morrow. Love of office, next to love of whiskey, is the besetting weakness of B. and he bids fair to die in harness. In fact he appears to claim municipal distinction as of divine right, or in legal parlance by perscription. Truly, if long service constitutes a title to a life-lease, no man in these counties can set up so good a claim. With one or two breaks, from the first to the present council, he has held a

seat at its board, and twice or thrice filled the office of warden. More marked decorum, may now distinguish the meetings of our county council, but in years gone by it could not be accused of being unduly rigid in observing rules of order. Attention to more dignity throughout its deliberations, was in grave demand, whereby business would have been more speedily got through with, and with more honor to the men engaged. For example, in the times referred to, a member might be seen shaking his fist at the warden as he interrupted his speech with the remark, "Petrie we have heard that story before." Also one councillor damning another across the table. In these palmy days the drones were largely in excess of the working bees. One thing noticeable was the members who did least work, usually drank and swore most. Herein, B. was an exception, as he took a pull at the work as well as at the bottle, and helped liberally in swearing to boot.

This insane habit involves serving the devil without wages. Many who scorn infidelity to an earthly sovereign, make light of disloyalty to the King of kings, and profane unawed the sacred name of the Mighty Ruler of the Universe :

"It chills my blood to hear the bless'd supreme,
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme;
Preserve your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear, is neither brave, polite, nor wise;
You would not swear upon your bed of death,
Reflect!—your Maker now might stop your breath."

Our friend is excessively restive under reproof, and hates exceedingly to be told his faults. On one occasion when reproved by a brother councillor, he appealed to another who was by no means likely to be severe on him, but in this instance he got a rebuff not reckoned upon. He said "J—E is everlastingly finding fault with me because I swear a little; why is he more strict than God Almighty Himself; do you think this is right?"

"J" replied, "I cannot see that it is wrong, unless it is that we are commanded not to cast our pearls before swine." In municipal and criminal law B. has been regarded somewhat of an authority. In one instance of crim-

inal proceeding, however, he grievously blundered by committing a poor sinner for treating with contempt, the conviction of a brother magistrate who fined him for refusing to pay the priest for christening his child. The fellow brought an action against Squire B. for false arrest and imprisonment. When the late redoubtable John Sandfield was on earth, his services were usually secured at L'Orignal in cases considered tough.

B. secured him to defend in this action, and certainly Sandfield brought into use for the occasion all the energy and ingenuity, for which he was famous, addressing the Jury he said:—"Gentlemen, my client like each of you is a farmer—one of those labourious, energetic men, who many years since entered the wilderness of this county, to carve out for himself an honest and respectable livelihood. Herein as you are aware success has attended his efforts and fruitful fields beautify the place formerly a dense forest. It was natural, gentlemen, that a man of his stamp should be put on the commission of the peace, and so it came to pass. But it was not likely one so fully employed, could command time to study nice points of law, and it was a matter to be looked for, that in the exercise of magisterial duties, he might, with the best intentions, take a shorter cut to reach the end of justice, than the precise rules of practice will justify. If you mulct my client in costs you will punish a man, who, if he has erred did so, with no mal-intent but under the conviction of doing his duty. The consequences will be, that good men will refuse to act as magistrates and you will give encouragement to a miserable miscreant, who begrudged the priest a dollar for making his child a christian. Should he succeed in this suit, he will next proceed against the gallant Col. sitting beside the judge, for in reality the Col. was the innocent cause of these proceedings. I leave the matter in your hands confident that it is safe, and that you will render a verdict that will accord with enlightened justice."

All was of no avail to avert an adverse verdict, but likely secured limitation of damages.

B. is more at home in municipal duty than in legal transactions. With the acts bearing thereon he is familiar, and a retentive memory enables him to quote readily their provisions. If to these advantages were added more refined demeanour, less partisanship, and a higher aim to do right rather than carry measures by artifice, having in view the general good of the united counties, and not his own township merely, much less a party therein, all backed by strict conformity to strict sobriety, these Counties could boast a Reeve, worthy of the honor, and the Township sending him, honor itself by the choice.

The newly-elected chief magistrate of the United States enunciated a maxim in his inaugural address worthy of universal adoption. "He serves his party best who serves the country best." Permit its application in connection with the sentiment just expressed, and it may be safely averred—he serves his township best who serves the counties best. To this end the question arises—is there not often unseemly bickering in County Councils over local or Township claims, to the neglect or sacrifice of County interests?

Further, is the practice of rotation so largely followed in our County Council, in the choice of Warden, a wise and beneficial practice, or would it not be far better for the credit and efficiency of the body to select the best man and continue him, to whichever County or Township, he belonged. No man is honored by an office which he cannot in some degree honor. Experience is necessary to efficiency, but continuous change makes this impossible, and public good is sacrificed to individual preferment. Another suggestion may not be regarded irrelevant in this connection. In the choice of Reeves qualification is too much overlooked and local and private considerations sway largely the choice of electors.

As a rule any man so eager for the

honor, that with him any means to succeed are justifiable, should be left at home—he is unworthy of trust. Reliability is the first quality to be possessed. A share of education and intelligence is indispensable, but these qualities, backed by the most distinguished talents, avail naught if dissipation mar the whole, and leaves a Township virtually unrepresented at the Council board. This is no fancy conception; its realization has been witnessed at L'Orignal, and the people must bear the blame if the nuisance be not abated.

To conclude, and in bidding adieu to the subject of this brief notice, we would in all kindness say to him—snap at once and for ever the chain that binds in bondage cruel a mind of no common mould, that it may assert its majesty, and right to subordinate appetite to the restraints of reason and propriety. Let the long past be more than sufficient to have wrought the will of the flesh, and determine that the brief future shall be more in consonance with the dignity of a being whose chief end, "is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever."

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, March 1877.

NUMBER TEN.

To the Editor of the News:—

SIR.—"Moderation" in the *Advertiser* of the 7th inst., vigorously assails the undersigned for sundry sins, forgetful that two blacks do not make a white. It is evident the shafts aimed at the sensitive Reeve, have entered at the joints of his armour and pricked the marrow of his soul. Festering sores demand strong remedies and if the probing knife painfully stings the patient small matter if the operator gets a slap on the face for his pains.

Notwithstanding, this deliverance is replete with encouragement and the hope may be entertained that decided improvement will hereafter mark the career of the complainant. Observe, he denies naught laid to his charge.

Again what a relief he must feel after the discharge of so much bile. Mark likewise, the verdict that being very drunk is "beastly," implying how below the dignity of a man to become a beast. Still, further, the writer virtually admits his tirade to be abuse, and promises more if necessary, but the crowning glory of his article shines forth, speaking the heroism of hope, in the signature, "Moderation." This quality in future "practiced" as well as "professed," the people of these Counties, and especially of one particular township have a right to expect, may they not be disappointed. As "Moderation" has kindly volunteered some advice, perhaps he will allow a trifle in return. When again he makes a similar onslaught let him bear in mind the wisdom of being truthful and that assertion is no proof. Where within the range of all written about "Ottawa Pioneers" can be found to justify such tit-bits as the following:—"Distribution of scandal." "Having outraged the most sacred rules of society, in trying to blacken the character and defame the memory of our departed early settlers." "Exhausted his vocabulary of abuse." "Hypocritical pretensions to temperance," etc. Such outbursts of rancour only injure their author and they are as stupid as they are groundless. If facts can be produced to justify such language, let him marshal them forth to open day. If the whereabouts of at least one of the juvenile Vindicators with golden locks who, (poor dears), are without the pale of the law, can be indicated, by all means let it be done. The task must be easy when even the color of the hair is known. Perhaps a self-application of the glass-house story might apply here. How mightily we swell our dimensions by making a comparison between some comments on a failing in a township Reeve and Mrs. Beecher Stowe's attack on Lord Byron!! Milord Reeve, are you as innocent as you seem to think Lord Byron was? If not the semblance vanishes in fact as well as in majesty. Solomon, stand aside, you

are an old foggy beside the man whose wisdom proclaims that long prayers are favourable to fame, and recommends this exercise rather than exercise him, anent his sins. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Yours,

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, April 9, 1877.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

To the Editor of the News :

In a previous chapter of these reminiscences, some cases were pointed out of disregard to the rules of propriety among the pioneer councillors of our united Counties when in Council assembled. Perhaps a few touches of the comic side of the picture, will be of equal interest and awaken less regret.

Let it be borne in mind that many years divide the present and the period referred to, and some of the actors are among those who are now no more. Recreation and amusement seem necessary to men as well as boys. The sage, dignified body, which enacts the laws to govern this nation, has its seasons of fun and frolic, and sometimes even in open session the members become uproarious in their sport. Throughout the sessions the members have ample provision for comfort and entertainment, within the limits of the House, adapted to the taste of each. Any wishing to escape the infliction of a tiresome speech, can smoke a pipe, play at chess or draughts, or scan a volume in the library. County Council legislators are not, at public cost, provided with means for amusement yet they find ways and means of enjoying themselves.

L'Original hospitality was wont to be extended to Councillors and an evening entertainment relieve the tedium of idle hours. Occasionally in their hotel, a group might be heard discussing questions of State, or arguing points of doctrine, while some played cards or told stories. Even table turning and spirit rapping were gone into, but the disembodied ones lied in their com-

munications and told more or less than truth justified. It was not unusual at that period of long winter evenings, for committees to sit at night, and the quiet of the Court House made work pleasant and secured progress; nor was amusement wanting occasionally to diversify and enliven the scene. One or two specimens will follow:—The name of Sheriff Treadwell is widely known in Canada. He was a man of many virtues as well as many failings, "and e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side." The Sheriff was never without business for the Council. Much of it was more troublesome than important, but on one occasion a truly grave question was presented by him involving serious consequences. The Sheriff was one of some three or four leading men in Prescott who formed what was termed: "The Cambridge Lands Company." This company had purchased extensive lands in Cambridge about which they and the County or District Council differed. The difference was settled in law, adverse to the company. The Sheriff, representing the company, came before the Council by petition, asking a reconsideration of the matter, and that the difference be settled by arbitration. This petition was referred to the Finance Committee, who devoted a winter's evening to the consideration thereof.

The committee consisted of M. for Russell, D. for Cumberland, E. for Clarence, and McL. for South Plantagenet. E. was in the chair and M. was at the other end. D. and McL. were at opposite sides of the table. The two latter were the orators of the House, and in turn led off in energetic speech, in which their opinions widely differed. Poor M. was suffering from a spree the previous night, and failing to appreciate the importance of the question submitted, quietly leaned over and soundly slept during the discussion, but always awoke at the close of each speech and always agreed with the last speaker. D. enlarged on the quality of mercy, the reasonableness of justice, and the fact that law was often at

variance with both. That if the Council had a good case they had nothing to fear from arbitration, and that if the case was bad the sooner wrong was made right the better. That it was unjust for the united counties to be benefitted at the expense of private individuals, and he would urge the committee to report favorably to the prayer of the petition. As D. closed with some energy M. was roused and declared that he fully endorsed the sentiment uttered, and was determined to support them, he then again fell asleep. McL. arose slowly, and as slowly but firmly disputed the wisdom of the Council opening a question, favorably, and, as he believed, justly closed. He could understand how many reasons could be urged for arbitration, rather than law, but he failed to see the wisdom of agreeing to arbitration after having been successful at law, and added that he would oppose the prayer of the petition. "And I too," exclaimed M., again awakening. Eventually M. was kept awake long enough to vote only on one side of the question and our friend the Sheriff was doomed to lose, and accepted the result as a final settlement.

In the composition of Mr. Treadwell's mind were blended unique and diverse qualities. He was ambitious, persistent and bold, and in aiming to do too many things, he accomplished little, and bartered comfort and competency for a life of worry and a wasted fortune. It is always well to recognize and believe in the division of labor. As in the human body every member has not the same office, so in the human family, singleness of aim is necessary to distinction in any one pursuit. Paul, that prince of preachers, who was so abundant in labors and equally distinguished for results, explains the philosophy of his success in these memorable words, "This one thing I do."

The Sheriff morally had a worthy record. He was ever ready to aid by labor and means, useful and benevolent schemes, and as a temperate man his testimony were beyond example and suspicion.

On another occasion of an evening sitting the same chairman presided but other men were associated with him.

The first matter taken up at this meeting was the petition of Capt. M. L., of West Hawkesbury, was on the committee. He was a quiet, retiring man, but upon this occasion he had imbibed somewhat freely, and he assumed full management of the case. Addressing the petitioner he demanded, "Jimmy, what do you want?"

Captain M. mildly replied :

"I took the job of supplying the stone required for the addition to the court house and have lost money on it, and have come before the Council to ask an advance on the contract."

"Who did you take the contract from, Jimmy?"

"Mr. Moody," answered the captain.

"Well, Jimmy, go to Mr. Moody."

"He is dead," said the captain.

"Dead! Dead! What have we got to do with the dead? We have enough on hand with the living. Jimmy, the next time you take a contract be more careful, and this advice is all the Council can or will give you."

L. lived long at Hawkesbury Mills, an industrious, shrewd, and prosperous man. It was said the senior member of the old firm valued his judgment so much that he frequently consulted him on matters of importance at a later period than that of which we write.

The Hon. John Hamilton, being Warden, that gentleman entertained the Council to a banquet, to which a number of gentlemen living near were invited. It was given in a tent pitched hard by the tumultuous waters of the Long Sault, and near the residence of Mr. Hamilton. This tent was large and beautifully decorated. Nature was in holiday attire and the surrounding scenery was extremely beautiful. Within the tent a number of tables were erected, while at one end an elevated stand accommodated the musical performers. The sumptuous feast being over, toasts, speeches and songs followed. The name of Garabaldi was just

then a household word, and an ultra admirer of the General in question considered it an unpardonable omission not to drink his health. G., of East Hawkesbury, was by no means forward, nor was he given to the habit of imbibing, but the occasion mastered his prudence and the wine fired his pluck, so he insisted upon the chairman giving Garabaldi with all the honors. Garabaldi was given and heartily responded to with one exception. B. of Alfred firmly kept his seat, which B. of the flats noticed, and afterwards asked the reason, thus:—

"Tommy, when the health of the Prince of Wales was drunk, who is not of your faith, none did it more cordially, but when the health of this noble man is drunk, who is of your faith, you shirk the toast. How do you justify such conduct?"

Tommy replied:—

"There are bad men of my faith and good men who are not of my faith, besides I don't know the man, nor care for him, so wherefore should I drink his health?"

G. was long styled Garabaldi, and may yet occasionally be reminded of his voluntary toast. Many prominent men who were present at this convivial occasion are now in the spirit land. Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Dr. Sawers, Sheriff Tredwell, County Attorney Pattee, Mr. Hersey, Mr. Cushing, Mr. Chancery Johnson and our friend L., who put Captain M. through with such scant ceremony anent his contract for stone.

"Like crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are marked to fall,
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all."

And now, Mr. Editor, as the present article will, meanwhile, close the writer's contributions on "Ottawa Pioneers" he takes this opportunity of returning you his thanks for the promptitude with which they have been inserted in your paper.

He may occasionally send you jottings on general subjects hereafter. He will at least promise ere long to send something in compliance with the re-

quest of one of your correspondents, who desires to hear opinions on "Protection," particularly as it would affect farmers. Among the readers of the *News* are some who could and should furnish interesting tales of early settlement, and historic facts, relating to progress in our several townships, valuable to preserve, and which would add value to the columns of our county press.

The man who undertakes to publish a country paper assumes a heavy responsibility. Many are the disadvantages not experienced in large cities, and if a country paper be esteemed of value the people of the county require to extend aid and countenance, not only by subscriptions, but by not expecting the same value for their money that a city sheet can give, and otherwise favoring the enterprise, as opportunity offers. All of which is respectfully submitted by yours, &c.

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, April 1877.

NUMBER TWELVE.

To the Editor of the News :

In place of the promised article anent protection, as affecting farmers, an additional chapter on the old subject is offered. Two reasons are tendered in excuse. The first is, that the writer desires to correct some misstatements made in a previous article ; and the second that he has been requested to extend these sketches. It was an error to state that Mr. Mears had moved away from this country, as he died at his residence in Hawkesbury, after which his family left and settled in the States. It was also an error to give Dr. Pattee the credit of being the first member for the Ottawa District, as he was preceded by two other gentlemen, Mr. Mears and Judge McDonnell, the latter having been the first representative for Prescott and Russell, in the Assembly of Upper Canada.

These corrections are thankfully acknowledged from a gentleman of lifelong residence in the counties. With

regard to extending these sketches, if the necessary material was available, the record would be correspondingly enlarged.

Parties having an interest herein, and being possessed of documents, or facts, bearing on the subject, could render aid by supplying such, and any of the kind sent to the office of the *News*, would reach the proper destination. The writer has to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of two documents relating to the somewhat distant past. One a sermon on the death of John Chesser, Esq., sen., delivered at Plantagenet, in August, 1828, by Rev. Alexander Fletcher ; and the other a copy of the morning *Herald*, published in Quebec in February, 1838, and containing an account of a right loyal meeting, held at L'Original, in relation to the existing rebellion, and a stirring speech delivered thereat, by the late Judge Friel. Some reference will be made anon to both these gentlemen, who are entitled to be classed among our county pioneers. In breaking faith with your correspondent anent an article on protection, it may be affirmed the loss is small, as little could be added to the much already said on this subject.

What endless speeches have wearied listeners in the House of Commons during the session just closed, on protection. After all what is the sum of the whole? Too many advocate protection for the special manufacture in which they have an interest, regardless how the country at large is affected, while reference to the whole people is the only honest and correct way of estimating the value of any measure, passed for the nation. The truth is, many of our public men are insincere in much they say on the subject of the tariff. It serves as a political howl, a party cry, aiming to influence the next general election. Yet in reality, it is not a party question, for both sides of the house are divided in their views thereon. It is safe to aver that the best protection for farmers is to protect themselves. To this end in how many

ways within their control, can they promote their interests, independently of legislation. Attention to improved stock—the use of labor-saving machinery—rotation of crops and the destruction of weeds, are among the means to secure self-protection from unprofitable toil. Careful avoidance of law-suits—long accounts, and indulgence in convivial habits, contribute invaluable aids to protection, while every aspect of the agricultural profession indicates that the farmer is more dependent on himself and less on extraneous favor, than any other class of the community. Hence the conclusion—the best protection for farmers, is self protection.

Passing from this digression, permit some reference to the old story. The names of Judge Friel and Rev. Alexander Fletcher, have been introduced, and a brief notice of each will occupy the remaining space of this article.

Mr. Friel was one of the earlier lawyers who practiced at L'Orignal, and the second, as the writer believes, who had an articulated student, Peter O'Brien, Esq., being the party. George McDonell, son of our first sheriff, and nephew of Col. McDonell, aid-de-camp to Sir Isaac Brock who fell in action beside the gallant general, and shared his honored grave, got the first appointment of county Judge for Prescott and Russell. Preferring to continue his practice at Cornwall he resigned, and Peter Friel, Esq., succeeded to the office, which he continued to fill up to the period of his death, and was followed by the present efficient judge, James Daniell, Esq. Judge Friel was gentlemanly and courteous in his deportment. He erred, probably, in a lack of decision, but more so in failing to resist the prevailing evil, that mars the fair fame of so many of our cleverest public men. In politics he belonged to the liberal school, but shunned extreme opinions, and held loyalty to this and fatherland to be the first article in the creed of true Canadian citizenship. To such views he gave eloquent expression in the meeting held at L'Orignal, already referred to. A few

sentences will suffice to exhibit the speaker's politics, and refute the erroneous notion of some, that reform means disloyalty. He thus discoursed:—"I am one of those who always thought that reform was necessary in every Government that ever existed; because no institution, however wisely framed, can be made perfect at once. The British constitution is an institution of early time, finished and refined by succeeding ages, and it still requires the correcting hand of reform to purge it of those imperfections which have crept into it through process of time, and to guard it against the introduction of corruption and error. But, gentlemen, there is such an immeasurable distance between reform and rebellion, the one leading to the preservation and purification of our institutions; the other to their total subversion—the one leading to everything that is good and salutary, the other to anarchy, confusion and bloodshed, that I for one am willing for the present to abandon the cause of reform, for the noble purpose of fighting the battle of the constitution. First, let us redeem ourselves from the disgraceful charge of disloyalty, and we will then recommence the battle of reform, with renewed vigor and brightened prospects."

The Rev. Alexander Fletcher was a man of college education, and marvellous mental capacity, with a memory rarely matched. Whatever he heard or read appeared to remain stereotyped on the tablet of his mind ready for use when required. The sermon on the death of Mr. Chesser, already referred to, is an evidence of his literary acquirements and rare talent. It was said at the time the sermon appeared that the sudden demise of Mr. Chesser left scant time for preparation, and that Mr. Fletcher delivered the sermon extempore, and wrote it afterwards. It is now about half a century since Mr. Fletcher entered the wilderness of Plantagenet to reside with his brother Kenneth. The latter bravely fought the battle of back-woods experience, and still lives on the farm his own

strong arm redeemed from the dominion of the forest. He has been for many years sightless and must now number over four score years.

It is many years since the subject of our notice passed into the spirit land.

The situation of one so gifted being banished to the back-woods, calls to remembrance the apt and beautiful description of Gray :

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Albeit the time of Mr. Fletcher's sylvan isolation, did not by any means all go to waste. He wrote much and wrote well, both prose and poetry and did something in the way of teaching. If the memory of the writer is not much at fault, one of the students who received instruction from Mr. Fletcher in the backwoods of Plantagenet was Mr. W. P. Lett, city clerk of Ottawa, himself no mean poet, and otherwise a credit to his early instructions. One of Mr. Fletcher's best prose pieces was an address on temperance, delivered either at L'Orignal or Hawkesbury, and afterwards printed. It was a masterly pen-picture of inebriety, and the nameless blessings that accompany abstinence from intoxicating drinks. He could speak from sad experience of an appetite that had blasted his fairest prospects, and defeated the main purpose of a most promising career. Seldom if ever has song so sweet been heard from the wilds of the Ottawa valley, as flowed from the harp of this bard as he rusticated at the rear of North Plantagenet. Sundry subjects supplied themes for his muse—largely the death of friends and neighbors. The death of the first Mrs. Neil Stewart he commemorated in touching verse. He also wrote lines on the death of the Chesser family. Mr. McIntosh, a merchant at L'Orignal, was married to the only daughter of Col. Kearns, and was a particular friend of Mr. Fletcher's.

His early death evoked a plaintive strain of some length from the pen of Mr. Fletcher—the introduction of

which the writer will give from memory, where it has lain for forty years, and with which close this notice.

"The star at eve, how brilliant were his beams,
At twilight sparkling midst the starry host
But now fair moon, thy brighter splendor streams,
And in thy glory all his rays are lost.

Bright orb ! when cloudless thus you sail the sky,
It soothes my pensive mind to wander forth,
Unseen, unheard, to breathe the sacred sigh
And muse the sad vicissitudes of earth.

Here death-like silence reigns, heard is no sound,
Save that the autumn leaf, so pale and sear
In circling wreaths falls rustling to the ground
And tolls the knell of the departing year.

But no such herald need I to proclaim,
That thus man's brightest bloom in dust must blend,
I feel it in the weakness of my frame,
I see it in the fate of my dear friend.

Friend after friend sinks to the mouldering tomb,
My juniors all—in life's meridian day.
While I am left to mourn their early doom
And balm their memory with a rural lay.

And McIntosh, must I with heart-felt tear,
Awake the harp thy funeral dirge to sing,
When the fond notes breathed o'er thy brother's
bier,
Yet softly echo from the trembling string.

Thy vigorous health, robust and manly form,
Thy disposition so elastic, gay.
Ne'er blighted by bleak sorrow's withering storm,
At once presaged the life's most lengthened day.

But comes the spoiler death, that bliss is fled
Where now the destiny we deemed so fair,
Death has been there and desolation spread,
He found felicity and left despair.

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, May, 1877.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

To the Editor of the News :

Your correspondent, Clare Innis, has furnished interesting reminiscences of the elder Fox for which your readers will feel obliged. He is however mistaken in supposing this early settler "has been overlooked or neglected" altogether in these annals. If he will refer to the sketch following the notice of Philemon Wright he will find a brief account of the Fox's ascending the Ottawa and fixing their abode at a place afterwards included in the Township of Clarence. The writer is sensible of the imperfect character of his attempt from the lack of more ample knowledge of its subjects.

If, however, an interest is awakened in the pilgrim fathers of the Ottawa, and more competent pens enlisted to preserve recollections of early settlement

and portray the trials and triumphs of back woods life, his labor will not be in vain.

At this point, and by way of change, will the readers of the *News* permit an episode anent a great evil in our land, namely the free use of strong drink. The victims referred to chiefly belonged to these counties, and some of them were among the earliest settlers therein. Another pen will draw the pictures, their fidelity being vouched for by your correspondent. Canada is rife with similar cases. When will its inhabitants dethrone the despot of appetite and avarice and learn that "righteousness exalteth a nation, and that sin is a reproach to any people." The people of these united counties may well feel awe in view of the quota they have furnished to the moloch of intemperance, and among the officials who are gone, how many have left a legacy of warning to all who survive. May the warning be heeded.

"By your leave, Mr. Editor, I will turn showman, and present your readers with a series of panoramic views, not finished or artistic painting but rough and ragged sketches.

I will endeavour to catch the spirit of nature, and present my subjects true to the life. They will consist of home scenes, too, not foreign subjects, but such as are met with in every day life, and with which our country is familiar—alas! too familiar. Perchance it may do us good to glance at these pictures, even though the finer sensibilities of our natures may be shocked; so while the canvas passes before us, let us ponder well the lessons they teach.

Raise the curtain. Turn up the lights. Scene number one. Time, a Sunday evening, in winter, many years ago. Place, the unbroken pine woods near one of Hamilton and Low's shanties, in the township of Clarence. A half-dozen or so French Canadian shanty-men are wending their way towards their shanty, after having spent the day at the depot at Fox's Point. They are in sight of the hill, on which at the present time stands the Roman

Catholic Church. As they trudge on through the snow, they seem as jolly a lot of fellows as you might meet anywhere. One strikes up a lively song, and all join in the chorus, and while they stop to take breath, a bottle is passed around and all partake. Presently their jollity becomes more maudlin, and as they take up their march again, some of them move with very unsteady steps, and one declares he will go no farther, and lies down in the snow. The others, hardly able to help themselves, let alone secure their companion, stumble along and manage to reach their shanty where they soon get to sleep, while one not quite so badly affected returns with a blanket to the man who has been left by the roadside. He wraps the blanket around him and leaves him. Next day the poor fellow does not turn up, and they go out in search of him to find him sleeping his last sleep.

Scene number two. Time, away back before the days of steamboats. Place, the Ottawa river, just above Foxe's island. A nor-west canoe is coming down the river, and a pretty sight it is, as the swarthy voyagers propel it swiftly forward by the vigorous strokes of their paddle. The canoe is well laden with a valuable cargo of rich furs which are being taken down to Montreal for shipment to England. It is in charge of one of the company's clerks who lies asleep in the stern of the canoe, under the effects of a heavy spree. As the canoe nears the head of the island the young man wakes with a cry of horror and before his companions recover their surprise he leaps overboard and sinks to rise no more.

Scene number three. Foxe's island again, only near the foot this time. A man paddling unsteadily across the river towards the Point. He is alone, and we will watch him a bit to see how he gets on, for he does not seem to steer very straight. Meanwhile I'll tell you a little of that poor fellow's history. He is an old soldier, a follower of Wellington, and a participant in the ever-to-be-remembered battle of Water-

loo. Many a hard fought battle has been survived, for what fate has he been preserved! You look again at the picture, but this time you only see a canoe drifting bottom upwards. The poor old veteran has gone down, before a deadlier foe than Bonaparte marshalled on the field of Waterloo—namely, alcohol.

Now for a winter scene. A secluded woodland pathway. Time, New Years. Heavy snow fall. Place, about three miles north east of what is now Thurso. Silence and solitude on all sides. It is towards evening, and a man is trudging along through the fast falling snow. He sits down to rest, and while he does so let us find out a little about him. He is a Scotchman, from near Glasgow, and a widower. Leaving an only son he came out to Canada to carve out for himself and boy a home in the wilderness. Being directed to Lochaber, he chose a lot and commenced with energy the hard work of clearing land for his future home. For many dreary months he toiled on, buoyed up by the prospects of future independence and the company of his son, bravely enduring hard work and solitary existence. But New Years had come and he must go to the front, and our picture finds him returning, anything but benefitted by his visit. We left him resting, we find he has dropped off to sleep—a sleep induced by the contents of a bottle which lies by his side. Poor fellow, whose is the blame? He sleeps on, forgotten for days, till some one chances to pass through, and noticing an unusual mound of snow beside the path, kicks it away and finds a frozen corpse.

Here is another winter scene, not so quiet as the last, but gay and bright. This is a woodland scene also. A party of choppers cutting wood in the township of Clarence. A dozen axes gleam in the frosty air and merrily the work goes on, as wielded by strong arms and willing hands the axes are plied, and the maples and birch come tumbling to the earth. The day wears on, the workers weary of their task. A

big brown jar sits on the stump of a fallen tree, and the choppers seem to have a wonderful and strange interest in it, for we see them ever and anon gathering around that particular spot. The trees don't fall so thickly as they did in the morning, and when they do, men don't seem to be particularly anxious to get out of their way, and one falls on a poor fellow and he is crushed to the earth. Blood flows from his wounds down on the beautiful snow. His companions, some of them not much more than half conscious, gather around and raise him up, but it is only too evident the man is dead.

Another winter scene. Christmas night—dark and cold. A man trying to cross the ice a short distance below Thurso. Could do it well enough in the morning. Could do it now if his eye was only a little clearer and his step a little steadier, but both fail in their proper duty. He wanders into an open glade and finds a watery grave.

Scene number seven. Locality, the river near mouth of Foxe's creek, two miles above Thurso. Time, autumn. Beautiful moonlight evening. Wind blowing strong enough to make it pleasant and exhilarating. Steamer Alexandra coming down the river. Man in skiff pulling along near the shore. Let us watch him. He pulls an unsteady stroke and seems somewhat undecided in his movements, now pulling out into the river and again turning towards the shore, but gradually making his way upward towards Rockland. There, now, the steamer has passed him. Let us watch the tiny craft as it tosses up and down on the waves. There, the first swell strikes the skiff. We watch to see it glide gracefully over, but no, the man has quit rowing and leans listlessly over the side of the skiff. The swells strike sideways, and in an instant the skiff is upset. You are startled at his dangerous position. Of course you expect him to clutch the side of the boat and shout for help, or perhaps swim ashore, or at the very worst cling to his oars until he gains the shore. He does none of these, but

falls helplessly into the water, only realizing his position when too late—and he sinks—the scene is over, strong drink the cause.

Here is another picture. Locality, just a little above the last. Butternut grove in sight. Bright sunny day in summer. Two men get into a canoe to cross the river, but are unable, through some reason which is not just now apparent, to govern the boat properly. An altercation ensues. The boat is capsized, and the men are struggling in the water. One gains the shore. The other seems unable to help himself and shouts loudly for help. Men are on the shore but don't seem to be able to afford succour. The poor fellow in the water struggles in vain. Down he goes, crying "save me! Oh save me."

I have many other such pictures, but you are already wearying with the sad disclosure they afford. I pass them over for the present and close with this.

It is in the township of Cumberland. A farm scene. Humble but comfortable dwelling. It is Christmas time and a large family of children are gathered around the blazing fire. The cattle have been stabled and fed for the night, wood carried in and all the chores done. The father and husband is absent, and the patient wife is busied in preparing the evening meal. The table is set and one of the boys runs out to see if father is coming, but brings no tidings of him. At last supper is taken and the children are sent to their beds. The hours wear away—a warm fire is kept up—a portion of food is kept waiting, and while the tired woman busies herself with some darning or mending, she ever and anon goes to the door to listen for signs of her returning husband. But still he comes not, and all through the weary hours of night the lonely woman keeps watch and a light in the window for one who is never to enter that home alive, for the morning light reveals his frozen corpse a few rods from his own door. He spent a merry Christmas, but it cost his life.

Drop the curtain, put out the lights. The show is over."

May all read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the solemn lesson here presented.

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, March, 1877.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

To the Editor of the News :

Your many readers must have perused with interest the graphic sketch of the late Judge McDonald from the pen of "Clare Innis," and with one accord entertain the hope that additional samples of the same character and from the same author will occupy future columns of your weekly sheet.

In furtherance of our common object—to rescue from oblivion traces of early settlers, and inform the rising generation somewhat of the trials of early bush life, another chapter on the old story is here offered. The subject is Captain John Roe. Nothing remarkable in the man or his history claims notice, but being one of the earlier settlers of the county of Russell, in which he held official prominence for many years, his claim to a place in the honor-roll of Ottawa's pioneers may not be questioned. Mr. Roe hailed from the Green Isle, to which we are indebted for so many of our Governor-Generals. In the third year of the reign of George the Third he opened his eyes on this earth, and closed them finally in the last year of the reign of William the Fourth. The first event occurred in the County of Wexford, Ireland, the last in the County of Russell, Canada.

Mr. Roe was a gentleman farmer in his native country, and being the holder of an old and advantageous lease, lived in comfort on his farm, and reared a very large family. Wexford was a hot-bed of revolt during the rebellion of 1798, and Mr. Roe served as lieutenant in a cavalry corps throughout the trouble. In the year 1818, the lease of his farm having expired, his thoughts were turned to emigration,

and on the 5th day of August, with a portion of his family, consisting of four sons and four daughters, all grown up, he sailed from Dublin for Quebec. The latter city was reached in five weeks, a very favourable passage in those times, but in wide contrast with present dispatch, when as many days doubled is a usual passage for steamers.

At the time of which we write, Canada was honored, as at no period before or since, in having a Duke for Governor-General. The Duke of Richmond filled this responsible office, but a tragical occurrence cut short his official and natural life in the autumn of the year above named. On leaving Ireland, Mr. Roe received letters of recommendation from Lord Mountmorris and the Bishop of Ferris to his Grace the Duke, but on arriving in Quebec he learned that the Governor-General was on a tour in the Upper Provinces, and making his way from Kingston to the Ottawa.

After some delay in hopes of his arrival, he started with his family up the Ottawa, and on arriving at the landing near the Chaudiere, learned that the Duke had reached Richmond. Taking one of his sons he travelled forward, in hopes of having an audience with him, and presenting his letters. Alas! the unfortunate Duke, being bitten by a rabid pet fox, had become afflicted with hydrophobia, and was nearing his latter end. They met him a short distance from Richmond, walking along, leaning on the arm of Col. Cockburn. As he did so they reached a small stream called the River Jock, at the sight of which the Duke was exceedingly troubled, but making a strong effort, he sprang forward to reach the opposite side, but fell short of his purpose and landed deep in the mud. The malady momentarily became more violent, and on reaching the barn of Mr. Chapman, standing by the road, they entered, and its thrashing floor proved the fatal spot, where this illustrious stranger closed his sad career.

Mr. Roe was offered a free grant of land at Nepean, near where the city of

Ottawa now stands, but not liking to leave the river, he determined to seek a locality on its banks. To this end he came down to Clarence, and pitched on the first lot in the first concession, old survey of said township, being the fifth settler who laid the foundation of a municipality, now thickly populated.

A family unused to toil, and accustomed to the comforts and conveniences of well-to-do old country life, found bush experience a severe trial. In fatherland efficient help at moderate cost was at command. Smooth fields, lacking the smallest encumbrances, invited the polished share, while in Canada personal application was a necessity, and ere the soil could be cropped the dense forest had to be cut and cleared away. As all bush farmers can testify, it is no child's play to transform bush land into tillable fields. Nor was hard work and plain fare the only or lightest trials to be borne by these new emigrants. They found that some knowledge about almost every ordinary thing was required, while they knew nothing, as things were required to be known. The painful sense of isolation—the absence of roads—no doctor—no teacher—no minister—no post-office—no store presented an array of wants startling to the uninitiated. Then the difference of climate, the plague of flies, with the depredations of wild beasts, in the destruction of flocks and crops, further aggravated their distress, and begat the conviction that discomfort and banishment would darken the balance of their days below. Notwithstanding, patience and perseverance enabled them to surmount seeming impossibilities. They fought bravely the battle of pioneer life, and reaped in moderate measure the reward of their labor.

The old gentleman was appointed Captain of militia and Justice of the Peace—offices the duties of which were so light, that albeit, lacking the talent common to his country, he managed by the aid of an efficient sergeant to accomplish.

His militia command included Cumberland and Clarence, and all the good

men and true, between the ages of 18 and 60 years were notified once a year, to appear before their commander on "the 4th day of June"—answer to their names—give three cheers for the sovereign and "dismiss till further orders." Any party failing to attend was liable to a fine of \$2 and costs. The whole thing was an expensive farce, now wisely obsolete.

Captain Roe experienced in his domestic and spiritual interests infinitely greater trials than any referred to above, and his inmost soul was vexed beyond expression, by, as he considered, the undutiful conduct of his children, and the dangerous heresy of his neighbors. We now write of a time when settlers had increased, and when the old gentleman's sons and daughters, like other young people, were matrimonially disposed.

The Captain claimed implicit unquestioning conformity to his opinions, and commands in all things spiritual and temporal—that by divine right he was a domestic despot, and not until death were any of his children, whatever their age, relieved from allegiance to his authority. He denied them all right of choice in matters of wedlock, or liberty to vary one iota from his religious faith. Doctrines these wide of being in sympathy with western notions and wherein obedience is simply slavery.

The pride of his country was intensified in his particular case, and rendered ridiculous by circumscribed means and blind policy. No maiden within the county was a match for either of his sons, and no young man a desirable suitor for one of his daughters. Long, very long, in silent protest, this family of grown up men and women accepted the situation, held together, cultivated the farm, and kept in ease and comfort their relentless parent, who received all honor and all obedience, as undoubted rights, for which he owed no return, but the exercise of inflexible iron rule. Canada was not made for men of this stamp, and a policy so absurd was doomed, sooner or later, to produce ex-

plosion. So it fared with the gallant Captain—mutiny appeared in the camp—the rebels broke from the spiritual tether of their father, and dared to love and be loved by the children of the land, without his approval or consent. The old gentleman sought to put down the rebellion as vigorously as he did the civil rising of '98, but with less success. He did what he could to punish offenders, and express his condemnation of their conduct. It was said one son of forty years was well whipped for supposed naughty conduct, and that the old boy took the punishment with becoming submission—a presuming but worthy Scot dared to propose to one of the daughters, and she, against orders, accepted him. The captain went for the intruder, and would if he could have demolished him, but the canny child escaped, leaving his canoe to be smashed by the angry father. A runaway match was the consequence and a happy marriage, but never blessed by the unforgiving parent.

One of his sons being of ripe age, cast loving glances upon a blooming maiden of the settlement, every way his equal, and she reciprocated his passion. Worse and worse, the wrath of the father knew no bound, and as death rather than dishonor was his motto, he determined to shoot the offender and save the dignity of his home. In fact he seemed to think he had as good a right to shoot his children as beget them, and would likely denounce the interference of law as an impertinence, had he exercised this right. The gun was loaded, but some busybody filled the barrel with water, and foiled the captain's worthy intentions when in the humour of doing execution. Frustrated in the use of arms he tried the power of diplomacy. He forbade the banns, and threatened the minister of the place with the terrors of law, if he dared to marry his son without permission from him.

The minister did, and the poor captain was again defeated. If possible, worse disgrace grieved his heart by defection on the part of his children

from the church of their fathers. In 1822 a small colony of Baptists landed at Foxe's Point, intending a double conquest—the natural and moral wilderness. Their success in the first was moderate, in the second something noteworthy.

Not only did the doctrines of these people spread largely through the Township, but extended to Montreal, in which city an influence from Foxe's Point was felt, and resulted in three large churches existing there at the present time. Ottawa likewise contains a numerous body of the same material, and is a direct plant from the same soil. Upwards to Pembroke, on both sides of the river, numerous churches exist, all less or more related to the same stock. It is not to be wondered at that the family of the captain caught the prevailing infection, much to the distress of their afflicted father. He hated the "new lights" as he termed them, with cordial hatred. He could not deny the fact that a great change was visible in the neighborhood—Sunday was better observed—a school was started for the children—habits of cleanliness and industry more generally cultivated, but all availed not to gain his favor or soften his spleen towards the "dippers." The Rev. Alexander Fletcher said to him one day, "Captain Roe, you are a loser in not going to hear the preacher of these people." The captain replied, "I don't believe in quacks." Mr. F. replied, "you overlook that quacks are often better skilled in local diseases than the regular practitioner," but the captain failed to see the point. Many advances on the part of the "new lights" intended to benefit the old gentleman, were uniformly resisted in a style amusing as well as blunt.

On one occasion his leading sergeant who was a "new light" tried to speak with him on the subject of religion, but the captain cut him short with the remark, "James, you may as well sing psalms to a dead horse."

Hospitality was a principal with the captain and the sergeant was invited to tea. Before partaking, he graciously asked his visitor to bespeak a blessing, doing so in unique form, "James, give us a mouthful of prayer, you that can." Mr. Gilmour, the Baptist minister of Montreal, called on him one day, and tried to engage him in serious conversation, but his manner of staving off the subject was dramatic. Mr. G. said, "Captain Roe, you are becoming old in years, and it is well to be assured of our future well being," at which point the captain chimed in, "we'll know all about it bye and bye." "Yes," said Mr. G., "but the apostle Paul could say 'we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God,'" when the captain again interrupted with the remark, "The flies are very bad," and at the same time made a vigorous slap with both hands, at a passing mosquito. Mr. G. politely acquiesced, and proceeded with his remarks.

It is now long ago since Captain Roe finished his fight with the world. His children, grand-children and great-grand-children are represented among the "new lights," the two latter numerous. The world moves—and it is folly to exact uniformity of thought or make our own measure the standard of others, even if they be our own kin.

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, June, 1877.

POLITICAL.

Electors of Russell.

Our county is once more favored with a visit from our old friend Dr. Hunter. Denials are of no avail. He knows better than ourselves what we want, and in the House he must be. We read in the good Book that "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." In like manner the Dr. seems to assail the entrance to Parliament, and, by an agony of effort, must get in. As the directors of the press are supposed to know something of everything, would you please to inform us wherefore this desperation? Or, is the motive deep concern to advance our interests, and a thorough conviction that he alone is worthy of the trust? If the authority of the Doctor is sufficient, the latter consideration alone actuates his conduct. He speaks well, and promises better. Only return him and the millennial glory of political perfection would dawn upon the county. Russell would be specially blest. Macadamized roads would lead everywhere. Ottawa members would then have a rallying point—a man whose talents and weight of character would secure from the House that attention due to this part of the country. This is an inviting picture. But, gentlemen, there are a few things which make our confidence in the doctor shaky. It is true that simple people in the bush may be mistaken, and it becomes them to be modest. Still, facts are stubborn things, and let the doctor demolish them if he can. Let him explain away his indecent opposition to Mr. Loucks, and the fact of his having proposed to buy that gentleman off.

Let him purge out the guilt of concocting or approving the fire-brand sheet of "a Scotch Presbyterian," intended to damage Mr. Bell, and when he found it did not take, trying to fasten upon that gentleman the stigma of having produced it. Deeper still is the moral guilt of aiming to demoralize a county and carry its support by the force of money—as if a mess of pottage was an equivalent for the political rights of men in this free and independent land. Is it not a fact, gentlemen, that the city of New York is the doctor's place of residence, and that he there carries on a lucrative trade? Is that city not a long way off and in a foreign land? Do the people of that country want a spy in our Legislature? Or what in the name of common sense and common decency do they spare so invaluable a curer of their special maladies to send him so far and force him so urgently upon an unwilling people? Further, how does it happen that this railway row should occur at this particular juncture? The Doctor, it seems, took a prominent part in kicking up this sensible fuss, and while Mr. Bell is employed in checkmating his miserable and nefarious schemes, he slips away to Russell, and has the face to ask our confidence on the heel of this outrage on all law and order. Brother electors, is this the kind of men we want to make our laws? Can any honest man, in duty to himself, his country and his Queen, cast a vote in favor of a man who has disgraced himself by an outrage so flagrant as the Ottawa railway riot? Canada expects every man to do his duty. Russell has a special claim upon us in the forthcoming struggle: let us

discharge that duty in a manner we can ourselves approve.

AN ELECTOR.

The Russell Victory.

PARTING WORD TO "DR." HUNTER.

A parting word to "Dr." Hunter of counsel, not triumph—return to your chosen city, a wiser if not a richer man; and allow three defeats (two severe ones) to convince you Russell knows best her own interests, and knows too much of you to desire a closer neighbourhood than New York. However successful pill quackery has proved in the land of the Stars and Stripes, political quackery has been a losing game in Canada.

Perhaps you had better wait next time until called, and your election will be sure. Ill-starred politician, your luck is likely, as it deserves to be, the fate of the men who, forgetful of either policy or principle, went out of their way to aid you to triumph over a man more entitled to honour, and more capable of using it for public good than any other political candidate on the Ottawa. But the Bell has sounded through the land merry tones of joy and gladness, announcing Russell redeemed and indicating that the man Bell, who *is a man*, and the man for the people, has come off a conqueror; and more—over his enemies. As the tones of this self-same Bell ring music in the ear of the elect for Russell, they sound a knell that must alarm the faithless pair in whom Ottawa and Carleton have too long trusted. May they be left to your company and comfort—a trio each worthy of the other, and a jubilee year shall have dawned on the valley of the Ottawa.

In the event of ever returning to trouble us again, which, kind heaven forbid, be advised to observe a few common sense rules. Do not abuse the people of Ottawa City. No man who wishes to succeed can afford to do so. Do not tell lies; but, if you cannot avoid this sin, use a better gloss, and make them less apparent. A

clumsy liar cuts a poor figure any where. Spend less money and trust less to it. People who are bought are not to be trusted. Use less abuse towards your opponent, and avoid being so smooth and oily to the electors. This feature in your character reminds one of the false counsellor, "The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart; his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords."

Deal less in promises, and promise not what it is impossible to perform. Particularly do not promise to move the County Registry office both to Cumberland and Clarence.

Say less in your own praise, and try not to think so highly of yourself; for you have nothing to be specially proud of, but much to blush for. Do not make such long and wordy speeches—say less that is personal and more about principles, specially, let us hear no more about those horses and cocks and hens you say were poisoned. Abstain from rowdy expedients; they help nobody. Say not, as you did to the people in the Town Hall, Clarence, that it was you & Co., not Mr. Bell, who got the order from the Court of Chancery, whereby the cars were again set running between Ottawa and Prescott; that Robert Bell tried to get a subsidy of some millions for the Grand Trunk, and to remove the Provincial lien on that company; that Mr. Bell's Canal Committee was nothing but clap-trap—a scheme for which he deserved no credit. But, to save yourself the trouble of returning, if pill craft supplies a field too limited for your distinguished talents, offer your services to the Yankees as military leader, or sage to adjust the difficulty between North and South; or a humbler berth in the spy service might do. Canada will be no loser, and Russell no mourner, even if you take R. W. Scott and William F. Powell along, both of whom, it is hoped, will be open for employment in a few days. Adieu, "Dr."

AN ELECTOR.

County of Russell, June 24, 1863.

On the Recent Elections.

MR. EDITOR,—The elective agony is over in most of the constituencies of Quebec and Ontario, and sober reflection ponders on the past. True patriotism weeps for a country which, in all probability, never before sinned with such a high hand in the matter of bribery. In many cases neither party can rebuke the other: both have done wickedly, and, under the excitement of the struggle, many of hitherto unblemished name have proffered the bribe, while not a few deeply regret their folly. Why should the giver despise the receiver in this trade? Who hath the greater sin, the tempter or the tempted?

This question concerns us deeply at the present time, and a correct answer affects our future.

"We must fight the enemy with his own weapons," is the salve for wrong doing at elections, but it contains teachings akin to the doctrine of devils. The *Globe* has been loud of late in its denunciations of governmental bribery. Oh, that its own party were innocent, and that the chief of the party could wash his hands in innocency. We read of one who conquered when he fell, and if the late defeat in Ontario were unstained by miserable corrupt bribery, by the liberal party, honour would have accompanied the defeat, and time might rectify the political mishap. As it is, that party has lost, and lost with dishonour, and its leading organ might appropriately go into mourning over the moral, as well as political discomfiture of its friends. Verily, the glory has departed from those to whom Canada owes its enlarged liberties. In this general defeat a cause exists somewhere; some screw is loose in the political machine, and money expenditure has failed to compensate where "some one had blundered." The moralist may correctly argue "what is right is best." The end does not justify the means, and no good could come from election practice so immoral. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a

reproach to any people."

The political reasoner may ask if Mr. Brown was right in going into coalition. Was he right in coming out, and that, too, before the object of coalition was attained? Further, if confederation is in reality the great boon that both parties allow it to be, why raise issues on the eve of an election against the men who have given us this boon, and this in the absence of any avowed principles or policy to oppose? No measure is before the country but confederation. Both parties agree it is a blessing, yet the liberal party raises a quarrel and avows opposition, the people not knowing very clearly what it is about. No wonder the enemy was lively, and less wonder that he was successful. Some one has blundered, and that some one has been followed too implicitly, and so made a "brose" of himself and party.

A writer has announced a history of the elections for Quebec. Who will write such a history for Ontario? The book would be large, and the exposure make us ashamed of our country. The eloquent orator of Canada was vanquished after a close contest in Prescott. That county never returned an absentee and has still maintained the honor. The late minister of agriculture was beaten by a late minister of religion, who had also been an eloquent advocate of temperance. If justifiable means alone had been used in this contest, no common honour would have adorned the brows of the elected man, but alas, no difference was observable in the character of his canvass and that of the merest politician. Money and liquor flowed freely; how far this was acquiesced in by himself may be inferred from his own words: "I am possessed of ——— thousand dollars and I mean to represent the county." Although merchandize had superseded the regular ministrations of Mr. B., he occasionally made proclamation of the great salvation and with tears beseeched men to be reconciled to God. Scarcely will he have the courage to do so now, or to lift up the

standard of temperance. David felt he must be cleansed ere he could teach transgressors.

The county of Russell has been for some time represented by a man of rare talent. He gave Ottawa a railroad. He supplied the statistics submitted to the Queen, which guided her decision in the choice of that city as the capital. He, too, has done more than any other man in the matter of the contemplated Ottawa and Huron ship canal, and is the fittest man to consummate the great measure. But Naaman was a leper, and this great man is afflicted with the leprosy of intemperance, and lost his election thereby, being beaten by a man who, however skilled in physic, has little knowledge of politics, and possessed of puny parts in comparison with Robert Bell. Here the bribery game was played openly and effectively without shame or reserve. Agents in the interest of the winning candidate appeared at the polls, with bags of cash in full view, and handed it over in purchase of votes. In one case, they actually paid an opponent \$5, after voting, because, by a blunder, his vote was recorded in their interest.

Liquor, too, had its share in the struggle and bore its usual fruits. In one township where no liquor is allowed to be sold, it was brought from a distance and left near the polling place by a brother doctor whose views of right must have been clouded by appetite or interest, perhaps both. The consequences were a fierce fight—black marks—and one broken leg.

The above are but slight tracings of a wide-spread evil. What would the full-drawn picture be? When will our provinces redeem themselves from the blot that has stained the first year of our new existence. It becomes the pulpit and press to lift up a voice, and spare not in condemning the great evil.

W. E.

Banks of the Ottawa, Sep., 1867.

To the Editor of the News :

DEAR SIR,—The advent of Sir John A. Macdonald and Co., was a great

event in the history of the County of Prescott. It was fitting and proper that his admirers should give him, as they did, a right hearty welcome. The *News* does not commit itself by the expression of any opinion on the deliverances uttered on that occasion. Nevertheless it permits correspondents in politics, as on other subjects, liberty of comment on their own responsibility. Acting on the favour of such freedom, a few remarks will follow on what was said at the great gathering, as reported in your columns.

The address to Sir John was sensibly brief, sufficiently flattering to him, and toolishly unjust and abusive to the present Government, as well as insulting to the Commons which by so large a majority sustains in power this “organized hypocrisy,” and a reproach to the people who returned this majority.

Very largely does this reproach apply to the people of the chief Province in the Dominion, for Sir John never commanded a majority in Ontario.

Why could not the authors of this address be content with exalting their own immaculate idol without flinging dirt so freely on those who, by the voice of the country, are its present rulers?

Canadians boasting of your loyalty is such conduct British? Would thinking men who are admirers of Lord Beaconsfield so talk of Mr. Gladstone’s administration? Has not experience in governing justified the benefit of party rule? Do the Conservatives of Canada claim a monopoly of power, and aim at perpetual supremacy? Sir John has enjoyed a long reign, and the people have thought a change desirable—why not give the people’s preference a more patient and just trial. Nothing is lost by fair play, nothing gained by foul. Where is the fairness, where the truthfulness of the following language that garnished said address in referring to the present Government?

Have they not proved by every act since they obtained power their utter disbelief in the principles they professed when in opposition? Sir John must have chuckled inwardly at this precious

sentence, for no man knows better the utter falsity of the accusation, but with him the end justifies the means, and, therefore, he accepts any amount of praise offered to himself, and endorses any degree of censure ascribed to his opponents.

The Hon. Mr. Chapleau's exordium was trite, unusual, and most impolitic. "I must say I don't want to be either a Reformer or a Dissenter, gentlemen." It were idle to force reform on one sufficiently spotless, but what did the speaker mean by Dissenter?

In his mind is the term synonymous with Protestant? If so, Ontario was not the place to use such language. If he meant one who dissents from an Established Church we have no such people in Canada, therefore he did not wish to be what he could not be, and spoke twaddle. Perhaps the state of society in England, where dissenters are largely reformers, was in his thoughts. Well, the time has gone by when public men there can afford to speak contemptuously of Dissenters—such is John Bright, such was Richard Cobden—and time would fail to name the illustrious galaxy in the ranks of dissent who for many ages in father land, have adorned every profession and every calling in the nation. To one branch of Dissenters especially belong the crowning honor of being the vanguard in the battle for soul liberty, for which they suffered the loss of all things, and counted not their lives dear unto themselves, enduring reproach, imprisonment, torture, and cruel deaths by rack and fire, to secure the heaven given right to worship God as their conscience approved. Even the Hon. Mr. Chapleau might feel no blush mantle his brow were he to company with such men as Milton, Bunyan, Defoe, Cary, Hall, Havelock, Mr. Spurgeon, and an innumerable host of others of whom the world was not worthy, nor is he worthy of being styled "Honorable" who can with scorn refer to men so infinitely more worthy of honor than himself.

Mr. Chapleau's memory was surely

at fault when he said:—"How is it that when Sir John A. was in power that we Roman Catholics never had any difficulties with our fellow countrymen?" Were there no heart burnings and strife over the Separate School question? Who was in power when the Fenian Raids cursed the land, the McGee murder disgraced the country, and the Orange difficulty marred the pleasure of the Prince's visit? Wherefore did not this potent ruler still the troubled waters of their unseemly, wicked strifes? They all had more or less to do with religious differences.

Sir John A., in an early part of his address, speaking of the present government said: "But, gentlemen, they have followed me to the domestic hearth; they have insulted my family as well as myself; they have wounded the feelings of my family, and insulted me merely because I endeavored to do good to my country to the best of my ability!!!" The most charitable construction to put on such a craven speech is that hard work and increasing years are telling sensibly on this once mighty man, and that signs of approaching dotage are evident. The circle of Sir John's family is very limited, and the question may be demanded of him, "Where, and when, and by whom, was any member of it, besides himself, spoken of but with profound sympathy and respect?"

The immediate circle of Sir John's family consists of a tender child and an estimable wife; very unlikely targets to aim at by any one in the form of man, much less the distinguished gentlemen who form the staple of the present ministry.

If a husband by mal-doing covers himself with odium, he is a coward who blames his accuser for the domestic pain inflicted by his own acts.

Will Sir John have the hardihood to persist in justifying the bargain made with Sir Hugh Allan? The latter gives the former between two and three hundred thousand dollars, and gets therefor the job of building the Pacific road.

For what purpose was this large sum of money? To use in bribery, and corrupting the electors of Canada to return to Parliament men who would keep Sir John in power. If this bargain was made in the interests of the country wherefore the secrecy with which it was conducted?

Is Sir Hugh the man to part with so much money without expecting an equivalent beyond fair pay for the big job he undertook to perform? If rumour does not do this gentleman marked injustice, skin-flint parsimoniousness is his besetting sin. It is said a gentleman who had given twenty thousand dollars to aid in erecting the "Young Men's Christian Association Building," in Montreal, asked Sir Hugh for a donation, and that he refused to give one dollar, albeit the purpose was so worthy and non-sectarian, and he so enriched by the trade of this great city as well as that of the whole country.

Sir John may talk glibly of the Pacific scandal being played out, but it is himself that is played out, and likely to remain out, as he so richly deserves.

Talk of benefitting the country by wholesale iniquity! It is "righteousness that exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people." As he quotes the Bible frequently, will he, in his next pic-nic speech, kindly favor the country with a justification from such undoubted authority for this stupendous villainy?

He will find condemnation therefor much easier. Doing evil that good may come has no sanction in its pages. It also says: "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery, and though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished."

Played out indeed! Never; either in his conscience or the records of his times. The historic page of Canada will hand down to all time this damning act of a man great in power, great in talent—but greater in wrong-doing.

Sir John prostitutes Scripture sadly in applying the words of the Saviour as he did, "In my father's house are many mansions." The amplitude of the

House not made with hands may not be described as affording quarters for every variety of faith, for we are told there is but one recognized. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Separate accommodation for distinctive faiths is not implied; for oneness of heart and character are traits in all for whom an abode above is provided. Sir John may be a high authority on the statutes of earth but the law book of heaven is beyond his ken, albeit having a ray of celestial light, "the wayfaring men though fools shall not err therein."

The picture drawn by Sir John, in his lengthy speech, of the prosperity and happiness that would have blessed Canada had his Pacific scheme been carried out, is beautiful in words, but is a delusion patent to every man who will allow common sense to sway his decisions rather than party enthusiasm.

Why it was not then known if a *route* was possible when he promised the completion of the road in ten years. Did he believe the fulfillment of this promise was possible or was it made to deceive? Fix matters as you will, either in sagacity or honesty Sir John was woefully at fault. Much more wisely spoke a personal friend of his, but an honest Conservative: "I care not what any man says. Mr. McKenzie's scheme is the best because it is the only feasible one."

Among the evils averted by his continued rule would have been the emigrating of multitudes of our people from Canada, and he exclaims with well-feigned patriotism, "Don't let us see four hundred thousand emigrating." He forgot that it was during his reign that the great stampede of French Canadians took place, and that many of them have returned since the reign of Mr. McKenzie. What did Sir John mean by speaking of Mr. Hagar as having been taken into the ministry?

"They took Mr. Cauchon, and Mr. W. R. Smith, Mr. Cartwright, (how many more of them?) they took Mr. Laird, Mr. Hagar. I won't speak of the latter gentleman because you are going to make him Hagar in the wilder-

ness and leave him with a few Ishmaelish Grits to condole with him." Was the doughty knight slightly cornered at this stage of his speaking, or are we to regard such blundering as further proof of a failing intellect? Well, ed to style the Reformers of Prescott, Hagar in the wilderness with the few Ishmaelish Grits, as Sir John is pleased by Conservatives not blinded by party zeal, were too much, in the last three elections for the supporters of Sir John, and may be in the next.

If Mr. Hagar again contests the county, no resident is more likely to succeed. If an outsider is his opponent, a man of more talent and more pretensions may offer, but a more honest, upright member, with fair abilities, correct habits, and courteous manners, cannot be found either in the county or out of it. As Sir John deals in prophecy, others may follow suit, and the writer ventures to predict that even if both Prescott and Russell are lost to the Reform party, Sir John will remain another five years in the "cold shades of Opposition," and the Hon. Mr. McKenzie continue to occupy the distinguished place he has hitherto so worthily filled. His party can claim for him the high praise implied in the language of the poet Pope:—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Not only has he clean hands but a clear head, and a firm will which enables him to dare to do right.

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, Oct. 9th, 1877.

To the Editor of the News:—

DEAR SIR.—Your correspondent "Aliquis" in courteous, frank speech takes exception to views enunciated by "Vindicator" anent the address to Sir John A., and this gentleman's deliverance at the recent political gathering in Prescott county. As he correctly observes, discussion on such matters, properly conducted, may have a good effect by inducing people to read and think for themselves.

No opinion is worth a straw for

which a reason cannot be given, and asseverations unsupported by facts are of like value.

Therefore, in the same friendly spirit in which he writes, a rejoinder is now offered.

The critique on the address is first noticed by "Aliquis," on which he remarks: "Now here is a point on which I shall gladly join issue with 'Vindicator' as the statements do not appear to me as utterly false as he affirms."

Will your correspondent please mark well the sweeping terms of the charge quoted from said address: "Have they not proved by *every act* since they obtained power, their utter disbelief in the principles they professed when in opposition." Is poetry in politics permissible, and, if so, is there any limit to the use of the hyperbolical? Every act!! Well may this "organized hypocrisy" exclaim in the forcible language of the Prayer Book, "Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners." Are they so utterly wanting in principle that not one shred of honesty—the least tatter, remains to cover the deformity of their vile characters? No redeeming quality to atone in some degree for apostacy so black? Statesmen of other days and other countries make way; ye are displaced in the heraldry of the pit by greater proficient in the science of iniquity than you were capable of being.

Poor Canada! what kind of Parliament curses your vast domain to tolerate, yes, even glory in, by a large majority, men, so lost to shame, so completely worthless? And what shall be said of the people of our land, who, in such large numbers, endorse the support given to this company of traitors? Verily, the Liberals of Canada are stone-blind and do not know it. They seem insensible to the fact that all the great measures obtained in the past, and which have placed Canada in the front rank among the nations of the world for enlightened advanced freedom, were achieved by Conservatives. To them are we indebted for respon-

sible Government—the liberalisation of the Toronto University—the secularisation of the clergy reserves—the establishment of Municipal institutions—the settlement of the Municipal Loan Fund difficulty—the Election Law in its present approved form, and many other measures greatly benefiting the country. Equally indebted are the people of Great Britain to the Tories for the Catholic Emancipation Bill—the Reform Bill—Abolition of Slavery—the repeal of the Corn Laws—the Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland—doing away with purchasing Commissions in the British Army—liberalising the Colleges, and endless other measures, great blessings to the nation. True, in some cases, Tory leaders when made aware certain concessions must be granted stayed opposition and went with the tide. So did Sir Robert Peel anent the repeal of the Corn Laws, and so did John A. Macdonald with the Clergy Reserve question—but who will deny the credit in the one case to Richard Cobden, and the liberals of England, and in the other to the Liberals of Canada. Sir John manipulated the Reserve question so that secularization was secured but in part. What Liberals have been, they still are.

It is the Conservatives who have changed, hence the addition 'Liberal' to their name. The present Ministry hold the same political views now that they did when in opposition, the testimony of the writer of the address to Sir John to the contrary notwithstanding. To notice one case is sufficient to falsify this foolish charge. It will be recollected that previous to the Election preceding the change of Ministry, Mr. Blake endeavoured to pass an election Bill, providing, among other valuable improvements, punishment for corrupt practices at elections.

Sir John's party defeated the Bill. When Mr Blake's friends got into power he again brought in his Bill, and passed it. Wherefore did the Conservatives oppose it? A gentleman of this party gave the reason to the writer at

the time at Ottawa in these words: "This Bill you see would hurt us in the coming Election, because sensible men will vote with us, and the rest we will purchase."

In this instance has not the Ministry been just to their principles avowed when in opposition? "Aliquis" considers the charge of faithlessness proven against the Cabinet because Mr. Blake dealt with Col. Gray, and Mr. McKenzie was loud in advocating the independence of Parliament while in opposition, but forgot to do so when in power, and Members who were of his party were enjoying the profits of contracts in defiance of the law. Col. Gray's case neither party can excuse. Nor may the practice of Members of the House being contractors be justified, yet it does appear the law against it was by both parties permitted to be a dead letter. Sir John, when in power, was largely guilty of favoring such contracts, of which Mr. Beatty, of Toronto, and Mr. Robert Bell, of Ottawa, were pleasingly sensible; surely, by both parties some oversight must have prevailed, permitting the evil to go on so long. Again, the benefits of these contracts were not confined to the friends of the party in power, as instance the case of Mr. Currier who is a decided opponent of the present Ministry. Sir John was caught himself when he began the game of purity, forgetful the weapon he used cut both ways. The charge against Mr. McKenzie, regarding coalitions is very harmless. He professes to believe in pure party government, but does it follow he must refuse taking to his Cabinet a man, because he, at one time, passed for a Conservative? Surely not. Men's opinions change, become modified, sometimes largely altered; whether conviction or interest is the cause, each must answer to his own conscience. After all, is the difference between political parties in Canada so great that each may not change for the other?

Any man who adheres to cast-iron opinions, either in religion, politics, or in any other subject, merely because his

father or leader held such opinions, possesses no intelligent faith, and sinks the dignity of a thinking, reasoning, responsible being to the position of a machine. Truth is the grand goal at which all should aim, and be willing to drop any opinion at variance with this divine test. If in a few words the distinction between Conservative and Liberal was described, put thus, is not wide of the mark.

Keep things as they are, says the first ; aim to make them better, responds the last. In Scripture phrase, "Be content with such things as ye have," vs. "Try all things, hold fast that which is good."

In reality, the qualities implied in both applications possess sterling value and leave little to complain over in this country. Sir Francis Hincks, once a raving Radical, is now calmed down to a sedate Tory. William McDougall, too, has changed camps, and may not Conservatives follow suit, and adopt the Liberal ticket? Circumstances alter cases. The Gavazzi riots made large numbers Orangemen. Sir John's Pacific Scandal turned many Conservatives into Liberals. Touching the matter of the number of Ministers it must be borne in mind it was much easier to keep down the number than make reductions afterwards. Besides since the time Mr. McKenzie complained the number was too large Prince Edward's Island, Manitoba and British Columbia have been added to the Confederation. Was there any great sin in Mr. McKenzie promising Prince Edward's Island a seat in the Cabinet? In doing so he only carried out what Sir John himself first promised.

As to the increased expenditure complained of, Sir John A. has to answer for it in part. He left his successors a legacy of trouble in the Riel mess, and his promise to British Columbia.

He also made a host of appointments on the eve of leaving office, involving a large additional expenditure. He made 629 appointments other than to fill vacancies, the salaries of which amounted to \$322,943 ; also he increased the sal-

aries of 1,381 members of the Civil Service, involving an additional expenditure of \$152,350 47 cents, making a total increase of nearly a half million of dollars. Some of these appointments were cancelled, but the major portion of them remains. It is further to be remembered, that the expenditure of the departments must increase with the growth of the country. Especially is it so with the Administration of Justice, Public Works, Post Office and of the Interior. Take the latter for an illustration. Not long ago the Government negotiated with the Cree Indians for one hundred thousand square miles of land ; six months ago for three thousand five hundred square miles of land from the Blackfeet.

These purchases and the management of land necessarily increase expenditure largely. The public have yet to learn that Mr. Huntington, or any other party concerned in displacing Sir John, was guilty of purloining private letters, telegrams, &c. The matter was brought openly and boldly into the House, and a motion made for impounding said letters in the possession of a gentleman named and acting in the interest of Sir Hugh and Sir John, and they were so impounded and made public, not by the surreptitious act of any private man, but by the supreme power of the high court of Parliament.

"Aliquis" is correct in imputing corrupt practice at election to Liberals as well as to Conservatives, which he nails beyond dispute by referring to the fact of so many of the "party of purity" having been unseated under Mr. Blake's Bill. Served them right.

He is wrong, however, in supposing "Vindicator" condones such practice. If he will turn to an article by this writer, in a number of the *News* published in March last, he will find these words: "Liberals have no exclusive title to purity. The sin of Sir John as compared with that of his opponents was but in degree, not in kind ; as in bestowing favors, so in planning a gigantic scheme to bribe and corrupt

the people on a large scale, accorded with the towering ambition of his soul, yet among those in the House who denounced his sin, how few with a good conscience could cast the first stone." Notwithstanding the Liberals merit the credit of being foremost in efforts to purify elections, by introducing the ballot and otherwise. In conclusion, how can "Aliquis" desire to exchange a man of untainted fame, for one so unreliable as Sir John, who denied to Lord Dufferin the fact of the scandal, who said of Riel, "I wish to God I knew where he was," after paying him to go away. Said a Conservative friend of Sir John's: "As between Mr. McKenzie and Sir John, I know which I would believe first."

Canada can't afford to so honor this grave defaulter. "Excellent speech becometh not a fool, much less do lying lips a Prince."

VINDICATOR.

County of Russell, Dec., 1877.

The Reply.

To the Editor of the News :

DEAR SIR.—If prolonged silence ostracise not from being again heard in your columns, please permit some reference on the subject last touched upon by the undersigned. "Aliquis," it is to be hoped, still lives and is in health. If so, possibly he entertains the idea that his missile in the *News* of January last fatally wounded "Vindicator," and disabled his pen. Such was not the result of his vigorous onslaught; other than reasons of general interest imposed silence. There now remains little to reply to, as able writers have already answered our friend. Mr. Boyd demolished the McPherson imputations and "Justitia" the Prince Edward Island bribery case, and other equally groundless charges against the men in power. "Aliquis" has made no answer to either, wisely not attempting what was impossible. This gentleman, in his letter above referred to, is pleased to say: "Had I been aware your correspondent 'Vindicator' based his sweep-

ing denials on the fact that the word "every" was used in the address to Sir John, I should scarcely have taken the trouble of replying to his remarks." Verily our friend talks loftily, as a whale might to small fry he regarded beneath his dignity to swallow. While the mere wording might be construed to favour the use made of it by "Aliquis," well he knows such meaning was not intended, as facts prove beyond dispute. Vindicator called attention to one important instance in which the charges in said address were false enough to make questionable all such charges, as a witness destroys all his evidence when proved false in part of it. But "Vindicator" did not confine himself to disproving this one charge, but passed on to others, particularly those relating to extravagant expenditure, and showed by facts and figures the injustice of the accusation: "Have they not proved by every act since they obtained power, their utter disbelief in the principles they professed when in opposition?" "Aliquis," in assuming so warmly the office of sponsor for said address, is perhaps defending his own offspring. Whether such is the case or not, the special pleading throughout his letter smacks so strongly of the logic of the party that if he is not a member he has mistaken his calling. However, let by-gones be by-gones. All matters of difference herein are set forth in the *News*, the elaborate calculations of Mr. Boyd, the unquestioned statements of "Justitia," and the views of the present writer on the one side and the views of "Aliquis" on the other. To readers, with a slight change, may be addressed the words of an old authority, "We speak as to wise men, judge ye what we say." All readers of passing events may further inform themselves by the history of the sayings and doings in the Commons during the last Session, and an impartial verdict will by no means redound to the honour of Sir John or the dishonour of the Hon. Mr. McKenzie. The share taken by the former in some of the scenes transacted in the House reflects unfavourably on

his wisdom, tact and correct conduct. If "Alliquis" still desire to see "The Old Boy" restored to power, he wishes to displace a man beyond reproach for one whose own friends often blush for. Ere long the people of Canada will be called upon to pronounce judgment herein. With less fear than Vennor should feel in predicting the weather, the writer foretells that Sir John will be doomed to five more years of opposition, at the expiry of which time he will be wise enough to accept the situation. In view of the approaching struggle, what are these United Counties doing to play their part in the keen contest of rival parties? In both, Conservatives are active, but Liberals appear asleep. If Mr. Blackburn intends being a candidate it is time we knew it. And "Hagar in the wilderness"—what of him? Has he come out of the thicket yet, and avowed himself willing, if asked, to continue to be an M.P.? Unlike Hagar of old, who begat nations, he is *nil* as to aiding the population, yet he is unquestionably popular, and the man who opposes him in Prescott would require a special recommendation to succeed.

Yours &c.,

VINDICATOR.

Russell, June 10th, 1878.

A Questionable Chief.

A number of persons—not so many as were expected or desired—devoted on Saturday their best energies to the praise and glory of Sir John Macdonald. We think nothing is more wholesome than real reverence for the truly, good and great. It is hard, however, to find among men a safe ideal to set our hearts upon and place our faith in. We are prone to be satisfied with greatness without goodness. If a man is able, we forgive him for not being righteous. But we do this at the expense of our moral character; we cannot be better than the beings that we reverence. To pretend to admire Sir John when they do not, would be a sort of hypocrisy of which we would be very unwilling to accuse the gentlemen who

cheered so lustily for that gentleman on Saturday. Really to honor him as they seemed to do must involve a powerful act of oblivion or an incomprehensible moral obliquity. It is good to forgive and forget, but we are nowhere bid to restore to favor and exalt to power over us unrepentant sinners, simply because their more notorious misdeeds are six years old. It may be called uncharitable to recall a man's record, but when Canadians are asked, in the exercise of their duty as a self-governing people, to select a man as the representative ruler of their young nation, it behoves them to ask what manner of man he is, and they are bound to judge him by his acts. After a man has grown old in certain habits, we question his best promises of reform; but if he makes no such promises, and acknowledges no faults, we would be fools if we did not hold him to be the same man that we have known him to be. Sir John Macdonald, after receiving from a company to whom a mighty contract had been promised, donations towards a general election of ten thousand after ten thousand, stood up and, before God and the nation, declared, "These hands are clean." Sir John Macdonald, speaking in the solemn terms of religion, said he would to God he could catch Riel, while the secret service money of the Government had actually been used to make good his escape. This same Sir John Macdonald is now belying the convictions and practice of all his past history by proclaiming protection throughout all the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof. Every contradictory assertion that can be held out to people anxious for better times he is ready to make, and his admirers are ready to back him in—all that the Conservative party may get back to power. Now, we do not care much which party is in power. The difference in principles outside of this new issue of protection is very small. But it is very important that men who are honest as politicians should be our rulers, and when a party offers itself to the country with an utterly dishonest politician as its head and front, it does

not deserve the confidence of the people. There are those who are so devoted to the protection theory that they would vote for the nether deities if they would promise it them. There are those whose personal interest it is to have the country taxed, to put a good price on the goods they make, and they would vote for any sort of a man who would only promise them this easy road to wealth. It is a sad omen to see good men devoting themselves to the worship of greatness at the expense of goodness, and an equally sad one to see good men selling their country to the worst moral influences for the sake of their pockets. Tennyson says :

Ah God. for a man with, heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by.
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

Let the Conservative party pick such a one from their ranks and set him up as their leader, and they may then look for the support of the country on even terms with their adversaries who have a true leader, although it is all too plain, that they are, as a party, far from the attainment of that ideal of purity which we may hope they set before them when contending for power.



MISCELLANEOUS.

The "Citizen's" Advertising Bill and the County Clerk.

To the Editor of the Ottawa Citizen :

SIR,—Will you, on public grounds, permit a few animadversions on the letter of the County Clerk of Prescott and Russell, inserted in last Saturday's *Citizen*? Mr. O'Brien therein seeks to justify to the Honorable John Hamilton his conduct in committing a bare-faced wrong either to the people of these counties or to the proprietor of the *Citizen*; but the special pleading in his defence is too flimsy to conceal an act as impolitic as it was bad. Permit such acts to pass uncensured, and you open a wide door for corruption of the worst description. If a clerk may enrich himself in this way, why not the other officials of councils, or the councillors themselves, have an understanding that orders should submit to a shave, the profits be divided, and the people pay for it? But sir, this celebrated letter is at fault in matters of fact. A true statement of the circumstances under which the Council passed the order in favor of the *Citizen*, in full, will put another face on the affair; and let the clerk deny them if he can. In his letter he states: "The Council have paid no more than they were willing to pay;" and again, "I informed the Council of such proposal, (the reduction,) but they declined making use thereof." The very opposite of these statements is the truth. The information given was that, at some time previous to the meeting of the Council, Mr. Bell's agent had presented the bill and said to the clerk that if he (himself, as was understood) would then

cash the claim, twenty-five per cent. would be allowed him. It was not done, and Mr. O'Brien withheld from the Council, if he was aware of it, that the offer was still good, and good to the Council. This information would not have served his purpose, for most certainly they would have availed themselves of the offer; for it is untrue they "willingly" granted the order. The truth is—the Council was stunned at the figure claimed, and while deliberating on the matter, the clerk assisted them to a decision by stating that he had looked into the justice of the claim, and found it correct. There was no word about publishing thrice, in place of once, a week; and his manner, in referring to the offered reduction, seemed as if it was done to evince his purity of purpose in not accepting the tempting offer, the more so as the reference was made on the eve of his asking the Council to add forty dollars a year to his salary, which they good-naturedly did—whether on the ground of the above recommendatory hint, or from more valid claims, did not transpire. But our skilful financier carried both points—effected a shave and improved his salary.

One sin begets another. Neglect is the besetting sin of our County Clerk. It was his duty to direct the officials of the *Citizen* as to the frequency of publishing the By-law. He failed to do so, and now makes profit out of his own neglect—wrongs the proprietor of the *Citizen*, wrongs the Council and pays himself nicely for the job. What must the people of these counties think of their County Council if they do not one

of two things—either require their Clerk to apologize and disgorge his ill-gotten gains, or otherwise dismiss him forthwith? He is the best paid officer in the county for the trifling duties he has to perform and how negligently he performs these duties is patent to every one. How often has he failed to notify parties appointed to office? Only last summer he neglected to forward to the Township clerks the necessary statement of the county rate to be raised in each township, until it was (at least in some cases) too late for the Township Councils to include said rate in the By-law passed for raising the annual rates. Too long have mal-doing and not-doing been tolerated in the County Council of these counties; and if that body wishes to avoid being a by-word and reproach, its members will look to themselves first, and their officials next, and bear in mind they have an important trust committed to them, and endeavour to fulfil the high functions of their office in a manner due to themselves, their country, and their God.

There seems a disposition abroad to give more attention to the doings of this body—a duty long overlooked. Judicious, timely criticism will have a beneficial influence.

Right is never afraid of light. Let it shine around our municipal institutions; and when men are chosen for their fitness, and accept the appointment to be useful, township and county councils will be a great blessing. Otherwise they may be a great curse.

AN ELECTOR.

Ottawa River Feb. 1862.

A Chapter of Humbugs.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you permit a short chapter on *Humbugs*, or "*paying too dear for the whistle?*" Do not suppose the subject unsuited to a religious paper, for good people need warning against imposition as well as others; and ministers need to be cautioned against being unintentionally helpful to cheats.

This portion of Canada, although at

some distance from the frontier, is not sufficiently remote to escape very frequent and very close shaves, generally having their origin among our 'cute friends over the border, or those of our countrymen near the lines. If Canada throughout has suffered imposition proportionably with the people on the Ottawa, the drain on the country has been immense, and it is high time for each Canadian to put his foot on further levies of the sort, whether from natives or foreigners.

One very offensive feature in the business is, religion is often used as a cloak in furthering rascality, and ministers made tools of in the matter. The enterprising speculators who drive the humbug business, deal in a variety of articles, such as books, clocks, stoves, maps, soaps, gates, harrows, bee-hives, &c.; but, to do them justice, basswood hams and wooden nutmegs have not formed a part of the merchandise introduced by them.

It is now many years since the first imposition was practised, in selling the "*Book of Martyrs.*" The title of the book was very appropriate, for commercial martyrdom has prevailed ever since. This book was to be published in Upper Canada—to be of the best materials and style—price only 14s. Subscriptions were sought, and the canvasser, as became a dealer in such a book, was very meek and pious. He went to prayer-meetings, and entered fully into the religious feelings and sentiments of the devout. Of course he was successful in getting a large list of names. The book was subsequently delivered to the subscribers by another person, but turned out to have been published in Connecticut, and was miserably got up. The poor subscribers reluctantly took the book and paid their cash.

Soon after followed a perfect inundation of wooden clocks, price \$26, or less if you proved stiff; a difference of \$10 in sales to near neighbours was no uncommon occurrence. The clocks were sold "*on tick.*" Notes were taken, with verbal provisos. A second party collected the notes; of course

he knew nothing of the verbal promises of his confrere, nor could the Judge, when legal costs often added to the first cost. The surviving pioneer traveller in the Ottawa valley will have a distinct recollection how rare it was to enter any shanty, however mean, and however wanting in other furniture, to miss the clock. The "Book of Martyrs," too, very commonly kept it close company, whatever other book was wanting, even the Bible. Nor has the sacred volume escaped being made an imposition. The "Cottage Bible" received a wide circulation, aided materially by the recommendation of its comments by some excellent ministers, who did not dream of the consequences of their approval. The volumes proved a Yankee "shave," not value for the money, showy in exterior, but lacking strength, and in binding were soon a wreck.

The "History of the World" and the "History of All Nations" soon followed. Both were Humbugs; but, as if people loved to be cheated, the same person would frequently take all.

Stoves, of different patterns and qualities, were widely scattered. These were excessive in price, but credit secured purchasers. Subsequently, notes were sued in plenty, and interest recovered, as well as principal, though, verbally, interest was usually excluded at the time of making the bargain. One man took the note, another sued it, and the purchaser had no escape.

Among the articles sold on the credit-peddling system, were "Rights" to make certain articles. These proved to be the climax of humbugs. Bee-hives, harrows and gates, or rather the "*Right*" to make these within certain limits after a pattern carried round by the vendor, were what were for sale. Now, no objection can be made to that sale of "Rights," simply considered; but pawning on unsuspecting people a privilege they are in no position to use, the value of which has been but indifferently tried, and using religion as a stepping-stone to a bargain, merits reprehension. Allow me to state a few facts in illustra-

tion. A township on the Ottawa was visited, some time since, by a party who had for sale the right to make gates and harrows of a certain pattern. He was mild in aspect and meek in speech. He sought out the minister, and established his affinity to the denomination of the church in the neighbourhood. The Rev. Mr. D. introduced him as brother K. Brother K., being now fairly armed, addressed himself to work, and soon snared a green farmer, who gave him note for \$45 for the right to make gates—a right he will leave to his posterity unused. The next mark sought was a man to invest with the right to make harrows, price \$25. This proved tough; but "where there's a will, there's a way." Brother K. made the acquaintance of Brother R., and pressed him to buy, but the latter staved off manfully. Fortunately for Brother K., there was to be a prayer-meeting that night, and he decided to leave further effort to the subduing influence of that religious exercise. He then said: "Brother R. I should like to stop with you to-night." Brother R. afraid of another siege anent harrows, declined, observing that they were pretty full, and it would not be convenient. Brother K. attended the meeting—was fervent in prayer and speaking—in fact, was so overcome, that tears testified the depth of his emotion, and overcome among others, Brother R., who, on being asked at the close, yielded the point and opened his house, as well as his heart, to Brother K. Their communing was sweet, for they talked much of the things unseen and eternal; but, ever and anon, by some clever management, Brother K. came down to earth and earthly things, always falling upon the harrow. He praised its merits and showed the great profits his Christian brother would lose by letting slip the present chance of a little fortune. "Try it, Brother R., you will never repent the venture—only \$25, and how many twenty-five's you may make cannot be guessed. You need a start; this will give you one. My word for it, now is your chance. Let me draw up the note—you will have time,

and a fraction of your profits will meet my claim." The note is drawn; Brother R. signs, but repents all night. Next morning he appeals to his guest, and claims to be relieved. Brother K. coolly tells him to be more careful next time, and takes his departure. Brother R. will leave his Harrow Right, unused, to his heirs.

A wise man said: "Experience keeps a dear school, but it is the only one, fools will learn at." It will be well if they learn even then.

E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, April, 1867.

The Endowment Scheme.

MR. EDITOR,—In the issue of the *Baptist* of 23rd inst., you indicate a plan to raise an endowment for the Divinity school of the C. L. I. feasible in design and promising in success. By all means let the appointment be made, and the agent despatched without further loss of time. He should be a man of good common sense as well as fair ability. Many men well fitted for stationary effort can ill adapt themselves in "becoming all things to all men." It is the part of wisdom to learn from every source of instruction, and our friends over the lines supply lessons worthy of being copied. It will be fresh in the memory of many, how Rochester made a collecting raid in Canada a few years since—the stamp of man and his success. The wisdom of Canada, weak in numbers and means, compared with the great Republic, making an extra effort in response, demands grave doubt. But she did it—the reasons wherefor were plausible—the object was good, and she has laid that great people under obligations which they can, and, no doubt, will repay. The time to do so, yea, the set time has come, therefore let the proper man be dispatched to the territory of Uncle Sam, while our own people are being appealed to in terms admitting no denial. The arguments, powerful in the hands of the Rochester agent, and on the hearts of Canadians were, "You have no college of your own, and we have purposely located

ours to suit your convenience." Truly, in Canada at the time there was none, but the choice of place was more plausible than real. However, let by-gones be by-gones. The great question for Canadian Baptists to consider is, shall this school of their prophets be put on a permanent, honorable and satisfactory footing, or shall it not? Shall the able and devoted men at its head be relieved from the cankering cares about cash, and allowed to pursue untrammelled their legitimate work of qualifying young men to preach the gospel, or shall more years of struggle witness the sale of the Institute, and a second collapse stamp with unenviable notoriety the educational bankruptcy of Canadian Baptists. But, sir, this must not and will not be. yet means must be used. If Canada felt called upon to do so much, and did so much for Rochester, what should she not do for herself. Let the effort be made—let the friends of the Institute put their hands in their own pockets instead of going on their knees to government. It is all bosh to distinguish between the literary and divinity departments, the latter is the main object of the Institution, and the former is expected to be helpful to the latter, and it is unworthy of Baptists to fabricate flimsy frauds in a matter so plain that he who runs may read. Politicians tell us we are about to enter upon a new and higher state of existence. Instead of a Province we are to become a Kingdom, and be the third maritime power in the world.

All hail Dominion of Canada, may thou be good as great, for righteousness alone exalteth a nation. In this union of Provinces additional spur will be needful in order to compare favorably with the Provinces below, where Baptists are many in numbers and high in influence. Let the endowment agent hasten the commencement of his canvass and go through the whole country East and West. Taking it for granted, the gentlemen selected will be amiable in disposition, and easy to be entreated, with his permission the writer will portray the leading features of the Roches-

ter canvasser which he conceives not a bad model.

Mr. Alcott, with nothing brilliant, was possessed of average talent, much good common sense and business tact. Easy in address and devoid of clerical airs. He had important business on hand, which appeared to occupy his heart as well as his head, but he was not obtrusive in bringing it forward out of season, yet when opportunity offered he urged the claims of his mission with earnestness and skill. He seemed as anxious in recommending his scheme to persons of ordinary means as he did to those of wealth.

On entering a neighborhood he first called upon the minister—if encouraged he went to work and called round. If the pastor said nay, he did not visit the flock, and spoke as well of those ministers who vetoed his canvass as of those who encouraged it. Two ministers in the Ottawa Association had the courage to say to him nay, as they expected Canada would soon set up on her own account. Of these two men he spoke in the highest terms. One church in said association gave him \$1,000—others did much, and individual cases were marked with extra liberality. Now this liberal church which gave \$1,000 in aid of the States what will she not do for Canada, for be it remembered no citizen of that nation is within her borders, and those two churches which reserved their means for home use will no doubt show their reason, for withholding was not a mere excuse for not giving. When Mr. A. entered a house, in an easy way he mentioned his name and object, but before stating particulars he requested the presence of the landlady by which means he usually carried the house. He took notes for all sums promised but not paid, and each donor of \$20 became a life member of the Society. He used his own horse and drove a light covered buggy which materially facilitated inland travel. His horse was an every-day-animal, able to endure continuous travel, and his master would accept no assistance in looking after him,

or in taking off or putting on the harness. The rail may make a horse less necessary now, but the more independent of assistance a canvasser can be, the better.

Adieu, Sir, come to the East when you may, you will get a kind reception, and not be sent empty away. If you will allow "one word more." Don't fash yourself in hurrying to the rich men of the denomination. They will do their duty but likely in their own way. Among the Baptists are men of ample means whose princely liberality would do honor to any class in any country, and who will feel this call in all its magnitude, but they have a right to expect that others also will do as they have been prospered.

The present age is setting a pleasing and valuable example. Men give while living, and enjoy the luxury of witnessing with their own eyes the fruits of their liberality. Of course the West will furnish an example worthy of imitation in this endowment scheme. Thither all things tend as well as men. We have no titled ministers here. All the D. D.'s are in the West, you have the school of the prophets, and you have the organ of the body, you also have the Goshen of Canada, all the endowed general educational institutions, and you are going to have the Local Parliament.

Be thankful for your privileges, and make a suitable return. The East had an organ once—it did good service for many years, but was allowed to expire.

A college, too, beautiful for situation, from which some men of mark went forth, but its ignominious fate stirs the fountain of grief, and mantels the cheek with a burning blush. Can the West wash her hands and say I am clean herein? Has she not been too exacting in the matter of her Shibboleth, and withheld honor from men whom God has delighted to honor, and whose names will be held in everlasting remembrance?

But a truce, meanwhile, to these remembrances, and let East and West arise in worthy emulation in efforts to

achieve this great denominational effort, the endowment of its college with nothing less than \$30,000.

E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, May, 1867.

The Ottawa Valley.

MR. EDITOR.—Perhaps a few jottings of things in general hereabouts would not be unwelcome to the readers of the *Baptist*.

This region has been blessed with a fine fall and the husbandmen favored with the best of weather to complete the ingathering of the precious fruits of the earth. His barns are filled with plenty, and his heart may appropriately join his voice in thanksgiving to the bountiful Giver, and exclaim:—"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness and thy paths drop fatness." When the West was suffering fearfully for rain in summer, the Ottawa Valley enjoyed frequent showers, which while they refreshed the earth did not materially hinder the hay and grain harvest. In June, on eleven days, precious showers watered the fields. In July, on twelve days, we enjoyed the same blessing, and on seven days in August. Latterly, dryness has prevailed, making fall ploughing almost impossible.

The most noted event of our region occurred last week in the opening of the first Confederate Parliament; the most prominent feature of which, and of the vice-regal speech have already been flashed over the wires, put in type and read by tens of thousands throughout the land.

On the day previous to the opening might have been seen the members flocking from every point of the compass, by rail or boat *en route* for the Capital.

Among them could be recognized the men of the East. Whether wise or unwise in their dissent they favorably impress you by their open address and practical good sense. The champion of Nova Scotia, although numbering three score and three years, appears to possess in full vigor, his faculties of

body and mind. Like many other great men—type setting was his early profession, from which he has reached a level to arbitrate on, and influence the mightiest interests of nations. Honor is awarded the man who carries a county, the Hon. Mr. Howe has carried a Province. Of the nineteen men elected for the Commons, eighteen are Howeites or anti-confederates.

Mr. Howe gives reasons more than plausible, why it is against the interests of Nova Scotia to join the Confederation, but, apart from these, the people indignantly ask, shall we be compelled into this union against our will?

The ministry have work in their hands anent this matter, and in Mr. Howe, a man whom they justly fear and respect.

Hotel accommodation, in Ottawa, was stretched to its utmost tension, and private lodgings made available by many. The oath of allegiance being taken, members were fully vested with the rights and privileges of office, and previous to the opening, the members of the Commons finally adjusted the matter of seats. To Mr. Howe had been set apart the place of honor as leader of the opposition, immediately on the left of the Speaker, but he declined this, and located himself in the centre of the front seats on the same side of the house.

The arrangement of seats in the Commons Chamber is changed, to increase space, but the accommodation is still at fault in this particular, notwithstanding the great outlay for buildings; and the thought arises, utility has been sacrificed to ornament, and, if other parts of British North America join the Confederation how will room be created for additional representatives.

Ordinary occasions of opening Parliament are attended with much parade, but this was an extraordinary occurrence and was celebrated accordingly. Fortunately the Fenian folly has exploded, and the Artillery of Ottawa was not at the front, as was the case when the House was last opened; consequently the big guns did duty on both days, and proclaimed loudly the movements of

Her Majesty's representative.

Really, Mr. Editor, economy is so invaluable in private affairs, would it not be well if the commodity could be introduced into public matters. It may look very green, and smack of rusticity, to think of such a thing, let alone speaking of it, but, sir, it looks very much like children's play, and fearfully expensive for thousands of people—numerous officials and two houses of Parliament to assemble just to hear the Commons told, his Excellency requires them to choose their Speaker before he communicates the reasons for which he has called them together.

Could not this official be chosen before-hand and one day suffice for ceremony and show? Our courts are now shorn of much of the formality once observed in their opening, and perhaps Parliament would be improved by an abatement of fuss and feathers.

The backward stepping and low bows of Black Rod cost each pretty dear. Will our Local House have a counterpart? Crown Ministers were once content to dress like others. Rolph, Bidwell, Lafontaine, and Baldwin, were not arrayed in uniforms,—cocked hats, and swords—yet did their work as well as Sir John A., or any of his staff. The second was of course the great day. The Governor's voice fills admirably the whole house. When members speak it is difficult to catch what they say.

The Commons mustered strong, the honorables were more scarce, but the privileged ladies filled their places. Of the fair sex there was a great gathering. Among them might be seen Lady Monk and daughter—Lady Macdonald—Mrs. Sanfield Macdonald, and the wives and daughters of several members and officials. Seats of honor were occupied by some of the Judges—the Mayor of Ottawa—the Catholic Bishop with some of his clergy, and several clergymen of the Church of England. The ministers of other denominations enjoyed the benefit of pot-luck with the crowd in the galleries. Among these could be seen the smiling face of that good and laborious man, the Bishop of

the Baptist Church of Ottawa.

The whole pageant was very grand. The chamber in which it was enacted is superb in its finish and furniture. The uniforms of the civil and military officials—the academic dress of the English clergy and splendid robes of the ladies presented a scene rarely, if ever, witnessed in Canada.

All this was to usher in the Legislative labor of the New Dominion.

May the men engaged, be wisely directed in their deeply responsible duties.

E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, Nov. 12, 1867.

Those Baptists.

MR. EDITOR,—The wise man spoke of an evil he had seen under the sun. Would, sir, there was but one to speak of, but, alas, their name is legion. With no malice aforethought, but rather intending a beneficial influence, the writer would, with your kind permission, assail some of the prevailing evils of our day in Canada. Without announcing a long list, which, like Miss Sanford's promise, might mis-carry, two will suffice for the present. "The spread of Heresy" will first occupy our attention, and something may be said on another occasion regarding the matrimonial tendency of ministers.

Aware of the inutility of appealing to the other estates of the realm against these evils, it is pleasing to fall back upon the all-powerful influence of the press, and to recognize in your paper a representative of the fourth estate of which no one need feel ashamed. I beseech thee, therefore, to hear me patiently, anent the spread of Heresy.

This evil is as various in its kinds as it has been widespread in all ages and in all places. One kind of it alone claims our attention at present. It goes under different names, but it might be styled the Baptismal Heresy. Glancing at its prevalence, in the past and present, we see that not a few men of note have been and are seduced thereby. Even the immortal Milton whose genius

had angelic wings was herein misled. Bunyan, too, the prince of allegorists, in whose well told tale sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail was among the smitten. Nor could the error be destroyed. Like the palm tree, the more it was oppressed the stronger it grew. Though the men were burned and the women drowned, the evil cropp-ed out and spread. Witness its prevalence in the United States, when the followers of this schism stand second in numbers among the religious denominations. But what concerns Canadians most is its spread in their own regions, and, unless counteracting means are employed, there is no saying whereunto this evil will grow. The trouble is to devise the right means to stop it. Passing by other portions of Canada, the Ottawa Valley presents alarming symptoms of this religious disease, which some describe as water on the brain.

Truly, Mr. Editor, this heresy threatens to sweep over the entire land, and what is very strange is, that its teachers say little about it, and they who say least have most success. There is one veteran who may be appropriately styled the apostle of the north, who some years ago had immersed a thousand misled persons, and yet you might be a month in his company and scarcely be aware from his preaching or speech that he belonged to that sect. It may be the ceremony is contagious, and its influence trusted to most for diffusing the doctrine. "Being crafty I caught you with guile."

It is within the writer's recollection when from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Pacific by way of the Ottawa, no church of this sort existed, save one small one in Glengary. Now, they are flooding the land with chapels, churches and ministers, and it is difficult to say where they will stop. The impregnable Quebec is taken. The commercial emporium, distinguished for its material, moral and religious progress, is equally distinguished as a fruitful nursery of Baptists. Passing upwards, the empire city is reached, and here you find these people have a lodging place, where they

are assiduously adding to their numbers, and already include representatives from both chambers of Parliament, as well as servants of Cæsar's household. Not content, they have stretched to the regions beyond, and the Upper Ottawa is becoming obedient to the faith as proclaimed by these zealous, if misguided people. Not even the shores of the Pacific will arrest their progress; arriving there they will take ship, and loosing from thence sail to the uttermost parts of the earth.

But to return, many intermediate spots are active centres of operation. Even the spiritual domains of the Pope have been invaded, and thousands of his subjects have become disciples of the sect every where spoken against. If self-denying devotion in their works entitles laborers to success, the Missionaries to the French Canadians might well expect it. That heretical school in the west has sent its children eastward, and they, with others, are spreading the poison of their views all round. One of this number not formidable in bodily appearance, verifies the saying, "The mind is the measure of the man." Not content with using the Ottawa, he has laid under contribution the waters of the tributaries, and recently added a number to the communion of his church through the rite of immersion, in a neighborhood heretofore free from the least taint of Baptist notions. Another from the same school, and not remote from the last mentioned, is quietly and zealously pursuing a similar course, and has already plunged a multitude into the same faith.

It is too much for flesh and blood to stand. These and such like men, not only proselyte from the world, but they are robbers of other churches also. They seldom part with any of their own members to strengthen other bodies, but are continuously levying from the ranks of every other denomination to increase their own. Spiritual sheep-stealers is a term not too severe to apply to such people. In their blindness they really think they are doing God service. Nor is it the leanest of the sheep or those of

doubtful quality they take, but often the flower of the flock, and even the pastors themselves.

Now, sir, there are many reasons why this system should not prevail, particularly in our climate, and therefore the wonder that it does. The two ministers referred to above, lately led female candidates from the snow-covered banks into the river, when so cold that ice was forming. While all admired the heroism of the women, many saw cruelty in the act, and argued that believers in immersion would recommend their views by making provision therefor within their places of worship, and perform the rite there, in cold weather at least. Many times in mid-winter has the surface of the old Ottawa been tapped, and two feet of ice removed to allow these well-meaning people to go down into the water.

The practice suggested to the mind of an earnest Methodist preacher on the Ottawa circuit, strong anti-dipping arguments, to which his followers would do well to give heed. He preached a sermon founded on these arguments at all his stations—to what purpose witness saith not. The text consisted of a piece of Old Testament and a piece of New Testament glued together as follows:—"And the children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth, about six hundred thousand on foot that were men, besides children * * and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea." The good man opened by saying that Pædobaptists had always correctly followed sprinkling, but had done so without being able to give their authority. *He* had, however, been directed to discover the proof for the practice, and which was to be found in the text. Many other rich and original things did the Rev. Mr. Hardy say, occasionally moving a titter round the whole audience, although it was not composed of Baptists. Anent ice, he said that at Greenland it was twenty feet deep. Who could cut through that? And if done, ropes and ladders would be necessary to reach the water, and who

ever heard of the Apostles using such gear in administering baptism? Again, said the old gentlemen, "Baptists tell you that by their mode they follow Christ. If so, let them follow him fully, and when they come up out of the water, let them put on their snow shoes and steer for the nearest mountain, and there fast forty days and forty nights with the bears and wolves. All the Israelities were baptized as they crossed the Red Sea. How? By dipping? No, for they passed over dry shod; for there was not sufficient water to immerse a musquitoe. But a cloud overshadowed them; God was in the cloud, and it rained upon them. Thus were they and their children baptized unto Moses in the cloud."

Is not this a poser? Should it not silence such as forbid water that infants should not be baptized? A caviller may interpose by suggesting that the flocks, too, shared the same benefit, and that the bells they wore, likewise were baptized. Silent contempt is the best method with cavillers, and so we pass on.

It is unnecessary to add much more in describing the growing tendency of the heresy complained of, but one source of the evil cannot be passed by. Woodstock has attained some fame as a seat of learning, hence many parents send their children there; but, sir, it is dangerous to do so, for the leaven of this heresy very commonly effects them. One sends a son with the view of his ultimately becoming learned in the law, instead of which he studies and perhaps preaches the gospel. Another says to his son, "I want you to go to Woodstock preparatory to studying medicine." The son replies, "I don't want to go there to be made a parson of, and if I go I won't study." "They don't force boys to become parsons, but if you won't study, off coat my lad and go to work." The rebel submits—goes to Woodstock—likes it, and after a while perhaps will not strongly object to being a pastor. Now, sir, this widespread evil can be checked, if not subdued, by breaking up this Woodstock Institution. It may in one sense

be considered the root of the disease. Therefore, let all who are opposed to this heresy withhold support from said Institute. Let it go to the wall—the sooner the better. Cut off the supplies; it is the shortest way to conquer an enemy. Talk of endowing it! Yes, do so if you want all your rivers turned into Baptisteries and all your people made Baptists. A word to the wise is sufficient.

E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, Dec. 1867.

Progress in Clarence.

MR. EDITOR,—It is a pleasing duty to record progress, and in this department, the toil of editorial labor has been sweetened, in your experience of late, by very frequent notices of new chapels erected, Sunday school celebrations, ministers made glad by special acts of liberality.

Far north on the Ottawa, in the neighborhood of the Pole, is a chapel substantial in character and possessed of as little ornament as the strictest Puritan could desire. Yet its erection was no small effort to the people, and its completion cause of much joy. There is the treasure of much youthful vigor in the church as well as in the world. "I speak unto you, young men, because ye are strong." The boys that were when the Clarence Baptist Chapel was built, are now men. Early did they complain of its extreme plainness, and at length they took the matter in hand, and the new year saw a renovation pleasing to the eye, as well as more comfortable to the body. The good man who labors hard and faithfully therein, says he can do so now to much better purpose than heretofore. One old gentleman declared the Kirk looked so bonny that it might suffice to recommend religion without the preaching.

On the 27th December last, the annual Sabbath School celebration was held in the chapel which was still further decorated for the occasion. This proved a delightful reunion for both young and old. The children were regaled with an ample repast, after

which singing and instrumental music, alternated with recitation and addresses. One girl, a regular and attentive scholar, who is blind, read a chapter with her fingers, to the surprise of those who had never before seen this ingenious method for the sightless.

The report for the year gives very pleasing indications of proficiency and progress. The following are the principal items:—No. of Teachers, 6; No. of Scholars, 70; average throughout year, 42; No. of verses recited, 11,521.

The teachers are worthy of much commendation for untiring effort. Let their watchword, and that of all similarly engaged be, *onward*. "Go up and possess the land" are words of big meaning and fixed obligation.

E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, Jan. 1868.

Celibacy of Ministers Advocated.

MR. EDITOR,—Venturing to trespass still further on your indulgence, and in fulfilment of a promise made, there is yet another evil under the sun to which the attention of your readers is respectfully solicited, particularly those of them more especially concerned. It will be attempted to show that more general celibacy would be conducive to general good, and highly meritorious to the reverend gentlemen themselves. Probably the whole army of ministers, and even the embryo divines will, at the mere mention of such an idea, rise in mass, and with one voice indignantly denounce the notion as unscriptural, unnatural and wicked.

Pray, friend, keep cool. None may question your rights to wed; but you know that while all things are lawful, all things are not expedient. Of course, those of your order who are bound must not seek to be loosed, therefore our argument is confined to those who are free. Such will bear in mind, that prince of preachers and defender of ministerial rights, who, while he asserted beyond question his liberty, and that of others of his profession, remained single,—and it must be admitted Paul's example is high authority.

Consider the many reasons favorable to this self-sacrifice.

Firstly:—Undoubtedly, they who desire the office of a Bishop, desire a good work, and one of distinguished honor, but great self-denial. More lucrative occupations are forsaken, and severe study pursued, with the view of becoming workmen that need not be ashamed, but as if being the husband of one wife, was the first and most indispensable qualification of a Bishop, how frequently do candidates for this honor, even at an early stage of their preparation, become entangled in the meshes of premature betrothal. Now, the sense of the passage does not imply that there *must be* one wife, but that there must not be more. The entire consecration professed by choosing to become a preacher of righteousness, should subordinate every consideration to the one great end. But when the course indicated above is pursued, distraction in study is a natural result; suspicions are entertained by observers of feeble devotion, and choices are confirmed of future companionship before the necessary qualifications can be duly estimated. If views prevailed favorable to ministers being socially single as well as single in purpose, this failing among theological students would cease.

Secondly:—The opinion prevails that ministers lack the faculty of making good selections in the matrimonial market. Whether this arises from haste, or professional inaptitude, it is equally unfortunate. No doubt glorious exceptions exist, but poor men, too often without their fault, they are unable to fulfil the just claims of their wives, and the latter in some instances punish the innocent. A sure remedy against this evil is to live wifeless.

Thirdly:—It is also a current opinion that ministers' children are very commonly bad. The opposite of this might reasonably be expected, but the fact is sufficiently frequent to give color to the charge. Readers of the lives of such men as Fuller and Leigh Richmond will know the trials of these good

men with wayward sons. The cause of this is a natural enquiry. In many cases, perhaps, religion is pressed on children in a manner and with a frequency to make it distasteful, investing with gloom a subject that should be as cheerful and welcome as sunlight. The very opposite this of David's teaching, who exclaims, "Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing." Perhaps the nature and extent of official duties may too frequently prevent that superintendence necessary duly to control and direct the family circle; and if his office really interferes with a minister fulfilling so great and sacred a duty, how strong is the argument in favor of the view that he should have but one family and that family the Church.

Fourthly:—The single minister would be saved the pain the married one too often feels by the extreme economy which a scrimp income too often obliges him to enforce on her he has promised to nourish and support, and be a stranger to the fact that his wife is considered as much public property as himself. Her dress, her behaviour, her house-keeping, and in fact, her whole conduct falls under the criticism of the parish; and if she pleases a majority of those who claim to be pleased, she is truly fortunate. It is no uncommon thing to claim much from the minister's wife; yet it is noteworthy the New Testament is silent on the subject of her qualifications, therefore this lady possesses an immunity not usually accorded her. But may we not be permitted to infer therefrom that the primitive church ministers were not so generally married as others and that if they were not, they should not.

Fifthly:—What a saving to the people an unmarried minister is! Believers in a cheap gospel are more numerous than believers in a free one. How nice it would be to have the good man board round. He would require scarcely any salary; only a little for clothes and books,—the latter would be available to people as well as priest,

and as he went around supply the place of a circulating library. In turn we should each be honored by having a family chaplain, and pastoral visitation by this method could not be neglected. A church in Wales that had starved their minister was being favored with a new appointment ; the Elder who delivered the charge to the church rebuked their wickedness thus : He enjoined on them prayer, and suggested as a subject that they should ask the Lord to plant a ladder between their chapel and heaven, that the man about to feed them might be fed himself, and escape starvation by climbing at the close of each Sabbath, to heaven, and remain there until next Sabbath morning. Now, how much better boarding round would be than the ladder. In the one case the minister would be independent of the people ; in the other he would be very dependent upon them—but, in both cases, much better without a family.

Sixthly :—When a minister has a family, it not only makes a higher salary necessary, but more punctuality in paying it. This is specially unfortunate ; people, as a rule, do not like to be punctual in a voluntary payment ; they like the time to be voluntary as the sum. Yet the creditors of preachers, like creditors in general, look for their own, and expect the man who preaches punctuality, will himself practice it. They expect that the man, who from the sacred desk conjures his people to recommend religion by their lives and conversation, to owe no man anything, to walk worthy of their high calling as children of light, not fashioning themselves to the world, but avoiding the very appearance of evil, will practice what he teaches. The good man feels the justice of the expectation. But what a fix ! The stocks ! pshaw ; it equals stoning, to a sensitive mind, to be placed in such a position. The needful is wanting to pay the landlord, the baker and grocer, and he dare not say, “ my people are to blame ; ” and he dare not say to the people, “ pay me what thou owest.”

Poor man ! In such circumstances the words of Paul will occur with new light and force :—“ Nevertheless you shall have trouble in the flesh, but I spare you.” Even if blessed with the best of wives and with children who will stand the scripture test, she is a woman with all the wants, wishes and tastes of her sex ; and these little ducks are as much flesh and blood as other peoples’ little ducks. How natural she should desire her house to be a fitting abode for the prophets who occasionally abide with her, and that she should be able to set meat before them acceptable to the appetite. And who will blame her if she aim to array her person in goodly apparel becoming her situation. These are all worthy objects ; the trouble is the means.

Then, again, — how provoking ! These troublesome comforts are fair and lovely to look upon, but, notwithstanding their Levitical descent, differ nothing from other children in their wants and necessities. Born naked, they must have clothes ; with appetites that must be appeased, and in ignorance as profound as any Pagan’s, education must be supplied—all requiring more means.

In view of all these things, is there not more than plausible argument in favor of clerical celibacy ? But if this view is distasteful and untenable with the people, let them arise to the summit of duty in the matter of ministerial support. Let the teachings of the Good Book touch their consciences and pockets with a force hitherto unfelt. “ Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn.” Does God take care for oxen ? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes. For our sakes no doubt this is written, that he that ploweth shall plow in hope and that he that thresheth in hope should be a partaker of his hope. If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we reap your carnal things ? Among Baptists there is a lack of system ; financial matters are managed with little skill, and while some religious bodies may say too

much about money, their fault is the other way, and their ministers are expected to be too quiet even when in want of what is justly due them. Among other returns made to associations, why not include the financial doings of each church, showing its outlay and income for all purposes? Some spur is wanted to promptitude; this might supply it, and show each year what the whole body in Canada is doing. Herein there is verily a fault, and the sooner it is mended, the better. "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say."

E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, February, 1868.

Jottings of a Trip Westward.

MR. EDITOR,—Should any of your readers, during the approaching season of navigation, feel on travel bent, for health or pleasure, and have the leisure at command, let them take the Northern Transportation Company's Line, a boat of which line leaves Ogdensburgh for Chicago three times a week during open water. The passage through costs the modest sum of \$15 greenbacks, board and state room included. The journey occupies about a week, and affords a good opportunity for seeing most of the leading cities on the route; and you can, if you choose, drop off and take the next or following boat. Early in August last, the writer and companion formed part of a full complement, bound west on board the good ship *Brooklyn*, one of this Company's line. What diversity of persons are thrown together on ship board, making cautious remarks and indulging forbearance, an abiding necessity. How many countries, creeds and conditions are commonly thus congregated. With us Britain's threefold Kingdom had its representatives—the Dominion of Canada her sons and daughters; while Uncle Sam's own, more numerous than all, hailed from every point of his wide territory. Ministers on vacation, lawyers after term, merchants not in a hurry, with many of all professions in pursuit of health, on visits of friendship or in search of a

home, made parts of the motley group.

There were all shades of religionists, and every shade of irreligionists, from the indifferent to the daring Atheist. The Baptist might be heard defending Calvinistic doctrine, and the practice of immersion. The Methodist freewill and perfection, and the Catholic the existence of but one church, and that his own, and others their several views and convictions; while the boldest Atheist, in the person of the captain, denounced all as alike fools, and defied their God to prevent him taking his vessel to Chicago, while he used the means to that end. Shocking impiety that sent a thrill of horror and alarm through the breasts of most who heard him. Political opinions were freely discussed, touching the States as well as Canada. Our friends over the borders evince great freedom in expressing their views, but take as freely as they give, thereby granting reciprocity in argument if not in trade. The doctrines of reconstruction were sifted.

The merits and demerits of their Chief Magistrate argued—the character of Lincoln surveyed—the advantages and disadvantages of the Republican form of Government discussed, as well as state rights—the justice of the war—the suffering and suffrage of the blacks. Canadian annexation, its profits and probability, were good naturedly but energetically handled; and, as usual, the diversity of individual opinion made manifest. Rarely can you meet any number of Americans, but among them are some, bereaved by the war; or who have shared in its fortune, or been of the number who ministered to the sick and dying soldiers. Our company was no exception. Some had lost beloved sons; some dear brothers. One had shared in the bloody fight at Gettysburgh and other fields, while another had fought under the renowned Sherman, and shared in the celebrated march so successfully accomplished by that great hero.

A Dutch reformed minister spoke in glowing terms of his share in the work of the Christian Commission, whereby

he had passed through an experience, the value of which he could not estimate. The holy delight of meeting men in their extremity supplied with all the comforts to alleviate their bodily sufferings, and be able to speak to them of the balm for their spiritual wounds, and recommend the only physician who can cure "diseases of the mind." To rejoice in the dying experience of some, and catch the last message of love to a fond mother or dear betrothed one, and convey the sad but comforting news: "your son—your beloved one, died of wounds, cared for to the last, and was committed to the earth in full hope of a glorious resurrection."

Alas! the horrors of war. When shall the ploughshare and pruning hook displace sword and spear—the trumpet be hung in the hall and men study war no more?

One noticeable thing about the American lake cities, is the fact that they are generally built at the mouths of rivers.

The Canadian is struck with the life that pervades these centres of trade. In Chicago, with its 200,000 inhabitants, there is an agony of activity. Its railroad and shipping interests are something to be amazed at. Notwithstanding brother Jonathan's reputed love of dollars and hurry, he evidently takes time to think, and thinks wisely on many things Canadians may profitably imitate.

Witness the taste and tidiness of these lake cities. How admirably laid out, with streets so wide, running at right angles, and planted so generally with beautiful shade trees. Some of the avenues in Chicago are little paradises to pass through; a few glances at one must suffice. It is Sunday morning, and we awake for the first time to pass the day of rest in this great city of unrest. The first, to us an unusual event, was the early appearance of the newspaper issued that morning. The evil is not unmixed, for from it we gather very minute directions anent public worship in the City, useful to strangers.

"First Baptist Church, Wabash Avenue, service at 11 o'clock.

"Rev. Dr. Gregory in the absence of the Pastor to preach." At another Baptist Church, "service in the evening at 7 o'clock; at the close the ordinance of Baptism will be administered."

Presbyterian Church at—service at—o'clock. Rev. Dr. Burns, of Toronto, to preach. Catholic Church, service in the Cathedral, pontifical mass celebrated for the first time in America—unveiling of images to follow—admission 25 cents.

Two or three business streets crossed, and we enter Wabash Avenue. It is as quiet as could be desired by any who love to keep holy day. The very carriages rolling in the centre, are scarcely heard, as they pass over the block-laid street. Each side of the expansive passage is lined with beautiful shade trees, making a lady's parasol superfluous, although the sun shines in full glory. The buildings are a succession of beautiful private dwellings, interspersed with splendid churches, there being fifty of the latter in this avenue.

One thing observed in passing, not in keeping with Eastern views of the day's sanctity, is, that nearly at every door ladies and gentlemen are sitting, newspaper in hand, showing it is read as well as printed on the Sabbath. One mile advanced in the way, and we reach the costly structure occupied by the first Baptist Church. A gentleman sweeping the steps very courteously answers our queries. "Is this the Baptist Chapel?" "Yes." "Why a cross surmounting its front! In Canada we should consider the place Catholic?" The cross is an emblem of our faith, and is generally placed on our churches out west." "We are strangers come to attend worship." With an intimation of being made welcome, we are invited to attend the Sabbath School. A Chapel-like structure at the end of the main building appears to serve for general purposes. In the upper part is the school, which we enter by a side

door, from one of the galleries of the church. What a scene ! The hum of several hundred juvenile voices engaged at their tasks. The appointments of the chamber are really novel and striking. At one end is an apartment, separated by glass doors, where 200 of the infant portion of the school are taught. The whole of the classes are accommodated with circular seats, so that each teacher has his class conveniently around him. On the walls are placarded appropriate passages of scripture, such as "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." On one side a small organ to aid in singing, and in the centre a fountain in full play, surrounded with rocks and flowers.

The Superintendent, at the proper time, sprang a bell to call order, but had to repeat the act before silence was secured. His appearance and accent bespoke a man from far East, as he gently reproved the school for its tardiness in coming to order, but his censure so qualified, indicated the republican training of the reprover, as well as of the reproved.

"I am sorry, boys, it was necessary to sound the bell twice before securing order this morning ; but we can be quiet, and we will be quiet. The lesson to-day was very instructive, and I trust you will all be benefitted by it. I received a letter last week from Brother Noel, in London, and he informs me that Hammond is laboring most successfully in that city, and that some hundreds of Sunday school scholars have recently been converted through his instrumentality. I have to report favorably of the efforts of two boys in bringing new scholars, one has brought two and another four ; both will be suitably rewarded at the close of the school, the first by a beautiful bouquet of flowers, the other by the gift of an interesting book. Dr. Gregory is to preach this morning, and I trust the larger boys will stay to hear him." Singing several hymns and reciting the Lord's prayer, which the scholars repeated after the superintendent, closed the pleasing

service, and public worship soon after began.

How superbly beautiful the finish and furniture of this edifice, with its carpeted floor and cushioned pews to match, and organ of great power and reputed sweetness.

If a member of the primitive church which met in an upper chamber, should be permitted to return to earth and enter this temple, it might require some logic to convince him that the worshippers were followers of apostolic practice.

How far the contrast between the resources of Judea and Illinois, or Jerusalem and Chicago, would be permitted to enter into the argument, and justify the disparity, we wot not, but we do affirm no strangers were made more welcome in the upper chambers of old, than are strangers in this, and the other churches of this city. They meet the attention of invited guests, and the worshipping assemblies of Canada should learn a lesson of Western christian politeness in this particular.

Dr. Gregory enters the pulpit, a picture of health and simplicity, but evident mental power. No clerical garb distinguishes his person from another gentleman, and he needs none.

How beautifully he gives out the opening hymn, and his reading of the sacred volume would arrest the progress and charm the ear of a passing angel. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you" were the words of his text.

He showed the Saviour did not intend to condemn worldly pursuits, but to correct the error of placing them, in point of time and value, before the concerns of the soul. Religion was the paramount concern, but it became the religious youth of this country to slacken naught in their aims, to acquire wealth, so clearly within their reach, in the boundless resources of the great west. Not for purposes of self aggrandisement, but to lay all on the altar of God. The world was never before so rich : and the United States, with all

their losses, never so successful in developing and piling up wealth.

All is wanted to civilize and christianize the earth ; in printing and circulating the scriptures ; building ships in hundreds, to transport missionaries in thousands, to make known through all lands, the saving knowledge of redeeming grace. But it is time to check this excursive pen and hurry to a close. Our reluctant steps turn from this house of prayer, beautiful for situation, as well as appearance, and we seek the temporary home of our hotel.

Next day a visit to some of the objects of interest in the city, brought our visit to a close, and the evening finds us embarked in the same vessel, bound for home ; sweet home. Among the objects visited, was the building of the Young Mens' Christian Association, since burnt down, which adds a melancholy interest in our mind to this once ample and costly edifice, which was a monument of the zeal and enterprise of the young men of Chicago. The good ship "Brooklyn" had made short work of unloading and reloading. As a sample of Western dispatch, 10,000 bushels of wheat, a part of her cargo, were weighed and taken on board in less than two hours. In favorable weather, a sail in the great Lakes is delightful, but patience requires to have its perfect work in taking the round-about route, compared with the short cut by rail. When will the great scheme of the Ottawa and Lake Huron Ship Canal bring Montreal 500 miles nearer Chicago by water than it is at present ?

A great future awaits this great continent. May no broils intervene to stay the progress of either country, or cool the friendship that should ever mark the intercourse of John and Jonathan—and let all the people on both sides of the line say, Amen. E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, April, 1868.

Sheds and Shades.

MR. EDITOR, —The above caption will supply a theme for a general epistle to all in this dominion whom it may concern. It is humbly expected, that,

in the exercise of your sovereign power, death, or a worse punishment, shall not be the fate of this production. The writer has a lively horror of the waste-paper basket in your sanctum, and a greater dread of the practice of Editors treating correspondents with silence. How unfeelingly are the innocent strangled in the Judgment Hall of the fourth estate, and that, too, without the intervention of a jury, or benefit of the clergy. How vigorously the press usually pleads for liberal Government within the precincts of the three estates of the realm, but in the fourth estate, its own dominion, arbitrary rule and despotic sway is the prevailing order. But Mr. Editor, the importance of the above subject and the fact of speaking by authority, embolden the writer to demand an audience. Perhaps you admit the usefulness of the subject, but ask whence the authority. Well, sir, the subject gives authority. We are not to put light past our neighbor, and we are to seek every one another's good. Further, your servant was assigned the task—in this way.

Some months since a worthy bishop of your denomination, whose light shines, being in company of another worthy man and the writer, got into discourse on the flourishing state of the Baptist body, and passed from the subject of Churches to that of Chapels. It was observed that many of the latter were being built, and not a few of them were comfortable and commodious ; yet how frequently they looked bare for want of shade trees, and what a lack there was of sheds, so necessary for the protection of teams at meeting places in the country. The idea was suggested that the subject was worthy of ventilation—that a chapter in the "Baptist" might be useful, and a majority of two assigned the duty of writing it to one—not the most fit, but who could with least truth plead want of time.

Pardon so much introduction, and let us to the subject. We are told in the Good Book of a time when a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon thick trees, and certainly in

our own Canada a manly, patriotic and indispensable duty has it been to redeem the earth from the dominion of the forest. Trees appeared enemies, and he who levelled most was the best citizen. In many places the extermination has been overdone, at least, so well done, that taste, comfort and profit unite in advocating the culture of trees; and, ere long, he will be considered the best citizen who plants most. Other countries give strict attention to this subject. In France, the Government takes the thing in charge, and our neighbors over the line plant freely, for fuel, for sugar and for shade. How delightful are trees around a dwelling house, nor less grateful are they in the vicinity of the house of prayer. They are a protection from the storms in winter, and the sun's rays in summer. Again, what beauty they give to the landscape, and how cheaply they can be procured. Sufficiently tall grown ones can be transplanted, if necessary care is used, so that the benefit may be enjoyed at once. Why should Canadians be behind any other people in beautifying the landscape of their fair country, and adding to the comforts of their public buildings and private residences. Especially let trees be planted around the little sanctuaries growing up throughout the land. If plain, their plainness will be covered, if otherwise, their beauty will be increased, and future generations praise the taste and wisdom of their sires, who though the enemies of trees when too plentiful, became their best friends when scarce.

And now, a plea for sheds, more necessary than shades. The latter should be done, and the former not left undone. To quote again the words of the Good Book, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." Does not this saying amount to a command? Verily the tender mercy of the Most High is over all His creatures. How much are we indebted to the horse for means of reaching meeting, and while we sit comfortably within, learning lessons of instruction in daily life, and drawing

spiritual supplies from the wells of salvation, is it merciful treatment towards the animals that transported us swiftly hither, to leave them shivering in the cold of winter, or sweltering in the heat of summer, without any protection? Should it not be considered imperative in country places that, near all houses of worship, sheds should be erected for teams employed in coming to church? The voices of mercy, duty and interest unite in urging the necessity of this plea. May they not speak in vain, but may the good sense and good feeling of every rural congregation prompt them to verify in practice the divine aphorism "a merciful man is merciful to his beast."

And now, what further need of argument? The case is so plain and reasonable that all can understand, and none can gainsay. The thing required is action. Ye men of valor, who have slain your thousands of the beautiful forest trees of Canada, will you not lend a hand to restore again the waste places of the land, and beautify your little Zions with the evergreen and maple, so graceful for shade and so beautiful to look upon?

And ye men who love to praise the muscle and speed of your horses, have a care for them on Sunday as well as other days, and see that sheds as well as shades become part of the surroundings that add comfort and beauty to the place whither the families of your neighborhood love to go up to worship in the courts of their God. E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, Dec., 1868.

Sesquipedalian Words.

There is a beauty in simplicity of speech, and it is pleasing to note the improvement herein among writers and speakers of our day. A wise preacher seldom makes a pocket dictionary necessary. How delightful it is to read the speeches of men of note in the British Parliament, or a leader in the London *Times*, and to mark the everyday character of the words used. Verily "he may run that readeth."

Your correspondents, sir, do not

often stun us with words of learned length and thundering sound ; but one good man, writing in the *Baptist* of July 29th, obliged me to lug down Webster to learn what *disintegration* meant. Perhaps friend Caldwell exclaims : "ignorant fellow !" Granted—but how many such there are who have not Webster to consult, and why not express a state of separation by a simpler word, particularly when illustrating a portion of the preaching of Him whom the common people heard gladly.

BORN OF WATER.

Mr. Caldwell, in his exposition of John 3rd and 5th, undertakes the task of diffusing light with much confidence, and treats the views of those who differ from him as of small account. That gentleman may be safely left to his opponents, for his stronghold is assailable at various points. Without pretending to explain what has puzzled wiser heads, will Mr. Caldwell permit, in passing one or two questions ; albeit the idea of puerile questions tacked to his name somewhat warms him. If water, in the verse referred to, points to Baptism, why not the birth by water precede the birth by the spirit ? The order of the words favors this view, and the expression "born of water," if baptism is meant, clearly teaches baptismal regeneration, and that, without baptism there is no salvation. In verse 3 it reads : "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Verse 5 clearly repeats the same truth, and the expressions : "see the kingdom of God," and "enter the kingdom of God" do appear to mean the same thing. The idea that each church of baptized believers is the kingdom of God is surely a novel one, and farther fetched than that of holding "born of water" to mean something else than baptism. Mr. Caldwell's argument, "water is water," smacks of Luther's reasoning anent the real presence ; "This is my body." Now water is used very often in the Bible figuratively. In one place it means much people. In Isaiah 55 and 1, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth,

come ye to the waters," it means the gospel, or it may be termed the *word*. Psalm 119 : "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way ? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." "I prevented the dawning of the morning and cried, I hoped in thy word." In the New Testament concurrent passages point strongly to the *word* being the co-operative power with the Spirit, and would seem to justify the sense of John 3rd and 5th as if it read, "except a man be born of the *word* and of the Spirit he cannot enter the kingdom of God." John 15th and 3rd : "Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." 17th chapter, 7th verse : "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth." Ephesians 5, 26 : "That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word." 1 Peter 1, 23 : "Born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever."

Pray, friend Caldwell, don't be wrathful with writers who withhold their names ; the number is vast ; the practice has its benefits ; at any rate, what can't be cured must be endured, and, if you will be advised, be a little more courteous with your opponents. You see self interest dictates the caution, so that, if you think it worth while to smite my pate, which is rather bare, the stroke may be that of the righteous : "as excellent oil that shall not break the head."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Editor, it is to be hoped that your long journeys have benefitted your inward as well as your outward man. Report saith the latter is slimmer than it was won't to be—a beneficial change this hot weather. No doubt hard work rather than Mr. Banting merits the credit. It is pleasant to hear people praise your good nature and agreeable deportment, and it may be inferred that your way was prosperous in the interests of your paper.

It seems the spirit of liberality was largely poured out at Papineauville, and doubtless some droppings fell to

your share, but the lion's portion another interest claimed and received. Dr. Fyfe is a very gentlemanly beggar, and holds the giver to be the benefitted party—strange logic for a Professor to teach, yet, stranger still, he backs the opinion by scripture: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." In one corner of the Ottawa, where the Rev. Dr. preached, there were several Brethren, (Plymouthists,) in the audience. The words: "This one thing I do," &c., were improved to much profit, and the Brethren were agreeably disappointed that a minister maker should teach so soundly.

A PLYMOUTH APOSTLE.

These people are just now enjoying, at different points along the river, the services of Mr. Baynes, Bursar of McGill College, Montreal. This gentleman is a great improvement on Mr. Hook. He has a good voice, good delivery, and advances most excellent matter, yet strangely mixes with it most unaccountable statements. For instance in one of his addresses, he classed Baptists with Catholics and Episcopalians, and declared they all baptized people into their churches. Of the Baptists, he said the reason so many of them were stark full of the world, was the fact of their members being so baptized into the church. He declared that the Baptists had, like the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, a creed, while the New Testament was the only authority in faith and practice. At the close, a Baptist asked him where the creed he had alluded to was to be found, as he had neither seen nor heard of such. Mr. Baynes replied that he had been favored with a copy this very day. In religion men should be honest, and fault finders exemplary. The said document was never submitted to the Baptist Church in the locality or adopted by them, and is simply a statement of the doctrines believed by Baptists generally, with the passages of Scripture in proof thereof, not one of which, it is believed would Mr. Baynes dissent from. Further, it has not even been circulated so widely as a document of a similar

character, drawn up by Mr. Baynes himself, and entitled "Propositions for all Believers."

Although an improvement on Mr. Hook, the same spirit, modified, possesses the teacher. He seems to love to break down churches, and to build on other men's foundations, rather than occupy new fields and recruit from the subjects of Satan. The presence of dogs has a peculiar effect on the minds of both. They impute to the devil the presence of these animals, yet the people are blamed. Mr. Baynes told the congregation plainly, whatever they did when others held forth, they must keep their dogs at home when he preached. Very good advice, but equally good whoever preaches—yet, if Satan brings them, how can the people help it?

On one occasion, when Mr. Baynes was belaboring the sects, an old Baptist was unfortunately moved to make some reply, but was snubbed by the preacher in a way very unlike the character of a gentleman or spirit of a christian, and in striking contrast to the example of Him who endured the contradiction of sinners, and who taught His followers to "resist not evil."

Mr. Baynes is a decided believer in immersion, and administered the ordinance to three candidates in the Ottawa. His address on the subject was admirable, but his manner of baptizing unusual in this region. On reaching the water's edge, he took off his coat, and minus all but shirt and pants, looked much like a man prepared for labor or war. He led out in succession three young females, and immersed them in this wise. He first asked the name, and then said: "C——, dost thou believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God? C——, dost thou desire to be baptized into the death and resurrection of the Son of God?" An affirmative being given to each query, he proceeded. "C——, I baptize thee into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit."

Mr. Baynes denounces the chapter from Spurgeon which appeared lately

in the "Baptist" as a tissue of lies, but its truth is verified in many respects by what we see around us. E. W.

Banks of the Ottawa, Aug. 6, 1869.

Sheriff Treadwell.

To the Editor of the Ottawa Citizen :

SIR,—Our indefatigable friend Sheriff Treadwell, has lately returned from Ottawa triumphant. The Central Railroad is no longer a myth, but a certain (to be) fact. Mr. Brydges may hide his diminished head—his power and pomp and special car notwithstanding. Our sheriff does not care a fig for him. The North Shore shall be the route from Chatham, thence to Hawkesbury and L'Orignal, onward somewhere to the shore of the Pacific.

The Sheriff supposed none could surpass him in matters of railroads, but he found a man in the capital who knew twice as much as himself. Fortunately, Mr. Wadington had come there for the same great purpose—a road to the Pacific. Consequently they worked in harmony, and did so to a purpose. The necessary notice having been given, Parliament is petitioned, and it is fondly anticipated, so soon as the members shall have found repose after the private, civic and Governmental dances, the Red River mess, and sundry other weighty matters, and personal quarrels are adjusted, they will take in hand this great national scheme, and decide on it in a manner worthy of its immense importance.

In the meantime, the worthy Sheriff leaves no stone unturned, in order thoroughly to leaven the entire community with his views of the unspeakable value of this great highway and short way to China.

He regards the measure as one of life or death to Canada. Sir John A. once said: "annexation is dead and buried in the Potterfield." Sheriff Treadwell adds: "build the Pacific road and the monster will never—no never witness a day of resurrection." Neglect to do so, and the viper may any day come forth body and soul with

refreshed energies, and hand us over, body and bones, to the tender mercies of Yankeedom.

Our Sheriff, for one educated south of 45, is very loyal. Loyalty is a virtue not scarce in any part of Canada, but in our friend's bosom it burns with uncommon force. In fact, so great is his abhorrence of Republicanism, that he would class it among the sins from which Christians should pray: "good Lord deliver us." To avert so great an evil as annexation, to open up channels of trade, and to develop and settle the British portion of this vast continent, are the avowed motives that prompt the Sheriff to stretch every power he possesses, of body and mind, in order to make said road. The project has been with him the day dream of many years, but of late, unusual efforts have been put forth. Leading statesmen in England have received despatches from L'Orignal—Sir John Young has been addressed, and likewise His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, by our untiring friend. He told His Excellency he would build the road in one year with wooden rails, or in three years with steel rails. Ten thousand men were to be put immediately to work, and thus the millennial period of railroads was to be ushered in with a breath from the lips of one man whose faith shames that of all the worthies of whom we read. Samson's feats were of no account, the falling of the walls of Jericho insignificant compared to the achievements of our Sheriff.

Mountains will skip out of the way, valleys will suddenly fill up, bridges, ready-made, offer to span every river, stones and gravel shower down as required, ties to order fill their proper places, and rails fit for use spring up from mother earth and volunteer their services. Rolling stock the good man overlooks, and stations may not be required. But should both be necessary, perhaps additional time will be asked for these, or his fairy wand may speak them from nought on the instant. Pen and press having been fully brought to

bear on the powers that be, both legislative and executive, as well as on royalty, to learn the effect and further advocate his great scheme, our good friend made his visit to Ottawa.

His travel thither was slow and cheerless, through drifting snow and against bitter winds. Nothing daunted this hero of the rail pushed forward, ever and anon resting his horse while he read and spoke to dwellers by the way on the great theme of the road.

Many attractions were presented in the city, calculated to allure ordinary mortals, but the Sheriff heeded them not. Even the monster ball, graced by the presence of His Royal Highness, the Governor-General, the Houses of Parliament, and much of the beauty and fashion of the Dominion, failed to bribe him from his beloved track.

He left Ottawa deluged in bliss, convinced the road was safe and would soon be finished. When a man surrenders himself thus, body, soul, spirit and brains, for the public good, it is proper to ask—will he be suitably rewarded? We people of Prescott and Russell, knowing the Sheriff, by so much labor, is unfitting himself for one service, desire to know if a fitting situation as manager, or other lucrative birth awaits his acceptance. For a quarter of a century the good man has held his present office, and never stretched the neck of any of us, and if in the service of the road, life would be equally safe, what a blessing to have such a manager. In view of parting, we say farewell, dear Sheriff. If, in making the road, you bore mountains as you have bored men, they will, like the latter, quickly get out of your way,

If the great end of your life be ended before your days are, we wish you a triumphant passage over the track, in your special car, to celebrate the great event. As you fly past, the forest trees will clap their hands. The sleepers beneath will awaken and cry—all hail! The waves of the Pacific will lift up their heads in praise, and all nature do worship to the man whom all men will delight to honor, if you keep faith by

building, in such short time, this long road. But in the language of the writs you ofttime serve: "Herein fail not at your peril."

Yours truly,

VINDICATOR.

United Counties of Prescott and Russell, March 11th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Ottawa Citizen:

SIR,—Our friend, the Sheriff, has again descended from the capital, and again a storm in the elements has signalized his movements. But on this occasion the good man's face bespeaks a storm within as well as one without.

He is very wrathful with the writer and publisher of the letter referring to "his honor," which appeared lately in the *Citizen*. Will you kindly ventilate this attempt to mollify his feelings and smooth, if possible, the rippled surface of his temper. My good fellow, neither of the offending parties would harm a hair of your head. But if you will supply food for fun, why should we not enjoy it, and share the benefit with others? Are you not aware the greatest men, at the seat of our great empire, are, in turn, made the butt of sport for the amusement of the people? Rather take the notice of yourself as a compliment; and do not threaten the *Citizen* with the loss of your patronage, for be assured this is the surest way to give it a lift. Neither pour upon the head of the anonymous scribbler the vials of your wrath, and term his pencillings scurrilous. No definer of language would apply the word to anything said in this offensive article.

No, dear Sheriff, we have too often broken in company the bread of mutual hospitality, and taken profitable counsel together, to permit a word of slander to be said, much less published, of a man, whose private character is as blameless as yours. But in matters of public life, you must thicken your skin to endure such thumps as your attitude in the conflict of discussion may invite.

Deem it honorable, rather than otherwise, to be regarded ahead of the age, and partially crazed on a variety

of subjects, especially when these are measures of national importance. Be assured, fools are not the kind of people to become insane, and the cry of madmen is an old story. Paul was mad because he had too much learning. A celebrated philosopher was no better, because he announced the true theory that the earth, not the sun, moved. An engineer was afterwards imprisoned and pronounced insane, for discovering and teaching the theory of the steam engine. To come nearer home, the Hon. John Young was pronounced mad when he first suggested to bridge the St. Lawrence, and other great schemes, now realities in Canada. Now, dear sir, why be angry with us for making light of your proposal to build a road to the Pacific in one year, and putting ten thousand men to work in such a hurry? Please allow us the pleasure of saying you are mad, and give us proof that there is method in your madness. Was it out of place to credit you with greater faith than many of the worthies of whom we read, possessed, especially when you promised us greater achievements than they ever attempted. In making such promises you forgot an important doctrine in the Christian faith, and one which is equally true in secular things,—namely, that faith without works is dead, being alone. You should not be offended at the remark that your early training was obtained south of 45. It is no disgrace to any man to be born where Peabody was, or to be educated in a land whose learned men are authorities in theology, law and science, among the *literati* of older countries.

Again, dear Sheriff, good-by. Take more kindly the jokes of your friends; and if you would be advised by one of them, be more practical in future. Theory alone is starving fare to live on. Be persuaded also to do one thing at a time.

You are aware in the past, how many things you have attempted, and where are they all now?

The number of your fruitless schemes are legion. Millings, boatings and

merchandize, with the manufacturing of sundry wooden articles, were mixed with cutting cordwood, building wharves, and general agriculture. Special agriculture, in the shape of grapes, bees and flax, accompanied with tile and brick making, were intermixed with attention to land speculation,—the claims of religion; temperance, politics, and an effort to enter Parliament, and the varied and perplexing duties of High Sheriff. Added to all these, the absorbing interests of the Empire, involving extensive correspondence with men in power, both in Canada and Britain, with special efforts for roads in general, and railroads in particular, and what a picture is presented of a busy life, ending in vanity and vexation of spirit. One thought alone, dear Sheriff, is left to cheer your spirits, in viewing the desolation of your airy castles. If you have done little, you have attempted much, both for yourself and the public. The tribunal of heaven recognizes the motive for the deed. May you draw comfort from this thought while you live, and may it contribute to your happiness when you die. Adieu.

VINDICATOR.

United Counties of Prescott and Russell, March 17th, 1870.

March of Improvement.

To the Editor of the Ottawa Citizen:

SIR,—The march of improvement is pleasing to every mind interested in the well being of man. Such minds will weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. The degree of this feeling must, however, be in proportion to the interest we have in the individuals affected. It is well to desire the good of all—that every nation and tongue and people may prosper. But in a special sense it is our duty to seek the good of the nation to which we belong, and pray that “peace may be within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces.”

Of Canada we can thankfully exclaim, “The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places,”: “we have a goodly heri-

tage." Sectional rivalries will obtain, and different opinions prevail as to which portion of the Dominion is fairer than the other, or making the greater strides in improvement. A little boasting herein may be tolerated in all. "A citizen of no mean city," boasted a great man of old, speaking of himself, and Paul's example is very safe.

The dwellers in Ottawa city may well feel proud of the growing prosperity of the capital. Its material improvement is very apparent in the extent of its manufacturing capabilities — in the amount and character of its commercial operations, and in the style and extent of its buildings. Nor are the higher interests of intellectual, moral and religious advancement lagging behind. It can no longer be said: "Ottawa has a theatre, but not a schoolhouse worthy of the name." To notice but one: the school edifice in the western section of the city, is a credit to the capital. Under the efficient superintendence of Mr. Brebner, aided by a respectable staff of teachers, from five hundred to six hundred children enjoy the benefit of free education. The provision for the comfort and classification of the children has been carefully studied. The order which prevails, and the apparent interest of the pupils in their lessons, speak well for the system pursued in the school.

In its religious interests, Ottawa furnishes very many and some fine houses of worship. Within the recollection of the writer, these were few and far between, and very primitive. It is worthy of notice how many shades of faith there are among men. This fact furnishes argument for charity as well as for thankfulness that all can worship God, none daring to make them afraid. The shades of religious belief are growing with the growth of the inhabitants of Ottawa. In earlier days Roman Catholic, Church of England, Church of Scotland and Methodist were the only sects here.

Please permit a brief reference to the services of three of the numerous religious bodies at present in the city, as

witnessed on Sabbath, the 19th instant. The Baptist Church, meeting in Queen street, is at present without a pastor. Service commenced at 11 a. m. The pulpit was occupied by Mr. Easton, a gentleman recently from England, who is temporarily supplying this church. The attendance was fair. Among the congregation we noticed some members of Parliament from far West and far East. Mr. Easton has a very youthful appearance. His manner is demonstrative and earnest. He has considerable fluency of speech, and, with care, will make an acceptable speaker. After singing, prayer, and reading several portions of scripture, he announced his text, Jeremiah 3rd and 22nd: "Return ye backsliding children and I will heal your backsliding." These words were considered under three heads—the nature, the causes and cure of backsliding. Indifferences, coldness of heart, lack of interest in the worship and service of God, and growing worldliness were evidences of retrogression in religion. The causes were many—neglect of secret prayer, neglect of reading the word, neglecting attendance at the sanctuary, permitting the world to hold a primary instead of a secondary place in the heart. The cure was indited in the text by the word *return*. This step was the grand restorative, do thy first works and I will heal you. The sermon was illustrated and enforced with much energy and fervor.

On Ashburnham Hill stands a quaint looking church edifice, in which worship a body, which take the name of the "Catholic Apostolic Church." Whatever fault or failings the adherents of this sect have in doctrine or practice, in one particular they are truly Apostolic, as they levy no contributions on the outside world. "Free seats and no collection" is their practice. At 5 p. m. their usual evening service began. A person, aware of the fact that Mr. Irving, the originator of this body, was a Presbyterian, feels taken aback on witnessing, for the first time, its worship. Not much, if any, of the church of the covenanters is left, and the service ap-

pears to partake of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal kinds.

The congregation had sat silently for a short space, when, from a side door, entered a number of men, arrayed in vestments of different colors—black, white and purple. As they entered, all arose, and the service began. The prayers were intoned, responses were made by the people, and the creed repeated. During the saying of prayer, a man, who appeared chief among the officiating characters, stepped forward to the end of the building, and opened the door of a small elevated cupboard or ark and took out a veiled object, to which he bowed and kneeled several times during the service, and restored it to its place towards the close. This officer, who is probably the High Priest kept his back to the people during portions of the service, as he faced the object named. Hymns were sung during worship, a lesson from the Bible read at one side of the building, and afterwards a sermon preached at the other side. The sermon did not embrace practical or doctrinal teaching. The gentleman, who spoke in an easy and ready strain, desired to assure his hearers that, as things now stood, religious matters were very much out of joint. People were looking for, and expecting an improvement in the world, but were looking in vain. The continuance of war was proof positive of this, and things would never be put to rights until the Saviour came, personally, to reign on the earth.

At half-past six, service in Knox's Church, Lower Town, began. Mr. McLaren's appearance impresses you as one possessing mental as well as physical force. When you have heard him, you feel sensible that he is a man of religious power, also, and a valuable acquisition to the ministerial corps of the Ottawa churches. After the usual introductory exercises of prayer, singing, and reading the word, he announced, as the subject of consideration, the exclamation of Agrippa,—Acts 26th and 28th—"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." These words were

considered under three heads—what it was to be only *almost* persuaded to be a Christian, what it was to be wholly such, and the consequence of being merely almost persuaded.

The preacher observed that the persons present when the language of the text was uttered, were representative characters. Felix evidently "cared for none of these things;" while Agrippa, who was a Jew, and not ignorant of the expectations of the Jews, was nearly, but not quite, prepared to accept the new faith. In Paul is exemplified what it is to be altogether a Christian. The position of the almost-a-Christian, was forcibly illustrated by reference to everyday experience, and one striking example, quoted from Scripture, in proof of how near the mark a man may be, and yet utterly miss the prize. The young man in the Gospel averred he had kept all the law from his youth, and as Jesus looked on him, he loved him. But, knowing the heart, he tested its sincerity, and bade the young man sell all that he had, and give to the poor, and take up his cross and follow the Saviour. Alas, the young man became sad, and went away grieved, for he had great possessions, which he preferred to the treasure of heaven.

The man who is altogether a Christian, has accepted the terms of the Gospel. By a simple act of faith in, and trust on the merits of Christ, through his blood, shed for sinners. This sort of faith was aptly pictured in the words of a dying Christian, who, on being asked the ground of her hope, replied: "I have taken God at His word." The altogether Christian will not only accept the doctrines taught in the Bible, but will square his conduct thereby.

The consequences of being merely almost a Christian are fearful—near heaven, yet going down to hell—like a boat hurrying to the fearful leap of Niagara, nearly gains the shore, but not quite, and plunges, with all on board, into the dread abyss.

The introduction of hymns, more generally into Presbyterian worship, is a pleasing sign of progress, and it was

pleasant to listen to the words of Wesley at the close, in the beautiful hymn :

“Jesu, refuge of my soul,”

May this congregation long enjoy the ministrations of its present minister, who appears to be a workman not needing to be ashamed, and worthy to fill the place of its late highly respected pastor.

VINDICATOR.

February, 1871.

An Indignant Farmer. (Verb. et. lit.)

MR. EDITOR,—I believe the *Free Press* is free to hear, and forward to aid in redressing the just wrongs of Her Majesty's liege people.

Well, your honor, I am a farmer, and magnify my office.

My farm lies below the city many miles, and to reach it, by land, I pass over the front, or Montreal and Ottawa road. Your honor is aware that a company have macadamized some few miles or so, near the city, of this road, but left the balance beyond, to take care of itself, of which more anon. The portion macadamized comes to a period with a very long bridge, over Green's Creek.

This self same bridge, your honor, is made an advertising convenience, and is fairly covered with the names of scores of your merchants, setting forth the quality and description of their goods. If, thereby, the newspapers are cheated, they can care for their own interests ; I pass on to what concerns my own craft. Against one advertisement in the lot, I make a most solemn protest. I do so as a conservator of the peace, and also as a tiller of the soil. It is in relation thereto I bespeak your powerful assistance. It reads thus :

“Farmers, if you want your hides tanned, go to Woodland's.”

Now, Mr. Editor, what think you of such language, set forth in large characters, on the said bridge, over which we must pass, and pay for doing so? Your honor knows we are a sensitive class of men. We are sensitive as to our rights in the matter of good prices for our

produce, also of our importance at election times, as well as the dignity of our profession.

What does this gentleman mean? Is he a bully, and offers a general challenge to all of us who want a licking, to go to him, and he will tan our hides for us? If so, we commend him to the care and keeping of the efficient Chief of Police, Thomas Langrell, Esq.

Or, does he offer his services to color our skins by the application of tan juice? If the latter is intended, we want none of his heathenish tatooing performed on our Christian bodies. Should the offensive missive point to our animals, we request Mr. Wooland to distinguish between our cow's hides and our own hides, and avoid the appearance of wounding our dignity.

And now, Mr. Editor, a word, in passing, to the above named company. Gentlemen, do you think it fair and honorable to macadamize a very few miles at one end of a long road, continue to levy revenue, and advance no further with making the rest of the road. Persons living at any distance from the city, think, if they must travel the greater part of the way over common roads, there is very little benefit in having a short distance at the end very good, as this very good piece does not enable them to take any larger loads.

Again, toll is collected, in the winter the same as in summer, while the road is very little, if any, injured by travel, and cahots are allowed to remain uncut very often to the annoyance and detriment of the public. Is this right? And now for a word of advice, if such will be taken on the back of censure. Gentlemen, if you want your great bridge on Green's creek to last, *cover it*. It will last three times as long as it will if you do not. Space can be left at the sides for sufficient snow to drift in, and light will also be thereby afforded for reading the advertisements, but if you set at naught justice and counsel, you deserve to be sent to Woodland's, to “get your hides tanned.”

A FARMER.

Banks of the Ottawa, April 28, 1871.

On Tobacco.

MR. EDITOR,—Many of your readers heartily thanked Father Bates for his article in the *Baptist* some time since, denouncing the use of tobacco. The fearless, outspoken manner in which the good man treated the subject was very refreshing. The writer respectfully suggests he should have gone a step further, and condemned the trade in this expensive, injurious indulgence.

Will you kindly permit an additional testimony on the side of reform? Is it not time to lift up the voice, and, in no uncertain sound, beseech our friends and neighbors to abstain from using or selling the deleterious weed? My brother, think you our Creator intended tobacco for the purpose to which you apply it?

Please answer this question honestly and in view of the facts that you had much trouble to learn to use tobacco, and would have much greater trouble to learn to unuse it, in truth, that you are enslaved by a fleshly lust; and know by sharp experience, that an artificial appetite is more insatiable in its demands than a natural one. Advocates of total abstinence, how can you justify your practice of using tobacco, when so many of the arguments you urge against the use of intoxicating liquors, apply with equal force against the use of tobacco? You conjure the drunkard to break his chain and assert his manhood, while you yourself are as much a slave as he, but only to another habit, and one, too, not remotely related to inebriety.

"Christian," — the appellation in which you glory, is termed, by one of our poets, "the highest style of man." Do you walk worthy of your high calling, and magnify your celestial ability as a son of the Almighty, when you permit yourself to be in bondage to this pre-vailing vice?

"Christian Merchant," in trading in tobacco, are you benefitting your fellow-man, and aiming to promote the glory of God? Do you, in selling the article

give your customer value for his money and can you, with a good conscience, recommend it? If the Master was now on earth, and should enter your store as you weighed out such goods, would you feel all right?

Is it not more likely a tinge of shame would mantle your brow, being conscious of violating the divine command, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." In selling tobacco, which do you love most—your neighbor, or his money?

"Christian Minister," your example and precept are needed to abate the wide-spread consumption of tobacco. The church and the world have a right to claim your assistance in every good work.

If the practice here complained of is bad, is it not your duty to denounce it? On the other hand, if it is good, is it not your duty to recommend it, and let us all have the benefit generally?

If good for the minister, why not for the people, and all the people?

If good for me, why not for my wife, and if good for both, why not for the children? Let us be consistent and unselfish in our conduct.

What is learned in youth is generally well learned, and if smoking and chewing and snuffing are beneficial to our race, let our children begin early. Among other gifts to our Sunday Schools, why not cigars be included to girls and boys alike?

These sometimes form gifts to ministers. If proper in one case, why not in the other? Very many Christians are injuring their health, and shortening their days by the use of tobacco.

Their example is also injurious to the rising generation. The habit is not only bad in an individual sense, but it is a nuisance in the domestic circle as well as in general society.

Again, how frequently are unseemly scenes witnessed in the sanctuary in connection with it.

For instance, a participant in the communion, removing the quid from his mouth to receive the bread and wine, which looks very much like serv-

ing God and mammon—the flesh as much as the Spirit. And, in country places, the haste to light up pipes after service, bespeaks little reverence for the solemn duties of worship, and manifest the power of an evil habit. May we not hope better days will dawn on the church and the world, and that Christians will see more fully their duty, and be more willing to do it? The writer knows many instances of young converts giving up this habit from a sense of duty, as well as many old men doing so, after indulging for ten, twenty and thirty years. He, however, regrets to state that he knows only of one Christian merchant, who, from principle, does not sell tobacco.

A few years back, the Ottawa association was held at a small village, on the banks of our noble river. Among many resolutions introduced, was one, condemning the use of tobacco. The gathering was divided on the subject, for among ministers and members were some who dearly loved the weed. During the debate, a pale looking Christian man stood up and asked the question: "Is it sinful to use tobacco?"

A prominent minister explained away the sin of the habit, and the poor man, who bore evident marks of being injured thereby, smoked away, and soon died. This excellent minister lost a grand opportunity of doing much good. Yet he did not favor the practice by example; on the contrary, he had renounced the habit for the sake of example, and uses his great influence with young men against it.

Now, should not the question: "Is it sinful to use tobacco?" (as generally used) be answered in the affirmative? Methinks Father Bates would say yes. Soberly, let us consider the cost of the habit and—try, if we can, to estimate its baneful effects on the human family, both mentally and bodily. Against these let us place the benefits, (if there be any,) and the fair deduction would be, that the use of tobacco in the world is a monster evil to mankind, and if so, is it not sin in a Christian to lend his influence to perpetuate this evil?

Dr. Wood, a celebrated physician of the United States, says: "That the active or poisonous principle of tobacco is one of the most virulent poisons known, and that a drop of it in a state of concentrated solution was sufficient to destroy a dog, and that birds perished as they approached a tub containing it." M. Joly, in addressing the Academy of Science, in France, stated that from 1812 to 1832, the tobacco tax in that country produced 28,000,000 francs, and the Lunatic Asylum contained 8,000 patients. The tobacco revenue has now reached 180,000,000, while there are 44,000 paralytic and lunatic patients in the hospitals, showing that the increase of lunacy has kept pace with the increase of the revenue of tobacco, and he adds: "The immoderate use of tobacco, and especially of the pipe, produces a weakness of the brain and in the spinal marrow, which causes madness." Dr. Salmon says: "more people have died of apoplexy since the use of snuff, in one year, than have died of that disease in a hundred years before. Almost everyone that I have known die of late of that dreadful disease were inveterate snuffers." One writer says: "The cost of tobacco consumed in the United States annually, is \$17,000,000."

Dr. Cole testifies as follows: "The American Churches pay \$5,000,000 for tobacco, in all its forms, and less than one million for foreign missions." Such facts might be multiplied to any extent, but enough has been said to challenge attention to this important subject.

A CONSTANT READER.

A Story on Rats.

To the Editor of the Free Press:

SIR,—Some 27 miles below your flourishing city, occupying a frontage of nine miles on the banks of the noble Ottawa, is the township of Clarence. It takes its royal name from the sailor duke, afterwards William the Fourth. In days long since, the inhabitants of this incorporated block of Upper Canada soil, were much tried by

marauding parties, in the shape of wild beasts, which robbed their corn-fields, hen-roosts and sheep-pens. Bravely and successfully they fought for years, wolves, bears, racoons and foxes, and now enjoy comparative immunity from raids by these freebooters. But another enemy has entered an appearance of late years, and done us grievous damage. This latter foe has, hitherto, outwitted our sharpest skill, and banished all hope of relief. Need I tell you this formidable adversary is commonly called a rat? Our cellars, granaries and barns are continuously invaded, and great quantities of grain and other food, destroyed and fouled by this fearful pest. In fact, they have become so numerous and bold, that even our stables are entered, and the vermin will filch from our horses, the very grain they are eating.

One of our sturdy yeomanry, a keen Irishman, having suffered much from Mr. Rat, set his wits to work and fell upon a plan for making reprisal, which has proved a great success, and from which we hope much. He is desirous others should hear of his luck, and benefit by his discovery; hence, Mr. Editor, the occasion for seeking publicity to this story on rats.

Mr. Archibald Johnson, living in the aforesaid Township of Clarence, having been grievously exercised in soul, with the conduct of the rats, which infested his premises, pondered deeply how he might secure a riddance of the nuisance. Finally, he determined he would first cultivate the friendship of the rats, and take advantage of their confidence to the length of extermination. Our friend the rat slayer, is a good conscientious man, but, under the circumstances, considered the end justified the means. Three or four weeks ago he began the execution of his design by throwing to the rats in his stable, pieces of choice food, and continued, day by day, to feed the fellows, until one day quite a drove entered the stable in search of snacks. All means of egress being carefully closed, our hero, regarding the game present worthy of his mettle,

armed with a shillalah, entered the stable, and the fray began. The poor rats flew here, there and everywhere. Our friend smote to the right, to the left, behind and before, until not a living rat remained, and he was weary in the work, but not of it. His next business was to number the slain and 34 fine fat fellows lay dead around—which would have been a tempting lot to the besieged in Paris. As none escaped to tell the news, fresh squads arrived occasionally, and fared as did the first until 75 were numbered with the departed, and the worthy man believes not one remains to tell the story or abate in the least his own glory.

VINDICATOR.

Clarence, March 16, 1872.

To the Editor of the News:

DEAR SIR, — I regret to encroach further on your space anent the Gardener accident, but your correspondent "Canadian," obliges me to do so. If he supposes I intended a slight on his nationality, I beg to undeceive him by stating that, for over thirty years, a French Canadian gentleman has mainly been my family doctor. In imputing lack of delicacy to me, for not alluding to Dr. Giroux's share in the operation, he is equally at fault. I purposely avoided doing so, not wishing to say anything that might injure the professional standing of a person of whom I have no individual knowledge. Thereby I am suspected of injustice, and called upon to "rectify" my statements. To do so, I must state that I was informed by Mr. Gardener and others, at his house, that Dr. Giroux came unprepared with instruments necessary for amputating purposes—that he sat and allowed the sufferer to bleed profusely without rendering any help, until Dr. Metcalf arrived, and that he then advised delay in cutting off the injured limb, whereas the life of Mr. Gardener depended on this being immediately done. Dr. Metcalf performed the operation alone, and received no assistance whatever from Dr. Giroux, excepting in administering the chloroform.

The patient has, since, been entirely under the care of Dr. Metcalf, which fact sufficiently indicates to whom was committed the responsibility of this important case. If these statements are disputed, my informants can, and no doubt, will speak for themselves.

I am, &c.,

WM. EDWARDS.

Clarence, Jan. 2, 1878.

"Light Wanted."

A benighted "Protestant," in your issue of the 23rd ult., under the above caption, notices the supposed irregularity of the Central Canada Association in ordaining a young man to the ministry, at the recommendation of the Quarterly Board of the Convention East, and then asks some questions, anent this irregularity, and some others, which I shall try and answer.

Now, my good friend, Mr. "Protestant," shall I remind you that, when the exodus was made from Rome, many of its customs and doctrines went with the seceders; that in Protestant England they had "Acts of Uniformity" and "Conformity," and is it not possible that some of the spirit of these acts have found a lodgement among us Baptists. What are these "usages" you speak of but certain rules of conformity established by long use among the churches, and every departure therefrom noted, and avoided, as a dangerous inroad into "long established usage," *alias* conformity. Now, I look upon the ceremonies of ordination, as practised among Baptists, as savoring somewhat of Popery, and the sooner we cease looking to ordination as a *sine qua non* in a pastor, the better. There can be no wrong in a man being set apart as a pastor to a church, or as an Evangelist,—yet I can find no warrant in the Scripture for ordination being imperative. The greatest living preacher of the day, and a Baptist, too, has never been ordained. Just see what he says anent ordination, in the June number of the *Sword and Trowel*, page 265.

Now for the answers to your queries.

1st, I should say, yes; 2nd, no; 3rd, no; 4th, yes.

I cannot discuss all these questions, as I don't care about going into usages, many of them being only of about as much force, as the traditions of the elders. An Association is not a Council, nor is a Church, or several Churches a Council. In fact, I know of no place in the New Testament where the term Council is applied to Christians at all.

No Board or Association, or such gathering has the right to ordain ministers. If any power exists at all, it lies with the Church to whom he is minister, or, if he be sent out by the Church as a preacher or laborer. The imposition of hands, now-a-days, is but a mere usage. The last question is the most remarkable: "Can a minister, not himself ordained, confer valid ordination on another?" I would ask, does the administrator of baptism confer any virtue or benefit on the subject of baptism? There is no benefit bestowed upon a man, when hands are laid on his head; he is the same after as before—neither more nor less. Ordination is merely appointing men to any office. The Church can do this as well as a minister, or any number of ministers. A brother, appointed by the church, can ordain a pastor to that church as well as all the councils in the land.

A BAPTIST.

On the Death of Lincoln.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO HIS BROTHER.

DEAR JAMES,—I very much regret your, as I believe, mistaken views, anent the merits of the American struggle, and the character and capacity of Abe Lincoln, a God-appointed and God-instructed man, whose death has thrilled the world, and whose name will be had in everlasting remembrance.

Tens of thousands, who thought as you thought, have changed their minds, but you belong to a stationary stock, who move slow, but sure. I hope you

will yet be blessed with light. What do you mean by "greatness?" You do not put a high price on blood or origin? Name a man, in ancient or modern times, so overwhelmed with care, possessing so much power, who valued so little the honor of office, who evinced such *wisdom*, firmness, unselfishness, faith, perseverance, moderation and honesty.

Abraham Lincoln was a great and good man.

No war was ever more justified on the part of the North, and no war was ever so fruitful of blessings to the human race. The spirits of hell and the devil were leagued against truth and

righteousness. Wrong has been vanquished, and right stands forth, justified and beautified, as gold tried in the furnace.

The assassination of Lincoln is an epitome of the great quarrel. As for Booth, he deserves not a thought, but as by agency, he represented the South. Lincoln's death is a great blessing,—he conquered when he fell. In no way could the aim of his life be more surely be made sure than by his death. With him slavery died, the South was conquered and the Nation united.

YOUR BROTHER WILLIAM.

Clarence, May 15, 1865.



POETRY.

A Rhyme on a Pugilistic, Usurious, Vain, Vindictive Christian at Rockland.

(Written for the News.)

Archibald J, 'tis said
By himself, has been dead,
To the world, for many a year,
Was converted by grace,
And can point out the place,
By a stump in Plantagenet's rear.

With blind zeal for the cause,
Of the master whose laws
He treats as of small repute,
He will pray and will preach,
And exhort and beseech,
But always loves best to dispute.

In a doctrinal fray,
Robert Johnston, one day,
Smote Archie on the dexter cheek,
Who quickly turned t'other,
Saying "smite again brother,
I've learned to be gentle and meek."

How dramatic! this saint,
But such acting's a feint,
Although much of duty he'll prate,
"I'll knock you down sprawling,
Then kick you for falling,"
Was his language to Gibson, of late.

Fie for shame! it is well,
The Church did expel
This deacon so eager for strife,
He had better repair
To the *stump*, and in prayer
Confess all the sins of his life.

Much in judgment he lacks,
And of self strongly smacks,

While his tongue aye wags and is loud,
His creed is very sound,
But in practice unbound,
Vain, selfish, conceited and proud.

Usurious at best,
To feather well his nest,
With him is a subject of boast,
Like a niggardly screw,
Can shave notes like a Jew,
And sinners who borrow well roast.

But what folly ! this trial
To serve God, and meanwhile,
Give your heart in full to make pelf,
His religion is vain,
Who would heaven obtain,
Yet refuses to crucify self.

In fine, Archie repent
Of your rowdy intent,
And the anger and malice you feel,
To'ards the people who share,
The expulsion affair,
While your guilt's as silly as real.

No doubt oft he regrets,
All his many defects,
And mourns the old Adam within,
Would the devil defy,
Seeking strength from on high,
To battle with self and with sin.

But religious by jerks,
And indulging in quirks,
Accords not with the book divine ;
Who would give no offence,
Must shun vain pretense,
In good works redeeming the time.

REPROVER.

Ottawa, March, 1879.

Lines on a Puritan Lady in the Ottawa Valley.

(For the News.)

Ye gods of verse my pen inspire,
To write in words of living fire,
A lady's praise, unknown to fame,
Puritan maiden we will name ;
Fair in person, with gifts of mind
Calm and discreet, with tastes refined,
Walking with God, His Word her guide,
Answering not back they who chide,
Modest and meek, coy, retiring,
Ne'er to fashion's art aspiring,
Neither by action or by look
Feigns wiser than the sacred Book,
Treading by faith the narrow way,
Forgetting not to watch and pray,
Trusting in Jesus Christ alone,
The tried, chief, precious corner stone,
Her creed is brief, explicit, plain,
If works will save, Christ died in vain,
Yet prove obedience, and as clear
The faith that truly is sincere.
In her, rare qualities combine,
Duty and truth resplendant shine,
The Bible holds throughout divine.
She treats with scorn all aims of man,
To mend the least, God's glorious plan.
Can erring creatures of the dust
Nature's machinery aught adjust ?
Much less the spirit's work control.
Who made, alone can guide the soul.
She spurns, as trash, all doctrines taught,
Absurdly styled : "advanced thought,"
Chooses the ancient paths, who may
In folly's quagmires go astray.
Within the church, she takes a share
In every duty, every care.
Warning the lapsing, lest they stray,
Aiding the well-doing in their way,
Guiding the sinner to the road
That leads to happiness and God.
Seeking those things which banish strife,
Studios to live a blameless life.
Aiming the gospel to commend
Alike to foe as well as friend.
Perhaps, in doctrine somewhat strong,
But whether right or whether wrong,
Stern principle her star to guide,
Come weal or woe, or what betide,

Of calvinistic stock and school,
Avowing close communion rule.
Deeming a preacher aught unsound,
She feels in painful duty bound
To tell the parson, to his face,
His need of more informing grace.
Each while, the brotherhood incline,
To have a social, pleasant time,
No sister so expert as she
To make the coffee and the tea.
The doors are opened very wide,
And close communion laid aside,
Cents, twenty-five, give right to share,
The speeches and the modest fare,
Youths flock in crowds, some want a lark,
Some flirt a trifle, some may spark
In spite of deacon or church clerk.
Who seeks a wife, seeks what is good,
To wed is wise, and all men should,
Who woes and weds this maiden fair,
Will find in her a treasure rare ;
She'll do her husband good always,
And gain from him abundant praise.
Like merchant's ships will bring from far,
All kinds of food that needed are.
While yet 'tis night will leave her bed,
That all her household may be fed,
Consider aright to purchase soil,
And vineyards plant, by fruit of toil,
Her loins will girdle firm with might
And burn her candle all the night.
To needy ones will help bestow,
Nor dread her household for the snow,
For all, in scarlet will parade,
Herself in richest dress arrayed.
Honor, her husband will await,
Sitting with Elders in the gate,
She, clothed with strength and honors won,
Will much rejoice in time to come ;
Wisdom from out her lips still flows,
Her speech the law of kindness knows ;
Daughters, in numbers, have done well,
But she will all of them excel.
Now let us view our heroine,
Wisely redeeming present time,
Employed within the household region,
When duties feminine are legion,
Suffice to say she bravely dares,
Surmounting well her endless cares,
Can cook to order, wash to please,
Churn butter and make best of cheese,
The whole domestic compass box,
Can sweep a floor or roast an ox.

But chiefly as a nurse we claim
For her a high and honored name,
Patient, indulgent, self all slain,
Sharing the sufferer's racking pain,
With speech so soft and steps so light ;
Intensely watching day and night,
Such fervent love, such anxious care,
With agonizing, inward prayer,
Are qualities in nurses rare.
Alas, when children claim her aid,
Extremely foolish acts this maid,
She feeds their humours, whims and vapors,
Condons capricious, facetious capers,
Suffers their noisy, crying, squalling,
And mildly brooks excessive bawling,
She does not rule—the rulers they,
Who all her mandates disobey.
She pleads for quarter, sues for grace,
And gets for pay, slaps in the face,
Tries coaxing, bribing, but all arts,
Fail quite, to touch their callous hearts
“Won't darling baby quiet keep
And let his aunty get some sleep?”
But darling baby wants to play,
And aunt may sleep as best she may.
Wherefore not try the ancient rule :
The rod has virtue for a fool,
Who spurns its use but hates his boy,
And sorrow has, instead of joy.
Enough of counsel, blame and praise,
Happy and lengthened be thy days,
Whether you wed or maid remain,
May peace within your bosom reign.
Thus ends this crude, imperfect dity,
Lacking the grace of being witty
Or ornamental, polished diction ;
But claims much more—it is no fiction.

C. E.

Ottawa River, Nov., 1879.

A Rhyme for the Time.—On the Struggle to be Sheriff.

(For the News.)

Our worthy Sheriff has been summoned where
All sin is banished, and all earthly care.
This vacant office many suitors crave,
But only one the precious gift can have.
The rest poor fellows, must with grief bewail
That in the hunt they come in at the tail.
Thus Mr. B., who once was M. P. P.,
On party grounds, as all shall plainly see,
Can show clear title, that without a doubt
Will put competitors to hasty rout.
Did he not win his seat with hands all clean?
No bribing, treating, lying have been seen.
Throughout his canvass, every act was such
At which no Christian man could censure much.
His eloquence so rare, so charming sweet,
Out-did McGee, who got a sad defeat,
And saved the county from the lasting shame
Of bowing down its neck to foreign reign.
Hagar, 'tis true, nigh lost a close run race,
By B. obtruding in a hopeless chase,
But B., shrewd man, took this unusual way
The strength of Hagar better to display.
None truer to his part? You can trust
His every action squared by what is just.
Within the County, none can better claim,
So clean a record of a spotless name.
Self, left for ever in the distant rear,
"What's right is best,"—his teaching ever clear,
His conduct moulded by the sacred Book,
From which, in former years, grand texts he took.
Within the House, with never-failing zeal
He worked, alone to forward public weal,
Still voted straight whatever storm might lower,
Nor ever sought to share the reins of power.
Consistency aside, if Sheriff made,
With cocked hat crowned and wearing courtly blade,
He'll do the airs of office on parade
With grace; what's more, will never seek to shirk
The less inviting cares of public work.
Possessing brass and brains and lore withall,
Small wonder that he hears this inward call,
Louder than was of yore the pulpit cry
To warn poor sinners to prepare to die.
W. comes next, all qualms he boldly braves,
Alone on family grounds the post he craves.
Full brother is of the ex-speaker West,
And son of him just entered into rest,

Nought else besides, this claimant recommends,
 But power of kindred, and desire of friends.
 Another yet demands our curious gaze,
 Whose modest worth all people great be-praise,
 D. builds his hopes upon the flimsy plea,
 That Prescott already has given Sheriffs three,
 That Russell should, as truly Russell can,
 The office fill—and he's the proper man.
 Of loyal descent and well-known liberal race,
 With lore enough aright to fill the place,
 No beggar, cringing low with hat in hand,
 Justice alone he claims, with firm demand.
 Though last, not least, comes F., who firmly stands,
 And universal praise from all commands,
 His figure, mind and bearing fully scan,
 And find him all and every inch a man.
 The past gives prooof, with energy and skill
 This office high he can with credit fill,
 And were the Counties asked by vote to show
 On whom they would the envied boon bestow,
 Without mistake, F.'s name would upward soar,
 Out-numbering all, by very many score.
 Mowat needs not our very humble praise,
 His worth will yet be sung in lofty lays,
 By some sweet bard, begot in future days ;
 Ontario's best and most unselfish friend,
 Long may he live, and peaceful be his end.
 One favor we entreat—May he aright
 Judge this important question, and despite
 All party ties, let merit win the day,
 And we, in duty bound, will ever pray.

C. E.

Ottawa Banks, March, 1880.

A Parody.

(For the News.)

A parody, on a part of John Gilpin, showing in what way a most excellent teacher of immersion escaped being fatally immersed, in passing through deep water to the ice, in spring.

John Jones was once a citizen,
 Of credit and renown ;
 A Baptist Parson eke was he
 Of Digby's thriving town

John Jones' spouse said to her dear,
 "Though married we have been
 For very many years, yet we
 No travel yet have seen.

Besides, I do believe, John,
This field is growing bare,
While pastures fat and flourishing
With welcome you may share.
The people too desire a change,
And value not your merit,
Their faith seems dead, their zeal has fled,
Fly John and save your credit.

To-morrow, though the Sabbath day,
To Sunderland repair,
You will be so much on your way,
And preach while staying there.

Then start you for the further west
Where I will follow soon,
Ontario is a goodly land,
Where thousands can find room."

He quick replied: "I do admire
Of woman kind but one,
And you are she, my Martha dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a preacher sound and bold
As Digbyites all know.
And Deacon Black, the worthy smith,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. J.: "That's nobly said.
And though the water's deep,
As you're a Baptist Parson, John,
Aloft your courage keep."

John J. embraced his thoughtful wife—
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on worldly schemes intent,
She had a pious mind.

The day arrived—the sleigh was brought,
And they did both get in,
Parson and Deacon, quite agog
To smash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip—off went the sleigh,
Were ever men more mad,
The horse plunged in a fearful gulf,
Which threatened tidings sad.

John flung himself upon the horse,
The Deacon grasped the sleigh,
Both being in a dismal plight
Like sailors cast away.

In dire affright, the parson seized
The horse's flowing mane,
Circled his limbs around its flanks
And pulled, for life, the rein.

The horse, which never in this sort,
Had handled been before,
What thing had got upon his back
Did wonder more and more.

Yet made a spring upon the ice,
And brought the men both out,
Admonished next time to beware,
Of what they were about.

For though 'mong birds of varied creed,
As "water fowl" they rank,
Both thought a "sprinkle" better than
Than was a flowing tank.

Also that baths in icy floods,
E'en Baptists should forego,
For heaven all penance interdicts
As idle, fleshly show.

This worthy parson reached the west,
Soon after got a church,
And Martha had the joy to see,
Digby left in the lurch.

Long may he there be spared to preach
With zeal, as here displayed,
And Martha, in the diadem
Of meekness be arrayed.

Let none suppose this tale is meant
The Baptist's creed to slight,
Dean Stanley says: "On Bible grounds,
No question they are right."

Digby, the lurch surmounted well,
A fitting man was found,
Faithful, yet genial, apt to teach,
In doctrine always sound.

Now let us sing: "Long live the Queen,"
And friend J., long live he,
And when he fights the floods again,
May we be there to see.

C. E.

Ottawa Banks, January, 1880.

Some Glimpses of Clarence, Past and Present.

LINES READ AT A SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY IN
THIS TOWNSHIP.

(*For the News.*)

Children, pray listen, while I briefly trace,
The onward progress of this favored place,
Both moral and material scenes survey,
Contrasting present with times passed away.
Since this much valued Sunday School began,
Much more than fifty years their course have ran,
A lonely wilderness was Clarence then,
The home of deer, and other wild beasts' den.
The forest dense held universal sway,
Owls screeched—wolves howled from dusk till break of day,
The lone exception to this picture drear,
Was some few acres in the forest clear,
And families six lived on the river's bank,
Caught of its fish, and of its waters drank.
Supplies besides were, not in ample store,
And scantiness invaded oft their door.
No cart or buggy then the place had seen,
One horse alone to crop the herbage green,
No roads to travel on, for love or pay,
The river only was the great highway.
Canoes in summer, winter, on the ice,
Though cramps and duckings often was the price,
But here, with nature's wilderness, did reign
A moral darkness, causing greater bane;
No Sabbath bell proclaimed the hour of prayer,
None met to worship God with solemn air,
No gospel preached—no moral lessons given,
None warned of hell—none pointed up to heaven,
God's name and day were both alike profaned,
Nor deemed the guilty any should be blamed,
No libraries diffused their cheering light,
To scatter darkness from the "mental night,"
To please, instruct, refine the human heart,
Bid folly, vice and ignorance depart.
But soon a change diversified the scene,
And light appeared where darkness long had been,
A transformation, great as day from night,
Made Clarence, once so dark, a beacon light.
September, eighteen hundred twenty-two,
Saw land, at Foxes' Point, a hardy crew
Of old and young and middle aged, whose aim,
Was in the woods a livelihood to gain.
They brought not cash or pelf, in ample store,
But will to toil in patience, and yet more—

The lamp of life, their guide through earth's dark way,
Whose brilliant beams shine to the present day,
And multitudes have shared the bliss to know,
The pardoning grace the Saviour does bestow.
The senior of this band, a man intent
On doing good to all where'er he went,
First waked the echoes of our valley's bound,
And blew the gospel trumpet's welcome sound ;
To teach the young was evermore his joy,
And soon with others shared this blest employ.
No day school, when this Sabbath School began,
It proved a double boon to many a man,
And many women can look back and say,
That school they loved the more each Sabbath day.
Do you enquire where met the youthful band,
No schoolhouse then or chapel graced the land ?
Look out on Foxes' Point—a ruined wall,
Whose tottering form bespeaks an early fall,
That was the place—high, honored, sacred pile,
The good man's house and preaching place the while,
No consecrated forms e'er gave it worth,
But souls experienced there the second birth,
And hovering angels, joyful at the sight,
Bore the glad news to add to heaven's delight.
Now, mark the change—Zion in beauty stands,—
The pines rejoice—the maples clap their hands.
Waste places sing—the wilderness is green,
And fruit abounds where barrenness was seen.
The placid river mirrors on its face,
These scenes of beauty and results of grace,
Lochaber's mounts reverberate the strains,
By Davids sang in Judea's fair domains.
Instead of sloth, industry lent its hand,
And ignorance became a shameful brand.
The forest fell, the fields smiled gay with corn,
Flocks grazed where wolves before their prey had torn.
From sundry parts, new comers swell the band,
Each bound to own and clear a piece of land,
Progress is made, advancement marks our town,
And Clarence claims and meets with fair renown.
The Sunday School continues on its way,
Religion lives and temperance holds its sway,
School houses dot our settlements, and tell
That lore and science have their friends as well.
A chapel neat supplies a house of prayer,
The same in which we now assembled are.
Roads cross our borders,—steeds await our will,
To turn the furrow—go to church or mill.
The easy vehicle or waggon strong,
A wonder once, now daily rolls along.
Libraries abound, papers of every kind,
Direct the erring and inform the mind.
Nameless our blessings, sum them as we may,

Demanding praise and thankfulness each day.
 Contrast the past and present, and avow,
 Mercy and truth have followed until now.
 A chosen place, a chosen people here,
 May worship God and nothing have to fear.
 The seed was sown in weakness, yet, in trust,
 All honor to the men now in the dust,
 Their works appear, and children's children show
 In them the fruits of labors long ago.
 Let us so privileged, by our actions prove
 Worthy descendants of the men we love,
 And raise, with thankful hearts, our voices high,
 Ascribing praise to Him who rules the sky.
 Beseech His blessing on this school and place,
 This town, its interests and its motley race.
 May all be subject to His Sovereign sway,
 First learn to know and then his will obey.
 Be it our aim to love, each one the other,
 And recognize in every man a brother.
 Our country's peace strive ever to maintain,
 That in its peace we quiet may obtain.
 Speak truth, deal fairly, and restrain the tongue
 From words profane, or doing neighbors wrong.
 Our country has its claims, let patriot zeal
 Still prompt to works, devoted to its weal,
 Let cheers arise, and cheers in thunders ring
 For Canada, our country, and our Queen.

C. E.

Ottawa Banks, May, 1880.

Lines to a Hard Working Farmer Politician in the Ottawa Valley.

(For the News.)

How is your stomach and how your liver?
 Your pluck, I know, is as good as ever,
 Your soul is a fort, besiege it what may,
 The bulwarks of which refuse to give way,
 Nor will until time its shell shall decay.
 Then, go it, old boy, with devil-dare speed,
 The world of hard workers has very much need,
 But mark you the while, that reason must guide,
 Lest on quicksands and rocks helpless you slide,
 Like ships without rudders, forced 'by the tide.
 Ask you if conscience and reason together,
 Is enough for man, life's storms to weather?
 I answer no, for as compass and chart
 Without light avail naught, when all is dark,
 So conscience and reason, on lacking the light
 The Bible supplies, grope idly in night.

A truce at once to more ethical teaching,
 And, as you dislike exegetical preaching,
 I turn to the world and worldly pursuits,
 Which yield to the flesh more gratifying fruits,
 What think you now of our immortal Blake,
 And his gigantic speech in Durham spake?
 What flow of words! how thick the thoughts are spread,
 A man most sound in creed, in heart and head,
 No truckling trickster, seeking for himself
 The reins of power or the gains of pelf.
 Duty and truth his watchwords—all may scan,
 In him an honest, patriotic man.
 He'll watch Sir John and all his wily tricks,
 Who'll find it hard to kick against the pricks,
 While Blake stands sentry, quickly, in default,
 He'll scorch his marrow, rubbing in the salt.
 The dinner lately given to this Knight,
 Was such as put all decency to flight.
 A monster bacchanalian noisy sight,
 Some sat on others laps, like boobies sighed,
 Some feign would sing, others speeches tried,
 But were so drunk, nor song nor speech could give,
 So shouted loud "may John A. ever live."
 The mighty chief praised self beyond all scale,
 Denounced the Opposition, tooth and nail,
 No quarter gave to Mr. Mac and Co.,
 Who nothing did, in fact, did nothing know,
 All legislation worthy of the name,
 Did for himself and his great party claim,
 Settled the question of the clergy lands,
 Took credit for the ballot and demands,
 Confederation wrought out by his hands,
 The rule responsible this country shares,
 Is further proof of his abundant cares,
 In fact our Canada can never pay
 The debt she owes Sir John, and therefore may,
 Submit with grace to grin and bear his sway.

C. E.

Ottawa River, Dec. 1879.

"A hard-working farmer politician in the Ottawa Valley," in the columns of the *L'Original News* celebrates the recent banquet in melodious verse that irresistibly reminds us of Homer in its simplicity and vigor. An extract will be sufficient:

"The dinner lately given to this Knight,
 Was such as put all decency to flight,
 A monster bacchanalian noisy sight,
 Some sat on others laps, like boobies sighed,
 Some fain would sing, others speeches tried,
 But were so drunk, nor song nor speech could give,
 So shouted loud, "may John A. ever live."

To His Youngest Daughter.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE LAST PRODUCTION FROM THE PEN
OF THE AUTHOR.

My baby girl asks me to trace,
Some thoughts, to fill a vacant space
Within this Album, so I'll try,
However feebly, to comply.
The dedication, by B. E.,
Permits prosaic poetry,
So, in this guise, I shall indite,
Whate'er my noddle finds to write.
The subject? ah, here comes the rub,
So boundless! wise men feel the snub;
Which to escape, a wish I'll name,
May she, in naught e'er put to shame,
Enjoy on earth a well earned fame,
And Heaven's "well done" at last obtain.

WM. EDWARDS, SR.

Clarence, Feb., 1881.



Sir John Franklin - 93

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