

The Woodville Advocate

JOS. J. GAVE
Publisher.

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VOL. V.

WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1881.

NUMBER 241

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The highest cash price paid for HIDES.

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For particulars and full information apply to
IRA ARGUE,
Agent for County of Victoria,
Woodville, P. O.

LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

Life to some, is full of sorrow,
Half is real, half they borrow—
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp, and cutting edges,
Though the joy bells may be ringing,
Not a song you'll hear them singing—
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining,
They but see through these same sorrows
Sad to-day and worse to-morrow—
See the clouds that must pass over,
See the weeds among the clover,
Everything and at anything,
But the golden sunbeams bring

Drinking from the bitter fountain,
Lo! your mole-hill seems a mountain;
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fall with power,
Gathering chaff ye tread the wheat,
Rich and royal neath your feet.

Let it not be so my neighbor,
Look up as you love and labor,
Not for one alone woe's wails;
Every man has cares and trials,
Joy and pain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather,
May we have, oh, let us pray,
Faith and patience for to-day

The Queen's Accession.

The queen has reigned for 44 years, a period which has been exceeded by four English sovereigns only—Henry III., who reigned 56 years; Edward III., for 50 years; Queen Elizabeth, for 45 years; and George III., whose regime extended to 60 years; and by one living sovereign, the Emperor of Brazil, who ascended the throne on April 7, 1831, more than six years before her Majesty's accession.

This year Her Majesty attained her 62nd birthday, an age exceeded by eleven only of the sovereigns of England, dating from the Norman Conquest—namely, Henry I., who attained 67 years; Henry III., 65 years; Queen Elizabeth, 69 years; James II., 68 years; George I., 67 years; George II., 77 years; George III., 82 years; George IV., and William IV., 72 years.
The Queen's surviving descendants number 33—4 sons, 4 daughters, 8 grand-sons, 16 grand-daughters, and one great grand-daughter, the Princess Feodora Victoria, of Saxe-Meningen, born May 12, 1879.

The Early Religion.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, IN THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

We have found in the most ancient records of the Aryan language proof that the indications of religious thought are higher, simpler, and purer as we go back in time until at last, in the very oldest compositions of human speech which have come down to us, we find the Divine Being spoken of in the sublime language which forms the opening of the Lord's Prayer. The date in absolute chronology of the oldest Vedic literature does not seem to be known. Prof. Max Muller, however, considers that it may possibly take us back 5,000 years. Prof. Monier Williams seems to refer the most ancient Vedic hymns to a period not much more remote than 1,500 years B. C. But whatever that date may be, or the corresponding date of any other very ancient literature, such as the Chinese, or that of the oldest Egyptian papyri, when we go beyond these dates we enter upon a period when we are absolutely without any historical evidence whatever, not only as to the history of religion, but as to the history and condition of mankind. We do not know even approximately the time during which he has existed. We do not know the place or the surroundings of his birth. We do not know the steps by which his knowledge "grew from more to more." All that we can see with certainty is that the earliest inventions of mankind are the most wonderful that the race has ever made. The first beginnings of human speech must have had their origin in powers of the highest order. The first use of fire and the discovery of the methods by which it can be kindled; the domestication of animals; and, above all, the process by which the various cereals were first developed out of some wild grasses—these are all discoveries with which in ingenuity and in importance no subsequent discoveries may compare. They are all unknown to history—all lost in a light of an effluent dawn. In speculating, therefore, on the origin of these things, we must make one or other of two assumptions—either that man always had the same mental faculties and the same fundamental intellectual constitution that he has now, or that there was a time when these faculties had not yet risen to the level of humanity, and when his mental constitution was essentially inferior.

TRAVELLING UNDER THE SEA.

The English Channel Tunnel and the Advantages to be Gained by It.

From the *London Telegraph*.

Considering the general vagueness which prevails in the public mind on this important subject, the statement of Sir Edward Watkin, M. P., at an adjourned meeting of the Shareholders of the Southeastern Railway, respecting the results of the preliminary works and the actual prospect of the channel tunnel, must be regarded as not only deeply interesting, but as distinctly reassuring. Sir Edward told his audience that the question as it stands at present may be regarded under two heads. The first was to know whether it was practicable to bore through a stratum beneath the channel which was impervious to water. The second problem is to discover whether by the employment of improved machinery the estimated time of construction can be shortened. The experiments already made are as follows:—Two shafts have been sunk on the English side of the channel—one at the Abbott's cliff and the other at Shakespeare's cliff. From the first shaft a gallery between eight and nine hundred yards in length, and with a diameter of seven feet, had been driven by machinery. In the course of the week last past, and with machinery not yet perfected, the gallery had been extended by sixty-seven yards of lineal distance; and, by Sir Edward's showing, if that were the maximum progress every week, it would amount to an aggregate of about two miles of excavation in every year. Of course, when the tunnel was commenced, it would be worked at from the French and the English extremities; and, as the distance, practically speaking, is only twenty miles, not more than five years would be required to complete an experimental gallery, with a diameter of seven feet, under the entire breadth of the channel, at a given spot. As regards the works at Shakespeare's cliff, a shaft had been sunk there to a depth of one hundred and fifty-seven feet. The engineers had also bored from the bottom of this shaft to a further depth of one hundred and five feet. No trace of water had been found in the stratum of old gray chalk. Near the surface, indeed, a small quantity of water had been met with; but this was a contingency which must always be expected. Thus much Sir Edward Watkin was enabled to announce as to the rate of speed at which the works could be carried on, and the impermeability of the strata to leakage from water. On the other side of the channel two shafts have been sunk by the French company, and results precisely similar to those obtained on the English shore had been ascertained by our neighbours. It had been further arranged between the French and English companies that they should drive through a heading to a length of one mile on either side. When these two miles are finished—and it is calculated that they can be completed within six months—one-tenth of the whole question will, in Sir Edward's opinion, have been dealt with. After this it would only be necessary for the French and English companies to conclude a final treaty; and the engineers, setting to work at either extremity to complete the remaining eighteen miles, would finally meet under the middle of the channel, just as the French and Italian Engineers met under the middle of Mount Cenis. With the driving through of the experimental gallery the question of the channel tunnel's feasibility would be practically settled; but, until such feasibility has been fully and practically proven, neither the British nor the foreign investor will be asked to embark capital in the undertaking. It would be premature to consider how the enterprise is to be developed as a financial scheme. Any amount of capital—a gigantic amount if necessary—would be forthcoming if the practicability of the tunnel were brought to demonstration and the South-eastern Railway Company, who have borne all the risk of the preliminary experiments, would achieve the triumph of supplying a long-missing link in a system of railway communication which would reach from the north of Scotland to Brindisi, to Cadix, and to Odessa.

The advantages arising from the abrogation of the short but miserable sea passage from Dover to Calais would be almost incalculably beneficial. The old diligence journey over Mount Cenis was full enough of discomfort, and the cars on the rail pathway, albeit a much swifter, were scarcely an agreeable mode of conveyance. Still the Alpine passes laboriously clambered up and plodded down by lengthy trains of mules dragging cumbersome caravans full of travellers, the dust, the flies, the snow in winter, the ill-supplied and extortionate posting houses, did not deter English tourists from visiting Italy. It may, on the other hand, be justifiably assumed that "the silver streak," so dear to poetry and to patriotism, every year practically prevents thousands of English people, especially ladies, from visiting the continent. We suffer less, perhaps, from sea-sickness than any other nation in the world; and for one English lady who can thoroughly enjoy a passage across the Atlantic, an cheerful report herself at the captain's table at breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and tea, there are probably ten American ladies who spend their ten days and nights on shipboard moaning and groaning in their narrow state-rooms. Yet is sea-sickness not unknown among us, all hardy and retiring from our earliest youth as we habitually are, and case-hardened travellers and old sailors by profession alike, if they do not dread the channel passage. The railway companies do what they can; praiseworthy efforts have been made to improve the steamers; ampler harbor accommodations may be eventually provided on the French side; yet the channel passage can scarcely fail to remain what it is, and what it has been, the most miserable of ordeals. The embarkation and disembarkation, the transhipment of the luggage, the hanging about the station until the train starts, are in themselves productive of discomfort, annoyances and irritation; and these are aggravated to the intolerable degree when the weather is tempestuous and the boats are crowded. The construction of the channel tunnel would, again, lead to a much better

feeling between the people of the two countries now separated by "the silver streak." The working classes of France and England at present know comparatively little of one another, but could the journey between Charing-cross and the Cam du Nord be accomplished in a six hours' railway run, with no dolorous trial of a sea passage, immense numbers of tradespeople and workingfolk in London and Paris (respectively would be brought in frequent, and, it is to be hoped, into fraternal contact. Surely the final cause of the channel tunnel should be the furtherance of the interests of peace. Once completed, the neutrality and integrity of so thoroughly a cosmopolitan work should be acknowledged and guaranteed by the whole civilized world, and it should be no more interminably warrantable to destroy or injure the channel tunnel than to bombard the Parthenon again or pull down the pyramids.

Starving For His Pictures.

AN OLD MAN'S DEATH IN PRUSSIA AND THE STRANGE LIFE HE LED.

A beautiful collection of paintings has just been sold at Kassel. It was the property of "Old Nahl," an eccentric enthusiast of that by-gone class who in their younger, and even older days did not dream of such things as electric railways. In two miserable attic rooms he watched to his last breath the precious treasures come to him from a long line of ancestors. He slept among his pictures, and not wishing to build a fire in water (which, by the way, he was unable to afford had he wanted it,) he shivered day and night in his little gallery, complacently and proudly looking at his Rembrants, rubbing his cold, emaciated hands until they grew warm. At times the cold would drive him down from his lofty eyrie and into the warm room of a friend, at whose stove he could thaw his frozen limbs. Once the King of Hanover came to Kassel and sent a Chamberlain to bid Nahl for the purpose of negotiating a purchase of some of the old man's favorites. After many an obstinate refusal, he finally yielded, driven to it by sheer want. The pictures were taken down and forthwith sent to the King's apartments.

The next morning the poor old man, with tears in his eyes, implored the Chamberlain "by all that was holy to give him back his pictures; he had not closed an eye the whole night, but mournfully stared at the vacant places on his walls, feeling as though he had sold his very children." There was nothing for it but to cancel the bargain. The King proposed to him to make him the custodian of his own gallery at Hanover, with a liberal annual pension, if he would agree to finally cede his collection to the King at a good round sum to be fixed before hand. But, when told that he could not be allowed to sleep among his pictures, Nahl refused point blank, but lived on as miserably, but as contentedly as before. Later on the Governor of Hesse-Nassau, President Von Moeller, endeavored to lighten the eccentric old fellow's lot, and among other delicate questions and proposals asked him what he could do to please him. "Oh Mr. President," joyfully exclaimed Nahl, "you might indeed do me a great favor by ordering that wretched poplar to be cut down, which sadly interferes with my view of Wilhelmshohe. That has been a great wish of mine for many years." Mr. Von Moeller shrugged his shoulders and left. When Nahl awoke the next morning and went to his window the poplar tree had disappeared. The authentic favorites were sold to the highest bidder for several thousand marks the other day; the good, inoffensive old man had died as he had lived—poor as a church mouse.

THE CLOSE MYSTERY EXPLODED.

THE ENGINEER KNOWN TO BE ALIVE.

On Wednesday afternoon last Mrs. John E. Close came from Buffalo to Clinton, and had an interview with Officer Young, of the Ontario Police Force. She brought a letter from Detective Curtin of her mission being to determine whether the body now in the cemetery at Drummondville was or was not that of her husband. In conversation she stated that one mark of identification would be that some thirteen years ago about three inches of one of the cords in his left wrist had been removed on account of some trouble. Mr. Young then went to see Dr. McGary to ask if after such a time it would be possible to discover such a mark upon the remains, and, the doctor answering in the affirmative, he determined to again examine the body. Before doing so, however, he made a large number of enquiries of Mrs. Close, and on her saying that her husband had a very small foot, he knew that his trouble would be far no purpose, as the foot of the dead person measured 10 1/2 inches. It seems that his family are not or have not been taking any steps to solve the mystery, but after Mrs. Close's return home Officer Young received a letter stating that the writer knows Close, knows where he is now, what he is doing, how much he gets, etc., and further that he is married to another woman, a girl with whom he was acquainted when he lived with his wife, not far from Clifton, in Canada. He has been with her since his disappearance, and the letter written at Hamilton to his wife was sent from there while he was on his way to see the girl, whom he married about June 1st. The Officer expects to be able to identify Close inside of two days. His character does not seem to be a remarkable good one, and his wife was not happy with him.—*Globe*.