

# The Expositor

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**LADY THORNHURST'S DAUGHTER.**  
BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS.  
Author of "The Double Life," "Tresilian Court," &c., &c.

(Continued.)  
But they are truth, ANTONY, she said in a sudden passionate cry, "I was what he told you—the petitioner in the case of Holm against Holm. She turned her eyes upon him in a wild appeal.  
He shrank from her, muttering with parched lips, "You—you—Great Heavens! You—you—divorced wife?"  
"Yes, Antony, yes?"  
"And you deceived me! You told me you were a widow! He ejaculated, recoiling still farther from her. "Ignatia, you are trying me! Take back those words. In heaven's name, take them back!"  
"I cannot," she moaned, turning her white face from him. "Hear me, Antony. I am as pure and innocent as if I had been indeed a widow. Will you blame me that I was tied to a vile and loathsome wretch, and that I with my father's advice, applied to the law to free me from him? Antony, I am guiltless and most miserable!"  
He interrupted her by a wild gesture.  
"Cheat!—beautiful cheat!" he exclaimed, nearly beside himself with passion. "You knew my feelings on this subject. You deliberately imposed yourself upon me. In all innocence, I have taken to myself a wife with a past with which the very dregs of society are more conversant than I. I have given to my sons a mother for whom they must blush in the coming years. I am, perhaps, the rival in your affections of a living man. For nine years you have lain in my bosom a living lie. I could find it in my soul to curse you this night!"  
"Antony, hear my defence. I did not mean to cheat you," wailed the anguished wife. "When I first met you I believed him dead. I was but a child when I married him—only sixteen. Think of it! I was a motherless, wilful, impulsive girl. My father was in India. My aunt, who was my guardian, had more thought of her dumb child than of the child committed to her care. "My governess was a silly, romantic creature, who was bribed by Captain Holm to foster my fancy for him. I married him wilfully and privately, and my aunt allowed us to remain with her at Redruth Moor. It was in my aunt's house that my child was born. That child was barely three months old when Captain Holm deserted me. He was abusive before he went, and proved unfaithful to me. My love for him had turned to fear. I did not see him again for three years. My father came back from India, and learned my story. He saw that I had been led away by girlish folly, and the persuasions of a man already old in the ways of the world. He undertook to free me and my child from the claims of this man. There was a quiet hearing of the case, and the Divorce Court gave me back my freedom and custody of my child. There was no scandal, Antony. The world has never made free with my name, and there are very few who know that the former Ignatia Holm is the Lady Thornhurst of to-day. Be merciful to me, and forgive me!"  
He turned upon her with a sneer. "The man's noble, generous, kindly nature seemed turned for the time being to 'the gall of bitterness.'"  
"Have you had pity on me?" he demanded, harshly. "I could have borne it, Ignatia, had I been stabbed by any hand other than yours. But that this cruel wound should come from you is more than I can bear. Why did you go to the altar with me with a lie in your heart?"  
"Antony, hear me," she pleaded. "Upon the day on which I received the decree of divorce, Captain Holm came to me and begged me to take him back. I refused. My child—my little golden-haired baby girl—was playing by me on the lawn. In a transport of rage, he caught her up and fled with her, and I have not seen her from that day to this. I nearly died with grief at her loss. Afterwards came a letter from Captain Holm that my child was dead, and that he was on his way to Canada. I went abroad with my father, and we lived in Italy for years. We were in Florence when we received news from Canada that Holm was dead—that he had been lost in a gale upon Lake Ontario. I called myself a widow, and returned with my father to England, and took my place as mistress of Redruth Moor. You and I met and loved. I could not bear to talk of my past; and the divorce proceedings had been conducted so quietly that you could not know the truth. I never suspected your prejudices against divorces and divorced women until the night before our marriage, and then I believed Holm to be dead, and I believed

that I had better keep my secret still. "In order not to lose a title," sneered the marquis.  
"Lady Thornhurst quivered under this cruel stab, but she did not respond in kind: "You—last night's marriage?"  
"You should know me well enough in nine years of intimacy to believe me guiltless of such a miserable ambition," she said. "And you should know also, Antony, that I loved you. I never loved Captain Holm—never—do I love you. Had you been a beggar, I should have loved you the same, for it was the man I loved, not the gilded trappings. You remember our marriage day, and my terrible agitation? That agitation was caused by the receipt of a letter announcing that Captain Holm still lived. And then I dared not tell you."

"And you have known all these years that that man lived?"  
"The marquis bowed her head. "And you never told me," said the marquis in a paroxysm of jealous fury. "Have you seen him since our marriage?"  
"Yes, she stammered, growing yet paler.  
"When?" he demanded, compressing his lips.  
"That evening—when you found me—in the conservatory," she gasped, brokenly.  
"A gleam like lightning shot from Lord Thornhurst's eyes.  
"And your agitation was caused by an interview with him?" he exclaimed, recalling the information the gardener had given him upon the same evening. "And," he added, abruptly, a sudden thought coming to him, "you saw him later on the same night? When I met you on the stairs, you had been out into the wet night to meet him?"  
"Only to buy him off, Antony—only to pay him money to let me alone, and not betray to you my secret!"  
"Lord Thornhurst was in no wise moved by this announcement.  
"Did he speak one word of love to you?" he demanded. "Did he dare to forget that he addressed the Marchioness of Thornhurst?"  
"Lady Thornhurst's memory went back to the scene on the lawn when Holm had avowed his continued love for her, and had tried to kiss her forehead tips, and a slow, vivid scarlet flush crept up into her white cheeks, and her head dropped in a weakly shame and indignation.  
"I am answered," said Lord Thornhurst, in a voice so altered as to startle her. "And that blush tells me that you were not averse to his loving words—to his kisses, perhaps."  
"Oh, Antony?"  
"What? You did not expect me to read you so thoroughly? I have always believed that the first love was the one love of a life-time; that a second love could never have the ardour, the passion, the sweetness of the first! You were my first love, Ignatia, but I, it seems, am not even your last love. Do not interrupt me. I do not doubt that when your first husband appeared to you, that the old tender girlish memories came back at sight of him, and—great heavens! I shall go mad! To think that I who have divorced women should be one of two husband laying claims to the same woman! To think that I may meet him any day and he may sneer in my face with the thought that even I cannot blot out his image from your heart! I wonder that I do not hate you. I hate myself!"  
"Antony, I love you, and you alone."  
"Words! mere words! Why did you not tell me the truth? Why did you suffer me to insult an honourable gentleman, my guest, at my own table? When I think how I dared call Archy Hastings a liar, I feel as if I should sink with shame. And you sat at the table cold and impassive, seeming as innocent as a child. Perhaps all my guests knew the truth! Perhaps, of all at the table to-night, I was the only one ignorant of the antecedents of my wife."

"Lady Thornhurst, calm now as any statue, and almost as cold, made no protest. She was like ice, and the marquis was like a consuming fire.  
"I have one more question to ask," said Lord Thornhurst, taking a hurried turn about the room, "and upon your reply depends more than you think. As to your father, I will say here, that my confidence in him is utterly lost. From what you have confessed to-night, I know him at last as a clever, manoeuvring, scheming person, anxious to palm his daughter upon an honourable man, and not caring by what means he secured a title for her. And I have respected that man as one of the truest, noblest souls. Pah! It is only one more awakening for me! The question I have to ask is this, and I demand a truthful answer: Did you receive a letter from that Holm after he left here that night?"

"Only one—a note, as you would call it. I have another question of still more importance, and I warn you to answer this also truthfully. Did you go to London to meet Captain Holm?"  
"There was a brief silence. Lord Thornhurst stood before his wife, with fiery blue eyes, and pale intense face.  
"I—I—I," she said, trembling.  
"He told me he would show me my child," she said, in a broken voice.  
"I demand a plain answer to my question. Did you or did you not go to London to meet him? Yes or no?"  
"Yes," she said, brokenly.  
"Lord Thornhurst uttered a groan so terrible as to startle the marchioness, and to cause her to move towards him, her supple figure quivering, her arms outstretched, her face convulsed with an agony of pleading.  
"I went for my child's sake," she said. "My father was with me. I wanted to recover my poor little Georgia."

"I will not trouble you for your reasons, Lady Thornhurst," said the marquis, coldly repulsing her. "Back, madam! I decline your embraces. The matter is clear to me at last. You have deceived and enticed me. When I uttered my tirades against Mrs. Falconer, and pitied Sir Morgan Trevelyan, in all the insolence of my French superiority, you knew that I was liable to be confronted any day by your first husband, and that I was the very thing I abhorred—the second husband of a divorced woman! I cannot forgive you for allowing me to remain in ignorance of the truth all these years. I cannot forgive you for leaving me in a position to insult an honourable man. No doubt I shall serve as a laughing-stock to him for all time to come. And it is the injured 'Petitioner' of a divorce suit that I have taken to my home as its lawful mistress! It is a deceitful, double-dealing woman whom I have given as a mother to the heirs of my ancient and honourable name. This is the first time in the history of my family when bad blood has mingled with the pure blood of the Thornhursts."  
"Antony, I have the papers relating to the divorce," said the marchioness, despairingly. "Read them. I was not to blame, save for my wilfulness. Not a shadow of disgrace has rested upon my name. I love you with all my soul. I need a defender—a faithful friend. Do not turn from me, Antony, my husband."  
"Not that name, madam! I do not wish to hear it from your lips again. If you want a protector, apply to your father, and he succeed. We will drop this discussion here. You need not plead to me, for my heart has grown harder to you than a stone. After the discovery of to-night our relations will be materially altered. I will not seek a divorce, for the very name is more obnoxious to me than ever, and I dare say that lying and deceit are not causes for a divorce. But henceforth we will occupy separate rooms, and meet only when necessity demands it—at the table and in society. I will show you all outward courtesy, and in return I demand that you shall preserve pure and unadulterated the name you unfortunately bear."  
"But our boys?" said Lady Thornhurst, faintly. "They will not understand—they will grieve."  
"They will not know," answered the marquis, in cold disdain. "I shall leave them here with their governess. I do not desire them to wonder over our estrangement, nor do I wish to set the servants gossiping. We shall leave Thornhurst to-morrow, or the day after."  
"For London. We will stop in town for a few days, possibly longer. I am undecided as to our future, and if I were not, I should not choose to longer confide in you. A woman with two husbands is perhaps not the best of confidants to either. Let your maid pack up your wardrobe, and bid farewell to your sons for some months. It is impossible to tell when we shall return to York-shire."

Wounded and outraged to the very depths of her spirit, Lady Thornhurst yet turned in love to her stern husband and judge. In a voice that quivered with tears, she besought him to believe her, to trust her, and to forgive her.  
She humbled herself as only a woman of the proudest nature can humble herself in a moment of utter abasement, and he paid no heed to her anguished prayers. As he had said, his heart was grown colder than a stone. Convulsed in his savage jealousy, wounded in his sorest point, believing himself ejected and deceived, he lost sight in his tumult of passion, of her known nobleness and grandeur of character, and at last spurned her from him as if she had been a noxious reptile.  
"No more," he said in a voice whose iciness covered a heart of fire.

"Go to your room. Let this affair end here. I want you to plead, no more to me. I will not listen to you, nor believe you. Go, and rejoice in the wreck you have made of my life, you beautiful demon!"  
He pointed to the door, and heart-broken and utterly crushed and despairing, the splendidly-dressed woman crept out of the room with bowed figure, and groped her way up the stairs to her own room. Surely a bitterness worse than that of death had come to her.

**CHAPTER XXVIII.**  
THE JOURNEY OF TESSA HOLM DOWN INTO the maritime county of Dorset was performed without incident. On alighting at Wimborn Minster, she was approached by an old, gray-haired coachman in livery, who inquired if she was Miss Holm, and on being answered in the affirmative announced himself as the family coachman of the Travelling rug, bag and books, and conducted her to the waiting carriage.  
Tessa was presently installed in the roomy vehicle, with her small possessions around her. The coachman caused a porter to bring her trunk and mount it upon the box, and he then climbed to his seat and drove rapidly along the street, striking out for the open country.  
Their route lay to the northward and eastward over the breezy heaths. The day was chill and windy, and the sky was dull, but the girl's heart was full of hope, and she carried sunshine with her. There was something very inspiring to her in the thought that she was out in the world, and about to earn her own support. Used as she was to the cloister-like existence of a girl's boarding school, the very novelty of complete self-dependence, and of a complete personal liberty, were as delightful as strange. She had eyes for everything, the wide, bare heaths, the occasional houses, picturesque bits of scenery, and the few travellers whom they encountered; and all the while her grateful heart was busy with speculations as to how much money she could save out of her salary of eighty pounds a year towards paying her indebtedness to Reuben Dennis, her benefactor.  
An hour's drive brought them within view of an old gray stone house of fine exterior, set in handsome and extensive grounds. For the first time since leaving Wimborn Minster, the old coachman turned on his box, and addressed his young passenger. Pointing with the handle of his whip towards the stone house, he said, with an air of pride:  
"That is the Todthely place, Miss—the Grange, they call it. That's where our Missus was raised. She was a niece of old Squire. Young Squire is her cousin, and a wild gentleman he is too. 'Twould make 'old Squire come out of his grave if he could know the young Squire's goings on! Next place, beyond the plantation, is our place—Heathstead!"  
Tessa looked narrowly at the Grange as the carriage rolled slowly past it. There were marks of neglect about house and grounds, but the place had a peculiar home-like beauty, and Tessa, who had seen no fine country places, fastened her eyes upon its quaint turrets and sharply peaked gables with a keen sense of enjoyment.  
The Grange was separated from the highway by a tall hedge, now bare and leafless, of course. There was no lodge, but a pair of wide iron gates, hung against iron posts, gave ingress and egress to carriages, and a smaller gate a little beyond, gave passage to people on foot.  
As the Gwynne carriage came abreast of this small gate, it opened abruptly, and two men in shooting dress, gun in hand, came out into the road.  
The coachman slackened the pace of his fat horses, and bowed respectfully to the two men, who, fixing their eyes in an admiring gaze upon Tessa, raised their hats to her.  
These two men were the young Squire Todthely and Captain Holm! The latter had come down to the Grange upon the day previous. He had exhausted his ingenuity in attempts to discover the whereabouts of his lost child, and at last, disgusted and disheartened, had accepted the urgent invitation of his old friend, and came down to the Grange, hoping that the sharp country air might quicken his wits, and that, after a brief season of relaxation, he might resume his task with greater energy and brighter prospects of success.  
And upon the very day succeeding his arrival a strange fate had brought the father and daughter, all unknown to each other, face to face.  
As the carriage rolled slowly past the eyes of the villain father and of the pure and innocent daughter met. A strange thrill ran through Tessa's veins, and she turned pale and shivered at that baleful glance

signed to burn its way to her soul. She was frightened too, and a vague sense of terror, such as sometimes tingles long after, and sometimes possessed her. Of course she could not remember him, after the lapse of all those years, but it seemed to her now that a pair of light-blue eyes like those baleful ones had haunted her memory all her life. Perplexed and troubled, she tried to forget the casual encounter, and as it always happens, the harder she tried to forget, the more the memory of those eyes haunted her.  
The two men looked after the carriage with strangely disturbed faces.  
"A guest of my cousin Molly's," said Todthely. "We must go over and call, Holm. By Jove, wasn't she a beauty? I tell you, old fellow, I've met my fate at last. I believe I'll follow up my cousin Molly's advice, and get married. I'm regularly smitten at first sight. Why what's the matter, old boy? You are not smitten also?"  
Holm was standing like a statue, but at this address he started abruptly, and said, with a forced laugh:  
"That girl's look gave me a queer turn, that's all. I wonder who she is. I must know about her. But I'm getting as fanciful as an old woman. The girl impressed me strangely, and I mean to see her again, that's all."  
The men walked silently and with something of moodiness towards the heaths.  
Meanwhile the carriage rolled on past the grounds of the Grange, and past the thick belt of trees that divided the Grange from Heathstead, which bet the coachman had termed 'the plantation,' but which was popularly known as the 'Squire's Coppice,' an old Squire Todthely, a hundred years back, having made that a favourite resort. In his day, Heathstead and the Grange had been one estate, but Heathstead had been sold out of the family a half century since, to be brought back into it by the marriage of Mary Todthely to Gwynne of Heathstead. The coppice had been cut down once or twice, and now included a growth of fine, thrifty young trees covering a score of acres.  
Passing the shadows of the Squire's Coppice, the carriage came out against the grounds of Heathstead. Tessa looked out eagerly for a view of her future home. She beheld only a large square red brick house, three stories in height, with stone copings, fantastic chimney stacks, and a stone porch of considerable pretention. The carriage entered the grounds by a pair of open gates, and rolled on towards the house along a semi-circular drive which traversed a smooth lawn, now littered with dead leaves and brown with the winter frosts.  
The carriage drew up before the porch, and Tessa alighted. She was met at the door by a prim, hard-faced housekeeper, who informed her that Mrs. Gwynne was dressing for dinner, but would see her in the course of an hour. She offered to conduct Tessa up to her room, and led her up to the third floor of the house, and ushered her into a small front chamber, neatly furnished, in which a fire was burning.  
"This is your room, Miss," she said. "Your luggage will be up presently. This room adjoining," and she flung open a door at one side of the room, "is the school room."  
The housekeeper did not linger. Tessa's luggage was brought up, and the girl was left to herself. She inspected her room leisurely, looked out of each of the three windows in turn, and found that her west window, commanded a view of Todthely Grange and the Squires Coppice. The remaining windows faced the north, and commanded a wide view of level heath.  
The school room was larger, and better furnished. One side of the room was lined with book shelves, covered with books, many of them, however, school-books that had been in vogue a century before. A raised dais for the governess and a neat teacher's desk stood between the windows, and a long baize-covered table stood in the centre of the room, laden with cabinets of mineral, cases of stuffed birds, other cases of well-preserved insects, globes, maps, atlases, etc. Two small desks comprised the furniture of her pupils. The walls were covered with well-chosen pictures, maps and charts, with a large black-board.  
Tessa quite approved of this pleasant little school-room, and returning to her own chamber made her toilet. Her travelling suit was exchanged for a black silk dress, with a blue sash, for Tessa had a love of bright colors, and she was quite ready long before the housekeeper came up to inform her that Mrs. Gwynne would see her in that Lady's dressing-room.  
Tessa followed her guide down to the second floor to a large square

chamber, which presented a picture of warmth and luxury. It was unoccupied at the moment of the young girl's entrance, and the housekeeper, bidding Tessa be seated, passed into an inner room, whence presently issued the sound of conversation in low, whispering tones.  
Tessa walked to the window and looked out. For the first time since leaving London, a shadow obscured her bright hopefulness. She remembered that she had only come to Heathstead upon trial, and she thought:  
"Perhaps, after all, Mrs. Gwynne may think me too young for a governess for her children. Perhaps she will send me back to London, and make an effort to obtain a governess who will suit her better. O dear! O dear! I wish the interview were well over, and my fate decided!"  
She was still standing there when the housekeeper passed through into the hall, and she did not turn her head until the rustle of silken garments announced the entrance of the mistress of Heathstead.  
Then turning with a pale face, but quiet, highbred air, the Marchioness of Thornhurst's daughter found herself confronted with Mrs. Gwynne.

(To be continued.)

**How Money is made by Farming.**  
Much labour is done on farms that is not farming in the true sense. By such labour no money is ever made. A man may support himself and family, keep out of debt, and have a few dollars in his pocket by practicing the most stringent economy. If he is otherwise than industrious and sober, he is on the down grade with loose brakes, and the end is soon reached. But farming, in its true sense, is a profession equal to that of the law or medicine, and needs equal study, mental capacity, and intelligently directed labor to command success in it. The principles which underlie the practice of the true farmer must be well understood, and a steady, consistent course of operations must be followed. Having thoroughly understood the nature and capacity of the soil he possesses, and chosen the rotation most suitable, and the stock to be most profitably kept on it, he does not swerve from his chosen course, but in good markets and bad raises his regular crops, and keeps his land in regularly increasing fertility. No special cry tempts or frights him. He does not try dairying this season or crops the next, but doubtless, if any particular product be in demand and brings a good price, he has some of it to sell and reaps a share of the advantages. He saves as much money as some men make by care and economy in purchasing and preserving tools, seeds, manures, and machines, and his business habits and constant readiness for all occasions give him reasonable security against the effects of adverse seasons and bad weather. Always prepared, by his never too late, and always calm, he is never too soon, and thus, "taking time by the forelock," he has the stern old tyrant at his command, and turns him at his will. He has no losses, and his gains are steady.

Mr. refine liquor, but the liquor never returns the compliment.  
A German in Iowa has committed suicide because he was homesick.  
If a toper and a gallon of whiskey were left together, which would be drunk first?  
A crr of tea is better than a gallon of ice water. The way to keep perpetually hot is to fan furiously.  
"Times are hard, and, I find it difficult to keep my nose above water."  
"You could easily keep your nose above water, husband, if you don't keep it so often above brandy!"

**A WORD OF PRAISE.**—The successful encouragement of the best traits in children is acknowledged by all to be an exceedingly difficult task, yet a judicious word of praise, now and then, often renders it easier, for continual severity is quite as hurtful in its effect as unwise indulgence. Some parents are so afraid that a child will grow vain that they never praise him, and this course is often disastrous. It is apt to produce either too much self-assertion—for self assertion is a legitimate outgrowth of the withholding of commendation to which one is entitled—or to engender a self-distrust or melancholy hopelessness of disposition. Praise is sunshine to a child, and there is no child that does not need it. It is the high reward of one's struggle to do right. Thomas Hughes says that you can never get a man's best out of him without praise. Many a sensitive child, we believe, dies of a hunger for kind commendation. Many a child starving for the praise that a parent should give, runs off eagerly after the designing flattery of others. To withhold praise where it is due is not honest, and in the case of a child, such a course often leaves a stinging sense of injustice. Motives of common justice as well as a regard for the future of the child should influence the parent to give generous praise for all that deserves it. Of course there is a difference in the constitution of children. Some cannot bear so much praise as others, and some need a great deal. A knowledge of their different dispositions will help to decide the just portions of praise which may safely be accorded to each.