Acton Free Press.

VOLUME V. No. 4.—WHOLE No. 213. ACTON, ONT., JULY 24, 1879. $1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE ACTON
FREE PRESS
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT THE
Free Press Building,
Next to the Methodist Church, Mill Street,
ACTON.

TERMS.—One Dollar a year, strictly in advance. If not paid before three months one dollar and a half will be charged; or two dollars if not paid till the end of the year. Single copies three cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One column per year	$60 00
" " 6 months	30 00
" " 3 "	20 00
Half column, per year	30 00
" " 6 months	20 00
" " 3 "	12 00
¼ column, per year	20 00
" 6 months	12 00
" 3 "	8 00

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A LARGE STOCK OF CHOICE
Confectionery
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OATMEAL,
CORNMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
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This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices.
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FIRST-CLASS LATH ALWAYS ON HAND.
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Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders Solicited.
EDWARD MOORE.
Acton, April 2nd, 1879.

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HARNESS.
ANY person in want of a good sett of Harness, either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;
Should call at
Creech's Saddlery,
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Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.
A good assortment of
TRUNKS AND VALISES
On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Repairing promptly attended to.
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☞ The College Journal, containing full particulars, and specimens of penmanship are sent on application.
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YOUNG MEN.
WE have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the RADICAL AND PERMANENT CURE (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.
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The Celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
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Matrimonial.

Little Miss Featherweight, mincing along,
Haughty and arrogant, train a yard long;
Too proud to notice shop windows or wares,
Rude and unlady-like, putting on airs!

Young Mr. Nobody, living quite fast,
Boasting of pedigree, rank in the past;
Nursing with fondness a few silken hairs,
Leaning on relatives, putting on airs!

Little Miss Featherweight meets Mr. N——,
"Angel in petticoats"—"sweetest of men"—
Giggle and badinage, love unawares;
Each to the other one putting on airs!

Young Mr. Nobody marries the maid;
She blushing tenderly, he half afraid.
Now we're two Nobodies—doves go in pairs—
Spending the honeymoon, putting on airs!

One year has passed away, masks are thrown down;
She a virago proves, he but a clown!
Strangers the Nobodies pass on the stairs;
Void is the pedigree, gone are the airs!

CASTLE GARDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY," "AFTER ALL," "MARRIED IN BLACK," &c.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

A SCRAMBLE PIC-NIC.

And I am doing a little love-making on my own account too. Sibyl Aylmer is giving me a few lessons in the art of flirtation, an art of which I have hitherto known nothing, and I find the A, B, C, of the thing very pleasant, though I do not know how it will be when I come to the more troublesome moods and tenses. Jack has completely lost his *penchant* for Miss Aylmer—I know it because he is not in the least jealous of me. Once he and I, riding together up the road beyond our own gates, come upon a party on horseback from Carrick. Miss Fetherstone is among them on a grey horse, looking beautiful in a dark-green riding-habit. But she looks cold as well as beautiful; and, though she stoops from her saddle to give her hand to her cousin, and I hear Jack say, "How do you do, Audrey?" I can see no emotion in her face, no matter what there may be in his.

We stay a few minutes talking to them all, and then go our own way, Jack, with a very red face, pulling his moustache in the old discontented fashion. I must say I cannot make him out. I rather think that he is sorry to have lost his heiress, and that it is too late. Jack Carew is awfully proud of being Jack Carew of Castle Garde, though he will not allow it; and I think that it goes hard with him to know that he has lost his chance of saving the old place from rack and ruin.

On the left hand, as we ride up the road to-day, about a mile from our own gates, we pass an ugly whitewashed farm-house, swarming with children and pigs.

"That's Dalton's where your American tourist puts up," Jack tells me. "Don't you think she must have rural tastes, without any mistake?"

A picturesque thatched farm-house, with an old-fashioned garden full of lavender and bee-hives, is all very well; but to ruralize in an evil-smelling den like this, for the mere sake of ruralizing, goes beyond my credulity.

"I'll ask old Dalton if he knows anything about her," I say, looking in vain for any trace of our investigating friend at door or window; and when we ride round to the stable-yard an hour later, I make good my intention.

"Who is the lady lodging up at your brother's, Larry?" I ask carelessly, standing by Mary's shoulder while he relieves her of bit and bridle.

"Musha! that's more than I can tell, yer honour!" Larry answers, pausing to scratch his head. "Ye know more about her yerself than I do, maybe!"

"I know nothing about her. But you must have heard her name, at least!"

"Sorra bit of her name, then, sir. Where should I hear it? I don't bother me head about them things; if I did, I'd have something to do! Me own business is enough for me and too much! Eh, Moya, *ma bouchal*!"

He begins to rub down the mare assiduously, and I stand by, realizing impatiently that the days of the Inquisition are over. So much for Larry Dalton's information.

The Pomeroys have invited us to a scramble picnic on Knockmony for the next day, but Jack pleads headache and will not go. I have no headache, and am shabby enough to leave my friend to cure himself by means of a quiet smoke and a novel, and hurry down into the boat-house, where they have promised to pick me up. I get myself up carefully to-day; and, though I have not legs like Jack's, yet I flatter myself that I might look considerably worse than I do in knickerbockers and heather-mixture stockings. Of course I never set up to be handsome, my hair being what little Kate Pomeroy's calls "pinkish."

The glory of October is over the woods; the trees about Castle Garde are splendid with odour. Every shade of yellow, from primrose to orange; every shade of brown, from buff to cinnamon; every shade of red, from palest pink to deepest scarlet; every shade of green, from the most delicate pea-green to the deepest shade of hemlock or cedar, is to be found in the fading leaves. The ferns on the mountain are massed like cloth of gold, the patches of corn have turned to sunburnt stubble, the heather is all aglow. There is the faint unmistakeable breath of death in the air, a dreamy hush, the "sadness of a farewell without pain."

The path down to the boat-house winds with the winding of the lake, if path that can be called which is but a wheel-track in the sand, running on without any demarcation into the grassy slope of the lawn on the right-hand, and on the left down into the shallow water. The boat-house is a rough edifice of plank and piles, with a little wooden pier running out into the lake.

I find them all waiting here, old Danny the boatman in his dilapidated craft waiting at the foot of the steps, baling her out laboriously, and the little *Dream* lying at anchor a few hundred yards away, rising and falling on the flashing ripples, her mainsail swaying idly to and fro, and a red and blue pennon fluttering at her mast-head.

Audrey Fetherstone, in a blue serge with a sailor collar, and a sailor hat with *Dream* on the blue ribbon, stands at the end of the pier talking to Tom Pomeroy and Beaumaris. She nods me coming, and sees that I am alone, without a change of countenance. I wonder if she really cares as little as she appears to care. Blanche Pomeroy and Miss Aylmer, with Will and Brett Carleton and young Tomkins, make up the party—quite as many as the cutter can conveniently hold, without sitting on the sheets and otherwise incommoding the skipper and crew. Miss Fetherstone is a first-rate sailor, but Sibyl Aylmer does not know anything about it. However, she gets on very well, and I have the pleasure of explaining a great many nautical terms to her, and showing her a great many knots and splicings, all of which other fellows have explained to her hundreds of times before probably, and used, in the study of the art in which I am taking lessons, just as I am using them.

The lake may be two miles across hereabouts, or perhaps more. Farther down, where we cross it to get to Carrick, it is only a narrow ford. We intend to land on a rocky promontory on the foot of Knockmony, which lies reflected, stone for stone and boulder for boulder, in the still water under the hill. As we approach Knockmony the summit is lost sight of, and the great toppling crags lower down appear to touch the sky. The nearer we get, the more its vast size becomes apparent; but it is only when we land presently, and begin to climb the rock, that I come to the conclusion that we shall have a tough job to get up it. The sides are all wild growth of birch and oak, steep slippery slopes covered with close short turf and heath and brown mould, enormous boulders cropping out among forests of bracken, great crags festooned with brambles and ivy. "With weeping and with laughter," we make the ascent; skirts are torn, hands—and hearts—are scratched; couples are lost, but reappear at the *rendezvous*. We all swarm up like so many ants; and I very soon begin to think it is no joke to climb Knockmony on a sultry day in October, encumbered with a railway rug, a basket, a tea-kettle, and a volume of poetry even though Sibyl Aylmer is not very far behind.

As we mount the hill the lake opens out below us, a mirror of polished silver, lying, when the sun's rays fall more directly upon it, a sheet of dazzling light round Carrick Island and the Middle Rocks. The Castle Garde woods are right opposite, creeping, blue-grey and russet, up Carraghbawn and Ballinaharig, while Fort, like a long grey caterpillar, sends its threads of turf-smoke up into the intensely blue sky. The air is delicious up here, the breath of the gorse and broom is almost overpoweringly sweet, and the turf under our feet is quite warm in the sun. We all congratulate ourselves on our luck in having such a day for our expedition.

We camp on a platform of rock, in the shadow of a group of stunted firs. We can see the little *Dream* lying at anchor far down below us, and Danny stretched asleep in the bottom of his boat, which is drawn up among the rocks. I look away at Castle Garde, and wonder what Jack is doing, and if he is repenting him of his folly.

We are all hungry enough to do justice to our luncheon. I do not think Audrey Fetherstone enjoys herself as much as the rest of us; and once or twice I see her, with a sad curve about her mouth, looking away dreamily at the woods opposite. But Beaumaris makes himself most agreeable—or thinks he does—and even Brett Carleton seems to enjoy the pangs of jealousy from which he declares he is suffering. As for me, I am beginning to think that there are no girls like Irish girls, and that an Irish girl with Irish eyes, and just the smallest possible *soupcon* of a brogue is simply irresistible.

So we idle away the sunny hours, each thinking his own thoughts, while he talks sense, or nonsense, as the case may be, till Blanche Pomeroy announces the forgotten fact that it is four o'clock. Then we all rise up reluctantly, feeling that, if we would accomplish the ostensible object of our excursion, and see the view from the top of Knockmony, we had better bestir ourselves.

Up the rocky defiles, through the blackberry brakes and stony fastnesses, up the slippery steps, over the big mossy boulders, knee-deep in fern or ankle-deep in mud and ooze, where some wandering brook steals down to the lake, through miniature marshes of reedy grass and spongy mosses, Sibyl Aylmer and I mount together: and, if it adds to the girl's enjoyment to know that the man is rapidly losing his heart, and is less and less willing to let her hand go when he helps her over some obstacle in the path, what is it to anybody? If I am willing to risk a heart-ache, it is nobody's business but my own.

Toiling up the topmost rocky slope, we pause a minute to take breath, and, as people always do in the circumstances, turn round to admire the prospect. Sibyl Aylmer's grey eyes fix themselves on the dusky woods beyond the lake, and she heaves a little sigh.

"Poor Jack Carew!" she says.

"Why do you call him poor?" I ask jealously.

"Because he has made such a donkey of himself."

"In what quarter?"—still more jealously.

"Don't be stupid! Just fancy throwing away one's chance of a girl like Audrey Fetherstone! I think he must be mad!"

"So do I. But she doesn't seem to have taken it to heart."

"That's all you know about it!" Miss Aylmer said scornfully. "She cares for him awfully—more's the pity. I can't understand it, for she's had heaps of offers and never cared a pin about any of them. I declare I hate Carew!"

"You didn't seem to hate him, at all events," I answer.

I have thrown myself down upon the grass, and am pulling little bits of golden crowsfoot and lilac thyme out of it. Miss Aylmer is seated calmly on a big lichened stone, looking, not at me, but at the silver reach of the lake below!

"I did it on purpose, because I couldn't bear to see Audrey throwing herself away on a man who didn't care for her. I don't know how she tolerated him for a moment, except that she's a girl who doesn't go in for spooning or anything of that sort, and wouldn't miss it. But I'm glad her eyes were opened before it was too late."

"Do you go in for spooning, Miss Aylmer?"

"Not between engaged people," Miss Aylmer answers promptly.

"I don't think Miss Fetherstone really cares for Jack," I say carelessly; but I dare say Sibyl Aylmer sees through my carelessness, and is as willing to aid and abet her friend, as I am to aid and abet mine, if it be possible to aid him.

"Doesn't she? Audrey Fetherstone is not the girl to wear her heart upon her sleeve, I can tell you; but she does care—more than he's worth."

"She was awfully stiff—cutting indeed—in her manner to him yesterday; did you not notice it?"

"Not much wonder!" Miss Aylmer returns, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. "Perhaps she is trying if hating him hurts less than loving him. Poor Audrey!"

What a fool Jack has made of himself! I wonder if I ought to tell him all this, but I think, on the whole, it is better to let him think she does not care a button about him. According to his own showing, the harder it is to obtain a thing the more valuable it appears.

We reach the summit of the mountain at last. The sun is sinking behind us, the lake is in shadow at our feet. Only the top of Ballinaharig stands out, sunlighted, against the blue eastern sky. We stand together round the cairn, where some fabulous Irish chieftain is said to rest, on the very top of Knockmony, and I, for one, feel that I shall never forget this day or the girl in blue with laughing Irish eyes who is standing beside me.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME DEVELOPMENTS.

Jack asks for no particulars about the picnic. The next day we hunt near Moarne, and have a good run and a brilliant finish just under Carraghbawn. Coming home late in the evening, showing ample traces of having floundered in the boggy marshes beyond Dunboden, we meet Audrey Fetherstone and Beaumaris, Brett Carleton and Miss Aylmer, riding quietly down the road.

"Botheration!" I say, or perhaps something worse, looking down at my mud-bespattered tops, and wondering at the same time if Sibyl Aylmer is giving that fellow any encouragement. Carew turns the colour of his coat—he belongs to the Hunt, and is in pink. I am surprised at this, as Jack is not given to caring much about his appearance; and, even if he were, he could not look better than he does at this instant, though both he and his horse show signs of hard riding. Of course, the others stop, and we are constrained to follow their example. The men are anxious to hear what sport we have had, and who was there, and the rest of it; but I leave Jack to answer their questions, and edge Moya into the neighbourhood of Miss Aylmer's golden bay. She does not look as well as Audrey Fetherstone on horseback; but she looks very fascinating for all that, in a little Jersey hat and blue cravat. I manage, even in the few minutes, to make an egregious donkey of myself about Brett Carleton; but Miss Aylmer only laughs.

"Do you hunt with your eye-glass stuck in your eye all the time, Mr. Rutherford?" she inquires irrelevantly.

"Couldn't see an inch before me without it," I confess.

"But you drop it when you are gaping, I am sure."

"Not I. I got a bad tumble the other day, over a dike and a quick-set hedge, and when I picked myself up the glass was still in my eye."

Miss Aylmer laughs—she chaffs a fellow terribly.

"I think you only wear it because it enables you to stare at people with more effrontery," she says; "or perhaps you labour under the delusion that it is becoming to you. Do you know we're going to have a Hunt Ball at Carrick very soon? Won't that be fun! I suppose you wear your eye-glass dancing too?"

"Always do—should cannon against every couple in the room if I didn't. And when is the Hunt Ball to come off?"

"They are generally given in the beginning of the year—about February or March—but we're to have this one at the end of this month. Do you think Mr. Carew will come?"

"I don't know."

I look over at Jack, sitting gravely in his saddle opposite Miss Fetherstone and the other two men. His face looks different from what I have ever seen it—not red now, but set and pale under all its sunburn. Miss Fetherstone is listening coldly to his short, concise answers to Carleton's eager questions, looking straight ahead between her horse's ears.

"Oh!" says Miss Aylmer's voice at my elbow; and I turn my head to see her staring with a rather awakened face at Jack.

"What's up?" I enquire uneasily.

"Nothing—that is—never mind. I'll tell you some other time." And Sibyl Aylmer's pretty face fairly brims over with merriment; but I confess I cannot see the joke.

I look in the direction of her laughing eyes, but see only Jack's grave, half-sulky profile, and Miss Fetherstone's cold, proud, beautiful face, with the loose rings of golden hair blowing about her temples, and the old determined curve to her sweet, cold lips. We part company in another minute, and ride homewards in silence, our jaded horses taking their own time. Jack lets the bridle hang loose on Cupid's neck, and stares straight ahead, with the same set face, and I, in a cloudy house of my own construction, the *chatelaine* of which has a pretty aquiline nose and the prettiest hands and feet in the world, forget all about him and his unfortunate matrimonial arrangements.

* * * * *

Our "American tourist" does not put in an appearance again—I believe she has left the neighbourhood. The old elm has been cut up for firewood, and nothing has come, as yet, of its downfall. The doctor's spirits grow more exuberant every day; some of his young horses fetch a good price at Limerick, and two of his favourites are turning out even better than he expected. Jack does not believe in this hobby of his father's but he never interferes with him; he rather avoids being mixed up in any way with home affairs. Mrs. Carew tries to sound me on the subject of Miss Fetherstone, and is anxious to know if any time is fixed for the wedding; but I give her no satisfaction and I think she is afraid to ask Jack any questions.

Dull as I am, I begin to think this wedding will come about, sooner or later. There is something in Jack's manner—an unrest, a distaste for things he used to care about, which gives me the idea that he is either in trouble or in love. One moment he is fidgeting about, smoking like a furnace, here and there and everywhere; the next, he is stretched on the beach or on the grass, with his hands behind his head and his hat over his eyes, pretending to be asleep, but in reality dreaming about some one or something—I am afraid to inquire what. I am inclined to feel rather sentimental myself just now, but I do not show it by lying in the broiling sun or the coolest shade indiscriminately, or by smoking an abnormal number of pipes *per diem* and taking no nutriment to speak of. For one thing, my complexion would not stand the first, being liable to turn brick-red about the bridge of the nose, which is rather prominent, nor my constitution the latter, not being made of iron, like Carew's. However, it is a free country, where every man may fall in love after his own fashion, even, as in Jack's case, after he has as good as refused to marry the lady.

One day I am out in the *Dream* with Tom Pomeroy—only he and I, the other men having gone over to a meet at Dunboden. We are enjoying the fresh breeze and sunshine, running across Carrick Bay with our spinnaker set, when Tom Pomeroy, as he fills his pipe with the handle of the tiller under his knee, asks me if I have ever come across Dr. Carew's lunatic.

"Dr. Carew's lunatic?" I ask, turning to look at him.

"You don't mean to say you've been staying all this time in the house and not found out that?" Tom laughs. "Why, everybody knows it, though they mayn't talk of it. The doctor can't be such an ostrich as to think it isn't patent to the neighbourhood, though it has ceased to be a nine days' wonder long ago."

"But why does he do such a thing?" I ask incredulously.

"For money, I suppose. The doctor himself gave out that it paid him well to keep the man, whoever he is. I suppose the friends fork out about three or four hundred a year at the very least."

"I never heard of such a thing!" I ejaculate.

"Don't let the sheet slip! That's right. Never heard of it? My dear fellow, doctors often do it, often and often. I suppose the man's not mad enough for an asylum—only wants to be under a doctor's care," and Tom laughs, striking a match against the sole of his canvas shoes. "But I can't think how you never found it out?"

"Does Jack know?"

"Of course he knows. But he has a horror of the thing, and is awfully mad with his father for doing it. After all, it's no harm to turn an honest penny if one can. But look out that he doesn't come on you slily some day, or wait behind the door to brain you with a poker."

"What is his name? Who is he?"

"His name is Armstrong, I think, but that's all I know about him. I believe he is not a raging lunatic—mere softening of the brain, or something of that sort. Nobody ever sees him hardly—indeed I may say nobody, for he wears a big green veil when he goes out in his Bath-chair—the sun dazzles him. I heard that much from Jerry McCormack, the gardener, who caught a glimpse of him once."

A great many of my mysteries are explained to me now; but I must confess that I do not greatly care for the explanation. I have come face to face with death often enough in my time in bush and jungle, in camp and fever hospital, but to be struck down in cold blood by some lurking madman is worse than any of these. I suppose "use makes master," as old Larry Dalton is so fond of saying—I think the proverb is rather ambiguous, but it sounds well—and I shall get quite accustomed to the idea by-and-by. I should mention that I have graduated as a "medical" in one of our own colleges, and have even practised a little; but that was long ago, before I was bitten by the gold mania, and made the acquaintance of Jack Carew. But I have taken my diploma, and, though I do not care to be called "doctor," I have some idea of resuming my profession when I go back to Australia.

Jack does not come back to dinner this evening. He dines, as he thought he should, at Dunboden. After dinner the doctor, who has been particularly civil to me during our *tete-a-tete* brewing of whiskey punch, tells me he should be glad of my professional opinion upon a patient of his at present staying in the house. He mentions the subject carelessly, and as if the thing were quite a matter of course; but he watches me very closely out of the corner of his pale grey eye and I wonder if he guesses how much I have heard, or takes it for granted that I know all.

"The person I speak of is suffering from mental disease, brought on by a sunstroke in the first instance, I believe, when serving with his regiment in India," Doctor Carew tells me, stirring his punch, and circumspectly adding another half-glass of whiskey to the pleasant compound. "He was placed with me by his friends some years ago, but his case was utterly hopeless from the first. Nothing could be done for him beyond seeing that he was not ill-treated or neglected in any way. I need not tell you that I have taken care this should not be the case."

I bow, looking hard at the man's plump white hand, with the signet ring on the smallest, every nail carefully pointed and polished. I cannot for my life help thinking of another doctor, more famous—or infamous—than Godfrey Carew, who was remarkable for the plumpness and delicacy of his murderous hands.

"It is wonderful how long people will live after their minds are gone," Doctor Carew goes on, playing with this same hand on the table as if it were a piano, and he were learning a child's first lesson; "but they seldom attain any great age. The poor gentleman up-stairs, in spite of all my care—and of course it is to my interest to prolong his days, since I am well paid for him—is, I fear, sinking fast. In fact, I think it is only a question of hours."

"Have you told his friends?"

The doctor looks at me suddenly full in the face. But I suppose I look quite innocent, as indeed I am.

"His friends!" he answers, with a peculiar smile and a very knowing wink. "His friends won't break their hearts for his loss, I fancy. It will be all clear gain to them, you understand?"

I suppose so. I pity the poor demented wretch who is handed over by his friends to the tender mercies of a man like Godfrey Carew. For I instinctively dislike and distrust the man, pleasant and jovial as his manner undoubtedly is.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mountain Preachers in Kentucky.

The Gospel as Expounded by Bareheaded Clergymen in the Highlands.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette.)

MANCHESTER, Ky., June 21—In these highlands, outside the larger villages, primitive conditions are maintained, if not intensified. I do not know where except here, one might go with assurance of finding an original hardshell Baptist or other denominational preacher, and it is well worth the labour of riding twenty miles over the mountain roads to find him in the midst of a protracted effort, with his harp of a thousand strings properly tuned for the occasion.

His coat lies on the floor. His iron grey hair-bristles from his forehead, his unbleached shirt is open, and thrust back from his throat, his sleeves are rolled back to his elbows, and the perspiration drops unheeded from his sharp-pointed nose. It is apparent why he carries so little flesh. For nearly an hour he has been thundering at his audience. He is upon a subject that never fails to call into play his liveliest fancy and most imperative and impressive utterances. For an hour he has been groping his way through infernal caverns, and who can help smiling as he strikes upon the subject of devils? "Talkin of devils, my beloved brethering—the monstus kre-e-ters, I say—the monstus kre-e-ters! The smallest devil I ever read of was eighteen feet high and eleven feet across the breast—I say across the bre-e-east," and when, with a severe and threatening aspect, he enquired into our cause of laughter, we expressed our gratification at learning the probably magnificent physical proportions of Mary Magdalene he told us "thar war giants and giantesses them times."

Another, who, some years ago, in Adair county, honestly performed his duty, and doubtless accomplished good, by sincerely reflecting all the light he was capable of receiving, was accustomed occasionally to take the contest between Goliah and David for his text, and expressed himself as follows, pointing to his comparisons in the audience. "Thar was Golgotha (Goliah); he was a great monstah, liken onto big Fred. Grider over thar, as it war. Then thar was David, a small splinter in striplin, liken unto little John Conover, John Darling's son-in-law, over thar, as it war. David and Golgotha got into a fight, as it war, and great was the commotion. David took a small rock, pebble, piece of gravel, or stone, as it war, and put it in a sling, flung it at Golgotha, struck him in the forehead as it war, and killed him then and thar, as it war. And Golgotha fell and struck the airth, so that if they had fit in this neighbourhood these old white oak walls would rock and quivah, as it war." Perhaps it is safe to say that with some few exceptions throughout the Highland, conditions continue to develope just such religious teachers.

Warlike Qualities of English, Scotch, and Irish Soldiers.

The warlike qualities displayed by the British soldier have ever been strongly marked. Certain of them are common to all the races which make up the population of these isles. The high courage which is born of physical superiority, the nerve, self-reliance which animates the man of muscle many inches—these are the military virtues belonging to Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman alike. But each nationality possesses certain peculiar characteristics of its own.

THE ENGLISH.

The Englishman is cool, not easily roused to enthusiasm, caring little for the pomp and pageantry of war. He has none of the romantic craving after military glory which animates the Frenchman; addresses, declamatory or inspiriting, do not appeal irresistibly to him. He is of brawny build in the upper part, has a deep chest and muscular arms, but his legs are less vigorous, and he has never been famed for his marching powers, although some of his feats of pedestrianism are as remarkable as any on record. The English soldier is not easily dismayed; his courage and spirits rise as danger increases. He is stubborn and tenacious, never knowing, as Napoleon said, when he is beaten. Want of practical experience in warfare places him often at a disadvantage at the commencement of a campaign. He is not very ready to shift for himself; not quick-witted and fertile in resource; expects to have everything done for him, and where this is impossible, grows discontented, and grumbles to his heart's content. Of the English soldier more than of any other is the aphorism true that he fights with his belly. He suffers severely from privation and hardships, and does not submit to them cheerfully even when inevitable. Jackson describes him as inferior in intelligence to many, but "when well clothed, well fed, and well lodged, no man performs his duty more steadily and more efficiently." A high sense of duty is really his sheet-anchor and finest trait. This can always be drawn upon when other appeals fail, and those who work with him may then rely upon him to the full. But if he does his own duty, he expects others to do their duty by him. He has the keenest appreciation of his rights, and will never submit to be "put upon" or treated with injustice by those under whom he serves.

THE SCOTCH.

In the Scotchman the warlike spirit of fiery and untamable ancestors still lingers, and the Scotch soldier is in many respects superior to the English. In frame he is more lithe and sinewy; he marches better, and can endure greater fatigue. His early life has generally inured him by exposure to hardship; he does not mind a wetting, can sleep under a hedge, is contented with the roughest and scantiest fare. In the fight he is more impetuous and enterprising than his more stolid comrade of the south. "The impetuosity of the Scot is proverbial. It leads him far, and, on some occasions, into difficulty and danger; but it also leads him now and then to the achievement of things beyond calculation." With his screeching pibroch and his wild shouts, his medieval costume, and the old clanish enthusiasm which led them "shoulder to shoulder" into many a deadly breach, the Highlander has always been a terrible foeman to encounter.

THE IRISH.

The Irishman, last of all, is an excellent soldier, to whom fighting for mere fighting sake is always a delightful pastime. He is never so happy as when in a row, whether at Donnybrook or Waterloo. He wields his rifle as readily as a shillelagh or pike and he slaughters the enemy with the same satisfaction that he breaks the head of the man who treads on the tail of his coat. His mercurial temperament and recklessness detract rather from his usefulness in the field; his courage, like that of the lively Gaul, sometimes evaporates before he has gained the day, and he cannot be relied upon to exhibit the calm fortitude or absolute energy of the Englishman or Scot; but his *elan* will carry him always well to the front, and he is incomparable in a charge. The Irish soldier is not always easy to govern. He is quick tempered and impulsive, but he loves those officers who understand him and deal tenderly with him, and he may be easily led where he could not be driven. In times past the poverty of his native home made him laugh at what the Englishman would deem privation. Compared to the rude cabin on the wild bogs, and his unvarying diet of potatoes and "point," the soldier's rations, the snug barrack-room, or water-tight tent, were luxuries which he had seldom hoped to obtain even in his wildest dreams.

Lady Violinists.

One would think that the violin would early in its history, have attracted the attention of the female sex, requiring for its effective handling little muscular strength, but great adroitness and agility,—rather delicacy of touch than power. Yet as late as 1842 we learn of but few ladies having attained any remarkable proficiency in its use. Shortly after the above date the writer, then a pupil of De Beriot, had as fellow-students two young girls, Teresa and Maria Millanollo whose pure and sympathetic tones yet linger in the hearts of the older generation of music lovers. These two sisters possessed a most astonishing genius for violin playing. Teresa, the elder, a pensive, demure maiden, excelled in compositions of a lyrical character, while the younger, Maria, who died when only thirteen, executed playfully the most difficult compositions of Rode, Spohr, and De Beriot. Seldom did more perfect playing enchant the public ear. Grace of execution, absolute purity of intonation, simplicity of expression, the charm of early youth, beauty and modesty secured for them an unexampled and most deserved success. Teresa is yet living, the matronly wife of M. Parmentier, a distinguished officer in the French army. Incited by their success, others studied this instrument; until the number of fine lady violinists has now increased sufficiently to justify our hopes that before long our string orchestras will be, in a measure, recruited from the constantly augmenting number of female players. There is, in fact, nothing to prevent their studying the viola, the violoncello, or even the double bass. By the addition of female players our orchestras can but gain in neatness and precision,—qualities so essentially feminine. While we take a pardonable pride in the many fine players of the male sex who sought our advice and studied with us for years, we should be remiss in failing to credit our female students with at least an equal degree of talent, industry and success. We gladly espouse the cause of women's right to play upon all the instruments of the orchestra and to bring all their fine faculties to bear upon the proper rendition of our great symphonic works. Among the successful lady violinists the foremost place is due to Mdmes Norman-Nerudа and Camilla Urso, while here in America the violin promises soon to rival the pianoforte in the constantly increasing number of its female votaries.

USEFUL RECIPE.—How to keep your silk umbrella—Only lend your cotton one.

MISS SUSAN KING is a Maine woman who has amassed a fortune of half a million of dollars by the sale of tripe in the city of Boston. That was her foundation stone in fortune; investing the money derived from this in real estate in New York, she has gradually but surely built up a large business. She was a poor girl and made this by her own clear brain and individual exertions.

COUNT DE MUSHROON has a son, a spoiled child only five years old, whom he has trained to respect nobility. His teacher found him a few days since trying to put a crooked pin in the seat Count de Mushroon occupies at the dinner table. His teacher upbraided him. Young hopeful answered: "Shut up. Pa owes me respect. I don't owe him any; for I am a nobleman's son. He ain't."