Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press,

A FIRST-CLASS LOCAL AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, PUBLISHED EXPRESSLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE CITIZENS OF HALTON COUNTY,

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

At THE FREE PRESS Printing and Publishing House, next to the Methodist Church, Mill Street, Acton, Ont.

TERMS:—THE FREE PRESS will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for $1.00 per annum in advance; if paid during the year, $1.50; if not paid till after expiration of the year, $2.00. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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JOB PRINTING.

Every facility for Book, Plain and Fancy Job Printing. Experienced workmen. Newest styles of Type. Presses good. Charges moderate.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

W. McGARVIN, M. D., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Victoria College. Residence, corner of Mill and Frederick streets. Consultation daily from 8 to 10 a. m., and from 3 to 6 p. m.

W. H. LOWRY, M.B., M.C.P.S., GRADUATE of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and Residence—Frederick St., Acton, in the house lately occupied by R. Little, Esq.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
BRANCH OFFICE:—In Mr. Matthew's Buildings, Mill St., Acton.
OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY.

WM. HEMSTREET,
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to.
Terms reasonable.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY and properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents, and Draughtsman.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office, next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON. ROBERT Agnew, Proprietor. The new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find good accommodation and commodious Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, ACTON. Jas. Campbell, Proprietor.
Mr. Campbell, late of the Revere House, near G. T. R. Station, takes pleasure in announcing to his many old friends and patrons that he has recently purchased and refitted the Royal Exchange in the neatest and most comfortable style, and is prepared to accommodate all who may favour him, in the most comfortable manner. Choice Wines, Liquors, Cigars and cool summer drinks always in stock. Stable in charge of an attentive hostler. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be spared to give the very best attention.
JAS. CAMPBELL.

CASH FOR SKINS.
I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for all classes of Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.
41-ly JAMES MOORE.

AUCTION SALE advertisements inserted in the ACTON FREE PRESS, at low rates, the best local paper of Halton Co.

BIRTHS, Marriages and Deaths inserted free in the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

CARDS, Billheads and Circulars of every description executed neatly at the ACTON FREE PRESS office, the best local paper of Halton Co.

COMMUNICATIONS on local questions of interest will gladly be received by the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

ENVELOPES printed in the neatest style, and at the lowest prices, at the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

IF you have farms or farm stock for sale, advertise them in the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

MERCHANTS and farmers alike should advertise and support the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

STRAYED or Stolen Advertisements of this nature inserted very cheap in the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

Pumps! Pumps! Pumps!
W. E. ADAMS, Manufacturer of superior Well and Cistern Pumps, which will be put in on short notice. Repairing promptly done. Charges moderate. Also keeps tin and sell. Give him a call. Shop in Frederick street, opposite Dr. Lowry's residence.
W. E. ADAMS.

THE "CLIMAX PLOW"
—MADE AT—
Crowe's Iron Works, Guelph
Is ahead of all competitors for general purposes. Iron Beam, Steel Board and Shears made of special hard iron. Cheap for cash. New Fences, Stoves, Metal Lettering, and Castings of all kinds.
JOHN CROWE.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

CANADA
LOAN & BANKING COMPANY
Savings Bank,
CORNER OF JAMES AND KING STS.,
HAMILTON.

Six Per Cent. Interest paid on deposits of $1 and upwards.

SAFEST AND BEST SECURITY.

Board of Directors.
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C. B. SNOW, Esq., (Manager Cotton Mills) Dundas.

Money to loan on Real Estate in sums to suit borrowers, and on easy terms.

Office open every week-day from 9 a.m to 5 p.m.

D. DEXTER, Manager.
Aug. 11, 1879. 7-6m

FEDERAL BANK OF CANADA.
Guelph Branch.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS DONE.
DRAFTS and BILLS OF EXCHANGE Bought and Sold.

DEPOSITORS
Are allowed interest at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum in the Savings Bank Department, and six (6) per cent. per annum will be allowed on Deposit Receipts, provided the money remains in the Bank not less than six (6) months, and three (3) months notice be given of its withdrawal.
THOMAS Y. GREET,
Manager.

THE TRAVELLERS
Life & Accident Ins. Co.,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
Writes everything desirable in the way of Life and Accident Insurance.
Rates Low. Security Unquestioned.
Ample deposit made with the Dominion Government, for the security of Canadian Policy Holders.

Paid up Cash Capital,	$ 600,000.00
Gross Assets,	4,096,677.74
Total Liabilities,	3,511,734.37
Surplus to Policy Holders,	1,286,843.37

JAMES MATTHEWS, Agent,
Acton, Ont.

BAKERY
AND
CONFECTIONERY.
MESSRS. B. & E. NICKLIN would intimate that they have opened up their
NEW BAKE SHOP
on the
Corner of MILL and MAIN Sts.
ACTON,
And that they will always be supplied with A 1. Bread, besides Buns, Cakes, Pastry, &c., &c., &c.
A LARGE STOCK OF CHOICE
Confectionery
will be found on hand, which is all new and fresh—
OATMEAL,
CORNMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT, &c.
always in stock.
This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices.
TEAS: Class.
B. & E. NICKLIN.

HARNESS, HARNESS.
Any person in want of a good set of Harness, either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;—
Should call at
Greech's Saddlery,
ACTON,
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.
R. GREECH.
Acton, Feb. 26, 1879.

A LECTURE TO 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.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents, or two postage stamps.
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.
Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co., 41 Ann St., New York,
Post Office Box 4586.

Remembered and Forgotten.

What shall we remember?
What shall we forget?
Seems the vexing question,
Over which men fret.
Fill the shining angel,
Charity by name,
Bring to her a little record,
Unless to earthly fame.

What shall we remember?
Every kindly thought;
Every well fought battle;
Every good thing wrought;
Every thoughtful saying;
Every honest deed,—
Done by friends and neighbours
For each other's need.

What shall we remember?
Nothing that will harm;
Nothing that will scatter
Trouble and alarm;
Nothing that will foster
Hatred in the heart;
Nothing that will sever
Act the vengeful part.

What shall be forgotten?
Everything that mars;
Everything that brings up
Old forgotten scars;
Everything that rankles;
Everything that stings—
Making room for treasures
And all beauteous things.

What shall be forgotten
As we pass along?
Every jealous feeling;
Every grudge and wrong.
If we close our journey
With our faults forgiven,
What shall be forgotten?
Everything but heaven.

Never Despair.

I fain would impress on
The weary and sad
The truths of a lesson
In metaphor clad:

Still in life's journey the
Bravest do err—
Still on life's journey we
Hanker for rest.

Innocent merriment
Shortens the mile;
Try the experiment,
Once in a while.

Face your foes fearlessly,
"Never say die"—
Trials, take to fearlessly,
Lightsomely lie.

Our teardrops are lenses
That magnify ills;
They come our senses
Till hillocks seem hills.

And faces grow sprinkled,
While tresses with grey
Grow speedily sprinkled
When, woe has her way.

Horrors may haunt you, but
Fool may grow fair;
Dangers may daunt you, 180
"Never despair."

Verily, verily,
Just as you may,
He who toils merrily
Carries the day.

A Serenade.

I sing beneath your lattice, love,
A song of great regard for you;
The moon is getting rather high,
My voice is, too.

The lizzies in deep shadow lie,
Where frogs make such hullabaloo;
I think they sing a trifle hoarse,
And, love, me, too.

The blossoms on the pumpkin-vine
Are freshly diamoned tears of dew;
'Tis warm; the flowers are willing fast,
My listen, too.

All nodding on the orchard stand,
With silent moonbeams standing through:
The very air is drowsy, love,
And I'm, too.

Oh, could I soar on loving wings,
And at your window gently woo!
But then your lattice you would bolt—
So I'll bolt, too.

China's Great Wall.

One of the World's Wonders—The Mongolian Coast—Not so much of a Wall

J. Russell Young writes from China: But to come to China and not see the great wall would have subjected us to adverse criticism for the remainder of our lives. Consequently, there was a relief to our susceptibilities when we were told that the great wall came to an end on the sea-coast on our way to Chefoo, and with a favouring sea we could run up and go on shore. This was resolved upon, and as soon as the viceroy left us the Richmond steamed slowly up the coast, the Ashuelot going direct to Chefoo. The contrast between the Richmond and the modest little Ashuelot was marked, and we had a sense of abundant space, or roominess, of opportunities for walking. But the *Ashuelot* is a well-commanded ship, and we left her with pleasant memories, and it was not without a regret that we saw Gen. Grant's flag hauled down. It was our good fortune to have a smooth sea, and when the morning came we found ourselves steaming slowly along the shores of northern China lining the horizon. Navigation in the China seas is always a problem, and the coast past which we were sailing is badly surveyed. As a general thing, so carefully has science mapped and tracked the ocean that you have only to seek counsel from a vagrant, wandering star, and you will be able to tell to the minute when some hill or promontory will rise out of the waves. There was no such comfort on the China coast, and the Richmond had to feel her way, to grope along the coast, and find the great wall as best we could. Fortunately the day was mild and clear, and we could steam close to shore. All morning we sailed watching the shore; the brown, receding hills; the leaping, jutting masses of rock; the bits of greenery that seemed to rejoice in the sun, the fishing villages in houses of clay that run towards the shore. It was a lonely sea. Heretofore, in our cruise on the China coast, we had been burdened with company. The coasting track is so large that junks were always in sight, junks and fishing-boats and all manner of strange, clumsy craft. If you are used to travel on the vast seas, where a sail a week is a rapture, this presence of many ships is a consolation. It takes away the selfishness of sea life and makes you think that you are a part of the real world. But it is at the same time a trial to the sailor. The junk is an awkward, stupid trap, and always crossing your bows or edging up against you. The Chinaman thinks it good luck to cross your bows, and if he can do so with a narrow shave, just giving you a clip with his rudder as he passes, he has had a joyous adventure. While creeping up the China coast we were always on the watch for junks, but never ran one down. It was trying, however, to naval patience, and we found it so much better to be alone on the sea and look for our great wall as well as we could, undisturbed by the heedlessness of Chinese mariners.

About two o'clock in the afternoon Lieut. Sperry, the navigator, had an experience that must have reminded him of Columbus discovering America. He had found the great wall. By carefully looking through the glasses, in time we saw it—a thick, brown, irregular line that crumbled into the sea. The Richmond steamed towards the beach, and so gracious was the weather that we were able to anchor within a mile of shore. All the boats were let down, and as many as could be spared from the vessel went ashore—the captain, the officers, sailors in their blue, tidy uniforms, and an especial sailor with a pot of white paint to inscribe the fact that the Richmond had visited the great wall. The great wall is the only monument I have seen which could be improved by modern sacrilege, and which could be painted over and plastered without compunctions of conscience. From what I read of this stupendous achievement it was built under the reign of a Chinese emperor who flourished two centuries before Christ. This emperor was disturbed by the constant invasion of the Tartars, a hardy nomadic race, who came from the hills of Mongolia and plundered his people, who were indeed afterwards to come, if only the emperor could have opened the books of fate and known, and rule the country and found the dynasty which exists after a fashion still. So his majesty resolved to build a wall which should for ever protect his empire from the invader. The wall was built, and so well was it done that here we come, wanderers from the antipodes, twenty centuries after, and find it still a substantial, imposing, but in the light of modern science a useless wall. It is one thousand two hundred and fifty miles in length, and it is only when you consider that distance and the incredible amount of labour it imposed that the magnitude of the work breaks upon you. We landed on a smooth, pebbly beach, studded with shells which would have rejoiced the eyes of children. We found a small village and saw the villagers grinding corn. The children, a few beggars and a blind person came to welcome us. The end of the wall which juts into the sea has been beaten by the waves into a ragged, shapeless condition. There was an easy ascent, however, up stone steps. At the top there was a small temple, evidently given to pious uses still, for there was a keeper who dickered about lettuces in, and the walls seemed to be in order, clean and painted. The wall at the site of the temple was seventy-five or a hundred feet wide, but this was only a special width to accommodate the temple and present an imposing presence to the sea. As far as we could see the wall stretched over hill and valley, until it became a line. Its average width at the surface is from twenty to twenty-five feet. At the base it varies from forty feet to a hundred. It is made of stone and brick, and, considering that twenty centuries have been testing its workmanship, the work was well done.

As a mere wall there is nothing imposing about the great wall of China. There are a hundred thousand walls, the world over, better built and more useful. What impressed us was the infinite patience which could have compassed so vast a labour. Wonderful are the pyramids, and wonderful as a dream the ruins of Thebes. There you see mechanical results which you cannot follow or solve, engineering achievements we could not even now repeat. The great wall is a marvel of patience. I had been reading the late Mr. Seward's calculation that the labour which had built the great wall would have built the Pacific railways. Gen. Grant thought that Mr. Seward had underrated its extent. "I believe," he said, "that the labour expended on this wall could have built every railroad in the United States, every canal and highway and most if not all our cities." The story is that millions were employed on the wall; that the work lasted ten years. I have ceased to wonder at a story like this. In the ancient days—the days which our good people are always lamenting and a return to which is the prayer of so many virtuous and pious souls—in the ancient days when an emperor had a wall or a pyramid to build he sent out to the fields and hills and gathered in the people and made them build on peril of their heads. It required an emperor to build the great wall. No people would ever have done such a thing. When you see the expression of a people's power it is in the achievements of the Roman, the Greek, and the Englishman—in the achievements of Chinamen when they have been allowed their own way. The great wall is a monument of the patience of a people and the misapplied prerogative of a king. It never could have been of much use in the most primitive days, and now it is only a curiosity. We walked about on the top and studied its simple, massive workmanship, and looked upon the plains of Mongolia, over which the dreaded Tartar came. On one side of the wall was China, on the other Mongolia. We were at the farthest end of our journey, and every step now would be towards home. There was something like a farewell in the feeling with which we looked upon the cold land of mystery which swept on toward the north—cold and barren even under the warm sunshine. There was something like a welcome in the waves as we again greeted them and knew that the sea upon which we were again venturing with the confidence that comes from long and friendly association would carry us home to America, and lighten even that journey with a glimpse of the land of the rising run.

Oatmeal Water as a Beverage.

On board steamships the firemen employed about the furnaces are sometimes greatly exhausted by heat. Their profuse perspiration renders a large quantity of water necessary to supply the waste. The ingestion of clear water under these circumstances appears to answer very imperfectly the wants of the system. It seems to pass through the circulation to the skin, percolate as through a sieve, and flow over the surface of the body in streams. A large drink of cold or even cool water, under these circumstances, on an empty stomach, is very dangerous and liable to produce death with almost the suddenness of an electric shock. Great practical advantage has been obtained by mixing farinaceous substances, particularly oatmeal, with the water to be used by the men employed at this kind of labour. The oatmeal is mixed in the proportion of three or four ounces to the gallon of water, and used according to inclination by the firemen and coal-heavers. It might be difficult to determine why oatmeal, for this purpose, should be better than corn meal, or buckwheat, or rye, wheat, millet, etc., but the firemen themselves seem to think it has the effect of making them as strong as horses. We may safely allow something for this sort of prejudice, which we know to be very potent among the influences on health and disease. The peculiar aroma of the oats is probably associated with a pleasant degree of stimulation of the alimentary mucous surfaces [illegible] its comfortable diffusion. It seems to [illegible] the blood vessels without increasing the amount of cutaneous exhalation. The man [illegible] slippery [illegible] charcoal and alcoholic drinks as substitutes for the latter, but always with unsatisfactory results, experience shows they find molasses and water, sweetened clear water, and they who are disposed to insist on the excellence of rum and whisky, under all circumstances, petition for the boon, and experience after each ingestion a momentary relief, followed by greater proneness of perspiration and additional exhaustion.

THE painter Ingres says: To give a true poise to the figure necessitates an upright carriage of the head, and a smooth, firm step. To give this he recommends a long walk daily with a pitcher of water on the head. The hint is being acted upon by the lady pupils of an eminent French actor.

The Prophet of the Brahmo Somaj.

The Story of His Religious Life and His Mission to India.

Keshub Chunder Sen, chief minister of the Brahmo Somaj of India, delivered a remarkable address recently at Calcutta before some twelve hundred natives and a few Europeans, including several missionaries. "Am I an Inspired Prophet?" was the topic of this preacher of pure theism, in which occurred this personal sketch of his religious life and growth:

Then what am I? If I am not a prophet, I am a singular man, I am not an ordinary man are, and I say this deliberately. I say this candidly. I am conscious of marked peculiarities in my faith and character. My singularity began when I was fourteen years of age. I then abstained from animal food. That was, no doubt, a small thing considered in itself, but it was a momentous change, considered in the light of what followed. My life was destined for asceticism and abstinence, for the simplicities of faith and life. I was to be debarred from the luxuries of the world. That event, at least, showed which way the wind was blowing. I was constrained by the spirit of God. Within a few years I felt more and more this constraining influence. What was it that made me so singular in the earliest days of my life? Providence brought me into the presence of three very singular persons in those days. They were among my earliest acquaintances.

As I was walking along the paths of my life, I met three stately figures—heavenly, majestic, and full of divine radiance. And who were these? A wild-looking man (John the Baptist) was seen going about, not exactly in the midst of the gloom of night, but in the morning twilight, in the wilderness of India, saying: "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." I felt he was speaking to me, as I am speaking to you here. I confronted his spirit. I heard his voice. It was real. It was clear. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Those words stirred me. The man's raiment was of camel's hair, and his meat was locusts and wild honey. I fell down, and I learnt contrition and repentance at the feet of John the Baptist. Why came he to me? Did he really come to me? Yes, he did come to me—he whose voice was heard in Judea several centuries ago. And he came to me because God sent him to me for my benefit; and I heard his words and profited greatly. He passed away; and then came another prophet, far greater than he—the prophet of Nazareth. Standing on a high hill, he addressed to me these solemn words—words which were even more touching and thrilling than those said by John the Baptist: "Take no thought," said He, "for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or what ye shall put on. Take no thought for the morrow." These words of Jesus found a lasting lodgment in my heart, and have ever since continued to influence me.

Hardly had Jesus finished his words, when came another prophet; and that was the travelled ambassador of Christ, the strong, heroic and valiant Apostle Paul. And what did he say to me? He gave me one lesson, and that was enough. He said unto me, "Let them that have wives be as though they had none;" and these words came upon me like burning fire at a most critical period of my life. I was than about to marry, or had just got married. It was my impression at the time that marriage was the gate to worldliness, and I was glad to find a response in Paul's epistles. Verily, verily, as Paul says, those that have wives try to please them. They think of the things of this world, and not of the things of heaven. They are worldly minded men. Therefore, those that have wives ought to be like those who have none. In other words, they should discharge their household duties; but should love the Lord above all things. They should not be immersed in carnality and worldliness. I entered the world with ascetic ideas, and my honeymoon was spent amid austerities in the house of the Lord. From that time I was determined never to sink into worldliness. The temptations and allurements of the world were hateful to me, and I said, Heaven save me from these treacherous snares! Paul's words flashed like lightning across my whole heart and soul, and I began to realize my destiny more vividly from that hour. I was to live in the midst of the world; and do my work and fulfil my mission there; but I was not to be gathered among worldly minded men. I was destined to be a man of faith. I was destined and commissioned by God to be a spiritually minded and not a worldly minded man.

Women and the Stage.

The young women of Philadelphia never grow old. A theatrical manager who advertised for twenty-five beautiful girls complains that old women who would pass for his grandmother—and he is not a spring chicken himself—answered the card. These were women who had capered before the footlights for years, and tossed their ringlets at the front row for a generation, and yet they still fancy they are young, sprightly and beautiful. "I tell you," remarked the manager in a confidential chat with a *Record* reporter, "although this may seem to be an easy way to make a living, yet I know the life is fraught with hardships and spiked with dangers—I know it, and knowing it, I act accordingly. Now to-day two young girls called on me—pretty little girls, too—and wanted to go on the stage. They were willing to go at just enough to keep them. I took those two little stage-struck girls aside and talked to them like a Sunday school superintendent. They said they were working in a shirt factory and were only making $4 50 a week, and could not get along on their wages. When I found that out I doubled my argument, and I think I have persuaded them that stitching shirts at $4 50 a week is better for them than to undertake the hardships of a life in tights and tinsel. Women get it bad sometimes. There is plenty of fun with a young man who wants to play kings and tyrants by casting him for a policeman in a pantomime, and whanging him with stuffed clubs and property produce. One week of this effects a permanent cure; but when young women get it the only thing to do is to talk earnestly and honestly to them."

THE funeral of Herlig, a Socialist master turner, was the scene of a great Socialist demonstration at Dresden. Several thousand sympathizers followed the body to the grave, but the police took advantage of an old Saxon law against the public exhibition of republican emblems to forbid the wearing of political insignia. No funeral oration was permitted, and when a woman stepped forward and spoke a few words an order was given to arrest her, the execution of which was, however, rendered impossible by the closing in of the crowd. Several wreaths were thrown on the coffin, but not before the police had insisted on the removal of the red silk ribbons with which they were tied.

At a dinner at the Mansion House, London, three foreign consuls were present, whom the Lord Mayor wished to honour by drinking their health. He accordingly directed the toastmaster to announce the healths of "the three present consuls." He, however, mistaking the words, gave out the following: "The Lord Mayor drinks the health of the three per cent. consols."

Victor Hugo's Phophecy.

Some extracts from Victor Hugo's speech at the Chateau d'Eau, on the occasion of M. Louis Blanc's lecture for the benefit of the Marseilles workingmen, have been published, but the speech deserves to be translated entire:

"For four hundred years," said M. Hugo, "the human race has not made a step which has not been marked. We are entering the grand centuries. The sixteenth century was the century of painters, the seventeenth the century of writers, the eighteenth the century of philosophers, the nineteenth of apostles and prophets. To suffice for the nineteenth century, one must be a painter as in the sixteenth century, a writer as in the seventeenth, a philosopher as in the eighteenth; one must have in himself, like Louis Blanc, that religious love of humanity which constitutes the apostolate, and which brings the future distinctly into view. In the twentieth century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, taxes will be dead, royalty will be dead, frontiers will be dead, dogmas will be dead, man will live. There will be beneath all a great fatherland—the whole earth; and above all a great hope—all of heaven.

"Let us salute it, this beautiful twentieth century, which will possess our children, and which our children will possess.

"The sole question of this hour is labour. The political question is solved; the republic is established, and nothing can set it aside. The social question remains; it is terrible, but simple: it is the question of those who have and those who have not. The second of these terms should disappear. To this labour should be enough. Reflect. Would you cut an isthmus, you have Lesseps. Would you create a sea, you have Roudaire. You have people and you have a world. The people are disinherited, and the world is a wilderness; give the one to the other. You will make them happy. Astonish the universe by great things which are not wars. Must this world be conquered? No. It is yours. It belongs to civilization; it awaits it. Nobody will combat with you. Go, do, march, colonize. You need a sea? Create it; a sea creates a navigation; navigation creates cities. To whoever wishes a field, say, take it. The ground is yours; fill it.

"These plains are admirable; they are worthy of being French, having been Roman. Barbarism has returned to them, and even savagely drive them out. Restore Africa to Europe, and at the same blow restore to their common life the four mother-nations, Greece, Italy, Spain and France. Make the Mediterranean once more the centre of history. Join to these four fraternal peoples great England. Join Shakespeare to Homer.

"Prepare yourselves for resistance. These immeasurable facts—isthmuses cut, seas brought in, Africa habitable, began amid ridicule, sarcasm and laughter. But we must wait for them. And sometimes those who are most deceived are those who ought to be least. Forty-five years ago, in the chamber of Deputies, a distinguished man, M. Thiers, declared that the railroad would be the plaything of Paris and St. Germain. Another distinguished man, an authority in science, M. Pouillet, declared that the electric telegraph would be an amusing addition to cabinets of curiosities. These playthings have changed the world.

"Let us have faith. Let us think in the equality of citizens, in the brotherhood of men, in the liberty of souls. Let us love those who love us and those who do not love us. Let us know how to will good to all. Then all will be transformed. That which is true will reveal itself, that which is beautiful will shine out, that which is grand will blaze forth. The world will appear to us like a fete. The supreme law will be accomplished. Above all will shine that strange word, *God*, a word so mysterious that it can support all things, from the most horrible affirmative to the boldest negative; all, from the ferocious fanatic to the honest atheist—as the star, flooded by clouds, deluged by tempests, drowned by nocturnal storms, is there beyond, eternal. I tell you, let us have faith.

"Things exist and forces adjust themselves; beings group themselves; everything does its duty; nothing is useless.

"If we lower our eyes, we see the insect crawling in the grass; if we raise our heads, we see the star resplendent in the firmament. What are these doing? The same thing—working. The insect works on the earth, the star in heaven; immensity separates them and unites them. All is infinite. Why should not this law be the law of man? He also submits to universal force, and it submits to him doubly; it submits by the body and it submits by the soul. His hand penetrates the earth, his soul embraces heaven; he is to the clay as an insect, to the empyrean as a star."

A Vermont Parrot's Acquirements.

Among the many interesting accounts of smart, educated parrots, allow me to tell you of a bird that is an honour and an ornament to the State of Vermont. She is the most prominent member in the household of Oscar Dix, of Dummerston. As far as beauty is concerned, neither she nor I have anything to say. A strange, unfortunate habit which she has of pulling out her own feathers, gives her the appearance of having come off defeated from some hen-fight. Her remaining plumage is of the usual parrot green, but in this case it is not emblematic of their intelligent possessor. The charm of her talking lies in her clear, distinct enunciation, and the veriest stranger could understand what she says. She sings several songs—"Shoo Fly," "Little Brown Jug," both sings and whistles the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and executes with great spirit the old-time "round:"

"Scotland's burning!
Scotland's burning!
Look out! Look out!
Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
Out on water."

She is a great imitator, cackles like a first-class hen, and mews as well as the kittens themselves. She greets visitors with "Hello! how do you do?" and says "Good by" when they leave. Her funniest exclamation is "There! I've just found out," and she usually ends the expression with a burst of laughter. A rap on the cage will bring out the welcome, "Come in!" She asks the question, "Is it cold out to-day?" and then remarks, "Polly's cold out here!" She will sob and cry in the most heart-broken way, and calls the following names: "Uncle Oscar, Aunt Marcia, Bert, Nellie, Lou, Georgie, Lena, Charlie." She can sing up the "scale," with the words, "Pol-ly-is-pret-ty-bird!" (a syllable for each note.) She counts, occasionally missing a number, and says, "Polly wants her dinner, now!" "Polly wants her breakfast." "Polly wants toast," "cake," or "apple," as she happens to think. When she is very desirous of obtaining anything, she praises herself by saying, "Sweet, pretty Polly!" in a teasing, affectionate way. She calls the cows, "Rose! boss! boss!" as distinctly and loudly as any New-England farmer. When she climbs up on her perch in the evening she calls out, "Good night!" a number of times. She never says this in the day-time.

At Wellesley College the cooks are men—the professors are women.

Eccentricities of Crime.

Stuffing a Man with Oats—A Pig-tailed Lothario—Heads harder than Bullets—The Last Glass—Paying the Shot—Wanted a Finger—A Doctor's Fee.

AT Cleveland, Joseph Janonch was arrested on a warrant charging him with murder, sworn out by Mrs. Mary Plentenhauer, formerly wife of a Bohemian named Joseph Tesar. One night in December, 1870, Janonch and Tesar were on a drunk, and it is claimed Tesar was led into a saloon and filled with whiskey and then harnessed and made to gallop round the room on all fours until he fell exhausted, after which he was fed with oats. The next morning Tesar was found dead on the floor of the saloon with his mouth and throat full of oats. An action of damage against the saloonkeeper made at the time by the deceased's wife was won by the plaintiff, and recent developments have led to the arrest on the charge of murder.

MISS PORTER, of Detroit paid a hackman less than he demanded, and he angrily struck her. She drew a revolver from her satchel and shot him dead.

Two Jacksonville coloured men got into a fight on Thursday morning last, and one of them shot the other in the head with a pistol. Though the combatants were only two feet apart, the bullet flattened against the man's head and fell to the ground. It knocked him down, but did no further damage.

ALLIX DINGER was waylaid in Nevada by a highwayman, who offered the usual alternative of money or life. Dinger was mounted, but unarmed, and the robber had a revolver close to his head. Nevertheless he was cool and brave enough to say, "I don't believe you'd really shoot me and take the chance of hanging; so I'm off," and he spurred his horse away. He says that the ride was hardly enjoyable until he got out of range; but his reasoning had been correct, and the robber did not fire.

RAMBE said to Walserfer, in a barroom at Princeton, Ind.; "Let's tip glasses, for this is your last drink on earth." Walserfer thought it was a joke, although they had once been open enemies, and laughed as the glasses clinked together; but Rambe was in deadly earnest, and instantly killed him.

SIGNOR MARCUCCI of Spoletto, Italy, a man of property and position, called in Dr. Domenicis to attend his only son, who was seriously ill. If, said Marcucci, the young man recovered, Dr. Domenicis should receive 2,000 francs; if, on the other hand, the patient died, Dr. Domenicis should be killed. Marcucci proved to be a man of his word, for the lad died, and the father thereupon killed Domenicis. He was condemned to five years' imprisonment and the payment of a fine of 5,000 frs., to be given as damages to the doctor's widow.

NORA TROWBRIDGE, whose two sisters recently hanged themselves in Chicago because they dreaded poverty, is hopelessly ill. The shock of the tragedy prostrated her, and for two days she did not eat or drink a particle. She is now insane and dying.

A NEGRO lay on his back asleep at Salem, Ga., with his bare feet uplifted on a log. A hunter made a wager with a companion that he could, at twenty paces, put a bullet through one of the sleeper's big toes. He shot, and won; but the negro has sued for damages.

SAMUEL NUSSBAUM murdered his wife at Girardeau, Mo., and was stopped in an attempt to kill himself on the spot; but he was determined to die, and has finally accomplished his purpose by starvation.

THE Widow Cohn, of Rapid Creek, Mo., received an offer of marriage from a wealthy but old and ugly man. She wrote back to him that, within a week, she would choose between becoming his wife and another disposition of herself that she had in view. A little later he heard that she had attempted to commit suicide.

ABOUT one year ago William Elliott, a coloured man, was killed while gambling at Enville turpentine farm. He was buried in the woods near Regan & Willis's still. On the night of the 12th inst. the grave was entered and the coffin broken open, a portion of the lid being found near by. On the 13th inst. a coloured man, while playing cards, was heard to say that if he had one of Bill Elliott's fingers it would give him good luck. That night the grave was entered again. Next day Mr. Robertson, with several other persons, visited the spot to see if the body had been removed. They discovered that the right hand had been cut off, and was missing. Joseph McCrary, coloured, and the man who expressed a wish for Bill Elliott's finger, were absent from work the night before.

A CHINAMAN is the cause of a divorce suit between a white husband and wife at Peoria, Ill.

How He "Livened it up."

There was a compositor not only discharged from the San Jose (Cal.) *Herald* the other day, but also fired down four flights of stairs by the infuriated foreman of that admirable journal. It seems that the typo was requested to "liven up" a certain speech delivered at the Workingmen's State Convention, held in that town, with the usual marks in parenthesis. The "jour," who was carrying a little more beer than was necessary, just then got hold of the wrong proceedings, causing the eloquent resolution of Mr. Van Arman, referring to the death of a member, to read something like this: "Whereas, It pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst our beloved comrade Azariah McMuck (loud applause), who has been cut off in the flower of his usefulness (laughter) and promise, it is Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family (cheers) and friends our sincere sympathy in their hour of affliction, (cries of 'Put him out' and 'order'), and assure them while we humbly bow to the will of (a voice, 'Three cheers for Kearney') Heaven, lament our departed brother, (roars of laughter), a fellow-citizen of enlightened mind, statesman-like views (cries of 'Oh' shut up! Let's adjourn!') and broad and generous sympathy for his kind. [Terrific cheers.] He is not lost but gone before (derisive cries of 'Oh! cheese it,' and continued laughter)" etc. In fact, the McMuck widow is hunting for that unfortunate printer yet, and cherishes the conviction that he is still hiding in the hills.

A LADY had issued invitations for a dinner party of twelve; and on the morning of the appointed day, when conferring with her footman, she discovered that one of the twelve silver shells in which scalloped oysters were to be served had been misplaced. Rigid search for the missing article having proved unavailing, the lady decided that, rather than give up that particular course, she would simply decline oysters when they were handed her, and so the eleven shells would be sufficient. It happened that, when the oysters were served at dinner, the hostess was engaged in a very animated conversation with one or two of her neighbours, and forgetting her determination, took one of the shells of oysters and set it before herself. If the servant's heart fell in consternation at this, he gave no external sign of it, but, speaking in tones distinct though low, said, respectfully, "Excuse me, madam, but you said I was to remind you that the doctor forbade your eating oysters."

1720-21, Jan. 21.—"I have been told that in the last great plague at London (*i. e.*, in 1665) none that kept tobacconist's shops had the plague. It is certain, that smoaking it was looked upon as a most excellent preservative. In so much that even children were obliged to smoak. And I remember, that I heard formerly, Tom Rogers, who was yeoman beadle says, that when he was that year, when the plague raged, a school-boy at Eatyn, all the boys in that school were obliged to smoak in the school every morning, and that he never was whipped so much in his life as he was any morning for not smoaking."—*Relique Hearniana.*

IT is said by the Cologne *Gazette* that a Kettwig woman has had five children—four boys and one girl—at a birth. They only lived a few hours. Though very small they were well formed.