

# THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

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### BUSINESS CARDS.

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**PURE MILK.** The undersigned begs to thank his customers for the liberal patronage received during the past summer, and would say that he is now prepared to supply an additional number of customers every morning, and twice a day on Saturdays. Parties who keep cows will find it much cheaper and less trouble to get milk delivered to their doors, and they would do well to sell their cows and buy their milk. Twenty-one quart cans for \$1, if paid in advance, or twenty-one pint tins for 50 cents. H. S. ARMSTRONG, Acton, Nov. 10th, 1875.

**JOB PRINTING** of all kinds neatly and promptly executed at the FREE PRESS OFFICE, Next the Post Office, Mill street.

**CANADA GLOVE WORKS, ACTON, ONT.** Wholesale Manufacturers of every description and style of **Leather & Cloth Gloves MITT AND GAUNTLETS.** Also Dressers of Plain and Fancy Kid Leathers.

Highest Market Price paid for WOOL SKINS. Agents for Raymond's Sewing Machines. Acton, July 1st, 1875.

**ACTON BAKERY.** Highest Market Price paid for WOOL SKINS. Agents for Raymond's Sewing Machines. Acton, July 1st, 1875.

**First-class Bread, Buns, Cakes Biscuits, etc.** Fresh every day—delivered at their houses.

**WEDDING CAKES** Made to order in the latest styles and at reasonable charges.

Highest price in Cash paid for Eggs. D. GALLOWAY, Acton, July 1, 1875.

**PRINGLE, Watchmaker, Guelph.** Has a good stock of "RUSSELL" AND "AMERICAN" WATCHES. Always on hand. He attends to repairing of fine watches.

**ACTON PLANING MILLS AND PUMP, SASH, DOOR AND BLIND FACTORY.** Manufacturers of Window Sash, Doors, Venetian Blinds, Mouldings, and other Building Requisites. Also Makers of IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS. Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner. All work guaranteed. Acton, July 1, 1875.

**WEAVING.** Carpet weaving, stripping, twilling, and all kinds of home-made work to suit farmers and others, promptly and properly attended to, at my residence, near Public Church, about a mile-and-a-half from Acton. HUGH BELL, Esquimaux, Nov. 16, 1875.

**THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.** WRITTEN BY LADY BLACKWOOD, LORD DUFFERIN'S MOTHER.

I'm sittin' on the stoo, Mary, Where we sat side by side On a bright May mornin' long ago, When first you were my bride; The corn was springin' fresh and green, And the lark sang long and high, And the red was in your hair, Mary, And the love-light in your eye. The place is little changed, Mary, The day is bright as then, The lark's a loud song in my ear, And the corn is green again; But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your breath warm on my cheek, And I still keep 'tattin' for the words, You never more will speak.

There was a step down your lane, And the little church stands near— The church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here. But the grave-yard lies between, Mary, And my path might lead you round— For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep, With your baby on your breast. I'm very lonely now, Mary, For the poor make me few friends; But, oh! they love the letter still, The few our Father sends! And you were all I had, Mary, My blessing and my pride, There's nothin' left to care for now, 'Sinse my poor Mary died.

Your's was the good heart, Mary, That still kept hopin' on, When the trust in God had left my soul, And my arn's young strength was gone; There was comfort over on your lip, And the kind look on your brow— I bless you, Mary, for that same, Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile, When your heart was fit to break, When the hunger-pain was gnawin' thro', And you hid it for my sake! I bless you for the pleasant word, When your heart was sad and sore— Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary, Where grief can't reach you more!

Im biddin' you a long farewell, My Mary, kind and true! But I'll not forget you, darling, In the land I'm going to, They say there's bread and work for all, But I'll not forget old Ireland, Were it fifty times as fair.

**Kings of Business.** FROM A LECTURE BY JAMES PATON.

It is essentially the same story with all these kings of business. They learn how to do some one thing superlatively well, and then they keep on doing it better and better. Near Pittsburgh there is the great Cambria Iron Works, which employs 7,000 persons in making steel rails and iron—a great town of people, all the service of one company. What is the secret of such a development of business as this? A visitor asked of the President and ruling spirit, Daniel J. Morrell. His answer was: "We have no secret. We always try and beat our last batch of rails. That's all the secret we've got, and we don't care who knows it." In Philadelphia, Henry Desautel & Sons sell five tons of saws every day—a very thin and light. Forty years ago he landed on these shores, aged fourteen, with his father and sister, and two days after his father landing the father died, leaving these two orphans alone in a strange land. He got work in a saw shop, and by-and-by began business for himself in a small cellar. The simple secret of his marvellous prosperity is that he studied saws to the very utmost, both theory and practice, and learned how to make better saws than had ever been made before.

Why are the Rothschilds the first bankers of the world? Because in a business career of 102 years they have never failed to keep an engagement. When Cornelius Vanderbilt, at eighteen, learned that to him had been awarded the contract for conveying supplies to the different forts in New York Harbor, he started with astonishment. He had disdained to compete with the other boatmen in prices, but had offered to do the work on just terms. The commissioner, observing his surprise, said to him: "Don't you know why we have given this contract to you?" "No," replied the youth. "Why, it is because we want this business done, and we know you'll do it." In the whole world I do not believe there can be found a business fifty years old which is not founded on the principle of rendering an equivalent for all that it receives. Honesty is the rock upon which all enduring success rests. I was very much struck during the late panic with three rules which Vanderbilt gave to the men in Wall street: "1. Never use what is not your own. 2. Never buy what you cannot pay for. 3. Never sell what you haven't got." From what agonies of apprehension and remorse and shame men would be removed by the observance of these rules.

branch of business—such a knowledge as can be got only by taking hold and doing every part of it. Girard, as sailor, mate and captain, had visited every port with which as a merchant he traded. He knew the men, the people, the markets. Jacob Astor, with a pack on his back, had tramped over the whole fur-producing region of New York, and the lake country. No man ever knew furs as he knew them. He loved a fine fur as a connoisseur loves a fine picture. Stewart has the best touch for silk velvet, and the best judgment of colors of any man in his establishment. All the Harpers, young and old, began by setting type and working the press. The late John Walter, proprietor of the London Times, called at the office of the paper one day before going to the House of Commons, on which he was a member. While there a courier brought in a package labelled "Immediate and important," which he found to contain news of the greatest interest. It happened that all the compositors were gone to dinner. He took the despatch, set the type himself, and by the time the men came back he had it all ready to go into a second edition, which was immediately issued. He knew the business from top to bottom—knew it in his brain, and knew it in his fingers.

Do Horace Greeley, on returning from his first visit to New York, find the steamer's news for the Tribune before she entered the harbor. The steamer arrived at six o'clock in the morning, after all the papers had been printed. Going straight to the office, he, too, found the compositors all gone home, and the pressman just preparing to go. He began forthwith to set the news in type, and he never left the case till it was all ready for an extra. Then he started up town to see his family. Old John Chickering, old Mr. Steinway, could make a piano from the legs to the keys, every part outside and inside. The original Delmonico was himself an admirable cook. A thousand examples could be given, showing that the capital of a house of business is not money, but brains.

Again: before a man can be a king of business or a king of men, he must be a monarch of himself. A great part of the secret of being good at control is to be good at control. I remember Robert Bonner pointing out a person going by the office of the Ledger, and saying: "I worked by the side of that man for years setting type, and a very good workman he was. Do you want to know the secret of his success? He was a journeyman printer and I am not. I did want to know the reason." "Well," said he, "the reason is this: He used to buy five dollar pantaloons, and as soon as they came to look shabby he cast them aside; but I bought coarse, strong ones, and wore them out. That's the reason."

There is a great deal in merely being able to feel money in your pocket and not spend it. I must own that it is a very rare gift with the literary class. I have known a young writer, on receiving thirty dollars for an article, invite a friend to dine with him at Belmont's, and order two bottles of six dollar wine. Such men, whatever their talents, usually remain drudges and slaves all their lives. The simple reason, in fact, why property always and everywhere gets into such enormous masses, is that it is controlled by the strong to the detriment of the weak, and it is the nature of the weak to squander both. If you want to test a young man, and ascertain whether nature made him for a king or a subject, give him a thousand dollars and see what he will do with it. If he is born to conquer and command, he will put it quietly away till he is ready to use it as opportunity offers. If he is born to serve, he will immediately begin to spend it in gratifying his ruling propensity.

But of all these qualities that I have mentioned—honesty, knowledge, self-control, resolution, perseverance—will not make a monarch of a king of business. An individual, let him be the greatest man that ever lived, cannot accomplish much unless he knows how to avail himself of the services of others. I remember hearing Mr. Prang, the great chromo maker, say that the hardest thing he ever had to learn was to keep his own hands off the work. It was so much easier and quicker to take hold, and do a difficult thing than to get another person to do it. But he soon found the master of a large establishment must use all his skill and energy in doing just that, for it is only by doing nothing that he can do everything. A king of business is a king of men. He knows how men feel and think; what are their ruling motives and their disturbing foibles; where human nature is weak, where strong, and what makes men contented and discontented. He is a judge of men, and knows how to pick out the man he wants, and keeps them by training them as he would like to be treated in their place.

There is no getting over the fact that one great cause of the poverty of the working, indeed all, classes to improve on these things. In the language of an able writer they do not realize how a daily addition, be it ever so small, will make a large pile. If the young men and women of to-day will only begin, and begin now, to save a little from their earnings, and plant it in the soil of some good savings bank, and weekly or monthly add their mite, they will wear a happy smile of competence when they reach middle life. Not only the desire but the ability to increase it will always grow. Let clerks and tradesmen, laborers and artisans make now, and at once a beginning. Store up some of your youthful force for future contingency. Let parents teach their children to begin early to save. To begin at the fountain head to control the stream of extravagance—to choose between poverty and riches. Let your youth go in the extravagance for 50 years past, and you shall have a small nation of beggars, with a moneyed aristocracy. Let a generation of such as save in small sums be reared, and we shall be free from extravagant fortunes, but do seek that which is the duty of every one—Independence and a comfortable home. Wealth and enough is within the reach of all. It is obtained by one process, and only one—saving.

**To Remove Foreign Bodies from the Eye.** A medical correspondent of the London Lancet makes a suggestion which may prove useful on emerging to some of our readers. He says:—"In consequence of the difficulty I experienced in removing from a patient a portion of steel which had penetrated to the eye, and not yield to spud or needle, some other means of removal became necessary. Dry, soft white silk waste suggested itself to me, and was wound round a thin piece of wood, so as to completely envelope the end. This soft application was used on the eye, and the foreign body was removed. The patient was much relieved, and the eye was saved. The first application of the soft material was made horizontally, and then vertically, until the foreign substance fixed. To my astonishment, it was at once entangled by the delicate but strong meshes of the silk, and was withdrawn with the greatest ease, without pain to the patient. A gentleman, in turning steel at a lathe, suddenly felt a portion had entered his eye. He went at once to a surgeon, who, with the most skillful manipulation, failed to extract the same, saying it would soon work out of itself. The next morning the patient saw me, having suffered severely since the accident, and on the first application the portion of steel was extracted.

**One Hundred Years Ago.** This notice appears in the Philadelphia Gazette of February 19, 1875:—"I have been found very inconvenient to persons concerned in trade that the 'mail from Philadelphia to New England' sets out but once a fortnight during the winter season, this to give notice that the New England mail will henceforth go once a week the year round when a correspondence may be carried on and answers obtained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston in three weeks, which used in the winter, to require six weeks. By command of the P.M. General. "WM. FRANKLIN, Comptroller."

Benjamin Franklin was then, 1775, under an appointment from the Crown holding the position of Postmaster-General of the thirteen British Colonies, which the next year became the 'United States,' with a population of about three and a half millions. The distance from Philadelphia to New York was about 90 miles. To get over this occupied about three days. The crossing of the North River to New York was in a small boat, which was often delayed by fogs, ice, adverse winds and tides. From New York to Boston was, as then travelled, about 250 miles, and this probably occupied a week or more; but 'very few' travelling as we would now think, but it was subject to many contingencies from weather, bad roads, bridgeless streams and accidents. Now the thirteen colonies, then merely skirting the Atlantic coast, reaching back only 10, to 100 miles, are part of more than forty states and territories, extending from the British line on the north to the Gulf of Mexico and the Mexican boundary on the south, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, having a population of about forty-four or forty-five millions. They constitute one nation, one people under a government made by themselves and for themselves, and having all the attributes of sovereignty. Now the mails are carried probably ten times a day, between Philadelphia and New York in 21, 3, 4, and 5 hours, according to the service, whether through the way, and the route it travels. Between New York and Boston there are six or eight mails daily, taking from six to twelve hours time; some mails going by the Long Island steamboats. A letter may now be sent from Boston to San Francisco and a reply received and then a letter based on that sent to Philadelphia and a reply returned inside of three weeks, by some days, promised by the improved scale of '75 as given above. 'If the old philosopher, statesman and diplomatist, Dr. Franklin, could be resurrected in full vigor, we think he would be embarrassed somewhat to understand the means by which his postal service had been so changed.

**SHE CURED HIM.**—At last she completely cured him. For months she had patiently "endured" the pangs so many thousands of young wives are compelled to suffer. Almost every morning at breakfast the heartless husband expressed the hope that he might live to see the day when he should get such coffee as he used to get at home or such good bread as his mother used to make and bake. At dinner the meat was over-baked in the range. To be sure his mother used to roast the meat in an old-fashioned Dutch tin oven; and the piece was always done to a turn—the last turn of the revolving spit. "Those days were forever gone." But he might, and ought to get such a green apple pie, with new cheese as his mother used to give him. At length the long-suffering wife arose in her wrath, upset the table, sending the dishes and their contents crashing on the carpet, then strided over to the astonished husband and gave him a box on the ear which knocked him off his chair and remarked: "There's a clip over the head for you such as your mother used to give you when you was a boy." Thereafter there was domestic peace and quiet in that house, with never even allusion to the maternal cookery and comforts of the bygone days.

**WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.**—A correspondent gives the following correct list of wedding anniversaries:—First anniversary—Iron. Fifth anniversary—Wooden. Tenth anniversary—Tin. Fifteenth anniversary—Crystal. Twentieth anniversary—China. Twenty-fifth anniversary—Silver. Thirtieth anniversary—Linen. Forty-fifth anniversary—Woolen. Forty-fifth anniversary—Silk. Fiftieth anniversary—Golden. Seventy-fifth anniversary—Diamond.

**How Much to Eat.**—In order to keep the system healthy, food should be judiciously consumed. The harder a man works the more nutriment he requires. While a working man would need five pounds of solid mixed food, two and a half would be enough for persons who lounge and sleep much. Life can be sustained two or three weeks on two ounces a day. A change of diet should follow a change of seasons—in winter, fats and sweets; in summer, fruits, fish, and lighter meats. Milk and egg, a blood food, a flesh food; potatoes and wheat, which being heated material, and fuel; and coffee, a stimulant. It is important that the workman should eat mixed food, which partaken of at regular seasons, stimulates the system, and keeps it in working order.

**Justice in Detroit.** The Detroit Free Press police court report contains the following:—"As the name of John Crossgun was announced, a portly, bald-headed vagrant slid out and fastened his eyes on the Court."

"Is this Mr. Crossgun?" "Mr. Crossgun, you are registered on the blotter as a farmer."

"Well, sir, it is my duty to deliver a short agricultural address; and you yield only to the House of Correction, and you at once begin to thrive and bear fruit. "Oh, pshaw!" replied Mr. Crossgun. "What do you want to put a fellow like me there for?" "It is one of the finest institutions in the West, and after you have been there one week a yoke of oxen couldn't draw you out. Take the blue saw horse, Mr. Crossgun, and try and be real good for the next half hour. Blenner, is it?" asked his Honor of the next.

"Is it not somebody else," replied John. "And you broke a window and disturbed the peace?" "Not by no means I didn't. I am almost so innocent as all these blockheads around here."

"Well, let me hear your explanation." "I shall explain all about it, your Honor. I yias abending by dot window, shust as do officers swear, waiting for de gar. A man game along and said, 'Ho! ho! ho!' and put his fingers on his nose, like so."

"Then you struck him." "No, sir. Then I never said a word or two words, but got on the gar and game away."

"Mr. Blenner, you wouldn't lie to me, would you?" "Could I shob a lie to you?" asked the prisoner, placing his hand over his heart.

"If you broke that window you would say so, wouldn't you?" "If I broke that window I should sleep of it so quick 'as would swint your head?"

"Well, perhaps you would, and I shall only fine you \$10." "What?" "You broke that window, and here are proofs enough to convict you ten times over. You have been standing up there lying to me, and that's all I want to know."

"Vilid, my Shorge!" "So say we all. Go in and sit down or else fork over." He forked.

**Printing Office Secrets.** The Brunswick Telegraph says that a properly conducted printing office is as much a secret society as a Masonic lodge. The printers are not under an oath of secrecy, but always feel themselves as truly in honor bound to keep secrets as though they had been put through the triple oath. Any employee in a printing office, who willingly divulges his relation to printing office secrets, would not only be scorned by his brethren of the craft, but would lose his position in the office at once. We make this statement because it sometimes happens that a communication appears in a newspaper under an assumed signature which excites comment, and various parties try to find out who is the author. Let us all save the trouble of questioning the employees or attaches of the office. They are "know nothings" on such points as these. On such matters they have eyes and ears, but "no mouth," and if any fall to observe this rule let them be put down as dishonorable members of the craft.

**Too Much for the Butcher.** A colored man, Nelson, owing a butcher on Beaubien street, five or six dollars, and after trying in vain to collect the money, the butcher and a friend put their heads together the other night, and laid a plan. At midnight they called at Nelson's house, and he was awakened by a loud rap on the window. "Who's dar?" he called out. "The devil," solemnly replied the butcher. "You is, hey?" "You is, hey?" "What fun?" "You refused to pay your butcher, and I am sent to take you to the bottomless pit?" "You is?" "I am. Come forth at once." "I see comin'" replied the negro as he got out of bed. "I cannot pay that six dollars as easy in any other way, and de old woman is so mighty cross-legged to git away from home." The butcher and his friend didn't wait for Mr. Nelson to come out.

**GEMS OF THOUGHT.** A shily should not be made to depend on one anchor, nor life on one hope.

The envious man grows base by contemplating the success of another.

Wisdom prepares for the worst, but fully leaves the worst for that day when it comes.

Let friendship creep gently to a height. If it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

The door between us and Heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow-men is shut.

Not the oaks of stately, but the blossoms of the heart, are twisted into the wreath of fame.

Love can excuse anything except meanness; but meanness kills love, and cripples even natural affection.

He who refuses to do justice to the defenceless will often be found making unreasonable concessions to the powerful.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

The three things that enrich genius are contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and exercising the memory.

If women knew their power, and wished to exert it, they would always show sweetness of temper, for when they are irascible.

You who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a snob; as any man who boasts of your pedigree, or is proud of your wealth.

Never write on a subject without having first read yourself full on it; and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares, as a help either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of the mind is to cure melancholy with madness.

The world never keeps faith with the heart that trusts it. Its promises of happiness are perpetually broken. Take it for what it is worth, and set your affections on what is worth more.

It takes two to make a quarrel—just remember that. It takes two to get a quarrel fairly going, so hold your tongue the moment a storm is brewing, and you are without the pale of discord.

Unfortunately, ridicule is a weapon to which the vacillating too often yield, forgetting that it belongs to a mild, little unassuming nature, and that those who use it are subjects of compassion rather than dread.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think; rather to improve our minds so as to make us think rather for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

If you would have your son be something in the world, teach him to depend on himself. Let him learn that it is by close, strenuous personal application that he must rise—that he must, in short, make himself, and be the architect of his own fortune.

A CANADIAN CENTENNIAL.—Just one hundred years ago, the Americans, by a combined attack, attempted to storm the stronghold of Quebec. They were heroically and decisively repulsed by the hand of Carleton's men. Montgomery was killed and Arnold was wounded. It was the disastrous culmination of the American invasion, one of the most critical, momentous and decisive episodes in the history of Canada.

By a rapid autumn march the Continental troops had pushed along the Lake Champlain route, occupied Ippaux-Notre, captured St. Johns, taken Chambly, and forced the garrison of Montreal to surrender. The whole Richelieu peninsula was theirs. They arrested a British fleet of boats at Sorel. They overpowered the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers. Arnold, moving up the Kanabec and Chaudiere, conquered the Beauce, and planted his standard on Pointe-Levi. All the country, with the single exception of Quebec, was in the hands of the enemy. It was only fifteen years from the conquest that the St. French were sympathetic or disaffected. The British element was insignificant in number, and powerless in influence. There was not a full British regiment in the Province.

If Quebec fell, the country was lost. Quebec once taken, the St. Lawrence broke at the foot of Cape Diamond, and Canada was saved, to become, what she is to-day, the brightest jewel in the coronet of Britain.