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Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men.

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Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY CHARLES FINNO HUFMAN.

Light as loves' smiles, the silvery mist at morn,
Flows in loose flakes along the timid river;
The blue bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As it hovers in air, or flits, faintly quiver.
The weeping willow, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its spiky branches waving;
The timid rabbit from the furz is peeping,
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gayly leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery
The bluish of winter chills the faded eyes
That faintly trace the snow-densifying year;
I love the splendor of thy sunset sky,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each fall leaf,
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love, too,
I love the note of each bird that flies,
As on the wind he pours his parting lay,
And wings his loitering flight to summer climes away.

O, Nature! still I fondly turn to thee,
As if 'twere for my childhood's years,
Through wild and passion-toss'd youth may be,
Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
To thee—thou—though health and hope no more
Like'st the radiant day to me restore,
I still can childlike, come as when in prayer
I bow'd my head upon a mother's knee,
And deem'd the world, like her, all truth and purity.

Christmas Evens in the Pulpit.

(From the Eclectic Review.)

The sermons of Christmas Evens can only be known through the medium of translation. They perhaps do not suffer as most translations suffer; but the rendering in English was feeble in comparison with the nervous, bony, and muscular Welsh language. The sermons, however, clearly reveal the man; they reveal the fullness and flow of his mind; they abound in instructive thoughts; their building and structure is always good; and many of the passages, and even several of the sermons, might be taken as models for strong and effective pulpit oratory. Like all the preachers of his day, and order of mind and peculiarity of theological sentiment and training, his usage of the imagery of Scripture was remarkably free; his use also of texts was often as significant and suggestive as it was certainly original. No doubt for the appreciation of his purpose and his power in the large degree, he needed an audience well acquainted with Scripture, and sympathetic in an eminent degree with the mind of the preacher. There seems to have been periods and moments when his mind soared aloft into some of the highest fields of truth and emotion. Yet his wing never seemed little or petty, in its flight. There was the firmness and strength of the beat of a noble eagle. Some eloquence sings, some speak; as one we hear the voice of a bird hovering in the air; in the other we listen to the thunder of the plume; the eloquence of Christmas Evens was of the latter order.

But our preacher has often been called the Bunyan of Wales—the Bunyan of the pulpit. In some measure the epithet does designate him; he was a great master of parabolic simile and comparison. This is a kind of preaching ever eminently popular with the multitude; it requires rather a redundancy of fancy than imagination—perhaps a mind considerably disciplined and educated would be unable to indulge in such exercises—a self-possession balanced by ignorance of many of the canons of taste, or utterly oblivious and careless of them; for this is a kind of teaching of which we hear very little. Nor have we one preacher in England who would perhaps dare to use or who could use well the parabolic style. This was the special power of Christmas Evens. He excelled in personification; he would seem frequently to have been mastered by this faculty. The abstractions of thought, the disembodied phantoms of another world came clothed in form, and feature, and colour,—at his bidding they came.

Thus he frequently ascended his congregation by pouring round his subject not merely the varied hues of light or shade, but by the defined shapes and realizations he gave to the eye. We do not wonder to hear him say, "If I only entered the pulpit I felt raised, as it were, to Paradise—above my afflictions, until I forgot my adversity; yes, I felt my mountain strong. I said to a brother once, 'Brother, the doctrine, the confidence, and strength I feel will make persons dance with joy in some part of Wales.' 'Yes, brother, said he, with tears flowing down his eyes. He was visited by remarkable dreams. Once, previous to a time of great refreshing, he dreamt:—

"He thought he was in the church at Caerphilly, and found many harps hanging about the pulpit, wrapped in coverings of green. Then, said he, 'I will take down the harps of heaven in this place.' In removing the covering, he found the ark of the covenant, inscribed with the name of Jehovah. Then he cried, 'Brothers, the Lord has come to us, according to his promise, and in answer to our prayers.' In that very place he shortly afterwards had the satisfaction of receiving one hundred and forty converts into the church as the fruits of his ministry."

As we have said, nothing can well illustrate on paper the power of the orator's speech, but the following may serve as in some measure illustrating his method:—

THE GOSPEL MOULD.

"I compare such preachers to a miner, who should go to the quarry where he raised the ore, and taking his sleds in his hand, should endeavor to form bars of iron of the ore in rough shape, without a furnace to melt it, or a rolling-mill to roll it out, or moulds to cast the iron in the

form the casts to their patterns. The gospel is like a form or mould, and sinners are to be melted, as it were, and cast into it. 'But ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you,' or into which you were delivered, as is the marginal reading, so that your hearts ran into the mould. Evangelical preachers have, in the name of Christ, a mould or form to cast the minds of men into; as Solomon, the vessels of the temple. The Sadducees and Pharisees had their forms, and legal preachers have their forms; but evangelical preachers should bring with them the 'form of sound words,' so that if the hearers believe, or are melted into it, Christ may be formed in their hearts—then they will be as born of the truth, and the image of the truth will appear in their sentiments and experience, and in their conduct in the church, in the family, and in the neighbourhood. Preachers without the mould, are all those who do not preach all the points of the gospel of the grace of God."

THE MAN IN THE STEEL HOUSE.

"A man in a trance once saw himself locked up in a house of steel, through the walls of which, as through the walls of glass, he could see his enemies assailing him with swords, spears, and bayonets; but his life was safe, for his fortress was locked within. So is the Christian secure amid the assaults of the world. His life is hid with Christ in God."

"The Psalmist prayed—'When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the rock that is higher than I.' Imagine a man seated on a lofty rock in the midst of the sea, where he has everything necessary for his support, shelter, safety, and comfort. Thy billows heave and break beneath him, and the hungry monsters of the deep wait to devour him; but he is on high above the rage of the former and reach of the latter. I! Such is the security of faith."

"But why need I mention the rock and the steel house? for the peace that is in Christ is a tower ten thousand times stronger, and a refuge ten thousand times safer. Behold the disciples of Jesus exposed to famine, nakedness, peril, and sword—incarcerated in dungeons; thrown to wild beasts; consumed in the fire; sawn asunder; cruelly mocked and scourged; driven from friends and home, to wander among the mountains, and lodge in dens and caves of the earth; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; sorrowful, but always rejoicing; cast down, but not destroyed; an ocean of peace within which follows up their sufferings."

"Neither death, with all its terrors; nor life, with all its allurements; nor things present, with all their pleasures; nor things to come, with all their promises; nor height of prosperity; nor depth of adversity; nor angels of evil; nor principalities of darkness; shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus. God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea—though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. This is the language of strong faith in the peace of Christ. How is it with you amid such turmoil and commotion? Is all peaceful within? do you feel secure in the name of the Lord, as in a strong fortress—as in a city well supplied and defended?"

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved. God shall help her, and that righteously. 'Unto the righteous there ariseth light in the darkness.' The bright and morning star, shining upon their pathway, cheers them in their journey home to their fathers house. And when they come to pass over Jordan, the Sun of Righteousness shall have risen upon them, with healing in his wings. Already they see the tops of the mountains of immortality, gilded with his beams, beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Behold, yonder old Simeon, loisting his sails and saying—'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' Such is the peace of Jesus, sealed to all them that believe, by the blood of His cross."

"When we walk through the field of battle, slippery with blood, and strewn with bodies of the slain—when we hear the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the dying—when we see the country wasted, cities burned, houses pillaged, widows and orphans wailing in the track of the victor's army, we cannot help exclaiming—'O, what a blessing is peace!' When duty calls us into that church, where envy, and malice prevail, and the spirit of harmony is supplanted by discord and contention—when we see brethren, who ought to be bound together in love, full of pride, hatred, confusion and every evil work—we quit the unhalloved scene with painful feelings of repulsion, repeating the exclamation—'O, what a blessing is peace!'"

"But how much more precious in the case of the awakened sinner! See him standing terror-stricken, before Mount Sinai. Thunders roll above him—lightnings flash around him—the earth trembles beneath him, as if ready to open her mouth and swallow him up. The sound of the trumpet rings through his soul—'Guilty! guilty! guilty!' Pale and trembling he looks eagerly around him, and sees nothing but revelations of wrath. Overwhelmed with fear and dismay, he cries out—'O, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me? What shall I do?' A voice replies his ear—'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!'"

He turns his eye to calvary. Wondrous! Emmanuel expiring upon the cross! the sinner's Saviour! the demand of the law against the sinner—Now all his fears are hushed, rivers of peace flow into his soul. This is the peace of Christ."

"How precious, amid all the dark vicissitudes of life! How invaluable this jewel, through all the dangers of the wilderness! How cheering to know that Jesus, who hath loved us even unto death is the pilot of our perilous voyage; that He rules the winds and the waves, and can hush them to silence at his will, and bring the frailest bark to the desired haven. Trusting where he cannot trace his Master's footsteps, the disciple is joyful amid the darkest dispensations of Divine Providence; turning all his sorrows into songs, and all his tribulations into triumphs. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee because he trusted in thee.'"

THE MYSTERIOUS PACKET.

"In this world, every man receives according to his faith; in the world to come, every man shall receive according to his works. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them.' Their works do not go before them to divide the river Jordan, and open the gates of heaven. This is done by their faith. But their works are left behind, as if done up in a packet, on this side of the river—John saw the great white throne descending for judgment, the Son of Man sitting thereon, and all the nations gathered before Him. He is dividing the righteous from the wicked, as the shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats. The wicked are set on the left hand, and the awful sentence is pronounced—'Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!' But the righteous are placed on the right hand, to hear the joyful welcome—'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!'"

"The books are opened, and Mercy presents the packets that were left on the other side of Jordan. They are all opened, and the books are read wherein all their acts of benevolence and virtue are recorded. Justice examines the several packets, and answers—'All right. Here they are. Thus it is written—'I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.' The righteous look upon each other with wonder, and answer—'These packets must belong to others. We know nothing of all that. We recollect the wormwood and the gall. We recollect the straight gate, the narrow way, and the Slough of Despond. We recollect the heavy burden that pressed so hard upon us, and how it fell from our shoulders at the sight of the cross. We recollect the time when the eyes of our minds were opened, to behold the evil of sin, the depravity of our hearts, and the excellency of our Redeemer. We recollect the time when our stubborn wills were subdued in the day of His power, so that we were enabled both to will and to do of His good pleasure. We recollect the time when we obtained hope in the merit of Christ, and felt the efficacy of His blood applied to our hearts by the Holy Spirit. And we shall never forget the time when we first received the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. O, how sweetly and powerfully it constrained us to love Him, His cause, and His ordinances! How we painted after communion and fellowship with Him, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks! All this, and a thousand other things, are as fresh in our memory as ever. But we recollect nothing of those bundles of good works. Where was it? Lord, when saw we thee hungry, and fed thee; or thirsty, and gave thee drink; or a stranger, and took thee in; or naked, and clothed thee? We have no more recollection than the dead of ever having visited thee in prison, or ministered to thee in sickness. Surely those bundles cannot belong to us. Mercy replies—'Yes, verily, they belong to you; for your names are upon them; and, besides, they have not been out of my hands since you left them on the stony banks of Jordan.'—And the King answers—'Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

"If the righteous do not know their own good works; if they do not recognize, in the sheaves which they reap at the resurrection, the seed which they have sown in tears on earth, they certainly cannot make these things the foundation of their hopes of heaven. Christ crucified is their sole dependence for acceptance with God, in time and in eternity. Christ crucified is the great object of their faith, and the centre of their affections; and while their love to Him prompts them to live soberly, and righteously, and godly, in this present evil world, they cordially exclaim—'Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name, O Lord, give glory!'"

FROM ZION'S ADVOCATE.

A friend writes from Poolsville, at Camp Benton, as follows:—

"On Monday morning the troops commenced crossing, a part of the Massachusetts 15th having crossed the evening previous, in three boats, which would carry one company each. As we stood on the Maryland shore, we could see the fight which commenced in the afternoon. As the wounded were brought back, they said

the 15th were holding their own, and were calling for aid as the enemy were largely reinforced. You may judge of our impatience as we stood on the tow-path and saw the action through the trees, but could not go to their assistance for want of transportation. Soon our turn came, and our company was on the right. As we reached the opposite shore, on Harrison island, we met the report that all was lost; that the 15th was cut up, the 20th had surrendered and many were drowned in crossing the river. Col. Hicks forbid such a report being circulated; he told us to stand fast and that he never would retreat. His words inspired us with such confidence that I believe every man would have followed him wherever he had led them. The island is a quarter of a mile in width, and in crossing it we met the men in full retreat without an article of clothing except a blanket, as they had swam the river; many unable to swim were drowned. Gen. Baker's Aid came weeping, leading his horse, and soon they brought the General's body."

It was now dark, our men in full retreat; we could see the flash of the guns, the balls whistling over our heads and striking within a few feet of us; while the cries of the wounded, as they were carried by, made it a night long to be remembered. We were marched to a cornfield near the shore, and ordered to lie on the ground in silence. As we were cutting a little corn just to lie on, a volley of muskets was heard, and the balls came whizzing over our heads nearer than we liked; we fell flat on the ground while they fired a few times. There we lay all night; towards morning it commenced raining which made it very disagreeable. The rain continued Tuesday, which was a dreary day. Our regiment, the 19th, was the only one that did not lose more or less; if we had crossed an hour earlier, we should have shared with the others; one company could find but eight of their men."

The rebels boasted they had us in their power, and that we could not leave the island; and as the woods were full of them, and the opposite bank was a hundred feet high, we thought there was more truth than poetry in their gloating. In the evening we commenced leaving the island, and the troops, cavalry, artillery and all, safely crossed to the Maryland shore, when the battery commenced shelling the enemy just to stir them up a little, as we had not so quietly that our guards knew nothing of it till they were called in. An old contraband came with us, saying he had rather come this way than go the other."

The Adulteration of Tea.

The London *Lancet* gives the result of the microscopical and chemical analysis of forty-eight samples of tea.

Of the twenty-four specimens of black tea analysed, every one was found to be genuine. Of a like number of green teas all were adulterated. The adulterations are mainly a coloring matter with which the tea leaf is faced; painted or glazed.—Ferro cyanide of iron or Prussian blue is the principle most commonly used for this purpose. Sometimes, however, indigo, kaolin, or Chins clay, and tumeric powder were found in addition. That species of tea which is denominated gunpowder, was adulterated in other ways by admixture with leaves not those of tea, with paddy husk, and particularly with 'lie tea,' so called, a leaf which resembles the tea leaf closely, and is sent to this country from China in vast quantities, to be employed in adulteration here. The coloring of the tea is almost entirely done in China, and probably because it improves its appearance, and, perhaps, renders its sale more sure and rapid."

Such is the result of a thorough analysis of this article by eminent scientific men in England, and it is certainly not very flattering to the tastes of those who drink green tea for the love of it. There is no such article as an adulterated green tea. Let the lovers of the herb remember that fact, and as they sip the delicious beverage, and fancy that they find in it a solvent for their aches and pains, let them also remember that they are sipping with it a solution of Prussian blue and indigo, as well as sundry other little peccadilloes that neither add to its exhilarating properties, nor yet are entirely harmless to the system. On the other hand, the black teas are not adulterated, and are the only ones used by the Chinese. Knowing the impurities that are in the best green teas, they send them to foreign ports to tickle the palates of the English, the French, and the American, who, in their view, fancy the bright lively appearance imparted by the coloring compositions they use."

A Good Editor.

A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or poet—born, not made. Exercise and experience gives facility, but the qualification is innate, and it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists and writers have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for after a display of brilliancy, brief and grand, they died out literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the late editor of the *Times* to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and D'Israeli failed; Barnes, Sterling, Phillips, succeeded; and D. Lane and Low succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters, and combines; and to do

this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper another."

THE VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.

In Great Britain and Ireland, the vicissitudes of families have often been very great, but until they were brought prominently under notice by the late work on the subject by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King at Arms, and author of "The Peerage and Baronetage," they had not received great attention. Some of the cases brought forward by Sir Bernard, are most astounding; they show, in terms not to be mistaken, the vicissitudes in human affairs, and the uncertainty which attends the position of families, even among those that seem established in the most stable manner."

In his introduction, Sir Bernard tells us that "the vicissitudes of great families" form a curious chapter in the general history of mankind; that in fact, the interest attaching to individual fortunes, is of a more human character, and excites more of human sympathy than that which belongs to the fate of kingdoms."

In these Colonies, sufficient time has not elapsed to notice publicly the vicissitudes in families, although the changes have been as great, and the vicissitudes as extraordinary as any that have occurred in the Mother Country. But to notice these "ups and downs" in America, might be painful to friends and relations; and although we have a score of striking instances at hand in these Provinces, we will confine ourselves to the cases mentioned by Sir Bernard Burke, and thus avoid offence."

No race in Europe surpassed the Plantagenets, whether in royal position, personal achievement, or romantic adventure; they were equally wise as valiant, and no less renowned in the cabinet than in the field. But looking back only to 1637, there is found the great-grandfather of Margaret Plantagenet, herself the daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence, following the cobbler's craft at Newport, a little town in Shropshire! Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, 6th son of Edward I. King of England, occur a butcher and a toll-gatherer; while in the late Sexton of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, is found the descendant of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, 5th son of Edward III.

In the ranks of the unenobled aristocracy, says Sir Bernard, time has effected wondrous changes. The most stately and gorgeous houses in England have crumbled under its withering touch, and to whatever country the view is directed, the same result is observed. Very few of the old historic names that once held paramount sway, and adorned by their brilliancy a particular locality, still exist in a male descendant."

It has been remarked, that the more distant a country is from London, the more lasting are its old families. The gold of the merchant or manufacturer tends to displace the ancient aristocracy, but its action is more generally felt within a limited circle around the metropolis, or the great city wherein its accumulation has been made. The prosperous trader endeavors to fix himself upon an estate in his own immediate neighborhood."

Scotland has had her full share of family vicissitudes; her national and civil wars, her religious strife, and her chivalric devotion to the feeling of loyalty, have produced the most disastrous consequences. The Royal House of Stuart affords many striking examples.—During the usurpation, Anne, Duchess of Hamilton, the best born, proudest, and richest heiress of Scotland, was dependent for her daily subsistence on Miss Maxwell of Calderwood, an expert seamstress, who maintained herself and her ruined mistress by the earnings of her needle. Again, Urquhart, laird of Bursyard, a scion of the famous family of Urquhart of Cromarty, after passing many years as an officer in a distinguished regiment, and mixing in the first society of London and Edinburgh, was forced by his extravagance to sell his estate, and sank, step by step, to the lowest depth of misery, until at last he became a wandering beggar to his own door—or rather, to that door which had once been his own."

John, Earl of Traquair, the cousin and co-tutor of King James the VI., was begging in the streets of Edinburgh in 1661, and received pieces of money as humbly and thankfully as the poorest suppliant."

The annals of Ireland present a series of the most striking vicissitudes. An Irish Peerage is said to give a very inadequate account of the royal and noble blood of Ireland. Very few of the Milesian races have found their way into the peerage; it is in the Austrian, French, or Spanish service—among the middle classes of Ireland—or perchance in the mud-walled cabins of the Irish peasant, that search should be made for the real representatives of the great nobles of the land."

Strongbow, Cromwell, and William III. spared few of the aboriginal lords of the Soil, and the recent alienation of property under the Encumbered Estates Court, has effected a fearful revolution among the gentlemen of English descent. What story of fiction is more striking than that of Mr. D'Arcy of Kiltullagh and Clifton Castle, in the County of Galway, who took orders, and became a Missionary in the very district which used to be his own; or what more marvellous than the sale of Castle Hyde, in the County of Cork, the inheritance of Mr. Hyde, a scion of the Clarenceau Hydys, and cousin of the Duke of Devonshire, whose estates went to the hammer in the worst times of the famine, and who was thus deprived of his fine old place."

Returning to England, we find that the

Nevilles were scarcely surpassed by any other family in the brilliancy of its alliances, or the vastness of its estates. Of this house there were six Earls of Westmorland, two Earls of Salisbury; eighteen barons, and four Earls of Abergavenny; one Earl of Kent, and two Marquesses of Montacute; five barons Lauffer, one Lord Furnival, and one Lord Fauconberg. A Neville was Queen of England, and a Neville, mother of two English monarchs. Twice was a Neville consecrated Archbishop of York; and twice did a Neville fill the dignified office of Lord High Chancellor. Seven Nevilles were Duchesses; nine Nevilles were Knights of the Garter; a Neville presided over the House of Commons as Speaker, and Nevilles without end pervade the records of England as warriors and statesmen."

But in less than a century from the time the house of Neville attained the acme of its glory, its ruin was accomplished. An insurrection, ill-planned and rashly determined upon, resulted in total defeat and the extermination of the Nevilles of Raby. The last of the male Nevilles, an Earl of Westmorland, fled from Scotland, and eked out a wretched existence for thirty years, dying almost penniless and forgotten in Planlairs, having a number of daughters who suffered severely from pecuniary pressure and an almost total absence of the necessities of life. Thus sadly closed the fame and fortunes of the unfortunate heiress of Raby."

Our space will not permit a lengthened notice of the rise and fall of the Cromwells, who came from Wales, bearing the name of Williams, and long before the time of the great Oliver, were persons of high standing and consideration in Huntingdonshire. Oliver Cromwell attained a position equalling in power that of the highest Princes of the earth; yet his descendants were reduced to the depths of poverty, and to the begging of their daily bread. His great-grandson was a grocer in London, and his son, Oliver Cromwell, the last male heir of the family, was an attorney. In the female line the fall was most striking. Several of the Lord's Protector's daughters sank to the lowest class of society. One after seeing her husband die in the workhouse of a small country town, died herself a pauper, leaving two daughters, the elder the wife of a shoemaker, and the younger the wife of a butcher's son, who had been her fellow servant."

Here we rest for the present, and in our next article will point out the extraordinary rise of some British families."

NO. II.

In our previous article on this subject, we gave some striking instances from Sir Bernard Burke's interesting work, in the decadence of royal and noble families in Great Britain and Ireland; we now proceed to notice the rise and progress of other persons who, of late years, have risen greatly in the world."

About the end of the last century, there lived in the parish of Monkland, near Glasgow, a small farmer, in humble circumstances, named Baird. By his wife, who had been employed in a neighboring farm house, he had a numerous family of sons; and these sons, now known as the Bairds of Gartsherrie, between 1820 and 1859, have by dint of ability, judgment, honesty and frugality, raised themselves to the position of the first mercantile men of Scotland. To the good qualities named must be added the advantages of rare good fortune and propitious circumstances, which does not, however, diminish their merit, for there is no use in a ball being placed at a man's foot, if he has not the strength and dexterity to kick it, and to keep it up."

The coal and iron trade in the Monklands had not been developed, when the sagacity and enterprise of the Bairds were devoted to that object. In the course of a few years, they rose from the position of farmers to that of thriving iron masters, and then gradually advanced until they distanced all others in the same line in Scotland, and placed themselves on a footing with the Guests and Baileys of South Wales. Merchants are proverbially prone to-day and beggars to-morrow; and so long as enormous capital is invested in speculation, however prosperous and apparently secure, permanency can never be certain. Those who are alive in 1900 will be in a condition to know whether or not the heirs of the Bairds belong to the richest landed aristocracy of Great Britain; and whether or not the immense estates already acquired by them, have been preserved so as to found great territorial families."

These numerous and enterprising brothers have acted with praiseworthy ambition in acquiring landed possessions, which give them an influence in the country far beyond the mere accumulation of money. Within the last fifteen years, they have secured by purchase magnificent estates, which, if preserved, will before two generations are over, raise their descendants to a place among the magnates of the land."

The present generation of Bairds, regarded as they are by the public as the richest commoners of Scotland, have reason to be proud of their lowly origin, from which prudence and industry have raised them. The Bairds of Gartsherrie have been too busy in transmitting iron into gold, to have time, or perhaps inclination, to think of pedigree, or to care for ancient blood."

The estates which the Gartsherrie Iron Kings have purchased, are numerous, valuable, and wide-spread in every direction throughout Scotland. In the north, Strichen has been acquired from Lord Lovat. Urie from Mr. Barclay Allardice, and also Auchmedden, the patrimony of the ancient family of Baird. In the south, Strichill has been bought from Sir John Pringle, and Closeburne from Sir James Stuart Menzies. In the east, Elie, and the ancient barony of Anstruther, have been purchased from Sir William Anstruther; and in the west, Knoydart, the last remnant of the territories of the chieftain of Glengarry, has added to the victories

of the prosperous and many millioned Iron Kings over the old Lords of the soil. Yet the estates named form only a portion of their purchases; for proprietors, small as well as great, have been swallowed up."

The estate of Closeburne formerly belonged to the Kirkpatricks, who had held it from a very early period; but for three generations they have been deprived of the estate, which was sold in the latter part of last century, to the Rev. James Stuart Menzies, whose son was created a baronet in 1838—his son sold the ancient inheritance of the Kirkpatricks to one of the brothers Baird, for upwards of £200,000."

The complaisance of genealogists has attributed to Eugenie, Empress of the French, a maternal descent from the ancient house of Kirkpatrick. The mother of her Majesty was certainly a Kirkpatrick, and of Dumfriesshire origin, but it remains to be proved that she was of the ancient and honorable family of Kirkpatrick. One William Kirkpatrick settled as a merchant at Malaga, and married the daughter of a foreign consul there, by whom he had three daughters. The eldest was very beautiful; she attracted the notice and became the wife of the youngest son of the great family of Montijo, grandees of Spain of the first class. The daughter of the Scottish merchant was considered a *mealliance* for a young man of such a distinguished family, and her inferior birth was stated as a reason for consent being refused. Application was thereupon made to the late ingenious Charles Fitzpatrick Sharpe, of Edinburgh, a man of wit and fondness for genealogy. Mr. Sharpe, it is said, undertook with great zest, the task of supplying his fair country-woman with a long and flourishing genealogical tree, in which some noted incidents in the lives of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburne, figured conspicuously. The pedigree was beautifully drawn up, and sent to Spain, where it was submitted to King Ferdinand VII. He indulged in a joke on the occasion. Looking at the document, where the origin of the Kirkpatricks seemed lost in the mists of ancient Caledonia, his Majesty said,—"Oh! by all means let the young Montijo marry the daughter of Fingal!" One of the daughters of this marriage, long celebrated for her beauty and grace as Countess de Tiebla, is now Eugenie, Empress of the French."

It is stated by Sir Bernard Burke, in his opinion, that the transfer of great estates from the old to the new races, is of great advantage to the country. Not that the new man is a better landlord, neighbour, magistrate, or member of parliament, than the man of ancient lineage, generally quite the reverse. But such changes are said to serve as the prop and bulwark of the existing social and political institutions of Great Britain, where there is, happily, no conventional barrier raised against the admission of a man of the people into the ranks of the aristocracy. Industry and good conduct, favored by providence in the acquisition of wealth, may raise a poor man to a place among the rich landed gentry of the Kingdom, and another generation may see him, not only in the House of Lords, but allied by marriage to the highest families of the land. For these reasons, it is alleged to be the true interest of the people to maintain those social and political institutions which are thus liberal towards them, and seek rather to raise themselves to a higher position, than to level all above them down to their own rank and class."

WHAT IS NEEDED.—We need for our dwellings more ventilation and less heat; we need more outdoor exercise, more sunlight, more manly, athletic and rude sports; we need more amusements, more holidays, more frolic, and noisy, boisterous mirth. Our infants need better nourishment than colorless mother's milk; our children need more romping and less study.—Our men need more quiet, and earlier relaxation from the labors of life. All these are yearnings and the need of less medicine and more good counsel.—*Scientific American.*

THE INDIAN SUMMER.—Monday last, says the *Kingston Whig* was the first day of the Indian summer of 1861. It was a most delicious day. The previous night had been frosty, and the early morn was cold, but soon the heat of the sun, rising and the appearance, it became mild and warm; a haze mist pervaded the atmosphere; not a breath of wind was astir. Everything was kind and glorious, and all nature seemed to feel as if the boisterous gales of the past month had been out of place, and to be deprived. Such a day as this should be a day of rejoicing—such a day as rarely comes in America and never, by any possibility, be known in Europe."

A remarkable discovery of fine paintings has been made during the alterations and repairs being taken place in Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince and Princess. These paintings, covering about five hundred square yards, had been entirely hidden beneath coatings of common wall paper and paint. They are now being restored, and the progress of restoration has revealed several masterly portraits of Marlborough and the chief men of the allied army, together with views of battles, sieges and cities."

SWEET POTATOES GROWN IN CANADA.—The *Leader* has lately been shown specimens of sweet potatoes grown by the Rev. Mr. Dixon, of Port Dalhousie. They are large and full flavored, and quite equal in every respect to any grown in the States, and in fact, the Rev. gentleman has heretofore been supposed to produce the best description of these delicious tubercles."

THE BEAUTIFUL FALL.—The *London Free Press* says the delightful weather, which is now being experienced has not been equalled at this season for many years past. During the day the sun is bright and warm, and insect life appears realized. Among the other evidences of the unusual mildness of the season, we may mention the appearance of a second crop of raspberries, which is now growing in the garden belonging to Mr. Anderson, Esq. The fruit is large and well formed, deliciously sweet and well flavored. The leaves alone indicate the advanced period of the year. We believe that this is an unprecedented occurrence."