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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

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October 12, 1866. 1y

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Medical
DR. McNEILL, lately of Bellevue Hospital,
New York, would respectfully announce
to the inhabitants of New London and vicinity,
that he has opened his SURGERY in Mr.
J. M. Lydiard's House, or at the Bridge,
(formerly known as "Bible's") where he
may be consulted in the various departments
of his Profession, at all hours—day or night.
Stanley Bridge, New London,
Oct. 18, 1866. -tf

POETRY.

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

The following lines were written by Tyrone
Power, the famous Irish comedian, who perished
on the steamer President. They were
inscribed on the wall of the "Old Blandford
Church," near Petersburg, Va.:

Thou art trembling in the dust old pile!
Thou art hastening to thy fall;
And around thee in thy loneliness,
Clings the ivy to the wall.
The worshippers are scattered now,
Who kneel before thy shrine;
And silence reigns where anthems rose,
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
Where oft in years gone by,
Prayers rose from many hearts to him,
The Highest of the High.
The tramp of many a busy foot,
That sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around,
Is still for evermore.

How doth ambition's hope take wing!
How droops the spirit now!
We hear the distant city's din,
The dead are mute below:
The sun that shone upon their paths,
Now gilds their lonely graves,
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows,
The grass above them waves.

Oh! could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain,
Who've carelessly roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again:
How would our very hearts be stirred
To meet the earliest gaze,
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The lights of other days!

Select Literature.
NELL'S VICTORY.

"Six months passed. Annie grew from
a wan-faced, wretched little thing, to be a
gorgeously beautiful girl. She grew more
radiant and striking day by day. Jus-
then Mrs. Brown, her kind protector, died;
she was heart-broken at her loss, and the
boy could not console her. He had learned
to love her madly by this time, as madly
in love as most boys of twenty are gen-
erally with their first fancies.

"Nellie he married her then and there.
He thought not of the consequences; he
never consulted his parents' wishes; every-
thing was forgotten or defied; he loved
her and she pressed to love him and
cling to him alone; in all the wide world
she had no other friend.

"He was to keep her hidden, and the
marriage secret, till he should have con-
quered his profession, and could make her
a home independent of the whole world,
in defiance of his friends.

"The ceremony had been quietly perform-
ed, and she was to remain in Mrs. Brown's
lodging, where she was, till he could go
away and begin in his new profession in
some quiet village, like this, for instance:

"Are you listening, Nell?" said he, pull-
ing her hand.

"Yes," whispered she, under her breath,
in a sad, quiet manner, out of which all
the sunshine had faded, for of cold breath
of trouble impeding and laid down over her;
and looking up at once, sweetly, in her
eyes, Mr. Fanchon saw it was white as
paper; but doggedly he went on:

"Well, Nellie, for a time they lived in a
'fool's paradise,' these two. His nearest
friends did not suspect the slightest thing.
His young wife said little about her past
and associates, and he, knowing it
was painful to her, never pressed her on
these points; it was enough that he had
her for his own—his own wife.

"His deats from home had always been
liberally ample, and the quiet way in which
Annie lived was but a slight expense to
the boy-husband, easily accounted for un-
der the head of oyster suppers and such
fooleries, in the report sent home for the
quarter. And he left it as if the world were
all his own.

"A year and a half passed away; he had
received his diploma as M.D. He was be-
ginning to think of a place to begin prac-
tice in, where his little wife should have a
cozy home, of his own making.

with frenzied haste, and stood stupefied,
gazing about him like one in a dream.

"The room was in confusion; everything
was strewn about in disorder, as if some
one had packed and gone away hastily.
On the table lay a telegraphic despatch,
the one he had sent her that morning, tell-
ing her he was nearing her. And near it
lay a sheet of paper; he thought he saw
something scrawled upon it, and stooped
nearer it. And, oh, Nell! it was like a
blinding flash of lightning! It was from
his wife; she was false and wicked; she
had gone with her companion in guilt, who
proved to be an old accomplice, she taunt-
ed him for leaving her for so long a time,
and told him that now she paid her silly
dupe for his neglect. And she finished
her coarse missive with the words: 'You
didn't know I was a jail-bird!—Annie'

"Oh! Dr. Fanchon—poor doctor!" groan-
ed poor sobbing Nell, as he paused a mo-
ment with his face in his hands, as it to
shut out of his mind the horrible memory.

"Wait! said he, sternly. Let me tell
you the rest of my story, for now you
know who the boy was. Wait, Nell.
That was a heavy blow; but that was not
all. I returned South; I was crushed! I
did not try to find her. I did not try to
win her back. How much of her story
was true God only knows! I was now be-
ginning to feel the iron entering my soul;
my punishment for my rash, obstinate act
was visited upon me.

"I was nearly insane for a time. My
mother's death, not long after, brought
me partly to my senses. I told her all,
just before her death, and besought for-
giveness for my deceit.

"Gay! said she, 'I believe if I were not
at the very gate of death I could not for-
give your toy; but all earth seems slip-
ping through my fingers, and I feel that
this, though a fearful blow to you, will be
your salvation, I leave you in God's
hands.

"After her death I could not bear to stay
there. I sold the plantation and came
North.

"One autumn day I was wandering
through the wards of an insane asylum
near New York, when, as sure as there is
a God in heaven, I saw among the patients
my wife. I saw her, Nell! and she did
me. She screamed, and tried to hide. I
did not attempt to appease her, for she was
perfectly furious. I went to the doctor and
inquired about her. She had been there
six months, he said. Was she a friend of
mine? He couldn't tell me the cause of her
insanity; but he said it resulted from dis-
sipation and ill-treatment, although he had
no grounds for such a supposition further
than that it was impressed upon him from
close observation of the patient. Her
husband, as he professed himself to be,
brought her there, giving her names as
Mr. and Mrs. Graves; the husband attrib-
uted her insanity to a long, severe illness
which she had just had.

"The doctor had not been able to get
any further clue to the affair; and mean-
time her husband had not made his appear-
ance there since, and her bills remained un-
paid; but the doctor said she was so dan-
gerously insane that they had not been
able to arrange any definite plan for her;
but they hoped she would become more
calm and able to give an account of her-
self and intend some time, and, in the
meantime, they would do the best they
could for the poor wretched thing.

"I arranged everything with the doctor
as for a friend whom I had known in bet-
ter days; and then I went back to see my
wife—yes, Nellie, my wife. I have not
looked on her face since!

"I cannot speak of the dreadful ravages
in that once sweet young face; I cannot
repeat the awful oaths and language, and
the frantic acts which drove me from her
wretched presence, nor how I left her
struggling and biting in the arms of her
attendants. And Nellie, that was my
wife!

"Each year I receive the physician's re-
port. I see that she is provided for with
everything she needs or wishes; but I have
never seen her since. It is now six years
since I found her, Nellie. It is a pleasant
heart-cheering secret for a man to carry,
isn't it? I never see her; I only know she
lives; and—why Nellie, little Nell! how
you sob!"

"And Dr. Fanchon caught her passionately,
tenderly in his arms, and rocked her
on his breast as gently as a woman.

"My darling!—my darling!—you pity
my life! You will save me from going mad
myself! My own Nell, my own, we will
go far, far away from here, and forget all
and be at peace once more! Such
lucky, blessed peace, oh, Nell!"

"Let me go, doctor—let me go!" sobbed
Nellie, and she twisted herself out of his
embracing arms.

"You, too, Nellie! said he. 'Will you
make me suffer any more?'

And as she drooped her head low to the
doctor's hand, a whispered "Amen" passed
even his pale lips.

"Nell, Nell, forgive me!" exclaimed he
allegedly. "I am a strong man, and I have
been the weakest. I have been unmerciful!
I will go away from here. I will
bear my burden better!"

"Forgive you, doctor!" said Nell, rais-
ing her sweet eyes to his face, no longer
tear-dimmed eyes, but full of a holy, soft
light. 'I have nothing to forgive, or if I
had, 'tis forgiven and forgotten. Dear
friend do not go away from us! Do not
leave Phil and I. Now I know the sad
secret eating your heart. Stay and let us
be your comforters, your comrades on the
weary road you have before you. We
will forget all the past, and we will be to
you as brother and sister; and thus, my
brother, with God's good angels standing
by, do I make the compact!' and she laid
her hand in his, and as he clasped her
hand with new and purified feelings, he
commenced that moment a nobler and
braver life; and if he felt that the shadows
still gathered about him, he knew that
from a darker shadow still, the shadow of
a great sin, God, the good angels, and
Nellie, had saved him.

"Go, now, my brother," said Nellie.
'Phil and I will love you and pray for you;
and do not leave Phil. Come to us as you
always have, and leave the rest with
God.'

With a kiss he might have pressed upon
his own sister's brow, he turned and went
away.

Nell walked home as one in a dream.
When she reached there she found poor
Phil much worse. Later in the day the
friends sent in agonized haste for the
doctor. Philip seemed dying. There was
no disguising it. He was going away
from them, poor fellow. He had long
fainting fits, and they grew more and more
frequent and heavier. His mother and
sisters and Dr. Fanchon hung over him.

The doctor counted his pulse with an
eagerness of anxiety that he could not
express. For Nell's sake, and for poor
noble Phil's own, he would hold back
that young life which was wearing slowly
away with that westward-going sun.

In a sad moment Philip held the doc-
tor's hand in his weak grasp, and thanked
him for all he had been to him as
doctor and friend. He gathered his sister
Nell's hand up, and laid it in the doctor's,
and still continued to clasp them in his
feeble fingers as he lay smiling with closed
eyes. Their eyes met. A noble, syn-
thetic look passed between them. All was
conquered, they met and looked in each
other's eyes, as two strong angels might
have gazed in each other's clear eyes,
meeting in the golden streets of the 'City
Immortal.'

They gathered round poor Phil and
watched his every breath. Gradually, as
they felt he was really leaving them, as
they caught his feeble good-by, breathed
so faintly, as if he clung to life with re-
luctant hand, while he could once more
speak to the dear old faces, the heavy trial
in all its bitterness, burst full upon them;
they were crushed to earth.

And the sobs and howlings, and by
dying Phil's side, the doctor bore himself
like a comrade sent from heaven. It was
he who closed the dead eyes of darling
Phil, and led the distracted mother to her
room; who comforted the wailing sisters;
and later, he led Nellie to Phil's side as he
lay robbed for the grave; and as the moon-
light fell on that pale, smiling face, they
kneelt side by side in that hushed, white
chamber, and he prayed that, in deed
and in truth, that peace which passeth all
understanding might rest upon them, and
that they might, some day, lay down the
weary burden of life as dear Phil had done,
and might enter into that rest where there
is no marrying or giving in marriage, and
where tears are wiped off all faces."

And with this holy christm on lip and
brow of a victory won, of a peace made
with God and themselves, they parted,
each to that path of duty which awaited
them—each to trust and work, and wait
patiently, till God, in his own good time,
should reunite them on earth or in heaven.

Nellie went home to the city with her
friends, and Dr. Fanchon tarried still with
Dr. Grey.

The years went slowly by—one, two,
three, four. Nell, almost unconsciously
to herself, was growing a noble woman,
soul and body. This trial had developed
her noblest powers, and as each day she
devoted herself to her mother's happiness
and solace, to her own improvement and
happiness of her friends, she grew to be,
indeed, a noble woman. And she did not
forget her adopted brother. And he, mean-
time—the lesson had done him good, too.

He strove, with God's help to be a
nobler, more faithful man than he was
when he laid so wretchedly. His mot-
to's prophecy, that his youthful misstep
would prove his 'salvation,' was fulfilled.
He thought often and reverently of his
guardian angel, Nell, and bore his cross
manfully, till one autumn day he came to
Nell, and laying before her the physician's
letter announcing the death of his wife
that summer, he turned, and silently
opening his arms, he looked into her face.
She stooped softly to them, and they stood
reunited, with clear consciences and puri-
fied, loving hearts.

As I finish my story, the sunshine falls
gently, brightly upon my page, and so
about these two fell that peace which
passeth all understanding."

CONFEDERATION IN ENGLAND.

(From the London Express, Oct. 2.)

The Canadians are expecting, as their
newspapers are informing us, a repetition
of the Fenian raids from the United States.
The American correspondent of the Tor-
onto and Montreal journals transmit plans
of campaign, very elaborate and very
British, designating the Fenian lines of
march, with their posts to be occupied, and
distinguishing with admirable precision
the real points of attack from those against
which only feints are to be made. The
colonists, according to the plan, are to be
alarmed along the whole line, whereupon
their troops are in every case to rush to the
wrong place, and while they are mooning
about in bewilderment, the enemy is to
seize the chief cities, public arms, public
stores, and shipping, hoist the Fenian flag,
and severely respect private property.

The Canadians ought to know by this time
the quality of the foe, and what attention
is due to stories of this kind. They have
had to do with the Fenian organization in
the United States when it was comparat-
ively powerful, when, disposing of ample
funds, it was able to collect large bodies
of men, and when its enterprises had not
been made ridiculous by failure. The last
Fenian expedition to Canada was the ir-
ruption of a horde without discipline and
without artillery, and carrying its whole
commissariat in whiskey flasks. At the
present time the Fenian leaders publicly
deplore their want of money and the ex-
treme difficulty of collecting it, while the
best New York journals declare that no-
thing is known by the Government of the
United States of the hostile preparations
which have so strongly impressed the
Canadian mind. It is for the colonists to
judge for themselves of the probability of
attack, and to make the necessary pre-
parations to resist it. This, however, is
what we cannot find that they are doing.

Their panic-stricken journals abound in
the language of invective against the
Government of the United States, while
they cry lustily for troops from England.
The Montreal Herald, one of the most
sensible and best conducted newspapers
in Canada, goes so far as to declare that
Lord Monck ought to send an ultimatum
to Washington, and in the event of its
rejection declare war. "We ought, then,
to deal with the Government of the United
States in accordance with the practices of
diplomacy among civilized nations, to ask
for an explanation of the arming which is
going on within their jurisdiction, and
should it not be discontinued, we ought
not to await the time deemed most favor-
able for our injury, but at once declare
war."

This is the language of independent
public spirit, and we read it with a glow
of pride; evidently, we say, these are
true children of the old country; this is
the spirit which becomes the "new na-
tion" of British North America, which
Lord Monck announced to the world.
When one of our colonies feels strong
enough to declare war in its own name
against a powerful neighbor, every one of
us feels an inch taller. But an awakening
follows this pleasant dream, and our joy
is dashed as, reading on, we discover that
while Canada is to declare war, England
is to do the fighting. We are told that if
the British Government has not compre-
hended the nature of the emergency, it is
for our (the Canadian) Government "to
enlighten it, and to force upon it the
adoption of the steps which are required
to secure for this part of Her Majesty's
dominions the benefits of the general tran-
quility of the Empire. The very same
steps which would be incumbent upon the
British Government, if armies were being
prepared in Normandy for an attack upon
Sussex, are incumbent upon it now that
armies are being prepared in the United
States for an attack on Canada. Other-
wise we participate only in the dangers
which arise out of our connection with a
State which has enemies, and enjoy none
of the security which belongs to the sub-
jects of a powerful Government." This is
the language of dependence—not modest
and self-knowing, but presuming, en-
croaching dependence,—the language of
those who feel that they need not allow
themselves to be restrained by any scruple,
since there are reasons why their most ex-
travagant demands must be conceded.

And, as it were to be foreseen, this policy
of colonial extortion succeeds. Already, be-
fore the sentences were written, the Im-
perial Government was sending out large
reinforcements of troops to Canada, not
because there was reason to apprehend a
war with the United States, but because
the public feeling of the Canadians is so
utterly debauched by our habit of doing
everything for them that they will not so
much as defend themselves against an
Irish rabble.

The Canadians are not required to do
anything for us. The work to be done is
their own work, that of defending their
own roosts and pantries; and rather than
do it they talk magniloquently and invoke
the protection of the British Army.
This is just what our wise men
have foretold, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe,
Mr. Godley, Mr. Goldwin Smith, and
others have warned us that if we went on
garrisoning our colonies we should de-
moralize their inhabitants, and render
them helpless and paralytic. Four years
ago Mr. Alcock, in his masterly letter to
Mr. Disraeli, recommended the with-
drawal of our troops from British America,
on the ground that the presence of the
English soldiers there furnishes the colonists
with an excuse for not organizing an effi-
cient local force. Since then the Duke of
Newcastle and Mr. Cardwell have insisted
on the duty of the colonists to provide for
their own defence. In return they draw
out a scheme of military organization on
paper, accuse us of parsimony, and declare
that we cannot exist without them. Their
militia is not ready, and their volunteers
cut such a figure when last they were
wanted, that we cannot wonder if Lord
Monck does not feel safe under their protection.
And let it be noticed by our legislators and
politicians that it is these same Canadians,
who talk of our being bound to defend them
as we would an English County, who are
now asking to be entrusted with the gov-
ernment of all British America, wanting
to be among the other provinces what
Prussia is in Germany. A state which,
like Prussia, can knock down and trample
upon its most powerful neighbors, has at
least one qualification for leadership; there
may be danger that it will oppress the weak,
but at any rate it can protect them. But
the people of a province that cannot defend
itself against marauding bands are not in
a position to claim authority and power
over their fellow-subjects.

SEWING MACHINES.—It is estimated that
upwards of 800,000 sewing machines have
been manufactured in the United States
since Mr. Howe introduced his invention,
and that several millions of dollars are in-
vested in the business. The Wheeler &
Wilson Manufacturing Company employs
a capital of \$1,000,000.

OSONE.—It has been ascertained that
osone is developed by the mechanical ac-
tion of blowing machines producing strong
currents. This fact may, in part, account
for the healthy action of wind.