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## Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for March 1st, 2024

### Electric Scotland News

#### MyHeritage

Today we released all-new profile pages on MyHeritage! The profile page is among the most visited pages on MyHeritage, and is one of the most valuable ones for genealogists. Many users requested that we add additional capabilities to the page and offered suggestions for how to make it more useful. You asked, and we listened! This is a whole new experience that is more than just a single page; it's a centralized hub for everything known about a person.

Learn more on their Blog at:

<http://tinyurl.com/5c8p5m93>

#### Scottish News from this weeks newspapers

I am partly doing this to build an archive of modern news from and about Scotland and world news stories that can affect Scotland and as all the newsletters are archived and also indexed on search engines it becomes a good resource. I might also add that in a number of newspapers you will find many comments which can be just as interesting as the news story itself and of course you can also add your own comments if you wish which I do myself from time to time.

Here is what caught my eye this week...

#### Growth finally makes a comeback in UK economy in welcome news for Jeremy Hunt

The report presents a positive outlook despite the UK's entry into recession in the second half of 2023.

Read more at:

<https://www.express.co.uk/finance/personalfinance/1869685/uk-economy-growth-pmi>

#### Tiny town is world capital of dinosaurs

In this extraordinary badlands topography, dinosaur bones are commonly seen poking out of the earth. Drumheller: Canada's tiny town of huge monsters.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/travel/article/20240220-drumheller-canadas-tiny-town-of-huge-monsters>

#### Conservatives complete council ward clean sweep

The Conservatives have completed a clean sweep of seats in a ward on Scottish Borders Council.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/c25dl7y98qwo>

### **Zombie Fires burning at an alarming rate in Canada**

Even in the dead of Canada's winter, the embers of last year's record-setting wildfire season remain. So-called zombie fires are burning under thick layers of snow at an unprecedented rate, raising fears about what the coming summer may bring.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-68228943>

### **Karl Williams: Crunch the numbers, and the future looks bleak for Britain's young**

The gap between the old and the young is one of the defining economic and political challenges of our time. Already, today's young people have a notoriously raw deal on housing, childcare, higher education and a host of other issues. But on the current trajectory, things are going to get so, so much worse especially when it comes to tax

Read more at:

<https://conservativehome.com/2024/02/26/karl-williams-crunch-the-numbers-and-the-future-looks-bleak-for-britains-young/>

### **Stop blaming Brexit for Britain's economic ills**

It is not only wrong - it distracts us from our real problems

Read more at:

<https://thecritic.co.uk/stop-blaming-brexit-for-britains-economic-ills>

### **The breathtaking secret Scottish valley walk where a clan once hid stolen cattle**

For the first edition of the Daily Record's new weekly series highlighting Scotland's most beautiful walks and hikes, we have chosen the dramatic and historic Coire Gabhail.

Read more at:

<https://www.dailyrecord.co.uk/scotland-now/breathtaking-secret-scottish-valley-walk-32222427>

### **Remoaner doom-mongers wrong again as Brexit Britain thrives with Australian trade deal**

EXCLUSIVE: New figures have revealed that Britain's Brexit trade deal with Australia has paid huge dividends in just one year despite gloomy predictions.

Read more at:

<https://www.express.co.uk/news/politics/1871422/brexit-britain-australia-deal-economic-boom>

### **How Billy Connolly won over a Belfast audience at the height of The Troubles**

Stepping out of the spotlight and moving to a dark corner of the stage, Billy Connolly picks up a rose that has been placed there by a fan, sniffs it, and then exclaims: Boom!

Read more at:

<https://www.sundaypost.com/fp/big-banana-feet-billy-connolly/>

### **Violence mustn't usurp civility**

In Britain, we've had two MPs murdered in recent years by Islamist and neo-fascist terrorists and many more have received violent threats for their positions on the conflict in Gaza. This is profoundly concerning. If public representatives start acting on fear as opposed to conviction, then our democracy is in serious trouble.

Read more at:

<https://capx.co/we-have-surrendered-civilised-discourse-to-violent-bigotry>

### **Grandad completes 30-year-old map made of stones from across Scotland**

Amateur geologist Harry Young said he is delighted with the response to his work, saying 'who knew I'd become a rock star at 85!'

Read more at:

<https://news.stv.tv/west-central/glasgow-grandad-completes-30-year-old-map-made-of-stones-from-across-scotland>

## Electric Canadian

### **General Economic History of the Dominion 1867 - 1912**

By Oscar D. Skelton, Professor of Political Science in the Queen's University, Kingston (1913) (pdf)

You can read this book at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/transport/industrial/generaleconomich00skel.pdf>

### **The Pioneers of Montreal**

Souvenir of the seventh annual convention of Telephone Pioneers of America, September 10th and 11th 1920

You can read this at:

[http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/quebec/rbsc\\_pioneers-montreal\\_colgate\\_VI-canadian-ronalds.pdf](http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/quebec/rbsc_pioneers-montreal_colgate_VI-canadian-ronalds.pdf)

### **Going to the Land of the Yellow Men**

The Representation of Indigenous, Americans in Scottish Gaelic Literature by Michael Newton (2013) (pdf)

You can read this at:

[http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/first/Going\\_to\\_the\\_Land\\_of\\_the\\_Yellow\\_Men\\_The.pdf](http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/first/Going_to_the_Land_of_the_Yellow_Men_The.pdf)

### **Thoughts on a Sunday Morning - the 25th day of February 2024**

By the Rev. Nola Crewe

You can watch this at:

<http://www.electricscotland.org/forum/communities/rev-nola-crewe/26467-thoughts-on-a-sunday-morning-the-25th-day-of-february-2024>

### **History of the Eastern Townships**

Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada and Civil and Descriptive by Mrs. C. M. Day (1869) (pdf)

You can read this book at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/quebec/historyofeastern00dayc.pdf>

## Electric Scotland

### **Life in the West**

Or, Stories of the Mississippi Valley by N. C. Meeker, Agricultural Editor of the New York Tribune (1868) (pdf)

The story this week is the first chapter of this book which you can read at:

<https://electricscotland.com/history/america/LifeintheWest.pdf>

### **Two Years in China**

Narrative of the Chinese expedition from its formation in April, 1840, to the treaty of peace in August, 1842 and

containing the most important of the general orders & despatches published during the above period by D. Macpherson, M.D., Madras Army, attached to the service of his Highness the Nizan, and lately with the 37th Grenadier Regiment in China, second edition, (1843) (pdf)

You can read this book at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/china/twoyearsinchinan00macprich.pdf>

### **The Tower of Craigietocher**

Added a final picture gallery which shows some of the issues that were fixed and also the pond cleanup, chicken coup, cats, archery, Christmas 2023 and the roadway, etc.

You can view these at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/articles/craigietocherfinalpictures2024.htm>

### **The Peerage of the British Empire**

As at present existing arranged and printed from the personal communications of the Nobility by Edmund Lodge Esq., Norroy King of Arms, &c. to which is added, the Baronetage, twelfth edition, with the arms of the Peers (1843) (pdf)

You can read this book at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/peeragebritishe01lodggoog.pdf>

### **Scotland pressing the flesh in Silicon Valley with new generation of tech start-ups**

It sounds apocryphal but I'm told it's true. How a budding tech tycoon travelled for a solid 27 hours from Scotland's Silicon Glen to Silicon Valley. As he emerged from LAX customs, the venture capitalist he was due to meet shepherded him into a reserved side room for a 3-minute elevator pitch, 5 minutes but only if there's time. An article by Bill Magee.

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/magee/article005.htm>

### **Clan Rattray Society, Status of Trademark Application Attempt Feb 2024**

Got sent this in an email and have now made it available at

[https://electricScotland.com/webclans/ntor/rattray\\_trademark.html](https://electricScotland.com/webclans/ntor/rattray_trademark.html)

### **History and Theory in the Work of Adam Ferguson**

A Reconsideration (1975) by David Kettler (pdf)

You can read this at:

[https://electricScotland.com/history/other/History\\_and\\_Theory\\_in\\_the\\_Scottish\\_Enlig.pdf](https://electricScotland.com/history/other/History_and_Theory_in_the_Scottish_Enlig.pdf)

### **The Price of Coal**

By Harold Brighthouse (1911) (pdf)

You can read this article at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/industrial/priceofcoal00brigiala.pdf>

### **Fife: Genesis of a Kingdom**

By Adrian C. Grant (pdf)

You can read this book at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/fife/FGOTKSynopsisOverview.pdf>

## **Annual Report of the Library Service in Glasgow**

By William Watson, Convenor (1881) (pdf)

You can read this report at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/glasgow/reportonmitchell00mitc.pdf>

## **Roman Camps in Scotland**

This talk was delivered by Dr Rebecca Jones (Historic Environment Scotland) on 13th January 2020 as part of the Callander's Landscape winter series. It looks at the form and development of Roman camps across Scotland, with some focus on Bochartle near Callander. Added this video to the foot of the page at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/stirlingshire/index.htm>

## **Story**

From Life in the West

Or, Stories of the Mississippi Valley by N. C. Meeker, Agricultural Editor of the New York Tribune (1868) (pdf)

### **THE OLD AND THE NEW**

FEW years before steamboats began to run on Lake Erie, there was a great emigration from New York and other Eastern States to Michigan. The first boat which did much was the Enterprise, next the Superior, and then the Henry Clay. They ran only to Detroit. Chicago was a village somewhere across the country, but was supposed to be too far away ever to amount to much. Now and then emigrants ventured on sailing vessels, but the great body went by land. The ridge roads along the south shore of the lake were crowded with moving wagons. Ten or twenty could be seen at a time; over a hundred, sometimes two hundred, passed in a day. Besides these were two-horse carriages, in which rich families rode. To almost every wagon a cow was tied, and flocks of sheep were driven. A part of every family walked, for the wagons were well loaded with household goods. Some were on horseback; then there were men on foot not belonging to any of the teams; they had packs on their backs, and were going to look at the country. Those now going with teams had been out the same way. Many were single men.

Among these was a young man of the name of Dean. He was scarcely eighteen; tall, rather awkward; his pantaloons were too short, his face was fresh, somewhat freckled; he had an intelligent look and a quick way. He carried an ax, and a pack made of tow cloth; there were places through which he put his arms, a strap crossed his breast and made all fast. He, too, was going to Michigan—going to stay.

He had money enough to take him through if he bought lunch for dinner, which was half price. All he was worth was with him. In some way he expected to get land. Every day he walked as many as thirty miles; when he came to a shady brook he would wash his feet and put beach leaves on the blisters, and then hobble on. Those riding on horses and in carriages, and who were in a hurry, kept up with him; the rest, gradually, were left behind.

In due time he reached the part of the State he was going to, and, after resting a little, he took a job of clearing ten acres of land. He was to chop every stick, log, burn, fence and fit for the plow, for ten dollars an acre. How he did work! Then was his time, if ever. He was deciding whether he would be poor or rich. The timber was tall and heavy, but he stood it well. Youth bears some kinds of grief better than the hardened laborer. Sometimes he had a little fun. He would spend the best part of a day in chopping trees almost down, and so that one would fall on another. He would get up a couple of hours before day, and chop off the last tree. Then there was the awfulest crashing you ever heard. It was thickly settled, though it was in the woods. The people wondered what was going to take place. His last caper was to cut a tree here and there, so that it was likely to hang an hour or so; at late bed-time he would go out and cut one tree, when a crash would break out, and then stop; by the

time folks fairly were asleep it would break out again. In this way he kept it up all night long. When a man grows old and looks back on his youth, if he sees nothing worse than this, he does not wince much. Often he will shut his eyes and hasten to think of something else. In the summer Mr. Dean hired out to work on a farm. He got ten dollars a month and his board. In those days money was everything and board nothing; in these, board is everything and money nothing.

Meantime, when he got leisure, he studied arithmetic, grammar, and the like. The next winter he made out to get a certificate, and taught school. It was almost like clearing land. He was at the school-house every morning before sunrise, studying to keep out of the way of his best scholars. Once or twice he got fast with a sum, and said he was so hurried he had not time to do it then; he would look it over after school. He struggled desperately with such difficulties. At last he got ahead, and kept ahead. Afterwards, this discipline enabled him to do many things.

The time came when he bought land. He looked around a good deal first. He selected the first quality, and in a neighborhood where the people were intelligent and enterprising. A part of his farm was on very high ground; the rest was low and bordered on a lake. He commenced clearing on the high ground; here he would build; here wheat and corn would grow, and fruit would always be sure. Grass would be heavy on the low ground, and in dry seasons corn and potatoes would be heavy. Between the high and low, was a sheltered valley of seven or eight acres of large hard-maples; this would be his sugar camp.

Then he married a pretty girl. The girls always are pretty. They should be so good that their husbands will take no notice of their growing old. They had a good log-house to live in; there was a log-barn, a yoke of cattle, a few hogs, and a plenty of hens. A young married woman tries her hand on raising chickens. Hens like to lay in a log-barn. You will hear their uproar early in the morning.

Money was very scarce; neither grain, tallow, sugar nor > honey would bring it. Potash was the only article that would fetch money. Mr. Dean built an ashery, and from the ashes of his clearing, and from what he could buy of his neighbors, he made potash; it was called black salts. In this way he got a good start.

When children began to grow in Mr. Dean's house he became more serious, for he was a gay young man. He liked to dance; he could drink a dram; he was the life at all logrollings, raisings and huskings. Near by was a flourishing church; he attended a revival-meeting and experienced religion. A man who has a family, and can think, will see the necessity for morality and for order. He will consider how wonderfully man is made; he sees an Intelligent First Cause. To every one the grave and the future are near, and he will ask what it is to be wise. 'He sees, too, that every one is sinful and weak, and that sickness and pain beset our pathway.

Mr. Dean became a worthy member of the church. Frequently at evening meetings he would give short exhortations. He spoke rapidly and in a high key; often he said some things quite sensible. He could make a warm prayer. After awhile, people began to like to hear him. It seemed certain that when he should get more age he would become a deacon.

He was saving and industrious. He had fair crops; his stock increased. People had to confess he was a good farmer. He had set out a large orchard. The rows were so long one scarcely saw the end. He had apples almost as soon as those who planted earlier. This was because he cultivated his trees, and kept off insects. He said a fruit tree is worth as much care as a hill of corn. This given, it will thrive. Who would think of raising corn in a meadow? He kept up his ashery; either he or a hired man was running a team to buy ashes. Twice a year he took two or three tons of black salts to Detroit.

Almost every day he would read more or less. If dinner was not quite ready he would take up a book. In his exhortations he showed he was a reading man. He became instructive. At last, folks understood he intended to be a minister. One might have known this from the books he bought. These were Clark's Commentaries—I do not say what edition; Calmet's Dictionary, Mosheim, and like large works. This was quite an undertaking for a man thirty-five years old, with a family growing around him and a large farm to attend to., But he was not in the

least hurry. His farm work and ashery went on the same, and he himself labored as before. But he diligently improved all spare time ; a farm life gives more leisure than an any other occupation, and when he was at work it was plain he was thinking of something. Still he talked as freely as ever, and he told stories which made people laugh.

In ten or twelve years Mr. Dean had plenty of fruit, and he sold much. When fruit was cut off on low grounds, people came from a distance to buy, and they would bring corn; for good fruit, it was bushel for bushel. Then he had a cider mill. One going by heard it complaining far down in the orchard. All around was the clear sky; below, lay woods and farms.

Mr. Dean was one of the first to build a nice house; it was a large and very high two-story building, with kitchen and wood-house attached. It stood on the highest ground, and was in plain sight from many distant points—three, five, and even ten miles.

His boys grew up to be strong fellows. They worked faithfully. They were well behaved, and when abroad, were so sober as to seem like young deacons. Of course, they had their play and fun, but they were under strict control. Their father had made them ambitious to get property and learning. When boys are of this inclination there is little else one can wish them to be. Such boys will have rough hands, full faces and broad shoulders. They do not feel easy in genteel parties. If it is important to be genteel, it will not take long to learn to be so.' It takes longer to be honest, sincere and loveable. The sifers were much like them. They, too, were brought up to work; they made their own clothes; but for Sunday they had calico dresses. In these days, we think it hard to pay twenty cents a yard for calico. It was higher then, and money so scarce that they thought as much of a sixpence as we do of a dollar. The girls enjoyed themselves much. The oldest ones had beaux, those next them expected soon to have. They could sing some songs beside religious ones; you could hear them while they were spinning, and all about love. They had apple-parings, sleighrides and singing-schools. On the whole, theirs was a highly prosperous and respectable family. There was no haughtiness; all things were plain. Of their plenty they bestowed, on the poor first, to foreign missions next.

At last the time came when Mr. Dean was licensed to preach, and he filled appointments in neighboring townships, \* speaking on cold winter days in school houses, or in some farmer's large kitchen. When meeting was over he would start for home, that he might go to work in the morning. When he spoke in the evening, and he had ten or fifteen miles to go, he was late; frequently on the way he saw a light from his house; his wife was up, with a good fire burning, and something on the hearth to eat. There were few homes so pleasant and comfortable, though all the neighbors were well off.

Mr. Dean did not promise to be a great preacher; his voice was too high and shrill. He was liked better by older than by young persons, for his views were too practical, and he used too many homely arguments. He had good congregations, but there was not the least excitement. Some laughed a little that a good farmer should turn to be a poor preacher; but they had to confess he knew what he was talking about, and that they had heard those they liked less. After a year or so it was noticed that he improved; his sermons became more lively, for he mingled anecdote; and the young folks got interested. It was a proud day for Mr. Dean, for his family and all his friends, when several persons, having become converted under his preaching, united with the church.

Upon this event he was ordained as a regular minister, and he took a stand among the clergy as their equal. He had been tried and found to be a useful servant of the cause. Some said if he had been a poor man he w'ould not have met with this honor. They did not think that the ability he had exhibited in getting property enabled him to be an instructive and useful minister.

All this time he worked on the farm. He usually took most of Saturday to prepare his discourse; but he abated nothing in agricultural enterprise, and with each year his farm improved. He was one of the first to take a paper on farming, and when an agricultural society was started in the county he lent it his hearty support. There were some views advocated by scientific men which he ridiculed, and he was not forward in adopting new methods except on a limited scale. He valued his experience more than a scholar's theory. He said agricultural societies

ought to be encouraged for the healthful influence they exert on young men.

Up to this time the condition of society had not changed. In many respects it was the same as had prevailed in all civilized countries from the time the Roman Empire was in its grandeur. Our generation has seen more important changes than any other generation since the dawn of civilization. For thirty years we have been dazzled with a constant overturn of old methods and ways. In the midst of the whole, we have been, and we are, guided by the principles which produced the Protestant Reformation.

Ministers of much pretension or learning had worn broadcloth clothes, and now it was becoming common for the many to dress almost as well; goods were getting cheap, and the women dressed fine. Mr. Dean would make but few changes. In winter his outer garments were full-cloth, his underclothes red flannel, all made in the house. Sometimes he wore heavy calfskin boots; generally he had cowhide shoes, tied with leather strings. The most he would consent to adopt was a silk bat, a dickey—which is a shirtbosom and collar with strings to tie it around the neck and waist,— a black silk cravat, and a red bandanna handkerchief with white spots. While his appearance was plain, it was neat and respectable.

In the third year of his ministry he was settled as the pastor of the church to which he belonged. This was the height of his ambition, and for this he had labored. Thus to have the esteem of the members of his own church was an applause he valued most among earthly honors. He would live and die among his own people. Seldom did a man more meekly fill the pulpit; still he maintained the dignity of his calling. The young folks had his esteem; even the children lingered around him. Through his influence a new and handsome church was built, and the rocks heard the sound of the church-going bell. It stood on another hill, a mile and a half from his house, and was seen even from the county seat. The farms all around were well tilled, the farm buildings of the first class; and orchards were everywhere. At the feet, even on the tops of the hills, burst springs of the purest water. No region in the State is more thrifty or romantic.

For some time the different churches of this denomination had wanted a seminary of learning conducted in their interest, and now they felt able to build and endow it. Several places strove for the location, but it was to be secured by the one which could give most. Mr. Dean was urged by his church to use his influence for them; but he hesitated long, for he doubted whether it would be for their good. At last he was persuaded, and he himself subscribed \$500. After much solicitation from men of all classes, he succeeded; the school was to be in their midst.

Immediately work commenced. Over fifty men were constantly employed. In about a year a large and noble building was completed. It was built of the fine stone found in the hills. It stood not far from the church; and so grand was its situation, that for many miles the people on farms and in villages could see its windows blaze in the morning sun. Meanwhile, several houses for the accommodation of boarders and the professors were built, mechanics came in, stores were established, and a pleasant new village arose.

Then the students appeared, the president and professors opened their classes, and the school was in operation. For the first year there were difficulties, — things were new, there was not room; but more houses were built, and the second year opened more prosperously. Clearly the plan was successful, and members of the denomination, far and near, were willing and proud to patronize their institution. It made them strong; it was an honor to the county and to the State.

Mr. Dean's oldest son was married and lived in the house. His wife was a smart and intelligent woman. They were an exception to the rule that two families cannot live under one roof. Perhaps the best reason was they had a plenty of everything. But the young folks thought it their duty to appear and dress as well as their neighbors. The Seminary had brought in the fashions; everybody had to follow them. Mr. Dean and his family had always gone to meeting in the two-horse wagon; — I mistake; when the country was new they went with oxen. Now the son and his wife, and all the children, and even the old lady, said they ought to have a plain carriage, or at least a nice buggy. He said they might do as they pleased, but he would not ride in it; he would have no hand in such vanity and extravagance. A nice, shining two-horse buggy was bought; — true, he went



along, when it was bought, to see that they had a good bargain ; but he would not put his foot in it. Then the family would come to meeting as grand as could be. After a while he would appear in his cow-hide shoes, with the Bible and hymn-book in his hands. If the roads were muddy, he would ride the old mare. There was no hard feeling; no one heard of any dispute, although there were hired folks in the house.

The church was large, and all the students could get in, but it was full. Sometimes one of the professors would preach, but usually Mr. Dean officiated. He did his best to deliver practical and interesting sermons. He contrived generally to be new; his illustrations were drawn from every-day life, from common occurrences in families, frequently from newly settled countries. He delighted to dwell on the days when the forest was all around, when game was plentiful, and when all the neighbors, being upon one level, were much like a family. He seemed to regret that the old days were gone. But, rising from these thoughts, he would speak of the duties which belong to all conditions of society, and how the virtues everywhere may flourish, and lead us to the love of divine things and to immortal life.

For a year or so this went on very well. But at last there was dissatisfaction. A party rose up wanting a more stylish preacher. They said it was a damage to the Institution that the scholars should be forced to listen to such an old fashioned preacher. Mr. Dean thought there was some justice in this complaint. He would preach in the forenoon, one of the professors should preach in the afternoon; in this way the church and the school would be represented. But this did not satisfy long. Some of the church-members, seeking to be genteel, said it was scandalous to allow a man so plainly dressed to go into the pulpit; it was not showing proper respect for the house of worship. They wondered how Mr. Dean had the assurance to go up into the pulpit, and sit down by the well-dressed professors, in his cow-hide shoes and full-cloth coat; he was as big as any of them. Once, when he was preaching, his dickey got loose, and they had a peep at his faded red flannel shirt. They wished he would get a new pocket handkerchief; he had used that one full ten years, and they were tired of it. In short, they were tired of him. They wanted a preacher who would dress in shining clothes, and not bid defiance to custom; such a one could be more useful. Did Mr. Dean mean to condemn the professors by shaving so close when they wore such comely whiskers ? They knew if they got another preacher they would have to pay, but they were willing, they did not care. It seems that Mr. Dean would take only \$52 a year: he said a dollar a day was enough ; if they felt like paying more, they might give it to the poor.

Mr. Dean had nothing to say. If the church did not want him she must say so; he would not resign. He had one great advantage,— perhaps no one knew why it was, except himself: his sermons were more satisfactory to many than the professors'. He had taken great pains, in forming a clear and simple style. It was clear English. The professors used high-sounding words; their sentences, sometimes, were confused, and the thoughts were separated much as they are in Latin. People had seen Mr. Dean, as he sat behind them when they were preaching, faintly and shrewdly smile. But this was of no consequence to those who favored new things. Perhaps Mr. Dean preached well enough; but one must keep up with the changes in society,—not to do so, is to fight against progress and light. They wanted no preacher who would tell them about burning log-heaps, and that the perfume of the fields and woods is more pleasant than the choicest extracts. He had been useful in his day; that day was past. There were places where he was needed ; it was in the back townships. They would give something to sustain those weak churches if he would preach for them.

Mr. Dean's family saw the storm coming. They were proud of him. They were not certain he was wrong, but they urged him for their sake to conform to the wishes of the church ; the Old was pleasant, but he could not keep back the New. His only reply was by whistling an old psalm-tune in a sort of whisper, which was his way when he would not contend.

At such times he would go off to work by himself at clearing land. Every year he cleared half an acre of land for turnips. He was not able to work as well as formerly; but here he would work,— chopping, piling brush, and burning log-h6aps. He said he took more comfort in his clearing than in the most refined society.

Every spring he made sugar. He had everything prepared : there was a house where he boiled ; the sap ran into sheet-iron pans through a pipe from large troughs, he had pine buckets for catching the sap,—these were

stored in the boiling-house through the rest of the year; and here he had wood prepared, dry and fine. It was a pleasure\* to him to have the young folks come and see him when he was boiling; he would always take some syrup and sugar off.

The students of the Seminary were invited, and they came in crowds, every lady with her beau. They would not eat much; for the girls thought they ought not to — there were so many of them,— and the young men mostly desired another kind of sweet. H<sup>o</sup>. would tell them laughable stories, often with a deep meaning which they did not understand till years were passed. Then they had to stop at the house and get apples. The girls looked on him with a sort of wonder; some even wished they could get such a husband.

Mr. Dean's second son was studying to be a minister. Every winter forty or fifty students would teach school. This young man went with the rest to the county seat to be examined. Almost all got certificates; he failed. Really, he was the best scholar of them all, but he was embarrassed by some unusual question, and by a bluff manner. There were girls in ribbons and flaring dresses who knew little, but succeeded; they were supposed competent and but few questions were asked. This mortified the family. The father could see now what it was to keep children in the background. He said it would come all right, for everything everywhere will find its true level. This proved true, to tell how requires another narrative.

At last the storm which long had threatened, broke out. The deacons came to talk with him; there was great dissatisfaction; a meeting of the church was demanded. Such and such ones were determined to have a new minister; they wanted one of the Professors. He said he would not talk on the subject; let the church meet and decide, it was the only way. On this they departed. His family could see that he felt bad ; his wife could tell much. Old times and old manners were changed and gone, and a stranger was ready to fill the throne.

On Sunday he preached from this text— “Finally, brethren, farewell; be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.” His sermon interested all. It was the last time they were likely to hear him. He spoke of the early days of the church, of her trials and rejoicings. He referred to old members who started with them—their bodies were in the churchyard, their souls with the saints. New families had been established and had grown up in their midst, they had prospered in all their undertakings. There was no bitterness in his sermon, and no reference to his situation except in his text, and this he repeated as he closed.

The next day the church met; the whole township was in a ferment. The friends of the new order were certain of success. It was not known who Mr. Dean's friends were. There were two or three to be sure, but they were abrupt and hasty old men who had little influence. The truth was, most of the members had not expressed an opinion, they were afraid of offending Mr. Dean or the Seminary. It was not known that any, except the few, had said a single word in his favor. This made his case look very dark. At last they put to vote this question: whether it was advisable to change their pastor? There were about three hundred votes, and fifty of them were advanced scholars, young gentlemen and ladies who had united with the church. There was profound silence and great anxiety. When the votes were counted it was found that about seven-eighths were opposed to a change.

Of course the old-fashioned folks had to rejoice a little. Then they were asked why they voted as they did. They were ready with an answer. They wanted a minister they could understand. The affair ended in good humor. The Seminary continues to prosper. Great attention is paid to the study of the English language. I would advise you, if you go into those parts, to stop over Sunday and hear Mr. Dean preach.

END

Weekend is almost here and hope it's a good one for you.

Alastair