

freed from the anxieties and cares of a perplexing world, full of mirth and gaiety, and strangers to distrust of any living being under the sun.

But oh, what a change! for although the whole three of us feel as youthful as ever, and are blessed with the most perfect health, yet the change from boys to men in the meridian of life, bursting suddenly upon our vision, must necessarily produce a striking contrast between the present and the past. Mr. Lockington's head is perfectly grey, almost of a whitish colour, and our own shows symptoms of arriving at that state represented by Solomon by the blooming and flourishing of the Almond tree. We recollected at once the name of Henry Lockington, but it was not until after we parted that we could distinctly recollect our dear little school-mate, George Donally. We now have a recollection of the very appearance the little fair-headed boy made in his class on the floor of the school-room, and we feel that meeting these dear friends in Cavan Township, has trebly repaid us for our visit to the Fair. After we saw them, comparatively nothing else riveted or chained our attention. We expect, with God's blessing, seeing them both again in the month of June, next summer.

Returning to Port Hope, we lectured in the Hall, to a large, influential and intelligent audience, on the evening of the 3rd November, our subject being "the unspeakable benefit to the Protestant and even Roman Catholic public, of the Loyal Orange Institution." The

chair was occupied upon the occasion by R. W. Smart, Esq., the District Master, who, with some other distinguished brethren, was dressed in his full scarlet robes, with the exception of the cap. The audience patiently heard for over an hour and a half, and we parted with mutual expressions of regard and affection. We then repaired on G. T., by invitation, to meet the brethren in the town of Cobourg, and we intend to furnish our readers with an account of our further travels. We will close this one by relating an anecdote which a gentleman, now residing in Port Hope, communicated to us when in that town.

Some time ago he was travelling in Lower Canada, and was supposed, by some Irish Papists which he met, to be a Roman Catholic, and being somewhat versed in the secrets of Ribbonism, or Fenianism, which is the same thing, he passed as a true son of Grania Wail. He was examined by one of the number in the following manner:—

"I suppose you are up—"

"To what?"

"To Ribbonism."

"Who made your brogues?"

"A brother to the man that made yours."

"What makes you stand on the side of your foot?"

"Because I stood that way ever since King William came to Ireland."

"What are you sworn to murder?"

"The Heretics from the cradle to the crutch."

"I say, what are you sworn to do?"