

the establishment, application must be made by letter to the manager. This dispatched: a reply was promptly received by post, and on card was named the hour when the press could be seen in motion. Mr. Applegarth—a brother of the inventor of the press there used, and for many years superintendent of the machinery—a very amiable gentleman, conducted me through the various departments, freely answering inquiries, and explaining everything as we went along. Some idea of the resources and extent of the Times office, may be had from the single fact, that upward of \$300,000 are paid to the Government annually for stamp—a penny, or two cents, being paid on each number of the paper issued. The daily circulation is 52,000 copies—each number, including the supplement containing sixteen pages. Two hundred reams of paper are used every day, each weighing from 86 to 88 pounds, making, in all, from eight to nine tons. The quality of the paper every one knows who has read the Times. Each sheet costs the publishers a penny and a half, or three cents, before it is printed. One of the presses was put in motion at one o'clock, P.M., to print an edition to be sent off by mail an hour later. Twenty men were employed on the press—part of them above, in a gallery, to supply paper, and part below to receive the printed sheets as they came out. The noise of the machinery was so great, that it was difficult, in conversation, to be heard. The number printed an hour is twelve thousand.

By holding a watch and counting, I discovered that each man received from twenty-two to twenty-four a minute. Now and then, a sheet with an imperfect impression would be hastily thrown out by one of the sharp-eyed men below, and once or twice, at the stroke of a bell, all the wheels stopped, and the great machine rested for a moment; then, at another signal, commenced the stunning clatter again. I was shown the vaults where the stock of paper is kept. So much is now used that the supply is sometimes short of the demand and the price is much advanced. For some time an advertisement has been standing in the columns of the Times, offering a reward of \$5,000 for the discovery of a substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. This offer is made by the proprietor of the Times. I believe a man has never been met who has seen the editor of the Times; but I am convinced that there is such a personage; for I have heard his name pronounced, and been shown his room and chair. The editing of the paper is carried on within the publication building to a greater extent than has been stated. There are convenient rooms fitted up for the purpose, and also for the use of reporters. During the sessions of Parliament, a large number of skillful reporters are employed. These are relieved every half hour and are conveyed to and from the office to the legislative place in cabs no one remaining on duty longer than the prescribed time. In viewing an establishment like that of the Times and reflecting upon the vast influence it exerts, one cannot help but be filled with wonder and awe.

Ladies' Department.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

The sun, had tower'd above the hill,
And upt the mount with gold.
When Rosalie her basket fill
With flow'rets to be sold.

The maiden left her humble cot,
In the market town to cry,
"Roses rare, and lilies fair;
Ladies, will you buy?"

Rosa's voice was rich and clear,
When called forth by song,
Her face was sweet, surpassing fair,
With silken ringlets hung.

Her dimpled arm the basket bore,
Where beauteous flowers lie,
Whilst she sings, "My lilies fair,
Come ladies, will you buy?"

Her only care, that she may sell
Her posies 'fore 'tis noon,
And swift return them to the dell,
To help her mother soon.

The sickly dame would then embrace
Her child, with thanks to heaven high,
That roses rare and flow'rets fair,
The city ladies e'er might buy.

The face of Rosa ne'er is sad,
Ever cheerful is her smile,
She thus a parent's heart makes glad,
Rejoicing in her child.

Offers to part them for a score.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY IN A NUNNERY.

A gentleman of our acquaintance has just received a letter from Mr. Evans, Printseller in the Strand, London which details the discovery of articles supposed to have disappeared from the world, after the lapse of three hundred and twenty years. Aretino, the Italian poet and satirist, who was born in 1492, was the author of some immoral verses. Giulio Romano, who had been the pupil of the immortal Raphael, degraded his art by making a series of designs to illustrate the obscene verses, and employed Marc Antonio, the most celebrated engraver of the age, or perhaps of any age, to engrave these abominable compositions. When the circumstance became known to the Pope, Clement the Seventh, he was so much enraged with Marc Antonio, who had exquisitely engraved some of the divine compositions of Raphael, that he had him immediately thrown into prison, and commanded the officers of the Inquisition to seize the plates and every impression that had been taken from them. So effectually, so rigorously was the command executed, that not one single set of the engravings is known to exist in Italy, Spain, Austria or France, or anywhere in Europe, although diligent search has been made in every cabinet in Europe for three hundred years.

After being long confined in prison, the engraver was released, at the intercession of Baccio Bandinelli, the painter and architect, backed by some of the cardinals, to evince his gratitude Antonio engraved The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence, after the picture of Bandinelli. This is the largest and finest of all the engraver's works. A very fine impression of it was lately sent by Mr. Evans to a gentleman in New York, at the price of forty-two pounds sterling! And now comes the curious part of the story.

After three hundred years of fruitless search for these libidinous prints in all parts of Europe, who would have expected that they should appear in America? Yes true it is, and of a verity. An English amateur, travelling in Mexico last year, was induced to visit one of the convents, and amongst the rarities—the curiosities—the jewels of the establishment—what was his wonder and astonishment to be shown not only a copy of the lascivious poems of Aretino, but also a complete set of engravings by Marc Antonio, after Giulio Romano! To an amateur intimately acquainted with the drawing of a celebrated painter, or the style of a distinguished engraver, there is no chance of a mistake—they are like handwriting. As Rome was sacked by the Spaniards in 1527, very soon after the plates were engraved, it may possibly account for this precious set of jewels being found in a Mexican convent. The monks refused to sell such inestimable treasures, but, for a consideration, the gentleman was allowed to make tracings from them, and is having them engraved, in order to dispose of a few sets, at from ten to twenty guineas the set, for the convents of England, and France, and America, particularly of Cincinnati, whose priests are so pure!—*American Ex.*

LECTURE TO WIVES.

The Revd. J. E. Ryerson, delivered a most impressive and startling sermon in the Baptist Church on Sunday evening last. It was particularly directed to the young ladies, and the Revd. gentleman exposed the fashionable fooleries of the present day, in most interesting style. Giving the dancing school a particular scorching among the rest, and showing that our whole system was wrong, that to get married and feel the young men was the ruling passion. We should imagine that some of the girls felt as comfortable under the discourse as would a hen on a hot griddle. On Sabbath evening next, Mr. Ryerson will preach again to the women, and lest he should overlook it we would direct his attention to the following facts from a London paper. An English paper decanting relative to the various qualities of conjugal bliss, states that in the city of London, the official record for the last year stands thus:

Runaway wives	1,132
Runaway husbands	2,348
Married persons legally discovered	4,175
Living in open warfare	17,345
Living in private misunderstanding	13,279
Mutually indifferent	35,340
Regarded as happy	127
Nearly happy	3,475
Perfectly happy	31

alone every night. Why, bad as our Canadian system is, we don't think it is the worst on earth. Who ever heard of a Canadian couple living in open warfare! We wonder what the young men won't catch when Mr. R. 'es straight at them. Its all very fine, for the boys to laugh at the poor innocents now, but when the boys are being made the subject of special prayer and preaching, we expect worse disclosures than Maria Monk's to be made. Lay on McDuff, and—We forgot the rest—St. Catharines Post.

A FAST COUPLE.—A large double-fisted masculine appearing woman arrived at this place from Kingston, C. W. on Friday 22nd ult. On Saturday she fell in with a shoemaker of this place—was courted won and married, (the ceremony being performed by L. G. Stillwell, Esq.) Sunday the parties went on a spree, quarrelled and fought. Monday the dissatisfied groom, sought the coquire and demanded a divorce, but was informed that his request could not be complied with. He returned to his spouse and made up the family jar, and continued to live with her through Tuesday. On Wednesday a soldier arrived here from Kingston and claimed the new made bride as his property, he having taken her for better or for worse, previous to the above recorded transaction. Our shoemaker was of course obliged to surrender his claim, and on Thursday the soldier, and his truant wife returned to their home in Kingston. Thus it will be seen our shoe maker has passed through all the stages of matrimonial trials in the brief space of five days, and is now a grass widower; verily this is a fast age.—*Ogdensburg Sentinel.*

A LADY WITH A WOODEN LEG.—Henry, who formerly consulted us about a young lady with a wooden leg, has now brought the matter to a crisis by marrying her; and now, after a month's experience—an entire honeymoon—Henry says:—"I am happy to say a wooden leg is no bad bargain. I married Jessie a month ago—she refused to give up the wooden leg for a cork one as she said she detested false appearances.—She is always at home except when she goes out with myself—she never flirts with other men—she dances at a party—she requires only one stocking and one boot or shoe, and these serve her a long time as she does not walk much and yet she is not unpleasant to walk with—she differs very little from other young women. The only expense of the wooden leg is a strap, which is easily repaired, and the supplying a little gutta purcha for the end of it, to prevent noise in walking. Balancing profit against loss, a lady with a wooden leg is rather profitable not to speak of other benefits. I find in Jessie all that enjoyment I would desire."



Youth's Department.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME!

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Land of my nativity!—thee I love
With a pure holy and undying faith!

My childhood's home! my cherish'd home,
How yearns my heart to thee,

Thy sunny glades, thy sylvan nooks
Thy mountain scenery!

The coppice wood within whose shade
An aimless thoughtless boy,

I deem'd the summer time too short
For all its dear employ,

Tho' forty years have silver'd o'er
The locks of raven jet,

And grief and care have scar'd the heart
I cannot thee forget!

When waves are rough and winds are rude
Upon life's troubled sea—

An haven for the tempest tost
I find in thoughts of thee?

Mine infant home! my cherish'd home!
Thy wood-bine cover'd walls—

Than gilded domes and battlements
That lavish wealth uprears!
Beneath its sweet Contentment lies
And oh! the boundless wealth—
Of Loving hearts! those stars of life—
Its sure—fair blooming health!
All these are thine!—long may they be
Aye—be for Ever thine—!

Mine infant home, my own dear home—
Thou cherish'd home of mine!

Mine Island home! my cherish'd home—

Methinks I see thee now—

A tiny nest embowered amid

A Rose-bud laden bough,

Like Stalwart Sentinels they stand

Fair Wicklow's cloud capt hills—

That feed the verdure of thy vales

With ever gushing rills,

One of the band—a truant stream

Mid Glens's woody brake,

Had found a resting place within

The boom of the lake—

There alumb'ring like a cradled child

It lends to Beauty—Grace—

Reflecting scenes—like Angel's speech*

Upon the dreamers face!

Mine own loved home! my cherish'd home

How very dear thou art—

Let the untarnish'd picture tell

Engraven on my heart!

The wood-land walks o'er which I sped

With childhood's gleesome bound,

The sylvan dell within whose nook

The Violet bed I found,—

The Primrose bank! the Daisied Lawn

The wild heath covered hill!

I loved you, with my childish heart

With manhood's sterner will,—

How then—can I forget you now

That I am old and Grey?

My Childhood's home! I hail thee yet

My Home! though far away!

Beverly Co of Leeds C. W

November 14th 1854—My Birthday.

*That angels are speaking to the infant, who smiles in its sleep is a prevalent belief with the rustic mothers in Ireland a sweet and poetic idea if true or not—I am willing to believe it F. W.

"MY MOTHER KNOWS BEST."

A party of little girls stood talking beneath my window. Some nice plan was on foot; they were going into the woods, and they meant to make oak-leaf trimming, and pick berries, and carry luncheon. Oh, it was a fine time they meant to have. "Now," said they to one of their number, "Ellen, you run home and ask your mother if you may go. Tell her we are all going and you must." Ellen, with her green cape bonnet, skipped across the way, and went into the house opposite. She was gone some time.

The little girls kept looking up to the windows very impatiently. At length the door opened, and Ellen came down the steps. She did not seem to be in a hurry to join her companions and they cried out, "You got leave? You are going are you?" Ellen shook her head, and said that her mother could not let her go. "Oh," cried the children, "it is too bad! Not go! It is really unkind in your mother." "I would make her let you." "I would go whether or no."

"My mother knows best," was Ellen's answer, and it was a beautiful one. Her lip quivered a very little, for I suppose she wished to go, and was much disappointed not to get leave; but she did not look angry or pouting, and her voice was very gentle but very firm, when she said—"My mother knows best."

There are a great many occasions when mothers do not see fit to give their children leave to go where and on what they wish to; and how often are they rebellious and pouting in consequence of it. But this is not the true way for it is not pleasing to God.—The true way is cheerful acquiescence in your mother's decision. Trust her, and smooth down your ruffled feelings by the sweet and beautiful thought. "My mother knows best. It will save you many tears and much sorrow. It is the gratitude you owe her, who has done and suffered so much for you.

GOOD MANNERS.

You can scarcely give a boy a worse name than to say he is ill-bred, saucy and impudent. Every body avoids such boys as much as possible. Sensible people are annoyed by his impertinence, and give him a "wide berth." They regard him very much as they do the mosquito—a pert and ill-mannered intruder whose littleness alone saves him from the doom which his attacks deserve. Some boys have their ill-manners so plainly stamped upon their faces that you can tell them as far as you can see them. The bold stare; the impudent and the brazen air of assurance, tell us their character very plainly, before they have opened their mouths. There is something very repulsive in all this, I am glad that I can say that the lowest and worst development of a bad habit is not common.

If full bloomed impudence is so unlovely a flower