

Kingdom to British possessions or to foreign countries from 1846 to 1850 inclusive. It appears that the total number of emigrants during the five years was 1,216,557. Of these 53,431 were despatched by the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, leaving 1,163,123 as the number which have actually emigrated at their own expense. The number of adults which embarked from Deptford was 22,690, and from Plymouth 29,338. The expense of conveying emigrants sent for embarkation from London within the same period amounted to £8,634 14s. 4d., and from London to Plymouth £52 1s. 6d.

AN ADDRESS TO THE FREEMASONS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

A rich man lived 'mid all that Lite could know  
Of Peace and Plenty in our lot below;  
His wealth was ready and his hand was kind,  
Where friends might sue or rigid Duty bind.  
He gave to kindred, and bestowed his aid  
Where Right could sanction the demand it made:  
But there he paused—his bosom never felt  
Compassion's impulse kindle, rise, and melt.  
With stoic ease he turned from every cause  
That had no claim except through Mercy's laws;  
And coldly good, he measured out his span,  
An honest, moral, true, and prudent man.

The rich man died—and cleansed from earthly leaven,  
Upward he sprang on pinions stretch'd for Heaven.  
Onward he soared, and well-nigh reached the gate  
Where Angel sentries ever watch and wait;  
But there he fluttered—just below the place  
Where Bliss and Glory pour their crowning grace;  
Striving with hope to gain the eternal height,  
And weakly drooping as he sought the flight.  
" 'Tis vain," the Angel Keeper cried, " 'Tis vain;  
Thou must return and dwell on earth again;  
One feather more thy ample wings must wear,  
Ere they will bear thee through this ambient air;  
Good as thou art, go back to human dust;  
Man to be godlike must be more than just."

The humbled Spirit took its downward way,  
And here resumed its working garb of clay;  
For threescore years and ten it stemm'd Life's tide,  
And breathed and thought—the trying and the tried,  
Still was he honest, still he loved the best  
The ones who claimed the kindness in his breast,  
Still was he trusted as the type of truth,  
The moral oracle of age and youth,  
His love began with mother, wife, child, friend;  
But there he found Affection must not end.  
His gentle sympathy now turned to heed  
The stranger's sorrow, and the stranger's need;  
With right good will he ever sought to dry  
The tear that dimmed the lonely orphan's eye;  
He gave his pity, and bestowed his gold  
Where want abided with the poor and old;  
He burst the bonds of duty's narrow thrall,  
His soul grew wider, and he felt for all.  
The rich man died—again his spirit flew,  
On through the broad, Elysian fields of blue;  
Higher—still higher—till he saw once more,  
The crystal arch he failed to reach before:  
And trembling there, he feared to task his might,  
To travel further in the realms of light.  
"Fear not," the Angel Warder cried, "I see

The plume that now will waft thee on to me,  
Thy wings have now the feather that alone  
Lifts thee created to the Maker's throne.  
'Tis Mercy—bounteous Mercy—warm and wide,  
That brings the mortal to the Maker's side,  
'Tis dove-eyed Mercy defies the dust;  
Man to be godlike must be more than just.  
Up to thy place." The Spirit soon obeyed  
The Angel's word—a tone of music played  
In melting murmurs round the field of blue,  
As cherubs came to lead the Spirit through.  
The crystal portal opened at the strain,  
The Spirit passed—the Angel watched again,  
Still crying to the short-winged sons of dust,  
"Man to be godlike must be more than just."

Ye—willing workers in a sacred band,  
Among the noblest in our noble land;  
Ye gladly build, in Charity's blest name,  
The Christian altars raised to England's fame;  
Altars that serve to break the storms that rage  
In fearful gloom round poverty and age;  
Ye help the helpless with a cheerful zeal,  
Ye feel for want as man should ever feel;  
Ye shed the essence of your God around,  
For God is seen where Charity is found.

Fear not to die, for freely do ye spare  
Some of the "talents" trusted to your care;  
Well may ye hope to gain the highest flight;  
Toward the portal of celestial light,  
For if that portal Mercy's plume can win,  
Ye bear the pinions that shall let you in.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF THE COUNTY OF MONTREAL.

THE County of Montreal Agricultural Society offer the following premiums to be awarded at the Fair and Cattle Show, to be held at the Viger Market, in the City of Montreal, on Tuesday the 20th April next, at 11 A. M.

For the best Draught Stallion.....	£5	0	0
For the 2nd Ditto .....	4	0	0
For the 3rd Ditto .....	2	10	0
For the best Saddle Stallion.....	5	0	0
For the 2nd Ditto .....	3	0	0

CONDITIONS.

That the Horses taking Premiums shall stand for the use of Mares in the County of Montreal, at least three days per week during the ensuing season. The owners shall be bound to notify the Secretary of the Society, and otherwise publicly advertise the places where their horses will stand.

That the use of such Horses shall not be refused to a reasonable number of applicants, Members of the Society, at a moderate charge, viz: Not over four dollars per Mare.

The Premiums awarded will be paid at the County Cattle Show in October next, upon the production of Certificate that the Horse taking premium has covered at least 12 Mares during the season.

By order,

JAMES SMITH,

Sec. County M. A. Society.

N. B. Members of the Society and intending Subscribers are requested to take notice, that parties failing to pay their Subscriptions previous to the 1st August, cannot exercise privileges of membership, compete for Premiums, &c., and as this rule will be rigorously carried out, parties are earnestly urged to govern themselves accordingly.

Montreal, 16th March, 1852.