

ops, who were then prisoners in England, was three-halfpence per day. Although wages were so low, things at that time were so cheap that 24 eggs were sold for a penny; a pair of shoes for fourpence; a fat goose for twopence half-penny; a hen for a penny; eight bushels of wheat for two shillings; and a fat-ox for six shillings and eightpence. In 1336, wheat, per quarter, two shillings; a fat sheep sixpence; a fat goose twopence; and a pig one penny.—See *Fleetwood's Chronicon Praecios.*

## A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

"I only tell you what yourselves do know."

*Mark Antony.*

Farmers often need a little jogging; they need to be reminded of what they already know; they have many cares in summer, and when they have no memorandum to refer to, they let slip the opportunity of performance at the most proper seasons. "There is a time for all things," but time is always most under our controul when we take it by the foretop.

There is a class of farmers who reason well, but who do not act in accordance with their own theories—

"They know the right and they approve it too, Condemn the wrong and yet the wrong pursue."

Thus you will find large land owners admitting that they have more acres than they profit from; yet these very men continue to add "field to field." They have not money to spare to pay for an agriculture paper, but they have money for land, while the old farm remains but half cultivated for the want of a little enterprise. You find men every where admitting they plant over too much ground; that it yields them no profit; yet they pursue the same course from year to year. They seem to be as much afraid of planting a less number of acres than formerly, as of owning a less number. They have not manure enough to spread over four acres, and instead of putting two of the four in good order, and getting a crop that will repay the labour, whilst the other two are recruiting by ploughing under what may grow on them, they will spend their valuable time in endeavoring to make a little manure go a great way. They will dole out a mess to each hill, for fear the roots of the corn and the potatoes will not be able to find it unless the seed is buried in it.

A very slight variation in the management of a farm will often increase the profits enough to pay for a dozen agricultural papers—a single hint we are often told, has been of more service to the subscriber, than the cost of a year's subscription—yet we have many landholders who give not the least encouragement to an agricultural paper! They lift not a finger to circulate facts, experience, knowledge of husbandry; though they are sensible of their own deficiencies.

There is one class of landholders which the world will never cease to admire. They make themselves familiar with the contents of these papers, yet contribute nothing to its support. They persuade hired men to take them, or they borrow of neighbours—then they are heard to say, that they can manage their farms as well as those who subscribe. We hope, for the honour of the profession, that there are but few of this class:—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

## BEWARE OF DEBT.

KEEP out of debt. Avoid it, as you would war, pestilence and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Do any thing that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet, independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, sweet sleep, pleasant dreams and happy wakings, keep out of debt.

As you love freedom, keep out of debt.—Debt is the hardest of all task-masters, the cruellest of all oppressors. It is a small millstone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the whole firmament of a man's being. It eclipses the sun, it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful blue of the sky. It breaks up the harmony of nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of its melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles, it plucks the eye of its light, it drags all nobleness and kingliness out of the port and bearing of a man. It takes the soul out of his laugh,

and all steadiness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion. Pass by it as you would pass by the leper, or one smitten with the plague. Touch it not. Taste not of its fruit, for it shall turn to bitterness and ashes on your lips. Finally, we say, to each and to all, but we speak especially to you, young men—KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

## INTERESTING FACT.

There is at present, in the possession of an individual in this place, a male canary of about fifteen years of age, that is unable to feed itself, and to whose musical powers Father Time has put a complete stop. On the floor, but in a separate apartment, is another male canary, a son of the aged bird. This young one, being allowed to leave his cage early in the morning, and fly about at pleasure, is in the practice of visiting his old friend and kindly feeding him as birds feed their young; and this he does several times in the course of the day. He also perches on the cage of his progenitor, and sings with great spirit, no doubt to cheer up his old relative in his declining day. The old bird has a particular way of calling on this prop of his old age, when he requires his services, which are always given and received with mutual satisfaction.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

## CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

NEW POST OFFICE REGULATIONS.—There is one part of the Post Office arrangements that is objectionable, namely, the charge of 1d. each on all papers sent to the United States, or received from thence, in addition to the United States postage on the latter. Why a paper should be charged 1d. to or from the Province line, 8 or 10 miles, when the charge is only a halfpenny to the extremities of the Province, is more than we can understand. The postage on a paper from the States is now 2d.—so that a daily paper will cost 1s. per week, or 52s. per year postage—more than doubling the original cost. And in addition, we have to pay 1d. on every paper sent thither, making 4s. 2d. more; so that the postage to pay for a daily paper with our exchange will be 56s. 2d. per annum. The postage to or from the lines should be the same as to other parts of the Province, a halfpenny, and no more. We call the attention of the Deputy Post Master General to this subject. He may not have power to alter the rate, but he can represent the matter to the authorities at home. If the design of this double tax on papers to or from the States be to hinder the circulation of their newspapers, it is highly illiberal and impolitic, for, as we receive our earliest foreign intelligence from New York, their papers must of necessity be taken here.—*Kingston Herald.*

## LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the merchant-ship *Sea*, Captain Edwards, arrived at New York, London dates to the 16th and Liverpool to the 18th December have been received.

The intelligence from the Old World is not of much importance: and if we may judge from that never-failing barometer of the affairs of the nation, the Funds, we may conclude that all is going on pretty well in old England.

The most interesting item of news is the account of the affairs of Spain. The capital of that beautiful but wretched country has been again the scene of another sanguinary conflict between the troops and the populace. Opposed as we are to the principle of intervention in the affairs of other nations, we do think it high time that the rest of the civilized world should interfere in the settlement of matters in that country, and save the Spaniards and Spain from utter destruction in despite of themselves.—*Courier.*

The British Parliament is to meet on the 1st of February for the dispatch of business.

The death of the Rev. Mr. Tyrell, the Irish repealer, furnishes matter for extended comment, and for the strangest statements in the Irish papers. The Dublin Packet doubts that he is dead; and intimates that if he really is dead, he probably committed suicide. The Pilot denounces these as fabrications.

## LATER FROM THE NESTORIANS.

THERE is, in some of the London papers received by the *Hibernia*, an extract of a letter from Mosul, of very great interest. The substance of it is, that the Tiyary Nestorians, who had been driven across the Zab, being reinforced by the tribes among whom they had taken refuge, have recrossed the river, recovered Ardishai and other villages, driven the Koords from the greater part

of the Tiyary country, and seized several of the mountain passes by which alone the country can be invaded. "Ardishai" is evidently a mistake for Ashita, the principal Tiyary village, where the American mission-house was built, as Ardishai is a little more than twenty miles southward from Ooroomiah, near the lake, and not among the mountains.

This report is worthy of the more attention, because letters previously received in this city announced that such an attempt was in contemplation. Very probably the success of the Nestorians has been exaggerated; but there seems little reason to doubt the recovery of Ashita, Lazan, and other important places.

These facts seem to confirm the suspicion that the number of Nestorians slaughtered by the Koords has not been so great as is usually supposed. The ferocity of the Koords does not appear to have been exaggerated. They butchered men, women, and children without mercy, and to the extent of their ability; except that they kept a few for slaves. But their advance was repeatedly checked by the desperate valour of small parties of Nestorians, while the great body retired sullenly across the Zab, meditating vengeance.

The mountain Nestorians, of both sexes and all ages, have never been estimated at more than about 100,000 fighting men engaged in this war; and Dr. Grant thinks they may have had as many as 70,000. To be defeated after all, they will esteem an intolerable disgrace. We may therefore expect another onset, more determined than the former. On the other hand, it is plain that the Nestorians are absolutely desperate. They expect no mercy, and would have no confidence in any treaty that their enemies could propose. They have no expectation of any future safety for their property, their liberty, or their lives, except such as they secure for themselves with their swords. The only alternative before their minds is, to expel the enemy, or be exterminated.—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

ANOTHER MASSACRE OF THE NESTORIANS.—Advices from Constantinople of the 23d November announces the receipt of intelligence from Mas-sout of another slaughter by the Turks of the Nestorian Christians. Upwards of 200 of the latter were believed to have fallen under the Ottoman cimeter.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ÆTNA.—By the Neapolitan steamer *Francesco I.*, which arrived yesterday morning, November 22, we have received an account of the breaking forth of Mount Ætna. The mountain had been for some days heavily capped with dense clouds; some rumblings were heard at times, resembling distant thunder; and many persons, especially on the west side near Bonte, imagined that they felt at intervals slight shocks of earthquake, or tremblings of the earth. On Saturday, about midnight, several violent explosions were heard, and fire was soon seen to ascend near the mouth of the old crater. The stream of lava gradually increased in extent, and took a course toward the town of Bronte: luckily a few hillocks to its left served to turn the direction, which then flowed on toward the road to Palermo. On Monday this stream of liquid fire had attained the destructive breadth of upwards of two miles; it still flowed on, destroying everything in its path.—The road to Palermo is closed up, filled with burning lava. The sight is awful, grand, beautiful, yet terrific beyond description. It bids fair to be the most magnificent eruption of the last century. Pray heaven it may not be more destructive; as yet its damages have been confined to a few houses and vineyards.—*Malta paper, Nov. 26.*

LAUNCESTON.—We have great pleasure in informing our readers that an old and valued friend of Methodism was lately elected Mayor of the ancient borough of Launceston, in the person of Mr. Dingley who has been 30 years a local preacher, and for many years past circuit steward. Mr. Dingley is the first Mayor of Launceston, since the days of the Commonwealth, who has not conformed to the custom of lending himself to a public exhibition on the Sunday following his election, by walking in procession robed from one end of the parish church to the other, preceded by the town sergeants carrying maces, &c., a custom entirely at variance with the simplicity of religious worship under the Christian dispensation; neither would he give his sanction by nominating a proxy, but attended the Wesleyan Chapel as usual, thereby showing that all denominations of Christians stand on terms of perfect equality.—*Wesleyan Chronicle.*