Wellington Mercury,

GUELPH CHRONICLE, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

NO. 41.--VOL. IX. GUELPH, CANADA WEST, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1862. WHOLE NO. 457

Business Directory.

George Palmer,
BARRISTER and Attorney-at-Law, Master and Deputy Registrar in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. No. 2, Day's Buildings, opposite the Market.
Guelph, March 23 1861. 391

Israel N. Winstanley,
BARRISTER and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, in Chancery and Conveyancer, Fergus, C. W. Office in Ferrier's Block, St. Andrew's Street.
Fergus, March 23, 1861. 591

Messrs. Lemon & Peterson,
BARRISTERS and Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c., Guelph, C. W.
ANDREW LEMON. H. W. PETERSON.
Guelph, Nov. 1, 1861. 423

Marriage Licenses
ISSUED by authority, at the Division Court Office, Guelph. A. A. BAKER, AGENT.
Guelph, Dec. 21, 1859.

A. Saint Lawrence Mackintosh,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Land and General Agent, Conveyancer, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, &c. Division Court Business attended to. Wild Lands examined and reported on. Walkerton, County of Bruce.
March 20, 1857. 161

Leslie Battersby,
LAND, Insurance, and General Agent, Broker, &c.
Dec. 6, 1856.

Plans and Specifications.
DAVID MURRAY, ARCHITECT,
HAS Resumed the practice of his Profession in Guelph.
Office at his residence in Liverpool street.
Guelph, May 31, 1862. 452

S. D. MATTHEWS,
CARPENTER, JOINER, AND BUILDER,
(From Cornwall, England,)
AFTER having had 13 years' experience in Canada, can do anything in his line cheaper than can be done at any other Establishment in Town.
Farmers will do well to call at this Establishment. Plans, Estimates, and Work, valued on reasonable terms.
S. D. MATTHEWS.
Sashes, Doors, and Blinds, always on hand, and made to order.
Guelph, June 15, 1861. 42

Warden's Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given, that the Warden will attend at the Office of the County Clerk, on the FIRST WEDNESDAY in each month, between the hours of 11 and 2 o'clock, for the transaction of County business.
Guelph, Feb. 9, 1861. 385

Wellington County Council.
THE Office of the Clerk of the County Council in Guelph, will be open the FIRST WEDNESDAY in each month.
Letters on County business had better be addressed to Fergus.
A. D. FERRIER, Clerk Wellington County Council.
COURT HOUSE, GUELPH, Feb. 1, 1861. 385

T. TROTTER, DENTIST, GUELPH.
TEETH inserted on Gold, Silver, Vulcanized Rubber, and all the improved Dental Bases now in use.
REFERENCES by permission to Drs. Clarke, Howitt, Herod, and Parker, Guelph; Dr. Gardiner, resident Surgeon, Toronto Hospital; Drs. Bull, Pattulo, and Scholfield, Brampton; Drs. Barnhart and Crombie, Streetsville; Dr. Wright, Georgetown; Dr. McGavin, Acton; Drs. Ogden and Flock, Oakville; Drs. Hume and Freeman, Milton; Drs. Paget and Middleton, Elora; Dr. Munro, Fergus; Dr. Ghent, Mount Forest.
In addition to the above references, I take the liberty of publishing the two following testimonials:—
I feel great pleasure in bearing testimony to the professional skill of Mr. T. TROTTER, in all branches of Dental Surgery, and can safely recommend him to all those who may require the aid of a Dentist.
WM. CLARKE, M. D.
Guelph, May 9, 1861.
Guelph, July 17, 1861.
I have had many opportunities of judging of Mr. T. TROTTER's skill in Dental Surgery, and would confidently recommend him to all requiring the services of a Dentist.
JOHN HOWITT, M. D.
403

A. M. JACKSON,
(Late Deputy Registrar, County of Wellington,)
Land and General Agent, CONVEYANCER,
Commissioner in the Queen's Bench, &c.
LOANS obtained, and Moneys invested on Security of Real Estate.
Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, Wills, Agreements, and other instruments of writing, accurately prepared on reasonable terms.
☞ Office at his residence, opposite the County Registry Office.
Guelph, Feb. 15, 1862. 437

JOHN STREET,
(LATE OF STREETSVILLE.)
Office,—No. 3, Day's Block, GUELPH, C. W.,
LAND and GENERAL AGENT, Conveyancer and Valuator, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, Agent for the Collection of Debts and for suits in the Division Courts. Registry Office, Heir and Devisee, and Crown Lands business attended to. Lands and Houses bought, sold, exchanged, leased, &c., both in Town and Country. Agent for the Edinburgh Life Assurance Company.
Money to Lend on Freehold Security.
Deeds, Contracts, Mortgages, Wills, Assignments, Agreements, &c., prepared.
All communications by post, must be prepaid.
Guelph, Feb. 15, 1862. 437

CHAS. DAVIDSON,
LAND, INSURANCE, AND GENERAL AGENT.
Wyndham Street, GUELPH, C. W.
ALSO, Valuator for the Trust and Loan Co. OF UPPER CANADA; AND FOR THE Canada Permanent Building and Saving Society.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. Of the County of Wellington.
AGENT FOR THE Colonial Life Assurance Co.
AGENT FOR THE Home Insurance Co., N.Y.
AGENT FOR THE HARTFORD INSURANCE CO.
HAS NOW FOR SALE
3000 Acres of Wild Land
In the following Township in the Counties of Wellington and Grey—Minto, Amaranth, Normanby, Sullivan, Luther, Arthur, and Garafraxa. AT VERY REASONABLE RATES.
ALSO, IMPROVED FARMS
In the Township of Guelph, from 50 to 200 acres in extent, good Land, and eligibly situated, and to be sold on reasonable terms.
Also, Improved Farms in the Townships of Erin, Eramosa, Nichol, Garafraxa, and Peel.
☞ Good Investments on Real Estate procured.
Charles Davidson.
Guelph, March 1, 1862. 3m-439

Business Directory.

Dr. Herod,
Quebec St., Guelph.
Guelph, Nov. 1, 1861.

Mr. Saunders,
Barrister-at-Law,
No. 1, Day's Block, Guelph.
Guelph, May 3, 1862. tf-448

M. Phillips, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR, Office, No. 5, Day's Block.
Particular attention paid to Diseases of the Chest.
Guelph, April 26, 1862. 447

Farmers' Arms Hotel, Guelph,
BY WM. UNDERHILL. Good accommodation for Travellers and Boarders. Excellent Larder. Comfortable well-aired Beds. The Stand is very convenient, being situated in the most business part of the Town, a few yards from the Post Office.
Guelph, Aug. 1855.

Stephen Boult,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
RESPECTFULLY thanks the public in Guelph and vicinity for seven years liberal patronage, he will continue to use all his long experience and energy to give every satisfaction.
Plans, specifications and working drawings prepared on short notice, and works superintended for a small compensation.
My Joiner shop is complete with excellent machinery, good workmen and dry materials. Every description of Ornamental and Common joiners work prepared to order with despatch. Dimensions taken and Joinery prepared and shipped to any distance ready for fixing. Sashes, doors and blinds made to order, and on hand planing, and moulding by machinery done well and cheap.
Guelph, May 16th, 1862. 450

FUNERALS.
THE Subscriber wishes to return thanks to the public for all past support, and would state that he still continues to attend to Funerals, and that his HANDSOME HEARSE continues to be let out on such occasions, on reasonable terms. All orders for the furnishing of Funerals promptly attended to, at the old stand, Nelson Crescent, Guelph, and the support of the public respectfully solicited.
NATHAN TOVELL.

Sashes, Doors, Blinds, &c. &c.
The Subscriber would also state that he has splendid MOULDING MACHINERY, for the manufacture of doors, sash, blinds, mouldings &c., and will supply such articles as cheap or cheaper than any other establishment in the County of Wellington. Orders respectfully solicited.
Guelph, Nov. 1st, 1861. NATHAN TOVELL.

THE GUELPH LIVERY AND SALE STABLES,
Opposite the G. T. R. Station.
JAMES A. THORP
BEGS respectfully to inform his friends and the pleasure driving public, that he has recently made some important additions to his stock of
Horses, Carriages, Buggies, &c.
He can now furnish them with a neater and more comfortable turn-out than any other Livery Stable in Guelph. Suitable conveyances for Commercial Travellers. His prices are always the same, viz.:—Lower than any other Stable in Guelph. Those who study appearance, convenience, and comfort, can be better accommodated at James A. Thorp's than elsewhere in Guelph.
Clean Buggies and Fresh Horses always at hand, on the shortest notice.
Guelph, May 10, 1862. 449

GUELPH Wine and Spirit VAULTS, DAY'S BLOCK,
ESTABLISHED FOR THE SALE OF PURE WINES AND SPIRITS.
JUST RECEIVED and for Sale, Wolfe's Aromatic
SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS,
HENNESSEY'S
PALE AND DARK BRANDIES,
DE KUYPER AND OLD TOM GIN,
PORT & SHERRY WINES,
CLARET, CIGARS, &c., &c.
ORANGES AND LEMONS,
Sugar cured Hams, Cocoa Nuts, Lobsters and Sardines, Finnan Haddies, Oysters, Yarmouth Bloaters &c. &c.
WHISKEY BY THE QUART, GALLON, OR BARREL.
JOSEPH GRAND, Wine and Spirit Merchant.
Guelph, April 19, 1862. 446.

"O that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths to steal away their brains,"
WHEN BY PROCURING FROM
A. TARRANT,
AT HIS
Soda Water Manufactory.
ELORA ROAD,
Near Davidson's Marble Works,
A SUPPLY of his delicious Summer beverage, the cooling, refreshing moments so eagerly sought after during the hot and dusty months can be obtained without the prostrating effects incidental to intoxicating liquors.
From the Subscriber's long experience in the manufacture of
SODA WATER,
He can safely assert that the article manufactured by him cannot be equalled in this section of the country.
HOTELS AND FAMILIES
Supplied with the Best article on the most liberal terms. All orders from a distance promptly attended to.
A. TARRANT, Elora Road.
Guelph, April 19, 1862. 446

Resolution of Quarter Sessions Respecting Appeals.

OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE PEACE, GUELPH, 12th June, 1862.

THE following resolution touching the proceedings to be taken in respect to appeals against convictions by Justices of the Peace out of Sessions, was ordered to be made known for the benefit of the public generally.

By order,
THOMAS SAUNDERS, Clerk of the Peace.

Resolved,—That appeals shall not be entertained hereafter, unless entered on the first day of the sessions, and that such appeals shall be disposed of on the first day of the Court, unless postponed by leave of this Court, and that an affidavit of the service of a notice of appeal, sworn to before a Justice of the Peace for this County, shall be received as evidence of the service of such notice. And that the Clerk of the Peace be instructed to have this resolution made public, and that a copy of the same be furnished to each Magistrate in the County.

DAVID STIRTON, Chairman.
Guelph, June 12, 1862. 454-4t

Poetry.

An Hour at the Old Play-Ground.

BY HENRY MONFORD.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream,
Where we were schoolboys in old time,
When manhood was a dream.
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away,
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been plowed by stranger hands,
Since you and I were gone.

The chesnut tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now—
The broken grape vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough;
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring
That bubbled down the alder path
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot this many a day,
It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill;
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still!
The birds sing yet among the boughs,
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lies as in old time,
That same half-panel in this path,
We used so oft to climb—
And thought how o'er the bars of life
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on this spot
The faces that are gone.

Literature.

Ethan Spike on the Merrimac.

HORNBY, June 28, 1862.

Wot is it abeout that ere buttin consarn—the Merromuck? Some say she's no longer *non-est*—hes bust her biler or kerlapsed her ingine, an hes gone daown to the subterannean depths of the hevin billows—which is likewise tempestoos round abeout. Others—that she's with Gineral Fremaunt at Mernassus or Pike's Peak; but up here we moust ginerally think she's run the blockhed—through the gut of Kansas—an is naew on a rampage daown East.

Knowin the importance of Hornby to the Union, its people naterally feel anxious that it should be properly defended; not that they care a cuss abeout theirselves—but ollers actooated by that sublime patriotism which—is kalkerlated to do the greatest good to them as practises it.

An knowin the inemy would strike at Hornby first, I was sent to Orgusty as a committee of the hull on coastwise defences or offences if we needed em.

I faound the Guvernor to hum—and a mighty perlite, peirte body he is, too.

"Haow dew you dew?" says the Guverner, says he. "Mr. Spike," says he, "Ise heern tell of you—but never before did my mortal visuals rest on your improvin countinents. Ets good for soar eyes, polly-femus in the nose and gitter in the hed, to look at yer," says he.

I told him that I'd ollers bin accounted good for them deceases, likewise pretty sartin I'd the mumps, and death on fitz an rebellsus fevers. And then says I, Guverner—how dew you dew?"

"Pretty well, I thank you," says he, exceptin a bad cold, which hes settled on the borax, but ef the braown creeter convalescence don't set in, I don't keer.—Otherways, I'm so's to be crawlin"

Then we did'nt boath of us say nothing more for some time. The Guverner picked his teeth, and I got aout my knife an undertook to whittle the cheer, but the fust lick, I broke the blade agin a nail.

I fairly squalled—I was so mad.

"Blast your od rotted nails to eternal blastnation!" says I.

The Guvernor laughed.

"Hev to put nails in all the tables an cheers," says he, "elsewhere, I should hev to get a new set every month. Tew sets at least would be whittled up every time the gineral court sot.

I was riled, an well I mought—'twas a ripper, that blade—arter honin it on a brick I could split a hair—crossways—without bearin on much. For a minit I looked starn—but when I reflected that I could charge it to the taown in my bill of expenses, I mollified—I aout laughed the Guverner.

"No consequence," says I, "the knife want woth a speckled cuss—Ise glad you hed nails in the cheer," says I.

An then we shook hands agin.

Arter another long paws of interegnum. The Guvener looked at me kinder sly, an says he—

"Mr. Spike, you wanted to see me for suthin?"

"Haow do you know that?" says I.

"Come, come," says he, slappin me on the shoulder an laughin; "Ise heern of you, you cuss, a parfect daown East metter Nick an tallerrand," says he, "but out with it old boy."

"Wal," said I, "air you aware of the importance of Hornby to the perpetooation of the palaydiums of the Union?"

"Mr. Spike, I are."

"Wal, then, here's a nutshell, Portland, Saouth Barwick Junction, Kennebunk, Baldwin and Blackstrop hev all bin fortyfied. We are modest, we don't expect to go as high as forty, or even thirty, but we do think we orter be fied some, ef 'taein't more'n fifteen. Give us a few Bombastic flotillers, a dozen or tew each Combombords, Dan'l Green Parrotts an Winfield rifles, a lot of procrastination caps, a basket full of comical shells, with steel pints, a few revolvin turrens to fix into canawl boats, several or more if you have em to spare, iron clad monsters, ten berrils Medford rum, and ditto flaour, abeout 4000,00000—"

"There, there, hold on, Mr. Spike," interrupted the Guvernor. "You hev named armaments enough for the rock of Jibbernaenosy. What on airth do you want it for?"

"*Isril Washbun*," says I, "*the Merrymouck is abroad!*" says I.

"Po," says he, "that critter was blowed up three weeks ago."

Says I—

"Isril, it hain't so, it's a federal lie, that briny behemouth of the deep is naow on your coast."

"Wal, sposin she is—haow is she going to get to Hornby?"

"By the canawls," says I.

"But how kin she git through the locks?"

"Isril," says I, "*she'll pick 'em!*"

"God bless my soul!" say he, "I never thought of that. I'll call a caouncil metin to-night."

Look before you Kick.

A minister, in one of the Orthodox Churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of its members, an old lady, who lived near the road he was travelling. The old lady had just been making some sausages, and she felt very proud of them, they were so plump, round, and sweet. Of course she insisted on the minister taking some home to his family. He objected, on account of not having his portmanteau along. This was overruled; and the old lady, wrapping them up in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in each pocket of the preacher's capacious coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral. While attending to the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking these whelps away. The obsequies of the grave completed, the minister and people repaired to the church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached. After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to the congregation, when a brother who wished to have an appointment given out, ascended the pulpit steps, and gave the minister's coat a hitch to attract his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having a design upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good man sprawling full length on the floor. 'You will excuse me, brethren and sisters,' said the minister; confusedly, and without looking at the work he had done, 'for I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pocket, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises.'

Vulcan's Drouth Quenched.

A few days ago a worthy son of Vulcan, who had been engaged late at a committee meeting of his brethren on the previous evening, felt exceedingly thirsty in the morning, from the dry discussion over night; but, unfortunately, the 'ways and means' had evaporated in some unaccountable manner, and the pockets were by no means replenished like

"The hole in the wa',
When heleh customers ca'."

Nothing daunted by a state of affairs which would have tried the wits even of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Vulcan sallied forth, viewing the verdant gardens and inhaling the delightful fragrance of the coming Ma[illegible]. Chancing to pass the door of an intelligent and portly publican, whose liquor is perhaps almost as good as himself, Vulcan, after a few preparatory or inductory remarks about the weather, the hay crops, and so on, at last boldly ejaculated: 'Losh, man, I was at a committee meetin' last nicht; I think I wad na' be the waur o' my mornin'?' 'Touts, touts—nonsense, man—ye'll drink me out o' house an ha'—ye'll drink me dry a' thegether! It canna do ye now!' It may readily be supposed that Vulcan 'gathered up his bones,' and stood as erect as ever Tubal Cain, his great forefather, did. 'Never mind,' responded Vulcan, 'we'll try—' (naming another publican); 'I'll bet ye a sovereign I'll come on better there!' The 'iron man' walked accordingly into the other publican's house, where some jolly masons and others were enjoying themselves, and did them the honor of partaking with them. One of these, who rejoices in the cognomen of Dr M——, came out earlier than the others, and met the first-named publican at his door, who accosted him with—'Did you see Vulcan?' 'Ou, aye,' responded the doctor, 'I've just had a glass or twa wi' him—he's changed a pund note, and has ither twa in his hand—he treated us a' like a gentleman!' 'Dear me,' said the publican, 'he was just askin' me for his mornin' no three minutes ago!' Vulcan having had a short crack with his friends the masons, bethought himself of going home to his breakfast, but in passing met his friend the landlord first mentioned, standing at his door, when the following colloquy ensued: 'I think, Vulcan, ye micht hae come my road?'

Vulcan—'Did I no tell ye I wanted my morning?'

Mine Host—'Yes, and ye would be welcome to it; come in, man, and I'll gie ye a glass o' first-rate bitters!'

Vulcan—'I'll do that just to obleege ye.'

(Enter the landlord and Vulcan, when the splendid 'bitters' are rapidly discussed.)

Mine Host—'Now, Vulcan, it was too bad of you to go and change pund notes in another house, an' pass me by, especially as ye ken my whiskey is the very best in the city of the Rock.'

Vulcan—'Me change a pund! Wha tell'd ye that?'

Mine host—'Wha wad tell me but ye're worthy friend, Dr. M——?'

Vulcan—'I'll tell ye this—let the doctor say what he likes—that your whisky is quite unequalled in the city o' the Rock, and your bitters the 'real thing;' but as for money, my pockets are as empty as my stomach was o' whisky or bitters when I asked ye for my mornin'.'

[Exit the landlord in astonishment to an adjoining apartment.]

What's in a Name.

There is a confounded deal in a name. You are at a public dinner table. Smith, the grocer says—

'Rice is down again.'

'Is Rice down again?' asked the minister. 'I am sorry to hear it. I was in hopes he had permanently reformed.'

'I was speaking of rice the vegetable,' replied the grocer.

'Ah, ah, indeed!' exclaimed the minister, 'I was speaking of Rice, the man. Ha! ho! he! he!'

'Wool has advanced,' says a dealer in th[illegible].

'Has he?' asked a military man, 'which way is he marching now?'

'I was speaking of the wool of the sheep,' is the reply.

'I beg your pardon; I supposed you were speaking of Wool the general.'

'What is butter worth?' asks some one of the grocer.

'Butterworth is a Hard Shell Democrat,' at once responded a politician, whose thoughts are wholly engrossed on the coming election.

This confounding of names and things is endless, and sometimes is very annoying.

American Women.

Anthony Trollope, the well known writer has written a book of travels in America. His description of American women is not very flattering. Here is a picture of one in an omnibus.

The woman, as she enters, drags after her a mis-shapen dirty mass of wire-work which she calls her crinoline, and which adds as much to her grace and comfort as a log of wood does to a donkey when tied to the animal's leg in a paddock. Of this she takes much heed, not managing it so that it may be conveyed up the carriage with some decency, but striking it about against men's legs, and heaving it with violence over people's knees The touch of a real woman's dress is in itself delicate; but these blows from a harpey's fins are loathsome. If there be two of them they talk loudly together, having a theory that modesty has been put out of court by woman's rights. But, tho' not modest, the woman is ferocious in her propriety. She ignores the whole world around her, and as she sits with raised chin and face flattened by affectation; she pretends to declare aloud that she is positively not aware that any man is even near her. She speaks as though to her, in her womanhood, the neighborhood of men was the same as that of dogs or cats. They are there, but she does not hear them, see them, or even acknowledge them by any courtesy or motion. But her own face always gives her the lie. In her assumption of indifference she displays her nasty consciousness, and in each attempt at a would be propriety is guilty of an immodesty. Who do not know the timid retiring face of the young girl who, when alone among men unknown to her, feels that it becomes her to keep herself secluded? As many men are there around her, so many knights has such a one, ready bucklered for service, should occasion require such services. Should it not, she passes on unmolested—but not, as she herself will wrongly think, unheeded. But as to her of whom I am speaking, we may say that every twist of her body and every tone of her voice is an unsuccessful falsehood. She looks square at you in the face, and you rise to give her your seat. You rise from a deference to your old convictions and from that courtesy which you have ever paid to a woman's dress, let it be worn with ever such hideous deformities. She takes the place from which you have moved without a word or a bow. She twists herself round, banging your shins with her wires while her chin is still raised, and her face is still flattened, and she directs her friends attention to another seated man, as though that place was also vacant, and necessarily at her disposal. Perhaps the man opposite has his own notions about chivalry. I have seen such a thing, and have rejoiced to see it. You will meet these women daily, hourly, everywhere in the streets. Now and again you will find them in society, making themselves even more odius than elsewhere. Who they are, whence they come, and why they are so unlike that other race of women of which I have spoken, you will settle for yourself. Do we not all say of our chance acquaintances, after half-an-hour's conversation—nay, half an hour in the same room without conversation—that this woman is a lady, and that the other woman is not? They jostle each other even among us, but never seem to mix. They are closely allied, but neither imbues the other with her attributes.

Cuba A Paradise for Wives.

Mr Tyler in his interesting work, 'Mexico and the Mexicans,' gives the following amusing illustration of the remarkable privileges possessed by married ladies in Cuba:

"If you are a married man resident in Cuba, you cannot get a passport to go to the next town without your wife's permission in writing. Now, it so happened that a respectable brazier who lived at Santiago de Cuba, wanted to go to Trinidad. His wife would not consent; so he either got her consent by stratagem, or what is more likely, he gave somebody something to get him a passport under false pretenses. At any rate he was safe on board, when a middle-aged female, well-dressed, but evidently arrayed in haste, and with a face crimson with hard running, came panting down to the steamer and rushed on board. Seizing upon the captain, she pointed out her husband, who had taken refuge behind the other passengers at a respectable distance. She declared that she had never consented to his going away, and demanded that his body should be immediately delivered up to her. The husband was appealed to, but he preferred staying where he was. The captain produced the passport perfectly made out, and the lady made a rush at the document, which was torn in half in the scuffle. All other means failing, she made a sudden dash at her husband, probably intending to carry him off by main force. He ran for his life, and there was a steeple chase around the deck, among benches, bales, and coils of rope; while the passengers cheered first one and then the other, till they could not speak for laughing. The husband was almost caught once, but a passenger kicked a camp stool in the lady's way, and he got a fresh start, which he utilized by climbing up the ladder to the paddle-box. His wife tried to follow him, but the shouts of laughter which the men raised at seeing her performances were too much for her, and she came down again. Here the captain interposed and put her ashore, where she stood, like Black-Eyed Susan till the vessel was off from the wharf, not waving her lily hand, however, but shaking her clenched fist at the fugitive."

The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, and Leek.

The traditional origin of the national emblems of Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales are said to be as follows:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, they resolved to avail themselves of a night attack, and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard they marched barefoot. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a Thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms and defeated the foe with terrible slaughter.

St. Patrick, who lived about A.D. 432, is said to have used the trefoil of the Shamrock in teaching the people the meaning of the Trinity; since which time it has been the accepted symbol of Irish nationality. The good old saint died March 17, 493 A.D.. aged 120 years.

The Rose has been adopted as a national emblem ever since the wars of York and Lancaster, the red rose being a symbol of Lancaster, and the white rose that of York, which were united by Henry V II. Of course, everybody is aware that England claims the Rose.

The Leek is placed by tradition as far back as March, 640, but none of the Welsh bards allude to it, and the antiquity of the custom of wearing leeks on St. David's day may be fairly disputed. It appears that the leek was assumed upon or immediately after the battle of Bosworth Field by the body guard of Henry VII. who had many Welshmen about him. The Tudor colors being green and white, were well represented by the leek.

Nationality of Handwriting.

It is a remarkable fact, that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his country. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. Professor B—— states:—"I am acquainted with a Frenchman, who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but yet who cannot for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth, who was educated entirely in France and resided eighteen years in that country, mixing exclusively with French people, but who, although he had a French writing-master, and perhaps, never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style—it was really national instinct. In Paris all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing; but with all their professions, and all their exertions, they can never get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French.—Some pretend to be able to tell the characteristics of individuals from their handwriting. I know not how this may be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs can be instantly determined by his handwriting. The difference between the American or English and the French handwriting is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, German, and Spanish handwritings is equally decided. In fact, there is about as great a difference in the handwritings of different nations as in their languages."

Canada must Defend Herself.

From the London Times, June 6.

It is difficult to read without emotion of some kind the announcement that at the present time, and under existing circumstances, the Canadian Parliament has refused a second reading to the bill for establishing an efficient militia for the defence of the province. Let us make all possible deductions and allowances before we give way to that emotion—be it regret, surprise or indignation. The Militia bill which was rejected, proposed to raise a force of 50,000 men and a reserve of 50,000 more. Such a measure could not be carried out without a very heavy expense, and at a great amount of private loss and inconvenience.

* * *

Let Canada look carefully at her own circumstances; let her statesmen study the tone of the American press, and the strange and momentous position of affairs on the American continent. How long will the present civil war afford employment to 700,000 armed men? Or, if the war itself should not abate, how long will the American government be able to bear the vast strain on their finances which the payment of such an army implies? And when the time has at last arrived when, either from the termination of civil-strife, or the failure of money and credit, the United States are no longer able to support their vast army, what is to prevent that army from marching towards the Northern frontier, and satiating its revenge, its love of plunder, and of conquest, in the rich and unwasted provinces of Canada.

Let not the Canadians deceive themselves by supposing that these things only threaten them because they are a dependency of the British Crown, and that the moment that link is broken the danger of invasion is destroyed with it. The danger will be exactly in proportion to the prospects of success, and Canada will just be so much the more likely to be invaded as an independent province as she would be more likely to be conquered. Let not the Canadians, on the other hand, believe that they have in their present connection with Great Britain a sufficient protection against invasion without taking any trouble to defend themselves. Such an opinion is founded on a mistake both of our power and [illegible]. It is not in our power to send from this little island a military force sufficient to defend the frontier of Canada against the numerous armies which have learnt arms and discipline in the great school of the present civil war. Our resources are unequal to so large a concentration of force on a single point; our empire is too vast, our population too small, our antagonist too powerful. But if we had the power, it is quite certain that we should not have the will. Opinion in England is perfectly decided that in the connection between the mother country and the colony the advantage is infinitely more on the side of the child than the parent. We no longer monopolise the trade of the colonies; we no longer job their patronage. We cannot hope from them any assistance for defending our own shores, while we are bound to assist in protecting theirs. We cannot even obtain from this very colony, of Canada, reasonably fair treatment for our manufactures, which are taxed twenty-five per cent on their value, to increase a revenue which the colonies will not apply to our or even their own defence. There is little reciprocity in such a relation. Should the colony wish to put an end to it, we would never draw the sword to defend it, and if Canada will not fight to protect its independence from foreign invasion, neither will England. The question is not one for Canada of dissolving or maintaining its connection with Great Britain. That it may dissolve almost at pleasure. The question is of destroying or maintaining its own liberty and independence—of being a self-governed commonwealth, or a member, or, perhaps, as is talked of for the South—a subjugated territory of the United States. The question is much simpler than the Canadians seem to think. If they are to be defended at all, they must make up their minds to bear the greater part of the burden of their own defence. This will be the case if they separate from us. This will be the case if they remain by us.

Salt for the Throat.

In these days, when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a simple, and what has been with us a most effectual preventative, if not a positive cure of sore throat. For many years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of over forty years, we have been subject to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough, which was not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we were brought into business contact. Last Fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day. Morning, noon, and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure salt in about half a small tumbler full of cold water. With this we gargle the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from the usual coughs and colds to which, as far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and do most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle, have the impression that it it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary it is pleasant, and after a few day's use no person, who loves a nice clean mouth, and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite, will abandon it.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

Lecture by a Colored Lady.

Good ebening wite folks—good ebening! Wite folks, I appear before you dis ebening to lucidate and splanify to you de subjic of Womans rights. It am a subjic dat to my mind, am jest as clear as de mud in de bottom ob de ribber. It am a subjic dat for some time past has been discussed by de wite folks, who doesn't know noffin' at all about it. Dey nebber did. But I am going to pitch into my subjic now, right off, like a hungry nigger into a bowl ob clam-chowder.

I shall, derefore, inquire ob you de following questions: Who am woman? What did she come from? Who does she belong to? And to which way am she goin' to?

Now, in de fust place fustly—what did she come from. Yah, yah, yah! Did you ibber hear such a foolish question? I am certain dat she am here, and noffin' else don't make a bit ob bitterance; and you, men—lords ob creation, as you calls yourselves, ought to be mighty glad she is here.

In de second place—Who does she belong to? Dere's a question for you to get through your wool. Who does she belong to? I'll tell you who she belongs to. She belongs to herself, or else how could she gib herself away? When a man and a woman gets married, and dey ain't neider ob dem got noffin', who does de tings belong to? Dat's so. If you take de trouble to look back in de fore part ob Webster's Confectionary, you will see written dere dese words: "What belongs to de man belongs to de woman, and what belongs to de woman belongs to herself, and jest as much more as she can lay her hands on."

In de next place, nextly—Which way am she goin' to? 'Tain't no use botherin' our minds 'bout where she's goin' to. Dis ting is certain: she ain't goin' to work herself to death. Haven't we invented washin'-machines that'll bang de clothes all to pieces in five minutes? and ain't we invented cradles, to rock babies to sleep widout any trouble on de moder's mind? Yes, indeed, ob conrse we have, and more too!

Wite folks, let me press on your mind dat de wrongs of woman stand heaped on de top ob her head eber since de beginnin' ob de world, and previously from all points ob de compass. For don't it say dat when Adam and Eve was in de garden ob Eating, dat Adam coaxed Eve to climb up an apple-tree; and she clum up, and he boosted her, and she tore her dress in a limb; and jest as she had got out on a limb and reached out her hand to get a golden pippen, didn't two policemen come along and nab her, and tote her off to de station-house? and didn't Adam turn State's evidence, and have Eve, poor girl, shut up a year? Indeed, he did.

Wite folks, I'm goin' to preach on dis subjic, and I can't be stopped no how

I'll scratch an' bite,
An' gouge an' fight,
An' tumble in de mud;
An' when at length,
I've lost my strength,
I neber will gib in—
But I'll catch my breath
An' rouse myself,
An' den pitch in agin.

Good ebening, wite folks.

Brewers and Distillers.

The recent enactment increasing the duties on malt and spirituous liquors manufactured in the Province, makes the following important changes:—

The name of the inspector of revenue is changed into that of "collector of inland revenue."

Rectifiers are declared distillers.

Licenses to act as distiller and rectifier by any process other than filtration, will cost $200.

Licenses to act as distiller and rectifier by filtration only, $100.

Licenses to act as brewer, $60.

Brewers for private use not to require a license.

Duty on spirits increased to fifteen cents per gallon—wine measure. Increased duty to take effect from day hereafter fixed by governor's proclamation. Duty to be computed by strength of proof by Syke's Hydrometer.

Duty on beer to be hereafter two cents per gallon.

The stock account of spirits or beer on hand, shall be kept by each distiller or brewer by way of debt and credit, and the collector of inland revenue may at any time take an account of the stock of spirits or beer which any distiller or brewer has then on hand, for the purpose of causing it to be properly charged to the debt of such account; and such distiller or brewer shall afford all reasonable facility and aid to the collector in the exercise of the power hereby given, and shall make the proper entry with the stock so found on hand, under a penalty of one hundred dollars for each day on which he shall neglect or refuse to afford such facility or aid, or to make such entry, when thereunto required by the collector.

All spirits found on the premises of any distiller, but alleged not to have been distilled or made by him, but to have been purchased by him for rectifying or other purposes, to be satisfactorily accounted for to the collector of inland revenue, as having been lawfully distilled and made in this Province and the excise duty paid thereon, or imported into this Province and the customs duty paid thereon; otherwise to be held to have been distilled or made by such distiller, and liable to duty as such. Smuggled spirits to be forfeited.

Distillers and brewers to give full descriptions of their apparatus to collector of inland revenue. Penalty of $100 for refusal, omission, or false description.

We insert the following provision in full. It seems to give vast controlling power to the collector of inland revenue:—

Upon and after the first day of July next, after the passing of this act, all spirits distilled or made in this Province, shall, on coming from the still for rectification by any process whatever, be received in a close vessel, which—and any cock, valve or other opening from which—shall be properly secured by a lock or locks, the key or keys of which shall be kept by the collector of inland revenue, and which shall be so constructed and fastened as that no spirits can be taken out of—or allowed to flow out of—such vessel into the receiving store, or any other place without opening the said lock, or one of the said locks, any of which the collector may cause to be further secured by sealing the same, if he deems it expedient; and the duty shall be calculated on the strength and quantity of the spirits in such receiver or vessel as aforesaid. All spirits distilled or made in this Province shall, upon or after the said day, be kept by the distiller producing them in some store or place secured by a lock, of which the collector of inland revenue shall keep the key, until such spirits are, with the consent of such collector, taken out for consumption and the duty paid thereon, or take out for exportation; and the quantity of such spirits so stored under the collector's lock, contained in any cask or vessel, shall be legibly marked thereon, and no such spirits shall be taken out for consumption or exportation in less quantities than one hundred and fifty gallons at one time, nor otherwise than in whole packages; and any spirits with respect to which the requirements of this section are not complied with, shall be forfeited to the crown. And to open any such lock as aforesaid. without the consent of the collector, or to break any such lock or any seal put thereon for securing the same, shall be felony.

Worms of stills may be thoroughly examined by the collector. Penalty for refusing, $500.

A brewer or distiller refusing admittance to a collector is liable to a fine of $500.

Frauds punishable by forfeiture and by fine of $500.

Collector authorized to search brewery or distillery thoroughly.

A distiller who has in his distillery any wort or wash not therein made, liable to forfeit the same, and to a fine of $100.

No distillery or brewery to be worked on Sundays, under a penalty of $500 and forfeiture of license.

All books kept in brewery or distillery may be examined by the collector.

This act to form part of the act presently in force.

The Proposed Tour of Lord Monk.

A local paper has the following:—The visit of His Excellency the Governor General to Montreal has been postponed. Lord Monk will arrive in Montreal on the 1st of July, hold a levee on the 2nd, and dine with the citizens on the 3rd. From a sufficient reliable source we learn that his Excellency will not proceed further westward than Montreal on this visit. After the visit to Montreal, Lord Monk will return for a shooting and fishing excursion up the Saguenay. On the completion of the Saguenay trip, it is the Governor General's intention to pay an extended visit to Upper Canada, taking Kingston in his route, and ending his journey by staying at Toronto during the time of the Provincial Exhibition. As the Upper Canadian tour will not be commenced in the summer, and not be completed till September, it is conjectured that his Excellency will have sufficient time to make a diversion to the Western prairies of the United States, where he will be able to enjoy the fashionable sensation of a shoot on these boundless meadows. Lord Monk is said to be passionately fond of shooting.

SINGULAR OCCURENCE.—On Friday morning last, a farmer named Mr Henry, of Pelham, was suddenly aroused from his slumbers by finding a large rat fastened on to his nose, in close proximity to the eyes. The bite was a severe one—the blood coming from it very copiously—but we are very happy to state Mr Henry has thoroughly recovered. A nephew was bitten very severely in the ear. It seems that a large swarm of rats have recently infested the house, and it has been found impossible to drive them off.—*St. Catharines Journal.*