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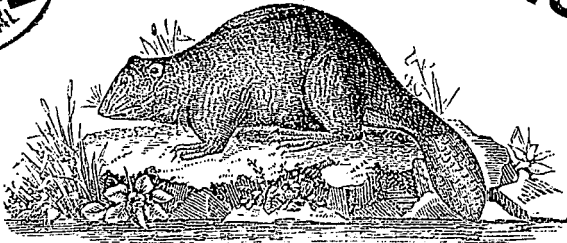
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# THE CANADIAN PATRIOT,



A MONTHLY FAMILY MAGAZINE  
Of Literature and Social Science,  
IN ITS ETHICAL, POLITICAL AND AMELIORATIVE ASPECTS.

VOL. I.]

JUNE, 1864.

[No. 6.

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*"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."*

*"Speak thy truth if thou believest it,  
Let it jostle whom it may,  
E'en though the foolish scorn it,  
Or the obstinate gainsay;  
Every seed that grows to-morrow  
Lies beneath a clod to-day."*

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M O N T R E A L .

A. C. S. P. P. L. S. C. A. R. V. E. R. A. N. D. G. E. L. L. E. N. D. E. R.

36 Great Saint James Street,

## REDUCTION OF RATES AND NEW FACILITIES TO ASSURERS.

### UNCONDITIONAL ASSURANCE

"REMARKABLE for SIMPLICITY, also obviates the objections hitherto urged against Life Assurance,—and meets, to the fullest extent, the wants of the public."

## LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.

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of the LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND include the following unusual arrangements:—

**OMISSION** to pay a Premium by Oversight does not affect the Assurance, and, after a time, payment may be intentionally Postponed for a year.

**NO RESTRICTION** is imposed as to Occupation or Residence

**NO EXTRA PREMIUMS** can be payable after the Policy has been issued.

The **ASSURANCE** is virtually Non-Forfeitable and Un-Questionable.

The varying Wants and Wishes of Policyholders are met, also, by special new arrangements for securing LARGE REDUCTION OF OUTLAY by the POLICY-HOLDERS FOR TEN YEARS, AND INCREASE OF THE SUMS ASSURED, AS THE DURATION OF THE POLICY INCREASES.

These material improvements on the ordinary system of Life Assurance, give the Policies an *Extraordinary Value and Importance*. All who contemplate effecting an Assurance should carefully examine into the advantages of this system—the premiums charged being not greater than for Ordinary Policies.

*The Scheme is closed annually on 5th December, and Entrants to the Profit Class on or before 5th December next, will secure a decided advantage, and be entitled to a FULL YEAR'S BONUS more than later Entrants.*

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# SCOTTISH PROVINCIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

(FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.)

ESTABLISHED 1825.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000 STERLING.  
Invested in Canada, \$500,000.

HEAD OFFICE, PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.

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## LIFE ASSURANCE

Transacted in all its branches. The advantages offered embrace all that seems desirable. Premiums moderate as compared with those adopted by the majority of Offices in Canada. Fixed Rule for Surrender Value of Policies. Half-Premium system adopted.

Policies now in course of being issued by this Company, in which the ages of the Assured are admitted, are guaranteed by the conditions to be held indisputable, on any ground whatever, after they shall have been five years in force, provided only that the Ordinary Premiums be regularly paid, with such extra premiums as may be considered adequate for Sea Risk, Foreign Residence, or Naval or Military occupation.

By the Company's conditions it is also declared that Policies held *bona fide* on the lives of others shall not be forfeited in consequence of extra risks being incurred, if the facts be communicated to the Office as soon as they are known to the holders of the Policies, and the additional Premiums exigible be paid **under of Policies.**

It too frequently happens that persons are deterred from assuring from a fear that in the event of unforeseen circumstances rendering them unable to continue their Policies, they will forfeit the Premiums paid. The Directors have resolved that FORTY PER CENT. of the ordinary Premiums received upon policies for the term of Life, effected by even rates, and which have been Three Years in existence, will be returned for surrender of such Policies.

The Surrender value may either be received in CASH, or a NEW POLICY, for an equivalent sum, not subject to any further payment of Premium will be issued.

## Loans on Policies.

Loans are granted on security of the Company's Policies, when their surrender value is not less than £20.

A. DAVIDSON PARKER,

Secretary for Canada.

The Canadian Board in Montreal have full power to accept risks and to dispose of all business transactions without reference to Head Office in Scotland. They have also invested in Canada large sums of money, amounting to Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, consisting not only of the amounts received from the business in Canada, but also of the funds sent out for that purpose by the Head Office. They therefore can offer to the Public the advantages of a Canadian as well as a British Company.

# NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

Capital, £2,000,000, Sterling.  
Accumulated Fund, £2,122,828. 8s. Sterling.  
Annual Revenue, £422,401. 2s. 2d. Sterling.

## FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances effected at the lowest rates of Premium corresponding to the risk.  
*Losses by fire from lightning made good, also damage sustained by the explosion of Gas, occurring within Buildings on or in which the Company has insurances.*

## LIFE DEPARTMENT.

The leading features of the office are:—

1. Entire security to Assurers.
2. The large Bonus additions already declared, and the prospect of a further Bonus at the next investigation.
3. The advantages afforded by the varied Tables of Premiums—unrestricted Conditions of Policies—and general liberality in dealing with the Assured.

## New and Important Advantages.

### 1. Half Premium System.

By this Table a person may insure his life at one-half of the usual rate, and thus secure all the benefits of the Half Credit System, without any debt being incurred.

### 2. Double Insurance System.

By this Table, for a moderate Premium, a Policy may be effected which will increase to double the amount originally assured. This system is particularly advantageous to young lives.

## Indisputable Certificates.

Upon application, and on certain conditions, the Company's Policies are declared unchallengeable and free from extra premium for Foreign Residence.

## Application of Bonus.

The Assured have the option of applying their Bonuses in either of the following ways:—

1. To be added to the Sum Assured—and payable with the sum in the Policy.
2. To surrender them for an immediate payment in Cash.
3. To the reduction and ultimate *extinction* of the future premiums.

## Lapsed Policies.

Such Policies may be revived at any period within six months from the expiry of the twenty-one days of grace, on payment of the premium with interest, without any Medical examination or certificate.

**The full power of settling losses is vested in the Montreal Board of Directors.**

Forms of Proposal and every information will be furnished upon application at the

**HEAD OFFICE 2, 4, 5, EXCHANGE.**

**MACDOUGALL & DAVIDSON,**

*General Agents for Canada.*

LIFE AND FIDELITY GUARANTEE ASSURANCE.

THE EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT,

for the Assurance of Lives, Annuities, and the Guarantee of Fidelity in Situations of Trust.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £300,000 Stg.,

WITH POWER TO INCREASE TO ONE MILLION Stg.,

ANNUAL REVENUE FROM PREMIUMS, £150,000 Stg.

The Assets are over £500,000 Stg.

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The Directors of each Board are fully qualified Shareholders in the Society.

# THE EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

## GUARANTEE DEPARTMENT.

IN ADDITION to the Business usually transacted by Life Assurance Associations, this Society is specially constituted to grant Bonds of Indemnity to Bankers, Merchants, Public Companies, Municipal Corporations and others, against losses occasioned by the dishonesty or infidelity of their Employees.

### TO EMPLOYERS

The system of this Society offers great advantages, inasmuch as it not only secures to them the prompt payment of any loss so sustained; but affords them the means of avoiding the unpleasantness, and to a great extent uncertainty, attendant upon Private Suretyships; and as the Society, for its own safety, takes all steps to ascertain the character of an applicant for employment, Employers are relieved of that necessarily delicate and troublesome task, and are assured by the fact of the Society's consenting to grant a guarantee, that the Candidate for such employ has been found, as far as it is possible to be known, fully worthy of their confidence and trust.

### TO EMPLOYERS,

It obviates the unpleasant necessity of resorting to their personal friends, and enables them by payment of a small annual premium, to be their own independent sureties—with the satisfaction of feeling that the security they give is of the most substantial nature, and at the same time, a convincing proof of their well-established trustworthiness.

### TO BONDSMEN,

It affords, in approved cases, the means of immediate release from the liability under which they have placed themselves: every facility being given to substitute the Society's Bonds for existing suretyships—no expense beyond the actual premium being incurred.

This system of Guarantee has been thoroughly tested, and its advantages largely made use of, by the Mercantile and Commercial Communities in Great Britain, and most of her dependencies—the various departments of Government, in addition, being authorized by special Act of the Imperial Parliament to accept the Bonds of this Society only.

The Rates of Premium in all cases are commensurate with the risk incurred.

## LIFE DEPARTMENT.

This Society, from its peculiar constitution and the large amount of its income, from both premiums and invested Capital, is in a position to transact Life Assurance business upon terms unusually favorable to Assurers.

The following are the more prominent features in this Department:—

All Life Policies issued upon the faithful representations of Assurers, are indisputable.

Policies, on which five full premiums have been paid, are purchased by the Society.

## THE EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

**On Policies for over £200 stg. for the whole of Life, one half the premiums for first five years may remain unpaid at interest at five per cent. per annum.**

**Three-fourths of the entire profits of the Society are divisible amongst the Life Policy Holders on the Profit scale of Premiums.**

In consequence of the profits of the Guarantee Department, (which shew a large annual increase,) already more than paying the whole expenses of the management of the Society, Life Policy-holders are placed in a peculiarly advantageous position in respect of Bonuses, seeing that in addition to the unnumbered profits of the Life Business, they participate in the continually increasing profits of the Guarantee also. Thus persons assuring with this Society, not only pay a very low rate of premium for Life Assurance, but get in addition to three-fourths of the Life profits, *three-fourths of the Guarantee also*—the two together being equal to, if not more than the whole of the profits of the Life Business.

All the advantages of a Mutual Society are thus at once obtained, without incurring the liabilities attendant thereon; and the Assurers have, in addition, the security of a large *Subscribed Capital*, the prudent employment of which gives a still further ratio of increase to profits.

Thirty days' grace is allowed for payment of Premiums, and in the event of death before the expiry of such grace, the claim will be paid, less amount of premium due.

Policies lapsed by non-payment of premiums may be subsequently renewed by paying the premium, and a small fine, on the production of satisfactory evidence of the good state of the life assured.

All claims, Life or Guarantee, paid without reference to London.

**TABLE OF RATES for Assurance of £100 Stg. (\$486.67) on a single life for the whole term, with right to participate in the Periodical Divisions of Profits.**

Age next Birthday.	Annual Premium.			Half-yearly Premium.			Age next Birthday.	Annual Premium.			Half-yearly Premium.		
	Stg.	Premium.	Cy.	Stg.	Premium.	Cy.		Stg.	Premium.	Cy.	Stg.	Premium.	Cy.
15	£ 13	s. 7	or 8	17	0	17	39	£ 3	0	0	14	0	0
16	14	6	8	40	17	10	39	3	1	16	15	0	4
17	15	4	8	60	18	4	40	3	3	9	16	11	3
18	16	3	8	82	18	8	41	3	5	11	16	11	3
19	17	3	9	102	19	2	42	3	7	0	16	10	8
20	18	0	9	124	19	8	43	3	10	3	17	9	2
21	18	11	9	46	1	0	1	44	3	12	0	17	7
22	19	11	9	71	1	0	17	45	3	15	0	18	5
23	2	0	10	9	1	0	1	46	3	17	11	18	0
24	2	1	0	10	16	1	1	47	4	0	3	19	0
25	2	2	0	10	40	1	2	48	4	3	9	20	3
26	2	3	10	10	66	1	2	49	4	6	11	21	5
27	2	4	10	10	90	1	3	50	4	10	3	21	5
28	2	5	11	11	17	1	3	51	4	13	11	22	8
29	2	7	1	11	45	1	4	52	4	17	8	23	7
30	2	8	2	11	69	1	4	53	5	1	9	24	7
31	2	9	5	12	02	1	5	54	5	1	11	24	7
32	2	10	8	12	32	1	6	55	5	10	0	25	0
33	2	12	1	12	67	1	6	56	5	15	2	28	0
34	2	13	6	13	01	1	7	57	6	0	4	29	3
35	2	15	0	13	38	1	8	58	6	5	9	30	5
36	2	16	7	13	76	1	8	59	6	11	7	32	0
37	2	18	3	14	17	1	10	60	6	17	0	33	5

**EXAMPLE.**—A person 25 years of age, by paying £2 2s. 0d. Stg. (\$10.40) annually, can secure £100 Stg. (\$486.67) whenever death may happen, together with such addition as may have been appropriated to the Policy by way of Bonus.

Premiums are also made payable Quarterly.



# THE EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY

On Policies for over £500 for the whole of Life, for Short Terms, or for sums Assurances are also granted upon Joint Lives; for Short Terms; or for sums payable at a Stated Age.

The next investigation of the affairs of the Society with reference to the Division of Profits, will fall to be made at the close of the year 1865, and all persons Assuring during the present year on the "With Profits" Table, will then be entitled to **Two Years' Bonus**, which may either be received in cash, appropriated to the reduction of Premiums, or added to the amount Assured.

—♦♦♦—

The Combination of Life Assurance with Guarantee, which is a feature introduced by this Society, affords the following important advantages to the Assured:—

When the Life and Guarantee Policies are for an equal amount, (the rate of Premium of the Guarantee not exceeding one and a half per cent.), an abatement equal to half of the Guarantee Premium is made in the Life

When the Life Assurance is for **DOUBLE** the amount of the Guarantee, (the rate being as before stated,) the whole of the Guarantee Premium is appropriated to the Life Premium.

For example, a Guarantee Policy is required by A. B. for £500 Stg., and the Premium being one and a half per cent. for the character of the risk undertaken, he pays £7 10s. Stg. a year. He Assures his Life for an equal amount, and the age being 35 next birthday, the Annual Premium, with Profits as per Table of Rates annexed, is £2 15s. Stg. per cent., equal to £13 15s. Stg., for £500 Stg.; but an abatement equal to half of the Guarantee Premium being allowed, the Life Premium is reduced to £10 Stg., thus presenting the advantage of an immediate reduction of the Premium equal to 27 per cent., or a prospective Bonus of £135 Stg. on the amount assured.

Or, suppose the Guarantee to be as above stated, £500 Stg., and the Life Assurance £1,000 Stg., the yearly Life Premium, as above specified, would be £27 10s. Stg.; but the whole of the Guarantee Premium (£7 10s. Stg.) being allowed, the Life Premium is reduced to £20 Stg., being equal to 26 per cent. immediate reduction of premium, or a prospective addition of more than £230 Stg. to the sum assured.

In other cases than those specified, the reductions are matter of special arrangement; and depend on the class of risk, rate of premium, and the relative proportion of Life and Guarantee.

The foregoing benefits are available by existing Guarantee Policy holders, who may be disposed to effect a Life Assurance or by Life Policy holders who may hereafter require Guarantee.

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposals, Agency Applications, and all information may be obtained from the Canada Head Office, Montreal.

**EDWARD RAWLINGS,**

Secretary

January, 1864.

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THE

# Canadian Patriot.

MONTREAL, JUNE 1, 1864.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—I hope to utter nothing in the course of these lectures inconsistent with the courtesy of a gentleman, the patience of a scholar, and the candour and charity of a Christian. Any other line of conduct would disagree with the seriousness of my purpose, my consciousness of responsibility, my compassion for those whom I believe to be wrong, my reverence for the truth which I have to defend, my confidence in its power, and my persuasion that its effects would be weakened if my spirit were to misrepresent it. But on the other hand it would be repugnant to my nature, and unaccordant with my moral convictions, to search for gentle words when the strongest expressions are imperatively demanded. If we must sometimes have it so, *give us veracity before blandness*. I would rather perish in the iron gripe of an unpalatable truth, than be dandled and caressed by the velvet paw of deception and falsity. Be not offended with me if I call what I feel compelled to believe is inconsistency—inconsistency; falsehood—*falsehood*; hatred—*hatred*; nonsense *nonsense*; stuff—*stuff*.—*The Logic of Atheism*. Lect. I. Pp. 3, 4. By the Rev. HENRY BATCHELOR.

## ARCHÆOLOGIA AMERICANA.

BY STANLEY C. BAGG, F. N. S., CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN.

To collect in a condensed form the principal facts relative to ancient America, was the object contemplated by the writer; it is not to be expected that one who has neither seen the places or antiquities mentioned in the numerous volumes written on this very interesting subject should vouch for the authenticity of all the statements in these publications set forth, but enough appears certain to warrant the statement, that in America are found the remains of empires whose ending, it would seem, is older than the beginning of the Pyramids of Egypt.

1. The circular works of the Danes and Saxons so frequently found in England in connection with the Pentagon or Doomring of Denmark, stretching in a continuous line from Brownsville in Pennsylvania, through Wisconsin, Canada, Greenland, and Iceland, to Sweden direct, is strong evidence of the migration of the Danes or Saxons, at some unknown time to this Continent.

2. Humboldt says that in Canada he had seen lines of defence and entrenchments of extraordinary length, the work of some people belonging to the early ages,

and that amidst the extensive plains of Upper Canada, dykes of a considerable length, weapons of brass, and sculptured stones are found, which are the indications that it was formerly inhabited by industrious nations.

3. In various earth-works of the West, are found the Murex shell—a sea shell from which the ancients are said to have procured the famous Tyrian dye, used in coloring the royal robes of kings. This shell is known to have been highly esteemed by the Hindoos, and is used by the Brahmins as the musical instrument of their gods; what better evidence is necessary to prove at some unknown period of time the existence of a Hindoo population in this country?

4. Joseph Merrick, Esq., in 1815, was levelling some ground on Indian Hill, after having conveyed away earth, &c., to some depth, he discovered a black strap, about six inches long, and one and a half broad, about the thickness of a harness trace, having at each end a loop; he cut it open and found four pieces of parchment of a dark yellow hue, having on them quotations from the old Testament, written with a pen in Hebrew, plain and legible.

The neighbours tore one of the pieces to atoms; the writing on the three remaining pieces were from Exodus, Chapter xiii, verse 11 to 16, inclusive, and Deuteronomy, Chapter vi, from 4 to 9 verse, inclusive, and also Chapter xi, verse 13 to 21 inclusive, to which the reader can refer. These passages unquestionably had been written on these pieces of parchment, before Israel left the land of Syria, more than twenty-five hundred years ago. It is said by Calmet that the above texts are the very passages of Scripture which the Jews used to write on the leaves of their Phylacteries. This intimation of the presence of the Hebrews in America, is too unequivocal to be passed unnoticed.

5. On the bank of the River Desperes, in Missouri, was found by an Indian, and presented to Governor Clarke, a Roman coin; and many enclosures, similar to the Roman camps described by Josephus, may yet be seen in the Valley of the Mississippi. He represents these camps as being four square by measure, adorned with Towers at equal distances, with gates or places of entrance on every side. At Marietta, in Ohio, may yet be seen the remains of one of these camps, with its elevated squares at each corner, more than one hundred feet square, and nine feet high, and various other earthworks, similar in construction, may be seen north to the lakes, and west to the Mississippi, most of which the Romans may never have held empire.

6. A farmer of Monte Video, in Brazil, in 1827, in one of his fields discovered a flat stone, upon which, to him, strange and unknown characters were engraved, and beneath the stone he discovered a vault formed by masonry, in which were deposited two ancient swords, a helmet, and shield. This Planter caused the flat stone and deposit to be removed to Monte Video, where in spite of the ravages of more than two thousand years, Greek words were easily made out, which being translated, read as follows:—"During the dominion of Alexander, son of Philip, King of Macedon, in the sixty-third Olympiad, Ptolemæis." On account of the ravages of time it was impossible to decipher the rest; but on the handle of one of the swords was the supposed portrait of Alexander himself. On the helmet there was the sculptured work, representing Achilles dragging Hector around the walls of Troy. The Ptolemæis or Ptolemy may refer to one of Alexander's Generals, sometimes called Ptolemy Lagus or Soter. From this discovery it is evident

that the soil of Brazil was formerly broken by an Egyptian more than a thousand years before the discovery by Columbus.

7. On the rocks of Dighton, in Massachusetts, near the sea, have been discovered Phœnician letters, legibly engraved, a strong evidence of the presence of Phœnicians, or their descendants on this Continent. The Phœnicians once held dominion on the Island of Malta in the Mediterranean, and were in the habit of depositing their dead in caves. Near the junction of the Illinois river with the Mississippi, one of those Phœnician depositories was discovered some years since, it contained the remains of thousands.

8. The hypothesis of the discovery of the American Continent by the Phœnicians has of late received additional support. Glass beads of accepted Phœnician manufacture have been found in an ancient estuary of the Copperage at Beverly in Canada.

9. Lexington, Kentucky, stands nearly on the remains of an ancient town, which was of great extent and magnificence, as is amply evident by the wide range of circumvallatory works, and the quantity of ground it once occupied. Connected with the antiquities of this place there was a Catacomb, formed in the limestone rock, about fifteen feet below the surface of the earth; it was discovered in 1775, by some of the first settlers, whose curiosity was excited by something remarkable in the arrangement of the stones that filled the entrance to the cave; they removed them, and on entering found themselves in a spacious apartment; the sides and extreme end were formed into niches and compartments, occupied by mummies, preserved by the arts of embalming, to as great a state of perfection as was known among the ancient Egyptians, eighteen hundred years before the Christian era, in the days of Abraham, when this art was in its perfection. Catacombs are numerous all over Egypt, vast excavations under ground, with niches in their sides for their embalmed dead, exactly such as the one here described; a custom so peculiarly characteristic of that people being found here in a state of perfection, not exceeded by the mother country, most evidently leads to the conclusion, that a colony from Egypt, inhabited that region of country.

Traits of Egyptian manners were found among many of the nations of South America, and other tokens of the presence of Egyptians are not wanting in North Amer-

ica; as, in the Vale of Mexico, several curious specimens of sculpture have been discovered, strongly resembling the workmanship of the ancient Egyptians. Leather has been found wrapped around mummies, in the Kentucky Caverns which shews a knowledge of a branch of the arts, in the possession of the people of America, at an era coeval with the Egyptians.

10. In a cavern on the north shore of the Ohio river, about twenty miles below the junction of the Wabash, the walls of which are smooth, and covered with paintings and sculptures grouped in sections and clusters, are to be found many striking similitudes to the general forms of sculpture, and painted emblems found in Egypt; the idea of identity of origin becomes almost irresistible; and these facts seem to lead to the conclusion that this cave was once used as a sacred sanctuary, and that at this point a colony of Egyptians at some era here took up their abode.

11. About fifteen miles from Palanque stand vestiges of the City of Otolum, in North America. The ruins of this ancient stone City are seventy five miles in circuit, length thirty-two miles, breadth twelve miles, full of palaces, monuments, statues and inscriptions; the ancient gods of the Egyptians, Osiris, Apis, and Isis, are sculptured on the stones of this city, the temple of Copan was five hundred and twenty feet by six hundred and fifty, and is supposed to have been as large as St. Peter's at Rome. This city has been described as the Thebes of America, and travellers have supposed it must have contained a population of 3,000,000.

12. Medals representing the sun, with all its rays of light, have been found in some of the mounds, made of a very fine clay, and copper medals have been discovered round like the moon in its full, hence it is supposed the primitive inhabitants of America worshipped the Sun and the Moon, like many nations in the earliest ages, soon after the flood.

13. The horse it is said was not known in America till the Spaniards introduced it from Europe, yet the track of a horse is found on a mountain in Tennessee, in the rock of the enchanted mountain, and shows that horses were known in America in the earliest ages after the flood.

14. Captain Dupaix visited Central America in 1805. He supposes the ruins he then found were left before the flood, and Mr. Stephens when in Central America, found masonic obelisks, having on their sides sculp-

tured images and medallion tablets, large altars, ornamented with hieroglyphics, splendid temples, adorned with human figures executed in stucco and bas relief, built of hewn stone, the specimens of sculpture equalled any thing he saw in Egypt. The Pyramid of Cholula near Puebla is the largest in the world. It covers forty four acres; on its summit there was a temple, and in the interior has been discovered a vault, roofed with beams of wood, containing skeletons and idols. Its dimensions are immense.

15. Ancient roads or highways are found in many parts of the West, walled in on both sides for many miles, where the forest trees are growing as abundant, and as large and aged, as in any part of the surrounding woods, and on the before mentioned enchanted mountain, situated a few miles south of Brayston, are found impressed in the surface of the solid rock, a great number of tracks of human beings, bears, turkeys, and horses, as above stated, as perfect as they could be made on snow or sand.

16. A gentleman near Cincinnati, in 1826, persevered in digging a well to the depth of eighty feet without finding water, but still persisting, the workmen found themselves obstructed by the stump of a tree three feet in diameter, and two feet high, which had been cut down with an axe. The blows of the axe were yet visible. The inference is that the tree was undoubtedly Antediluvian, that the river Ohio did not exist anterior to the deluge, inasmuch as the remains of the tree were found firmly rooted in its original position, several feet below the bed of the river;—that America was peopled before the flood, as appears from the action of the axe in cutting down the tree; and that the Antediluvian Americans were acquainted with the use and properties of iron, as the rust of the axe was on the top of the stump when discovered. In digging another well at the same place, another stump was found, at ninety-four feet below the surface which had evident marks of the axe, and on its top it seemed as if some iron tool had been consumed by rust. The axe had no doubt been struck into the top of the stump, when the horrors of the deluge first appeared.

Thus in the bosom of the turf clammound, in the hidden caverns of the earth, in the remains of the soil, in the customs of nations buried in time, aided by art and science, by the sculptor's chisel and painters pencil, and by other vestiges of the

past, we may trace amid the gloom of barbarian rule, the ancient existence of the Hindoo, Saxon, Dane, Hebrew, Roman, Greek, Phœnician, Egyptian, and in fine, the Antediluvian, in this so-called new world.

In conclusion, the antiquities of America extend from the eastern shores of Maine and Massachusetts to the Pacific, and from the great lakes and British dominions to Peru and La Plata; immense forests grow over the ruins of large cities, and the gigantic size of the trees prove the great age of the ruins, while the monumental history of Central America tell us that this is not a new world, and we awake with astonishment that in this country there was

once a great empire before David reigned over the twelve tribes of Israel, and the stumps of Cincinnati surpass in consequence the magnificent ruins of antiquity, because they are remnants of matter, in form and fashion, such as it was, before the earth perished by water, bearing on their respective tops the indubitable marks of the exertion of man, at so remote a period of time.

The reader, curious in these matters, is referred to the works of Messieurs Priest, Pidgeon and Davis, from whose interesting and valuable writings on American antiquities most of the foregoing notes were taken.

## Natural History Department.

### ANIMALS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

BY H. B. SMALL, S.C.L. &c.

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#### CHAP. IV.

*The Dog and the Fox.—The Esquimaux, or Arctic Dog, its habits, &c., and facts relative to it recorded by Rue and Kane.—The Fox—its difference from the dog—habits—five American species—Anecdote of its cunning or "Foxiness."*

Of the American dog there are supposed to be eight species indigenous, though this is as yet an open question the wolf, the fox, and the jackal, being each claimed as the originator of the species, in different countries. The *Lagopus*, a native of Greenland and Spitzbergen, is supposed to be the true originator. In this animal, the Arctic dog, we find an illustration of the alteration of species in connection with civilization, not only in its variety of form but from the established fact, that the Esquimaux dogs had never been known to bark until they heard their domestic cousins which accompanied the discovery ships of Arctic expeditions giving tongue, and so by imitation, acquired the habit now as common to them as to our canine followers.

The conquest of the dog is the most complete, singular, and useful ever made from the animal kingdom by man. The whole species has become his property; each individual is devoted to his master; assumes his manners, knows and defends his property, and remains his true friend till death; and all this from the purest friendship, and even in spite of starvation and cruelty. Of all animals, this is the only one which has fol-

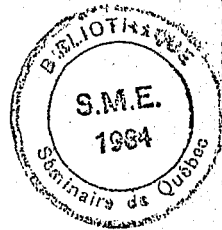
lowed man in every condition through all the regions of the globe, and been his defence against the prowling beasts of the forest and the desert. But as so much has been, and is continually being written on the subject, and as every one knows numerous anecdotes connected with this animal, we will confine ourselves strictly to the true American or Esquimaux dog:—He is large and powerful, equalling the mastiff in size; hair long and thick, tail long and bushy, and turned over the back; ears short, pointed, and erect. And here speaking of his tail being turned over his back, let us mention that the domestic dog is distinguished from all the other species of this tribe, by his *recurved* tail; this member in the others being straight. This is the dog which draws sleighs or sledges in Arctic phrase, and transports loads from place to place, with one or more persons in them, over the frozen snows. He is good tempered and very enduring, and though often cruelly treated, is still willing to do every thing in his power at the command of his master. What the camel is to the Arabians, and the reindeer to the Laplanders, the Esquimaux dog is to the inhabitants of the Arctic regions. These creatures seem designed to work in the harness, and hence it is said, perform their duty almost instinctively, requiring but little training or breaking in. The sledges are usually constructed for only

a single person, and are drawn sometimes by three, but more frequently by five dogs, one of which acts as leader. They are guided not by reins, but by striking on the ice with a stick, the voice being occasionally employed; and in a country where there are no roads, the direction must depend on the instant obedience of the leader to the indications of the driver, otherwise danger would often be incurred from a precipice or impediment. When any of the dogs are inattentive to their duty, the rider punishes the delinquent by throwing his stick at him, which he dexterously again picks up without stopping. It is said, these cunning animals very soon ascertain when the stick is lost; and unless the leader is uncommonly well trained, the driver is in peril, since they set off at full speed, and do not stop till they are exhausted, or the sledge overturned. They possess the most wonderful sagacity in finding their way during snow storms, when their master can see no path, nor even keep his eyes open in the blinding storm. In such cases they seldom miss their way; but if at a loss, they will go in different directions, until satisfied of the course, probably by the smell. If during a long journey, it is found that the place of destination cannot be reached, and it is impossible to proceed further, then the dogs are unharnessed, and lying down in the snow with their master in the midst, they keep him from freezing, and if necessary defend him from danger. A popular writer and traveller, Bayard Taylor, says, that "driving Esquimaux dogs is very much like driving a lively sturgeon in rough water. As soon as you are seated in your sledge, which is like a little canoe, off they start, and as the bottom of the sledge is perfectly round and slippery, it is no easy matter to maintain your balance. If you are a new hand, your first experience is head-first downward in a snow-drift." The value and use of the Esquimaux dog in the Arctic expeditions, seem to have been appreciated, only by our recent explorers, Kane and Rae; both of whom made great use of them, in scouring those inhospitable wastes in search of the missing Franklin and his crew; had he been provided with those necessary appendages of Arctic travel, we should not have the mournful detail recorded by the natives to Dr. Rae in 1854 "that a band of forty white men *dragging their sledges* along the coast of King William's land were making apparently for the great Fish River; that all, even with one who seemed to be an officer, were *dragging on the haul ropes*

of the sledge." Both these explorers speak in the highest terms of the assistance these dogs afforded to their party; and from Dr. Kane, the writer gleaned what knowledge he has of their habits. Snow he stated to be their substitute for water; and on a lump of it, or ice given to those he brought to New York with him, they would roll with the greatest delight. The snow he observed they did not *lick* up, but by repeatedly pressing with the nose, they would obtain a small lump or ball of it, which they then drew in to the mouth with their tongue.

The following account is given of the habits and disposition of one of these dogs by its owner: "even if coaxed and fed by a stranger, he had so strong an attachment to his master, that he would merely take the food without returning thanks either by looks or wag of the tail. He never barked, and would snap at those he did not like, without a growl or the least notice. He was remarkably cunning, resembling in that respect the fox, for he was in the habit of strewing his meat around him to induce fowls or rats to come within his reach, while he lay watching, but pretending to be asleep, and when near enough he would pounce upon them, never missing his aim."

The Fox (*Canis Vulpes*) when compared with the dog family, is found to be lower in height, in proportion to his length. Its nose is sharp, limbs slender, tail bushy and long, reaching to the ground. This family generally speaking, lead nocturnal lives, and have a propensity to burrow in the earth, which dogs never do; in habits they are unsociable, never, although capable of being tamed, becoming truly domestic; they are sly, cautious, and "cunning as a fox," being ever ready to destroy all such animals, especially young and tender ones, as they can master. When caught in a trap they will sacrifice the limb, by gnawing it off and thus escape. There are five species ascertained to be peculiar to this country, though Geoffrey adds a sixth, since, however, ascertained to be only a variety of the black; of these the red fox (*V. fulvus*) is by far the most common. This has been thought to be identical with the common fox of Europe—but the fineness of its fur, the brightness of color, slenderness of body, and the form of its skull, clearly prove it a distinct species. The gray fox (*V. Virginianus*) is very common, being found more in the vicinity of farm buildings than the red one. It is preferred by the hunters since it does not start off directly from its haunts, but after sundry doublings



is generally captured near its starting point. The black or silver fox (*V. Argentatus*) is found throughout the Northernmost parts of the Continent, as well as in Asia, but is very rare, and its skin is counted one of the most valuable furs. The swift or burrowing fox (*V. Velox*) inhabits the Missouri or the Rocky Mountains, and always burrows, hence its name. Its swiftness is inconceivable, outstripping the antelope, and being compared more to the flight of a bird. The notes respecting it, taken by Say, were lost, and as no other naturalist has given an accurate description of it from observation, very little can be said of its habits. The fifth kind is the Arctic fox (*Canis Lagopus*.) This frequents the higher latitudes, and only comes a few degrees below the Polar Circle. It is captured to a great extent in the Hudson's Bay Territory; is very voracious, as a proof of which Capt. Lyon, who accompanied Parry mentions having found in the stomach of one which he examined "a mass of rope-yarn and line, amongst which some plaited pieces were fully six inches long." It is very cleanly, and no unpleasant smell is perceptible from it—an exception unknown to the rest of the species. It is of a pure white in winter, becoming brownish or gray in the summer.

The following anecdote is given of the gray fox:—A few years since, one was started in New Jersey, and after running a few miles before the dogs, was shot at and apparently struck, as he made several somersets and then fell, but recovering started off again. Another hunter next had a chance, and poor Reynard again fell, was taken up and carried home to all appearance a dead fox, and accordingly thrown into a corner of the room. While the hunters were at supper, the supposed dead animal was seen to raise himself on his fore-legs, cautiously looking about to see what chance there was of escape, but finding himself observed, again resumed the quiescent state. One of the party now passed a piece of burning paper under his nose, but to all appearance he lay senseless as a stone. The room however was closed for the night, and it was found in the morning running about inside as though nothing had happened. On examination, not a bone was found broken, and with the exception of a slight wound in the shoulder and a soiled coat, he was as well as ever.

Many other well vouched for anecdotes of the cunning and slyness of this species could be adduced, but our space will not permit of them.

### MARY TRESCOTT, THE MANIAC.

BY EDWIN P. ROBERTS.

SOME twenty-five years ago, at an hour in the evening when most of the rural inhabitants of the little town of Troughton, England, had retired to rest, an elderly man, decently but poorly clad, entered the village, and from his appearance seemed to have undergone a hard day's travel. A little box suspended by a strap across his shoulders, some peculiarity of costume, and a beard, marked him down as a pedler—as, in fact, he was, though from his inquiries he did not seem to be in any way familiar with that portion of the country he was now travelling. Finally, by his thin hair and worn face, he might have been between fifty and sixty years of age.

He had, after looking a moment or two wistfully at the door, gone on past the chief inn, the "Red Bull," and at last decided on entering a low-built common looking public house in a by-street, where, taking his seat in a capacious room with a sanded floor, and which was kitchen, bar, and tap-room

in one, he called for some bread and cheese and a mug of beer, and proceeded to make a frugal meal, with an appetite that had clearly not been tampered with upon the road, and sitting apart with marked timidity from the rest present.

His air and manner were dissident and retiring; and when at last he ventured to ask the landlord—a very waspy-looking gentleman indeed—if he could be accommodated with a bed for the night, the latter, who had a comfortable seat by the warm fire, as he sent forth a spiral cloud of smoke from his pipe, interrupting a conversation he was holding in an under-tone with two or three laboring men seated on the settle, let his round, stolid eyes fix upon the questioner, first with an expression of wonder, probably at the temerity of the wayfarer in speaking to him, and next changed into a more conciliatory look, as if he said, "Oh, you're got a tongue, have you? You've a mind to use it, eh? Well I don't mind if I

do encourage you a bit." And then, with provincial circumlocution, spoke out: "A bed mister, eh? Well, now, I suppose you've come some distance to-day? Shouldn't wonder if you were making up for town now?"

The pedler's eye lighted up a moment with a spark of suppressed humor, as if he recognized one of the old type of pompous meddlers and busy-bodies in his host. He gave a sigh and replied: "I have travelled some twenty miles, and, at my age, fatigue begins to tel upon me; that is a reason why I should like to rest early."

"Ay, ay," said the landlord, knowingly, "We like to rest when we've done a good day's work, don't we, Jack Trescott?" turning to one who sat in sullen silence far in the shadow, and smoking his short black pipe.

"P'rhaps we do—p'rhaps we don't," growled the other. "I know as *you* likes to take out your full penn'orth of sleep Master Dadger."

"Hump!" returned the landlord, as if rebell'd "That ain't exactly the opinion as I asked of you." Then, turning to the pedler, he added: "And you find business pretty well eh? I should think, now, you have some pretty trinkets, rings and earrings in that box, a little too fine for our country folks about?"

The pedler gave a start, and his hand clutched eagerly at his box which he had laid beside him on the table, and which he now removed and put on the bench where he sat. Then as if aware that he too had betrayed some suspicion and alarm he hurriedly remarked: "I have nothing here worth—worth any one's while to—to look at; and am going to the pleasure-fair at Aylesbury to see if I can pick up a few six-pences for my wares. They are but poor themselves."

"Oh we are honest people here," said Mr. Dadger, a little loftily; "but Lord bless 'ee I knows what them wares are. A pound's worth will go in a little space, and wedding-rings and brooches don't take up much room."

"You are joking master," returned the pedler, resuming his old quiet manner again.

"So you hain't no news from Lunnun?" demanded the landlord, returning to the charge. "Nothing more about the Queen, eh?"

The Pedler shook his head this time a little impatiently.

"No, I hear of none. I have too far to

walk, and too much anxiety to earn a crust, to know anything beyond the country fairs."

"Wast at the Hoincastle horse fair?" pursued Mr. Dadger. "Jack Trescott here was, I know. Ah he knows a good nag when he sees him he does."

The individual again selected so pointedly by Mr. Dadger growled out something in an under tone which the pedler did not catch, but the name itself seemed to have struck him, for he bent his glance piercingly upon the individual so named, and by the aid of the guttering tallow candles summed up the outer man.

He was of a rough exterior and athletic make, and wore that hybrid costume which might belong to a drover, a rat-catcher and a breaker-in of horses—one or the other, or each branch combined. His dress was a fustian jacket, with many and large pockets, stout gaiters about the legs, with one spur on the heel of a heavy shoe, and a thick-handled riding-whip, the lash coiled round the same, and placed beside his mug of beer on the table. Sullen, taciturn, and repellent, he was a man very difficult to be made out, besides that a stranger who might be struck with his square, black-beard'd face, would not have cared to carry his examination further. So it seemed to the pedler, for while he lifted up his head, as if to address him, or put a question, he changed his mind again, and there was a pause in the murmured conversation.

"Friend," broke in the pedler, after a while, addressing the landlord, "it is getting late, and the night does not promise to be very fine—"

"No; likely to be rough and wet. You can judge the weather, I see." And Mr. Dadger laugh'd at his own readiness.

"And you have not told me whether I can have a bed or no," continued the elder man, with the slightest touch of irritation in his tone, and the least sparkle of impatience in his keen eye.

"Well—hum!—I'm afraid not; leastways, not here," replied Mr. Dadger, a little severely, and as a lesson for him in future.

"I am poor, but I can pay for it," said the pedler, drawing forth a small canvass bag, as if to cast any suspicion on Mr. Dadger's part as to his means entirely and at once aside.

"That's not where it is, you see," began Mr. Dadger, making parentheses with his pipe. "Our beds is full, took by some graziers going to Gainsborough; and as for the settle here, that's engaged too, by them two very wide-awake young men, who



I thinks have taken the queen's shillin', and being very sorry for it are hooking it as far as they can."

His voice had fallen into a chuckling whisper, as he pointed with his pipe over his shoulder at two prone figures, hitherto unseen, squatted in an opposite recess, and this time there was something in the tone and manner of the man that made the pedler shrink from him. It was that of one who would betray faith for a consideration, and because cunning, trickery, and breach of any trust suited Mr. Dadger's Judas' nature,

"I am very sorry," remarked the pedler, "that you cannot accommodate me. I cannot afford the prices of the "Red Bull."

"I should think not, indeed!" grunted Mr. Dadger, defiantly.

"And must walk on to the nearest town at hand I suppose."

"It's about five miles to Risborough, cross country, and you'll get there afore twelve, I dessay; and you *may* find the 'Magpie' up and awake."

"Friend, do not jest with one who is both old and tired—older than I look, heaven help me!—with a more weary load in my heart than on my back. You are compelled to find some accommodation for travelers; but I appeal to your good feeling. If you have no bed to give me, tell me where I can get one."

"I don't know any one in the village; and 'sides the Red Bull' is chock as I am. There's a shake-down in the stable."

"No, that will scarcely do; I want a little protection besides shelter, for though my valuables are trifling, I have some papers which must be taken care of."

"Well, I can't help it," was the response.

"In that case, I will go on to the next town, if any will direct me;" and the pedler rose to his feet, taking his box as he spoke.

"Jack Trescott!" said the landlord as if a new outbreak of fresh humor was preparing, and in which he was to take part; "you knows it?"

"Burn your body! what's your game to-night, as you can't give a traveller a lodgin' without all this trottin' in a ring?" and the horse-dealer rose also to his feet, displaying a frame and stature one would not willingly have striven with in a death-wrestle. "You used to be eager enough to turn your cock-lofts into lodgin's."

"Well, I can't now, then—come, that's all about it!" was Mr. Dadger's surly reply.

"Why can't you, then, old double-chalks, eh?" persisted the horse-dealer.

"I tell you we're full—there then!—and I ain't agoing to give any other reasons."

"Oh very well," retorted Trescott; "stick to your tantrums, and be sorry arter. Tell you what, friend pedler, I don't let lodgins—my crib is but a ricketty old place but there is a spare room and a old couch in it. I dont often ask people to my place but you shall have a shake-down to night. There's only me and my girl at home, and she's gone to bed by this; and it aint quite the right sort of night to send a man hunting for shelter five or more miles away. So if you like to follow me you are welcome, that's all."

The pedler seemed grateful, and willing to accept the offer; while the rough, real or assumed, good-nature of the man had in it that which, on second thoughts might have a sinister bearing. If he had any doubts, however, they were decided by the long, melancholy wail of the night wind deepening into a howl as it went by, banging-to the loose shutters, and bringing with it a rush of rain against the windows, indicative of a storm of more than ordinary violence to follow.

"I am much obliged to you," he said, and accept your offer with thanks. I wish you all a good night.

The pedler made a step towards the door when suddenly he gave a gasp, and staggering a step or two, clutched at the table to prevent himself from falling. Trescott, with his powerful arm, caught him, and exclaimed, "why hang it, mau, you're not tipsy with a pint, are you?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the pedler; "but ill—a sudden spasm. For heaven's sake, let me have a little brandy?"

"Do you hear there, Mother Dadger?" shouted Trescott, sternly: "bring in a gill of brandy quick! Zounds, I think he is ill, the poor man is as white as a ghost! Was there anything in that beer?" he continued, as the huge landlady, bottle and measure in hand, waddled into the room.

"Anything in the beer?" repeated Mr. Dadger with angry disdain. "Yes, I should think there was—hops and malt!"

"Bah!" ejaculated Trescott, contemptuously, as he made the pedler drink off a glass of the liquor. "Something else as would kill a hoss, I'll pound it! Here, Missus, put up half a pint of that brandy, will you? and here's your money. Better now, old chap?"

"Thank you, friend, yes—much," replied the impromptu patient. "Something is wrong with the heart, I fear; I have had this at-

tack before. Shall we go now? Stay, I'll pay for the brandy!" And pulling out his bag he did so; then taking his box afresh, he followed his guide, and presently they were lost in the darkness of the night, and the moaning wind rushed up the street, and bringing the thickening shower with it, through which they both hastened on their way.

What a change from the calm, quiet evening to the night-storm—the clear azure sky to the murky canopy, out of which the stars had suddenly died away! Both were too much pre-occupied to note the change! and ten minutes' smart walking brought them to a remote side street, where, hidden by trees and a shrubbery, was an old tottering dwelling, from which no light shone, and into a room of which Trescott led the way, carefully fastening the door after him; and next lighting a candle, he drew a turf fire together, so that the rudely and scantily-furnished chamber began to assume a warmth and comfort it had almost lost with the dying embers.

The house had once in its day been one of that class which the magnates of a small village, "retired from business," or having means and competency of one kind or other, love to build for themselves, and according to a prevailing taste. It lay out of the High street, and the main road, and a fine broad, breezy common was in front of it. In front two wings came forward (small as it was, and but one story high, with dormer lofts) and opposite windows allowed a view into opposite rooms looking across the front. A garden avenue, with shrubs and weeds, paddocks with broken fences, old stabling in tolerable order, where Jack Trescott put up the colts he had from time to time in charge to break—a ruin and decay, in fact, of what had once been a *cottage ornee*, formed the horse-dealer's dwelling. In one front wing slept his daughter, whom we have not yet seen. In the opposite wing, over the room in common use, slept Trescott himself; while in a room on the ground floor, which had once been a parlour opening out into the garden, slept the pedler, on an old couch,—a fire on the hearth—a glass of hot brandy-and-water, emptied—slept the sleep that knew no waking, for—

For on the morrow early a great shock and an alarm ran through the village, that a pedler whom Jack Trescott had in a hospitable moment (this was not his characteristic,) taken home to give a night's lodging to, had been found *dead* in his bed—that is to say, dead, and partially undressed, on the old couch; and no one could tell any-

thing about the dreadful mystery—Jack Trescott least of all, though the shock had evidently been great enough to work in him a fearful and almost ghastly change.

\* \* \* \* \*

Through that stormy wind-beating, rain-pouring night, what deadly work had been going on under the roof of Jack Trescott!

At present we must simply follow the thread of our narrative.

Speedily ran the fearful news, in the early morning through the peasant households of the obscure village of Troughton, that a pedler—name unknown—had found there lodging, and had found his death!

Naturally, parish constable and country coroner were soon astir and busy, The body of the poor man had been borne from the house of the horse-dealer to the large room of Simon Dadger's public—the "Load of Hay;" and there, with the coroner and his myrmidons, questions were put, and answers elicited, with the following result:

Trescott had taken the pedler to his house in a moment of humane impulse; and this was proved by the reluctant testimony of Dadger himself, who, with others, testified also to the sudden illness of the poor man, adding also the words as to "heart-disease" which he had uttered.

Farther, Jack Trescott said he pulled the fire together, gave the pedler—who still had seemed to be poorly—a stiff glass of hot brandy and water, which he drank, and had left him partially undressed—the night being very cold, and the couch *not* quite such a bed as an ailing man might find warmth in. He had left him in a sound and apparently refreshing sleep. The wild night passed—with silence within, and storm without—until the morning, when his daughter—pale with horror and affright—knowing nothing of the visitor, had rushed into her father's room, and told him that a dead man lay on the couch down stairs. Trescott farther added that he had hurried off for the village doctor, who pronounced life extinct; and still farther the horse-dealer had given immediate information to the parish officials. Hence the inquest at which they sat, and hence also, after some pro's and con's between the coroner and his jury, the verdict was returned—"Found dead. Cause, disease of the heart."

The parish doctor signed the certificate, and the matter was at an end. Only for one thing. It remained to examine the pedler's box to arrive at *who* he was—to examine the papers mention had been made of, and see what *they* where. Both were done, and

the conclusion left them as much in the dark as ever.

His box, with the jewelry, some of more than common value, seemed to be just as he brought it in. A pencil memorandum showed that he had disposed of some trinkets in adjacent villages, and the canvass bag proved receipts, with some few pieces of gold. So far, this was pronounced right and straightforward enough. Next for the papers.

The papers were letters chiefly—not many, neither very mysterious, nor yet very plain. They tended chiefly to inquire after a personage—one Mary Lorremar, of whom no one had appeared to have at any time heard. It would seem that the pedler was in search of this person. It might be a friend—a sister—a betrothed. There was nothing to show sufficient light; and, with this mystery of life and death shrouding him, the pedler was buried—the expense paid out of his purse—a pound handed to Trescott, remarking on his kindness in housing and attending the poor man. Finally, the box of jewelry, the letters, and the rest, were put up in a parcel, and placed in charge of the coroner till such time as the broken thread might be picked up, the lost link found, and the history of the pedler made complete.

And so he was dead, and was buried, and all was over with *him*.

It remains with us, therefore, to throw a farther light on the circumstances we have just detailed.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Jack Trescott had placed the pedler on his couch and gathered the peat fire together, which sent a glow of warmth and light into the once-pleasant and now sordid chamber, he went up to his own room by a creaking stair-case, candle in hand, and sat himself down a few moments by his own scanty embers, to think as he said, in fact, to put into rapid and immediate practice, a design that, at the first dark and disjointed, had in the same short space of time become full grown and fruitful, and exhibited as much of the man's fertility of plot as of his unhesitating and determined nature to put it into execution; and while he placed the bottle of spirits, a tumbler, some sugar, a spoon, and—and so on, on the table (the "so on," means more than is at the instant seen into,) and the kettle on his fire to boil, he thought,—and thought *back* his whole life up to the present, and thus it was before.

Twenty years back and he was a young

man of twenty—a turbulent peasant, bold, ready-handed, half a poacher, a famous rat-catcher and dog trainer, the most daring and accomplished horseman in the country round, and was renowned for the mastery he had over the most vicious animals, making them succumb to his powers, and in general request to rascal turfites, jockeys, and the rest of the scoundrel fraternity, making plenty of money, which, like all unblest and evil gathered gains, seemed to do him no fraction of good.

Presently a young friendless, nameless girl, remarkable for her crushed nature and her pallid beauty, became his wife. She kept even from him the secret of her origin. He never rightly knew her name, nor where she came from. Neither did she ever disclose rightly, where and how he met with her. At this time the possessor of the tenement—a broken spendthrift and the last of the family, inhabiting the house he (Trescott) now lived in—died; and Trescott, at an easy rental became its tenant, and he now went largely into horse-breaking and dealing, and with some success.

Rough and discourteous, imperious and almost brutal—his brutality having in it however a sort of reckless joviality—it seemed that for a considerable period the man was mending—that his nature was softening and expanding into a more genial and human channel, all attributed to the influence which the remarkable gentleness and refined nature of his wife exercised over him. Trescott began to be looked up to with some respect.

He was now the father of a little child, a baby-girl, as lovely as the morning; the features soft and harmoniously lined, as were those of her mother; its dark hair and dark eyes were those of the father. Jack Trescott seemed to adore the little creature till one awful winter, when pestilence spread from town to country, from city to village, and the dwellers of remote hamlets caught the infection. The mother died—the child outlived it all; and the man, almost mad, drank as if he sought to hurry himself into that grave, where all that was good of him and belonging to him had gone never to return.

He survived, lived on, an irregular, broken, stormy life, never being himself afterwards. The child grew up an awkward, haggard, spectral-thing, her baby-beauty appearing to have left her forever. Mary Trescott went to the village school, picked up with wondrous quickness, what crumbs of education were around her, and in the secrecy

of her strange childish solitude brooded, and read, and thought till she became a wonder to many; and one day her mother's beauty came back to her, to the amazement of all, the envy of many of her own sex, and to the disgust and indignation, of the harder featured, female population of Troughton, who boded (hopingly) that her beauty was but skin deep, and would bring her no good. Alas poor girl! She was not the first, nor the only one to whom the divine gift of beauty might prove a curse.

Time went on (in Jack Trescott's reverie,) and he found himself rapidly falling in the world, and sinking deeper and deeper in the slough of rascaldom—the tool of more astute and well-to-do rascals; and there seemed no help for him.

One thing the forlorn and reckless man did nevertheless cling to—the removing of his daughter from the mean and vicious circle of his own life—the keeping her pure and intact, whatever was to become of him.

But how? That same night at the tavern showed him a way—*one* way. If he shuddered but once as the idea flashed upon him, it was *only* once. The next moment his iron will had calmed down both fear and scruple; and now—*now* to business.

The kettle was boiling. Trescott, who had been watching it, rose without a shadow on his countenance, and even somewhat relaxing the grim severity which a train of retrospective fancies, so dark, with so very little of sunshine of humanity about them, had impressed upon his stern face. He rose, poured some brandy in a glass, some sugar, a little water, stirred up the liquid with a spoon, and then—

The chamber was low, and wainscotted—the ceiling black and cracked, and nearly midway in the floor stood the table, with a candle upon it. A few broken chairs and a truck-bed formed the rest of its "effects."

The man rose, advanced to what seemed to all intents and purposes the *wall*—that is to say, a portion of the wainscot or panneling, behind which was either part of the staircase or of another chamber—and *opened a cupboard door*, where the most skillfully constructive eye, with a faculty of allotting appropriate space, would never have dreamed or detected such cupboard. Neither hinge nor key-hole, neither knob nor spring neither projection or sign of any kind, would have betrayed this cupboard. *Yet there it was.*

Small bottles, some one or two stoppered vials, salves in small jars, and other matters

used in the pharmacy of horse and dog flesh, showed themselves. He took one vial, poured out the few remaining dark colored drops it contained into the glass, a slight though peculiar odor being at the same time evolved. He washed and rinsed the vial out, closed the cupboard with a noiseless click, took up the glass and the candle, and quietly descended the stairs, entered the room where the pedler lay, moaning in a distracted sleep, and touching him gently upon the shoulder, said:—

"Come friend, I have made you a stiffish glass—hot and strong. Drink it off—it will remove your pain, I warrant me."

Half-sleepily, but clearly in pain, the pedler sat up on his couch; and taking the glass out of Trescott's hand, said:—

"Thanks, my friend—thanks! This will bring me rest and quiet. May heaven bless you for your kindness to a poor helpless man!" and drank it off to the dregs.

Why did that bold man shake and tremble through all his limbs, as the words of the poor man fell upon his ear? Why did his dark cheeks blanch, and his knees tremble, as the words "peace and quiet," coupled with "heaven's blessing" fell on his ear?

It was an open, cold-blooded murder, without doubt, in which the doomed man was, in an indirect way, a party to his own death; and he must be made with flesh of stone, heart of iron, and blood as cold as a frozen winter's rill, who can look his victim in the face, and hear such words addressed to him, when he has taken poison from those lethal hands.

The pedler seemed to be struck with something. He was lying down, when he fixed his eye, glittering with an awful light upon the murderer's face.

"If you have done me wrong," he said, "heaven will judge you; if a charity, I repeat—may heaven bless you! If I wake no more, may my last prayers be heard!" And sinking down, he crossed his hands on his breast, and with lips moaning some solemn and awful words, sank to sleep—never to waken more!

The winds roared and moaned, as with shaking hands, and with a cold sweat drenching him from head to foot, Trescott took the glass, and rinsing it out, emptied the few drops into the dying embers. He replaced the glass on the table, took up the candle, and was departing, when a movement and a sob startled him. The pedler had made a movement, and the next instant Trescott could tell that he was *dead*.

To falter now was mere madness—a folly

added to wickedness. From the pedler's pocket he took a bag; out of that bag he took twenty gold pieces; the rest, and a handful of silver, he left, and replaced. From a packet of papers, somewhat bulky, he took *one*—a signature, and a portion of its contents, having met his eye. This he thrust into his bosom, put up the others, with desperate calmness, left everything in

(To be continued.)

the most orderly and ordinary manner, and sought his own chamber. The gold and the paper he placed in the secret cupboard; and the night went on, and day came, and the dead man was found, and Jack Trescott gave his evidence, and with surely assumed phlegm, received the compliment paid him by the coroner on his kindness, and the good-nature hidden under his rough exterior.

## SUPERSTITION.—Modern and Ancient.

An Original Lecture, Delivered in Montreal, by H. B. SMALL, S. C. L., &c.

As I suppose there is not one of us who has not some time or another either when alone in the glooming of twilight, or at the witching hour of night, felt some peculiarly nervous feeling of some mysterious influence, which their imagination embellishes with superstitious fancies, ridiculous on sober second thought, but harassing at the time; and though it is doubtless a certainty that nurserymaids will forever continue to frighten into subjection their infantine charge by threats of bogies, ogres, vampires and the like, we, children of a larger growth, ought not to foster any such extravagant reminiscences of the 'dark ages,' by acquiescing in or regarding superstitions, either omens, dreams, or supernatural agencies of any kind whatever; so I purpose this evening to lay before you, as far as possible, the cause and origin of many of the most popular and common superstitions of our own day, as well as those of the ancients.

Notwithstanding the flood of information which has been poured over the world during the past fifty years, Superstition, the child as well as parent of Ignorance, still holds considerable sway over the mind of man. In endeavoring to trace the source from which this springs, we must in many instances despair of reaching the fountain-head. The stream has been running from time immemorial, and to trace its head-waters, and the distant countries through which it has flowed, would entail on us a voyage of doubt and conjecture. We must therefore content ourselves with noticing under the head of modern superstition, such of these fancies as still retain their influence on the public mind, occasionally producing considerable mischief, and at the same time engraving in it a disposition to believe in the wonderful and supernatural.

When we look at the magic wonders of modern science, steam, railroads, and that unceasing marvel the electric telegraph, it is difficult to comprehend the extensive range of the wild superstition of bygone times. The sorcerer, the magician, and the necromancer have vanished before truth and reason; yet still the public mind hankers after whatever is, or seems mysterious or wonderful: for the generality of men are more disposed to exercise the faculty of wonder, than to exert their reasoning and reflective qualities. Wonder has been compared to a lever, by means of which the sagacious few have moved the ignorant for ages past; and

though in its legitimate state it may be beneficially employed by man, yet if not kept within proper bounds and under certain control, it has its wild bewilderment, its frenzied excitements.

The harmless feats of legerdemain practised by modern "artists" for the amusement of our rising generation, or the chemical experiments daily performed in our laboratories, would have been wielded by a Dr. Faust, or a Wayland Smith with a force that would have enslaved the ignorant and entirely deluded the masses of their day. The monastic legends of the middle ages, shrouded as they were in traditional lore, fostered greatly the growth of superstition; for the monks were most dexterous cheats, and had plenty of leisure in which to devise schemes, whereby they might work on the imagination of the people; added to this, in their chemical pursuits, and in their experiments in the study of alchemy, they discovered many valuable properties of matter, which were before unknown; experiments, which to the uneducated seemed to be the offspring of supernatural agency.

The same principle which leads to the rejection of the true, leads to the encouragement of the false. Thus we may account for the success which has attended great impostors, at times when the truth, though not half so wondrous as their impositions, has been disregarded as extravagant and preposterous. The man who wishes to cheat the people, must needs find his operations upon some prejudice, or belief that already exists. Errors consecrated by time and long familiarity, must be heightened and embellished, but the preacher of truth has a foundation to make as well as a superstructure. Columbus preached a new world, but was met with distrust and incredulity; had he preached with as much earnestness, the discovery of some valley in the old world, where diamonds hung upon trees, or a herb grew that cured all the ills incidental to humanity, he would have found a warm and hearty welcome—might have sold dried cabbage leaves for his wonderful herb, and made his fortune. Of all the offspring of Time, Error is the most ancient, and is so old and familiar an acquaintance, that Truth when discovered, comes upon most of us like an intruder, and meets the intruder's welcome. The mere fact of anything being spared by Time, makes it a favorite with us, who are sure to fall his victims. To call anything time-hallowed is

to open a way for it into hearts where it never before penetrated. Some peculiar custom may disgrace the people amongst whom it flourishes, yet men of a little wisdom refuse to aid in its extirpation, merely because it is old. Thus it is with human belief; and thus it is, we bring shame upon our own intellect. The old woman in the story could not believe her sailor son, when he told her there was such a creature as a flying fish, because her Bible did not tell her so; but she believed that her son had drawn up the golden and bejewelled wheel from the Red Sea, because her Bible informed her that Pharaoh was drowned there!

When Roger Bacon invented the telescope and the magic lantern, no one believed that the unaided ingenuity of man could have done it; but when some visceracs asserted that his satanic majesty had appeared to him, and given him the knowledge which he turned to such account, no one was bold enough to assert that it was improbable. His hint that saltpetre, charcoal and sulphur, mixed in certain proportions, would produce effects similar to thunder and lightning was disregarded or disbelieved; but the legend of the brazen head which delivered oracles, was believed for ages.

Whoever reads the Roman Historians, particularly Livy, Pliny and others, must be surprised at the number of prodigies which are constantly recorded, and which frequently filled the people with the most dreadful apprehensions. It must be confessed that some of these seem almost supernatural; while much the greater part only consist of some of the uncommon productions of nature, which superstition always attributed to a superior cause, and represented as the prognostication of some impending misfortunes, and whatever unhappy circumstance followed upon these, was sure to be either caused or predicted by them: nothing is more easy now than to account for these productions, which have no relation to any events that may happen to follow them; for instance, nocturnal fires, enflamed spears, fighting armies in the sky, were no more than the northern lights, or Aurora Borealis; showers of stones, or ashes were no other than the effects of the eruptions of some volcano at a considerable distance; showers of milk, as recorded, were caused by some quality in the air, condensing and giving a whitish colour to the water; and those of blood are now well known to be only the red spots left upon the earth, on stones and leaves of trees, by certain butterflies or moths which hatch in hot and stormy weather.

Speaking of prodigies accompanying events, there is a capital scene in Henry IV, where when Glendower says "At my nativity, the part of heaven was full of fiery shapes," Hotspur sarcastically replies "Why so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened."—Glendower waxing wroth replies, "The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble," but is again met by Hotspur, "O then the earth did shake to see the heavens on fire, and not in fear of your nativity."

It appears from the sermons of the ancient fathers, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Eloy and others, that the Christians of their time drew several kinds of presages from various events, such as persons sneezing at critical times, from meeting a cat, a dog, an ill-looking or squinting woman, a maiden blind of one eye, or a cripple;

from being caught by the cloak on stepping out of a door, or from a sudden catch in one's joint or limb. St. Eloy tells his people plainly that whoever pays attention to any of these, is so far a Pagan; and all these and innumerable others of the same description of superstitions have been denounced as Paganism, by the censures of popes, provincial councils, synodical decrees, and other grave authorities. Amongst us, various strange sounds which have from time to time alarmed the superstitious, may be readily explained upon the simple principles of natural causes. I well remember a whole family being thrown into a state of terror by a mysterious sound regularly occurring every evening, which was at length discovered to arise from the crawling of snails over the window, producing as they moved along, a friction which occasioned a vibration of the glass. The death-watch, so named from its noise resembling the ticking of a watch, is an object of dread whenever heard, and if in the sick-room where any unusual noise at once attracts notice, is regarded as ominous; should death occur, this sound caused by a harmless insect summoning its mate by the vibration of its wings in the recesses of some old piece of furniture, is spoken of as *having given a warning*. The screeching of the owl, probably attracted to the window of the chamber of sickness by the light there visible, or being a bird to whom for reasons not precisely known, light is not so agreeable as darkness, offended at the glimmering of the candle within, when all else is buried in the gloom of night; the baying of a hound perchance shut out of his accustomed kennel, or feeling instinctively approaching change of weather; the will o' the wisp, or corpse candle as it is sometimes called, are all objects of a superstitious fear which will probably never be thoroughly eradicated: but science most unsparingly clips the wings of these flights of the imagination by lifting the veil, and unfolding their true cause; for there can be no effect without a cause. Sometimes an excited condition of the mind prepares and adapts the organs of vision for certain illusions; at others a chain of coincidences may connect one event with another, yet so entirely unconnected in appearance, as to be regarded as supernatural.

We will not enter far into dreamland or dreams, as being too vast a wilderness for us to explore; they "are the children of an idle brain, begat of nothing but vain phantasy" and we will therefore only pass them hurriedly by. On the effects of the imagination in dreams, the effusion put into the mouth of the volatile Mercurio by Shakspeare, viz: the description of the nocturnal vagaries of Queen Mab is an admirable illustration, particularly the following:

"Sometimes she gallops on a lawyer's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck  
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,  
And then anon, drums in his ears, at which  
He starts and wakes, and being thus frightened  
swears

A prayer or two, and sleeps again."

Chaucer also in his tale of the cock and the fox has a fine description, versified by Dryden.

"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes,  
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes,

Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind  
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind,  
The nurses legends are for truth received  
And the man dreams but what the boy be-  
lieved."

Nor must Milton be omitted :

"Fancy next her office holds, of all external  
things  
She forms imaginations, airy shapes, and then  
Retires into her private cell, when nature rests.  
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes  
To imitate her, but misjoining shapes  
Wild works produces of long past, or tales."

(To be continued.)

F R E E D O M .

By TENNYSON.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,  
The thunders breaking at her feet :  
Above her shook the starry lights :  
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,  
Self-gathered in her prophetic mind ;  
But fragments of her mighty voice,  
Came rolling on the wind.

Then steps she down through town and field  
To mingle with the human race,  
And part by part to men revealed,  
The fulness of her face.—

Grave mother of majestic works,  
From her iso-altar gazing down ;  
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,  
And, King-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth,  
The wisdom of a thousand years  
Is in them. May perpetual youth  
Keep dry their light from tears.

That her fair form may stand and shine,  
Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
Turning to scorn with lips divine  
The falsehood of extremes !

MOUNT ROYAL JOTTINGS.

BY H. B. SMALL, S.C.F. &c.

No. I.

"Sault Recollet."—Anglice "The Back River."

"O! nimium fortunati, sua si bona norint!"

We must confess, with all due deference to our Readers, or at least to those of them who take our prefatory remarks to themselves, that we feel a great deal of pity—yes, *pity* is the word, for the misguided people who call a season at one of our, or any Summer resorts, country enjoyment, and reckon it as such. Our feeling is even stronger than pity ; we really are inclined to count it little less than an act of fashionable blasphemy, to take the name of the country so in vain. In a fashionable resort, small as it may be, one cannot forget MEN. Their voice and strife and ambition come to the eye in the painted paling, in the swing signboard and in the trimly printed "Att'y.-at-Law," that ubiquity of society. For our part we like to steal away, and bathe our spirits in the freedom of the old woods, and to grow young again lying by a brook-side counting the white clouds that sail along the summer sky softly and tranquilly, even as holy memories go stealing over the vault of life ! We like to steep our soul in a sea of quiet, as we lie moored to our thoughts, with nothing floating past us but the perfume of flowers, and the song of soaring birds, and shadows of the clouds.—

Now as selfishness is not one of our many failings, we would like others to enjoy our pleasures and our pastimes ; so we purpose from time to time giving a few "jottings by the way" of some of our summer resorts and favorite rambles, in this fair island of Mount Royal, for the edification of those who have strength of mind enough to avoid the enticements of a Cacouna or a Portland, or whose pauses are not long enough and whose time is too closely occupied in mundane affairs to permit an extended term among the picturesque.

One of the most accessible and prettiest of these is the Sault Recollet, or 'Back-River,' in the familiar parlance of the Montrealer, eight or nine miles distant from the City, being the northern branch by which the waters of the Ottawa encircle the island, and owing its quiet beauties, in a great measure, to the fact of its not being navigable except for rafts in their downward course. There is no shrill whistle or flapping paddle to disturb the ear ; the Canadian boat-song, though not in the well known words of Moore, or the Vesper bell from some Convent hard by

being the only sounds accessory to the enjoyment of its solitude.

It was a beautiful, bright morning in the early summer when we started on our Saturday excursion to this locality, bent for the nonce on leaving Classics and book-lore in the dust of the City, and giving ourselves up to a regular 'high old time.' Just after leaving the City suburbs, we come upon a collection of wooden huts all small, all dirty; at the door of each or every alternate hut a peculiarly-alike-featured matron sits, occupied, in addition to staring at us, in nursing an admirable likeness of herself on a small scale, and in jabbering *patois* either at the numerous groups of children around the door or at piggy—an appendage apparently of each hut, and to judge from appearances more *Hibernice* part of the family. Not that we wish to detract from the porcine race; for there exists perhaps no animal in the world which has less justice done to him by man; gifted with every faculty of supplying himself and providing even against the coming storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than a pig, we generally condemn him in the prime of life to solitary confinement in a sty. While his faculties are still his own, only observe how with a look or snort he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling eye; but with pigs as with mankind—idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal finding that he has absolutely nothing to do, having nothing to look forward to, but the pail which feeds him, naturally must most eagerly, or as we accuse him, most greedily greet its arrival. Having no business, or diversion, nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this nature assists him with sleep, which lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system. Piggy thus treated gorges himself—sleeps—eats again,—sleeps—awakens in a fright—grunts—till finally he struggles screaming against the apron of the——and turning up the whites of his eyes struggles no more. But the pigs of Cote St Louis must not divert us from our jaunt any longer.

How gloriously warm is the morning sun as it pours its rays upon us, making our shadows stretch out like a prostrate Obelisk; how every spear of grass is replete with its diamonds of dew. Turning

for a few minutes from the highway, out of the suburbs as good as an ordinary English turnpike road, we step aside deep in grass and buttercups and columbines and other meadow blossoms; the *chipmunk* or ground Squirrel with his zebra like sides is running along the stone walls which fence the road on either side. Now instead of the quiet of a month ago there is a full chorus of birds, those of the furrow, the pasture, the brook. From one direction the breeze brings the notes of the blue-bird, the yellow-bird, the oriole; the warbler in the low bushes by the old quarry adds its strains, and the bob-o-links spring up all around us from the meadow. Beautifully has Wilson described this bird, "He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sunshine, all song. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and most in song when the clover is in bloom. Rivaling the European lark, he is the happiest bird of Spring. The very school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest urchin pauses to listen to his strain."

Onwards, still onward; once in a way we pass a low substantial looking cottage built of rough stones rudely plastered together—one or two farm buildings strongly resembling the homestead, standing out at the back. In front there is generally an abandoned quarry now become an elegant pond, where happy urchins with crooked pin and a furtively obtained yard of thread, are as happy in their way as the fisherman-tourist feels who plays his salmon in Norway or Newfoundland; a partly cultivated slope, several acres of which have been long cleared, others so lately that the blackened stumps of trees still appear gloomily above the luxuriant grass and still more luxuriant Canada thistle. Here and there besides stone-walls, a snake fence winds over a ridge and is hidden again in a hollow; and then the dimly seen ridge of blue in the far off distance which shuts in the view. After eight miles of a repetition of this, the sound of rushing water falls upon the ear, and a sudden curve of the road brings us into full view of our destination.

To those who are strangers to the Back River, we will try to give some idea of the spot we find ourselves in; but as we do not flatter ourselves that our sketches do it justice, we cannot expect to do better in writing. Here we are in the solitude of the country, amidst a silence which may be



felt; its effect not lessened by the soothing sound at intervals, of the dashing Sault Recollet at hand. On either side, the glorious trees rising from an underbush of choke-cherry and wild plum, only allow flecks of bright light to penetrate their interlaced boughs. Before us is the river, rushing down the slight slope here in rapids with rocks rising in and above the water circling around the race-banks of the quaint old mill, or there, snorting through the narrow race itself, as if struggling to be free from such unwonted confinement. By and by we see a huge raft, followed by smaller ones at a respectful distance coming down the stream, and watch with eager gaze the exciting moment of its shooting the rapid, seeing, each stick of timber heave and sway, like the sinuous length of some monstrous hydra, when almost one false movement would shatter the whole and leave a debris to be collected at the bridge some two miles down the stream. But strange to say accidents are comparatively unknown here; and this may be attributed partly to the fact, that the same raftsmen, who having steered with their swoops the cumbrous float down to the smooth water below the rapids, are landed at or near the bridge, where relays of waggons carry them up the stream, to go through the same operation with the raft next in waiting, perhaps half-a-dozen times during the day.

Fain would we dwell on a description of the beauties of each nook and corner, each

turn of the road lying on the rivers brink, of the white cottage with its *jalousies* of green, and little garden patch, teeming with the tobacco plant, which seems largely cultivated here, and than which no prettier herb can be seen in the exuberance of its leaf; on the rude crosses here and there visible marking the boundaries of each parish—the object of each voyagers silent adoration as he passes by—the canoes or “dug-outs,” with their juvenile occupants, frequently an urchin unbreeched, the beauties of Priests-island, that pic-nic resort of the toil-worn mechanic; and last tho’ not least, the turrets and domes and towers which here and there peep forth of Convent and Seminaries which though half-hidden from the travellers gaze, court the solitude of the spot as most favorable to the purpose of their founders; but time and space, inexorable fates, press upon us. We must away ere darkness sets in, and brief as our jaunt has been, we bring back with us a large stock of that glorious *fresh* feeling which ever so slight a breath of country air gives, and some wonder why the plodding business community of the Metropolis of Canada do not more often enjoy the sylvan retreats of their own little island, instead of puzzling their brains as to whether Portland or Cacouna shall enjoy their patronage, or some watering place of our Republican neighbours is not better adapted for setting off their *status*, than any humble retreat or peasant population of so-little-known a spot as the Sault-Recollet.

## THE NOBLE PROTEST OF THE PROTESTANT BISHOPS OF ENGLAND,

*as it was entered upon the Books of the House of Lords in the year of grace 1743.*

Previous to the Session of Parliament for 1743, the English Legislature treated the Liquor Traffic as being dangerous to society. By means of a heavy suppressive duty, and severe restrictions as to the granting of licenses, the maddening and destructive articles called ardent spirits, were placed beyond the reach of the working and middle classes. The license to sell, always difficult to obtain, and which contained a provision forbidding consumption on the premises, except to travellers, when granted, was at a cost of £50 sterling per annum. To this was added a duty on the liquors of 20s. sterling, or \$5 per gallon. At that remote period, when the average of

wages ranged from 150 to 200 per cent lower than at the present time, and when every one pound sterling practically represented a much larger sum than it does now, the difficulties which the law threw in the way of the traffic in spirituous liquors, amounted to a prohibition of their use, so far as the masses were concerned.

In an evil hour, the Government of the day determined upon making use of this hitherto proscribed Traffic as a source of revenue, and to this end a Bill was introduced into Parliament which proposed to increase the number of licenses indefinitely, by reducing the annual charge from £50 to £1 sterling, and the duties on spirituous

liquors from £1 sterling, to a reduced tax varying from one penny to sixpence per gallon. The promoters of this scheme estimated that the number of additional licenses thus to be obtained would amount to 50,000.

The passage of this Bill was vigorously but unsuccessfully opposed in the House of Lords. In the course of the debate, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury said :

“ I rise in opposition, because I think religion is deeply concerned in the fate of this bill. It is the most unchristian bill that was ever thought of, and I, therefore, think it incumbent upon me as a Christian bishop to give my testimony against it in the most open and expressive manner I can. I shall look upon every licensed retailer as a deputy under the Government set up to provoke and tempt the poor to get drunk. And as I *must* look upon them in this light, I cannot, as a friend to my country, and as a member of a Christian Church, give my consent to the setting up of any such deputies.”

His Lordship the Bishop of Oxford in the course of his speech observed :

“ The increase of the sale of distilled spirits and the propagation of all kinds of wickedness are the same. It has been found by experience, that nothing can restrain the people from buying these liquors but such laws as hinder them from being sold.”

When the Bench of Bishops saw that they were overpowered by numbers, regarding as they did this measure as most surely destructive to the public morals and the religious sentiments of the nation, they determined that succeeding generations—as they witnessed the blighting, blasting, and body and soul destroying influences which this demoralizing law would effect upon fathers, upon children, and upon children’s children, from age to age,—should at the same time know that they, the Bishops, had washed their hands and their skirts from the blood of the myriads of slaughtered victims which their prophetic eyes beheld

in the distance, as being murdered by wholesale by this *Drink Demon* thus let loose upon Society.

The only thing left for them to do, was to enter their solemn protest, as in the sight of God, on the records of the House of Lords.

This bold protest which does honor both to their heads and to their hearts, and which was signed by nine Bishops, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and subsequently by many other peers, reads as follows :

“ Because the opulence and power of a nation depend upon the numbers, vigour, and industry of its people,—and its liberty and happiness, on their Temperance and morality ; to all which this bill threatens destruction, by authorising 50,000 houses [the number admitted in the debate] to retail a *poison* which, by universal experience, is known to debilitate the strong and destroy the weak, to extinguish industry, and to inflame those intoxicated by its malignant efficacy to perpetrate the most heinous crimes. For what calamities and confusion may not be expected when near a twentieth part of the houses in this kingdom shall be converted into seminaries of profligacy and drunkenness, authorized and protected by the Legislative power ? And as we conceive the contributions to be paid by these infamous recesses, and the money to be raised on this destructive project, are considerations highly unworthy the attention of Parliament, when compared with the extensive evils from thence arising, so are we of opinion that, if the real exigencies of the public required raising the immense sum this year granted, they could by no means palliate the having recourse to a supply founded on the indulgence of debauchery, the

encouragement of crime, and the destruction of the human race."

The Rev. Henry Gale, B.C.L., Rector of Treborough, Somerset, has brought this document to the light of day, and he remarks:

"A century of spiritual darkness was sufficient to obliterate the memory of this discussion. My own bishop frankly admitted that it was new to him. In 1856 I drew the attention of the English Episcopate to it by sending every bishop a copy of "Apostolic Temperance."

How clearly did this noble band of Bishops foretell the "malignant efficacy," the "calamities and confusion," the "profligacy and drunkenness," which were to follow in the train of this licensing system! What withering denunciations against a

Government that could seek to raise revenue by "these infamous recesses," these "seminaries of profligacy and drunkenness," by "this destructive project," by "a supply founded on the indulgence of debauchery, the encouragement of crime, and the destruction of the human race."

Every cent raised by our Corporations and Provincial Government is the price of blood: it can only be obtained at the cost of the destruction of a portion of the human race. These Taverns, Dram-shops, and Saloons, are so many slaughter-houses, where beings bearing the impress of God's image are slain down and butchered in cold blood, and all this under the protection of law, the revenue in return claiming its share of the plunder of this destroyer.

Thank God the Ministers of religion are again waking up, and raising their voices in protest as did these good Bishops of old, and the sentiments to which they are unitedly giving utterance are one in spirit with those which form the subject of this article.

#### THE LAW OF PROPRIETY IN RELATION TO THE STYLE OF PUBLIC WRITERS, AND LIKEWISE AS TO THE LICENSE OF CRITICS.

"Criticism in an art founded wholly on experience; on the observations of such beauties as have come nearest to the standard which we before established, that is, such beauties as have been found to please mankind most generally."

"As there is nothing in which all sorts of persons can readily affect to be judges, than in works of taste, there is no doubt that the number of incompetent critics will always be great."—*Jamieson.*

If there is one thing more than another which may be characterized as being superlatively incongruous, it is the attempt to subvert the immutable laws which govern either the physical or the moral world. Strange to say, that in every age there have lived a certain class of men, who have made it their business to do battle either with the ordinances of nature, or the powers of the human intellect. It is with the latter class that we are going to join issue in this article.

These are men of one idea, and they marvel when they behold the vast diversity of mind, of taste, of style, and of the several modes of action adopted by different men for the accomplishment of the same aims and purposes.

They wonder why the whole creation cannot see eye to eye with them. They cannot understand why there should be more than one idea in the world which should be common to all men, any more than that there should be a multiplicity of suns to give light by day, or moons to cast their silvery rays by night.

What relentless persecutions have been carried on, and what seas of blood have been shed from age to age, in the mad attempt to reduce the human intellect to one stereotyped idea.

Passing over the savage persecutions which raged in almost every land, and steeped this green earth in gore during the dark ages, let us turn our attention for a moment to the effort which was made by the Court of Charles the second of England, to enforce the act of conformity on our Puritan forefathers. Those who refused to say the orthodox prayers, to keep the orthodox fasts, and to wear the orthodox trappings of the church, were not only placed under the ban of excommunication, but were moreover cast into prison, and paid even the martyr's penalty. Nor were the attempts at conformity confined in those days to such as wielded the strong arm of the law, for we find amongst one of the most persecuted and proscribed sects of those times manifestations of the self-same spirit. The Quakers, while they consistently refused to be decked in what they termed "the robes of the Harlot," with the

same breath declared in favor of "DRAB" as the only emblem of Christian purity.

Strangely mistaking the ravings of their own disordered imaginations for supernatural and divine influences, they were wont to work themselves up to such a pitch of frenzy, as to cause their whole frames to shake like the aspen leaf, while they hurled the anathemas of Heaven against all those who did not conform to their complete suit of orthodox "drab."

But let us not boast over this primitive sect, as though this idea of the orthodoxy of the "drab" was confined to them. In our every day walks we meet with certain sombre folks, who, either from constitutional causes or disciplined melancholy, mistaken for religion, or by reason of the vexations and cares of this naughty world, have become naturally morose. Whether they are found in the private or the public walks of life, they live and move and breathe in a world of "drab," and they are to be seen wasting their precious time in the vain effort of trying to paint everybody with their "drab" brush. If they assume the office of teachers of religion, they at once hang the throne of the Eternal, and robe all the hosts of Heaven in "drab," while at the same time they cast this sombre mantle of gloom over every member of their respective congregations. If they wield the pen, they write with dark "drab" ink, and try to spread a feeling of melancholy over the world by giving utterance to "drab" thoughts. Those speakers or writers who do not come down to their dingy colored standard, are denounced with as much pertinacity as the ancient sect of Friends exhibited when they vehemently called upon the "drabless" multitude to "quake before the Lord."

Fanatics know of no law save that of their own disordered imaginations.

Historic names and standard authorities have no force whatever with them, and no wonder, since this class of people are as a rule in blissful ignorance of the existence of all such authorities.

While professing to reverence the scriptures, even bible precedents, when standing in the way of their dogmas, are by a bewildering process of their own "spiritualized," which being interpreted, means, "explained away," for the purpose of covering their superstitions.

It is really amusing to observe the airs which writers of the class we have been describing will sometimes assume in their bigoted attempts to criticise the works of other penmen. For instance, if an author endea-

vors to laugh men out of their follies, or to shame them out of their vices, he is at once denounced by those "drab" scribblers, and told that sarcasm and scorn are not the weapons to use in the cause of morality. According to them, all moral movements are to be carried on upon the "quaking" theory. By a process of thundering declamation, men are to be made to "quake" and to be alarmed out of their follies by an electric shock produced upon the nervous system.

That class of writers who denounce sarcasm as an unlawful weapon, and one which ought not to be used in battling with immorality, display an unpardonable ignorance of human nature. If there is one point in which the great bulk of mankind are more vulnerable than another, it is the lack of courage to resist the attacks of satire. Hence it is a matter of history, that in every age those moral reformers who have been able to handle these weapons skilfully, have of all others been most successful in scattering ignorance and suppressing vice. The writings both of the Jewish poets and prophets abound in almost every page with pungent sarcasm and withering scorn.

Just listen for one moment to the tantalizing irony of the prophet Elijah to the priests of Baal, when from morning until evening they had in vain invoked their god. He taunts them after the following fashion: "*Cry aloud, for he is a God; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened.*" Had some of our "drab" friends been present, they would have reproved the prophet for making false assertions.

John the Baptist, and our Saviour and his Disciples were wont to use these weapons with telling effect.

The follies, the vices, and the crimes of the dark ages were first exhibited to the public gaze by the powerful light of irony and sarcasm, and the scorching rays of scorn. Men were thus made to marvel at their own blindness, and shamed out of their immoralities. Suffice it to say, that according to the highest standard authorities, both sacred and profane, sarcasm and scorn are recognized as lawful weapons to use in the cause of virtue and religion.

These weapons are only held to be unlawful when used to bring the Deity, morality, and every thing which should be held sacred into contempt. Those who thus use them are said to "*sit in the seat of the scorner.*" Of all men these are the most contemptible. "The scorner" has no reverence either for

the character of his neighbor or his Maker. His only indulgence consists in the fiendish pleasure of libeling virtue, and slandering mankind.

This class of writers are too frequently allowed to spit out their venom through the columns of some newspaper, under the blind of "correspondents." The characters of public men are, for instance, too frequently regarded, as fair game to chase down for political purposes. We sometimes meet with newspapers where, in one column, legitimate sarcasm is frowned down and denounced as desperately wicked, but where in the same pages a correspondent, (sometimes genuine, but not unfrequently "bogus") is permitted to use the Editor's proscribed weapon with a vengeance, even to the length of associating political opponents with that most detestable of all names,—"*Judas Iscariot*." To place the name of any living man in juxta position with that of the betrayer of God's anointed one, is to sink to the lowest consummation of all immoral scorn.

"Oh would some power the giftie' giv' us,  
To see ourselves as others see us."

We shall bring this article to a close, by

observing that there are certain rules well understood by trained editors and reviewers, beyond which critics ought not to step.

It is perfectly legitimate for a writer to adopt any one of the recognized standard styles of discussing his subject, and so long as that style is in good taste with the subject itself, as judged by the measure of these standard authorities, no educated reviewer will take exception to the author on that question. Those would be critics, who adopt such an unprofessional course, are only pandering to the ignorant prejudices of the "drab" portion of the community, but while the latter applaud, even the intelligent school boy will be constrained to pity the individual who has undertaken the work of a reviewer without first having sought an understanding of the license of the critic. Fortunately, so long as there are such a variety of beautiful colors in this delectable world of ours, and at the same time such a diversity of tastes amongst the human family, there is little fear that the bulk of mankind will ever be enamoured with the dingy, monotonous "DRAB."

#### Review of Books.

### A HISTORY OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA. ]]

BY THOMAS STORROW BROWN.

Quebec: Printed for the Author, by Hunter, Rose & Co., 1864.

Historians, like Judges, should be free from the least tinge of bias.

Professedly, the former undertake to hand down to posterity a faithful record of by-gone events, taking care to "*Nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice.*"

We have not the most remote doubt regarding Mr. Brown's honesty of purpose, in thus undertaking to furnish this Province with a history of its Grand Trunk Railway, but at the same time his very best friends must be constrained to admit, that, either from his natural temperament of mind, or some other cause, he has unfortunately strewed the pages of his book with violent sentiments. It bears the impress of the prejudiced partizan, and for this reason, impartial men will hesitate to accept it as history.

The book is ushered into notice as follows:—

"A History of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, from its inception, when Mr. Francis Hincks played *Faust* to the *Mephistopheles* of Mr. William Jackson, is required for the use of the present generation. The real directing "*Satan*" of the enterprise is not so apparent, but possibly our financial agents in London, Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., and Glyn, Mills & Co., with the contractors, Messrs. Peto, Brassey, Betts (and Jackson), held the commission on joint account, for Mr. Hincks, in his celebrated ultimatum to Sir John Pakington, admits the supreme influence of certain "eminent capitalists;" and as these

alone appear prominent in the drama, we may assume them to be the gentlemen entitled to such honorable mention."

The indifferent reader must necessarily draw breath and take a long pause after this shock, and if he can so far survive the effect as to be able to turn to page 40, he will there meet with a further onslaught on the above named parties. It reads as follows:

"The Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, originating in a magnificent London stock-jobbing conception, of which Messrs. Baring Bros. & Co., Glyn, Mills & Co., and Peto, Brassey, Betts & Jackson, became the exponents, brought into existence and nurtured into action by their control over the government of the Province, had, in 1862, proved an utter failure, both as a gambling stock in the London money market, and as a business operation in Canada."

For ourselves, we must confess that we are startled at this revelation concerning the world-renowned bankers, the Baring's, and Glyn, Mills & Co. These names have so long been associated with the commercial integrity of England, that there will be no small difficulty to persuade those to whom the bankers are best known, that they would lend their aid to "gambling" and "stock-jobbing conceptions." Indeed, could Mr. Brown or anyone else, establish such charges on the other side of the Atlantic, the confidence of a great portion of the commercial world would be

shaken to its very foundations. That there has in years gone by, been great mistakes made on this Grand Trunk Railway, no one will deny. But so far from these Bankers being implicated in these mistakes, they, in common with the other Stockholders, have been the sufferers. Even Mr. Brown, notwithstanding his repeated attacks upon these gentlemen, is obliged to admit, "that they have sunk much money in the concern, possibly much more than they intended, is probable." Upon the face of this admission, the taunts with which his book abounds, come with anything but a good grace. Mr. Brown's estimate of English stockholders is all sufficient of itself to show how insanely he writes on questions of figures; the following is his idea of the commercial men who meet on the Exchange for the transaction of business in the commercial capital of the Old World.

"None but the stupid pretend to understand the printed statements made for market by joint-stock companies, for their accountants are able strategists who either array figures, like mercenaries [of old, on the best paying side, or in accordance with the more honorable rules of modern warfare, always place them like soldiers, in position, to defend the weakest points, as determined by the peculiar exigencies of the immediate campaign." We can assure Mr. Brown that the English stockholders are not men to be taken in by an "array of figures." These gentlemen are "stupid" enough to "pretend to understand the printed statements made for market." Men who live on 'Change and professional accountants, are not so easily gulled as Mr. Brown, in his primitive simplicity is led to suppose.

Our historian tells us, that "figures were once honorable characters, to be accepted upon introduction; but now partaking of the immorality of the times, they must be received with considerable distrust." True! we have in these pages, on a former occasion, demonstrated beyond the power of contradiction, that certain Government officials have, in this Province, willfully and wickedly lent themselves to the flagrant falsification of figures. Such attempts can, however, only pass muster, as they then did, when men persistently close their eyes, and are predisposed to believe the falsehood. Figures are mathematical facts, and there is no place in the world where any attempt to tamper with their legitimate issues, would so soon be detected as on the English Stock Exchange. The great trouble which stockholders have, is to check local extravagance in carrying out works to completion, and in the subsequent management of their undertakings, as in the case of Canada, where the length of line extends over nearly eleven hundred miles, and where it is separated from those most interested by the waters of the Atlantic.

The different changes in the management of the Grand Trunk Railway, go to show that the stockholders have done all in their power, spurred as they have been by their own interests and their own sufferings, to secure a more efficient management, combined with a greater economy of expenditure. The most ungenerous and, we may add, disreputable portion of Mr. Brown's remarks, consist in his uncalled for insinuations respecting the improved state of finances, resulting, as they doubtless are, from the present efficient management of the line. In contrasting

the increased traffic of 1863, together with decreased expenses of management, we are favoured with the following offensive observations:—

"The running of 200,000 more miles than in 1862, with 57,000 tons additional freight and 75,707 additional passengers, on a consumption of 1500 cords less fuel, is a fact to be noted by all inventors of cooking stoves. An increase of 10 per cent in traction moved by a decrease of 2½ per cent of force, must suggest the idea of 'cooking.'"

Surely Mr. Brown does not mean to call this writing history! such an insinuation against a public company, ought to have been backed by corresponding figures, disproving those which he so sneeringly insinuates are "cooked."

We are forcibly reminded of the story of a good man, who fell sick and died. His medical attendant had, during his last illness, exerted himself to the uttermost to save the life of his patient;—but to no purpose. The friends of the diseased were under the impression that the medical gentleman had administered digitalis, and that in such large quantities as to cause his death. Nor did they conceal their opinions, but on the contrary, commenced a general attack upon the Doctor, after the following fashion:—

"You have killed our friend with digitalis!"  
"Digitalis!" exclaimed the astonished Doctor,  
"I have never given him one single grain of digitalis!"

Then rejoined those captious folks: "You ought to have administered large doses of digitalis, our friend has died for want of digitalis."

Mr. Brown has written a book, which he misnames history, for the express object of proving to the world, that the Grand Trunk Railway, ever since "its inception," has been passing through the process of a lingering death, through the extravagant treatment and gross mismanagement of its doctors.

But Mr. Brown's book is born out of the season, for prior to its existence another physician has been called in, who at once discovers that the sick man has been over-gorged by his former doctors, and he places him on a more economical diet, in which all superfluities are strictly prohibited.

Mr. Brown has been trying to write the sick man dead, but under Dr. Brydges' treatment, the Grand Trunk patient cannot die for the life of him.

The result leads Mr. Brown on his last pages to exclaim in despair, "You are killing the man with economy; he cannot, by any possibility, survive the withdrawal of his former extravagant diet."

The fact is, Mr. Brown's mind is disordered on this subject, and besides, he is evidently incompetent to deal with so large a matter. We are no novices on these questions. An experience running over several years on public works, has made us somewhat familiar with the established methods of keeping the accounts in those departments. Believing, as we have already said, that Mr. Brown is thoroughly sincere in his animadversions, we feel something akin to pity, when we follow the mistaken old man from page to page, and observe him taking exception to established practices, founded on the experience of some of the first Actuaries and Accountants in the world. Mr. Brown may be, and we doubt is familiar with the most approved method of keep-

ing the accounts of a hardware store, and very smart at private marks and abbreviations of entries, from a needle to an anchor, but judging from the book before us, it seems a pity that, at his time of life, his attention should have been diverted from his legitimate pursuits, to dabbling with the accounts of a great Joint Stock Company.

We are sorry that we cannot recommend the

MITCHELL'S CANADA GAZETTEER AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY  
FOR 1864 AND 1865.

The following portion of our review of this costly and unreliable work, was unavoidably thrust out of our last number. We commend its perusal to all parties interested in a faithful Directory for this Province.

Out of quite a number of illustrations which could be furnished, we will select the village of Cote St. Paul, near Montreal. The population is described in this so called Directory as about 150. Eight hundred would have been much nearer the mark. Out of that number we are favored with 26 names and no more. Of these 26 persons, 6 are described as Hotel-keepers, a fact quite new to the residents of the village. It is true there are a few Groggery Groceries of the very lowest grade, but the close proximity to Montreal dispenses with the necessity for Hotels, and there are none except one Temperance Hotel.

We have two persons represented as Beef and Pork picklers, but so far as we know, the packing is confined to the regions of their digestive organs, where neither beef or pork are warranted to keep very long.

This marvellous business (?) Directory, describes a "Dayton, Wm. and Bros., Coopers," and a "Payton Brothers, lumber merchants," but what passing stranger would understand these two several firms to represent the well-known establishment of Paxton and Brothers. Then there is Mr. Higgins the largest Axe Manufacturer in Canada. He is represented as a village councillor, which he is not, also, a livery stable keeper. The latter appellation must surely be intended as a bit of satire on the famed Axe maker, who does not happen to display any pride in horse flesh, but contents himself with the ownership of an old screw, which would be all the better if anyone of his four legs were sound, and a little repairs could be done to his wind-pipes. As for his "livery stable keeper," a honester and better-hearted fellow than "John" never drew breath, but the universal regret is, that he lacks an arm and a limb.

For a business Directory to describe Mr. Higgins as a village councillor and livery stable keeper, instead of an axe maker is simply ridiculous. Mr. John Gilmore, of the angr factory is represented as an "edge tool maker." Mr.

book, except it be to those who hate the Grand Trunk Railway for the love of hating it, and who are delighted at every "til bid" of slander they can lay hands upon. To all such, Mr. Brown's book will prove a sweet morsel. But no indifferent man, possessed of reasoning faculties, will be led astray by this undignified and spiteful production.

P. Dunn is described as a "J.P. and village councillor," but not a word is said concerning his extensive Nail Factory. We always thought that we had considerable Shovel and Scythe Factories, also rather a noted Bell Factory, but of course these are little matters beneath the notice of this business (?) directory. Amongst the oldest and most respectable inhabitants we have a Mr. Grant, whose name, together with a few others, that appeared in Lovell's Directory of 1857 are dropped in this new enrolment, but these gentlemen are neither dead nor sleeping, notwithstanding the fact that their names are blotted out of the book of this said Mr. Mitchell's remembrance.

The name of the Landed Proprietor of the greater portion of this important village, is all but ignored, some of his day-labourers being placed on an equal footing.

Then, out of these 26 names furnished to the public some are "bogus" firms conjured up in the imagination;—for instance, we have the firm of "Hache, Pelles, Fay and Cloy," "founders and machinists." In reference to this said firm of Hache and Co. we beg to say that the old Toronto hen will have to sit a long while on her eggs before this firm is hatched, for we are quite sure that all the four eggs are as saddle as the pate of the party who furnished this description of Cote St. Paul.

But last though not least, the veritable writer, has in his wisdom fixed one Rev. Lacoux Marcellin a Roman Catholic priest, as a resident amongst them, although neither he or any other priest resides in Cote St. Paul, and the gentleman named is located several miles distant.

It is quite clear that the person furnishing the above details must have drawn his inspiration from some of the six Rom Holes which he places in such bold relief, and that one of the Cote St. Paul wags must be enjoying a practical joke thus played off upon his neighbors and so well carried out under the influence of the whisky bottle.

Canada was presented with a reliable Directory, published some seven years back, and notwithstanding all the changes which have since occurred, in the main it is almost as accurate for the present year, as the one before us.

SELECTIONS FROM CANADIAN POETS WITH OCCASIONAL CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES, AND AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON CANADIAN POETRY.

BY EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.

The Rev. E. H. Dewart has brought before the public a work, that from the intrinsic excellence shining through every page, causes us to wonder

how so many gems of true poetry should so long have been kept comparatively or rather almost entirely concealed from the general reader.

The specimens of remarkable poetical ability we have now before us—in almost every instance produced in Canada—must be a source of great pride and self-gratulation to its people. Few there are of the pieces in this volume but may be expected to secure and maintain a permanent place in poetical literature. They possess so very slight a tinge of the crudity and roughness that might naturally have been expected from the present stage of advancement of the colony, that a stranger glancing through these pages would never imagine them to have been produced in a province of such comparatively recent growth. Comparisons are generally odious, but it may be pardonable in this case to declare our opinion that the selections here given are, as a rule, on a level with any of the many multifarious volumes of a similar aim, that the mother country has produced. We do not of course allude to isolated instances of those who have reached the very pinnacle of fame. Those great masters of poesy, the halo of whose genius rests not so much upon their country as upon the world—upon the age in which they lived; excepting these however, the vigor and originality displayed in this instalment of Canadian song, generally equals, and in some instances surpasses any of the similar volumes issued from the English press, and amply atones for the slight occasional absence of that high refinement and elaborate polish so strongly recommended by Horace in his famous epistle, as necessary to attain that highest degree of finished elegance, required in a perfect poem. The high excellence of the present volume is the more flattering to Canada, as the popular poetry of a people is generally acknowledged to be the truest index and the fairest exponent of national character and of their degree of progress in the great onward march of civilization. From the time that blind old Homer, in his stirring lays so faithfully portrayed the domestic habits as well as the more public deeds of his countrymen, even unto the present day, the poetry of a nation will be found, the quickest, and in general the most correct mode of arriving at that nation's inner life, and as regards its mental and moral advancement.

No small meed of praise is due to the gifted compiler of these selections. He has succeeded in a task that no one unless endowed with a strong natural aptitude and love for the subject need have attempted. The labor he must have had to go through must have been very considerable, and the fact of his materials having had to be gleaned from the productions of living writers, rendered it a work calling for a remarkable amount of delicacy and tact.

In his introductory essay, which forms a most fit and appropriate preface to the subject matter of the book—and indeed in his notes throughout, no one can accuse him of too great a partiality, in passing judgment on the poetical pieces he has deemed worthy of a place in his collection;—in some instances, we think he rather seems to underrate them. If we might be pardoned the suggestion, it might have been better if a number of selections already published by the different authors in a collected form, and easily accessible to the public had been omitted, and greater prominence given to some of those fugitive pieces, of unquestionable merit so frequently appearing in the Canadian press, and the authors of which may not yet have had

time or opportunity given them to display their powers in such a manner as to give them full justice. We would not have ventured on this remark, if it had not been mentioned in the preface as a special object of the book "to rescue from oblivion some of the floating pieces of Canadian authorship worthy of preservation in a more permanent form." Looking over the former numbers of this magazine for example, may be observed some very beautiful effusions from the pen of Mr. George Martin, that would have been well worthy of a place, alongside even the best poems in the present volume, and that are in our estimation decidedly superior to those under the same name in the selections. We cannot refrain from mentioning, that one in last month's number, called "The Change on the Ottawa," which for deepening feeling, and eloquent powers of description is unrivalled by anything of a similar style, we remember having read. We have also reason to regret that Mr. Dewar has not deemed fit to favor us with more frequent opportunity of admiring his own classic purity of style and elegance of diction. It may still take some considerable time, but those who have already laid their poetical contributions before the public in a collected form, may feel confident that the increasing literary culture and taste of the Canadian people, will at length gain them a fitting tribute of applause for the genius which inspired and the courage that animated them to such worthy pioneering in the pleasant though arduous paths of literary labor. To enter into any kind of criticism on the comparative merits of the different contributors to the work, is as foreign to our intention as it would be unjust to the individuals to attempt such a thing with the limited material at our command,—we can only say that nothing would give us greater pleasure than to become better acquainted with the works of many if not all of those who have so handsomely come forward to Mr. Dewar's assistance to aid him in laying such a stepping stone to the further progress of a national literature for Canada. In the literature of every country, poetry has in most part been the precursor of prose, and we have reason to hope that with a herald of such good taste, such true feeling, and so much patriotic fervor as the present volume displays, that this is the dawning of a brilliant future for Canada, when fresh and enthusiastic minds will no longer lie dormant and rely for intellectual nurture on what the old country may dole out to them, but will spring up and by united, though emulous effort, aspire to form a literature for themselves worthy of the land of which they will become the moving power, and capable of throwing a reflecting lustre on the noble country from which they originally sprung. We earnestly hope that the Canadian public will welcome this volume as no common boon granted to them as a people, but that each individual will receive it and treasure it as an earnest of the future triumphs of the bright era of which we hope it may prove the advent. In this matter the public have evidently a duty to perform, and if they are lethargic in responding to the call, they will retard a progress which without their aid, no mere individual effort can greatly facilitate. If these selections meet with the success they merit, either a considerably enlarged edition, or a second series cannot fail soon to be called for.



THE RELATIONS OF THE INDUSTRY OF CANADA WITH THE MOTHER COUNTRY AND THE UNITED STATES, &c., &c. Edited by Henry J Morgan, Corresponding Member of the New York Historical Society, and author of sketches of celebrated Canadians, &c.

Our review of this book is thrust out of this number for want of space. It will appear in our next issue. In the mean while, we may say that the volume deserves a place in every Canadian library.

OUR READERS will observe that in this month's issue we have added to our usual size the following four pages, containing an "Ode on Shakespeare," by Mr. Heavyssege, which has already been published in several of the Montreal papers. No apology is required for this, as from Mr. Heavyssege's well-known celebrity as a poet, combined with the great importance of the subject to which he has on this occasion dedicated his genius, and the lively interest which every one must take in anything connected with it—it is desirable that it should be preserved in some more enduring form than the columns of a newspaper are capable of providing it with. The Ode, which has been carefully revised for insertion in our pages, it will readily be perceived, is as worthy of the occasion in commemoration of which it was written, as it is of its author's well-deserved fame.

### O D E .

By C. HEAVYSEGE.

*Read at the Shakespeare Ter-centenary celebration in the Mechanics' Hall, on Saturday the 23rd April*

When England, in the gathering years,  
Torn by intestine wars too long,  
Her rival roses drenched with tears,  
And drooping their compeers among;—  
Lying dripping, wet with civil gore,  
Drawn from their cups by native darts;—  
When anarchy from shore to shore,  
Had driven the ploughshare of sharp wrong  
Deep in the rich alluvial loam  
Of those indomitable hearts,  
Contending 'midst our island home;—  
When civil wounds, in after years,  
Were healed, and, from her foreign fears  
Delivered, joyful-breasted, strong,  
She, by Heaven's grace,  
Found time and space

To pile her late opposing spears,  
And bring the harvest home of song,—  
To take her pre-appointed place  
In poetry amongst her peers:

When soft and slow,  
In numbers low,  
As zephyrs blow;  
Or loud and strong

As ere the high-topped mountain hears,  
She should attune her native tongue,—  
Draw from her language mighty song  
The fabled music of the spheres;—

When he whose birth  
Should glorify our Isle, the Proud Sea Queen,  
And lend to earth

Its greatest spirit clothed in mortal men;  
Event sublime,  
Fixed from Eternity,

And silent following in the snit of Time:  
When he should come,

Whose genius, as a new, rejoicing sun,  
Quenching the fixed stars and slow retiring moon,  
Should cause to pale the lights of classic Greece,  
And dim the splendours of Augustan Rome;—

When he whose name  
Should be the synonym of Fame,  
Enduring as the heaven's frame;  
To whom Renown

Should give this globe as an enduring crown,  
Make earth become,

Each zone a circling tier for him to wear  
O'er his eternal eyes and bright brows never bare;  
Even as should a dazzling diamond dome,  
Poised in the crystal ocean of the air,  
With silver music of the crispad foam,  
Refulgent rise and dwell for ever there.

When he should as a sign appear,  
Upon the set, the sacred year,  
Awhile to stay,  
To spend a day,  
A passing Pilgrim on his way  
Unto that bourne  
From whence no traveller doth return,  
To tell the tale of that mysterious clime  
Wherein, unshorn

Of his broad beams, he sits in a perpetual prime;—  
Sits the chiefest of his race,  
Paragon in pride of place,  
Strength and beauty in embrace;  
Pinnacle of Empyrean height,  
Living orb of living light;  
First of those whose fame must shine,  
The limited, illustrious line,  
That rules in thought's serene abodes,  
The mind's majestic demi-Gods;  
Stars that differ in degree,  
Genius' glorious galaxy,  
Each crowned with his peculiar beam,  
Yet one confessed to shine supreme  
Amongst them, in that fulgent zone—  
One dazzling, all excelling Throne;  
That was, and is, and is to be,  
Beyond compare, beyond degree,  
And, our own Shakspeare—that were thee.

Hail! August Shade, Imperial Power,  
To whom in this ovative hour  
We draw in awful reverence near,—  
Approach with love akin to fear.  
Assembled twixt these narrow walls,  
Wherein thy silent influence falls  
We claim thee as our joy, our pride,  
Our benefactor, friend, and guide.—  
As pious sons with souls sincere,  
Their father's memory revere,  
So we would now award the whole,  
The homage of the inmost soul;  
The treasury of the time-paid mail  
Swell with the mite of our, "All Hail!"  
With our "All Hail!" would swell the cry  
That unto us seems sweeping by  
In steady gale, in half-lushed storm,  
Whereon proud rides thy radiant form.  
As Jove once rode the shining spheres  
Thou ridest now the rolling years.  
The rolling years, that low rejoice  
With solemn hum, like his huge voice,  
Henry Niagara heard afar,

Thy numbers greater, grander are;  
 Shakespeare, more vast thy character.  
 As merchants yearly in their trade  
 Reckon the riches they have made;  
 As travellers that strain their sight  
 To take some mountain's matchless height,  
 Now at the apex of the years,  
 The period's culmination, when  
 Have thrice a hundred rolled, until  
 To halt again the age appears,  
 The solemn centuries stand still;  
 Now towards thee turn the eyes of men,  
 And mark thy stature, that still grows  
 Upon us, as the years disclose  
 Thee vast and vaster. As the hill  
 Whose shadow from the base to crown  
 Grows greater as the sun goes down,  
 Art thou: and like some unscaled cliff,  
 Some hoary, cloud-capped Teneriffe,  
 Thy soaring summit disappears,  
 And mocks the Argus eyes of years.  
 Thou Unattainable, forgive,  
 If we, who but like pigmies live,  
 Presume to estimate the height,  
 Lies undiscovered, lost in light,  
 Or cast the plummet down the steep  
 Of thine unfathomable deep.  
 So, Sacred Shadow, shalt thou be  
 As Teneriffe, past which the sea  
 Still sweeps, a great, earth-filling flood,  
 Fit symbol of thy plenitude.  
 As sweeps the flood apart its base  
 To fill Earth's circling ocean space,  
 As rolling mists althwart its crown  
 For ever and for ever blown,  
 So shall thy gathering glory roll  
 Still onward, and yet know no goal,  
 But fill the sphere from pole to pole;  
 To fill the year, to fill the hour,  
 Thy high and delegated power;  
 To fill all tide, to fill all time,  
 Thy gift to cover every clime;  
 To girdle Earth on Aerial's wings,  
 And even as she,  
 Sweet Bard, to be  
 As gentle in thy inspirings:  
 So gentle that as "Gentle Will"  
 Thy fellows styled thee, void of shame,  
 And we, thy friends and fellows, still  
 Would know and love thee by that name.  
 Oh, cherished name!  
 Oh, highest fame!  
 That can endure such friendliness,  
 As only Heaven and parents claim,  
 Whom, whilst they bless us, we may bless;  
 Such amity  
 We owe to thee,  
 Nor is our reverence the less,  
 Nor thine essential majesty.

Ah, Mighty Spirit, full of grace,  
 What shadow gathers on thy face!  
 Methinks my freedom thou dost blame,—  
 Wo, wo is me!  
 Can, can it be?—  
 For now, ah, now, methinks I see  
 A restless glow, a flickering flame;—  
 I do; I do not falsely guess,  
 That aspect is no more the same;  
 Now, even now, the fire I see,  
 The light that bath on earth no name,  
 Nor ever was on sea or land,  
 By mountain top, or lonely strand,  
 O'er noxious marsh, in eyes of Dame,  
 Nor lightning cloud, nor funeral pyre,  
 Nor lamp of peer, nor peasant's fire.  
 Nor in the heaven-hung starry quire:—  
 I see it still,  
 And ever, ever mounting higher,  
 The gloomy glory doth appear,—  
 I fear, I fear:—  
 Yes, now methinks I surely hear  
 Harsh discord clash with harmony;

I see, I see,  
 That, as from off the lazy lea,  
 The tarrying wind must rise and veer,  
 And taken aback  
 Upon the track,  
 The craft must tremble as we steer,  
 The mood must change,  
 The gentlest must grow most severe,  
 The smile subside into the tear;  
 Red-eyed Revenge  
 And frowning indignation turn delight to fear,  
 Pleasure to pain:—  
 For as the vessel that upon the main  
 So lately glided leisurely and slow;  
 Whose sun-bleached sails  
 The long-hushed gales  
 Late wooed, and dared the unawaked winds to  
 blow;  
 When, roused at last,  
 Upsprings the blast,  
 Over the wild waves frantically flies,  
 Now all aglow,  
 His wrath doth grow,  
 And Gorgon-terrors fill my Shakspere's eyes:  
 There murder glares,  
 No pity spares,  
 And man before him in his misery lies.

Thus as the elements, all stern yet kindly,  
 Nothing save Nature, potent Bard, may bind thee.  
 As some prime orb that through the hollow space,  
 Ordained to measure the incessant race,  
 Revolves upon its skyeey course, concealed  
 Whether it wheel or if itself be wheeled;  
 Or if it journey uninformed, or fly  
 Instinctive, and rejoicing through the sky;  
 Resistless, unresisting, drawn, or doth it draw,  
 So coinciding liberty with law,  
 Art thou, Oh, Shakespeare, sovereign in thy song  
 Passive as Patience, yet as Fate art strong.  
 Blessed, benign!—  
 As the Divine  
 Sends us harsh griefs and shade to dim  
 Life's glory, till, at times, grown grim,  
 We tremble whilst we worship Him,  
 So, even whilst we rapt, admire  
 Thine art's perfection, we retire  
 And, as the charmed seraph sings  
 Behind the shadow of its wings,  
 As man before the solar ray  
 Still turns the dazzled eye away,  
 We render now this meed of praise,  
 These limited, unworthy lays,  
 In humble diffidence to thee  
 Who art above all eulogy:—  
 Hence on this day,—  
 This day that crowns thy special age,  
 Our generation's heritage;  
 This diadem upon the years,  
 When we acknowledge our arrears,  
 And would repay thee, (were the debt  
 Computable, not infinite),—  
 As purest coin must bear alloy,  
 So, thoughtfully we celebrate  
 Thy coming with a tempered joy;  
 We would upon thee meditate  
 With nothing to distract, annoy;  
 These grand, majestic moments dedicate,  
 As a Shaksperean Sabbath-eve's employ;  
 By mystical allure  
 Ondrawn would pierce the clear-obscure,  
 Thy sacred and ethereal skirts to see;  
 To meet thee face to face, Perennial Power,  
 As lovers meet at sober twilight hour,  
 Beneath the shadow of the trying-tree.

Hail! then, All hail! again, to us so dear;  
 Of Avon once, but now, we trust, of heaven:  
 Unable we to draw thee from that sphere,  
 As unto thee that attribute seemed given,  
 To draw the spirit when thou sojourned here;—  
 Nor dare we if we could, since on those stones  
 That to thy grave are an impending door,

Thou hast, for Jesus' sake, in touching tones  
Deigned for dear rest half piteous to implore,  
And cursed the hand that should remove thy  
bones.

Oh, if we, giddy, could irreverent call,  
Command thee; impious; from thy found abode,  
As Samuel disquieted by Saul,  
Could vex thee; in the bosom of thy God,  
Thee gently gracious and majestic,  
Who in thy page, as with Enchanter's rod,  
Can move the living sense, and yet the soul  
enthrall!

Away! fond thought,—this tongue is dreaming,  
Solemn, yet fantastic seeming,—  
What doth foolish seeming say?

Hence! the merry morn is beaming,

And the night,  
At the light,

Robed in darkness, lies away.

Over hill, over dale,  
Over park, over pale,  
And along the brown heath where yet mists hang  
grey.

Ah, ah! the brown heath!  
Methinks that Macbeth  
At those ominous words shall come homewards  
this way,

And the hags of perdition,  
(Obstructing his marches,  
Like Furies with torches,)  
A waking ambition

Of kingly condition,  
May meet him, and lead the brave warrior astray.

'Tis the hour  
Of thy power,  
And we are thy power compelled to obey;

To follow the feeling,  
Though the moments are goldenly gliding away;  
Whilst thou seemest to hover,  
Ourselves like a lover

At the feet of his mistress reclining half-  
kneeling;

Or as at a shrine  
Some pale Devotee  
Before it, divine,  
With still bended knee,  
Yet longer and longer would linger to pray;  
So, Shakspeare, thou art as a sovereign in  
sway.

Then sway, Magician, lovingly we linger,  
And, all unharassed by mistrust's alarms,  
Behold thee trace with an unflinching finger  
Celestial signs and Acheronian charms;  
Borne, as by Cherub; on thy genius' wing, or  
Led, or transported by thy mighty arms:—  
Spectators of thy spectres, them among, or  
Midst magic sprites in Myrmidonian swarms,  
Of Oberon and Titania, yet than Titans stronger,  
To unleash the elements, the Stres of storms;  
Those dread Athletes, whose bawling exercises  
Were sports and spleens the Olympians did  
employ,

The goads wherewith Gods drove forth old An-  
chises

Decrepit, from the burning streets of Troy;—  
So thou, Jove's greater, Father of surprises,  
Sitting; Godlike, with Hecate in her ear,  
Betwixt the green sea (whilst the surge arises)  
And vault of azure settest roaring war.

These deeds divine  
Are truly thine;

More potent than the witches that thou drewest,  
Half fiend half beldam, terriblest and truest  
Of weird creatures;—or thy Prospero,  
Dethroned king and deeply injured man,  
Who, on the tempest-vexed Bermudean Isle,  
Did hold in thrall the brutish Caliban,  
And stern compel,

Before his staff was broken and book was  
drowned,

The faithful phantom, dainty Ariel,  
With conjuration to arise and go,

(Deserting sunny down and bosky dell,)  
And do his bidding through the frost-baked  
ground.

Thou art more dread  
Than thy so, outraged and anointed dead,  
Whose living nod could cower the Polack host;  
More fearful found,

When forth he stalks, the unannounced ghost  
Of murdered Denmark on her night-hung coast,  
And treads, as when in life, the sullen ramparts  
round.

Alas, poor ghost!  
For thou must fade when wanes the worm's pale  
glow;

No more be found  
On earthly ground,

Must vanish when the morning cock doth crow:  
But he who called thee forth from floods of fire,  
Unbarred the doors of duration to thy wo,  
Who made thy son to quail at thee his sire,  
And bade thee back unto thy prison go,

Endure thy pains,  
Resume thy chains,  
He, thy creator, here remains:—

Though, like thee, dead,  
His honored head  
Rears, and all others to it bow.

Revered Shakspeare,  
Name dread yet dear,  
Beyond the pale of flight or fear,  
On thy serene and solemn brow  
Nor fear nor time doth furrow plough;

We see it steady as a star,  
That lives and lumes in depths afar;  
Thy name on high  
Doth still defy

The rust of peace, the din of war;  
Its pedestal and base, mankind,  
The firm foundations of the mind,  
Which shall survive when war is done,  
Grown blank the stars and dark the sun,  
The Universe no longer found,  
All galaxies, all globes are gone,  
And matter leaves no wreck behind.

Then, hail! thou Prince of Poesy,  
Sweet singer, child of harmony;  
Who is thy herald? Where is he  
That shall pronounce thine eulogy?  
What soul shall chaunt thy lofty lyric,  
Or pile for thee the panegyric?

Who dare, on foot of feasting, rush  
Obscene upon the burning bush  
Of these great rites, nor hold it meet  
To take the sandals from his feet?  
Who, in thy native land, or this,  
Perform thine Apotheosis?

Oh, may we in this humble hall,  
Whilst myriads upon thee call

In many a land, 'neath many a pile,  
But chief where, in thy native Isle,  
In life thou took'st by Thames thy way,  
Or where by Avon thou didst stray,

Returning when thy locks were grey,  
Beguiled, the fancy seems desery  
Thy hovering, visionary eye:—

Oh, may we here, far, far away  
In space, as time, thy place, thy day,  
Beware present to thee strange fire,  
Nor, if no prompting love inspire,  
Rash-handed, dream to strike the lyre;

Presume to cast,  
With heedless haste,

Unfragrant incense on thine odorous pyre;  
But, as Parsee adores the sun,  
As lovers seek their lovers' eyes,  
As drops into each other run,  
As vapors seek the cloudy skies,  
As melancholy maids the moon,  
And yearn the saints for Paradise,

Even so would we  
Desire communion with thee.

Thou Great Unseen, Impassive Shade,

To mortal vision unconfessed,  
Passed o'er the bounds where all things fade,  
Retired to thine eternal rest,  
How shall this yearning be allayed,  
Fruition answer to request?  
How? in what compass shall we find  
Thy form, thine impress left behind?  
Thine essence, where? thy rounded whole,  
Thine unimaginable soul?

That which, exhaustless as the tomb  
That shrines the scions of Mizraim,  
Each pyramid of ponderous gloom:—  
Or ancient, rifled Coliseum,  
From whence the modern, pilfering Rome,  
As from the hevn and quarried rock,  
Still draws the chiselled churches home,  
Wherein anew to chaunt Te Deum;  
Thy pages, (passing slab or block  
For buried base or soaring towers)  
Thy scenes, whereunto from their bowers,  
The punier Poets straying come,  
And, gathering gems and plucking flowers,  
Still plunder thine Elysium.

Oh, even to wander there to night,  
And list to thee, its Nightingale;  
To tarry till, at morning light,  
The pean lark took up the tale;  
To linger there

Till moon and stars and dawning fail;  
As Romeo, compelled to flight,  
As Juliet, in piteous plight,  
Afflicted saw the East grow pale!

Sad youth, and early sorrowing maid,  
Soon, like the fair Ophelia, laid  
Upon the bier;

And with you, sweet Cordelia dead,  
And he, with white, disrowned head,  
Her father, poor, distracted Lear;  
And Desdemona in her bed,—  
Othello, like a demon, near;  
Into her kind,

But rendered blind  
With jealousy and love and fear.  
Fair figures these, too fair, too few,  
Of those the Furnished Master drew.  
Upon the world's wide theatre and stage  
Appear their prototypes anew,  
Found in thine own and each succeeding age,  
Turk, Pagan, Christian and Jew;  
To thee alone given full to scan  
The mystic microcosm, man;

To us to see,  
By means of thee:—  
As through an opening vista's view,—  
The Passion's party-colored crew:  
Moody madness on the rack,  
Sacred sorrow, soothed with tears;  
Jealousy, with visage black;  
Love, beset with thousand fears,  
Vengeance and remorse' grim pack,  
Howling through the vale of years;  
Envy, hatred, brooding malice,  
Mingling an unholy chalice,  
Scorn and haughty eyed disdain,  
Bleated ballies pinched with pain;  
Men that dye themselves in blood;  
Stony-eyed ingratitude;  
Callous hearted greed of gain;  
Souls that sicken with their stain;  
Disappointment lean and lank;  
With the surly cynic's sweets;  
Dull despair with visage blank,  
Each in Shakspeare glassed appears.

Turn the glass.  
What doth pass?  
Man appears (with justest measure)  
Like a satyr sunk in pleasure,  
Seeking station, seeking treasure,  
Treasure found in thee in store,  
Gathered up and brimming o'er,  
Like the ocean or the azure,  
Bounding every land and shore,

Shakspeare at his lordly leisure,  
At his silent, sovereign pleasure,  
Shewing out his form and pr-ssure,  
Here expands and varies more  
Than the Opal or Chameleon,  
Or the phases of the million,  
Changes so (as to reveal one)  
Proteus never changed before,—  
Changes as such change may be,  
Changes full of majesty,  
Full of majesty and grace,  
Beauty, with a sweet embrace,  
Unto beauty giving place;  
As the last of Summer day  
Passing smilingly away;  
Or night's retinue of stars  
Out at mighty morning's bars;

Gallant groups,  
Tripping troops.  
Multitudes,  
Born of many-minded moods;  
(Teeming, tripping, grave or gay,)  
Many as the sun the notes in,  
Numerous as the thrilling notes in  
Psalm or song or roundelay:—

Multiform  
As insect swarm  
That in peopled ether play;  
Shakspeare aye  
What he wills, or what he may:—  
Hero, or mere clod of clay,  
Hecate Queen, or Forest Fay:—  
Heat and cold

No wider apart; nor, to behold,  
Darkness, sheen,  
Than himself, himself between.  
Broad thy way,  
Wide thy boundaries as between  
Sullen night and jocund day;  
Joyous as the journeying sun,  
Melancholy as the moon;  
Great to bear the Government,  
Far foreseeing the event,  
Guiding statesmen, shewing kings  
Conduct of sublunar things,—  
All that long experience brings  
Unto slower, duller men:—

And, again,  
Eloquence that wins applause,  
And the principles of laws;  
Merchant, Soldier, Priest and Laic.  
In a rich and quaint mosaic;  
Lords and ladies bright we see,  
In a glowing galaxy;  
Courtiers decked, a spangled train,—  
A starry host, wide looming, hain  
Thick as snowflakes skyward driven,  
Paving to the gates of heaven;  
And the Commons, not a few,  
Swift reflecting every hue,  
Sits on the industrious crew,  
As they pass in civil broil,  
Stand embrowed in rustic toil;  
Yeomen, craftsmen, drunkards, rogues,  
Clad in buckskin, void of brogues;  
Hinds to whom slight cheer arrives,  
T'raise the heaven of their lives;  
Shepherds piping in the shade,  
And the singing dairy maid;  
Gives of hills and woods and streams,  
Fairies of Midsummer dreams,  
Spirits foul and spirits fair,  
Of the earth and of the air:—  
Ghosts that give new gloom to night,  
Rays of Cherub-haunted light;  
Rank that from its station flies,  
Princes, nobles in disguise;  
All that fills the secret breast,  
Rude revealing its unrest;

Every passion,  
Man doth lash on,  
And give life its fiery zest:—  
Every passion, every sense,  
Moving all, and all immense!

All is He,  
Of each various degree;  
Atlas, carrying the sphere,  
Bearer of man's rounded year.  
Tender as the twilight hour,  
Stern as winter in its power;  
Frolicsome as winds in May,  
Or the lambkin at its play;  
Rich as Autumn, quick as Spring,  
Strong as snewy Summer's wing;  
Cheery as Life's lusty breath,  
And as tragical as Death.  
Man's Wondrous Whole, Epitome,  
Clear mirror of Humanity,  
Her perfect son,  
Her typic one,  
Whose minister was every Muse,  
Thy font the fount of Arathuse;  
Whose cradle was Parnassus Throne;  
The nursing bosom by thee drawn,  
Clear Hippocrene and Helicon;  
Deep drainer of divinest draught,  
Whose soul at all song's springs has quaffed;  
For whom the fixed Pierian spring  
Appeared to leave its bounds, and fling  
Its liquid arms round Castaly;  
Bubbling with light, glad towards thee run,—  
Why thus bear light to the light-giving sun?  
Say who shall wisely yield thee praise,  
Trace thee in thy works and ways;  
In numbers measure out thy meed,—  
Thou, whose apt words best fit our deed?  
Who utterest our gladness for us,  
Provid'st a tongue unto our sorrows;  
Lip-lead'st us faltering through our fears,  
Joind'st cadent terms to dropping tears;  
Attunest our pity, vent'st our rage,  
Quick prompt'st us on life's stirring stage;  
Nor hast in thy great function lacked,  
In th' unrehearsed and final act,  
When, dewed with damps and dark with doubt,  
The torch of time and stage goes out.  
Bright Torch of time, round thee may gather  
Nor damp nor dimness; brightening rather;  
For first of things  
Is light that wings,  
And forth from shadow never shone;  
Of thy genius no father  
May claim thee, Bard, to be his son,—  
Save him, the Universal one.  
Thou art the sun of Poesy's vast skies.  
The goal of gazing Poets' eyes  
Art thou, oh, Shakspeare; a creator,  
As eldest of the gods,—but greater;  
As one of the mysterious Powers of Nature,  
As force, warmth, light;  
As of immeasurable stature,  
As of immeasurable might;  
As one to whom by Sovereign Heaven,  
All human attributes were given:—  
Eternal Titan of our race,  
As free of time as free of space;  
Prometheus with heavenly fire,  
Bold bird of light that ever higher,  
Above the nations soaring sings,  
And shakes down sunshine from its wings.  
Adieu!  
Best words are few;  
Farewell, Illustrious Lord of men,  
Thou mightiest master of the pen.  
The scrolls from whose great gold en plume  
Are lasting as records of doom,  
Whichtsleep in those unseen archives  
That keep the roll of mortal lives.  
Great Soul, adieu! Sweet Bard, farewell!  
Another century shall tell  
This Globe's full glories round thy name:  
To thee, as air is drawn towards flame,  
Strange nations shall repair in crowds;  
And, gazing on thy page divine,  
See, beaming on their inner sight  
New orbs of intellectual light;  
As he, who voyaging o'er the line,  
Sees Southern cross, Magellan clouds,—

Undreamed of in his northern night.  
No night for thee, All-perfect Orb, although  
Fate has deep shadow round about thee thrown;  
Thee, like the sun, to give all else to know,  
The sun, great knower, in himself least known.  
Haply no breeze shall ever now arise  
The thick obstruction from thy form to clear;  
Perchance unto our still enquiring eyes,  
Thy traits must still all shadowy appear;  
Looming through smoke from that long sacrifice,  
Shall roll in wreaths of incense round thy tier.—  
And yet what matters we so little know,  
Of whence thou wert, of how thou hence did'st  
go?  
Of all that to the world's so curious ken,  
Makes up the little lives of little men;  
Enough for us, that when life's moulding womb  
Had fashioned thee, her greatest, thou didst  
come;  
Didst come like all the vast, enduring, good,  
But little noticed, but half understood;  
Thy growing labors, as the wholesome dew  
That, still descending, still eludes the view;  
Or as the flakes of quiet, gathering snow,  
That all night long have fallen soft and slow;  
Or as the gentle, oft recurring rain,  
That feeds the hunger of the mammoth main,  
Which with its margin laves a thousand strands,  
Till it has grown  
Even as the stone  
Seen severed from the mountain without hands;—  
Fills not alone  
Our native Island, but her sister lands;  
Suffice to know that all-ordaining Heaven  
Vouchsafed thee wiser than the Ancient Seven;  
Did gracious grant thee, greatest of mankind,  
Of all to come, of all are left behind.  
Of Homer, largest of the ancient earth,  
Once seven cities did contest the birth;  
But admiration and deep love agree,  
The world's wide nations might contend for thee.  
Then let the world throughout all coming time,  
With gladdened hearts, and heads all crowned  
with joy,  
Exult, as, shouting, did the Morning Stars at  
prime;  
Even when at the achieved Divine employ,  
Amidst the music of the spherical chime,  
Whilst God declared all good, they first did see,  
Unveiled, the virgin universe sublime:—  
Saw, in the formless void's obscurity,  
Order drawn forth from chaos, from eternity,  
The sweet divisions of revolving time.  
Now let us here, as in the Empyrean,  
The glad, admiring hosts of angels then  
Did pour amain the proud, applauding paean;  
Let us, heaven favored to behold this aeon,  
Which few have seen and none may see again;  
Now honor Shakspeare as the man of men.  
And, thou beloved, admired, stupendous Shade,  
If o'er this multitude thou hover dim;  
If, in thine immortality arrayed,  
Unseen, thou listen to this votive hymn,  
Behold, Great Leader of the Illustrious Dead,  
King, Sovereign, Paramount, Muse, Master, Head,  
Whilst we unblamed would bend to thee the  
knee,—  
Unblamed, before thy memory most dread,  
Would bow ourselves this side idolatry:—  
Bow low, unblamed, nor dare do less than raise  
Thee highest of the lone, immortal line;  
Constrained to yield thee all-transcendent praise,  
By all the gifts that made thee so divine.  
A perpetuity of place is thine;  
Fixed in the Poet's heavens, from age to age,  
Secure thou sittest an eternal sign.  
Against thee war no longer envies wage.  
Thou in thy volume hast inscribed thy name,  
As on a banner never to be furled;  
Hast made the peoples guardians of thy fame:—  
Whilst proud pretenders from their seats are  
hurled,  
Thee shall the nations welcome, and proclaim,  
"Crown of thy race, the wonder of the world."

# The Royal Insurance Company, FIRE AND LIFE OF ENGLAND.

Royal Insurance Building, Montreal,

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### Advantages to Fire Insurers,

THE COMPANY is enabled to direct the attention of the public to the advantages afforded this Branch:—

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- 2nd. Revenue of almost unexampled magnitude.
- 3rd. Every description of Property Insured at moderate rates.
- 4th. Promptitude and Liberality of Settlement.
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**FIRE PREMIUM, 1862, EXCEEDED \$1,500,000.**

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2 Per Cent. Per Annum On Sum Assured,

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- 2nd. Moderate Premiums.
- 3rd. Small Charge for Management.
- 4th. Prompt Settlement of Claims.
- 5th. Days of Grace allowed with the most liberal interpretation.
- 6th. Large Participation of Profits by the Assured, amounting to TWO-THIRDS of their net amount, every five years, to Policies then two entire years in existence.

The "ROYAL" INSURANCE COMPANY is advancing more rapidly in the confidence of the public than any other Company in existence.

H. L. ROUTH,

AGENT, MONTREAL.

December 29.

# LOCK STITCH

MADE BY

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"Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine in the family is not a foolish toy, but a really useful worker. It will save the time and health of ten women, and do the work easier and better."—*Water-Cure Journal.*

"We prefer the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines for family use. Ultimately nearly every comfortable household will

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"Wheeler & Wilson's Machines are the favorites for families, being especially adapted to that purpose. They work more rapidly with less friction, and with a greater economy of thread than most, if not all, others."—*N. Y. Times.*

"Wheeler & Wilson Machines are the best ever offered to public patronage. They are simple and durable; easily kept in repair; work without noise; sew with great rapidity; make an even and firm stitch on both sides, that will not rip; economize thread, and are applicable to every purpose and material common to the art in question."—*Christian Inquirer.*



The following is from the graceful pen of Mrs. Mary Howitt, a name familiar to lovers of humanity and truth wherever the English language is read.

GENTLEMEN,— WEST HILL LODGE, HIGHGATE, LONDON.

I have very great pleasure in bearing my testimony to the value of your Sewing Machine, which I can do conscientiously. To say that it is a wonderful invention is saying little, for there are many wonderful inventions now-a-days; but this I can aver, that it is the realization of all our imaginings of household fairies and good hard-working brownies that ask for no payment. It is an ever ready, ever capable friend in need; one who never wearies, never loses its eye-sight over the most delicate work, nor ever, in fact, can be overworked.

*Testimony before the Patent Commissioner.*  
REV. DR. TYNG said, in substance, that in view of the beneficial effect of Sewing Machines, he has taken much interest in endeavouring to have poor women supplied with them; and, as the result of his observation, that "their condition has been very much improved by them," and that "intelligent sewing women are now generally satisfied of the importance and value of these machines."

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN }  
200 Mulberry Street, N. Y. }

Being in constant receipt of inquiries from our brethren respecting Sewing Machines, with requests to recommend and purchase, we have, in conjunction with some lady friends, carefully and thoroughly examined the various machines of practical value for family sewing, and find those made by the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company, 505 Broadway, New York, to fully combine the essentials of a good instrument; and such as we can confidently recommend.

Having seen so favorable results from their use, in our own and the households of our friends, we are desirous that their benefits should be shared by all our brethren, and hence have interested ourselves in their behalf.

- |               |                   |
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| ABEL STEVENS, | THOMAS CARLTON,   |
| JAMES FLOY,   | J. PORTER,        |
| DANIEL WISE,  | J. BENJ. EDWARDS, |
| DAVID TERRY,  | WM. A. COX.       |

# Names of some of the Nobility and Gentry

WHO HAVE PURCHASED THE

## WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE IN ENGLAND.

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Prof. Arentsen,  
Marchioness of Ailsa,  
Lady Emma Anderson,  
Col. Armstrong,  
Mrs. John Arkwright,  
Sir Benj. Armitage,  
Lieut. Col. Armitage,  
Lord Bolton,  
Lady Broughton,  
Lady Bateman,  
Viscountess Bangor,  
Lady Proctor Beauchamp,  
Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck,  
Countess of Beshborough,  
Lady Bright,  
Admiral Barnard,  
Col. G. Briggs,  
Hon. Mrs. Bland,  
Grand Count de Bobadelo,  
Hon. Mrs. Yarde Buller,  
Lady E. Bryan,  
Lady C. Brkley,  
Hon. Jas. Byng,  
Lady Boxer,  
Lady Eliza Butted,  
Lady Harriet Bentinck,  
Marquis of Camden,  
Lady Adelaide Cadogan,  
Admiral Cator,  
Lady Blanche Craven,  
Gen. F. Cotton,  
Lady Mary Craven,  
Lady Chamberlain,  
La Marquise Calabrin,  
Lady E. Cust,  
Lord Bishop of Carlisle,  
Baroness De Clifford,  
His Excellency Earl Cowley,  
Marchioness of Drogheda,  
Viscountess Mountmorris,  
Lady Louisa Cotter,  
Hon. Mrs. F. Chichester,  
Lady Dyke,  
Hon. Mrs. Damer,  
Venerable Archdeacon Delry,  
His Excellency Col. D'Arcy,  
Hon. Lady Dering,  
Lady Digby,  
Hon. Mrs. B. Dickmann,  
Viscount Duplin,  
Lady Donaldson,  
Rear Admiral Chas. Eden,  
Rear Admiral Elliott,  
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Earl Fitzwilliams,  
Lady Louisa Fielding,  
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Countess Granard,  
Lady Payne Galloway,  
Hon. Mrs. Gordon,  
Lady Augusta Gordon,  
Lady Goring,  
Lord Gray de Wilton,  
Hon. Rear Admiral Grey,  
Hon. Mrs. O'Grady,  
Viscountess Gormanston,  
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Rev. Lord Chas. Hervey,  
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Hon. Col. Cathcart,  
Viscountess Cholmondeley,  
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Lady Kenyon,  
Sir Arnold Knight,  
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Lady Lovain,  
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Lady Francis Lloyd,  
Sir Baldwin Leighton,  
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Countess of Mount Charles,  
Hon. Geo. Laeelles,  
Sir Henry Montgomery,  
Harriet Martineau,  
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Dr. Thomson, Lord Bishop of Gloucester  
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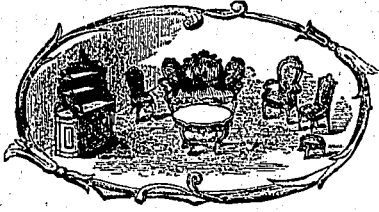
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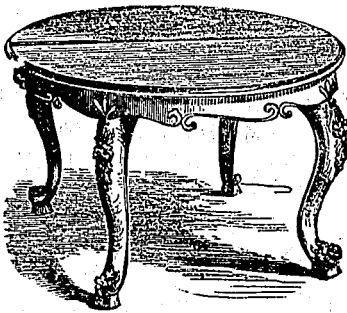
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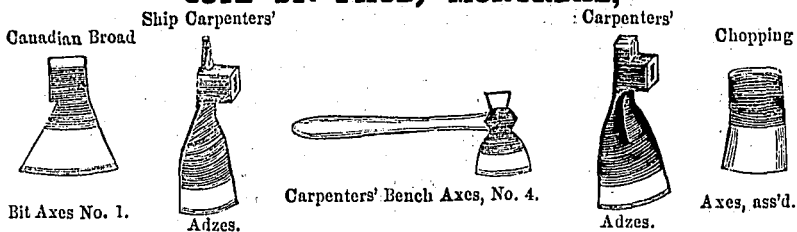
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*Wherever J. J. Higgins & Co., have exhibited their Axes and other Tools, they have invariably carried away the highest prizes awarded, for that class of goods.*

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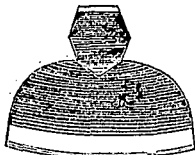


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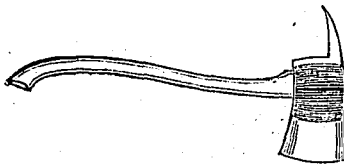
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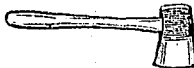
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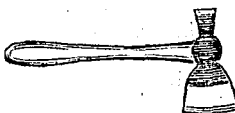


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The following is from the graceful pen of Mrs. Mary Howitt, a name familiar to lovers of humanity and truth wherever the English language is read.

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WEST HILL LODGE, HIGHGATE, LONDON.

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