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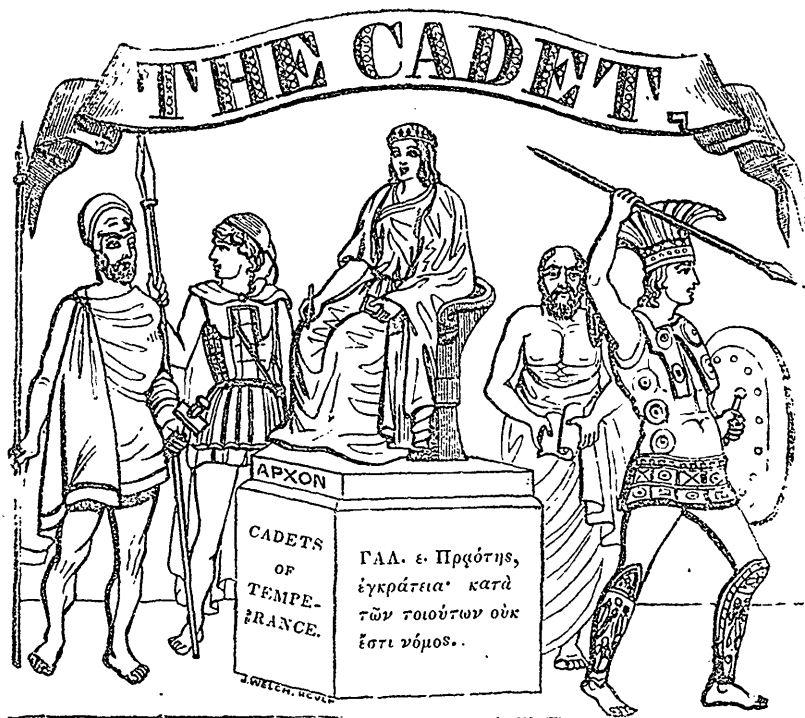
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1854.

No. 11.

A Dollar on the Conscience.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Fifty-five cents a yard, I believe you said?' The customer was opening her purse.

Now fifty cents a yard was the price of the goods, and so Mr. Levering had informed the lady. She misunderstood him, however.

In the community, Mr. Levering had the reputation of being a conscientious, high-minded man. He knew that he was thus estimated, and self-complacently appropriated the good opinion as clearly his due.

It came instantly to the lip of Mr. Levering to say, 'Yes, fifty-five.' The love of gain was strong in his mind, and ever ready to accede to new plans for adding dollar to dollar. But, ere the words were uttered, a disturbing perception of something wrong restrained him.

'I wish twenty yards,' said the customer, taking it for granted that fifty-five cents was the price of the goods.

Mr. Levering was still silent; though he commenced promptly to measure off the goods.

'Not dear at that price,' remarked the lady.

'I think not,' said the storekeeper, 'I bought the case of goods from which this piece was taken very low.'

'Twenty yards at fifty-five cents! Just eleven dollars.' The customer opened her purse as she thus spoke, and counted out the sum in glittering gold dollars. 'That is right, I believe,' and she pushed the money-towards Mr. Levering, who, with a kind of automatic movement of his hand, drew forward the coin and swept it into his till.

'Send the bundle to No. 300, Argyle Street, said the lady, with a bland smile, as she turned from the counter, and the half-bewildered store-keeper.

'Stay, madam! there is a slight mistake! The words were in Mr. Levering's thoughts, and on the point of gaining utterance, but he had not the courage to speak. He had gained a dollar in the transaction beyond his due, and already it was lying heavily on his conscience. Willingly would he have thrown it off; but when about to do so, the quick suggestion came, that in acknowledging to the lady the fact of her having paid five cents a yard too much, he might falter in his explanation, and thus betray his attempt to do her a wrong. And so he kept silence, and let her depart beyond recall.

Anything gained at the price of virtuous self-respect is acquired at too large a cost.—A single dollar on the conscience may press so heavily as to bear down man's spirits, and rob him of all the delights of life. It was so in the present case. Vain was it that Mr. Levering sought self-justification. Argue the matter as he would, he found it impossible to escape the smarting conviction that he had unjustly exacted a dollar from one of his customers. Many times through the day he found himself in a musing, abstracted state, and, on rousing himself therefrom, became conscious, in his external thought, that it was the dollar by which he was troubled.

'I'm very foolish,' said he, mentally, as he walked homeward, after closing his store for the evening. 'Very foolish to worry myself about a trifle like this. The goods were cheap enough at fifty-five cents, and she is quite as well contented with her bargain as if she had only paid fifty.'

But it would not do. The dollar was on his conscience, and he sought in vain to remove it by efforts of this kind.

Mr. Levering had a wife and three pleasant children. They were the sunlight of his home. When the business of the day was over, he usually returned to his own fireside with buoyant feeling. It was not so on this occasion. There was a pressure on his bosom—a sense of discomfort—a want of self-satisfaction. The kiss of his wife, and the clinging arms of his children, as they were twined around his neck, did not bring the old delight.

'What is the matter with you this evening, dear? Are you not well?' inquired Mrs. Levering, breaking in upon the thoughtful mood of her husband, as he sat in unwonted silence.

'I'm perfectly well,' he replied, rousing himself, and forcing a smile.

'You look sober.'

'Do I.' Another forced smile.

'Something troubles you, I'm afraid.'

'O no; it's all in your imagination.'

'Are you sick, papa?' now asks a bright little fellow, clambering upon his knee.

'Why no, love, I'm not sick. Why did you think so?'

'Because you don't play horses with me.'

'Oh, dear! Is that the ground of your suspicion?' replied the father laughing.

'Come, we'll soon scatter them to the winds.'

And Mr. Levering commenced a game of romps with the children. But he tired long before they grew weary, nor did he, from the beginning, enter into this sport with his usual zest.

'Does your head ache, pa?' inquired the child who had previously suggested sickness, as he saw his father leave the floor, and seat himself, with some gravity of manner, on a chair.

'Not this evening, dear,' answered Mr. Levering.

'Why don't you play longer, then?'

'Oh pa!' exclaimed another child, speaking from a sudden thought, 'you don't know what a time we had at school to-day.'

'Ah! what was the cause?'

'Oh! you'll hardly believe it. But Eddy Jones stole a dollar from Maggy Enfield!'

'Stole a dollar!' ejaculated Mr. Levering. His voice was husky, and he felt a cold thrill passing along every nerve.

'Yes, pa! he stole a dollar! Oh, wasn't it dreadful?'

'Perhaps he was wrongly accused,' suggested Mrs. Levering.

'Emma Wilson saw him do it, and they found the dollar in his pocket. Oh! he looked so pale, and it made me almost sick to hear him cry as if his heart would break.'

'What did they do with him?' asked Mrs. Levering.

'They sent for his mother, and she took him home.'

'Wasn't it dreadful?'

'It must have been dreadful for his poor mother,' Mr. Levering ventured to remark.

'But more dreadful for him,' said Mrs. Levering. 'Will he ever forget his crime and disgrace? Will the pressure of that dollar on his conscience ever be removed? He may never do so wicked an act again; but the memory of this wrong deed cannot be wholly effaced from his mind.'

How rebukingly fell all these words on the ears of Mr. Levering! Ah! what would he not then have given to have the weight of that dollar removed? Its pressure was so great as almost to suffocate him. It was all in vain that he tried to be cheerful, or take an interest in what was passing immediately around him. The innocent prattle of his children had lost its wonted charm, and there seemed an accusing expression in the concern his changed aspect had occasioned, she looked soberly upon him. Unable to bear all this, Mr. Levering went out, something unusual for him, and walked the streets for an hour. On his return, the children were in bed, and he had gained sufficient self-control to meet his wife with a less disturbed appearance.

On the next morning, Mr. Levering felt something better. Sleep had left his mind more tranquil. Still there was a pressure on his feelings, which thought could trace to that unlucky dollar. About an hour after going to his store, Mr. Levering saw his customer of the day previous enter, and move along towards the place where he stood behind his counter. His heart gave a sudden bound, and the color rose to his face. An accusing conscience was quick to conclude as to the object of her visit. But he soon saw that no suspicion of wrong dealing was in the lady's mind. With a pleasant half recognition, she asked to look at certain articles, from which she made purchases, and in paying for them, placed a ten dollar bill in the hand of the storekeeper.

'That weight shall be off my conscience,' said Mr. Levering to himself, as he began counting out the change due to his customer; and, purposely, he gave her one dollar more than was justly hers in that transaction. The lady glanced her eyes over the money, and seemed slightly bewildered. Then, much to the storekeeper's relief, opened her purse and dropped it therein.

'All right again!' was the mental ejaculation of Mr. Levering, as he saw the purse disappear in the lady's pocket, while his breast expanded with a sense of relief.

The customer turned from the counter, and had nearly gained the door, when she paused, drew out her purse, and emptying the contents of one end into her hand, carefully noted the amount. Then walking back, she said with a thoughtful air—

'I think you've made a mistake in the change, Mr. Levering.'

'I presume not, ma'am. I gave you four and thirty-five,' was the quick reply.

'Four, thirty-five,' said the lady, musingly. 'Yes, here it is just four, thirty-five.'

'That's right; yes, that's right,' Mr. Levering spoke, somewhat nervously.

'The article came to six dollars and sixty-five cents, I believe?'

'Yes, yes; that was it!'

'Then three dollars and thirty-five cents will be my right change,' said the lady, placing a small gold coin on the counter. 'You gave me too much.'

The customer turned away and retired from the store, leaving that dollar still on the conscience of Mr. Levering. 'I'll throw it into the street,' said he to himself impatiently. 'Or give it to the first beggar that comes along.' But conscience whispered that the dollar wasn't his, either to give away or to throw away. Such prodigality, or impulsive benevolence, would be at the expense of another, and this could not mend the matter.

'This is all squeamishness,' said Mr. Levering, trying to argue against his convictions. But it was of no avail. His convictions remained as clear and rebuking as ever.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Mr. Levering went to church, as usual with his family. Scarcely had he taken a seat in his pew, when, on raising his eyes, they rested on the countenance of the lady from whom he had abstracted the dollar. How quickly his cheek flushed! How troubled became, instantly, the beatings of his heart! Unhappy Mr. Levering! He could not make the usual responses that day in the services; and when the congregation joined in the swelling hymn of praise, his voice was heard not in the general thanksgiving. Scarcely a word of the eloquent sermon reached his ears, except something about dishonest dealing; he was too deeply engaged in discussing the question, whether or no he should get rid of the troublesome dollar by dropping it into the contribution box, at the close of the morning service, to listen to the preacher. This question was not settled when the box came round. But this disposition of the money proved only a temporary palliative. There was still a pressure on his feelings; still a weight on his conscience that gradually became heavier. Poor man! What was he to do? How was he to get this dollar removed from his conscience? He could not send it back to the lady and tell her the whole truth. Such an exposure of himself would not only be humiliating, but hurtful to his character. It would be seeking to do right, in the infliction of a wrong to himself.

At last, Mr. Levering, who had ascertained the lady's name and residence, inclosed her a dollar, anonymously, stating that it was her due; that the writer had obtained it from her unjustly, in a transaction which he did not care to name, and could not rest until he had made restitution.

Ah! the humiliation of spirit suffered by Mr. Levering in thus seeking to get ease for his conscience! It was one of his bitterest life experiences. The longer the dollar remained in his possession, the heavier became its pressure, until he could endure it no longer. He felt not only disgrace in his own eyes, but humbled in the presence of his wife and children. Not for worlds would he have suffered them to look into his heart.

If a simple act of restitution could have covered all the past, happy it would have been for Mr. Levering. But this was not possible. The deed was entered in the book of his life, and nothing could efface the record. Though obscured by the accumulating dust of time, now and then a hand sweeps unexpectedly over the page, and the writing is revealed. Though that dollar has been removed from his conscience, and he is now guiltless of wrong; yet there are times when the old pressure is felt with painful distinctness.

Earnest seeker after this world's goods, take warning by Mr. Levering, and beware, how, in a moment of weak yielding, you get a collar on your conscience. One of two evils must follow. It will give you pain and trouble, or callous the spot where it rests. And the latter of these evils is that which is most to be deplored.

CONVERSATION.—The high and proper signification of the word "conversation," seems now to be lost from society. A fine strain of dilation, such as came from that old man eloquent, Coleridge, is voted declamation and impertinence, by that vulgar vanity, which, in its own perpetual hunger to be heard, is angry, though a God should speak. Instead of conversation, now-a-days, what have we? The "wishy-washy everlasting flood" of drivel—an idiot's tale—signifying nothing, not even sound and fury.—*Egeria*.

THE BOSPHORUS.—(FOR REMARKS SEE NEXT PAGE).



The Bosphorus.

The conflicts now existing between the Turks and Russians must be familiar to most readers of this periodical. The locality, therefore, of which a very distinct and correct representation is here given, is necessarily invested with peculiar and painful interest. The obtuse point of the angle of an unequal triangle which forms the figure of the imperial city of Constantinople, and which advances toward the East and the shores of Asia, meets and repels the waves of the Thracian Bosphorus. The Bosphorus itself, as a great writer further observes, is the winding channel through which the waters of the Euxine flow with a rapid and incessant course towards the Mediterranean. The Straits of the Bosphorus are terminated by the Cyanean Rocks, which, according to the description of the poets, had once floated on the face of the waters, and were destined by the gods to protect the entrance of the Euxine against the eye of profane curiosity. We reject the fables which attach to much of the scenery of this neighborhood, and reject the dismal superstition which has for ages enveloped the inhabitants generally; but we must admire the taste and talent, though rude comparatively, which has been displayed along the banks of the Bosphorus. We are told that from the Cyanean Rocks to the point and harbor of Byzantium (Constantinople), the winding length of the Bosphorus extends about sixteen miles, and its most ordinary breadth may be computed at about one mile and a half, being, however, much narrower in many places. Anthon, in his Classical Dictionary, says, "Various reasons have been assigned for the name. The best is that which makes the appellation refer to the early passage of agricultural knowledge from East to West (*Bovus*, an Ox, and *πορος*, a Passage)." Nymphius tells us, on the authority of Accarion, that the Phrygians, desiring to pass the Thracian Strait, built a vessel on whose prow was the figure of an ox, calling

the strait over which it carried them, Bosphorus, or the Ox's Passage. The origin of the name may not be very certain, but if you will look at the beautiful engraving, you will agree that it is a great pity that any other than the arts of peace and civilization should be cultivated there. All must contemplate with sorrow the probabilities of the waters of the Bosphorus being stained with human blood, and made terrible with the storms of war,—devastating and destructive war. Many interesting Christian Missions have been established among the Turks, and have been very successful. It may be hoped that nothing will arise to blast the prospects of these missions. We hope the Bosphorus will be a free and unrestricted channel, through which the Word of God and a true civilization will pass to thousands and millions of the human race.

The Slighted Scholar.

Cases like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent in our country, and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The incident was brought to mind by hearing a complaint made by the parent of a poor boy, who had been grossly neglected by the teacher of the village school—neglected simply because he was poor and comparatively friendless!

Many years ago, when I was but a small boy, I attended school in the town of—

Among the scholars there was a boy named George Henry. His father was a poor drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—but they were the best he had; he was rough and uncouth in his manners, for he had been brought up in that manner; he was very ignorant, for he had never had an opportunity for education.

Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school room,—it was a back corner seat, away from the other scholars—and there he thumbed his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance was be-clouded by the "onte

covering" of the boy. He seldom played with the other children, for they seemed to shun him; but when he did, for a while, join with them in their sports, he was so rough that he was soon shoved off out of the way.

The teacher passed the poor boy coldly in the street, while other boys, in better garbs, were kindly noticed. In the school, young Henry was coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and then called him an "idle blockhead" because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and consequently he was most of the time idle, and idleness begat a disposition to while away the time in mischief. For this he was whipped, and the more he was whipped the more idle and careless he became. He knew that he was neglected by the teacher simply because he was poor and ragged, and with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitterness, he plodded on his dark, thankless way.

Thus matters went on for several years. Most of the scholars who were of George Henry's age had passed on to the higher branches of study, while he, poor fellow, still spelled out words of one and two syllables, and still kept his distant seat in the corner. His father had sunk lower in the pit of inebriation, and the unfortunate boy was more wretched than ever.

The look of clownish indifference which had marked his countenance, was now giving way to a shade of unhappy thought and feelings, and it was evident that the great turn point of his life was at hand. He stood now upon the step in life from which the fate of after years must take its cast.

At this time a man by the name of Kelly took charge of the school. He was an old teacher, a careful observer of human nature, and a really good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a bluff, authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unwavering.

The first day he passed in the teacher's desk of our school was mostly devoted to watching the movements of the scholars, and studying the dispositions with which he had to deal. Upon George Henry his eye rested with a keen, searching glance. But he evidently made little of him during the first day, but on the second day he did more.

It was during the afternoon of the second day that Mr. Kelly observed young

Henry engaged in impaling flies upon the point of a large pin. He went to the boy's seat and after reprimanding him for his idleness, he took up the dirty, tattered primer from his desk.

"Have you never learned more than is in this book?" asked the teacher.

"No, sir," drawled George.

"How long have you attended school?"

"I don't know, sir. It's ever since I can remember."

"Then you must be an idle, reckless boy," said the teacher, with much severity. "Do you realize how many years you have thrown away? Do you know how much you have lost? What sort of a man do you think of making in this way? One of these days you will be too old to go to school, and then, while your companions are seeking some honorable employment, you will be good for nothing.—Have you any parents?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, in a hoarse subdued voice.

"And do they wish you to grow up to be an ignorant, worthless man?"

The boy hung down his head and was silent, but Mr. Kelly saw two great tears roll down his cheeks. In an instant, the teacher saw that he had something besides an idle, stubborn mind to deal with in the ragged scholar before him. He laid his hand upon the boy's head, and in a kind tone, he said.

"I wish you to stop after school is dismissed. Do not be afraid, for I wish to assist you if I can."

George looked up wondering into the master's face, for there was something in the tones of the voice which fell upon his ear that sounded strangely to him, and he thought too, as he looked around, that the rest of the scholars regarded him with kinder countenances than usual. A dim thought broke in upon his mind that, from some cause he was going to be happier than before.

After the school was dismissed, George Henry remained in his seat till the teacher called him to the desk.

"Now," said Mr. Kelly, "I wish to know how it is that you have never learned any more. You look bright, and you look as though you might make a smart man. Why is it that I find you so ignorant?"

"Because nobody ever helps me, sir," replied the boy. "Nobody cares for me, for I am poor."

By degrees the kind hearted teacher

got the poor boy's whole history, and while generous tears bedewed his eyes, he said:

"You have been wrongly treated, George,—very wrongly; but there is yet time for redemption. If I will try to teach you, will you try to learn?"

"Yes,—C, yes," quickly uttered the boy in earnest tones. "Yes—I should love to learn. I don't want to be a bad boy," he thrillingly added, while his countenance glowed with unwonted animation.

Mr. Kelly promised to purchase books for the boy as fast as he could learn to read them, and when George Henry left the school room, his face was wet with tears. We scholars who had remained in the entry, saw him come out, and our hearts were warmed towards him. We spoke kindly to him, and walked with him to his house, but his own heart was too full for utterance.

On the next day George Henry commenced studying in good earnest, and the teacher helped him faithfully. Never did I see a change so radical and sudden as that which took place in the habits of the poor boy.

As soon as the teacher treated him with kindness and respect, the scholars followed the example, and the result was, that we found in the unfortunate youth one of the most noble hearted, generous, accommodating, and truthful playmates in the world.

Long years have passed since those school-boy days. George Henry has become a man of middle age, and in all the country there is not a man more beloved and respected than is he. And all is the result of one teacher's having done his duty.

You who are school teachers, remember the responsibility that devolves upon you.—In this country of free schools, there should be no distinction between classes. All are alike entitled to your care and counsel, and the more weak the child, the more earnest should be your endeavors to lift him up and aid him.—*Gleason's Pictorial.*

The True Hero.

"Fire, fire!" What a startling sound is this at midnight, when your slumber is deepest. "Fire, fire!" And the noise of trampling feet and rattling wheels is mingled with the deafening screams.

By these sounds I was awakened a few

nights since, and looked forth upon the grand but terrific sight of a house in flames. And where are those who were sweetly and securely dreaming beneath that roof only an hour ago? I exclaimed, as I heard the crash of glass, and saw the smoke charring the walls and blackening the timbers, and the fruitless efforts of the courageous firemen to stop the work of destruction.

It was occupied by a mother and three children—the youngest an infant in the cradle. At the first alarm, the mother fled with two that could cling to her, intending to return for the baby, when they were placed beyond danger. But then it was too late; the roof is tumbling, and the smoke has filled every room to suffocation.

But the mother is frantic, and cries, "Oh, save my child!" "Where is it?" asks one of those brave men, ready at any moment to peril life and limb, in obedience to the mandate which calls them forth. "Where is it?—I will try." She points to the chamber where she left the sleeping infant, and in another moment he is scaling the ladder which rests against the tottering wall. The multitude is gazing anxiously, with scarcely a hope that he will accomplish his noble purpose. The water is pouring upon every side; the hissing and roaring and crackling becomes fearful—he enters the window—our suspense is agony; he appears again—that strong, bold man;—ah, yes! and the little unconscious creature is nestling in his bosom. Can he descend?—how carefully he steps! Our nerves are ready to snap with the painful distension—no; it is in vain, he cannot reach the ground in safety—they will be buried beneath the burning ruins. "Oh, save them, save them," cry a hundred voices, and there is a rush towards the spot. But he is calm and betrays no fears—they are safe; and while the air is resounding with his praises, he gently places the child on its mother's bosom.

Her heart is too full to speak her gratitude, and ere the words can come to her relief, he has disappeared among the crowd, and she does not even know his name. If such an instance of heroism had occurred on the battle-field, how many a bard would have sung the hero's praises. His name would have been emblazoned on the pages of history, and Princes would have sought to do him honor. But he is a fireman, and has only performed his duty. He is the

citizen of a humble class, and must not expect to be crowned with laurels. It is a duty he performs every day or night, whenever he is called upon; and that he never shrinks from danger, or turns a deaf ear to the prayers of the widow and orphan, the aged and the helpless, is no great merit. This is what he knows is expected of him when he enrolls his name with the little band who are more than bulwark and fortress and armed legions, round about the walls of the great city.

So the soldier knows what is expected of him when he enlists for the field of battle, but his brave deeds are not the less recorded, and it is heralded with triumph when the conqueror proves to be merciful.

Let us at least show our grateful appreciation of labours which are performed so faithfully and disinterestedly, and never forget the brave spirits without whose guardianship we should scarcely dare to slumber, and love to honor the true heart, however humble the bosom in which it beats.

MINNIE MYRTLE.

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1854.

Wise Suggestions.

From among tracts for the young, issued by the Scottish Temperance League, we select the following, called "The Good Abstainer." We think the suggestions are wise and good, and wish all our young friends to peruse them carefully. To be an abstainer is good. To be a good abstainer is better. This is what we wish every reader of this periodical to be, and therefore proceed to show what a good abstainer is.

1. *A good abstainer understands his principles well, and is always endeavouring to understand them better.* Though his knowledge is very creditable for his years, he is not puffed up with it. He feels that he needs more; and the more he gets the more he desires to get. And

therefore he reads, thinks, converses with his companions, asks questions at his teachers, looks about him and makes observations, gathers facts and reasons from them, punctually attends the meetings and lectures for the young; and thus, by these and all other means in his power, seeks to be constantly adding to his knowledge.

2. *A good abstainer has become such from good motives.* His own safety, and that of his friends and neighbours; the removal of intemperance, Britain's greatest curse, and in its removal, the physical, social, moral and religious improvement of his country; that he may be instrumental not only in introducing, but in upholding and transmitting new and better domestic and social customs, and thus be a blessing not only to his own age, but to generations yet unborn—these are his motives for becoming an abstainer. And are they not worthy, of all them?

3. *A good abstainer is prepared to defend his principles.* He does not seek for or delight in controversy. When his principles, however, are attacked, he stands up for them manfully, and defends them ably. But while his reasonings are strong, his manner is mild. He thinks too highly of the cause, and is too much in earnest, to banter, or jeer, or call bad names, or say anything fitted merely to wound or irritate an opponent. 'Soft words and hard arguments'—that is his motto.

4. *A good abstainer does what he can to spread his principles.* Here is what he says,—'What is good and safe for me, will be safe and good for others; and I must not keep the good to myself. I have little brothers and sisters; I must try to get them to join me. I have some school-fellows that I love very much; I must try to get them along with me to our meetings and lectures. I know some little boys that are in very great danger; I must try

by all means to get them to become abstainers, for if they do not, they will certainly become drunkards.' This is what he says, and does. And what I say to you, little abstainer, is, Go and do likewise, and you will be a good abstainer too.

5. *A good abstainer adorns his principles by his practice.* Everywhere he honestly and honourably adheres to his principles. Through good report and bad report, amidst smiles and sneers alike, he acts up to his principles. Look to him surrounded by temptations. He stands firm and fast, like a rock. Mark him amidst the jests and jeers of would-be wiser associates. How mild, and calm, and noble his bearing! Does it not seem to say, 'Laugh on, my boys? The truth is mine—safety is mine—health and happiness are mine. And let them laugh that win.

6. *A good abstainer endeavors in all other things to be good.* 'Yes,' says he, 'I must remember what my kind teachers tell me, and strive not in one thing only, but in everything to be better than others. I must keep away not only from intoxicating drinks, which are bad, but from bad places, bad people, bad books, bad companions, bad customs—from everything bad, I must keep away. And I must strive to be intelligent, kind, and courteous; everywhere and in everything well-disposed and well-behaved; if possible, the best in the family, the best in the school, the best on the play ground—among all of my years, whether for learning, or morals, or manners, the best. Above all, I must remember that *though abstinence is a very needful thing, it is not the one thing needful.* No; Religion is the one thing needful. And this must be first, and above all things minded, for

'Tis religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die.'

Well, then, my little reader, having now told you what a good abstainer is, I

have two questions to ask. 1. *Are you, an abstainer?* If not, why? My advice to you is, the sooner the better; and for every reason that you can bring for not becoming an abstainer, I promise to give you ten for becoming one. 2. *If one, are you a good abstainer?* Do you think that you have all the six properties that have been mentioned? If not all, how many have you? Try and find out, and resolve that you will never rest till you can say, *all are mine.* That will make you safe and happy; and I shall be happy too.

Another Tragic Affair.

When will this horrid business end? That youth had a father and mother, perhaps brothers and sisters. Parents, see what the Traffic has done, aye, and is doing. Read this short item of information, which we take from the *Maine Law Advocate*. A correspondent of that paper says:—

'A short time since, I was startled at the announcement that a college acquaintance of mine, by the name of W—, had committed suicide by taking Prussic acid. Intemperance was the cause.—About three years since, he graduated from a college in the State of New York, after which he engaged in the study of law. While in college, there was not a better scholar in his class than young W—. After leaving college he became dissipated, and soon lost all self-respect. He experienced an attack of delirium tremens, and soon after terminated his existence by his own act. When his dead body was found, he was shabbily dressed, and his whole appearance indicated the depth of degradation which he had reached. This was the end of the brilliant scholar, and the boy who was once the President of a Youth's Temperance Society, as he once assured me in conversation. On his person was found a letter, which an affectionate and pious mother had written him, containing her mutual warnings and counsels. When I knew him, his whole conduct betokened a predominance of the moral and intellectual qualities. This is a bare statement of the facts in the case. The comment that is in my heart, respecting a

system of legislation which encourages such results as these, it would be vain for me to attempt to express."

FOR THE CADET.

Dialogue between William & Robert.

PART I.

Robert.—Good evening, William.

William.—Good evening, Robert—what news to-night ?

R. I don't know. Did you hear of Squire Brandy ?

W. No ! What's the matter ?—is he sick ?

R. Yes—he is very dangerously ill, and is not expected to recover.

W. What is supposed to be his disease ?

R. I believe it is consumption, or as some would say, a decline.

W. Why that is sad ; but, I believe, some people would be glad to hear of his as well as his family's death.

R. Well, for my part, I can't say but I should ; I believe they have done a great deal of mischief in their day.

W. So some people say. I was always partially fond of the family.

R. For my part I never thought much of them, for I've heard so many complaints against them—such as murders, robberies, thefts, fightings, quarrellings, in short almost every crime you could mention.

W. I, too, have heard of the crimes charged to the family, but think they cannot be true, or they would be brought to trial.

R. So they have, and were found guilty, but are now at large through the country on bail : whenever their presence is required at court the bail is promptly paid, (*viz.*—*Tavern Licenses.*)

W. Still, I think, they cannot be so bad as they are represented to be or there would be more pains taken to have them punished at once.

R. This negligence is owing to preju-

dice in their favor, in the court, but Parliament has taken up the subject, and measures for their apprehension will shortly be taken.

W. What !—taking it to Parliament ?—then our elections will have something to do with it, I suppose.

R. Of course, his life depends on the member for Parliament.

W. Well, but I think, Squire Brandy and family will use all their influence to return one of their friends.

R. Yes, they are exerting themselves to the utmost, but it is generally thought that they will be left in the minority.

W. It is time for me to be going ; I will see you again after the election ; so good evening, Robert.

R. Very well. Good evening.

PART II.

W. Good evening, Robert.

R. Good evening, William. So, Noble Protector, Esq., has been elected member for Parliament.

W. Yes, but I think he owes his election, in part, to a mistake of Squire Brandy and his friends.

R. How so ? I think Mr. Misery Maker and Mr. A. Mortgage, Brandy's two candidates, acted their part well.

W. So they did, but the mistake was in having two candidates, thereby dividing the votes.

R. It was a wonder, that such a cunning man as Squire Brandy, should not have seen through that.

W. Well, I suppose, it cannot be helped now. Did you hear how Squire Brandy received the news ; for, I believe, he was not able to attend the election.

R. He was so shocked by the news that he was immediately taken worse, and is not expected to live long.

W. He has a very large family, and some say they are in very bad circumstances.

R. So I suppose ; but I think they will all be rather short-lived.

W. I hope they will die before they are punished by law, for it would be so mortifying.

R. If they do, they will die very soon, for I hear that Parliament has met, and that a bill for their punishment had received its second reading, and was to have its third reading yesterday.

W. I am very sorry if that is the case. Do you know what punishment they intend to inflict upon them.

R. Yes, they are to be sent out of the country, and forbidden to return on pain of death, except for certain purposes, and then they are bound in a heavy penalty to keep the peace.

W. That is a hard punishment ; but, I suppose, they can live where they please out of the country.

R. Yes, I believe so ; but I am anxious to hear from Quebec, let us walk down to the Post Office.

W. I am quite willing, but here comes one of Noble Protector's clerks, he will know all about it.

R. Good evening, John. What news from Quebec ?

J. Grand News ! The Canadian Prohibitory Liquor Law has passed, and old Brandy and family are to clear the country within one month.

R. Grand ! Do you know how many of a majority it had ?

J. Not exactly ; but they were almost unanimous. Good evening.

R. & W. Good evening.

W. Well, I am very sorry about that family, but I can't stay any longer tonight ; I will see you again. Good evening.

R. Good evening.

PART III.

W. Good evening, Robert.

R. Good evening, William ; I have not seen you for a long time ; I suppose it's near six months since.

W. Just about. I have been very busy lately.

R. Let us take a walk through the town, the streets are so much more quiet than usual.

W. I think they are ; I don't hear near so much quarrelling and swearing, or see so many paupers as formerly.

R. That's owing to the absence of Squire Brandy and family.

W. Well, I believe it is ; I am convinced that the transportation of that family will be a blessing to the country.

R. It will, undoubtedly, and its good effects are already seen ; the jail there is almost empty, and will soon, no doubt, be entirely empty.

W. Though I used to be such an enemy to the law, yet, since I have seen its good effects on society my mind is entirely changed.

R. I am glad you are so well satisfied with it. Some of Squire Brandy's friends have got up a petition to have the law repealed, and I suppose that the question, if not already decided, is now before the House.

W. I have not heard a word about it, but I hope the supporters of the law will come off victorious.

R. Although the friends of Squire Brandy are using every effort to gain their point it is generally thought that they will be in the minority.

W. I should like to hear from Quebec.

R. So should I ; let us go down to the Post Office.

W. Very well ; but here comes Mr. Protector himself ; we will ask him about it.

R. Good evening, Mr. P. How did you get on at Quebec ?

P. Very well ! We gained our point by an almost unanimous vote. Our enemies themselves have to acknowledge the improvement of morals among the people in the absence of the Squire Brandy's.

R. That's good news ! Drunkards will be becoming scarce now.

W. I am glad that they were defeated ;
I suppose the question is now settled for
ever.

R. I hope so ; but it is time I was
going. Good night.

W. Good night.

J. & J. W.

Manners.

Never go up and down stairs, or about
the house, like a trotting horse ; step
lightly, quickly, orderly.

Never drag, or go slip-shod, with your
shoes untied or down at the heel.

Never enter a house or parlor with your
boots all slush and mud, or sit down with
your hat or cap on, bar-room fashion.

Never stare people in the face. Are
you conversing with any one, look him in
the face with cheerful, dignified, respect-
ful assurance ; this is right ; but to stare
idly or wildly at strangers or any one, as
though you had never seen a human face,
is exceedingly impolite, and a sure mark
of ill-breeding.

Be polite, modest, and respectful to
every one, especially to your superiors.
"Charity vaunteth not itself, is not
puffed up, doth not behave itself unseem-
ly, seeketh not her own." What more
unlovely, and painfully disgusting, more
hateful to the sight of God and man, than
to see a youth, a mere stripling, assume
an air of self-importance, and disrespect
towards his equals or superiors ? It is not
merely a gross violation of modesty and
courtesy, but is a sure indication of a
vain, vile, corrupt, and wicked heart.
God, and every virtuous being, abhors
such conduct ! "it is earthly, sensual,
devilish."

Never be clownish or monkeyish !—
Some rude, indecent boys, (not girls)
seem to pride themselves in buffoonery or
drollery, in low, vulgar tricks, antic ges-
tures, foolish jesting, and odd expressions.
This low, shameful vulgarity, may excite
the laughter of fools,—as none but fools
will laugh at foolishness—"for the mouth
of fools feedeth on foolishness ;" but
every one of good common sense must
look upon such behaviour with perfect
disgust and abhorrence ! And every youth
thus acting the buffoon or mimic, not only
lowers himself in the estimation of the
wise and good, but is verily guilty in the
sight of God. Such ridiculous folly the
Lord abhors !

The Cold Water Man.

A BALLAD BY J. G. Saxe.

It was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well,—
And he lived by a little pond
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod,—
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish,
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name,—
For though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame !

Let others bend their necks at sight
Of fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er had learned the art to "bob"
For anything but cells !

A-cunning fisherman was he,
His anglers were all right ;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove "a bite !"

All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog ;

With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to "hook !"

To charm the fish he never spoke,—
Although his voice was fine,
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line !

And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they could speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty taking way !

Alas ! one day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman too,
He couldn't keep the log !

'Twas all in vain with might and main
He strove to reach the shore—
Down—down he went, to feed the fish
He'd baited oft before !

The jury gave their verdict that
'Twas nothing else but gin
Had caused the fisherman to be
So sadly taken in !

Though one stood out upon a whim.

And said the angler's s'naughter,

To be exact about the fact,

Was, clearly, gin-and Water!

The moral of this mournful tale

To all is plain and clear,—

That drinking-habts bring a man

Too often to his bier;

And he who scorns to "take the pledge,"

And keep the promise fast,

May be, in spite of fate, a stiff

Cold water man at last!

The Stone Mountain in Georgia.

"And now good friends, farewell, a short farewell!

We have been loitering long and pleasantly;
And now to our dear homes."—Coleridge's *Night-ingle*.

Having been one of a Southern party visiting the North, we thought it best upon our return to loiter long and pleasantly—as Coleridge says—and we did so.

It is quite too much the habit of our American travellers, to hasten from point to point at the top of their speed; travelling day and night—both in our own country and in Europe. Somebody in Europe, criticizing us, said that it was the habit of American travellers to stay just twenty four hours at any point where they stopped, and then to inquire the shortest road to the next place.

Our party, as I have said, did quite otherwise; we travelled, stopped, looked through cities, at their churches, their works of art, their cemeteries, and all that was worth seeing.

It so happened that we reached the Stone Mountain, in Georgia, about two hours before daylight on Sunday morning, and we got out of the cars to take our rest on the Sabbath day. It is true we did not expect to find a church to worship in, but we felt that upon this silent mountain, under the serene sky, and in the pure air, we might offer up our thanksgivings to the invisible Father, and implore his blessing upon us. A bright morning rose upon the scene before us, and the day promised to be cloudless. Our horses were brought out, and we mounted for our excursion. We were attended by one of our excellent hosts, Mr. Hitchcock, who acted as our guide.

By a winding but somewhat steep path, we ascended the rock—covered in some spots by a scanty growth of small oaks, and the wild muscodine vines bearing their

delicious fruits. A small mountain bush, too, unknown to us, but graceful; and a slender yellow flower growing in the crevices of the rocks, relieved the monotony of the bare surface.

A glorious view broke upon us as we reached the summit of the mountain. The whole broad plain for many miles round us was visible; the plantations seated in the midst of the deep green forest looked like the figures on a carpet, scattered with irregular grace. Beyond this extensive plain rose a range of mountains, the most distant point being the Lookout Mountains in Tennessee. It rose like a cone, its distinct outlines appearing against the sky with a regularity that seemed to be artificial. Near to us rose a range of smaller mountains, at the foot of which the pretty little town of Marietta is seated. The church spires of the town may be seen when the atmosphere is clear.

Still nearer, at a distance of twelve miles, the thriving town Atlanta is plainly visible; and a few miles short of that place the village of Decatur is seen.

The mountain is an extraordinary object—the greater part of it being a granite rock, rising about eleven hundred feet above the general level of the surrounding country.

On one side it is precipitous, and standing at the base of it, one, in looking up the bold towering cliff, feels that the grandeur of the view rises into sublimity.

It stands in solitary majesty, a pyramid reared by the hand of Nature, long before the Egyptian Kings thought of building their vast structures.

A tower crowns the summit of the mountain, and it affords a still wider view of the surrounding country. Independent of this, it presents a striking object in the general picture.

The morning which was so bright, proved to be as so many bright things in life are found to be—transient in its early glory. While we stood upon the mountain we looked to the East, and we saw a cloud overspreading the whole range of mountains in that direction. We could see that a heavy rain was falling, and we were able to measure the distance between the cloud and the mountain upon which we were standing. We supposed, at first, that it would not reach us, but a breeze rising at the moment, swept it on towards us, and we found ourselves enveloped in a thick mist, which presently deepened into a shower.

The lady friend who was with us required she' ter, and we betook ourselves to the tower.

A PENCILLER.

A Scene.

We saw yesterday, at the Depot, a poor, pale little girl peddling peaches among the passengers who were constantly coming and going through the place. Her sorrowful looks, her timid way, her pale thin face, with the traces of tears visible upon it, and her meek blue eye, "all and singular," had their effect upon the strangers around, and many there were that bought her fruit to cheer her heart, and with their bits of silver dropped a word of kindness and encouragement in her ear, more precious than coin to her, after the pressing necessity that drove her among that crowd, should be satisfied. But one there was who excited our indignation. With a costly overcoat upon one arm, a well-stuffed carpet-bag in the other hand, in elegant apparel, and with a massive gold watch-chain dangling a foot in length from his fob and ending in a costly seal, he passed through on his way to the western cars. "Please buy some peaches, sir?" said the little girl, with an arch twist of the head and a pleasant smile playing about her lips, brought there by the cheerful words that had fallen so like a gentle blessing on her heart. "Some peaches? Only a penny a piece," and she held out her basket. "Get away with your trash!" was the surly response of this human mastiff, accompanied by a kick, which knocked the basket from the poor creature's hand, and scattered its contents among a crowd of greedy boys, who commenced picking up the fruit and devouring it. The clouds of sorrow all came back again in a moment, and, at this new trouble, her tears gushed from her eyes afresh. A citizen who stood by quietly stepped up and paid for the peaches, and bade her never mind. The man (?) who did it went on with a look of conscious mightiness and seated himself in the car. We saw that his baggage was labelled "Cleveland—home," where he doubtless secures the fawning always attendant upon wealth, and is considered a "respectable" member of community.—*Buffalo Rough Notes.*

Who kicked that peach-basket out of that poor girl's hand? We know full well the annoyance and vexation of a

Railroad Station, and the strong disposition to "kick somebody," which these troubles beget; but kicking a poor, pale girl, or her basket, is too brutal to be excusable. Who kicked that peach-basket? Don't answer aloud, but go into your closet and shut the door, and ask Heaven to pardon the offence; and then go and sin in that wise no more.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Sayings from Francis Forrester's Portfolio.

My precious old Portfolio still contains a variety of sayings that teach as much wisdom as ever grew in the brains of many ancient sages. Here is one, which the girls should work on their brothers' book-marks, and the boys write in their sisters' copy-books. It reads thus:

"EVERY BOY SHOULD LEARN TO PADDLE HIS OWN CANOE."

"Tush, Mr. Forrester!" I fancy I hear my reader say; "that may be a very good saying for Indian boys, but not for us Anglo-American lads, who go down the rivers in steam-boats, and not in flimsy canoes."

Don't be too fast, my young friend. This saying has a meaning for you, as well as for Indians. For you will find it hard work to get along in this driving world, if you don't learn "to paddle your own canoe."

But what does this saying mean? Mean! why it teaches that a boy must learn to depend upon himself, and not live leaning always on his father's arm. He must make up his mind to rely for success, in every thing, upon his own endeavours and the blessing of God. At school, he must not seek to have every difficulty explained by the teacher; or get his brighter school-mates to work out his hard sums for him. No, no! He must look upon a difficult task as a soldier does on a powerful enemy—as something to be conquered. At home, he must not leave mother, or Betty the servant girl, to take care of him, and keep him neat. He must never ask mother to do for him what he is able and what is proper for him to do for himself. By thus relying upon himself, he will be learning to paddle his own canoe.

Our great Franklin paddled his own canoe, too, when he pulled off his jacket and set types by day, and when he sat up nearly all night to study. By doing this,

he paddled himself from a Printing office to Congress; from obscurity to renown. And I do not know of any truly great man, who did not become so by paddling his own canoe.

Who then will adopt this saying as the motto of his life? Not that lazy fellow who loves sleep better than labor; who hates hard study, and skulks all he can into idle corners. No! His canoe won't get paddled at all. It will float lazily down the stream of life, until it gets in among the rocks and breakers, where it will capsize, and the lazy lad will go out of the world unlamented and be forgotten, just like the drop of rain that falls into the sea. But he who will do his duty, conquer difficulties, rely upon his own good powers, and the smile of Heaven, he will paddle his canoe, with colors flying, into a snug harbor and an honorable place. To be sure he will have some storms on the voyage. His canoe will get roughly tossed at times; but, as a good gardener once told a little girl, "there is always sunshine above the cloud," waiting to break through and shine upon him who keeps paddling while the storm lasts. And, therefore, the boys who paddle their own canoe will come out right in the end. So I hope every one of my readers will make a strong resolution to PADDLE HIS OWN CANOE.—*Boys' and Girls' Magazine.*

Puzzles for Pastime.

A man travels from his own house to Montreal, in four days, and home again in five days; travelling each day, during the whole journey, one mile less than the day preceding. How far does he live from Montreal?

Scriptural Enigma.

I am 3 words, and 18 letters.

My 1, 8, 3, 2, 9, 14, 8,—said, who is the Lord that I should obey his voice?

My 13, 15, 7, 8, 13, 2,—drew near and touched the top of the sceptre.

My 6, 15, 14, 16, 3, 8,—is a prophet whose lips were touched by a live coal from off the altar.

My 1, 13, 7, 13, 2,—was sleeping between two soldiers.

My 17, 9, 3, 8,—a preacher of righteousness.

My 3, 15, 15, 8, 10, 2,—went out and built Nineveh.

My 12, 14, 17, 3, 14, 17, 6, 7, 13, 15,—the Israelites were to overthrow.

My 3, 18, 2, 6, 1, 1, 3,—said to Paul, thou art permitted to speak for thyself.

My 12, 8, 2, 6, 15, 7,—is the end of the Law for righteousness.

My 13, 18, 4, 1, 7, 6, 3, 17; 15,—are men and not God.

My 5, 3, 7, 12, 8,—what the chief priest and Pharisees had.

My 15, 8, 3, 1, 18, 14, 11,—one of the twelve spies.

My 15, 3, 2, 14, 8,—obeyed her husband calling him Lord.

My 15, 13, 6, 2,—a mount given to Esau.

My 7, 9, 1, 8, 13, 7,—a name of the valley of slaughter.

My 15, 9, 5, 6, 17, 18,—the time to which the vintage shall reach.

My 15, 12, 9, 10, 2, 18, 13,—what was not lawful to do to a Roman.

My 15, 12, 9, 2, 1, 6, 9, 17,—a venomous reptile.

My 3, 14, 2, 9, 17,—a Levite who could speak well.

My 17, 3, 7, 8, 14, 17,—a prophet in the time of David and Solomon.

My 1, 16, 15, 18, 3, 8,—a mountain over against Jericho.

My 1, 2, 13, 3, 12, 8, 13, 2,—was King over Israel in Jerusalem.

My 14, 6,—a city of Canaan.

My 9, 18,—a great King.

My whole was enjoined by St. Paul, upon one of the ancient Churches, and is still obligatory upon every Christian.

A. T. D.

Montreal, Jan'y., 1854.

[FOR THE CADET.]

The following is the answer to the question in the December number, showing the work:—
Let x stand for what the tinkers paid.

Then $\frac{2}{3}x = \frac{6}{5}$ what the tailors paid.

Then $\frac{6}{5}x \times 1\frac{1}{2} = \frac{18}{10}x$ what the soldiers paid.

Then $\frac{18}{10}x \times 2 = \frac{36}{5}x$ what the sailors paid.

Then $x + \frac{6}{5}x + \frac{18}{10}x + \frac{36}{5}x = 64$,

By clearing of fractions $90(x + 108)(x + 54)$

$(x + 36)(x + 54)$

And $288(x + 54)$

$(x + 54) = £20$ what the tinkers paid

And $\frac{20}{3} \times 6 = \frac{120}{3} = 24$ what the tailors paid

$\frac{24}{5} \times 3 = \frac{72}{5} = 12$ what the soldiers paid

$\frac{12}{3} \times 2 = \frac{24}{3} = 8$ what the sailors paid

JAMES B. WILMOTT.

Milton, Dec. 19, 1853.

Answer to Enigma No. 1, in the Cadet for January, 1854.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

M O N T R E A L.

Answer to Enigma No. 2, in the Cadet for January, 1854.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

T E L E G R A P H.

HENRY PILSON.