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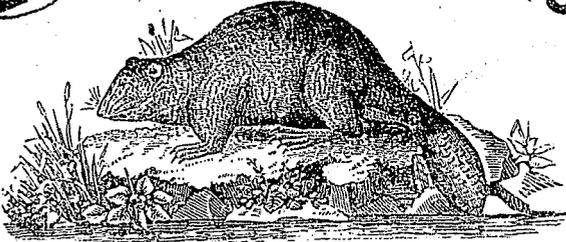
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# THE CANADIAN PATRIOT,



## A MONTHLY FAMILY MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Social Science,

IN ITS ETHICAL, POLITICAL AND AMELIORATIVE ASPECTS.

**ENLARGED SERIES.**

VOL. I.]

JULY, 1864.

[No. 7.

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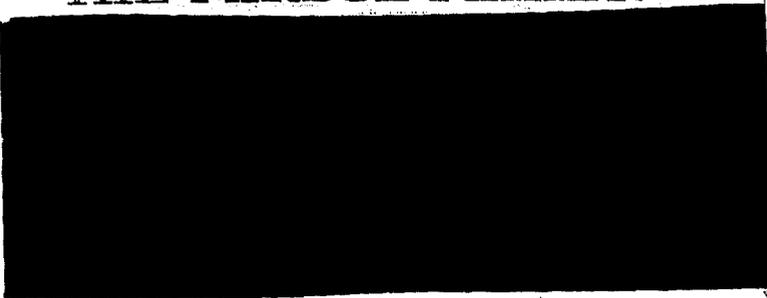
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### THE PARDOE FAMILY.—A TALE



Price 7½d. or \$1:50 to Annual Subscribers; payable in advance.

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Canadian Patriot.

MONTREAL, JULY 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—*falschood*; hatred—*hatred*; nonsense *nonsense*; stuff—*stuff*.—*The Logic of Atheism*. Lect. I. Pp. 3, 4. By the Rev. HENRY BATCHELOR.

MARY TRESMOTT, THE MANIAC.

BY EDWIN K. ROBERTS.

(Concluded.)

A week had gone by, and a change had come over Jack Trescott; but it was a change none could well wonder at, seeing that it is a terrible thing to have a man die under one's roof, under such appalling circumstances as those of the poor pedler—let it be by "visitation," or by "disease of the heart," or "natural death." And all this time the pedler lay sleeping in the village church yard, and would trouble no one more; but Trescott, in the sullen, apathetic calm that had come over him, found little ease. It is true his *daily* life was a restless one, and but little note was taken of his moody fits.

One morning a gallantly-attired young man, of some five or six and twenty, mounted on a bay blood mare, descended at the doorway of the "Red Bull," and being recognised by the obsequious landord as "Mister Richard Glanvill," his steed was put into the stables, while, with a jaunty nonchalant, yet somewhat flashy air he sauntered on towards Jack Trescott's house, at which he soon arrived.

A faultless coat, curled hat, breeches, riding-boots—all of the first rate London make, distinguished the outer man; while his dark whiskers, ruddy checks, and white

teeth—added to his free and easy air—turned more than one pair of archly-winning eyes after him. He was the son of a well-to-do farmer in the vicinity—has taken to "sporting," and of course an extravagant course of life—tried jockeying, betting, the turf, and horseflesh, generally under the tuition of Jack Trescott, and apparently "events" of some consequence were about to come off; and as Jack had a colt for him in training, his visit to the horse-dealer's caused no great surprise.

Arrived at the door, his summons was answered by Mary Trescott, a remarkable fine young woman of about nineteen, who now, out of her gaunt childhood, had grown into a surprisingly fine person. She blushed with a sort of subdued delight on seeing him; and as he stepped within, and put his arm familiarly round her waist to kiss her, it was met without resistance, and returned with the fervor of a young woman in the passion of her first love, who firmly believes in it, and in her lover, of course, despite the disparity in degree between them.

What is simply indicated was the fact Richard Glanvill loved—admired (he said he loved) Mary Trescott; while in return Mary Trescott adored him. Having little

communion with her stern father, who was, however, never harsh nor unkind to her—simply stern, unbending, undemonstrative; having still less with the outer world around her—she had found the ideal her yearning heart had formed—and what woman that has lived has not done so?—in the person of Richard Glanvill.

She was innately pure, good, and loving; but, woman as she was, she was a mere girl—a child; and this young man had so speedily learned the alphabet of "life"—had read the "world" in the world's worst lessons—that he had adopted all its vices, and surrendered in their place, one by one, all the virtues he might ever have been possessed of.

Jack Trescott and Richard Glanvill were alone in the room which the former occupied, and to which a certain privacy was attached, and then a very singular scene occurred, which shows that out of what is termed "chance," or "accident," may spring a series of events never contemplated by the individual first involved in the said accident.

"So you had a queer visitor the other night?" began Glanvill.

"Ay; but don't speak of that! Cut it!" said Trescott, gloomily.

"Nonsense! He died, I hear, <sup>down</sup> stairs."

And Glanvill pointed below.

"He—died—yes."

And Trescott's scowl became more truculent.

"Did you *help* him to die?" asked the young man, with a meaning in his eyes that made the other's blood curdle.

"What the fiends!—take care!" cried the horse-dealer, springing to his feet, clenching his fist and pacing the chamber.

"Take care! Look here! you should manage matters a little better than you've done, old fellow!" returned the young man, scoffingly. "I'm going to astonish your strong, or rather weak nerves, a little."

Glanvill rose, crossed the room, and, to the surprise, the consternation of Trescott, *opened the secret cupboard* as skillfully, and as noiselessly as he himself could have done—opened it with so much ease as proved he must long have been acquainted with it and its contents.

"Well, what of that? That's where I keep my draughts—my horse physic—my little secrets. Ha, ha!" And Trescott laughed forcedly.

"And occasionally—*laudanum!*" continued Glanvill fixing an eye upon the desperate man that said something in favor of

his own nerves.

"Curse you if you know—"

But the horse dealer, finding himself likely to be at fault, stopped short, muttering a curse upon his embarrassment, and on his having been surprised into a half admission—willing, yet dreading, to know more.

"Come," he said, "since you have begun this pretty little puzzle go on with it. What have you got to say against *me*?"

"Against *you!*" and the young man laughed. "What should I say against you when all the rest acquitted you—*eh?*"

"Then curse you what d'ye mean by asking me if—if fire and brimstone! the words choke me"—and he clutched at his throat to loose his neckerchief—"if I helped him—ha, ha, ha—to die! Come, what did you mean by that?"

It was palpable enough to one who, like Richard Glanvill, had been "put up," as the *farce* is, to so many things by the whole professorship of knavery ever enviring a sporting man, that Trescott was overacting his part, simply from the reaction he was sustaining. He thought Glanvill had been merely jumping at a conclusion, and that it was time to stand upon his innocence—to take an injured tone.

"The coroner and jury acquitted you, didn't they?" asked Glanvill.

"Ay, that they did. What could they prove?" retorted Trescott.

"Did they examine the house?" continued his querist.

"All over."

"This room?" pursued the young man.

"Ay; this—room."

"That cupboard?" added Glanvill, nodding towards it.

"No!"

But this time Trescott hesitated in his reply.

"Why?" demanded his tormentor.

"Because they didn't know—S'blood!" shouted Trescott again, in momentary fury, "you'll ask me a question too many, young fellow."

"If they *had* known that cupboard,—if they had examined it—they would have held a different opinion?"

"May be, may be," stammered Trescott, "I hadn't put nothing—I mean—it wouldn't prove nothing—that is—"

"No one saw you take anything out, or put anything in it, eh?" continued Glanvill, with increased emphasis.

"No," said Trescott, decisively,—"No—no one did."

"Not even the dead pedler?"

"Better keep quiet!" muttered the horse-

breaker, menacingly—"better leave that alone. I've had enough of it I tell you."

"Well, to show you what a clever ass you are—what a sandy foundation a fool can build upon—I'll astonish you still further. Some one *did* see you open that cupboard and take something out."

Trescott gazed on him dumb founded, his dark face became ashy pale.

"Somebody did—*who*?" he asked, doggedly.

"I *did*!" replied the other.

Trescott gave a start, muttered a curse, but spoke not.

"Listen. It was ten o'clock at night, or thereabouts, and the storm was just coming on, as I came from the, 'Red Bull' to have a bit of talk with you. You see yonder lane-corner"—pointing out of the window. "Well, the window has rarely a blind—no matter if it had. The table was here," pointing again to the spot, "with the candle on it. Now, open that cupboard door, and tell me what would happen in such a case."

Trescott did so.

"It would come *between* the light and the window," he said.

"And a man could be seen taking anything out of it?"

"Y—e—s!" stammered the man, finding himself beset.

"Shut the door, and you see the candle again—is it not so?"

"Yes"

"And the man is seen now *between* the candle and window, and pouring something out of one vessel—say a vial—into another, call it a tumbler. Call the one landanum, and the other brandy and water eh? and—why, how you stare! Suppose I had come forward to tell all this, what would have been the result?"

"Why, you weren't there!" said Trescott, evasively.

"I didn't want to hurt an old friend like you, Trescott," said Glanvill. "I went away early in the morning. Now, you see it all."

The man, pallid and horrid to look at, seemed to be meditating some black and sinister design, which the bold foresight of the other easily read.

"It's of no use, my good fellow! My throat is perfectly safe. They know at the Red Bull that I'm *here*—they know I am going back there. Moreover, the whole of my evidence, as I could give it, is written down, and in my private drawer of my lodgings—no matter were just now—but it will

be found if I'm absent for more than a week; so that I'm safe from you at any rate; and you're safe from me, if you'll be a good fellow, and do me a turn, and, in addition, give me this paper"—taking, as he spoke, the folded paper which had belonged to the pedler.

Trescott looked at him now with that dead and torpid stare with which a man regards another, when a secret involving his very life is surprised out of him by one who can turn it against him, and to the other's own use. He submitted; he was cowed—conquered.

In short, it was a piece of desperate knavery, connected with some approaching races, where heavy stakes and heavier bets were risked on both sides. The gold Trescott had robbed the pedler of he was allowed to keep.

In addition, Glanvill gave him twenty pieces more; and the business being adjusted, after promising the horse-breaker, in the event of success, a handsome reward, Glanvill took his leave, after a short whispered colloquy with Mary Trescott; and in another hour was gently jogging along the road on his noble animal, and looking the handsome, dashing, dare-devil scamp that he was.

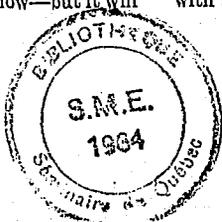
We do not here follow them in their complicated knavery—and whether successful or not matters but little. Suffice it, that very shortly after, Trescott left Troughton and altogether disappeared from that part of the country, nor was he ever seen there again.

Mary Trescott, who had been left behind for a day or two, disappeared also—it is said, with a handsome young fellow who had been seen with a chaise hanging about the neighborhood, and so the gossips had matter of scandal for a month, when all was forgotten, and the two had disappeared, never, perhaps, to be heard of more at Troughton.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years had gone by since the scenes already detailed have passed under the reader's notice and we are now in a tawdry first-floor room of one of those hybrid houses, then commencing an irruption in the pleasant suburbs of London, on the road to Hampstead, which was to end in blocks of dark and repulsive streams, crescents, and the like, heralding in the horrible age of stucco and veneer which characterize the large outlying districts of the metropolis.

In this room are two persons—three, properly speaking—a man and a woman, with a babe a few months old in her arms.



Few would recognize in the shabby, seedy-looking and half-tipsy individual, sullenly seated with his feet stretched on the fender, the once handsome, dashing, well-dressed Richard Glanvill. He might now be a "bonnet" of a low gambling house, a haunter of billiard-rooms, a thorough *chevalier d'industrie*, but of a very low order, fallen indeed, in every way.

Few—notwithstanding the hidden anguish, the hollow cheeks, the eyes red with weeping, but retaining about her still the remains of her marvelous and softened beauty—but would have recognized Mary Trescott, the hapless girl who had become the victim and the prey of the heartless and desperate adventurer.

"Oh, Richard," she was saying in an imploring plaintive voice, "I do not reproach you with your long absence—nor that you do not give me sufficient for a bare subsistence. I can earn a crust for myself and my baby—but do me that justice you have sworn so often—so very often—to do. I implore you, in the name of all you hold good!"

"Why, what the devil would the girl have?" was his coarse rejoinder.

"Marry me, Richard, marry me! Give me back my self-respect; do not let your child be pointed at—as—I cannot speak it—but as you hope for mercy—for good—marry me!"

The man turned his coarse, heavy face—a young face that had grown hideously, viciously old in the intelligence, the knavish cleverness, that marked it—and gave a low whistle and a mocking laugh.

"Marry you, Molly! That would be a game; and next week I should be pulled up, and tried for bigamy!"

The woman gave a shrill, wild cry—a burst of hysteric laughter followed, and then she fell on the floor as one dead.

Calling up help to her, he quitted the room, with a black and scowling brow, and left the place—wandering heedless, careless whither he went, yet with a sort of blind purpose, which led him at last into a tavern, in a retired, noisome nook at the West End, where villainy held her councils, where crime concocted its plans, and the victim was settled upon and doomed, by the members of the dark fraternity who leagued and banded together, and held there its high head-quarters.

In a private room, he found an individual—an attorney's clerk, of no very good repute—seated musingly over a solitary glass.

"By Jove! Dick," the latter exclaimed,

"you're the very fellow I wanted. There's something, I expect, we can work together."

"What's the matter?" asked Glanvill, flinging himself on a chair.

"Such a capital thing in the wind. You know Troughton, don't you? I've heard you speak of it. Ah, I see you do."

"Yes," replied Glanvill, not a little surprised however to hear the name.

"Well, I've got to hunt up the person and family of one Jack Trescott, a horse-dealer—a sad rascal, I fear. His daughter's coming in for fifteen thousand pounds, and I should like to find her, and nobble the lady and the rhino!"

Richard Glanvill started as though electrified. Could it be possible! Fifteen thousand pounds coming to Mary Trescott! It was incredible.

"I'll go with you," he said. "I can help you; but tell me all about it."

"It begins with a pedler, who died there mysteriously, and who, it turns out, was making enquiries through that part about a daughter, or a niece, who had vanished some twenty years before. The name was Berthold, and it has been partly traced that she married the horse-dealing fellow, you see."

"Berthold!" murmured Glanvill, with a beating heart. "The very name on the paper which Trescott took from the pedler! How lucky I should have taken it! Well," he added, aloud, "fire away, old *fiery facius*, as they say, and let us know all about it."

"All about it," was at present not so distinct as to make the whole plain and clear! but what was clear, amounted to this, as Glanvill learned from the clerk's recital—That, from some papers or information his master had ferreted out, the horse-breaker's wife, Berthold, had, for some reason or other, quitted her home and friends—that the pedler had gone in search of her, and perished—that something was wanting to fill up the link; but it was certain that if she or any child descended from her, could be found, the money—with accumulated interest—would be paid to her: the attorney of course (and the clerk), stipulating for a handsome gratuity!

The two were not long in making their arrangements. Glanvill for the present keeping to himself what he did know, in order to see to what account he could turn it. If it were true, what more easy than to marry her? only he had mentioned the ugly word, "Bigamy!" Why was that? We shall presently see.

In the meantime, after having emptied

sundry glasses and arranging to meet in the morning, Glanvill quitted his associate, and crossed one of the bridges leading to the Lambeth side of the water, where, for the moment, we must leave him.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a village on the nothern road from London kneeling before one of those quaint crosses which the artistic piety of *old* had erected, was seen, a morning after, a half-naked, mad creature—young, singularly beautiful, with a crown of woven wild flowers upon her head, and holding in her arms a dead babe.

She babbled incoherently; she moaned piteously; ever and anon she embraced and kissed the creature that no more nestled to her bosom nor smiled in her face; until, at last, seeing her condition, she was taken, by a constable, before a magistrate living at hand, who ordered her at once to be placed in one of those asylums, so plentiful always, and, in those days, so atrociously abused. There we must, in turn, leave her.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the following day, the attorney's clerk—whom we call Mr. Leary—received a hasty note, dated "Stockwell," then a pretty outlying suburb, from his associate, Richard Glanvill, stating that he was on the track of a close inquiry, which would take some three or four days; also "raising the wind" for the purposed journey—and that, so far a delay must take place; to which the other, knowing that too greathaste makes at times too little speed, acceded. It is now our business to follow Mr. Glanvill.

We are in the sick room of a thin, pinning woman, in a rather pleasanter house at Stockwell, than the one where we have recently seen the poor, deceived Mary Trescott. There is not the same air of sorrow and poverty about it. There is not a look of plenty, perhaps not of comfort—but there is no *want* evident here.

The woman—who his not yet thirty years of age, and who has once been extremely handsome—is half-reclining on pillows on a bed drawn near the window. She has a placid look; large, flashing, feverish eyes, and her limbs seem to be worn and wasted by protracted, if not painful, illness. Bottles of medicine, lying on the table and mantleshelf, attest this; and she certainly seems not long for this world.

Richard Glanvill—with his faded handsomeness, his debased air, with the stamp of his loose, dissipated life upon him—is seated by the bedside, and he covers his face with

his hand. But his breast is swelling with the violence of a heart beating, bounding with a fierce, thirsting, tigerish passion—for lo! *fifteen thousand pounds* lie within his reach! *His!*

"Richard," says the woman, faintly, yet tenderly, "you neglect me, and you are ruining yourself, I fear."

"No, Eliza, no. I am seeking—I am trying to—better myself. You know I am seeking for a situation."

"I know you tell me so," she said, tranquilly.

"And I want a little money to go on with," he proceeded.

"Give me my cheque-book," she replied. "There's not much left now. Five pounds is all I can draw for. You are going to leave me again for your doubtful associates, and I cannot be left penniless, to starve, neglected, here, as I have been."

"They dare to use you thus!" he cried, indignantly. "Be calm—you shall not be left—"

"You will stay and watch me to night?" she asked.

"I will—believe me, I will!" was his answer.

"I feel ill—worse—strangely ill. I have a presentiment that it is possible—oh, heaven pardon and protect me, and forgive me!—that I shall die to-night!"

"Die—to-night!" repeated the man, shrinking away with an ashy face.

"Ay, to night! Pray with me—pray for me—pray for yourself! my poor misguided husband, whom I loved so dearly! Give me my medicine, kiss me, and watch me while I sleep."

He rose, and went like a drunken man to the chimney-piece, where the bottle stood. Had she seen his face *then*, she would not have taken ought from those deadly hands. He poured out the medicine, he poured into that a single drop of yellow liquid from a smaller phial, which he took from his waistcoat pocket, and gave it to her. She drank it; clasped his hand; kissed it; kissed his hot lips, and fell back—*asleep!*

She never awoke out of it.

For hours he sat there—noiseless, crouching, not daring to look at the still, quiet figure already marking under the bed-clothes the sharp angles of a rigid corpse! Without moan, without groan or struggle, she had gone to meet her judge, and to be witness, on the awful day when all the evil that we do is to be answered for, and the *murderer* is pointed out in the presence of the assembled myriads that have ever

breathed the breath of life, and have passed through the dreadful gates of death.

Early in the morning, Glanvill alarmed the house. His wife was dead—died in the night, while he was watching—died without groan or sound! And again a coroner's inquest.

Verdict; "Died of visitation," &c.

And the man was free.

She had made a will in his favor—a small residue of five hundred pounds. *That* was his.

He had insured her life, like a prudent husband, for one thousand pounds. *That* was his.

Fifteen hundred pounds to play at "log-gats" with, that is to say, to risk in getting fifteen thousand pounds at a mere nominal outlay. It seemed as if fortune were turning all the trump cards in his favour. It was not a question of deadly means and criminal processes that might end in transportation or the gallows; it was not a question of remorse or terror, for the deed was done; and as he had done it in order to reap the reward, he had no hesitation in pocketing the results his enormous turpitude brought him.

It was now necessary to go to his other lodgings, where his other victim resided. There was no obstacle *now* to his wedding with her. His first wife was dead—*died suddenly*; very sad, no doubt (this is how he would represent it), and he could now, without fear of being tried for "bigamy" (ugly word!), offer her his hand—his heart she had long been in possession of, &c. Poor fool! miserable dupe! No one is so thoroughly cheated as the cheat by profession is when *he cheats himself*.

Then, what was more important still, there was the pedler's document to secure. It was the link wanting. It was the confirmation, and, with this in his pocket, he would set forth on a journey to Troughton village to get the requisite information.

His chagrin, his consternation, his bitter black, blasphemous mood may be easily imagined, when, arriving there, he found that Mary Trescott was gone, had taken her baby with her (that he cared little for), and had left no track, trace or message by which shemi ghit be discovered. For awhile this confounded all his villainous plans, and left him, with all successes almost in his grasp, as remote as ever from the fulfilment of the designs that had grown so gigantic and so palpably possible.

However the document was an object of immediate moment, and must be attended

to. Mary Trescott must be hunted up on another occasion. In fact he hired a sort of male ferret, one of those keen "intelligencers" which are a sort of hangers-on of all associations, good or bad—put him to make close and careful inquiry, and arranged to meet him at a future day on his return to town from an important country journey.

They went—Richard Glanvill and the clerk, Mr. Leary—on their tour together, whither he shall not follow them. It was pronounced to be a success; and the identification of Jack Trescott's wife (by entry of marriage, and other confirmatory matters) with the missing woman Berthold, the pedler's luckless relative, was decided by the production of Glanvill's document, which Mr. Leary declared was the very thing—the ticket.

"I say, where did you get hold of this bit of paper from?" all at once, said Leary to him as they sat over their grog previous to setting forth on their return. "You're a downy and a clever card, you are; but if this ain't quite on the square, my governor will smell a rat."

"The secret of that, my dear Mr. Leary, is mine," was the answer of the imperturbable Glanvill, though he could not but admit, if the question was pushed, he might be puzzled to answer.

"Well, all right," responded Leary. "I only ask to put you up, you know."

"Would he be curious, think you if it was made worth his while to take things quiet?" asked Richard.

Leary grinned.

"It's not his game to be curious, but it is his plan to have things square and worth while."

"And you—what do you say?" continued Glanvill.

"Oh, I leave that to 'onor;" and he put his hand in his breast with a nod and a wink. "We understand each other."

Glanvill, who was carelessly reading the newspaper (he did so every day of late) gave an exclamation of joy. Mary Trescott was found; the full particulars of the poor unhappy maniac's condition, discovery, with the touching episode of the dead babe to be added thereto, were before him. None but he could solve the mystery or answer the question:—

"Who was she?"

She was his wife!

His first business would be to go to the asylum and ascertain her state; then make himself known, as one who repented of

his desertion of her—who, touched with remorse, would take her and wed her at once and cherish and protect her ever after, which with more to the same effect, all of which was not difficult to accomplish; for in those days inquiries were not so close nor so public; and by paying the small charges of her keeping there without the slightest stir in the matter.

So decided—so done.

Behold them both, within a month after, living man and wife, tranquilly, peacefully, domestically, in a pretty little cottage at Kew, where Glanvill pathetically expressed a hope that atoning kindness, fresh air, and tender nursing, would speedily restore her to her pristine and vigorous health.

Yet, even with medical attendance, her health seemed to be terribly shattered; this of course, was owing, the doctor said, to the moral and mental shock she had of late received, for Richard conceived it much the best to make a clean breast of *that* business. It might explain so much—it might explain all past, present and *future*.

And, alas! in the future was her doom written.

We cannot undertake to place before the reader in detail all the arrangements, simple or complicated, into which Richard Glanvill entered, with a clever and unscrupulous lawyer, and with their mutual confederate, Leary. Let it suffice that the claim of Mary Trescott to the bequeathment of fifteen thousand pounds by some remote member of her family was made clear, and beyond all possibility of being challenged. The handsome figure with which the lawyer was to be rewarded, the liberal *douceur* to Leary, were both stipulated, signed and sealed for, and it now remained alone for Richard to have power over it. How this was to be acquired became now a puzzle, for if once she was made aware that a mercenary motive alone actuated Glanvill in marrying her, his schemes might be upset in a moment by her indignation, or her obstinacy.

But the clever lawyer was accustomed to get over every difficulty. He drew up separate drafts, conveying unconditionally, the whole of the vast legacy to her husband after death, and a second, making him sole guardian and master of it during her lifetime. These being pronounced perfect, were so folded that only blank spaces for seals and signatures were left; and one morning, when she was suffering from debility Richard begged, as a mere formula that would help him in the pushing of some small claims he was making on her behalf

about some old horse debts of her fathers, that she would sign the papers, which he did not think it necessary to trouble her with reading. Languidly she complied—too exhausted to be conscious, and the attorney, the clerk, and their landlord, were called into the chamber, and their signatures made, the attestation gone through, and Richard Glanvill had gained his great point.

He found no difficulty in getting large advances of money from the lawyer, who thereby added a heavy interest to his own bonus; and very shortly the happy pair were making pleasant trips about the country—to the seaside, Boulogne, anywhere; and to her own astonishment, Mary (now Mrs. Glanvill) found herself recovering health, strength and beauty in a most surprising manner.

But this was only leading to the crowning act of his gratitude.

They were again living at Kew once more, and nothing could exceed the attention, the untiring kindness, and the assiduity of this man, who was preserving, and, so to speak, pampering her vitality to that pitch and strength of vigor, that the pangs and the racking of her frame, which she experienced when her health was debilitated by his hellish arts, would be multiplied a thousand-fold. The shirt of Nessus, the saw of Procrustes, the curses of Caliban combined, are the properties of a healthy bodily frame, when the murderer by degrees—when the *slow poisoner*—begins his dark work!

For just now, in her magnificent redundant health, he wanted to *insure her life*; and he did so in some half-dozen insurance companies, to the amount of twenty thousand pounds.

The premium was so small against the *certainty*!

Of course, his useful friend the lawyer and Mr. Leary were working agents in this matter, for offices make curious questions under the circumstances, while hazardous offices, doing the same, are willing to risk for an equal rate of *premium*. Glanvill, who had now plenty of money, made no difficulty in the matter. Mrs. Glanvill herself—though perhaps a little surprised, hailed it as a prudent thing her husband was doing—as some atonement for neglecting the past in providing for the future. He satisfied her as to the source of his present means: her signature had really (he said) called in some old debts and bets owing to her father, so that his present ampler means was not exactly her business to inquire into. Of her father nothing was heard more.

The insurances being effected, it now only remained for Richard Glanvill to put his devilish purposes into effect. Day by day, the old debility—the racking pains—the darting as of hot needles through the brain.—The suspension, and the dreadful regurgitation of blood in the heart—came back to her; and her intolerable suffering might have softened a heart of stone; but cupidity, an infernal greed, a brutal callousness to all human feeling, had made her husband's heart adamant, and he staid not in his dreadful work one hour—one moment; and the doctors whom he called in were puzzled, one and all, to account for the mysterious disease that was daily wasting so fine a woman away.

Glanvill had, by practice, become an adept in the dark secrets of the poisoner. The subtle qualities of strychnine—so little dreamt of at that period—were things, however well known to medical practitioners, so little dreamt of by them in connection with Mrs. Glanvill's illness, that the man was able to practice his appalling work without fear. He however, began to grow impatient at delay; and one dreadful night the crisis came, and the hapless wife was dead!

The inquest was held! and while the cause of her disease baffled the coroner and the jury, they could only come to the old verdict, and "Died of visitation, &c.," was, as usual, the result.

The man's haste to realize the fruit of his horrible guilt, however precipitated the catastrophe for him. His claims upon so many offices begat suspicion; and when the medical men of the several insurance com-

panies held council together, the fact of a previous mysterious death connected with a former wife was debated, until, at last one whispered the word "poisoned!" and the key to the whole iniquity was found.

They refused payment, and the man grew desperate. He commenced lawsuits against the several offices, and they, in turn, combined together to charge him with murder. The body of Mrs. Glanvill was exhumed—was examined by competent men—and the cause of her death was found in such quantities, that they were only amazed she had been so long in dying.

To be brief, Glanvill met the reward of his crimes at the Old Bailey; a fearful career was made known to the shuddering world; and when he was hung upon the gallows at Newgate, he died amidst the imprecations of a multitude which made the pangs of his unpitied death the more poignant and horrible.

The moneys he had claimed on behalf of his wife's will became forfeited to the Crown; and the last vestige of the family of Trescott was swept away for ever—no living soul that was known ever appearing to dispute the forfeiture. Of the poor victim, many spoke with pity and compassion; but she was beyond the reach of human pity, and men only murmured a reverential prayer when speaking of her:—

"Peace to her soul! She is in tenderer hands than ever she was when with him who worked her ghastly and premature death!"

Such, as we have told it, therefore, is the story of the Maniac, and of the Poisoner.

## Natural History Department.

### ANIMALS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

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

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#### CHAP. V.

*The wolf.—His habits, character, and appearance.—Hunting in packs.—Where met with.—Remarkable incident at Bildeford.—The Prairie wolf.—Its habits, cunning, and anecdote respecting it.—*

There is no animal whose character in general estimation is worse than that of the wolf (*canis lupus*.) And yet when we take into account that he is a universal outcast and entirely dependent upon rapine for his subsistence, we cannot blame him for living as he does, since he must either destroy or

starve. The carnivorous tribes are evidently designed for the destruction of others, their teeth and claws being given them for this purpose. On the contrary herbivorous animals, as the cow and sheep, require no such means of procuring their food, and accordingly are furnished only with teeth for cropping and grinding vegetables. Now, although we are bound to protect ourselves from the fangs of the tiger and the cunning of the wolf by the destruction of these animals, yet so far as the animals themselves

are concerned, the wolf is no more to blame for killing the sheep than the latter is for plucking the grass, because these are the only means by which the Creator intended these different animals to live. Torturing the wolf therefore for having destroyed the lamb, is no more excusable in us, than punishing the lamb because he happened to pluck some plant which we particularly value.

This sullen and unpleasant looking animal, the most ravenous and ferocious that infests the more temperate regions of the earth, in many parts of which he is the terror and scourge, has the general appearance of the dog, with the exception of the tail, which is straight instead of being curved over the back. And yet there is something in the physiognomy of the wolf, as well as in his gait and manners, which is at once so repulsive and peculiar, that however tame he may apparently be, he never could be mistaken for even the most wild and savage of the true dogs.

Wolves like dogs, follow by the scent; and when the prey is too powerful for a single one they combine in packs, and like the best trained hounds, keep up the chase to the certain destruction of their victim. But this combination of forces never arises from any social or friendly disposition, but only to assist each other in a work of destruction which they cannot perform alone. The moment therefore, the object is attained, they attack each other with the most savage ferocity, no one allowing the other, willingly, the least share of the booty to which they all have an equal right. These quarrels over the flesh of their victims, are said sometimes to continue until many of the weaker ones are themselves destroyed and then devoured by the stronger. Wolves usually select a young or injured deer, and trust more to tire him down, than overtake him by superior speed.

In the summer their prey escapes easily by taking to the water, but in winter the same instinct leads to his immediate capture, for on the ice the wolf quickly overtakes him.

Towards spring there is scarcely a Northern lake in the woods, that has not numerous carcasses of deer on its frozen surface.

When met with singly, the wolf is a great coward, the American species showing the white feather even more than the European. In the early settlement of this country, the wolf (*canis occidentalis*) was the common terror and scourge of the farmer, destroying his sheep and his young

cattle; but like its European cousin, as civilization extended, so it receded to the remote wooded and mountainous districts. In Massachusetts and New Hampshire, they are still occasionally found, and a few years ago a fine specimen was killed on Talcott mountain in Connecticut;—every winter in Maine, and throughout the backwoods of Canada we hear of their depredations, though their ancient courage seems to have forsaken them, avoiding the face of man, and confining their attacks to domestic animals,—and that, only when pressed with extreme hunger.

In many Counties in the States, bounties varying from ten to twenty dollars per head are offered for wolves, paid partly by the State, and partly by the County and Township. The colour of the common wolf is various; mostly palered, sometimes black or grey.—The wolf of Pennsylvania,—scarcely now to be met with—is redder than that of Florida, blacker and larger than those found elsewhere; but they are only varieties and not a distinct species.

The following remarkable incident took place near Biddeford, Maine, a few years ago and is so well vouched for as to give no doubts as to its authenticity. A resident in that place, a Mr. Adams, was that autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son eight years old, was in the habit of running out into the fields and woods, and often going where his father was at work. One day after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, he left his work sooner than usual and started home. On the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves, and without stopping to think what had made it, removed the leaves, when to his astonishment he found his boy asleep there. Taking him up in his arms, he had scarcely moved many paces before he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by others, till the woods seemed alive with the dreadful sound. The howl came nearer, and in a few minutes a large gaunt, savage looking wolf leaped into the opening closely followed by the whole pack. Springing on the pile of leaves, it quickly scattered them in all directions, but finding the bed empty his look of fierceness changed into that of the most abject fear; for the rest, apparently enraged at being thus balked of their prey, fell on him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him on the spot. The victim had probably found the child sleeping, covered him with leaves until he could bring his comrades to the feast;

and unwillingly himself furnished the repast.

The Prairie Wolf (*Canis latrans*) is said by Say, to be more numerous than any other on this continent; its cry very closely resembles the barking of the domestic dog; and in appearance it so much resembles the Indian dog, that some naturalists believe it to be the original parent of that animal.

On the great western plains of Missouri these animals abound to an incredible extent. They also occur but more sparingly in all the north western portions of this continent, from Hudsons Bay to the Rocky Mountains. Their food consists chiefly of rabbits, and such other small animals as live on the prairies. This species also congregates in packs for the purpose of hunting deer and young bisons; and like all others of the wolf family they are extremely cunning and rapacious.—Not even the fox has more intuitive sagacity in avoiding traps or snares.—A member of Major Long's expedition had a strong desire to possess himself of one of these animals alive. He therefore set a trap, of the kind known to boys under the name of "figure four," similar to those used for rabbits, but in size proportionate to that of the animal.—First he laid down a plank floor about six feet long, and over this set his trap of the same length, one end being elevated about three feet, like an inclined plane. The bait of meat, attached to what is called the spindle of the trap, was placed in the middle of the floor, and this being touched, the trap would fall and catch the wolf, if indeed he was there.

Now for the result. It is very unlikely that a prairie wolf had ever seen such a trap, and yet, instead of going under and taking the meat, these cunning brutes actually dug a hole beneath the platform, and lifting up the boards, possessed themselves of the bait, sprang the trap, and of course escaped unhurt. A large steel trap, which being trod on catches the foot, was next tried. This was well baited, and covered with leaves. But although their tracks showed that the wolves had visited the place during the night, the bait was untouched. The bait was then hung over the trap and pieces of meat suspended from limbs of trees in the vicinity in the same manner, so that the trap, being covered with leaves, no one except a wolf could tell under which piece of meat it was placed, and yet in the morning every piece of meat was gone, except the one hanging over the trap; various other plans were tried, with the same want of success, until the trapper found that all attempts to catch these animals were useless, and he therefore gave up the trial.

The Dusky wolf, a variety of the common wolf frequents also the same region, but is far less numerous, much larger than the prairie-wolf, and is remarkable for emitting a strong odor.

The Black wolf, another variety, has been found in British America, but is very rare; it was also seen in the Rocky Mountains by Long's expedition. Desmarest thinks it a distinct species from the European, but not enough is known of it to form any decision.

### THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF A THREEPENNY-PIECE

BY H. T. D.

This first chapter has already appeared in the last No. of the British North American Magazine, but in consequence of the discontinuation of that Serial, the Author has kindly offered to place the remaining chapters at our disposal.

Reader, I am a Threepenny-piece! I am battered, bruised, dented, and rusty, with a hole through my body; still I really am a Threepenny-piece! Misfortune and ill-usage have spoiled my beauty, but they have neither changed my nature, nor broken my spirit. Now, don't look as if you doubted my word, for my identity is a tender point with me in these my days of retirement from an ungrateful world. I bear, or rather I should say, once bore upon one of my bright sides, a beautiful embossed representation of the bust of our beloved Queen; whilst upon the other a bold figure 3 was legibly imprinted. A very necessary

precaution this, as I shall presently shew. Time and hardship have effaced all these proofs of my personal identity; yet, as I do not attempt to pass myself off for what I am not, I think the best thing you can do is to give me credit for what I am. I do not seek to deceive you by asserting that I am a Fourpenny-piece, therefore respect my candour and receive me as a real and veritable silver Threepenny-piece.

Ah! reader, I could tell you many wonderful things if I could keep your ear; but being only a Threepenny-piece you would not bear with me long. I have, it is true, a silver tongue; but I fear there is scarcely

enough silver in it to touch the hearts of many in this mercenary age. Still I shall endeavour to make myself heard, and give the world the benefit of my humble experience. I have been in many strange places, I can tell you; and have seen many strange sights, insignificant as you, perhaps, may be pleased to think me. I have been popping about from pocket to pocket, and from hand to hand, like a parched pea, for many a long year; until at last I have found a snug and honourable place of refuge in,—but I must not reveal my whereabouts, lest I should be ruthlessly dragged forth, and sent on another pilgrimage.

Alas! I have seen something of the trickery and shabbiness of this present world. Upwards of ninety times have I been most unwillingly palmed off upon unsuspecting victims as a Fourpenny-piece; and only once unintentionally. For the first dozen times, at least, that I was treated in this disgraceful manner a blush of shame suffused my entire person. I turned quite a leaden-colour, and felt a strange sensation of choking, for want of words, to express my indignation. I am sorry to record that only on one occasion did the perpetrator of this wicked act of deception shew any signs of shame, and that was when his roguery was discovered. My blushes, however, grew fainter and fainter; for as I became better acquainted with the dealings of mankind, I ceased to be surprised at many things which at first filled me with wonder and indignation, and I gradually grew less sensitive to the sad practices I witness everywhere around me.

Now, with reference to this imposition to which I have just alluded, and in which I was often innocently mixed up, I would here give, quite gratuitously, an invaluable piece of information to those of my American cousins who are engaged in monetary transactions with the old country; to be thankfully received by all those who have not yet found it out for themselves. There is one small but important difference between a Fourpenny-piece and myself, which, when it is once ascertained, is an infallible defence against imposition. Reader, if you are of the male kind, be not proud but of a teachable spirit. If you are of the softer sex, then, knowing how liable your more confiding and guileless heart is to be taken in by the cruel deceptions of the age, pay, I beseech you, the more diligent heed. Whenever a Fourpenny-piece is presented to you, look upon him with suspicion. Take him carefully into your hand; and, before you put

him into your purse or pocket, pass your finger round his edge. If he be rough take him; for though he be rough he is honest. But if he be smooth, take him to the light and examine him more closely; for, as sure as I am a Threepenny-piece, he will either be myself or one of my brethren.

I know something, too, of the shabbiness of mankind, I can assure you. The very fact of my having been three hundred and twenty-seven times on the plate at charitable collections, has taught me a trifle on this point. With what a chuckle have some, whom I could mention if I chose, picked me out from the bottom of a well-filled purse, and suddenly shot me in among the larger and more valuable coins, with as loud a ring as so small a body was capable of, in order that the donation might appear as magnificent as possible. Ah! my friend, never judge of the value of a donation by the loudness of its ring. Feel compassion for the humiliating position in which your humble servant was so often placed, in being thus introduced into the society of coins so much more valuable than himself, which had descended quietly into the plate with a calm and conscious dignity.

You may readily imagine how circumstances such as these weighed upon my mind, and embittered my existence. There was a time indeed when my youthful fancy pictured the future with bright and happy visions. I believed a useful at least, if not a glorious career was before me. I imagined I was summoned into existence to fill a gap in the financial world; to supply a great commercial need; and to further the speedy adjustment of pecuniary transactions between man and man. Consequently I expected to have been the theme of universal praise, and a welcome little boy everywhere. These visions, however, like a beautiful bubble, soon melted away into air, and I became, as I have already shewn, only the tool of the deception and meanness of an inhuman public. I have been regarded for the most part only as an impostor, and I have had such looks of wrathful indignation launched upon me by those whom I have thus innocently deceived as would have taken the shine even out of a sovereign, and almost reduced me to a state of solution.

But I am compelled in justice to admit that, in two or three instances, I have had reason to think well of mankind, and as I have grumbled enough I will now give way to the natural love I have for the bright side of things, and, in fulfilling my promise already made, will select from my eventful

life those chapters on which my memory dwells with peculiar pleasure.

## CHAPTER I.

It was a cold and drizzly afternoon in the month of November, and I was lying, in company with several shilling, sixpenny, and fourpenny pieces, on the counter of a small general-dealer's shop in a little country town in the north of England. A few pence were also lying in our immediate neighbourhood, whose existence I had nearly forgotten. As these do not move in the same sphere as myself, (I being of silver, and they only of more vulgar copper,) I always make a point of keeping them at a proper distance. Not that I am by any means proud of my superior position, nor that I wish to act unkindly towards them; for I am, in general, very condescending and courteous when in company with those beneath me. Still, you know, there are certain land-marks, in society which must be kept up, and if we were not particularly careful to make some little distinction between its different grades, the lower orders would set no bounds to their presumption, and life would be rendered quite intolerable. But however much I might be tempted to question the politeness of this ignorant and inconsiderate shopkeeper, in thus throwing us all down together upon his counter, and allowing us to lie there higgledy-piggledy, without any regard to our feelings upon this point, still, there we were. Desiring to accommodate a neighbour with small change for a sovereign, he had turned us, with many other coins of different value, out of a little drawer in his desk, which stood behind the counter. A portion had been drafted off, and we were the remainder.

Now my master, the general-dealer, was in the little back-parlor behind the shop, sitting by the fireside with his feet upon the fender; a habit he would persist in continuing in, in spite of the constant injunctions of his wife, a most notable little woman, whose furniture and fire-irons always looked as bright as her own face, and that is no little praise let me tell you. Yes, there was my worthy master, taking a comfortable glance at his paper during a lull in business. He was a wee bit of a radical, was the general-dealer, and loved his paper, though it was but a cheap one. He usually took in the Penny "*Examiner and Times*;" for, as he used to say, "It's worth the money for waste paper in the shop; and, then, there's the news for nothing!" Whilst my master was thus pleasantly occupied, I amused myself by looking about me.

From the spot on which I lay I could command a view of a portion of the shop-window, and through this I gazed curiously at the passers by. Several persons paused for a moment to look in, but went on their way without entering to make a purchase. At length a little rosy-cheeked boy, about eight years of age, and decently dressed, stopped to look at some fine oranges piled up in a corner of the window. His face was a very expressive one and I watched with much interest the different changes which passed rapidly over it, for I am somewhat of a physiognomist. First, there was that indescribable expression which usually accompanies what is called '*the watering of the mouth.*' This was followed by a look of much thoughtfulness, which in turn gave way to one of earnest calculation. The oranges had evidently become the objects of his desire, and he was therefore estimating their probable cost. At length he drew a penny out of a little breast-pocket, and turned it over in his hand several times, looking as if he would like to double it at every turn. His mind, however, was soon made up; he entered the shop, and shuffled on the floor with his feet. The shop-keeper being accustomed, I presume, to such a primitive kind of summons, looked up from his paper through the window of the back parlor, and seeing his little customer at the counter, came forward into the shop. As he did so, he laid his paper down heedlessly on the change, and thus slightly shifted my position, placing my light little person a few inches in advance of the rest.

"How do you sell those oranges?" said the boy, with a somewhat anxious look. "Two for three-pence, my little man! They're very fine ones, and worth the money!" "Two for three-pence," said the boy, "that's three half-pence a piece I suppose?" "Yes, my lad, that's the ticket!"—"None at a penny?" said the child, with a searching glance. "No! They're all alike!" The little purchaser's countenance fell; but he commenced looking round the shop for some other article which his penny would compass. Finally he decided upon a currant bun. Whilst my master stooped down to wrap it in paper for him, the boy caught sight of me, as I lay most temptingly on the counter, just within his reach. Like lightning it flashed upon his mind, that, if I were his, he could purchase what he so much desired. The temptation, alas! was too strong for him. Before the bun was wrapt in paper and presented to him, I was lying at the bottom of his pocket,

and his hand was stretched out to receive it!

Having thus unlawfully gained possession of my coveted person, my new master hurriedly left the shop, intending to return shortly and obtain the oranges which he longed for. But young as the boy was, he had a conscience, and that conscience immediately began to trouble him. He had not gone a dozen yards before his heart smote him. The bun stuck in his throat. He felt no appetite for it. He took only a bite or two, and then threw it away. He felt uncomfortable, and ill at ease. He never once even took me out to look at me. Situated as I was, in the breast-pocket of his little coat, I could feel how his heart was beating. Even then he would have given all he had to place me where I was before.

You may imagine how deeply I felt for the poor little fellow, and how gladly I would have leapt out of his pocket on the counter again; but I had not the power. I was compelled by my destiny to lie where I was, and patiently wait for the issue. Having walked about for a little while, my young master felt that it was time that he was at home for tea. With shame and reluctance he bent his steps in that direction. That was the worst tea, I venture to say, that he ever ate, or rather did not eat! The bread and butter, and even the buttered toast, usually so palatable, would not go down, whilst the tea almost choked him. At last his gloomy looks and want of appetite could no longer escape his mother's watchful eye.

"Why, Willie, darling, what is the matter? Are you not well, child?" "Yes, mamma dear, I am quite well, thank you; but very unhappy!" and here followed a deep sigh, whilst down went the curly head lower than ever. "Not happy, my dear!" said his mother, "and why not?" Here all the faces round the tea table, both big and little, looked up in wonder. The fact of merry little Willie's being unhappy seemed to be something quite out of the common way. "Yes, mama," said the child, "I am *very, very*, unhappy! There's something in my mind which troubles me! May I ask you a question alone after tea?" "Certainly, dear; as many as you like!" was the kind reply.

A silence fell upon the party for the rest of the meal. The mother saw that something unusual weighed upon her boy's mind, and wisely questioned him no further, feeling sure that she would know all in due time.

When the cloth and tea-things were re-

moved, and when his mother had purposely gone up into her room for a few minutes to fetch something, then it was that little Willie rose up with a heavy heart and followed her. I was still in his pocket. You can guess how interested I was. That was indeed a turning-point in the boy's life. Nothing but the perfect confidence and understanding between the mother and her child saved him. "Now, Willie," said his mother drawing him to her side and placing her arm fondly round him, "what is it that troubles you? Let me see if I am clever enough to answer your question!" "Well, mama, dear," said the little fellow, longing to unbosom himself, and yet ashamed to do so all at once, "I know a boy; he is'n't very old, and he took a threepenny-piece which didn't belong to him, from a counter in a shop, because it would just buy some oranges he wanted. He didn't buy them directly, but he thought he would come back by and by and get them." "That was a very sad deed Willie, but what followed?" "Why, mama, as soon as the boy left the shop he felt he had'n't done right; and he wanted to put it back, only he was afraid. Now, I want to know what you would advise him to do? You are always so clever in these things!" "What little wisdom I have, dear Willie, I am thankful for; and I will make the best use of it I can in advising your little friend on this important point. Under such circumstances as these, I should certainly recommend him to go at once to the person he has wronged, taking the threepenny-piece with him. Then let him manfully confess his sin, and say, 'sir, I have been very wicked. I was tempted to take this from your counter, but no sooner had I done so than I felt I had done wrong. I could not be happy; I could not sleep; I could not ask God to forgive me, until I had returned it to you again, and asked your pardon!'" "Oh! but mama, that would indeed be terrible, to go and face the man from whom it was taken. Could'n't the boy go to his mama, and ask her to take it back for him; or at any rate to go with him when he took it back?" "No, my child, I should not advise this. Remember, it would not be nearly so dreadful for this poor boy to face the man he had injured, especially if he brought back to him what he had taken, as it would be for him to face an offended God, if he did not return it, and feel sorry for his wrong deed. And, as he committed the crime by himself, I think, if he possibly could, he should also make reparation by himself. I am sure,

dear Willie, you will agree with me when you have thought a little more on the subject. However, if you would like to take your little friend my advice, we can spare you for a little while this evening, but you must not be gone long."

Slowly and silently the little fellow departed. Taking down his cap from a peg in the hall he passed into the street. A few turns, and he had decided on his course of action. There was a flush on his cheek, and tears stood in his round blue eyes, but there was nevertheless a look of fixed determination on his face. He reached the shop. The shutters were up. This was another obstacle, but he overcame it. He stood on the step and gently pulled the bell, telling the girl who opened the door that he wished to see her master for a few moments alone. He was shewn into the shop which was still dimly lighted. How his little heart did beat to be sure; almost enough to throw me out of my place in his breast pocket. It was indeed a trying time for little Willie; but he was acting upon the advice of her whom he loved most in the world, and this gave him strength.

At last the door of the back-parlor was pushed open by my late master. In a moment I was out of his pocket, and the child was on his knees before the man whom

he had wronged. "Oh, Sir!" said he, "I was tempted this afternoon to take this three-penny-piece from off your counter! I could not feel happy until I had brought it back to you, and asked your pardon. Will you—will you forgive me?" Then followed a rush of tears, as his head sunk upon his bosom. The general-dealer was but flesh and blood. He had children of his own, and his heart was touched. He took the child up in his powerful arms, and his own tears flowed freely. "Forgive you, my little man? Yes, that I would, if you had taken my whole shop and not brought even a shutter back!" So saying he kissed the boy on the forehead, and with a full heart turned into his little back parlor, with a better opinion of human nature than he had held for many a day. He murmured a few words as he went; but I could only catch the latter part of the sentence—"as we forgive them that trespass against us."

The boy was off like a shot. Both of them had entirely forgotten me, and I was left lying neglected upon the floor of the shop; but still I know what followed. "Mama! mama!" said Willie, rushing into the house and throwing himself into his mother's arms, "the boy has been to the man, and the man has forgiven him!"

## SUPERSTITION.—Modern and Ancient.

Continued.—By H. B. SMALL, S.O.L., &c.

From the earliest ages dreams have been regarded with a superstitious awe and reverence; but those visions of the night when "deep sleep falleth upon man," may for the most part be referred to an over-excited condition of the nervous system, an over-wrought brain, or to some transaction of the past day still lingering in the mind, just as the form or appearance of an object remains impressed on the retina of the eye, long after the object itself has ceased to be visible. That there is a ridiculous infatuation attached by some people to dreams, which have no meaning, and which are the offspring of the day's thoughts, cannot be denied; it must be confessed a certain pleasurable excitement exists in listening to or recounting dreams, but as long as simple dairy-maids and country lasses, aye and wiser city belles, or at least who ought to be wiser, persist in their desires of having the future manifested to them, or of having their dreams expounded, there will not be wanting persons styling themselves seventh daughters of a seventh daughter, eager and ready to have their palms crossed with the magic metal—that potent unweaver of all secrets.

A belief in witchcraft is still prevalent in most parts of England, and is by no means an uncommon thing throughout America:—in the former nearly every village and hamlet has its

witch. No malice however is now-a-days expressed, and although elderly females are no longer compelled to sink or swim in the village duck-pond, still there is a dread of offending them even unintentionally. The unfortunate beings supposed to have fallen under such evil influence, are considered marked and doomed, their friends still fearing to speak a word against the reputed author of the calamity. I have been in a village in the South of England, where the second son, a mere lad of 13 or 14, had left his home, and gone to seek his fortune in the rude world, for it was said, "hadn't he seen an evil eye cast on him, and could'n't get on at home at all." The poor mother while mourning for the missing one, never doubting the truth of the assertion, but considering it to use her own word, "mighty unlucky!"

The belief in fairies, water spirits, and goblins of every description, from the mischievous Puck, to the good-natured Brownie, a belief engendered amid the fastnesses of mountain districts, cut off from regular communication with the world, is fast dying away as those fastnesses are becoming opened out by the increase of civilization and education; and though perhaps there is never a May-day morning which does not break on some watcher in the woods around Killarney, looking for the apparition of O'Dono-

hue fitting across the lake, plumed and scarfed, with his helmet glittering in the morning light, yet the public mind no longer craves for such food as the legend of Rip Van Winkle, or the headless horseman of sleepy hollow; they may flit across the path of present literature as beautiful butterflies in spring, the gay gloss of whose wings rubs off on the slightest touch, and the pleasure they occasioned is at once forgotten when despoiled of its gaudy colouring. The legend of O'Donohue is as follows:

This celebrated chieftain was according to the tradition of the country endowed with the gift of magic, and on one occasion his lady requested him to change his shape, that she might see a proof of it. He complied on condition that she would not be terrified, as such an effect would prove fatal to him. Her mind failed her however in the experiment, and at the sight of some terrible figure he assumed, she shrieked, and he disappeared through the window of his castle which overhung the lake. From that time he continues an enchanted being, condemned to ride a white horse shod with silver, over the surface of the lake till his horse's shoes are worn out. On every May-day morning he is said to be visible, and so many narratives have been given of his apparition, that the deception must be traced to a *mirage* or *Iula morgana*, transferring to the surface of the lake, the real object of some man riding along the shore. For in the language of a celebrated tourist, the romantic lake of Killarney is bounded on one side by a semi-circle of rugged mountains, and on the other by a flat morass, and the vapour generated in the mass, and broken by the mountains continually represents the most fantastic objects, those on shore being transferred to the water. Such appearances are by no means uncommon on our great lakes here, a particular instance of the kind occurring a few years ago where a town on the American side although really far below the horizon could be distinctly seen from the Canada shore.

Perhaps the most wonderful and apparently preternatural effect arising from this cause is the spectre of the Hartz Mountains in Hanover. There is one particular hill called the Brocken on which he appears, terrifying the credulous, and gratifying the curious to a very high degree. Mr. Howe, a continental traveller thus describes it. He had climbed the Brocken 30 times without seeing the apparition, but at the last his curiosity was gratified. The sun rose about 5 o'clock, and looking round to see if the sky was clear, he suddenly saw a human figure of monstrous size turned towards him. At this moment a gust of wind nearly carried off his hat, when clapping his hand to his head to detain it, to his great delight, the colossal spectre did the same. At length it suddenly vanished and as suddenly reappeared. He called the landlord of the inn who had accompanied him to stand beside him, and in a little time two correspondent figures, of a dilated size, appeared on the opposite mountain. They saluted them in various ways, all which the giants returned with perfect politeness, and then vanished. Having continued thus for some time appearing and disappearing alternately, sometimes faintly, sometimes more distinct, they at length faded away not again to return. He thus proved the spectre, which had so long filled the country

with awe and terror to be the simple production of a common cause, exhibited in an unusual manner, but as regular an effect, and as easily to be accounted for as the reflection of a face in a looking-glass.

This constitution of the atmosphere producing a mirage, dilating objects, and altering their position by reflection and refraction, will easily account for the sailors' superstition of the "*Flying Dutchman*;" although it is asserted by a well known English writer, that a rock off the coast of Patagonia, another off California, near Dunder in the West Indies, and another near the Cape of Good Hope bear so striking a resemblance to a ship under full sail, that the optical delusion is perfect, and combined with a Dutch tradition respecting a certain skipper, yclept Vanderdecken, their fertile imagination supplies the rest of the story.

It is curious to observe how frequently a popular ceremony or custom has survived the tradition of its origin. It is thus for instance that the fond mother still suspends the coral toy with its silver tinkling bells around the neck of her infant, without being in the least aware of the superstitious belief from which the custom sprang. The early soothsayers attributed many mystic properties to the coral, and it was believed to be capable of giving protection against the evil eye; it was even supposed that coral would drive away devils and evil spirits; hence arose the custom of wearing amulets composed of it around the neck. Pliny and Dioscorides are very loud in the praises of the medicinal properties of this substance, and Paracelsus says it should be worn around the necks of infants as an admirable preservative against fits, sorcery, charms, and even poison. Among the Negroes of the West Indies the belief is affirmed that the colour of coral is always affected by the health of the wearer, it becoming paler in disease. In Sicily it is worn as an amulet by persons of all ranks, a twisted piece resembling a horn or pointed finger, being worn under the name of Buon Fortuna. But to return to the virtues of the coral around the necks of children in our own country, it may be remarked in addition that silver bells are usually attached to it, generally regarded as mere accompaniments to amuse the children by their jingling; but the fact is they have a different origin, having been designed to frighten away evil spirits. For the same object were bells introduced in our Churches as a species of charm against storms and thunder and the assaults of Satan.

The common practice of persons unable to write making their mark or cross, is derived from our Saxon ancestors, who affixed the sign of the cross as signature to a deed, whether they could write or not. Hence is derived the expression *signing* a paper, instead of subscribing it.

Where coal fires are used, how often do we find the housewife placing the poker across the grate to draw up the fire, without ever suspecting that the custom originated from the superstitious belief that by thus forming a cross with the bars, the fire was protected from the malignant influence of witches.

The popular superstition of spilling salt has always been regarded as an evil omen. It is universal throughout Europe, Persia, and Arabia; whilst among the Mahomedans and Hindoos,

and in such parts of Africa as we know, this superstition is yet in full activity. Amongst many nations salt has been used as a symbol of evil tidings; amongst others, (for instance the Arabs of the Desert,) it is a token of hospitality, as well as a type of purity and immortality. It is the emblem of the latter since it preserves things seasoned with it from decay, and as such is mightily abhorred by evil spirits. In reference to this, i. e., immortality, says Brande in his popular antiquities, how beautiful is that expression applied to the righteous, "ye are the salt of the earth." In many parts of Europe at the present day, a platter of salt is placed on the heart of a corpse, emblematic of the incorruptible part, whilst the body itself, the material part, is the type of corruption. By the Jews, salt was always used in their sacrifices, hence the Proverb "The Devil loves no salt in his meat." Being of an incorruptible nature it was emblematic of friendship, and if by accident any was spilled between two persons, it was thought their friendship would not be lasting. But as there is no disease without a remedy, so modern philosophers have invented an antidote for the effects of this venerable superstition which consists of three pinches of salt thrown over the left shoulder, immediately after the accident. Now this probably originated from the three handfuls of salt, or if not procurable, sand, cast over a dead body wanting sepulture, which among the Romans, had all the virtues of a funeral, and was supposed at the same time to appease the manes, and release the spirit from its wanderings up and down beside the Stygian marsh.

Although odd numbers are generally supposed to be lucky (a supposition agreed to by Rory O'More) there is one occasion when thirteen is considered eminently bad; and no really superstitious person, will sit down at a dinner-table, should he discover that exactly thirteen persons are present; one of the party according to tradition being certain to die before the year is over, and that one, the first who leaves the room. The origin of this is plain to every one; for we all know what followed the Paschal Supper of our Lord, at which thirteen were present, and it is easily remembered who first left the room.

Turning back for any thing after having started on a journey, or for the days toil, is looked upon as unlucky, and certain to entail a want of success in the undertaking. This probably may be traced to the tradition we have of Lot's wife, who looking back we are told was turned to a pillar of salt; the fact of looking back shewing a banking in the mind for what has been just left. So we find Christ telling his disciples that "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of Heaven."

Breaking a looking-glass has always been regarded as a very unlucky event, and portending a death, or that misfortune for seven years will attend the unlucky breaker. This superstition probably originated in consequence of mirrors having been formerly used by magicians and sorcerers in their diabolical operations. There was also a method of foretelling events, practised by astrologers in which the looking-glass was used. As may be imagined they were regarded by the ignorant with superstitious dread and awe, as being part of the apparatus used in

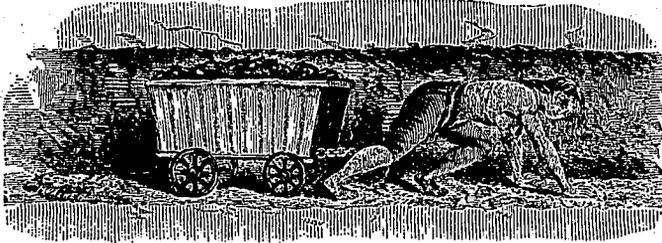
these mysteries; to break one therefore would be considered a great misfortune, and from the feelings engendered on the unlucky wight, by the jugglery of the astrologers, the present notion may have been derived.

That sweeping after dark will bring disaster to a house is doubtless of Roman origin; for the people of that nation were particularly careful not in any way to disturb the spirits of the departed, which were supposed with the twilight hour to revisit and frequent their ancient homes; and being anxious always for repose and rest, they would be apt if disturbed or driven about to revenge their injuries on those who presumed to disturb their "ancient solitary reign."

Various and almost innumerable are the customs attendant on the first sight of the new moon. In Scotland, the women of the Highlands invariably make their courtesy to it; on the borders of Wales, the peasantry salute it, with the words "a fine moon; G-d bless her." In the rural districts of England, we are told by Herne, the young women look through a new silk kerchief to ascertain the number of their lovers by counting the strands that intervene athwart the crescent. Another custom very prevalent at new moon is, turning the money in the pocket, or if that is wanting, the most valuable object on the person; again whoever first gets a glimpse of the new moon in a Company, is privileged to kiss the object of his choice; this part of the superstition is perhaps the most felicitous, both in effect and operation. To see the new moon through a closed window, denotes evil through the ensuing month; this may arise from the fact that those most likely to so observe it, are invalids.—The following incident, as quoted by a popular writer, occurred only a few years ago at the residence of a gentleman of considerable station in society in the midland Counties of England; during a social chat at the close of the day, a footman walked in and whispered in the ear of the hostess who immediately closed her eyes, and was led from the room by him, returning however after the lapse of a few minutes. A pause in the conversation having been caused by her sudden departure, she informed her guest that her custom was to give a crown to whichever servant first announced to her the appearance of the Harvest Moon, and the reason why she absented herself was, to avoid the evil consequences sure to happen if she obtained her first sight of it through a pane of glass.

We find many superstitions connected with the Saviour and his acts, which have doubtless at different times been invented for the purpose of accounting for the habits of animals and plants, regarding marks upon them, and peculiarities of their species. There is still current in Brittany a sweet superstition to explain why the robin red-breast has always been the favorite of man, and how its breast assumed its roseate hue. Whilst our blessed Lord was bearing his Cross it is said, one of these birds fanned his achings brows with the action of its wings, and removed with its beak a thorn from his bloody crown; this dyed its breast with the crimson tide, and ever since bawled by the deed, it has been respected by man and made his protégé; to kill a robin being there looked upon as an act of sacrilege.

(To be continued.)



*Mary Pardoe, the English Beast of Burden, as she daily worked in Harness in the Coal Pit.*

## THE PARDOE FAMILY.

### CHAPTER I.—A SCENE OF CRUELTY.

*"Me have ye bereaved of my children : Joseph is not, and Simeon is not and ye will take Benjamin away : all these things are against me."*

Worm's Head Collieries are situated in one of those important mining districts with which England, Wales, and Scotland abound. Like most other extensive underground works, where coal and iron are the staple products, the mouths of those deep pits are surrounded with extensive heaps of rubbish intermixed with small coal. These accumulations have continued to increase in bulk as the vast underground excavations have from year to year been pushed forward, until they have at length assumed almost mountainous proportions. As it generally happens to these large masses of coal, shale, and rubbish, where old mother earth has been turned inside out, so at Worm's Head, a process of spontaneous combustion has been going on for a length of time and has extended all over the products of these excavations. These burning heaps continually pour forth volumes of smoke and sulphurous fumes, which, while they add to the forbidding aspect of the surrounding country, at the same time impregnate the air with poisonous vapors to such an extent as painfully to arrest the attention of the sojourner, who suddenly finds himself almost gasping for breath while inhaling an atmosphere of diluted carbonic acid and other obnoxious gasses.

Closely abutting to these burning mountains, there stands a long row of half buried workmen's cottages. The evening of the third of December, is, at an unusually early hour shrouded in darkness. A small thick misty rain is falling densely, and the whole district seems to be enveloped in a cloud composed of watery vapour mingled with smoke and sulphur. The fiery heaps are now lighted up with a strange glare, and the westerly wind, is carrying this polluted atmosphere into the miserable looking dwellings before referred to. The Colliers,

aided by the light of their lamps, which hang dangling in their hands, may be seen winding their way from the pit's mouth to their respective homes. The bright open coal fires burning in the old fashioned grates within the cottages, seem to vie with the subdued flames which are issuing forth from the surrounding earth in every direction. Regardless of the fumes already described, and to which the inhabitants of those abodes have become inured, the door of each house is thrown wide open to direct and to welcome the returning inmates at the termination of their days labor. Amidst the dense clouds we perceive blackened figures in human form, and of all ages, from the little child to the decrepit bending down old man, entering over the threshold of their respective habitations, which appear to be enveloped in eternal smoke.

Standing in the distance we will gaze through the open door of one of these abodes. The working portion of the family have not yet returned from the scene of their daily avocations within the bowels of the earth, or from the tavern. In the chimney corner sits an old woman with an haggard and savage expression of countenance. Something has occurred to ruffle that naturally violent temper, and she is already giving utterance to fearful imprecations on the object of her anger. Who can it be? Her restless eyes are turned to a remote corner of the room, and looking in that direction, we observe a distressed looking little boy whose peculiarly interesting childish face powerfully draws forth our sympathies towards him. But he is trembling with fear, and floods of tears are copiously streaming down those burning cheeks. Again the old woman lifts up her voice like a fury, while she is, saying, "You little imp of the——where is the jug of beer. I sent you for? You have broken it,

have you? Then I'll break every bone in your body, so I will!" Suiting the action to the word, she springs up towards him with a fierce glare, but in her effort she has upset the old crazy three legged table on which had been placed the preparations for the evening meal, and is herself precipitated to the ground, and struggling amongst the broken pitchers, and a dish of boiled potatoes just taken from the fire, together with other articles.

This moment of her extremity is the little child's opportunity. He seizes it, and bounds towards the door with an agonizing scream, but is no sooner outside the threshold than he is heard to exclaim. "Oh mam! mam! save me! do not let granny kill me!" See! he has grasped the limbs of one of the Colliers who is approaching the house from which he has just escaped.

The reflection of the light from the blazing coal fire of the cottage is thrown by the open door on these two figures. The Collier's face is as black as jet, and the clothes are covered with coal dust. Poor weary one, just returning from the toil of the day, which has been prosecuted in the bowels of the earth, were the roads can only be travelled in a stooping or crawling form, and where the labor has to be performed either on the knees, or in an almost prostrate position. The boy still clings to the person of the fatigued looking Collier and continues to exclaim in terror "Oh mam! mam!"

What can all this mean? Has the child recognized in this blackened male attired figure the person of his mother? He has! and to him this is no mystery, for daily do his eyes behold that mother returning at evening tide from her cruel and unnatural occupation, where, in the deep and gloomy recesses of the coal pit, she has, as heretofore, all the long, long day been yoked in harness, and like a beast of burden been travelling on all fours, and drawing after her a heavy cart of coal, her brutish husband in the mean time spending her hard earnings in the tavern, together with those of a little girl who daily toils in one of the pits.

But to return to the old woman. She has somewhat recovered from her fall, and she finds herself bruised by coming in contact with the broken pitchers, and an arm scalded by the adhesion of the boiled potatoes. The storm of her uncontrollable passion is raging high; for a time she is too full for utterance, and the silence is at first broken by the astonished mother who has entered the dwelling and enquires, "Why! what ever is the

matter?" "Matter" exclaims the infuriated old creature, and with a fearful oath she adds "If I catch hold of that imp of yours he shall know what is the matter." With this she sinks into her seat and adds, "but there, I am cut and burnt, and can do no more now."

"Let me wash and dress your arm granny, and do be quiet," replies the poor woman, not knowing what to do or how this mishap has occurred. "No!" is the stern reply, "You shan't touch me, and if I had my strength as I used to have, I would pitch you headlong down the coal pit."

At this crisis in steps a neighbor to see if poor little Peter had returned home, and she begins to say, "the little fellow had a near chance of his life, for as he was crossing the sharp turn of the lane, coming from the Miner's Arms, a horse galloped past and would have run over him had not Tom Jones, the pitman, pulled him right from under his nose, when down went the jug of beer." This explains the whole scene to the keen perception of Mary Pardoe, the mother of the little boy, (for that is her name) and addressing herself with a soft and mild woman's voice, which strangely contrasts with her masculine dress and black face, she says, "there granny, you hear that it was not my Peter's fault, poor child, how could he help it?"

"He shall see, and so shall you, whose fault it is when John comes home," meaning her drunken son, the worthless husband of Mary Pardoe, and the unnatural father of little Peter.

"Oh!" exclaims the neighbor, "Betty Pardoe do not tell his dad for he will kill him!" "Yes, and I hope he will slay him alive, that's all, but there, he shall go and work in the pit to-morrow," retorts the old woman.

This threat has touched the most tender chord in Mary Pardoe's heart. Oh what thoughts of anguish are rushing in quick succession through that poor mother's brain! Oh what horrors of the past are rising up in her memory! See how that throbbing bosom incessantly heaves, betokening the inward convulsion that is at work. She is struggling to give utterance to the feelings of her soul, but they cannot find vent in words. At length tears come to her relief, and they mercifully flow in floods down those blackened cheeks, and the brine streams leave the traces of a white skin underlying that thick coat of coal dust. Yes! she is an English woman on

whom Nature has lavished a skin as soft and as fair as that of yours or of mine. At length her tongue is loosed, and words of sorrow flow apace. "No! he never shall work in the pit; it was you that drove my boy Willy and my darling Polly there, and they were killed in the explosion—yes, both lost to me in one day, in one hour! Oh that hour, when from the Upper North Pit I heard the crash, and ran for my life to see if John and the children were safe. He was drinking at the Miner's Arms, but my children, my dear children were both killed with the choke-damp.\* If my darling boy is driven there I am undone, my full heart will break." The mother, at this moment, remembers that she has a little girl working in the pit, and not having hitherto observed her, she adds, "where is Matty, has she not returned from her work! surely nothing has happened to her?" No! No! mother! responds a little blackened human form, as she steps from outside of the door where she has been standing and listening with fear, and she adds, "don't cry mother, don't cry!"

The kind neighborly woman now takes up the conversation, and addressing herself to Betty Pardoe, says, "You will never be so cruel as to get John to send that infant into the pit! Why he is not quite six years old, and besides everybody says that it was you who got John to put the other children to work in the deep pit, where they were both killed. Willy was not eight, and Polly was scarcely turned six years old when they were smothered in the choke-damp, and some folks cried shame upon you then. Here is little Matty too, not eight years old and she has been at work a full year, and now you threaten to send poor little Peter into the pit!—for shame Betty Pardoe you are a cruel old woman."

"So sure as I live, into the pit that little scamp shall go to-morrow and you and the neighbors may go to——" retorts this cruel woman.

When Mary Pardoe heard this last sentence she knew that her child's doom was fixed, for her husband's mother possessed an irresistible influence for evil over him, and that all she could say or do would only make matters worse. Her next thought is how she shall save her boy from the severe punishment which she knows his drunken father will inflict as soon as he returns from the tavern. With the instinct of a mother she

\*After an explosion of carburated hydrogen gas, the whole of the atmosphere air is converted into carbonic-acid gas. known to colliers as "choke damp," from the fact, that to inhale it is certain death.

snatches him in her arms, and is in full retreat to a neighbor's house where the boy is concealed from the wrath of a brute in human form, called husband and father. Before her mother-in-law has done retorting upon the good woman who has been remonstrating with her on her past conduct, Mary Pardoe is back again and busily engaged in removing the scattered fragments which are strewn over the floor, she has put another pot of potatoes on the fire for supper, and has partially completed her change of attire after the thorough evening wash, when in walks John Pardoe, much the worse for liquor. His mother is now seated in her usual corner with her wounded arm folded in her apron.

The story is soon told by the old woman. She had sent that idle scamp for a jug of beer for his supper, (she should have said for her own use) he had broken the jug, and when she was going to thrash him, he had upset the table, she had been thrown down, and was dreadfully cut and burned. The drunkard's eyes flash with rage as he looks around the room and demands from the terrified mother where the——monkey is that he might "settle his ash."

"Oh! John! John! don't beat my poor boy, it was not his fault, the horse nearly ran over him." So pleads this sorrowful mother. The brute replies, "if you don't find him look out for a thrashing for yourself so bring him here or your head's off in no time."

"Don't be so cruel John" she beseechingly rejoins, "have I not been working like a horse all day while you have been in the tavern; you have often beat me within an inch of my life, but you ought to know that I am near my confinement—do you mean to kill me?"

"Never mind, give it to her, to her heart's content!" chimes in the wicked fiend in the corner. This is the signal for the infuriated drunkard. In her half attired state, he throws his unoffending wife down unmercifully on the floor, and seizing a thick leather strap which she had just before unbuckled from her waist, and which formed a part of the harness by which she dragged after her heavy-loads of coal while crawling on all fours through the mine, he commences to beat her in the most savage manner.

Little Matty who has been hiding behind the door now bounds out and runs into the first open house exclaiming, "Oh do come and save mother for father is killing her!"

By this time the screams are attracting the neighbours all over the row, and there is a general rush toward the house where the sound is proceeding from, and well that it

is so, for that heavy strap is doing fearful execution on the almost naked shoulders and back of the poor sufferer.

The door is now besieged with women who are crying, "shame! shame! coward! coward!" At length one powerful creature rushes forward like a lioness and pounces upon the brute unawares. Her example is immediately followed by the rest of the women, and in one moment this brute finds himself prostrate upon the floor under the administration of kicks and blows from every quarter and with every available weapon.

A number of men have been drawn to the scene and are delighted to witness the retributive sport. "Lay it into him well, the coward," cries one,— "get the buckle end of the strap to him," shouts another,— "that's too soft for him," vociferates a third.

In the meantime the woman who had

first come to the rescue, has now turned her attention to the poor sufferer who lays fainting on the floor.

With the assistance of others, she has kindly removed her to her own dwelling, where she lays her on her own bed, and with the greatest tenderness is bathing her lacerated wounds.

But to return to her home. The neighboring women have in the meanwhile been revenged to their own satisfaction on this wife beater, and have left him to his own meditations. Little Matty has been rescued and housed in one of the cottages, and old granny has stole away through the back door in the midst of the uproar, expecting every moment that she would come in for her righteous share of this novel retribution.

[To be Continued.]

## SAMUEL BUDGETT, THE MERCHANT.

BY THE REV. ROBERT STEEL, M.A.

"In every work that he began, he did it with all his heart, and prospered."—2 CHRON. xxxi. 21.

"Afford us so much wit,  
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,  
And both thy servants be."

It has been debated whether it is "*possible to make the best of both worlds*,"—to pursue a successful business in this life, and yet keep the heart right with God. Some good men seem to think that adversity is the chief blessing of the New Testament religion. Lord Bacon somewhere remarks, favouring this idea, that "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer evidence of God's favour." It cannot be denied that very many of God's children have been chosen in the furnace of affliction, and that the trials of life have been the means of the sanctification of the soul; nor can it be overlooked that the pursuit of this world is a strong temptation to neglect the soul: but nevertheless, there is nothing in secular business naturally inconsistent with Christian profession, and it may be made a means of serving God and glorifying his name as much as the afflictions of life. There is nothing unchristian in wealth itself. The apostle does not warn us against acquiring and possessing it. It is "the love of money" which he calls "the root of all evil." It is covetousness which makes men "err from the faith," and "pierces them through with many sorrows." It is the worldly and avaricious spirit that turns this creature of God into a curse, but

not the gold itself. The selfishness of man not the liberality of God, makes wealth a snare. That which is natural cannot be wrong, though it needs subjection to moral law. The desire of wealth is natural to man. Though there be thousands in the depths of poverty, and thousands more who require all their labour to earn a scanty subsistence, yet wealth is an object of desire to most of our race. It is a relative thing, and appears in different figures to different persons. Units, tens, hundreds, thousands, have their peculiar devotees, all of whom aspire to command these various sums. It is useful, and can do much. "Without it," says a pungent American writer, "there can be neither books nor implements, neither commerce nor marts, neither towns nor cities. It is folly to denounce that, a love of which God has placed in man by a constitutional faculty; that with which he has associated high grades of happiness; that which has motives touching every faculty of the mind. Wealth is an ARTIST; by its patronage men are encouraged to paint, to carve, to design, to build and adorn: a MASTER-MECHANIC; and inspires men to invent, to discover, to apply, to forge, and to fashion: a HUSBAND-MAN; and under its influence men rear the flock, till the earth, plant the vineyard, the field, the orchard, and the garden: a MAN-

UFACTURER; and teaches men to card, to spin, to weave, to colour and dress all useful fabrics; a MERCHANT; and sends forth ships, and fills warehouses with their cargoes gathered from every zone. It is the scholar's PATRON, sustains his leisure, rewards his labor, builds the college, and gathers the library." It is not strange therefore, that men should wish to be rich and should strain every effort of mind and body in order to reach this consummation. The way to riches is full of temptations, which few are able to resist; but they can be, and have been, overcome. They are not a few in the mercantile world at the present day who unite to successful business a sincere piety and a large beneficence, who make their "merchandise and hire, holiness to the Lord." A practical illustration, even more impressive than a general declaration, of the union of pushing business with living religion and liberality, will be found in the following sketch of a Successful Merchant:—

SAMUEL BUDGETT was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, on July 27, 1794. His parents were in very humble life, and had many difficulties to make a living. They had, however, consolation in their troubles, by possessing a religious character. They had frequent occasion to remove their residence in Samuel's early days. Ere he could recollect anything of Wrington, he was taken to the village of Backwell and when he was five years old he went with the family to Naitsea. In 1801 they removed to Kingswood, near Bristol, where they opened a small store. Samuel soon developed an aptitude for business. "He was born a merchant," says Mr. Arthur, "just as other men have been born poets, painters, or mathematicians." His boyhood was devoted to bargains. Let him tell his own tale of his first money-making at ten years of age:—

"The first money I ever recollect possessing was gained in the following way: I went to Mr. Milks of Kilmersdon, to school, a distance of three miles. One day on my way I picked up a horse shoe, and carried it about three miles, and sold it to a blacksmith for a penny. That was the first time. A few weeks after, the same man called my attention to a boy who was carrying off some dirt opposite his door, and offered, if I would beat the boy, who was bigger than myself, to give me a penny. I did so; he made a mark upon it, and promised if I would bring it to him that day fortnight, he would give me another. I took it to him at the appointed time, when he fulfilled his promise, and I thus became possessed of

threepence; since which, I have never been without, except when I gave it all away." Thus commenced the business of life with Samuel Budgett. The next gain was by a little service in his mother's store; and when his funds had risen so high as to enable him to purchase Wesley's Hymns, he considered himself "a rich and happy boy." Traffic in marbles and lozenges at school, by purchasing in pennyworths and selling in halfpennyworths, added to his store, until he could venture upon a basket of cucumbers, or stake his fortune in a live donkey for half-a-crown which he sold for five shillings. Mrs. Ellis, who bought the donkey, had not the money, but promised to pay in course of the week. That would not satisfy the incipient trader—he must have security. Mrs. Ellis had just got a new pair of stays, price ten shillings, which she deposited in his hands till the value of the donkey could be paid. When Samuel gave the stays to his mother, he said, "I have sold the donkey. Mrs. Ellis will call and pay five shillings; be sure and not let her have the stays without the money." Careful, ever planning, and ever saving, Samuel Budgett had acquired *thirty pounds* by the time that he reached his fourteenth year! He must now go from home, and fix himself in a trade. He must enter upon the work of his life. The training which he had received from his parents had been such has gave him *good principals and pure affections*.—preparations for the rough work of the world of the most valuable kind. He was taught to do that which was right, and to repay love with love. Hence when the youth set out to his apprenticeship, he gave his thirty pounds to his parents.—That which he had won by keen, cautious, and persevering dealing, and which, to a youth like him, was the commencement of a fortune, he heartily deposited in the hands of his struggling parents that they might increase their comfort and secure a maintenance. His mother was a pious woman, who prayed for her children. When Samuel overheard her wrestlings with the Angel on behalf of his soul he said to himself, "My mother is more earnest that I should be saved than I am for my own salvation." From that period he sought the Lord, and never lost the impression. He learned to reciprocate a mother's piety, and when he feared that God was about to remove her from him, he earnestly prayed that she might be spared. He was not then in his teens, but his heart was fixed, and in after years this childlike piety was his greatest comfort and his brightest adornment.

His education at school was meagre; but, followed up by a subsequent desire to improve his mind, he became qualified for the respectable position and mercantile responsibility which he attained.

In 1809 Samuel Budgett was apprenticed to his brother, who had a store at Kingswood. The early experience was hard, and his brothers are often blind to the best qualities of each other, he got notice to quit, as unfit for the situation. The cold world was now before him. He applied for a vacancy in a shop in Bristol and by means of his great anxiety, which won the grocer's wife he was engaged. Daunted by his inability to reckon 86 lbs. of bacon at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d per lb., he set himself to master sums. Before entering on his new place, he obtained leave to visit his parents at Colford; and having got similar leave of absence on behalf of a younger brother, also apprenticed in Bristol, and who was a better scholar than himself, Samuel kept him hard at arithmetical calculations while they pursued their way. As they returned, Samuel purchased a jay for three-pence, and sold it in Bristol for a shilling, realizing ninepence by his venture.

With a fair field, the ardent apprentice soon mastered his business, and was an attraction in the shop of Mr. B. His brother now appreciated his worth, and desired him to complete his time with him; to which he agreed. He soon became a favourite with the customers, and was the means of increasing the business; so that when his apprenticeship was ended, his brother was glad to engage him for three years, at a salary of £40, £50, and £60, respectively.

Though occupied with the shop in long hours, from six in the morning to nine or ten at night, young Budgett found opportunities to cultivate his mind and to do good. He had a great craving for knowledge, and read books with profit. He had a wish for usefulness, and early employed his talent. With his worldly means he was as liberal as with his spiritual service. When his sisters came into Bristol to prosecute their industry, he invested all he then had, amounting to fifteen shillings, in coals for their use. When his three years' engagement was ended, he had saved out of his small salary *one hundred pounds*, and he generously gave it all to his brother who had lost much of his means in a bank. He gave his Sabbaths to the Sunday school, and notwithstanding the changes of his fortune, of his family, and the advance of years, he never deserted that labor of love.

Taken into partnership with his brother in 1819, when he was twenty-five years of age, and having settled in life by marriage, Samuel Budgett devoted himself to the extension of the business with an industry that speedily repaid the effort. In this he had to work alone. His brother had not such lofty aspirations as he, but had confidence sufficient in his prudence to allow him to take his own course. The consequence was, that the grocer's store at the village of Kingswood became a wholesale house for the supply of small stores in the district. At first the small villages contiguous to Kingswood were supplied, then journeys were undertaken to Frome and some of the country towns, and ere many years elapsed, shopkeepers from Penzance to Birmingham, from Haverfordwest to Wiltshire," did regular business with the Budgetts at Bristol. It was not without difficulty that a wholesale connection was formed. Respectable grocers did not like the locality from which Mr. Budgett came. Their own was more important than it. But the trader was not to be daunted. He persevered till he got an order, then paid such attention to that customer as secured for him the regard of others. It was principle with Mr. Budgett to keep good hold of a customer, by kindly attentions and good articles. He sold cheaply, and many suspected that it was deception. But there was no such thing. "The markets were well watched, every advantage of time or change taken into account, and his singular powers of cheap buying exerted with all vigour." Of course at the outset the capital of the Budgetts was small, and enemies were ready to seek their discredit. On one occasion a run was made upon them for payment before the regular time; but it was met by Samuel's energy. The sum in the bank was insufficient to meet all claims, but as the last cheque was handed in at one side, a deposit was made at another. The credit of the firm was saved, and henceforth it extended. And it was sustained. *Messrs. Budgetts' sold for cash only*, and even parties at a distance were called upon once in four weeks. This rule was never deviated from. Hence they never had "return bills" to distress them, and their demands could rarely send a grocer into the *Gazette*. Were such a system as this universally adopted, how much safer would be our business! Fewer bankruptcies would occur, and families would know whether they were living on their own means. It only requires decision to carry it into practice in any individual case. Suc-

cess is as likely to attend another as it did Samuel Budgett, if his three pregnant words be the guide of business,—“TACT, PUEH, PRINCIPLE.”

Principle, did he say? Then did he not adulterate? Who does not? say a hundred grocers. The recent disclosures of Dr. Hassal reveal adulteration of a character and to an extent most discreditable to business and alarming to morals. When any systematic course of evil pervades a business, it is long before persons engaged therein get their eyes opened to observe it. White clear-sighted to the blemishes of others, we are singularly blind to our own. Samuel Budgett had a nature similar to other men. His eyes were gradually opened, and as he saw, so he acted. All readers of his biography, by the excellent and eloquent Mr. Arthur, will remember “P. D.” The cask so marked had been long used to adulterate pepper. But it began to trouble Samuel Budgett’s conscience. So one night he took the cask and carried it to an old quarry, “there staved it, and scattered ‘P. D.’ among the clods, and clay, and stones.” This is a specimen of commercial morality in the Kingswood firm. Nor did it confine itself to the minor details of business; it characterized the whole. Thorough honesty was the rule; shopmen, clerks, travellers, as well as principals, exemplified it. Is not this a model for merchants?

*Absence of speculation* also marked Mr. Budgett. Once he tried it, and gained; but the year’s accounts showed a corresponding loss. It was therefore abandoned. What he gained was by honest effort in legitimate trade. There was a constant recognition of God in business. Mr. Arthur mentions the following fact in relation to this, which shows that our merchants were the same in the warehouse as in the closet: “One of the oldest servants in the establishment of the Messrs. Budgett, one who saw it rise and grow, told me that, as his station lay immediately above the private counting-house, he found that year by year, as soon as the brothers had struck the balance, they retired into an inner office, and there kneeling down before the Lord of all, acknowledged his allotment of success or of failure, giving thanks or presenting humiliation as the case might dictate.” Blessed position for merchants to occupy! They that can be honest before God, will be so in the sight of men.

Among his men Mr. Budgett was upright but firm. He infused his own spirit into them; and if they did not possess it, they

did not suit. They were required to be very busy; but they were righteously dealt with. Gradually, as he became sole master, hours were reduced, until all employed on the premises left at six o’clock. One means, and the chief, of this success, was to do each day’s work within the day. Another was, to allow no department to wait for another. All was in clock-work operation, and every one received the benefit.

Mr. Budgett shared his profits with his men. At the end of the year, he rewarded with presents those whose services had satisfied him. By this he gained their interest in the prosperity of the house. The servants became a part of the concern, and had a share of the satisfaction which success bestowed. Their homes were made comfortable, and every young man, who resided on the premises, “had his own sleeping apartment, with the express understanding that this arrangement was made in order that he might feel himself alone with his Father which is in heaven.” As many breakfasted at the warehouse, half an hour was allowed for family prayer; and in a room set apart for the purpose the men assembled, and their devotions led by one of the principals if present, or by one of the Christian men among them. A hymn was sung, a passage of Scripture and the reflections of *Fletcher’s Family Devotion* read, and prayer offered. The whole was concluded in half an hour; but what a hallowed impression would such an exercise have on the hearts of those busy men throughout all the day! Some ministers of religion, who visited that sacred scene, had their hearts kindled to deeper devotion as they joined the voices of those pushing men, while they sang:—

Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue;  
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

“The task thy wisdom hath assign’d,  
O let me cheerfully fulfil!  
In all my works thy presence find,  
And prove thy acceptable will.”

“Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,  
And labour on at thy command,  
And offer all my works to thee.”

“Give me to bear the easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to thy glorious day.”

“For thee delightfully employ  
Whate’er thy bounteous grace hath given  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heaven.”

Such a practice is too rare in our marts of business; but it is not without its parallel. Even in busy London, an establishment of considerable extent, and employing many hands has shown, in the happy intercourse between employers and employed, that there can be a satisfied relationship between "candle-making and Christianity."

Benefit clubs were not wanting in Mr. Budgett's establishment; indeed, all that could improve the condition of the workmen or their families was carefully attended to. Schools were provided youths were watched, faults strictly reproved, and virtues encouraged; so that the firm became noted for the rectitude, integrity, and good condition, of all in their employment. Masters everywhere, go and do likewise! Men cannot but reciprocate such consistent piety and generous kindness.

The neighbourhood of their warehouse improved under the public and Christian spirit of the Messrs. Budgett. Both brothers conspired to be useful to the district in which their lot was cast, and where the Lord had so remarkably blessed them.

Any one acquainted with the labors of Wesley and Whitefield will have heard of the Kingswood colliers. The inhabitants were of the lowest and most demoralized class; but by schools on week days and Sabbaths, by Christian agency in which they took a part, the brothers were the means of their transformation. Many were converted from their sins and brought to the Saviour, and the whole district improved. Every plan that would aid the work Samuel Budgett was ready to try. He employed the idle, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and helped them to help themselves. He was not one of those benefactors of society that give a large donation, and think they have discharged a duty; he endeavoured to do good with what he gave. He would give a horse to a laborer, to put him in the way of winning a livelihood; or he would lend him one; or he would take instalments for its value. He watched his efforts of beneficence sought and obtained fruit. As with others, he had his disappointments; but these did not dishearten him. Some seed fell on good ground, and brought forth thirty, sixty, and an hundred-fold.

Mr. Budgett was a Wesleyan, and was sincerely attached to his communion; but he was no sectarian; his interest extended to all good men. He was an Evangelical Alliance in Kingswood. All sects found a friend and benefactor in Samuel Budgett, who never said to an applicant, "I have had

so many calls lately!"

Among other means of usefulness, he early became a local preacher, and was often employed in that labor of love.

In his family Mr. Budgett made religion his happy rule. His own conduct was influenced by it; his children were trained by it; his servants awed by it. One point in his treatment of children is deserving of special notice: "He made his children, from their earliest years, his confidants and his counselors. They knew his business affairs intimately; and in every perplexing case he would gather them round him, with their mother and aunt, and take their advice. His standing council was formed of the whole family, even at an age when other fathers would think it cruel and absurd to perplex a child with weighty concerns." But this course had its good results. It made his children free with him, it promoted their family feeling, and united them in a true and fond affection. When he made his will, "it was by consultation with them all unitedly."

The Lord had given him worldly riches; but they stole not away his heart. He found divine grace sufficient to keep him, and he sought its influence and relied upon it. Though he enlarged his house, and had beautiful grounds and ample means, he made no great display, nor lived luxuriously, Christian principle, not peculiarity, guided his conduct. There was everything that evinced wealth, but nothing that showed pride.

He watched his spiritual progress with as great care as his business. Much in prayer and in the study of the word of God, he went forth to his warehouse with his heart fixed and his mind easy. He could therefore give his whole energy to the duties of life. Religion is not long hours in the closet, though that place is a constant resort and the dearest retreat; but it is a life regulated by grace. It asks no sacrifice of regular hours of business, but demands the consecration of all.

Mr. Budgett could mark his shortcomings and did so with real humility. Thus he wrote in his journal on a Sabbath evening, August 3, 1823;—

"1. I am conscious I have thought of myself more highly than I ought to think.

"2. I have sacrificed to my own net, and but not incense to my own drag.

"3. I have ascribed my success in my undertakings to my own wisdom.

"4. I have boasted of what I have received as if I had not received it.

"5. I have gloried in very many things save the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"6. I have desired the praise of men, and taken pleasure in it.

"7. I have repeatedly given way to foolish desires.

"8. I have often and repeatedly given way to inordinate affection.

"9. I have indulged spiritual and bodily sloth.

"10. I have often allowed myself to speak, if not lies, yet what was not in the strict sense truth in the love of it.

"11. I have practised in my dealings acts which would not bear strict scrutiny.

"12. I have not labored to do whatsoever I did to the glory of God.

"13. I have indulged my bodily appetites."

Reader, you may be apt to think the catalogue of sins indicates a very depraved character. It was framed when Samuel Budgett was twenty-nine years of age, when his religious sensibilities were becoming intensified, and he was enabled to detect the indwelling sin which wrought within his soul. It was the faithfulness of a man who desired deliverance from the power of sin, and whose aspirations were after holiness. The strictness of his principle made him thus faithful, and it often depressed his soul. But as grace was vouchsafed, so did he rise above fear; and at evening time it was light without a cloud. When he was carried up stairs in his last illness, he said, "I am quite ready to be carried down whenever my heavenly Father sees fit. Thank God, I have a hope beyond the grave!" Then he states on what his hope was founded, thanking God for the assurance—

I the chief of sinners am!  
But Jesus died for me."

His illness had the atmosphere of heaven around it. He had constant delight in talking of the grace of God, and in recommending it to those who visited him. He entreated them to seek an interest in Christ. "O seek it at once!" he would say. And again, after mentioning that he looked to Jesus, the great high priest, he said, "I rest there for *pardon, purity* and heaven. I long to go: happy should I be if I were to go this night. Let us remember, my dear friends, earth is but a scale to heaven; buying and selling are of no importance, except as they bear reference to eternity." At another time he said, "I am resigned. I have not a paper to sign, not a shilling to give away, not a book but any one may

*comprehend in ten minutes."* And again "Keep short reckonings with Him." Urging the need of the divine blessing and earnest use of means, he remarked, "I used *literally* to stop my ears as I came from chapel, least any sound should draw off my mind from the sermon I had heard." On the last evening of his life, he said to a friend, who was with him only for three minutes, "I am going the way of all flesh; but bless God I'm ready. I trust in the *merits of my Redeemer.*" That night he entered into rest; and on the 7th May, 1851 amidst a crowd of sorrowing friends and servants, they laid him in the grave, and the earth closed over "The Successful Merchant."

But his example remains. The character remains, to reprove, warn, exhort, and encourage young men in business.

APPRENTICES! you may learn a lesson from Samuel Budgett. If you have come from a pious family, let the hallowed influence of home attract you to the best meeting-place—at a throne of grace, and frequently lead you to visit your attached parents. Keep throughout your residence in another's house the principles that regulated your father's. Never act unworthy of those whose happiness is built up in yours. If you have had a dedication to the Lord at home, plead for its fulfilment in your personal sanctification. Mr. Budgett, when dying, could say, "I feel as if I were a poor sinner saved through my dear mother's prayers, the prayers of my friends, and my own poor feeble prayers, offered through Christ." Have you come from a godless home? Learn from Samuel Budgett to seek a religion for yourself. No other blessing can suffice for your salvation. To be kept in safety amidst temptation,—to be faithful to employers, and free from evil habits,—seek an interest in the Lord Jesus. When in the store, make the most of your opportunity. Endeavour to attend customers, and satisfy them; but in doing so never indulge in falsehood. Integrity, industry, and piety, will be your best character and your surest means of advancement. Remember Samuel Budgett's rules,—*Tact, Push Principle.*"

SHOPKEEPERS! there is a lesson here for you. You wish a large custom and a prosperous business; you are tempted to sell some things at a loss and quietly overcharge others, that you may attract. See that you act uprightly. The Kingswood grocer did not need unworthy practices to extend his business and increase his gains. Keep short accounts. Beware of credit. Cash pay-

ments are your safety, and they are your customers' advantage. Keep no P. D. in any corner of your shop for anything you sell. Be regular and as short as possible in your hours, just to your customers; and let your business be reviewed before God every night. Forget not the sanctuary. Let not the hours of Saturday keep you out of the house of God on the Sabbath. Endeavour to be useful, and keep those rules ever before you,—“Tact, Push, Principle.”

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS! the life of Samuel Budgett has a message to you. He was in your calling, and did business with success; but he cared for his soul while he prosecuted his work. You have peculiar temptations. You are obliged to live in hotels, and perhaps expected to treat. Never make liquor an inducement to commerce. Let your goods and your own integrity be your recommendation. Make good use of a good customer. Mr. Budgett's rule to his travellers was, “Gain a little at a time, and take care of what you have got.” If you possess a Christian character, you can find opportunities of usefulness by means of your journeys. I have known commercial travellers who made it a constant object to visit Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, and Young Men's Societies; and who, by giving their experience and observation, became the means of doing good. Their visit was looked for as earnestly by Christian youth as by busy tradesmen. Fully carried out, the threefold rule of Mr. Budgett will suffice for you in business and in usefulness,—“Tact, Push, Principle.”

MERCHANTS! this prince among your order has a word for you. Marked by just dealing in his own actions, he demanded it from all in his employment. Anxious for his own prosperity and comfort, he endeavoured to promote the same among his men. Hence the punctuality, short hours, rewards, happy homes, education, and insurances, that the persons belonging to his establishment enjoyed. His influence over them was great and blessed. He assumed no airs, though he exacted obedience. But he impressed them all with his own motto,—“Tact, Push, Principle.”

He was no mere money-hoarder; he was a liberal giver. Every good cause had his sympathy and aid. He always carried tracts and books with him for distribution, believing that this is a means of doing good most effective and blessed. He made a rule in the latter part of his life not to give away less than a sixth of his income. He “distributed, with discrimination and liber-

ality, and without ostentation, fully £2000 a-year from his own pocket,” is the testimony of a Bristol newspaper; and it is confirmed by those who knew him. He gave in a way likely to bless the recipient and the cause. He made it a part of his business to look after his benevolence. Merchants! copy this large-hearted brother, who consecrated his gains, and sought to benefit others by the Lord's goodness to him. No men have more influence in a commercial country than its merchants and manufacturers, who have so many thousand souls dependent on them for daily bread, and connected with them by employment. Were you to use that great opportunity and responsibility to the glory of God in the moral and spiritual improvement of those under you, the teeming population of our towns and districts would become a Christian and happy people, and “your joy and crown.” Ability to give, motive to do it to the best advantage, piety to ascribe all that you have to the Lord your God, would be your blessed experience in the benefit of thousands, were you to make such hallowed use of Mr Budgett's rule,—“TACT, PUSH, PRINCIPLE.”

“I care for no titles that are not my right,  
No honour that is not my due,  
But stand in my station by day or by night  
The will of my Master to do.  
He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,  
And set me my business here;  
And whether I live in His service or die  
My heart shall be found in my sphere.”

“If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King:  
If poor, as the friend of the Lord:  
If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring:  
If stalwart my pen or my sword;  
If wisdom be mine, I will cherish His gift;  
If simpleness, bask in His love;  
If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift—  
If joy, I will throw it above.”

“Away then with ‘helpings’ that humble and  
harm,  
Though ‘betterings’ trip from your  
tongue;  
Away! for your folly would scatter the charm  
That round my proud poverty hung.  
I felt that I stood like a man at my post,  
Though peril and hardship were there,—  
And all that your wisdom would counsel me  
most  
Is, ‘Leave it,—do better elsewhere’

“If ‘better’ were better indeed, and not ‘worse,’  
I might go a-head with the rest;  
No! duties are all the ‘advantage’ I use;  
I pine not for praise or for help?  
And as to ambition, I care not to choose  
My better or worse for myself.”

## MR. DUNKIN'S TEMPERANCE BILL.

Our readers will have heard with considerable pleasure, that the Temperance Bill of 1864, has, with the introduction of a few amendments, passed a third reading in the Legislative Council. Last Monday those amendments were confirmed by the Legislative Assembly, and the measure only waits the sanction of the Governor General, in order to become the law of Canada.

The Bill has truly had a narrow escape, for had the Ministerial crisis ended in a dissolution of Parliament, the greatest effort ever put forth in Canada in the way of petitioning, together with all the labors of the promoters of the measure, would have been scattered to the winds.

It would seem that all moral as well as other movements, are, in Canada, regarded as fair game for a certain class of politicians to make capital out of. We were astonished to find it boldly asserted, that in consequence of Mr. Dunkin's opposition to the Grand Trunk Railway Bill, that Company were, in return, offering a vindictive and determined resistance to his Temperance Bill in the Legislative Council. Of course a statement of that startling character spread through the Province at a general election, would have been of incalculable value to the interested parties.

Indeed, had it been true, it would most justly have called forth one universal burst of indignation from thousands of temperance reformers throughout the land. For a public company, out of sheer spleen, to set itself up against a great moral movement, would be a thing not to be tolerated, no not for one hour.

Having personally watched the progress of Mr. Dunkin's Bill, and for that purpose spent some time in Quebec, where we were in daily and hourly intercourse, first with members of the Legislative Assembly and subsequently with those of the Upper House, in reference to certain proposed amendments, we are of our own knowledge prepared to give this statement a most un-

qualified denial. Neither the Directors of the Grand Trunk Railway, nor yet conservatives or liberals, as such, took any part, either in favor of, or in opposition to this Bill. Amendments were suggested during its passage through both Houses, by parties of both shades of politics. If there was any difference, we may venture to say that the most sweeping amendments were proposed by gentlemen happening to be liberals. It is on public record, that the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, when Prime-Minister, from his seat in the House, spoke in opposition to the Bill, on the ground of its interference with the revenue. On the other hand, a host of liberal, as well as conservative members of both Houses, gave the measure their most cordial support.

Our acknowledgments are due to the Hon. Jas. Ferrier, Hon. Alex. Vidal, and the Hon. J. S. Sanborn, for their faithful adherence to the principles of the Bill, and to whose zeal and management we are mainly indebted for the carrying through of the measure in the Upper House. We should not omit to mention also the patriotic and statesmanlike view taken of the Bill by the Hon. Sir E. P. Taché, to whose frank and cordial approval of the measure as a whole, we attribute the withdrawal of the opposition of many of the French members, which at one time seemed to threaten its safety.

There is now no doubt that this measure will shortly become the law of the land, as it now only waits the sanction of his Excellency the Governor General, having passed both Houses of the Legislature.

In their effort to obtain this measure, Temperance men throughout the Province have nobly sustained Mr. Dunkin in his efforts to carry the Bill through the Lower House, but in so doing they have only increased their responsibility and they must see to it that this law shall have a fair and full trial; they must not neglect their duty in this respect; on them devolves the responsibility of carrying it out. We

have now a measure that will tell powerfully in consolidating the Temperance movement and reforming the habits of our people, if it is faithfully and honestly worked, but if not, fearful will be the responsibility and the reaction incalculable.

This however we do not anticipate, still we must not conceal the fact that the enemy will suggest to the lukewarm and the indolent that our work is done, whereas it has only commenced in earnest.

#### THE CANADIAN CRISIS OF 1864.

*Things are "grown ripe!—ripe, and rotten for a change!"* The late crisis took no one by surprise. Canadian politics have for long past been a mere game of chance always depending upon some lucky, or may be unlucky shuffle of the cards. The reverses of every succeeding but short-lived administration, have gone to show that the whole fabric of our legislature needed to be taken down and re-constructed. But who was to undertake the work?—There lay the difficulty. Sectional animosities had run so high, until at length the contending parties became almost unapproachable. At this dismal juncture, when politicians seemed to be looking with distrust at each other, the olive branch is held out, and that, by a hand of all others the least expected. As the result, a programme has been agreed upon, which if worked out will completely revolutionize the present governmental institutions not only of Canada but also the whole of the British American Provinces. The primary idea is, to bring the whole of the British territories of this continent under one federal government. Such a consummation, if attainable, is most earnestly to be desired, and indeed it is the only one likely to give to our territories strength and stability, provided the form of government is founded on our English model,—the best model the world ever saw.

Failing in the accomplishment of this great object, the secondary purpose is to effect a federation in Canada, and to this end it is proposed to divide the Province into Sections which would involve three or more local legislatures, and one central government. Regarding the small population of Canada, we fear that this machinery would be a very cumbrous one.

Under any circumstance, whether the result shall be a union of the whole of the Provinces, or a radical change of the government of Canada, we should be sorry to see the sovereign power left in the hands of the Sectional Legislatures, especially so

where the civil and religious liberties of the people are concerned.

The small minority of Protestants in the lower section of Eastern Canada would feel ill at ease if their religious liberties were placed at the caprice of their Catholic fellow subjects; and we very much question if in Upper Canada, Protestants may not be tempted occasionally to carry things with a high hand in reference to the members of the Church of Rome.

We all know that in the United States, where these several sovereign Governments were established under the federation, the original bill of rights was founded on the basis that "all men are free and equal." That was the corner stone on which that grand republican superstructure was built; but the Sovereign States soon began to build *hay, straw and stubble thereon*, until at length this superstructure of "liberty equality and fraternity" presented to the gaze of the astonished world, a spectacle of three millions of human beings held in the most abject bondage to which ever man was subjected.

Suppose that England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland were divided into four governing sections, each entrusted with sovereign power in all things local. That would indeed be turning the hands of the dial backward, and the days of England's greatness would be numbered.

The tendency of all recent legislation in the old country, has been on the one hand to facilitate and extend local legislation, but at the same time to bring it under the control of a central authority. Poor-laws, Health of Towns, Prisons, Lunatic Asylums, Police and other similar institutions are placed under the management of local authorities, while each have their Boards of Commissioners sitting in London, directing and sanctioning, or otherwise, the proceedings of the Local Boards.

The London Poor-law Board, for instance, is a model institution, and any officer

of a Poor-law Union, in the discharge of his duty, may appeal from the decision of the Board of Guardians to the highest authority; and the same in respect of the most abject pauper in the land.

The sovereign power of petty states is inconsistent with the liberty of the subject, in as much as it is dependant upon the caprice of a majority, which may, and often does act under the influence of local prejudices and from very questionable motives. Legislative functions should as a rule be confined to the federal power, while the subordinate or local governments should be confined to executive action.

We need go no further than to our municipal By-Laws for an illustration of what we mean. In Montreal there are several businesses, which by reason of local By-Laws are constructed into monopolies. A butcher cannot sell outside of the market place without incurring a penalty of \$500, and as the demand for stalls greatly exceeds the supply, the

fortunate holders enjoy a monopoly of the trade of the city. No man can sell an article by public auction without paying a tax of \$200 per annum for that privilege. The tax on brokers is also outrageous. No municipal authority should have the power placed at its disposal to levy unequal burdens and by that and other means to cripple legitimate trade. The same rule will apply to more extended sectional governments.

While we grant that there may be laws suitable and essential in some districts which would not be applicable to others, and in which the local administration may take the initiative, but always subject to the central authority, we at the same time earnestly contend that the guardianship of legitimate commerce, and the civil and religious liberties of the people, ought to be placed beyond the control of local Governments.

The day of trial for Canada has come; on the result of this agitation will rest for weal or for woe the future of this Province.

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

The title page of this book is far too elaborate, and the author is not at all happy in his dedication. Of some authors it may be said, that their only happy thought is contained in the title pages of their books. Indeed some books are all title page, no matter how extensively the leaves may be multiplied.

Mr. Morgan's work is the reverse of all this.

When we had waded through the title page and the dedication of the volume now before us, we were almost out of temper with the writer. Suffice it to say he has done his publication an injustice by his somewhat repulsive dedication.

Apart from this, there is considerable merit in this book, and this is saying a great deal when we state that our sympathies are in several points at variance with the sentiments expressed therein.

Mr. Morgan has nevertheless done good service to this Canada, and by presenting to its citizens a compilation of the very best arguments which have as yet been put forth on behalf of the attitude of the Canadian and United States Governments on the question of protective tariffs.

In all candor, we are bound to say, that it is somewhat refreshing to read some of the masterly arguments of the Hon. Mr. Buchanan as we find them recorded in his speeches, after the caricatures of his utterances which we have been accustomed to read in certain newspapers.

It is a disreputable fact, that some journals never will give a faithful representation of the speeches of their political opponents.

To Mr. Buchanan's opinions are added those of some of the great statesmen and thinkers both of America and the other side of the Atlantic.

The battle of free trade and protection has to be fought out in this Province, and for the sake of all the interests of Canada, the sooner the final issue is taken the better. There are powerful arguments logically set forth in Mr. Morgan's book, which cannot be frittered away by misrepresentation, and burlesque. Like General Lee's Army, they are not to be driven from their entrenchments by the firing of squibs and pop-guns. "Truth is a weapon stronger," and the advocates of free trade have got to buckle on the armour afresh. In the meanwhile the only wish of every truth seeker will be, that the right may prevail.

Mr. Morgan would have done well to have excluded the offensive personalities of the opponents of his party, since they are utterly unworthy of the great question at issue.

It seems to be one of the misfortunes of this Continent, that no subject can be discussed by certain portions of the press without impugning the motives or vilifying the characters of those who take opposite views.

MAPLE LEAVES : A Budget of Legendary, Historical, Critical, and Sporting intelligence. (Second Series,) By J. M. Le Moine, Esq., Quebec: Printed for the Author by Hunter, Rose & Co., 1864.

Under this familiar title the Author has presented Canada with a work full of interest and instruction to all those who feel a concern for the preservation of the records of the past, and a patriotic desire for the future welfare of this Province.

Mr. J. M. Le Moine is a Canadian, and moreover he is evidently an ardent lover of his country. Rising superior to all sectional and party considerations, he seeks to inspire in every breast the noblest patriotism. When a community is thus harmonized, the people not unfrequently shew themselves to be in advance of their political and party creeds. There is no country in the world where union is a more imperative necessity than in this Canada, and perhaps there is no country which exhibits more discordant elements. We are now passing through the ordeal of a crisis which has been brought about by the clashing interests of a host of adverse sectionalities. Any well considered attempt to bring about a better state of things ought to be cordially cherished.

The volume before us consists in the main of a collection of very valuable historical and other records of the past, some of which have been rescued from oblivion through the effort of our Author, while others are taken from the most reliable authorities. The chapters on the battle-fields of Canada are full of interest. The Author's version of the Fort George Massacre should be read by all those who have formed an unfavourable opinion of Montcalm. That General's good name has been sadly disparaged by historians in their records of that barbarous transaction.

But historians are after all only men, and too frequently their records are given on false data and their writings are tinged with a prejudicial bias. We all know how Oliver Cromwell was libeled and defamed from generation to generation by bigoted writers. Mr. Le Moine's vindication of Montcalm, at any rate commends itself to the careful consideration of all reasonable men. The letter of the Missionary on this subject, written more than a century ago, is a thrilling document and cannot be read without calling forth feelings of deep emotion. There are also some valuable papers on our lakes and rivers, birds and fishes, &c. &c., which go to enhance the value of the work before us.

We have one fault to find with the writer, and which for his sake ought not to be overlooked. We think that his remarks on the exploits of General Butler in the Crescent City are sadly out of place. They were altogether uncalled for, and appear to have been dragged in for the purpose of shewing the author's opinion of that General. One single damaging sentence, not unfrequently mars a whole book. It is probable that a large proportion of the people of Canada have formed a very different judgment on this question to that of Mr. Le Moine, and in this volume which is otherwise calculated to blend men into one national whole, it is unfortunate that he should have travelled out of the record to the damage of his purpose.

The press work is well executed, as indeed is every document which we have seen issued from the office of Hunter, Rose and Co., the Parliamentary Printers.

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The Stars are heaven's ministers ;  
Right royally they teach  
God's glory and omnipotence,  
In wondrous lowly speech.  
All eloquent with music, as  
The tremblings of a lyre,  
To him that hath an ear to hear  
They speak in words of fire.

Not to learned sagas only  
Their whisperings come down ;  
The monarch is not glorified  
Because he wears a crown.  
The humblest soldier in the camp  
Can win the smile of Mars,  
And 'tis the lowliest spirits hold  
Communion with the stars.

Thoughts too refined for utterance,  
Ethereal as the air,  
Crowd through the brain's dim labyrinths,  
And leave their impress there ;  
As far along the gleaming void  
Man's searching glances roll,  
Wonder usurps the throne of speech,  
But vivifies the soul.

O heaven-cradled mysteries,  
What sacred paths ye've trod—  
Bright, jewelled scintillations from  
The chariot-wheels of God !  
When in the spirit He rode forth,  
With vast creative aim,  
These were His footprints left behind,  
To magnify His name !

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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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WHO HAVE PURCHASED THE

## WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE IN ENGLAND.

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Lady Harriet Ashley,  
Prof. Arenstien,  
Marchioness of Ailsa,  
Lady Emma Auberton,  
Col. Armstrong,  
Mrs. John Aikwright,  
Sir Benj. Armitage,  
Lieut. Col. Armitage,  
Lord Bolton,  
Lady Broughton,  
Lady Bateman,  
Viscountess Bangor,  
Lady Proctor Beauchamp,  
Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck,  
Countess of Besborough,  
Lady Bright,  
Admiral Barnard,  
Col. G. Briggs,  
Hon. Mrs. Brand,  
Grand Count de Bobadelo,  
Hon. Mrs. Yarde Buller,  
Lady E. Bryn,  
Lady C. Berkeley,  
Hon. Jas. Byng,  
Lady Boxer,  
Lady Eliza Bulted,  
Lady Harriet Bentinck,  
Marquis of Camden,  
Lady Adelaide Cadogan,  
Admiral Cator,  
Lady Blanche Craven,  
Gen. F. Colton,  
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 Cotes,  
Hon. Mrs. F. Chichester,  
Lady Dyke,  
Hon. Mrs. Damer,  
Venerable Archdeacon Deltry,  
His Excellency Col. D'Arcy,  
Hon. Lady Dering,  
Lady Digby,  
Hon. Mrs. B. Dickman,  
Viscount Duplin,  
Lady Donaldson,  
Rear Admiral Chas. Eden,  
Rear Admiral Elliott,  
Hon. Beatrice Egerton,  
Hon. Mr. Edwards,  
Count M. Evizzo,

Earl Fitzwilliams,  
Lady Louisa Fielding,  
Lady Foley,  
Lady Feversham,  
Countess Granard,  
Lady Payne Galloway,  
Hon. Mrs. Gordon,  
Lady Augusta Gordon,  
Lady Goring,  
Lord Grey de Wilton,  
Hon. Rear Admiral Grey,  
Hon. Mrs. O'Grady,  
Viscountess Gormanston,  
Countess Grey,  
Hon. Mrs. Hamilton,  
Lady L. Howard,  
Col. Hill,  
Rev. Lord Chas. Hervey,  
Lady Harriet Harvey,  
Lady Edwin Hill,  
Hon. Mr. Henly,  
Sir Thos. Hepburn,  
Lady Herschell,  
Marquis of Hastings,  
Lady Juda,  
Countess of Durham,  
Sir Matthew White Ridley,  
Hon. Col. Cathcart,  
Viscountess Cholmondeley,  
Lady Frederick Kerr,  
Lady Kenyon,  
Sir Arnold Knight  
Hon. Arthur Kinnaird,  
Hon. Judge Longfield,  
Lady Theresa Lewis,  
Lady Lindsay,  
Lady Lovain,  
Lady Hester Leeke,  
Lady Francis Lloyd,  
Sir Baldwin Leighton,  
Countess of Macclesfield,  
Countess of Malden,  
Countess of Mount Charles,  
Hon. Sec. Lacelles,  
Sir Henry Montgomery,  
Harriet Martineau,  
Lady Matherson,  
Lady Maclean,  
Sir John Michel,  
Hon. Mrs. Morse,  
Lady Caroline Maxse,  
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Lady Dorothy Neville,  
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Lady Mary Phipps,  
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Lady Pollock,  
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Lady Prescott,  
Lady Sophia Pelham,  
Lady Rundlesham,  
Viscountess Ingestrie,  
Ki Koolo Gundi, Japanese Ambassador,  
Lady Caroline Kerrison,  
Lady Jane Repton,  
Baroness de Robeck,  
Baron W. F. Riese, Stafford,  
Viscount Southwell,  
Hon. Lady Stafford,  
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Lady Sydney,  
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Hon. Mrs. Tottenham,  
Hon. Mrs. Tomlin,  
Hon. Mrs. Tichborne,  
Dr. Thomson, Lord Bishop of Gloucester  
and Bristol,  
Hon. Mrs. Vansour,  
Lord Wharmelife,  
Hon. Mrs. Williams,  
Marchioness of Winchester,  
Countess of Winterton,  
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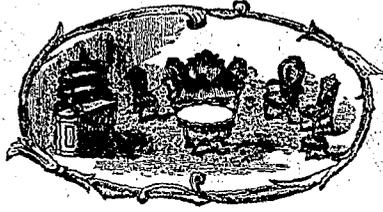
Every information on the subject of Life Assurance will be given here,  
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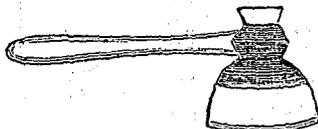
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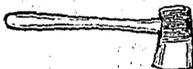
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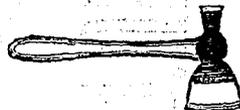


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On and after the month of July next, eight additional columns will be added to the size of the PATRIOT.

### "THE PARDOE FAMILY,"

A new tale of thrilling interest, written expressly for this magazine, will commence with the July series.

This tale is illustrative of the hidden horrors of the Coal Pit, and descriptive of the state of things which existed in many of the Collieries of England a few years back, when females harnessed like beasts of burden, drew the heavy trams of Coal through mud and mire, and in regions of darkness. It also sets forth the fearful dangers from fire and from flood, from falling roofs, breaking pit ropes, together with other casualties which beset the colliers life at every turn.

To non-Subscribers the price of the Patriot will in future be 12½ cents for a single number, and to subscribers commencing from the 1st of July next, \$1,50 per annum.

We have a limited number of the monthly parts from January last, and those who wish to avail themselves of the complete series, may on early application do so at the original price of \$1 for the 12 numbers for this year, and they will thereby secure the first year's issue inclusive of the enlarged number, at the original price.

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FUNDS INVESTED IN CANADA, . . . \$250,000.

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