

# Carleton Place

VOL. IX.

CARLETON-PLACE, CANADA WEST, JANUARY 27, 1859.

No. 20.

## poetry

For the C. P. Herald.  
ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON.

Orphaned and left alone,  
Wipe thine eyes and cease to mourn,  
Cease to drop the grief-stricken tear,  
Or thou wilt think thyself severe,  
Dare not ask why Heaven so soon  
Took from thee the beautiful boy,  
Whom celestial brightness bore,  
Nipped so soon the lovely flower,  
Why those cheeks as lilacs fair,  
God's decrees are just and right,  
All His paths are paths of light,  
All created nature lies  
Open to His piercing eyes,  
He hath called thy son away  
From the dungeon of his clay,  
Housed the plant to bloom above  
In the sunshine of his love.

Canst thou then repine at this,  
Grieve to see thy child in bliss,  
Grieve to see thy transient day  
Pass so rapidly away,  
Grieve to think that Death's last dart  
Never more shall pierce the heart,  
That his race of pain is run  
And his crown of glory won,  
Rather let thy faith behold  
Heaven's bright city decked with gold,  
On the eternal hills appear,  
When a flood of glory streams  
Brighter than the moon's beams,  
Where, amidst a radiant band  
See thy blood-bought son stand,  
Listening to the rapturous strain  
Vying with the Angel throng  
Glory, glory all their song.

Cease, my friend, thy lot to mourn  
Never shall thy son return.  
Yet, O, think how honoured thou  
He inherits glory now.  
Died thou once with raptures high  
On the offspring's feast-time eye,  
And beheld thy new-born boy  
With a mother's dear thought joy  
Greater joys and raptures higher  
Now thy feeling breast should fire,  
Thou hast nursed beneath thy care  
A child for God, a heavenly heir,  
May this thought, like healing balm  
Soothe thy tempest to a calm.  
Room without a trembling dread  
Then the voice of death shall tread,  
So thy sorrow's voice shall say,  
Rise, my love, and come away.  
Then on Heaven's eternal plain  
Thou thy son shalt greet again,  
Then the Lord of all adore,  
Never to be parted more.

## COUSIN JOHN'S PROPERTY.

This was a view of his inheritance not at all together so gratifying to Master Samuel, though his sister, to whom he had been more than usually troublesome that morning, expressed her enthusiastic opinion, that it would "do him a deal of good."

"And Augusta must have a governess to finish her, like Miss 'Obbs,'" said the mother.

"La, mother!" exclaimed Augusta, who considered herself a much more finished article, in every respect, than Miss Hobbs, in spite of that young lady's superior advantages; but as there was something in the proposal which sounded grand she made no serious opposition to it. Mary silently congratulated herself that she was too old to be finished; and then for the first time it struck her that their improved circumstances might have some effect upon her own prospects. It was a very pleasant idea; and she began to indulge in the dreams on her own account of all that money might do. It need not be said that she kept them carefully to herself, or that they were scarcely shared with Mrs. Simpson.

Sam was sent to school, and Mr. Simpson, after one or two further interviews with the Messrs. Grindles, went down by advice of those gentlemen, and in company with the junior of the firm, to Barton End; not, of course, as yet to take possession, but from a very natural wish to place at once his acquaintance with the old place of which he was soon to be the actual master, and to inform the old servants, who had been left in charge of his cousin's death, and his own succession. Mr. John Simpson had inherited the estate at his brother's death, about five years back, while he himself was engaged in his duties abroad, and it had been a matter of surprise that he had not at once returned to take possession. But old associations are strong; and he found Eastern habits had become agreeable to him. His agents duly remitted his rent. He was enabled, with the income of his consultancy, to live almost regally, and in a position of some little importance, where he was, and perhaps felt rather of a return, an illiterate man, with foreign tastes and ideas, to risk a supercilious welcome from the Surrey squire. So he put off his coming home from year to year, until his friends made out their minds he would never come at all, and then the ship that was to have brought him, brought instead the news of his death. The house had never been disturbed since the uncle's death; his old domestics were still in possession, and were never interfered with, except by an occasional visit for a day or two from the Messrs. Grindles, who managed the estate. Whether Mr. John or Mr. Joseph Simpson arrived at last to take possession, made therefore as little difference to any party, except themselves, as could possibly be conceived.

It had been Mrs. Simpson's wish to have accompanied her husband on this pleasant voyage of discovery, but that she was prevented by herself by no means apparent, and as the Messrs. Grindles gave it also as their opinion that such a visit would be rather premature—in fact, that it would hardly look well—that lady, who was a staunch maintainer of decorum in all its branches, gave way at once. And he proposed, in any degree, avowed of undue haste to step into the dead cousin's shoes, she hastened amply to atone for it, by ordering the dearest and most expensive mourning for the whole Portland Terrace establishment. It would so doubt have gratified the feelings of the late Mr. John, had he been the witness of the piece which they had to exhibit, and that was soon done. At Mary's side, she thought it too little to live upon, why, George didn't. It George thought they could man-

age, then Mary was sure they could. In a meeting so unanimous, the resolutions do not require much discussion. The arguments were admitted on both sides; or, rather, both sides were silent. If any unpleasant suggestion arose of the prudency party—trifles itself, the course is obvious—"turn him out." What means freedom of discussion on such subjects—indeed on any subject—except freedom to discuss it as much and as little as you like? Then she told him—and was glad she like to tell him—of the possibility that she might have "a little something" too. Papa would not let her come to him quite penniless now; and some day or other—perhaps when they most wanted it, "for their children" in her pure innocence she said—be might—she was sure he would—all he fairly could for her. And George was most angry with her for doing anything to promise him besides herself.

Three quarters of an hour was it that it did not seem five minutes. (Augusta thought the clock was stopped, for the kitchen fire was low, and Betsy was snoring, and not so much inclined for sleep as the young man was waiting at the area steps, which accounted for a low whistle every five minutes, startling Augusta. Betsy said the cat had a cold.) Three quarters of an hour it was, however, neither more nor less, and George must go; couldn't even stay supper as usual; he would have more work to do now, and there was something to be attended to that night; he had "had rather," and Mary did not ask him to stay. So the mischief was done, and George Harrison half-way home to his humble lodgings, before Mrs. Simpson descended to supper. She was in a benignant mood, for the new gown fitted admirably, and being what the dress-maker called "rather jolly," which only meant that it was a little more than a plain well-developed proportions—she was conscious that she looked well in black. Even the announcement which Mary very innocently made at supper time, that George had been there, neither soured her temper or her appetite; he was gone again, that was a comfort; but the would lose so much in having to talk with Mary, who had finished her moderate glass of rum-and-water, she was not sorry to see her younger daughter (who had not spent a satisfactory evening on the whole, having sat for what seemed to her an unconscionable time in the dark with the cross Betsy and an uneasy conscience) take up her candlestick with a yawn, and proceed to bed. Mary, too, had something to say. It was with some little misgiving—more certainly than she could have felt a fortnight back—that she told her mother of George's advancement, and he had now taken courage actually to speak about their marriage. She did not feel quite sure, when she recalled certain hints and side speeches (Mrs. Simpson was great in that line) addressed during the last few days rather to Augusta than herself, about hasty engagements, and imprudent marriages, and the duty of paying due regard to the station in which people were placed, whether what she had to tell would be received quite as she could wish. While George was in that state of mind, she had seen no difficulties in the way; but now, alone with her mother, all her joy and confidence were gone. But if she spoke hesitatingly, and anticipating a somewhat colder reception for her confession than the good humoured banter which she had grown accustomed to on this same subject, little indeed was she prepared for the storm to which she was about to be subjected. Never had Mrs. Simpson been so angry. She was provoked with herself for having delayed her lecture to her elder daughter so long; angry with the whole household for having been accomplices in securing that important three quarters of an hour for George and Mary's conspiracy against her; angry with the dressmaker for having made that particular evening an hour behind her appointment—she must have done it on purpose; and angry beyond measure with George Harrison for having out-generaled her cherished plans by a little straightforward dealing. She had trusted more to the hope of disgusting him in time by a careful system of cold receptions, and close watching, than to any positive effect which she expected to produce upon her daughter by any hints of her improved position in the matrimonial market, or direct exhortations to make the most of her new position. George, she knew had been honest and independent spirit; once let him feel that he was suspected of pre-arranging his suit, and he would have been as good as done for. And now, however unreasonable his accusation, his pride might take offence. These Mary might go into the country, out of his way; and so time, this unlucky hour might go to the way of many others, become one of those little silent sacrifices laid upon the altars of wealth and pride—into the estimation of a prudent public, but sometimes to the officers more costly than "all their living"—and he gradually reduced, with hints and libations from Mrs. Simpson, as high priestess, to ashes.

So at first, even now, instead of attacking Mary, she began by opening fire upon George. It was a mistake, Mrs. Simpson, and a woman you ought to have known. In a calmer mood, you would never have made a first move so utterly destructive of your game. Mary might have taken a good amount of scolding for her self; but however cruel and unwarrantable she might have felt her mother's conduct to be, a few gentle expostulations and a bitter flood of tears would have been only relief that evening. Mary and her mother might have fewer interests and feelings in common than was good for either; but there had never yet been injustice on one side, or any lack of dutiful affection on the other. But when Mrs. Simpson passed for breath after an altercation of violent abuse and attempted sarcasm against George Harrison as "a low mercenary creature," having declared her own belief that this opportune increase of his salary was nothing but a "move" got up between himself and his uncle in order to nail the Simpsons to the point at once, she saw that Mary, though she trembled very much, had risen from her seat, and was looking at her with a very calm and composed countenance, on which there was no symptom of a tear.

"Mother!" said the girl, "you don't mean that of George?" Mrs. Simpson did not mean it, in her heart; but she said it again, more violently than ever, because she felt its truth. "Mother!" said she, "I don't say any more. If you never meant me to marry him, you should have spoken before. It's too late now, either of us. We can't go back. O that this miserable money had never come between us!" "For Mary now it's all over," said she. "You've been too long in Mary; look in a mirror, as I may say. If I were you, I'd have more spirit, that I would."

"Time enough, my dear sir, to talk about those things; at present, you understand I act for Mr. John Simpson." Mr. Grindles had perfectly satisfied himself on the point on which he had been very properly anxious; and now he put the question by so quietly and decidedly, that poor Mr. Simpson felt quite rebuked, as if he himself had very indecorously brought it forward.

"You don't think yourself, perhaps?" resumed the lawyer, after a decent interval, which he kindly allowed his companion for repentance and recovery.

Mr. Simpson might have replied, "Do I look as if I did?" but he contented himself with a smile and a shake of the head.

"Well, if I dare say you can amuse yourself if I am so unwell as to leave you for a day; there's the mare, and the cart, very much at your service." Mr. Simpson bowed his acknowledgments, but without the slightest idea of interfering with the mare's retirement. He had been wishing there were an omnibus handy for his journey home; and was very glad to descend from his seat and follow Mr. Grindles, who seemed quite at home, in a comfortable-looking room, with a good fire, and which had evidently been a library.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, gentlemen," said the old man who had ushered them.

"And we shall be quite ready for it," said the lawyer, Mr. Simpson not being prepared with a reply.

Matters were not nearly so comfortable in Portland Terrace. It so happened that the very evening of Mr. Simpson's departure, George Harrison had run down, in more than his usual jolly spirit, with a little good news of his own for Mary. The long topped for augmentation of his salary had come at last. The uncle who had taken him into his counting house—and who was his guardian, for George had lost his father—was a strict man, and somewhat eccentric in his ways, but very just. He had a large family of his own, and though the business was extensive and lucrative, it had always been well understood that George must entertain no expectations of future partnership, as that would be the sons' inheritance. Two of them were clerks in the counting house, and the father kept them as strictly to their desks, or rather more strictly, than any one else in the establishment. George Harrison might consider himself fortunate in occupying the position he did, which was independent and respectable; and perhaps he was even still more fortunate in having to work his own way under eyes which were not easily cheated or evaded, and where no mercy was shown to any wilful neglect. He did his best; and though he was not a great deal more than a very natural wish to place at once his acquaintance with the old place of which he was soon to be the actual master, and to inform the old servants, who had been left in charge of his cousin's death, and his own succession. Mr. John Simpson had inherited the estate at his brother's death, about five years back, while he himself was engaged in his duties abroad, and it had been a matter of surprise that he had not at once returned to take possession. But old associations are strong; and he found Eastern habits had become agreeable to him. His agents duly remitted his rent. He was enabled, with the income of his consultancy, to live almost regally, and in a position of some little importance, where he was, and perhaps felt rather of a return, an illiterate man, with foreign tastes and ideas, to risk a supercilious welcome from the Surrey squire. So he put off his coming home from year to year, until his friends made out their minds he would never come at all, and then the ship that was to have brought him, brought instead the news of his death. The house had never been disturbed since the uncle's death; his old domestics were still in possession, and were never interfered with, except by an occasional visit for a day or two from the Messrs. Grindles, who managed the estate. Whether Mr. John or Mr. Joseph Simpson arrived at last to take possession, made therefore as little difference to any party, except themselves, as could possibly be conceived.

It had been Mrs. Simpson's wish to have accompanied her husband on this pleasant voyage of discovery, but that she was prevented by herself by no means apparent, and as the Messrs. Grindles gave it also as their opinion that such a visit would be rather premature—in fact, that it would hardly look well—that lady, who was a staunch maintainer of decorum in all its branches, gave way at once. And he proposed, in any degree, avowed of undue haste to step into the dead cousin's shoes, she hastened amply to atone for it, by ordering the dearest and most expensive mourning for the whole Portland Terrace establishment. It would so doubt have gratified the feelings of the late Mr. John, had he been the witness of the piece which they had to exhibit, and that was soon done. At Mary's side, she thought it too little to live upon, why, George didn't. It George thought they could man-

age, then Mary was sure they could. In a meeting so unanimous, the resolutions do not require much discussion. The arguments were admitted on both sides; or, rather, both sides were silent. If any unpleasant suggestion arose of the prudency party—trifles itself, the course is obvious—"turn him out." What means freedom of discussion on such subjects—indeed on any subject—except freedom to discuss it as much and as little as you like? Then she told him—and was glad she like to tell him—of the possibility that she might have "a little something" too. Papa would not let her come to him quite penniless now; and some day or other—perhaps when they most wanted it, "for their children" in her pure innocence she said—be might—she was sure he would—all he fairly could for her. And George was most angry with her for doing anything to promise him besides herself.

Three quarters of an hour was it that it did not seem five minutes. (Augusta thought the clock was stopped, for the kitchen fire was low, and Betsy was snoring, and not so much inclined for sleep as the young man was waiting at the area steps, which accounted for a low whistle every five minutes, startling Augusta. Betsy said the cat had a cold.) Three quarters of an hour it was, however, neither more nor less, and George must go; couldn't even stay supper as usual; he would have more work to do now, and there was something to be attended to that night; he had "had rather," and Mary did not ask him to stay. So the mischief was done, and George Harrison half-way home to his humble lodgings, before Mrs. Simpson descended to supper. She was in a benignant mood, for the new gown fitted admirably, and being what the dress-maker called "rather jolly," which only meant that it was a little more than a plain well-developed proportions—she was conscious that she looked well in black. Even the announcement which Mary very innocently made at supper time, that George had been there, neither soured her temper or her appetite; he was gone again, that was a comfort; but the would lose so much in having to talk with Mary, who had finished her moderate glass of rum-and-water, she was not sorry to see her younger daughter (who had not spent a satisfactory evening on the whole, having sat for what seemed to her an unconscionable time in the dark with the cross Betsy and an uneasy conscience) take up her candlestick with a yawn, and proceed to bed. Mary, too, had something to say. It was with some little misgiving—more certainly than she could have felt a fortnight back—that she told her mother of George's advancement, and he had now taken courage actually to speak about their marriage. She did not feel quite sure, when she recalled certain hints and side speeches (Mrs. Simpson was great in that line) addressed during the last few days rather to Augusta than herself, about hasty engagements, and imprudent marriages, and the duty of paying due regard to the station in which people were placed, whether what she had to tell would be received quite as she could wish. While George was in that state of mind, she had seen no difficulties in the way; but now, alone with her mother, all her joy and confidence were gone. But if she spoke hesitatingly, and anticipating a somewhat colder reception for her confession than the good humoured banter which she had grown accustomed to on this same subject, little indeed was she prepared for the storm to which she was about to be subjected. Never had Mrs. Simpson been so angry. She was provoked with herself for having delayed her lecture to her elder daughter so long; angry with the whole household for having been accomplices in securing that important three quarters of an hour for George and Mary's conspiracy against her; angry with the dressmaker for having made that particular evening an hour behind her appointment—she must have done it on purpose; and angry beyond measure with George Harrison for having out-generaled her cherished plans by a little straightforward dealing. She had trusted more to the hope of disgusting him in time by a careful system of cold receptions, and close watching, than to any positive effect which she expected to produce upon her daughter by any hints of her improved position in the matrimonial market, or direct exhortations to make the most of her new position. George, she knew had been honest and independent spirit; once let him feel that he was suspected of pre-arranging his suit, and he would have been as good as done for. And now, however unreasonable his accusation, his pride might take offence. These Mary might go into the country, out of his way; and so time, this unlucky hour might go to the way of many others, become one of those little silent sacrifices laid upon the altars of wealth and pride—into the estimation of a prudent public, but sometimes to the officers more costly than "all their living"—and he gradually reduced, with hints and libations from Mrs. Simpson, as high priestess, to ashes.

So at first, even now, instead of attacking Mary, she began by opening fire upon George. It was a mistake, Mrs. Simpson, and a woman you ought to have known. In a calmer mood, you would never have made a first move so utterly destructive of your game. Mary might have taken a good amount of scolding for her self; but however cruel and unwarrantable she might have felt her mother's conduct to be, a few gentle expostulations and a bitter flood of tears would have been only relief that evening. Mary and her mother might have fewer interests and feelings in common than was good for either; but there had never yet been injustice on one side, or any lack of dutiful affection on the other. But when Mrs. Simpson passed for breath after an altercation of violent abuse and attempted sarcasm against George Harrison as "a low mercenary creature," having declared her own belief that this opportune increase of his salary was nothing but a "move" got up between himself and his uncle in order to nail the Simpsons to the point at once, she saw that Mary, though she trembled very much, had risen from her seat, and was looking at her with a very calm and composed countenance, on which there was no symptom of a tear.

"Mother!" said the girl, "you don't mean that of George?" Mrs. Simpson did not mean it, in her heart; but she said it again, more violently than ever, because she felt its truth. "Mother!" said she, "I don't say any more. If you never meant me to marry him, you should have spoken before. It's too late now, either of us. We can't go back. O that this miserable money had never come between us!" "For Mary now it's all over," said she. "You've been too long in Mary; look in a mirror, as I may say. If I were you, I'd have more spirit, that I would."

"Time enough, my dear sir, to talk about those things; at present, you understand I act for Mr. John Simpson." Mr. Grindles had perfectly satisfied himself on the point on which he had been very properly anxious; and now he put the question by so quietly and decidedly, that poor Mr. Simpson felt quite rebuked, as if he himself had very indecorously brought it forward.

"You don't think yourself, perhaps?" resumed the lawyer, after a decent interval, which he kindly allowed his companion for repentance and recovery.

Mr. Simpson might have replied, "Do I look as if I did?" but he contented himself with a smile and a shake of the head.

"Well, if I dare say you can amuse yourself if I am so unwell as to leave you for a day; there's the mare, and the cart, very much at your service." Mr. Simpson bowed his acknowledgments, but without the slightest idea of interfering with the mare's retirement. He had been wishing there were an omnibus handy for his journey home; and was very glad to descend from his seat and follow Mr. Grindles, who seemed quite at home, in a comfortable-looking room, with a good fire, and which had evidently been a library.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, gentlemen," said the old man who had ushered them.

"And we shall be quite ready for it," said the lawyer, Mr. Simpson not being prepared with a reply.

Matters were not nearly so comfortable in Portland Terrace. It so happened that the very evening of Mr. Simpson's departure, George Harrison had run down, in more than his usual jolly spirit, with a little good news of his own for Mary. The long topped for augmentation of his salary had come at last. The uncle who had taken him into his counting house—and who was his guardian, for George had lost his father—was a strict man, and somewhat eccentric in his ways, but very just. He had a large family of his own, and though the business was extensive and lucrative, it had always been well understood that George must entertain no expectations of future partnership, as that would be the sons' inheritance. Two of them were clerks in the counting house, and the father kept them as strictly to their desks, or rather more strictly, than any one else in the establishment. George Harrison might consider himself fortunate in occupying the position he did, which was independent and respectable; and perhaps he was even still more fortunate in having to work his own way under eyes which were not easily cheated or evaded, and where no mercy was shown to any wilful neglect. He did his best; and though he was not a great deal more than a very natural wish to place at once his acquaintance with the old place of which he was soon to be the actual master, and to inform the old servants, who had been left in charge of his cousin's death, and his own succession. Mr. John Simpson had inherited the estate at his brother's death, about five years back, while he himself was engaged in his duties abroad, and it had been a matter of surprise that he had not at once returned to take possession. But old associations are strong; and he found Eastern habits had become agreeable to him. His agents duly remitted his rent. He was enabled, with the income of his consultancy, to live almost regally, and in a position of some little importance, where he was, and perhaps felt rather of a return, an illiterate man, with foreign tastes and ideas, to risk a supercilious welcome from the Surrey squire. So he put off his coming home from year to year, until his friends made out their minds he would never come at all, and then the ship that was to have brought him, brought instead the news of his death. The house had never been disturbed since the uncle's death; his old domestics were still in possession, and were never interfered with, except by an occasional visit for a day or two from the Messrs. Grindles, who managed the estate. Whether Mr. John or Mr. Joseph Simpson arrived at last to take possession, made therefore as little difference to any party, except themselves, as could possibly be conceived.

It had been Mrs. Simpson's wish to have accompanied her husband on this pleasant voyage of discovery, but that she was prevented by herself by no means apparent, and as the Messrs. Grindles gave it also as their opinion that such a visit would be rather premature—in fact, that it would hardly look well—that lady, who was a staunch maintainer of decorum in all its branches, gave way at once. And he proposed, in any degree, avowed of undue haste to step into the dead cousin's shoes, she hastened amply to atone for it, by ordering the dearest and most expensive mourning for the whole Portland Terrace establishment. It would so doubt have gratified the feelings of the late Mr. John, had he been the witness of the piece which they had to exhibit, and that was soon done. At Mary's side, she thought it too little to live upon, why, George didn't. It George thought they could man-

age, then Mary was sure they could. In a meeting so unanimous, the resolutions do not require much discussion. The arguments were admitted on both sides; or, rather, both sides were silent. If any unpleasant suggestion arose of the prudency party—trifles itself, the course is obvious—"turn him out." What means freedom of discussion on such subjects—indeed on any subject—except freedom to discuss it as much and as little as you like? Then she told him—and was glad she like to tell him—of the possibility that she might have "a little something" too. Papa would not let her come to him quite penniless now; and some day or other—perhaps when they most wanted it, "for their children" in her pure innocence she said—be might—she was sure he would—all he fairly could for her. And George was most angry with her for doing anything to promise him besides herself.

Three quarters of an hour was it that it did not seem five minutes. (Augusta thought the clock was stopped, for the kitchen fire was low, and Betsy was snoring, and not so much inclined for sleep as the young man was waiting at the area steps, which accounted for a low whistle every five minutes, startling Augusta. Betsy said the cat had a cold.) Three quarters of an hour it was, however, neither more nor less, and George must go; couldn't even stay supper as usual; he would have more work to do now, and there was something to be attended to that night; he had "had rather," and Mary did not ask him to stay. So the mischief was done, and George Harrison half-way home to his humble lodgings, before Mrs. Simpson descended to supper. She was in a benignant mood, for the new gown fitted admirably, and being what the dress-maker called "rather jolly," which only meant that it was a little more than a plain well-developed proportions—she was conscious that she looked well in black. Even the announcement which Mary very innocently made at supper time, that George had been there, neither soured her temper or her appetite; he was gone again, that was a comfort; but the would lose so much in having to talk with Mary, who had finished her moderate glass of rum-and-water, she was not sorry to see her younger daughter (who had not spent a satisfactory evening on the whole, having sat for what seemed to her an unconscionable time in the dark with the cross Betsy and an uneasy conscience) take up her candlestick with a yawn, and proceed to bed. Mary, too, had something to say. It was with some little misgiving—more certainly than she could have felt a fortnight back—that she told her mother of George's advancement, and he had now taken courage actually to speak about their marriage. She did not feel quite sure, when she recalled certain hints and side speeches (Mrs. Simpson was great in that line) addressed during the last few days rather to Augusta than herself, about hasty engagements, and imprudent marriages, and the duty of paying due regard to the station in which people were placed, whether what she had to tell would be received quite as she could wish. While George was in that state of mind, she had seen no difficulties in the way; but now, alone with her mother, all her joy and confidence were gone. But if she spoke hesitatingly, and anticipating a somewhat colder reception for her confession than the good humoured banter which she had grown accustomed to on this same subject, little indeed was she prepared for the storm to which she was about to be subjected. Never had Mrs. Simpson been so angry. She was provoked with herself for having delayed her lecture to her elder daughter so long; angry with the whole household for having been accomplices in securing that important three quarters of an hour for George and Mary's conspiracy against her; angry with the dressmaker for having made that particular evening an hour behind her appointment—she must have done it on purpose; and angry beyond measure with George Harrison for having out-generaled her cherished plans by a little straightforward dealing. She had trusted more to the hope of disgusting him in time by a careful system of cold receptions, and close watching, than to any positive effect which she expected to produce upon her daughter by any hints of her improved position in the matrimonial market, or direct exhortations to make the most of her new position. George, she knew had been honest and independent spirit; once let him feel that he was suspected of pre-arranging his suit, and he would have been as good as done for. And now, however unreasonable his accusation, his pride might take offence. These Mary might go into the country, out of his way; and so time, this unlucky hour might go to the way of many others, become one of those little silent sacrifices laid upon the altars of wealth and pride—into the estimation of a prudent public, but sometimes to the officers more costly than "all their living"—and he gradually reduced, with hints and libations from Mrs. Simpson, as high priestess, to ashes.

So at first, even now, instead of attacking Mary, she began by opening fire upon George. It was a mistake, Mrs. Simpson, and a woman you ought to have known. In a calmer mood, you would never have made a first move so utterly destructive of your game. Mary might have taken a good amount of scolding for her self; but however cruel and unwarrantable she might have felt her mother's conduct to be, a few gentle expostulations and a bitter flood of tears would have been only relief that evening. Mary and her mother might have fewer interests and feelings in common than was good for either; but there had never yet been injustice on one side, or any lack of dutiful affection on the other. But when Mrs. Simpson passed for breath after an altercation of violent abuse and attempted sarcasm against George Harrison as "a low mercenary creature," having declared her own belief that this opportune increase of his salary was nothing but a "move" got up between himself and his uncle in order to nail the Simpsons to the point at once, she saw that Mary, though she trembled very much, had risen from her seat, and was looking at her with a very calm and composed countenance, on which there was no symptom of a tear.

"Mother!" said the girl, "you don't mean that of George?" Mrs. Simpson did not mean it, in her heart; but she said it again, more violently than ever, because she felt its truth. "Mother!" said she, "I don't say any more. If you never meant me to marry him, you should have spoken before. It's too late now, either of us. We can't go back. O that this miserable money had never come between us!" "For Mary now it's all over," said she. "You've been too long in Mary; look in a mirror, as I may say. If I were you, I'd have more spirit, that I would."

"Time enough, my dear sir, to talk about those things; at present, you understand I act for Mr. John Simpson." Mr. Grindles had perfectly satisfied himself on the point on which he had been very properly anxious; and now he put the question by so quietly and decidedly, that poor Mr. Simpson felt quite rebuked, as if he himself had very indecorously brought it forward.

"You don't think yourself, perhaps?" resumed the lawyer, after a decent interval, which he kindly allowed his companion for repentance and recovery.

Mr. Simpson might have replied, "Do I look as if I did?" but he contented himself with a smile and a shake of the head.

"Well, if I dare say you can amuse yourself if I am so unwell as to leave you for a day; there's the mare, and the cart, very much at your service." Mr. Simpson bowed his acknowledgments, but without the slightest idea of interfering with the mare's retirement. He had been wishing there were an omnibus handy for his journey home; and was very glad to descend from his seat and follow Mr. Grindles, who seemed quite at home, in a comfortable-looking room, with a good fire, and which had evidently been a library.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, gentlemen," said the old man who had ushered them.

"And we shall be quite ready for it," said the lawyer, Mr. Simpson not being prepared with a reply.

Matters were not nearly so comfortable in Portland Terrace. It so happened that the very evening of Mr. Simpson's departure, George Harrison had run down, in more than his usual jolly spirit, with a little good news of his own for Mary. The long topped for augmentation of his salary had come at last. The uncle who had taken him into his counting house—and who was his guardian, for George had lost his father—was a strict man, and somewhat eccentric in his ways, but very just. He had a large family of his own, and though the business was extensive and lucrative, it had always been well understood that George must entertain no expectations of future partnership, as that would be the sons' inheritance. Two of them were clerks in the counting house, and the father kept them as strictly to their desks, or rather more strictly, than any one else in the establishment. George Harrison might consider himself fortunate in occupying the position he did, which was independent and respectable; and perhaps he was even still more fortunate in having to work his own way under eyes which were not easily cheated or evaded, and where no mercy was shown to any wilful neglect. He did his best; and though he was not a great deal more than a very natural wish to place at once his acquaintance with the old place of which he was soon to be the actual master, and to inform the old servants, who had been left in charge of his cousin's death, and his own succession. Mr. John Simpson had inherited the estate at his brother's death, about five years back, while he himself was engaged in his duties abroad, and it had been a matter of surprise that he had not at once returned to take possession. But old associations are strong; and he found Eastern habits had become agreeable to him. His agents duly remitted his rent. He was enabled, with the income of his consultancy, to live almost regally, and in a position of some little importance, where he was, and perhaps felt rather of a return, an illiterate man, with foreign tastes and ideas, to risk a supercilious welcome from the Surrey squire. So he put off his coming home from year to year, until his friends made out their minds he would never come at all, and then the ship that was to have brought him, brought instead the news of his death. The house had never been disturbed since the uncle's death; his old domestics were still in possession, and were never interfered with, except by an occasional visit for a day or two from the Messrs. Grindles, who managed the estate. Whether Mr. John or Mr. Joseph Simpson arrived at last to take possession, made therefore as little difference to any party, except themselves, as could possibly be conceived.

It had been Mrs. Simpson's wish to have accompanied her husband on this pleasant voyage of discovery, but that she was prevented by herself by no means apparent, and as the Messrs. Grindles gave it also as their opinion that such a visit would be rather premature—in fact, that it would hardly look well—that lady, who was a staunch maintainer of decorum in all its branches, gave way at once. And he proposed, in any degree, avowed of undue haste to step into the dead cousin's shoes, she hastened amply to atone for it, by ordering the dearest and most expensive mourning for the whole Portland Terrace establishment. It would so doubt have gratified the feelings of the late Mr. John, had he been the witness of the piece which they had to exhibit, and that was soon done. At Mary's side, she thought it too little to live upon, why, George didn't. It George thought they could man-

age, then Mary was sure they could. In a meeting so unanimous, the resolutions do not require much discussion. The arguments were admitted on both sides; or, rather, both sides were silent. If any unpleasant suggestion arose of the prudency party—trifles itself, the course is obvious—"turn him out." What means freedom of discussion on such subjects—indeed on any subject—except freedom to discuss it as much and as little as you like? Then she told him—and was glad she like to tell him—of the possibility that she might have "a little something" too. Papa would not let her come to him quite penniless now; and some day or other—perhaps when they most wanted it, "for their children" in her pure innocence she said—be might—she was sure he would—all he fairly could for her. And George was most angry with her for doing anything to promise him besides herself.

Three quarters of an hour was it that it did not seem five minutes. (Augusta thought the clock was stopped, for the kitchen fire was low, and Betsy was snoring, and not so much inclined for sleep as the young man was waiting at the area steps, which accounted for a low whistle every five minutes, startling Augusta. Betsy said the cat had a cold.) Three quarters of an hour it was, however, neither more nor less, and George must go; couldn't even stay supper as usual; he would have more work to do now, and there was something to be attended to that night; he had "had rather," and Mary did not ask him to stay. So the mischief was done, and George Harrison half-way home to his humble lodgings, before Mrs. Simpson descended to supper. She was in a benignant mood, for the new gown fitted admirably, and being what the dress-maker called "rather jolly," which only meant that it was a little more than a plain well-developed proportions—she was conscious that she looked well in black. Even the announcement which Mary very innocently made at supper time, that George had been there, neither soured her temper or her appetite; he was gone again, that was a comfort; but the would lose so much in having to talk with Mary, who had finished her moderate glass of rum-and-water, she was not sorry to see her younger daughter (who had not spent a satisfactory evening on the whole, having sat for what seemed to her an unconscionable time in the dark with the cross Betsy and an uneasy conscience) take up her candlestick with a yawn, and proceed to bed. Mary, too, had something to say. It was with some little misgiving—more certainly than she could have felt a fortnight back—that she told her mother of George's advancement, and he had now taken courage actually to speak about their marriage. She did not feel quite sure, when she recalled certain hints and side speeches (Mrs. Simpson was great in that line) addressed during the last few days rather to Augusta than herself, about hasty engagements, and imprudent marriages, and the duty of paying due regard to the station in which people were placed, whether what she had to tell would be received quite as she could wish. While George was in that state of mind, she had seen no difficulties in the way; but now, alone with her mother, all her joy and confidence were gone. But if she spoke hesitatingly, and anticipating a somewhat colder reception for her confession than the good humoured banter which she had grown accustomed to on this same subject, little indeed was she prepared for the storm to which she was about to be subjected. Never had Mrs. Simpson been so angry. She was provoked with herself for having delayed her lecture to her elder daughter so long; angry with the whole household for having been accomplices in securing that important three quarters of an hour for George and Mary's conspiracy against her; angry with the dressmaker for having made that particular evening an hour behind her appointment—she must have done it on purpose; and angry beyond measure with George Harrison for having out-generaled her cherished plans by a little straightforward dealing. She had trusted more to the hope of disgusting him in time by a careful system of cold receptions, and close watching, than to any positive effect which she expected to produce upon her daughter by any hints of her improved position in the matrimonial market, or direct exhortations to make the most of her new position. George, she knew had been honest and independent spirit; once let him feel that he was suspected of pre-arranging his suit, and he would have been as good as done for. And now, however unreasonable his accusation, his pride might take offence. These Mary might go into the country, out of his way; and so time, this unlucky hour might go to the way of many others, become one of those little silent sacrifices laid upon the altars of wealth and pride—into the estimation of a prudent public, but sometimes to the officers more costly than "all their living"—and he gradually reduced, with hints and libations from Mrs. Simpson, as high priestess, to ashes.

So at first, even now, instead of attacking Mary, she began by opening fire upon George. It was a mistake, Mrs. Simpson, and a woman you ought to have known. In a calmer mood, you would never have made a first move so utterly destructive of your game. Mary might have taken a good amount of scolding for her self; but however cruel and unwarrantable she might have felt her mother's conduct to be, a few gentle expostulations and a bitter flood of tears would have been only relief that evening. Mary and her mother might have fewer interests and feelings in common than was good for either; but there had never yet been injustice on one side, or any lack of dutiful affection on the other. But when Mrs. Simpson passed for breath after an altercation of violent abuse and attempted sarcasm against George Harrison as "a low mercenary creature," having declared her own belief that this opportune increase of his salary was nothing but a "move" got up between himself and his uncle in order to nail the Simpsons to the point at once, she saw that Mary, though she trembled very much, had risen from her seat, and was looking at her with a very calm and composed countenance, on which there was no symptom of a tear.

"Mother!" said the girl, "you don't mean that of George?" Mrs. Simpson did not mean it, in her heart; but she said it again, more violently than ever, because she felt its truth. "Mother!" said she, "I don't say any more. If you never meant me to marry him, you should have spoken before. It's too late now, either of us. We can't go back. O that this miserable money had never come between us!" "For Mary now it's all over," said she. "You've been too long in Mary; look in a mirror, as I may say. If I were you, I'd have more spirit, that I would."

"Time enough, my dear sir, to talk about those things; at present, you understand I act for Mr. John Simpson." Mr. Grindles had perfectly satisfied himself on the point on which he had been very properly anxious; and now he put the question by so quietly and decidedly, that poor Mr. Simpson felt quite rebuked, as if he himself had very indecorously brought it forward.

"You don't think yourself, perhaps?" resumed the lawyer, after a decent interval,



1. *Introduction*  
 2. *Background*  
 3. *Methodology*  
 4. *Results*  
 5. *Discussion*  
 6. *Conclusion*  
 7. *Acknowledgments*  
 8. *References*  
 9. *Appendix*  
 10. *Index*  
 11. *Table of Contents*  
 12. *Abstract*  
 13. *Keywords*  
 14. *Summary*  
 15. *References*  
 16. *Appendix*  
 17. *Index*  
 18. *Table of Contents*  
 19. *Abstract*  
 20. *Keywords*  
 21. *Summary*  
 22. *References*  
 23. *Appendix*  
 24. *Index*  
 25. *Table of Contents*  
 26. *Abstract*  
 27. *Keywords*  
 28. *Summary*  
 29. *References*  
 30. *Appendix*  
 31. *Index*  
 32. *Table of Contents*  
 33. *Abstract*  
 34. *Keywords*  
 35. *Summary*  
 36. *References*  
 37. *Appendix*  
 38. *Index*  
 39. *Table of Contents*  
 40. *Abstract*  
 41. *Keywords*  
 42. *Summary*  
 43. *References*  
 44. *Appendix*  
 45. *Index*  
 46. *Table of Contents*  
 47. *Abstract*  
 48. *Keywords*  
 49. *Summary*  
 50. *References*  
 51. *Appendix*  
 52. *Index*  
 53. *Table of Contents*  
 54. *Abstract*  
 55. *Keywords*  
 56. *Summary*  
 57. *References*  
 58. *Appendix*  
 59. *Index*  
 60. *Table of Contents*  
 61. *Abstract*  
 62. *Keywords*  
 63. *Summary*  
 64. *References*  
 65. *Appendix*  
 66. *Index*  
 67. *Table of Contents*  
 68. *Abstract*  
 69. *Keywords*  
 70. *Summary*  
 71. *References*  
 72. *Appendix*  
 73. *Index*  
 74. *Table of Contents*  
 75. *Abstract*  
 76. *Keywords*  
 77. *Summary*  
 78. *References*  
 79. *Appendix*  
 80. *Index*  
 81. *Table of Contents*  
 82. *Abstract*  
 83. *Keywords*  
 84. *Summary*  
 85. *References*  
 86. *Appendix*  
 87. *Index*  
 88. *Table of Contents*  
 89. *Abstract*  
 90. *Keywords*  
 91. *Summary*  
 92. *References*  
 93. *Appendix*  
 94. *Index*  
 95. *Table of Contents*  
 96. *Abstract*  
 97. *Keywords*  
 98. *Summary*  
 99. *References*  
 100. *Appendix*  
 101. *Index*  
 102. *Table of Contents*  
 103. *Abstract*  
 104. *Keywords*  
 105. *Summary*  
 106. *References*  
 107. *Appendix*  
 108. *Index*  
 109. *Table of Contents*  
 110. *Abstract*  
 111. *Keywords*  
 112. *Summary*  
 113. *References*  
 114. *Appendix*  
 115. *Index*  
 116. *Table of Contents*  
 117. *Abstract*  
 118. *Keywords*  
 119. *Summary*  
 120. *References*  
 121. *Appendix*  
 122. *Index*  
 123. *Table of Contents*  
 124. *Abstract*  
 125. *Keywords*  
 126. *Summary*  
 127. *References*  
 128. *Appendix*  
 129. *Index*  
 130. *Table of Contents*  
 131. *Abstract*  
 132. *Keywords*  
 133. *Summary*  
 134. *References*  
 135. *Appendix*  
 136. *Index*  
 137. *Table of Contents*  
 138. *Abstract*  
 139. *Keywords*  
 140. *Summary*  
 141. *References*  
 142. *Appendix*  
 143. *Index*  
 144. *Table of Contents*  
 145. *Abstract*  
 146. *Keywords*  
 147. *Summary*  
 148. *References*  
 149. *Appendix*  
 150. *Index*  
 151. *Table of Contents*  
 152. *Abstract*  
 153. *Keywords*  
 154. *Summary*  
 155. *References*  
 156. *Appendix*  
 157. *Index*  
 158. *Table of Contents*  
 159. *Abstract*  
 160. *Keywords*  
 161. *Summary*  
 162. *References*  
 163. *Appendix*  
 164. *Index*  
 165. *Table of Contents*  
 166. *Abstract*  
 167. *Keywords*  
 168. *Summary*  
 169. *References*  
 170. *Appendix*  
 171. *Index*  
 172. *Table of Contents*  
 173. *Abstract*  
 174. *Keywords*  
 175. *Summary*  
 176. *References*  
 177. *Appendix*  
 178. *Index*  
 179. *Table of Contents*  
 180. *Abstract*  
 181. *Keywords*  
 182. *Summary*  
 183. *References*  
 184. *Appendix*  
 185. *Index*  
 186. *Table of Contents*  
 187. *Abstract*  
 188. *Keywords*  
 189. *Summary*  
 190. *References*  
 191. *Appendix*  
 192. *Index*  
 193. *Table of Contents*  
 194. *Abstract*  
 195. *Keywords*  
 196. *Summary*  
 197. *References*  
 198. *Appendix*  
 199. *Index*  
 200. *Table of Contents*  
 201. *Abstract*  
 202. *Keywords*  
 203. *Summary*  
 204. *References*  
 205. *Appendix*  
 206. *Index*  
 207. *Table of Contents*  
 208. *Abstract*  
 209. *Keywords*  
 210. *Summary*  
 211. *References*  
 212. *Appendix*  
 213. *Index*  
 214. *Table of Contents*  
 215. *Abstract*  
 216. *Keywords*  
 217. *Summary*  
 218. *References*  
 219. *Appendix*  
 220. *Index*  
 221. *Table of Contents*  
 222. *Abstract*  
 223. *Keywords*  
 224. *Summary*  
 225. *References*  
 226. *Appendix*  
 227. *Index*  
 228. *Table of Contents*  
 229. *Abstract*  
 230. *Keywords*  
 231. *Summary*  
 232. *References*  
 233. *Appendix*  
 234. *Index*  
 235. *Table of Contents*  
 236. *Abstract*  
 237. *Keywords*  
 238. *Summary*  
 239. *References*  
 240. *Appendix*  
 241. *Index*  
 242. *Table of Contents*  
 243. *Abstract*  
 244. *Keywords*  
 245. *Summary*  
 246. *References*  
 247. *Appendix*  
 248. *Index*  
 249. *Table of Contents*  
 250. *Abstract*  
 251. *Keywords*  
 252. *Summary*  
 253. *References*  
 254. *Appendix*  
 255. *Index*  
 256. *Table of Contents*



The members of the Lodge (No. 194) had the pleasure of sitting on the two nights in their New Hall until it was in ashes. They are however going vigorously about erecting another. Subscriptions lists will be carried round when it is hoped liberal contributions will be put down and it may be remarked how that the New Hall contemplated will be so constructed as to have a spacious Hall in the lower story for all kinds of Protestant meetings. —Clayton, 22nd Jan. 1859.

#### GROGGERIES.

We are afraid that many of our Municipal Councilors, are too ready to yield to the temptation of increasing the revenue, by granting licenses, to sell liquor to every person who may feel disposed to pay for a license. It is bad system, and dangerous to the morals of the community. We think that the retail traffic in liquor, should be confined to Hotels, and the profits arising therefrom, would all be rendering the public houses comfortable, homes for travellers. If our Councilors could view the matter in this light, let them take a more serious thought, and be reminded that the multiplication of low groggeries and saloons invariably proves a curse to a place, as they have a tendency to promote dissipation, and immorality, and very frequently become the theatre of most revolting crimes. Listen to the testimony of the Grand Jury, of the City of Hamilton:—

That body also presented that the evils arising from granting licenses to saloons and low dens are becoming so frightfully alarming, that the Grand Jury recommend, the most active measures for their suppression; crime of the most revolting nature has in so many cases recently been committed in such places, that they would strongly urge the entire abolition of the license system, excepting to Hotels, believing, as they do, that in most cases, if not in every case, the Saloon and low groggery is the resort of persons who frequent such places, simply to indulge in drinking, gambling or other vices. The Grand Jury do not think that the great end at which they aim, would be gained by now and again selecting one particular case, and recommending the total suppression of all Saloons and groggeries, and that no license be granted save to Hotels or Taverns for the accommodation of travellers, and they respectfully urge your Worship to bring this representation before the proper authorities.

Several articles intended for publication in this week came to hand too late for insertion but will appear in our next.

#### THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON. New York, January 19. The City of Washington arrived this morning, with Liverpool dates of the 5th January. Political news interesting and important. The London money market was active and money abundant. Consols 96½ to 96¼.

#### MARKETS.

LIVERPOOL, January 5th. Richardson Spence & Co. report a general improvement in the country markets with an advance of 1s to 2s per quarter in wheat. In this market, flour is dull and nominal, the stock being out of condition. Wheat is in moderate demand at an advance of 1s to 2s for French, and best quality of American. B's Western, 6s 6d; 6s 6d; Southern 6s 6d to 7s 6d; White 6s to 6s 6d; and Southern 6s 9d to 7s 6d. Corn in retail, equated at an advance of 1s; Mixed 2s to 2s 2s; Yellow 2s 3s to 3s; White 3s to 3s 3s 3d.

Beef continues very slow and buyers still get the advantage. Pork dull, but unchanged in value. Lard, in retail, was in request at 6s, the principle holders still keeping out of the market. Clover seeds quiet. Aches steady. Sugar quiet, but steady. LONDON MARKETS.—Breadstuffs firm, and wheat is 2s 2d dearer. Tea firm; sellers of cargo at 11d for cash.

FRANCE.—There had been quite a panic on the French Bourse in consequence of certain language used by Napoleon to the Austrian Minister at the New Year's levee. The Emperor's words were: "I regret our relations with your government are not so good as they were, but I request you to convey to the Emperor that my personal feelings for him have not changed." The emphatic tone of the Emperor, and his animated gesture attracted the attention of the assembled diplomatic corps.

The Bourse closed till the 3rd; but on open acquire a panic prevailed, the decline in the funds being fully one per cent.

#### COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

Montreal, Jan. 14, 1859. We have been asked by potash manufacturers why they are so often charged with hoops in the inspection bill, and find on enquiry that barrels which come from a distance and change their conveyance several times frequently come into the Inspection Store in very bad order, having lost several hoops in the hands of manufacturers. In the first place, they should never pack a barrel so full that they must reverse the head putting it wrong side out. This is often done and greatly weakens the package; and, secondly, they should fasten with two or three single nails the outermost hoop at each end.

The cattle sales of the Great Western, and indeed all the railway companies, in not giving the marks of ashes on their way bills is a source of great trouble and annoyance. In the most unbusiness like manner send forward so many bills of lading, coming from different points with various rates of charges upon them, but furnish no indication whatever what charges belong to each lot or mark, inasmuch as they give no marks on their way bills. We have often been inclined to refuse to receive bills from the Grand Trunk Company without the marks on the way bills opposite to the charges, but they say they do not get any marks from the railways in the interior and therefore cannot give them.—There is evidently a sad want of business accuracy all round here which ought to be remedied.

The traffic and passengers on the Grand Trunk Railway, for week ending 8th Jan., were \$33,500 against \$35,383 for the corresponding week of last year, showing a falling off to the extent of \$1,877, notwithstanding an increased length of 51 miles. The increase on the half year is \$1,065.

MONTREAL, Jan. 15, 1859. This year opens with favorable anticipations in a commercial point of view. The fast letters and circulars from Liverpool, which is the great centre for the sale of Canadian produce, are more cheerful and buoyant in their tone than they have been for eighteen months past.

DOLEFUL TIMES IN THE WESTERN COUNTRY.—The travelling correspondent of the medium (Wis) Journal gives a very gloomy

picture of his experience in the country. He writes: "To travel round among the farmers as we have done for the last few weeks; hear, hard times, repeated forty times a day as excuse for not taking a paper, or paying up old scores; to see men, women and children in their shabby and tattered garments; paper pasted, boards nailed up, or old hats or clothes stuffed into windows where should be glass; to find country stores closed, or doing very little; men working for their board, for mere trifles; promises to pay, whether verbal or written, of no account; men even denying their own notes; to see the closest economy practised by all, those whose large houses and barns indicate considerable means, as well as those living in cabins; to hear the doleful complaints of taxes—one realizes the severity with which the financial pressure is felt."

THE "ROGUES GALLERY" AT NEW YORK.—The Rogues Gallery at the police headquarters is becoming a decided institution. Scores of visitors call daily and scan over the likenesses with much interest. The total number of likenesses at present in the gallery is 237. As each subject is for his likeness he is informed that when he produces sufficient evidence of having entered upon a reputable mode of life his likeness will be struck from the gallery. In accordance with this rule four rogues, faces that lately adorned the gallery have been reversed in their frames, their owners having given evidence of having turned over a new leaf. The likenesses will remain hidden as long as the reformation proves to be genuine. New York Times.

#### LANARK COUNCIL.

Municipal Room. Lanark, Jan. 17, 1859. The Councilors sit, viz: Messrs. Scott, Main, Mathie, Moorhouse, and A. Campbell, met this day and took the oath of qualification and Office. Mr. Campbell moved, seconded by Mr. Main, that William Scott, be Reeve for the present year. Carried. Council adjourned for one hour. Council resumed, the Reeve in the Chair. Mr. Mathie moved, and seconded by Mr. Campbell, that the form of business, for the guidance of the Council, be the same as previous year. Carried.

Petitions were presented and read viz: from Robert Mason, Francis Turner, Charles Main, resignation and account of D. H. Main. Mr. Moorhouse gave notice that he moved by a By-Law, for the appointment of Township Officers. On the Petition of Robert Mason, Mr. Moorhouse moved, seconded by Mr. Main, that Robert Mason be appointed Collector for this Municipality for the current year, at a Salary of \$46. Carried. Moved by Mr. Moorhouse, seconded by Mr. Main, that Peter McLean be appointed assessor for the current year, at a Salary of \$40. Carried.

Mr. Mathie moved, seconded by Mr. Moorhouse, that Mr. Adam Craig be appointed Treasurer for the present year, at a salary of \$26. Carried.

Mr. Campbell moved, seconded by Mr. Mathie, that C. Main be appointed Clerk to this municipality, for the current year at a Salary of \$25, which includes all the duties, and requirements, incident to municipal business. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Mathie, seconded by Mr. Moorhouse, that John Wright, be appointed one of the auditors, of the municipal accounts for the year ending, Dec. 31st. 1858. Carried.

The Reeve appointed R. M. Beckett, as one of the Auditors. Mr. Campbell moved, seconded by Mr. Main, that Robert James Sen, be Keeper of the Town Hall for the present year, at a Salary of \$5. The duties and requirements, being that he shall take a general supervision of the Hall, according to his written instructions. Carried.

After considerable discussion, on the motion of several Councilors, Messrs. Peter McLean, James Sen, Wm. Main, Sen, and Robert James Sen were appointed "Inspectors of Houses of Public Entertainment" for the current year at 6s 3d. per day. Carried. On the account of David H. Mann, Mr. Main moved, seconded by Mr. Campbell that it be referred to next meeting of Council for consideration. Carried.

Mr. Moorhouse moved, seconded by Mr. Mathie, that the Auditors be allowed 10s. each for auditing the Municipal account. Carried.

Mr. Moorhouse gave notice that at the next sitting of Council, he would move that Councilors be paid the full amount allowed by statute.

Mr. Moorhouse moved, seconded by Mr. Campbell, that \$15 be paid to Mr. Poole for inserting the minutes of the Lanark Municipal Council for the year 1858, and the Clerk on forwarding the minutes of the Council is hereby instructed, to send the same. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Moorhouse, seconded by Mr. Campbell, that the Council do now adjourn to the 5th day of February next. Carried. CHARLES MAIN, Town Clerk.

#### CLOSING BUSINESS.

ALL Parties indebted to the undersigned by Note or Cash or Book Account, are hereby requested to make payment on or before the 12th day of February ensuing, being positively the last day of grace.

MCFARLANE & ANDERSON. 20-a

Ramsay, January 25th, 1859.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

Form about two acres from the village of Lanark, under the name of McArthur & Brown, was this day dissolved by mutual consent; and Robert Brown is hereby authorized to collect all debts to, and settle all claims against the said firm of McArthur & Brown, Carleton Place.

21st January 1859.

Winners, ROBERT BROWN, JOHN BROWN.

HUGH NELSON, JOHN BROWN.

IN Reference to the above, the Subscriber will continue business in the same premises, in his own name, and on his own account. And all those indebted to the late firm will require to call and settle their accounts, by giving their notes, if not convenient to do so otherwise.

And he also takes this opportunity to say that his Stock of Goods is large and well assorted, that he is prepared to sell cheap for cash or produce, or on credit. All credit accounts as before to be due on the 1st of January of each year.

ROBERT BROWN, Pakenham Village.

TO LET.

THE House and Garden, in Carleton Place, lately occupied by P. McFarlane, A.B.

Apply to R. BELL, Carleton Place, 26 Jan. 1859.

WANTED.

BY the subscriber, 20,000 Bushels of WHEAT, for which the highest market price will be given.

PHILIP THOMPSON, Chandler Mills, Ottawa, January 24th, 1859.

Sale to commence at one O'clock P. M. at the residence of Mr. P. M. McFarlane, 24th Jan. 1859.

ALEX. LIESHMAN, Auctioneer.

#### MARKET PRICES.

BROCKVILLE, Jan. 19, 1859.

Flour, per 100 lbs.	10 8 11 3
Buckwheat flour per 100 lbs.	6 0 7 0
Wheat, per 100 lbs.	10 0 11 3
Wheat—Fall per 60 lbs.	5 0 5 3
do. Spring, do.	9 0 9 3
Timothy Seed, do.	10 0 12 6
Rye, per 56 lbs.	3 0 3 3
Corn, do.	3 0 3 3
Potatoes, per bushel.	2 0 2 6
Barley, per 48 lbs.	3 0 3 6
Oats, per 34 lbs.	2 0 2 6
Hay, per ton.	20 0 28 9
Beef, do.	25 0 30 0
do. per lb.	0 4 0 5
Mutton, per lb.	0 4 0 6
Veal, do.	0 2 0 4
Butter, in rolls per lb.	9 0 11 1
do. drunks.	0 2 0 3
Turkey, do.	2 0 3 9
Fowls, per dozen.	1 0 1 6
Eggs per dozen.	0 9 0 12
Peas, per 60 lbs.	0 7 0 40
Potatoes, per bushel.	0 37 0 40
Hay, per ton.	8 00 0 10
Butter, per 100 lbs.	4 00 0 50
Beef per 100 lbs.	3 00 0 40
Tallow per lb.	0 10 0 13
Hides per 100 lbs.	0 09 0 09

OTTAWA, Jan. 21, 1859.

Flour, per bbl.	\$5 50 5 75
Wheat—Fall, per 60 lbs.	1 05 0 10
Wheat, per bbl.	5 00 5 25
Rye, per 56 lbs.	0 45 0 50
Barley, per 48 lbs.	0 00 0 00
Oats per 34 lbs.	0 00 0 00
Peas, per 60 lbs.	0 40 0 45
Potatoes, per bushel.	0 37 0 40
Hay, per ton.	8 00 0 10
Butter, per 100 lbs.	4 00 0 50
Beef per 100 lbs.	3 00 0 40
Tallow per lb.	0 10 0 13
Hides per 100 lbs.	0 09 0 09

SMITH'S FALLS, Jan. 19, 1859.

Pot Ashes, per cwt.	\$5 00 5 50
Park, per barrel.	\$2 00 2 10
Flour, 100 lbs.	4 00 4 10
Wheat, per bushel.	0 90 0 95
Oats, do.	0 35 0 40
Peas, do.	0 55 0 60
Barley, do.	0 50 0 55
Potatoes, do.	0 40 0 50
Flour, per barrel.	5 00 5 50
Butter, per lb.	0 00 0 00
Butter, per lb.	0 24 0 30
Hay, per ton.	7 00 8 00
Eggs, per doz.	0 12 0 00

RENFREW, Jan. 11, 1859.

Flour per bbl.	1 7 6 1 10
Wheat, Fall per bushel.	0 4 0 5 3
Spring, do.	0 4 6 0 4
Oatmeal per bushel.	0 0 4 1 0
Barley per bushel.	0 3 0 3 6
Oats, per bushel.	1 8 0 2 0
Peas, per bushel.	3 9 0 4 3
Corn, per bushel.	4 0 0 4 6
Potatoes, do.	0 16 0 18
Hay per ton.	0 7 0 2 10
Butter, fresh per lb.	0 7 1 0 0
Butter, salted per lb.	0 6 1 0 7
Eggs per doz.	0 0 0 0 7
Pork per 100 lbs.	11 0 0 1 15
Beef per 100 lbs.	12 6 0 1 50
Mutton per lb.	0 6 0 0 5
Tallow, per lb.	0 0 8 0 0 9
Lard per lb.	0 7 0 0 0
Hides per 100 lbs.	0 0 8 0 1 10
Fowls, do.	0 1 0 0 1 3
Chickens, do.	0 8 0 0 0 9
Turkey, each.	0 1 6 0 2 6
Wool, fleece washed.	0 12 0 1 3
Apples per bushel.	0 4 6 0 5 0
Wood per cord.	0 5 0 0 6 3

PEMBROKE, Jan. 20.

Flour per lb.	\$1 10 0
Wheat per bush.	0 6 0
Oats per bush.	0 2 6
Potatoes per bush.	0 4 0
Butter per lb.	0 0 9
Eggs, per doz.	0 0 7 1
Mutton per lb.	1 5 0
Beef per lb.	0 4 0
Hay per ton.	0 0 12 0

PERTH, Jan. 19, 1859.

Pot Ashes per cwt.	\$5 25 4 50
Pork per 100 lbs.	5 00 5 00
Beef do.	4 50 5 00
Wheat per bushel.	0 95 0 00
Oats do.	0 60 0 65
Peas, do.	0 50 0 55
Barley do.	0 50 0 55
Potatoes do.	0 45 0 50
Flour per barrel.	4 50 5 00
Oatmeal do.	5 00 5 50
Butter per lb.	0 12 0 10
Eggs per doz.	0 10 0 12
Hay per ton.	7 00 8 00

AUCTION SALE OF 100 ACRES OF LAND.

THE Subscriber will sell by PUBLIC AUCTION, on Tuesday, the first day of March next, his farm of Land, being the south west half of Lot number nine, in the eighth concession of the Township of Beekwith, containing 100 acres of good land: about seventy acres cleared, well fenced, and watered, and in a good state of cultivation, with a good stone house, two barns, a stable and other out-houses, the lot is within four miles of the village of Carleton Place, about one mile from the B. & O. Railway, and within sight of the Mississippi Lake. There is also a good Orchard, with upwards of one hundred young trees about half of them bearing.

THOMAS L. BURGESS. 20-

Beekwith, Jan. 24, 1859.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing in the Village of Pakenham, in the County of Lanark, under the name of McArthur & Brown, was this day dissolved by mutual consent; and Robert Brown is hereby authorized to collect all debts to, and settle all claims against the said firm of McArthur & Brown, Carleton Place.

21st January 1859.

Winners, ROBERT BROWN, JOHN BROWN.

HUGH NELSON, JOHN BROWN.

IN Reference to the above, the Subscriber will continue business in the same premises, in his own name, and on his own account. And all those indebted to the late firm will require to call and settle their accounts, by giving their notes, if not convenient to do so otherwise.

And he also takes this opportunity to say that his Stock of Goods is large and well assorted, that he is prepared to sell cheap for cash or produce, or on credit. All credit accounts as before to be due on the 1st of January of each year.

ROBERT BROWN, Pakenham Village.

TO LET.

THE House and Garden, in Carleton Place, lately occupied by P. McFarlane, A.B.

Apply to R. BELL, Carleton Place, 26 Jan. 1859.

WANTED.

BY the subscriber, 20,000 Bushels of WHEAT, for which the highest market price will be given.

PHILIP THOMPSON, Chandler Mills, Ottawa, January 24th, 1859.

#### A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE!

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

Canadian Homes; OR, THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A Christmas Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SINCE SEEN."

THIS work is of interest to every Canadian. The narrative is calculated to excite the attention and arouse the feelings of the reader, while the scenes portrayed are of daily occurrence. The writer holds up to view in its true light the base of Canada, and every man in the Province is interested in the elucidation of it.

The publisher is issuing an edition of 30,000.

The work is now being translated into the French language, of which an edition of 20,000 will be printed in order that the entire population of Canada may be led to take a determined interest in the important matters of which the work treats.

The Working Man, the Capitalist, the Young and the Old, every class and every individual in the community should read this Tale.

For sale at the Bookstores throughout Canada. Price 25 cents.

The Trade and Country Merchants supplied on reasonable terms by Wm. C. Cameron, Publisher, and Stationer, Young St., Toronto, or by JOHN LOVELL, Publisher.

CANADA DIRECTORY OFFICE, Montreal, 24th December, 1858. } 17-

CAUTION.

I HEREBY forbid any person from having or engaging PAUL ST. JEAN, and MAXIME ST. JEAN, as I shall hold any person so doing, responsible to damages, the said persons having lost my employment without any cause.

SAMUEL DICKSON. Pakenham, Jan. 11, 1859. 18-g

STRAY HOUNDS.

STRAYED from the Subscriber, two DEER HOUND Bitches—one red and white breast—the other red and white, and lame on the left fore leg. Any person returning the same or giving information where they may be found, will be suitably rewarded.

R. E. LYON. 19-

Richmond, Jan. 12th, 1859.

#### REWARD.

Whereas a dark grayish bound named RATTLER, went astray, or was stolen or killed about the 20th of October last, notice is hereby given that a reward of TEN DOLLARS will be given to any person who may return him safely to this office. And if the said RATTLER has been killed by any wicked or maliciously disposed person, a reward of FIFTY DOLLARS will be paid for such information as will lead to the conviction and punishment of the guilty party or parties causing his death. "Carleton-Place Herald" Office January 15th, 1859.

BROCKVILLE & OTTAWA RAILWAY COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that the annual general meeting of the Shareholders of this Company for the Election of twelve directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business of the Company will be held at the office of the Company at Brockville, upon the first Thursday of February next at noon, being the seventh day of February according to the statute in that behalf.

ROBERT HERVEY. Secy. B. & O. Ry. Co. Brockville, January 13th, 1859. 19-a

TO TEACHERS.

WANTED, A Teacher, holding a Third Class Certificate for school section No. five, in the township of Admiston. Apply to ALEX. BAIN, Sec. and Treasurer. Admiston, Jan. 14th, 1859. 19-c

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR S. S. No. 14 in the Township of Ramsay, a person, holding a second class certificate will receive a good salary, & a free house to live in if required.

Apply to James Gregg, John McIntyre, Trustees. Geo. Donohue. 15-

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE CONTINUOUS INCREASE OF THE LEADER AND THE PATRIOT newspapers is a guarantee that the proprietors will be able to give the advertiser all the advantages of the Morning Edition without extra charge, and will receive two insertions at the rate charged for one.

JOB, BOOK AND CARD PRINTING.

FROM THE GREAT FACILITIES, THE superior execution of all types, and the advantage of the Steam Power used in driving the presses of the newspaper Department, every description of Job, Book and Card Printing will be executed neatly, speedily, and twenty-five per cent. cheaper than at any Job Printing Establishment in the Province.

LEADER'S OFFICE, No. 63, King Street East, } 16-

MORTGAGE SALE.

WHEREAS default has been made in the payment of certain moneys secured to be paid by James McGee, of the County of Lanark, in the sum of \$1,000, and the said James McGee, in the year of our Lord 1858, and made between ROBERT BOALE, of the Township of Pakenham in the County of Lanark and Province of Canada. Yeoman of the first part, JOHN MCINTYRE in the County of Lanark and Province of Canada, and WILLIAM MCNARIN SHAW, of the same place, Fugitive, of the second part, upon all that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the Township of PAKENHAM in the County of LANARK and Province of Canada containing by admeasurement FIFTY ACRES, be the same more or less, being composed of the SOUTH WEST QUARTER of Lot Number SEVEN in the Sixth Concession of the said Township of Pakenham.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that pursuant to a Power of Sale contained in the said Indenture of Mortgage, and in consequence of default in payment of the moneys secured to be paid by said Mortgage, the above described land, premises and premises together with the appurtenances will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION at the Law Office of William McNarlin Shaw, Esquire, in Perth, on FRIDAY the EIGHTEENTH day of FEBRUARY next, at TWO o'clock in the afternoon.

Dated this 25th January, 1859.

WILLIAM M. SHAW.

One of the Mortgagees in person and Attorney for MARGARET W. MCINTYRE Devisee of other Mortgagee, deceased.

#### ASTOUNDING NEWS!!

Now Arriving per steamship "Canada," at Boston.

"North Briton" at Portland.

THE Subscriber is now receiving large additions to his already extensive Stock of Goods, per the above Steamships.

100 pr. fancy Dark Prints, new styles

36 do Black and Colored Cobourgs

12 do Alpaca and Circassians

20 do Rich Winter Bonnet Ribbons.

5 doz. New Bonnet Shapes

20 gross assorted Trimmings & Fringes, in all varieties and colors,

6 do Gold Tasseled Dress Buttons

3 doz. Velvet Head-dresses

1 do New Style (made up) Woolen

Shirts, a great variety,

Together with a large variety of New Fancy and Plain Heavy Goods, Shirts in Woolen and Cotton, Lace Veils, Silk Nets, &c., &c.



