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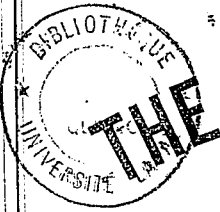
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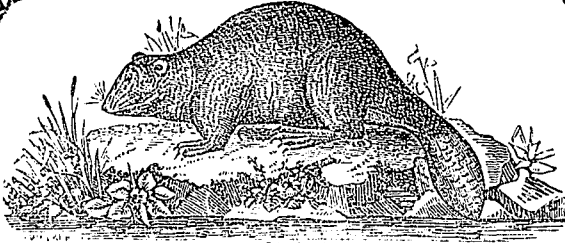
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J. Fisher Esq.

A. J. PELL,



THE CANADIAN PATRIOT.



VOL. I.]

MARCH, 1864.

[No. 3.

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

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

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CARRIAGE AND

36 Great Saint James Street,

REDUCTION OF RATES AND NEW FACILITIES TO ASSURERS.

UNCONDITIONAL ASSURANCE

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

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.

Chairman of the Edinburgh Board, | Chairman of the London Board,
SIR ARCH. HOPE, OF CRAIGHALL AND PINKIE, BART. | SIR WILLM. DUNBAR OF MOCHRUM, BART., M.P.

The Unconditional Life Policies (Class B.)

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

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

NO RESTRICTION is imposed as to Occupation or Residence

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

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

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

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

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

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There are Special advantages to be obtained by Entrants on or before 5th April next. All future Entrants will be ranked at the Divisions of Profit as of one whole years' less standing.

Life Association of Scotland.

FOR

Life Assurance & Annuities.

CHAIRMAN—

SIR ARCHIBALD HOPE, OF CRAIGHALL AND PINKIE, BART.

CHAIRMAN at LONDON—SIR WILLIAM DUNBAR, OF MOCHRUM, BART., M.P.

EDINBURGH, 82 Princes Street.

LONDON, 20 King William St., City, E.C.
DUBLIN, 57 Dame Street.

MONTREAL, Corner of Place d'Armes.
TORONTO, 70 Church Street.

THE LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND, founded in 1838, has an Annual Income of upwards of One Million Dollars, and possesses in its extensive business an element of safety and permanence not contained in smaller Institutions.

The ASSURANCE SCHEME (A.) of the Association, was commenced expressly with the view of reducing the expense of Life Assurance to the Policyholders, and has been eminently successful in that object. This has been accomplished by the following special arrangements:—

Divisions of Surplus or Profit.

An allocation of profit is made every year to all participating Policyholders of five years' standing at the preceding Annual Balance.

The Profit thus annually allocated to the Policyholders is handed to them in money on the payment of their next Annual Premiums. A considerable reduction of the Premiums is thereby effected, commencing with those due at the end of the Sixth year.

The annual Return of Profit thus made to Policyholders of a standing previous to 1855 has now gradually attained to 37½ per cent. on their premiums,—that is, a Policyholder whose premium is \$200, obtains this year a return from the Profits of \$75, and another whose premium is \$100, obtains \$37.50. These premiums, although originally moderate, have thus been reduced to less than two-thirds of their amount; while the later Policyholders have already obtained reductions of 25 and 27½ per cent.,—that is, they are this year required to pay only 75c. or 72½c. per \$1.00., according to their standing.

The Policyholders have, in this way, received in Cash, During their Lives, more than NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY THOUSAND DOLLARS, while the Representatives of deceased Policyholders have been paid upwards of TWO MILLION FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The following Table shews the accumulated amount of these Cash Bonuses, and will enable a comparison to be made with the Cash Payments, for which the Bonus additions of other Offices can be exchanged:—

Amount of Cash Bonuses on Policies of £1000. Stg.

Age at Entry.	24 Years' Standing. Opened 1816.	20 Years' Standing. Opened 1813.	15 Years' Standing. Opened 1818.	10 Years' Standing. Opened 1853.
30	\$1275.38	\$1024.23	\$621.78	\$306.45
40	1662.25	1334.90	\$10.38	399.41
50	2380.81	1912.20	1163.13	572.16

The Policyholders, if their lives be still assurable, may apply their share of the profits in effecting additional assurances. The sums assured may, thus, be largely increased without any increase of the outlay for Premiums.

Regulation for further Diminishing the Outlay for a Life Assurance.

THE following Regulation meets the views of those who desire to withdraw from their present means the smallest sum for Life Assurance.

Until the time when the premiums may be expected to be reduced by the application of profits, the Assured, for £500 Sterling, or upwards, may leave unpaid a considerable portion (One-third or One-fourth) of the premiums necessary to keep the policy in force. The unpaid part is allowed to remain in the hands of the Assured as long as he pleases, and he is not asked to pay interest thereon; but the amount, with accumulated interest, will be deducted from the sum assured at death.

New Entrants thus at once commence with payments considerably below the Tabular rates, and continue to make such reduced payments for six years, when they become entitled to reduction of the premiums by the application of profits. They will, nevertheless, receive the same benefits and the same share of profit, as if the full premiums had been paid. After each Table is noted the portion which may be left unpaid; and Specimens of payments for policies are given in Tables II and IV.

TABLE I.

For every £100 Sterling, payable at Death, whenever it happen—**WITH PROFITS.**

AGE.	Annual Payment for first Six Years.	*Reduced Premium.	AGE.	Annual Payment for first Six Years.	*Reduced Premium.	AGE.	Annual Payment for first Six Years.	*Reduced Premium.
20	\$7.03	\$5.86	34	\$10.09	\$8.42	48	\$15.75	\$13.14
21	7.22	6.00	35	10.40	8.68	49	16.36	13.64
22	7.40	6.17	36	10.62	8.86	50	17.03	14.19
23	7.61	6.35	37	10.95	9.13	51	17.70	14.76
24	7.79	6.49	38	11.19	9.33	52	18.41	15.35
25	8.01	6.67	39	11.55	9.63	53	19.14	15.96
26	8.25	6.88	40	11.90	9.91	54	19.89	16.59
27	8.50	7.08	41	12.28	10.24	55	20.68	17.23
28	8.74	7.28	42	12.69	10.58	56	21.48	17.90
29	8.98	7.48	43	13.14	10.95	57	22.33	18.61
30	9.13	7.61	44	13.60	11.33	58	23.22	19.34
31	9.31	7.77	45	14.09	11.74	59	24.10	20.16
32	9.55	7.97	46	14.64	12.20	60	25.22	21.03
33	9.83	8.19	47	15.19	12.65	&c.		

Premiums of or above \$20 may be paid half-yearly, at a small additional charge.

*The Reduced Premium at 6½ cents per \$1, after Allocation of Profits, and payable this year by the older Policyholders. The later Policyholders are required to pay 7½ cts. or 7 cts. per \$1, according to standing. (See "Divisions of Profit.")

The above Annual Payments for the first Six Years are Three-fourths of the full Premium, being all that need be paid for Policies of £500 Stg. or upwards,—the remaining third being allowed to remain unpaid as long as the Assured please. See above Regulations. The Assured may, of course, pay the full Premiums, and the full Premiums are required for Policies under £500 Sterling.

TABLE II.

Payments for Assuring various Amounts, with Profits, as in Table I.

Age.	£500 Stg.	£800 Stg.	£1000 Stg.	£1500 Stg.	£2000 Stg.	Age.	£500 Stg.	£800 Stg.	£1000 Stg.	£1500 Stg.	£2000 Stg.
20	\$35.16	\$56.21	\$70.26	\$105.42	\$140.53	42	\$63.45	\$101.47	\$126.83	\$190.28	\$253.68
22	36.99	59.13	73.91	110.90	147.82	44	68.01	108.77	135.96	203.97	271.93
24	38.93	62.29	77.87	116.80	155.73	46	73.18	117.04	146.30	219.48	292.61
26	41.24	65.95	82.43	123.68	164.86	48	78.78	126.05	157.55	236.34	315.12
28	43.67	69.83	87.29	130.97	174.59	50	85.16	136.27	170.33	255.50	340.67
30	45.62	73.00	91.25	136.88	182.50	52	92.04	147.22	184.02	276.06	368.04
32	47.75	76.41	95.51	143.26	191.02	54	99.46	159.14	198.93	298.39	397.85
34	50.49	80.79	100.98	151.48	201.96	56	107.37	171.79	214.74	322.11	429.49
36	53.11	84.92	106.15	159.26	212.31	58	116.06	185.66	232.07	348.12	464.15
38	55.96	89.55	111.93	167.90	223.87	60	126.11	201.72	252.15	378.26	504.31
40	59.49	95.15	118.93	178.42	237.86	&c.	&c.	&c.	&c.	&c.	&c.

The above are the Annual Payments for the first Six Years, and are **THREE FOURTHS** of the full Premiums, being all that need be paid until the Policies participate in the Profits. See Table I. (See also "Regulations for Diminishing Outlay and Division of Profits.") The Assured have, of course, the option of paying the full Premiums.

ASSURANCES may be effected so as that the sums **INCREASE** to **DOUBLE** their original Amount, while at same time the Premiums are reduced by Application of Profits. (See Tables III. & IV.)

TABLE III.
ASSURANCES WITH PROFITS,

Increasing to One-Half more after Ten Years, and to Double the Original Amount after Twenty Years,
Securing *INCREASE* of the Assurance with *REDUCTION* of Premiums from Profits.

ASSURANCE OF £100 STG., COMMENCING AT £50 STG.

Age.	Annual Payment for First Six Years.	* Reduced Premium.	Age.	Annual Payment for First Six Years.	* Reduced Premium.	Age.	Annual Payment for First Six Years.	* Reduced Premium.
20	\$5.27	\$4.95	32	\$7.02	\$6.59	44	\$9.57	\$8.96
21	5.40	5.07	33	7.22	6.77	45	9.85	9.25
22	5.54	5.19	34	7.40	6.94	46	10.13	9.51
23	5.68	5.31	35	7.61	7.14	47	10.46	9.81
24	5.82	5.46	36	7.75	7.26	48	10.78	10.11
25	5.96	5.60	37	7.95	7.46	49	11.11	10.42
26	6.13	5.76	38	8.11	7.61	50	11.47	10.74
27	6.29	5.90	39	8.34	7.81	51	11.82	11.09
28	6.45	6.06	40	8.54	8.01	52	12.18	11.43
29	6.63	6.23	41	8.73	8.23	53	12.57	11.78
30	6.73	6.31	42	9.05	8.48	54	12.93	12.14
31	6.86	6.43	43	9.29	8.72	55	13.34	12.51

Premiums of or above \$20 may be Paid half-yearly at a small additional charge.

* The Reduced Premium at 62yrs. per \$1. after Allocation of Profits, not payable this year by the older Policyholders. The later Policyholders are required to pay 72yrs. or 76yrs per \$1, according to standing. (See "Divisions of Profit.")

The above Annual Payments for the first Six Years are **TWO THIRDS** of the Full Premiums, being all that need be paid, for Policies of £500 Stg., or upwards—the remaining third being allowed to remain unpaid as long as the Assured please. The Assured may of course pay the Full Premiums, and the Full Premiums are required for Policies under £500 Stg.

TABLE IV.

Annual Payments for Assuring various Amounts, with Profits as in Table III.,
Increasing to One-Half more after Ten Years, and to Double the Original Amount after Twenty Years.
Securing *INCREASE* of the Assurance with *REDUCTION* of Premiums from Profits.

Age.	£1000 Stg. commencing at £500 Stg.			£1500 Stg. commencing at £750 Stg.			£2000 Stg. commencing at £1000 Stg.			Age.	£1000 Stg. commencing at £500 Stg.			£1500 Stg. commencing at £750 Stg.			£2000 Stg. commencing at £1000 Stg.		
	£1000 Stg. commencing at £500 Stg.	£1200 Stg. commencing at £600 Stg.	£1500 Stg. commencing at £750 Stg.	£2000 Stg. commencing at £1000 Stg.	£5000 Stg. commencing at £2500 Stg.	£7000 Stg. commencing at £3500 Stg.	£10000 Stg. commencing at £5000 Stg.	£1000 Stg. commencing at £500 Stg.	£1200 Stg. commencing at £600 Stg.		£1500 Stg. commencing at £750 Stg.	£2000 Stg. commencing at £1000 Stg.	£5000 Stg. commencing at £2500 Stg.	£7000 Stg. commencing at £3500 Stg.	£10000 Stg. commencing at £5000 Stg.				
20	\$52.68	\$63.19	\$79.00	\$105.32	\$263.29	38	\$80.89	\$97.18	\$121.45	\$161.93	\$161.93	\$404.83	\$514.18	\$661.67					
21	53.43	64.73	80.91	107.83	269.70	39	82.22	99.85	124.83	166.44	166.44	411.04	521.18	670.07					
22	55.31	66.35	82.93	110.60	276.46	40	85.21	102.23	127.87	170.49	170.49	426.18	537.82	690.77					
23	56.63	67.97	85.00	113.31	283.22	41	87.68	105.31	131.52	175.35	175.35	438.34	551.18	709.77					
24	58.07	69.67	87.11	116.15	290.31	42	91.23	108.33	135.37	180.47	180.47	451.18	563.82	729.77					
25	59.62	71.51	89.42	119.23	298.05	43	92.33	111.37	139.23	185.62	185.62	461.03	577.83	749.77					
26	61.20	73.41	91.76	122.36	305.87	44	95.69	114.70	143.36	191.18	191.18	477.83	591.77	769.77					
27	62.82	75.35	94.21	125.60	313.95	45	98.51	118.13	147.74	196.93	196.93	492.43	606.77	789.77					
28	64.49	77.33	96.73	128.96	322.42	46	101.39	121.67	152.60	202.77	202.77	506.51	621.77	809.77					
29	66.19	79.32	99.23	132.37	330.87	47	104.51	125.40	157.71	209.02	209.02	521.77	637.77	829.77					
30	67.73	80.63	100.82	131.40	335.91	48	107.76	129.29	161.61	215.51	215.51	538.72	653.77	849.77					
31	68.41	82.09	102.60	136.81	342.03	49	111.08	133.26	166.60	222.12	222.12	555.29	670.77	869.77					
32	70.16	84.19	105.24	140.32	350.89	50	114.56	137.49	171.87	229.13	229.13	572.55	688.77	889.77					
33	71.98	86.33	108.00	143.97	359.93	61	118.18	141.76	177.23	236.32	236.32	590.77	707.77	909.77					
34	73.97	88.73	110.92	147.92	369.74	52	121.33	146.18	182.70	243.61	243.61	609.77	727.77	929.77					
35	75.92	91.69	113.85	151.81	379.53	53	125.62	150.62	188.29	251.04	251.04	627.80	748.77	949.77					
36	77.54	92.50	115.99	151.66	386.61	54	129.37	155.25	194.05	258.74	258.74	647.86	770.77	969.77					
37	79.45	95.31	119.15	153.85	397.12	55	133.30	159.95	199.93	266.61	266.61	666.47	793.77	989.77					

The above are the Annual Payments for the first Six Years, and are **TWO-THIRDS** of the Full Premiums, being all that need be paid until the Policies participate in the Profits, when the Profits are applied in reducing the Premiums. (See "Regulations for Dismissing Out-lying and Division of Profits.") The Assured have, of course, the option of paying the Full Premium.

Special Privileges to Policyholders, not usually granted under Ordinary Assurances.

THE Policies do not contain several of the Restrictions commonly imposed on Assured Lives, and confer on the Policyholders unusual and important facilities and privileges. The Policies are thus more valuable as Provisions under Marriage Settlements, as Securities for Money, and for every other purpose, than the Policies of most other Assurance Offices.

ASSURERS have the choice of TWO SCHEMES.

ORDINARY ASSURANCE.

SCHEME (A)—By which the expense of Life Assurance is reduced to the lowest scale consistent with security, the Profits being applied in reducing the Premiums as above. The Policies are free from many of the usual restrictions, and become unchallengeable after five years.

UNCONDITIONAL ASSURANCE.

SCHEME (B)—Under which the Policies are in effect Non-forfeitable and Unquestionable. There are no restrictions as to residence or occupation. There are also other unusual privileges. This class is, however, not intended for persons residing in, or proceeding to, unhealthy climates.

DURING the 24th year of the Association, ending 5th April 1863, the

New Assurances were	1,357 for	\$3,003,243.66
The Total Assurances Transacted have been	17,475 for	\$37,593,377.63
The ANNUAL INCOME from PREMIUMS on POLICIES now in existence, and INTEREST, is		\$1,017,834.13
The TOTAL SUMS ASSURED paid to the Representatives of Deceased Policyholders are		\$2,438,200.02
The Total SUMS of PROFIT paid to the Policyholders in Cash during their lives, by Reduction of their Premiums, and otherwise, amount to		\$991,923.45
And the RESERVED and INVESTED FUNDS are upwards of		\$3,893,333.33

At the Annual Meeting, the following ALLOCATIONS of PROFIT were made to the ordinary Participating Policyholders in Class A. by way of reduction from the Premiums stipulated in their Policies, and falling due between 5th April 1863, and 6th April 1864, namely:—

IF OPENED on or before 5th April 1855.	— 37½ per cent.,	that is 37½cts. per \$1.
“ from 5th April 1855 to 6th April 1856.	— 27½ per cent.,	“ 27½cts. per \$1.
“ from 5th April 1856 to 6th April 1858.	— 25 per cent.,	“ 25cts. per \$1.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

CANADA.—MONTREAL.—OFFICE, PLACE D'ARMES.

Directors.

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THE

Canadian Patriot.

MONTREAL, MARCH 1, 1864.

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

THINGS NOTABLE IN THE CITY OF MONTREAL AS THEY STRIKE THE EYE OF THE PASSING STRANGER.

Of all the civilized cities of the world that we know, Montreal is perhaps the most difficult to describe. Turn which way we will, we meet with two antagonistic elements. On every hand there are the representatives of the past and the present exhibited to our view. Feudalism and democracy are continuously jostling against each other. In this respect Montreal may be likened to a living man carrying about with him a dead body, which is bound to his back by many cords.

The living man represents the commerce of the city, which bids fair to compete with that of any other community on this continent. The dead carcass which this living man is carrying about with him, represents the Corporation of Montreal. The former moves, and breathes, and has a being. The latter is only the relics of a thing of the past, which has long since lost all vitality. The great trouble is, that the living man cannot extricate himself from this body of death; but so it is. Here is a feudal Corporation overriding the energies of a city of the nineteenth century.

It is everlastingly beginning where other modern cities have long since left off. It

is always commencing to do that which every other city has passed through the process of undoing. It is continually building up, that which other cities have found it necessary to pull down. In these days of free trade, it has monopolized the sale of the people's food to its own shops. In these days of drainage, the absence even of a surface gutter leaves the filth to lodge and stagnate in many of the open streets. Now that science has developed the fact, that accumulations of putrid substances are dangerous to the health and lives of the people, and now that in all other cities the Sanitary laws, under heavy pains and penalties, compel the owners of property to fill up all cesspools, and from day to day to remove all offensive accumulations, the Montreal Corporation has only just passed a By-Law, commanding the owners of property in this city to construct cesspools at the back of every house, for the purpose of conserving these deposits. While the streets of most cities are swept nearly every day in the year, the scavenger is a name unknown in many of those of Montreal. While Macadamising and paving are the order of the day elsewhere, many of the streets of this city represent a continent of mud. While all new streets, laid out in other cities, are compelled to be about double or treble the width of ancient ones,

miserably narrow lanes are being laid out here. While elsewhere, every man before he begins to build, has to produce plans before the authorities shewing the size of each room, the open space of yard in the back for breathing purposes, together with the level of ground floor, &c., &c.; every man in Montreal, builds what seems right to himself, and hovels are erected at the back of the front houses as the habitations of men, without reference either to ventilation, drainage, or any other condition of health. In other cities, the houses are required to be kept up to the first floor upon a uniform level; but here, every man keeps his house either up or down to suit his own pleasure, and what is most absurd of all is, he is afterwards allowed to protrude out upon the footpath, to construct steps either up or down, as the case may be. As for these footpaths, in a walk of one-hundred yards you go over all conceivable gradients, made to suit the various levels of the houses. Then there are the incessant steps formed by the construction of cart ways to almost every other door. Sometimes the foot-path is a couple of feet above the level of the road, at other times the case is reversed. Now your foot has sunk down into a sort of bottomless gutter of mud at a crossing, again you descend through a rotten plank and find yourself fast in the stocks, or perchance treading heavily on the end of one of these loose deals, it springs up and gives you a lurch into the gutter.

The general apology for all this is "economy." "We are a new city and this is a young country, and we cannot afford to do any better." This excuse meets us at every turn. Now, what are the facts. Nearly every city in England has, of late years, under the Board of Health and other Acts, been remodeled. Cesspools have been filled up, drains have been constructed, streets have been paved, scavengers carts are at the doors of every house every morning, the streets are swept nearly every day, and yet, after paying the cost of all this, the average taxes of those cities for sanitary purposes, are no higher than those of Montreal, where there is the absence of drainage, and of the scavenger, and of the Macadamized road, and where, with the exception of a few streets, the whole may be described as a swamp. The question then arises, "if the burden of taxation is so heavy in the absence of all these conditions which constitute the modern city, what will it be when these essential requirements shall be carried out?"

We conclude our first sketch of "things

notable in the city of Montreal," by observing, that the Corporation that imposes these heavy taxes upon the people without conferring corresponding benefits, is the dead carcass which is bound fast on the back of the living man.

To be continued.

HEROD IN MONTREAL.

H. B. S.

"Quousque tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ."

From the statistics of the City mortality of Montreal for the year of grace 1863, we learn that out of a total number of deaths of 3560, 1760, or "very nearly ONE HALF were children under one year old;" and 1854 recorded under the head of "Infantile Debility."

When a dragon devoured youths and maidens in ancient times, somebody was always found to go out against him, and conquer him at last. We must not be less watchful, and devoted than our forefathers—we must rescue, or find some means of rescuing our youths and maidens from an early doom, for it is plain that there is some dragon lurking in our midst, some Herod of the nineteenth century issuing his mandate, or this prodigious sacrifice of budding life, this amount of killing could not go on, in a country where infanticide is not an institution. It is no use, my lady or nervous gentleman, to throw up your hands in disgust and say "Bah!"—Here is a stubborn fact for you to digest.

Now there is no creature so tenacious of life as a baby; those who know the creature best, say they never despair of an infant's life while it breathes, and most of us have witnessed some recoveries which are called miraculous. Nothing is so easily kept healthy and happy as a baby,—nothing so easily taken care of, merely by not interfering with the natural course of things; and it is precisely, because the natural course of things is interfered with, that infants die as they do. Medicine, for instance, may be called an interference with nature in every case, but the consequences of a yet worse disobedience may render physicking, the lesser of two evils on certain occasions. Remedies should rarely be needed, and of all remedial measures, swallowing drugs will some day be the last remedy to be resorted to.

We need say nothing of the practice of giving laudanum, paregoric, or other narcotics to infants, because all that can be said, has already been said, solemnly and vehemently, from one end of society to the other. Wherever an infant is to be found laid down, with a flannel steeped in cordial, stuffed into its mouth; or a bottle labelled "sleeping mixture," or "soothing syrup" on the mantel, it is an infallible sign of indisposition or apathy on the mother's part, to naturally soothe her offspring, or when we see the household, following their own notions (the mother obedient to the grandmother), diligently engaged in killing a baby by the use of drugs and quacking practices, as effectually as by a dram, we may set down that household as sunk so low in ignorance, that nothing can be done but through education; from the lowest point upwards.

Brain diseases seem to be the scourge of infancy in our time; far more so than of old,

when fevers seem to have prevailed. One fact is, we are less vegetative in our habits than our forefathers, and whatever may be the effect on our adult bodies and minds, let us at least consider those of our children. The racket and wear and tear of the brain, before it is fully grown; may account for a large proportion of the needless mortality which is our disgrace.—Formerly, children lived on from month to month, and from year to year, going through the same daily routine, sleeping in the same bed, fed on the same food—and regularly—and were thereby, more at liberty to profit by the natural change of the seasons, and of human life; their powers were developed in order, and every stage of life was fruitful in turn.—Now, some new nostrum is being daily tried; the little stomach is made a receptacle for every kind of sweets, from the arsenical green to the eye attracting red-lead; the little eyes are dazzled before the glare of gas-lights; and, (but more especially we are in justice bound to add among our neighbours across the line,) the prevalence of perambulators in which the unfortunate victims are propelled backwards through wind and frost, their bodies torpid, their limbs cramped, their lips blue, and countenances dead—all these have an appalling effect on the natural course of things in infantile life.

Again in infancy, the physical frame is liable to fatal mischief from the roving life of the present day; the youth and girl who are continually on the move, may, and usually do, turn out incapable of deep thought or feeling—essentially superficial; but the little one of the family is of weak intellect, or dwarfed, or rickety, or probably is in its grave; the natural place for the little mind is in a permanent home, where there are quiet times and shady places, for the repose of the sensitive little brain when it grows irritable. But it does not follow that the child itself should be quiet, except enough for its own good. It makes the heart ache, to read of children stepping about the house as if they trod on eggs, and speaking in whispers and knowing no games, nor the delight of a shout; the senses must be put early to use, to develop the brain equally: it is only through the sweet and merry entertainment of exercising the eyes on colours, forms and objects, and the ears among natural sounds, and the touch on all substances that come in the way, that the highest health can be attained—the elastic inexhaustible energy, which grows out of an active and well amused mind during its period of abode among the senses.

Scorfula in its various forms, dysentery, and falling away are three of the principal Herods of modern times; these may in most cases be traced to some laxity in the parent's past or present mode of living, chiefly excess in eating and drinking. When stimulants are made a necessary of daily use, when eating is the habit every two or three hours, and exercise neglected, Liver complaints and fevers afflict or carry off the parents, and child after child dies of diarrhoea, inflammatory attacks, or debility induced by poverty of blood, inherited from the parents.—The habitual use of stimulants, *however moderately*, acts upon the system after a certain time, in such a manner, that a wound or sore will be much longer healing in that system, than in an abstemious subject; and the former is more liable to fall a victim to an epidemic than the latter; if therefore the parent's body is in such

a susceptible condition, it stands to reason that the offspring must inherit a large proportion of that susceptibility. We do not refer to those who belong to the class "Intemperate," but a wiser man than the nineteenth century will ever produce long ago told us, that "a continual dropping weareth away stones." We know that among the Indians, the South Sea Islanders, and other tribes, until the barbarities accompanying civilization were introduced among them, an infant was never a helpless appendage, seldom or never afflicted with disease, and the age attained was much longer than at present.

The Miasma, or noxious gas arising from the slow decay of house refuse—vegetable peelings, and general rubbish which accumulates in yards during winter, is another fruitful source of infantile disease. As long as the chains of ice fetter that mass it is harmless; but when the Spring rains drench, the July sun swelters, and spontaneous fermentation is engendered in the 12 x 10 yard, then a pestiferous exhalation is given out, more condensed at night when the dew is falling, and thus forced as it were through every window, which the sleeper within had left open, to admit as he thought the pure air of the Summer evening,—an exhalation more inimical to human life than the fabled breath of the Dragon of Wharfedale, or of the monster, who gained our patron saint his notoriety. Hence the consumption, the pulmonary diseases, the febrile debility,—the funeral cortege—"hinc illa lacrymæ!"

In large towns in England there are one or more Health-Inspector's letter boxes, in which a note deposited and calling attention to a nuisance on any premises, meets with immediate attention; and unless remedied within twenty-four hours, the officer of the Corporation takes it in hand to remove the evil, at the expense of the owner, without the personal litigation of the neighbouring sufferers.—(We respectfully submit the idea to the Montreal Sanitary Board.)

The above are a few amongst the most active agents of our Herod.—Regarding the victims as civilians hereafter, we ought all to direct our influence to the encouragement of the supposition that human beings are born to live—it is a disgrace to society when children die *en masse*—it is a sure sign that the laws of nature are somehow violated. It was a maxim of the elder Bonaparte that "dirty linen should be washed at home;" that is the dirt kept out of public view; but when an evil is so palpable it must be brought before the public, for them to understand it, and apply the remedy.

MAN.—"Man," says Sir Thomas Brown, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, glorious in the grave; solemnizing natiivities and funerals with equal luster!" Thus spoke one who mocked, while he wept at man's estate, and gracefully tempered the high scoffings of philosophy with the profound compassion of religion. As the sun's proudest moment is the latest, and the forest puts on its brightest robe to die in, so does man summon ostentation to invest the hour of his weakness; and pride survives when power has departed.—H. B. Wallace.

—Many public men consider themselves the pillars of the state, who are more properly the caterpillars of the state, reaching their high position only by crawling.

Natural History Department.

THE ANIMALS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

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

CHAP. I.

Limitation of Species—Centres of Creation—Facts and Fiction—Fauna of America—Bats—Their Habits—The Shrew—The Mole—Anecdotes.

One of the most remarkable things that strikes even a casual observer in taking a view of the Animal kingdom, is, the manner in which species are distributed over the globe: but to understand this, it is necessary to look at the different influences which circumstances exercise over them. Each division of the world has a *fauna* (or group of animals) peculiar to itself, characterized by some remarkable species found there only. This has been termed the "limitation or colonization" of species, and has given rise to many theories;—one, affirming that each race originated in the spot destined for it; another, that the same country saw the birth of every distinct race, which migrating, and leaving no trace of their passage, colonized as it were, eastward and westward, and in the island groups of the Southern Ocean, as either place was best adapted for their development; while some again maintain that there was originally but one form created, from which all others have risen *ad infinitum*, being so changed by climate and circumstances, as to eventually cause distinct species generating fresh ones in their turn, and terminating with the human family as the masterpiece of this successive formation.

The most natural supposition is, that the all-wise Creator placed each species where it was permanently destined to live; and that from these different "centres of creation," combinations have so multiplied between contiguous regions, as to form the various races of animal life. When we find a country possessing a group or groups of animals not found elsewhere, we may at once set down that, as being the *centre of a peculiar creation*. In the location of many species, nature has placed various limits, and the spaces occupied by them are most unequal. For example; the Kangaroo and Ornithorhynchus are confined to New Holland; the grizzly bear to the Rocky Mountains; the Dodo, now extinct, to the Mauritius; whilst the Swallow, the Crow, and the Fox extend to every known region. The principal cause of "limitation" is doubtless, connected with the un-

equal temperature of localities; certain species which thrive in one climate, perishing under the influence of another;—also the nature of vegetation in one country, and the absence of it in another, as in the Polar regions, confining to the former the larger beasts of prey, dependent on herbivorous animals as their food, with the exception of, in the latter, those that subsist on fish. The number of species increase as we near the tropics, and there it is, where Nature has been most lavish in the diversity of life, beauty of colour, strangeness of form, and greatness of proportion. The present total number of *living species* which have been satisfactorily made out and ascertained, exceeds, according to Agassiz, 50,000!

If the time ever comes when the facts of natural history are given without the admixture of fable, then this branch of science will be more readily advanced in improvement than can be readily hoped for, so long as imagination is allowed to take the place of actual observation. Modern writers continue to intermingle so much of what is barely possible with the little attested, as to give an air of doubt to the whole. We are nearer the truth when we admit our ignorance, than when we embrace an erroneous hypothesis; for we have but to learn in the first case, when the truth is developed; and in the latter we have to unlearn before we can learn. This experience always proves to be the greatest difficulty to a learner. Some writers unable to ascertain, accept and publish to the world the information given by trappers and travelers, in which cases many errors may have arisen from the ignorance of the observer, though in addition to these errors of ignorance, there must be added a worse evil—viz: the love of the marvellous, which has contributed largely to false accounts. Godman, an American Naturalist, recites an instance of this, where a trader, having given a most fictitious account of the habits of the beaver to an ardent enquirer, who carefully noted all down, remarked on the departure of the latter, that, being so annoyed by a constant enquirer, he had chosen to get rid of him by this method, viz: appearing to tell him all he knew!—Such errors as this are great drawbacks to accurate students and delude the minds of learners. The injury which the mind receives from this source is scarcely appreciable, and the false notions we form concerning the plans of Nature, are not easily afterwards eradicated.

According to Buffon, the *fauna* of America is characterized by inferiority in size when compared with that of the Old World; on the other hand, it is the richest in species, none having yet been extirpated, possessing 557 mammalia, of which 480 are its own. One curious feature is, that no country has contributed so little to the stock of domestic animals, having furnished, with the exception of the Llama and the Turkey, no animal serviceable to man.—In connection with this, however, we must remark, that a common-place observer would be apt to imagine that the vast herds of wild cattle and horses which roam in thousands over the savannahs of Mexico, and the extreme Southern States, are indigenous; little thinking that the descendants of the few animals the Spanish conquerors permitted to run wild, resumed the originality of their species.

The object of these papers will be to enumerate all the species of animals of the Northern Continent of America, arranged according to Cuvier's system, with the introduction of incidents and peculiarities really authorized and reliable, and in many instances unknown to the majority of readers.

Passing over the first family (*Vimana*, *two-handed*) man,—and the second (*quadrumana*, *four-handed*) or monkeys, as wanting in North America, we commence with the third,—

Chiroptera, (*wing-handed*). The Bats.—Few if any of the individuals of the animal kingdom are so singularly and curiously formed as the Bat. It is described by an eminent writer as “holding a very equivocal rank in creation, and though having a marked resemblance to a quadruped, a great part of his life is spent in the air like a bird.” Instead of being oviparous or egg-laying, this is a lactescent, or milk giving animal; instead of living on grain, its food is flesh; and instead of being like a bird, a biped or two-legged animal, it is a quadruped in the true sense of the term.

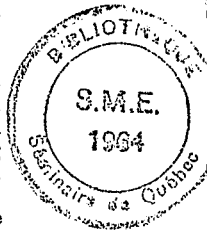
Great ignorance prevailed among the ancients respecting bats. Aristotle describes them as “birds with skinny wings!” Pliny asserts that they are “birds which produce their young alive, and suckle them;” while Aldrovandus, who always has something exquisitely graphic, places them in the same family as the Ostrich, giving as his reason, that “these two species partake equally of the nature of quadrupeds!” How, why, or from what similitude, he leaves an open subject.

The wings of the bat are formed by the extension of a fine membrane over the elongated fingers of the fore-legs, reaching as far as, and fastened to, or rather stretched over the hind-legs. As however the four fingers are involved in the membrane which forms the wings, only a little hook, called the thumb-nail, is left free. With this the animal suspends itself on any rough or uneven surface where it happens to alight; while the hind feet are also provided with claws, by which it hangs head downwards on the sides of chimneys, hollow trees, and roofs of caverns, a favorite resort; still and silent, sleeping or perhaps nursing its young by day, till the approach of evening, when it begins its excursions in search of food.

Having neither the disposition nor the power to exercise themselves by day, bats are strictly nocturnal animals, commencing their search after insects, soon after the swallow has quitted his operations for the day. Its motions, as it flits about in the dim twilight, seldom moving more than a few yards in a straight line, darting up or down, this way or that, instead of being for its mere pleasure, as many would suppose, are really its only means of procuring its living, since at every turn it seizes or attempts to seize some one of the insect tribe, which swarm under cover of darkness in the air. While on the wing it continually utters a low shrill cry, not unlike the squeaking of a mouse.

Naturalists have long since discovered by experiments, that bats deprived of sight, still avoided obstacles as perfectly as those with their sight entire, flying through small apertures only just large enough to admit them without touching; numerous small threads also were drawn across the room where the experiment was made at different angles, and still the blind bat would fly about in every possible direction without ever touching them. The vibration of the air striking against the impediment, was supposed to return a sound by which the animal was warned of its direction. But it has since been found that the destruction of hearing as well, made no difference in the facts, and the only theory that has been proposed to account for this curious circumstance is, that some peculiar sense is lodged in the expanded nerves of the nose.

No authentic records have ever come before the writer's notice of the Bat having been tamed; they seldom live any time in captivity, but will eat fearlessly and voraciously of raw meat; they invariably refuse the house-fly. There are a number of



American species, all agreeing very nearly in habits and form.

Insectivora (*Insect-eaters*) is the next order, comprising only the shrews and moles. The shrew mouse (*sorex*) or short-tailed shrew, is remarkable for its diminutive size and apparent helplessness, rarely showing itself by day. Measuring only $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, it may properly be considered the smallest mammiferous animal belonging to this continent: Although cats will destroy these little creatures with as great eagerness as they do mice, it is a well-ascertained fact that they will never devour them, probably from the strong musky smell they emit. They frequent the long grass in orchards, and the outskirts of gardens. The American mole is by no means to be confounded with its European namesake, the former being the *scalops*, or shrew mole of Cuvier, in contradistinction to the *talpa* or mole proper. The adaptation of the structure of animals to their modes of life, is perhaps in no instance more apparent than in the organization of this creature. Its short and strong fore-limbs, broad, firm feet, and powerful claws, pointed nose, of which the extremity moves in all directions, the round form of its body, and minute eyes, are all so befitting the place and manner of its life, that without the combination of these parts, it could never exist. His eyes are adapted to the mere perception of light, since distant vision would be useless to one living entirely under ground, and being so densely covered with a silky fur, are proof against the moist earth, through which it travels. Its sense of hearing is very acute, diving into the earth with a facility perfectly astonishing.

In the construction of its dwelling it displays much taste and judgment. This consists of a little hillock in some dry place, from which paths run in all directions, each terminating at the surface, where a small aperture is left. These paths, as well as the ground about its headquarters, are made solid by the continual passing of their inmates, so that they not only may not admit water during rainy weather, but serve also as a means by which they obtain their daily food, consisting of worms and insects, which finding their way into them cannot escape, and thus fall an easy prey.

All attempts at taming a mole have hitherto proved unsuccessful; we, however, subjoin the following account of one brought by some young people to the Rev. J. C. Wood, a naturalist. It ran about in a large box in which it was secured, with

great agility, thrusting its long and flexible snout into every crevice. A little earth was placed in the box which it entered and re-entered, scattering it tolerably evenly here and there, twitching every now and then with a quick convulsive shaking, the loose earth from its fur. It was unremitting in its efforts to get through the box, but the wood was too tough for it to make an impression; and after satisfying itself that it could not get through a deal board it took to attempts to scramble over the sides, ever slipping sideways, and coming down on its forefeet. Its sight and smell seemed to be practically obsolete, for a worm placed close to its nose was not detected; but no sooner did it touch one than in a moment it flung itself upon it shaking it backward and forward, till getting it fairly into its mouth, it devoured it with a greedy crunching sound.

Having heard from popular report that a twelve hours' fast would kill a mole, Mr. Woods resolved to try the experiment, so having dug a handful of worms he placed them in the box. In its movements backward and forwards it came upon this mass of worms, on which it flung itself in a paroxysm of excitement, pulling them about in every direction; at last having settled on one it commenced operations, the rest making their escape to the loose mould. Thinking it had now a sufficient supply, two dozen worms having been put in, Mr. W. shut up the box, which was not opened until the next morning. Twelve hours had elapsed since the supply was inserted but as it probably spent an hour in hunting for and devouring the others, eleven hours probably had only gone by since the last worm was consumed, but the mole was dead.

The extreme voracity and restless movements here recorded show its value to the agriculturist; for though generally considered a perfect nuisance in gardens and lawns, yet his destruction of worms and grubs might still show a balance in his favor: and in certain localities such as old rocky pastures, by throwing up and loosening the soil, and as a subsoil drainer who works without wages, it is of great benefit.

There is another species of this family, much more rare, the star-nosed mole, (*Condylura*) extending through Canada and the Northern States. The whole family pass their winters in a state of torpidity. Found about old buildings, fences, and stone walls, occasionally finding its way into cellars, where, if there is a

shallow vessel containing water or milk it will be sure to terminate its existence from its inability to escape, through clumsiness. There are one or two other species though rare; the whole family pass their winters in a state of torpidity.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETS AND POETRY ON THE USE OF INTOXICATING DRINKS.

BY G. MARTIN.

The most fascinating guise that any false sentiment can assume is poetry and song. The literate and the illiterate are alike liable to be misled by,—

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

If genius, true to its mission, always entwined itself around objects of truth and purity, heaven would have less cause for frowns. But we too often find it garlanding the most corrupt and lethiferous falsehoods that prey upon the credulity of man. In no instance is this fact more clearly exemplified than in the superabundance of witty, humorous, and rhapsodical poetry lavished upon the character of intoxicating drinks. It has been extolled as the *summum bonum* of sublunary existence. Whole crowds of poets and poetlings, eager to emulate the ancient Greek, Anacreon, have mounted his hobby, mistaking it for the real Pegasus, and by dint of whipping and spurring they have run it through a race course of centuries, delighted with their jockey caps and the acclamations of an infatuated world.

The whole earth provides only one true type of poesy, to wit: *a beautiful woman*. When such a being, whether virtuous and wise, or licentious and weak, plays the tempter, who can withstand her warfare? The ancients, "with unerring instinct," chose nine of Jupiter's fairest daughters to preside over poetry, and hence its influence ever has partaken, and ever will partake largely of the captivating graces of their sex.

As regards that coxcomb god, Apollo, his business was multifarious, and music and archery, it seems, occupied more of his attention than versé. If, as tradition affirms, he flayed Marsyas alive for daring to contend with him in music, he was too savagely inclined to inspire human souls with the magnanimous and merciful teachings of poetry. His causing Midas to receive a pair of ass's ears for preferring Pan's music to his, was less cruel. And we have reason to suspect that some of us moderns, even in Canada, who prefer the bacchanalian songs and spoutings of grog-

gery hells to the refining strains of the legitimate concert-hall, are, or ought to be, adorned with cranial appendages similar to those bestowed upon Midas. Folly is a disease which long continuance renders chronic, and it is almost useless to remonstrate with men who boast of their freedom, while, like the maniac, they are dancing in chains.

There is no record of human perversity more melancholy than the biographies of poets who have sounded the praises and suffered the treachery of alcoholic stimulants. Intellects of the first order, in the zenith of their glory, have been suddenly eclipsed by the poisonous exhalations of this burning "hell-broth;" and many of these illustrious subjects of king alcohol, like certain Japanese, have borne about them proudly to the last the sword of the *spirit*, with which they performed the "Happy Despatch." Custom,—custom is the rock on which whole fleets of bewildered mortals have been dashed to pieces. As the false prophet of Khorassan concealed his hideous features under a silver veil, on pretence that they were too luminous for mortal eyes to behold, in like manner error and infamy have endeavored, and still endeavor, to conceal the "time-honored custom" from fair observation. Notwithstanding the fact that the hand of science has removed the silver veil, and exposed the loathsome deformity of this custom, thousands still refuse to look, and turning their backs to the proof, exclaim, "we can't see it."

Poets are emphatically social beings; they sympathize with the *passional*, or *emotional* instincts, of human nature; they are the priesthood of the conventional usages of society; and wherever the madness of inebriety bears sway as one of these usages, poetical oracles are not wanting to invest the vicious practice with the "livery of the court of heaven." Let us designate a few of those sweet singers who have been broken on the wheel of their own election. Randolph, Parnell and Somerville paid the penalty of excessive drinking with their lives. Marlowe and Mattheaux were killed in a drunken broil. Fenton, we are told, drank two bottles of port in his easy chair every afternoon, till at a premature age,

"Death beckoned from the sable shore,
And grimly bade him—drink no more."

George Etheridge broke his neck in tumbling down stairs, while bowing his jolly companions out after dinner. We may add, without much danger of transgressing

the ninth commandment, that had Bacchus not been there to trip up his heels, his neck would have been spared. May, the author of the Breviary, retired to rest one night after a drunken debauch, and was found dead in his bed the next morning; whether from his night-cap having been tied too tight under his chin, as some have suggested, or from the effects of his libations, is left in charitable obscurity. We might cite examples such as these to almost any extent. Now, it were unjust to pour out unqualified censure upon these victims of a false sociality. In their time temperance literature had no existence. No Leagues nor Alliances, nor Sons of Temperance, nor Good Templars, shook the moral atmosphere with denunciations against the liquor traffic. They must not therefore be judged by the same standard that is applicable to writers of the present day. With the effulgence of the Temperance Reformation beaming over us, no plea of extenuation can be urged for any poet who now binds up the nettles of bacchanalian sentiment with his sheaves of song. Fame can no longer be shot down with a pot-house ditty; the day for such fire arms has departed. If Byron, Moore, and Burns, innoculated with the evil fashion of their times, loved their potations, and what is worse, praised them with a fascination of melodious numbers that has doubtless proved ruinous to thousands of their fellow beings, poets of this day must not imagine that they can commit the same error with impunity. Of the three named, Byron is the least guilty. But he prostituted his kingly genius to the creation of one drink-song, at least, which we well remember fired our imagination in boyhood, and made us long for the glory of getting drunk. Moore has dipped his chaplet in many a brimming cup; and we doubt not that the fatuity into which he fell in the latter days of his distinguished life was occasioned, or accelerated, by his previous excesses at the festive board. Here is a specimen of his verse :

"Fill the bumper fair,
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle."

What a seductive fallacy lies folded up in this silken language. We know that the wrinkles of care are ultimately deepened on both brow and heart by the bumper that the poet praises so lavishly. It is poor fiction that does not harmonize with reason, and worse still, if it tends to lead us into

temptation. Moore often jingled away in this style. We find no less than thirteen drink-songs in his Irish melodies alone. These are thirteen evil spirits let loose upon the world, seeking whom they may deceive. We grieve to be thus compelled to blame the bard. He is a favorite author, and we know, as all the world knows, that his poetry breathes the aroma of an exquisite inspiration. But all poetry and all prose must, sooner or later, be brought to the test of truth. Beauty itself is "a joy forever;" but no amount of beauty can preserve a false, or corrupting sentiment, from final decay and oblivion; it may be so embalmed with the sweet and mystical antiseptics of poetry as to defy the power of dissolution for centuries, but, like an Egyptian mummy, it will cease to influence the living world otherwise than as a curiosity of the past. Anacreon's praise of the wine-cup is of this stamp; if not already mummified, it has ceased to convince students that the minstrel of the "Teian measure" is a model of Philosophy, and a safe guide to happiness. Moore's melodies were confessedly written for the "piano fortes of the rich and educated;" and we may well conceive that their influence with this class in perpetuating the use, and consequent abuse, of spirituous and fermented liquors has been very extensive. The degradation and vulgarity inherent in the tipping system, disgrace at this day the halls and porticoes of high places. *Gentlemen* take no pains to conceal their muddling practices, and ladies in rustling brocade, and studded thick as night with stary gems, seek support from Corinthian columns and marble mantle-pieces; the lips whose fragrance should be as pure as that of rose leaves, exhale the rankness of the distillery, and the wine-cask. Alas! for appetite!

What the bacchanal songs of Moore have been to the patrician, those of Burns have been to the plebian class of society. In his own country the poems of Burns are more thoroughly read, and certainly much better understood, than the Bible, and we believe it has been pretty clearly established that Scotland consumes more alcoholic drinks in proportion to her population than any other country in the world. Who will venture to contend that the false logic of Burns, in so far as it relates to drinking, has not been most potent in augmenting and perpetuating this calamity? When celebrating the frenzied power of the bottle, his brilliant wit and inimitable humour play upon the waves of death with such

brightness, it is but little wonder that thousands are tempted to plunge in headlong to learn if, peradventure, they may not realize the promised elysium. Those who take that plunge and dive deep, find, when too late, that the tide which flowed with such lustre is bitter to the soul as the waters of Acheron. No one ever learned this lesson at greater cost than the poet himself. In a letter addressed to a lady friend on his partial recovery from a drunken revel, we find him holding forth in the following words:

"Madam, I dare say this is the first epistle you have ever received from this nether world. I write from the regions of hell, amid the horrors of the damned. The time and manner of leaving your earth, I do not exactly know, as I took my departure in the heat of a fever of intoxication, contracted at your too hospitable mansion; but on my arrival here I was fairly tried and sentenced to endure the purgatorial tortures of this infernal world, for the space of ninety-nine years, eleven months and twenty-nine days, and all on account of the impropriety of my conduct yester-night under your roof.

"Here I am, laid on a bed of furze, with my aching head reclining on a pillow of ever-piercing thorns; while an infernal tormentor, wrinkled, and old, and cruel—his name, I think, is Recollection, with a whip of scorpions, forbids peace or rest to approach me, and keeps anguish eternally awake."

The above may be regarded by some as merely a piece of apologetic pleasantry; but we believe it is a very correctly painted picture of the sequel of a drunken revel. Poor Burns! our dearly beloved poet, had he understood or foreseen the ruinous consequences of his bacchanal lyrics, he would have pulled his tuneful tongue out by the roots rather than have perpetrated such a wrong on his country, and on the world. A nobler soul never trod the earth. A scorn of all that is selfish, haughty and hypocritical, runs through his writings like a stream of fire; and a tenderness of heart, like the out-welling of a seraph's love, characterizes his philanthropic muse;

"Swan of the Nith! if aught in thee
Sullied thy whiteness, none should see
The blemish; men should view like me
Thy life's short dream,
And let thy faults like swans feet be
Lid in the stream."

Yes, let these faults never be exposed for the purpose of defaming the poet; but

only to warn society against imitating the cacoethes of his times.

The celebrated Glasgow poet, Alexander Smith, has introduced in his *Life Drama* a bar-room ketch levelled directly against the "cold water army." We extract a few of the lines:

"A fig for a draft from your crystalline fountains,
Your cold sunken wells,
In mid forest dells,
Ha! bring me the fiery bright dew of the mountains,
When yellowed with peat reek and mellowed with age;

O, richest joy giver,
Rare warmer of liver,
Diviner than kisses, thou droll, and thou sage."

Now that will pass for poetry, notwithstanding its bold sophistry, just as a handsome woman when tipsy is still a woman, and commands the admiration of men. This, we think, is Alexander Smith's first and only tribute to Bacchus; and let us hope it will stand as his last. Indeed, such a genius as he possesses is too sublime—too much akin to the spirit of beauty, to stoop more than an instant to mask the abominations of alcohol with ideal virtues. What a responsibility rests upon gifted writers! Thoughts are not confined to one spot of earth, at one time, like men, nor do they die like men. They are enthusiastic—possessing, to a certain extent, the divine attribute of omnipresence. Like the winds of heaven they are omnivagant. The poet, therefore, who consciously gives utterance to a pernicious sentiment, is false to his God, and false to mankind. In a bacchannalian song, he lets loose a wild beast on society, whose roar is heard in tap-rooms, in squalid hovels of the poor, in the rooms of students, and in the gorgeously furnished mansions of millionaires—even in the palaces of kings. He ought to consider that his wild beast of a song, snaps the bread from the infant's hand, and leaves it to die of starvation; tears the dress from the mother's back, and leaves her to perish of cold; seizes with its frothy fangs the father's throat, and maintains its gripe till the last quiver of life leaves his heart. This is neither fiction nor exaggeration;—when it is considered that in thousands of families a song book, and perhaps a Bible and prayer-book, constitute the entire library, the influence of even a single song can hardly be over estimated. In many countries of Europe, especially, hundreds of thousands are unable to read either song book or Bible. But they are not without their literature, for all that. Old songs that have floated down on the breath of

generations from a remote period—orphans of unknown parentage, and legendary tales, speak kindly to them in their hours of toil and privation, and shorten the length of many a winter night, when youths and maids, and old cronies, meet together for mutual pastime. Think you, candid reader, that among such people the glowing affatus of a clever drinking song does not tend to entice them to drunkenness? Their faith is strong and simple, and eager in the reception of every thought which comes to them clothed in beauty. They accept the traditionary lore of their fore-fathers, whether songs or tales, as a truthful revelation. And in this they only manifest the eternal longing of the human heart for a Supreme Instructor, for some voice that can enlighten and render more clear the mystery of life and death.

Now, as every thought received into the mind and nurtured there, prompts to some practical end, the danger of "evil communications," is apparent.

American poets have laid but few offerings on the shrine of Bacchus. We know of but one in fact, namely, Hoffman, who has bowed the knee to the rosy-god, and this too only in one instance. We remember being not a little amused, some years ago, by reading in a New York paper, a doleful complaint, made by one of Hoffman's admirers in reference to his well-known song. The sympathetic friend complained that the temperance people had dressed it up in motley so often, had made so many parodies from it, that the original was disgraced, and concealed from view. We fancied that we could see the condoling worthy, sitting with his "gin cook-tail," or "brandy-smash," before him, warming up his indignation, as he wrote, with liberal draughts from the precious liquid. The temperance community, at least, are familiar with the first words of this sadly-abused song:

"Sparkling and bright in the liquid light."

Bryant, Longfellow, Halleck, Willis and Pierpont have drawn their inspiration from purer fountains than a rum cask, and we are not aware that any of our Canadian poets have gone astray in this direction. These are pleasing omens of a good time coming.

The fate of Edgar A. Poe stands out with spectral solemnity as a warning to all American poets. Possessing a soul attuned to the highest perfection of accordant numbers, and an intellect that could create and dissolve at pleasure worlds of ideal

amazement and horror—a visionary of the wildest range, and a logician of the sagest acuteness—this mighty genius, in the plenitude of his power, was obliged to succumb to the demon that held him fast. Alcohol marked him early, and conquered the conqueror of many a poetling, and many a prosing scribe.

In concluding our paper, we may congratulate ourselves on this, that the romance and poetry of wine-bibbing are gone forever. No incantation, no rhapsody, no fustian, can reconcile the world much longer to the imposition that alcohol, in whatever guise it may appear, is other or less than a juggling fiend. The stupid veneration with which it has been regarded so long is fast ebbing away from the human mind. If modern poets had followed the example of the sublime Homer, who makes his hero, Hector, a despiser of the wine-cup, the world would have more reason to bless their labors, and we would have found no field for our humble attempt to bring to light one of the causes that has promoted and prolonged the insane custom of using intoxicating beverages.

THE COMMERCIAL ROOM.

THE PROCEEDS OF ONE NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

(Continued.)

To my subject. The picture has its bright as well as its dark side, and it is but fair that you should see it. "Good Company" has its joys and its happy nights in "The Commercial Room" over "The Bottle." Let me, instead of giving you isolated instances of ruin or a fearful aggregate, give you, as the concert people say, "the proceeds of one night's entertainment"—one happy night out of many. I remember that night well. The earlier part had been, as usual, spent in rational converse. The dividing point of time had arrived; and the temperance men—good-for-nothings, those who think of their heads in the morning, those who wish to get on in the world, and strangers, had rung for bed-room candles and slippers, and were bidding "Good-night, a long good-night," to these time-scorning "Marmions," social souls, "Good Company," who remained to have one bottle, and one more happy hour at least. "Good-night," says prudent diffidence, "I must be up in the morning;" besides, I am not "Good Company." "Pull the bell," says clever confidence; "I can make up for lost time; and

'The best of all ways to lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night.'

But what young man of spirit could go to bed while the glasses sparkle, and everything beckons to enjoyment? See the waiter dressed in white, as an emblem of innocence, and skipping about as nimbly as if he were "Jack-in-the-Box," let out of the box to exercise himself after a breakfast of quicksilver.

Who would go to bed? There's Edwards in

the chair; Edwards, the happiest, merriest, jolliest, cleverest, and best fellow on the road; the prince of wits; the very soul of social glee; the embodiment, the quintessence—in a word, the *beau idéal* of "Good Company;" down to every move on the carpet; a better punster than Tom Hood (clever as he was at "driving words in double harness"); sings like anyone, from Sims Reeves to Sam Cowell, and drinks like, like—no, there's no simile—drinks like nobody but himself—who has laid whole generations under the table, and half a generation under the grave-sod; nobody's enemy but his own; he never knew but one love and one hate—the love of "Good Company," and the hydrophobic hate of water. I never knew the equal of Edwards;

"His mind was an essence, compounded with art,
From the finest and best of all other men's powers;
He ruled like a wizard the world of the heart,
And could call forth its sunshine or bring down its showers."

Happy Edwards! "Come, boys," he says, "pass the bottle; pleasant dreams to our departed friends, 'who have flown up to Saturn's comfortless sphere'—a bed-room, to wit. Sensible fellows! but we must do without them.

"O think what a world we should have of it here,
If the foes of good company, liquor, and glee
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth full of spirits to you, boys,
and me."

Moore slightly altered, and greatly improved, gentlemen: he wants it. His frontispiece should be embellished with cuts, for never singing the praises of any stronger drink than wine. If we fine him a round, we shall have to fine him a second time; that will be refining, what all Irishmen want. After all he was a gentleman, a fair song-maker, and no teetotaler: so

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore."

This is meant to bring out a clever Irishman, who, having been curing himself all day with whiskey, is just pretty well enough to return thanks, "unaccustomed as he is to public spakin'," &c. &c., for the kind and flattering manner in which they drink the health of Ireland's brightest *Janus*, Tom Moore, &c. Then, to prove that all his country's poets don't go to the "Helicon fount" for mere wine, he sings

"THE CRUISKEEN LAWN."

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his bounds,
And boast of all the valiant deeds they've done;
But I, more bless'd than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my smiling little Cruiskeen Lawn.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus! God of Wine,
Create me by adoption your son;
In hopes that you'll comply
Ne'er to let my glass run dry,
My smiling little Cruiskeen Lawn.

And when grim Death appears,
After few but happy years,

To tell me my glass is run,
I'll say, begone, you knave!
For kind Bacchus gave me love
To take another Cruiskeen Lawn."

Bravo! bravo! But Edwards is not satisfied. He has only drawn out the sunny side of the Irish character. He must have a storm. "A toast, gentlemen!" and Edwards gives, with a peculiar emphasis and a look towards the Hibernian, "May the friends of an Irishman lie thick in the ground." The Celtic blood is up! Will such a bigoted toast be drunk? Is his country to be insulted; the country of a Brian Boru, of a Grattan, a Saurin, a Flood, a Wellington, and an O'Connell; the right arm of England, that sends to the Saxon her best statesmen and heroes, to say nothing of the shiploads of cows and pigs, and beef and bacon? "Gentlemen, here's

'Ireland as she ought to be—
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the say."

Drunk with applause. Edwards wonders what its all about, and makes the mountain of Irish eloquence produce a mouse, by explaining that, by the "friends of an Irishman," he meant the potatoes, and he always thought that the thicker they lay in the ground the better. A true Irish shake-hands, and a round, with *Ceade mille yaiite*.

The spirit of song is national; and the Scot gives that master of all bacchanalian songs, "O Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut." "Weel, lads, you canna say that Burns was nae a true drink poet; the best that ever sung the praises o' John Barleycorn, accompanied wi' practical illustrations in the noble art o' drinking.

'A round; I ask it wi' a tear,
'To him, the bard, that's far awa;'

Aye, far in the land o' the leal, the land o' poets and o' whiskey. Burn's health! Round with the bottle!"

The Welshman sings the praises of *cwrw da*; (good beer,) for Wales, too, has her poets, who can sing the praises of drink as well as of Owen Glyndwr or Llewellyn. "John Parry's health!" John Bull is not behind in the race for vocal honours.

"With his glass in one hand, and his pipe in the other,
He drinks to each neighbour and friend."

Let me not forget the chairman's song, "Jolly Nose;" but the words fail to describe that piece of fiery flesh upon his own face, red enough to be dangerous in a powder magazine. It would puzzle any student of *nosology*, and give a teetotaler the horrors; but for want of a more comprehensive term, we must still call it Edwards' nose.

"He who viewed it across a broad glass,
Beheld it in all its perfection,
And to the pale snout of the temperate ass
Entertained the profoundest objection."

A toast! Edwards' "Jolly Nose!" drunk with all the honours.

Now, hear them discuss the merits of their respective national bards! Moore and Lover, Byron and Tennyson, Burns and Tacahill, Hughes and Parry: there's aptness of quotation! there's power of memory and play of fancy! You may hear Ovid and Anacreon quoted there

**ARGOLICE*, a glass of the best.

too, and hear Byron's "Don Juan" comparing notes with Ovid's "Art of Love."

Who would go to bed? But the company can boast a young poet of its own, a favourite disciple of Edwards', one in whom he delights, and upon whom he wishes his mantle to fall: for his years, he can earn as much, spend as much, drink as much, and write and sing as much as any on the road. "Replenish glasses for Burn's last new song;" and he gives, to a tantivy air,

THE TRAVELLERS STYLE.

The glories of a traveller's life,
Come let us drink and sing;
No taxes, no domestic strife,
A cosmopolitan kiug;
Old friends in every town to meet,
Old loves with witching smile;
What style of life on earth can beat
A traveller's dashing style?

Then let's be merry,
While travelling to Charon's bleak ferry,
Where, when we arrive,
Our spirits shall strive,
To make the old waterman smile;
And, crossing the Styx,
Though we laud at Old Nick's,
Let us still keep up traveller's style.

No men of holy orders we,
Although we orders take:
Our business is so orderly,
One scarce can be a ruke:
But yet, 'twixt even' and broad daylight,
We always find a while,
To sanctify the social night,
And to keep up a traveller's style.

Then let's be merry, &c.

Bravo! "That's the style," says Edwards: "any one who wants to drive a good song trade should put a sample of that in his case—worth a guinea a-yard; Homer never manufactured an article like it; and, if I go to take orders for poets, I shall take Burn's as a sample." Bumpers again! How the circling fluid warms their congenial hearts, and opens the flood-gates of speech and fancy!

"Come, gentlemen, if you forget your own interest, don't forget the interests of the house: put the initials of Moll Thompson's name on the bottoms of your glasses. Now, that's business."

"Gentlemen, you are aware that our friend is in the spirit trade, and wants to do all he can before the teetotalers and Maine-Law men send his occupation to look for Othello's."

"Should that day ever come, I'll tell you how you may do a good day's business."

"How?"

"You're in the drapery trade, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Then the day that the trade in strong drink is abolished lay in a stock of mourning goods, all deep black, and drive (though it may be a little before your time) straight to the lower regions; for the devil and all his imps are sure to go in mourning."

"Thank you; but when that time comes we may not be so much inclined to do business with his satanic majesty as at present."

"Perhaps, like the teetotalers, he knows you too well to have anything to do with you."

"Why I thought they refused no sort of a man?"

"No; but he broke the pledge so often, and went so often drunk to the meetings, that they said he wasn't a man at all—nothing but a brandy-cask in the shape of a human being—and would have no more to do with him, fearing he'd get at his old tricks again."

"Bother me," says the Irishman, "if he's not as bad as the soldier that was a cow! I'd tell you the story, only I'm too drunk."

"Let's have it."

"Well, you see, a farmer, a countryman of my own, had a cow, and, like myself, he had a strong belief in the doctrine o' purgatory;—gentlemen, if you laugh that way, I'm sure to make a bull of it; you shouldn't laugh, for it's a decent convenient sort o' belief—a sort of half-way house, as the teetotalers say about moderation;—but along with this he believed that after death the spirits of men went into bodies o' different shapes and animals o' different sorts. Well, learned people say it was the doctrine o' Pythagoras and other ancient philosophers or fools, and was called—'Metempsychosis' (aye, that's it), or the transmigration of souls, I believe. Well, a thief and a drunken soldier took up their lodgings one night in the cow-house, unknown to the farmer. In the mornin' the thief stole away the cow, and, for a lark, left the halter o' the cow around the neck o' the drunken soldier. When the farmer came into the cow-house, and saw the soldier lying where the cow ought to be, with the halter about his neck, he looked as if he couldn't help it. Well, says he, recoverin from his fright, 'If you're my cow I've lost my eyesight and my senses, and if you're a soldier I've lost my cow; so I'm the loser somehow or another. But I'll spake to you anyhow: in the name o' all that's natural and unnatural who or what are you? if you're a man spake, and if you're a cow roar. Tell us, are you a soldier or are you a cow? or may be you're some poor wanderin spirit from purgatory, condemned to take different shapes! Spake, anyhow, and take me out o' suspise.' The soldier was, after sleepin, himself sober enough to see the fix he was in, and how to get out of it. So he says 'hush! you're right! I am a poor wanderin spirit, doomed to wander about in the shape of a cow, for the thricks I was guilty of in the army, before I died; but my time is up now, and if you're satisfied to let me go, I'll have a chance to do better; if not, I must turn into a cow again afore your eyes.' 'Oh! good luck to you, you poor unfortunate crather!' says the farmer, 'go about your business; sure, poor as I am, I wouldn't keep a human bein in such a nasty state for the world; but mind! you're gettin a chance now to do better, but if you get at your owid thricks again, they'll be after turnin you into a cow, as fresh as ever.' Next day, when the farmer went to the fair, to buy a cow, in place o' the military brute, the first that was offered to him for sale was his own cow. Did't he stare! 'Oh! by this and that!' says he, 'the soldier has been at his owid thricks already, and they've turned him into a cow again. Serve you right you blackguard o' the world, that couldn't behave yourself for one night, after all you suffered!' 'Neighbours,' says he, 'have nothin to do wid that vagabond of a baste, he's nothin in the world but a soldier in the shape of a cow; and

there's no use in thy'nin to do anything for him, because the mitn he gets the chance he'll be at his ould tricks agin."

"That's the end of the cow's tail! But I forgot to tell you that the farmer found it all out after, and ever since he says, that he'll never believe again that there was ever a beast in the form of a man, and that no matter how beastly the condition a man may be in, even with a halter about his neck, *that he's a man after all, and no beast.*"

"Well, the soldier and the cow is about the topper of all cock-and-bull stories. Your health, Murphy! May you have as many stories in you as one of the high houses in Edinburgh!"

"I thank you, I have as many flats about me already."

"That's flattering!"

"Gentlemen—if any man that puns may be called a gentleman—allow me to remind you that this punning is decidedly low and unparliamentary, and, in fine, punishable."

"Well, it is only seeing two meanings in one word."

"You did not learn that habit amongst the teetotalers; they never see double."

"Hang the teetotalers!"

"That will be something new. I never heard of one being hung yet. I should like to know how many teetotalers there are in our jails. It could easily be found out; if, instead of asking how many prisoners could read and write, the authorities would try to ascertain how many drank intoxicating drinks, and how many did not, I fancy it would be more to the purpose."

"By Jove! I don't think there would be a dozen found in all the jails, hulks, and asylums in England! Why all prisoners are teetotalers; I know it; and they generally manage to live their time out, and improve in health into the bargain. But how many were teetotalers before going to prison? As usual, they are made teetotalers when the mischief is done. All cure; no prevention."

"Gentlemen, I move, as an improvement upon the subject, that we drink a health to all good lasses—barmaids, &c., included."

"Mr. Burns won't drink that. He was a prisoner at the bar of the 'King's Head,' for weeks. Kitty, the barmaid, had enchanted him, and was his keeper; and it took his horse, watch, and a few sample shawls to pay the expenses of his confinement. He turned teetotaler after that; swore Kitty was a sho Pluto, instead of a Venus; read Ovid's 'Cura for Love,' 'The Man-hater,' and Zimmerman's 'On Solitude,' and wrote a parody on Sam Lovers's 'Low-backed Car,' and got his face well slapped for singing it."

"Let us have the parody, Burns."

"O willingly! it may save others from being foolfied."

THE PRIVATE BAR.

When first I saw Miss Kitty,
It was on a drinking-day,
Within her private bar she sat,
And smiled so sweetly gay;
But when the waiter, active lad,
Fresh orders in would bring,
As she left her chair, how smart the air
Of the charming maid I sing.
O she shone in that private bar!
Of landlady's daughters the star,
That guides men the way

To spend, night and day,
Time and health, in her private bar.

In tap-room's wild commotion,
There's many a row and scar;
But all is quite respectable
And decent in the bar,
Where Kitty, artless creature,
Gets gents who're "wide awake"
To pay for rounds and to spend their pounds
For her and company's sake,
While she sits in her private bar,
More cruel than tyrant czar,
For he slays but his foes,
While Kitty slays those
Who are friends to herself and bar.

Miss Kitty, in her bar, airs,
Has strings of human geese,
"In feather and "respectable,"
Just fit to stand a fleece;
Of course there's all good fellows,
Well worth a smile and wink,
And worth her pains are Kitty's gains
On what good fellows drink.
She has tact for the private bar.
"Sir, did you say a glass and cigar?"
"Kate, you look most divine."
"Sir, did you order wine?"
That's the style of the private bar.

I would not own that bar, Sirs,
With all the inn beside,
With its stock-in-trade and brisk barmaid,
E'en if she'd be my bride;
For I wouldn't sell a poison
To a brother man for gain,
To ruin his health, his hope, and wealth,
And body, and soul, and brain!
O away with their private bars!
Let the cry of reform reach the stars!
Many hearts will beat high,
Many lips cease to sigh,
When we've done with their private bars.

"That's a libel. Burns. It is quite plain that you were under the impression that you were or ought to have been the only favourite, whereas a good business barmaid is understood to have at least a dozen at once. Like the mermaid, she has a double duty to perform in her official capacity."

But young Mr. H— is drinking nothing, and the chairman observes it. [Mr. H— is a young man of promise, on his first or second journey, and unaccustomed to drink more than a friendly glass or so.]

"Order for the chair!"
"Mr. H—," says Edwards, "you're a teetotaler, I see."

"Oh no, sir, not a teetotaler! neither I nor any of my family, thank God, have ever had any necessity to be that; but I have not been accustomed to drink much."

"Mr. H—, I once had a friend very like you; young, clever, handsome, active, intelligent, and who would have been the best of 'Good Company,' but that all his good qualities were eclipsed by one unpardonably bad one, and for which we had to send him to Coventry."

"What was that, sir?"
"Why, sir, in a company, he could never take his glass like a man!"

Poor H— feels rebuked, promises amendment, and, as a proof of his sincerity, he drinks

a few glasses. By-and-bye he takes a few more; but as he is not given to drinking, and as he nor any of his family ever had any necessity to become teetotal, of course there's no fear of him. With the excitement, however, and the few glasses ("nothing to do any one any harm") his head grows sick, and he goes out to take a short walk in the open air. He means to return shortly; for who could remain long absent from such "Good Company?" He goes forth into the broad street of the large town, which, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, is far from presenting an aspect of loneliness. The shops are closed, and the business of the day is over; but not so the business of the night, by which nearly half as many live, and ten times as many die. Here and there a solitary light gleams fitfully from the chamber of some poor midnight student—"some child of genius who will win a name, despite those twin-gaolers of the daring mind—low birth and iron fortune;" perhaps from the chamber of some over-worked mechanic, or some toil-worn needlewoman, singing "The Song of the Shirt"—"sewing at once, with a double thread, a shroud as well as a shirt," and exclaiming, "O God! that bread should be so dear, and human life so cheap;" or that light may gleam from the chamber of some sentimental miss, who wastes her time and tears over the imaginary sorrows of some penny novel "Writer;" likelier still from the chamber of sickness or death; but likelier still, and likeliest of all, it gleams from the chill, foodless, and fireless chamber of some drunkard's wife or mother, who sits in patient sorrow awaiting the return of a drunken husband or son, who, if he come at all, if he leave his "Good Company," may come to repay her solicitude with an oath and a blow.

Walk on, young man! you have never before been out so late in the streets of a large town; you have much to see and learn to become a man of the world. Would that our law-makers, divines, scholars, philanthropists, and our glib writers of drawing-room experience could see some of what you shall see to-night! Good people! of the day-light doings of strong drink they know a little; but of those things that the moon sees, that God sees, they know almost nothing; and the remedies they propose attest their blissful ignorance.

Make way for those swaggering fops! they belong to the independent order of do-nothings; fast young gentlemen, whose fathers provide them with homes and money to drink. They have got latchkeys in their pockets—those "Open Sesames" of dissipation—return tickets for the pleasure-trip of destruction. That's why they sing "We won't go home till morning." Shame! see how they jostle off the path that poor old ragged drunkard, who has just been kicked out of a low tap-room, after spending his last copper! aye, that's why he was kicked out, together with his impudence in asking permission to sleep under a form till morning. Ah! these young swells should not use him in that manner, nor would they but for the accursed drink: he was once a gent like one of themselves, with riches and friends too.

"Now, poor old sot,
Your friends avoid you: brutishly transformed,
They hardly know you; or, if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
Despised, unwept, you fall."

He, too, often sang. "I won't go home till morning" when he had a good home to go to. Now he has none. Stay! I'm wrong; the policeman will find him a home; he saw him fall. What right has a starved old wretch like him to drink, or to fall when gentlemen push him? There! how he kicks him along to the station! What a lark for the swells! To-morrow morning, weak, shivering, blear-eyed, and loathsome, he will be lectured, reprimanded, a temperance lecture read to him, and sent to a prison-cell by a worthy and consistent magistrate, who then turns round to grant new licenses for more drink-shops, and to scout the Utopian doctrines of Total Abstinence.

Go on, young man! when you went to travel you wished to see life. Go on! you are seeing it. How pleasantly drunk that man in the middle of the street is! This was his society's club-night, and the meetings are of course held in a public-house. Perhaps that is a friend of his who has just picked him up, and is now taking him home. Friend! home! he is a midnight prowler, who lives by plundering fools and drunkards: he was honest once, before the drink made him what he is: he take him home! he will take him to the first dark entry; there rob and strip, and leave him in the cold, to catch rheumatism that will send him groaning to die in an infirmary or union; his sons to thieving, and his daughters to prostitution. Oh! heavens, what a mass of infamy must this world appear to the pure, silent moon, who sees but the dark and drunken side of it!

On still, young man! don't stop to decide the dispute between these well-dressed young fellows under the lamp, who pretend to toss for a bottle of wine with a sovereign: they are counterfeits—swell-mobmen; the very sovereign is a counterfeit; their object is to get you to a night-house, to drink share of the wine, to drug your drink, and rob you.

Go on, young man! Vice and wealth (principally traffickers) barter at every corner: temptations thicken around him: painted jzebels (blobs on the escutcheon of womanhood) accost him at every step; but he is virtuously inclined, and has had a pious mother; his face is still wet with her parting tears; his hands still gaw with the warm pressure of his father's parting grasp, and in his ears still echo his last caution and advice; his cheek is still warm with the kiss of a virtuous sister, and of one even dearer, to whom he has promised fidelity through life, and who has given him her virgin heart; nay, more, he has his pocket-testament about him, the gift of the Rev. good man who studied his highest interest. Thus he is armed and shielded against the arrows of temptation of the social evil; but he has been in "Good Company;" he has partaken of "The Bottle;" he has strong drink in him; and he sleeps that night in a brothel! His guardian angel weeps a farewell; and the devil shouts welcome to another lost one, another victim to "Good Company, The Commercial Room, and The Bottle!"

The morning comes, and with it such reflections as harrow up the soul. He awakes to find himself robbed, not only of peace, self-respect, and virtue, but he is robbed of the money of his masters. Willingly would he let it go, and a thousand times as much, were it his own, rather than risk exposure; but it is not his own, and the misrisk exposure for the chance of its

recovery. He appears as prosecutor in a public court. His shame is borne on the wings of the press to every corner of the land; it is read in the firm, and he is instantly dismissed, with the seal of blackguard attached to his name for life.

At home the postman's knock is anxiously expected. His father sits calculating the number of years and pounds it will take to make Charles the owner of a firm. What is it Charles may not yet become? "The merchants of Tyre were princes, and her traders were the great ones of the earth." Why not Charles be a merchant prince? His mother is busy, for the fiftieth time, in dusting his photographic portrait. "Poor boy," she says, gazing upon his features, "he must be busy, or he would not neglect writing to his poor mother." His sister is working a fancy purse for him—a proof of her faith in his future prosperity. His lover has just called, ostensibly to see the sister, but her heart flutters the love-cause of the visit. The postman! No letter from Charles! Stay! there is one from his employers, and a newspaper. There is news from Charles—such news! O heavens! The father reads it with broken voice and bloodshot eyes. The mother hears it; and, gazing wildly on the image of her handsome boy, she frantically asks, "Can this be true? No, no! 'tis false! 'tis some mistake! they wrong my child! my boy could not do this!"

O mothers! mothers! if you knew but half of your children's conduct when in drink; but then you would all be mothers still—still trusting, still forgiving, still loving; for next to the love of God is the love of a good mother.

His sister hears it, and the purse falls from her trembling hands; his lover hears it, and learns the fallacy of worshipping images of clay.

God help thee, old man! thy hands have toiled and thy brains have plodded to give that son, who is now the disgrace of thy old age, the character and position of a Christian and a man. God help thee, old woman! never more shall a smile light thy wrinkled brow: thy fine-spirited, bright-eyed boy has broken thy old heart, and "brought down thy grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." God help thee, sister! thy brother has brought the blush of shame to thy maiden cheek. God help thee, fair young girl! thy dream of love and happiness is past: kiss no more rosy-lipped clouds on futurity's sky: he whom thy fancy painted in such rainbow tints is a fallen, faithless, and degraded thing.

Whence this thunderbolt? Whence, but from drink. Father, mother, sister, lover, curse it! Curse it, ye bruised wives and neglected children! Curse it, ye widows and orphans! Curse it, ye drink-made-maniacs; let your curses mingle with your insane howls! Curse it, ye felons; let your curses mingle with the clanking of your chains! Curse it, ye hordes of unfortunates who throng our streets: but for it you might still have been virtuous and happy! Curse it, all who have daughters prostitutes or sons drunkards! Curse it! curse it with your heaviest, deepest, bitterest, blackest, deadliest curse! Curse it! and "the angel who flies up to heaven's chancel with the oath will not blush as he gives it in," nor will the "recording angel drop a tear to blot the record." Curse it! your curses will ascend to heaven as prayers, to which the angels will respond "Amen!"

(To be concluded in next No.)

HAVE MESSRS. TIMS & FERRES FALSIFIED FIGURES? OR A REVIEW OF THE VINDICATION OF THE "MONTREAL WITNESS" AND THE "ST. JOHN'S NEWS."

The *St. Johns News* and the *Montreal Witness* have come to the rescue of Messrs. Tims and Ferres, and endeavoured to vindicate them from the charges of falsification of figures, which we had the boldness to prefer against those individuals, in connection with their report on the Montreal Jail.

We regret to say, that we see nothing in that vindication, which could for a moment lead us to alter our views. We are sorry to be obliged to repeat all that we have before stated, and also to add, that the defence set up only tends to aggravate this grave offence.

But before entering upon a review of this question, we must protest against the insinuations thrown out covertly by the *Montreal Witness*, and openly by the *St. Johns News*, that we have some political object in view; or, as the latter paper expresses it, writing for the purpose of making an attack upon the Government. Concerning *Pro Bono Publico*, who introduced this question into the columns of the *Witness*, we happen to know that he was at the last election, and is now a warm supporter of the present Government. As for ourselves, we care not who sits upon the Treasury benches, so long as we see honesty of purpose guiding the deliberations of the executive. What does the *Witness* mean, by speaking of this almost political controversy, and by stating, that "further discussion must be carried on in Political Journals!"—but we forbear!

We intend to adhere to the line of action which we chalked out for ourselves in the commencement, and to discuss these questions of social science from their ethical, as well as other aspects, irrespective of party.

But to return to the question. We charged Messrs. Tims and Ferres with falsifying figures in the following cases. Let us see how far those charges are met:—

1st.—In stating the average number of patients in the St. John's Asylum, for the year 1862, to be 55 instead of 50, and thus adding 10 per cent, for the purpose of making out an unfavorable case against the Montreal Jail.

The semi-official reply of the *Witness* is: "We have only to refer to the same report, which he says he has consulted."

On page 163, Dr. Howard says there were seventy-eight Patients treated during the year, and there now remains fifty-seven. At page 90, it is also stated that at no time during the year have there been less than 50 Patients in the establishment, there being 57 at the present time."

We are free to confess, that had the writer of this article told the whole truth, we should have been thoroughly ashamed of ourselves for having preferred the serious charge of falsifying figures in this case.

As it is, we shall be able to shew how capable the parties in question are, not only of falsifying figures, but of misrepresenting facts also.

It so happens, that the quotation from page 90, where it is stated, that "at no time during the year have there been less than 50 patients in the establishment," forms part of the special report of Mr. Ferres, but it is at variance with every other part of the Inspectors' Report, and is evidently founded on error.

Would any one have thought, that the quotation taken from page 163, and from the pen of the Superintendent of the Asylum, followed a tabular statement given by him, in which he shews that he commenced the year with 44 Patients, and concluded it with 57.

Can it be credited, that on page 6 of this report, the Board of Inspectors, of whom Mr. Ferres is one, give the following tabular statement for the St. John's Asylum:—

Remaining in from 1861,.....	44
Admitted in 1862,.....	34
Total number in 1862,.....	78
Discharged in 1862,.....	17
Died in 1862,.....	4
Average number in 1862,.....	50
Remaining at the close of 1862,....	57

On page 14, the Board of Inspectors again repeat, "total number on the 31st December, 1861—44. At 31st December last—57." Did ever writer so distort and misrepresent the statements of a printed book?

We repeat the charge, that Messrs. Tims and Ferres did falsify figures in this case. We have relied upon the Inspectors report in proof of our assertion; the semi-official reply of the *Witness* relies upon the same report for a denial, and the writer has in that reply given a fair illustration of the lengths he is prepared to go in strangling facts, as well as falsifying figures.

2nd.—We have charged Messrs. Tims & Ferres with a further falsification of figures, by giving the average number of persons in Montreal Jail as 300, when they well knew that the average was 330. To this charge, the semi-official article of the *Witness* has no reply.

Here let it be understood, that these two misrepresentations form the data of calculations unfavorable to the Montreal Jail.

For the purpose of shewing how cheaply a given number of persons are fed in the St. Johns Asylum, the average is overstated at 10 per cent.

For the purpose of showing the excessive cost of the Montreal Jail, the well-known average is reduced by 10 per cent. But this is not all.

3rd.—We charge Messrs. Tims & Ferres with further falsifying figures, by stating that the expense of victualling the whole of the Asylum at St. Johns, for 1862, only cost \$3,559.69, when Dr. Howard the Superintendent of the establishment, stated the sum at \$4,671.82 as cash paid out for provisions. We could have added before, and we will add now, a further sum of \$542.26, which Dr. Howard debits himself with having received from the farm and garden, as the value of beef, pork, milk, and garden produce. This makes a total of \$5,214.08 instead of \$3,559.69, or a difference of \$1,654.39, or nearly one half of the whole amount stated, and this on the heels of the misrepresentations of the average numbers.

Now, in answer to this last charge, we have two replies. The first appears in the *St. John's News*, and is as follows:—"Up to the time of Messrs. Tims and Ferres' investigation, no book-keeper had been appointed, nor no regular set of Books opened for the establishment. The consequence was that in the official report a rough analysis had to be made from the vouchers of the Provincial Auditor."

The semi-official statement of the *Witness* explains, that the books were, in the first place, kept by single entry, and that Mr. Ferres, the

Audit Inspector, was not satisfied with that mode.

It is interesting to know, who re-modeled these accounts, and especially when this work was in process.

The re-hash was undertaken and consummated by Messrs. Tims and Ferres, and the cooking process was going on so late as the month of November last.

These are two rather significant facts, and especially if we take into consideration what was going on at about the same time, and by the same parties in the Montreal Jail.

Add to the above the further fact, that Mr. Ferres at that very time, in his zeal to persecute Mr. McGinn, was outraging common decency, by writing a series of letters in the Montreal *Transcript* of the most damaging character against the Montreal Jail. But to return to the St. John's Asylum.

Here is an establishment with no less than 16 attendants looking after 50 patients, and in the receipt of salaries amounting, in the whole, to \$4,671.82, besides their feed in the institution, and spending \$13,139 annually; but during the year's 1861 and 1862, no proper Books were kept. In the mean while, their annual accounts pass muster before the Provincial Auditors, and are published as correct in a Blue-book; Mr. Ferres all the time being dissatisfied. Strange to say, that so far from there being a word on this subject in the Inspectors' Report, Mr. Ferres himself represents this establishment as being "conducted with a success, which could not have been looked for." Another Inspector, says: "System and method apparent, even in the minutest matters of the Asylum. The Dr. only requires a larger sphere for the exercise of his rare administrative talents." A third says: "I found the establishment in the best order of which it was capable, and I feel bound to add, that I concur most heartily in the remarks contained in the general report of this year, and in the praise which is accorded to Dr. Howard, the Director of the Asylum."

In the General Report, the Inspectors speak "with unfeigned satisfaction of the unremitting vigilance of Dr. Howard, and the active attention of the officers and servants, &c. &c."

And all this in an Institution where no Books were kept, and where the accounts were, for two years, cooked for publication in the Blue-books.

We are ourselves no novices in these matters. Having had the oversight of similar Institutions on a larger scale, we pronounce the conduct of all the parties concerned, and especially the Board of Inspectors as most disreputable. Here is a striking illustration of the old saying, that one man may steal a horse with impunity, while another would be hung for looking at an halter.

But are the accounts in the remodelled form of Messrs. Tims and Ferres correct? Did the provisions of the St. John's Asylum for the year 1862 only cost \$3,559.69 after all? To both these questions our reply is, No! We have the particulars of the account before us. We are asked to believe, for instance, that the whole of the milk used in that establishment during one year; by 50 patients and 16 attendants, cost \$3.50 and no more; and this is the whole sum presented in the cooked account of Messrs. Tims and Ferres. But turning to Dr. Howard's Report, we find that he debits himself with 2,100

gallons of milk from the farm, at 20 cents, or \$420.00. He further debits himself with \$84.26 for beef and pork, and \$38.00 for garden produce, and all these in addition to the \$4,259.02 which he says he has laid out in cash for provisions. If further proof were wanting, it is abundantly afforded in the manner in which other accounts have been overcharged and outraged for the purpose of bringing down these items of provisions and miscellaneous. What Messrs. Tims and Ferres took off the one amount they were compelled to put on another. If they have stripped and robbed Peter, they have broken Paul's back with the weight of clothes which they have heaped upon him. When we saw Dr. Howard's charge of \$749.21 for fuel and lighting, we regarded it as out of all character. But in this new version it has actually swelled to \$904.10. \$642.51 is charged for fuel for a small building of 60 x 40 feet outside,—one story being 10 feet high, and the other gained from the roof, only 9 feet, and that in a place where wood can be purchased at a very low rate indeed. What would have been the cost in Montreal, where fuel is double the price. Only 30 cords of wood are consumed in the St. Andrew's Home of Montreal, a building we should say of as large inside area as the St. John's Asylum, and containing in winter about 28 inmates inclusive of the Superintendent and family. On the other hand, the charges for the several items of provision are absurdly low, and especially in an establishment where Messrs. Tims and Ferres tell us that such articles as "beef, pork, tea, sugar, molasses, eggs, rice, fish, &c., and every thing are in ample abundance every day." In fact, according to their statement, 16 officers and 55 patients feed in green pastures, and live on the fat of the land, at a cost of less than \$1 per head per week each, and that while the gross expense of each patient according to the Inspectors' Report amounts to \$280.51 a year.

But what is the use of pursuing these illustrations any further. Men who could have the hardihood to set down the item of milk at \$3.53 when they well knew that at the very low estimate of value, viz: 20 cents per gallon, the real cost amounted to \$420 more than that sum, ought never again to be relied upon, no not to count two coppers uncheckd.

4th. We charged Messrs. Tims and Ferres with falsely stating that the "regulation quantity" of cooked meat to all the prisoners in the Montreal Jail would only be 10 oz. each per week of cooked meat, or 16 oz. of uncooked meat according to the Prison Inspectors' rates, while in reality it would amount to five times that quantity to the majority of the prisoners.

This false statement was made for the purpose of shewing, according to their own words, "that 25 cents more than is now charged by Mr. McGinn for soup to the sick, would supply the regulation quantity to all the inmates of the Jail, sick and well for the same period," (six months.)

Messrs. Tims and Ferres based their calculation on the 1st class scale for prisoners under 14 days' sentence, when they well know that nearly the whole came under class 4, either of untried prisoners, or those whose sentence exceeded 6 weeks. Even in basing their calculation on the lowest scale, these Inspectors have been mean enough to state the quantity of meat at 10 oz. each, instead of 12 oz. each. The above together with other charges of a similar charac-

ter preferred against Messrs. Tims and Ferres, they have not thought fit to answer.

It would be exceedingly difficult to point out one representation in that infamous Report founded on truth. It is one tissue of impudent falsehood, and its originators ought not to be retained in office for one single day.

In closing these observations, there is one plausible statement in the vindication of these Inspectors which we ought to notice. It is said, "All they had to do was to compare the expense of victualling only at the asylum with that of medical comforts only at the prison." The proper interpretation of this sentence is, "that all they had to do was to throw dust into the eyes of the public."

The inmates of the Montreal Jail consist of two classes, viz., criminals and destitute sick persons. The former are consigned to cells, and fed by the government on bread and gruel. The latter are by order of the medical officer, placed in hospital, and fed upon nourishing diet, called "medical comforts," according to a scale of charges contracted for by the Government with Mr. McGinn. So that when Messrs. Tims and Ferres present an array of figures before the public under the alarming name of "medical comforts," they simply mean nourishing food, wine, honey, etc., including everything except bread. It is well known, that while hospital expenses are necessarily high, the item of bread is not considerable. But there is malice aforesought in this trick of Messrs. Tims and Ferres. They knew full well that had they stated the case honestly, the Montreal Jail would bear favorable comparison with that of any other in the Province, and that notwithstanding the fact that it partakes as much the character of an hospital as that of a jail.

The Montreal Herald has published an array of figures showing the relative cost of the maintenance of prisoners in the Toronto and Montreal jails, taken from the accounts kept in the office of the Auditor General. They read as follows:

	Total net cost per annum.	Average Prisoners.	Cost per head.
Montreal,	\$25,764	330	\$78
Toronto,	11,348	173	65
	Ordinary rations per head per an.	Medical Comforts.	Total.
Montreal,	\$15.76	\$15.54	\$31.30
Toronto,	36.50	0.35	37.08

These figures exhibit the following facts:

1st. That the total cost of maintenance of the Montreal Jail is \$13 per head in excess of that of Toronto.

2nd. That the total cost of rations and "medical comforts" included, in Montreal Jail is \$5.78 less than that of Toronto.

3d. That the total cost of ordinary rations in the Montreal Jail is \$20.74 less than that of Toronto.

4th. That the medical comforts supplied to prisoners in the Toronto Jail is almost nil.

The excessive nett cost of the Montreal Jail over that of Toronto, arises from circumstances over which Mr. McGinn had no control. For instance, some 10 or 12 Guards are kept night and day on duty around that prison. This together with other items in connection with Lunatics, &c., make up the difference in question, and considerably more than that difference, for

it will be seen that the cost of rations which comes directly under the management of Mr. McGinn is nearly \$6 per head less in Montreal than Toronto. But what is still more forcible, is the fact, that the cost of ordinary rations, apart from medical comforts, is \$20.74 per head less in Montreal than in Toronto, or 125 per cent.

We can well understand how these statistics could be brought forward for the purpose of making out a case against the Toronto Jail, but we are utterly confounded at the hardihood of the *Herald* in bringing them forward as against the Montreal Jail.

It is a deeply humiliating circumstance to witness the Montreal Organ of the Government, condescending to treat the science of figures as though it was established for the purpose of proving that black is white, that right is wrong, and that 2 and 3 make 55 or a thousand more if necessary to destroy a man, whose case has been pre-judged. For a moment or two let us crave the attention of our readers.

The Governor of the Toronto Jail has \$20.74 per head to account for! How is that sum disposed of? In the quantities of bread and gruel supplied both Jails are equal, consequently the cost should be the same or \$15.76. The only additional item in the Toronto Jail is an allowance of soup made of shin bones, &c., (see Mr. Ferres' Report.) Messrs. Tims and Ferres have favored us with the information, that what they term the "regulation quantity" of soup, or "the regular prison diet for three hundred persons for six months would be \$380." This calculation was made for the special benefit of the Montreal Jail, but since flesh meat is much cheaper in Toronto than Montreal, if the estimate is correct, it will apply with greater propriety to the last named place. \$380 for 300 persons for six months, is equal to \$2.53 per head per annum. Add this last named sum to \$15.76, which is the cost of the Montreal ordinary rations, and this will give us the exact amount which according to Messrs. Tims and Ferres' estimate, the ordinary rations of the Toronto Jail ought to reach, viz: \$18.29, or just 100 per cent less than the actual cost of that prison.

But there is another way to put this question. The total cost of rations in Toronto Jail, exclusive of medical comforts is \$36.50. The total cost of ditto in Montreal, inclusive of the hospital allowance to one-fourth of the inmates, is \$31.30, leaving a balance of \$5.20 per head in favor of the Montreal Jail. This, according to Messrs. Tims and Ferres' estimate, would enable the Montreal jailor to double the "regulation quantity" of soup all round his 330 prisoners, and still the cost should not exceed the ordinary rations of bread, gruel, and soup only, as at present supplied in the Toronto Jail.

Let it not for a moment be understood that we are endorsing this soup estimate of Messrs. Tims and Ferres. We last month showed its utter absurdity. Indeed the astounding ignorance, if not the astounding dishonesty of these men cannot better be illustrated than by taking this Toronto case. There the supply of rations, we are informed, is by contract, and where there is fair competition amongst tradesmen, there is little danger of extortion. We may therefore take it for granted, that if Messrs. Tims and Ferres' estimate "for the regular prison diet" were correct, that the nett cost of rations in the Toronto jail

would only have been some \$18.25 per head instead of \$36.50 as at present.

When it is remembered that Mr. McGinn charged 7½d. per half gallon, and not 7¼ per quart, for tea as falsely stated by the government organs, every unprejudiced person will understand how the fabulous profits represented by Messrs. Tims and Ferres are brought down to those of ordinary mortals.

The nigger driver from down South, who boasted that he could "whip all creation," was a fool as compared with Messrs. Tims and Ferres, and the Montreal *Herald*, for after this, those parties will have no difficulty in proving to a mathematical demonstration, that there is no such a thing as creation; that the universe is made up of moonshine, and that the existence of creation, or a universe, or anything else, is all a farce.

From the bottom of our hearts we pity the government which has got such work in hand to do, which can only be performed by such men as Tims and Ferres; but above all, we grieve for that portion of the press which hires itself out to vindicate the perpetration of such infamous jobs. "Oh liberty, what dark deeds are done in thy name!"

THE MONTREAL GAZETTE DONS THE LION'S HIDE AND SHOWS ITS OWN EARS.

The *Gazette*, in its issue of January 7th, snuffs the *Canadian Patriot*, and roars tremendously. At first we were startled with the unexpected sound, but a moment's attention was sufficient to satisfy us that there was no cause for alarm, the roar, degenerating speedily to asinine quavers, turned our gravity to mirth. Passing over the political prelude, we come at once to the poetical fantasia.

A passage quoted in our review of Mr. Ascher's Poems, from "Pygmalion," as a specimen of the superiority of that poem, is pronounced by the *Gazette* "a piece of exceedingly faulty work;" and the passage is then garbled in such a manner as to conceal the beauty which crowns it with distinction. Again, what is truly amazing, in his comments on this garbled fragment, the candid and acute sage of the *Gazette* introduces an impudent *misquotation*, which gives an entirely different meaning from the original, and upon this wretched phantom of his own brain he opens his terrible battery!

The extract to which we refer has the following lines:—

And so he fled his task and sought the Night,
No fretful scowl disturbed her brow serene
Her darkness veiled the light of countless worlds, &c.

After quoting the above lines the "*Gazette*" remarks:

"Now, the line 'No fretful scowl obscured' &c., clearly indicates a cloudless starlit night. Yet we are told 'Her darkness veiled the light of countless worlds,' as if the stars were obscured. The passage is, therefore, pronounced confused and obscure in meaning if not really nonsense." And all this to place our judgment at a discount. Now, the reader will perceive that the *Gazette* has substituted the word "obscured" for the word "disturbed" in the second line of the above quotation. There is no ambiguity, no inconsistency in the original;

it merely implies absence of storm and rack,—which state of things the Poet presents as a contrast to the emotional tempest which was raging in the soul of his Sculptor. The line, therefore, does not indicate "a starlit night," as the *Gazette*—leaning on its counterfeit word "obscured" asserts. We cannot suppose that this malafide bungling was committed unwittingly. A reviewer, especially one who assumes infallibility, cannot put forth such a plea. At any rate, the plea of ignorance could avail nothing, for gross oversight in a critic is as fatal to his pretensions as *malice aforethought*. Let the *Gazette* choose which horn of the dilemma it deems least discreditible. The balance of our friend's strictures may be taken at its full weight. Those who have read our article on Mr. Ascher's book can judge for themselves whether we have not done the State some service, without setting down aught in malice. The author may, if he choose, thank the *Gazette* for trying to rescue some of his demented stanzas from the pale of our criticism, but he will hardly feel obliged for the dishonest stab at "Pygmalion." To quote the *Gazette's* own words, and rain them back upon itself,—"*No poet ever surely reckoned on the tender mercies of such a reviewer.*" *I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.*

In fact, most venerable *Gazette*, you ought to eschew the path of poetry altogether. You may be qualified for scalping a political antagonist, or for spitting venom at Republicanism, and the Northern Army, but your genius for poetical criticism goes on crutches—an object of pity, instead of a teacher and a guide. Will you prove to the public that you are not beyond hope of reformation by acknowledging your defeat in the present encounter? Or will you persist in your hoary perversity, as you did in the case of Mr. Heavyside's "Saul," when the North British Review pronounced that wonderful composition next in excellence to the Dramas of Shakspeare? We all remember how the balloon of your conceit was pricked, and how precipitately you came down from cloud-land, amid the laughter of authors and the jeers of the multitude. On that occasion, lacking the grace to retract your barbarous abuse, you stretched yourself aloft on the pedestal of your editorial egotism, and exclaimed, "We still adhere to our published nuncio, the infallibility of an Editor must not be questioned." Good-bye, dear sage of the *Gazette*, when you set up for the Popeodom and we wear a Cardinal's hat, you shall have the vote of your humble servant.

OTIC.

RELIGION AND RANK.

SIR ANDREW AGNEW, BARONET.

"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."—
Ex. xx. 8.

"This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his;
That as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound."

HERBERT.

It is interesting to observe in the history of the world, that particular persons have been raised up by Divine Providence to undertake and accomplish great and necessary works. Leaders are requisite to reforms, alike in the Church and in

the State. There must be persons of ability, and energy, and earnestness, to give form and life to new movements. In the propagation and defence of the Truth, these have never been wanting in the time of need. God never left his Church without men qualified for their work. There were Pauls, and Peters, and Johns, in the early publication of the gospel; and such men as Athanasius and Augustine for its defence. There were Luther and Zwingli, Calvin and Cranmer, and Knox, for the Reformation of the Church; and Owen, and Edwards, Pye Smith, Butler, and Chalmers, for the defence of the truths most surely believed amongst us.

Particular points of attack have thus been made fortresses of defence. The opposition of the enemy has brought out the strength of the truth. Enemies have been the means of giving prominence and usefulness to the friends of religion.

The Sabbath has been a frequent subject of controversy, and has been sadly profaned. Defenders and reformers have been as necessary for this as for any other great truth of Scripture. The providence of God has been marked with regard to this. In times of laxity of manners, the Sabbath has been desecrated. Advantage is ever taken by the world during the sleep of the Church. But it is often difficult to reconduct the course, and regain lost blessings. It needs special champions and particular efforts ere radical reform is effected. At a time when the Lord's day was secularized to an alarming extent, and many were prevented from enjoying the rest ordained for the laborer, it pleased God to raise up Sir Andrew Agnew, a man of true piety and unflinching resolution, who made the observance of the Sabbath the labor of his life, and his usefulness to society. Sir Andrew Agnew was born at Kingsale, Ireland, March 21, 1793. His father, Lieutenant Andrew Agnew, having died only four months after his marriage, his mother, the eldest daughter of Lord Kingsale, returned to her father's house, where, amidst many fears for the safety of mother and child, the subject of our sketch was born. The Agnews are a very ancient family in Wigtonshire, records being extant of their shrievalty there during four hundred years. The De Courcy's of Kingsale possessed the premier barony in the peerage of Ireland. "Sir Andrew thus," says his biographer, "united in his veins the blood of two of the most ancient and honourable families in the kingdom."

In his boyhood he was distinguished for his amiability and generous kindness, which ripened in his manhood into that integrity and conscientiousness, urbanity and philanthropy, which made him so estimable and useful. In his youth he was trained by his excellent mother and his grandfather to love that which was right, and to abhor the wrong.

Early obliged to take possession of his estate, to which he became heir on the death of his paternal grandfather, Sir Stair Agnew, in 1809, there was much tempting him to neglect his education and gratify his youthful passions; but Sir Andrew resolved to prosecute his studies, and qualify himself for the position he had to fill. For this purpose he attended the University at Edinburgh during two sessions, and Oxford during one year. His abilities were fair, not brilliant; but he was industrious and good—one of those interesting characters of whom Dr. Arnold thus spoke: "If there be one thing on

earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." In speaking of such a character, he once said, "I would stand to that man hat in hand." The brilliant are the very few; they are often the wayward and the erratic. The industrious though mediocre, accompanied by goodness which is right and true, are the greatest blessings to society. Sir Andrew was of the latter class, and he amply fulfilled our remark.

In 1816, he was married to Madeline, daughter of Sir James Carnegie of Southesk—a lady of piety as well as rank, who proved worthy of him in all his future career, and whose virtues made her beloved by all who knew her. After a short tour on the continent, the happy couple became resident at Lochnaw Castle, the family seat. This ancient house, as well as the estate surrounding it, had been long neglected; but Sir Andrew improved both at much expense; which ultimately benefited his tenantry and himself. The outlay was a serious reduction of his income; but he prudently resolved to retrench his expenditures accordingly. Many families of rank do this necessary and humbling work abroad, and Sir Andrew was about to follow the common example; but convinced that false pride dictated such a course, he determined to act according to duty, and therefore remained at Lochnaw, and practised economy.

He had, about that period, learned self-denial in a new school. Though brought up in a way of honor and moral rectitude, he had not hitherto been religious; but circumstances occurred which opened his mind to evangelical truth. By a quiet and progressive process he passed through a change of heart, and became a sincere Christian. The works of Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Bickersteth contributed much to his enlightenment; and no sooner did he receive the truth, than he revealed the change in his private and public life. The Bible Societies were not then patronized by persons of rank; but Sir Andrew had the Christian courage to preside over one in Galloway. Sabbath-schools were not much patronized; nevertheless he recognized their value, and encouraged them in his neighbourhood. Besides, he became regular in attendance on public worship, and set up a family altar in his house. It was long before he gave up social re-unions of a gay character; but gradually he found out that they were ungenial to his spiritual nature, and both his lady and himself retired from worldly entertainments.

Having perused with pleasure the fascinating *Life of John Knox*, by Dr. M'Grie, he resolved to hear that divine when in Edinburgh. The doctor's church was not an attraction in the city, nor did it belong to the establishment. However, he went and listened to a discourse on the text, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." That sermon, which was a clear exposition of the divine institution and perpetual obligation of the Christian Sabbath,—a subject on which Dr. M'Grie preached twice only during the course of a long ministry,—was the means of moulding the life and the labour of Sir Andrew Agnew. It was the doing of the Lord. It occurred in 1828.

He entered Parliament for the county of Wigton in 1830. He was no party man, but resolved to act with rectitude. It was a time of much excitement, and in four years he had to solicit

the votes of his constituents four times. After the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, Sir Andrew became acquainted with the Lord's-day Society in London, and had his attention called to the Sabbath desecration that existed in the metropolis and throughout the country. In looking around for a member of Parliament to move in the matter, he was selected by the committee. It was with much reluctance that he undertook the responsibility; but having strong convictions of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the duty of the Legislature to protect it, he devoted himself to the agitation with heart and soul.

There were not many religious men then in the House of Commons; but those who were, had a secret and growing strength. They instituted a "meeting for religious exercises before engaging in the business of the House." Animated by this sanctifying fellowship, they combined to promote the Sabbath cause. The first attempt was to move for a committee "to inquire into the laws and practices relating to the observance of the Lord's day."

This was gained; and, after examination of many witnesses, a report of 306 pages was presented to Parliament on the subject. The amount of Sabbath labor which these investigations disclosed was appalling, and the committee advised new legislation to restrain the practices that existed. Upon Sir Andrew Agnew devolved the great burden and odium of the measure to be introduced. It is true he was strengthened in his work by a conscious rectitude of purpose, and the sympathy of the religious community, from whom emanated petitions signed more numerously than for any other object, except the abolition of slavery. But the storm of opposition was fierce, and strong, and insulting. The first and second bills were cast out on their second reading. The press attacked them and their author; and the majority of the House, composed of all political parties, were not more becoming. The *Times* assailed them in unmeasured rancour, and called Sir Andrew a "Scotch fanatic"—this "*Draco of devotion*." An honorable member called the bill a "measure to promote cant." Songs were sung in the street, and put under Sir Andrew's door, against him, and caricatures were circulated to bring him into ridicule. Honorable members endeavored to show him disrespect. His views and his object were misrepresented, and charges of Asecticism, Judaism, and Puritanism, were hurled against him. These things were not easy for flesh and blood to bear; but Sir Andrew trusted in God, and maintained his testimony.

"He loved the world that hated him. The tear
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere,
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged and he that threw the dart
Had each a brother's interest in his heart."

His clear consistency and his rare philanthropy gained the respect of his very enemies. Those who knew him best loved him most. His own life was guided by religious principle. His Sabbaths were days of rest for himself and servants. No dinner was cooked, no work done, on the day of the Lord. But he was no man of gloom. His was a religion of joy. He was the life of the company with which he mingled. He was an illustration of his principles.

Other members of Parliament, urged by their

constituencies, introduced less sweeping measures than Sir Andrew's, but they were more unsuccessful than he who stood upon the highest principle. In 1837, he carried a second reading of his bill by a majority of 44 in a House of 176. Ere it was carried through committee, his majesty King William IV. died, and Parliament was dissolved. Sir Andrew lost his seat at the next election, and Sabbath Legislation has not made much progress since. What, then, was the usefulness of Sir Andrew's agitation? It was, first, a testimony to the truth, which is ever a duty notwithstanding its results. Though created by a strong feeling on the part of a few, it was the means, secondly, of arousing public interest in the claims of the Sabbath, and of improving its social observance. It contributed to elevate the practice of professing Christians, and through them of shaming the open desecration of the day by the ungodly. The religious sentiment of the country must have been strong when 600,000 signatures were attached to petitions on the Sabbath during one session of Parliament. Besides the society in London, no fewer than 80 societies had been formed in 1837, and one of these in Derbyshire had 81 auxiliaries. The speeches delivered, and tracts and literature circulated on the subject, gave much information to the popular mind; and to these efforts may be traced the fact, that when, in 1847, prizes were offered for essays by working-men on the value of the Sabbath to the laboring classes, no fewer than 1057 were sent in—the composition of operatives throughout the country. To these efforts we owe the tone of society, which has been improving from year to year, notwithstanding most zealous efforts of anti-Sabbatarians to make the day of sacred rest a time of pleasure. To these efforts we owe the overthrow of Sunday bands in such centres of worldliness as London and Manchester. He that gave that tone to the religious feeling of his day, and left the blessing with interest to a succeeding generation, has surely not lived or labored in vain.

Railway traffic has introduced a new kind of Sabbath desecration. Sir Andrew Agnew endeavored to arrest that evil in its outset, and did much to curb, if not to prevent the evil threatened. By his efforts the Glasgow and South Western Railway was made to keep the Sabbath; and still, though greatly extended, it maintains that character. On the Edinburgh and Glasgow line his efforts were successful. The Oaledonian meetings were scenes of conflict, but victory was not gained. Sir Andrew did not cease his labors until his life departed. His last effort was to sign a petition to Parliament on the subject. The mass of correspondence, the numerous societies, the preparation of bills, the collection of evidence, and the various efforts to promote the cause of the Sabbath, were no light work. But Sir Andrew gave himself to it with faith and love, and the Lord prospered him in soul by means of his sacrifice.

Though devoted chiefly to this one object, he was not blind to other matters deserving his regard. The evidence of Sabbath desecration brought out abundant illustrations of intemperance; and so much did this latter subject press upon the mind of Sir Andrew, that he joined the Temperance Society, became an abstainer from intoxicating drinks, and used his influence as a proprietor and as a magistrate to promote sobriety, and diminish temptations to drink. At a

meeting of magistrates at Stranraer, he said that "all his experience and information went to show that the sale of ardent spirits, and the constant and unnecessary use of them, had been attended with most pernicious and demoralizing effects on society, prostrating both mind and body, and that he considered what they were now doing as nothing better than *licensing the sale of poison*." "Very slow poison, you will admit, Sir Andrew," said one of his co-justices, with a sneer. "I can only say," he replied that if I were to look back on the last twenty years that I have lived amongst you, and tell you all I have witnessed,—if I could recall to you the friends, and neighbors, and acquaintances, once in vigorous health, but who have been hastened to their graves by the use and abuse of these deceitful spirits,—you would no longer call it even a slow poison." He held a temperance festival with his tenants—showing an example which landlords would do well to imitate. He knew and believed that Sabbath profanation was very much caused by intemperance, and that the opening of public houses on that day occasioned it. He went farther than this—and men of philanthropic views are growingly coming to the same conviction,—that to license such places at all was licensing the sale of poison without the restrictions which such "deceitful spirits demanded." Who that seriously considers the evils caused by means of the sale of intoxicating liquors, and the misery which intemperance produces, can fail to see that the only course at all likely to improve our social sobriety is to follow an example already set in the United States, and to prohibit the traffic altogether, except for medicinal, artistic, and sacramental purposes?

Church extension also interested this man of benevolence. He began in his own parish, and invited Dr. Chalmers to inaugurate his national scheme for Scotland in the county of Wigton. He took a lively interest in the controversies agitating the Church of Scotland; and, though brought up an Episcopalian and still attached to the Church of England, he did not hesitate to stand along with those who contended for the spiritual independence of the Church. On the day of the Disruption, he walked arm-in-arm with Dr. Chalmers from St. Andrew's Church to Cannonmills, where the General Assembly of the Free Church was held. He was a liberal benefactor and warm supporter of that Church, and as his legacy to it, one of his sons worthily fills a Free Church pulpit, and one of his daughters graces a Free Church manse.

Sir Andrew Agnew was, however, no sectarian. He hailed the Evangelical Alliance as a meeting place for brethren of various churches. He fully realized the spirit of these lines, which Dr. Chalmers was also so fond of quoting—

"I'm apt to think
The man that could surround the sum of things
And spy the heart of God and secret of his empire,
Would speak but love. With him the bright result
Would change the hue of intermediate scenes,
And make one thing of all theology."

The Sabbath Alliance formed in 1847, and supported by Christians of all denominations, was a practical result of the spirit fostered by the Evangelical Alliance, very congenial to the mind of Sir Andrew.

In his domestic circle, the subject of our sketch was singularly happy. There the loveliness of his character were the strongest attractions. There the decision of his religious convictions im-

pressed its influence most favourably. There the stranger and the child alike had evidence that he feared God and loved his neighbor.

In the early part of 1849, he was still busy with Sabbath agitation at railway meetings, when he was seized with scarlet fever, in a relapse of which he was taken away. Lady Agnew and another member of the family were also infected, but in his relapse her ladyship was enabled to wait upon him, to soothe his suffering and be cheered by the Christian spirit of her dying husband. He was at peace with God. He could leave all his family to the care of the Saviour who redeemed him, and thus prepared, fell asleep in Jesus on April 12, 1849.

The churches in the empire deeply felt his loss. Edinburgh desired to testify the respect in which he was held by giving him a public funeral, and amidst general lamentation he was laid beside Dr. Chalmers in the Grange cemetery, far from the graves of his fathers. Over his grave, without any record of his deeds—it was not needed—there is “a simple but massive monument, bearing as its inscription the motto of his life, ‘REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.’”

Reader! This was no aimless life. Sir Andrew Agnew had an object, and pursued it with a single eye and an earnest heart. He believed the truth, and was concerned for its maintenance and defence. He was a man of prayer as well as action. The one consecrated the other. He had large sympathy with the suffering and the wronged, and when he died the laboring classes lost a friend who never ceased while living to endeavor to gain for them the rest of a Sabbath day in seven. Is the reader engaged in a department of Christian activity? Spheres are not wanting. Variety of taste can be met in the work of the Lord. “Go ye also into the vineyard.” No man should be idle in the Church of God. So long as any sin abounds, any sufferer groans, and opportunity remains to reduce the one and alleviate the other, the Christian has a work to do. Let the reader conscientiously pray, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” In doing the Lord’s will and inducing others to do it, there is an honour superior to the conquest of kingdoms, or the invention of machines, or the authorship of books. “Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called GREAT in the kingdom of heaven.” Such a man was Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw, in relation to the fourth commandment.

“Ah, kindred eyes may weep to see
Thy life and death must sundered be,
Thy home and grave apart!
But ever, ever self-denied,
Unto thyself thou hast not died,
And ’mid the vexed world’s din and stir,
To be the Lord’s remembrancer
We need thee where thou art!

“We need thee by our common path—
A power thy hushed presence hath,
Thy very dust a tone!
O, whisper low from out the grave
His birth-right to the Sabbath slave;
And thrill conviction to the breast
Of him who robs his brother’s rest
A spendthrift of his own!

“Teach us, true witness for thy Lord!
How still to wield the spirit’s sword—
In meekness tempered best;
Teach us to bear the taunt, the scoff,
The hour when timid friends fall off,

The cold approval, heartless blame,
With this, ‘My master bore the same,
And there remaineth rest.’

“O, gentle in thy firmness still,
Who ever moved thy steadfast will,
Or chafed thy patient mood?
Bearing a blessing in thine hand,
The hammer of thy God’s command;
While surging passions swell and toss,
Calm in the presence of the cross,
For evil rendering good!

“Alas! we would have kept thee here,
And stretched our hope to some far year,
Crowned with a contest won!
Unheeding how beneath our view
The ripeness of the spirit grew,
In weakness of sin and strife,
In gentle weakness from life,
Telling thy work was done.

“Sweet after labor falleth sleep!
It may be that the grave shall reap
That which thy life hath sown!
And they who owe thee better birth
Uphold the Sabbath of the earth,
Until when, earth and heaven are moved,
O, servant faithful and beloved,
Thou shalt receive thy crown.”

MRS. STUART MERTZETH.

THE MONTREAL SABBATH ASSOCIATION v. THE PROTESTANT CHRISTIAN WORSHIPPERS OF MONTREAL.

It is with pleasure that we mark the signs of Christian earnestness as they are being developed in numerous forms, and represented through numerous Associations, leagued for the purpose of carrying out the vitalizing principles of our holy religion. Christian men are not content to take things for granted, and blindly to submit to innovations upon Christian institutions because they may happen to have antiquity and tradition on their side. God’s holy word had for ages been a sealed book, but now the motto is, “A Bible for every man, woman and child in the world.” The observance of the Lord’s day, as the Rev. Dr. Taylor has so well stated it, was “The universal belief and practice of the Christian Church, which changed the time of its observance from the seventh to the first day of the week, assembling on that day to break bread; knowing it, in the few years immediately following the crucifixion, as the first day, but before the death of John, calling it the Lord’s day.”

Never did words more clearly define the origin and the early practice of the primitive Church, with regard to what we now define as “the Christian Sabbath.” As a question of history, it was in the first century regarded as a holy day unto the Lord, set apart for the purpose of shewing forth His death and celebrating His resurrection. It was when the first order of Christian institutions had become corrupted, that its professors gradually assi-

militated the day to the heathen festivals by which they were surrounded, and thus perverted it from a day of solemn fellowship with a dying Saviour, to one of feasting and amusements, of reveling and drunkenness.

Ever since the first dawn of the Protestant Reformation, attempts have been made by devout christians to restore the institution of the Lord's day to its primitive place in the House of God. How far these attempts have succeeded, a comparison of the present practices of Protestant Churches, with Dr. Taylor's definition of those of the Christians of the Apostolic age, will determine. One thing, however, is encouraging, and it is the thought that there is a general pleading for the return to the observance of the first day of the week as a holy day unto the Lord; and who would not devoutly contend for such a glorious consummation.

But where is this work to begin? Is it to be effected by the strong arm of the law, which is to be brought to bear with crushing weight upon the almost numberless carters who ply their cabs and cutters, or on worldly corporations who run railway cars for hire on this holy day? It is true that Magistrates should be a terror to evil doers, and the public conscience, when it has scruples on any subject, ought to be protected from the open insolence of a defiant minority. Thus far the law may range, but no further. To attempt to compel worldly men to observe the day unto the Lord, would be not only inconsistent with the genius of Christianity, but moreover akin to an effort to wash the Ethiop white. The National will has a legitimate right to restrain outward acts of desecration, but there its functions ought to end.

Any way, before Christians should contemplate an appeal to Cæsar, as against cab owners and railway corporations, it becomes them to set a blameless example before an ungodly world. If we want to behold Sabbath breaking in its normal condition, and in its concrete form, we cannot do better than visit the doors of some of our large Protestant Churches just before the conclusion of the service. Within is the merchant worshipper devoutly receiving the holy benediction. Without, on yonder splendid carriage sits his man servant, whose "*manner of work*," it is patiently to sit on that box in all weathers, until the great Congregation of more highly favored citizens shall break up. And there are his cattle also, whose "*manner of work*"

it is once, twice, or thrice every Christian Sabbath, to convey their owner to and from the house of prayer. Every carriage, as it stands in that long line of vehicles, before that place of worship, or as it rolls along from street to street through the city, preaches a sad sermon, and makes more sceptics outside of the church, than the warning voice of the Minister makes converts to the faith within. Thus, is the Saviour crucified afresh, and put to an open shame. Is not this also despising the Church of God, and shaming those who have not carriages to attend them thereto, and thus violating an important principle laid down in God's holy word.

Did not every speaker at the late Anniversary of the Sabbath Association, refer to the fourth Commandment as still binding, and does not that command distinctly say, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle nor thy stranger that is within thy gates?" What if we were liable to the penalty which was appended to this law, and which brought death by stoning upon every transgressor?

It is true that the Saviour so far relaxed the rigor of this command, as to make it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, and under this subterfuge, the carriage going worshippers endeavour to justify their conduct. But surely that family cannot be said to be doing good in setting their servants and cattle to work, in order to give them a pleasurable jaunt in a carriage to the Church, when they are within walking distance. These sumptuous worshippers may depend upon it, that however they may apply this soothing balm to their own consciences, the men of the world know far better, and interpret this Scripture far more correctly.

Doubtless, in many parts of this Province, where churches are necessarily remote from the homes of many of the worshippers, and where in practice they could only be reached by driving, the principle which the Saviour has laid down would apply. The same may be said in justification of many Ministers, who, every Sabbath, have to divide their labours between two or three Congregations at such remote distances from each other, that it would be impossible to walk. Medical practitioners, in their attendance on the sick, would also come within the scope of this rule.

We not only hear worldly men condemn this practice, but also another class of wor-

shippers mingling in the same churches with their more fortunate brethren. We allude to those who do not possess carriages, and who if they will ride, must either hire, or if convenient to the track, take the Street railway cars. They contend that it is unfair and hypocritical for merchant worshippers to try to stop their only mode of conveyance, while they themselves break the Sabbath more flagrantly. The latter class put their case thus. They say of those who of their own act compel the services of their servants and horses, that they are the principals in the guilt of Sabbath breaking, while those who hire a cab from a stand, or jump into a passing railway car are only accessories after the act; and indeed, there is some show of reason in this plea, but even this class should seriously enquire if such an excuse will stand the test of the Day of God!

The rule which ought to govern every Christian should be, "how shall I observe the day, so as best to promote the glory of God, and also to avoid giving offence to those who are without?"

Here then is a field of labor for the Montreal Sabbath Association. They will please bear with us, as Christians should bear and forbear, when we say let judgment first begin at the House of God, and when that is purged from this sin, its light will so shine throughout this city that neither corporations nor cab proprietors will dare to ply their sinful callings in the face of that light, lest their deeds should be reproved. The power of example is always more potent than that of physical force. It is by the light of Christian example that men are to be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven. The law may restrain the disobedient, but the Gospel, and only the Gospel can convert the sinner. But we have it upon record that even the Gospel cannot do many mighty works, where there is a palpable manifestation either of unbelief, or inconsistency, on the part of those who profess it.

THE POET'S REVERIE.

BY G. MARTIN.

"What Cyclopean force is this I feel,
Heaving the central fires within my heart?
While full-orbed splendors round my spirit wheel,
And, gazing into vacant space, I start,
For seems a fair hand beckons me apart.
O, I will try,
Before I die,
To find a voice this mystery to reveal.

Why do I seem to sit upon a cloud,
Wearing the crimson mantle of the sun?

Delighted when the wind-god shrieks aloud,
And raptured when the midnight thunder-gun
Tells where the nimble-footed lightnings run?
Shall I not try,
Ere age draws nigh,
Some world-canting poem to unshroud?

Why do the by-gone years with accents cold
Call to me through the darkness from their
grave,
Till, thinking on their dowry, tears are rolled
Down my wan cheeks; I think of all they gave,
And all they stole from me, their fool and slave.
Earnestly I
Henceforth will try
To sublimate my life to purest gold.

And often while I dally with the Night,
Running my fingers through her raven hair,
There floats up to my shocked and tearful sight
An angel's face, transformed with pain and care;
O maiden! long beloved, I see you there,
But you and I
May never try
To twine our love into a braid of light.

The organ of the universe is played
By bards who strike the keys with raster
sweep;
Upon its music-waves I float, afraid,
Yet joyous, doubtful if to laugh or weep;
And, haunted by its sea of sound in sleep,
I wake to try—
A purpose high,
To earn the poet's crown before I fade.

O, Heaven! while my spirit gladly sings,
Shape her vague tremblings to some useful end,
And purify my strange imaginings,
That when the better years, which hither tend
Pass on I may be called, *Mav's poet-friend*.
Thus will I try
Before I die
To shake the earth-dregs from my soaring wings."

So sang a poet by the harping sea,
And, thick as white-shells strewn upon the
beach,
Fancies came thronging to him, wild and free,
And bade him limn their airy forms in speech;
But still he only sang with aimless reach,—
"All things do cry,
Pilgrim, try!
Thrill the tame world with burning poesy."

Years rolled away, and by the sea-licked shore,
The moonbeams quivered on a lonely mound;
The pilgrim-poet's turbulence was o'er,
And that secluded spot was holy ground,
For he with songs of wondrous love had crown'd
Insulted Right;
And pure and bright,
His verse illumed the sorrows of the poor.

He left behind him, though he knew it not,
A trail of glory on the world's highway;
And loving fingers now point out the spot
Where he was wont to build the witching lay,
And champions of mind, admiring, say:
"Grandly he tried
Before he died,
To teach dull earth the majesty of thought!"

Montreal.

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

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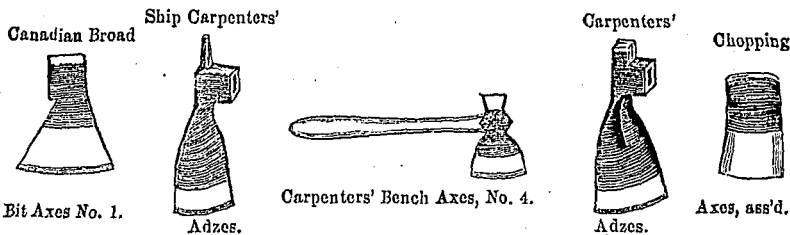
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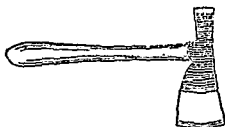
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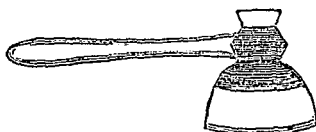


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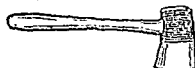
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Secretary to the Liverpool Board—JAMES EDWARD GALE, Esq.

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CHAIRMAN—WILLIAM WORKMAN, Esq., President City Bank.
JOHN REDPATH, Esq., Vice-President Bank of Montreal.
JOHN GREENSHIELDS, Esq., Merchant.
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BANKERS: THE CITY BANK,

WHERE AMPLE FUNDS ARE KEPT TO MEET CLAIMS.

SIMPSON & BETHUNE, MONTREAL, GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA.

FIRE INSURANCES

EFFECTED ON EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY AT HOME OR ABROAD.

The principle of conducting this Company is to transact business at the Lowest Possible Rates consistent with justice to the Shareholders and the Insured.

Farm Property and Detached Dwellings Insured for 2, 3 and 5 years on unusually favorable terms.

This Company has introduced the Popular Feature of giving BONUSES to holders of its Policies at stated intervals.

Losses arising from Lightning and Gas Explosion made good.

Risks surveyed at all times FREE OF EXPENSE to the Insured.

LOSSES PAID IMMEDIATELY ON PROOF WITHOUT DEDUCTION OR DISCOUNT.

LIFE ASSURANCES.

Granted either with or without profits, at moderate rates, and lower than most Offices, for the **WHOLE TERM OF LIFE**, or **SHORT PERIODS**, PAYABLE DURING THE **LIFETIME** of the ASSURED, and also on **JOINT LIVES** and **SURVIVORSHIPS**.

The Directors have made it their study to adopt the various improvements, and afford all the increased facilities in connection with Life Assurance Policies, and would particularly direct attention to the following:—

UNCHALLENGEABLE POLICIES.

Policies that have been in existence Five Years shall be held to be unchallengeable on any ground whatever connected with the documents on which the Assurance was granted. The Policies may, therefore, virtually be considered unchallengeable from the beginning, but Five Years appear a necessary probation to afford protection to the Company and its Policy-holders against fraudulent Assurances, and the Directors have therefore adopted that period.

FREEDOM FROM EXTRA PREMIUM FOR FOREIGN RESIDENCE.

The Directors, being satisfied that a person proposed for Assurance has no present intention of proceeding abroad, will grant a certificate giving **LIBERTY TO PROCEED TO, AND RESIDE IN, ANY PART OF THE WORLD WITHOUT LICENSE OR PAYMENT OF EXTRA PREMIUM**.

This boon cannot fail to enhance the value of such Policies, and render them more acceptable as securities, whether as marriage settlements or for money borrowed.

NON-FORFEITURE OF POLICIES.

In the event of the Assured, from any cause whatever, wishing to discontinue his Policy, the Directors, on application, at any time during the currency of the Policy, after three Annual Premiums have been received, will

ISSUE A FREE PAID-UP POLICY,

On which no further payment of Premiums will be required. The amount of the Paid-up Policy will depend on the length of time the original Assurance has been in force, and the age of the party; but, in the majority of cases, it will entitle the representatives, at the death of the Proposer, to a return of all the Premiums paid to the Office, together with the Bonuses that may have accrued in respect of such Policy.

SURRENDER OF POLICIES.

The Directors will, on all occasions, deal liberally with those who are desirous of surrendering their Policies.

DAYS OF GRACE.

In the event of the Assured dying during the period allowed for renewal of the Policies, the Sum Assured will be paid after the deduction of the Premium then due.

LIFE CLAIMS SETTLED ONE MONTH AFTER PROOF.

GENERAL REGULATIONS.

POLICIES—Fire or Life—are issued, free of expense, the Stamp and Medical Fees being paid by the Company; and no entrance money beyond the Premium is charged.

PREMIUMS may be paid Yearly, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly, or for a limited number of years, by an Ascending or Descending Scale, as may suit the convenience of the Assured.

HALF-CREDIT SYSTEM—Half of the Premiums on Policies for the Whole Term of Life may remain on credit for five years, at 5 per cent. interest.

ASSIGNMENTS—Notices of the Assignment of the Company's Policies sent to the Head Office will be registered and acknowledged in writing.

CHARGES OF MANAGEMENT—In consequence of the Fire and Life Companies being conducted under almost the same Management, the expenses chargeable to the Life Funds are exceedingly moderate—thus increasing the accumulations of the Policy-Holders.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR JOINING VOLUNTEER RIFLE OR ARTILLERY CORPS.

WHAT IS LIFE ASSURANCE?

- 1.—It is the exercise of prudence.
of benevolence.
- 2.—It secures—
Independence.
Domestic Happiness to the Widow and Orphan.
- 3.—It is more efficacious in its operation, as regards the moral and domestic comfort of the people, and in its tendency to reduce taxation, by its reduction of pauperism, and possibly of crime, than the legislation of our wisest statesmen, and, if universally adopted, would be a national blessing.
- 4.—It affords to persons of every class, and in every station of life, the means to avoid much future misery to their families, and to render them independent of public or private charity.
- 5.—It is a scheme by which any sum of money may be secured at death, whenever that event may take place, or to be received at any given age of the life assured.

ANNUAL PREMIUMS FOR ASSURING £100 AT DEATH FOR THE WHOLE TERM OF LIFE.

Age next Birth-day.	Ordinary System with Profits.	SPECIAL REDUCED SYSTEM.			
		SPECIAL ANNUAL PREMIUMS for Assurance of £100 at Death, intended to supersede the Half-Credit Premiums with Interest.			
		WITH PROFITS.		WITHOUT PROFITS.	
		First Five Years.	Remainder of Life.	First Five Years.	Remainder of Life.
21	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
22	1 16 9	0 19 5	2 2 0	0 19 5	1 17 2
23	1 17 9	0 19 11	2 3 2	0 19 11	1 18 3
24	1 18 8	1 0 6	2 4 5	1 0 6	1 19 4
25	1 19 9	1 1 1	2 5 0	1 1 1	2 0 6
26	0 19 0	1 1 9	2 7 7	1 1 9	2 1 8
27	0 20 0	1 2 5	2 8 8	1 2 5	2 2 0
28	0 21 0	1 2 10	2 10 1	1 2 10	2 2 5
29	0 22 0	1 2 16	2 11 7	1 2 16	2 2 8
30	0 23 0	1 2 23	2 13 4	1 2 23	2 2 9
31	0 24 0	1 2 31	2 15 1	1 2 31	2 2 9
32	0 25 0	1 2 40	2 17 8	1 2 40	2 2 9
33	0 26 0	1 2 51	2 20 4	1 2 51	2 2 9
34	0 27 0	1 2 63	2 23 1	1 2 63	2 2 9
35	0 28 0	1 2 77	2 26 8	1 2 77	2 2 9
36	0 29 0	1 2 92	2 30 5	1 2 92	2 2 9
37	0 30 0	1 2 109	2 34 2	1 2 109	2 2 9
38	0 31 0	1 2 127	2 38 0	1 2 127	2 2 9
39	0 32 0	1 2 147	2 41 7	1 2 147	2 2 9
40	0 33 0	1 2 168	2 45 4	1 2 168	2 2 9
41	0 34 0	1 2 190	2 49 1	1 2 190	2 2 9
42	0 35 0	1 2 214	2 52 8	1 2 214	2 2 9
43	0 36 0	1 2 239	2 56 5	1 2 239	2 2 9
44	0 37 0	1 2 266	2 60 2	1 2 266	2 2 9
45	0 38 0	1 2 294	2 63 9	1 2 294	2 2 9
46	0 39 0	1 2 324	2 67 6	1 2 324	2 2 9
47	0 40 0	1 2 356	2 71 3	1 2 356	2 2 9
48	0 41 0	1 2 390	2 75 0	1 2 390	2 2 9
49	0 42 0	1 2 426	2 78 7	1 2 426	2 2 9
50	0 43 0	1 2 464	2 82 4	1 2 464	2 2 9
51	0 44 0	1 2 504	2 86 1	1 2 504	2 2 9
52	0 45 0	1 2 546	2 89 8	1 2 546	2 2 9
53	0 46 0	1 2 590	2 93 5	1 2 590	2 2 9
54	0 47 0	1 2 636	2 97 2	1 2 636	2 2 9
55	0 48 0	1 2 684	2 100 9	1 2 684	2 2 9
56	0 49 0	1 2 734	2 104 6	1 2 734	2 2 9
57	0 50 0	1 2 786	2 108 3	1 2 786	2 2 9
58	0 51 0	1 2 840	2 112 0	1 2 840	2 2 9
59	0 52 0	1 2 896	2 115 7	1 2 896	2 2 9
60	0 53 0	1 2 954	2 119 4	1 2 954	2 2 9

EXAMPLE.—A person aged 20 may assure £100 at his death, with Participation in Profits, by an Annual Premium of £1 5s. 2d. for the first five years, and £2 11s. 7d. for the remainder of life, without any debt accruing from unpaid Premiums being accumulated against the Policy.

EXAMPLE.—A person aged 20 may assure £100 at his death by an Annual Premium of £1 5s. 2d. for the first five years, and £2 8s. 4d. for the remainder of life, without any debt accruing from unpaid Premiums being accumulated against the Policy.

THE SECURITY OF LIFE ASSURANCE.—Professor DeMorgan, the eminent Actuary, says "there is nothing in the Commercial world which approaches, even remotely, the security of a well-established and prudently managed Life Assurance Company."

THE ADVANTAGE OF LIFE ASSURANCE TO THOSE WHO LIVE LONG.—Ralph Pacey, Esq., who died a few years ago, in London, was originally insured for £3,000 in a London Office, at his death, his policy had been increased by bonuses to £25,000.

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 MONTREAL.....P. R. FAUTEUX, Assistant Agent.

SIMPSON & BETHUNE,
 General Agents.

ANNUAL PREMIUM

To secure the sum of £100, payable as follows
 without profits :

Age.	At Death only.		AT DEATH, OR AT THE AGE OF				
	50	55	50	55	60	65	
20	£ 5 d.	£ 5 d.	£ 5 d.	£ 5 d.	£ 5 d.	£ 5 d.	
21	5 10	5 8	5 8	5 8	5 8	5 8	
22	6 0	5 10	5 10	5 10	5 10	5 10	
23	6 5	5 12	5 12	5 12	5 12	5 12	
24	7 0	6 0	6 0	6 0	6 0	6 0	
25	7 5	6 5	6 5	6 5	6 5	6 5	
26	8 0	7 0	7 0	7 0	7 0	7 0	
27	8 5	7 5	7 5	7 5	7 5	7 5	
28	9 0	8 0	8 0	8 0	8 0	8 0	
29	9 5	8 5	8 5	8 5	8 5	8 5	
30	10 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	
31	10 5	9 5	9 5	9 5	9 5	9 5	
32	11 0	10 0	10 0	10 0	10 0	10 0	
33	11 5	10 5	10 5	10 5	10 5	10 5	
34	12 0	11 0	11 0	11 0	11 0	11 0	
35	12 5	11 5	11 5	11 5	11 5	11 5	
36	13 0	12 0	12 0	12 0	12 0	12 0	
37	13 5	12 5	12 5	12 5	12 5	12 5	
38	14 0	13 0	13 0	13 0	13 0	13 0	
39	14 5	13 5	13 5	13 5	13 5	13 5	
40	15 0	14 0	14 0	14 0	14 0	14 0	
41	15 5	14 5	14 5	14 5	14 5	14 5	
42	16 0	15 0	15 0	15 0	15 0	15 0	
43	16 5	15 5	15 5	15 5	15 5	15 5	
44	17 0	16 0	16 0	16 0	16 0	16 0	
45	17 5	16 5	16 5	16 5	16 5	16 5	
46	18 0	17 0	17 0	17 0	17 0	17 0	
47	18 5	17 5	17 5	17 5	17 5	17 5	
48	19 0	18 0	18 0	18 0	18 0	18 0	
49	19 5	18 5	18 5	18 5	18 5	18 5	
50	20 0	19 0	19 0	19 0	19 0	19 0	
51	20 5	19 5	19 5	19 5	19 5	19 5	
52	21 0	20 0	20 0	20 0	20 0	20 0	
53	21 5	20 5	20 5	20 5	20 5	20 5	
54	22 0	21 0	21 0	21 0	21 0	21 0	
55	22 5	21 5	21 5	21 5	21 5	21 5	

ASSURANCES BY A LIMITED NUMBER OF PAYMENTS.

Table of ANNUAL PREMIUMS for a specified number of Years for the Assurance of £100 to be paid at death, whenever that event may happen.

WITH PROFITS.

WITHOUT PROFITS.

Age.	For 20 Years.			For 15 Years.			For 10 Years.		
	£	s	d.	£	s	d.	£	s	d.
20	2	12	0	2	12	0	2	12	0
21	2	12	11	2	12	11	2	12	11
22	2	13	9	2	13	9	2	13	9
23	2	15	1	2	15	1	2	15	1
24	2	16	5	2	16	5	2	16	5
25	2	17	3	2	17	3	2	17	3
26	2	18	6	2	18	6	2	18	6
27	2	19	9	2	19	9	2	19	9
28	3	1	0	3	1	0	3	1	0
29	3	2	2	3	2	2	3	2	2
30	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
31	3	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	4
32	3	5	5	3	5	5	3	5	5
33	3	6	7	3	6	7	3	6	7
34	3	7	11	3	7	11	3	7	11
35	3	8	9	3	8	9	3	8	9
36	3	10	3	3	10	3	3	10	3
37	3	11	4	3	11	4	3	11	4
38	3	12	4	3	12	4	3	12	4
39	3	13	5	3	13	5	3	13	5
40	3	14	6	3	14	6	3	14	6
41	3	15	6	3	15	6	3	15	6
42	3	16	7	3	16	7	3	16	7
43	3	17	7	3	17	7	3	17	7
44	3	18	8	3	18	8	3	18	8
45	3	19	8	3	19	8	3	19	8
46	3	20	9	3	20	9	3	20	9
47	3	21	9	3	21	9	3	21	9
48	3	22	10	3	22	10	3	22	10
49	3	23	10	3	23	10	3	23	10
50	3	24	11	3	24	11	3	24	11

Age.	For 20 Years.			For 15 Years.			For 10 Years.		
	£	s	d.	£	s	d.	£	s	d.
20	2	12	0	2	12	0	2	12	0
21	2	12	11	2	12	11	2	12	11
22	2	13	9	2	13	9	2	13	9
23	2	15	1	2	15	1	2	15	1
24	2	16	5	2	16	5	2	16	5
25	2	17	3	2	17	3	2	17	3
26	2	18	6	2	18	6	2	18	6
27	2	19	9	2	19	9	2	19	9
28	3	1	0	3	1	0	3	1	0
29	3	2	2	3	2	2	3	2	2
30	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
31	3	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	4
32	3	5	5	3	5	5	3	5	5
33	3	6	7	3	6	7	3	6	7
34	3	7	11	3	7	11	3	7	11
35	3	8	9	3	8	9	3	8	9
36	3	10	3	3	10	3	3	10	3
37	3	11	4	3	11	4	3	11	4
38	3	12	4	3	12	4	3	12	4
39	3	13	5	3	13	5	3	13	5
40	3	14	6	3	14	6	3	14	6
41	3	15	6	3	15	6	3	15	6
42	3	16	7	3	16	7	3	16	7
43	3	17	7	3	17	7	3	17	7
44	3	18	8	3	18	8	3	18	8
45	3	19	8	3	19	8	3	19	8
46	3	20	9	3	20	9	3	20	9
47	3	21	9	3	21	9	3	21	9
48	3	22	10	3	22	10	3	22	10
49	3	23	10	3	23	10	3	23	10
50	3	24	11	3	24	11	3	24	11

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Fire & Life

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INVESTED FUNDS— - - - (over) \$12,000,000.
ESTIMATED ANNUAL REVENUE, (1863.) - \$4,000,000.
FUNDS INVESTED IN CANADA, . . \$250,000.

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