

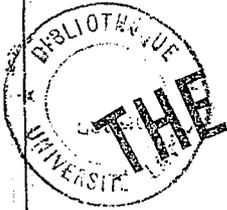
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A. J. PEELE,



THE CANADIAN PATRIOT,



A MONTHLY FAMILY MAGAZINE Of Literature and Social Science,

IN ITS ETHICAL, POLITICAL AND AMELIORATIVE ASPECTS.

VOL. I.]

APRIL, 1861.

[No. 4.

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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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DECEMBER 1861.

CANADIAN PATRIOT, MONTREAL, 1861.

38 Great Saint James Street,

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

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IN ADDITION to the Business transacted by Life Assurance Associations, this Society is specially constituted to guarantee the fidelity of persons employed in situations of trust, and is the **only Office authorized by the Imperial Parliament to Guarantee Government Officials.**

The Guarantee Policies of the Society are accepted by all the Departments of State, and by the principal Banks, Railways, Public Companies, Municipal Corporations, &c., in Great Britain, India, and the Colonies.

In Mercantile and other Firms, the facilities and advantages which a responsible Public Company affords to persons either requiring or giving security for honesty, are becoming extensively known and appreciated; and, hence, the Guarantee of this Society is now generally adopted. The insecurity attaching to *private* Suretyship; the obligations which it involves; and the delicate position in which all parties concerned are placed, are, by this mode, entirely removed; and a Business transaction is substituted for a Private arrangement, by which the exact position of employer and employed, in the matter of security, is defined and rendered certain.

Every facility is given for substituting the Bonds of the Society for existing Securities, and no charge is incurred beyond the actual premium.

Policies of Guarantee for Managers, Agents, Accountants, and other Officers of Banks, are issued at rates of premium adjusted according to length of service, position, and responsibility.

Policies of Guarantee are also issued on behalf of Officers of Railway Companies under a moderate scale of premiums.

Security is provided by the Society, in approved cases, for Secretaries and Assistants of Public Companies and Institutions; Cashiers, Book-keepers, and Clerks in Commercial and Professional Establishments, and for others holding Situations of Trust; at rates commensurate with the risk and responsibility.

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

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

THE EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

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

For example, a Guarantee Policy is required by A. B. for £500, Stg., and the Premium being one per cent. for the character of the risk undertaken, he pays £5 Stg. a-year. He Assures his Life for an equal amount, and the age being, say 35 next birthday, the Annual Premium, *with Profits* as per Table of Rates annexed, is £22 15s. Stg. per cent., = £18 15s. Stg. for £500 Stg.; but an abatement equal to half of the Guarantee Premium being allowed, the Life Premium is reduced to £11 5s. Stg., thus presenting the advantage of an immediate reduction of the Premium equal to 20 per cent.

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

TABLE OF RATES for Assurance of £100 Stg. (\$36.67) on a single life for the whole term, with right to participate in the Periodical Divisions of Profit.

Age next Birthday.	Annual Premium.		Half-Yearly Premium.		Age next Birthday.	Annual Premium.		Half-yearly Premium.	
	Stg.	Cy.	Stg.	Cy.		Stg.	Cy.	Stg.	Cy.
15	£ 8. 4.	3 17	£ 4. 2.	3 21	38	£ 10. 6.	14 60	£ 5. 3.	7 50
16	1 12 6	3 26	4 7 10	4 31	39	1 12 6	15 04	5 11 12	7 75
17	1 18 4	3 33	4 18 4	4 35	40	1 18 4	15 51	5 12 10	7 99
18	1 19 3	3 34	4 18 8	4 34	41	1 19 3	16 01	5 13 11	8 25
19	1 17 5	3 34	4 19 2	4 35	42	1 17 5	16 48	5 15 0	8 52
20	1 18 0	3 34	4 19 8	4 37	43	1 18 0	17 09	5 16 3	8 82
21	1 18 11	3 36	4 20 1	4 37	44	1 18 11	17 70	5 17 4	9 09
22	1 19 11	3 36	4 20 7	4 39	45	1 19 11	18 31	5 18 9	9 41
23	2 0 10	3 36	4 21 0	4 39	46	2 0 10	18 96	5 20 0	9 77
24	2 1 9	3 36	4 21 6	4 41	47	2 1 9	19 05	5 21 6	10 09
25	2 2 9	3 36	4 22 0	4 41	48	2 2 9	20 38	5 23 2	10 64
26	2 3 10	3 36	4 22 7	4 42	49	2 3 10	21 15	5 24 10	10 92
27	2 4 10	3 36	4 23 1	4 42	50	2 4 10	21 96	5 26 7	11 33
28	2 5 11	3 36	4 23 8	4 43	51	2 5 11	22 85	5 28 4	11 76
29	2 7 1	3 36	4 24 3	4 43	52	2 7 1	23 76	5 30 4	12 24
30	2 8 2	3 36	4 24 9	4 44	53	2 8 2	24 75	5 32 4	12 71
31	2 9 5	3 36	4 25 6	4 44	54	2 9 5	25 77	5 34 7	13 27
32	2 10 8	3 36	4 26 1	4 45	55	2 10 8	26 88	5 37 0	13 86
33	2 12 1	3 36	4 26 10	4 45	56	2 12 1	28 02	5 39 5	14 55
34	2 13 6	3 36	4 27 7	4 46	57	2 13 6	29 28	5 42 1	15 10
35	2 15 0	3 36	4 28 4	4 46	58	2 15 0	30 59	5 44 11	15 79
36	2 16 7	3 36	4 29 1	4 47	59	2 16 7	32 01	5 47 11	16 82
37	2 18 3	3 36	4 29 0	4 47	60	2 18 3	33 51	5 51 1	17 29

EXAMPLE.—A Person 25 years of age, by paying £2 2s. 9d. Stg. (\$10.38) annually, can secure £100 Stg. (\$36.67) whenever death may happen, together with such addition as may have been appropriated to the Policy by way of Bonus.

Premiums are also made payable Quarterly.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Next Investigation of the affairs of the Society with reference to the Division of Profits, will fall to be made at the close of the year 1865, and all persons Assuring during the present year on the "With Profits" Table, will then be entitled to **Three Years' Bonus Additions.**

The following is a selection from the List of Banks, Railways, Public Companies, &c., holding the Guarantee Policies of the Society:—

BANKS & BANKERS.

Aberdeen Town and County
 Agra and United Service
 Baillie, Baillie & Co.
 Bank of Bengal
 Bank of Bombay
 Bank of Jamaica
 Bank of Liverpool
 Barnett, Hoare & Co.
 Birmingham Town and District
 Bury Bank
 Carlisle City Bank
 Chartered of India, Australia & China
 City of Glasgow Bank
 City Bank, London
 Colonial Bank
 Commercial Bank of Scotland
 Curries & Co.
 Derbyshire Bank
 Dundee Banking Company
 Glamorganshire Bank
 Glyn, Mills & Co.
 Hampshire Banking Company
 Herries & Co.
 Hindustan, China, and Japan
 Lacon & Co., Norwich

Lambton & Co., Newcastle
 Leicestershire Bank
 London, Birmingham & South Staffordshire
 London and South Western Bank
 London and South African Bank
 London and Westminster
 Masterman, Peters & Co.
 Mercantile of India, London & China
 Sir W. Miles & Co., Bristol
 National Provincial Bank of England
 Oriental Bank Corporation
 Robarts, Lubbock & Co.
 Prescott, Grote & Co.
 Smith, Payne & Smiths
 Sheffield Banks
 Samuel Smith & Co., Nottingham
 Stuckey's Banking Company
 Union Bank of Manchester
 Union Bank of Scotland
 Wakefield and Barnsley
 West of England and South Wales
 Williams, Deacon & Co.
 Wilyams, Wilyams & Co., Truro
 York City and County
 Yorkshire Banking Company

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 Bradford, Wakefield, and Leeds
 Bombay and Baroda
 Caledonian Railway
 Ceylon Railway
 Chester Stations Committee
 Cornwall Railway
 Cork and Bandon
 Dundee and Arbroath
 East Indian Railway
 Edinburgh and Glasgow
 Glasgow and South Western
 Great Indian Peninsula
 Great North of Scotland
 Great Southern of India
 Great Western Railway
 Lancashire and Yorkshire

Llanelli Railway and Dock
 London, Chatham and Dover
 London and North Western
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 Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire
 Midland Railway
 North British
 North Staffordshire
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 South Eastern Railway
 Scottish North Eastern
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 Atlas Life Office
 Albert and Medical Assurance Company
 Alliance Assurance Company
 Alliance and Dublin Gas Company
 Apothecary's Hall Company, Ireland
 Ashbury Railway Carriage & Iron Company
 British and Irish Telegraph Company
 Birmingham Loan Society
 Cameron, (J. & P.) Carriers, Edinburgh, &c.
 Colonial Life Office
 Commissioners of Dublin Police
 District Provident Society, Liverpool
 East Indian Irrigation & Canal Company
 Edinburgh and Leith Glass Company
 Glasgow Board of Police
 Hamilton Parish Road Trustees
 Houldsworth & Co., Manchester
 Honorable Society of Middle Temple
 Lancashire Wagon Company
 Lanarkshire Roads Trustees
 Liverpool Savings' Bank
 Magistrates of Glasgow
 Madras Irrigation and Canal Company
 Manchester Bonding Company
 Manchester Cotton Company

Manchester Royal Exchange
 Mersey Dock and Harbour Board
 Midland Wagon Company
 New River Company
 North British Color Company
 Royal Mail Steam Packet Company
 Parochial Board of Cadder
 Parochial Board of Barony Parish, Glasgow
 Parochial Board of City Parish, Glasgow
 Pickford & Co.
 Regent's Canal Company
 Sheffield Highway Board
 South Devon Shipping Company
 Talargoeh Mining Company
 Thompson, McKay & Co., Carriers
 Union Club
 Wall, J. C., Esq., Bristol and Exeter Railway
 West Middlesex Water Company
 The Corporations of London, Dublin, Birmingham, Blackburn, Bradford, Oldham, Salford, and Chester
 The Chartered, Equitable, and European Gas Companies, and those of Huddersfield, Ipswich, Leeds, Sheffield, St. Helens, and many Building and Co-operative Provident Societies.

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THE

Canadian Patriot.

MONTREAL, APRIL 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 BACHELOR.

FIRST OF APRIL.

"*Nimium ne crede colori*!"

H. B. S.

If April fools were only known upon the first of April, what a wise world it would be. But the game goes on despite the day and the month; and if our eyes are only sharp enough, we may see men with rags pinned on behind, and huge chalk marks upon their backs any day in the year.

And the worst is, that we make fools of ourselves. With great pains and pertinacity we adjust the most ridiculous rags in the most conspicuous parts of our persons, and forth we sally into the streets; but as only men and women can see them, and children are blind to this kind of fooling, nothing is said, because politeness requires silence.

There is a man, for example, upon whom the eyes of his neighbors rest, who works hard in his business, and wishes he were very rich; thinks if he were only rich, the world would be the loveliest of conceivable spheres; and so tugging and toiling, day and night, summer and winter, sacrificing his family enjoyment, his mental cultivation, his physical development, he digs away at the mine from which he hopes and prays to carry off a fortune.

His soul gradually contracts to the sphere in which he resolutely confines it. The elasticity of his nature yields to the grinding process. He becomes suspicious, sardonic, mean. But money accumulates; houses and lands call him owner.

He is sought by societies of every kind for his countenance and subscription, and he sits in the softest pew in the most respectable church. His children grow up around him, but not with him. He is their father but not their friend, coming home at evening their voice disturbs him, while they are young; and when they grow older, they keep silence in the house, by going out of it. They fall into those easy habits of spending the money which they have not earned, and doing nothing. The wife quietly fades away with a broken heart, or flaunts, and flares, and dries up in the hot breath of a purely artificial light. Money accumulates, white hairs glisten among the dark locks of the millionaire. Nobody's equipage so splendid, nobody's career more conspicuous; and yet a fly in amber is about as happy as he. Still drudging, and delving, and piling, Death taps him on the shoulder. His heirs are glad with a decorous sorrow. The ostriches whose kindred plumes wave and nod over his coffin are as sad at heart as they! Let the most ingenious sculptor chisel his mausoleum; hollow! vanity of vanities! dust! Let the most-skilled engraver carve in gilt letters, under the figure of Momus, "He made a fool of himself all his life."

How simple and sane in comparison with this life and this man, would be an honest citizen who pinned a red rag to his coat skirt, and went gravely walking in the street.

There are more All Fools Days than the first of April, and no fools so foolish as those who fool themselves!—

THE PHANTOM OCEAN;

(Beheld in a vision of the night, while the author lay with two French novels under his pillow.)

BY G. MARTIN.

I saw a shadowy world—
A phantom ocean,
With human shapes above it hurled
In strange commotion;
Far from the utmost verge
Of earth and solar light
It lay and heaved,
As if it grieved,
With an incessant dirge,
And an unearthly surge,
And most unnatural night.

And evermore,
From those grim shapes above it frowning,
I saw upon it pour
Innumerable books, thick! thick!
As Autumn leaves, jaundiced, shrunk and
sick,
All tossed about and drowning.
Thousands with gold adorned,
Sank down at once;
Some rose, and leaped as if they scorned
That sub-marine, inglorious trance;
But soon all disappeared, and far away,
Faint and muffled voices seemed to say,
France! France! O, France!

Hugo heaps of lighter form,
Making a sort of storm
Over that mystic ocean vast,
Floated longer than the stronger,
And some on little isles were cast,
And shoals of creatures fair
Rose from the deep, and did devour
Their leaves with hunger rare.

In one satanic hour,
As greedily they ate,
They turned to monstrous shapes,
Half-serpents and half apes,
And scowled with deadly hate,
Or rolled in blank despair;
And some with hellish chatter
Spat bloody froth upon the water,
And madly mouthed the air.

Some to cinders burned;
Some, ferocious, spurned
Their dying fellows,
And like inflated bellows
Blew to the clouds a poisonous breath,
Then fell and flounced in death!
Some in torture hung
Their heads towards a wave,
And stretched the livid tongue,
As if to crave,
A little draught to keep them from the grave!

And still the man-shapes dwelt above,
Raining their books,
Instinct with ghastly life, but not with love;
And stormy were their looks,
And void of truth's expanding heat,
And void of virtue's crown of stars,
And deeply ploughed with passion-scars,
And wounds unlawful to repeat;
Oh, they did dwell
To my sad vision in an upper hell,
With nothing to support their flaming feet.

Trembling I stood upon a mountain hoar,
And hid my eyes,
And thought to turn away, and never more
Behold such sea and skies;
But sudden there did rise
A whirlwind black and strong,
Which like a serpent round me coiled its
strength,
And bore me swift along
Over the phantom ocean's cold expanse,
And dashed me down, at length,
And bade the ghostly waves around me dance.

Their bubbling yeast,
Smote on my lips and agonized my brain;
I felt an iron pain
Wrench at my heart,
And as the storm of books increased
I struggled to depart,
And taste no more of the unhallowed feast,
While jeers demoniac in the upper air,
And hisses everywhere,
Mocked at my strong desire to be released.

No touch of beauty met my view;
The air was noxious, of a swarthy hue,
And horrible to breathe.
I saw no more—a darkling wreath
Of suffocating foam, corrupt and cold,
Bandaged my eyes;
My senses floated from me, and I rolled
With drowsy motion
Beneath those joyless skies,
And through that phantom-ocean.

Such was my vision, sage and seer,
Ye whose mental eyes are clear,
Truth's apostles! to the nation
Give it fair interpretation.

Montreal.

Natural History Department.

ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY H. B. SMALL S. O. L.

CHAPTER. II.

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Order Carnivora—A chapter on Bears—The Black Bear—A night's sport in Louisiana—The Grizzly Bear—Indian stories—The Polar Bear, its habits and peculiarities.

The family next in order is the *Carnivora*, or Flesh devouring. They fulfil their destined office in the scheme of Creation, by checking excess in the progress of life, and thus maintaining as it were the balance of power in the Animal World. Of these the Bears engross our attention.

There are only three species of this animal found here, viz: the Black, the Grizzly, and the Polar or White Bear, though four are usually described; but the brown bear is not to be ranked as an inhabitant of this northern continent; though it has frequently been mentioned by travellers, yet there is abundant reason to believe that they have mistaken the young of the black bear, the accounts of their being seen, having been confined to the regions where the black or grizzly bear are found. The bear is an animal of great strength and ferocity, passing a great portion of the winter in a state of torpidity and inaction, in dens or hollow trees.

The Black Bear, (*Ursus Americanus*) is peculiar to this country, his range extending from the shores of the Arctic Sea, to the southern extremity of the continent; his food principally consists of grapes, wild fruits, the acorns of the live or evergreen oak, (on which he grows excessively fat,) larvae or the grub worms of insects, insects themselves, and honey, though when pressed by hunger he refuses scarcely any thing, his teeth being fitted for a vegetable diet; he seldom attacks other animals unless compelled by necessity; though Major Long in his explorations in Missouri, saw him "disputing with wolves and buzzards for a share of the carcasses abandoned by the hunters." When he does seize an animal he does not, as most others of the *Carnivora* do, first put it to death, but tears it, while struggling, to pieces, and may be said really to eat his victim alive. One distinguishing mark between the European and American bear, is in the latter having one more molar tooth than the former, and also in having the nose and forehead nearly in the same line. It is mostly met with in the remote and mountainous districts, but is becoming more scarce as the population increases. The yellow bear of Carolina is only a variety of this species.

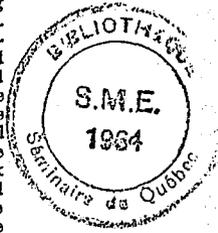
The black bear will not attack a man, but invariably runs from him, unless wounded, or accompanied by its young, when, if molested it fights very savagely. The old story of the Bear sucking its paws to derive nourishment therefrom when hungry has doubtless arisen from the slow circulation of the blood in the extremities for several days after recovering from its winter's sleep, which creates an irritation in the paws, alleviated by sucking them just as we see a dog licking its feet when pierced or lacerated by a thorn.

Bear hunting by moonlight in the Southern States, is a favorite amusement, especially in Louisiana. The writer remembers a night expedition of the kind, sallying forth from the hospitable mansion of Major H—, on the Bayou Gouillard, about a hundred miles north of New Orleans. For several nights great depredations had been committed in a large maize plantation some ten or twelve miles distant, supposed to be the work of wild cattle, a few of which had been seen in the neighbouring swamps and canebrakes. A party was at once formed to stay the mischief. It was a lovely cloudless night as we reached the plantation, the moon shining out in all her splendour, and the rich perfume from a magnolia swamp in the vicinity hung upon the breeze as it only can in the South. After seeing the rifles all prepared, each member of our party in eager anticipation arranged themselves around the spot preparing to surround the depredators after they entered, and so make sure of them on their retreat. Scarcely had we taken our positions, when a rustling among and waving of the maize showed the approach of one or more animals. Two shots were fired in quick succession by Major H—, followed by several others from different quarters, and three fine black bears were measuring their length upon the sward, whilst two others had escaped in the general confusion. They were covered with fat, and we learned afterwards that several plantations higher up the Bayou had been entirely laid waste, doubtless by the same marauders.

The Grizzly Bear (*Ursus horribilis*) is the largest and most ferocious of its kind, as well as the strongest and most formidable animal of this continent. The name was given to it by Mackenzie, in 1801; nothing satisfactory was known of it, till the exploring party of Lewis and Clark in Oregon, in 1805, met with it frequently, and left it in the hands of Say to describe scientifically. The description given of it in the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, states: that "it combines the ferocity of the Jaguar, with the courage of the Tiger, and strength of the Lion."

This Bear is no less capable, than the other species, of subsisting on vegetables, but the supposition of hunters, that it is wholly carnivorous is easily accounted for, seeing he shows so uniform a ferocity in destroying the life of any animal that falls into his power. It inhabits the country adjacent to the East side of the Rocky Mountains, not extending further South than the confines of Mexico, and affords a very good example of the limitation of species. It has been suggested by Godman, that this animal once inhabited the Atlantic States; but no remains of it have been found to prove it, and he merely starts the idea from a tradition among the tribe of Delaware Indians, that "a big naked Bear" (that, certainly, does not correspond with Bruin in question,) existed formerly on the banks of the Hudson River.

Although contriving, sometimes, to ascend old leaning trees in search of honey, he cannot ascend perpendicularly small trees, as is shown by numerous statements of travelers who, when pursued, have climbed a tree, where they have remained many hours, the terrible beast keeping watch below, and showing signs of rage, because unable to reach his prey. So much are their powers respected by the Indians, that they consider it a feat next to that of taking the scalp of



an enemy, to kill one of them. Their strength is so great, that they have been seen to kill a large Bison, and seizing him with their teeth, drag him up a steep hill. When full grown and fat, they sometimes weigh as much as 1,300 lbs.

Old Adams, or as he was better known under the euphonious title of Grizzly Adams, devoted many years' of his life to the trapping and taming a number of these animals; the account of his hair-breadth escapes is full of the most marvellous exploits, but the result in the number of Grizzly Bears in subjection, in his menagerie, being chained only to posts, and not in cages, shows what man can do by toil and perseverance.

The following notes of the habits and character of this animal, were transmitted to the writer, by Capt. R. B. Marcy, U.S.A., whose name is well known among men of Science. "This Bear is, in some respects, the most sagacious animal I have ever met with. Before lying down, he goes several hundred yards in the direction from which the wind comes, then turns around and goes back some distance with the wind, but at a short distance from the first track, after which, he makes his bed and lies down. Should an enemy now come upon his track, he must approach him with the wind, and with the bear's keen sense of smell he is certain to be made aware of the approach before he is himself seen, and thus is enabled to make his escape.

"When pursued, the grizzly bear sometimes takes refuge in a cave, and the hunters then endeavour, by making a dense smoke at the entrance, to drive him out; but instead, he frequently, when the smoke becomes too oppressive, approaches the fire, and with his fore paws beats upon it until it is extinguished, then returns into the back part of the cave."

"Yet another anecdote was related by a Delaware Indian, which goes far to prove this curious animal, one of the most stupid in the brute creation. He says, that when the Bear enters a cave, it sometimes becomes necessary for the hunter to take his rifle, and with a torch to guide him, follow Bruin in. One would imagine this a very hazardous undertaking, and that the Bear would soon eject the intruder; but on the contrary, he sits upright upon his haunches, and with his fore paws covers his face and eyes until the light is removed. In this way the hunter is enabled to approach very close without danger, and taking deadly aim with his trusty rifle, poor Bruin is no more.

As a set off, however, to this stupidity, an acquaintance of mine, an old Bear hunter from the frontier of Texas, removed to California, and shortly after his arrival there, went out to hunt a "Grizzly," and followed one of them into a dense thicket, where he came upon him and gave him the contents of his rifle. No sooner had he done this, however, than the Bear turned upon him, and in a few minutes literally tore him in pieces."

The next species is the Polar Bear, (*ursus maritimus*), met with far up among the icebergs of the Arctic Seas, and peculiar to those regions, being found only along the sea coasts of the North, where it is so common that no voyager to those regions, returns without being able to give more or less vivid or frightful accounts of its power or ferocity. To most other animals, cold is distressing; to him it is welcome and delightful. In captivity, it seems to suffer much

from heat, and its restlessness, from this cause, can only be quieted by keeping it supplied with a water-tank, or by throwing repeated pails of water over it. His prey, for the most part, consists of Seals, Fish, and the carcases of Whales; his scent is very acute. He is a capital swimmer, catching Seals in the water, and diving in search of Fish, when not otherwise satisfied. He is often found miles from land, floating on the Arctic Ice, from which he swims to the shore, without difficulty.

In the Walrus he meets with a fierce enemy; the dreadful combats that occur, at times, between them, generally terminating in the defeat of the Bear. This animal is able to live exclusively, on vegetable food, as has been proved by experiments; his carnivorous habits, probably, depending on the circumstances of his situation, and the absence of vegetation in his haunts. Their fore paws are frequently rubbed bare, this is accounted for, as follows:—to surprise a Seal, a Bear crouches down with his fore paws doubled under him, and pushes himself forward with his hind legs, till within a few yards, when he springs on his victim, either in the water or on the ice.

The Greenlanders never eat the heart or the livers, saying that these parts cause sickness. It is a curious fact, that the liver of this animal is, to a certain extent, poisonous,—a circumstance unknown in almost every other animal. This fact was noticed by Barentz, who nearly lost three sailors by eating it, and it has since been verified by Capt. Ross.

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

(Continued.)

A cosmopolitan cannot take up the Montreal daily newspapers, and con over the "city items," together with the reports of the Police and Recorder's Courts, without being impressed with the painful feeling, that the hands of the dial are being turned backward.

One day the singular fact is recorded, that a farmer or country dealer has been brought up before the Court, tried and convicted of selling a piece of beef, or perchance a pig's head, sparrib, or tail, outside of the walls of the Corporation shop.

The fact of his having paid the market toll before exposing the said articles for sale, is no reply. The offence of selling the people's food by any party not embraced in the Corporation Patent of Monopoly, is far too serious to be condoned by the pre-payment of Corporation dues, though professedly imposed for that purpose. In the sale of butcher's meat, fish, poultry, and vegetables, the interests of the purchasers are entirely ignored, and the whole system is regulated with a view to the special benefit of two conspiring par-

ties, viz., the Corporation on the one part, and the butchers and the traders on the other part; and by this unrighteous combination, the staple articles of the citizens provisions are enhanced in value at least fifty per cent. Butchers, fishmongers, greengrocers, &c., cannot be multiplied, simply because every stall in each of the leading markets is already occupied. As much as four hundred pounds has been offered and refused for the good will of a butcher's stall.

At another time a trader is brought up for exposing for sale in his own store some article of food, which, according to Montreal feudal law, ought to have been sold in the market. If that article comes under the head of butcher's meat, the penalty for the offence is, \$500 and no less.

Again some unfortunate parties have committed the antiquated sin of forestalling,—for our City Fathers provide, as did the antediluvians,—to whom the people are to sell and from whom they are to purchase the common necessaries of life.

Then again, turning over the broad sheets of the Montreal press, we read of an unpardonably ignorant tradesman, perchance some old countryman of the "verdant green" species, who in his simplicity has exposed a sign, as he unceremoniously would have done at home, announcing the sale of bread and butter for the million, but he had not made himself acquainted with the fact, that in this city of "*advanced civilization*," (?) the unwarrantable act is an outrageous infringement on the Corporation Patent of Monopoly, which prohibits any person from selling any article whatever within its limits, until he shall at a ruinous price, have obtained a license from the Municipal patentees, so to do. Poor John Bull is brought up at the bar in order to give him a knowledge of the law, and at the same time to teach him the fact, that as it was in England during the last century, ere the people had shaken off the feudal chains of the barons of the soil, and the barbarous imposts of the Patriarchal Corporations who played their fantastic games within the boundaries of walled cities, so it is to this day within the precincts of the fearfully overtaxed and grossly mismanaged City of Montreal.

What is the upshot of this unnatural interference with the trade of the metropolis of Canada?

It simply amounts to this. Bread made from Canadian flour can be purchased cheaper in any town of England, Ireland,

Scotland or Wales, than it can in the city of Montreal. The flour itself is charged to the retail purchaser of 1 lb. and upward, from 20 to 25 per cent higher than the same article is sold at after it has been exported to the old country. American butter, pork, bacon and cheese, can be purchased in any town in the United Kingdom at from 10 to 20 per cent less than it is retailed in this city.

These market and other monopolies which are sustained with such vigour, tend to enhance every purchasable article, to cripple the commerce of the place, to restrain the energies of traders, and to check the development of the resources of the district.

The only manifestation of vigour in the Corporation, is to be seen in the imposition and the collection of taxes. In this respect they are the true successors of that ancient sect, who well knew how to place heavy burdens upon the shoulders of the people. For all other purposes, and especially for all beneficial purposes, their day is gone; the Municipal Council is twice dead and only bides its time, rotting in, and cumbering the ground, until the citizens shall pluck it up root and branch. So hopeless a relic has this Montreal Corporation become, that the respectable portion of the constituency has ceased to try to mend it. Hence the Municipal elections are now handed over to the tavern and saloon keepers and their long train of the rag, tag and hobtail of society. If the passing stranger wants to see a fair specimen of the Montreal tavern rowdies, he may fully gratify his taste by watching the manoeuvres of the lords of the pot houses, for bringing drunken sots like sheep to the poll, where votes are systematically and gladly sold from year to year, for a good swill of drugged liquors. Respectability shrinks, as it necessarily must from coming in contact with such questionable characters even at a polling booth, and for the time being the return of City Councillors is handed over to the mob. All that respectability does, is to growl and grumble and pay the piper.

It is a hard case, and very humiliating withal, thus to stand in the distance, and to behold the hands of the dial turned backward by an imbecile Corporation, the clect of the drones of the community.

When will the citizens of Montreal wake up to a sense of their responsibilities, and to the assertion of their high privileges?

WHAT A CURSE:

OR,

HODGES, THE BLACKSMITH.

'The doctor is a kind man,' said Johnny Hodges, addressing a person of respectable appearance, who was in the act of returning to his pocket-book a physician's bill, which the blacksmith did not find it convenient to pay. 'The doctor is a kind man, a very kind man, and has earned his money, I dare say, and I don't begrudge him a shilling of it all; but, for all that, I have not the means of paying his bill, nor any part of it just now.'

'Well, well,' said the collector, 'I shall be this way before long, and will call on you again.'

Johnny Hodges thanked him for the indulgence, and proceeded with his work; but the hammer swung heavily upon the anvil, and many a long sigh escaped, before the job in hand was fairly turned off.

Three or four times already the collector had paid a visit at the blacksmith's shop, who was always ready to admit the justice of the claim, and that the doctor had been very kind and attentive, and had well earned his money; but Johnny was always behind hand; and though full of professions of gratitude to the good doctor, yet the doctor's bill seemed not very likely to be paid. Familiarity, saith the proverb, breeds contempt. This old saw is not apt to work more roughly in any relation of life than between the creditor, or the creditor's agent, and the non-performing debtor. The pursuing party is apt to be importunate, and the pursued to grow gradually callous and indifferent. Upon the present occasion, however, the collector, who was a benevolent man, was extremely patient and forbearing. He had sufficient penetration to perceive that poor Johnny, for some cause or other, was always exceedingly mortified and pained by these repeated applications. It did not, however, escape the suspicion of the collector that there might be a certain secret cause for Johnny's inability to pay the doctor's bill. Intemperance is exhibited in a great variety of modifications. While some individuals are speedily roused into violent and disorderly action, or hushed to slumber, and reduced to the condition of a helpless and harmless mass, others, provided by nature with heads of iron and leathern skins, are equally intemperate, yet scarcely, for many years, present, before the world, the slightest personal indication of their habitual indulgence.

Johnny Hodges was an excellent workman, and he had abundance of work. It was not easy to account for such an appropriation of his earnings, as would not leave him enough for the payment of the doctor's bill, upon any other supposition than that of a wasteful and sinful employment of them for the purchase of strong drink. Johnny's countenance, to be sure, was exceedingly pale and sallow; but the pale faced tippler is by no means an uncommon spectacle. On the other hand, Johnny was very industrious, constantly in his shop in working hours, and always busily employed.

After an interval of several weeks, the collector called again, and put the customary question, 'Well, Mr. Hodges, can you pay the doctor's bill?' Perhaps there was something unusually hurried

or importunate, or Johnny so thought, in the manner of making the inquiry. Johnny was engaged in turning a shoe, and he hammered it entirely out of shape. He laid down his hammer and tongs, and for a few seconds rested his cheek upon his hand. 'I don't know how I can pay the doctor's bill,' said Johnny Hodges. 'I've nothing here in the shop but my tools and a very little stock; and I've nothing at home but the remainder of our scanty furniture. I know the doctor's bill ought to be paid, and if he will take it, he shall be welcome to our cow, though I have five little children who live upon the milk.'

'No, no, Hodges,' said the collector, 'you are much mistaken if you suppose the doctor, who is a Christian and a kind hearted man, would take your cow or oppress at all for the amount of his bill. But how is it that you, who have always so much work, have never any money?'

'Ah, sir,' said Johnny Hodges, while he wiped the perspiration from his face, for he was a hard-working man, 'Ah, sir,' said he, 'what a curse it is! can nothing be done to put a stop to this intemperance? I hear a great deal of the efforts that are making; but still the liquor business goes on. If it were not for the temptations to take strong drink, I should do well enough; and the good doctor should not have sent twice for the amount of his bill. Very few of those who write and talk so much of intemperance know anything of our trials and troubles.'

'I confess,' said the collector, 'that I have had my suspicions and fears before. Why do you not resolve that you will never touch another drop? Go, Hodges, like a man, and put your name to the pledge; and pray God to enable you to keep it faithfully.'

'Why, as to that, sir,' said the blacksmith, 'the pledge will do me no good; the difficulty doesn't lie there. What a curse! Is there no prospect of putting an end to intemperance?'

'To be sure there is,' replied the collector. 'If people will sign the pledge, and keep it too, there is no difficulty.'

'But suppose they will not sign the pledge,' rejoined Johnny Hodges; 'still, if intoxicating liquor were not so common as it is, and so easily obtained the temptation would be taken away.'

'That is all very true, but it is every man's duty to do something for himself,' replied the collector. 'I advise you to sign the pledge as soon as possible.'

'Why, sir,' said the blacksmith, 'the difficulty doesn't lie here, as I told you; I signed the pledge long ago, and I have kept it well. I never was given to taking spirit in my life. My labour at the forge is pretty hard work, yet I take nothing stronger for drink than cold water.'

'I am sorry that I misunderstood you,' replied the collector. 'But since you do not take spirit, and your children, as you have led me to suppose, are of tender years, why are you so anxious for the suppression of intemperance?'

'Because,' said poor Johnny Hodges, after a pause, and with evident emotion, 'to tell you the plain truth, it has made my home a hell, my wife a drunkard, and my children beggars!'

'Poor things,' said he, as he brushed away the tears, 'they have no mother any more. The old cow that I offered you just now for the doctor's

debt—and I believe it would have broken their hearts to have parted with old Brindle—is more of a Mother to them now than the woman who brought them into this world of trouble. I have little to feed old Brindle with; and the children are running here and there for a little swill and such matters to keep her alive. Even the smallest of these poor things will pick up a bunch of hay or a few scattered corn-stalks and fetch it to her, and look on with delight to see her enjoy it. I have seen them all together, when their natural mother, in a drunken spree, has driven them out of doors, flying for refuge to the old cow, and lying beside her in the shed. What a curse it is!

'What will become of them and of me.' Continued this broken-hearted man, 'I cannot tell, I sometimes fear that I shall lose my reason and be placed in the madhouse. Such is the thirst of the wretched woman for gin, that she has repeatedly taken my tools and carried them five or six miles, and pawned or sold them for liquor. The day before yesterday I carried home a joint of meat for dinner. When I went home, tired and hungry, at the dinner hour, I found her drunk and asleep upon the floor. She had sold the joint of meat, and spent the money in gin. It's greivous to tell such matters to a stranger; but I can't bear that you or the good doctor should think me ungrateful any longer. I never shall forget the doctor's kindness to me two years ago, when I had my dreadful fever; and if ever I can get so much money together, he shall certainly be paid. That fever was brought on partly by hard work, but the mainspring of the matter was in the mind. My wife was then getting very bad, and when she was in liquor, her language was both indecent and profane; though when we were married, there wasn't a more modest girl in the parish. Just before my fever came on, in one of her fits of intemperance, she strolled away, and was gone three days and three nights; and, to this hour, I have never known where she was all that time. It almost broke my heart. The doctor always said there was something upon my mind; but I never told him, nor any one else, the cause of my trouble till now. What a curse! Don't you think, sir, that something can be done to put an end to this terrible curse of intemperance?'

'Your case is a very hard one,' said the collector, after a solemn pause, 'and I wish I could point out a remedy. You need give yourself no uneasiness about the doctor's bill, for I am sure he will think no more of it when I have told him your story. If it would not give you too much pain, and take up too much of your time I should like to be informed, a little more particularly, of the commencement and progress of this habit in your wife, which seems to have destroyed your domestic happiness.'

Johnny Hodges wiped his brow, and sat down upon a bench in his shop, the collector took a seat by his side.

'Eight years ago,' said Johnny Hodges, 'come the first day of next month, I was married. Polly Wilson, that was her maiden name, was twenty three and I was four years older. I certainly thought it the best day's work I ever did, and I continued of that mind for about five years. Since then, Heaven knows I have had reason to think otherwise; for ever since, trouble has been about my path and about my bed.

About three years ago my wife took to drink. I cannot tell how it happened; but she always said, herself, that the first drop of gin she ever drank was upon a washing day, when an old woman persuaded her that it would keep the cold off her stomach. From that time the habit grew upon her very fast. She has told me a hundred times, in her sober moments, that she would give the world to leave it off; but that she could not for the life of her. So strong has been her desire to get liquor, that nothing was safe from her grasp. She sold her children's Sabbath clothes and my own for drink. After I had gotten well of my fever, I worked hard; and, at one time, had laid by nearly enough, as I supposed, to pay the doctor's bill. One day I had received a dollar for work, and went to my drawer to add it to the rest; and—all was gone! The drawer had been forced open. She knew that I had been saving the money to pay the doctor and the apothecary for their services during my fever; she knew that my sickness had been produced by sleepless nights and a broken heart, on her account; yet she could not resist the temptation. She affirmed, in the most solemn manner, that she knew nothing about it; but two of the little children, in answer to my inquiry, told me that they had seen mammy break open the drawer, and take out the money: and that she went directly over to the grocery, and in about half an hour after she returned, went to sleep so soundly in her chair that they could not wake her up to get them a little supper. At that time I went to Mr. Calvin Leech, the grocer, and told him that I wondered, as he was a church member, how he could have the heart to ruin the peace of my family. He was very harsh, and told me that every man must take care of his own wife, and that it was not his business to look after mine. I began to think with Job, that I would not live always. Strange fancies came into my head about that time, and I tried hard to think of some escape from such a world of sin and sorrow, but a kind and merciful God would not let me take my own wild way. I read my Bible: and the poor children kept all the while in my way, smiling sweetly in my face, and driving all evil thoughts from my mind. My eldest boy was then about seven. "Don't take on so, daddy," the little fellow used to say, when he found me shedding tears, "don't cry, daddy; I shall be big enough to blow the bellows next year." I have tried to keep up for the sake of these poor children; and few would be better for their years if their mother did not teach some of them to curse and swear. They have the same bright look and gentle temper that my wife had when we were married. There never was a milder temper than Polly's, before this curse fell upon the poor creature. Oh, sir, it is nothing but drink that has ruined our hopes of happiness in this world. How strange it is that nothing can be done to stay such a dreadful plague!'

The collector shook the poor blacksmith by the hand, and bade him keep up his spirits as well as he could, and put his trust in God's providence. Promising to make a friendly call in the course of a few days, he took his leave.

This interview with the blacksmith had caused his visitor to contemplate the subject of the temperance reform somewhat in a novel point of view. The importunate and frequently repeated interrogatory of Johnny Hodges, 'Cannot some-

thing be done to put an end to the evils of intemperance? to most individuals it would appear to savour of gross ignorance in the inquirer as to those amazing efforts which have already been made, at home and abroad. But it must not be forgotten that poor Hodges was no theorizer in that part of domestic wretchedness which arises from intemperance. He was well aware that a prodigious effort had been made for the purification of the world, by voluntary associations, adopting the pledge of total abstinence. He perfectly understood that all those who had subscribed such a pledge, and faithfully adhered to it, were safe from the effects of intemperance in their own persons. Yet this poor fellow cried aloud, out of the depths of his real misery, 'Cannot something be done to put an end to the evils of intemperance?'

His own bitter experience had taught him that there was one person who could never be prevailed upon to sign the pledge: one, upon whose faithful execution of her domestic duties his whole earthly happiness depended—the partner of his bosom, the mother of his children, and she had become a loathsome and ungovernable drunkard. He rationally inferred, indeed he well knew the fact, from his own observation upon the surrounding neighbourhood, that such an occurrence was of no uncommon character. Intemperate husbands, intemperate wives, and intemperate children were all around him. Johnny Hodges was a man of good common sense. He reasoned forward to the future from the past. He entertained no doubt, that, notwithstanding the most energetic, voluntary efforts of all the societies upon the face of the earth, drunkenness would certainly continue, in a greater or less degree, so long as the means of drunkenness were suffered to remain. The process of reasoning in Johnny's mind may be very easily described. So long, thought he, as liquor selling continues to be sanctioned by laws, and groggery groceries and taverns are legalized at every corner; so long as church members distil spirituous liquor, and sell it, reducing the temperate drinker's dollar to the drunkard's misrepence, and that misrepence to nothing and a jail; winning away the bread from the miserable tipplers' children, and causing the husband and wife to hate and abhor the very presence of each other; so long a very considerable number of persons, who will not sign the Pledge, will be annually converted from temperate men and women into drunken vagabonds and paupers. The question is therefore reduced to this; can no effectual measures be provided by law to prevent a cold, calculating, mercenary body of men from trafficking any longer in broken hopes, broken hearts, and broken constitutions; and to restrain, at least, such as are church members, who pray to the Lord to lead them not into temptation, from laying snares along the highways and hedges of the land, to entrap the feet of their fellow-creatures and tempt their weaker brethren to their ruin?

A month or more had passed away before the collector's business brought him again into the neighbourhood of the blacksmith's shop. Johnny Hodges was at work as usual. He appeared dejected and careworn. His visitor shook him by the hand and told him that the doctor said he would consider him, as old Boerhaave used to say, one of his best patients, for God would be his paymaster.—'Never think of the debt any more, Johnny,' said the collector.

'The doctor has sent you his bill, received and he bade me tell you that if a little money would help you in your trouble you should be heartily welcome to it.'

'Indeed,' said the blacksmith, 'the doctor is a kind friend; but I suppose nothing can be done to put an end to this curse?'

'I fear there will not be, at present,' said the collector: 'drink is the idol of the people. The friends of temperance have petitioned the legislature to pull this old idol down. Now there are, in that very body, a great many members who love the idol dearly; there are many who act as though they are sent thither expressly to keep the idol up. So you see that petitioning the legislature, such as it now is, to abolish the traffic in drink, is like petitioning the priests of Baal to pull down their false god. But you look pale and sad; has any new trouble come upon you, or do you find the old one more grievous to bear?'

'Ah sir,' said this man of many woes, 'we have had trouble enough, new and old, since you were here last. Intemperance must be a selfish vice, I am sure.'

'About a fortnight ago, my wife contrived, while I was gone to the city to procure a few bars of iron, to sell our old cow to a cattle dealer; and this woman, once so kind-hearted and thoughtful of her children, would see them starve rather than deprive herself of the means of intoxication. She has been in liquor every day since. But all this is nothing compared with her other late trial. Last Monday night I was obliged to be from home till a very late hour. I had a promise from a neighbour to sit up at my house till my return, to look after the children, and prevent the house from being set on fire. But the promise was forgotten. When I returned about eleven o'clock, all was quiet. I struck a light, and finding my wife was in bed, and sound asleep, I looked around for the children. The four older children I readily found, but little Peter, our infant, about thirteen months old, I could find nowhere. After a careful search, I shook my wife by the shoulder to wake her up, that I might learn, if possible, what had become of the child. After some time, though evidently under the influence of liquor, I awakened this wretched woman, and made her understand me. She then made a sign that it was in the bed. I proceeded to examine, and found the poor suffering babe beneath her. She had pressed the life out of its little body.'

'It was quite dead.'

'It was but yesterday that I put it into the ground. If you can credit it, this miserable mother was so intoxicated that she could not follow it to the grave. What can a poor man do with such a burthen as this? The owner of the little tenement in which I have lived has given me notice to quit, because he says, and reasonably enough too, that the chance of my wife's setting it on fire is growing greater every day. However, I feel that within me that promises a release before long from all this insufferable

* I have learned, since the preparation of this tale, from the collector himself that Hodges expressed the liveliest gratitude for the doctor's kindness in relinquishing his claim for professional services, but he persisted in refusing to receive the money which accompanied the receipted bill;—'God will reward the doctor for all his kindness,' said the poor fellow, 'but I cannot take the money.'

misery. But what will become of my poor children?

Johnny sat down upon a bench, and burst into tears. His visitor, as we have said, was a kindhearted man.

'Suppose I should get some discreet person to talk with your wife,' said he.

Johnny raised his eyes and his hands at the same moment. 'Talk with her?' he replied, 'you may as well talk with a whirlwind; the abuse which she poured on me this morning for proposing to bring our good minister to talk with her would have made your hair stand on end. No, I am heartbroken, and undone, for this world. I have no hope, save in a better, through the mercies of God.'

The visitor took the poor man by the hand and silently departed. He uttered not a word; he was satisfied that nothing could be said to abate the domestic misery of poor Johnny Hodges in the present world; and there was something in his last words, and in the tone in which they were uttered, which assured the visitor that Johnny's unshaken confidence in the promises of God would not be disappointed in another.

How entirely inadequate is the most finished delineation to set forth, in true relief, the actual sum total of such misery as this! How little conception have all those painted male butterflies and moths, who stream along our public walks of a sunny morning, or slutter away their lives in our fashionable ball rooms, club-houses and saloons—how little conception have they of the real pressure of such practical wretchedness as this! To the interrogatory of poor Johnny Hodges, 'Can nothing be done to put an end to the evils of intemperance?' what answer, here and hereafter, do those individuals propose to offer, who not only withhold their names from the temperance pledge, but who light up their mansions, and call together the giddy and the gay of both sexes and devote one apartment of their palaces, in the present condition of public sentiment, chastened and purified as it is, to the whisky-punch bowl.

The summer had passed, and the harvest was over. About four months after the last interview, I heard, for the first time, the story of poor Johnny Hodges. Taking upon my tablets a particular direction to his house and shop, I put on my surlout, and set forth, upon a clear, cold November morning to pay the poor fellow a visit. It was not three miles from the city to his dwelling. By the special direction which I had received, I readily identified the shop. The doors were closed, for it was a sharp, frosty morning. I wished to see the poor fellow at his forge before I disclosed the object of my visit. I opened the door. He was not there. The bellows were still.

The last spark had gone out in the forge. The hammer and tongs were thrown together. Johnny's apron was lying carelessly upon the bench, and the iron, upon which he had been working lay cold upon the anvil. I turned towards the little dwelling. That also had been abandoned. A short conversation with an elderly man, who proved to be a neighbour, soon put my doubts and uncertainties at rest. The conclusion of this painful little history may be told in a very few words. The wife, who, it appears, notwithstanding her gross intemperance, retained no

inconsiderable portion of personal comeliness, when not absolutely drunk, had run off, in company with a common soldier, abandoning her husband and children about three months before. Five days only before my visit poor Johnny Hodges, having died of a broken heart, was committed to that peaceful grave, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. On the same day four little children were handed over to the tender mercies of public charity.

'I have known them well, all their life-long,' said the old man, from whom I obtained the information. The first four or five years of their married life there was not a likelier nor a thrifter, nor a happier couple in the village. Hodges was at his forge early and late, and his wife was a pattern of neatness and industry. But the poor woman was just as much poisoned with whiskey as ever a man was with arsenic. It changed her nature, until, at last, it rendered her a perfect nuisance. Everybody speaks a kind word of poor Hodges; and everybody says that his wife killed him and brought his children to utter destitution. This is a terrible curse to be sure.

'Pray, sir, can't something be done to put an end to the evils of intemperance?'

Such, thought I, was the inquiry of poor Johnny Hodges. How long can the intelligent legislators of Canada conscientiously permit this inquiry to pass without a satisfactory reply? How many more children shall be orphans; how many more temperate men shall be converted into drunken paupers before the power of the law shall be exerted to stay the plague? In the present condition of the world, while the legislature throws its fostering arms around this cruel occupation, how many there are who will have abundant cause to exclaim, like poor Johnny Hodges, from the bottom of their souls,—What a curse!

How many shall take as fair a departure for the voyage of life, and make shipwreck of all their earthly hopes, in a similar manner! How many hearts, not guilty of presumptuous sins, but grateful for Heaven's blessings in some humble sphere, shall be turned, by such misery as this, into broken cisterns which can hold no earthly joy! How many husbands of drunken wives; how many wives of drunken husbands; how many miserable children, flying in terror from the walking corpses of inebriated parents, shall cry aloud, like poor Johnny Hodges, in the language of despair, WHAT A CURSE!

THE COMMERCIAL ROOM.

THE PROCEEDS OF ONE NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

(Concluded.)

Perhaps I should apologize for taking up so much time with an incident so trifling and so common, happening to-night, with more or less variation of the circumstances, in the principal streets of all our principal towns—a mere spark from the furnace of destruction—a drop from the ocean of drink. Let us return to the respectable drinking-room. There, though "the Bottle" has gone more than its accustomed rounds, there has been no midnight brawl, requiring the interference of police, no broad, disgusting obscenity, no brutal boast of physical

ability to mangle the flesh of a fellow man, nor any of the low brutality that drink produces in the tap-room. Oh, no! that is not "Good Company" style. But there has been worse. There has been the double meaning song; the obscene "Judes Mots" (pardoned for its wit); that common-sense view of things, sacred and divine, which strikes the superficial with its apparent plausibility; till, puzzled by the hackneyed sophisms of the practiced sceptical disputant, they feel their faith die away in the echo of the scoffer's laugh. These are the gilded pills that poison without nauseating—the graceful assassins that murder while they smile—the instrumentalities that make drunkards and libertines, and infidels. The night is over—the happy (?) night; the first rays of the morning sun are tinging with gold the eastern canopy; the lark is rising towards heaven with its morning hymn of praise and gladness; nature, rising like a giant from sleep, is summoning her children to labour and devotion; while those children of night are crawling to bed like dead things; not to sleep; dissipation never sleeps; but to writhe, and groan, and start from fearful dreams; to feel the gnawing pangs of remorse; to pour fresh stimulus down their throats, and prepare for another night's debauch. So on, on, from day to day and from night to night, till all their nights merge into one long, long night of eternity!

Of those who were there that night, some twelve or fourteen, three are now in the cold tomb; two have been imprisoned, the one for embezzlement, the other for debt; I believe the latter is in prison still; a few struggled out of the hellish net-work, reformed and prospered; others of them are still travelling, with bruised feet, the burning road to perdition.

Two years after the night alluded to, the lights burned brightly in many a commercial room throughout England, Scotland and Wales, and hundreds of social beings gathered around the festive board, to taste such joys as wit and wine can give. The chairs so often filled, as none but the brilliant Edwards could fill them, were being filled by those who could best sing his songs, retail his jests, and imitate his style. His name and praises hung upon hundreds of tongues. Hundreds of glasses were drained to his health, happiness, prosperity, and long life; and hundreds of voices joined in the chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow." And while all this was going on, the pale rays of the moon were silently forcing themselves through a prison window, silencing with mocking splendour the ghastly features of poor Edward's corpse. He died in a prison-cell another victim to "Good Company, The Commercial Room, and the Bottle." Poor Edwards! may no self-righteous hand pluck from thy nameless grave the flower of sympathy and regret, which one who loved thee, with all thy faults would plant there! Another member of that night's company has since told me that he lay one night tipsy upon Edward's grave. He had gone there to drink to the memory of the dead, taking with him for that purpose, a small bottle of spirits in his pocket. He fell asleep on the grave, and when he awoke, it was to think and weep, and pray. How solemn was that midnight scene! In scenes like this, "descending spirits have conversed with man, and told the secrets of a world

unknown." Was it a descending spirit from heaven, or a voice from the grave, that bid him sleep no longer with the dead? He gazed alternately from the bottle to the grave. The tempter whispered, "Drink, and drown this sad solemnity;" but he prayed; his better angel prevailed, and throwing far from him the accursed bottle, he arose and went to his Father.*

Another, who, that night defended religion from the attacks of the sceptics, is now an open and avowed infidel; one of those who doubt everything but the infallibility of their own weak judgments; who would materialize the very Spirit of Divinity itself; and rather reason themselves into eternal nothingness than acknowledge the existence of a retributive justice which conscience tells them they have fearfully outraged. An infidel that young man is now, corrupted and corrupting, blasting like the deadly upas everything beneath its influence.

The history of another member of that night's company—my own history, the most eventful, strange, and terrible of any, perhaps, on record—must be left for a future time, when memory, sustained by hope, will not reel at the frightful retrospect.

From what has been said, what think you of one night's entertainment? What think you of the trio, "Good Company, the Commercial Room and the Bottle?" Do you not agree with me that, united, they form the unholiest alliance that ever leagued for the destruction of man's interests, temporal and eternal? Separate them, take away "The Bottle" and "Good Company" will then deserve the name; and the elements of which it is composed, and which by "the Bottle" are perverted to the very worst of purposes, will become the chief constituents of human happiness and human progress, social, moral and religious. Take away "The Bottle" and "the Commercial Room" will be a place where any man might be proud to enter. Cut off the rotten member; it mortifies the whole. Take away "the Bottle" What will you do with it? Let it sink to its native hell, with the curse of common sense, the curse of man, and the curse of God upon it. Why should it be allowed to corrupt good company, and to make the otherwise really respectable resort of the traveller a hot-bed of infamy. Take away the "Bottle," but until it is taken away, let "Good Company" assume no garb of prostituted respectability; and let the "Commercial Room," bar-room, and all other so-called respectable drinking rooms, rank with the lowest tap-rooms in the lowest houses that ever exercised the vigilance of police in the vilest haunts of vice.

Away with these gossamer distinctions between one class of drinking houses and drink-rooms and another! The best of them, and the most select of them is a place where strong drink is sold and drunk, and therefore a chamber of horrors; not, indeed, like that of Madame

* Since writing the above, I learn, from inquiries made at the hotels in the towns through which I pass, and from other sources, that several others with whom I was acquainted have since been guilty of embezzlement, have committed suicide, &c., &c., from drink; and most of the names over the hotel doors are changed. If these people were destroyed by strychnine or any other poison, every newspaper in England would have leading articles on the subject; but as they were killed by the licensed and pet poison, strong drink, the subject is only important enough for a fool-note.

Tussaud, where the more forms of the murderer and his victim are exhibited to gratify a morbid curiosity, but one in which the murderer, strong drink, is constantly slaying more victims than all the Greenacres, Rusbs, and Palmers that ever barbarized barbarity, or refined the science of plain murder; a chamber of horrors ghastlier than any dreamt of in "Dante's Inferno," and over which might be truly inscribed, "Here hope ends." Away with these distinctions! or, if we will give a preference, let it, in the name of God, be to the tap-room, where the victim is not cajoled and lured to his fate by the bait of "Good Company" and respectability. Let us, if we are to enter the lion's mouth, take our chance fairly, openly, and at once, in the tap-room, where we may see, at a glance, what brutes drink can make of us. Don't strew with flowers our path to the slaughter-house.

But away with all of them! Let the destroying angel, Prohibition, find no protective mark on the door-post of any house where strong drink is sold. Away with these lines of demarcation between uncouth and refined depravity! What matters it if I am to be murdered, whether I am murdered with a crow-bar or the "Spear of Ethuriel?" Away, too, with the idea that education and refinement are safeguards against the debasing influences of drink! I have shown the reverse to be the fact. These serve but as *ignes fatui* that light him to the quagmire of the drink traffic—that slimy mass of glittering and legalized corruption that grows disgusted with the monsters bred in its own bosom, and casts them as burdens at the doors of sober men. Drink is capable of turning the gifts of heaven into curses. No man sinks lower in the scale of degradation when he drinks than the man of cultivated intellect. A stone thrown from the top of Snowdon,* would travel quicker, and fall more heavily and destructively than one thrown from a house-top, and it would be more difficult to replace it in its former position. "You may redeem the clod," says Bulwer, "but the meteor will still feed on the marsh." And the same author speaks of a beautiful tradition, which says that, "when the rebellious angels were driven from heaven, the brightest of them, guided by their own light, found their way to the realms of despair, while the less luminous spirits not having sufficient light, lost their way, returned to heaven repentant, and were pardoned."

Strong drink debases all, the scholar as well as the clown. The whizzing bullet brings the soaring eagle reeling and bloody to the earth; it does no more with the common crow. Let us hear no more about respectable and disrespectable drinking houses or rooms; all are alike; "strong drink is raging" in all; fortune, and health, and strength, and peace, and hope, and body, and soul are wrecked in all. The poison is the same, whether drunk in a monarch's palace, or a peasant's hut—whether drunk from a golden chalice or a tap-room mug. In whatsoever manner or place it is drunk it debases the drinker; drunk on earth, it debases man, the noblest work of God (some of the best as well as some of the worst—priest and prophet, prince and people); and, if drunk in heaven, it would debase God's angels. Strong this, but I feel strongly. I am speaking of drink, the deadliest enemy of myself and race; a worse foe to my

body than the fiend of cholera; worse to my soul than all the other sinful agencies of hell's invention. It found me healthy and strong; it left me disensed, weak, shivering, nerveless, shattered, and disfigured. It found me what any young man might be proud to be; and it made me what I dare not confess even to myself. It found me honourable, and it brought me to do such deeds as, but to think of, rises the blood in boiling torrents to my temples, and sends it back in frozen streams to a heart naturally noble, and therefore indignant. It found me rich for my station, and rich in the love of family and friends; and it left me a penniless beggar—friendless, homeless, aimless, hopeless, literally "an outcast and a vagabond on the face of the earth." It found me reverencing God and His Word; and it made me a miserable skeptic. The only enemy that ever conquered my iron will was strong drink; an enemy that scourged me from happiness to the verge of the grave and perdition, and which tempts me so, even now, that though a determined abstainer, I dare not, even if allowed, identify myself with one of the best of earthly brotherhoods—the Total Abstinence Movement—lest, falling, (which God in his mercy forefend!) scollers might connect my fall with the inefficiency of its principles, forgetting that my fall could only be attributed to principles diametrically opposite, and that it went to prove the necessity still further of resisting evil habit in time, before it becomes too strong for human power or will to resist, or anything less strong than the arm of God's help to conquer.

But you may tell me that I have no right to inveigh against a vice till I have long and successfully withstood it. Why not? Must the slave not curse the chain, because he still feels its irons grinding to his bones? Must the slave not curse the lash because his blood still trickles and his flesh still quivers from its blows? And must I not curse drink because I yet may have reason to dread its power? I have a right to curse it; and conquering or conquered, the victor or the victim, groaning beneath it, or trampling over it in victory or defeat, I will curse it still. I always cursed it since I found myself its slave. I cursed it as I raised it to my lips, and inveighed against it in its strongholds. The doctrines I now advocate I have advocated for years, not as an abstainer, but as a slave who despaired of ever bursting his fetters. And may I not have vengeance too as well as curses?—May I not, by a warning, wretch from its powers some victims treading, or about to tread, the path of danger I have trodden? May I not shout, Ho! beware! turn while yet you may! Look at me. I have trodden that path of woe. Look! here are my footprints tracked in sorrow and in blood. Turn, before it is too late; turn back and do what I should have done in time—turn back and sign the pledge! Oh, noble vengeance this! but let me have nobler still; let me point to other foot-prints than those of sorrow and of blood; let me point to foot prints of sobriety, reformation and triumph—footprints that may encourage some despairing brother, and teach him that "there is a future before every man who feels repentance for the past, and woos the angel Virtue in the future," who has the energy and will to seek it rightly, even at the eleventh hour.

* The highest mountain in Wales.

Mark me! fallen as I am, with heaven's help I may yet do this. If you wish to encourage me—if you approve of my efforts—testify your approval by no meaningless acquiescence: I care not for it. Give me a practical testimony. Sign the pledge! Some of us may meet again; I care not where; in the "Commercial Room," if you will. We may make "Good Company" even in "THE COMMERCIAL ROOM," but it shall be without "THE BOTTLE!"

A UNIVERSITY CAREER; OR, OXFORD FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

BY H. B. SMALL, S. G. L.

Oxford—what recollections does that word recall, what old familiar faces long since scattered and dispersed, what happy hours spent and pleasant parties joined in, loom through the long vista of years gone by, with as much freshness, as though it were but yesterday, that we mixed among them. Probably no finer city than Oxford is to be met with, as regards architecture; and looking from Carfax Church down High Street, which by making a curve halfway, breaks the monotony of a usual city street, the eye never tires of beholding the noble buildings. The ubiquitous cap and gown alike of undergraduate and, don, as the fellows are called, so continually visible, adds immensely to the venerable appearance of the city, yet a stranger is at once struck with the reserve visible on the various countenances as they pass. *Appropos* of this reserve, we well remember, one cold raw afternoon in the early part of November, waiting at Bletchley Junction on our way to College for the first time, and during our three hours detention there, fraternizing with two or three fashionable great coats, with little men inside them whom, judging from their rings, pins, scarfs &c., our freshman's vivid imagination at once pictured as youthful noblemen;—finding they were University men bound like us for Oxford, we flattered ourselves to no small extent on the valuable acquisition to our *entree* there, an acquaintance with them would afford us; but we did not then know, that however social and agreeable undergraduates may be, away from College, there is in the University itself a charmed circle, or 'set,' to which it is requisite that a man must be admitted before he can mix with them, and our Bletchley friends the next day passed us in "the High" with as great a degree of nonchalance, as though we had never met.—

Arriving at College, the first thing a freshman does, is, to call on his tutor; after undergoing which ordeal he probably feels as much relieved, as the tutor does at his departure, and the visit generally closes with "Your rooms are on such and such a staircase, and so and so is your scout." And a most extraordinary yet indispensable institution are these scouts, a hybrid between a Harpy and a Shylock, who force upon the unfortunate freshman every conceivable article requisite and not requisite, till his little room of twelve by eight has the appearance of a superannuated furniture shop; if the slightest objection is made to so many things, the scout brings him to, by saying, "Mr. Rapid, who had these rooms before you, sir, and took a double first, didn't think them half furnished enough." Submissively he pays, (a freshman always pays) and mentally wondering what all this omium gatherum had to do

with Mr. Rapids double first, and what his own fate will be, if taken in the ratio of wear and tear, he sinks by degrees into the routine of College Life.—

The first acquaintances a freshman makes are generally old schoolfellows; and these introduce him to their respective 'sets'. The boating set, is the easiest to get in with; but their conversation to the ears of a novice might as well be carried on in Sanscrit, so unintelligible to him is it; every one is an, oar, or a 'stroke' or 'bow' or 'number two'; or 'number four'; never a man; and 'bumps' and 'fouls'; and some mighty secret concerning the next race, or how Worcester cut out Pembroke 'in the gut', and how Jones of Jesus narrowly escaped Illey lasher in his dingy. These are the principal theme of the conversation. If his ideas take a liking to the set, the payment of the boat-club fee, usually about three guineas will gain the freshman admission as a member of that 'set.' If it be in the winter term that he enters College, it is probable that he will receive a visit from Mr. Horsey, (whose father is master of the Break-neck-shire hounds,) with cigar, whip and cords, who having heard that "he was a kind of accessible sort of a fellow," draws his attention to the financial state of the drag, or hunting committee, and "would like to put his name down, as a member, on the payment of five pounds." Mr. Horsey, or his representative, being generally a three years man, and head of his set, this is a great trial for the weak freshman.

But by far the greatest nuisance he is subjected to, is the continual knocking and entrance of a somebody, he does not know who, it may be a senior undergraduate, or a clergyman, or a vender of small wares forbidden (which latter is always a respectable looking man) or a reduced tradesman, or a wine merchant; then a smile and a bow and a "hope we may have your custom, sir." Should he reply that at present he cannot afford to give any orders, (his money has run out in furniture and fees), that objection is politely overcome by the answer, "money is no object, sir; we only wish to open a little account," and the unfortunate youth commences his first little bill, in the vain hope of getting rid of his continuous visitors, forgetting that those who beset him in the early part of his career, are certain to be succeeded in the latter portion of it, by the yet more harassing 'duns.' These however can be avoided more shamelessly as he gets posted in the mysteries of his 'oak' or outer door, which closing with a spring latch, is impervious to outsiders without a latch-key.

The Oxford tradesmen know that a young man sent up to the University is not a mere adventurer; they know that he represents a certain amount of respectability and wealth, and that is all they ever care to know; and at the close of three years it is generally a race between tailors, hosiers, jewellers, and horse-keepers which can first get hold of the Pater familias and victimize him for his son's liabilities. To give an example of the extravagance indulged in by some men when launched on the world as their own masters, we will state the case of a member of our College, who never breakfasted without champagne or moselle; whose debts in eighteen months amounted to £7,000!

His actual expenditure had been about £4,000, but having had recourse to money lenders, a class of men with which Oxford and the sister University both teem, he increased his indebtedness to such an extent that his University career had to be suddenly cut short by a hurried flight to Boulogne. The system pursued by these money lenders, who charge interest at the rate of about two hundred and fifty per cent, is a gross swindle, and it is a disgrace that the authorities do not take the matter in hand. Having procured from their victim an endorsed note, (and they are very particular as to the endorser) they furnish perhaps half the amount of it in cash, giving curiosities or specimens for the remainder, with the intimation that they can be disposed of to Mr. So and So; who generally proves to be a so called wine merchant; he will very kindly in return for these specimens ("which really he does not want, but merely takes to oblige") furnish some villainous compound under the name of Port at exorbitant figures, and thus the unfortunate borrower is 'fleeced' on both sides to such an extent that either flight becomes necessary, or an incubus is thrown on his shoulders which it will take half a life time to dispose of. Many a young curate has to expend half his yearly income in paying off the debts of his three years thoughtless and extravagant career, whereas, if a man is possessed of a little self-denial and steadiness he may live nearly within the same bounds at Alma Mater as in his native village.

There is in every College a high church 'set,' and a low church 'set;' the one continually moving about convocation, the other perpetually alluding to Babylon; a scientific set, and a reading set, who devote three nights a week to Shakespeare, and the remainder to debating, whilst the 'fast set' meet at each others rooms over enormous 'wines.' It is a fearful thing for the freshman to hear that the meeting will occur over where he "keeps." These 'wines' or large desserts immediately after Hall, are going out of vogue, but still there may be seen each afternoon, fruiterers men, and common-room men, the one with dishes, the other with glasses, hurrying to set the tables. It is a wonderful mark of the inventive genius of the 'scout,' and how so many men (forty or fifty, is or was no uncommon number to assemble) can be crammed into such little space, assimilates in the mind College rooms with carpet bags. We remember in our day that the Jesus men, mostly Welshmen, had the unenviable reputation of never giving wines but 'beers,' and in connection with that was handed down a tradition respecting an elderly traveller who had met a Mr. Jones of that College on his journey, and accepted his invitation to wine after Hall; how this Mr. Jones was only recognized by the porter, out of the eleven of that name, on the travellers enquiry, by being the only one who used the juice of the grape. At seven o'clock there is a continuous stream of men sitting hither and thither with green boxes on their heads; therein is anchovy toast and coffee. The atmosphere of the room to a stranger has the appearance of a London November fog, through which the cigars glimmer like obscured lamps, a very atmosphere, of which one could cut a piece out with a paper knife, and pocket as a sample to be examined at our leisure: yet intoxication at these parties

is a very rare thing, and those who give way to it, are generally disposed of early in the evening. At these parties everyone undertakes to sing without any regard to time, tune, or matter, and the song invariably ends with a chorus, in which "for he's a jolly good fellow" and "a way we have in the 'versity," are distinctly vociferated. These wines generally conclude with a vingt-et-un, or as it used to be familiarly called 'Van John,' which on the retirement of the out college men towards twelve, is frequently extended far into the "small hours" of morning. Betting is frequent, but not on turf matters; on the boat-races, the results of the 'schools,' or at billiards every body has a little bet, and these debts of honor, as they are termed, are always scrupulously and promptly met.

The great meal of the University is breakfast; that is, a breakfast party; ten o'clock the usual hour, fish, game, kidneys, cutlets, with the universal sausage; cider and claret cup, spiced and iced, and glass-bottomed pewters for the imbibition of "Bass," the elixir vite of Oxford, and which to the best of our belief is nowhere consumed in such large quantities.

Dinner which is provided in the College Hall is a meal little cared for, and probably cut by the fast men four days in the week, though it, must be paid for, Dickenson's or Greenwood's (two chop-houses) being preferred. We well remember at our own College how a pun, quotation, or profanation was immediately punished by a 'sconce,' from the senior of the table: said sconce consisting of a gallon of hot spiced ale for the use of the table, and not unfrequently, we must confess (*oh pudor!*) have we ourselves made some Latin allusion purposely, when there seemed to be a scarcity of ale on the table.

Very few men attend morning chapel at seven; but in the afternoon a dense torrent of men, smelling strongly of tobacco may be seen pouring from the various staircases towards the inner "quad," where the chapel is generally situated, taking particular care that at their entrance they shall be seen by the Bible clerk whose business it is like Shallow, to 'prick' their names. Attendance at less than six chapels a week, first produces an admonition from the Vice-gerent of his College; the second time a notice to call on that functionary, when a verbal reproof is administered; the third offence is visited with 'gating,' that is retirement within the College walls at a fixed hour; this punishment however involves little parties in his own rooms, with many a pleasant rubber; but if he persists in his refractory course, he finds himself suddenly compelled to alter his ways, by a "cross" in the buttery which means that his supply of commons and ale (the usual panacea of all his ills) is stopped, and he becomes forthwith dependent on the will of the 'Dons' for his 'cross to be taken off,' on promises of amendment.

Although hunting in 'pink and tops' is not allowed by the University statutes, it is nevertheless winked at in most of the Colleges; and frequently morning chapel is kept by the youthful Nimrod in scarlet coat, concealed under an overcoat, and his 'tops' hidden under an extra pair of inexpressibles, which to use his own expressive term he 'peels off' immediately after service, and mounts the horse waiting for him at the College gate. When in Christ

Church, some years ago, scarlet had been forbidden, one morning shewed the doors of each of the 'Dons' of a roseate hue; and though every man's rooms were immediately examined, no clue to the perpetrator could be found, until on repairing the fountain in the 'quad,' which had suddenly ceased playing, a red paint pot was discovered thrown there, after the trick had been performed. Tradition also avers that the Dean of that College (peace to his *Manes*) being aroused from the elaborate exposition of some Greek roots he was absorbed in, by a violent knocking at his door, found on opening it a live fox fastened to the handle.

Tandem driving is also strictly prohibited, but the restriction is easily overcome, as the leader is 'sent on' a couple of miles or more out of Oxford, and 'taken off' on the return at the same place, though occasionally the proctor may wind the matter, and interpose his authority over the expectant ostler.

Should the freshman have a fondness for shooting, he wends his way to "the Weirs," were innumerable sparrows, larks, and pigeons, are continually being discharged from mysterious traps, or if in the winter, towards Eusham, where snipe may be had in abundance provided he arrives in the morning. Should he wish to invest in a dog, he has but to turn into the 'High' where he will find Lucas, or 'filthy lucre' as he was aptly termed hobbling, along with his string of dogs, and by giving him half the price demanded, which is then double the value, he may select one, which he probably keeps about two weeks, and then loses in some mysterious way known only to the dog and Lucas.

We do not remember which amusement was our particular weakness; sometimes with a horse from Davis or Simmons, a gallop in Portmeadow, or a little ride through Bagley Wood, helped us to digest some tough chorus of Sophocles or, stretched on the cushions of a contemplative punt (Canadian scow) with a 'Longfellow' or 'Tennyson' for company, we 'did' the Cherwell, after an extra worked up chapter of Livy, but we do remember, with what pleasure in one of Bossoms boats, we made trips to Godstow, and there in company with two or three choice spirits we would feast on eels, and quaff our Mocha, and hold pleasant talk with mine hosts three daughters as if Peterson our tutor had no existence, and the 'great-go' was a myth! Are you still there, ye fair Rosmonds, and have your visitors as great appetites as of yore? Well, some day we may come back to visit you, but probably with the bronze of foreign climes upon our brow, and hearts not half so light as formerly!

Isley meadows on a May evening present about as charming and animated a scene as can well be imagined, during the training for the boat-races. As each boat is cheered by its own College men, keeping pace with it along the tow-path, the phrases used would grate upon the ears of one of the Puritan School; "Go it Trinity," "Now All souls look after St John" "Skimmery (St. Mary) has fouled Magdalen"; these, and similar expressions resound on all sides; and when the last night of the races is over, bets are settled, and Bell's life has received the full account, then the great barge, resplendent with gilt, is towed down to Nuneham, Adams' band wakes up the echoes of the woods, and as 'grind-

ing' is no longer necessary for the crews, they gorge themselves to an extent that Vitellius might have envied. This 'grinding' consists in a three mile run before breakfast, no beer, wine, or pastry, all that is allowed being beetsteaks almost raw, and one pint of porter per day; and the crews are so closely watched by the captain of the boat during their training, that it is next to impossible for them to transgress.

Every undergraduate during his career cannot fail to be involved in the melees known as Town and Gown row; this occurs about November 5th, at night, the 'Town' being represented by boatmen *alias* bargees, and 'Gown' by men from the various Colleges, who parade the 'High' in squads. Formerly the "contending in deadly mill with brawney bargees" was attended with serious results, but of late years it has dwindled down to noisy jeerings and 'chaffing.' A sharp lookout is kept for the Proctor and his 'bulldogs' (runners) on sight of whom, however far off, the whole body of undergraduates disperses, to form again five minutes afterwards elsewhere. We well remember in one of these fights as we rushed out of the 'High' at sight of the Marshall, running full tilt against a 'Pro' coming down the Turl' who immediately evinced great anxiety to know our names and College, giving us an invitation to call upon him in the morning, and how on arriving at his rooms we found some twenty others like ourselves waiting a tedious reprimand. It is to be hoped that these 'rows' which are to say the least very low, will soon cease and that the cry "Who ate puppy pie" may soon become obsolete.

During our time puns were greatly in vogue, for making which 'Queen's' was most celebrated, and 'St. John's' for spoiling them most notorious. One Herring, of the latter College having slipped on muddy ground was told by a 'Queen's' man 'Herring what a pickle you are in,' relating afterwards in Hall what a capital joke he had been the cause of, persisted in giving it as "Herring what a mess you are in," to the great amusement of his hearers. Apropos of puns, some of the tradesmen in the University have retained the old custom of a sign over their door, invariably being known under its name; for instance our grocer was called the grasshopper, from having that insect for his sign; but so obliging was he that to his praise be it spoken "the grasshopper" never was said "to become a burden." In that he was the reverse of a tailor, yecept Joy, whose dunning propensities were such that it was invariably said of him "Joy cometh in the morning."

As the time for examination approaches, it becomes necessary to put on a 'coach' (or private tutor distinct from the College authorities) for an hour every alternate day; if he is required daily, he is termed a 'whole coach,' and should two be employed for classics and mathematics, the 'coaches' is said 'to run a team.' The cramming of an Undergraduate six weeks before examination, is a piteous sight—no beer is then imbibed at breakfast; no invitations accepted, except from men of his own year, and they trouble him then no more than he does them; he has heard, that the Examiners pluck for one paper, and his mind wanders when he thinks of his quadratic equations; he prepares a number of cunningly devised notes and memoranda, (but which he is afraid to use when the time

comes) and 'sports his oak' all day; at times he cheers himself with the idea, that he may just do it;—but his general condition is very miserable; his horse stands idle in the stable, and the only exercise he allows himself, is a constitutional on the Woodstock road, or up Heddington hill, perhaps, in company with some 'slow' man, who does not know a sparrow from a partridge, and never crossed a horse in his life.

As the Examination morning dawns, he feels a continuous tremor, which is, by no means, alleviated at the sight of the first paper in the schools, (algebra and arithmetic) of which, latter, he is totally ignorant, (*this is true of many others besides Undergraduates*)—the very print appals him—he hears a pen or two already scratching—presently one question unveils itself, and then another, till after all, he finds it "not so bad as he thought." Two hours and a-half pass, when having given up his papers to the Examiner, he returns with the rough working of his examples, which he hurries to lay before his 'coach,' who has been in waiting, and who, on perusal, bids him have confidence when his 'vivâ voce' comes on. As the candidates are taken alphabetically at the rate of eight a day, he can pretty-nearly calculate his time; though it is generally hastened by numerous individuals, taking their names off immediately after the paper examination,—called, when the time arrives, to a long narrow table where sit four Examiners, cold-blooded and pitiless-looking; he stumbles through *Æschylus*; scratches through his *Horace*, and being well grounded in his *Grammar*, thanks to his schoolboy floggings, makes no hesitation in his verbs, and after a few minutes of whispered conversation on the 'don's' side, he is told, "we will not detain you longer," and if successful, about four p.m., he receives a 'testamur' from the Marshall, in proof of having passed the ordeal. No one seems to go to

bed that night, except plucked men; one individual we remember, a fast youth, who declared he had got through 'by a fluke,' and paid suitable honors to the blind Goddess, averring, that "it was positively nothing; he had always taken it easy." Easy! six weeks of anxiety, and green tea had he endured to our knowledge!

Tradition affirms, that at New-Inn-Hall, there existed an aged individual who had, for years, been endeavouring to pass, but annually failed; whose children would break the news to their mother, by saying, "Mama, such fun! Papa's plucked again!" Poor man, if not yet through, may the Goddess lend him her aid.

We must now close our article, and in so doing, we must say, that the men who read the hardest are, generally, the least wealthy, and what means they have expended is, practically speaking, thrown away, for though the old distich saith:

"When house and land is gone and spent,

Then learning is most excellent."

Yet, an ushership in some country school, or a voluntary exile amid Canadian snows, which becomes the common lot of such, is not most excellent, or anything like that adjective.

One word and we have done; the moral to be learned from this "University career," is this: a man thrown into the society of persons wealthier than himself, should never forget his real position. Grant that a man naturally likes to keep the best company he can; so to the 'Oxford system' must not be attributed the consequences of aristocratic amusements. He who keeps his real position through the three-year temptations of a University course, will not be likely to go wrong in after life; and as it is universally acknowledged, that an Oxford Degree is an introduction anywhere, such a man will bless as he looks back upon the recollections of his University career.

THE REASON WHY THE GREAT EUROPEAN POWERS HAVE NOT RECOGNISED THE CONFEDERATE REBEL GOVERNMENT OF AMERICA.

It is everywhere admitted, that the persistent and oft-repeated refusal of the British Government to recognise the Confederate Government of the Southern States, has been the turning point with the European nations.

The Emperor of the French has moved Heaven and Earth to induce England to unite with him in this object, but he has failed—utterly and hopelessly failed to carry out his darling scheme. Without the concord of the British nation, he feels that it would be sailing too near to the brink of destruction, and so he hesitates and recedes from the accomplishment of his own fond purpose.

The recognition of England and France would be tantamount to the recognition of all the great powers. The opportunity to humiliate the boasted Republican Government of the United States would be gladly embraced by the despotic powers of Europe, Russia included, her present professions

notwithstanding. But England is the great obstruction. France dare not play the desperate game while her ally frowns, and as for the rest, there is little to fear until these two great powers shall be in concert on this vital point.

The question, "Why does England refuse to recognise the Confederate Government?" is therefore one of the deepest interest.

That there is a powerful party in England favorable to the South, and that this party have left no stone unturned for the purpose of bringing about this recognition, no one can deny. The Imperial Government has been for the last two years literally besieged with the prayers, entreaties, and remonstrances of the merchant princes, cotton lords, ship-builders and others, all uniting their efforts to influence the Ministry to declare the independence of the Confederate States.

In the opposite direction, there was mov-

ng the powerful anti-slavery element which years ago had permeated the religious classes, and more especially the working classes of that country. The old veterans who in days of yore fought so nobly for the emancipation of the slaves of the British Colonies, buckled on afresh their harness and gave battle.

At this juncture, the issue was apparently in the hands of one class of the nation, and of all others they were the most deeply interested in the recognition of the South. That class embraced the tens of thousands of the starving Lancashire cotton operatives. To them the merchant princes and their satellites appealed. They were told, and truly told, that they had only to take the initiative, and rise in their might, and demand of the Government as a furnishing people, that which would bring with it a supply of bread, and the recognition of the South would be an accomplished fact.

They were moreover told that the Government courted such a movement to strengthen their hands, which the religious element had rendered weak and impotent.

Here then was an important crisis in the world's history. The nations of the earth were waiting for England to move, in order that they might follow. In England, the voice of the people is as the voice of God. The anti-slavery influence on the one part, and the selfish and monied influence on the other part, were pretty equally balanced. In the meanwhile the Lancashire operatives were in a state of actual starvation. Every surplus article of furniture and clothing had been sold to buy bread. The bed and the bedding also had followed. The famishing husband was to be seen in every house, looking around on the half-naked emaciated forms of his once well-clad and beautiful wife and children, and the strong man was bowed down, and the brave heart was almost broken at the sight of that fearful wreck of his family.

Yet it was on these very husbands and fathers that the turning-point in this crisis of the world's history depended. They held the balance of the nations in their hands. In that critical moment, they grasped the end of the lever which was destined to move the world. But it was no selfish grasp. Whenever they were appealed to, their united reply was, "rather than we will be parties to the building up of a nation whose foundation stone is laid on the basis of slavery, we are prepared, and our wives and our little ones are prepared to perish in this famine, which has already

desolated our homes and borne us to the verge of the grave." A more sublime spectacle of the true nobility of humanity was never witnessed on the broad face of the earth. History has not recorded anything half so great.

But who was it that sowed this anti-slavery seed in the hearts of those Lancashire operatives? It was a poor runaway slave, who having fled from bondage, and finding no rest for the sole of his feet in any part of the United States, after the passage of the infamous Fugitive Slave law, made his escape to the shores of England, and there in every city and town of the United Kingdom, and especially Lancashire, gave utterance in eloquent language and burning words to the tales of woe and wrongs inflicted on upwards of three millions of his race. It is now about sixteen years since we stood in the midst of a teeming crowd of Lancashire operatives, listening to a speech of similar import to one delivered by him in London, from which we have selected a few sentences. We shall never forget the maddening power which that speech exerted on the minds of the cotton-spinners and weavers. We have frequently mingled with those noble hearted honest men since that day, and freely conversed on the subject of American slavery. Not all the six points of the people's charter could move their big hearts so swift as the recital of the words of Frederick Douglass, the Fugitive Slave. He was God's messenger, sent to prepare them for the coming conflict, in which in the order of the divine Providence those same cotton operatives were to play so prominent a part. Frederick Douglass at that time little thought, and those people little thought of the mighty issues which were hanging on the words to which the Fugitive Slave was then giving utterance. But hear him:—

"Now what is the system of slavery! This is the subject of my lecture this evening—what is the character of this institution? I am about to answer the inquiry, what is American slavery? I do this the more readily, since I have found persons in this country who have identified the term slavery with that which I think it is not, and in some instances, I have feared, in so doing have rather (unwittingly, I know) detracted much from the horror with which the term slavery is contemplated. It is common in this country to distinguish every bad thing by the name slavery. Intemperance is slavery (cheers); to be deprived of the right of vote is slavery, says one; to have to work hard is slavery, says another (laughter, and loud cheers); and I do not know but that if we should let them go on, they would say to eat when we were hungry, to walk when we desire to have exercise, or to minister to

our necessities, or have necessities at all, is slavery. (Laughter.) I do not wish for a moment to detract from the horror with which the evil of intemperance is contemplated; not at all; nor do I wish to throw the slightest obstruction in the way of any political freedom that any class of persons in this country may desire to obtain. But I am here to say that the term slavery is sometimes abused by identifying it with that which it is not. Slavery in the United States is the granting of that power by which one man exercises and enforces a right of property in the body and soul of another. The condition of a slave is simply that of the brute beast. He is a piece of property—a marketable commodity in the language of the law, to be bought or sold at the will and caprice of the master who claims him to be his property, he is spoken of, and treated as property. His own good, his conscience, his intellect, his affections are all set aside by the master. The will and the wishes of the master are the law of the slave. He is as much a piece of property as a horse. If he is fed, he is fed because he is property. If he is clothed, it is with a view to the increase of his value as property. What ever of comfort is necessary to him for his body or soul, that is inconsistent with his being property is carefully wrested from him, not only by public opinion, but by the law of the country. He is carefully deprived of every thing that tends in the slightest degree to detract from his value as property. He is deprived of education. God has given him an intellect—the slave-holder declares it shall not be cultivated. If his moral preception leads him in a course contrary to his value as property, the slave-holder declares he shall not pursue it. The marriage institution cannot exist among slaves, and one sixth of the population of Democratic America is denied its privileges by the law of the land. What is to be thought of a nation boasting of its liberty, boasting of its humanity, boasting of its Christianity, boasting of its love of justice and purity, and yet having within its own borders three millions of persons denied by law the right of marriage?—what must be the condition of that people? I need not lift up the veil by giving you any experience of my own. Every one that can put two ideas together, must see the most fearful results from such a state of things as I have just mentioned. If any of these three millions find for themselves companions, and prove themselves honest, upright, virtuous persons to each other, yet in these cases—few as I am bound to confess they are—the virtuous live in constant apprehension of being torn asunder by merciless men stealers that claim them as their property. (Hear.) This is American slavery—no marriage—no education—the light of the Gospel shut out from the dark mind of the bondman—and he forbidden by law to learn to read. If a mother shall teach her children to read, the law in Louisiana proclaims that she may be hanged by the neck. (Sensation.) If the father attempt to give his son a knowledge of letters he may be punished by the whip in one instance and in another be killed, at the discretion of the court. Three millions of people shut out from the light of knowledge! It is easy for you to conceive the evil that must result from such a state of things. (Hear hear.)

I now come to the physical evils of slavery, I do not wish to dwell at length upon these, but it seems right to speak of them, not so much to

influence your minds on this question, as to let the slaveholders of America know that the curtain which conceals their crimes is being lifted abroad; (loud cheers); that we are opening the dark cell, and leading the people into the horrible recesses of what they are pleased to call their domestic institution. (Cheers.) We want them to know that a knowledge of their whippings, their scourgings, their brandings, their chainings, is not confined to their plantations, but that some negro of theirs has broken loose from his chains—(loud applause)—has burst through the dark incrustation of slavery, and is now exposing their deeds of deep damnation to the gaze of the Christian people of England. (Immense cheers.)

The slave-holders resort to all kinds of cruelty. If I were disposed, I have matter enough to interest you on this question for five or six evenings, but I will not dwell at length upon these cruelties. Suffice it to say, that all the peculiar modes of torture, that were resorted to in the West India Islands, are resorted to, I believe even more frequently, in the United States of America. Starvation, the bloody whip, the chain, the gag, the thumb-screw, cat-hauling, the cat-o-nine-tails, the dungeon, the bloodhound, are all in requisition to keep the slave in his condition as a slave in the United States. (Hear.) If any one has a doubt upon this point, I would ask him to read the chapter on slavery in Dickens' *Notes on America*. If any man has a doubt upon it, I have here the "Testimony of a thousand witnesses," which I can give at any length, all going to prove the truth of my statement. The bloodhound is regularly trained in the United States, and advertisements are to be found in the Southern papers of the Union, from persons advertising themselves as bloodhound trainers, and offering to hunt down slaves at fifteen dollars a-piece, recommending their hounds as the fleetest in the neighbourhood, never known to fail. (Much sensation.) Advertisements are from time to time inserted, stating that slaves have escaped with iron collars about their necks, with bands of iron about their feet, marked with the lash, brandad with red hot irons, the initials of their master's name burned into their flesh; and the masters advertise the fact of their being thus branded with their own signature, thereby proving to the world, that however daring it may appear to non-slave-holders, such practices are not regarded as discreditable or daring among the slave-holders themselves. Why, I believe if a man should brand his horse in this country, burn the initials of his name into any of his cattle, and publish the ferocious deed here,—that the united execrations of Christians in Britain would descend upon him. [Cheers.] Yet, in the United States, human beings are thus branded. As Whittier says;—

"Our countrymen in chains

"The whip on woman's shrinking flesh

"Our soil yet reddening with the stains,

"Caught from her scourgings warm and fresh,"

[Loud cheers.] The slave-dealer boldly publishes his infamous acts to the world. Of all things that have been said of slavery to which exception has been taken by slave-holders, this, the charge of cruelty, stands foremost, and yet there is no charge, capable of clearer demonstration, than that of the most barbarous inhumanity on the part of the slave-holders towards their slaves. And all this is necessary— it is

necessary to resort to these cruelties, in order to *make the slave a slave, and to keep him a slave.* Why, my experience all goes to prove the truth of what you will call a marvellous proposition, that the better you treat a slave, the more you destroy his value as a slave, and enhance the probability of his eluding the grasp of the slaveholder; the more kindly you treat him, the more wretched you make him, while you keep him in the condition of a slave. My experience, I say, confirms the truth of this proposition. When I was treated exceeding ill, when my back was being scourged daily, when I was kept within an inch of my life, *life* was all I cared for. "Spare my life," was my continual prayer. When I was looking for the blow about to be inflicted upon my head, I was not thinking of my liberty; it was my life. But, as soon as the blow was not to be feared, then came the longing for liberty. [Cheers.] If a slave has a bad master, his ambition is to get a better; when he gets a better, he aspires to have the best; and when he gets the best, he aspires to be his own master. [Loud cheers.] But the slave must be brutalized to keep him as a slave. The slaveholder feels this necessity. I admit this necessity; *if it be right to hold slaves at all, it is right to hold them in the only way in which they can be held; and this can be done only by shutting the light of education from their minds, and brutalizing their persons.* The whip, the chain, the gag, the thumb-screw, the bloodhound, the stocks, and all the other bloody paraphernalia, of the slave system, are indispensably necessary to the relation of master and slave. [Cheers.] The slave must be subjected to these, or he ceases to be a slave. Let him know that the whip is burned, that the fetters have been turned to some useful and profitable employment, that the chain is no longer for his limbs, that the bloodhound is no longer to be put upon his track, that his masters authority over him is no longer to be enforced by taking his life, and immediately he walks out from the house of bondage and asserts his freedom as a man. [Loud cheers.] The slaveholder finds it necessary to have these implements to keep the slave in bondage; finds it necessary to be able to say,— "Unless you do so and so; unless you do as I bid you, I will take away your life!" [Hear, hear.] Some of the most awful scenes of cruelty are constantly taking place in the middle States of the Union. We have in those States what are called the slave-breeding States. Allow me to speak plainly. [Hear, hear.] Although it is harrowing to your feelings, it is necessary that the facts of the case should be stated. We have in the United States slave-breeding States. The very State from which the Minister from our Court to yours comes is one of these States [cries of "Hear!"]—Maryland, where men, women, and children are reared for the market just as horses, sheep, and swine are raised for the market. Slave rearing is there looked upon as a legitimate trade, the law sanctions it, public opinion upholds it, the church does not condemn it. [Cries of "Shame!"] It goes on in all its bloody horrors, sustained by the auctioneer's block. If you would see the cruelties of this system, hear the following narrative:—Not long since the following scene occurred. A slave woman and a slave man had united themselves as man and wife in the absence of any law to protect them

as man and wife. They had lived together by the permission, not by right, of their master, and they had reared a family. The master found it expedient, and for his interest to sell them. He did not ask them their wishes in regard to the matter at all; they were not consulted. The man and woman were brought to the auctioneer's block, under the sound of the hammer. The cry was raised, "Here goes; who bids cash?" Think of it, a man and wife to be sold. [Hear, hear.] The woman was placed on the auctioneer's block; her limbs, as is customary, were brutally exposed to the purchasers, who examined her with all the freedom in which they would examine a horse. There stood the husband powerless: no right to his wife; the master's right pre-eminent. She was sold. He was next brought to the auctioneer's block. His eyes followed his wife in the distance; and he looked beseechingly imploringly to the man who had bought his wife, to buy him also. But he was at length bid off to another person. He was about to be separated from her he loved forever. No word of his, no work of his, could save him from this separation. He asked permission of his new master to go and take the hand of his wife at parting. It was denied him. In the agony of his soul he rushed from the man who had just bought him, that he might take a farewell of his wife; but his way was obstructed, he was struck over the head with a loaded whip, and was held for a moment; but his agony was too great. When he was let go, he fell a corpse at the feet of his master. [Much sensation.] His heart was broken. Such scenes are the every-day fruits of American Slavery. Some two years since, the Hon. Seth M. Yates, an anti-slavery gentleman of the State of New York, a representative in the Congress of the United States, told me he saw with his own eyes the following circumstances. In the national district of Columbia, over which the star-spangled emblem is constantly waving, where orators are ever holding forth on the subject of American liberty, American democracy, American republicanism, there are two slave prisons. When going across a bridge leading to one of these prisons, he saw a young woman run out, bare-footed, and bare-headed, and with very little clothing on. She was running with all speed to the bridge he was approaching. His eye was fixed upon her, and he stopped to see what was the matter. He had not paused long before he saw three men run out after her. He now knew what the nature of the case was, a slave escaping from her chains, a young woman, a sister, escaping from the bondage in which she had been held. She made her way to the bridge, but had not reached it, ere from the Virginia side there came two slave holders. As soon as they saw them, her pursuers called out, "Stop her." True to their Virginian instincts, they came to the rescue of their brother kidnappers across the bridge. The poor girl now saw that there was no chance for her. It was a trying time. She knew if she went back, she must be a slave for ever, she must be dragged down to the scenes of pollution, which the slaveholders continually provide, for most of the poor, sinking, wretched young women, whom they call their property. She formed her resolution; and just as those who were about to take her, were going to put hands upon her, to drag her back,

she leaped over the balustrades of the bridge, and down she went to rise no more. [Great sensation.] She chose death, rather than to go back into the hands of those Christian slaveholders, from whom she had escaped. (Hear, hear.) Can it be possible that such things as these exist in the United States. Are not these the exceptions? Are any such scenes as this general? Are not such deeds condemned by the law and denounced by public opinion? (Cheers.) Let me read to you a few of the laws of the slave-holding states of America. I think no better exposure of slavery can be made than is made by the laws of the States in which slavery exists. I prefer reading the laws to making any statement in confirmation of what I have said, myself; for the slave-holders cannot object to this testimony, since it is the calm, the cool, the deliberate enactment, of their wisest heads, of their most clear-sighted, their own constituted representatives. (Hear, hear.) "If more than seven slaves together are found in any road without a white person, twenty lashes a-piece: for visiting a plantation without a written pass, ten lashes; for letting loose a boat from where it is made fast thirty-nine lashes for the first offence; and for the second, shall have cut off from his head one ear. For keeping or carrying a club, thirty-nine lashes. For having any article for sale, without a ticket from his master, ten lashes.

A voice.—What is the name of the book?

Mr. Douglass.—I read from *American Slavery as it is: Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses*. These are extracted from the slave laws. This publication has been before the public of the United States for the last seven years, and not a single fact or statement recorded therein has ever been called in question by a single slaveholder. (Loud cheers.) I read, therefore, with confidence. We have the testimony of the slaveholders themselves. "For travelling in any other than the most usual and accustomed road, when 'going alone to any place,' forty lashes. For travelling in the night without a pass, forty lashes." I am afraid you do not understand the awful character of these lashes. You must bring it before your mind. A human being in a perfect state of nudity, tied hand and foot to a stake, and a strong man standing behind with a heavy whip, knotted at the end, each blow cutting into the flesh, and leaving the warm blood dripping to the feet [sensation]; and for these trifles. "For being found in another person's negro-quarters, forty lashes; for hunting with dogs in the woods, thirty lashes; for being on horseback without the written permission of his master, twenty-five lashes; for riding or going abroad in the night, or riding horses in the day time without leave, a slave may be whipped, cropped, or branded in cheek with the letter R, or otherwise punished, such punishment not extending to life, or so as to render him unfit for labor." The laws referred to may be found by consulting *Brewster's Digest*; *Haywood's Manual*; *Virginia Revised Code*; *Prince's Digest*; *Missouri Laws*; *Mississippi Revised Code*;

A person in the gallery.—Will you allow me to ask a question?

The CHAIRMAN.—I must beg that there may be no interruptions.

Mr. DOUGLASS.—It is my custom to answer questions when they are put to me.

The person in the Gallery.—What is the value of a good slave? [Hissing.]

Mr. DOUGLASS.—Slaves vary in price in different parts of the United States. In the middle States, where they grow them for the market, they are much cheaper than in the far south. The slave trader who purchases a slave in Maryland for seven hundred dollars, about one hundred and sixty pounds of your money, will sell him in Louisiana for one thousand dollars, or two hundred pounds. There is a great speculation in this matter, and here let me state, that when the price of cotton is high, so is that of the slave. I will give you an invariable rule by which to ascertain the price of human flesh in the United States. When cotton rises in the market in England, the price of human flesh rises in the United States. (Hear, hear.) How much responsibility attaches to you in the use of that commodity. [Loud cheers.] To return to my point. A man for going to visit his brethren without the permission of his master, and in many instances he may not have that permission, his master from caprice or other reasons, may not be willing to allow it, may be caught on his way, dragged to a post, the branding iron heated, and the name of his master, or the letter R, branded into his cheek or on his forehead. (Sensation.) They treat slaves thus on the principle that they must punish for light offences in order to prevent the commission of larger ones. I wish you to mark that in the single State of Virginia, there are seventy-one crimes for which a coloured man may be executed; while there are only three of these crimes, which when committed by a white man will subject him to that punishment. (Hear hear.) There are many of these crimes, which if the white man did not commit, he would be regarded as a scoundrel and a coward. In South Maryland, there is a law to this effect;—that if a slave shall strike his master, he may be hanged, and his head severed from his body, his body quartered, and his head and quarters set up in the most prominent place in the neighbourhood. (Sensation.) If a coloured woman, in the defence of her own virtue, in defence of her own person, should shield herself from the brutal attacks of her tyrannical master, or make the slightest resistance, she may be killed on the spot. (Loud cries of "Shame!") No law whatever will bring the guilty man to justice for the crime. But you will ask me, can these things be possible in a land professing Christianity? Yes, they are so; and this is not the worst. No, a darker feature is yet to be presented than the mere existence of these facts. I have to inform you, that the religion of the Southern States, at this time, is the great supporter, the great sanctioner, of the bloody atrocities to which I have referred. (Deep sensation.) While America is printing tracts and bibles; sending missionaries abroad to convert the heathen; expending her money, in various ways for the promotion of the Gospel in foreign lands, the slave not only lies forgotten—uncared for, but is trampled under foot by the very churches of the land. What have we in America? Why we have slavery made part of the religion of the land. Yes, the pulpit there stands up as the great defender, of this cursed institution, as it is called. Ministers of religion come forward, and torture the hallowed pages of inspired wisdom to sanction the bloody deed. (Loud cries of "Shame!") They stand forth as the foremost,

the strongest defenders of this "Institution." As a proof of this, I need not do more than state the general fact, that slavery has existed under the droppings of the sanctuary of the south, for the last two hundred years, and there has not been any war between the religion and the slavery of the South. Whips, chains, gags, and thumb-screws, have all lain under the droppings of the sanctuary, and instead of rusting from the limbs of the bond-man, those droppings have served to preserve them in all their strength. Instead of preaching the Gospel against this tyranny and rebuking the wrong, ministers of religion have sought, by all and every means, to throw in the background whatever in the Bible could be construed into opposition to slavery, and to bring forward that which they could torture into its support. (Ories of "Shame!") This I conceive to be the darkest feature of slavery, and the most difficult to attack, because it is identified with religion, and exposes those who denounce it to the charge of infidelity. Yes, those with whom I have been labouring, namely the old organization Anti-slavery Society of America, have been again and again, stigmatized as infidels, and for what reason? Why, solely in consequence of the faithfulness of their attacks upon the slave-holding religion of the southern states, and the northern religion, that sympathizes with it. (Hear, hear.) I have found it difficult to speak on this matter without persons coming forward and saying, "Douglass, are you not afraid of injuring the cause of Christ? you do not desire to do, we know; but are you not undermining religion?" This has been said to me again and again, even since I came to this country, but I cannot be induced to leave off these exposures. (Loud cheers.) I love the religion of our blessed Saviour, I love that religion that comes from above, in the wisdom of God, "which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." I love that religion that sends its votaries to bind up the wounds of him that has fallen among thieves. I love that religion that makes it the duty of its disciples to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction. I love that religion that is based upon the glorious principle, of love to God and love to man, (cheers); which makes its followers do unto others as they themselves would be done by. If you demand liberty to yourself, it says, grant it to your neighbours. If you claim a right to think for yourselves, it says, allow your neighbours the same right. It is because I love this religion that I hate the slave holding, the woman-whipping, the mind-darkening, the soul-destroying religion that exists in the Southern States of America. (Immense cheering.) It is because I regard the one as good and pure, and holy, that I cannot but regard the other as bad, corrupt, and wicked. Loving the one I must hate the other, holding to the one I must reject the other, and I, therefore, proclaim myself an infidel to the slave-holding religion of America. (Reiterated cheers.) Why, as I said in another place, to a smaller audience the other day, in answer to the question. "Mr. Douglass, are there not Methodist Churches, Baptist churches, Congregational churches, Episcopal churches, Roman Catholic churches, Presbyterian churches, in the United States, and in the Southern States of America, and do they not have revivals of religion, accessions to their ranks

from day to day, and will you tell me that those men are not followers of the meek and lowly Saviour." Most unhesitatingly I do. Revivals in religion, and revivals in the slave trade, go hand in hand together. (Cheers.) The church and the slave prison stand next to each other; the groans and cries of the heart-broken slave are often drowned in the pious devotion of his religious master. (Hear, hear.) The church-going bell and the auctioneer's bell chime in with each other. The pulpit and the auctioneer's block stand in the same neighbourhood; while the blood stained gold goes to support the pulpit, the pulpit covers the infernal business with the garb of Christianity. We have men sold to build churches, women sold to support missionaries, and babies sold to buy bibles and communion services for the church. (Loud cheers.)

A voice.—It is not true.

MR. DOUGLASS.—Not true; is it not? (Immense cheers.) Hear the following advertisement:—"Field Negroes, by Thomas Cadsden." I read now from *The American Churches, the Bulwarks of American Slavery*: by an American, or by J. G. Birney. This has been before the public in this country and the United States for the last six years; not a fact nor a statement in it has been called in question. (Cheers.) The following is taken from the *Charleston Courier* of Feb. 12, 1835:—"Field Negroes, by Thomas Cadsden. On Tuesday, the 17th inst., will be sold, at the North of the Exchange, at 10 o'clock, a prime gang of 10 negroes, accustomed to the culture of cotton and provisions, belonging to the Independent Church, in Christchurch parish."

It was the utterance of words like the above, that constrained the Lancashire operatives to hate slavery with a holy hatred, and that hatred so deep, so uncompromising, has proved the restraining power which to this day holds the world in check; while God is fighting the battles of the trodden down negro slaves, and giving their oppressors blood to drink, for they are worthy.

WANTED, AN AUDITOR OF THE MONTREAL CORPORATION ACCOUNTS.—We observed the other day, that one of the members of the Municipal Council—innocent man—proposed that auditors of their accounts be appointed by the Corporation; assigning as a reason why this harmless appointment should take place, the fact that certain accounts had not been audited for the last six years. What a farce for this said Corporation to choose their own auditors. It is too much to expect that parties so elected would have the hardihood to report unfavourably on the accounts of their employers and paymasters. Why not, as is the practice under the Municipal Reform Act of England, call upon the Rate-payers to elect these officers. We are quite sure that the Montreal Corporation need quite as much looking after in money matters as other people. The solution of the mysterious problem as to "*the way the money goes*," would be both interesting and instructive to all those who have to pay the piper.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.—MARCH TERM.

Before the Hon. Justice Mondelct.

PRESENTMENT OF GRAND JURY.

May it please your Honor,—The Jurors of the Grand Inquest are unanimously and profoundly impressed with the solemn and important charge which your Honor was pleased to deliver at the opening of the Court, and those feelings are deepened and intensified upon the recollection that the grave subjects submitted for their consideration, together with the fearful and widely increasing evils to which attention has been directed, have been so frequently animadverted upon by your Honor in former charges, and their truthfulness so fully endorsed by former Grand Juries.

It is a deeply humiliating fact, that those words of solemn warning, so calmly and dispassionately delivered from the Judgment seat, and so unflinchingly responded to in the presentments of Grand Jurors, should be treated with silent indifference by the local authorities of this City, and what is still more surprising, that the Legislature should take no action for the removal of evils, which are rendering the City a by-word and a reproach far and near.

Your Honor has justly remarked, the oft repeated boast that we live under the best form of Government in existence, will be of little avail, if, while theoretically possessing such institutions, practically, life, honor and property are not safe.

The Grand Jurors are prepared fully to endorse your Honor's statement, that "now, as at all times the most fruitful cause of crime and vice is intemperance; and so long as licenses are indiscriminately granted—as, unfortunately, is and has been the case in this city—for the sale of intoxicating liquors, we must make up our minds to abandon all hopes of reform in that particular, and prepare for the worst."

The Jurors feel that this truism is so clearly and significantly expressed by your Honor, that they need not add a single word to give it that weight upon the public mind which its vast importance to the citizens of Montreal demands.

That the Corporation of the city of Montreal ought not any longer to be entrusted with the dangerous power of granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, is fully illustrated in the fact, that year after year, and in the light of those charges which your Honor has so frequently repeated from that bench, and in the face of the warnings of Grand Jurors, together with the reports of the Police and Recorder's Courts, and that of the Chief of Police, they persistently renew licenses to some of the lowest dens of pollution and infamy that ever disgraced any city in the world.

If further proof were wanting of the inevitable necessity of removing this power out of their hands, it has been fully supplied by themselves, for they have already petitioned the Legislature to be relieved from a responsibility which they have in all past time so terribly abused.

The Grand Jurors quite concur with your Honor, that the power to issue these licenses should be at once "transferred to a Board of Commissioners upon whom no outward pressure, either political or other can in any manner be brought to bear." They would couple with this a further recommendation that in going to the

Legislature for the granting of this power, the Bill to be submitted for its sanction shall embrace further restrictions of the Liquor traffic, and more especially the withdrawal of licenses from all bars, saloons and other drinking houses as such, and that the granting of licenses should be confined to hotels, *bona fide* established for the accommodation of travellers. The statistics presented by your Honor, showing the alarming increase of crime, an increase which is altogether disproportionate to that of population, imperatively demand the attention of the citizens, the local authorities and the Provincial Government.

The Grand Jury, in turning to the fact as stated by your Honor, that there are in this city 100 houses of ill-fame notoriously known to the police, together with 448 inmates, suggests the inquiry, "why, if thus notoriously known, do not the police take measures to suppress these hot beds of infamy?" There is a deep, wide spread impression that if the police were only faithful in the discharge of this department of their duties, and placed beyond the reach of those local influences, obscenity and debauchery would not be permitted to be paraded before the public gaze with such brazen impunity as at present.

Your Honor's recommendation that the police force should be placed under "a Board of Commissioners altogether beyond the pressure of external or other influences," ought to be carried out without delay, and the Grand Jury are convinced that until this change in the Government of the place is effected, neither increase of numbers nor of remuneration will result in any material benefit to the city.

The metropolitan police force in London, and the Irish constabulary force are so managed, and the superior efficiency of these forces over any other of the United Kingdom, go to prove the necessity of placing similar establishments beyond the reach of all local and political influences.

In reference to the augmentation of the force, the Grand Jury would respectfully suggest to the citizens of Montreal that they could materially aid the police in the enforcement of the law by following the example of large cities in other parts of the world. For instance, in London, (England) and other large cities of that country there are numerous societies established for the suppression of vice; such as "Associations for the prosecution of felons," for "Suppression of houses of ill-fame," and for the "Suppression of cruelty to animals."

Each of these associations has its recognized agents, who appear from time to time in the courts of law as public prosecutors, and thus materially aid the police.

The association for the Prosecution of felons, for instance, by the payment of an annual subscription by each member, provides a fund which enables them to offer rewards for the discovery and conviction of offenders. These social compacts thus bound together for the suppression of vice are ever on the alert, keeping their agents up to their duties.

The lack of power to enter taverns and unlicensed houses suspected of selling intoxicat-

ing liquors is bitterly and justly complained of by the Chief of Police. So long as these people can lock out the police and bid defiance to them, the law now in existence for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors on the sabbath day, will continue to be a sham. In England, notwithstanding that the law for the regulation of the liquor traffic has been changed and remodelled several hundred times, the power of entry by the police has always been retained. This power, if faithfully and judiciously exercised, would be fatal to the existence of the numerous unlicensed dens of iniquity which abound in every part of our city and retail the worst descriptions of liquors with impunity. The suppression of these haunts of vice, the limitation of licenses to hotels, which shall be used only for travellers, together with the total suppression of all sale on the sabbath day, would tend so to reduce the labor of the police, that the present force would be found to be ample to meet the requirements of the city.

The Grand Jury feel that they ought not to close this presentation without directing the attention of the Court and of the country to the fact that many of the lowest taverns and dens of infamy and houses of ill-fame which now crowd this city are the property of persons who claim to be respectable.

If it is right to punish vice when committed by outcasts of society, it is much more so when men moving in high stations are to be found in our midst, who for the lucre of gain hire out their houses to be used as common brothels and places of infamy, where harlots and thieves are congregated together, and where burglars and other depredaters are harboured and concealed from the vigilance of the police.

As in England, let it be held to be an indictable offence in an owner of property to allow that property to remain as a disorderly house or brothel, and let the punishment be what it is not in that country; viz, imprisonment without exemption by fine.

We would next allude to the increasing number of drinking saloons, which of late have infected the city. With much sorrow has it come under the knowledge of this Grand Jury that the morals of a large proportion of our rising generation are poisoned in these dens by their vile associates and depraved women; that those vicious places are supported by young men whose tender age render them more susceptible to the allurements of their indecent exhibitions; and, as the summer will bring with it new diversions, we would recommend a total extinction of these nefarious places, which has already been done by the authorities of New York, as being the means of reducing the number of murders committed through jealous motives, and as being the principal avenues for the fall of woman.

— The following simple and ingenious plan of ascertaining the amount of interest on any sum for any number of days will be found of great value. To ascertain interest at 6 per cent; for any number of days, multiply the principal by the number of days, strike off the first right hand figure and divide by 6. At 7 per cent; make the calculation as above and add one sixth. At 8 per cent; avoid striking out the right hand figure and divide by 45. At nine per cent; divide by 40. At ten per cent; divide by 35.

WANTED, A KEEPER OF THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE OF CANADA.

Like Noah's Dove when put forth from the Ark, the Public Conscience of Canada is fluttering about hither and thither, and can find no resting place. The waves of the sea are lifting up their voice, while the winds are blowing terrifically from every nationality, and the fountains of sectional strife are lashed into fury. "Deep crieth unto deep," and all the water-spouts of the political horizon are overwhelming the Public Conscience of the Province. Unlike the bird, this said conscience has no ark to fly to, and there is no Noah in this case to put forth a kind hand in the last extremity to rescue the peaceful dove from its impending fate.

Looking at the aspect of Canadian politics as just now presented, it seems as though the public conscience of this colony is destined to perish in the swelling floods of selfishness, jealousy, and intrigue.

The people have entrusted its safe keeping to politicians of every shade and hue, and they have in turn wounded, branded, bled, and scared it, until the scars of unholy strife have well nigh obliterated its identity; and in that woe-ful plight it is now sent adrift on an ocean without a shore. Who is to come to the rescue, no living mortal knows.

A community, a nationality, a province without a public conscience, is a self-constituted dark spot on the face of the earth, obliterating the light of civilization, a standing libel on truth and progress, and a monument of scandal erected as a spectacle for the world to gaze at.

It augurs ill for Canada, with its liberal institutions, and with its constitutional form of government, which either is, or is supposed to be, the reflex representation of the character of the people, when we behold the public conscience all but strangled in the Legislative Halls of the Province, and crucified afresh, and put to an open shame by almost every succeeding Administration. Just now it is weltering in its blood, and its sighs and incessant groans ring through British America. Are these the dying throes of the political morals of our country that are being wafted from the seat of Government, and convulsing the colony; or can this lacerated and defaced thing still live? Shall history hand down the debasing record, that Canada was once upon a time entrusted with liberal institutions, but it turned out that they were far in advance of the intelligence and morals of the people;—that this said people abused and prostituted their high privileges to every debasing purpose;—that finally the natural re-action set in;—that the only form of Government which could control such a people was adopted, and from that fatal period the Province has been in bondage to a tyrant despotism? Or shall it not be rather said that the people of Canada, finding that their Halls of Legislature were prostituted to a rendezvous of political intriguers, arose in their might, and with one united voice bid their mis-representatives be gone; and in their place selected good men and true, who poured in the oil and the wine, and bound up the wounds which had been inflicted on the public conscience of the Province, and from that time righteousness has exalted the nation."

PROHIBITION OF THE EXPORTATION OF COAL FROM THE UNITED STATES TO CANADA, AND WHERE TO GET IT.

BY THE EDITOR.

The action of the United States Government, in Prohibiting the Exportation of Coal to this Province, will necessarily place the large consumers of that article in an awkward position; and as they will be now casting about in search of a fresh market where they can purchase the best substitute for the far famed American Anthracite Coals, we have deemed it advisable to throw out the following hints.

No doubt that Wales is the next best Coal field for Canadian consumers to resort to, but there have been so many disappointments in consequence of the class of so called Anthracite Coals imported from that country to this Province, that the character of the Welsh Coals stands low in this market.

The fact is, that all kinds of Coal have been shipped for Canada under the name of Welsh Anthracite. For instance, the Cardiff free burning smokeless Coal, and the Neath and Swansea Culm, have been thrust upon the Canadian market under that name. The former is a first-class Coal for Steam purposes, and has consequently, after many experiments, been adopted by the Lords of the Admiralty for the Steam Navy.

The Culm is a sort of bastard Coal, possessing many of the properties of the Anthracite, especially its cohesive power; but it contains a large per centage of earthy substances, and what is even worse, it is highly charged with sulphur;—it is only valuable for burning lime.

With regard to what is called the Cardiff free burning Coal, and this name embraces a class of coals worked in the districts of Swansea, Llanelly, Neath, Aberdare, Merthyr, and the surrounding district; although, as we have already said, it is a first-class Steam Coal, it would still be unsuitable for this country, where the bars, and the whole construction of the fire places are adapted to the combustion of Anthracite Coal. As its name indicates, it is very free in combustion, but its evaporative power is below a first-class Anthracite Coal. In reply to the question which naturally suggests itself: "Why then is not the latter adopted by the Lords of the Admiralty for the Steam Navy?" we have to remark that it is simply a question of time. It is only a few years since the Lords of the Admiralty decided in favor of the Cardiff Coal in preference to Newcastle and other North of England bituminous Coals, although long before that time, it was patent to all scientific men who had given attention to the question, that the advantages were in favor of the Cardiff Coal. The chief obstacle in the way of using Anthracite Coal in English Steamers, arises out of the circumstance that the fireplaces, as at present fitted up, would be altogether unsuitable for that purpose.

There are several highly essential qualities which should be kept in view in the selection of Anthracite Coals. We will enumerate a few.

1st. Small space occupied by a given weight.
2nd. Great cohesive power, enabling it to bear the constant attrition experienced in shipment, &c.

3rd. Absence of Iron Pyrites.

4th. Freedom from any considerable quantity of sulphur and other useless or noxious ingredients, whereby space and weight are saved, and liability to spontaneous combustion entirely avoided.

5th. Quickness of action, that is, quantity of steam generated per hour per square foot of grate surface.

On the following page we present a tabular statement shewing the results of a number of experiments with the best Coals of the United Kingdom, tested for the Admiralty, at the College for Civil Engineers, Putney. An examination of these will illustrate the above remarks. We have placed a star (*) opposite to those Coals which we know to be "Free Burning," the others with few exceptions, are bituminous.

We are well acquainted with what is called Watney's Anthracite. It is shipped from the Port of Pembrey, Carmarthenshire.

In describing any given Coal by the name of the Proprietor of the Colliery, or the locality in which it is situated, grave mistakes are frequently made. For instance, Mr. Watney has some 12 or more veins of Coal on his property, all laying above the Coal here represented as the best in the tabular statement; some of the upper veins are good, and others almost worthless. The one indicated in the tabular statement is worked from the lowest but one vein in the section; it is but a small distance from the mountain limestone. It is known by the name of the "Pump-Quart Vein."

The following is an Analysis of this Pump-Quart Coal, by Dr. Lyon Playfair.

Carbon	92.17
Hydrogen	3.10
Oxygen	2.22
Nitrogen	1.08
Sulphur	0.34
Ash	1.09
	100.00

There is no mistake about the superior quality of the Coal. We give this prominence to Watney's Coal, because we do not happen to have in our possession similar tests subsequently made on other Welsh Anthracite Coals. For instance, the Strick's, of Swansea, are working a very superior Anthracite Coal, and from their respectability they may be relied upon to ship a good article. Walter's (Swansea) Anthracite, which has we believe changed hands, is also a good Coal.

The great thing for consumers, is to take care that they place themselves in the hands of respectable shippers either in Swansea, Llanelly, or Pembrey; and in the selection of a suitable Coal, all other things being equal, chose one with the greatest cohesive power, so as to secure the greatest per centage of large coal after the attrition of a sea voyage.

We propose, in our next number, to give an article further illustrative of this subject; embracing the class of bituminous Coal best suited for Puddlers furnaces, &c., for making Coke for Cupolas and for other purposes in connection with the manufacture of Iron.

TABLE.

Showing the results which have been obtained with the best Coals of the United Kingdom,
Extracted from the Admiralty Reports on Coals suited to the Steam Navy.

NAME OF FUEL,	Evaporative power or No. of lbs. of water converted into steam by 1 lb of coal.	Weight of Cubic foot in lbs.	Space occupied by 1 ton in cubic feet.	Calorific Power per centage of large coals.	Evaporative Power after deducting for combustible matter in residuum.	Evap. Power per hour per square foot of grate surface.	lbs. of Clinker per ton.
*Graigola.....	9.35	60.17	37.23	49.3	9.66	—	30.6
Anthracite, (James & Awbrey)	9.48	58.25	38.45	68.5	9.7	—	0
Pentrefelin.....	6.36	66.17	33.85	52.7	7.4	40.6	22.7
*Duffryn.....	10.14	53.22	42.09	56.2	11.8	69.8	0
Oldcastle Fiery Vein.....	8.94	50.92	43.99	57.7	—	71.0	0
Ward's Fiery Vein.....	9.40	57.43	39.0	46.5	10.6	87.8	54.5
*Binea.....	9.04	57.08	39.24	51.2	10.3	—	0
*Llangennech.....	8.86	56.93	39.34	53.5	9.2	—	68.6
Pentrepeth.....	8.72	57.72	38.80	46.5	8.98	61.5	80.2
*Mynydd Newydd.....	9.52	56.33	39.76	53.7	10.59	79.6	59.1
*Three-quarter Rock Vein.....	8.84	56.39	39.72	52.7	—	88.3	42.8
*Cwm Frood Rock Vein.....	8.70	55.28	40.52	72.5	9.35	—	40.8
*Cwm Nanty-gros.....	8.41	56.00	40.00	55.7	8.82	71.3	23.7
*Resolven.....	9.63	58.66	38.19	35.0	10.44	71.4	0
Pontypool.....	7.47	55.70	40.22	57.50	8.04	55.0	20.9
*Bedwas.....	9.79	50.50	44.32	54.00	9.99	90.5	25.2
*Ebbw Vale.....	10.21	53.30	42.26	45.00	10.64	90.5	9.3
Porth Mawr.....	7.53	53.30	42.02	62.00	7.75	77.3	27.0
Colesthill.....	8.00	53.00	42.26	62.00	8.34	75.7	39.5
*Neath Abbey.....	8.38	59.30	37.77	50.00	9.65	116.0	19.2
Llynvi.....	9.19	53.30	42.02	—	9.58	89.0	36.0
*Rock Vawr.....	7.68	55.00	40.72	65.5	7.88	91.0	38.0
*Aberdare Co.'s Merthyr.....	9.73	49.30	45.43	74.4	10.27	92.4	9.0
*Thomas's Merthyr.....	10.16	53.00	42.26	57.5	10.72	111.8	2.9
*Nixon's Merthyr.....	9.96	51.70	43.32	64.4	10.70	102.6	5.7
*Hill's Plymouth Works.....	9.75	51.20	43.75	64.0	10.18	119.8	7.5
Slievardagh (Irish Anthracite).	9.85	62.80	35.66	74.0	10.49	84.5	18.0
Dalkeith Jewel Seam.....	7.08	49.8	44.98	85.7	7.10	63.0	62.2
Wallsend Elgin.....	8.46	54.6	41.02	64.0	8.67	91.0	14.6
Grangemouth.....	7.40	54.25	40.13	69.7	7.91	71.4	16.4
Eglington.....	7.37	52.0	43.07	79.5	7.48	90.0	8.2
Newcastle Hartley.....	8.23	50.5	44.35	78.5	8.65	62.0	17.0
Carr's Hartley.....	7.71	47.8	46.86	77.5	8.13	84.6	5.0
North Percy Hartley.....	7.57	49.1	45.62	60.0	7.72	94.0	7.8
Hasting's Hartley.....	7.77	48.5	46.18	75.5	7.96	104.0	1.7
Hedley's Hartley.....	8.16	52.0	43.07	85.5	8.71	74.8	14.4
Original Hartley.....	6.82	49.1	45.62	80.0	6.98	106.5	10.1
Derwentwater's Hartley.....	7.42	50.4	44.44	63.5	7.66	95.0	28.3
Gadley Four-feet Seam.....	9.29	51.6	43.41	68.5	10.73	96.5	11.6
Haswell's Coal Co's Steamboat	7.48	46.4	45.25	79.5	7.85	61.0	0.8
Davison's West Hartley.....	7.61	47.7	46.96	76.5	7.83	96.5	2.1
Cowpen & Sydney Hartley....	6.79	47.9	46.76	74.0	7.02	84.0	3.7
Balcarres Lindsay Mine.....	7.44	51.1	43.83	70.0	7.58	93.0	22.3
do. Haigh Yard.....	7.90	50.8	44.13	80.0	8.23	79.5	26.4
Johnson & Wirthington's Sir							
John.....	6.32	51.6	43.41	82.0	6.62	80.5	34.4
Wylam's Patent Fuel.....	8.92	65.08	34.41	—	9.74	72.4	61.6
Bell's " " ".....	8.53	65.3	34.30	—	8.65	91.5	76.1
Warlich's " " ".....	10.36	69.05	32.44	—	10.60	96.5	29.7
Lyon's " " ".....	9.58	61.10	36.66	—	9.77	93.0	38.7
Alfred Watney's Anthracite...	11.08	67.0	33.43	87.5	11.40	127.4	24.6

TO OUR READERS.

We beg to call attention to the fact that the "*Canadian Patriot*" contains more reading matter, in proportion to price, than that of any Magazine published in Canada.

As compared with the "*British American Magazine*" (which is equal to most, and considerably larger than some of the English quarter dollar serials,) the *Patriot* contains fully one half as many words in each number, though the price to annual subscribers is only one-third that of the *B. A. M.*

By economizing space, we are enabled to furnish a considerably additional amount of reading, and at the same time effect a saving to our subscribers of one-half the postage charged on the *B. A. M.* We do not say this for the purpose of depreciating the *B. A. M.*, but we have been led to these observations in consequence of comparisons unfavorable to the *Patriot* having reached our ears. We are aiming to supply our readers with as large an amount of literature, and as little waste paper as we possibly can.

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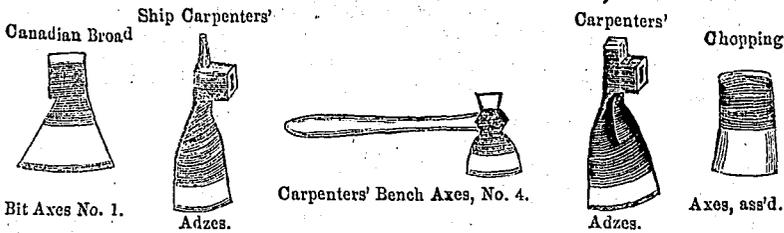
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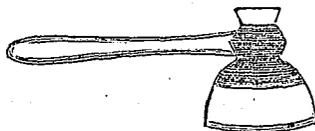


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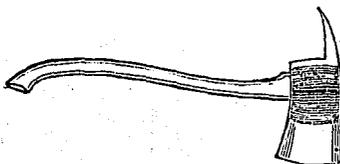
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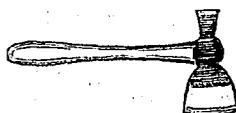


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Indisputable Certificates.

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

Application of Bonus.

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

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

Lapsed Policies.

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

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

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

HEAD OFFICE 2, 4, 5, EXCHANGE.

MACDOUGALL & DAVIDSON,

General Agents for Canada.

SCOTTISH PROVINCIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

(FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.)

ESTABLISHED 1825.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000 STERLING.

Invested in Canada, \$500,000.

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Secretary for Canada.

A. DAVIDSON PARKER, Esq.

LIFE ASSURANCE

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

Indisputability of Policies.

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

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

Surrender of Policies.

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

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

Loans on Policies.

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

A. DAVIDSON PARKER,

Secretary for Canada.

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

LIFE ASSURANCE

The Colonial Life Assurance COMPANY.

Head Offices—EDINBURGH and MONTREAL.

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UNCONDITIONAL Policies granted to persons settled in this country—upon which no extra premium can be exacted, rendering these Policies valuable securities for debts and marriage settlements.

Loans advanced on security of Policies, to extent of Mortgage value, after payment one year's premium, on the With Profits scheme, and three years' premiums on the Without Profits plan.

A Bonus declared every 5 years; next Division of Profits, 25th May, 1864; all assuring With Profits before that time, will be entitled to one year's Bonus.

As an example of Profits, a Policy for £1,000 opened in 1847, was increased in 1859 to £1,230.

By a new table of Rates, the Premiums are reduced to about one-half of the ordinary rate and for the remainder of Life are increased but still moderate.

Annual Income of the Company, (1863) - - - £133,775 Sterling.

Accumulated Fund, - - - - - £481,600 "

Every information on the subject of Life Assurance will be given here, or at any of the Agencies.

W. M. RAMSAY,
Manager, Canada.

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Wholesale Agent and Importer of
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and French Ball Blue. J. S. Fry & Son's Cocoa
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Lowe & Heath's Steel Pens. Coffee, Arrow-
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All kinds of Clocks, Watches and Jewellery
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Are prepared to lend on the security of Real
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A. J. FELL.

CARVER, GILDER, and Manufacturer of PORTRAIT and PICTURE FRAMES,

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON

Fire & Life

INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, - - - - \$10,000,000.

INVESTED FUNDS-- (over) \$12,000,000.

ESTIMATED ANNUAL REVENUE, (1863.) - \$4,000,000.

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

HEAD OFFICES.

1 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL.
20 & 21 POULTRY, and 28 REGENT STREET, LONDON.
CORNER OF PLACE D'ARMES and GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

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Short Period Grain and other Risks taken

On advantageous Terms and at moderate Rates.

Agencies established in all Cities, Towns, and principal Villages of
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G. F. C. SMITH,
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