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## A CENTURY.

"Yonder," said Brion, "I see the grass motion as if a large body of savages were creeping through it."  
"Heaven keep us from their fury!" cried Mignon, and sank back upon his knees in prayer.  
The mountaineer raised Mignon from the ground and placed her in the saddle. Motioning his own horse, and entreating her to follow, he took her bridle and moved towards an opening at the west margin of the glade, which seemed to be the only chance of escape. He and his companion had galloped but a few rods before he perceived that the open space led directly to the canon, and the ground was too rough to be traversed by horses.  
The partisan took Mignon from her horse and pressed her to his breast, where she was held as a dusky figure appeared in the path. Supporting her with his left arm, grasped a weapon with his right.  
"Son of the paleface, forbear!" said deep, calm voice.  
"Resist me, and you die!" cried Brion, whose pistol was aimed at the tall, bronzed form.  
"I seek not your life; if I did, no ear of power could save you," rejoined the Indian man, and I think at this moment that advantage is with me."  
"Look!" added the Indian, waving hand and emitting a sibilant sound. He cast his eyes around and saw scores of faces arising about him as if from the earth.  
"Lost!" exclaimed the partisan; Mignon took conscious, was too much startled to speak, she had conceived her that she might not see the dreaded visage of the mountaineer.  
"Son of the white man, you need not fear those who left you not long ago; they prisoners," said the Indian.  
"I ask nothing for myself; prepare tortures; but spare this maiden!" exclaimed the partisan.  
"You do well not to ask mercy of Ravenclaw; you shall both share the same. The nature of the red man is cruel!" returned Ravenclaw, with lofty irony.  
Mignon unclosed her eyes and fixed upon Ravenclaw.  
"Lilyface, you are free," he said dignifiedly.  
"And this brave man—is he not free also?" asked Mignon.  
"He dies!" replied the Indian, coldly.  
"So will all men die, brave chief!" Mignon was speaking, she took the figure of the raven from her bosom and fastened it on Brion's breast.  
"That saves but one life," said Ravenclaw.  
"Let it be his, then. Son of the Eagle am your captive."  
Ravenclaw remained silent a moment, turning to the grim circles of braves, said, thoughtfully:  
"Warriors, release your prisoners, and return to your lodges."  
He did not speak again until every red had vanished.  
"Lilyface, you and your people shall have saved them; yet the red man is as a snake, he will strike like lightning!"  
Then to Brion:  
"Son of the Buffalo, go your way, daughter of the timid doe has given you and saved your trappers from the knife of the Blackfeet braves. Thank the Great Spirit from me, he has called you to go on long trail to the land of souls. Go and take the otter and the beaver, and fulfil your sacred duties on the earth."  
Chief of the Blackfeet, be it as you and as Monedo decrees, so let it come pass. His ways are mysterious, and his doings with mortals just. This night before moon looked down into the canon, I gave to the Blackbird son of the Raven; rejoined Brion.  
"It is well; the Great Spirit seeth all, give every one a recompense. Son of Buffalo, farewell!"  
"Tarry yet a moment longer. I have question to ask which is of much import to me, and those under my command. Brion and Mignon gaze at the Redpath. Fire seemed to flash from the circle of Ravenclaw; his majestic figure seemed grow taller and prouder.  
"Son of the Buffalo, it is a vain quest if I know the great secret would I tell it to him to me a mystery—the deepest of mysteries; deep as the mystery of my existence; I know he hates the white man that his foot is swifter than the deer's, his eyes are sharper than the eagle's that hand strikes like lightning; I know no herds not that with other men—his nest is in the cliffs—he will die as he has lived, and in mystery; no mortal eyes shall see him departing *homo-vo-tes*, and the descent of an accused race shall never walk grave."  
With a gesture of indescribable dignity, Ravenclaw walked rapidly from sight, leaving Brion and Mignon gazing after him in breathless silence, almost in awe.  
Attended by the partisan and the trader who had been taken and released by the dians by the orders of Ravenclaw, she had the satisfaction of reaching a place where she could obtain rest and refreshment. We must here state that Balaam had fallen into the hands of the Blackfeet, escaped by lying flat upon his face in the grass; when the savages departed he and joined the rest of the company. Arrived at the canon, Mignon's tent was quickly raised and it was with indescribable feelings of gratitude that she felt herself once more secure and at liberty to seek repose.  
"By the beard of the prophet Smith!" claimed d'Arville, approaching Brion, had just been visiting the black, who sick.  
"Well!" said the partisan, inquiringly.  
"Who do you suppose is looking for you?" Brion replied that he could not tell.  
"It is your old friend, Headley," quoth the partisan, with his accustomed slang.  
"Ah!" said Brion. "What does he want?"  
"Beavers and otters! I ain't in his confidence! What's more, I don't want to be a part of his party, and you know that. There's a kink in his disposition that I straighten out, no ways. Depend on it, there's something in the wind!"  
"Possibly not; but our duty is to be able you know. There's no man to be trusted that has not some good in him."  
"When you find the good spots in Headley, I wish you'd clap your finger on it, make a chalk mark across 'em, so we can discover by common sense. A d'Arville's notions of human nature, were a few ingredients left out at the mill, his sibilant complainings, one of these things, which on the whole is an important in creating a human being."

## REDPATH.

THE WESTERN TRAIL.  
A STORY OF FRONTIER LIFE AND ADVENTURE.  
"Back, back!" shouted the partisan, as a tall figure grasped the bridle of Mignon's horse, and called to the trappers to lead the animals to the rear, while he, with Buckeye, kept the Indians at bay. The movement was scarcely effected when he heard a shriek from Mignon. He sprang to her assistance with the swiftness of an arrow. The circle of defenders was broken through, and a man in the guise of a Blackfoot warrior was bearing her away. Balaam heard the cry, but was engaged with three braves and could not go to her aid; nor was there imperative need, for Brion seized the fellow by the throat and hurled him to the ground.  
"It is a white man—it is Kincaid!" said Mignon.  
"You deserve to die!" exclaimed Brion to Kincaid; "but call off your hounds, and I will spare your worthless life; hesitate, and you die."  
"It is but reasonable," replied Kincaid, and immediately shouted to the savages in the Indian tongue, who instantly ceased fighting and fell back into the timber, not ill-pleased to withdraw from such an encounter, where nothing but hard blows were gained.  
"You may go, but beware how we meet again," said the partisan, sternly.  
This meeting will be our last," returned Kincaid, and hurried away, fearful that the partisan might repeat his clemency and violate his word.  
"I hope there has been no loss of life!" said Mignon.  
"I reckon a heap of the critters have gone under; but as for the loss on our side, it isn't great. I'll warrant ye; for our lads know how to take care of themselves in a skirmish. There's several pretty badly cut up, but only one, I believe, that's entirely done with airtily things; and he's shot through the lungs."  
"Deeply I regret that my presence has resulted in the death of a human being, or in painful wounds. Brave men, I think you are all and for your chivalrous defence of my person. May your wives, daughters and sweethearts be as well protected in the hour of danger."  
The body of the hunter who had been killed was hastily buried. His grave was shallow and far from his home. Very many had laid such burials in the land of the West, and hundreds of skeletons are bleaching in the hot suns of the prairies. This sad office having been performed, the little party speedily mounted, and making a detour to the right, galloped toward the other end of the canon, knowing it would be difficult to approach it, directly, since the firing must have put the Indians upon the alert.  
"I think you will have to assist me from my horse. It appears to me that I am losing my consciousness," said Mignon.  
The partisan sprang from his saddle, and taking Mignon in his arms, placed her tenderly upon a grassy knoll.  
"My mouth is burning with thirst, do I not hear the running of a stream?" she said, languidly. The mountaineer took a drinking cup from the leathern wallet or valise at his saddle, and hastened to look for the rivulet whose babbling was audible. He came back with water and Mignon drank.  
"Thanks, thanks! How kindly is nature to supply our wants. What so grateful as this pure beverage to the parched lips?" she remarked, returning the cup.  
"Yes, nature is our father and our mother; abundantly are our legitimate wants provided for," replied Brion.  
"Brion made no answer, but held up his hand warningly. The spot where the parties were resting was a glade near the northern entrance of the canon. On that side next the canon the trees were sparse and of small growth; but the prairie grass high and the scrubby chick-

"Yes, certainly, honesty ought to be recommended, friend Buckeye."  
"But in this case it was really discernment; and you can make more or less out of him, just as the notion takes you."  
The partisan was already watching the approach of Headley, wondering what the object of his visit might be. The cautious trapper drew near with a downcast look.  
"Captain Brion," he said, friendly. "I have no right to expect a friendly reception from one, whom I fear, I have treated very unhandsonly."  
"Your conduct, Mr. Headley, has been well calculated to forfeit my good will, and my presence in camp cannot be regarded by me as a very welcome event," returned Brion, coldly.  
"I expected such a reply; my behaviour has merited severe reproof. I prepared to hear your reproaches patiently, and to confess that I deserved them," returned Headley, in the same humble tones.  
"Before you say more, let me ask you are you here?" resumed Brion, with considerable sternness.  
"To acknowledge frankly, captain, that I have been in fault, and to beg to be restored partially, at least, to your confidence."  
"To have confidence in a man who has forfeited his word, and forgotten his duties, as you have done, will prove exceedingly difficult, I suspect to one, who, like me, is strong in his prejudices. Where are those who went with you?"  
"Some of them have joined another band of trappers, and the remainder are on their way to Fort Laramie."  
"And the gold-seeking expedition?"  
"Is abandoned."  
"Mr. Headley," he added, "if I had any means of testing your sincerity your apologies should be accepted."  
"Try me," said Headley, "and if you find one in your hand more quick to obey your orders, then you shall be at liberty to doubt my sincerity. My original agreement, I am aware is forfeited, and I do not ask to be fully reinstated, but merely to be tolerated among you; more I cannot reasonably expect."  
While Brion stood reflecting whether to continue his solitary reconnaissance or return to Buckeye, he was startled by a low and triumphant laugh near him. Raising his eyes and partially turning round, Brion beheld a spectacle which sent the blood thrilling through his veins with unwonted rapidity; he was surrounded by stalwart warriors whose dusky features looked grim and terrible in the darkness. In the name of the Great Spirit, scarcely three yards from the mountaineer, stood one whose dress and bearing indicated him to be a chief.  
"And so the cunning Fox has come to the hunter!" said the repeating the laugh that he so electrified the partisan. "Has the Fox become a fool that he thrusts his paw into the trap?"  
"You have outwitted me," returned Brion, coldly.  
"The Fox is taken; he has forgotten all his old tricks or else 'Trawiowif is wiser than he." Headley manifested some disappointment when he discovered that his patient was a negro; but he disguised the feeling, and with a perceptible exhibition of his former importance, proceeded to prescribe.  
The partisan, absorbed in the presence of Mignon and the depths of his happiness, and grateful for the attentions which he rendered the black, grew daily less observant of Headley, until his movements were entirely unwatched by him. It was then that the Missourian began to take walks by himself, which daily grew longer and extended further from the camp. As he returned regularly, and departed himself well, no suspicion was excited so far as Brion was concerned, and the latter ceased to think of the matter.  
One circumstance annoyed the Missourian he was satisfied that Buckeye had followed him on more than one occasion, which was a species of espionage threatening to prove fatal to his plans. After many attempts he succeeded, in eluding the vigilance of the trapper. The hour was between sunset and dark. By a circuitous route he reached the arm of timber, near which the steel arrow was so singularly projected by an unseen Bowman, and into the tree upon which the figure of a man had been carved with the point of a knife. A person advanced from the timber and met him, it was the half-breed together they passed into the obscurity of the wood, and conferred earnestly for a long time, when Headley hurried back to the canon. At eleven o'clock, when the partisan walked through the encampment, according to his habit, everything was as usual, and he went to sleep with the consciousness that all was safe.  
When he visited Mignon's tent in the morning, he found Balaam its only occupant, Mignon was not there. While he was wondering at the circumstance, Buckeye came to inform him that several of the horses had been stolen during the night, Mignon's among others.  
"Where is Headley?" asked Brion.  
"He's not to be found," said Buckeye.  
BRION IN A NEW DIFFICULTY.  
BRION lost no time in useless repetitions over what had happened. That he was perplexed and anxious will be believed, and needs no affirmation. With characteristic promptness he commenced a search for Mignon. The ground round the tent was thoroughly examined, but it was not of a nature to leave a trail; there was a rocky ridge extending a mile or two from the canon, upon which the foot of a man could make no impression. Though sharp-sighted and experienced, the partisan was unable to determine the course of the missing maiden. Under these circumstances, he mounted his horse to make a more general investigation, hoping to strike the trail of the captors at a greater distance from camp. He also sent out some of the more skillful woodsmen of the party for the same purpose. Buckeye like a faithful friend accompanied the captain, as much interested in the search, apparently as he.  
"I always mistrusted the creature," quoth the trapper, alluding to Headley, "and you remember perhaps, that I advised you to have nothing to do with him, notwithstanding his penitence like."  
"Your suspicions were at first shared by me; but his correct deportment afterward restored my confidence," returned the mountaineer.  
The parties rode to the Red Buttes. They found only the remains of an old camp here, without discovering any particular clue to indicate the direction the gold-seekers might have taken. They examined the banks of the Nebraska River for the distance of several miles. Just as the sun was setting, Brion struck a fresh trail leading down to the water, and following that a party made a passage over, with his horse to the opposite side, followed by Buckeye.

"It's hard telling what this may turn out to be," said the latter, after a careful scrutiny of the scarcely perceptible marks left upon the sand. "Whether white men or redskins have been here, I can't determine; but it's something or other in the shape of human nature."  
The mountaineer pushed on until it was too dark to follow the trail with certainty. The trapper suggested that they should stop until the moon was up, and refresh not only themselves but their horses. Though feverishly impatient, Brion anticipated the wisdom of the suggestion. The weary beasts were side-lined, and Brion handled a small fire to cook some buffalo steaks, a species of cookery upon which he prided himself.  
This needless process having been completed to the trapper's satisfaction, the mountaineer stretched himself upon the mother earth, to solicit that rest, which the fatigues of the day rendered necessary. The partisan, however, felt as he believed to be anxious, and so far as sleeping was concerned, it was his case out of the question. If he closed his eyes he still saw Mignon; if he endeavored to tranquilize his mind, he yet thought of the maiden with an intensity banishing the presence of slumber. Finally the attempt attended with the spee of a deer. But there were these after his swift foot of wolf and tireless in pursuit; and having scarcely three yards the start of his pursuers, the mountaineer could hardly hope for success. He was overtaken, carried back, and bound in a manner to preclude the possibility of a second attempt.  
"Ah, the Fox has yet a little cunning! but it will not save him. You are a prisoner, and 'Trawiowif is sure of his vengeance; he would be silly to incur a risk which the savages of his people do not render needless. Soften the Yan-kee, be a man! Stretch yourself upon your mother earth which will soon receive your ashes; and while we prepare to light the twelve fires to give you a death worthy of a mighty warrior, compose the words of your death-song, and commend yourself to the Master of Life."  
"A brave approach to his end, Brion," said the latter, resolved to secure a sudden death, and with his hatchet he struck the savage down at 'Trawiowif's feet, and bounded from the ground with the spee of a deer. But there were these after his swift foot of wolf and tireless in pursuit; and having scarcely three yards the start of his pursuers, the mountaineer could hardly hope for success. He was overtaken, carried back, and bound in a manner to preclude the possibility of a second attempt.  
"You are not so quick enough!" said 'Trawiowif, tauntingly. "A boy could run faster."  
"But a boy could not do that!" retorted Brion, pointing to the body of the brave who had laid him down.  
"We shall see," resumed 'Trawiowif, fiercely, "how you will bear up under the ordeal of the twelve fires."  
"The will of God be done!" replied Brion, commending himself to that Being who is apt to be forgotten in prosperity, and remembered only in adversity.  
TO BE CONTINUED.

## FLINGING AWAY THE RAZOR.

Each hair is furnished with a distinct gland, elaborately and beautifully complete. Under the facial are innumerable nerves, immediately connected with various organs of the senses, ramifying in every direction, and performing most important functions. This hair, when in full growth, forms a natural protector to the nerves, and also holds, as it were, in suspension, a quantity of warm air, through which the cold air, in breathing passes, and so becoming rarefied or tempered, enters the lungs without giving to their delicate texture that severe shock which arises from the sudden admission of cold, so often the forerunner of fatal disorders. Any one putting his fingers under the hair of his head will there feel warm air. The hair also wards off east winds, and prolific sources of toothache and other pains, and so tends to preserve those useful and ornamental appendages, the teeth.

more the hair grows, even to the hour of his death. The head shall become bald, but the face never!"  
In conclusion, when man was created he had given him a beard, and who will dare say that it was not a good gift? Turn to the first chapter of Genesis, and you will find that God saw everything that he had made, and beheld it was very good!—London News.

## IMPORTANT ABOUT MILK.

The "Western Agriculturist" contains the following, which appears to be useful and sound experimental knowledge, relating to milk:  
"Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired for its cream for a time, it should be put in a deep, narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it from completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad shallow dish, and exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature—55 deg. Fahr.—all the cream will probably rise in thirty six hours, but at 70 deg. it will perhaps rise in half that time; and when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes solidified. In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm, and on this account, more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thundery weather. The season has its effects. The milk in spring is supposed to be the best for drinking, hence it would be the best for calves, in summer it is best suited for cheese, and in autumn the butter for keeping is better than that of summer; the cows being less frequently milked give richer milk, and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn."

## ARE YOU MAKING A ROAD TO HELL?

A young gardener in Scotland was busy leveling a road from his lodge, at the entrance of a gentleman's grounds, to the mansion-house, in the month of March, 1842, when he was seized with a dangerous illness, and brought to look death and judgment. In the last moments of his life, he was engaged for twenty-two years, in making for himself a road to hell! In this awful state of mind he opened his neglected Bible at Heb. xii. 2, where he read, "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith;" the scale of unbelief fell from his eyes, and the light from heaven broke in; he saw Jesus to be the way, the truth and the life; and rejoiced, believing in God his Saviour. From that hour, he became in heart a missionary, and sought by all means to make his acquaintances stop work on the downward way.  
"Young men and women beware lest you be making for yourselves and others a road to hell! Those who drink and encourage others to do so—those who become sceptical, and teach others infidel sentiments—those who break the seventh commandment and encourage others to do so—and all who fear neither God nor man—are Satan's navvies, who busy themselves in making a road to hell! Readers, are you one of them?—Stop work immediately, and hear your God's voice—"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Scott's paper.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHAKING HANDS.

Formerly it seems to have been the pleasant custom to kiss or salute ladies at meeting and parting; this gradually sank down to kissing hands, a practice that still lingers in the corners of Europe, and to which, in my travels I have occasionally submitted with a good or bad grace, as the case might be. But the custom of shaking hands is nearly unknown on the continent, and is declining even in England. I am really sorry for this, as there is an honest hearty friendship about a good shake of the hand, which cannot be so much recommended. Between man and man, a good shake of the hand shakes away the ice of foolish formality; that so readily gathers round the heart; the blood circulates freely through the veins and puts you at once upon comparatively friendly terms with the person with whom you have interchanged the act of good will.  
It is an honest and manly John Bull practice; in former times, it effaced all enmity after the most stubborn fight; and sprang, like all really national English customs, from the frank and generous nature of the English people. And then how much of character is evinced by the manner of shaking hands! First and foremost, there is the good honest shake of the hand, that displays a free and open nature, wishing you well from the inmost of your heart. Then, there is the cold, phlegmatic shake, that tells you fairly, "I care not a straw for you." But then have the gradual pretending pressure, which would make you believe that you are the dearest of mortals to a selfish fellow, who would not walk across the street to save you from being drowned. Next, you have the vulgar-minded fine gentleman, who shakes hands with you in a friendly manner, wishing you to understand, however, that you owe such extreme kindness to his condescension only. There are so many modes of displaying vulgarity in the world, that it is not easy to determine which, though vulgar condescension is perhaps the most offensive. As to—  
"The foot and dainty cannot be offered you a single finger, or the point of two secured by the thumb at the first joint from being too rudely or extensively grasped, it is needless to speak; a contracted hand shows, in more ways than one, a contracted heart and narrow mind."  
Women are valiant in a cause they love; they are sometimes, in the ordinary course of life, the most chicken-hearted things possible—so much so indeed as to do great injustice to themselves and to their best qualities. Here you must learn to draw a distinction and must not necessarily confound bold and resolute women with the forward or cold-hearted.

## COFFEE'S COSTS AND CULTURE.

It is believed by many that coffee can be cultivated in some of our Southern States as successfully as in Brazil, Java, and Jamaica; if so it is high time that some of our planters were set upon its culture, as it costs our country no less than \$15,500,000 annually for the beans of the plant.  
The coffee tree lives to a great age, and begins to bear when three years old, and at its full bearing when seven years old. The tree is allowed to grow in light from six to seven feet; the top branches are pruned off when the tree is five years old, so that by the time it is seven it resembles a spread umbrella. Each branch droops downwards, and thus gives the pickers a good chance to pick the berry. The coffee tree in Brazil bears two crops a year; the large crop in the spring, and the small one in the fall. The first crop is picked when the berry is red, resembling a cherry. The second crop is in general small, and allowed to remain on the tree until fully ripe and dry. This crop, cured in the husk is far superior in quality, and is called "great coffee." The blossom is beautiful and tender. It remains on the tree from three to four days. If the weather is warm, with showers during those few days the crop is sure; if cool at nights it often fails. When the berry is taken home from the field it is carried to a mill-house. The mill consists of three small rollers. The berry is put into a hopper, and a constant stream of water falls on the rollers during the time the mill is at work. By this process the outside hull is taken off and the berry is separated from it, and the coffee falls into a brick tank, where it is washed perfectly clean, and then put on a place covered with tile or brick raised in the center that the water may drain. It is then taken to the curing loft, where it is turned four times a day until the hull is crisp and dry. Then by putting it through large fans the inside hull comes off, and leaves the berry ready for hand-picking for market.

## FEAT OF AN ELEPHANT.

The Charleston Evening News understands that a elephant which was lost overboard from a vessel bound to that port made its way safely into Mount Pleasant harbor! The vessel was thirty miles out at sea, and a heavy gale was blowing when the elephant went overboard. Its feat of riding out the storm is we suppose, the most remarkable instance of animal strength and endurance on record.

## NATIONAL DEBTS.

The aggregate amount of European debt is said to be \$1,644,841,000; England, \$778,923; France, \$233,000,000; Holland, \$100,461,000; Prussia, \$25,500,000; Russia, \$26,000,000; Spain, \$70,000,000; Belgium, \$27,000,000; Austria, \$211,000,000. The various countries of Central and South America, Mexico, and Cuba, have an aggregate debt of \$28,788,280. The debt of the United States is put down at \$10,000,000, and that of British India at \$48,000,000—making the total public or national debt of the world to be \$1,762,929,470.

## STOCKS ARE RISING.

The peace prospects in Europe, the cautiousness of speculators, and the comparative quietness and regularity of trade, together with the general healthfulness everywhere prevailing, the prospects for good crops the coming season, all combine to inspire hopefulness in all departments of trade, and to place all dividend-paying stocks at higher rates than have prevailed since 1853. "Confidence" has been restored, and all things move forward and onward with steady pace. Should the country be blessed with good crops, good health, and "peace," we shall grow in greatness more rapidly than ever before.

## An old lady, whose son was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among her parting admonitions, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come back a "nigger."

## GOOD AT GUESSEING.

"Well, Pat, which is the way to Burlington?"  
"How did you know my name was 'Pat'?"  
"Oh, I guessed it!"  
"Then, be the powers, if you are so good at guessin' ye'd better guess the way to Burlington!"

## TO TELL GOOD EGGS.

If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good, and fresh, are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.

## Why are Quacks like locomotives?

Because they can't get along without puffing.

## IRON WORK.

Generally speaking, iron has a little less strength, weight for weight than wood. (wing to superior soundness or some other cause however, small strips are found to be stronger in proportion than large rods or bars, and by properly riveting through several strips, Dr. La Mothe manufactures rods which are immensely strong and stiff. A bundle of small strips riveted at short intervals is found to be 50 to 100 per cent. stiffer than a solid bar of the same size and weight. The patent cut is in brief a basket of such riveted strips covered with sheet-iron.—N. Y. Tribune.

## QUESTIONS.

As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly, so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by a clear view. Look at any long narrow avenue of trees by which the traveller on our principal highways is protected from the sun; just at the beginning are wide apart; but these at the end almost meet. This happens frequently in opinions. Men who were far asunder come near and put them in the course of a good sense strength through the quest, if they are enough to temper and soothe their earlier animosities.—London.



ROBERT STEPHENSON ON RAILWAYS.

Robert Stephenson, M. P. having been elected President of the Institution of Civil Engineers in London, gave an excellent inaugural address on taking the chair on the 8th ult. The following is a condensed summary of it—

"Railroads now spread over Great Britain and Ireland like a net-work, to the extent of 8054 miles. In length they are equal to the 10 largest rivers of Europe united. The cost of these lines has been £286,000,000, equal to one-third the amount of the national debt. There are 53 miles of tunnels; 11 miles of viaduct in the vicinity of London alone; the earthworks excavated measured 550,000,000 cubic yards—a mass of earth sufficient to raise a pyramid a mile and a half high, with a base equal in area to St. James's Park. The trains run 80,000,000 miles annually; 5000 locomotive engines and 150,000 vehicles compose the running stock; the engines in a straight line would reach to Chatham, and the vehicles from London to Aberdeen. The companies employ 90,400 officers and servants directly, and upwards of 40,000 collaterally—130,000 men, representing a population of 500,000 persons, or 1 in 10 in the entire community dependent on railways. The engines consume annually 2,000,000 tons of coal, 4 tons every minute, flashing into steam 20 tons of water—an amount more than sufficient for the wants of the population of Liverpool. The coal consumed by the engines is nearly equal to the whole amount exported to foreign countries, and one-half the annual consumption of London.

Last year 111,000,000 passengers traveled by railway, each averaging a journey of 12 miles. The receipts were £20,215,000, and there is no instance on record in which the receipts of a line has not been of continuous growth, even where portions of its traffic had been abstracted by competition on new lines. The wear and tear is great; 20,000 tons of iron have to be replaced annually, and 26,000,000 sleepers perish every year. To supply these 300,000 trees are felled annually, which could be grown on little less than 5000 acres of forestland. He then suggested various means for meeting these unavoidable outlays for deterioration, which after a few years reach an annual average, as well known as the cost of fuel, and should be admitted as an annual charge against receipts.

Nothing was so profitable as passenger traffic. An average train will carry 100 persons, and the cost will not exceed 15d. per mile; 100 passengers produced, at five-eighths of a penny per mile, 5s. 2 1/2d. Minimum fare, paid best on short routes, but with respect to the higher fares, greater expenses were incurred for increased comfort and accommodation.

The postal facilities afforded by railways were very great. But for their existence Mr. Rowland Hill's plan of penny postage never could have been effectually carried out. Railways afforded the means of carrying bulk which would have been fatal to the old mail coaches. For this great blessing, therefore, the nation had to thank the railways.

The electric telegraph—that offspring and indispensable companion of railways—was next considered. 7200 miles of telegraph, or 36,000 miles of wires, were laid down, at least 3000 miles were continually employed, and more than 1,000,000 public messages were annually flashed along this "silent highway." To the working of railways the telegraph had become essential. The needs were capable of indicating at every station whether the line was clear or blocked, or if accident had anywhere occurred. The telegraph could, therefore, do the work of additional rails, by imparting instantaneous information to the officers, and enabling them to augment the traffic over those portions of the line to which their duty might apply. As a perpetual current was passing through the wires, the guard or engine-driver had only to break the trainwire in case of accident, and the officers at the nearest station were instantaneously apprized that something was wrong, and that assistance was needed.

Railroad accidents occurred to passengers in the proportion of one accident to every 7,195,343 travelers. Ladies and gentlemen could scarcely sit at home at ease with the impunity with which it appeared that they could travel by railway. How frequent, comparatively, were the accidents in the streets; how fearful the misadventures to those who go down to the sea in ships? Yet Parliament has seen fit to legislate expressly for accidents by railway without legislating in the same way for accidents from other sorts of locomotion. This was unfair to railways, and ill-calculated to afford protection to the public where it was needed.

The moral results of railways were equally remarkable; railways were equalizing the value of land throughout the kingdom by bringing distant properties practically nearer to the center of consumption and by facilitating the transit of manures, thus enabling poor lands to compete with superior soils. Before railways existed internal communication was restricted by physical circumstances; the canal traffic was dependent on the supply of water at the summit levels, and upon the vicissitudes of seasons of either drouth or frost. Railway communication was free from all those difficulties, and every object that nature had opposed, science had hitherto effectually surmounted.

The legislation of Parliament of which Mr. Stephenson complained, is, no doubt, one reason why accidents on English railroads are so few in number. All our railroad companies will do well to lay to heart the benefits of the railway telegraph. The N. Y. and Erie R.R. has found it to be a great saving. When will the time come that our railroads will be as safe as those in England? America has over 19,000 miles of railroads to the 8000 of Great Britain and Ireland, cost only \$589,920,000, England's cost \$1,430,000,000. E. Stephenson is the son of George, the builder of the Rocket, the first successful passenger locomotive.

We have received from the Chief Superintendent of Education, the "Annual Report of the Normal, Model, Grammar and Schools in Upper Canada." Beside usual amount of valuable statistical information. This Report contains an appendix in general use in the several sections of the Province. From the upper part of the Report we learn that in Upper Canada there are 1 Normal, 264 Grammar Schools, making a total of 265 besides our Provincial University and Colleges, three of which are endowed by University powers. The expenditure for the year 1854, was as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Category and Amount. Salaries of Common School Teachers: 151,756; Salaries of Grammar School Masters: 10,743; Building, Repairs, &c. of Common Schools: 28,352; Libraries, Maps, Apparatus, &c. of Common Schools: 15,940; Normal and Model Schools: 3,403; Local Superintendents, Salaries, &c.: 4,955; Superannuated Common School Teachers: 1,476; Poor Schools: 391; Universities, Colleges and Private Schools: 31,575. Total: £246,794 1/2.

The "Englishwoman in America," a bright picture of our rising country, the perseverance industry and enterprising Canadians. "In addition to the gained in the cultivation of the soil they are seizing upon the vast water-power the country affords, and are turning it to most profitable purposes. Saw mills, mills, and woolen mills, start up in every direction, in addition to tool and machine factories, iron factories, iron foundries, and tanneries. Towns are everywhere springing up, as if by magic, along the new railway and canal, and the very villa of Upper Canada are connected by the electric telegraph. The value of land is every increasing as new lines of communication are formed. The Town of London, in Canada, presents a very remarkable instance of rapid growth, it is surrounded by a rich agricultural district, and the Western Railway passes through it.

years ago, this place was a miserable village of inhabitants; now it is a flourishing town, alive with business, and has a population of thirteen thousand souls. The increase of value of property in its vicinity will almost be incredible to English readers, is stated on the best authority; a site sold in September, £150 per foot, ten years ago, could have been bought at that price per acre, and ten years earlier at many pence. In Upper Canada there is a great deal of land, and it is very fertile, and the present time very fit that state of society which is marked by struggles and lawless excesses. In every of my travels west of Toronto, I found the progress of Canada West is just begun. No limits can be assigned to future prosperity, and as its capabilities come more known increasing numbers hearts and strong arms will be attracted to it. The immense resources of the west, and the settlers are prodigal of land; great portions of the occupied territory to bear the most luxuriant crops; it still the magnificent districts adjoining Lake Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, just being brought into notice; and of the Valley of the Ottawa, which is a very fertile soil, and is capable of supporting a population of nine very little is known. Every circle that can be brought forward combines that Upper Canada is destined to be great, a wealthy, and a prosperous country."

We learn from a correspondent, wife and child of Mr. A. Argue, of Ge were frozen to death on the night of last month—Mrs. Argue was deranged, and has been an inmate of the asylum since.

On Monday night, she was so quiet they slackened their vigilance, and were sleeping, she wrapped her baby in a blanket, and wandered into the field. She was found in the morning, dead, but the child was frozen stiff.

NOT AT THE CHATELAIN CANAL.—The Monarchist of the 26th ult., states that a report in this city, to the effect that a few days since, in consequence of dissatisfaction between the employes of the canal, and the Chatelain Canal, they turned out en masse, and attempted destruction of the works, blowing up the magazine, and threatening the life of a would dare to prevent the complete effect of their vengeance. Some blood had been spilled, but we have not learned that any was killed. Rumour says that fifteen armed pensioners of this city left protection of the works yesterday, and telegraphic message had been sent to London for further reinforcements, so as if necessary the lawless violence of men.

It is said that considerable destruction of the works has already ensued, and that speedy stop be put to the proceedings by a hard matter to conjecture what will be the termination of all this violence.

THE LOCOMOTIVE. Elisha Barritt, the learned blacksmith, with shovels of brass and muscles of iron, strutted forth from his smoky stable, and, saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fell back gently into his harness. There he stands, clanking and foaming upon the iron track, his great heart furnace of glowing coals, his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is serving his sinews—he pants to be gone. He scents "snuff" St. Peter's across the desert of Sahara if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little, sober-eyed tobacco-chewing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment should he grow restive or vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man, for, begrimed as he may be with coal, diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machine, as the physical mind of that huge steam horse."

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE. Toronto, 25th Feb., 1856. Mr. Editor, Although the Legislature has been in session for nearly a fortnight, I regret to say, that very little progress has been made, in the dispatch of business. Night after night has been spent in angry discussion and re-arrangement, and the business of the country neglected, in order that members might have an opportunity of hurling charges of all sorts of corruption and abuse at each other. To such a length had this state of things gone, that on Tuesday evening an open rupture took place between Mr. Brown and Attorney General McDonald. These gentlemen called each other liars, and a great many other ugly names, not strictly in accordance with parliamentary etiquette, and it is impossible to say what they might have done to each other, if the House had not interfered, and put a stop to such disgraceful proceedings. Mr. Brown has taken every possible opportunity, during the discussions which have been going on in the House, to charge the Ministry with corruption, dishonesty and inefficiency; while they, in return, have said equally hard things of him, and on Tuesday evening, Mr. McDonald went the length of accusing Mr. Brown of such disgraceful conduct, while he was a Penitentiary Commissioner, as would unfit him for a seat in the House, if the charges were true. This was the groundwork of the row I have mentioned. You may ask of what interest is this to the country. Let us see: Mr. Brown felt so much aggrieved, that he asked for a committee to investigate the matter; which was granted. The whole time of the House, yesterday, was spent in discussing the matter, and organizing the Committee, and the country must pay for it. But this is not all; witnesses will be brought from a distance, the report will be printed, and more of the time of the House will be taken up in hearing and deciding on the matter, at the expense to the country of probably several thousand pounds!

While nearly all the moderate Reformers in the House, hold the very same principles, and are in perfect accord and sympathy with Mr. Brown, and the other Reformers who generally act with him; yet, to such extremes does he go, in the violence of his opposition, that they cannot always act with him. I do not, however, despair of seeing the unseemly division which exists among Reformers healed. If Mr. Brown would only act with that prudence and moderation, which he would of course do, were he in power, and his talents and abilities qualify him to hold the first place in the Government, he would rally around him every true Reformer in the House. You are not to form your opinion of the strength of parties from the vote on the address. I know of many Reformers who went with the Ministry, in this instance, who will oppose them on the Police Bill, and who will be at variance with them in a scheme, which will be proposed to base Representation on Population, and on several other questions which will come up during the session.

I am sure you will be pleased to learn that something substantial is to be done in Law Reform. It is also satisfactory to find that the sum paid in commutation of the Clergy Reserve claims, is not so large as has been represented, and that there will be a very large surplus to divide among the Municipalities; probably more than a million of pounds, when the lands are disposed of. After paying off the whole of the commutation, there will remain on hand, ready for distribution, three hundred and twelve thousand pounds. In addition to this, there is, I believe, nearly half a million of pounds due to the Government, for lands sold, and a million of acres of land, yet to be disposed of. No scheme has yet been suggested for the distribution of this fund. It will likely be divided according to population. If so, you can give a guess what your share would amount to. £312,000 would average about a dollar a head to the population of U. C., and Lanark and Renfrew is not much short of forty thousand. But there is an old saying to the effect that "we should not count our chickens till they are hatched." One word to the Municipal Councils, don't fritter away and waste this money, but invest it, or apply it in such a way as to do the greatest possible amount of good to the Counties.

I must apologise for want of variety in my epistle, but I have been confined to my room for three days, by indisposition, and I am scarcely able to sit up while I write this. Yours, E.

MODERN EMPIRICISM. No III. For the Carleton-Place Herald. MR. EDITOR.—The task of informing our fellows, in reference to the true principles upon which health and disease depend, is not only an arduous, but, frequently, a thankless one. Prejudices are so deeply rooted, and false notions so readily embraced, that time and perseverance alone can succeed in removing the mists of error and superstition which enshroud too many, even in the upper walks of life, who, on other matters are well informed, and intelligent. It is true, that what people generally most earnestly seek for, is not, so much, how to avoid disease, as for some remedy that will keep them well, and allow them to sin on, just as their tastes or passions may lead them, in violation of Nature's laws. It is too often expected that the physician should interpose some high-sounding drug, as the scape-goat of these physical sins, and allow the patient to pass along as before unscathed and unimpaired. What wonder that so unnatural a hope should be frequently doomed to disappointment! It is not so much from a want of information, as from an unwillingness to practice what they already know, that so many destroy their health; so that in a physical as well as a moral aspect, we

are all liable to the terrible denunciation,—"Ye knew your duty but ye did it not." The patent medicine vender thoroughly understands these foibles of human nature; and suits his advertisement to meet exactly the popular demand. What matters it to him, that in thousands of instances, his nostrums are worthless, or at most, harmless; or that, not unfrequently, they kindle up the latent disease, and blindly administered, pave the way to the city of the dead. What matters it to him that the fond mother, innocently believes his flattering tale; and for the sake of destroying worms, kills her child; or in order to cool the fever of her darling, wraps him in the coldness of the grave! What are these (not unfrequent) occurrences to him, so long as his pockets are lined with gold, and the stricken ones, in their grief and anguish and ignorance, charge their bereavement to a "Mysterious Providence" and point not to him as the author of their woe! But is there no day of retribution!—and if so, how much more worthy of our commiseration, would the highwayman appear, who only relieves the wealthy traveller of his too plethoric purse, compared with him, who, for gain, by means of base misrepresentations and unblushing falsehoods, places a fatal pitfall in the way of the unthoughtful sufferer or the unconscious innocent. What is to roll back the flood of deception and death which has thus deluged the States and is inundating our fair Canada? What but the light of Truth. If "the proper study of mankind is man," how much is yet to be taught, and how much to be learned! Our farmers, or most of them, have got through the first difficulties of colonization; and having got into snug mansions, it is high time that they and their growing families were beginning to "know themselves," at least sufficiently to be secured against imposition. Why, the intelligent storekeeper, can hardly conceal his smile of contempt, as he hands you the patent "cure all" and receives your cash. He knows better than you do, the vile imposture practiced upon you, and regards you in the same light he would a man who should ask for an Almanac with the weather on it.

We do not, of course, expect to illuminate the world on these important subjects,—life and health. Abridged minds have been, and are engaged in the task; and our object is simply to draw attention to the subject. But a great deal remains to be done; and why should not the people look to the press for information on this all important subject as well as on Agriculture, Education or politics? The truth is, men act with indifference regarding the true interests of the body,—and the soul—and lavish the utmost care upon inferior objects. The immortal mind, and the mysterious and wonderful body are held in less estimation than "the beasts that perish." But I must close, lest in the uncertainty as to "how the subject theme may gang," turning out a sermon. Yours, &c.

Hillside, Feb. 26th, 1856. WELL DONE.—While the steamship Persia lay at her dock in New York, she was visited by crowds of ladies and gentlemen who were charged a small fee for admittance. The amount thus raised, \$1709, was given by Mr. Cunard to various charitable institutions in New York and Jersey City.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—In our last, we mentioned the death of Mrs. Holt, of Smith's Mills, from Intemperance, and we have now to record the death of her husband, on the 6th inst., from the same cause. Thus, in one week his wife and husband were carried to the grave, victims of intemperance.—Belle-Vue Intelligencer.

The Municipal Council of Nepean, unanimously passed a Resolution, petitioning the three branches of the Legislature, to pass at their present Session, a stringent Prohibitory Liquor Law. Through the exertion of the Grand Ottawa, No. 197, a Petition to the same effect, was circulated through the Township, and 1,150 names attached; so much for a small Division. Both Petitions have been despatched to the House.

In reply to a correspondent.—We have no objection to have the question of a "Prohibitory Liquor Law," discussed in our columns, providing it be done in a manner worthy of the cause.

FURTHER NEWS BY THE "AMERICA." BRITAIN. A debate occurred in the House of Commons on Friday night, the 15th. Mr. Roebuck rose to call the attention of the House to our relations with the United States, and moved for the production of all correspondence with the Government of the United States relative to the conduct of Mr. Crampton. Mr. Roebuck commenced by impressing upon the House the necessity for the question to be properly understood in Britain, and that it should be ascertained who was to blame for the unsatisfactory state of England's relations with America.—He remarked that the law of the United States, prohibited recruiting for foreign service, and that in the early days of the Republic had required the French Minister of the period to be removed for such infraction of law. Their jealousy of this country was therefore only natural. He proceeded to show, from documents read at the late trials in the United States, how was breaking the law, as he took means to evade it, and thereby was supported by the Government of Nova Scotia, and by the Gov. Gen. of Canada, and urged by the Home Government. Under these circumstances, Mr. Roebuck contended that the Government of the United States were justified in requiring the recall of Mr. Crampton, and the apology which the British Government tendered was a delusion upon the House and country. He therefore called first for a specific answer to this question.—What instructions were given to Mr. Crampton next for expression of opinion on the part of the House that they were no parties to this violation of the law of the United States?

Mr. Hatfield seconded the motion. Lord Palmerston replied defending the Government, and stating that the correspondence would be produced as soon as the last despatch from the American Government had been answered. Palmerston then launched into a fierce invective against Roebuck, whom he called a mouth-piece of calumnies; uttered in the United States. He then continued, that no man could more strongly feel the calamities which would arise from a conflict between Great Britain and the United States. These were the sentiments of all people of this country, but it was one thing to entertain a friendly sentiment towards a kindred people, and another to abandon our feelings of self-respect. It was incumbent upon those who were charged with public interests to cultivate both these sentiments, for interests of peace were equally great on both sides of the Atlantic, and any calamity arising from a state of war would be equally disastrous. That which a government had to consider was the justice of its cause, and what was befitting the dignity and honor of a community. He cited in on both sides this feeling was reciprocated; that whatever might be said in popular speeches, and notwithstanding such elucidation as the House had just heard, which favored anything but a tendency to conciliate disaffected feelings in the people of the United States, that they valued the friendship of the people of this Empire, and that their interests were inseparably bound up with the continuance of friendly relations between the two countries. He could not, under such circumstances, persuade himself that the matter on either side from attempting to plunge the countries into the calamities of war. (Loud cheers.) The Chancellor of the Exchequer has notified capitalists to meet Palmerston and himself on Monday the 18th, to hear terms of a proposed loan, supposed to be of £20,000,000. The London Times reviews the speech of Mr. Seward's speech, and says,—"England won't give up the smallest of her rights to American clamour."

Our Liverpool Correspondent gives from private sources, but does not guarantee the statement that the Derby party and Gladstone party had each held a secret meeting on the course to be pursued respecting the American difficulties. The Derbys decided to support Palmerston, and preserve English honor from Republican insult. These were the actual words. Gladstone decided to take every measure to shun a rupture with the United States.

Andrew Jackson & Son, Corn merchants, of Glasgow, have failed. Liabilities £70,000. A TROUBLED BISHOP.—Queen Victoria and the Bishop of London are just now furnishing considerable material for conversation of religious circles. It is said that bishop has suffered so much anxiety on account of doubts of the Queen's orthodoxy of opinion as sensibly to injure his health. The rumor is, that the Queen is adopting a liberality of belief that is either Unitarianism or tends toward it, and this indication has been further confirmed by the request of the Queen for the publication of a sermon on the religion of common life, preached before her by Rev. Mr. Cairnes, a Scottish clergyman who is very "low church" indeed. The good bishop, whose soul is exceedingly troubled by these signs of dejection, is the one who immortalized himself by a labored thesis to show that it was proper to place candles on an Episcopalian altar, but not to light them.

LAKE MICHIGAN FROZEN OVER.—It is believed that this great inland sea is now completely frozen over from side to side for the first time within the memory of man. No open water can be seen from either shore with the best glasses.

FASHIONABLE RELIGION.—The cost of maintaining a certain fashionable church in Boston for one year, is \$22,505—equal to \$432.76 per Sunday! This sum would support 22 country churches.

To leave your son a fortune—educate him and teach him how to finish his education himself.

THE DUCK. Once I stood on the bridge and saw on the pond a large family of ducks. From them I received instruction. After playing on the water a little while one little duck got mad. He went up to his mate and said, or seemed to say, "Now my lad I am going to drown you." So he took him by his cap and pulled his head down under the water. But I perceived that in order to drown his little brother he was just as likely to drown himself. He seemed so intent on drowning his brother that he was actually choking himself.

When these two ducks could stand it no longer under the water they came up. But the quarrel was not yet settled. Both were in a complete rage. They went at each other with mouths open, trying to get a grip at each other's caps. One seized the other, and a third seized him; and then three heads were under the water at once. And it was not long before the whole family were drawn into the quarrel. They tripped, and bit, and jerked, and choked and strangled each other, till the whole pond was in a foam and sent out its circles to its utmost extent.

Silly birds! thought I. In order to drown others you strangle yourselves. You will hold your own heads under the water till you are half dead, hoping to drown your own brothers. Poor birds! You were made innocent. But here is a whole family in a quarrel. Two things more I have against the duck. She never feeds any other duck, not even her own little ones. All she cares for is to fill her own dear crop. She has not a particle of benevolence. She will eat when she is hungry, for the sake of keeping food away from her dear ducklings. Shame on her for that! And when she can't eat any more, she will walk over her food, and so it is nothing else can eat it.

The other thing I complain of, is, that the duck lives in low ground, generally in the mud. Wicked children are too much like the ducks. John strikes his brother. His mother shakes him and his father whips him. Tell me which gets the worst ducked John or his brother? Henry steals Mary's apple. Now Mary only loses a good apple, while Henry loses a good conscience, a good name and a good friend. Now my children, tell me which gets the worst ducked. Henry or his sister Mary?

Pharoah pursued the Hebrews. He overtook them up at the Red Sea. He drove them into the sea. God helped the Hebrews all out on dry ground. Pharoah and his host were all overthrown, and sank like a stone in the cold waters. But while they were sinking and dying in the Red Sea, the Hebrews stood on the opposite banks, singing the song of Moses. Tell me, little children, who were the worst ducked, Pharoah or Moses? As it is with ducks, so it is with wicked people. Every one for himself. A careless wicked man will keep his money all he can get. His children like little ducks must get their living if they can. He buys no books against lying, no books against stealing, no books teaching love

to one another. They live in the mud, their minds are all muddy. Every duck is for himself. If he gets his own drop full, it is all his care for. The little ducks set just like their parents. There is no one good bird among them all. They fight at nothing. One duck will often draw the whole family into a quarrel. Not a good teacher among the whole tribe.

LIME WATER IN BREAD.—Docter Hall, in his Journal, does not favor Liebig's receipt, he says—"Our own opinion is that bread made out of wheaten flour is good, enough for ordinary people and purposes, without adding powdered rocks to it. We know of no authority for feeding people on rocks or for supposing that the essence of rocks has any nutriment in it. Strong and numerous facts seem to warrant the opinion that people who drink lime-stone water are more liable to cholera and we have no reason to imagine that mixing flour with the limestone water, makes any organic change in the lime; we may rather safely infer, that eating lime, is not any more healthful than drinking lime. Alum is quite heavy enough, without putting the bakers up to the trick of putting rocks in their bread. Selling stones at six cents a pound would be a profitable business. We recommend our readers to use the old-fashioned bread made of flour, lard milk and common yeast, and let the Dutch revel in rock bread and sour krout to their hearts' content."

ADULTERATION OF FLOUR.—The Newburyport Herald has the following statement in reference to an extensive adulteration of flour:—"A few weeks ago, a baker in Montreal, Canada, returned to his place of business, and found that he had purchased, because there was no such plaster of Paris in it that he could not use it. A Toronto miller, in speaking of this says there are numerous dealers in flour and millfeed in Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Coburg, Toronto and Hamilton, whose business is to buy up the empty barrels of such mills as are considered the manufacturers of the best quality of flour into which, with the original mill brand upon them, they pack the most inferior quality of flour they can purchase and now they have even descended to adulterate that by admixture of plaster."

A young woman has been fined \$50 in the police court of St. Louis, for going to a ball in male attire; she had two young men up to the next day wearing shawls, but the magistrate would not look upon the cases as parallel.

INFAMOUS CONDUCT.—A man is in a jail in London, charged with putting logs of timber across the Great Western Railway track at Flamboro'.

FENBROKE MARKETS. From the Fenbroke Observer. February, 25th, 1856. FLOUR—Prime Mess, \$18. Mess, \$22. FLOUR—40s a 45s 3d. OATS—2s a 2s 3d. HAY—Pressed, \$20.

MARRIED. By the Rev. John McCrean, on the 27th ultimo, Mr. James Gilmour of Ramsay, to Miss Marion Templeton, of Ramsay. By the Rev. Robert Brewster, on the 27th of February, Mr. William Morehouse of Montague, to Miss Anne Marie McCrea, of the same place.

DIED. At Carleton-Place, on the Eighteenth February, Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr. George McLean, of this place. Aged seven years.

BOY WANTED. AS AN APPRENTICE to the Printing Business. Enquire at this office. March 6th, 1856.

NOTICE. ANY person or Persons who shall trespass on Lots No. 10 on the 8th Crossroad of Pakenham, will be prosecuted according to law. CHARLES SWITZER, Pakenham, March 3rd, 1856. 25-c.

ALEXANDER DRYSDALE THANKFUL for the liberal share of patronage he has received since commencing business, takes this method of informing the inhabitants of Pakenham and surrounding country, that he still continues carrying on the BLACKSMITHING AND AXE MAKING Business, in all their various branches. He also continues his CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKING Business; and, besides keeping a large assortment of ready-made work, composed of the best material, and made in a workmanlike manner, he will be at all times ready, with promptness & despatch, to fill all orders with which he may be entrusted. ALEXANDER DRYSDALE, Pakenham, March 1, 1856.

LAND FOR SALE. THE North-East quarter of Lot No. Sixteen, in the eleventh concession of the Township of Pakenham, containing Fifty acres. The land is of first-rate quality; Twenty acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation; a good log Barn, 30 x 40 and log dwelling house 18 x 28. Immediate possession will be given if required. For further particulars apply to HENRY GILLIN on the Premises, or to ALEXANDER DRYSDALE, Pakenham Village. Pakenham Feb. 25th, 1856. 25-g

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING in the Post Office, Carleton-Place, 1st March, 1856.

- Allen, W. C. Moore, Mr. E. M. McCrack, High Brown, David Morris, William Bryan, Susan McDonald, Angus Bourke, Mary Ann McDonald, David Barker, Mary Ann McDonald, Donald Margaret, Esther McLoughlin, John Beckwith, Dyan McLane, John Buel, Thomas McLane, John Clark, John Ouel Margaret Currie, Thomas Patterson, Agnes Cram, Mary Robertson, William Cram, David Ralph, Rev. B. Chapman, Thomas Robertson, Donald Comrie, Peter Struthers, Peter Dryan, George Scott, Mrs. James Donoboe, William Savage, Patrick Gemmill, James Shelton, James Gemmill, John Tomlinson, John King, John Thompson, Robert Low, John Thomas, James Warrill, Mrs. Martin, John Welch, Thomas Morphy, Rebecca D. CAMPBELL, P. M.

