

The Ottawa Free Press.

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NUMBER 4.

The Ottawa Free Press

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
By BELL & WOODBURN, PRINTERS,
ELGIN STREET,
OPPOSITE THE RUSSELL HOUSE,

—AND—
Circulated Gratuitously.

Poetry.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

A NEW VERSION.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"A MAN'S A MAN," says Robert Burns,

"For a' that and a' that,"

But though the song be clear and strong,

It lacks a note for a' that.

The lout would shirk his daily work,

Yet claim his wages and a' that,

Or beg, when he might earn his bread,

Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare

Were true and brave, and a' that,

And none whose garb is "hoddin gray,"

Was fool or knave, and a' that,

The vice and crime that shame our time

Would fade and fall, and a' that,

The plowman be as good as kings,

And churls as earls for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,

Who swagers, swears, and a' that,

And thinks, because his strong right arm

Might fell an ox, and a' that,

That he's as noble, man for man,

As duke or lord, and a' that;

He's but a brute, beyond dispute,

And not a man, for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,

Have palace, park, and a' that;

And not from birth, but honest worth,

Be thrice a man for a' that;

And Donald, herding on the muir,

Who beats his wife and a' that,

Be nothing but a rascal boor,

Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—

The truth is old, and a' that—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

The man's the gold for a' that."

And though you'd put the minted mark

The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,

And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,

"Tis soul, and heart and a' that

That makes the King a gentleman,

And not his crown, and a' that

And man with man, if rich or poor,

The best is he, for a' that,

Who stands erect, in self-respect,

And acts the man, for a' that.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

JOHN ALCOHOL, MY JOE.

JOHN ALCOHOL, my Joe, John,
When first we were acquaint,
I had money in my pocket, John,
But now, you know, I hain't!
I've spent it all in treating you,
Because I loved you so,
But mark how you have treated me,
John Alcohol, my Joe!

John Alcohol, my Joe, John,
We've been too long together,
You must now take one road, John,
And I will take another.
For we must tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I will have to foot your bills,
John Alcohol, my Joe,

To Let.--Inquire Within.

Two young damsels and a spinster aunt entered next, and after a lengthy inspection of the premises came to a state council in the parlor.

"I like the house very much," said the spinster aunt, solemnly, "and with a few alterations, will engage it for my brother's family."

"Very good, ma'am," said Nahum, rubbing his hands, and scenting a speedy termination to his trials. "Name 'em."

"The door handles must all be gilded, and I should like the house new papered in velvet and gold, and re-painted, and the partition between the parlors taken down and replaced by an arch, and an extension dining room built out behind, and a bay window thrown out at the parlor, and a new style of range in the kitchen, and a dumb-waiter put in, and new bronzed chandeliers throughout, and another furnace in the sub-cellar, and"

"Hold on, ma'am—just hold on one minute," said Nahum, feebly gasping for breath, "wouldn't you like to have the old house carted away and a new one put in its place? I think it would be rather less trouble than to make the trifling alterations you suggest."

"Sir!" said the spinster loftily.

"I don't think we can agree, ma'am."

"Very well—very well—come girls."

With prim dignity the lady marshalled her two charges out, muttering something about the extortionate ideas of landlords now-a-days.

While Nahum, wildly rumpling his iron-grey with both hands, soliloquized:

"Well, if Job had been alive, and had a house to let, there never would have been any book of Job written. There goes that everlasting bell again; I'll haul it out by the roots if this thing goes on much longer. I'll tear down the bill and put the place up at auction."

Another lady, but quite different from the other—a slender, little cast down lady, with a head that drooped like a lily of the valley, and a dress of brown silk that had been mended and darned and turned and re-trimmed, until even Nahum Briggs, man and bachelor though he was, could see how very shabby it was. Yet she was pretty, with big blue eyes and dark brown hair, and cheeks tinged with a faint, fleeting color, where the velvet roses of youth had once bloomed in liquid carmine. And the golden-haired little lassies who clung to her dress were as like her as tiny little buds to a full-bloomed chime of flower bells.

As Nahum Briggs stood looking at her, there came back to him the sunshiny days of his youth—a field of blooming clover crimson in the June light, like waves of blood, and a blue-eyed girl leaning over the fence, with her bright hair barred with level sunset gold, and he knew that he was standing face to face with Barbara Wylie, the girl he quarrelled with years and years ago, and whose blue eyes had kept him an old bachelor all his life long.

"This house is to let, I believe?" she asked, timidly, with a little quiver in her mouth.

"I believe it is, Barbara Wylie."

She looked up, starting with a sudden flash of recognition.

And then Barbara turned very pale, and began to cry, with the little golden haired girls clinging to her skirts and wailing, "mamma, mamma—what's the matter, mamma?"

"Nothing now," said Barbara, resolutely brushing away the tears. "If you please, Mr. Briggs, I will look at the house; I am a widow now, and very poor, and—and I think of keeping a boarding house to earn my daily bread?"

"We'll talk about the rent afterwards," said Nahum, fiercely swallowing down a big lump in his throat that threatened to choke him.

"Come here, little girls to me; I used to know

your mamma when she was not much bigger than you are."

Barbara, with her eyes still drooping, went all over the house without finding a word of fault, and Nahum Briggs walked at her side, wondering, if it really was fifteen years since the June sunshine lay so brightly on the clover field.

"I think the house is beautiful," said meek Barbara. "Will you rent it to me, Nahum?"

"Well, yes," said Nahum, thoughtfully. "I'll let you have my house if you want it, Barbara."

"With the privilege of keeping a few boarders?"

"No, ma'am!"

Barbara stopped and looked wistfully at him. "But I don't think you understand how very poor I am, Mr. Briggs."

"Yes I do."

"And that I cannot afford to take the house without the privilege of boarders."

"I'll tell you what, Barbara, I'll give you the privilege of keeping just one boarder, and you've got to keep him all your life long, if you once take him."

"I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Briggs," said Barbara, but she blushed very becomingly, and we are rather inclined to think that she told a naughty little fib.

"What do you say to me for a boarder, Barbara?" said the old bachelor, taking both the widow's hands in his. "Barbara, we were young fools once, but that is no reason why we should be old fools now. I like you as well as I ever did, and I'll do my best to be a good husband to you, and a god-father to your little girls, if you'll be my wife."

Barbara blushed again and her heart was not to be eluded thus.

"Shall I take down the 'To Let,' Barbara?"

"Yes," she murmured, almost under her breath.

So Nahum went deliberately out and coolly tore down the bill, to the great astonishment and disappointment of a party of rabid house-hunters who were just ascending the steps.

"And when shall we be married, Barbara?" he next demanded.

"In the summer, perhaps," said Mrs. Barbara, shyly.

"To-morrow," said Nathan, decisively, and to-morrow it was.

"Upon my word, Barbara," said Nathan on the first of May, as he watched his wife's blooming face behind the coffee urn, "you can't think how much jollier it is with you for a housekeeper than that hag, Mrs. Parley."

Barbara only laughed, and said, "he was a dear good old stupid."

So the probabilities are that neither Mr. Nahum Briggs nor his brown stone house will be in market again, or "To Let"—Inquire Within.

The intelligence, and education of a people are the passports of a country to eminence and prosperity.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

Why does the letter R hold an enviable position? Because it is never found in sin, but always in temperance, industry, virtue and prosperity. It is the beginning of religion and the end of war.

A woman being enjoined to try the effects of kindness on her husband, and being told that it would heap coals of fire on her head, replied that she had tried "boiling water and it didn't do a bit of good."

The people of Ottawa and vicinity can find a complete assortment of boots and shoes suitable to the season; good and poor, fine and coarse, at the very lowest prices, at Crossby's 51 Sparks Street, sign of the mammoth boot. No second price.

The Ottawa Free Press.

OTTAWA, SEPTEMBER, 1866.

This paper will be published Monthly, and sent gratuitously to all who will send their address to the Editor. Its columns will contain much useful and instructive reading matter, and also advertisements informing the public where goods of the best quality may be obtained at reasonable prices. Nothing objectionable will be admitted into the pages of *The Free Press*; but articles interesting to farmers, mechanics and merchants, and carefully selected anecdotes, will make the paper cheap at one hundred times its price.

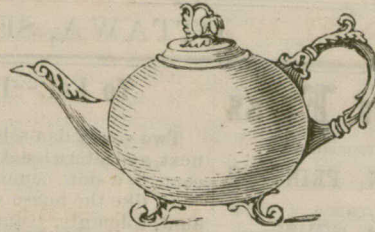
Send your address to
 EDITOR OF *Free Press*,
 OTTAWA, C. W.

Notwithstanding the almost constant rains, accompanied of course with oceans of mud, Ottawa is very busy doning its gay attire, evidently making ready for a brilliant campaign of trade the coming season. Few cities of its size on this continent can boast of a more respectable array of enterprising merchants than the growing City of Ottawa, as their present stocks of goods can well testify. All evidently are expecting a heavy business. The lumber trade upon which Ottawa greatly depends, has been good the past season, and it is to be hoped the farming interest will not on the whole prove so much a failure as the long rains of the past few weeks threaten. Much of the very abundant grain crop has been completely well secured. It is true large quantities are still in the field, and much of it will be a total loss, still it is to be hoped the farmers will reap an average compensation for their labor; and in view of all these things taken together with the increased vigor with which the lumbermen seem to be determined to prosecute their business the coming winter, a very good business may be expected. Our farmers may not realise so much from their farms as in former years, still the money which our much abused neighbours, the Americans, have poured into their laps the past year or two, for surplus stock, has enabled them to wipe out many harrassing debts, and the means which used necessarily to go for interest on those debts may now judiciously be expended for comforts formerly out of the reach of many of them. Fortunately many of our suburban farmers are out of the reach of distress arising out of the failure of a crop or two, as well as many of them living more remote; and it is to be hoped the day is near at hand, when with TEMPERANCE, industry, frugality and the guidance of a kind Providence, the farming community of this section of country will be among the wealthiest and most influential of this province. No doubt the merchants of Ottawa will keep in mind their losses, arising out of the present unfavourable season, and extend to them a friendly, helping hand, by supplying them with goods at the lowest possible prices,—FOR LET IT NOT BE FORGOTTEN, THAT IT IS, AFTER ALL, THE FARMERS UPON WHOM THE MERCHANT MOSTLY DEPENDS.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.—Messrs. Robinson & Co., of the far-famed TEA POT Establishments, Rideau and Sussex streets, make their appearance to-day, for the first time, in the columns of the FREE PRESS. It is useless for us to say more than that their Stores are well filled, and the proprietors ready as ever to dispense good things to all comers.

VERDICT IN FAVOR OF

THE TEA POT.



Some dealers in Tea, Sugar, Coffee and Spices,
 From various causes were vieing in prices,
 Till rivalry into fierce quarrel was veering,
 Which timely wrs checked by some stranger app-
 [pearing
 "Fie! Fie!" he exclaimed. "let this quarrelling
 [cease,
 Your passions restrain, and disturb not the
 [peace;
 Low PRICES 'tis folly to quarrel about,
 'Tis QUALITY, only, that's worth finding out—
 Let's fairly and calmly put that to the test,
 And we shall find out the cheapest and best;
 And when 'tis decided, proclaimed, let it be,

Who sells the best Coffee and who the bet Tea."
 The plan was approved of, and judges elected,
 Whose honest opinions had ne'er been suspected;
 When this Tea, and that Tea, they tasted in turn,
 And then tried the Coffees from out a new urn
 And in a few seconds returned to decide.
 "Unbiassed, and void of all prejudice, we
 Unite in asserting that ROBINSON'S TEA
 We've put in each possible way to the test,
 And find it to be really the CHEAPEST and BEST;
 And as for their COFFEES, we also declare,
 Such Coffee is not to be met with elsewhere."
 Thus was ended a noisy affray,
 And Robinson's Teas are the theme of the day.

ROBINSON & Co.,

THE TEA POT, OTTAWA.

ESTABLISHMENTS: Union Block, Sussex Street, and Rideau Street.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING TEA.

- FIRST—See that the water boils before you attempt to brew the Tea.
- SECOND.—Never use hard water—it will spoil the best of Tea. If you cannot obtain soft water, put a small piece of Baking Soda, about the size of a pea into the Tea Pot, and you will find your Tea better and stronger.
- THIRD.—Attend to these directions, get your tea from THE TEA POT in Ottawa, and you will always have

A CUP OF GOOD TEA.

THE VOLUNTEER MONUMENT FUND.

Go one and all to the Ontario Bank, Sparks Street, and subscribe your dollar to the Volunteer Monument Fund. No good loyal Canadian can afford to miss the opportunity of contributing his mite to the valiant dead. The amount for each subscriber is wisely limited to one dollar, so that every person in the land may be permitted to contribute to this noble object. Go then Farmers, Mechanics, Labourers, Merchants, Clerks, Physicians, Lawyers, Clergymen, Judges,—all;—while you have the opportunity, go at once.

We advise the readers of the FREE PRESS to purchase their stock of boots and shoes early this fall. Although the present prices are high, the prospect now is that they will be still higher. Raw hides are still on the rise, with no prospect of a decline, because of the scarcity of cattle in the country; consequently, leather cannot be expected to fall very soon.

—A Boston correspondent of a Detroit paper asserts, as a positive fact, that the use of ardent spirits, by ladies occupying the highest positions in society, is becoming shamefully common.

—The imports of Montreal for the last six months have been \$13,000,000—being an increase of nearly \$6,500,000 over the same period of last year. The duties were \$2,375,250—being over \$1,000,000 of an increase.

A NOVEL WAGER.

An amusing story is now going the round of the Paris clubs. It appears that a short time ago a foreign prince made a heavy bet that he would be arrested by the police without committing any offence whatever, or in any way provoking the authorities. The bet having been taken by a member of the Imperial Club, the prince went to one of the most aristocratic cafes in Paris, dressed in a battered hat, a ragged blouse, and boots all in holes, and sitting down at one end of the tables, ordered a cup of coffee. The waiters, however, paid no attention to so suspicious-looking a customer, upon which the prince put his hand in his pocket, and showed them a bundle of bank notes. The proprietor then ordered the coffee to be served, sending, meanwhile to the nearest police station for a sergent-de-ville. The prince was duly arrested and taken to the commissary of police, where he stated who he was, and afterwards taken to the gentlemen with whom he made the bet to prove his identity. A similar story was told at Vienna some time ago of a Hungarian Prince Seander. M. de Metternich's son-in-law, who, in order to make his arrest quite sure, took the bank notes out of his boots.

I beg to call the attention of Lumbermen and others to my splendid assortment of MOCCASINS. As the stock of the above article is decidedly small throughout the province this season, those wishing a full supply will do well to call early.

F. G. Crosby.

GEORGE HAY,
IMPORTER,
AND
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
**Shelf and Heavy
HARDWARE,**
SPARKS STREET,
OTTAWA.
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
Kept in Stock or supplied to order.

A LEARNED POSTMASTER.—A few years ago a postmaster was appointed in Clinton, Penn., who was a gentleman of the "Old School." Entering upon the new duties of the situation, he for a time filled the office with dignity, and, to all appearance, with satisfaction. One day a large number of persons being in the office, a man called for a letter, the initial of the last name being M. Whereupon the worthy postmaster took down a large number of letters, and looking them over said that there was no letter there—adding that all of the letters nearly were for a Mr. P. M., and that he wished he would call for them; "for," said he, "I don't know what to do with them. I have lived in Clinton for twenty-five years, and I never heard of a man by the name of P. M. yet!" The roar that followed gave the P. M. an idea that there was something wrong.

DR. JOHN LEGGO,
DENTIST,

HUNTON'S BLOCK,

Next door to Crosby's Mammoth Boot,
Sparks Street, Central Ottawa.

A RICH EDITOR.—The Local Editor of the Hannibal Daily "Courier," is the wealthiest newspaper man in the West. He sums up his worldly possessions in this wise:—Mrs. Local, (par value), \$1,000,000; one five year old Local, \$500,000; one seven weeks old Local, \$250,000; cash on hand, 43 cents; due on account, \$1; sundries, 12 cents. Total, \$1,750,001.55.

THE H'ASPIRATE.—"Now, Holmes, why can't you pronounce horse as I do?," "Well, if a 'haitch,' and a 'hoe,' and a 'harr,' and a 'hess,' and a 'hee,' don't sound 'orse, than my name's not 'Arry 'Olmes."

DR. C. LEGGO,

Physician, &c.,

Next door to Crosby's Mammoth Boot,
Sparks Street, Central Ottawa.

A dandy lately made his appearance in Iowa with legs so attenuated that the authorities had him arrested; because he had "no visible means of support."

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.—Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

WANTED.

A NUMBER OF FIRST-CLASS MEN wanted to work on LADIES' AND GENTS' FINE BOOTS AND SHOES Sewed and Pegged, at

The Ottawa Boot and Shoe Manufactory,
51, SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA.

1866. NEW FALL GOODS. 1866.

GARLAND, MUTCHMOR & Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE AND COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

CANADIAN TWEEDS,

COMPRISING ALL THE NEW PATTERNS PRODUCED THIS SEASON.

Dark and Light Etoffes and Canadian Flannels,

IN VARIETY FROM THE BEST MAKERS.

WHITE AND COLORED COTTON YARN,

AMERICAN AND DUNDAS MANUFACTURE.

COTTON AND TWINE SEAMLESS BAGS.

ALSO, EX. S. S. "PERUVIAN,"

NEW FALL PRINTS,

NEW WHITE SHIRTINGS,

NEW GREY COTTONS,

All of which will be offered at a small advance, either at Wholesale or Retail.

No. 20, Sparks Street, Central Ottawa.

OTTAWA, August 15th, 1866.

**Lumbermen and Others,
TRY FOR YOURSELVES!**

THE GREAT RUSH

TO MY ESTABLISHMENT,

51, SPARKS STREET,

(SIGN OF THE MAMMOTH BOOT,)

has obliged me to increase my force, by which means I hope to be able, as heretofore, to accommodate customers with

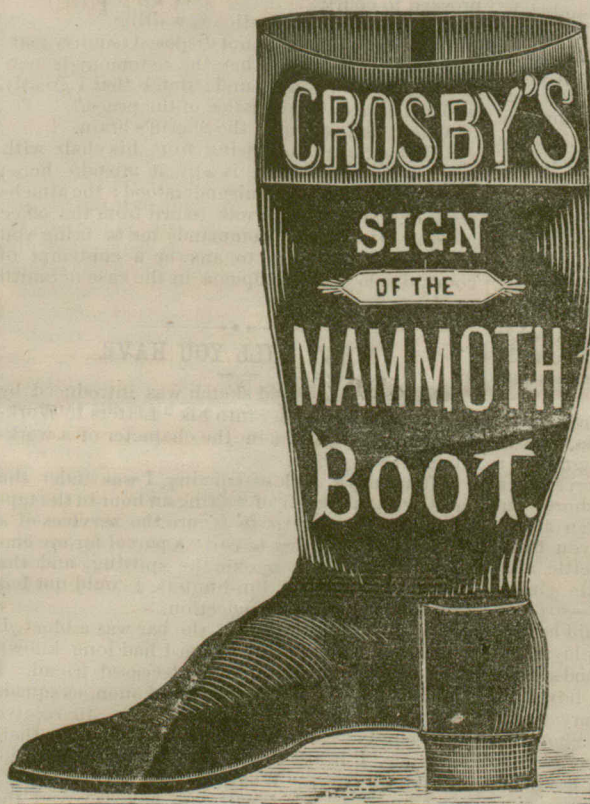
The best Hand-made
BOOTS & SHOES,

In Central Canada.

I now supply many of the principal
**Lumbermen on the Ottawa and
Gatineau,**

and would respectfully invite others
to CALL AND INSPECT THE WORK.

Encourage Home Manufacture, and
get good value for your money.



TRICHINA SPIRALIS.

The subject of the use of pork as an article of food seems to be an article of much discussion with the consumers of that kind of meat, on account of its being infected by animalculæ called TRICHINA SPIRALIS; which, when taken into the stomach, is fatal to human life, and many consumers of swine's flesh are expressing great fears of its safety and abandoning its use. There are no well attested cases of its indigenous production, or even existence, in this country, and those persons who have supposed that they have discovered them, are probably not aware that the intestinal canal and every cavity in all animate bodies are filled with independent living organisms, known as ENTOZOA, PROTOZA, HYDATIDS, &c. This disease is only known in Europe in a very confined district, producing but sixty or seventy deaths, and those only persons who use the flesh in a raw state—a practice which rarely prevails in this country.

When we consider that about one half of the inhabitants of the United States are farmers and depend almost entirely on the article, pork, for their daily consumption—for which they have no reliable substitute—it becomes important that the public should be disabused of the fears entertained on this subject.

In the first place the TRICHINA animalculæ is not known to exist in this country, nor has it existed for hundreds of years past, and therefore its infiction may be anticipated as a very remote contingency.

Secondly, as a certain and infallible security against it ever prevailing as a disease in the human family, is the absolute and well settled fact that the required heat to produce BOILING, FRYING AND BAKING IS FATAL TO ALL EXISTANTS, from the microscopic animalculæ up to vertebrated animals.

Every existant possessing motion and vitality is composed chemically of nearly the same elements—the same component simple materials and substances, which are well known to naturalists about the heat of two hundred degrees of the thermometer, which is twelve degrees below boiling point of water, while the heat of frying and baking exceeds three hundred degrees.

Therefore there can be no possible cause for the fear indulged by those who do not consume it in a raw state,—a practice which does not prevail among our people to any extent, except in some cases the dried lean of smoked hams, and among fishermen, hunters, and lumbermen, the fat portions of salt pork are often eat raw as a sandwich.

The examination by the compound microscope of a single drop of water, or vinegar, of cheese and dried fruits and hundred of other articles of common consumption, exhibiting innumerable races of infusorials of the most horrid forms, would be to the uninitiated a greater cause for alarm than the far-fetched discussion of the TRICHINA SPIRALIS.—RURAL NEW-YORKER.

WHAT I SAW, HEARD AND THINK.

"NETTIE, come here."

"Yes, ma,"—and away ran Nettie, glad of an opportunity to help her mother. She did not hesitate an instant. She did not stop to ask what was wanted, nor to plead an excuse that she might play a moment longer. My mother wants me, that was enough.

First, I will tell my young readers that Nettie is a young girl about ten years old. She lives in Carleton County, and in one of my rambles a short time since, I found her. I had never seen her before in my life. My stay was short; but while there I heard what I have written at the commencement of this article. Don't you think I had a pretty favourable opinion of Nettie after that? Yes I did, and I thought a little girl so ready and willing to oblige her parents—so pleasant in reply, so prompt in manner—would be kind to her brothers and sisters, kind to her playmates, kind to every one. I thought what a good scholar she must be, how punctual at school, how hard she would try to get her lessons, how very careful not to disobey her teacher. And then how her teacher and schoolmates would love her.

Don't some of you know a little girl or boy about like Nettie?—and hav'nt you sometimes seen

children, when their parents have wanted them, who would answer, "w-h-a-t"—"what do you want?" "Can't I play a minute longer?" "Can't I do this or that?"—and even when they did obey, would come with that reluctant step and long drawn face that plainly told, "I would like to have my own way a little more, and not be obliged to mind until I was ready."

"Honor thy father and mother," is a commandment God has given us. Can we better honor them than in being prompt in obeying every wish?

Dear little readers, I have written these few lines for your benefit. I want you all to be kind and obliging to your parents, to your brothers and sisters, to everybody. I want you to be happy. I want everyone to love you—then, again, honor and obey your parents.

A SHERIFF'S ATTACHMENT.

Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon a Sheriff at term time, he was led to the door of a beautiful widow on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances on the aforesaid Sheriff. He was admitted, and the widow appeared. The confusion and fright which the arrival of her visitor occasioned, set off to greater advantage the captivating charms of the widow M.— Her cheek bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled the rosebuds, upon which the morning dew yet lingered, and her eyes were like quivers of Cupid; and glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled, resembled arrows which only invited a "beau" (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few common-place remarks,

"Madam," said the matter-of-fact Sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow, while the glance of her down-cast eyes were centered upon her beautiful foot, which half concealed by flowing drapery, patted the floor. She with equal candor replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the Sheriff maintained an astonished silence, and at length said:

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court," replied the lady, with merry laugh; then shaking her head, she said:

"No, sir, though this is leap year, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore I greatly prefer that you should proceed to court."

"But, madam, the justice is waiting."

"Let him wait; I am not disposed to hurry matters, and besides, sir when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I greatly prefer a minister to a justice of the peace."

A light dawned upon the Sheriff's brain.

"Madam," said he, rising from his chair with solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here; my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Squire C—, and commands me to bring you instantly before him to answer a contempt of court, disobeying a subpoena in the case of Smith vs. Jones."

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE.

The following vivid sketch was introduced by the late Dr. Alexander into his "Letters to Workingmen." He writes in the character of a workingman:

After a day's work of copying, I was under the mortifying necessity of waiting an hour in the tap-room of a low tavern, to secure the services of a mail-guard, who was to carry a parcel for my employer. Amid the smoke, the spitting, and the clatter of a crowd of inn-hunters, I could not but find some subjects for reflection.

The presiding genius of the bar was a bloated, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I sighed, and was silent. Ever and anon, as squads of two or three approached his shrine to receive and empty their glasses, and deposit their sinpence, I heard the short formula of the bacchanal minister, "What will you have? brandy? gin? punch? What will you have?" And the

victims severally made their bids for a "smaller," a cock-tail, a sling, or a julep, as the case might be.

"Methinks I can answer this question," said I to myself, as I cast a glance around the murky apartment. And first to the young shoemaker, who, with a pair of newly-finished boots, is asking for grog. "What will you have?" Young man, you will soon have an EMPTY POCKET..

There comes my neighbor, the bookbinder. His hand shakes as he raises his full glass. Ah, Shannon! I dread to say it; but you will have the

FALSITY of holding up to you the next day. The glasses are washed out, not cleaned, in the slop-tub under the bar-shelf. Now a fresh bevy comes up cigar in hand. "Gentlemen, what will you have?" I choose to supply the answer for myself thus; The baker there will have an APOPLEXY or a sudden fall in the shop. The tailor in green glasses will have, or rather has already, a CONSUMPTION. And I fear that the three idlers in their train will have the next EPIDEMIC that shall sweep off our refuse drunkards.

Sorry am I to see in this den Mr. Scantling, the cooper. Not to speak of himself, I have reason to believe that both his grown sons are beginning to drink. He looks about him suspiciously. Now he has plucked up courage. He takes whiskey. He will have a pair of DRUNKEN SONS!

HAND-MADE boots and shoes may be found in great variety at Crosby's boot and shoe establishment, Centre Town.

MEMORY.

There is a shady vale to which all may turn when the mind is weary with the present and the future looks dark and gloomy. It is the garden of Memory; in it dwell hopes and forms and scenes of long ago. How silent communion in this blest retreat strengthens and refreshes us! The yearly stream of happiness ripples along between shady banks, lined with trees that are laden with the fruits of duty and contentment. The refreshing breeze of remembrance cools our burning brow. At our bidding there comes thronging before us loved forms, and bright thoughts arise that leave us happier and better for the influence they bring.

Clearer and most welcome among all the voices of loved ones there comes a mother's gentle tones. Oh, how we love to recall each accent. How the remembrance of the simplest word sinks deep into our hearts. The happy days of the past afford a strange contrast to the present. And yet there is corner in Memory's spacious garden wherein are consigned the deepest griefs that childhood could ever know. An unkind word or look of disapproval then had power to cause bitter tears to flow. If the remembrance of a mother's love brings exceeding joy, the grief is as great when we dwell upon the last hours of this loved one. This was our first grief, and afterward came trouble, thick and fast, because her gentle counsel and consolation had left us for ever.

The fields of Memory abound with alternate joys and sorrows, over which we love to linger, for in them we live again childhood's hours.—M.

PLANT DEEP.—Peas planted six or eight inches deep it is said will bear much longer than when the seed is hardly covered enough to cause germination.

The reason why people know not their duty on great occasions, is that they will not take the trouble of doing their duty on little occasions.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think; rather to improve our minds so as to make us think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

—The Cologne "Gazette" says that the 8,000 Bavarians who had been stationed at Schlensingen drank, during their two and a half days' stay at that place, 90,000 quarts of beer.

A THING WORTH KNOWING—CROSBY manufactures his boots and shoes of the best materials, and by the best workmen in the country. Try them,