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MONTREAL.

JANUARY 1st.

1861.

THE

# CANADIAN PATRIOT.

A  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE,

CONTAINING



## FACTS AND GLEANINGS

FROM THE WORLD OF

FACT AND FICTION,

FULL OF INTEREST TO THE

### Family Circle;

USEFUL IN THE

### COUNTING HOUSE & WORK SHOP;

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE IN THE

### RAILWAY CAR AND ON THE STEAMBOAT;

INTERPERSED WITH LESSONS OF WISDOM FROM OUR

### POLICE AND LAW COURTS;

THROWING A FLOOD OF LIGHT INTO THE DARK RECESSES OF OUR

### CORPORATION AND COUNCIL CHAMBERS;

CANVASSING THE DOINGS OF OUR

### Provincial Legislature;

AND EVER MAINTAINING THE FUNDAMENTAL TRUTH, THAT

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

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

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE.

*Price 3d. or \$1.00 to Annual Subscribers; payable in advance.*

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**UNCONDITIONAL ASSURANCE**

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

**LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.**

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

**The Unconditional Life Policies (Class B.)**

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

- OMISSION to pay a Premium by Oversight does not affect the Assurance, and, after a time, payment may be intentionally Postponed for a year.
- NO RESTRICTION is imposed as to Occupation or Residence
- NO EXTRA PREMIUMS can be payable after the Policy has been issued.
- The ASSURANCE is virtually Non-Forfeitable and Un-Questionable.

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

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

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

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## FIRE INSURANCES

EFFECTED ON EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY AT HOME OR ABROAD.

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

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

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

Losses arising from Lightning and Gas Explosion made good.

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

**LOSSES PAID IMMEDIATELY ON PROOF WITHOUT DEDUCTION OR DISCOUNT.**

## LIFE ASSURANCES.

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

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

### UNCHALLENGEABLE POLICIES.

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

### FREEDOM FROM EXTRA PREMIUM FOR FOREIGN RESIDENCE.

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

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

### NON-FORFEITURE OF POLICIES.

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

### ISSUE A FREE PAID-UP POLICY,

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

### SURRENDER OF POLICIES.

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

### DAYS OF GRACE.

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

### LIFE CLAIMS SETTLED ONE MONTH AFTER PROOF.

## GENERAL REGULATIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

**NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR JOINING VOLUNTEER RIFLE OR ARTILLERY CORPS.**

# WHAT IS LIFE ASSURANCE?

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

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

Age next Birth-day.	Ordinary System with Profits.	SPECIAL REDUCED SYSTEM.							
		<i>Special Annual Premiums for Assurance of £100 at Death, intended to supersede the Half-Credit Premiums with Interest.</i>							
		WITH PROFITS.				WITHOUT PROFITS.			
		First Five Years.		Remainder of Life.		First Five Years.		Remainder of Life.	
		£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
21	1 16 9	0 19 5	0 22 0	0 19 5	0 17 2				
22	1 17 9	0 19 11	0 22 12	0 19 11	0 18 3				
23	1 18 8	1 0 6	0 23 4 5	1 0 6	0 19 4				
24	1 19 9	1 1 1	0 23 5 9	1 1 1	0 20 6				
25	2 0 10	1 1 9	0 23 7 2	1 1 9	0 21 8				
26	2 0 0	1 12 5	0 23 8 7	1 12 5	0 22 0				
27	2 0 3	1 13 2	0 23 10 1	1 13 2	0 22 4				
28	2 0 3	1 13 10	0 23 11 7	1 13 10	0 22 8				
29	2 0 8	1 14 6	0 23 13 1	1 14 6	0 23 0				
30	2 0 10	1 15 2	0 23 14 7	1 15 2	0 23 4				
31	2 0 8	1 15 11	0 23 16 1	1 15 11	0 23 8				
32	2 0 3	1 16 8	0 23 17 8	1 16 8	0 24 0				
33	2 0 2	1 17 5	0 23 19 4	1 17 5	0 24 2				
34	2 0 1	1 18 3	0 23 21 2	1 18 3	0 24 6				
35	2 0 3	1 19 2	0 23 23 1	1 19 2	0 25 0				
36	2 0 3	1 20 1	0 23 24 11	1 20 1	0 25 4				
37	2 0 1	1 21 1	0 23 26 10	1 21 1	0 25 8				
38	2 0 6	1 22 2	0 23 28 11	1 22 2	0 26 2				
39	2 0 6	1 23 2	0 23 30 11	1 23 2	0 26 6				
40	2 0 4	1 24 3	0 23 32 9	1 24 3	0 27 0				
41	2 0 3	1 25 6	0 23 35 2	1 25 6	0 27 4				
42	2 0 2	1 26 8	0 23 37 3	1 26 8	0 27 8				
43	2 0 1	1 27 10	0 23 39 5	1 27 10	0 28 2				
44	2 0 2	1 28 2	0 23 41 6	1 28 2	0 28 6				
45	2 0 5	1 29 6	0 23 43 3	1 29 6	0 29 0				
46	2 0 10	1 30 11	0 23 45 0	1 30 11	0 29 4				
47	2 0 5	1 31 7	0 23 47 0	1 31 7	0 29 8				
48	2 0 3	1 32 7	0 23 49 0	1 32 7	0 30 2				
49	2 0 3	1 33 4	0 23 51 4	1 33 4	0 30 6				
50	2 0 6	1 34 5	0 23 54 4	1 34 5	0 31 0				
51	2 0 10	1 35 8	0 23 57 1	1 35 8	0 31 4				
52	2 0 11	1 36 8	0 24 0 4	1 36 8	0 31 8				
53	2 0 4	1 37 8	0 24 1 4	1 37 8	0 32 2				
54	2 0 0	1 38 8	0 24 2 4	1 38 8	0 32 6				
55	2 0 1	1 39 8	0 24 3 4	1 39 8	0 33 0				
56	2 0 7	1 40 8	0 24 4 4	1 40 8	0 33 4				
57	2 0 4	1 41 8	0 24 5 4	1 41 8	0 33 8				
58	2 0 6	1 42 8	0 24 6 4	1 42 8	0 34 2				
59	2 0 12	1 43 8	0 24 7 4	1 43 8	0 34 6				
60	2 0 11	1 44 8	0 24 8 4	1 44 8	0 35 0				

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

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

**EXAMPLE.**—A person aged 20 may assure £100 at his death, with Participation in Profits, by an Annual Premium of £1 5s. 2d. for the first five years, and £2 18s. 7d. for the remainder of life, without any debt accruing from unpaid Premiums being accumulated against the Policy.

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

# PROSPECTUS

# LONDON & LANCASHIRE

## INSURANCE COMPANIES.

### ASSURANCES BY A LIMITED NUMBER OF PAYMENTS.

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

### WITH PROFITS.

### WITHOUT PROFITS.

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

# Canadian Patriot.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 1, 1864.

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

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### ART. I.—OUR FIRST NUMBER.

Be it known to all whom it may concern, that in undertaking the responsibility of our situation as promoter of this periodical, we do so thoroughly independent of any and every party. "*The Canadian Patriot*" is not summoned into existence for the purpose of writing to the order of any triumvirate, clique, order, or sect.

We do not appear before the public to bolster up the wily schemes, or foster the

petty feuds, either of the small fry, or large fry of political intriguers. We know nothing either of the in's or the out's, the ministerialists or the oppositionists, as such.

As to our national sentiments, we are thoroughly British. "*The Queen and Constitution*" is our motto. And while professing allegiance to the greatest earthly Potentate of this age, we have no sympathy whatever with those who are seeking to change her mild pacific government, for that of an American monarchy. Allied by bonds of union and sympathy with old England, we would not for all the world, that those cords should be broken asunder. Thousands of her Majesty's liege subjects have adopted Canada as their home, and that, in preference to the States, from the simple fact, that it is under British rule.

We long to see those bonds of union drawn closer. We want all the artificial barriers, those relics of a by-gone age, to be cleared out of the way. The interests of England, and of Canada, ought to be identical. It is only mis-government that has made them otherwise. Canada, instead as is proposed, of seeking a separation from



the mother country, should go for an indissoluble union.

Canada wants social reform. Like all other comparatively new countries, our institutions are primitive. Our municipal laws are to a great extent copied from the ancient feudal charters of European countries. These are not in harmony with the advanced civilization of this nineteenth century. It is passing strange, that all over this continent, peoples who boast of liberal institutions, should still submit to the bondage of municipal despotisms which have long since been swept from the statute books of the old country. It is still more singular, that these peoples should mistake these relics of a barbarous age, for advanced liberal institutions. There are arbitrary infringements on the liberty of the subject constantly being perpetrated both in the States and Canada, which would not be endured in any city of England, no, not for one hour. The very advanced liberty so much boasted of, would appear to be, the liberty placed at the disposal of any and every Jack in office, to deprive the subject of his liberty on the slightest pretext.

The Canadian statute-books ignore the poor of the land. They only recognize two classes of society;—that is to say, the independent class, and the criminal class. Amongst the number of "*offenders*" reported by the Chief of Police for the City of Montreal, as "*apprehended*" and "*committed*" to the City Jail during the year 1862, no less than 2358 were cast into that den of thieves, for the crime of poverty. Such a state of things is a gross libel on civilization, and a blot on the whole community. The Montreal Jail, is, according to the report of its well known Governor, and the presentations of Grand Juries, one of the most efficient training institutions for crime, to be met with throughout the whole civilized world. The neglect of our lunatics, amounts to positive inhumanity. The young street Arabs through the thoroughfares of our large cities, preying upon the inhabitants without let or hindrance. The so-called social evil is alarmingly on the increase. Saloons, Concert rooms, and Casinos of all sorts are multiplying, and eating

out the morals of our young men. The facilities for the sale of intoxicating liquors, are becoming greater every day. The sanitary condition of our populous districts is almost overlooked. In the meanwhile, the taxation of the Province is becoming really oppressive, and in many respects it compares unfavorably even with England. The public purse is nevertheless empty, and the expenditure from year to year is enormously in excess of the income. This is the high-road to national bankruptcy. There are only two ways of averting such a calamity. Retrenchment is one, additional imposts is the other. In the meanwhile, politics are running mad, and some of the leaders of the people are propounding the wildest schemes, schemes which if adopted, will quadruple the already heavy burden of taxation, and go far to depopulate the Province.

It is lamentable to witness a host of political adventurers, the veriest dregs of the stump orator species, either playing, or seeking to play at the game of legislation. The absurdly high scale of remuneration for so called representative labor, offers a high premium to worthlessness. Instead of the attainment of parliamentary honours being placed far beyond the reach of men without position, or character, or stake in the country, the seats in both houses of representatives, yes! and of the government also, are first laden with gold, and then sent a-begging for occupation. The remedy is plain, and should be at once applied.

The rowdysism of the last session of Parliament, was a stigma upon the country, and a blot upon the whole community. If these men are altogether destitute of self-respect, Canada must teach them that it has a character at stake, and that the national honour can no longer be entrusted to their custody.

This fair Province has its rising cities, its populous towns and flourishing villages, its Universities and other seats of learning; its high schools, and its common schools; and its people are being educated and taught to aspire to a high state of civilization. The reflex influence of all this, ought to shine forth in its legislative assemblies. But

alas! the Province is not in all cases fairly represented. If it were, the Parliament houses would not, as they now are, so frequently be converted into bear gardens. The pot-house, and not the Senate Hall, is the only fitting place, if fitting place there can be, for the indulgence of language which sometimes finds vent at the seat of Government.

It is our purpose, on all suitable occasions, fearlessly to canvass these and all other questions relating to the well-being of the Province.

We regard the public acts of public men, as being public property. These can be canvassed without indulging in personalities. It is beneath the dignity of the press to call individuals by ugly names, or in any way to make mention of the acts of men's private lives. It is only when individuals in some way or other thrust themselves into public notice, that they become amenable to society for the course they adopt. Once launched upon the sea of public opinion, the worthiness of the vessel will necessarily be tested. We are ourselves open to criticism, and so far from shrinking from it, we court the free and honest strictures of those who may be opposed to us. Truth has nothing to lose by investigation. It is only error and falsehood that shrink from the light of day.

With these sentiments we present our magazine to the people. No effort shall be wanting on our part to make it acceptable to our readers. Original articles, reviews, &c., from the pen of able writers, will from time to time appear in its columns.

Our selections will be made with due regard to the movements of the times, and with a view to make it interesting and instructive.

For the purposes indicated, the *Canadian Patriot* is respectfully dedicated to the people.

—“Do you go to school?” enquired a passer-by of a little boy in St. Giles.—“No.” “Can you read?”—“No.” “What then can you do?”—“Why, drink a quartern of gin standing on my head!”

—A speaker once interpreted thus the sign of the “Blind Beggar” which hung over the Tavern door.—“People go in blind, and they come out beggars.”

### THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

THE gloomy night is breaking,  
E'en now the sunbeams rest,  
With a faint, yet cheering radiance,  
On the hill-tops of the West.

The mists are slowly rising  
From the valley and the plain,  
And a spirit is awaking,  
That shall never sleep again.

And ye may hear, that listen,  
The spirit's stirring song,  
That surges like the ocean,  
With its solemn bass along.

Ho! can ye stay the rivers,  
Or bind the wings of light,  
Or bring back to the morning,  
The old departed night.

Nor shall ye check my impulse,  
Nor stay it for an hour;  
Until earth's groaning millions,  
Have felt the healing power.

That spirit is *Progression*,  
In the vigour of his youth;  
The foe-man of *Oppression*,  
His armour is the *Truth*.

Old error with its legions,  
Must fall beneath its wrath;  
Nor blood, nor tears, nor anguish  
Will mark its brilliant path.

But onward, upward, heavenward,  
The spirit still will soar,  
Till *Peace* and *Love* shall triumph,  
And *Falsehood* reign no more.

## FOR LIFE.

### PART I.—THE OUTER LIFE.

‘Each man's life is all men's lesson.’—OWEN MEREDITH.

I hope I was no worse, I know I was no better than the average of medical students of my time; but as my story does not principally concern myself, I need not enter into details of my student-life further than to say, what may be well known to the experienced of my readers, that there were some among us diligent, many idlers, and many, who though really hard-working, liked the reputation of follies they seldom absolutely yielded to. In the frank horror of being thought ‘snobs’ or ‘shams,’ they often became both; assumed a careless swagger and a reckless speech, lingered on the margin of the turbid stream of dissipation, dipping now and then their feet in its foam, and with a wild bravado air were rather pleased to be thought to have plunged fully into its impurities. Some such phase of youthful perversity possessed me twelve years ago, when I accepted an invitation to a supper at a celebrated ‘wine shades’ in the Haymarket. Two fellow-students were my immediate companions, and we were to meet a set of ‘choice spirits,’ and make ‘a night of it.’ I remember being secretly much disappointed at the company and the amusements. My imagination had been either so much better or worse than the reality, that I found myself compelling hollow laughter and boisterous noise to do duty for real spontaneous mirth, and to hide absolute weariness.

Among our company was a young married man—a handsome fellow, with a frame my recent anatomical studies taught me to admire as

a fine combination of strength and lightness. I did not like his face: there was nothing to find fault with in the features. The full blue eyes were so bright with natural spirits, they needed no artificial fires to add to their brilliancy. The massive clusters of brown curls fell over a sufficiently high broad white forehead; but the animal predominated in that visage, and what there was of mind looked insolently and defiantly out of the eyes, and gave a scornful curve to the full lips. His name was Warner. He had, as I learned, made a bargain or transfer of some property that afternoon with the oldest and gravest, and, I may add, the worst of our company, and finished the business by a drinking-bout. Not that Warner looked anything but sober. As I dallied with my glass, qualifying my drink with soda water, while dreading the railiory of my companions, I saw with astonishment the way in which Warner drank; and some thoughts, even in that rockless time, of the abuse of his glorious gift of strength, crossed my mind. He was the only married man of our party, and a host of jests, noisy if not witty, were levelled at 'the Benedict.' As the wine circulated, and the night reached the small hours, one of our company, a clever mimic, delivered in a well-sustained female voice a lecture to Warner on his late hours, bad company, &c.; and wound up with representing 'Benedict's' contrition. I watched Warner's face narrowly while this scene was being enacted, and beneath his assumed good humour I saw annoyance. A red gleam, that gave his eyes a savage look, shot from them; his flexible upper lip curved from the white teeth, and putting, as I saw, a strong constraint upon himself, he laughingly offered a foolish wager, in words to the effect that none of the poor miserable bachelors among us, living in dread of waspish landladies or domineering spinster relatives, would go home, taking a friend with him, so certain of a pleasant reception as awaited 'Benedict the married man.' The wager was accepted: Warner looked round to choose a companion. 'I promise a supper—by Jove I'd better call it a breakfast,' he said, 'and smiles, gentlemen; not only no murmurs, but smiles.' As he spoke his gaze fell on me: I was the quietest, perhaps the soberest of the group, and so much of sense might be left in Warner, that he recognized these qualities.

I wished to decline, but I was overruled in the boisterous clamour; and without thinking very clearly, or it might be, being able to think clearly of the intrusion I was to perpetrate, our party broke up, half, selecting each a companion to testify as to their reception, but saying, 'We promise no smiles; and yours, Warner, is an empty boast.'

How freshly blew the clear night air on our fevered temples, as Warner and myself walked briskly towards a western suburb. It was the end of October, and a healthy breath of coming winter mingled in the breeze. I noticed that my companion, though well wrapped up, shivered occasionally, even while he sang snatches of songs, and I had a suspicion that nature, even in that stalwart frame, was avenging the transgression of her laws. Ah! how wise we are for others! How clear often is the justice of the sentence that we read in another's case!

I began to be heartily vexed with myself for my fool's errand, when we stopped at the door of a corner house in what seemed a new built street. A light gleamed from an upper room, and I thought I saw a curtain move.

'There she is,' said Warner, as he rang the bell, with a chuckle of satisfaction that made an indignant glow spread over me.

The window was hastily lifted up, but Warner shouted impatiently, 'Come down Annie, what are you afraid of?'

In a minute after the door was unbolted, and a soft voice said, 'Oh, dear Fred! I feared it was not you, I thought I saw ano—' She had cautiously brought the light forward screened by her hand, and now saw me as she broke off in the midst of her sentence. 'Yes, Annie, a friend of mine has come home with me to supper,' said Warner entering, I, more embarrassed than I ever felt in my life, sheepishly following him.

There was a moment's pause, in which I did not see how Mrs. Warner looked, for I had the grace to be ashamed of my part in this folly, and I cast my eyes anywhere rather than encounter her glance.

Warner, stung by the silence, went on in a loud voice, and to me insufferable manner. 'Yes, Annie, and be quick; we know that as you did not expect company, you are not prepared: my friend will take pot-luck with us; be quick: what room are you in? We can't go where there is no fire this confounded cold night.'

'The only fire, I regret to say, replied Mrs. Warner bowing to me, 'is up stairs in, she half whispered to her husband 'the nursery.'

Here I interposed, and said to Warner, 'Pray allow me to bid you good night. I could not think of intruding further on Mrs. Warner; and I added significantly, 'all is fulfilled.'

But Warner was peremptory. 'I must stay, and the nursery was as good a room as anywhere.' The wife evidently saw that her husband was not sober, and with a dread of thwarting him, and making his condition more humiliatingly apparent to me, she nervously joined her entreaties to her husband's, and I followed them up stairs into a cosy little room where there was a cheerful fire, and a table before it, with a supper-tray neatly laid. A pair of embroidered slippers were toasting on a stool on the hearth-rug, and a warm dressing-gown lay over the back of the easy chair at the fireside. The room was a picture of home comfort, not by any means lessened by the appearance in a snug recess, close to the arm-chair, of a child's cot, decorated with snowy drapery; and as we entered, Warner still talking and laughing loudly, there was a movement in the cot, and a little curly head rose up, rested a flushed cheek upon a chubby hand, and opened languidly two blue innocent eyes where sleep yet lingered.

With a laugh and a shout the father took his cherub boy from the cot, and the child uttered a frightened cry. Then, for the first time, I ventured to look at the mother, a delicate, fairy-like little creature, with a face made to express love and grief. I took no note of her features except that they were small; but the anxious, fond, tremulous look in her startled eyes, and the flexible eyebrows gave a varied expression to the young face, and to the pliant grace of the form, as she ran to her child and releasing him from Warner's arms hushed him on her bosom, cooing out pretty indistinct words of maternal endearment. I am glad to remember that as I looked at mother and child, I felt myself a very sorry fellow, with a soul that would have gladly crept into a nutshell to have escaped the ordeal of their presence. Warner seemed wholly unimpressed, merely said, 'Annie, what's

the boy afraid of that he squalls that way?' tossed the dressing-gown from the back of the chair across the room, saying with a wink at me as he kicked the slippers off the stool, 'You women are such precious coddles.' He then pointed to a chair opposite and bade me be seated, and began helping the supper. I complied mechanically, though shame, indignation, or it something that blended both, which I never felt before, utterly prevented my eating.

Mrs. Warner having stilled her boy, came to the table, and with a smile—a struggling smile, that smote me like a stab—apologized for the servant having retired, and for the slight refreshment set before me.

I stammered out something, I know not what, and the child now, thoroughly awake, turned his face half shyly to me, gave a furtive glance like a bird, and then quickly nestled again to his mother's bosom.

'Give me the boy; give him me, I say; and go you down, Annie, to the cellaret. My friend must have better stuff than this "poor Will," touching a mug as he spoke.

There was a struggle, I saw, as I kept interposing apologies, in Mrs. Warner's mind between the wifely and the motherly feelings. She would go down; but as the child, with the instinct of infancy, screamed at the thought of being transferred to his father's arms—a flush that was not either confusion or anxiety came to her face. It looked like anger; and streams of light seemed to pour from her eyes; but she put a strong constraint on herself, and resolutely keeping the boy in her arms, down stairs she went, returning in a few minutes with a liquor stand. I employed the interval of her absence in entreaties to be allowed at once to retire. 'The wager was fairly won, I could testify. There had been surely,' I choked at the word, 'a very kind reception.' I felt a strong impulse to dash the glass of water that stood beside me in the face of my host, who, lolling back in his chair, and lazily laughing a cool satisfied laugh, said, 'Benedict, indeed! the fools; don't they know there's no slave like a fond woman? I should like to see the day or the hour she wouldn't give me, and any one I chose to bring to my home, a kind reception; I should like to see that;' and his clenched fist came down on the little table with an impetus that made the tray and glasses clatter. I rose, not daring to trust myself another moment, and as Mrs. Warner entered the room, I bowed, passed her hastily as I called 'Good night' to Warner, and was down the stairs, and out of the house, while he was shouting after me, and, as I heard by his lumbering tread, preparing to follow me. I knew, however, that, in his present state, that was not likely.

Once again out amidst the quiet of the night, the few stars that gemmed the darkness looking brightly down, reminded me of the eyes I had just seen: the innocent child and mother in the power of a brute whose reason was overmastered by his appetites. Yet who was I, that I should condemn him? I had helped to make him what he was. I had been the instrument of an insulting intrusion, most painful as I well knew to that young loving wife, whose very virtues were to add to the sum of her miseries. I knew how to honour a good woman. However unworthy I had proved, I had been the son of one; and the incident of that evening tortured me. I saw—I still see—the looks of mingled love, pity, dread—the constrained courtesy, the motherly anguish rising into holy anger,

that had flitted over her face, and made it readable as an open volume.

It was the turning-point in my history. I wrote as briefly as possible my testimony to decide the wager, among the wild companions I knew Warner would meet again; and from that time I took seriously to my studies, and was glad to be 'cut' by my 'fast' friends. I could avoid and escape them; the very ease with which I did so, frequently brought to mind the condition of those for whom no escape from evil association is possible. The living body, tied to the putrifying corpse, seemed to my newly-awakened perceptions a less dreadful doom. The Warners, what was to be their future? I had had a glimpse of their outward life. It was so unpromising, and yet, as I knew, so common, that I often caught myself uttering the platitude, mentally, 'Poor thing! she must make the best of it—it is for life.'

#### PART II.—THE DARKENED LIFE.

Some years passed away: I had taken a partnership in a large practice, in a great commercial town. I had had experience of pampers and criminals; and what I saw in the dwellings,—too often the hovels, of the poor, in the work-house, and in the gaol, deepened the conviction that the drinking customs are the fruitful source of at least eighty per cent. of our disease and crime. I was not content, as some of my medical brethren were, with signing testimonials and certificates to that effect. I was eccentric enough to believe that a man's opinion, to be influential, must be corroborated by his practice; so I adhered to the resolution formed on that memorable night of my student life, whose experiences I have recorded. It may sound strange to my readers, but I can assure them that my plan of total abstinence did not promote my interests in my profession. A man with life and death coming constantly before him, required to deal with their myriad forms, should surely be a man so sober that even the slightest suspicion of tampering with the drunkard's drink should not attach to him. Yet, while I had much respect, I had few patients among the more wealthy classes; and the practice that fell to my share was chiefly among the poor. I found no fault with this; but I could not avoid the mental comment, that the physician is best liked whose prescriptions are most agreeable.

One evening I was suddenly summoned to a very crowded part of the town. The messenger was a slipshod sort of servant or errand-girl. She was crying; and I returned with her to the scene where my services were required. I passed through a crowd of people at the door-way, up a very dirty staircase into a back room on the second floor. The first object I saw was a large, florid man, lying on the hearth-rug, sleeping the heavy sleep of intoxication. It was a disgusting rather than an alarming sight; the man looked strong, and was sleeping off the effects of his potations. I had hardly at a glance taken this, when my attention was called to a bed in the corner, where a young boy lay insensible; and bending over him, calling him by every name of fond endearment, was a little, attenuated woman—the mother I saw at once. I examined the child as I made my inquiries.

'He—he—Oh, sir—he fell down stairs,' said the poor woman, in an agitated voice.

'How long since?'

'Two hours ago I picked him up, and my neighbours helped me up stairs with him. I thought he was stunned, sir, and would soon

recover; but he does not move. Oh, Archy, my dear boy!—Archy, love, open your eyes!—My darling, look at your mother—my boy—my boy!

I put her gently aside with a 'hush,' and took my seat by the bed. I soon ascertained there was no hope. I sent for a medical friend; but the fall had caused concussion of the brain. The child was dying.

Meanwhile the man on the hearth-rug still slept. I looked at him, and asked how long he had lain there. The errand-girl answered, 'Since four o'clock.' I calculated the time; it was the time of the child's fall. The mother, in her passion of grief, did not hear me ask these questions. She had become very quiet, white, and cold. Her thin, weary face somehow seemed not unknown to me. Suddenly there was a cry from a cradle in a remote corner. Mechanically the mother took up a wretched, sickly-looking baby, and hushed it on her bosom. In a moment the mist of years rolled away; I saw again before me the wife and mother on whom I had once intruded. I cannot explain how I recognized her, for no change—not death itself—could have been more complete. The blooming little fairy I remembered, with her lambent eyes, was now a withered, sharp-featured woman—her eyes sunk and dim, her hair thin and neglected like her garb; 'tired-out' was the most expressive description of her looks. The poor feeble baby that tugged at her wrinkled bosom, the dying boy silently passing away on his tattered bed, and the bloated snoring mass wallowing on the hearth-rug, made such a combination of the wretched and the odious, that, accustomed as I was to scenes of misery, it sorely tasked my patience. I approached the reeking heap on the rug and shook him. 'Rouse man!' I said, though to call him 'man' seemed a libel on humanity, 'and see to your poor wife and boy.' He turned, looked up, rose on his elbow. The wife, with a pitiful cry, like a wounded hare, ran to him—'O Fred!' 'Keep off,' he muttered stupidly, adding a volley of oaths as he pushed her with his disengaged hand so roughly that she fell back with her head on the edge of the bed, where the unconscious boy lay. She quickly gathered herself up, and the loathsome creature—husband and father, oh me!—turned over and began to snore before the feeble wail of the frightened baby that had shared its mother's fall was stilled.

My medical colleague arrived, but the boy's last breath had been drawn ere he entered the room, and before the poor mother was aware that hope and help were past. I was unwilling to leave the scene. Poor neighbours came in, and gradually the truth broke upon the hapless mourner's mind. She did not weep. A sudden strength seemed to enter her feeble frame, and a new spirit to possess her. I gazed in wonder at her face, as she clutched her sickly baby to her breast with one hand, and smoothed the hair of the dead boy with the other, her white lips moving but uttering no word. Suddenly she looked round—her gaze fell on the sleeper—and a gleam of such fierce light leaped from her sunken eyes—such a flash of hatred and scorn as I never can forget. The ill usage of many years—the shattering of every hope—the blasting of every holy emotion, seemed to be expressed in that one glance. She turned away, and I saw she resolutely avoided looking on the rug again.

'How did he fall down stairs?' said a woman present.

There was a momentary struggle I saw, but the mother moaned out—'The stairs are narrow and steep—and—and—God help me!' she shrieked, and fell into a fit. I assisted them a while; but on her recovery I left the room with its peaceful dead—its miserable living. The coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of 'accidental death.' The child had gone to help his father up stairs, and his foot had slipped at an awkward turn, it was said, and the fall had proved fatal. There was no evidence to contradict this; but I had my own opinion, strong to me as a demonstration, that the wretched drunkard, quarrelsome as I had seen, had struck the boy and made him fall, and I felt sure that the mother knew this.

I called again after the funeral, but the family had removed. I learned that this Warner had begun life, not only with very good prospects, but good possessions. He was an architect, the only son of a small but prosperous London builder, and inherited his father's business and several houses. I learned that he had been the injury, if not the ruin of many; for that it was his custom, after selling the private houses that he built, to erect a fine-gin palace, or a spacious tavern near, and in this way injure the property and the neighbourhood. The very first night I had met him he had sold the house his wife and himself lived in, for a public house; and the consequence was, the value of the whole street was deteriorated. He did not prosper. He met with swindlers in his transactions, and was so often the dupe of others, as well as the victim of his own appetite, that he had to sacrifice his property, raise money at a ruinous rate of interest to complete contracts, and in seven years from the time I first met him was a ruined man.

He had skill in his business, and came down to superintend the building of a new church in the town in which my practice lay. But his earnings barely supplied his own wants, and his wife and children were in great poverty. I learned that there had been several children between the eldest boy and the present sickly baby, but they were all dead.

As a medical man I knew enough of infant mortality in a drunkard's home: the wickedness and misery of the parents are such, I do not say they kill the children, but I do say, they let them die; nay, they make it next to impossible that they should live. Infant life must be carefully sheltered, otherwise it goes out as surely as a taper held in a high wind.

Once, soon after the inquest, I met Mrs. Warner. She looked thin, sallow, spiritless. She avoided me, and I saw that from henceforth hers must be a darkened life.

#### PART III.—THE DOOMED LIFE.

About two years after the incident last recorded, I was returning in the middle of a cold but not dark winter night, from the house of a patient who resided in the outskirts of our town. My way lay across some fields, and through a low suburb by the banks of the river. When I came to the last field I thought I saw some one crouched down by the stone wall that formed the boundary. Unheard I drew near, and saw that it was a woman, watching apparently the lights of a low neighbouring public-house, noted as the rendez-vous of the worst characters. I seemed instinctively to know that it was some wife, watching for her husband; and as I passed I said, 'Go home, my good woman. This bitter

night it is enough to kill you to be watching about in this bleak place."

A voice with despair in its tone quietly replied. 'Nothing will kill me, or I should have been dead long ago.' There was a sort of laugh—a hollow ghost of a laugh—that chilled me to the bone, as the words ceased. Suddenly a throng of people, some of them women, came out of the public-house, and the crouched form rose and glided along at the side of the wall. I passed the rabble who were shouting out ribald songs, wild, odious, joyless laughter of women's voices adding a sort of chorus to the strain. I saw a tall man among them, a large tawdry woman was clinging to his arm. The light of the lamp was on his face—it was Warner. I glanced at his companion, and my mental comment was—'If that poor girl you once called wife is dead, the virago on your arm is better suited to you.' I hastened on, anxious to put as wide a distance between me and a creature I could not look on without loathing; but for some streets I heard the shout of the revellers, rending with their foul cries the quiet of the night.

Next day there were rumours of a murder, one of the worst of murders, a murder called of old, and still in our law books named 'TREASON!' A wife had murdered her husband in their own home. The wretched, guilty creature had shed her husband's blood on the very hearth that ought to have been sacred to love and fidelity. Men looked calmly stern, women bitterly engaged, as the tidings of this murder spread. I was no reader of newspaper horrors, but when such a crime came nearly to one's own door, I turned more eagerly than usual to the local journal laid on my breakfast-table the following day, and the first thing that startled me was the name—Warner. For a moment I thought of the woman I had seen hanging on Warner's arm, and a kind of stern contempt filled my mind. 'A drunken brawl: no wonder he ended so,' was my mental comment. But as I read, what was my surprise to find that it was *Ann*, the 'Annie' I remembered—the gentle, loving wife and mother, whose sweetness of temper had been the drunken boast of her husband. How could it be possible?

The murder took place so near the time of the assizes, that the trial followed the inquest and the committal in quick succession. There was no one to urge delay for the procuring of evidence, or the arranging of the defence. The evidence was clear, the accused was poor. I attended the trial. The court was very full—many ladies there, most of them vehemently against the prisoner. Oh, ladies! if you obtained what some of you deem your right—permission equally with man to practise law—few of you would prefer being tried by a female judge or a female jury. It is a wrong, say some, that woman is not tried by her peers—that trial by jury in its strict sense does not exist for her. If this be a wrong, methinks woman would cherish this wrong more than most of her rights.

The prisoner was poorly dressed. She had evidently, though still young in years, lost all care for her appearance; despair had done its work. She looked once timidly and wonderingly round the court, then collapsed into herself a still, white effigy of a woman.

How much of the proceedings were understood by her can never be known. Occasionally her fingers twitched at her old shawl, once she pressed her little bony hands hard on her eyes; I felt certain those tearless eyes were so dry and hot, that she pressed down the lids to ease them.

but those around me said, 'What a hardened creature!' All the whispers I heard, and they were in female voices, 'soft in the vowels,' were—'What stolid indifference!' 'There's no tears; she puts up her hands to her eyes to pretend to wipe away the tears; she does not shed.' 'Faugh! I cannot bear to look at her hands.' 'What a bad countenance!' 'Wasted to the bone with evil passions!' &c.

There was no hesitancy and no delay in the trial: all was clear. The husband had returned home late, intoxicated certainly; but this wretched woman, this base wife, had waylaid him—managed to enter the cottage they occupied a few minutes before him; he followed and fell down across the fire-place, and she had thrown a heavy smoothing-iron on his temple as he lay, and killed him instantly.

There was a feeble attempt by the counsel for the prisoner to make out that the fall might have caused death. The surgeon's testimony entirely disproved that. There was a wound inflicted with the strange weapon employed; 'not so deep as a well, nor so broad as a church door; but enough.'

Except the man's fall, no sound had been heard by the other lodgers in the house, and the tragedy was discovered by a woman noticing a small stream of blood that had run under the door into the passage. She had entered and found the man dead and cold, and the murderess crouched up in a corner of the room, looking 'calmly,' they said, at her fearful work.

And so there was no doubt; the word 'GUILTY' was spoken with less sorrow than common; and in the court there was a murmur—could it be of approval? Yes! human justice was satisfied—the traitress was condemned.

After the thrill of the moment, I was not either angry or surprised at that approving murmur. It was outraged fidelity that spoke. Marriage—honourable, tender, holy—had been violated by the red hand of murder: the ties, dear as life, strong as death, had been rent in twain, and society rose indignant to avenge the crime. Sentence was pronounced. There was the same stillness in the prisoner. The gasler touched her. She started like one awakened from a dream, and her frame being light and small, she stepped down quickly. With deep disgust a voice near me said—'She actually seems to "trip away!"'

I went home fevered with the scene. I had looked below the surface; I had known the daily death that miserable woman had endured—the many murders her intemperate husband had perpetrated; how he had slain her hopes, her health, her peace, her mother's joy, her wifely comfort. Yet that her hand should have dealt the awful retributive blow seemed very frightful.

I pondered, too, on human law, and mourned that it should be most insecure where for the safety of society it should be least so. All whom I conversed with believed the extreme penalty of the law would be inflicted. All thought it just it should be. I urged the conduct of the husband, and was, I confess, startled at the reply; 'Oh! allow a man's bad conduct to be pleaded in extenuation, and you'll have plenty of murders.' Pondering this case, my mind went through a ghastly chronicle. 'The glorious uncertainty of the law' does not cease with the verdict, it extends to the punishment. I remembered that a man, a few years back, destroyed a woman on Battersea Bridge—a most hideous murder; no doubt, and no extenuation in the case, and yet that man was reprieved. A French

woman deliberately bought a pistol and shot a mere youth, her paramour; and her life was spared. An adulteress, discovered in her amours, put her four young children to death, and the plea of insanity was allowed. A mother deliberately brings her child of ten years old to her home and cruelly murders it, making the name of 'Celestine' infernal for ever, and she was spared. A poor ill-used woman, in one of our southern counties, waits up for a brutal husband, who returns, reeking from the arms of a paramour, to insult his wife: in a paroxysm of frenzy she strikes him with a hatchet that lay at the fireside, no premeditation and the greatest provocation. In her terror she makes a bungling effort to conceal her guilt—and she perished on the scaffold!

And, more terrible still, timid or merciful jurors have allowed murderers—yes! many to escape, whom, had the penalty been less than death, they would surely have convicted. As I thought of these strange anomalies in our social system, I wished two things—that some lawyer with a sound brain and heart would make a list of crimes and punishment for one year, tabulate and compare the sentences, and send such a paper to the Social Science meeting. My other wish was, that human justice would, for the security of society, try whether a life of stern toil would not be a more deterring punishment than a death of excitement to those who by their crimes show they have no love of man nor fear of God. But I found few to comprehend or sympathize with me, and I looked with a sickening horror to the close of Annie Warner's 'doomed life.'

#### PART IV.—THE INNER LIFE.

While I was thus revolving this sad case in my mind, my medical colleague asked me to visit the infirmary of the county gaol. I found there, in a separate ward under the care of two nurses, the unhappy woman whose trial (I may say trials!) I had witnessed. I had hoped to find her insane. I wished to think the deed she had perpetrated was the result of insanity; but she was perfectly calm and collected. The nervous system was entirely prostrated, as if a long series of exhausting troubles, ending in a paroxysm of rage, had completely shattered the system. All that skill could do was done by myself and others to save her; for it was not to be endured that death should anticipate his prey and deprive the gaping multitude of a drama and a holiday. And so strange in some cases is the tenacity of life, that I have known some feeble wretch with disease enough to kill the strong at once, live on and on, as if merely to meet man's doom—nature delaying that law may smite. I did fear this might be Annie Warner's case. She was patched up with stimulants, fed up with dainties; and for a few days she evidently rallied. Food and quiet, that she had been long a stranger to, wrought some favourable effects; but she never slept. Day by day, night by night, she lay still and calm, but sleepless. I visited her at all hours. She seldom spoke except in monosyllables, and occasionally faltered the one name—Jesus. I recalled myself to her recollection. From that time she appeared to take some interest in my coming: the chaplain she seemed to shrink from. One night, wishing to watch the effect of a narcotic, I remained with her. The medicine we tried failed as a sedative, and I was not, therefore, surprised that its operation as a stimulant was very marked. For the first time since her sentence

she began to converse. There was no question of confession; she had never (except in the usual legal form at the trial) denied her guilt. I wished to know if there was contrition.

'My Archy,' she said, 'my little Annie, do you see your poor mother! Oh! shall I reach you, murdered babes? Sir,' she added, 'do not cold and hunger, and blows, and bitter words that scald the heart—do not they kill? No, no! they did not kill me—they hurt you; my darlings, they killed you! My heart was so hard it would not break; I wish it had—oh! I wish it had!' I tried to lead her to a consideration of her circumstances. She said, with a heavy sigh, as if speaking to her husband, 'Oh, dear Fred! my poor fellow! it was the drink—yes, yes—that made a lake of fire, a river of blood between us. Who shed that blood?' she exclaimed, sitting upright, with sudden energy, and looking wildly around. Then dropping her head on her clasped hands, she added, 'Good people, pray for me; the old man with the grave, stern face said, "The Lord have mercy on your soul!" that was a prayer, wasn't it?' 'Mercy—mercy for me! Oh! there has been no mercy! Husband, have mercy! Pity your children—our Archy, our Annie—have mercy on them!' No! there is no mercy here; the Lord have mercy, have mercy! Her voice rose into a thin scream; she seemed to lose control over it; the one word 'Mercy! mercy!' came in sharp gasps. I saw she was convulsed; we laid her down, but the struggle had begun with the last enemy, Surely the wasted frame was torn and shaken for hours ere the drops of suffering were fully wrung out, and the prisoner was released. The struggling soul went with its plea for mercy to a higher tribunal; all stained and soiled with its wretched strife of existence, it carried its sins and sorrows to him who alone knows the hidden anguish—the inner life.'

Oh, woman! so tender in love, so patient in endurance, so sublime in self-sacrifice, so vehement in anger, so impetuous in vengeance—fond, rash woman! pitied and beloved of Him who said, 'Oh, woman! great is thy faith!—how often the part of victim is the only part assigned to thee on God's misused earth!

Surely if human laws are made to punish, they should also be made to protect. If justice condemns the strong, it should shield the weak. Surely our Christian nation should have a conscience at least as sensitive as that of the disciples of Mohammed or Confucius, who proclaim this truth, 'No government should enrich itself by tempting and corrupting its subjects.'—*Meliora.*

— When Colonel Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) was sailing from Madras to Calcutta, the pilot who was taken on board professed to be a drinker of nothing but water. This gladdened the captain, who was struck at the unusual circumstance; but a equal coming on and the pilot continuing to drink water and do nothing else, an investigation brought to light the fact that the water was one-half or two-thirds mixed with gin. In a few minutes more, but for this discovery, the vessel would probably have been lost, and Wellington with her. Is the drunkard or tippler no one's enemy but his own?

"The City, Its Sins and Sorrows:" By Thos. Guthrie, D.D. Have you read this deeply interesting book? If not, by all means buy it. The cost is only 50 cents. The perusal will repay you a thousand fold.

## Natural History Department.

### TO OUR READERS.

One of the greatest requirements for youthful minds, in the present day, is a study in which they shall be free to look at facts exactly as they are, and draw their conclusions therefrom, patiently and dispassionately. Such a study is to be found in Natural History. In an industrial country like this, the practical utility of any study must needs be always thrown into the scale; and Natural History seems, at first sight, unpractical. What money will it earn for a man in after-life? is a question which will be asked; for if the answer be, "None at all," a man has a right to rejoin, "Then let me take up some pursuit which will refresh my mind as much as this, and yet be of pecuniary benefit to me." But for the man who emigrates and comes in contact with more nature, teeming with unsuspected wealth, of what incalculable advantage is it to have, if it be but the rudiments of those sciences, which will tell him the properties, and therefore the value of the plants, the animals, the minerals, the climates with which he meets. "All knowledge is power."

He who after the hours of business, finds himself with a mind relaxed and wearied, will not sit at home dreaming over impossible scenes of pleasure, or go for amusement to haunts of coarse excitement, if interest is once awakened in some study which above all others is fitted to keep the mind in health. Without this, it is apt to feed on its own fancies, its own morbid feelings; aye, and to take at last to viler food: to French novels, sensation papers, light literature, and too commonly, alas! to lawless thoughts!

To do our share in supplying somewhat of this useful information to the public, we purpose monthly, extracting gems from the great green Book of Nature, and having divested them as much as possible of their asperities in the form of scientific names, which so often deter beginners, lay them before our readers, commencing with

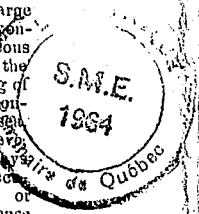
### A DAY'S RAMBLE WITH A NATURALIST.

BY H. B. SMALL.

When man was banished from the garden of Eden, he received the dread sentence that the ground should be cursed for his sake, and that in sorrow should he eat of it all the days of his life. But we are all aware that this language, though true in its general application, is not to be understood in a literal and exclusive sense. Man was told that the earth should bring forth thorns and thistles; but it also produces flowers and fruits to nourish him. The Infinite Being

has said, that the days of our life shall be marked with sorrow, and they are; but the afflictions to which we are subject, are attended with blessed antidotes. Moral sources of enjoyment are given us, as fruits and flowers for the soul, and the teachings of interest should lead us to consider with attention those gifts which enlarge the capacities of the spirit, and call forth wonderment at the mighty workings of all-bounteous nature. For instance, who is insensible to the beauties of Nature, at the rising or setting of the Summer sun? Who can behold the beams reflected from silent river, lake, or sea, and not feel happy in the sight? None, I believe, in early life. But, when hardened in the ways of men, when the chief end pursued is the accumulation of wealth, acquisition of power, or pursuit of pleasure, then mankind loses a sense of the beauties of nature. Were the inherent love for them cherished by early education, how seldom would it be destroyed, or become dormant, as it now is. But the student of nature finds in every branch of science, in every sphere of existence a means of rational enjoyment, a pleasure so fascinating when grasped at, that the mind for the time forgets the ills of life, and the glories of Eden spring up in imagination through the mists of troubles; for in every bank and woodland, and running stream, in every bird among the boughs, and every cloud above his head, stores of interest abound, which enable him to forget awhile himself and man, and all the cares of life in the inexhaustible beauty and glory of nature, and of the God who made her.

Let us walk side by side, in imagination, with the naturalist in his daily ramble; let us blend our mind with his to receive those impressions which he feels, to share the train of reflection that comes crowding on his mind, as the affinities of objects lead his ideas to wander from the leafiness of the temperate, to the exuberant foliage of the torrid zone. He approaches a woodland—how inspiring are the odors that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower—from the hoary and solemn pine. Let us pause here and gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems, there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point either, but blunt and unfinished—by no means a creditable or apparently much cared-for example of Nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and "to-morrow to be cast into the oven." And yet, think of it well and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron or burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble grass. And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! follow forth but for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent paths, the rests in noonday heat—the joy of herds and flocks, the sunlight falling in emerald streaks and soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould or scorching dust—pastures beside the babbling brooks—soft banks





and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down, overlooked by the blue line of the distant sea—crisp lawns, all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of sunshine; all these are summed up in the simple words: "the fields;" and these are not all. We may not measure to the full, the depth of this heavenly gift in our own land. Go out, in spring, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, following the winding mountain path, beneath arching boughs all veiled with blossom; paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds, sweeping down to the blue water—look up towards the higher hills where the waves of everlasting green roll silently in among the shadows of the pines; and we may perhaps at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the Psalmist, spoken 3,000 years ago amidst the hills and valleys of Palestine; "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountain."

Whatever course our thoughts may take, we must remember that there is no plant, however humble, no flower or weed that springeth from the earth, but is an organized and living mystery. The secrets of the abyss, are not more inscrutable than the work that is wrought in its hidden germ. The goings on of the heavens are not more incomprehensible than its growth, as it waves in the breeze. The functions that constitute its growth, flower, and fruit, the organs or the affinities by which every part receives the material that answers its purpose, who can unfold or explain them? As the fruit of one year falls, the seed of centuries of growth are sown. By the mechanism of nature, the stocking of the earth with every kind of growth, from the oak of a thousand years to the weed of a day, is carried on. The acorn falls in moist earth, and is trodden in by man or beasts; berries are carried by birds and dropped on ledges of rock, in any handful of soil that may be there. Winged seeds are elevated by the winds till they stop in some favored place.

Whilst men put seeds into the ground by millions with due care, Nature plants and sows on a larger scale, surpassing man while he is busy and going on with her work whilst he is sleeping or making holiday. For every tree that falls, thousands are sown; for every flower that fades, millions more are provided. What we do with pains and care in our flower-beds, is done silently over all the continents and islands in our zone. New life is provided before decay begins.

How beautifully are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes as over a vast inimitable picture. The shadows play all day long at silent games of beauty; every thing is double if it stands in light. The tree sees an unrevealed and muffled self lying darkly along the ground; the slender stems of flowers, golden rod, wayside asters, meadow daisies, and rare lilies cast forth a dim and tremulous line of shadow, that lies long all the morning, shortening till noon, and creeping out again all afternoon, until the sun descends on western horizon. A million shadowy arrows such as these, spring from Apollo's golden bow of light, at every step, flying in every direction; they cross, interlacing each other in a soft net work of dim outlines. Meanwhile the clouds drop shadow-like anchors that reach the ground, but will not hold; every browsing creature,

every flitting bird, every unconscious traveller writes itself along the ground in dim shadow.

See how beautifully the colors blend and harmonize in this great picture of living nature! Look at the briony on the outskirts of the woodland with its scarlet transparent berries; the elder, the service-tree, the black shining clusters here, the blue berry there, the dull red haw, the purple and the crimson of the choke-cherry, the catkins of the birch, the keys of the ash and the maple, the pale blossoms of the azalia—the bright tints of the fungi from the pearly white that looks translucent in the shade to the graduated scarlet and crimsons which shine out from moist roots, and old palings, and rotting logs. If the grass and the fern is damp, the dew-drops on the spider-webs, and the changing colours of the foliage enhance the sight.

The sighing of the wind as it sways the branches of the forest, which now bend before the summer zephyr like courtiers homage, now bend beneath the fury of the storm like strong men in adversity, sounds to our naturalist as angel's whispers in its gentleness, or in its fury as the angry voice of one "mightier than Manoa's son," speaking in anger—the voice of One who breaketh the cedars, yea the cedars of Lebanon. But he will tell you this nature's music is never still, never silent, though often varied; for each tree has its part, the surging of the oak, the whispering of the elm, the rustling of the beech, the laugh of the birch, the sighing of the willow, the moaning of the yew and the dirge of the cypress. The pine alone remains constant to melody throughout the year; for in winter it takes a stronger gust to shake the forest trees, than in summer, and the music is less like the sweeping waves on a shingly beach than the sea-organ which thrills one's heart when a squall arises or overtakes a tight-rigged ship in the Atlantic. But every breeze that touches the pine in any season wakes up myriads of fairy harps which united set the air trembling with the most moving harmony that nature affords—the harp-music of nature's orchestra.

What recollections and associations does each tree bring forward as we ramble onward; the wide spreading oak, the sacred tree of Druid's lore, with miseltoe remembrances and visions of happy Christmas hours in early youth when it hung on the castle wall, associated therewith; the Lere and there peeping out oak-apple, recalling that good old story of King Charles, and English May festivities: the solid butt once looked at and relied on, as the mainstay of the "wooden walls" our country's safeguard and defence, until this iron age usurped its sway. The elm without whose graceful foliage the landscape never looks complete; whose timber constitutes the last covering of frail humanity, and whose logs recall the village wheelwright's busy stand, and quaint legends of supernatural efficacy with which the wych elm was endowed: the tall pine, whose towering point brings to mind the far off wanderer in the tangled woods of Canada and Oregon or the dark forest of Norway, and a Baltic commerce, and rafts hurrying swiftly over rapids, and water-logged vessels in the mid Atlantic, with the horrors of a starving crew; the beech tree associated in every schoolboys mind with Virgil's Bucolic's, and without whose products Gurth the swineherd would hardly have fascinated us in Ivanhoe. The aspen with its legend of trembling; viz, how the Blessed Redeemer's cross made of that wood, trembled with the dying throes of the expiring deity, and for ever imparted them to its species.

All these associations tend to keep the mind so full that fatigue and weariness are unknown to the rambler or his ready listening companions. Then again the aspect of the woodland itself; if thick with tangled underbrush, the unexplored impervious forests of the Amazon rise up to the imagination; or if thick with fern and grass, recalling visions of Australian fern-trees, and wattles, and native spears of the grass-tree too well known alas to the early explorers of England's distant gold fields! Fern-trees now the only corresponding and connecting link, to the geological plants of the coal formation, the Lepidodendra, and Stigmara, beneath whose heavy coverts those Saurian monsters roamed the "giants in the earth" of those days—men extinct and passed away, leaving their epitaph in stone to be deciphered only by the researches of science, centuries after their existence.

*To be Continued.*

### ART. 3. SHAKESPEARE ON WINE.

William Shakespeare, of all modern poets, has most largely combined the spirit of modern civilization with the calm philosophy of the old Greek drama. In looking over his works, with a view to our present inquiry, the only difficulty was to choose from among the numerous passages which abound. As a matter of course, there are very many thoughts which might occur in other writers: as, 'It was excess of wine that set him out' (Hen. V. 2. 2.); 'Give me a bowl of wine; I have not that alacrity of spirit, nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have' (Rich. III. 5. 3.). We might fill whole pages with quotations of this kind; but it will be necessary to adopt some principle of selection, and we make the following divisions: (1.) The effects of wine upon the human mind; (2.) The remorse of the drunkard; (3.) The introduction of stimulants among uncivilized tribes.

I. *The effects of wine upon the human mind.*—Perhaps no passage gives a more powerful description of the effects, than the following from Macbeth, 1. 7.:

'His two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,  
That memory, the wander of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only; When in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan?

To Shakespeare, who never forgot the aboriginal dignity of man, 'How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god,' the falling off must have seemed vast indeed, when the guardian of the brain became a mere fume, and the receptacle of reason a distilling machine. The words which he employs throughout the passage keep up the same idea; "*drenched in swinish sleep as in a death.*"

Similar contempt is expressed by Portia (Merch. of Ven. 1. 2.), who says of the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew, that she likes him 'very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is best he is little worse than a man, and when he is worst he is little better than a beast;' and she adds, lest he should choose the right casket, and claim her in marriage, 'Therefore set a deep glass of Rhenish wine in the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I

know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.'

The French are very fond of asserting that the heaviness, which they are pleased to attribute to the English, results from the frequent use of beer and other malt liquors, tending to besot the brain; whereas their own vivacity is ascribed to the generous juice of the vine. Shakespeare has not omitted to notice this stroke of Gallic vanity; for in Hen. V. 3. 5, he makes the French Constable say—

'Dieu de bataillós! where have they this mettle?  
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?  
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
Killing their fruits with frowns? Can sodden

*water,*  
A French for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,  
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty?'

By the contemptuous terms '*sodden water*' and '*barley broth*,' fit only for horses, he means ale or beer; and ask whether such a compound can fire the cold English blood, while the wine-inspired French are not kindled to deeds of arms. It were well, perhaps, if the English did confine themselves to beer; but since Shakespeare's time, the use of ardent spirits has increased upon the people to an amazing extent; and it is observed in France, that the English workmen employed in constructing railways are not content with wine; they mostly drink brandy, and that with a freedom which astonishes the French. We can hardly doubt that the kind of liquor consumed has a various influence upon mind as well as body; and there may be some truth in the statement that beer is a besotting beverage: but it is beyond all doubt that the increased consumption of ardent spirits has produced a train of nervous disorders, delirium, and other frightful maladies unknown to our forefathers. How many an old man, tottering on his peevish ways, would be glad to say with Adam, in *As You Like It* (2. 3)—

'Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did not with unbasful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore mine age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.

The old English word '*lusty*,' like the German *lustig*, originally signified '*pleasant*' or '*cheerful*.' Thus the German Swiss, in speaking of a road across the mountains, says, *Der weg is lustig*. The way is *lusty*, meaning that it is an agreeable road. So here, a '*lusty winter*' signifies a cheerful, exhilarating winter, frosty, but genial.

The hot and rebellious liquors are in keeping with many remarks in Shakespeare, upon the heating effects of wine: 'I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,' (Troilus, 5. 1); 'I had rather heat my liver with drinking,' (Ant. and Cleop., 1. 2); 'Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast . . . to see meat fill the knaves and wine heat fools,' (Timon, 1. 1). But the most elaborate description is given by Falstaff (2 Hen. IV., 4. 5), in that mock-philosophic style which so much enhances the humour of the old rogue. He is speaking about Prince John of Lancaster, and says: 'Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine.' According to Falstaff's notion, none of these demure boys

come to any proof; for they drink doth so ever-cool their blood, that they are generally fools and cowards, 'which some of us should be too but for inflammation.' Then he breaks out into praise of a good sherris-sack; it ascends to the brain, dries up the foolish vapours, and gives birth to excellent wit; next, it warms the blood, which before was cold, leaving the liver white and pale, the badge of cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and summons the vital commoners to the captain the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage and this valour comes of sherris. 'Hereof comes it,' he adds, 'That Prince Harry was valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded, and filled with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris: that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—to forswear their potations, and addict themselves to sack.'

This is only to be paralleled by disquisition upon honour (1 Hen. IV. 5. 1). A character of deep wit, and shrewd observation, who knows the right but does the wrong, and exercises all his ingenuity to make the worse appear the better cause. In all real wit, there is an argument expressed or understood; hence ordinary minds, carried away by the brilliancy of the one, allow themselves unconsciously to be influenced by the other. And if any persons, desirous of investigating truth, begin to discuss the latent argument, the very effort produces such a revulsion of feeling in the minds of individuals, that the attempt is generally hopeless. And thus it is that the pot-valiant Falstaff, though proved guilty of cowardice on numerous occasions, has been forgiven a thousand times over for all his faults, in consideration of his amusing qualities.

II. *The remorse of the drunkard.*—The strongest instance in Shakespeare is the case of Cassio; but to understand the whole bearing of it is indeed properly to appreciate the entire tragedy, it is necessary to examine the character of Iago, who is contrasted on the one hand with the generous, impulsive Othello, and on the other with the self-indulgent Cassio. We should remember that ambitious and avaricious men are rarely under the dominion of gross debauchery. It is not merely that self-indulgence would interfere with their schemes; but they are consumed by other passions, which, however injurious to their moral nature, have, at all events, the effect of preserving them from downright sensuality. The hawk has not the vices of the hog. Hence there is little merit in the abstinence of such men; they obey the necessity of their nature. Iago describes his own character (Othello 1. 2) when speaking to Roderigo, who talks of drowning himself for love. He asserts that he 'never found a man that knew how to love himself,' for his own part, rather than drown himself for love of a guinea-bee, who would change his humanity with a baboon. The principle of cool, calculating self-interest pervades the whole man. His conviction is, that the reason and the will must rule the passions. 'Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce . . . either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise

another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbidden lusts.' If Iago had been an honest man these principles would have rendered him a noble character, but though he can rule his bodily passions he cannot control his avarice; for in the same breath he advises Roderigo to put money in his purse, that he himself may 'make the fool his purse.'

To serve his own purposes (1. 3) Iago persuades Cassio to drink, the latter excuses himself on the ground that he has a very poor and unhappy brain for drinking, and could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment. Iago suggests but one cup and the other rejoins, 'I have drunk but one cup to-night, and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness anymore.' At length Iago prevails, and chuckles to himself—

'If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night  
already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog.

The carousal begins; Iago leads the revel, and sings songs which he says he learned in England where they are most potent in potting, being easily able to overthrow Danes, Germans, and Hollanders, who are 'nothing to your English.' In a short time Cassio begins to prove that he is not drunk, which is almost one of the surest symptoms that a man distrusts his own sobriety. We have seen a man sit down in the open streets, and exclaim, 'Well a man's a man let him go where he will,' and there are a hundred of similar moral reflections before an individual is so far gone that he will crawl upon the door-steps, lie down and 'thank God that he is in bed at last.' Cassio proceeds from the argumentative to the quarrelsome stage; a brawl ensues; weapons are drawn! Othello appears, receives a hypocritical account from Iago and says to Cassio, 'never more be officer of mine.'

Then Cassio comes to his senses. 'Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no other name to be known by, let us call thee—devil. O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains, that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure and applause, transform ourselves into beasts. Iago says he wishes this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.' 'I will ask him for my place again,' says Cassio: 'he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many months as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast. O strange every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.' Iago replies that wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used; that he ought not to exclaim against it; and that the best plan is to importune Othello's wife to use her influence for his restoration. From this point the plot of the play is developed and thus it is made to arise out of an incident in a drunken brawl. Iago himself a moderate drinker, knew how far to go, yet he could simulate sufficient enthusiasm to excite others. This misleading of the weak Cassio was an easy game, and not for a moment to be compared

with his influence upon Othello; but, in its own way, it is a masterpiece, and proves how carefully, in the more finished plays, Shakespeare worked up his subordinate scenes, making them subservient to the main action. We cannot fail to notice the weakness of Cassio, conscious of infirmity, yet unable to resist solicitation. If he had possessed but a little of the strong will which Iago breaks off, he would have been safe; but self-indulgence undermines the will, and easy compliance too often passes for good nature. In this sense this old proverb is true, that 'A good natured man is little better than a fool.' That Cassio was acquainted with higher principles is proved by the indignation—nay, the revenge, which he denounces against himself after his fall. Here, again, was a man who knew the right but did the wrong; yet he does not seek, with Falstaff, to justify the wrong. For a time he mourns over it, though liable to fall again under a future temptation. There is all the difference in the world between a repentant sinner and a sinful penitent. A wolf howls when he is caught in a trap.

III. *The introduction of stimulants among uncivilized tribes.*—The conduct of Christian nations towards savage nations is one of the blackest chapters in modern history. True it is that the roughest specimens of our European civilization have generally been the first to come in contact with the natives of Africa or America; but the comfortable merchants at home inquired little about the interests of the savages abroad if they themselves could make money. If slaves paid, they bought them; if whiskey left a profit they shipped it; and certainly the temptation was great. Articles of small value were sent out from England, exchanged for slaves on the coast of Africa, and resulted in a rich cargo of rum or sugar from Jamaica. But we sometimes see retributive justice working on a large scale, and nations should learn that in the long run honesty is the best policy.

In Shakespeare's time America was emphatically a new world. The strangest reports were circulated about its inhabitants; while the spirit of the adventurer was stirred to seek the land of gold, the imagination of the poet drew gorgeous pictures of the country, and the philosopher speculated on the future destiny of colonists and natives. Considerable attention was excited by an account which was published of the shipwreck suffered by part of a squadron on the Bermuda Islands, on which narration Shakespeare is supposed to have founded his play of the Tempest; and there is good reason to suppose that in the savage and deformed slave Caliban, he drew a picture of the natives of the western continent borrowing from the exaggerated descriptions current at the time. The savage is taught the use of wine by drunken fellows; and it is worth our while to follow Shakespeare in his delineation of the effects produced, remembering that the abuse of stimulants has caused the destruction of the whole tribes and races of North American Indians.

Caliban, who complains that his own island has been taken from him, groans under servitude to Prospero, and wishes, if possible, to shake off the yoke. He is met by Stephano, a drunken butler, and Trinculo, a jester, (Tempest, 2. 2) and begs them not to torment him. 'Do not torment me; I'll bring my wood home faster.' Stephano rejoins; 'He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him

and keep him tame I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him who hath him, and that soundly.' Here we see the two curses introduced, by civilized nations among the uncivilized—drunkenness and slavery. When Caliban has tasted the wine, he exclaims 'These be fine things, an' if they be not sprites; that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor; I will kneel to him.' He swears upon that bottle to be a true subject, for the liquor is not earthly. He will show Stephano every fertile inch of the island, will kiss his foot, and beseeches him to be his god:—

'I'll shew thee best springs: I'll pluck thee berries

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough:

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

'Thou wondrous man!'

On which Trinculo remarks, 'A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.'

In considering the history of early discoveries it is important to enquire what the savages thought of their visitors. Many of the American natives were well disposed until they found by bitter experience that confidence was misplaced. They were amazed by the ships, the firearms, the equipments; and in some instances believed that the strangers were gods who had come from the rising sun to visit them. So, too, the wine which they introduced seemed a nectar, or drink of the gods, possessed of these wonderful beings; and what wonder if in their ignorance, they were ready to fall down and worship the possessors? This was one among the many powers which the Europeans held in their hands and was by them abused for the vilest purposes, to win gold and to enslave the unsuspecting savages.

Caliban enters into a conspiracy with his two superiors to murder Prospero and to regain the Island. The scheme fails, of course, and at the end of the play even Caliban gains knowledge enough to see that he has been grossly deceived (5. 1):—

'I'll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice double-ass

Was I to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool?

In spite of missionaries and all the efforts of philanthropists very few of the American Indians have been equally enlightened. The fire-water as they expressively term it, was too strong for them, too deadly a foe; and it has been calculated that the ravages of rum, whiskey and other stimulants have been more destructive among the red-skins than war or disease. A hundred years ago there were about sixteen millions of Indians in North America; now there are barely two millions, and the number decreases every year. It is remarkable however, that the evils of the fire-water have signally reached upon the 'pale-face' themselves, the descendants of those who first introduced it; so much so that, in this very America, attempts have been made to stay the plague by legal enactment. The Maine Liquor Law, as it is commonly termed, whether wise or unwise as a legislative measure, is convincing evidence that the tremendous evil has recoiled upon the introducers of stimulating drinks; for if the abuse had not reached an alarming height, the mind of man would never have thought of limiting individual action, and appealing to the interference of government.

It is surprising that Shakespeare should have touched upon a point which has had such important consequences upon the native tribes of the western continent; but it is only another proof, if proof were wanting, that the highest poet is the highest philosopher; he beholds the past, the present, and the future; the past, to see what has been, and to derive instruction; the present, to improve and make it better; the future, to divine what will be, and to speculate upon the destinies of humanity.—*Mellora*.

#### SACRED GLEE.

Words by Rev. W. GUNN.—Tune, *Norwegian*.

Our fathers were high-minded men  
Who firmly kept the faith,  
To freedom and to conscience true,  
In danger and in death.  
Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,  
For noble men were they,  
Who struggled hard for sacred rights.  
And bravely won the day.

Our fathers were high-minded men,  
Who firmly kept the faith,  
To freedom and to conscience true,  
In danger and in death.

For all they suffered, little car'd  
Those earnest men and wise;  
Their zeal in Christ, their love of truth,  
Made them the shame despise.  
Great names had they, but greater souls,  
True heroes of their age,  
That like a rock in stormy seas,  
Defies opposing rage.

For all they suffer'd, little car'd  
Those earnest men and wise;  
Their zeal in Christ, their love of truth,  
Made them the shame despise.

And such as our forefathers were,  
May we their children be!  
And in our hearts their spirit live,  
That baffled tyranny.  
Then we'll uphold the cause of Right—  
The cause of Mercy, too;  
To toil or suffer for the Truth  
Is the noblest thing to do.

And such as our forefathers were,  
May we their children be!  
And in our hearts their spirit live,  
That baffled tyranny.

**GOOD PEOPLE.**—"There are also faults of a grave kind to which good people are exceedingly prone, and which incontestably raise a prejudice against them. In the first place they do not care about truth. This is quite different from saying that they knowingly and wilfully tell falsehoods. They shrink from the very name of a lie, but they are accustomed to talk a hazy language, and they are also accustomed to back up a cause. They have also some rival to crush, or some project to introduce, or some little difficulty to conceal; and they choose their words accordingly. They are often also, grossly unjust. Justice is the one virtue which they cannot even conceive the meaning of. They do not even wish to be fair. They want to do the best they can for themselves, and their party, and their cause, and they have nothing to do with other people's parties and causes. They must back their friends, and they do it so heartily that they learn to do it quite unconsciously."—*Saturday Review*.

## Reviews of Books.

### Art. 4. THE ANNUAL UNIVERSITY LECTURE BY J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.

Montreal: Published at the Daily Witness Office.

Subject:—THE DUTIES OF EDUCATED YOUNG MEN IN BRITISH AMERICA."

We have now placed on record the very instructive and practical lecture of the Principal of McGill College.

Amidst the fulsome talk which we are too much accustomed to listen to, concerning the boundless territories, infinite resources, immense wealth, national greatness, &c., &c., of Canada, it is refreshing to hear words of truth and soberness sounding from the Principal's Chair of the first University in the Province.

The good master builder always takes care to secure a safe foundation. Occasionally, he finds that nature has already prepared that part of the work to his hands, and he raises his edifice from the rock. At other times he is called upon, to erect a superstructure upon ground, which, in its natural state, would yield beneath the superincumbent weight of the building.

Nothing deterred, he sinks deep, and if, even then, failing to meet with the desired stratum, he has other sources at his command. He converts the tall trees of the forest into piles, sets his heavy rams to work, and blow succeeds blow, as each tree descends through the yielding ground, in search of a solid resting place. At length, the pile refuses to answer to the falling weight of the ram. It has reached an impenetrable substance below, a sure foundation. The cross-cut saw now reduces the piles to a uniform level. Again, they are bound together by longitudinal and cross-sleepers, and finally, the concrete is plunged into the excavation and beaten down into one solid mass. On this artificial rock, the edifice rises higher and yet higher, until banners wave over the top stone, and the noble superstructure stands forth in bold relief, as a monument of the wonders which engineering skill and architectural design can accomplish.

In like manner does the learned lecturer seek to lay a sure foundation, on which the students and graduates of the University may securely raise the precious stones of knowledge and sound understanding.

He sets forth British America as nature has left it in legacy to us, and not as flattering painters have too frequently represented it. His object is to prevent young

men from soaring away in the clouds of romance, and to prepare their minds for the stern realities of the position in which they stand related to their country, and their country to the world.

It is always well to comprehend the vulnerable points of the situation. Failures in life, almost invariably occur, in consequence of men persistently closing their eyes against viewing the weak side of the question.

British America has its vulnerable points and its draw-backs; and the teacher is guarding the aspiring young men around him to the dangers ahead.

The following observations are to the point:—

"First, then, I would remark, that British America is a narrow strip of territory, destitute of good natural boundaries, and hemmed in between the dominions of a powerful neighbor on the one hand and the domain of sterility and frost on the other. From Cape Race to Lake Superior, we have a belt of country of irregular width, but so narrow that anywhere a very long journey enables the traveller to pass entirely across it, while its extremes are widely separated and distant from countries where the best means of communication have been established between them. These circumstances present the strongest possible barrier to national security and greatness. Our commerce will naturally flow along the shortest lines to the neighboring States. Our Eastern people will know less of our Western people than they know of the people of Britain and New England. Our great neighbor on the South has, under the pressure of a dire national necessity, already grown from being the least warlike nation in the world into a great military power; while if it should think proper to assail us, no conceivable amount of military resources could protect all our long frontier, and prevent our country from suffering in some part of it, the horrors of invasion. On the other hand there seems small prospect of our being able to invade with the arts of civilized life, the desolate regions lying to the north of us.

"No country so formed and situated has ever secured and maintained a stable national existence, without eminent qualities on the part of its people. The old seats of population on the Euphrates and Tigris were, it is true, thus hemmed in between the Kurdish mountains and the Syrian desert. Egypt, also, was a steppe along the Nile. The Roman pioneers in Africa found a band of population between deserts and the sea, but the circumstances in all these cases were widely different from ours; and even in these, only greater civilization and energy secured them a temporary prosperity, and want of internal unity and fears of invasion from abroad, prevented security, and led to ultimate overthrow.

"I hold, therefore, that to a country like British America, an independent national existence, for any useful or good purpose, is a difficult achievement, and in the present state of our population, impossible, whether we in our present condition remain a dependency of the mother country, or fall into the hands of the United States. Our situation, while it affords no present hope of great political pre-eminence or

military success, is not without counterbalancing advantages. It gives us a position of humble and pacific usefulness, respectable, if not great; and tending to induce us to cultivate the arts and sciences of peace, rather than those ambitious projects which agitate greater states."

It would have been well for Canada, had all those who have written and spoken on this subject, confined themselves, as the Professor has done, to the sober and unvarnished facts of the case.

Numbers are annually lured away from the old country by the flowery and over-colored statements of Official Pamphlets and Government Agents, and when they arrive in Canada, they have the mortification to find that they have been grossly imposed upon; and, in the rashness of despair, they either seek refuge in the United States, or else beat a speedy retreat back to the old fatherland. In the latter event, they invariably carry home a highly distorted and evil report of the land.

The Professor's remarks on the want of union, and the absence of centralization in British America, are bold but pertinent. They probe right to the bottom of this social wound. He says:

"Again, British America is not one state. It is a rope of sand, made up of a number of petty provinces, and peopled with a dissimilar and often antagonistic races. Here again is small prospect of a great national existence; and in the want of united action in matters of public concern, in jarring views, and little hostile local and race policies of our present politics, we see but a foreshadowing of what may befall us, if present restraints were removed.

"Even here, however, there is room for consolation. The rivalry of races and localities, if unpleasant, is stimulating. It prevents stagnation, and so long as it is conducted with intelligence and honesty of purpose, it promotes general prosperity. Only when it places itself in opposition to public interests, and is dishonest in its means, does it become a destructive nuisance. The states of Greece, and the Republics of Italy, afford us historic motives of national life of the highest order amidst these elements of weakness and disorder, yet, with drawbacks and failures, which we should not desire to imitate. Britain itself is an eminent instance of the most discordant and hostile populations, formed by time and training into a harmonious whole, yet by course of training so long and painful, that we would do well here to avoid as much of it as we can."

After dwelling on the fact that British America is a new country, and necessarily, only a colony, "*without old institutions, or heart-stirring traditions, destitute of nearly all things around which, in older countries, the popular mind clings to as the centres of its unity and patriotism,*" and showing that we have our own history to make, he sums up these preliminary remarks thus:

"The conclusion to which I wish to lead by these preliminary remarks is, that, in British America, *mind*, and especially cultivated mind

is the chief of natural resources of the country; that, with this, we may hope to overcome all the disadvantages of our position, and to achieve a greatness all the more stable, that it has not been guilty; that, without this, we shall be poor indeed,—a mere foil to set off the superior light of other lands. Educated mind, and, above all, the educated mind of the young men who are natives of the soil,—who must own British America as their country,—is that which, under God's blessing, we must chiefly rely upon for prosperity and progress, and without which, even though those great natural resources which our country possesses may be useless, or may be used only by others."

These are wholesome truths for "*Young Canada*." They are like apples of gold in pictures of silver, and it would be well for our young men if they would diligently lay these things to heart.

We wish that our space would enable us to give some of the Doctor's strictures on education, and professedly educated men. The castigation on the literary drones that through the educational hive is severe, but meritedly so. Many of the professional men of the day, who have long since finished their elementary course at the University, come in for a taste of the school-master's birch.

We cannot withhold from our readers the very forcible comments on the want of "*a united and just public opinion*," in an infant country like this.

"There are two great evils incident to the efforts of a young, poor, and partially educated country to govern itself, which eminently merit the attention of reflecting men. I mean the influence of prejudices and of mercenary motives in our provincial councils. I do not wish to insinuate that these are the exclusive possession of any political party. On the contrary, it is certain that in a country where a population is scattered over a wide area, where much of it is uneducated, where it has been derived from the most varied origins, there must of necessity be a mass of local and tribal feelings, destitute of sound reason and of expediency, yet influencing men in their political relations, and affording great facilities to the designing demagogue. It is equally certain that where nearly all are poor and struggling, and where men's action is not hedged round by class distinctions and by old precedents, and especially where there is not a sufficient reading and thinking population to utter a united and just public opinion, there will be a tendency for human selfishness to mistake personal, for public interests, or so to mingle the two, that the boundaries between political integrity and dishonesty may be readily overpassed.

"It is the part of the truly educated and patriotic to contend against these influences, and to strive, however apparently hopeless the case may be, for the influence of reason and justice in our public affairs."

The learned Principal concludes his remarkable and highly practical lecture, by directing the educated man to seek the

attainment of the higher life of the true Christian, without which all else is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

The lecture throughout bears the impress of a master mind. We admire the manly independent spirit which pervades every sentiment, and imparts vigor to every sentence.

Here is a type of the teachers wanted for Canada. Especially in this new country, where everything has to be built up, our youths should be instructed in facts, not romance. The rising generation require to be guarded against frothy stump orators and reckless adventurers, who represent life as fiction,—poetry,—glory—renown; that true patriotism consists in cultivating a profound contempt and thorough hatred for neighboring communities, and who reduce the breeding of national feuds to a practical science.

What Canada requires is consolidation, not effervescence. This can only be secured by imparting a sound education to the public mind. Public opinion in this Province is a thing which has yet to be created. It does not exist in the present. Who is to give it life, and breath, and being? Is it to be the designing demagogue, or the practical Christian schoolmaster? That's the question!

#### ART. 5.—A MONARCHY, OR A REPUBLIC! WHICH?

*The British American Magazine, Dec.*

On reading this article, written expressly for the "*British American*," and bearing date from "Warrington, Lancashire," we necessarily identify the Magazine with the sentiments therein expressed. It follows, that this monthly has declared in favor of a Union of the British American Provinces, and that for the purpose of declaring a repeal of the Union with England, and the establishment of an independent monarchy. The writer, in his wisdom, professes to see the end from the beginning. Avoiding the tedious detail necessarily involved in carrying out this dismemberment of the British Empire, he, with a single stroke of his pen, reconciles all the conflicting elements, and all the discordant nationalities which make up the population of the Provinces, and moulds them into one harmonious and invincible whole. At the same time he proceeds to cry quits with the mother country, and having taunted the American States with their present helplessness, and taken advantage of the opportune moment to hurl defiance at their devoted head, proclaims the new Empire as an established fact.

In reference to the consolidation of the Provinces under one strong colonial government, such a consummation, to say the least of it, would be very desirable, and one which should commend itself to the serious consideration of every British American. But to agitate this question with a view to a separation from the British Empire, and the establishment of a new monarchy, is altogether another issue, and one, which if persisted in, would ultimately result in an open rupture with England, and would probably terminate in a series of civil wars.

We admit that the writer takes it for granted that the British government would acquiesce in the loss of her American territories, and surrender them without a single murmur. But the man who can bring his mind to believe such a silly statement as that, certainly must be possessed of an extraordinary amount of credulity. The value of these Provinces to the home government, is becoming too well understood, to admit of the consideration of such a proposal.

The arguments presented in this article are sadly out of joint. Like the legs of the lame, they are not equal. Taken as a whole, they form a very poor compliment to the intelligence of the people of the Provinces.

After admitting that "*hitherto this longing for nationality, where it has existed in British America, has taken the form of a desire for annexation to the late Union, and has manifested itself in an admiration of democratic institutions,*" the writer adds, "*but the mass of the people have recoiled with horror from such a destiny, and the willingness with which they listen to proposals for union among themselves shows that national independence can alone satisfy their political wants.*"

Surely if a whole people recoil with horror at the very idea of being linked with the destiny of republicanism, arguments are not necessary to dissuade that very people from adopting similar institutions for themselves; but strange to say, the whole article is professedly penned for the purpose of preventing them from rushing headlong into the same declared mistake. As the title indicates, the only question is, which will ye choose for yourselves, a monarchy or a republic?

As for ourselves, there is little danger that we shall ever be tempted to yield our high appreciation of a limited monarchy, but we are at the same time free to confess, that if the bias of our mind had at all inclined in the other direction, the article before us would have gone a great way towards converting us to democracy.

Let us take the only shadow of argument which is introduced to convince the people of these provinces that monarchy is superior to republicanism. It is this! "*Without going back to ancient history, England under Cromwell, and France under Napoleon in modern times, afford instances of the impossibility of maintaining a republic among a highly civilized people.*" The writer has been most unfortunate in the selection of his illustrations. A more suicidal argument could not have been put forth. In each case it is asserted that the impossibility to maintain a republic was by reason of there being a "*highly civilized people.*" Surely the writer could never have read history, or he would not have committed himself to such an assertion.

In the English case, the masses of the "*highly civilized people*" could not read nor write, and neither the Cavaliers, nor yet the Puritans had learned the first principles of civil and religious liberty. With the exception of the master spirit of the commonwealth, and a few kindred minds, the military despotism then in power, continued to fan the flames of an intolerance, which only a few short years before, had been kindled against themselves. England had scarcely emerged from the thralldom of the dark ages, and though outside of the walls of the city, was still enveloped in the smoke of spiritual Babylon. Nor can the dictatorship of Cromwell, with strict propriety, be denominated a republic. It did not emanate from the people, but was in fact an accident of the civil war. Its leader was not himself a republican; on the contrary he would gladly have consented to be crowned king, and was only restrained from that purpose by the dictation of his army. The great majority of the people, as well as the nobles, were opposed to republicanism, and in favor of a limited monarchy, but the invincible Puritan soldiers thrust that form of government upon a reluctant nation. Macaulay has well defined the position in the following sentence: "*The government, therefore, though in form a republic, was in truth a despotism, moderated only by the wisdom, the sober-mindedness, and the magnanimity, of the despot. The country was divided into military districts, those districts were placed under the command of Major-Generals. Every insurrectionary movement was promptly put down and punished. The fear inspired by the power of the sword in so strong, steady, and expert a hand, quelled at once the spirit both of Cavaliers and Levellers.*" But conceding for the sake of argument that the common-



wealth was in fact a republic, let us for a moment compare it with the monarchical form of government which preceded it, and also with the one which immediately followed. Here we cannot do better than by again quoting from the faithful historian—Macaulay:—

“The taxation though heavier than it had been under the Stuarts, was not heavy when compared with that of the neighbouring states and with the resources of England. Property was secure. Even the Cavalier, who refrained from giving disturbance to the new settlement, enjoyed in peace whatever the civil troubles had left him. The laws were violated only in cases where the safety of the Protector's person and government were concerned. Justice was administered between man and man with an exactness and purity not before known. Under no English government, since the Reformation, had there been so little religious persecution. The unfortunate Roman Catholics, indeed, were held to be scarcely within the pale of Christian charity. But the clergy of the fallen Anglican Church were allowed to celebrate their worship on condition that they would abstain from preaching about politics. Even the Jews whose public worship had, ever since the thirteenth century, been interdicted, were, in spite of the strong opposition of jealous traders and fanatical theologians, permitted to build a synagogue in London.

The Protector's foreign policy at the same time extorted the ungracious approbation of those who most detested him. The Cavaliers could scarcely refrain from wishing that one who had done so much to raise the fame of the nation had been a legitimate King; and the republicans were forced to own that the tyrant suffered none but himself to wrong his country, and that, if he had robbed her of liberty, he had at least given her glory in exchange. After half a century, during which England had been of scarcely more weight in European politics than Venice or Saxony, she at once became the most formidable power in the world, dictated terms of peace to the United Provinces, avenged the common injuries of Christendom on the pirates of Barbary, vanquished the Spaniards by land and sea, seized one of the finest West India islands and acquired on the Flemish coast a fortress which consoled the national pride for the loss of Calais. She was supreme on the ocean. She was the head of the Protestant interest. All the reformed churches scattered over Roman Catholic kingdoms acknowledged Cromwell as their guardian. The Huguenots of Languedoc, the shepherds who, in the hamlets of the Alps professed a Protestantism older than that of Augsburg, were secured from oppression by the mere terror of that great name. The Pope himself was forced to preach humanity and moderation to Popish princes. For a voice which seldom threatened in vain had declared that, unless favor were shown to the people of God, the English guns should be heard in the Castle of Saint Angelo.”

So much as it regards comparison with previous history. The same authority shall again speak concerning the state of affairs which followed the restoration of monarchy. With regard to the spirit of religious in-

tolerance which marked the reign of Charles the Second, he says:

“It was made a crime to attend a dissenting place of worship. A single justice of the peace might convict without a jury, and might for the third offence, pass sentence of transportation beyond sea for seven years. With refined cruelty it was provided that the offender should not be transported to New England, where he was likely to find sympathizing friends. If he returned to his own country before the expiration of his term of exile, he was liable to capital punishment. A new and most unreasonable test was imposed on divines who had been deprived of their benefices for non-conformity; and all who refused to take it were prohibited from coming within five miles of any town which was governed by a corporation, of any town which was represented in parliament, or of any town where they had themselves resided as ministers. The magistrates, by whom these rigorous statutes were to be enforced, were in general men inflamed by party spirit and by the remembrance of wrongs which they had themselves suffered in the time of the Commonwealth. The jails were therefore soon crowded with dissenters; and among the sufferers were some of whose genius and virtue any Christian society might well be proud.”

Speaking of the immorality of that reign, he observes:

“If the debauched Cavalier haunted brothels and gambling-houses, he at least avoided conventicles. If he never spoke without uttering ribaldry and blasphemy, he made some amends by his eagerness to send Baxter and Howe to jail for preaching and praying. Thus the clergy, for a time, made war on schism with so much vigor that they had little leisure to make war on vice. The ribaldry of Etherege and Wycherley was, in the presence and under the special sanction of the head of the Church, publicly recited by female lips in female ears, while the author of the Pilgrim's Progress languished in a dungeon for the crime of proclaiming the gospel to the poor. It is an unquestionable and a most instructive fact, that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith were precisely the years during which national virtue was at the lowest point.

Scarcely any rank or profession escaped the infection of the prevailing immorality; but those persons who made politics their business were perhaps the most corrupt part of the corrupt society. For they were exposed, not only to the same noxious influence which affected the nation generally, but also to a taint of a peculiar and of a most malignant kind.”

Finally in reference to home and foreign relations Macaulay says:

“But the murmurs excited by these errors were faint, when compared with the clamors which soon broke forth. The government engaged in war with the United Provinces. The House of Commons readily voted sums unexampled in our history, sums exceeding those which had supported the fleets and armies of Cromwell at the time when his power was the terror of all the world. But such were the extravagance, dishonesty, and incapacity of those who had succeeded to his authority, that this liberality proved worse than useless. The sycophants of the court, ill qualified to contend against the great men who then directed the armies of Holland, against

such a statesman as De Witt, and such a commander as De Ruyter, made fortunes rapidly, while the sailors mutinied from very hunger, while the dock-yards were unguarded, while the ships were leaky and without rigging. It was at length determined to abandon all schemes of offensive war; and it soon appeared that even a defensive war was a task too hard for that administration. The Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames, and burned the ships of war which lay at Chatham. It was said that, on the very day of that great humiliation, the king feasted with the ladies of his seraglio and amused himself with hunting a moth about the supper room. Then, at length, tardy justice was done to the memory of Oliver. Every where men magnified his valor, genius, and patriotism. Every where it was remembered how, when he ruled, all foreign powers had trembled at the name of England, how the States General, now so haughty, had crouched at his feet, and how, when it was known that he was no more, Amsterdam was lighted up as for a great deliverance, and children ran along the canals, shouting for joy that the devil was dead. Even royalists exclaimed that the state could be saved only by calling the old soldiers of the Commonwealth to arms. Soon the capital began to feel the miseries of a blockade. Fuel was scarcely to be procured. Tilbury Fort, the place where Elizabeth had, with manly spirit, hurled foul scorn at Parma and Spain, was insulted by the invaders. The roar of foreign guns was heard, for the first and last time, by the citizens of London. In the council it was seriously proposed that, if the enemy advanced, the Tower should be abandoned. Great multitudes of people assembled in the streets crying out that England was bought and sold. The houses and carriages of the ministers were attacked by the populace; and it seemed likely that the government would have to deal at once with an invasion and with an insurrection.

Surely, if the Government of Oliver Cromwell were a republic, then the latter stands pre-eminently on the vantage ground as compared with the monarchies of the two Charles's.

But what of France, and Napoleon the Third? Here the comparison is still more unfortunate. Paris is France! With a few exceptions, outside the walls of that city, all is imbecility, approaching semi-barbarism. The intelligence of France had declared in favor of republicanism, and a democratic government had become an established fact by the acclamations of the people. How was that form of government overthrown? The Prince-President, Louis Napoleon, began from the very day he re-entered France to compass its destruction. He secured that object by a process of demoralization of the so-called 'Court' at the Elysée. The doings of that Court were a stigma on civilization, and a glaring national scandal. An eminent writer remarks, "*That the first five years' possession of supreme power by the Prince-President had mainly helped to destroy social morality in France. It no longer became a question of why this or that per-*

*son should be welcomed in the 'world,' but rather why one should be excluded.*"

The downfall of the republic of France had its origin in debauchery; it was nurtured in treachery, and it was consummated in a bloody butchery, which was perpetrated by a demoralized military despotism. France sowed the wind, and it has reaped the whirlwind. Both its press and its people are enslaved by the ruling tyrant. The moral debasement of the people has quite as much to do with the support of the despotism, as its immense standing army.

The state of public morals in any community can always be ascertained by the character of the literature which "talks," especially the literature of fiction. Now, the vital principle of this class of literature for the last ten years has been—adultery. Not merely an apology for that crime, but a recognition of it as the normal condition of society. Nay, more! the rage goes after those novels and dramatic performances which tend to ornament the eternal theme of adultery, and give it a new and pleasant air to the Parisian public!

These are the cases in point, as adduced by the *British American*, to illustrate how highly civilized peoples revert from republicanism to monarchy. These are the standards, the models of perfection set up for the purpose of exciting the admiration of Canada in favor of monarchy. It is well for the true lovers of English institutions that they can look at constitutional governments from a higher stand point.

There is one feeling predominant in almost every sentence of this article, viz: intense and unmitigated hatred to the government and to the people of the United States. Whenever the writer touches that subject, he seems at once to throw off all restraint, and to become rampant with contempt and indignation. It would appear as though the very object of this new-fangled monarchical scheme is to be established for the purpose of having a brush with that hated people. Never did a writer more distort facts, or assume as such, greater absurdities, than does this scribe of the *British American Magazine*. Our neighbours are spoken of as "*a people proudly conscious of its strength, and longing to measure it with that of the mistress of the seas, for the openly avowed purpose of annexing Canada.*" What unmitigated stupidity, thus persistently to reiterate these groundless assertions. It is true that a few of the reckless slaveholders of the South, men who are now in open rebellion against their own government, together with the Copperheads of the North, have been from time to time, wont to thunder across the

wave their idle and contemptible threats; it is also true that that portion of the American press which is in sympathy with these parties, still fills its columns with big words of war against the British Empire, but the American people and the American government are no more responsible for all this cowardly bluster, than are the people of Queen Victoria's dominions, or their rulers, for the strange extravagances of the article under review.

The writer, at almost every turn of his sentences, indulges his spleen on the obnoxious people of the States. He all along assumes that the rebellion is an accomplished fact. He describes the American Union as being "*rent and shattered by civil war, now no longer a terror to any but itself.*" He says "*the Union as one of the first-rate powers, is a thing of the past,*" and boastingly talks of the "*two or three or more States that will be formed out of its several fragments.*" He describes the States as a Union which has "*destroyed liberty, suspended the Habeas Corpus in spite of the sovereignty of the States.*" He declares "*that the Union is shivered, and about to be permanently split into several fragments, and in danger of bankruptcy,*" and having assumed all this, he then pictures the degradation of the Provinces, should they "*seek to be united to any one of the bits of the late Union, that might appear to be the best worthy of the connection.*" The man who could, at the close of the year 1863, with the results of last year's campaign, together with the recent elections confronting him, put forth to the world such blustering and unfounded assertions can not be regarded as a reliable exponent, either of history or of passing events.

What strange infatuations men of extreme views are subjected to! Who could for a moment think that the person who gave utterance to the above misrepresentations, would add:

"We only write in the hope of influencing honorable and rational men who will accept or reject a system on its merits, and according to the way in which it presents itself to their judgment. With these it is an honor to enter into discussion, even though they differ from us entirely; but with those who oppose a system of government, only because they cannot, from a conscious want of fitness, aspire to its honors, it would simply be a lowering of one's self to hold communication with them for a moment."

The writer may take it for granted, that until he assumes a more dignified and dispassionate course, his "hope of influencing honorable and rational men," is built upon the whirlwind.

Perusing the article, we however observe that the writer's definition of "*honorable*"

is far different from the vulgar one which obtains with the generality of people, and so of those who lack this distinction. These definitions are so amusing that the public ought to have the full benefit of them, Hear him!

"Under monarchy men seek distinctions in fictitious objects, the ranks of nobility, and the orders of chivalry, and are content with them; while these to command respect must be made honorable by the lives of their possessors. Hence principles of honor, chivalrous feeling, courtesy, refinement, are of necessity cultivated by those who have attained to, or seek admission into the ranks where honor is to be obtained, and society is benefited and purified by the spirit that is evoked in consequence, and which more or less spreads to the whole mass."

So much for his definition of honorable men! How does the reader like it? Now for the definition of those who lack this distinction. Again hear him!

"The bulk of the people, moved by the most contemptible of all passions, deny to others those outward signs of superiority they clearly covet, but are incapable of winning for themselves."

Poor fellow! what a pity that he did not live in the jolly times of Charles the Second, when these counterfeit qualifications passed muster for the genuine article. According to him, men are to "*seek admission into the ranks where honor is to be obtained,*" by securing lordly titles, wearing gaudy trappings, and being dignified by the accompaniment of gilded baubles. These "*fictitious objects*" are to excite men to act the part of honorable men! As for "*the bulk of the people,*" who cannot appreciate all this bunkum, the writer asserts that "*it would be simply a lowering of one self to hold communication with them for a moment.*"

All we hope is, that our democratic countrymen of these Provinces will not be led to measure the standard of English nobility as it is presented by the *British American Magazine*. With the genuine English gentleman, the "*fictitious objects*" are mere accidents of his birthright. He is honorable, not because he is a baronet or a noble by title, but because honor is a virtue to which he has been trained from his earliest infancy. The dignity of the English aristocracy sits well upon the whole class. The association of those great names with valorous deeds of the past, the lofty bearing of this upper class, lofty in their humility, the unsullied honor of their lives, the suavity and genuine simplicity of their manners, their respectful demeanor to inferiors, all combine to make them venerated by the people. Now and then we meet with a vile imitation of this genuine article in the person of some upstart, and how awkwardly does

the assumption of aristocracy sit upon the swellish snob. Of all characters, he is in our estimation the most contemptible.

There is no danger of the substantial men of Canada ever attempting to ape aristocratic life. They are content to seem to be before the world, what they really are. Their lives are an embodiment of the truth, that it does not require high sounding titles or gaudy trappings, to constitute men honorable. It is only the lackeys, and the hungry office-seekers who infest these Provinces, who would aspire to be dubbed with titles, and to be placed in positions for which they have evidently no qualifications; men who will not work for an honest livelihood, but who have cast themselves as paupers on the public purse.

Since this question is now dragged before the notice of the people, it must be looked full in the face. Here is one prominent fact not to be forgotten. The very men who are agitating the question, are the sworn enemies of a powerful neighboring government. They are moreover not careful to conceal this feeling of hate. The new monarchy, in their hands, is to be a menace to "a people proudly conscious of its strength," a people who "prattle about their equality."

The first part of the programme is a king for British America. This involves a court and all the appendages of royalty. Then follows what the writer defines as "a thorough and efficient military organization," or, in other words, a menacing standing army, sufficient effectually to guard the whole boundary of the Provinces—we beg pardon, we ought to have said, the Kingdom—against the attacks of a neighboring "people, proudly conscious of its strength."

How many millions of dollars annually all this would cost British America, we are not prepared to say. One thing is pretty certain, the great capitalists of the Provinces would seek a more congenial resort for carrying on their commercial pursuits.

But does not all history warn us of another danger, a danger inseparable from the existence of a standing army, viz: an "absolute monarchy." Reigning monarchs and standing armies fraternize with each other, and against the liberties of the people.

A large standing army would be a necessary appendage to monarchy in British America. History always repeats itself on this question, and these Provinces would form no exception to the past.

As an integral portion of the dominions of Queen Victoria, the British American provinces, if formed into one strong govern-

ment, could, under the protection of the British flag, develop their vast resources without let or hindrance; and, in the mean while, become, all that a people elevated in the scale of civilization could desire; but, once severed from their allegiance to England, who can tell where they would drift, and to what aspiring factions they would not become an easy prey. The third Napoleon has not forgotten how this country was once wrested from France; and there is no disguising the fact, that the neighboring States would not quietly brook the insolent swagger of such men as the writer of the article in the *British American*, should they be placed at the helm of the proposed government when severed from that of England.

An agitation in favor of an independent monarchy for these Provinces means a disruption of the British Empire, and as such, cannot be entertained by the loyal subjects of our gracious Queen.

#### VOICES FROM THE HEARTH; A COLLECTION OF VERSES.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER, B. C. L.

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The appearance of a new poet is like the discovery of a new planet; the latter augments the glory of heaven, the former, the grandeur of earth. But as ignorant people often mistake a meteor for a planet—a "shooting star" for a real star, so many intelligent people mistake a respectable versifier for a true poet. This reflection is suggested by the flattering notices which have appeared in the local papers on the work before us. The "Editors" have granted Mr. Ascher plenary indulgence; nay, more, they have accepted his verses, *en masse*, as credentials from the court of Apollo, and have graciously gone through the ceremonial of his coronation. We regret that we cannot afford to be so charitable. It were false leniency to the author to encourage him in the belief that he has proved himself entitled to the laurel; and if Canada is to create a literature which shall command respect abroad we must not allow any qualms arising from local or personal regard, to deter us from exposing the errors of authorship.

We grant there are occasional throbs and thrills—small flashes of sunshine and a few healthful breezes, perceptible throughout the volume. But on the whole it is too much of a dismal swanp, which few will care to traverse more than once, and the emergence from which affords a sense of relief.

The sure test of what constitutes a true poem is found in the effect which it produces upon the reader. If genuine, the effect will be either directly or indirectly emotional. If directly emotional, it will lift the soul instantly, as upon new-found wings, far above its ordinary level, and pour into it a haunting melody which will follow it and speak to it forever. If indirectly emotional, it must stimulate the intellect by originality of thought and imagery, and excite our admiration by the majesty of mental superiority. The poetry of Moore and Burns, for instance, is directly emotional; that of Milton and Byron, indirectly. Now, applying the test here propounded to the volume under consideration, what do we find? The banquet set before us comprises no less than sixty-two dishes, exclusive of course, of the introduction,—which, by-the-way, is more poetical than many of the sixty-two pieces which follow.

But as we wish to do the author no injustice, we will first instance a few pieces which indicate a certain degree of poetical genius, and which warrant the belief that he may yet, with due diligence, win "the poet's awful crown." We begin with the "Dedication."

In trust—in love—I lay  
My lowly offering, mother, at thy feet,  
All that my heart for years has fancied sweet,  
My songs from day to day.

This is natural, and the entire piece is imbued with a pathos—a beauty of filial affection, which penetrates the heart. Few will read it without feeling the reverence and sanctity inspired by the hallowed name of "Mother." The pieces entitled "By the Hearth," "Shadow," "Esther," "By the Fire-light," and "Snow," contain sufficient vitality to save them from the immediate service of the undertaker; but the conviction is forced upon us that even on these effusions, and they are the best, with one exception, in the volume, no amount of premium could induce the muses to issue a policy of life-assurance.

"Unspoken," if it does not rise to the dignity of a poem in the higher sense, has the merit of vigorous expression; its downright earnestness has the true ring of a blow struck upon the anvil of the heart.

We turn now to "Pygmalion." This composition has very justly elicited public laudation. Indeed, it is so far superior to any thing else contained in the book, we can only wonder how the brain from which it emanated could have hatched into existence the many puny, half-fledged bantams with which it is compelled to keep company. The effect produced on the mind of the impassioned sculptor by the progressive

development of his statue is admirably portrayed.

The hot noon glared upon him as he struck  
The shapeless block, and made deformity,  
Rough and uncouth, more hideous seen  
In contrast with the splendor of his thought.

He toils on with intense devotion, eager to make the pure marble assume the perfection of his ideal divinity. And when at length success stands visibly before him,—

Like one impressed at sudden joyful news  
The sculptor gazed, entranced, upon his work.

But the first rapturous tumult of his feelings is soon chilled with a sense of "tormentous incompleteness" in the statue.

The following quotation, expressive of this revulsion of feeling, is eminently beautiful:—

The icy blankness of the eyes, like death,  
Dulled the sweet marvel of their perfect shape,  
And cast a baleful shade upon his mind.  
His doubt soon broadened to a dark distrust;  
And so he fled his task and sought the Night.  
No fretful scowl disturbed her brow serene,  
Her darkness veiled the light of countless worlds

Rolling in space, in paths illimitable;  
As if God's glory shadowed all the earth!  
And so the solemn dark invoked a calm  
Within his soul, and the vague, riotous doubt  
Like fading mists that upward roll to heaven,  
Were lost in reverential awe and prayer.

There are other equally fine passages in this Poem, and it is with reluctance that we offer any remark to detract from its praise. But we consider the concluding portion defective. Our feelings are allowed to flag and drowse where they should be sustained with the fervor of a triumphant termination. It is assumed that the sculptor fell passionately in love with his statue. The image which stood forth achieved, complete in perfect loveliness of womanhood.

There is nothing unwarrantable in this assumption; indeed, it is justified by an historical fact. But we must suppose that the artist became actually insane when he required a "voice,"—whether natural or supernatural does not appear, to tell him that no "passionate look" could warm the marble into life; that only "God bestows the soul;" and hence, that all his amatory perturbation was to no purpose. The whole interest of the narrative ceases at this turn; and our sympathy with the impetuous sculptor cools down under the homily which follows, and with which the poem concludes.

Now, we think we have given Mr. Ascher full credit for all that can be justly claimed on the score of approbation.

We will now proceed to define more clearly some of his weak points. The first obvious error is an injudicious choice of subjects, the greater number being woefully hackneyed. The changes of the seasons,

the divisions of the twenty-four hours, &c., are served up in a style that no appetite, however starved, can relish. Unless a writer can enrich such subjects with some degree of sweetness, some new flavor, they are simply nauseous. Mr. Ascher has utterly failed in these trifles to present us with a solitary new idea. Some of them are what a school-girl might call "pretty;" but they are thin diet for manly constitutions. Take for example the following stanza:— (page 63.)

O gather all the falling leaves,  
And spare them; for they soon must die,  
While solemn nature mourns, and weaves  
Their funeral lullaby.

Rather a laborious task to "gather all the falling leaves!" and then we are admonished to "spare them!" The stanza is unmitigated nonsense. Once more, we quote from "Indian Summer:—"

Unnatural silence, like a pall,  
Enwraps the world, and the sun streams,  
In mellow waves of glistening gleams,  
A saintly splendor over all.

Why the *natural* phenomenon of our Indian Summer should be called "*unnatural* silence," the author, reckoning perhaps on the sagacity of his readers, leaves us to settle. We might multiply examples of this sort, but it is unnecessary. We have two "songs" in the volume, and rare specimens of songs they are. One commences with:—

O darling sister! pray for me;  
Thy whispered prayers I need.

Such a composition never should have been carried outside the domestic circle in which it originated. On page 92, we have an amatory effusion, that must have been written while Cupid was in the wash-tub, suffering the chills of ice-water. The lover makes a desperate effort to express his devotion, and at the close of the fifth stanza becomes fairly exhausted; he concludes as follows:

I falter in my rapturous song  
That lightly wanders forth to roam,  
Until from out the idle throng  
It seeks thy heart,—its destined home.

The second line of the above, especially, must strike the reader with peculiar force.

A large proportion of the volume is made up of this sort of coinage. We do not wonder that the author, in his preface, concedes that "none of his pieces may reach his *own ideal* of a true lyric." We have more respect for his judgment than to suppose they do. But why publish them? Let Byron answer:—

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't."

Much of Mr. Ascher's inspiration is evidently imbibed from Tennyson,—a diluted

source at best. In this, he does himself much injustice, for, with all his faults, the lines quoted from Pygmalion evidence more nerve, more real back-bone, in his own organism than is found in that of his protoplast. If our counsel is entitled to any weight, we beg to tender Mr. Ascher the following advice. Reduce the gaseous tendency of your thoughts to greater condensation,—let there be more objectiveness in your aims. Strive less for ornamentation of words, and more for wealth of ideas. Study out new imagery, and give over culling your fancies from the common pasturage which Pegasus has trodden under foot for a thousand years. Select original subjects, if possible, and avoid the fag-end moralizing which flutters so shabbily in the million newspaper rhymes of the day. We have no fear that this somewhat sharp critique will discourage future attempts, and we are confident that the author of VOICES FROM THE HEARTH, is too well educated to take offence at this honest plain-spoken judgment on his work. OPTIC.

Montreal, January, 1864.

#### THE CURSE OF KILWUDDIE.

KILWUDDIE BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

No a pauper in the parish  
Stent of taxes had they none;  
Neither Hielan' folk nor Brish  
'Mang them yet had refuge t'hen.

Ne'ean was kent a thieving bodie  
Steal the guid's o' rich or puir—  
No' a loek in a' Kilwuddie,  
Scarce a bar upon a door.

#### THE PUBLICAN

Took a shop in auld Kilwuddie,  
Hung a braw new painted sign,  
Tellin' ilka simple body  
He selt whiskey, yill an' wine.

Folk at first gaed in wi' caution,  
Jist to crack and taste the yill,  
But it soon grew a' the fashion  
Ilk ane roun should stan his gill.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nor alane in big Jock Gemmill's  
Sat they down to drink galore;  
But at hame they took their rambles,  
And for days kept up the splore.

Ilka guidwife, her doon-lyin'  
Hansell'd wi' the barley-bree,  
Owre ilk wab and harness tyin'  
Shopmates met to hand the spreo.

Ilka guidwife, honest bodie!  
Held that drinkin' was a sin,  
Still, a wee drap made in toddy  
Sooth'd the nerves an' brak the win'.

An Esquimaux described ardent spirits as "bad water, which has killed some of my country and made others sick."

REPORT OF THE BOARD OF INSPECTORS OF ASYLUMS, PRISONS, &c., 1862.

We much regret that we have been unable to obtain a copy of this Report until just before going to press. We have somewhat to say respecting this document, but are compelled to reserve our remarks until the issue of our next Number. When they do appear, they will no doubt take many of our readers by surprise. At any rate they will not be very flattering to some of the Inspectors. We will, however, take this opportunity to state, that after the perusal of this Report, we are utterly confounded at the course adopted by the Auditors towards the Montreal Jailer, Mr. McGinn. After a careful perusal of those charges, as they appear in the *Quebec Mercury* taken in connexion with the Report, we have no hesitation in saying, that unless some more clear vindication of the conduct of those who have taken the initiative in this affair shall be presented to the public, they will not come out of it with very clean hands.

Before reading the Report, we were inclined to think that Mr. McGinn, who is a stranger to us, had been acting contrary to some given regulations stipulated by law for the government of prisons; but to our utter astonishment, as we read on and on, we discovered that with the exception of some "Prison Rules" recently framed by the Inspectors, and sanctioned by the Governor General, but of no legal force, the Jailors have been, and to this day remain, without any recognized regulations or books, and that the prisoners have been "Farmed" out to the Jailors, the latter entering into contract with the local authorities to provide rations at so much per head per day. In each case, though the Inspectors condemn the system, they at the same time recognize the conduct of the Jailors as legitimate, and according to contract. There is no exception made in the Report—no, not to Montreal. The Inspectors say, "The cost of food fixed by contract with the Jailors, in some prisons came to 40 cents a day, the average price being probably about 25 cents a day for each prisoner;" again they say, "In the Jail of Barrie, where the Jailer is still allowed to cater for the prisoners, the cost is 34 cents per day for each prisoner." They speak of a new prison dietary being adopted in some instances with great advantage, but in others they complain that the old system of contracting with the jailors for prisoner's rations, is still continued by the local authorities.

The statistics, like every other portion

of this Report are miserably defective, and leave us to grope our way to facts in the dark, but from all we can gather from the confused jumble of figures, it appears to us that the only difference between Mr. McGinn and the other Jailors, is, that he has catered for the prisoners at about half the average cost charged elsewhere, and notwithstanding the fact, that the Montreal Jail partakes more of the character of a hospital than of a prison.

This cry of "STOP THIEF," got up against Mr. McGinn, looks very much like an attempt got up by some party or other, not appearing on the surface, to make political capital in the City of Montreal.

If Mr. McGinn has been "STEALING," as insinuated by the *Quebec Mercury* what of those Jailors who have received by contract at least three times the sum per head per day for the supply of rations as compared with his charges, and that, in cases where the prisons were not converted into hospitals and lunatic asylums?

We repeat it, that unless these accusers are prepared to make out a clearer case against Mr. McGinn, they must stand publicly branded with an attempt to create popularity with the citizens of Montreal at the expense of a public servant of twenty years' standing, and of hitherto untarnished reputation.

If there has been a recognised contract with Mr. McGinn, either written or verbal, then the Auditors and Inspectors had no more right to examine that gentleman's vouchers for tea, &c., than they would have to demand the inspection of those of the Provincial M.P.'s, who according to contract, are allowed \$6 per day to defray their expenses in Quebec, but who in some instances clear out for one-third of that sum. The charge both for the tea per quart to the prisoners, and the allowance for board to the M. P.'s, is much too high, but so long as in each case it is not in excess of the recognized contracts, there can be no imputation against the character of any of the parties concerned. Notwithstanding these unproved charges against the Montreal Jailer, it may yet turn out that Mr. McGinn is as incapable of a dishonorable action as any of his public accusers. At any rate let the public pause before joining in the cry of "STOP THIEF." The burden of proof rest with those who have preferred the charge—it ought to be forthcoming! The public have a right to know who is the guilty party—if Mr. McGinn, let him be punished as he deserves, if these Government officials, then let the weight of this scandal revert upon their own heads.

# The Royal Insurance Company, FIRE AND LIFE OF ENGLAND.

Royal Insurance Buildings, Montreal,

## FIRE DEPARTMENT.

**Advantages to Fire Insurers,**

**T**HE COMPANY is enabled to direct the attention of the public to the advantages afforded this Branch:—

- 1st. Security unquestionable.
- 2nd. Revenue of almost unexampled magnitude.
- 3rd. Every description of Property Insured at moderate rates.
- 4th. Promptitude and Liberality of Settlement.
- 5th. A liberal reduction made for Insurances effected for a term of years.

**FIRE PREMIUM, 1862, EXCEEDED \$1,500,000.**

## LIFE DEPARTMENT.

**LARGE LIFE BONUSES**

DECLARED 1855 AND 1860,

**3 Per Cent. Per Annum On Sum Assured,**

**Being the LARGEST BONUS ever Continuously Declared by any Office.**

## Bonus to Life Assurers.

The Directors invite attention to a few of the advantages the "ROYAL" offers to its Life Assurers:—

- 1st. The Guarantee of an ample Capital, and Exemption of the Assured from Liability of Partnership.
  - 2nd. Moderate Premiums.
  - 3rd. Small Charge for Management.
  - 4th. Prompt Settlement of Claims.
  - 5th. Days of Grace allowed with the most liberal interpretation.
  - 6th. Large Participation of Profits by the Assured, amounting to TWO-THIRDS of their net amount, every five years, to Policies then two entire years in existence.
- The "ROYAL" INSURANCE COMPANY is advancing more rapidly in the confidence of the public than any other Company in existence.

H. L. ROUTH,

AGENT, MONTREAL.

December 29.



# J. J. HIGGINS & Co.,

COTE ST. PAUL



## AXE FACTORY,



MONTREAL.

J. J. HIGGINS & Co. took the First Prize for their CELEBRATED AXES when they competed at the

### WORLD'S EXHIBITION,

HELD IN PARIS, 1855.

They also took First Prizes at the following

### PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS:

AT THE

### SHERBROOKE EXHIBITION,

Of 1855.

AT THE MONTREAL EXHIBITION,  
OF 1857,

### FIRST PRIZE WITH DIPLOMA.

AT THE

### PRINCE OF WALES EXHIBITION,

MONTREAL, 1860,

### First Prize Medal and Diploma.

AT THE

### MONTREAL EXHIBITION,

OF 1863.

### First Prize with Diploma.

AT THE

### KINGSTON EXHIBITION,

OF 1863,

### FIRST PRIZE.

*Wherever J. J. Higgins & Co., have exhibited their Axes and other Tools, they have invariably carried away the highest prizes awarded for that class of goods.*

**All Orders must be addressed to Messrs. Frothingham & Workman, St. Paul Street, Montreal.**

# J. J. HIGGINS & CO.,

## AXE AND EDGE TOOL FACTORY,

### COTE ST. PAUL, MONTREAL.

Canadian Broad



Bit Axes No. 1.

Ship Carpenters'



Adzes.



Carpenters' Bench Axes, No. 4.

Carpenters'



Adzes.

Chopping



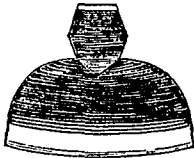
Axes, ass'd.

Together with all the intermediate numbers, down to

#### CARPENTERS'

#### AXES,

Ottawa Broad Axe,



10 to 12 lbs.

Ship Carpenters'



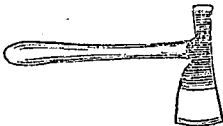
Axes, Nos. 1 & 2.

Masons'

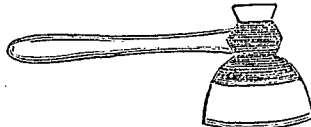


Hammers.

Lathing Hatchet.



Nos. 1 and 2.



Cast Steel Pointed Picks.



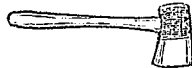
Cast Steel Edge Grabbing Axes.



#### FIREMENS' AXES.



Hunters' Axes.



Boys' Axes.

#### BENCH

No. 9.

Western Broad Axe,



6 to 8 lbs.

Railroad

Blacksmiths'

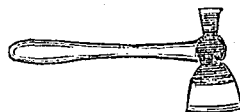


Sledges.



Adze.

Shingling Hatchet.



Nos. 1 and 2.

The following articles are made to order:—

Planing Knives of all descriptions  
 Paper Mill " " "  
 Bookbinders' Knives " " "  
 Tobacco Stave " " "  
 Leather Splitting " " "

Mowing and Reaping Knives of all descriptions.  
 Dies for cutting Envelopes.  
 " " Rubber Manufacturers.  
 " " Root & Shoe Makers, Soles and Taps.  
 " " Gloves.

All descriptions of **EDGE TOOLS** manufactured to Order.

*All Orders must be addressed to Messrs. FROTHINGHAM & WORKMAN,  
 St. Paul Street, Montreal.*

# PHOTOGRAPHY.

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**G. MARTIN,**  
**PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE PEOPLE,**  
*CORNER OF*  
**CRAIG AND SAINT PETER STREETS,**  
**MONTREAL.**

Mr. MARTIN has been established in Montreal about eleven years, during which period steady progression has characterised his business.

**HIS PHOTOGRAPHS**  
**BEAR THE HIGHEST FINISH.**

ALL SIZES, FROM THE  
**BEAUTIFUL CARTE DE VISITE,**  
TO

**FULL LENGTH LIFE SIZE,**

Executed in every Style—Plain, or Colored in Water Colors or Oil, or touched in India Ink, and furnished at

**MODERATE PRICES.**

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OLD DAUGERROTYPES, OR OTHER PORTRAITS,  
Copied, & enlarged to any size, & rendered like life itself.

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**HIS CARTES DE VISITE**  
**ARE UNIVERSALLY ADMIRIED.**

**DR. J. A. BAZIN,**  
**DENTIST,**

39 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,—Next door North of Methodist Church.

**All Operations Warranted.**

**THE DIAMOND BLACK LEAD,**  
IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE  
**BEST STOVE POLISH,**

Manufactured by RICKETT & SONS, London, England. Sold by Grocers and Hardwaremen.

WALTER MARRIAGE, Agent, Montreal.

**ALSO, RICKETT'S CELEBRATED FRENCH BALL BLUE.**

**NO LIQUORS SOLD IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT.**

**GEORGE GRAHAM,**

(SUCCESSOR TO GEORGE CHILDS,)

DEALER IN

**CHOICE TEAS, COFFEE, FRUITS,**

Spices, Pickles, Preserves, Sauces, Oils,

**GENERAL GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,**

**No. 287 Notre Dame Street, (West End,)**

**MONTREAL.**

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR BEST DAIRY BUTTER.

☞ Goods delivered to any part of the City Free of Charge.

**GLASGOW DRUG HALL, No. 286 NOTRE DAME STREET.**

**J. A. HARTE,**  
**FAMILY & DISPENSING CHEMIST,**

*Importer of Genuine British Drugs and Chemicals,*

**Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Soaps, & Toilet Articles.**

Proprietor of McPherson's Cough Lozenges, Smith's Celebrated Washing Crystal, Horsford's American Yeast Powder, Cooper's Vegetable Worm Lozenges, and Sole Agent for the celebrated St. Leon Mineral Water.



MADE BY

# GENUINE WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE.

Over 128,000 sold and every one perfect.

150 are being manufactured daily.

"The Wheeler & Wilson Machine is unrivaled in all the excellencies that constitute a good machine, while, in artistic finish it vies with the piano in the boudoir."—*N. Y. Independent.*

"Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine in the family is not a foolish toy, but a really useful worker. It will save the time and health of ten women, and do the work easier and better."—*Water-Cure Journal.*

"We prefer the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines for family use. Ultimately nearly every comfortable household will

WHEELER & WILSON'S  
HIGHEST PREMIUM



have its Sewing Machine."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Wheeler & Wilson's Machines are the favorites for families, being especially adapted to that purpose. They work more rapidly with less friction, and with a greater economy of thread than most, if not all, others."—*N. Y. Times.*

"Wheeler & Wilson Machines are the best ever offered to public patronage. They are simple and durable; easily kept in repair; work without noise; sew with great rapidity; make an even and firm stitch on both sides, that will not rip; economize thread, and are applicable to every purpose and material common to the art in question."—*Christian Inquirer.*

The following is from the graceful pen of Mrs. Mary Howitt, a name familiar to lovers of humanity and truth wherever the English language is read.

WEST HILL LODGE, HIGHGATE, LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

*Testimony before the Patent Commissioner.*

REV. DR. TYNG said, in substance, that in view of the beneficial effect of Sewing Machines, he has taken much interest in endeavouring to have poor women supplied with them; and, as the result of his observation, that "their condition has been very much improved by them," and that "intelligent sewing women are now generally satisfied of the importance and value of these machines."

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

200 Mulberry Street, N. Y. }

Being in constant receipt of inquiries from our brethren respecting Sewing Machines, with requests to recommend and purchase, we have, in conjunction with some lady friends, carefully and thoroughly examined the various machines of practical value for family sewing, and find those made by the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company, 505 Broadway, New York, to fully combine the essentials of a good instrument, and such as we can confidently recommend.

Having seen so favorable results from their use, in our own and the households of our friends, we are desirous that their benefits should be shared by all our brethren, and hence have interested ourselves in their behalf.

ABEL STEVENS,  
JAMES FLOY,  
DANIEL WISE,  
DAVID TERRY,

THOMAS CARLTON,  
J. PORTER,  
J. BENJ. EDWARDS,  
WM. A. COX.

# Names of some of the Nobility and Gentry

WHO HAVE PURCHASED THE

## WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE

IN ENGLAND.

Lady M. Alfred,  
Countess of Abergavenny,  
Lady Harriet Ashley,  
Prof. Arenstien,  
Marchioness of Ailsa,  
Lady Emma Antlerton,  
Col. Armstrong,  
Mrs. John Arkwright,  
Sir Benj. Armitage,  
Lieut. Col. Arncliffe,  
Lord Bolton,  
Lady Broughton,  
Lady Bateman,  
Viscountess Bangor,  
Lady Proctor Beauchamp,  
Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck,  
Countess of Besborough,  
Lady Bright,  
Admiral Barnard,  
Col. G. Briggs,  
Hon. Mrs. Brind,  
Grand Count de Bobadelo,  
Hon. Mrs. Yarde Buller,  
Lady E. Brynn,  
Lady C. Berkeley,  
Hon. Jas. Byng,  
Lady Boxer,  
Lady Eliza Daltell,  
Lady Harriet Bentinck,  
Marquis of Camden,  
Lady Adelaide Cadogan,  
Admiral Cutler,  
Lady Blanche Craven,  
Gen. F. Cotton,  
Lady Mary Craven,  
Lady Chamberlain,  
La Marquise Calabrin,  
Lady E. Cust,  
Lord Bishop of Carlisle,  
Baroness De Clifford,  
His Excellency Earl Cowley,  
Marchioness of Drogheda,  
Viscountess Mountmorris,  
Lady Louise Cotes,  
Hon. Mrs. P. Chichester,  
Lady Dyke,  
Hon. Mrs. Damer,  
Venerable Archdeacon Deltry,  
His Excellency Col. D'Arcy,  
Hon. Lady Dering,  
Lady Digby,  
Hon. Mrs. B. Dickman,  
Viscount Duplin,  
Lady Donaldson,  
Rear Admiral Chas. Eden,  
Rear Admiral Elliott,  
Hon. Beatrice Egerton,  
Hon. Mr. Edwards,  
Count M. Evizzo,

Earl Fitzwilliams,  
Lady Louisa Fielding,  
Lady Foley,  
Lady Feversham,  
Countess Gramard,  
Lady Payne Galtway,  
Hon. Mrs. Gordon,  
Lady Augusta Gordon,  
Lady Goring,  
Lord Grey de Wilton,  
Hon. Rear Admiral Grey,  
Hon. Mrs. O'Grady,  
Viscountess Gormanston,  
Countess Grey,  
Hon. Mrs. Hamilton,  
Lady L. Howard,  
Col. Hill,  
Rev. Lord Chas. Hervey,  
Lady Harriet Harvey,  
Lady Edwin Hill,  
Hon. Mr. Henly,  
Sir Thos. Heplurn,  
Lady Herschell,  
Marquis of Hastings,  
Lady Julia,  
Countess of Durham,  
Sir Matthew White Ridley,  
Hon. Col. Cathcart,  
Viscountess Cholmondeley,  
Lady Frederick Kerr,  
Lady Kenyon,  
Sir Arnold Knight,  
Hon. Arthur Kinnaird,  
Hon. Judge Longfield,  
Lady Theresa Lewis,  
Lady Lindsay,  
Lady Lovini,  
Lady Hester Lecke,  
Lady Francis Lloyd,  
Sir Baldwin Leighton,  
Countess of Macclesfield,  
Countess of Malton,  
Countess of Mount Charles,  
Hon. Geo. Laelles,  
Sir Henry Montgomery,  
Harriet Martineau,  
Lady Matherson,  
Lady Maclenn,  
Sir John Michel,  
Hon. Mrs. Morse,  
Lady Caroline Maxse,  
Countess Minnwaiki,  
Duchess of Norfolk,  
Lady Dorothy Neville,  
Hon. Mr. Nilde,  
Lady E. Osborne,  
Mrs. O'Callaghan,  
Hon. S. O'Grady,  
Col. O'Halloran,

Lady Polk,  
Lady Peto,  
Lady Louisa Douglass Pennant,  
Hon. Mrs. Chas. Peel,  
Hon. Mrs. C. Powlett,  
Hon. Mrs. Pereira,  
Lady Mary Phipps,  
Lady Portman,  
Lady Pollock,  
Lady Pigot,  
Lady Prescott,  
Lady Sophia Pellam,  
Lady Rindlesham,  
Viscountess Ingestrie,  
Ki Koolo Gundli, Japanese Ambassador,  
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Baron W. F. Riese, Stafford,  
Viscount Southwell,  
Hon. Lady Stafford,  
Hon. Lady Seymour,  
Countess of Seafield,  
Mrs. Stephenson,  
Hon. Mrs. W. O. Stanley,  
Hon. Mrs. Staungway,  
Countess of Sefton,  
Countess of Southesk,  
Lady Suffield,  
Hon. Mrs. Solan Symond,  
Lady Sydney,  
Rev. Lord John Thynne,  
Lady Trollope,  
Lady Templemore,  
Hon. Mrs. Keith Stewart,  
Admiral Tucker,  
Hon. Mrs. Toulton Tynons,  
Lady Downer Templemore,  
Hon. Mrs. Tottenham,  
Hon. Mrs. Toulton,  
Hon. Mrs. Tichborne,  
Dr. Thomson, Lord Bishop of Gloucester  
and Bristol,  
Hon. Mrs. Vavnsour,  
Lord Wharnciffe,  
Hon. Mrs. Williams,  
Marchioness of Winchester,  
Countess of Winterton,  
Hon. Mrs. Wall,  
Lady Howard de Walden,  
Lady Walsingham,  
Lady Julia Wombwell,  
Lady Charles Wellesley,  
Lady Mary Wood,  
Princess Wagram,  
Lady W. Whiell,  
Lady Worsley,  
Countess of Zetland.

## A FEW WORDS ON THE LATE SEWING MACHINE CONTROVERSY.

Some months back, a long discussion appeared in the Montreal Newspapers respecting the merits of the Wanzer Machine. The proprietors of this Machine spent some \$3000 in advertising, and crowded the columns of our City papers for the purpose of thrusting themselves into notoriety, and that at the expense of all competitors. We spent some \$120 in advertising a few replies to their extravagant puffs.

In their last communication, they publicly boast that they had been using us for their own purpose, and that being served, they say, "*For our part, we are done with you. We are thoroughly satisfied with the result of our joint advertising. . . . We do not see that you can be of any further use to us.*" This badgering being in keeping with all their former offensive productions, only recoiled upon themselves, but did not in the least move us. We felt that we could well afford to bide our time and wait the issue of events.

They upbraided us for not appearing at the Provincial Exhibition. No doubt it would have answered their purpose right well for us to have done so, and for this simple reason;—according to a very absurd and unprecedented rule of these Canadian Exhibitions, no article of foreign manufacture, is allowed to be put into competition with those produced within the Province. Hence, the very best Machine of any kind that the ingenuity of man could frame, or the world could produce, if exhibited in these Provincial Shows, could not take even the lowest prize offered, while at the same time, a thoroughly worthless machine, if manufactured in Canada, may, and often does, carry off the highest prize. Would honorable men, in the face of this fact, attempt to make it appear to the public, that we were afraid of coming into competition with them? This is one illustration of the way Messrs. Wanzer & Co. throw dust into people's eyes. No doubt they did entertain the hope that we should exhibit. Had we been silly enough to have done so, they would have gone before the public, as they have had the dishonesty to do before, with a flourish of trumpets, proclaiming that they had carried off the first prize, while competing against the Wheeler & Wilson Machines.

Messrs. Wanzer & Co. in one of their announcements, publicly stated that large numbers of parties who were in possession of the Wheeler & Wilson Machines, were offering them at a greatly reduced price, as part payment, in exchange for the Wanzer Machine, and that to such an extent, that they had at length been compelled to decline taking in any more of the Wheeler & Wilson Machines at any price. Believing this statement to be a pure fabrication, we proposed to allow them five dollars profit on all Machines thus bartered, but there has been no response! And why? Simply because the entire statement was a cunning invention of their own brain, and had no foundation in fact.

We have already said, that when Messrs. Wanzer boastingly published that they had no further use for us, we were resolved to bide our time and wait the

issue of events. How does the matter stand just now? They have spent some \$3000 in advertising the most absurd challenges about stitching timber, &c. &c., until the public grew sick, and in their loathing exclaimed,

"Of Wanzer puffs there's been enough,  
Of sewing planks and all such stuff!"

Ladies began to feel that Messrs. Wanzer & Co. were guilty of an implied insult in these gratuitous offers to teach them the art of sewing shingles, deal boards and other lumber, and especially those, who, when unfortunately too late, discovered that however fitting these Machines were to do carpenter's work, many of them were worthless for all other purposes.

We have already shewn that Messrs. Wanzer & Co. have introduced themselves before the public by false representations. We have publicly offered them \$3000 to prove the truth of some of the statements which they have put forth. Is it not evident that they would have done so if they could? By so doing they would have established the reputation of their Machine—would have driven us from the market—secured the sum of \$3000 and have saved their own reputation for truthfulness. Their position is truly a pitiable one. They stand before the public accused of repeatedly making false representations for the purpose of disposing of a miserable article, and they have not the manliness to resent the charge, nor the ability to extricate themselves.

The practical result has been, that so far as Wanzer & Co. are concerned, these Machines, sent out on trial, have been in some instances returned as useless, and in cases when made a present, have been deemed unworthy of acceptance even on those terms. In the mean time, while (as we understand) their sales have dwindled down to insignificance, ours have more than doubled, and are continually on the increase.

We are much obliged to Messrs. Wanzer & Co. for having spent some \$3000 in prodigal advertisements, as they have turned out, for the special benefit of the Wheeler & Wilson Machine. Nor do we at all grudge the \$120 which we hazarded at the back of it, for the purpose of keeping our own heads above the water, when we were threatened with being carried away in that swelling stream of words. To quote their own expression, so boastingly put forth in their last letter, we had "*our own axe to grind*," and we have got it well sharpened, but it has cost Messrs. Wanzer & Co. about \$3000 to supply the motive power to keep the stone revolving for *our* purpose.

Messrs. Wanzer & Co. say that our "*whole course in this controversy has been inexplicable*." Results have shewn that we have at any rate adopted the proper course in exposing the worthlessness of their Machine, and securing a more extensive appreciation of the value of the Wheeler & Wilson.

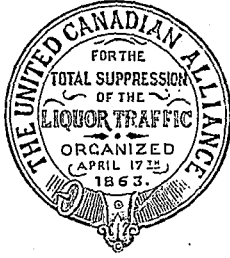
We wish Messrs. Wanzer & Co. a happy New Year, and again thank them for services rendered. When they have another \$3000 to spend in turning the stone, we will find another of our "*axes for them to grind*."

S. B. SCOTT & CO.



**Truth is Mighty.**

**The Liquor Traffic is a prolific source of Crime, Immorality, Poverty, Disease, Insanity and Premature Death.**



## **A BROAD PLATFORM**

**On which all Temperance Reformers, and Patriots, together with all other "Good Men and True" may meet and combine for the accomplishment of one Grand Purpose.**

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(About twenty clergymen and gentlemen have already consented to allow their names to stand as Vice-Presidents of the Alliance, but as the list is still incomplete, and is now in the hands of the revising committee, it has been thought best not to re-publish it in its present imperfect form.)

**Officers.**

*Recording Secretary.*—Mr. WILLIAM McWATTERS, Montreal.  
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## **DECLARATION OF COUNCIL**

*(Adopted from the United Kingdom Alliance of Great Britain.)*

- 1.—That it is neither right nor politic for the Government to afford legal protection and sanction to any traffic or system that tends to increase crime, to waste the resources of the Province, to corrupt the social habits, and to destroy the health and lives of the people.
- 2.—That the traffic in intoxicating liquors, as common beverages, is inimical to the true interests of individuals, and destructive of the order and welfare of Society, and ought, therefore, to be prohibited.
- 3.—That the history and results of all past legislation in regard to the liquor traffic, abundantly prove that it is impossible, satisfactorily, to limit or regulate a system so essentially mischievous in its tendencies.
- 4.—That no considerations of private gain or public revenue can justify the upholding of a system so utterly wrong in principle, suicidal in policy, and disastrous in results, as the traffic in intoxicating liquors.
- 5.—That the legislative prohibition of the liquor traffic is perfectly compatible with rational liberty and with all the claims of justice and legitimate commerce.
- 6.—That the legislative prohibition of the liquor traffic would be highly conducive to the development of a progressive civilization.
- 7.—That, rising above class, sectarian, or party considerations, all good citizens should combine to procure an enactment prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages, as affording most efficient aid in removing the appalling evil of intemperance.

Signed on behalf of the Council,

MALCOLM CAMERON, President.

**The Liquor Traffic is a grievous wrong inflicted upon the persons and property of Her Majesty's subjects at large.**

**Union is Strength.**

# TO ADVERTISERS

## THE "CANADIAN PATRIOT"

Presents considerable advantages, inasmuch as it is the only avowed Organ of the Temperance and Prohibition Reformation, in circulation over Canada.

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Every information on the subject of Life Assurance, will be given here  
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# ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE



(BY PROVINCIAL LETTERS PATENT.)

## FOR PRESERVING AND CLEANSING THE TEETH.

It is unnecessary, at the present day, to urge upon an enlightened public the importance of keeping the mouth and its appendages in a perfect state of cleanliness. A habit so much in keeping with good taste, so essential to personal appearance and comfort, and so indispensable to those who desire a pure breath, needs no other recommendation,—to say nothing of the long train of evil consequences to the general health that invariably follow its neglect.

The immediate **CAUSE OF THE LOSS** of teeth is external to them, and always dependent upon the condition under which they exist in the mouth; hence the necessity of keeping them free from all matter that may act injuriously upon them, and this can only be done by the constant and frequent use of a **SUITABLE DENTIFRICE**, one which will not only restore them to their natural whiteness, but at the same time neutralize any injurious substances that may be about them. It has been ascertained by **MICROSCOPIC RESEARCHES** that, in many cases, the incrustations on the Teeth are composed of the remains of **ANIMALCULI**, which, unless removed, prove **HIGHLY DESTRUCTIVE**. The ordinary Tooth Powders are wholly ineffectual in the removal of this substance; but the ingredients of which Dr. Elliot's Dentifrice is composed render it most efficacious, not only for its removal, but also for the prevention of it.

With the Tooth Powders generally that are now before the Public, there are two great faults, and unfortunately these faults are their principal attractions to persons who are unacquainted with their deleterious properties, owing to the presence of **MINERAL ACIDS**, and **PUMICE**, or other hard substances, in their composition; the first, by decomposing the enamel, gives to the teeth an unnatural whiteness; the last abrades the enamel, and, at the same time, irritates unnecessarily the Gums, causing their **RECESSION** from the Teeth.

This Powder, composed of the **MOST INNOCENT AROMATIC SUBSTANCES**, is made from the original receipt of Dr. ELLIOT, formerly of Montreal, and is the result of many years of experience and observation, acquired in a large dental practice.

The use of this Dentifrice for many years has been confined to his own patients; but, at the repeated solicitations of his friends, he has now placed the receipt in the hands of the subscribers, who alone are authorized to prepare the same. It has for its principal object the **PRESERVATION OF THE TEETH AND GUMS** in a perfect state of health. **IT REMOVES TARTAR AND PREVENTS THE TEETH FROM BECOMING DISCOLORED AND LOOSE**. It removes the odour of the cigar, and unpleasant taste remaining after fever. **IT IMPARTS FRAGRANCE** to the breath and renders Artificial Teeth **SWEET AND CLEAN**.

**PARTICULAR NOTICE**.—Owing to numerous imitations of Elliot's Dentifrice, ask for **ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE**, and take no substitute.

**PROPRIETOR'S NOTICE**—Every infraction of the Trade Mark will be followed by legal proceedings.

The sole Proprietors of **ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE** are **S. J. LYMAN & CO.**, Montreal.

# ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE.

Since the first introduction of this Dentifrice the demand has been steadily increasing. All who have used it, testify to its excellent and agreeable qualities. The following are submitted as showing the high estimation in which it is held:—

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

**ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE.**—Having made use of this excellent tooth powder, we cannot too highly commend it to our readers. It seems to possess all the requisites of a Dentifrice, being agreeable to the taste, while it is most efficient as a cleanser of the teeth, rendering them white without injuring the enamel. We notice it is prepared from the recipe of Dr. Elliot, whose experience and skill in the dental art should of itself be sufficient to justify implicit confidence in his recommendation.—*Montreal Herald.*

**POUDRE DENTIFRICE.**—Au nombre des meilleurs procédés pharmaceutiques, employés pour l'entretien des dents, il faut citer la poudre d'Elliot. Cette poudre préparée par MM. S. J. Lyman et Cie., n'a pas seulement des propriétés conservatrices excellentes pour les dents, mais elle est encore contre les douleurs odontalgiques et les névroses de la mâchoire un antidote infaillible. Nous en avons fait usage, et en la recommandant nous pouvons dire; *Experto crede Roberto.*—*La Moniteur.*

**ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE.**—To all who value good teeth, we recommend the use of this Dentifrice, prepared and sold by S. J. Lyman & Co., Montreal.—*True Witness.*

**ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE.**—Good teeth are as essential to a beautiful face as a good nose—we have certainly seen the beauty of a countenance vanish with the first smile which disclosed a row of discolored bones instead of pearly ivory, as the organs of mastication. If ordinary care is given to the teeth there is no reason why they should not fulfil perfectly the function which nature has intended instead of being a source of pain and annoyance—a good brush with suitable powder, regularly used, will preserve the teeth in their natural whiteness and health. Dr. Elliot has invented a powder which seems to be “the very thing” required—it cleanses, without injury to the teeth, imparts health to the gums, and fragrance to the breath. We advise all those who desire to preserve, in their natural state of whiteness and beauty, those indispensables to our health and comfort—the teeth—to use Elliot's Dentifrice. We observe Messrs. Jennings and McCarthy have received a supply.—*Monarchist, Ottawa.*

*From Rev. Dr. Adamson, Chaplain The Hon. Legislative Council, &c.*

TORONTO, July 21st, 1856.

**GENTLEMEN:**—Having used Elliot's Dentifrice for some time, I can confidently recommend it as well calculated to cleanse and preserve the teeth and impart health and consistency to the gums. I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

W. AGAR ADAMSON, D.C.L.

*From the Honorable Mr. Justice McCord.*

TEMPLE GROVE, Montreal, 3rd Oct., 1854.

DEAR SIRS,—The Dentifrice prepared by W. H. Elliot, Esquire, Dr. Dental Surgery, has been in use in my family for several years, and I can safely recommend it as one of the best Dentifrices I have ever used.—I remain, yours truly,

J. S. McCORD.

Messrs. S. J. LYMAN & CO., Place d'Armes.

*Du Reverendissime l'Evêque de Cydonia, et Coadjuteur de Montréal.*

MONTREAL, 3rd Nov., 1855.

Cette excellente poudre m'est connue par mon expérience personnelle, depuis plusieurs années. Je la trouve éminemment propre à produire l'effet désiré, sans faire craindre pour les dents ou pour les gencives, les inconvénients causés par ces poudres, ou il entre des ingrédients corrosifs.

Dans l'occasion je me ferai un plaisir de la recommander. Avec considération, Messieurs, votre reconnaissant serviteur,

† JOSEPH, EVEQUE DE CYDONIA.

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By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., of the Free Church, Edinburgh, Scotland, p.p. 215, with a valuable Appendix of facts, as proof of the "Sins and Sorrows." - PRICE 50c.

A Correspondent writes the following estimate of its worth:—"Every Minister of the Gospel should have this book. There is not a parent, who can read, but should have it, as every young man of any knowledgeable attainments. The 'Sins and Sorrows' so vividly referred to in this book, have their existences in the cities, towns, and villages of Canada, as well as in the localities of noted 'Corners,' where the evil influences pictured in it may be found. There appears no hope for anything else but an irreligious retrogression, as things at present are, so long as the causes exist, (created by man himself,) which Dr. Guthrie so truthfully lays before the world, notwithstanding the exertions of professing Christians with the help of Ministers, Churches, Sunday Schools, and Common Schools, and the circulation of religious books, religious newspapers and periodicals. The 'One great Sin,' nurtured by professing Christians, will destroy, as such has destroyed, the activities of all well-intentioned efforts of good people, enough to make angels weep, and man to mourn and cry. This book contains its picture."

Stratford, C. W., 18 Nov, 1863.  
(Will Editors be so good as to take a gratuitous notice of the above Book?)

Temperance, and Prohibition of Retail.

"THE CHALLENGE,"

A Prohibitory Liquor License Paper, is occasionally published by J. J. E. Linton, of Stratford, C.W., gratis. Commenced in April 1854. Is devoted to the subject of the necessity for a prohibition of the Retail in all public places, bars, and bar-rooms, of Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors.

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