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THE  
**CITY ADVERTISER,**

AND  
 MONTHLY VISITOR.

**GRATIS.**

CIRCULATION UNLIMITED.

Vol. I.

DECEMBER, 1852.

No. 1.

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The "CITY ADVERTISER AND MONTHLY VISITOR" will be published on the first of each month, and circulated throughout the city GRATIS. A copy will be posted to every one who will give us their address.

OFFICE, No. 3, JOHN STREET, MONTREAL.

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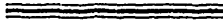
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**CITY ADVERTISER.**

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# OUR EFFORT.



It is not our intention to encroach on the ground occupied by the Press of this city, but to open out a path for ourselves—a path at once new, striking, and liberal.

We purpose to give—not to our subscribers, for we have none—but to all who will receive it, a copy of this Journal—**GRATIS**.

We purpose to publish once a month, to give extensive circulation throughout the City and Province; also in the neighboring Towns in the United States.

Our reading matter will be such as will give offence to none, but secure us a kind and welcome reception into every family.

Our advertising pages will be open to all our fellow-citizens at the terms stated in our first advertising page.

No quack or hurtful advertisements will be received.

This Journal will be an economical and steady medium of advertising.

Our Office is No. 3 John Street.

Our Box 347 Post Office.

Our letters must be post-paid.

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## OUR TARIFF.

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Whole page, first insertion.....	0	15	0
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## WINTER !

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 WINTER BLANKETS,  
 WINTER SHAWLS,  
 WINTER CLOAKS,  
 WINTER HOSIERY,  
 WINTER GLOVES,

—AND,—

WINTER UNDERCLOTHING,

AT

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WEST.

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*French Merinos,*  
*British Merinos,*  
*Colored Cobourghs,*  
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*Britannias,*  
*Mohairs,*

AT

**ARTHUR'S NEW STORE,**

182 Notre Dame Street,

WEST.

# MY SISTER KATE.

A MORAL TALE.

---

THERE is a low road (but it is not much frequented, for it is terribly round about) that passes at the foot of the range of hills that skirt the long and beautiful gut or Firth of the Clyde, in the west of Scotland : and as you go along this road, either up or down, the sea or firth is almost at your very side, the hills rising above you ; and you are just opposite to the great black and blue mountains on the other side of the gut, that sweep in heavy masses, or jut out in bold capes, at the mouth of the deep lochs that run up the Firth into the picturesque highlands of Argyleshire.

You may think of the scene what you please, because steam-boating has, of late years, profaned it somewhat into commonness, and defiled its pure air with filthy puffs of coal smoke ; and because the *Comet* and all her unfortunate passengers were sunk to the bottom of this very part of the firth ; and because, a little time previous, a whole boatful of poor highland reaper girls were also run down in the night-time, while they were asleep, and drowned near the Clough light-house hard by ; but if you were to walk this road by the seaside any autumn afternoon, going towards the bathing village of Gourrock, you would say, as you looked across to the highlands, and up the Clyde, towards the rock of Dunbarton Castle, that there are few scenes more truly magnificent and interesting.

There is a little village exactly opposite to you, looking across the

firth, which is called Dunoon, and contains the burying place of the great House of Argyle ; and which, surrounded by a patch of green cultivated land, sloping pleasantly from the sea, and covering snugly by itself, with its picturesque cemetery, under the great blue hills frowning behind, looks, from across the firth, absolutely like a tasteful little haunt of the capricious spirit of romance.

Well, between this road, on the lowland side of the firth, and the water's edge, and before it winds off round by the romantic seat of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, farther up, there stands, or stood, two or three small fishing cottages, which, from the hills nearly over them, looked just like white shells, of a large size, dropped fancifully down upon the green common between the hills and the road. In these cottages, it was observed, the fishermen had numerous families, who, while young, assisted them in their healthful employment ; and that the girls, of which there was a number, were so wild in their contented seclusion, that if any passenger on the road stopped to observe them, as they sat in groups on the green, mending their father's nets, they would take alarm, and rise and run off like fawns, and hide among the rocks by the sea, or trip back into the cottages. Now it happened, once on a time, that a great event took place to one of the cottagers' daughters, which, for a long period, deranged and almost destroyed the

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 Table Covers,  
 Counterpanes,  
 Quilts,

AT  
**ARTHUR'S NEW STORE,**  
*182 Notre Dame Street,*  
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happy equality in which they had hitherto lived; and becoming the theme of discourse and inquiry concerning things beyond the sphere of the fisher people and all their neighbors, as far as Gourock, introduced among them no small degree of ambition and discontent.

There was one of the fishermen, a remarkably decent, well-disposed highlandman, from the opposite shore of Argyleshire, named Martin McLeod, and he had two daughters, the youngest of which, as was no uncommon case, turned out to be remarkably, and even delicately beautiful.

But nobody ever saw or thought anything about the beauty of Catharine McLeod, except it might be some of the growing young men in the neighboring cottages, several of whom began, at times, to look at her with a sort of wonder, and seemed to feel a degree of awe in her company; while her family took an involuntary pride in her beyond all the others; and her eldest sister, somehow, imitated her in every thing, and continually quoted her talk, and trumpeted about among the neighbors what was said and done by "my sister Kate."

Things continued in this way as Kate grew to womanhood; and she was the liveliest little body about the place, and used to sing so divertingly at the house-end, as she busied herself about her father's fishing gear, and ran up and down "among the brekans on the brae," behind the cottages, or took her wanderings off all the way to the Clough lighthouse at the point. I say things continued in this way until a gentleman, who, it turned out, was all the way from London, came to lodge in Greenock, or Gourock, or Innerkip, or somewhere not very far distant; and, being a

gentleman, and, of course, at liberty to do every sort of out-of-the-way thing that he pleased, he got a manner of coming down and wandering about among the cottages, and asking questions concerning whatever he chanced of the fishermen; and then it was not long until he got his eyes upon Kate.

"The gentleman," as her sister used to tell afterwards, "was perfectly fit," and smitten at once about our Kate. He was not able," she said, "to take the least rest, but was down constantly about us for weeks; and then he got to talking to and walking with Kate, she linking her arm in his beneath the hill, just as it had been Sir Michael Stewart and my lady; and then such presents as he used to bring for her, bought in the grand shop of Bailie Macnicol, at Greenock; gowns, and shawls, and veils, and fine chip hats, never speaking of ribbons, an' lace-edging, an' mop caps—perfect beautiful."

The whole of the other fishermen's daughters became mad with envy of poor Kate, and admiration of her new dress, which some said was mostly bought by her father, after all, who wanted to have his daughter made a lady of; and now nothing was heard in the hamlet but murmurings and discontented complaints; every girl looking at herself in the little cracked glass that her father used to shave by, to see if she were pretty, and wishing and longing, not only for a lover of her own, but even for a gentleman. So, as matters grew serious, and the gentleman was fairly in love, old Martin McLeod, who looked sharply after Kate, behoved to have sundry conversations with the gentleman about her; and masters being appointed to teach her right things, which the fisher folks never heard



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AND

*FABRICS SUPERB,*

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## **CARPETS!**

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Velvet,

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Imperial,

Kidderminster,

Scotch,

Dutch,

AT

**ARTHUR'S NEW STORE.**

of, but which were to turn her into a lady, Kate and the gentleman, after a time, were actually married in Greenock new church, and set off for London.

During all this time, there were various opinions among the fisher people, how that Kate never was particularly in love with the gentleman; and some even said that she was in love with somebody else, (for pretty maidens must always be in love,) or, at least, that some of the youths of the neighborhood were in love with her; but then the old folks said, that love was only for gentle-people, who could afford to pay for it; and that when a gentleman was pleased to fall in love, no one had a right to say him nay, or pretend to set up against him. Some of the young women, to be sure, ventured to contest this doctrine, and cited various cases from the authority of printed ballads bought at the Greenock fair, at a half-penny each; and also from the traditional literature of Argyleshire, which was couched in the mellifluous numbers of the Gaelic language; but, however this might be, the fame of Catharine McLeod's happy marriage and great fortune, was noised abroad, exceedingly, among the fisher people throughout these coasts, as well as about Gourrock and all the parts adjacent.

As to the gentleman, it was found out that his name was Mr. Pountency, and that little Kate McLeod was now Mrs. Pountency, and a great London lady; but what quality of a gentleman Mr. Pountency really was, was a matter of much controversy and discussion. Some said that he was a great gentleman, and others thought that, from various symptoms, he was not a *very* great gentleman; some went

so far as to say he was a lord or a prince, while others maintained that he was only a simple esquire.

Nothing, therefore, could be talked of wherever Flora McLeod went, but about "my sister Kate;" and she was quite in request every where, because she could talk of the romantic history and happy fortune of her lucky sister. Mrs. Pountency's house in London, therefore, and Mrs. Pountency's grand husband, and Mrs. Pountency's coach, excited the admiration and the discontent of all the fishermen's daughters, for many miles round this romantic sea coast, and these quiet cottages under the hills, where the simple people lived upon their fish, and did not know that they were happy. Many a long summer's day, as the girls sat working their nets on a knoll towards the sea, the sun that shone warm upon their indolent limbs on the grass, and the breeze that blew from the firth, or swept round from the flowery woods of Ardgowan, seemed less grateful and delicious, from their discontented imaginings about the fortune of Mrs. Pountency; and many a sweet and wholesome supper of fresh boiled fish was made to lose its former relish, or was even embittered by obtrusive discourse about the fine wines and the gilded grandeur of "my sister Kate." Even the fisher lads in the neighborhood, fine fearless youths, found a total alteration in their sweethearts; their discourse was not relished, their persons were almost despised; and there was now no happiness found for a fisherman's daughter, but what was at least to approach to the state of grandeur and felicity so fortunately obtained by "my sister Kate."

The minds of Kate's family were so carried by her great fortune, that

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 GALA PLAID,  
 TARTANS,  
 FOR  
**WINTER DRESS,**  
 AT  
**ARTHUR'S,**  
**182**  
*Notre Dame Street,*  
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A LADY'S ELEGANT & WELL FINISHED CLOAK,  
**For Four Dollars,**  
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*182 Notre Dame Street,*  
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vague wishes and discontented repinings followed their constant meditations upon her lucky lot. Flora had found herself above marrying a fisherman; and a young fellow called Bryce Cameron, who had long waited for her, and whose brother, Allan, was once a sweetheart of Kate's herself, being long ago discarded; and she not perceiving any chances of a gentleman making his appearance to take Bryce's place, became melancholy and thoughtful; she began to fear that she was to have no body, and her thoughts ran constantly after London and Mrs. Pounteney. With these anxious wishes, vague hopes began to mix of some lucky turn to her own fortune, if she were only in the way of getting to be a lady; and at length she formed the high wish, and even the adventurous resolve, of going all the way to London, just to get one peep at her sister's happiness.

When this ambition seized Flora McLeod, she let the old people have no rest, nor did she spare any exertion to get the means of making her proposed pilgrimage to London. In the course of a fortnight from its first serious suggestion, she, with a gold guinea in her pocket, and two one pound notes of the Greenock bank, besides other coins and valuables, and even a little old-fashioned Highland brooch, with which the quondam lover of her sister, Allan Cameron, had the temerity to intrust to her, to be specially returned into the hand of the great lady when she should see her, besides a hundred other charges and remembrances from the neighbours, she set off one dewy morning in summer, carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand, to make her way to London, to get a sight of every

thing great, and particularly of her happy sister Kate.

Many a weary mile did Flora McLeod walk, and ride, and sail, through unknown places, and in what she called foreign parts; for strange things and people met her eye, and long dull regions of country passed her like a rapid vision, as she was wheeled towards the great capital and proper centre of England. After travelling to a distance that was to her perfectly amazing, she was set down in London, and inquired her way, in the best English she could command, into one of those long brick streets, of dark and dull gentility, to which she was directed; and after much trouble and some expense, at length found the door of her sister's house. She stood awhile considering, on the steps of the mansion, and felt a sort of fear of lifting the big iron knocker that seemed to grin down upon her; for she was not in the habit of knocking at great folks' doors, and almost trembled lest somebody from within would frown her into nothing, even by their high and lofty looks.

And yet she thought the house was not so dreadfully grand after all;—not at all such as she had imagined, for she had passed houses much bigger and grander than this great gentleman's; it was not even the largest in its own street, and looked dull and dingy, and shut up with blinds and rails, having a sort of melancholy appearance.

But she must not linger, but see what was inside. She lifted up the iron knocker, and as it fell the very clang of it, and its echo inside, smote upon her heart with a sensation of strange apprehension. A powdered man opened it, and stared at her with an inquisitive, imperti-

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 English Leather Portmanteaus,  
 Patent Leather Valises,  
 Cow Hide Valises,  
 Leather and Carpet Bags,  
 Hat Boxes,  
 Satchels, &c., &c.

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ment look, then saucily asked what she wanted. Flora courtseyed low to the servant from perfect terror, saying she wanted to see Mrs. Pounteney.

"And what can *you* want with Mrs. Pounteney, young woman, I should like to know?" said the fellow, for Flora neither looked like a milliner's woman, nor any other sort of useful person likely to be wanted by a lady.

Flora had laid various pretty plans in her own mind, about taking her sister by surprise, and seeing how she would look at her before she spoke, and so forth; at least she had resolved not to affront her, by making herself known as her sister before the servants; but the man looked at her with such suspicion, and spoke so insolent, that she absolutely began to fear, from the interrogations of this fellow, that she would be refused admittance to her own sister, and was forced to explain and reveal herself before the outer door was fully opened to her. At length she was conducted, on tiptoe, along a passage, and then up stairs, until she was placed in a little back dressing-room. The servant then went into the drawing-room, where sat two ladies at opposite sides of the apartment, there to announce Flora's message.

On a sofa, near the window, sat a neat youthful figure, extremely elegantly formed, but petite, with a face that need not be described, further than that the features were small and pretty, and that, as a whole, it was rich in the nameless expression of simple beauty. Her dress could not have been plainer, to be of silk of the best sort; but the languid discontent, if not melancholy, with which the female, yet quite in youth, gazed to-

wards the window or bent over a little silk netting with which she carelessly employed herself, seemed to any observer strange and unnatural at her time of life. At a table near the fire was seated a woman, almost the perfect contrast to this interesting figure, in the person of Mr. Pounteney's eldest sister, a hard-faced, business-like person, who, with pen and ink before her, seemed busy among a parcel of household accounts, and the characteristic accompaniment of a bunch of keys occasionally rattling at her elbow.

The servant approached, as if fearful of being noticed by "the old one," as he was accustomed to call Miss Pounteney, and in a half whisper intimated to the little figure that a female wanted to see her.

"Eh! what!—what is it you say, John?" cried the lady among the papers, noticing this manœuvre of the servant.

"Nothing, Madam; it is a person that wants my lady."

"Your lady, sirrah! it must be me!—Eh! what!"

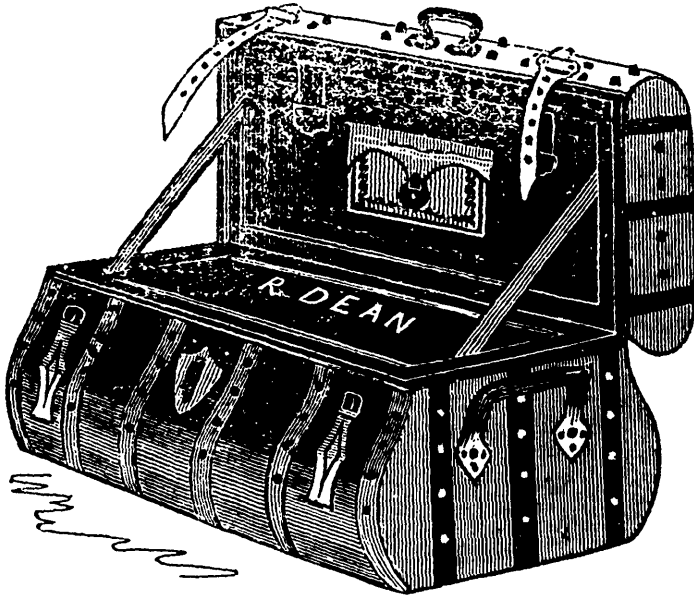
"No, madam; she wants to see Mrs. Pounteney particularly."

"Ah, John!" said the little lady on the sofa; "just refer her to Miss Pounteney. There is nobody can want me."

"Wants to see Mrs. Pounteney particularly!" resumed the sister-in-law: "how dare you bring in such a message, sirrah? Mrs. Pounteney particularly, indeed! who is she, sirrah! Who comes here with such a message while I am in the house?"

"You must be mistaken, John," said the little lady sighing, who was once the lively Kate McLeod of the fishing cottage in Scotland; "just let Miss Pounteney speak to her. You need not come to me."

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"No, madam," said the servant, addressing Miss Pounteney, the natural pertness of his situation now returning to overcome his dread of the *ould one*! "This young person wants to see my mistress directly, and I have put her into her dressing-room; pray, ma'am, go," he added, respectfully, to the listless Kate.

"Do you come here to give *your* orders, sirrah?" exclaimed Miss Pounteney, rising like a fury, and kicking the footstool half way across the room, "and to put strange people of your own accord into any dressing-room in this house! and to talk of *your mistress*, and wanting to speak to her directly, and privately, while *I* am here! I wonder what sister Beckey would say, or Mr. Pounteney, if he were at home?"

"Who is it, John? Just bring her in, and put an end to this!" said Kate, imploringly, to the man.

"Madam," said John at last to his trembling mistress, "it is your sister!"

"Who, John?" cried Kate, starting to her feet; "my sister Flora, my own sister, from Clyde side! Speak, John, are you sure?"

"Yes, madam, your sister from Scotland."

"Oh, where is she, where is she? let me go."

"No, no; you must be mistaken, John," said the lady with the keys, stepping forward to interrupt the anxious Kate; "John, this is all a mistake," she added, smoothly; "Mrs. Pounteney has no sister! John, you may leave the room:" and she gave a determined look to the other sister, who stood astonished.

The moment the servant left the room, Miss Pounteney came forward, and stood in renewed rage

over the fragile, melancholy Kate, and burst out with "What is this, Kate? Is it really possible, after what you know of my mind, and all our minds, that you have dared to bring your poor relations into my brother's house? That it is not enough that we are to have the disgrace of your mean connections, but we are to have your sisters and brothers to no end coming into the very house, and sending up their beggarly names and designations by the very servants! Kate, I must not permit this. I will not, I shall not:" and she stamped with rage.

"Oh, Miss Pounteney," said Kate, with clasped hands, "will you not let me go and see my sister? Will you just let me go and weep on the neck of my poor Flora! I will go to a private place, I will go to another house if you please; I will do any thing when I return to you, if I ever return, for I care not if I never come into this unhappy house more!" and, uttering this, almost with a shriek, she burst past the two women, and ran through the rooms to seek her sister.

Meantime Flora had sat so long waiting, without seeing her sister, that she began to feel intense anxiety; and, fancying her little Kate wished to forget her, because she was poor, had worked herself up into a resolution of assumed coldness, when she heard a hurried step, and the door was instantly opened. Kate paused for a moment after her entrance, and stood gazing upon the companion of her youth, with a look of such passionate joy, that Flora's intended coldness was entirely subdued; and the two sisters rushed into each other's arms in all the ecstasy of sisterly love.

"Oh, Flora, Flora! my dear hap-



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py Flora!" cried Kate, when she could get words, after the first burst of weeping; "have you really come all the way to London to see me? poor me!" and her tears and sobs were again like to choke her.

"Kate, my dear little Kate!" said Flora, "this is not the way I expected to find you. Do not greet so dreadfully; surely you are not happy, Kate!"

"But *you* are happy, Flora," said Kate, weeping; "and how is my good highland father, and mother, and my brother Daniel? Ah! I think, Flora, your clothes have the very smell of the seashore, and of the bark of the nets, and of the heather hills of Argyleshire. Alas! the happy days you remind me of, Flora."

"And so, Kate, you are not so *very* happy, after all?" said Flora, looking incredulously in her face, "and you are so thin, and pale, and your eyes are so red; and yet you have such a grand house, Kate! Tell me if you are really not happy?"

"I have no house, Flora," said Kate, after a little, "nor, I may say, no husband. They are both completely ruled by his two vixen sisters, who kept house for him before he married me, and still have the entire ascendancy over him. My husband, too, is not naturally good tempered; yet he once loved me, and I might enjoy some little happiness in this new life, if he had the feeling or the spirit to treat me as his wife, and free himself and the house from the dominion of his sisters, especially the eldest. But I believe he is rather disappointed in his ambitious career, and in the hopes he entertained of matches for his sisters, and is somewhat sour and unhappy; and I have to bear it all, for he is afraid of these wo-

men; and I, the youngest in the family, and the only one who has a chance of being good tempered, am, on account of my low origin, forced to bear the spleen of all in this unhappy house."

"But, Kate, surely your husband would not behave so bad as to cast up to you that your father was a fisherman, when he took you from the bonnie seaside himself, and when he thought himself once so happy to get you?"

"Alas! he does, indeed!—too often—too often; when he is crossed abroad, and when his sisters set him on; and that is very mean of him; and it so humbles me, Flora, when I am sitting at his table, that I cannot lift my head; and I am so sad, and so heart-broken among them all!"

"Bless me!—and can people be really so miserable," said Flora, simply, "who have plenty of money, and silk dresses to wear every day they rise?"

"It is little you know, my happy Flora, of artificial life here in London," said Kate, mournfully. "As for dress, I cannot even order one but as my sister-in-law chooses; and as for happiness, I have left it behind me on the beautiful banks of the Clyde. O that I were there again!"

"Poor little Kate!" said Flora, wistfully looking again in her sister's face; "and is that the end of all your grand marriage, that has set a' the lasses crazy, from the Fairly Roads to Gourrock Point. I think I'll gang back and marry Bryce Cameron after a'."

"Is Allan Cameron married yet?" said Kate, sadly. "When did ye see blithe and bonnie Allan Cameron? Alas! the day!"

"He gave me this brooch to return to you, Kate," said Flora,

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ROBERT DEAN.

taking the brooch out of her bosom. "I wish he had not gien it to me for you, for you're vexed enough already."

"Ah! well you may say I am vexed enough," said she, weeping and contemplating the brooch.—"Tell Allan Cameron that I am sensible I did not use him well—that my vain heart was lifted up; but I have suffered for it—many a sad and sleepless night I have lain in my bed, and thought of the delightful days I spent near my father's happy cottage in Scotland, and about you, and about Allan. Alas! just tell him not to think more of me; for I am a sad and sorry married woman, out of my own sphere, and afraid to speak to my own people, panting my heart out and dying by inches, like the pretty silver fish that floundered on the hard stones, after my father had taken them out of their own clear water."

"God help you Kate!" said Flora, rising; "you will break my heart with grief about you. Let me out of this miserable house! Let me leave you and all your grandeur, since I cannot help you; and I will pray for you, my poor Kate, every night at my bedside, when I get back to the bonnie shore of Argyleshire."

Sad was the parting of the two weeping sisters, and many a kiss of fraternal affection embittered, yet sweetened, the hour; and anxious was Flora McLeod to turn her back upon the great city of London, and to journey northwards to her own home in Scotland.

It was a little before sundown, on a Saturday evening shortly after this, that a buzz of steam, let off at the Mid Quay of Greenock, indicated that a steamboat had come

in; and it proved to be from the fair sea-port of Liverpool, having on board Flora McLeod, just down from London. The boat, as it passed, had been watched by the cottagers where she lived up the firth; and several of them, their day's work being over, set out towards the Clough to see if there was any chance of meeting Flora.

Many were the congratulations, and more the inquiries, when they met Flora, lumbering homewards with her bundle and her umbrella, weary and looking anxiously out for her own sweet cottage by Clyde side. "Ah, Flora! is this you?" cried the whole at once; "and are you really here again—and how is your sister, and all the other great people in London?—and, indeed, it is very good of you not to look the least proud, after coming from such a grand place!"

With such congratulations was Flora welcomed again among the light-hearted fisher people in the West of Scotland. But it was observed that her tone was now quite altered, and her own humble contentment had completely returned. In short, to bring our story to a close, she was shortly after married to Bryce Cameron, and various other marriages soon followed; for she gave such an account of what she had seen with her eyes, that a complete revolution took place in the sentiments of the whole young people of the neighborhood.

It was observed in the hamlet that the unhappy Mrs. Pounteney was never named, after this, by any but with a melancholy shake of the head. The ambition of the girls to get gentlemen seemed quite extinguished; and Flora, in time, began to nurse children of her own, in humble and pious contentment.

"What is the Press!—'Tis whet the pen  
Was thrice ten centuries to men;  
When sybil-leaves lent wings to words,  
Or, caged in books, they sang like birds."

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## DREAMS AND REALITIES.

How I wept when I was a child, I can laugh at it now; but how I wept when grandma nurse told me the story of the little boy who fell asleep in the garden, dreaming of Fairyland, where he was Prince Charming or King Happyboy, or some other illustrious scion of childhood's royal family, reclining in a magic cave, of more than Andersonian splendor, surrounded by faithful genii, and beautiful princesses, with a gingerbread crown on his head, and his pockets full of sugar-plums, the current coin of his prosperous realm. I remember that when nurse told me of his waking to find his crown, his court, and his splendour vanished, and his sugar-plums converted into pebbles, I hid my face in the old woman's lap, and cried bitterly.

Now that I am older, I find that grown-up men and women, in their waking moments, have dreams as beautiful that terminate as sadly. Many and many a bright temple of happiness have I myself raised amid the enchanted gardens of imagination, glowing with beauty, and tinted with all the thousand rose hues of love—and now where are they?

"Melted into air, into thin air:

We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

Ay! but I would not that you should know it yet, fair one! Dream on while you may. The light summer wind that plays with its rich breath among your golden ringlets, boldly coquetting with the flower in your fair bosom, and mak-

ing snatches unawares at the little tinted note you are reading again and again so fondly, is not more joyous than the dream that I would have you dream. Dream that he is all the poetry that your young heart could picture: noble, brave, and generous as he is beautiful, living only for you—for *you!* Oh, happy maiden, to be so blessed in his love; pure-minded as yourself—constant and loving as yourself: weak only where you are invincible, and mighty where you are weak. To wake from such a dream would be to sleep for ever! It would be death. Death to the pure angel-light that now fills those eyes—those eyes so full of joy, though gemmed with tears—tears of happiness and love. 'Tis cruel to think of such a waking. To think that he, so noble, so devoted, so impassioned, so like a god in the language of his heart and the fervor of his lips, should ever be distant, harsh, silent, repulsive! To think that this should be, and that in after years this dream of love should be so lost, that an affectionate smile or word from him should seem, in its strangeness, a light from an unknown world, a note from a forgotten melody. And yet this may be, *must* be. Dream, fair one, dream!

And you, young man, brave, gentle, gifted, and uncorrupted by the sophistries of the schools, *your* dreams, at least, are of a noble structure. Tomorrow you are to preach your first sermon. You will speak with the tongues of the Evangelists. You will be an Elias—a shining light. You will reform the pulpit, and dispel the darkness

that shrouds the teaching of the Apostles. Your text is a gentle, an affectionate, an endearing message from God to His creatures, and you will enlarge it with words of entreaty, of mercy, and of love. You will fill the hearts of your hearers with all the benevolence and loving kindness with which your own Christian nature overflows. Your eloquence will be a song of inspiration, lifting the souls of faithful earnest men into communion with angels and archangels, and all the galaxy of Heaven! Poor boy! When you dismiss your congregation, the fanatical elder, who likes no new-fangled style of preaching, will be astonished that the laird should set up "sicean a breast-fed bairn to mak' fules o' grown men;" the critical elder will sneer at your nervousness, your embarrassment, your reiteration, and your school-boy delivery; while the inoffensive elder will inflame his already exasperated wife by saying you have plenty of time to improve. Dream on, poor youth! you will be scholared anon, and *in time* you may hope to attain a species of mediocrity!

Old man! old man! is this a place for dreaming! Say rather, is the poor-house a fitting abode for such as you?—where old age and prattling infancy are herded in the vile companionship of the outcasts of infamy and crime. Where be thy loved ones now? Where be thy sons who went to foreign parts many many years ago, so brave and so handsome? Where thy daughters? Ah! dream, dream! He is sitting at his cottage door with his wife and children round him. That wife, so true, so affectionate till death. Those boys that went one by one to foreign lands, far away over the sea, and were never heard of more. Those daughters that

married and died, and left families who mocked the old man, and cursed him for a pauper. That youngest of all, so fair to look on, so good, so loving, and so beloved, afterwards so wretched, so lost—she, that fair young child, is clinging to his knee, and embracing that rough horny hand with her tiny palms. The ruddy light of sunset falls upon the group, and the father smiles upon his children with happiness ineffable. That smile—that smile! will it *never* change?

The old man has fallen asleep with a smile upon his lips—to waken in Paradise.

Such are the dreams of life! Oh! for me the dreams of the cradle, when beings invisible to our grosser sense surround the infant in its slumber with forms of beauty and songs of unspeakable joy—when the cherubim with extended wings watch over the frail ark that enshrines a spirit pure as it comes from God, sinless, spotless as their own essence—immortal, eternal with the heavens!

The old man dreams of the past; the youth of the hour he lives in; the maiden of a sunny future; the child dreams of the great Eternal, in which these centuries of ours abide, which was, and is, and is to be.

Thus would I!

Gentle reader, I know not how you would dream, but if you have borne with me thus far, I love you for it, and cannot now do less than bid you good night, and wish you *pleasant dreams*.

## THE CAT BY THE FIRE.

A BLAZING fire, a warm rug, candle lit, and curtains drawn, the kettle on for tea (if rich you may have a silver kettle, and so partake the pleasures of the poor,) and finally, the cat before you attracting your attention—it is a scene which every body likes, unless he has a morbid aversion to cats, which is not common. There are some nice inquirers, it is true, who are apt to make uneasy comparisons of cats with dogs—to say that they are not so loving, that they prefer the house to the man, &c. But agreeably to the good old maxim, that “comparisons are odious,” our readers, we hope, will continue to like what is likeable in anything for its own sake, without trying to render it unlikeable from its inferiority to something else—a process by which we might ingeniously contrive to put soot into every dish that is set before us, and to reject one thing after another till we were pleased with nothing. Here is a good fireside, and a cat to it; and it would be our own fault, if, in removing to another fireside, we did not take that the cat removed with us. Cats cannot look to the moving of goods as men do. If we would have creatures considerate towards us, we must be so towards them. It is not to be expected of everybody, quadruped or biped, that they should stick to us in spite of our want of merit, like a dog or a benevolent sage. Besides, stories have been told of cats very much to the credit of their benignity; such as their following a master about like a dog, waiting at a gentleman’s door to thank him for some obligations over night, &c. And our readers may remember the history of the famous Godolphin Arabian, upon whose

grave a cat that had lived with him in the stable, went and stretched itself, and died. Poor Pussy! she looks up to us again, as if she thanked us for those indications of dinner; and symbolically gives a twist of a yaw, and a lick to her whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant person—beginning judiciously with her paws, and fetching amazing tongues at her hind hips. Anon, she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head towards, and shutting her eyes, half to accommodate the action of her skin, and half to enjoy the luxury. She then rewards her paws with a few more touches; look at the action of her head and neck, how pleasing it is, the ears pointed forward, and the neck gently arching to and fro! Finally she gives a sneeze, and another twist of her mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail towards her front claws, settles herself on her hind quarters, in an attitude of bland meditation. What does she think of? Of her saucer of milk at breakfast? or of the thump she got yesterday in the kitchen for stealing the meat? or of her own meat, the Tartar’s dish, noble horse-flesh? or of her friend, the cat next door, the most impassioned of serenaders? or of her little ones, some of whom are now large, and all of them gone? Is that among her recollections when she looks pensive. Does she taste of the noble prerogative sorrows of man? She is a sprightly cat, hardly past her youth; so happening to move the fringe of the rug a little with her foot, she darts out a paw, and begins plucking it and inquiring into the matter, as if it were a challenge to play, or something lively enough to be eaten.



What a graceful action of that foot of her's, between delicacy and petulance—combining something of a thrust out, a beat and a scratch. There seems even something of a little bit of fear in it, as if just enough to provoke her courage, and give her the excitement of a sense of hazard. Cats at firesides live luxuriously, and are the pictures of comfort; but lest they should not bear their portion of trouble in this world, they have the drawbacks of being liable to be shut out of doors on cold nights, beatings from the “aggravated” cooks, over-pettings of children (how should we like to be squeezed and pulled about in that manner by some great patronising giants?) and last, not least horrible, merciless tramples of unconscionable human feet, and unfeeling legs of chairs. Elegance, comfort, and security, seem the order of the day on all sides, and you are going to sit down to dinner, or to music, or to take tea, when, all of a sudden, the cat gives a squall as if she was smashed; and you are not sure that the fact is otherwise. Yet she gets in the way again, as before; and dares all the feet and mahogany in the room. Beautiful present sufficingness of a cat's imagination! Confined to the snug circle of her own sides, and the two next inches of rug or carpet.

#### AUSTRALIAN METHOD OF OBTAINING A WIFE.

On one occasion, says Mrs. Chisholm, I received a letter from a man who wanted a wife. I found he was well known to several persons as a man of integrity. He stated it would be a serious thing to visit Sydney for a wife; first, a loss of time; second, money; and, after all, perhaps not to be suited. His

letter interested me, and I determined on trying to serve him. I give his epistle *verbatim et literatim*, that the reader may judge for himself:—

“Reverend madam, I heard you are the best to send to for a servant, and I heard our police magistrate say, it was best to leave all to you; and so I'll just do the same, as his honor says it's the best. I had a wife once, and so she was too good for me by the far, and it was God's will, ma'am; but I has a child, ma'am, that I wouldn't see a straw touch for the world; the boy's only four years old: and I has a snug fifty acre farm and a town lotment, and I has no debts in the world, and one team and four bullocks; and I'se ten head oh cattle, and a share on eight hundred sheep, so I has a rite to a desent servant, that can wash and cook and make the place decent; and I don't mind what religion she boy, if she is sober and good, only I'se a Protestant myself, and the boy I have, I promised the mother on her deathbed, should be a Catholic, and I wont, anyhow, have any interference in this here matter. That I do like in writing nothing else, I would't ma'am, on any account in the world, be bound to marry; but I don't wish it altogether to be left out. I'll ge her fourteen wages, and if she don't like me, and I don't like her, I'll pay her back to Sydney. I wont nothing in the world but what is honest, so make tha agreement as you like, and I'll bide by it. I sends you all the papers, and you'l now I'm a man to be trusted. I sends you five pounds: she may get wages first, for I now some of the gals, end the best on um, to, are not heavy we boxes; and, supposing anything should happen, I would not like it to be said she came here

in rags. I wants, also, a man and his wife, he must be willing to learn to plough, if he don't now how, and do a good fair day's work at any thing; his wife must be a milker and ha dustrious woman; I'll give them as much as they can eat and drink of tea and milk, and, whatever wages you set my name down for, I'll be bound to pay it."

Early in the morning is the *best* time to choose a wife. I went first into the governess-room, all asleep; I unlocked the Home-door, some dressed, others half-dressed; some, too, very cross. I have often remarked, that early in the day is the best time to judge of a woman's temper; but I wish this to be kept a secret. I remained half-an-hour in the Home. I then went through the tents, could not suit myself, and returned. At the Home-door, I found a girl at the wash-tub; she was at work with spirit; she was rather good-looking, very neat, and tidy. I went into my office, and ascertained that, on board ship, her character was good. I desired the matron never to lose sight of her conduct, and report the same to me. Day after day passed, and I was at last fully determined to place her within reach of my applicant in the bush, that is, in a respectable family, in his near neighborhood; but I was able to arrange better, for I found that, amongst the families wanting situations, there was one related to her. I immediately engaged them as the bushman's servants; they were a respectable couple, the man a very prudent person. I told them to take the girl with them, and get her service near them, and on no account to allow her to live with a bachelor. I gave the girl three letters to respectable ladies, and she was engaged by one the fourth day after her arrival at

— About a fortnight after, the bushman wrote to thank me for sending him the married couple, and concluded by saying:—"With regard to that *other* matter, upon my word, you have suited me exactly; and, as soon as our month is up, we is to be married." I received, says Mrs. Chisholm, forty-one applications of this kind; but the above is the only girl I ever sent into the country with a direct matrimonial intention.

When travelling with a large party of emigrants, while they were sleeping in camp, as Mrs. Chisholm entirely depended upon the settlers for food for her party, she was to be seen at the dim break of day in her gig, driven by a prisoner from Hyde-park Barracks, going about to collect from the settlers food for the breakfasting of her party. On one occasion, just as she came to a solitary part of the road, near a valley, she heard a man shouting to her, "Stop, stop!" A stout, rough bushman, clearing a few bushes at a leap, placed his hand on the horse's head, and said, "Are you Mrs. Chisholm?" "Yes, what do you want?" "Want—want—why, what every man like me wants when he sees Mrs. Chisholm. Come now, do look up that hill, and see that nice cottage and forty acres under crop; and I have in it twenty hams and fitches of bacon, and a chest of tea, and a bag of sugar; the land is paid for, and the three cows; oh, it would do you good to see the cows;" and then, pulling out a roll of papers, continued, "See, what a character I have got from the magistrate in charge of the district; and look here, ma'am, at this roll of notes, these are the things to hasten the matter, and get over difficulties

with the clergyman. Come now, Mrs. Chisholm, do be a mother to me, and give me a wife; the smile of a woman has never welcomed me home after a hard day's work; you'll have pity on me; you don't mean to say no; you'll never be so cruel as to say no? It makes a man's heart light to look at your camp. Now, you don't mean to say you have not got a nice girl from Tipperary. Never mind the breakfast; I could keep the whole party for a week; and what peace of mind it would be to you to know what a kind husband I shall make one of your girls."

"It was upon the principle of family colonisation," says Mrs. Chisholm, "and actuated by such feelings, that I carried out my matrimonial excursions in the Australian bush. I, at times, took a number of single young females with me, in company with emigrant families, but then I allowed no matrimonial engagement to be made on the way; at the same time, I took care to place the young women in situations from which they might, with that consideration due to the feelings of woman, enter with propriety and respectability into the matrimonial state."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A GOLD-DIGGER.

ADELAIDE, April, 1852.—The first operation after arriving on the diggings is to select a spot where to dig, and this choice is a lottery. No one can guide you. If fortune attends you, you may hit upon a good hole the first time; if not, you may have to dig a dozen before you realize any return. But there are few, indeed, who do not if they are industrious, receive a fair remuneration for their trouble, while very

many receive a handsome reward. I know many who have worked four or five weeks, and returned with sums varying from two to five, and even seven hundred pounds worth of gold, and one party of five men got 249lb. 9oz. of gold between them.

Our party was five in number, and worked nine weeks, and the result of our exertions will be as follows. I will give you each week's earning, so that you may see the progress of a digging party. I will also give you the exact amount of expenses, so that you may meet any queries about heavy license, extortionate charges and expensive living, which is all humbug:—

		oz.	dwt.	grs.
For the week ending Jan. 10...	10...	0	15	12
" " "	17...	5	12	12
" " "	24...	5	10	0
" " "	31...	17	0	0
" " " Feb. 7...	7...	16	10	0
" " "	14...	18	10	0
" " "	21...	19	10	0
" " "	28...	40	0	0
" " " March 6...	6...	59	0	0
Two days "	9...	3	19	0
		12)	86	17 0.
For five men.....	Lbs. 15	6	17	
For each man.....	Lbs. 3	1	7 8	
Travelling expenses from Adelaide to Mount Alexander and back to Adelaide, including carting at the mines..		£71	1	7
Cost of tools.....		8	1	10
Paid for licenses at 30s. per month each.....		22	10	0
Cost for food at the Mount		24	8	7
		5)	£126	1 11

Total expense of each man. £25 4 4

By these statistical figures you will get the exact balance of our labours. Each man's return of 3 lbs. 1 oz. 7 dwts. 8 grains, at £3 10s. per ounce, a trifle below its price in Adelaide, will give £130

5s. 8d., or, after deducting £25 4s. 4d. expenses, leaves £105 11s. 4d. clear, nearly £12 per week for the nine weeks we were on the diggings. I dare say you will hear a great deal about hardships and privations, with fearful spread of disease and loss of life; the same reports met me within forty miles of the diggings, but I need scarcely tell you they were without foundation. I returned after a fifteen weeks' absence, and as far as I know am not one bit worse than when I left. I intend to return again to the diggings in about three weeks from this date, or as soon as I have arranged things to make my wife comfortable for the winter.

#### CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

In Washington we truly behold a marvellous contrast to almost every one of the endowments and the vices which we have been contemplating, and which are so well fitted to excite a mingled admiration, and sorrow, and abhorrence. With none of that brilliant genius which dazzles ordinary minds; with not even any remarkable quickness of apprehension; with knowledge less than almost all persons in the middle ranks, and many well educated of the humbler classes possess; this eminent person is presented to our observation clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling, to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles; removing or avoiding rather than overleaping them. His

courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A perfectly just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than by others overawed, never to be seduced or betrayed or hurried away by his own weaknesses or self-delusions, any more than by other men's arts; nor never to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoiled on the giddy heights of fortune:—Such was this great man—whether we regard him sustaining alone the whole weights of campaigns, all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage; presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes, or directing the formation of a new Government for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man; or finally retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required; retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants. This is the consummate glory of the great American; a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass

from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required! To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a Captain, the patron of peace; and a Statesman, the friend of justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the war for liberty, charging them "never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence, or in defence of their country and their freedom; and commanding them that when it should be thus drawn, they should never sheath it, nor even give it up but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof"—words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome. It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages, to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more to attest of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington.—*Edinburgh Review.*

#### CARRYING THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Guided by these instructions, Mr. Rothschild's agent, whose name I forget, but who was a solid old gentleman, stationed himself at Ghent and kept his eye upon the hotel in which Louis the Eighteenth was lodged, with the keenness of a man whose bread and butter is implicated in the success of his procuring intelligence. Now it so happened, that Louis the Eighteenth, who liked to play the king had consented to do so publicly, in order to gratify the worthy inhabitants of

Ghent. In order to do this, he had consented to eat his breakfast in public on the following morning, just as it was the custom at the Tuileries for the royal family to dine in public on certain days. Their majesties or their princedom's ate their meal, while the public marched along a kind of corridor to behold them. Well, our news-agent of course attended this breakfast, as the sight of the day. He walked in, and up stairs with the crowd of Ghentois, entered the room where Louis the Corpulent was eating with good appetite. There was scarcely a partition between his Majesty's breakfast-table and the public; and our agent paused, with anxious and lingering respect, to observe the royal jaws in the very simple, but not sublime, operation of masticating food. Louis had just devoured his last chop, and our friend devoured the monarch in turn with his eyes, when a clatter was heard in the court below. A horseman had entered at full speed, and with equal speed, it would appear, the said horseman made his way up the staircase, determined to deliver his message into the royal hand. The messenger was neither more nor less than a courier, with short sword on his side, such as foreign couriers wear; and he handed to his Majesty a large envelope, which when opened contained a paper with a very few words. The Duke of Wellington had won a great battle on the field of Waterloo. Bonaparte had fled, and his army was destroyed, routed, and dispersed. The old king handed the paper to be read aloud, and by none were its contents more greedily swallowed than by the agent of the Rothschild. And then the old king, starting to his not very firm legs, still contrived to walk upon them over

to the courier, who stood waiting for his guerdon, and bestowed upon the poor man a guerdon that he very little expected—viz., an embrace and a kiss upon both his cheeks. Our jolly Englishman, however elated before, was now ashamed, quite ashamed, that, not royalty, but manhood, should inflict upon man such a thing as a kiss. He uttered an exclamation, went out, put on his hat, rushed to Ostend, put to sea in a fishing-boat, and got to the English coasts and to London long before a packet, post, or ordinary messenger. His first care was to inform his patrons the Messrs. Rothschilds, who paid him munificently, and entertained no doubt of his correctness. They then told him, that, after a certain hour of the day (for it was morning) struck by the London clocks he might make what use he pleased of his intelligence. Accordingly my gentleman from Flanders piced up and down before the Horse Guards until the clock struck (I know not what hour, whether eleven or twelve). When it did strike he walked into Downing-street, and demanded to speak with Lord Liverpool. His passport, signed at Ghent on such a day, soon got through all the shyness of official reserve, and he was now ushered into the presence of the Premier. He told his story, as I have told it, from the first matter of his instructions to what he had heard at the royal breakfast. But he never mentioned the kiss—he would have blushed to do it. Never was man in such a pucker as Lord Liverpool. He had been in the lowest spirits, oppressed by previous accounts, and he did not believe a word of his informant's story. It was a stock-jobbing business. The Duke would have sent a messenger from the field

to Downingstreet much sooner than to Ghent. Had the agent been a breathless soldier from the field, he might have believed him; but a mere clerk, with a tale gleaned sixty miles from the field, and no corroboration! Besides, the news was too good to be true. In his perplexity, however, Lord Liverpool sent round all the offices to all the people likely to know anything, or to be good judges in the matter. The dence a one could be found, but Croker. He came and questioned the agent—nay, cross-questioned him in his sharp way. But there was no shaking his evidence. "We'll," says the Rothschildian to the officials, "you still doubt me, as if I would come here for a paltry reward. If you won't believe what I tell you about the King of France and the courier who brought him the news, how will you believe what I am going to tell you, and what astonished me more than anything else!—when Louis the Eighteenth read the letter he started up, hugged the dusty, dirty courier, and kissed the fellow on both cheeks." "My lords," said Mr. Croker, "you may believe every word this gentleman says. For no English imagination could invent this circumstance of the kiss; and no possible circumstance could be a stronger guarantee of truth." Lord Liverpool, therefore, did believe, and was glad. But many still kept doubting. It was too good to be true; and why was the Duke silent? Major Percy, with the despatches, did not arrive till late in the evening; and when he did come, he could find nobody. His anxiety was to find the king. But no being could tell where his Majesty George the Fourth had dined, or where he spent the evening. At last the monarch was un-

earthed at Mrs. Bocham's, before whose door Percy stopped with his juded coach and four; and the regent was enabled to inform the worshipful company around him that the star of Napoleon Bonaparte had definitively set on the field of Waterloo.

#### SOILS FOR GARDEN AND GREEN-HOUSE PLANTS.

In this age of horticultural improvement, the Press teems with periodicals, wherein every possible mode of culture is described and insisted on. It unfortunately happens that great discrepancy prevails, and upon no one point is an inquirer, unversed in practice, more likely to find himself perplexed than in that which refers to the preparation of suitable soils or composts. A few words on these subjects will tend to throw some light upon the nature and applicability of these important agents of vegetable growth. Chemists accustomed to analysis are well aware that the terms in general use afford very imperfect ideas of the true components of a soil; upon this head, however, our limits will not now permit us to enlarge. By the word loam is generally understood an earth which consists chiefly of fine sandy matter, (silex,) combined with a small portion of chalk and oxide of iron, and a larger—say from one-twelfth to one-eighth of the whole weight of aluminous earth, (pure clay.) Such a loam is firm, unctuous, retentive of moisture, and yet readily friable. But loams differ so materially, that few persons can obtain that identical earth which is entirely propitious to another; hence, plants, apparently treated alike, flourish under the management of one cultivator, but dwindle and become sickly un-

der that of another. To obviate this difficulty, an artificial loam, prepared by exposing the green turfy sods of a pasture, or the couch-grass and weeds of arable land, to the action of the air, light, and frost, till they be reduced to soil, is the most effectual substitute. Such a loam, blended with varying proportions of the black mould from decayed tree leaves, will generally be congenial to almost all plants, excepting those of the heath tribe. For these, pure sandy heath soil, such as is found where ling (calluna) flourishes, is almost indispensable required. This soil is that which, not long since, was termed bog earth; it abounds with fine white sand to the extent frequently of five-sixths of the whole. Heath mould ought always to be distinguished from peat, which is the matter found in turbaries and bogs, containing a bulk of decayed inert matter, with little or no silicious sand. It is of great use, however, to some plants, either alone or united to fine sandy loam. For parterre, and small beds on lawns, the practice of renewing the soil every season, is of surprising utility. The old earth might be taken out, to the depth of a foot or more, in the dry weather of March, and carried to the shrubberies or kitchen garden, and the beds filled again with fresh compost. For this purpose no soil is better than the loam of a melon bed, blended with the semi-decayed leaves of the same, or of other beds, where leaves are used to excite a genial warmth in the earth of pits and frames. Plants grown in this new soil flourish luxuriantly; they assume another character—their foliage and flowers are developed upon a bolder scale; and whoever possesses the means of thus renewing the smaller beds for choice flow-

ers will soon be satisfied that the little extra trouble is abundantly compensated, not only in the flower department but in other quarters of the garden, which are equally benefitted by the rich earth that they also are furnished with ; or it may, as a general principle, be laid down that the earth which has supported one crop is amply enriched thereby, and prepared for the production of another.

### THE DISCOVERERS.

Oh star, that from heaven's crown,  
Watching the northern pole revolving  
    round,  
Within its icy circle bound,  
    Look'st with thy fixed eye down!  
Thou could'st the mystery tell,  
Whether eternal lightnings gild the pole,  
Or whirling waters round it roll—  
    Earth keeps her secret well.

What hast thou seen of those  
Who went that land of mystery to explore?  
Oh, brave and strong, must ye no more  
    Come from that realm of snows?  
Reached they the fatal goal?  
And on its dark and unknown waters lost,  
Long drifted, by strange tempests toss'd,  
    In ships that mocked control.

In the long Arctic night,  
Thou hast beheld them upward to thee  
    gaze,  
While shone thy pure and steadfast rays,  
Through clouds of meteor light  
    Over the white expanse,  
That meteor light flashed wild and fitfully  
Its crystal hills, and solid sea,  
    Revealing for a glance.

Saw'st thou their first grave made—  
A grave in which no other dust shall sleep?  
Saw'st thou their best and noblest weep  
    O'er him who there was laid?  
Saw'st thou our wanderers grow  
Fewer, and feebler, falling day by day?  
And slept the lust beneath the ray,  
    Till wrapt by falling snow?

Oh, wind of the cold north,  
With the fierce sweep of thy snow-feathered  
    wing,  
What mournful tidings dost thou bring  
From whence thou camest forth?  
    Hast crossed its lone waters vast,

And found all things white shrouded, as in  
    death,  
Or with the rage of thy last breath,  
    Over our wanderers passed?

Oh hast thou wafed round  
Voices from those of whom we long to hear,  
Though all too dimly for the ear,  
    To catch their faded sound  
    Thou'st heard the sailor tell  
How yesternight he had a dream of home,  
And say how oft the dream had come,  
    And wish all might be well.

Thou'st heard the voice of prayer,  
And the loud psalm, making the ice rocks  
    ring,  
While folded calm was thy rude wing,  
And men kept Sabbath there.  
Thou'st heard their eager cheers,  
Hailing the glad return of hope and light,  
And when again came back the night  
    The whisperings of their fears.

But more than voiceless things  
The heart can tell of one its life that shares,  
And life-bound hearts have followed theirs,  
As with star eyes and wings.  
We know how pure and high  
Some souls would grow amid endurance  
    strong,  
How some would hope, and some would long  
    And some grow faint and die.

Wife, when the midnight blast  
Seemed wailing sadly, and thou could'st not  
    sleep,  
Thy spirit a night watch did keep,  
For him whose soul had passed.  
No longer at thy knee,  
Thy boy, a baby when he went away,  
Needeth his simple prayer to say,  
    'For father at the sea.'

Mother, thy sailor brave,  
Thy brown-haired boy, the echo of whose  
    mirth  
Seems yet to linger round thy hearth,  
Lies in a far, cold grave.  
Sad was thy home one eve,  
'Twas then the death chill swept his heart  
    grown weak,  
And left the tear upon his cheek,  
    While strangely thou did'st grieve.

Ye may return no more,  
Brave voyagers, across the stormy sea,  
But we are following, where ye  
    Have reached a further shore.  
We shall meet upon that strand—  
We all shall reach, whether o'er Arctic  
    snows,  
Or from amid our home repose,  
    THE UNDISCOVERED LAND!



## MISCELLANEOUS.

A long-winded subscriber to a newspaper, after repeated dunnings, promised that the subscription should be paid by a certain day, if he were then alive. The day passed over, and no money reached the office. In the next number, therefore, of the newspaper, the editor inserted among the deaths a notice of his subscriber's departure from this life. Pretty soon after this announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor—not with the pale and ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions, nor like them did he wait to be spoken to, but broke silence—"What, sir, did you mean by publishing my death?" "Why, sir, I mean what I mean when I publish the death of any person, viz.: to let the world know you are dead." "But I am not dead." "Not dead! then it is your own fault; for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived to that time. The day passed, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead; for I will not believe that you would forfeit your word." "Oh, oh! I see that you have got round me, Mr. Editor, but say no more about it; here's the money. And harkee, my wag, you'll contradict my death next week." "Oh, certainly, sir, just to please you! though, upon my word, I can't help thinking you were dead at the time specified, and that you have really come back to pay this bill on account of your friendship to me."

The curate of Nevermindwhere, was lately called up in the middle of the night to see a sick woman. "Well, my good woman," said he, "so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?"—"No," replied the old lady, "I am not very ill, I am only nervous, and can't sleep."—"How can I help that?" asked the curate.—"Oh, Sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me—!" The curate muttered something, and became invisible "in less than no time."

Mother: "Now, George, you must divide the cake honourably with brother Charlie."—George: "What is 'honourably,' mother?"—Mother: "It means that you must give him the largest piece."—George: "Then, mother, I'd rather Charlie should be honourable."

"Mrs. Jenkins," said a little red-haired girl, with a pug-nose and bare feet, "mother says you will oblige her by lending her a stick of firewood—filling this cruet with vinegar—putting a little soft soap in this pan—and please not let your turkey gobbler roost on our fence."

**YOUR BABIES NOT MY BABIES.**—About thirty-five years ago, there resided in the town of Hebron, a certain Dr. T., who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady resident in the same town. In due course of time they were engaged to be married. The doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady-love was as strong and decided a Baptist. They were sitting together one evening, talking of their approaching nuptials, when the doctor remarked, "I am thinking, my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life."

"And, pray, what may they be, doctor?" remarked the lady.

"One is the hour when I shall call you my wife, for the first time."

"And the other?"

"It is when we shall present our first-born for baptism."

"What! sprinkled?"

"Yes, my dear, sprinkled."

"Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled."

"Every child of mine shall be sprinkled."

"They shall be, hey?"

"Yes, my love."

"Well, sir, I can tell you, then, that your babies won't be my babies. So good night, sir."

The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house. The sequel was that the doctor never married, and the lady is a decided old maid.

**COOL.**—A countryman took his seat at a tavern table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the gentleman's glass. "That's cool!" exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly. "Yes," replied the other, "I should think there was ice in it."

What is the feminine of Hero? asked a pedagogue of a young hopeful. *Shero!* was the prompt answer, which took the domestic all aback.

The Queen of Portugal has forbidden the wearing of beards in her army; and, no wonder, there being no small tooth-combs in Portugal. No Englishman does, or possibly can, conceive the horrors contained in a Portuguese beard—it is sometimes absolutely *alive*.

IMPROPRU, ascribed to Mr. Croker, on Lord John Russell's complaining that the attendance on the Reform Bill had hurt his health:

Jack and Bill brought in a bill

To breed a Revolution:

Bill fell down and cracked his Crown,

And Jack his Constitution.

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23 JUIN 1975

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