The Expositor
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY,
AT THE OFFICE
n Booth & Corbett's New Brick Block
ORILLIA, ONT.,
At One Dollar a year, in advance
ADVERTISING RATES MODERATE.
P. MURRAY

The Expositor

THE EXPOSITOR.
JOB DEPARTMENT. All orders for Job Printing executed in superior style and at moderate prices. Work done, for CASH, when promised or no charge.

ADVERTISING RATES:

	1mo.	3mos.	6mos.	1year
1 inch	$1 00	$2 50	$4 00	$6 00
2 inches	2 00	5 00	7 00	10 00
¼ column	3 00	7 50	12 00	20 00
½ column	5 00	12 00	25 00	35 00
column	10 00	25 00	35 00	60 00

VOLUME IV., NO. 168. ORILLIA, ONT., CANADA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1873. TERMS: $1 PER ANNUM

Professional Cards.

FRANK EVANS, BARRISTER, AT-TORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, &c.

MONEY TO LEND.

OFFICE—Next door to the "Orillia House," or at his residence, after office hours.

EDGAR, FENTON & COBOULD, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICE—In Masonic Buildings, Mississaga St., Orillia.
J. D. EDGAR
F. FENTON,
G. E. COBOULD.

SAMUEL S. ROBINSON, SOLICITOR, and Notary Public for the Dominion Bank, Orillia. Conveyancer, &c. Money Lent.—Commissioner for taking Affidavits.
OFFICE—Over new Dominion Bank, Orillia.

A. J. ALPORT, Accountant, Arbitrator, Valuator, Land, Insurance and General Agent, Orillia, Ont.
OFFICE—Masonic Buildings.
N.B.—Rents and debts collected.
Orillia, June 5th, 1872. 135

MR. WM. BROWN, Provincial Land Surveyor, and Mr. Arthur G. Robinson, formerly Government Civil Engineer and Architect, have opened an office at Orillia.
All orders to be left at S. S. Robinson's Law Office. 154.

FRED. J. R. GRANT, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c. Valuator for the Canada Permanent Building Society, Orillia, Ont.

F. W. ARMSTRONG,
(Successor to A. Fowlie. P. L. S.)
Provincial Land Surveyor, Draughtsman, Civil Engineer and Architect, Valuator, Land and General Agent. Maps compiled. Disputed Lines carefully adjusted.
OFFICE—Next door to the "Orillia House," formerly occupied by A. Fowlie.
All Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.—Address, Box 57, ORILLIA, P. O. 125.

R. J. OUGH, M. D.,
Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ont., (Graduate of Victoria University,) Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur, Beaverton, Ont. Office—Beaverton Dispensary. 35-1v.

W. H. LAWRENCE,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Orillia and vicinity, that he has settled in Orillia, for the practice of his profession, and that he will be happy at all times to attend to any case for which his services may be required.
Orillia, Aug. 10th, 1871.

CARD.
C. H. BOSANKO, L. D. S.,
visits Orillia regularly on the 16th, 17th and 18th of each month.
Good sets of Teeth at $16.00.
Office, at Dr. Sanderson's.
N.B.—A good opening for a student.
Barrie, July 23rd, 1872. 142.

Business Cards.

ORILLIA
Livery Stables!
MATCHEDASH STREET.
WM. JACKSON, - PROPRIETOR.
FAST HORSES
AND GOOD CONVEYANCES.
Enquire at any of the Hotels.

ORILLIA TANNERY!
WEST ST., ORILLIA.
LEATHER OF ALL KINDS,
SHOEMAKERS' FINDINGS, &c.,
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Cash paid for Hides, Kip and Calf Skins, and Tallow.
200 Cords Hemlock Bark wanted immediately, for which the highest price in cash will be paid.
S. WAINWRIGHT,
166. *Proprietor*

TO EVERY FARMER!
O. H. LYON,
Agent for the Oakville Nurseries, will be at Mr. J. D. O'BRIEN'S STORE, every Saturday, to receive orders for
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c., &c.
Be sure to call and give him your order.
Orillia, Dec. 3rd, 1872. 161.

THE ONTARIO TEMPLAR.
Subscription, one Dollar a year.
P. H. STEWART, - - Publisher.
Office, Louisa Street, Toronto.
SPECIMENS SENT FREE ON APPLICATION. Temperance men are requested to aid in extending the circulation and usefulness of this paper.
The "Ontario Templar" is filled with useful and interesting items to Templars and temperance people generally, and should be liberally supported by all who wish good success to the total abstinence cause.—"Temple of Honor."

ORILLIA SAUSAGE FACTORY.
T. MAUNDRELL, - - Proprietor,
Is prepared to supply all orders, wholesale or retail, on the shortest notice.
As he has the largest facilities for manufacturing sausages north of Toronto, country dealers will do well to give him a call.
Remember his old, stand next door to Berry's Oyster Saloon, Peter St., Orillia.
Dec. 4th, 1872. 161

SILVER CREEK MILL!
NORTH ORILLIA.
LUMBER AND SCANTLING
FOR SALE.
BENNER & SONS
May 5th, 1872. 131-1m

THE
Montreal Telegraph Co.,
Vicker's Express Co.,
Provincial Insurance Co.,
And General Agency,
REMOVED
To the building lately occupied by the DOMINION BANK, CORNER OF
Mississaga and Peter Streets,
where every attention will be paid to business entrusted to
J. WHITE,
AGENT.
Orillia, Dec. 19, 1872.

DOMINION BANK.
Corner of Mississaga and Peter Streets.
GOLD and American Currency, drafts on New York, Bills of Exchange, and United States currency, bought and sold. Drafts issued on all points in Canada.
Interest will be allowed, at the rate of four per cent. per annum, on Special Deposits remaining three months. Special arrangements can be made for moneys remaining over that time.

A SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
has been opened, for the accommodation of mechanics and parties wishing to deposit small amounts. Deposits taken in this Department of one dollar and upwards, upon which interest will be allowed, payable half yearly.
Office hours, 10 a.m. till 3 p.m. Saturdays, 10 a.m. till 1 p.m.
H. S. SCADDING,
161-tf. Agent.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.
The customary
WINTER ALTERATION!
of the time table of the Midland Railway is now in force, the Express leaving Beaverton for Port Hope, Lindsay and Peterborough, at 2:20 p.m., connecting with the G. T. R., East and West. After the
10th of December,
on special application, freight will be brought through from
PORT HOPE TO ORILLIA!
On and after the 1st of January, 1873,
TRAINS WILL RUN REGULARLY!
between Orillia and Port Hope and Peterboro', connecting with the Nipissing, at Woodville, to and from Toronto, and the G. T. R. East and West, when a fresh time table will be announced.
D. E. BOULTON,
159. President.

GEO. WAINMAN,
(Successor to T. Boyd,)
Shaving, Hair-Dressing,
AND SHAMPOOING SALOON,
Mississaga St., Orillia, a few doors east of the "Albion Hotel."
ROOMS fitted up in first-class style, and every attention paid to the comfort of customers. Having had a long experience in his business, and secured the services of a first-class hand, the subscriber guarantees satisfaction.
GEORGE WAINMAN.
Orillia, December 17th, 1872. 163-1y.

THE ORILLIA
Shaving and Hair Cutting Saloon!
(Established 1870.)
GEORGE MEAD,
HAIRDRESSER,
Near the new Dominion Bank, Mississaga St., Orillia.
GIVE HIM A CALL,
If you want a good Shave, Hair Cut, or Shampoo, &c., with Cleanliness, Comfort and Dispatch. A very large assortment of
Pipes, Razors, Combs, Brushes; &c., &c.,
kept in stock.
Pomades, Oils, &c., prepared by
GEORGE MEAD.

NEW
BOOT AND SHOE SHOP
MISSISSAGA ST., ORILLIA.
THE subscriber wishes to inform the inhabitants of Orillia and the public generally that he has opened a
New Boot and Shoe Shop,
and hopes by strict attention to business, using nothing but the best material, and employing good workmen, to receive a fair share of patronage. "Brither Scots" should give him a call.
A. RALSTON

TORONTO
CUSTOM
Boot & Shoe Store!
PETER ST., ORILLIA.
JAS. SHANAHAN, - PROPRIETOR.
Superior workmanship done at the lowest possible prices for cash.
J. SHANAHAN.

ADVERTISE in THE EXPOSITOR

The Home Fireside.

For THE EXPOSITOR.

ACROSTIC.

Dying! yes, the year is dying,
Ever onward Time is flying;
Coursing down life's rapid tide,
Every year we onward glide;
Months and years are quickly pass'd,
By and by will come our last:
Ever may we watch and pray,
Ready for the final day.

Battersea. J. LAWSON.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

Contributed to THE EXPOSITOR, by J. Lawson.

JANUARY 15.

What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?—Luke, XIII., 41.

Open my eyes that I may see
My wretchedness and misery;
Saviour, to me this blessing give,
That I may look to Thee and live.

JANUARY 16.

According to your faith be it unto you.—Mat. IX., 29.

Have faith in God and thou shalt see
His saving power made known in thee;
For never will He hide His face
From them that trust His saving grace.

JANUARY 17.

Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.—Matt., XXVI., 41.

Help me, O Lord, to watch and pray,
Against all sin to guard,
That I may serve Thee every day,
Till called to my reward.

JANUARY 18.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—Phil., IV., 13.

Though helpless, weak and vile I am,
And nothing good can do,
I trust alone in Jesu's name,
And thus my strength renew;
In Him I find sustaining grace,
And thus do all things to His praise.

JANUARY 19.

I *myself* will awake early.—Psalms, CVIII., 2.

And now, while from my bed of sleep I rise,
And bow to pay my morning sacrifice,
Lord, take away each worldly thought and care,
That I may worship Thee in secret prayer;
And may Thy Holy Spirit's aid be given,
That I in spirit may commune with Heaven.

JANUARY 20.

Not slothful in ~~spirit~~ business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.—Romans, XII., 11.

May I with hands and heart, O Lord,
My duty every day fulfill,
And thus obey Thy Holy Word,
And do my blessed Master's will.

JANUARY 21.

Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.—James, IV., 7.

With prayer resist the devil,
And he will from you flee,
For nothing that is evil
With *prayer* keeps company.

Those Brothers.

I wonder if girls realize what an influence they might have over their brothers by exercising a little self-control. I say a little, perhaps that is too moderate a word; it would hardly be too strong to say a great deal, for I know very well how tormenting boys are oftentimes, and how they put one's patience to the severest proofs. But, after all, there is nothing gained by finding fault with them, for the next day after we have scolded and lectured them for prowling about the house and helping themselves to whatever there is to eat, they will go and do the same thing again. I grant that it is provoking to have all the doors left open, and the tracks of mud on the floor and carpet, and that it is discouraging to have a boy swallow his food without chewing, show all he has in his mouth while eating, drink with his mouth full of meat and potatoes, put in his food with his knife, or any way to get it in; it is discouraging, especially if the boy is getting on in years, and quite disgusting to his more refined and delicate sister. But it is not positively wicked, and I have known such a boy, a boy who did not half wash himself besides, grow to be a great and good man, and behave as well among civilized people as any gentleman of them all. I don't know as there is any reason why boys should not be as tractable and controlable as girls, but as a class they are not; and we must accept the fact and govern our deportment toward them accordingly. They will be out evenings without always accounting for themselves, which their sisters would not think of doing or be allowed to do if they did think of it; and they won't get up in the morning when they ought to; like enough they are lazy, and perhaps they smoke and won't study. It is an unpleasant state of things to say the least of it, and ought not to be so. But I don't know any other way for sisters to help the matter than by uniform kindness and forbearance. If possible, never find fault with them, and let the sisters never miss a chance for commendation. It is surprising how a little judicious praise will set a boy thinking of his shortcomings, and planning how he may deserve more. Don't look at them when they are eating. It is very comforting to remember that boys do learn to eat properly when they have stopped growing, and all the fault-finding in the world does not hasten the matter. I don't believe there is a boy in the world who would not be susceptible to the refining influence of a gentle, loving sister, who was ready to help and encourage him. Sisters, do all you can to make the home such a cheerful, delightful place, and yourselves so good natured and obliging, that many of the places where your brothers now seek amusement will lose their attraction, and a coarse, loud, fast girl become repulsive.—*Christian Union.*

DURING one of his African campaigns, the late French Marshall Pelissier, whose passionate temper was well known to every one of his soldiers, so far forgot himself on one occasion as as to strike his aide-de-camp with his riding-whip for wrongly executing his orders. Without a moment's hesitation the young officer drew his pistol from the holster and fired at the general. It flashed in the pan. Pelissier, who had recovered his equanimity, checked him by a gesture, and then said: "Sir, you will report yourself under arrest for eight days, for carrying your arms in bad order."

A BRAVE LITTLE WOMAN.

As the hall door closed, after the departure of a visitor of Mrs. Graham's, Nettie exclaimed:—

"Why, mamma, how very odd it is that your friend, who looks so young and pretty, with such an exquisite complexion, and bright, laughing eyes, should have such gray—no, white hair! Why, I don't think there is a dark hair in her head; and she has such an abundance of it, too!"

"Yes, Nettie; it does look odd, for one so young—she is a little over thirty—to have such hair. Hers is one of those strange incidents that you have often heard of, and now have seen, where one hour of terror has accomplished most effectually the work of longer years; aye, probably the snows of seventy winters would not have so bleached her raven locks as we see them now."

"How long has she been so? What caused it? Mamma, do you know? Please tell me all you can about her. Isn't she a tiny woman? I've seen girls of twelve larger."

"How you rattle on, Nettie! Now keep quiet, and I will tell you all I know about it."

"Ten years ago, in Virginia, where the nearest neighbours lived at least a mile apart, Mary Southern passed the first year of her married life. Her husband being a lawyer, was necessarily much from home, attending court, which was in session in the town of ———, fifteen miles from their home. Always going with him to the gate, and with a bright smile bidding him good-bye, Mary would watch her husband ride off, to be absent two or three days, as his business was more or less pressing.

"One memorable morning in the month of August, Mary, with her babe in her arms, and another three year old clinging to her hand, followed to bid her husband good-bye. As she raised her face to his, and put up her lips to give and receive his parting kiss, he for the first time noticed that the sweet smile was wanting. On her fair face rested an expression of great anxiety, and he asked:

"'What is it, dear? Something to say, and are not quite sure that it is not childish, eh? Afraid of being laughed at? Come, out with it!'

"'No, not that; but I am afraid of worrying you—that is, making you feel uneasy or sorry about leaving us, if I speak. But, oh! Harry, I do feel worse about your going this time than ever before,' she answered, her eyes filling with tears.

"'Why, you are nervous, sure enough. What is the cause? Tell me, love.'

"'Oh, it is very foolish, no doubt. But last night, you know, we heard that Watt Wolf had escaped.'

"'Well, dear, if he has, you may be sure he will not linger in this neighbourhood. He is probably out of the State by this time.'

"'Harry, you have forgotten he has vowed vengeance on every one who had anything to do with his conviction, and particularly you,' said Mary, in a tremulous voice.

"'Ha, ha, ha! Why, little woman, for that very reason he will steer far away from here, thinking he would be expected. Rest easy. I'll come back to-night, as you feel anxious.'

"'No, no, no! I would not have you come through the woods at night for anything. It is for you I am so frightened. Do not come unless you can get off early.'

"'You remember my engagement will keep me until eight. I will leave directly after, and be with you about ten.'

"'No, Harry, remain in town, and leave Trust here with us, and I shall feel easier.'

"'All right! Here, Trust!' he called to a large mastiff. The dog came up, and he placed his wife's hand on the noble animal's head, and said:

"'Take care of your mistress, old fellow! But Mary, I assure you, you have no cause for alarm. Now, good-bye.'

"Trust reluctantly followed his mistress home. He was disappointed, it was very evident. But he was ever true to his name, and Mary felt that he would do as his master bade him.

"The manifold duties of the day soon diverted her thoughts, and she grew busy and cheerful again. And so, forgetting the fears of the morning, she gave all the servants, with the exception of one—the nurse—permission to attend a party given by some of the neighbouring servants.

"The babe was sleeping sweetly, and little Harry sitting on the piazza, watching the road, when the nurse called—

"'Come, Harry, get your supper; and we will give the chickens theirs.'

"'No; Harry's looking for papa. Harry wants papa to come. Something hurt mamma if papa don't come!' answered the child, still eagerly watching the road.

"Little Harry had heard the conversation of the morning and it had evidently made a deep impression on his mind. When his mother heard his reply all the alarm she had felt came back with redoubled force, and she began to regret that she had not urged her husband to get excused from his engagement, and return home early in the evening.

"Little Harry continued calling for his 'papa,' and Mary grew every moment more miserable. Suddenly a wild thought entered her mind.

"Oh, why could not her husband hear the call? Perhaps he might. The infant's cry, borne on the breeze to his ear, would surely bring him home. Glancing at the clock, she saw it was just seven. If he would only start just now, he would reach home by nine, she thought.'

"'Call papa, Harry, and mother will ask God to send him home to us,' she said. And as little Harry's lisping tones floated out on the night wind, his mother's fervent prayer ascended to heaven.

"'Thou who knowest all things, direct him. Send him home to us, or stay his footsteps, whichever seems best in Thy sight,' she prayed.

"Still watching and waiting, little Harry sat until his eyes grew weary, and murmuring, 'papa coming!' his head drooped and he sank to sleep on the door-step.

"Gently taking him up and placing him on the sofa, Mary said to the nurse:

"'Do not disturb him. We will wake and undress him when his father comes, or when I am ready to retire.'

"It was a glorious night; the moon shining so brightly that it was almost as light as noonday. And as they sat on the piazza, everything about and far up the road was plainly visible.

"Cassie, the nurse, noticing her mistress was uneasy, endeavoured to divert her mind by many amusing anecdotes. And after an hour and more spent so, she stepped into the house a moment, returning with a very fine water-melon, and placed it, with a large knife before Mary.

"Scarce had she opened the melon, when a low growl from Trust caused both Mary and the nurse to look anxiously about. Nothing, however, could they see. But the dog continued his uneasiness.

"A moment more, and, to their horror, they beheld emerging from behind a cluster of lilac bushes a huge dark figure.

"Furiously Trust barked then. And when the man, with quick and noiseless step, approached the house, the faithful creature, with a bound, reached and sprung upon the intruder. Another second, and a knife gleamed in the moonlight.

"'Trust, off, off, sir! Here! here!' cried Mary. Terrified though she was, her thoughts were swift and bright. Another instant, and that sharp steel would reach the faithful heart. She must save him while there was any hope, or until the last moment.

"As Trust, with continued growls, drew off and stationed himself behind his mistress, the dreaded man approached. The hearts of both mistress and maid were appalled. There was no mistaking the truth. Watt Wolf, the outlaw, the house-breaker and burner, the murderer, the robber, the terror of the State, stood before them!

"With a fiendish leer he looked on them, and asked—

"'Do you know me? Or shall I introduce myself?'

"With a powerful effort Mary tried to conceal her terror, and answered—

"'I never saw you before, I suppose, though, you are hungry, and want something to eat.'

"'Hungry! Yes, by ——, I am, and thirsty too!' And under his breath he muttered, 'Thirsty for revenge!'

"'I will get you something to eat,' Mary said starting to go in the house.

"'No; you are going to give the alarm. Oh, no, I know that you are alone—alone, ha! You can go. Your husband is off for the night, and your servants all across the way to a party.

"'You are right. But why should I be alarmed? I am glad, always, to feed the hungry or help the needy. I never injured anyone in my life; and you will not harm anyone who is kind to you. Shall I get the food?' Mary answered, feigning a calmness in order to delay his intent, whatever it might be, hoping for some relief.

"By one pretext and another she delayed placing the food before him until he demanded it quickly.

"While he ate, his keen eyes were continually watching Mary and Cassie. Noticing one of the former's hand's were concealed, he said:—

"What are you hiding there? Ha! a knife! What are you going to do with it?'

"'Cut some melon. I was about to do it when you came up.'

"'*Put it down now!*' he said, in a menacing tone.

"She laid it on the table beside the fruit.

"At length he had finished eating, and pushed back his chair. Then, for the first time, Cassie's speech returned. She got up, and approaching, said:—

"'Have a piece of this melon? Can I cut some, please, ma'am?' she asked, turning to Mary, and looking with eyes which told so much then.

"'Certainly. Take some, and give this man some. But wait; let me cut a nice piece for Mr. Southern first,' Mary answered, her heart gaining strength again for one hope—to get possession of the knife again.

"Both held knives then, and both knew the other's intent.

"'You are —— cool, or want to make out so. And you know that your husband will not come to eat that. And now I have not much time to spare. The servants will be coming soon. Now look at me, ladies! Watt Wolf!—bloody Watt, at your service! Now, madam, you will come with me, and hand out your money and jewellery. I'll get that before going further,' said the fiend, approaching and putting out his hand to take hold of Mary.

"'Stand back!' cried she. And retreating a step or two back, she held high the knife. And Cassie sprang to her side, called,

"'Now, Trust! Brave Trust! Help us!'

"They stood, the three, before him. They would fight to the death, he knew. He must change his movements. Separate them, and then he would conquer. He drew forth a pistol, and pointing it to the sleeping boy, and said:

"'Unless you do as I bid, I'll give that young one a long sleep. Now, what do you say? Quick.'

"Hark! A sound reaches their ears. Near and nearer it comes!

"'What's that?' demanded the wretch.

"'My husband!' Mary returned, never for an instant removing her eyes from the outlaw.

"'You lie!' he said, straining his ears to hear.

"Yes, it was the clatter of a horse's hoofs coming near, very near. The clang of the yard gate confirmed her joy, and his dismay.

"Fool! to have stopped so long! But *this*—to remember Watt Wolf by!' and he fired the pistol which he held covering the little head of Harry.

"An agonizing cry, and Mary fell fainting to the floor, as the fiend rushed through the house and out the back way. Trust sprang after him. And Harry Southern, terrified by the report of the pistol, dashed in to find his wife lying apparently dead before him.

"Cassie, in words scarcely intelligible from terror, made him understand what had happened. Little Harry was unhurt, but awakened by the report of the pistol, which his mother had struck upward at the instant Wolf had pulled the trigger, thus saving the child.

"Restoratives applied, Mary was soon sobbing with joy on her husband's bosom.

"He told her that when he started to fulfil his engagement, he was irresistibly drawn homeward. So deeply was he impressed to hasten, that he could not even stop to send an excuse.

"'For,' he continued, 'I could continually hear—imagine, of course—Harry calling on me. And, Sport, too, seemed to have caught my humour, for he almost flew home.'

"'What time was it, Harry, when you first felt so?' asked Mary.

"'A few moments after seven. What is it love? You look so strangely!'

"'Harry, your boy *was* calling you then!' she answered solemnly."

"How strange! How very strange!" exclaimed Nettie. "They both had presentiments, had they not?"

"That was what Harry Southern said to his wife, and I will answer you with her words. She said she knew but little about presentiments; but on faith and prayer she did. It was quite natural for her to be uneasy that morning, as she had good cause, as it proved. But his coming home so impressed with the necessity was surely God's answer to her prayer."

"And was the dreadful man caught?" asked Nettie.

"Yes; Harry went out to call Trust. And after some of the men returned, he went with them to hunt the faithful creature. At length, directed by low, piteous moans, they found him, badly cut in several places, but still clutching and holding to the ground the terrible outlaw, almost dead from the effects of his fight with Trust.

"He was taken back to jail and afterward executed; having previously confessed his intention of completely desolating Harry Southern's home. Thus the country was delivered from the terrible outlaw.

"The next morning after that fearful night, when Mary Southern looked in her glass, it reflected the hair that a few hours before was of a raven hue, as you have seen it to-day.'

"Oh, what a misfortune! I should never cease worrying over it. Does she mind it, mamma?"

"No, not at all. I've heard her husband say to her, 'those silvery locks were a constant reminder of what a brave little wife he had.' And in his eyes, I am sure she is far more beautiful than ever before that terrible night."

Dutch Life and Manners.

The tyranny of social custom is the basis, as it is the bane, of Dutch life. Every one submits to it, and in his turn exercises it; the rich man in his own manner, the poor one in his. We remember a very characteristic case in point. Custom does not permit riding on horseback in the streets of Amsterdam—a prohibition which doubtless sprung into existence from the ancient cleanliness of the towns, and which has always remained a tacit assumption if not a recognized fact. A young progressist philosopher endeavoured in our presence to disregard this prohibition. A saddle horse was brought, and he mounted it at the door of his father's house. Hooting and hisses followed him to the very outside of the city, and the children threw stones and sticks at the animal he bestrode. On the next following days he renewed his attempt with true Dutch phlegm, when the people again opposed him with the same perseverence. Crackers were exploded so often under the horses feet that the life of the rider was endangered, and no one, neither the police nor public opinion, dared to intervene in his behalf. His own father himself, quite indifferent to the want of success attending his son's rashness, said as much to the effect that the Dutch people had only exercised their right in resisting innovation.

A married son or daughter never dines with the family without an express invitation. The same sort of formality is also established between brother and sister, for they only visit each other on the footing of guests. We were one day praising to a Dutch lady the conservatory of a brother of hers who lived in the same city. "I have never seen it," she said, "as I only call upon him in the evenings." As a rule, never do married children live under the same roof with their parents. Therefore some difficulty arises from them in the contraction of marriage since they must first of all secure a home, and that is not always an easy matter in many of those semi-aquatic towns, more particularly in Amsterdam. Building ground is scarce, and the pile foundations cost more than the house itself. Such extravagant expenditures as were common at the third period of the Republic's zenith of prosperity is not to be renewed often; thus generation succeeds generation in the occupancy of the dwellings built centuries ago. A family must therefore emigrate or die out before another can take its place, and hence it is that the fathers of families look out for a vacancy before marrying their children. In the mean time the betrothal takes place, which, under the guarantee of honor and of Dutch *sang froid*, forms a sufficient bond of security even though years may elapse before the marriage is celebrated. Until then the young people enjoy a freedom of social intercourse which suffices to make the time pass pleasantly enough. They go out doors and walk alone together, like Charlotte by the side of Werter. Among the higher classes such liberty as this does not produce any evil consequences; with the lower, those which occassionally do result are tolerated and condoned by public opinion. Many good and honest tradesmen share the same dwelling with young women without exciting any reprobation. One may read every day in the newspapers advertisements like this: "Such a one, doing a prosperous business, desires a girl or young widow to look after the shop and his household. If matters should go on well, marriage will follow." We were one day at a tradesman's shop, and said to the fair and buxom girl behind the counter: "Your husband, madam, undertook to do so and so." "He is not my husband, sir." "Well your brother, miss." "Nor is he my brother, sir." "Well, what is he then, my child?" She fixed her large candid blue eyes upon us and said: "He is my betrothed, sir." We knew later on that in that circumscribed dwelling of the small shop-keeper type, those two young people shared the same chamber, divided by a slight screen only.—*Zell's Magazine.*

A TELEGRAM from London states that the Right Hon. Bulwer Lytton died on Saturday, in the 67th year of his age. Mr. S. R. Graves, M. P., also died in London on Saturday.

"WHAT is the rent of your little apartment on the seventh floor?" queried a man of a Paris landlord. "Two thousand francs." "Have you a stable as well?" "You keep carriage, eh?" was the counter-question. "No, but it would be wanted for a lodging for the ass who should pay you what you ask."

A NEW YORK Judge said in a recent case, when three thousand dollars damages were awarded, "It is as much the duty of the vehicle to keep out of the way of pedestrians, as it is for the latter to escape being run over by the former. Therefore, drivers have no right to monopolize the privileges of the streets as they now do, and foot passengers should make them understand the fact by a few legal experiences."

Shipbuilding in New Brunswick.

We published yesterday a tabulated account of all the new vessels registered at the Port of St. John for the year ending 31st Dec., 1872. The account is a most interesting one, in many respects, and goes far to show that shipbuilding is not only one of our soundest and most reliable industries, but one of the most valuable as well. It appears, moreover, to be steadily increasing, for while the appended abstract shows the tonnage of new vessels registered here to have been 26,612 in 1870, and 27,086 in 1871, it gives 37,302 for 1872, being an increase of nearly 40 per cent. over last year, and a little more than 40 per cent over the year before. Some of these vessels have, doubtless, been built to a considerable extent on borrowed, or, as some would say, on paper capital, and, as in every other calling, men by making undue haste to get rich have, in some cases, involved themselves and others in trouble. In the main, however, the shipbuilding of New Brunswick is carried on in anything but a rash or risky manner. Most of the vessels are owned as well as built here, and will be engaged in trading to and from our ports, relieving us of our surplus lumber and other produce and bringing in an equivalent in the shape of imported goods. It is pleasing to be able to congratulate our province on the condition of this important industry, while the United States press is constantly urging upon Congress the necessity of doing something to foster shipbuilding south of the line. It should be remembered, too, that the list we have given includes only those vessels registered in St. John, and excludes those in the outlying ports of the province. It will be observed that three large ships and two barques have proceeded, or are about to proceed to England under passes from His Excellency, the Governor-General. Not the least interesting feature observable in the table is the very general way in which shipbuilding is distributed over the province. As might be expected, a very large proportion of the vessels, including more than one-half of all the tonnage registered here, were built in the County of St. John. Even these were by no means confined to one locality however. Westmoreland County comes next to Saint John, the amount registered as built there being 6,000 tons. King's County furnishes over 3,500; Albert Co. over 1,500; Queen's County nearly 1,000, and York County 206. These figures will, of themselves, serve to show how thoroughly maritime our province is on the whole, a fact which will be still more strikingly presented when the statistics of other ports become available. It should be remembered, too that this industry, great as it is, has grown up without having received any special fostering care at the hands of the Legislature, save as to the admission of articles used in shipbuilding. If we can point to such results under such a system, there is little occasion for indulging in gloomy forebodings for the future; enterprise and capital applied judiciously to our great national resources will, doubtless, furnish even more favorable statistics in future years.—*St. John Telegraph.*

Gypsey's Fear of Death.

If a funeral procession happens to pass before their house, if 12 o'clock has not yet struck, the family will go out upon the threshold of the door, and say the usual prayers; but if it is afternoon they make haste to shut the doors and windows, and no one will go out till the next morning. The sight of a drop of blood draws from the gypsey horrible cries, as if he were being assassinated. If, while he is preparing a meal, a malevolent hand lays beside him a dead dog or cat, he will immediately throw his dinner on the dung-hill, from fear of witchcraft. As soon as a gypsey feels his death pangs begin, he asks to be carried into the open air; for if it happens that he dies in his home, his family must put all the furniture into the street before they can carry out the corpse. In short, the dread they have of the dead is such that a corregidor of Cardova, wishing to rid the city of the gypseys of the Sierra Morena, gave orders that they should be employed at interments. "Rather Robbers than grave diggers!" was the cry of the gypseys, and they all returned to their mountains.

A HALIFAX despatch says Archbishop Connolly has caused a circular to be distributed in all the Roman Catholic Churches exhorting his flock who sell liquor on Sunday to refrain from doing so hereafter.

AN amusing anecdote is told of the late Horace Greeley, who was once met at a railway station by a red-face individual who shook him warmly by the hand. "I don't recognize you," said Mr. Greeley. "Why, yes, you must remember how we drank brandy and water together at a certain place." This amused the bystanders, who knew Mr. Greeley's strong temperance principles. "Oh! I see," replied Mr. Greeley drily: "you drank the brandy and I drank the water." On another occasion the philosopher's wit silenced some of his office associates. Mr. Greeley had given an account of a wine dinner, and wrote that the party had indulged in Heidsieck and champagne, these both being names for the same kind of wine. His associates laughed heartily at his mistake, which they pointed out to him. "Did I write it so?" said he, with a good-natured smile. "Well, I reckon I'm the only man in this office who could have made such a mistake."

THE first attempt to carry mails fast was made in England less than a century since. Mr. Palmer persuaded the government of Pitt to let him make the trial of fast coaches between London and Bristol. The first one started on the 8th August, 1784. Slow to appreciate the talent of discoverers, it was twenty years afterwards that Parliament gave John Palmer's son £50,000, the adoption of fast coaches having increased the postal revenue in that time from £240,000 to a million and a half sterling. The glories of the old mail-coach are not so old therefore as some would think, though in these days unknown to men of middle age. It was whispered by the opponents of Palmer that men had died of apoplexy from a speed of ten miles an hour being sustained between Bristol and London! Some of these may have lived to travel in an express train. De Quincy says, "the mail-coach it was that distributed over the land the heart-shaking news of Trafalgar, Salamanca and Waterloo! And it was worth five years of life to have the privilege of an outside place carrying down the tidings of such events."