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DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, JAN. 27, 1870.

[VOLUME 3, NO. 52.

James Brown,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
Durham, Ont.

L. Hamilton Evans, B.A., M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHER.
Graduate of the University of Toronto. Residence:—One door south of the Orange Hall, Garrafrax Street, Durham, Ont. (102-7).

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., HANOVER, Ontario.

R. T. Porter, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., GRADUATE of Victoria College, Toronto. Office:—In Griffin's Building, Durham, County of Grey. All calls, day or night, promptly attended to.

Cornelius Harper,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR-IN-CHIEF, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public Office one door north of Telegraph Office, Durham, County of Grey.

William Barrett
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c., Office:—Over Turner & Richardson's store, Upper Town, Durham, Ont.

Samuel E. Legate,
LAND AGENT, VALUER, &c., &c., Money to Lend from one to ten years, on easy terms of interest. Farms for sale.
Durham, 10th June, 1869. 71-1y.

John Moodie,
General Agent, Conveyancer, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey, Lands, &c., Valued, Books and Accounts made up and collected. \$50,000 to lend on good Farm and Town Property at 5 per cent. Office:—14 Garrafrax St., Durham.

George Isaacs,
SADDLER, HARNESS and Trunk Maker, opposite the Crown Land Office, Durham, Ont. Whips, Spurs, &c., always on hand. Jobbing done on the shortest notice.

C. S. McDougall,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, Durham, Ont. Painting, Glazing and Paper Hanging, done in the most approved style of the art.

William Buchanan,
FROM GLASGOW
Scottish Book Binder, Sullivan Post Office, Changes made. All orders left at the CHRONICLE OFFICE, promptly attended to. 1-1y.

Christopher Chittick,
BLACKSMITH, Shop—South of the Bridge, Garrafrax Street, Blacksmithing of every description done in a workmanlike manner, on short notice.—Particular attention paid to horse shoeing.

Durham
Wagon & Carriage Shop.
H. 1. STOREY IS NOW PREPARED to furnish Carriages, Cutters, Wagons and Sleighs, manufactured from the best material, at the cheapest possible rates. All work warranted. Residence next to McKenna's large brick store.—Durham, Dec. 10, 1868. 1-1y.

MRS. WOOD & MRS. E. FERRIS
MILLINERS & DRESSMAKERS.
BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY are prepared to do Millinery and Dress-making, and would kindly solicit the patronage of Durham and vicinity. Mrs. Ferris is well acquainted with all the latest fashions, and also Straw-work. Residence next to McKenna's large brick store.—Durham, Dec. 10, 1868. 1-1y.

Korr, Brown & McKenzie,
IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS AND Groceries, and General Wholesale Merchants, Hamilton, Ont.

J. W. McDONNELL,
CARPENTER, Builder, &c., Plans, Specifications and Estimates of every description reasonable. Furniture furnished at five hours notice, in the best style at the lowest terms.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE subscriber has \$25,000 of Private Capital to loan at 8 per cent.
D. JACKSON, Jr.,
Durham, Sept. 6th, 1869. 106-1y.

HUGH ROSE,
General Blacksmith, opposite Wiley's Boot and Shoe Store, Lower Town, Durham.—Good workmanship, punctuality and moderate charges are the rules at this Smithy.
Apprentice wanted, one who has worked sometime at the trade preferred.
Durham, Jan. 4th, 1870.

HOTEL CARDS.

DEACON'S HOTEL,
BARONER.

This House is furnished with all the requisites to insure the comfort of travellers. The Table supplied with the best market affords. Choice wines, liquors, and cigars kept constantly on hand. There is also a good livery in connection with this house. Charges moderate.

April 26, 1869. 1y.

HALF-WAY HOUSE,
ORCHARDVILLE, JAMES BELL, PROPRIETOR.

Having leased the above premises, lately occupied by Mr. J. Hart, I am prepared to offer first-class accommodation to travellers and the public generally. Good Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Superior Stabling and an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily. Charges moderate.

CORNISH'S HOTEL,
ORCHARDVILLE. This House has recently been refitted and furnished in first class style, with a view to the comfort and accommodation of the travelling public. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest brands always on hand. Good Stabling and an attentive hostler. Stages call daily.—Charges moderate.

Argyle Hotel, PROPRIETOR,
DURHAM. The subscriber is Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey.

DURHAM HOTEL, Durham,
R. WATTERS, PROPRIETOR. The above Hotel has been entirely refitted and furnished with a view to the comfort and convenience of its guests. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brands always in stock. The Landlady will at all times be supplied with the best market will afford. Good Stabling. Charges moderate.

A CHOICE LOT OF FRESH MEAT ALWAYS ON HAND,
AT THE "Durham Meat Market," CHARLES LIMIN.

A NEW GAUGE RAILWAY!

The Green-Gage Branch, from MOUNT FOREST, will bud & blossom at every Station, and bring forth FRUIT at the Terminus!

The undersigned would be in form the public in general, that he has on hand ready for this Fall or Spring planting a large quantity of first-class Fruit Trees—

HOMEWOOD NURSERY
was established in 1864, and all trees offered for sale were grown in Mount Forest. It is a very much more useful, though, than ornamental, clearly, I'm sorry that you don't know Although I love you dearly.

I think I've said enough to prove You're not a perfect Venus (And quite sufficient to remove Unpleasant thoughts between us) So, when you criticize again My viage too severely, You'll catch it, I can tell you Jane, Although I love you dearly.

A. T. GREGORY,
Home Wood Nursery, Mt. Forest, }
September 13th, 1869. } 1y.

OPEN REBELLION. TAKEN BY STORM! Fenian Raid!
Photographs for the Million! BETTER than the BEST and Cheaper than the Cheapest, at KELSEY'S GALLERY, Opposite Fletcher's, Upper Town, Durham.

DURHAM FOUNDRY.
STOVES FOR COOKING, STOVES FOR BAKING, STOVES FOR HEATING, STOVES FOR WARMING, STOVES FOR DRYING, STOVES FOR STEAMING, STOVES FOR BOILING, STOVES FOR FRYING, STOVES FOR BAKING, STOVES FOR HEATING, STOVES FOR WARMING, STOVES FOR DRYING, STOVES FOR STEAMING, STOVES FOR BOILING, STOVES FOR FRYING.

Stove-Pipes.
THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.
CHEAP FOR CASH.
A. & A. COCHRAN.
DURHAM, Oct. 1869.

Weighing the Baby.

How many pounds does the baby weigh, Baby who came but a month ago? How many pounds from the crowning curl To the rosy point of the restless toe?

Grandfather ties the kerchief's knot. Tenderly guides the swinging weight, And carefully over his glasses peers To read the record, "only eight."

Softly the echo zones around; The father laughs at the tiny girl; The fair young mother stings the words, While grandfather smooths the golden curl;

And stood above the precious thing, Nestles a kiss within a prayer, Murmuring softly, "Little one, Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile, Or the love that came with the helpless one; Nobody weighed the threads of care From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth Of little baby's quiet breath, A soft, unceasing monotone, Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul, For here on earth no weight there be That could avail; God only knows Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul That seeks no angel's silver wings, But shines in this human guise, Within so small and frail a thing.

Oh, mother, laugh your merry notes; Be gay and glad but don't forget From baby's eyes outlook a soul That claims a home in Eden yet.

Artless Lover.
I know I'm horrid ugly, Jane, You scarcely need have stated That interesting fact again, Because it's antiquated.

And—putting Jane on the shelf— I tell you Jane sincerely, I think you're pretty plain yourself, Although I love you dearly!

Your nose is not the kind of nose To satisfy a painter, Your locks are like the red, red rose, Or just a little fainter.

Shines best-root-colored nearly; I'm bound, you know, to tell the truth, Although I love you dearly!

It's needless to possess two eyes, Without the least connection, Where each is quiring optic tries A contrary direction.

It's very much more useful, though, Than ornamental, clearly; I'm sorry that you don't know Although I love you dearly.

I think I've said enough to prove You're not a perfect Venus (And quite sufficient to remove Unpleasant thoughts between us) So, when you criticize again My viage too severely, You'll catch it, I can tell you Jane, Although I love you dearly.

Through Tickets around the World.

One of the leading Eastern Railways is making arrangements to issue through tickets by rail and steamer around the world, and it is believed that the whole thing can be completed by the first of next month. The tickets will be good until used, giving travellers an opportunity to visit and make excursions in Japan, China, the Holy Land, or wherever tourists may be disposed, to leave the main line of travel. The arrangements are now complete, and prices fixed from New York as far east as Alexandria in Egypt, and west to Yokohama and Shanghai. An agent is now on his way to arrange with the English steamship lines between China and the head of the Red Sea and the railway to Alexandria. As soon as this is done, it will be announced in New York by telegraph, and the tickets will be ready for delivery. A table of distances, with time, between important points, is to be printed upon them, and a synopsis of all information that will be essential to the traveller. The whole trip can be made inside of ninety days, and the entire cost will be about seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold. The scheme is important in its magnitude and probability rests upon the commerce and the civilization of the world; but it is now certain that a few weeks as most will see it fully realized. The cost of an entire trip around the world will be from a thousand to twelve hundred dollars in coin.

Green peas are selling at Philadelphia at 5c. apiece.

In Chicago the doctors have agreed to charge \$100 for cutting off a leg.

A New York reporter says that 10,000 people go to bed drunk every night in that city.

There is a young thing in Princeton, Ind., whose four great-grandmothers are living.

A game of chess, lasting ten years, has just been decided. One of the players lives in Germany, the other in New York.

Horrible Revelations of Chinese Customs.

A San Francisco correspondent gives the following sketch of a Chinese "hospital."

Very few of the women brought here are wives, and they live, for the most part, in the most abject manner. When one of these poor unfortunates becomes weak and sick, and a Chinese physician pronounces her case hopeless, she is notified that she must die. She knows very well that protestations and prayers are unavailing, and submits without a murmur to her fate. Led by night to some miserable tenement that goes by the name of a "hospital," (how it gained such a significant antithetical name we do not know), she is forced within the door and made to lie down upon a shelf. A cup of water, another of boiled rice, and a little metal oil-lamp is placed by her side. The assassins pass out of the death cell, the heavy door is locked, and the miserable creature is left to die alone. What agonies the poor victims suffer in their lingering death, no one knows. The smothered shrieks of despair; the dreadful moans with which weakened nature announces its sufferings, may be heard by those who live in that immediate vicinity, but they either pay no attention to them, or simply vent valedictions on the suffering cause of their annoyances. No one thinks of interfering with the doomed one; all know the laws, and none are brave enough to interfere with the dreadful edicts. After a few days the lamp burns out; the light falls for a lack of oil; the rice cup and the water cup are empty and dry, and the joss sticks, which were lighted when the woman was brought to the cell, are nothing but charred splinters of bamboo. Those who have immediate charge of the establishment know how long the oil should last, and when the limit is reached, they return to the "hospital," unbar the door and enter, that they may remove the unhappy victim of such barbarous usage. Generally the woman is dead, either by starvation or her own hands; but sometimes when the "doctors" enter; but this makes little difference with them. They come for the corpse, and they will not go away without it.—If the victim be not already dead, the circumstance only delays the removal of the remains a few minutes. When they enter, the woman is still alive, but only a sooner death bearing a body—only a body; the heart has ceased to beat; the breath ceases and goes no more; the soul has fled. How the deed is done—whether blood is drawn, the victim slaughtered or smothered, none save those in the secret know. The result is past dispute. A poor, erring woman, helpless and unloved, is murdered, and this in the heart of a Christian and enlightened city. Such is a single chapter in the book of crimes of a cosmopolitan city. The truthfulness of the recital is vouchered for by police officers, who aided the reporters in ferreting out the facts.

The Queen's Recent Appearance in London.

There was something very impressive in the great simplicity of the Queen's appearance, viewed in connection with the enthusiasm she evoked. In a plain open coach sat a plain, middle-aged lady, dressed no better, and not half so smart as many a tradesman's wife, yet it was she on whom every eye was fixed, to whom every salutation was directed.—Had she been in royal robes, with a crown of state on her head, and attended by the most illustrious of the land, in gorgeous array, these crowds would not have been so impressive. It was not the vulgar trappings and mere accessories of royalty which so excited the people, it was merely the person of the monarch, as the symbol of government, as the representative of the British nation. And does not this show how alike are Britons and Americans? You have law and power without the trappings.—We have the trappings but we seldom exhibit them; and it is not those which make the interest of a royal ceremonial, but simply the person of the monarch. The people turned out in their tens of thousands simply to see and greet the Queen, as you might greet the President. It seems to me that all the differences between our governments is this—that the head of the state is permanent, while the responsible ministry may be changed by the will of the people at any time. Our Queen "can do no wrong." The supreme head cannot be blamed for anything that may occur, and so the authority of the executive suffers no detriment. But the responsible minister, through whom alone the executive can act, may be questioned, challenged, impeached, and changed for another whenever the nation may consider he has done wrong. Let us then rejoice in the advantages of each other's system, and be grateful together in the possession of such freedom as was never possessed by other nations.—Newman Hall in the N. Y. Independent.

The Chief Cause of Idiocy.

Visitors to the Earlwood Idiot Asylum and persons who read the reports of that valuable institution, will have gained some acquaintance with the exceedingly curious species of physical degeneracy known as "permanent childhood."

Imagine an infant, pure and simple, of the mature age of twenty-two years, perfectly formed, but in growth, intellect, and taste exactly resembling a child of twelve months. Some remarkable particulars with regard to this were given by Dr. Langdon Down at a meeting of the Pathological Society.—Illustrative case was exhibited—that of a child of five years, which had intellectually and physically the condition of nine months. This case, Dr. Down remarked was a typical one of a class, all the members of which possess the same characteristics, and form a sort of natural family. He stated that he had seen a "permanent infant" of upwards of 30 years of age, just able to stand by the side of a chair, uttering monosyllabic sounds, amusing itself with toys, and otherwise comporting itself exactly as an ordinary child would, that was making his first attempts to speak and walk. The doctor has a theory of his own—and he is entitled, from his experience in such matters, to form one—as to the cause of this extremely curious and painful species of degeneracy. All such children he has found are the offspring of habitually drunken fathers—the arrest of growth and development, is the result; and thus the "iniquity of fathers is visited upon the children."

Those gentlemen who are waging deadly warfare with the alcoholic "monster" ought to be grateful to Dr. Down for the sharp arrow which he has added to their already well-furnished quiver.—Birmingham Post.

A reverend doctor happened one evening to be at a social party, and on returning home, the night being dark and the way intricate, he carried in his hand a lantern. He had not proceeded far when a farm servant on horseback came up to him. The horse, on perceiving the light, became restive, and reared so furiously that the rustic went toppling to the ground. On getting up from his horizontal position, still keeping hold of the reins, he saluted the doctor with, "O'd, sir, is this you?" and, jocking Jolly (the name of the horse) in the face, remarked, "O, yer dunnet, doint' idiot, to mak' a bogie o' yer minister! I'm sure a' the parish ken's him!"

Josh Billings says: "I don't believe in bad luck being set for a man like a trap, but I have known lots of folks who, if there was any first-rate bad luck lying around loose, would be sure to get one foot into it anyhow."

The Marine Department of Nova Scotia advertise for six swift schooners for marine police duty.

Journalistic Experiences.

I am a little at a loss (I used to be great at a loss when I played poker, and therefore abandoned the game, years and years ago) to know what to write about. I have a conscience—a patent, metropolitan, journalistic conscience—and, therefore, dare not write anything that is not strictly true. I was not always thus careful; but a year or two ago I had an awful warning, and since then have never ventured to let my imagination lead me into exaggeration.

It happened in this way. I was an associate editor on the staff of one of our New York papers, and there one day came a necessity for me to write a paragraph of about a stickful in length, in a little less than no time at all. The weather being intensely cold, my mental faculties were active only in the direction of forcible denunciation of the climate. My mind thus running on the subject of cold weather, I wrote a few lines stating that the Gulf Stream had retired from the coast, and that there was every reason to believe that in the course of two years at farthest, New York would be considerably colder than Greenland.

Mark what followed, and then doubt if you can, the influence of the press.—That paragraph was gravely copied all over the country, and in about three weeks afterwards two sea captains came into port and announced that they had found the Gulf Stream nearly two hundred miles from the usual course.

The confounded current had actually taken me at my word, and had really changed its course. I repeated bitterly to the cheerful prospect of freezing to death amid the curses of my fellow countrymen, when some other fellow came out in another statement that the Gulf Stream had approached nearer to our shores than ever, and that henceforth our climate was to become tropical in point of heat. I don't believe he had any more authority for his statement than I had for mine, but somehow more people were credulously taken in, and confirmed his statement. Since then the climate has remained just as disagreeable as it has always been, but I have never dared to allude to the Gulf Stream from that day to this, and have, moreover, registered as a vow never to write anything that is not strictly and literally true.

The Dreadful Accident at Bristol.

The following particulars of the late accident at the new theatre at Bristol are from the London Daily News:—

People began to assemble at the new Theatre Royal, which is in Park Row, as early as four o'clock, to witness the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe." By six o'clock the narrow and steep gangway leading to the pit and gallery was crowded by hundreds of persons, while about seven o'clock, just before the doors were opened, a cry of fire was raised but whether this cry or the opening of the doors led to the tragedy is not known. At any rate, when the doors were unbolted there was a fearful rush towards them. One poor woman was the first to fall, and the obstruction caused large numbers to fall on her; and in the result nearly thirty men, women, and young people tumbled over one another in a heap over which those behind still pushed in order to obtain admission.

When the panic was over, attention was paid to those on the ground, and twenty-three persons were taken up insensible; fourteen of those unfortunates were found to be quite dead, and they were taken into the refreshment room and laid out; the remainder were conveyed to the infirmary where up to 12 o'clock four others had died, making eighteen deaths in all. Of those lying dead in the refreshment room, six are women, four men, and four boys and girls. The performance of the pantomime was continued to the end; and the fun inside, while the fourteen dead bodies lay close by, had a hideous aspect. The dread of further mishap prevented the manager stopping the performance. When the play was over and hundreds inside knew the real facts, the scenes outside the theatre and in the infirmary were perfectly appalling. Up to midnight only three bodies had been identified—one a boy belonging to Weston-super-Mare, who came to Bristol for excursion train, and two Bristol persons. The most profound excitement prevails in the city.

One day lately, as Miss Carew, an adopted daughter of R. Fitzgerald, of St. Catharines, was going down stairs with his little son in her arms, a dog rushed against her and precipitated them backwards down the whole flight of stairs, but, fortunately, without doing either of them any injury. It was certainly a most miraculous escape.

A family in Bridgeport, Ct., was recently poisoned by drinking tea in which a child had put pieces of tanned squirrel and muskrat skins.

On the 3rd inst., a New York fare bank was robbed of \$2,000.

Cure for Corns.

The Journal of Applied Chemistry says:—"Soak the feet well in warm water, then with a sharp instrument pare off as much of the corn as can be done without pain, and bind up the part affected with a piece of linen or muslin thoroughly saturated with sperm oil, or what is better, the oil which floats upon the surface of the pickle of herring or mackerel. After three or four days the dressing may be removed, and the remaining dead cuticle remove by scraping, when the new skin will be found of a soft and healthy texture and less liable to the formation of a new corn than before. We have this recipe from a source which we cannot well doubt, and publish it for the benefit of many suffering readers."

The pain occasioned by corns may be greatly alleviated by the following preparation:—Into a one-ounce phial ask a druggist to put two drachms of muriatic acid, and six drachms of rose water.—With this mixture wet the corns night and morning for three days. Soak the feet every evening in warm water without soap. Put one-third of the pickle into the water, and, with a little picking, the corn will be dissolved.—Jesse Preece.

What the reverend clergymen call the "grand Catholic spirit of charity and kindness for all men" prevails in this quarter of the Dominion about as extensively as in any place we know of. We think we are warranted in making this assertion, when we find Romanists and Protestants using each other's places of worship. A few evenings ago a concert took place at Smithville, near Hamilton, for an exclusively Roman Catholic object. The church of that body, however, being too small for the purpose, the concert was given—of course by permission—in the church of the Episcopal Methodist denomination. Just fancy Methodists loaning their place of worship to Roman Catholics! After this we need not be surprised at anything. The Methodists of Smithville are deserving of every praise for their liberality, and the truly Catholic spirit displayed in the matter; but we are afraid their clergymen and the Roman Catholic clergymen who were present, have placed themselves in a rather awkward position. The last bull of His Holiness the Pope excommunicates everyone who contumaciously encourages, associates with, or has anything whatever to do with "heretics." The Methodists are undoubtedly "heretics" of the worst kind, according to the Pope; and it therefore follows that by merely associating with them—to say nothing of using their place of worship—the Catholic priests, and all of that denomination who were present at the concert, must consider themselves excommunicated.—On the other hand it is said that the Methodist clergymen in charge of the Smithville congregation, is to be "handed over the coals," at the next meeting of Conference, for loaning his church to the Romanists. He may be "excommunicated" also; and then we will have them all—Methodist and Catholic—placed without the pale of Christianity, simply because they tried to act the Christian's part, in being charitable towards one another.—Toronto Telegraph.

A little new light has been thrown upon the annexation petition recently presented by Mr. Vincent Colyer to President Grant from the people of British Columbia. It will be remembered how much Mr. Colyer attempted to make of the array of signatures he had procured from "leading British merchants and influential citizens" of Victoria. It now turns out that these names are not to be found to the petition because "the people did not wish them made public!" And there are members of Congress at Washington who persist in pretending that they believe this story. But perhaps the best part of the history of the petition is that with reference to the way in which it fell into Colyer's hands. He was an "American traveller" proceeding from Alaska to the States, and happened by misadventure to stop at Victoria. Here the "British merchants" and "leading citizens" were so mad after annexation that, taking advantage of the great American's presence, they got up the petition there and then, signed it, then removed their signatures, and handed it to Colyer for presentation to Mr. Grant. Altogether Mr. Colyer may be considered as fully entitled to all the fame of being the most blustering filibuster that ever hailed from the republic.

An infant was burned to death recently whilst lying in its cradle, at Levent, Mathe. Its mother had left it for a few moments, and a spark from the stove lit the bed clothes.

A family in Bridgeport, Ct., was recently poisoned by drinking tea in which a child had put pieces of tanned squirrel and muskrat skins.

On the 3rd inst., a New York fare bank was robbed of \$2,000.

The Marine Department of Nova Scotia advertise for six swift schooners for marine police duty.

Nations Without Fire.

According to Pliny, remarks the New York Observer, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when a celebrated astronomer showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures. The Persians, Phoenicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledged that their ancestors were once without fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors.—Pomponius, Mela, Plutarch, and other ancient writers, speak of nations who, at the time when they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the desert in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our day, tribes in this state.

Genius and Labor.

Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend:—"Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: when I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance:—"The subject interests me deeply, but I have no time. There sit," pointing to a huge pile of letters on the table, "is a pile of unanswered letters, to which I must reply before the session, (which was then three days off). I have no time to master the subject so as to do it justice."

"But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do much to awaken public attention to it."

"It does me much weight in my words as you represent it, is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is imbued with it."

Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused.

The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

Clinging to Sin.

Spurgeon says, with a deal of truth:—

Oh! how irrelative a man often is concerning a sin which he knows to be a sin, but which enchants him with its sweetness. Ah! how a man will say: "I must give it up, but I cannot!" Sin dies hard; it makes a hundred excuses for itself, and pleads:—"Is it not a little one? Is it not a sweet one?" O Lord, then give me strength of resolution, and when I know that a thing is wrong help me to have done with it; and when I perceive an action to be right, help me to make haste and delay not to keep thy commandments. O my Lord, may I never try to patch up a peace between my conscience and myself by trimming and compromising. If I know a thing to be thy will may I never parry nor question, for this is to rebel. The spirit of parley is the essence of high treason.

Some one has beautifully said:—"The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter, and those sentiments which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity."

No matter how many faces a clock has, if they only all tell the same time; and, so, no matter how many sides of our nature we present, if they are only all true, and true to each other, true to themselves.

Worldly pleasures are no more able to satisfy the soul than the light of a candle to give day to the world.

We must never fall into the delusion that the purposes of God set aside the use of means. I have heard thoughtless or captious talkers say, "If God works out his purposes, then there is no need for preaching, or any other means." Ah, simpleton that thou art, if we teach you that God works out his purposes by means how mad must you be to charge us with thinking lightly of the means!—Spurgeon.

REVENDED.—Another contemporary, the *Deutsche Canadian* and *Waterloo Times*, has departed this life, and its proprietor gone over the lines without any preliminaries.

An Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, entreated the public against trusting her in these words:—"My wife has eloped from me without rhyme or reason, and I desire no one to trust her on my account, as I am not married to her."

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The Marine Department of Nova Scotia advertise for six swift schooners for marine police duty.

One day lately, as Miss Carew, an adopted daughter of R. Fitzgerald, of St. Catharines, was going down stairs with his little son in her arms, a dog rushed against her and precipitated them backwards down the whole flight of stairs, but, fortunately, without doing either of them any injury. It was certainly a most miraculous escape.

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