THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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ACTON FLOUR MILLS.
B. & E. NICKLIN, Proprietors.
Flour and Feed always on hand, wholesale and retail. Grist and Chopping Daily. Cash or split kindling wood in.

ROSSIN HOUSE, Acton.
Corner of G. T. Railway Station. Excellent accommodation for the travelling public. THOS. CAMPBELL, Prop'r.

DOMINION HOTEL, Acton.
Robert Agnew, Proprietor. This new Hotel is now open in first-class style with no expense to Commercial Travellers will find it commodious and comfortable. Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

WM. HEMSTREET,
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence, in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

KENNEDY'S
Marble Works,
Opposite side from Mills & Goodfellow's Foundry, and
Near Eramosa Bridge, Guelph.
ALL KINDS OF
MONUMENTS
Tomb Stones, Mantle Pieces, &c., made to any size or design, and put up in any part of the country.
☞ Scotch Granite Monuments imported to order.
P.S.—A. Kennedy is a practical marble cutter.

PURE MILK.
The undersigned begs to thank his customers for the liberal patronage received during the past summer, and would say that he is now prepared to supply an additional number of customers with good, pure, fresh milk delivered every morning, and twice a day on Saturdays. Parties who keep cows will find it much cheaper and less trouble to get milk delivered at their doors, and they would do well to sell their cows and buy their milk. Twenty-one quart tickets for $1, if paid in advance, or twenty-one pint tickets for 50 cents. E. S. ARMSTRONG.
Acton, Nov. 16th, 1875.

GEORGETOWN
Implement Warerooms
AND FEED STORE.
The subscribers beg to announce to farmers and others, that they have opened a warehouse on Main Street, Georgetown, next the hay scales, where they will keep always in stock the most desirable kind of
Farming Implements.
Also in connection, they have opened a
FEED STORE,
where will always be kept a large stock of flour, feed and seeds, of various descriptions.
J. C. DEVEREAUX.
ALLAN MOORE, Manager.
Georgetown, April 12, 1876. 42-2m

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

DOMINION
HARNESS SHOP.
The subscriber begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has commenced the harness business in the
Old Post Office Building,
MILL STREET, ACTON,
where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, as cheap as the cheapest, and on the shortest possible notice. I have on hand a large and well selected stock of
Horse Blankets, Whips, Brushes, Combs, Trunks, etc.
Repairing promptly attended to. Give me a call and be convinced.
J. F. DEMPSEY
Acton, Nov. 25, 1875.

ACTON BAKERY.
Hurrah. Hurrah.
CHEAP BREAD.
Opposition is the life of trade. Buy Galloway's superior Bread.

D. GALLOWAY
Begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has removed his Baking Establishment to the premises next door to Morrow's drug store, where he has built a first-class new oven and refitted the premises in a first-class style for a Bakery and Confectionery Business, and is turning out
BETTER BREAD THAN EVER,
Buns, Cakes, Biscuits, Pastry, Candies,
All of the best quality and at greatly reduced prices.
Mixed Candies at 25c per lb.
Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods.
Weight for weight given in Bread in exchange for flour.
Graham Bread a specialty.
Bread, Buns and Cakes delivered every day, fresh, around the village.
WEDDING & FANCY CAKES
made to order and on hand, in the latest styles and at reasonable charges.
N.B.—All goods are warranted pure, as nothing but the best of material is used.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
Call and see for yourselves.
GALLOWAY BROS.
Acton, March 8, 1876.

ACTON
PLANING MILLS
AND
Pump, Sash, Door and Blind Factory.
THOMAS EBBAGE,
Manufacturer of
Window Sash, Doors, Venetian Blinds Mouldings,
And other Building Requisites
Also Makers of
IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS
Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.
☞ All work guaranteed.
Acton, Jan., 1876.

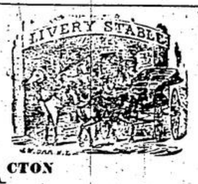
F. TROLLOPE CHAPMAN,
Practical Bookbinder,
All Descriptions of Binding Neatly Executed.
Account Books of all Kinds Made to Order.
Ruling Promptly Attended to.
BINDERY—St. George's Square, Guelph
☞ Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office will receive prompt attention.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

CHEAP BREAD
FOR THE MILLION
B. & E. NICKLIN
Beg to announce that they have secured the services of a
First-Class Baker,
and that their Baking business is now in full operation, in the premises owned by Mrs. Hanna.
Bread will be delivered daily at the houses in the village and vicinity.
Wedding Cakes, Tea Cakes, Pastry, Buns, &c.,
made in the very best manner, and kept always on hand, good and fresh. Also all kinds of Confectionery, Biscuits, Cheese, &c.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
B. & E. NICKLIN.
Acton, Feb. 29, 1876.

GUELPH ARMORY.

JOHN KIRKHAM,
Gunsmith, Silver-Plater, &c.,
Wishes to inform the public that he has removed to
Hatch's Block,
Next door to Tyson's Butcher Shop
AMMUNITION FOR ALL BREECH LOADING ARMS.
Ely & Kynoch's Cartridge Cases and Caps for reloading same. Reloaders, Decappers, Cap Ejectors, Cutters, and Crossers, Loading Rods, and all articles necessary for a Sporting outfit.
All sorts of Repairing and Jobbing executed on the shortest notice at
Guelph, April 27, 1876.



ACTON
LIVERY & SALE STABLE
J. P. ALLAN
Takes pleasure in announcing to the public generally that he is prepared to furnish
First-class Horses and Carriages
At Reasonable Rates.
His Rigs and Horses are the best that can be had, and he is determined not to be surpassed by any City Stable.
Acton July 1st, 1875.

MEAT SHOP.
The undersigned has commenced the
Butchering Business
IN ACTON,
Opposite Allan's Livery Stable,
and will keep constantly on hand
Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish, Fowls and Vegetables,
at all seasons of the year.
The support of the public is most respectfully solicited.
CHEAP FOR CASH,
the best plan—so say you all.
EDWARD MATTHEWS
Acton, March 15, 1876 38-3m

LIME.
The undersigned keeps always on hand a large quantity of first-class Plasterers' and Builders' Lime at his kilns, Lot 24, 6th con., Esquesing, half a mile from Limehouse Station. Price, 12½ cents per bushel at the kiln, or delivered anywhere in reach at a reasonable rate. On 40 bushels of Lime the buyer will save $1 by buying from me.
JOHN CRAIG, Prop.
Esquesing, May, 1876. 49

JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and promptly executed at the FREE PRESS OFFICE, Next the Post Office, Mill Street.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

THE FOUNDLING.

A TALE OF THE BORDERS.

Mrs. Thornton often showed to Christopher the rings which had been taken from his mother's fingers, with the inscriptions thereon; and on such occasions she would say, "Weel do I remember, hinny, when our goodman came running into the house one morning, shaking as though he had seen an apparition at midnight, and crying to me, quite out o' breath, 'Rise—rise, Jenny!—here is the dead body o' a woman in our stackyard!' I canna tell ye what my feelings were when he said so. I wished not to believe him. But had I wakened, and found myself in a grave, I could not have gotten a greater fricht. My heart leuped to my throat, just as if it had gotten a sudden jerk with a person's whole might and strength! I dinna ken how I got my gown thrown on, for my teeth were chattering in my head—I shaked like a natony! And when we did get to the stackyard, there was ye, like a dear wee lammie, mourning owre the breast o' yer dead mother, wi' yer bits o' handies pulling impatiently at yer bonnie black hair, kissing her cold lips, or pulling her by the gown, and crying and uttering words we didna understand.

'And, oh, hinny, but your mother had been a weel-faured woman in her day!—I never saw her but a cold corpse, and I thought, even then, that I had never looked upon a bonnier face. She had evidently been a genteel person, but was sore, sore dejected. But she had two rings upon her fingers; one o' them was a ring such as married women wear—the other was set wi' precious stones, which those who have seen them say, none but a duchess in this country could wear. Ye must examine them."

And here Mrs. Thornton was in the habit of producing the rings, which she had carefully locked away, wrapped up in twenty folds of paper, and secured in a housewife which folded together within all. Then she would point out to him the initial letters, the C. F. and M. V., and would add, "That has been your faither and your mother's name when they were sweethearts—at least so our Peter says (and he is seldom wrong; but the little *a t* between them—I canna think what it stands for. O Christopher, my cannie laddie, it is a pity but that ye would only endeavor to be a scholar, as ye are good otherwise, and then ye might be able to tell what the *a t* means. Who kens but it may throw some light upon your parentage; for, if ever ye discover who your parents were, it will be through the instrumentality o' these rings. Peter always says that (and, as I say, he is seldom wrong) and therefore I always keep them locked away, lest onything should come owre them; and when they are out o' the drawer, I never suffer them to be out o' my sight."

In the fullness of her heart Mrs. Thornton told this story at least four times in the year, almost in the same words, and always exhibiting the rings. Her kindly counsels, and the cogent reasons which she urged to Christopher why he should become a scholar, at length awoke his slumbering energies. For the first time, he stood dux of his class, and once there, he stood like a nail driven into a wall, which might not be removed.

His teacher, who was a man of considerable knowledge and reading (though perhaps not what those calling themselves *learned* would call a man of *learning*—for *learned* is a very vague word, and is as frequently applied where real ignorance exists, as to real knowledge)—that teacher who had formerly said that Christopher could not be a Spaniard, because that he had not solidity enough within him—now said that he believed he was one, and not a descendant of Don Quixote; but, if of anybody, a descendant of *him* who gave the immortal Don "a local habitation and a name;" for he now predicted that Christopher May would be a genius.

But, though the orphan at length rose to the head of his class, and though he passed from one class to another, he was still the same wild boisterous, and daring boy, when they ran shouting from the school, cap in hand, and waving it over their heads, like prisoners relieved from confinement. If there was a quarrel to decide in the whole school, the orphan Christopher was the umpire. If a weak boy, or a cowardly boy, was threatened by another Christopher became his champion. If a sparrow's nest was to be robbed, to achieve which a tottering gable was to be climbed, he did the deed; yes, or when a football match was to be played on Eastern E'en (or, as it was called, Pancake Tuesday), if the orphan once got the ball at his foot no man could again touch it.

His birth-day was not known; but he could scarce have completed his thirteenth year when his best friend died. Good, kind-hearted Jenny Thornton—than whom a better woman never breathed—was gathered with the dead; and her last request to her husband was, that he would continue to be the friend and protector of the poor orphan, and especially that he would take care of the rings which had been found upon his mother's hand. Now Peter was so overwhelmed with grief at the idea of being parted from her who, for twenty years, had been dearer to to him than his own existence, that he could scarce hear her dying words. He followed her coffin like a broken-hearted man; and he sobbed over her grave like a weaned child on the lap of its mother.

But many months had not passed when it was evident that the orphan Christopher was the only sincere mourner for Jenny Thornton. The widower was still in the prime and strength of his days, being not more than two-and-forty. He was a prosperous man — one who had had a cheap farm and a good one; and it was believed that Peter was able to purchase the land which he rented. Many, indeed, said that the tenant was a better man than his master—by a "better man" meaning a richer man.

Fair maidens, therefore, and widows to boot, were anxious to obtain the vacant hand of the wealthy widower. Some said that Peter would never forget Jenny, and that he would never marry again, for that she had been to him a wife amongst a thousand: and they spoke of the bitterness of his grief.

"Ay," said others, "but we ne'er like to see the tears run owre fast down the cheeks of a man. They show that the heart will soon drown its sorrow. Human nature is very frail; and a thing that we thought we would love *for ever* last year, we find that we only *occasionally remember* that we loved it this. If there be a real mourner for the loss of Mrs. Thornton, it's the poor foreign orphan laddie. Peter, notwithstanding all the greeting at the grave, will get another wife before twelve months go round."

They who said so were in the right. Poor Jenny had not been in her grave eleven months and twenty days, when Peter led another Mrs. Thronton from the altar. When he had brought her home, he introduced to her the orphan Christopher.

"Now, dear," said he, "hear is a laddie—none know whom he belongs to. I found him one morning, when he was a mere infant, screaming on the breast o' his dead mother. Since then I have brought him up. My late wife was very fond o' him — so, indeed, was I; and it is my request that ye will be kind to him. Here," added he, "are two rings which his mother had upon her fingers when I found her a cold corpse. Poor fellow, if anything ever enable him to discover who his parents were, it will be them, though there is but little chance that he ever will. However, I have been as a father to him for more than ten years, and I trust, love, that ye will act towards forwards, him as a mother. Come Christopher," continued he, "and welcome your new mother."

The boy came forward, hanging his head, and bashfully stretched out his hand towards her; but the new-made Mrs. Thornton had his mother's jewelled ring in her hand, and she observed him not. He stood with his eyes now bent upon the ground, now upon her, and again upon his mother's ring, as she turned it round and round.

"Well," said she, addressing her husband, and still turning it round as she spoke, "it is, indeed a beautiful ring!"

"I am glad ye think so," said he; "she had been a bonny woman that wore it."

She placed the ring upon her finger, she turned it round again, and gazed on it with admiration. "I should like *to* wear such a ring," she added.

"Why, hinny, and ye may wear it," said Peter; "for the ring is mine twenty times owre, whatever its value may be, considering what I have done for the laddie."

With an expression of countenance which might be described between a smile and a blush, or, as the people north the Tweed aptly express it, with a "*smirk*," she slipped the ring upon her finger, saying that it fitted as well as though it had been made for her.

Passion flashed in the eyes of the orphan. His "new mother" as Peter styled her, had done what Jenny never ventured to do. He withdrew his hand which he had extended to greet her, and he was turning away sullenly, when his foster-father said, "Stop, Christopher, ye must not go away until you have shaken hands with your mother." And he turned again, and once more extended to her his hand.

"Well," said she, addressing her husband, and putting forth two of her fingers to Christopher, "is it really possible that you have brought up this great boy! What a trouble he must have been—and expense too!"

"Oh, you are quite mistaken," said Peter; "Christopher never cost us the smallest trouble. I have been proud of him and pleased with him, since ever I took him under my roof; and, poor fellow, as to the expense that he has cost me, if I never had seen his face, I wouldna hae been a penny richer today, but very possibly poorer; for he has very often amused me wi' his drollery, and keepit me in the house, when, but for him, I would have been down at Ponteland, or somewhere else, getting a glass wi' my neighbors."

Many weeks had not elapsed ere Christopher discovered that his protector who was dead had been succeeded by a living persecutor. A month had not passed when he was not permitted to enter the room where the second Mrs. Thornton sat. Before two went round, he was ordered to take his meals with the servants; and he could do nothing with which a fault was not found. He had often, after scraping his shoes for five minutes together, to take them off and examine them, before he durst venture into the passage leading to the kitchen, which was now the only apartment in the house to which he had access.

Peter Thornton saw the persecution which his adopted son endured; and he expostulated with his better half, that she would treat him more kindly. But she answered him, that he might have children enough of his own to provide for, without becoming a father to those of other people. Now, a stripling that is in love generally says and does many foolish things which he does no wish to have recalled to his recollection after he has turned thirty; but the middle-aged man who is smitten invariably acts much more foolishly than the stripling. I have smiled to see them combing up their few remaining locks to cover their bald forehead, or carefully pulling away their grey hairs which appeared about their temples, and all to appear young in the eyes of some widowed or matronly divinity. I do not exactly agree with the poet who says—

"Love never strikes but once, that strikes at all!"

for I think, from nineteen to five-and-twenty, there are few men (or women either) who have not felt a peculiar sensation about their hearts which they took to be love, and felt it more than once too, and which ultimately would have become love, but for particular circumstances which broke off the acquaintanceship; and, before five-and thirty, we forget that such a feeling had existed, and laugh at, or profess to have no patience with those who are it victims. We should always remember, however, that it is not easy to put an old head upon young shoulders, and think of how we once felt and acted ourselves; and to recollect, also, how happy, how miserable we were in those days. Love is an abused word. Elderly people turn up their nostrils when they see it in print. They will fling it away and cry "stuff!" But, if they would look back upon their days of old, they would treat it with more respect. But the second love of your middle-aged men and women—call it *doting*, or call it by any other name, but do not call it love, for that it is not, and cannot be. Man never knows what love is, until he has experienced the worth of an affectionate wife, who for his sake would suffer all that the world's ills can inflict.

Now, Peter Thornton, though not an old man, and although his first wife had certainly been dear unto him, yet he had a doting fondness for his second spouse, who obtained an ascendency over him, and, to his surprise, left him no longer master of his own house.

But she bore him a son; and, after the birth of the child, his care over Christopher every day diminished. The orphan was given over to persecution—the hand of every one was against him—and, finding that he had now no one to whom he could apply for redress, he lifted up his own hand in his defence. The serving-maids, who ill-treated him soon found him more than their equal; and to the men-servants when they used him roughly, he shook his hand, threatening he would soon be a match for them.

The coldness which Mrs. Thornton had at first manifested towards him soon relapsed into perfect hatred. He was taken from the school; and she hourly forced upon him the most menial offices. For hours together he was doomed to rock the cradle of her child, and was sure of being beaten the moment it awoke. Nor was this all—but, when friends visited her, poor Christopher was compelled to wait at the table, at which he had once sat by the side of Jonny Thornton, and whoever might be the guests he was first served. She even provoked her husband, until he lifted his hand and struck the orphan violently—forgetting the proverb, that "they should have light hands who strike other peoples bairns." The boy looked upbraidingly in Peter's face as he struck him for the first time, though he uttered no complaint; but that very look whispered to his heart, "What would Jenny have said, had she seen this?" And Peter, repenting of what he did turned away and wept. Yet a sin that is once committed is less difficult to commit again, and remorse becomes as an echo that is sinking faint. Having, therefore once lifted his hand against the orphan — though he wept for having done so — it was not long until the blows were repeated without compunction.

Christopher, however, was a strange boy—perhaps some would call a provoking one—and often, when Mrs. Thornton pursued him from the house to chastise him, he would hastily climb upon the tops of the houses of the farm-servants, and sitting astride upon them, nod down to her triumphantly, as with threats she shook her hand in his face; and, smiling, sing

"Loudon's bonny woods and braes."

But his favorite song, on such occasions, was the following, which, if it be not the exact words that he sang, embodies the sentiment:

"Can I forget the woody braes
Where love and innocence foregather;
Where aft in early summer days,
I've croon'd a sang among the heather?
Can I forget my father's hearth—
My mother by the ingle spinnin'—
Their weel-pleased look to see the mirth
O, a' their barnies round them rinnin'?

'It was a waefu hour to me,
When I frae them and love departed:
The tear was in my mother's ee—
My father blest me—broken-hearted:
My aulder brithers took my hand—
The younkers a' ran frae me greeting!
But, waur than this—I couldna stand
My faithfu lassie's fareweel meetin!

'Can I forget her partin kiss,
Her last fond look, and true love token?
Forget an hour sae dear as this!
Forget!—the word shall ne'er be spoken!
Forget!—ay, though the foamin sea,
High hills, and mony a sweepin river,
May lie between their hearth and mey,
My heart shall be at hame forever."

Now, when Christopher was pursued by his persecutor, and sought refuge on the house-tops, sitting upon them much after the fashion of a tailor, he carolled the song we have just quoted most merrily. Many, indeed, wondered that he, never having known the hearth of either a father or a mother, should have sung such a song; but it was so and the orphan delighted to sing it. Yet we often do many things for which we find it difficult to assign a reason. There was one amusing trait in the character of Christopher; and that was, that the more vehemently Mrs. Thornton scolded him, and the more bitter her imprecations against him became, so, while he sat as a tailor on the house-top, did his song wax louder and more loud, and his strain become merrier. We have heard women talk of being ready to eat the nails from their fingers with vexation, and on such occasions Mrs. Thornton was so. But her anger did not amend the disposition of Christopher, though it often drew down upon him the indignation of her husband.

It has already been mentioned that he struck him once; and, having done so, he felt no repugnance to do it frequently. For it is only the first time we commit a sin that we have the horror of its commission before us. The orphan now became like unto Ishmael; for every man's hand was against him, and I might say every woman's too. Now, during the lifetime of Jenny, he had had everything his own way, and whatsoever he said was done; some said that he was a spoiled child, and it was at least evident that his humor was never thwarted. This caused him to have the more enemies now; and every menial on the farm of Peter Thornton became his persecutor. It is the common fate of all favorites—to-day they are treated with abject adulation, and to-morrow, if the sun which shone on them be clouded, no one thinks him too low to look on them with disdain.

(To be continued.)

A man in Yorkshire "swapped" his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse or his owner would never have fooled it away in that manner.

When air balloons were first discovered, some one flippantly asked Dr. Franklin what was the use of it. The philosopher answered the question by asking another. "What is the use of a new born infant? It may become a man."

Cities, Towns and Villages.

The following statement of the population and assessment of various cities, towns and villages in the Province will be found of interest:

Places.	Population.	Total Value.
Toronto,	71,693	$47,616,273
Hamilton,		
Ottawa,	25,414	11,713,470
London,	18,916	
Kingston,	13,000	5,145,911
St. Catharines	12,870	5,409,355
Brantford,	9,464	3,213,410
Guelph,	9,017	2,103,160
Belleville,		
Stratford,	7,722	2,281,260
Peterborough,	6,810	2,547,020
Windsor,	6,500	1,780,470
St. Thomas,	5,527	1,772,280
Lindsay,	5,203	
Woodstock,	5,171	1,358,350
Ingersoll,	4,909	1,069,484
St. Mary's,	4,480	1,002,980
Sarnia,	4,032	956,091
Napanee,	3,431	916,334
Kincardine,	3,000	467,325
Paris,	3,082	1,022,369
Orangeville,	3,000	
Clifton,	2,700	
Brampton,	2,551	618,817
Perth,	2,545	1,010,040
Orillia,	2,441	472,460
Listowel,	2,400	667,488
Petrolia,	2,399	519,972
Mitchell,	2,329	474,565
Pembroke,	2,294	1,108,200
Clinton,	2,281	497,685
Walkerton,	2,239	
Mount Forest,	2,016	
Fergus,	1,819	353,068
Waterloo,	1,800	435,000
Pt. Colborne,	1,800	
Dunnville,	1,598	
Elora,	1,547	341,759
Watford,	1,199	
Brussels,		305,000
Georgetown,	1,325	332,505
Arthur,	1,015	
Oakville,		360,360
Milton,	950	254,020
Acton,	900	154,465

The Wonder of the Brain.

One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is, that the organ of sensation should in itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any other part of the body. If the nerve which leads from it to the injured part be divided, it becomes instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced, yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. The brain itself may be removed—may be cut away down the *corpus calasum*, without destroying life. The animal lives, and performs all its functions which are neccessary to simple vitality, but no longer has a mind; it cannot think or feel, it requires that the food should be pushed into the stomach; once there it is digested, and the animal will thrive and grow fat. We must infer, therefore, from these facts, that the part of the brain, the convolutions, is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties of exalted kind bestowed on man—the gift of reason.

Not so Bad as it was.

Taking Canada as a whole, says the *Globe*, we find that the general testimony of those who have known it for a good many years is that there is far less drunkenness than there used to be. There is still far too much, and at particular times it seems to break out like an epidemic. Still, the tendency is in the right direction, and among the rural population especially. Let statistics say what they like, it is beyond question that the present generation of Canadians is, as a whole, more temperate than the one which went before. The daily use of intoxicating liquors is not by any means so common among our farmers; while at "bees" and merry-makings, which formerly could not be held at all without an abundant supply of the *cratur*, drink is often not seen at all, and where it is a drunken man is a rare exception, instead of being as formerly the general rule. Things, in short, might in this respect be a great deal better than they are, but they are better than they have been, and are still, in spite of all protests to the contrary, progressing in the right direction.

THE JEWS.—From a paper just published, we learn that the number of Jews now existing throughout the world is supposed to amount to 7,074,858. Of these seven millions, 5,226,858 belong to Europe, 591,000 to Asia, 792,000 to Africa, 450,000 to America, and 15,000 to the British Colonies.

THE SULTAN'S WIFE.—The new Sultan of Turkey was married, a few years ago, to a beautiful Circassian slave, who was purchased for the sum of £12,000. She was taken to Constantinople and taught all the accomplishments that could be acquired in that metropolis. When she arrived at a marriageable age she was reckoned to be the most beautiful and elegant lady in the Turkish Empire. This lady has borne Mehemet Murad several children, and is it said that he has devoted much care and attention to their education. He is said not to be a fanatic, but rather disposed to be liberal in his views.