

he goes on, 'make me very unhappy, and the doctors said if I could bear the pain they would break it again, or bend it straight. My answer was, I will bear any thing but a crooked leg.' Nevertheless he took a night to consider, and was decided by a visit from a pretty Irish girl, with whom he was in love, and who he thought would scorn him when she discovered his deformity. She and a female friend went to him in the dusk disguised in men's great-coats, and 'her pluck,' as he calls it, in making her way to him in his misfortune, quickened his enthusiasm. The morning brought the doctors. "Be quick," quoth I, as they entered; "make the most of my courage while it lasts." It took all that day and part of next to bend the leg with bandages, which were tied to a wooden bar and tightened every hour day and night. I fainted several times, and when the two tormentors arrived the next day, after breakfast, struck my flag, saying, "Take away your bandages, for I can bear no more." They were taken off, and I felt in heaven. Not the less so that the leg was straight, and it is now as straight a one, I flatter myself, as ever bore up the body of a gentleman or kicked a blackguard. A woman in Limerick, who was large in body and coarse in mind, hearing of the misfortune of the little soldier, which took place only a year after Tim Sullivan had caught him up in his arms and kissed him, said, 'Poor boy! I suppose a fly kicked his spindle shanks.' Just as he recovered, the big woman's big leg was broken also. The 'poor boy' had his revenge. 'Going to her house with an appearance of concern, I told the servant how sorry I was to hear that a brullock had kicked his mistress and hurt his leg very much, and that I had called to know if her leg was also hurt. She never forgave me.' His character comes out strongly in this accident. His sense of pain was acute, and there was a perpetual conflict going on between the exquisite sensibility of his flesh and the proud resistance of a defiant mind, the whole dashed with a certain irrepressible humor which showed him even his own sorrows on their ludicrous side.

He had a horse like himself, small, hardy, spirited, and which, to complete the resemblance, had once broken a leg. Shortly after his recovery he rode on this animal from Limerick to Dublin between sunrise and sunset—a distance of one hundred and ten miles. Neither horse nor horseman appeared fatigued. He was a daring rider, and the more fiery his steed the better he was pleased, provided it was not vicious. It would naturally be inferred that he was an enthusiastic sportsman, but, great as would otherwise have been the animation of the chase, his gentle feelings forbade the taste.

"We are all," he wrote in 1811 of himself and his brothers, "a hot violent crew—with the milk of human kindness though. We were all fond of boxing, fencing, and shooting, yet all gave them up when young. In those days we had no pleasure in killing little animals. I lately in the camp hated up the greyhound I pursued, and the men all shouted to and the dogs. My sorrow was great, and I rode away, yet at dusk I was a poor fellow. It is no principle, therefore, on which we act, it is useful to be doing. As to hunting and dog-fighting, I am not a principle man to condemn. A sportsman is a natural child to you, and not your mercy; a sportsman has some fair play, a domestic one. Now, a sportsman's and dog-hunters are therefore not only cruel but traitors: a polished gentleman does these things."

This passage is to be noted for the evidence it affords of Charles Napier's notion of the scrupulous honor which befits a gentleman; he must not even break faith with the animal creation. His sentiments and example bear equal testimony against a not uncommon delusion, that insensibility is manliness. His manliness was displayed in daring deeds and brave endurance of his own misfortune—not in indifference to the sufferings of others, whether fellow beings or brutes.

To be continued.

We copy the following account of the funeral of Mr. Harkness, one of the victims of the late disaster on the Great Western Railway, from the *Toronto Colonist*:—

Yesterday afternoon the remains of the late Mr. Joseph Harkness, Quarter-Master R. C. Rifles, one of the victims of the recent railroad disaster, were conveyed to their final resting place

the Toronto Necropolis. At about half-past 2 o'clock, P.M., the procession started from the residence of the gentleman in a quarter at the New Grass, son, accompanied by a large concourse of most respectable citizens on foot and in carriages, together with the soldiers of the Royal Canadian Rifles. The cavalcade proceeded up the first street to King street, down King street to Parliament street, and thence to the Necropolis. The coffin, which was covered with the Union Jack, and on which were laid the military accoutrements of the deceased, was conveyed on an artillery gun-carriage drawn by four horses and accompanied by an escort of the volunteer artillery corps. A firing party of the Royal Canadian Rifles with arms reversed headed the cortege; these were followed by the efficient band of the same corps, who played the "Dead March in Saul" all the way. The greatest respect and sympathy was evinced by the citizens along the line of march. The places of business were almost entirely closed, and the upper windows of the various buildings were thronged with crowds of anxious and sympathising spectators. Arriving at the Necropolis the coffin was carried on the shoulders of six soldiers to the front of the vault, where the burial service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Barclay, after which three volleys were fired over the coffin, and the assemblage dispersed.

CARRYING FIRE ARMS—Here is another terrible warning against the carrying of fire arms habitually. A company had gathered in Lebanon, Ohio, for a wedding, when one of the guests took off his overcoat, from the pocket of which dropped a small pistol. A young lady present picked up the weapon, when Frederick Spohr asked her to hand it to him, in doing which it was discharged, and the ball entered the left corner of the right eye of Spohr, causing death instantly. The marriage was deferred, and with stricken hearts the guests left the scene. The deceased was an enterprising citizen, and has left a wife and three children.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, Toronto, 27th February 1857.

Escort of the 1st Troop Volunteer Cavalry, County of York, under the Command of Lieut. Benson. The Troops named in the margin belonging to the Volunteer Militia of Toronto, were under arms yesterday on the opening of His Excellency the Governor General. His Excellency the Governor General, Commander in Chief thanks the Command and Commander-in-Chief of the Officers, non Commissioned Officers and Men for their attendance and for their soldierlike and very creditable appearance on this occasion; and His Excellency requests the Officers in Command of the several Corps will make known to the Officers and Rifle Companies of Men under their Command the satisfaction it has given His Excellency to see the Active Force of Toronto make so favorable a display.

By Command of His Excellency the Governor General, and Commander-in-Chief.
DE ROTTENBURG Colonel.
Adj. Genl. Militia.

HEAD QUARTERS, Toronto, 12th March, 1857.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS. No 2.

MILITARY DISTRICT NUMBER TWO, LOWER CANADA. First Battalion, L'Islet.

To be Ensigns:
Trophime Gagnon, Gentleman,
Achille Benjamin Chiniquy, "

MILITARY DISTRICT NUMBER THREE, LOWER CANADA. Third Battalion, Dorchester.

Erratum—In General Order of 13th November last, instead of Michael Quigley, Junior, read Michael Quigley, Senior.

MILITARY DISTRICT NUMBER EIGHT, LOWER CANADA.

First Battalion, Montmorency.

To be Lieut. nant-Colonel
Majors L. J. B. Lemoine, vice Lemoine, retired.
Major Louis Ranvoysse is permitted to retire with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

MILITARY DISTRICT NUMBER EIGHT, LOWER CANADA.

First Battalion, St. Maurice.

To be Major Captain A. E. Hart
To be Captains:
Lieutenant John McDougall,
" J. U. Ritter.
To be Lieutenants:
Lieutenant J. Caron, from 3rd Battalion,
Ensign Eusebe Lafontaine,
" O. Cheuvert,
" A. Desfosses,
" G. B. Houlston.
To be Ensigns:
Odillon Doucette, Gentleman,
D. E. Frigon, "
Dominique Dufresne, "
To be Adjutant: Lieutenant F. X. Tapin.
Second Battalion, Berthier.
To be Captain: Lieut. Antoine Jette.
To be Lieutenant: Ensign Basile Peltier.
To be Ensign: Stanislas Gauthier, Gentleman.

MILITARY DISTRICT NUMBER NINE, LOWER CANADA.

Third Battalion, Montreal.

To be Ensigns:
John Kerr Spiers, Gentleman,
Alfred Augustus Barber, "
Sixth Battalion, Montreal.

To be Ensigns:
John Pimmsoll, Gentleman,
Thomas R. Browne, "
G. H. Macaulay, "
Eight Battalion, Montreal.

Captain P. C. Racine, is permitted to retire with the rank of Major.

Eleventh Battalion, Montreal.

So be Captain: Lieutenant Eustache Prud'homme, Jr.
To be Lieutenant: Ensign William Evans.
To be Ensign: Leon Prud'homme Gentleman.

UNATTACHED LIST.

To be Lieutenant: Lieutenant E. T. Fletcher from the Crown Lands Department.
By Command of His Excellency the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief.
DE ROTTENBURG, Colonel,
Adj. Genl. Militia.

EXTRAORDINARY FISH.—The good people of Baton Rouge are all agog about a most curious specimen of ichthyology—a cross between a sturgeon and an alligator—described below.—*The Advocate*, by rather a "free translation," calls it a *rara avis*.

It was between four and five feet in length, a foot or more around the thick part of the body, and of a species never before seen here. The head was built after the pattern of that of a greyhound, the gills, when viewed from behind, forming a very passable ear to the eye of the casual observer. The mouth looked (so to speak) like the end of a very round well sticking out of the ground; it was some three inches across. The skin of the monster was like that of a shark, as was its shape from the middle of the back to the end of the tail. The lower portion of the body was without any bone whatever, and the flesh hard and solid. It was caught at Prophet's Island, in the Mississippi river above this city, and survived its change of element all through the day. Some are of opinion that the distinguished funny subject was born to a sturgeon, but becoming ambitious in his youth, he attempted first to become a shark, then a whale, whose home ought to be in salt water, if it wasn't.