

to which the various arsenals in the Southern States have been put. Some are in the service of the Freedmen's Bureau, and others are discontinued and the arms removed to Northern depots; none, however, are used as arsenals.

In the military circles of this city the appointment of a Major-General to command the First or City of New York division of the National Guard, in the place of Major-General Sandford, who has been relieved from active service, owing to age, was much talked of. The contest was expected to have been between Brigade-General Lloyd Aspinwall, who has been acting as temporary commander since General Sandford's removal, and Col. Emmons Clark, commanding the 7th Regiment of New York State National Guard—both excellent men, and either would have made a capital commander; but, whether it was from the difficulty to choose from the two, or whether the President thought it would be best to disappoint both rather than one, he chose a comparative outsider, Gen. Shaler, who formerly commanded the 7th Regiment, and served throughout the war with great credit to himself and his country. The compromise is received with great satisfaction on all sides, and I have no doubt, he will make a most efficient officer.

It would please me to be able to give you some, if only a little, information, respecting those ferocious would-be destroyers of England's rule—the Fenians—but unfortunately, they have so completely gone down that nothing is heard of them, except the few that are to be fed and clothed for the next twenty years at the expense of the country they polluted by invading.

Yours, &c.,

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DIED,

At North Douro, County of Peterborough, on the 11th January, Captain HARRY ALISON, aged 91 years and 6 months.

A large number of friends will sympathize with Mrs. Alison on the death of her lamented husband, who was so widely known as one of the earliest settlers in the upper Province.

To many he was a wise, constant and zealous friend; to others an old and valued acquaintance. He had by many years outlived the allotted span of man's existence. Towards the close of life's day his faculties failed him, until at last he fell asleep in death.

Harry Alison was born on the 5th of June, 1775. He had consequently completed his 91st year. His father having died when he was very young, an uncle undertook the charge of his education, and for that purpose he was sent to the College of St. Andrews (Scotland), where he was instructed under a private tutor for some years, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the classics. His uncle designed him for a writer to the Signet, for which he served the requisite time; but disliking the profession, on the expiration of his articles, he started off to London, and there sought the advice of his relative, Lord Melville, at the same time stating that he would like to join the army. In the course of a fortnight his Lordship had him gazetted to an ensigncy in the 93rd Highlanders, to the great discomfiture of his uncle, the clergyman. In the early part of 1794, Mr. Graham, afterwards Sir James Graham, and subsequently Lord Lyndoch, having raised a regiment of infantry, offered Captain Hill (after-

wards the celebrated Lord Hill) the rank of major, and Mr. Alison, whom he had known from his earliest years, the post of paymaster, with the rank of captain, which he accepted, but ever afterwards regretted. He, however, performed the duties of his office to the utmost satisfaction for upwards of thirty years. Many persons were surprised at so young a man being appointed to a situation so onerous; but as his relatives, Baron Moncrief, and his uncle, Dr. Inglis, of Gray Friar, were his securities, the government did not raise any objection to Lord Lyndoch's choice. An intimacy sprang up between Major Hill and Captain Alison, and in him the Captain had a warm and constant friend until the last hours of his Lordship's life. Lord Hill was afterwards gazetted lieutenant-colonel, and on the 1st January, 1800, colonel of the 90th. The regiment was ordered to Gibraltar, and afterwards to Alexandria, in Egypt, where it landed on the 8th March, 1801, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. After the defeat of the French, the regiment returned to England, arriving there on the 1st April, 1802, and remained in Ireland until 1805. Whilst there, Captain Alison married Miss St. Clair Lord Hill, who was his best man on the occasion, said that he "was delighted to have so charming a young lady in the regiment." Shortly afterwards the regiment was ordered to the West Indies, then considered the most unhealthy station of the British army. Mrs. Alison's relatives and friends urgently persuaded her not to go to that deadly climate, but feeling it her duty to accompany her husband, no inducement could deter her from her purpose. Out of nine ladies who accompanied their husbands, she was the only one who survived. Both Mrs. Alison and the Captain suffered from the yellow fever. Whilst on the West India station, the English took Martinique and Guadalupe from the French, for which the Captain was awarded a medal and clasp.

On the breaking out of the American war in 1812, the 90th was ordered to Canada, and was stationed at Ancaster, near Hamilton, C. W. The change of climate was so great that Mrs. Alison was taken dangerously ill, and the Governor kindly ordered the Captain to return to Montreal. On Mrs. Alison's recovery, they were again sent West, and stationed at Niagara, at which place they expected to remain some time, and made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. At the end of a month, however, the regiment had just two hours' notice to leave for Europe. The officers and men immediately embarked in open batteaux, shooting the rapids of the Long Sault and Lachine on their way to Quebec. Shortly after their arrival in England, they were ordered to the continent, and were stationed at Ostend, Bruges and Ghent, and subsequently, after the battle of Waterloo, in Paris itself, where his colonel, Lord Hill, was second in command to the Duke of Wellington.

The scandal occasioned by the trial of Queen Caroline again brought them to England. After a short residence there, a rebellion breaking out in the Ionian Islands, the regiment was again ordered on foreign service, and was eventually stationed for many years at Corfu. Here the Captain and Mrs. Alison and their amiable daughters passed the most agreeable period of their lives.

From Corfu they were again ordered to England. On the voyage home they were wrecked on the island coast of Sicily, immediately under Mount Etna. The vessel went to pieces, and the Alisons barely escaped with their lives. The treasures of many years and of many a clime were swallowed up by the rapacious sea. The Governor, hearing of the terrible disaster, immediately ordered the 'Naïad' frigate, commanded by Sir Robert Spencer, to the scene, which eventually landed the passengers and crew, after much suffering and hardship, in Malta, with barely sufficient clothing to cover them. Three days afterwards the 90th proceeded to England, leaving the women and children behind.

On arriving once more safely in his native

land, the Captain hoped for a short respite from foreign service, but in this he was much mistaken. He was almost immediately ordered to Ceylon. Captain Alison, at the time, was taken most seriously ill, and unable to proceed, and in an evil hour, before the arrival of his family from Malta, he left the service and commuted his pension, having made up his mind to settle in Canada, where the British Government was giving grants of lands to retiring officers and soldiers. His eldest son, Rowland, who had also obtained a commission through the influence of Lord Hill, sold out at the same time. The second son, Charles, received an appointment in the office of the Embassy at Constantinople, where he distinguished himself on several occasions, and where he was twice Chargé d'Affaires during the absence of the Turkish Ambassador. Since then he has received the appointment of British Minister to the Court of Persia.

On Captain Alison's arrival in Canada, Sir John Colborne, the Governor, despatched the Commissioner of Crown Lands to select a location for him. He finally settled in the township of Warwick, county of Lambton, on a beautiful spot of ground, but totally devoid of any traces of civilization for many miles round.

When settlers began to assemble a little about the place, Captain Alison's house, then by far the largest in the clearing, was used for a number of years as a place of worship on Sunday. "The Lord Bishop of Toronto used to make it his home on his tours in the West, and held several confirmations there. The writer of this notice had a brother and sister confirmed in it. The old house, known far and wide as "Warwick Castle," was burned on the morning of Easter Sunday, 1855. Captain Alison again lost many curiosities, and amongst them some very valuable ones sent from the East by his son Charles. Not only these, but almost everything of value about the place was consumed.

Captain Alison was a justice of the peace for upwards of 25 years. He breathed his last on the 11th January, having accomplished more than half his 92nd year.

His life has not been in vain. His example as a practical Christian led many to see the error of their ways and reform. He was always looked up to as the head of the colonists, which he had collected around him, chiefly composed of his own immediate descendants. A few years before his death, he removed to the residence of his son-in-law, W. W. Nichols, Esq., North Douro, where he ended his eventful life in peace and quiet. His remains were, however, conveyed to Wisbeach, and buried beneath the shade of an orchard of his own founding. He leaves a sorrowing widow, after sixty-four years of happy married life to mourn his loss. They had 13 children, 64 grand children, and 29 great grand children, making a total of 106 descendants.—[COMMUNICATED.]

ANECDOTE OF MAXIMILIAN.—'La Presse' gives an anecdote which conveys a pleasant impression of the Emperor Maximilian. An officer was taking a walking tour through the mountainous district of Ischi, and having lost his way he went into a cottage to inquire the road. The poor woman to whom it belonged instantly desired her little boy to accompany the young man to the turn of the road, and show him which path to take. The service having been faithfully performed, the officer gave the boy money. The boy refused, remarking that military men never had money. "Ah!" said the young officer, "how do you know that?" "Because my brother is in the army, and he never has any. My mother sold her last stack of corn this very day in order to send him some." The young man, touched by the story, returned to the cottage, and leaving his purse with the poor woman, promising to protect her son. The officer was the Archduke Maximilian.