

the western markets and have them conveyed down in his own vessels. The introduction of railways led him into the railway contracting business; and in conjunction with John R. Dickson, M.D., he built the Kingston branch of the Grand Trunk Railway. He also engaged in locomotive building, and established the Ontario foundry for this purpose in Kingston. He besides took advantage of the labor of the convicts in the penitentiary here, and becoming a contractor with the government for the services of a large number of prisoners, utilized their labor in the manufacture of furniture by improved steam machinery. Mr. Morton obtained, on very favorable terms, a contract for the construction of the Southern railway between Niagara and Detroit. This contract, which promised the utmost advantage to Mr. Morton's estate, and to numbers of persons connected with him as employees dependent upon his success, became a matter of law dispute, and an adverse decision by the Court of Chancery proved a severe but not a crushing blow to Mr. Morton's long career of prosperity. However, under heavy involvement the business establishments in Kingston were still kept up in his own name, and were managed with such success that it is believed had it been Mr. Morton's lot to have been spared in this life yet a little longer, he would have had the satisfaction of seeing himself again as wealthy a man as he had been at any time. Mr. Morton's business career has indeed been a remarkable and useful one. Commencing business as we must suppose with only a book-keeper's hard savings, he has built up properties and accumulated an estate that made him a man of fortune. As such he took a prominent part in all that concerned the interests of Kingston. The centralization of his varied and extensive business here is sufficient proof of his attachment to his adopted city. Mr. Morton was held in great esteem by all classes of our population. To the industrious poor he furnished employment, and to the struggling tradesman or artisan he was never backward with well-timed assistance. There are business men in Kingston who can ascribe their triumph of success over failure at an important crisis to the friendly liberality of James Morton. He had a natural benevolence which gilds the accumulation of wealth. The farmers of the county of Frontenac, recognizing him as an old friend to their interests, selected him as their Parliamentary representative in preference to the old member, Sir Henry Smith, who was beaten in the election contest. He served in the short-lived Seventh Parliament, and on the dissolution of the House retired in favour of Mr. Wm. Ferguson, the sitting member.—*Kingston News*.

No. 35.—SAMUEL PETERS, ESQ.

Mr. Peters came to Canada in 1835, at once made London his future home, and shortly after became intimately associated with Wm. Balkwill, Esq., J. P., in business; both of which gentlemen carried on the trade of butchers for some considerable period afterwards. The business eventually was conducted by Mr. Peters himself, and sons, in which he amassed a handsome competency. Some years since, however, he retired from business, and settled down in his county residence, near Petersville, township of London. He was a jovial companion, a good neighbour and a person that commanded respect among his numerous acquaintances, many of whom will regret his death. He was about seventy-four years of age.—*London Prototype*.

No. 36.—THE REV. JOHN BEATTY.

We learn from the *Cobourg Sun* that this venerable, widely known and universally esteemed Minister, has passed away to his rest. Few names are more familiar to the old Methodists of Canada than his, or are remembered with greater pleasure. The *Sun* says:—"Another of those links which connect the present generation with the past has been severed, and we have now to chronicle the demise of a veteran, whose name has to a certain extent been long identified with the growth and history of Cobourg. On Thursday morning last, the 30th ultimo, the Reverend John Beatty, Wesleyan Minister, after a long illness which was borne with Christian resignation, breathed his last. Deceased was in the eighty second year of his age, and had for some time retired from the active duties of the Ministerial profession, though he occasionally, within the last year or two, filled temporary vacancies, by shewing his venerable and fragile form in the pulpit, where, however, his voice almost to the last retained that force and strength for which it was long noted. The Reverend Mr. Beatty was one of the early pioneers of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, and did a great deal to promote the interests of this church with which he was ever identified. During the protracted illness which he suffered, the venerable father received the most attentive care from his son, Dr. Beatty, who was unwearied in his attentions and counsel. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon and was largely attended."—*Christian Guardian*.

No. 37.—LAST HOURS OF GEN. J. E. B. STUART.

From a long obituary of Gen. Stuart, in the *Richmond Examiner*, we take the following:—No incident of mortality, since the fall of the great Jackson, has occasioned more painful regret than this. Major-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the model of Virginian cavaliers and dashing chieftain, breathed out his gallant spirit resignedly, and in the full possession of all his remarkable faculties of mind and body. We learn from the physicians in attendance upon the General that his condition during the day was very changeable, with occasional delirium and other unmistakable symptoms of speedy dissolution. In the moments of delirium his faculties were busy with the details of his command. He reviewed in broken sentences all his glorious campaigns around McClellan's rear on the Peninsula, beyond the Potomac, and upon the Rapidan, quoting from his orders, and issuing new ones to his couriers, with a last injunction to "make haste." About noon, Thursday, President Davis visited his bedside, and spent some fifteen minutes in the dying chamber of his favorite chieftain. The President, taking his hand, said: "General, how do you feel?" He replied, "Easy, but willing to die, if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty." As evening approached, the General's delirium increased, and his mind again wandered to the battle-fields over which he had fought, then off to wife and children, then off again to the front. As evening wore on the paroxysms of pain increased, and mortification set in rapidly. Though suffering the greatest agony at times, the General was calm, and applied to the wound, with his own hand, the ice intended to relieve the pain. During the evening he asked Dr. Brewer how long he thought he could live, and whether it was possible for him to survive through the night. The doctor, knowing that he did not desire to be buoyed by false hopes, told him frankly that death—the last enemy—was rapidly approaching. The General nodded, and said, "I am resigned if it be God's will; but I would like to live to see my wife. But God's will be done." Several times he roused up and asked if she had come. To the doctor who sat holding his wrist and counting the fleeting, weakening pulse, he remarked, "Doctor, I suppose I am going fast now. It will soon be over. But God's will be done. I hope I have fulfilled my duty to my country and my duty to my God." At 7½ o'clock it was evident to the physician that death was setting its clammy seal upon the brave, open brow of the General, and he told him so—asked if he had any last message to give. The General, with mind perfectly clear and possessed, then made disposition of his staff and personal effects. To Mrs. (Gen. R. E.) Lee he directed that the golden spurs be given as a dying memento of his love and esteem for her husband. To his staff officers he gave his horses. So particular was he in small things, even in the dying hour, that he emphatically exhibited and illustrated the ruling passion strong in death. To one of his staff, who was a heavy built man, he said, "You had better take the larger horse; he will carry you better." Other mementoes he disposed of in a similar manner. To his young son, he left his glorious sword. His worldly matters closed, the eternal interests of his soul engaged his mind. Turning to Rev. Mr. Peterkin, of the Episcopal Church, and of which he was an exemplary member, he asked him to sing the hymn commencing,

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"

he joining in with all the voice that his strength would permit. He then joined in prayer with the ministers. To the doctor he again said, "I am going fast now; I am resigned; God's will be done." Thus died Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.

No. 38.—WM. SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ.

Mr. William Smith O'Brien, member of a most ancient and honourable family, and a man of generous, though sometimes mistaken impulses, died recently at Bangor, North Wales. He was the second son of the late Sir Edward O'Brien, Baronet of Brompton, County Clare, and brother of Lord Inchiquin. The deceased gentleman was born in 1803, and received his education at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. On his first entering into Parliament, in 1826, he represented Innis in the Liberal interest. He subsequently sat for County Limerick, during a continuous period of fourteen years; and, though a Protestant, he was an active supporter of Daniel O'Connell, in the agitation of the Repeal of the Union. In the year of continental troubles, 1848, when the shock of the French Revolution caused many thrones to totter, and many nations to heave and tremble, the name of Smith O'Brien attained a notoriety far short of glorious; and in 1849 it certainly did not improve its reputation. He was prompt to express his thorough sympathy with the French Provisional Government, and he visited Paris in the avowed hope of being able to obtain assistance in severing Ireland from British rule. It was in the summer of 1849