

severe articles, but did not, as a general rule, feel bitterly towards his political opponents. Taking him all in all, it may be many years before the Liberal party will be able to boast of his equal as an editor and an orator. He was for some years one of the office-bearers of the Benevolent Irish Society, and also of the Catholic Young Mens' Institute. The half-closed shops and places of business throughout the city testify to the respect in which he was latterly held by all classes, sects and parties. As a brother journalist we cannot withhold this imperfect tribute to his memory.

No. 3.—J. CUSHING, ESQ.

Mr. Cushing was descended from an English family which emigrated to the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in the year 1638. Mr. Elmer Cushing, with his son, Mr. John Prentice Cushing, in the year 1797, selected, with remarkable foresight, from the then unbroken wilderness, the spot on which most of the village of Richmond now stands, as their place of settlement. Mr. Elmer Cushing and his family left Massachusetts early in the spring of 1798, and came to the Township of Shipton (now Cleveland and Shipton,) by the way of Montreal, the St. Lawrence and the St. Francis,—ascending the latter in nine birch bark canoes paddled by Indians. Mr. Cushing resided in Richmond till 1815, when he removed to Three Rivers. In 1820 he removed to Sherbrooke, where he remained five years, and then returned to Richmond. Throughout his long life, which lacked but 16 years of a century, he enjoyed almost continuous good health, and was constantly employed till a few days before he was called away. He was a constant and thoughtful reader of standard books and of the better class of newspapers and other periodical literature, and became a man of general information. Mr. Cushing survived all the other first settlers of this part of the townships. When the Elmer Cushing and William Barnard families arrived, there were no other white inhabitants from 50 miles to the north and 25 miles to the south of Richmond. One or two are still alive, of those who emigrated here a few years after the Cushing family. The present generation hardly realize how much they owe to those brave, stout-hearted men who subdued the primeval forests and prepared the way for these beautiful fields and thriving villages.—*Montreal Gazette.*

No. 4.—CAPTAIN A. W. RAINSFORD.

Among our ordinary obituary notices there is a record of the death of Capt. Andrew William Rainsford, late of the 104th Regiment, but the passing away of this aged veteran should have more extended notice. Capt. Rainsford was one of the few remaining relics of the past, and the events amongst which his more youthful days were past, take the mind back to the early days of New Brunswick, and to a very different state of things to that which it now obtains. He came to this Province, from Ireland, we believe, at an early age, and began his career as an officer in the New Brunswick Militia Fencibles. When the Fencibles volunteered for active service, and were incorporated into the British Army, and took the number of 104th in the line, Capt. Rainsford was with them, and at the outbreak of the war of 1812, he went with the regiment on its thrice famous snow-shoe march to Canada, and served with it during the war, being slightly wounded at the battle of Sackett's Harbour. He was always ready for hard and adventurous service, and had many a long, rough, arduous, and trying ride as bearer of despatches. Few, if any, can in these days of good post roads and railways, imagine what a ride from Fredericton to Halifax, or from Kingston to the Niagara frontier, through almost unbroken woods, was in 1812. After the close of the war of 1812-13, and the disbandment of 104th Regiment, Capt. Rainsford settled in Canada, and again saw military service, but of another kind. During the Canadian Rebellion of 1837, he commanded, with the rank of Major, a division of Militia in the Glengary district. In 1847 he returned to New Brunswick, and for the last 20 years of his life resided on his farm at Kingsclear, and the vivid recollections of his adventurous life in his earlier days were not the least pleasing enjoyment of his declining age.—*N. B. Headquarters.*

5. BARON MAROCCHETTI.

We regret to hear of the death of Baron Marocchetti, which was announced by telegraph a day or two since. He was one of the most celebrated sculptors of the day, and was born in France in 1805. He manifested a genius for sculpture at a very early age. After studying for some years in Italy, he returned to France in 1827, and exhibited "The Young Girl Playing with a Dog,"—a beautiful little piece of sculpture which received a medal. In 1831, he exhibited his "Fallen Angel," and in the same year he produced his greatest work, an equestrian statute of Philibert, which was exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1855. At the great Exhi-

bition in London in 1851, he exhibited his model of "Richard Cœur de Lion," which was very much admired in England, and formed one of the most note-worthy features among the many pieces of fine sculpture which were there to be seen. Among his most recent works are an equestrian statue of the Queen, executed for the City of Glasgow in 1854, an obelisk to the memory of soldiers who fell in the Crimea, and a portrait bust of the late Prince Consort. Baron Marocchetti, became a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1839.

No. 6.—RIGHT REV. BISHOP HOPKINS.

The Right Rev. John Henry Hopkins, Bishop of Vermont, died at the Episcopal residence, Rock Point, on the 9th inst., aged 76 years. The *Boston Post* says of the deceased Bishop, that, "He was born in Dublin in 1782, and came to America when he was eight years old. He was intended for the law, and in 1817 commenced its practice at Baltimore. He quitted the bar in 1823, and the following year was ordained Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburg. In 1831, he accepted a call to Trinity Church in this city. He was elected First Bishop of the separate diocese of Vermont in 1832, and at the time of his decease was presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Bishop Hopkins is widely known as the author of numerous theological works, and was a man of thorough intellectual culture."

No. 7.—FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

The American people have just lost one of the foremost of their literary men; Fitz Greene Halleck, a poet of more than ordinary merit expired at his residence at Guilford, Connecticut, on Wednesday last, aged 72 years. He was born at Guilford in August, 1795, and there he remained until he was eighteen years of age. He went then to New York and obtained a situation in a banking establishment, the head of which was Mr. Jacob Barker, a well known Quaker financier. He afterwards became confidential clerk to John Jacob Astor, who reposed great confidence in him. It is now upwards of twenty years since Mr. Halleck retired from business, residing nearly all that time at his pretty rural seclusion at Guilford. The earliest of Mr. Halleck's poems appeared in the *New York Evening Post*, in 1818, and was entitled "Twilight," and during the two following years he assisted Joseph Rodman Drake in preparing for the *Evening Post* a series of humorous papers called the "Croaker Papers." In 1821 Mr. Drake died, and his death was commemorated by Halleck in a poem, the first verse of which is familiar to most of our readers—

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

His next published poem was a satirical one called "Fanny," which created a considerable sensation not only in America but in Great Britain, and at once established Mr. Halleck's reputation as a writer of the first order. In 1823 Halleck visited Europe, and after his return he wrote "Marco Bozzaris," (one of his finest and best known works,) "Burns" and "Alnwick Castle." In 1827 he published his poems in book form. In 1846 the entire series of Mr. Halleck's poems were published in one volume by Harper & Bros., of New York. Since that time he has not written much, resting from literary as well as business toil. In his own beautiful words, the "Voice of Death" at length has

"Sounded like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

For the poetical works which he has left behind him will not easily be forgotten, but will live to keep his memory green, not only in America but in British homes. In character Mr. Halleck was of the most genial and kindly turn of mind: he delighted in social intercourse with his neighbors, and was distinguished for his wise and beneficent charity. Few men had more warm friends or fewer enemies than the late Fitz Greene Halleck.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

IX. Miscellaneous Friday Readings.*

1. THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

The land beyond the Sea!
When will life's task be o'er?

* NOTE TO TEACHERS.—FRIDAY READINGS FROM THE JOURNAL.—Our chief motive in maintaining the "Miscellaneous" department of the Journal is to furnish teachers with choice articles selected from the current literature of the day, to be read in the schools on Fridays, when