Carleton Place Herald.

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SABBATH READING.

Compensations.

Let us be cheerful,
Whatsoe'er betide;
Life is not all tearful,
There's a sunny side.
Vernal zephyrs banish
Winter's frosts afar;
Midnight's spectres vanish
With the morning star.

Every deep impression,
With its chills and blights,
Has a compensation.
In the neighboring heights,
Birds of plumage plainest
Lift the sweetest song;
Pangs that rack the keenest
Seldom tarry long.

Oft the richest uses
Come from humblest things,
As the marsh produces
Tribes of brilliant wings.
Larks at heaven's gate singing,
Nestle in the corn;
Mountains, proudly springing,
Were in the valleys born.

Churn'd from ocean-chamber,
'Mid the tempest's roar,
See the precious amber
Thrown upon the shore.
So each stormy trial
Yields us fruits of good,
Wisdom, self denial,
Strength and fortitude.

Ravins once did cater,
To Elijah's need;
And a fish for Peter
Tribute-money paid.
There's a charming story,
How the widow's cruise,
Blessed by prophet hoary,
Poured an overplus.

Thorniest afflictions
Sharper might have been;
Healing benedictions
Mitigate the pain.
See the Ark rise higher
With the swelling flood,
Ever drawing nigher
To the Mount of God!

'Tis a sight of beauty,
When a noble heart
Bravely does its duty,
Though each fiber smart.
Courage, faith, and patience,
Principles divine,
In the worst vexations,
Like the rainbow shine.

A Promissory Note.

A lady having occasion to solicit the assistance for an aged couple, called, on their behalf, upon a wealthy neighbor with whom she had but little acquaintance. She had heard no very encouraging accounts of his liberality, for he was said to be one whose investments were made only upon good security. Nevertheless, as he was not at home upon her first call, she made a second visit, but with no better success. Not willing to be entirely disappointed, she mentioned the purport of her errand to a member of the family, with the request that if he would contribute anything for this object he would send it to her residence. Several days elapsed, and she received no response to the application. Nothing daunted—the need was pressing—she resolved to call again. Recollecting the short sermon attributed to Dean Swift, she adopted a similar expedient. She wrote on a slip of paper as follows:

"THE PROMISSORY NOTE."

"He that hath pity on the poor, *lendeth* to the Lord; and that which he hath given will He *pay him again.*"—Proverbs xix, 17.

At this call the door was opened by the gentleman in person. One look sufficed to show her that her message had been received, and the application was not acceptable. However, he very civilly invited the lady to walk in and be seated. The errand was soon told. An aged, respectable, honest, sober, industrious couple, by reason of their years, were really not able to earn a livelihood, and were crushed in spirit because they were not able to meet their last month's rent. The case was represented with all the earnestness which the speaker felt. But the tightly closed mouth, the eyes intently scanning *nothing*, as they looked out of the window, gave small promise of success. However, one more effort—she drew out the "promissory note." "Mr. C., I only wish to borrow this money. I have prepared this note, and if the security is not satisfactory to you, and you wish my name upon it, I will give it to you with pleasure." Thus saying, she gravely rose, and laid the paper on the table before him. The idea of loaning the money, and upon the lady's security, seemed rather to please him, for he would have considered the amount quite safe upon her note.

He deliberately drew out his glasses, read the note, and could not suppress a smile. "But is this to be paid?" said he. "Oh!" replied she, "the time is not named; but if not paid sooner, it sure to be paid when all your other notes and your mortgages are of no value. If not repaid before, just when you are leaving them this comes to maturity. The drawer of that note never fails to keep all his promises, and "He remains no man's debtor."

This argument was irresistable. He took out from a well-filled portemonnaie a bank-note, and, handing it to her, remarked, "you are too much for me." He wished her to take back the "Promissory Note." She declined, remarking that he might find it useful to refer to at some other time—*N. Y. Observer.*

Prayers for Donald Grant.

In the Highlands of Scotland punctuality at public worship is reckoned among the cardinal virtues. The people for generations have been trained to reverence God's day and his house, so that it is considered not only wrong, but also disreputable, to lounge at home or to stroll over heathe and burn while others are honoring God in the sanctuary.

There lived in this region, some years since, an honest farmer, yclept Donald Grant. He was very wise for this world; and, while professing better things, he gave all his strength and energy to the six day's toil, so that when the Sabbath came he was unfit for the services of the sanctuary. Once in the season of barley harvest, when farm-help was scarce, Donald so overwrought himself on Saturday that his seat in the "auld kirk" was empty the next day. He remained at home to recruit his powers for a fresh campaign on Monday. Some wag in the parish, knowing Donald's besetting sin and fearing the effect of his example on others, resolved to nip the delinquency in the bud, and took the case in his own hands.

In the afternoon, when the pastor entered the pulpit, he found a note which was written: "The prayers of this church are requested for Donald Grant." The minister was taken by surprise, not having heard of his illness, but remembered, as also did the people, when the note was read, that his family pew was tenantless in the morning. After service, one asked another what ailed Donald Grant, but none could tell his neighbor; and all decided that some sudden illness had brought this request directly from the family.

The Sabbath passed, and Donald, refreshed by many hours of sleep, and by the sweet breeze and the holy calm of his native hills, rose on Monday like a strong man to run a race. But scarcely had the sun begun to gem the dewy heather when, above the whetting of the sickle, he heard the stentorian voice of Sandy Graham, the village blacksmith:

"Hoot, mon, and are ye at it this early after the deathly illness of yesterday?"

It was in vain that Donald protested he had never been better. Sandy declared he was out of his head, and ought to be taken back to bed—he could see by the color of his face there was a high fever on him!

While he was yet speaking they were joined by Duncan M'Ivor and Malcolm Sterling, two large-hearted neighbors, coming to sympathize in Donald's affliction, and to prefer their aid in reaping his barley; and before any explanation could be made of the puzzling matter, the loving old minister, staff in hand, had arrived with the oil of consolation.

Donald persisted in saying he was never more hearty; when the pastor asked, "Why, then, mon did ye forsake your seat in God's house, and implore the prayers of his people?"

"Aweel, aweel then," replied Donald in amazement, "I was awa' fra the kirk wi' the aching o' my limbs fro' the week's work but I asked prayers o' no mon alive."

The joke was perceived, and the pastor reminded Donald that the man who absented himself from God's house for no better reason than his, ought to ask prayers if he didn't!

A Word to Mothers.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the far-coming ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea shore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words, or names in the smooth, white sand, which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth, or error, which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of the earth can wash out, Death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be of her treatment of her child. How prayerful, and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God.

Sleep Overcomes all Men.

The most violent passion and excitement cannot keep even powerful minds from sleep. Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arbela, and Napoleon upon that of Austerlitz. Even strips and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to give way to it on the rack. Noises, which at first serve to drive it away, soon become indispensable to its existence, thus a stage coach stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges, and blast furnaces, would wake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual noise. Homer, in his Iliad, elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men and even the gods.

The Endless Rest.

There are no weary heads or weary hearts on the other side of Jordan. The rest of heaven will be the sweeter for the toils of earth. The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. Jesus now allows us to rest on His bosom. He will soon bring us to rest in His Father's house. His rest will be glorious. A rest from toil; a rest from sorrow. The very rest that Jesus himself enjoys. We shall rest not only with Him, but like Him—Thanks be unto God for the rest we now enjoy! Ten thousand thanks to God for the rest we shall enjoy with Christ! Wearied one, look away from the cause of thy present suffering, and remember there is a rest remaining for thee. A little while and thou shalt enter into rest.

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violent roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such an one moves on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners; as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south.

Next to victory, there is nothing so sweet as defeat, if only the right enemy overcomes you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Singular Case—A Man Shot on the Esplanade Yesterday.

Mr. Wm. Woods, a clerk in the Custom House, while sitting on one of the benches on the ramparts of the Esplanade yesterday afternoon, about three o'clock, conversing with a sergeant of one of the regiments, suddenly started and exclaimed that he had burst a blood vessel, pointing to the blood trickling down the side of his boot His child was playing on the slope close by, and the sergeant assisted in conveying him to his residence in D'Artigny street. Dr. Russell was immediately sent for, and, on examining him told him at once that he had been shot, at which he appeared much astonished, as he did not see how it could be the case, having heard no report, or saw no person except the sentry about the place with fire-arms. The doctor, however, insisted that it was so, and on examining the trowsers, found a hole on the inner part of the left thigh, and, on Mr. Woods stripping the flesh had all the appearance of being punctured with some blunt instrument like that of a bullet. The wound was probed and found to extend nearly through the thigh. Dr. Russell then inserted the forceps, and after some little difficulty, succeeded in extracting a full-sized minnie rifle ball, with the cloth of the trowsers and drawers, which had been driven in. On seeing the ball, Mr. Woods at once exclaimed that he had been shot by the sentry, but was unable to account for it, as neither he nor the sergeant with whom he was talking, nor any other person on the Esplanade at the time heard any report. Dr. Russell and Mr. McNider, of the building society, went to the guard-house, related the circumstance to the sergeant of the guard, and showed him the ball. The sentry's pouch was examined and found all right, and his rifle had no appearance of being recently discharged. The ball is supposed to have been fired by some one on the Beauport flats, or at Point Levi, and was nearly spent when it struck Mr. Woods' leg. Had it been fired from the distance where the sentry was standing, it must have killed him instantly; as it was Mr. Woods had a narrow escape, for the ball grazed one of the main arteries of the leg, which if severed, he would have bled to death in a few minutes. His escape is not less miraculous than the cause of his wound is singular and strange. Dr. Russell does not consider the wound dangerous. He has the ball in his possession.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

Ready, Aye Ready!

It is quite evident now that the Corruptionists are determined to pursue the ends the tactics shadowed forth by their organ a few days ago, of nominating men to contest constituencies which, if the Reform votes be fully polled, they cannot by any possibility win. Had they abstained from putting forward candidates in those counties where their partizans are in a minority, a majority of Reformers from Upper Canada would have been elected to Parliament by acclamation. In pursuing the contrary course their object is evident. It is not only that they desire to deprive us, their opponents, of the *eclat* which would attend our triumph had they failed to meet us at the polls in half the constituencies of this section of the Province. Neither is it because they desire simply to put the Reform party to trouble and expense. They seek a permanent gain, a tangible result. They hope that somewhere, in one or two constituencies, fortune will favor them, and that they will be able to "edge in" their man. If they do this, they will count themselves amply repaid—being in these times thankful for small mercies—for the desperate exertions they are now putting forth; and Reformers to tell the truth, will feel no small amount of chagrin at their success. They have no chance, unless the supporters of the government are over confident. We would remind Reformers of the often repeated truth, that there is no danger so great as that which arises from despising an enemy. If we look at some of those constituencies which we know we can win if we try, we shall find that the corruptionists have nevertheless a strong vote therein, and we may depend upon it, if they see the least remissness upon our side, that they will take advantage of it and poll to their last man. In such an event it requires but a few Reformers here and there in a township to stay away on the polling days to loose the Riding. It matters little that the men the enemy has put forward are weak in themselves, that they command no respect, that they are totally unfit to be members of the Legislature, that they could not be elected to fill the smallest municipal office. The Corruptionist party are well organized. It is ready to survey in most subserviant style, the will of its leaders and the men composing it, for the most part, would not hesitate to vote for anything with a nose upon its face, if that nose would count one in a division. We may, therefore count upon it as a certainty that in all those constituencies where the Corruptionists have set up a man, no matter how small his personal claims are; their whole party vote will be polled in his behalf, and in order effectually to beat him, it is necessary that the whole of our party vote should be polled also. We well understand that it is a vexatious thing for Reformers to have to leave their farms and their business avocations, in order to upset some paltry man of straw, some mean Coalition tool. But it must be done. The Corruptionists never give us any quarter. We must give them none. Reformers, and all other Canadians, whether they call themselves Reformers or not, who desire good and honest government, must remember that this is no ordinary contest in which we are now engaged. In previous years we have fought almost against hope. There has appeared but small reason to believe, even though we gained all the immediate success we sought, that we could do more than offer opposition in the House to our opponents. But our cause, year after year, election after election, has increased in strength, until victory is within our reach. It requires, now, only that we be as resolute and determined as we have been in the past, that no stone be left unturned, that naught that men may do shall remain undone, and complete success will be ours. We shall route the Corruptionists—horse, foot and artillery. They will be kept without a corporal's guard in the House, and with the aid of Lower Canadian allies, new and old, we shall be able to carry out many of those reforms which we have so long sought in vain, and which the country so much needs. If ever there was a time when every patriotic consideration should place all true Canadians shoulder to shoulder in the firm, steadfast and unconquerable resolve to obtain their rights, it the present. The chances they now have lost and years must elapse before it can return. The Cartier-Macdonald-Galt party in power, and there is not a purchaseable man in the Province they will not buy. They did a good deal in that line before, as we all know, but we may depend upon it, if by virtue of the desperate exertions they are now making, they return to the Treasury benches, yet more systematically than ever will they set themselves to work so thoroughly to corrupt all within their reach, that it will be next to impossible to overthrow them. We have got them down now, and after all the trouble we have had, let us keep them down. It is worth our while to put forth all our strength to do so.

We will not point out the constituencies in which we apprehend danger of the nature we have indicated. But we would ask every Reformer in each one to take our words to himself, to believe that they are meant for him, to make a personal application of them; and if that be done, all will be right. There can then be no doubt that we shall win the greatest victory one political party ever won over another in Upper Canada. Even in the constituencies where our friends feel most certain of success let the committees be all fully organized, the wards fully canvassed, and every available team trotted out on the day of election to carry the lukewarm or the backward to the polls. The Corruptionists tell us that they will win eight or nine counties from us before the contest is over. It will be a disgrace to the party if they get a single one.—*Globe.*

Roman Ladies.

A writer on this subject remarks:—"The woman of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty and virtue imposes upon the sex in Northern Europe. A Roman lady who takes a liking to a foreigner, does not cast her eyes down when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him in company, at church, at the theatre or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony to a friend of the young man's, 'Tell that gentleman I like him.' If the man of her choice feels the like sentiment, and asks, 'Are you fond of me?' she replies with the utmost frankness, 'Yes, dear.' The happy medium between American and Roman courtship appears to us the best. We hate excessive coyness, but do not like too much familiarity." We have heard an anxious lover, whose charmer, well pleased with witnessing the evidence of her power, was bent on keeping him upon the rack of uncertainty as to the extent of her affection for him, say, that to him this Roman frankness would be enchanting—he would have anything rather than the coquetry that is second nature to American belles. "Ask any sensible man who has had a taste of it," he concluded, "and see if he does not agree with me. Ladies spoil their lovers by tantalizing them."

Fatal Accident.

It is our painful duty to chronicle the following sad accident, which has sent a fellow mortal, unprepared into the presence of his Creator now his judge.

At about 4 o'clock, p. m., on Tuesday last, a carpenter, named Robert Cody, who was employed on the new Hospital, at the Nunnery, now in course of completion, accidentally lost his balance, while on the top of the wall, and fell headlong, a distance of about fifty feet to the ground, fracturing his skull and otherwise seriously bruising his body. He was killed immediately. Dr. Beaubien, the attending physician at the hospital, happened to be there at the time—and at the inquest which was held shortly after by Coroner Patterson, gave evidence to the effect that death was instantaneous after the fall. The jury returned a verdict of "accidental death." The deceased was a sober industrious man, and leaves a wife and five children to mourn his untimely death.—*Ottawa Union.*

An old lady, a resident of Providence, who had never ridden in the cars, was persuaded by the combined efforts of her children, James and Mary, to accompany them on an excursion, she all the time saying that she new something would happen. She took her seat with fear and trembling, taking hold of the arm of the seat next the the passage-way. The train was late, as excursion trains are usually, and in coming round a curve the Boston express train was on the same track, both nearing each other rather faster than was pleasant, the momentum of each train was nearly lost, and they came together with a chuck, which pitched the old lady on her face in the passage-way between the seats. She rose to her hands and knees, and, looking back, asked, "Jeems do they allus stop like that?"

Hartford, Ct., June 8.

This morning one of the members of the family of Wm. Steele, of East Hartford, on going to his room, found his chamber deluged with blood, and Mr. Steele lying dead on the floor with his throat cut. His wife was in the bed with her throat cut from ear to ear, and an infant six months old had its head almost cut off. All were dead, but the child was still warm. Steele's hand grasped a razor, and it was perfectly evident that he had murdered his wife and child, and then killed himself. The Coroner's Jury rendered a verdict of insanity. Mr. Steele had been an inmate of an insane asylum at different times during the last 20 years. His age was 53. Two of his children, who were in another room, escaped.

MURDER AT POINTE LEVIS.—We have been informed that a woman named Honora Carroll, wife of Martin McDonald, of the parish of St. Joseph de la Pointe Levis, died on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., from the blow of a stone inflicted by her husband on the 25th May last. He was immediately taken into custody, and at the inquest held by Coroner Panet on Wednesday afternoon, admitted that he had struck deceased with a stone of the weight of two pounds. The jury, after hearing the evidence, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against the prisoner.

LAW OF PLEASURE.—The law of pleasure in having done anything for another is that the one almost immediately forgets having given and the other remembers eternally having received.

Since sugar has advanced they make confectionary from globules of plaster of Paris, coated with sugar. It would take just a quarter of a pound to kill a child in twenty-four hours. Plaster of Paris in that form sells at twenty five and thirty cents a pound.

The Militia Clothing.

The distribution of clothing to the Various Volunteer Companies throughout the Province, is progressing as rapidly as the articles can be packed up— at the rate of about 400 suits per day. Each case contains fifty suits—the compliment for one company. It will require about six weeks time yet to pack and forward the total number of 20,000 uniforms complete. In addition to the 20,000 outfits for privates, and 1,000 suits of officers uniform—including tunics, trowsers and shakos, with 750 swords and other accoutrements complete, officers clothing, &c., will be supplied to them at cost price by the Militia Department and circulars are shortly to be addressed to them stating the prices. The officer depositing in the Bank of Upper Canada to the credit of the Receiver General the sum stated, covering the cost of the articles required, will receive a certificate of deposit which will be forwarded to the militia department along with his requisition, on receipt of which the clothing will be sent.

The rules observed in forwarding clothing to Volunteer Companies, is—cities are supplied first, secondly battalions, and thirdly isolated companies. Every suit is sent in accordance with a list or size-roll supplied by the captain of each company; giving for tunics the height of each man, and the measure in inches round the breast and waist; for trowsers the measure of waist: and for shakos, the number of inches round the head. As every garment is labelled corresponding with its proportionate size each volunteer is fitted as if measured by the tailor personally before hand. Every article is made of superior material—the cloth of which the tunics are made being equal to that worn by sergeants of the line. The trowsering stuff, all manufactured in Canada—at Chambly, Coburg and Streetsville—is of excellent quality. By the steamships Norwegian, Bohemian North American and Jura have been received 327 bales tunics, 381 cases shakos, 10 cases busbies and 50 cases containing officers' outfits. The swords were manufactured in Birmingham, and finished and imposed in London. On one side of the blade the embassing shows the letters "V. R." surmounted by the crown; on the other the words "Canada Militia," for infantry, and "Canada Rifles," for rifle companies. Pouch belts, silver breast plates, plates for sword belts, silver plated and shako plates for officers, were manufactured in London.

The design on the breast plate is a semi-circle of maple leaves encircling the beaver in gilt; on the shako plates a beaver in the centre in gilt, on a bright ground surrounded by a circle in gilt, with the words "Canada Militia"—the whole surmounted by the crown. Shako plates for Rifle companies are of similar design, but of bronze and manufactured in Birmingham. The buttons were also manufactured in Birmingham, and bear the design of a wreath of maple leaves encircling the beaver. The tuft shako ball for officers of infantry is of worsted two thirds white and one third scarlet, resting upon a silver ornament. The shakos and busbies were made in London, the tunics in Limirick (Ireland), but the cloth for the tunics and shakos were manufactured in Leeds (England.)

DEATH FROM A CAT.—A very curious case recently was brought to the notice of Coroner Ranney in New York. A young child some eight months old was found dead by its mother, a Mrs. Kleinhem, it was apparently well and hearty when put to sleep a few hours before. The Coroner's jury, after hearing testimony, gave it as their opinion that the babe had come to its death by being "*overlaid by a cat, and its breath drawn away by that animal.*" A little girl it appears, saw the cat on the child's breast, with its nose to its mouth. She drove it off, but it is presumed the beast again returned, and remained until life was extinct.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Yesterday a little before noon the inhabitants of our village and neighborhood were painfully startled by the report of the sudden demise of our esteemed and respected townsman, the Rev. Elisha Landon. Mr. Landon appeared in his usual health, and about 11 o'clock was out hoeing in the garden, when suddenly seized with appoplexy and dropped down dead. Such an unlooked for event has created a deep impression, and every one feels as if a general calamity had befallen the village and neighborhood. Truly it might be said "In the midst of life we are in death."—*Smith's Falls Review.*

A RIVER OF OIL.—We were not a little interrested to observe last Friday in Wallaceburg, that the Sydenham river was literally flowing with oil from Enniskillen oil wells. For days it has flowed down from that region, often to the depth of two inches upon the surface of the water. The oil besmears everything in the stream, and renders the water unfit for any use whatever. The only redeeming feature in the occurrence in the rich and varied hues with which the river is colored. The rainbow in all its beauty never gave forth more vividly the primary colors than you will see there on the water. The people, however, think they pay rather dearly for painting their river. They would choose to have the color left out.—*Chatham Paper.*

A woman up in Vermont has been bound over for trial on a charge of spreading the small pox. She sent her children to school while afflicted with the disease.

A WIDOW'S USE OF THUNDER.—Every time a thunder storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's (he was a widower,) and clasp her little hands and fly around till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed, and the consequence was that she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunder storms rattled over her head.

Miss Lovely says that males are of no account from the time ladies stop kissing them as infants until they are kissing them again as lovers.

The salt works destroyed by Gen. Bank's advanced in Louisiana, were the largest of the kind in America, and supplied nearly the whole Confederacy with salt. Blocks of salt were quarried there as clear as glass and of wonderful brilliancy.

FEMALE DRUNKARDS.—A Writer in Fraser's Magazine says:—"We have heard one who had had large experience in the temperance cause declare that he never yet had known a reform female drunkard, though he could point to multitudes of men who had been rescued."

Brazil now produces for exportation nearly half the coffee of the world.

Accident to Hon. Mr. Howland.

We regret to learn that the Hon. W. P. Howland met with an accident, on Friday last, while pursuing his canvass in the township of Vaughan. He was driving a double team of spirited horses, when they took fright, and starting, broke one of the reins. In the effort to check them the other reign was likewise broken, and the horses being thus beyond Mr. Howland's control started of at full speed. The servant had jumped out of the carriage at once, but was unable to stop them. Mr. Howland, in this critical situation, sprang out of the carriage at the risk of his life. He would have escaped unharmed had it not been the hub of a wheel come in contact with the outer side of his left leg, breaking the fibula, or small bone, at a point about three inches above the ankle. Mr. Howland was able to walk to a neighboring house. A messenger was despatched to his brother, Mr. H. S. Howland, at Kleinsburg, about four miles distant, who brought Dr. Stevenson with him, when the limb was placed in a splint, and Mr. Howland conveyed to the Richmond Hill station of the Northern Railroad, and, in charge of his brother, brought to the city on Friday evening. The horses were stopped about 3 miles from the place of accident, neither they nor the carriage being harmed. Mr. Howland is under the care of Dr. Aitkins. At present no unfavorable symptoms have appeared, and should none arise, he will speedily recover.—*Globe.*

MATRIMONIAL DISPUTES IN SWITZERLAND.—In Berne they have a novel mode of dealing with matrimonial disputants. Divorces were freely granted, says Bishop Herne, but first the applicant had to go through a curious test. A small room was prepared, in which husband and wife were put—the door being then closed, to remain so for six weeks, except it should be set in motion at the urgent and united request of the wedded pair. There were in the room one stool, one plate, one spoon, a unity of all the requisites, and the solitary bed was of such dimensions that, if they chose to use it together, they must needs lie very close together. Of one thing and only one, there was a duplicate; and that was a little treatise on the duties of husbands and wives toward each other. No visitor was permitted to go near them; and they had only a glimpse at intervals of the grim face of the janitor as he pushed their food through a hole in the door. The bishop states that the test was attended with the most wholesome results. In most cases the parties were excellent friends in a few days; and very few could stand out for more than a fortnight. Another very gratifying circumstance was, that they had scarcely on record a case in which a second application was made by persons who had already gone through the ordeal.

SOLDIER KILLED ON THE PLAINS.—A soldier of the 17th regiment, named Richardson, was absent at roll call last night, and a picket was sent in search of him; but their endeavors to ascertain his whereabouts were unsuccessful, until some time this forenoon, when, in scouring the bush, which is infested by a gang of lawless, dissipated, debauched men and women, they discovered his cold and lifeless body. The medical gentleman, after a minute examination of the corpse, declared that death had been caused by strangulation. No clue can at present be obtained as to the perpetrators of the crime. We hope that our police will ferret out the guilty parties, and that some means will be adopted for destroying this terrible resort of lawless and depraved characters.—*Quebec Gazette.*

EMIGRATION.—The Montreal Transcript says:—"We have seen a letter addressed to the Emigration Agent here, dated Cork, May 9. The news of the loss of the Anglo Saxon had then reached, and had created a tremendous sensation. The writer says this fresh disaster will be a heavy blow to the line, and will injure the route very much. The Inman steamer took out 590 emigrants for New York, on the Thursday preceeding the date of this letter, and the boat for the week following had more engaged than she could carry. The St. Patrick, to leave on the 21st for Canada, was fitting up fast. There were some very good settlers with money going out in her; and if they succeeded, a large number of the same class were disposed to follow. The writer had seen a number of the Roman Catholic clergy. They are in favor of Canada, and would much rather that the people would come here than go to the United States. But when such facilities were given and such inducements held out by the American Government, the writer feared that Canada would not have much chance with the masses. Many, at least those that have anything, will not go to the States, and from want of sufficient conveyance they find great difficulty in reaching Canada. It was to be hoped this would be corrected before long. The great mass of men laborers who were making off to the States, the writer fancied Canada was better without, and a great many were leaving, with feelings anything but well-disposed toward the Queen's Government."

The Polish struggle still loses none of its intensity, and though a lull in the public expectancy of intervention was at first created by the publication of the notes of the Western powers, the old feeling of insecurity and the conviction that Europe will become involved on account of Poland is gaining ground. The dreadful atrocities which the Muscovite soldiers are perpetrating upon the Poles who fall into their hands, as well as upon innocent women and children, have only to be recited to fan the flame of antipathy with which the Russian cause is generally regarded. Backed by the sympathy of their own people, France and Sweden are preparing a naval armament which can only be used for securing the freedom of Poland; and when these powers intervene, the rest of Europe cannot look quietly on. The expectation of a foreign war is therefore increasing at St. Petersburg, that is, among the merchants and traders, if not among the diplomats of the Czar. Financially Russia is at present very weak, and a war with allied European powers would be productive of deeper injury than at the time of the Crimean onslaught. Russia must give way before the demands of the Western powers or sustain a war at every disadvantage, an alternative which, hotheaded as the Russian government has often proved itself, it will, it is to be hoped, hardly venture upon at the present crisis.

A GOLDEN RULE.—When you receive a kindness, remember it; when you bestow one, forget it.

A BRITISH ADMIRAL IN AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.—At Marylebone Police-court, on the 12th, Rear-Admiral William Shepperd, of 4, Francis-street, Paddington, was called to answer a summons taken out against him by a cabman for refusing to pay a cab fare of ten shillings. After a delay of some time, through his non-appearance, the the case was gone into, and the claim having been satisfactorily made out, his worship ordered that 10s should be paid, and 5s costs. After the decision the admiral walked into court and said he hoped his worship would take his case at once, as he had an engagement to meet the Duke of Somerset at four o'clock. (This was in allusion to two cases where he, the admiral, had summoned cabmen for overcharges.) Mr. Yardley: "Your case has been heard, and unless you pay the money you must go to prison for seven days." Admiral: "But I have an appointment with the Duke of Somerset at four." Mr. Yardley: "That must be postponed unless you pay the money." The money not being forthcoming, the Admiral was conveyed away in the prison van.

The farmers of Illinois are going largely into the cultivation of the beet, with the especial view to the manufacture of sugar. The President of the Illinois Central Railroad has concluded an arrangement with a German firm to establish a refinery on his farm at Chatsworth, the buildings and machinery for which will be in readiness the coming season. The contractors will employ 1,500 acres in the cultivation of the beet-root.

Don't put your watch under your pillow—a man should never 'sleep upon his watch.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN.—Cotton, but recently vaunted by the South as the king of commerce, is now called by the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, an "idle product."

The Lynchburg Virginian commenting upon the statement that tenpenny nails are passing as currency at five cents each in the upper parts of North Carolina, remarks:—"We have no such metallic basis for our currency here. Our circulating medium are grains of corn representing five cents and quids of tobacco co-representing the decimal.'

The Richmond Enquirer says:—"Our tables, our clothes, our very liberties, must be put on a war footing in all things." Another turn of the screw on the South.

ONE OF THE FATHERS.—There is now in Cincinnati a German aged, seventy-one years, who is the father of twenty children, the youngest being but six months old. He has now seven sons in the Federal army.

A poor widow's little boy wanted a slate at School, but she could not afford to buy him one. The next day, seeing one in his hands she inquired, in some surprise:—"Why, Tommy, dear, where did you get that slate?" "I heard you say when papa died," he replied, "that now he has gone we must look above when we wanted anything, so I went up and got this slate off the roof. I wish I had a frame for it.

A university doctor desiring to see a bird catcher exercise his employment, accompanied him to the field. As soon as he saw the birds, he hallooed in Latin, "There they are!" The birds took the alarm. The sportsman, indignant at the absurdity of the professor, told him of it in very plain terms. "My good friend," exclaimed the doctor, in great astonishment, "who would have imagined that those ignorant birds would have understood Latin?"

In Toronto on Monday an elderly man named C. J. Bernott, who resides at Owen Sound, was relieved of his pocket-book, containing some $654, while on a small "spree" in the vicinity of the City Hall.

The Richmond Whig sarcastically says that Bragg has been "installing Governors with great pomp." That is right. *Bragg* and *pomp* are two dogs that should go together.—*Nashville Union.*

A few days since a town crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up his parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied, "Here's an orphan child, ma'am, and I'm trying to find its parents."

PRAISE AND ABUSE.—Public applause is ever jealous of its own verdict, and thus the men who have been most abused have been generally those who have been most praised.

Living is cheep in Japan. You can buy a first class house for thirty dollars; hire a servant for fifty cents a month, and live comfortably for two cents a day, or fourteen cents a week. What a country for young married people to set up housekeeping in!

The soundest argument produces no more conviction in an empty head than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.

GOVERNMENT CONTRACTOR'S WIFE, (once the sole proprietress of a taffy shop,)—Yes, as yes say, I find that this fashionable life comes purty hard on us foulks as has niver bin used to it, at-all-at-all, and I long for a good old-fashioned dish of pork and beans, so I does.

It is not known how useful the art of photography has been in the production of cheap and perfectly accurate fac similes of documents, and how easily they are reduced to microscopic dimentions, so that the giant sheet of the London Times has been photographed upon a piece of paper but one-eighth of an inch square—and even then each letter is perfectly legible under the microscope.

An Irishman in describing America, said, "I am told that yo might roll England thru it an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside that ye might dround ould Ireland in; an' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, ye'd never be able to find it out except by the smell of whiskey."

SIDNEY SMITH.—A thick-headed squire being worsted by Rev. Sidney Smith in an argument took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son who was an idiot I would make him a parson." "Very probably" replied Sidney, "but I see your father was of a different opinion."

"Gail Hamilton," talking of husbands, says, "I want him to be submissive, but I dont want him to *look* so." Very likely, but isn't it rather to much to ask? To be hen-pecked and yet to carry himself like a cock-of-the-walk, is more than quite possible to any male biped with or without feathers. That's so, my dear.

Women are at field work in Michigan, because so many men have gone into the field elsewhere.