Carleton Place Herald.

VOL. XIV. CARLETON PLACE, C. W., JULY 13, 1864. No. 44.

Ballad for the Times.

MARCUS CUSTIUS BROWN IN THE BREACH.

AIR—"*John Anderson my Joe.*"

George Brown, my canty Geordie, I'll tell you what I mean;
Ye're 'mongst some strange companions;—you're not what ye have been.
They'll cut your claws, my Geordie, and lame yer potent paw,
Ye ance was muckle Geordie, but noo you're unco sma.

I grieve to say, my Geordie, my heart is sad, and sair,
You've burk'd a reputation, that ance was bricht an' fair;
You told us a', the Tories, were rouges and thieves; and noo
They're at the bar of justice, you join the plundering crew.

I tell you what, my Geordie, this deed has stain'd your name
And its gien your freens a scunner; they bide their heads for shame;
You found out Gait at thieving;—it gars my heart grow sair,
You joined the crew believing, that ye would hae your share.

George Broon, I tell you truly, whan you your course began,
I thought you pure, an' faithfu', a truly honest man.
That in the school of honor, had taken his degrees,
And would not desert his colors, like the Foley's and Magee's.

Maybe, like Marcus Curtius, the noble and the brave,
You leap'd into the breach, George, your country's cause to save
If that was your design George, in mingling with the fire,
We'll praise your pluck, but then George, you'll please *to let us know.*

COUSIN SANDY.

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON

"Will you please teach me my verse mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger L——, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother: "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L—— was very ill—indeed, her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with her pillows, and struggling for breath: her lips were white: her eyes were growing dull and glazed. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from God's holy word or related to him stories of the wise and good men, spoken of in its pages

"Hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch. "Your mother is too ill to hear you to-night!" As she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to every thing transpiring around her, the sobs of her darling roused her stupor, and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son and lay him on her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother.

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never, never forget it. When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features before him, and went quiet to his little couch. The next morning he sought as usual, his mother, but he found her stiff and cold.

This was her last lesson. He has never forgotten it—he probably never will. He has grown to be a man—a good man, and now occupies a post of much honor and profit in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother.

A TIPPERARY TURK.—During the operations of the Allies in the Crimea, it was resolved to carry the water in from a beautiful spring of the finest creton of the camp. Leather pipe or hose was employed, which was laid on the ground. One morning while the water was being supplied, the minaret sounded to prayers, and one of the Turkish soldiers immediately went on his knees to praise Allah. Unfortunately he went upon the hose, and his weight suddenly stopped the current of that "first of elements," as Pindar calls water. "Get up," cried an English soldier. "Voulez vous aves la bonte, mon cher Monsieur la Turque," cried a Frenchman, with his native politeness, "to get up." "That aint the way to make the Turk move," cried another; "this is the dodge." So saying he knocked the turban off. Still the pious Musulman went on with his devotion. "I'll make him stir his stumps," said the other Englishman, giving him a remarkably hard kick. To the wonder of all, still the unturbaned, well-kicked follower of the prophet went on praying as though he was a forty-horse parson. "Hoot aws, mon—I'll show you how we serve obstinate folks at Auld Reekie," quietly observed a Scotchman. He was, however, prevented; for the Turk, having finished his "Allah vin en Allah," rose, and began to take off his coat, then to roll up his sleeves, and then put himself in the most approved boxing attitude, *a la* Yankee Sullivan. He then advanced in true Tom Sayer style to the Englishman who had kicked him in the lumber region. "A ring! a ring!" shouted the soldiers and sailors, perfectly astonished to see a Turk such an adept in the fistic art. The Englishman, nothing loth to have a bit of fun with the Turk of such a John Bull turn of mind, set to work, but found he had met his master. In five minutes he had received his *quantum sufficit.* As the Turk coolly replaced his coat and turban, he turned round and said to the admiring bystanders, in the pure brogue: "Bad luck to ye, ye spalpeens! whin ye're after kickin' a Turk, I'd advise ye, the next time, to be shure he's not an Irishman." The mystery was solved—the Turk was a Tipperary man.

READING WHILST TRAVELING.—The attention of medical men, both in England and in France, has of late been drawn to ill effects resulting from the habit of reading while traveling by rail. Dr. Legrand de Saulle remarks that reading thus is extremely fatiguing to the eyes, and that this fatigue induces headache, and often pains round the eyes, with a slight congestion of the retina, which, when the habit has become inveterate and the subject is advanced in age, may in the end determine a real congestion of the brain.

The New Insolvency Act.

It is provided that a person unable to meet his engagements may call a meeting of his creditors, and submit to them, under oath, a complete statement of his affairs. The creditors, each one representing in his vote the amount of direct liabilities of the insolvent to him and the amount of direct liabilities then overdue; may elect an assignee to whom the insolvent must make an assignment of his estate, including books, accounts and business papers generally. Such deed of assignment must be forthwith registered.

A debtor may be deemed insolvent by committing a variety of acts; as by absconding or preparing to abscond; by secreting or being about to secrete, or by assigning or disposing of any part of his estate with intent to defraud; or by remaining imprisoned or upon the city limits for more than thirty days in a civil action founded on contract for the sum of $200 and upwards, or by procuring, with intent to defraud, the seizure of his money, goods, &c., by any process, where he resides or has property, founded on a demand in its nature proveable under the Act; or by neglecting or refusing to appear on any rule requiring his appearance to be examined as to his debts, &c., &c. Should a trader cease to meet his liabilities as they become due, two or more creditors, for sums in the aggregate exceeding $500, may demand the assignment of his estate. If he esteems himself to be really solvent, or that the creditors who have made the demand do not represent the $500, the trader may take his case before a judge, who after investigation will have power, if he sees fit, to stay further proceedings.

In the event of a debtor neglecting to call a meeting of his creditors after a demand for an assignment of his estate has been made, any creditor for not less than $200 may make affidavit of the facts before a judge. The judge, if it appears to him fit, will issue a writ of attachment—to be executed by the Sheriff—against the estate of the debtor, and a summons for him to appear to answer the allegations of the affidavit. The sheriff will give up possession to the official assignees appointed by the Board of Trade, and upon the application of a creditor, the judge will issue a writ calling a meeting of the creditors to be held before him. If the creditors are unanimous in nominating a person to the office, the judge will appoint that person assignee. If they disagree, he will appoint either one of the persons proposed by the creditors or one of the official assignees named by the Board of Trade. Such assignee will notify all creditors to appear before him to prove their claims, and his mode of disposing of the estate will be according to the desires of the creditors, except wherein his course is laid down by law.

All gratuitous contracts or conveyances made by a debtor, afterwards becoming an insolvent, within three months preceding the assignment or writ of attachment, to the injury of his creditors, are presumed to be made with intent to defraud. Any contract or conveyance for a consideration, by which creditors are injured or obstructed, made by a debtor to a person ignorant of his inability to meet his engagements, within thirty days before the execution of a deed of assignment, is voidable. Any sale, deposit, pledge or transfer made by a debtor thirty days before a deed of assignment or the issue of a writ of attachment, shall be void and recoverable by action. Every payment made by a debtor within the said thirty days to a person knowing the condition of his affairs will also be recoverable.

Any person in Upper Canada purchasing goods on credit, or procuring advances in money, or who, by false pretences, obtains a term of credit for the payment of any advance or loan of money, or of the price of any merchandize, at the same time knowing he will not be able to meet his engagements, shall be held to be guilty of fraud, and shall be liable to imprisonment for any term not exceeding two years, unless the debt be sooner paid.

The majority in number of those who are the creditors of an insolvent, each in the sum of $100 and upwards, may execute a deed of composition and give him a clear discharge. Said deed must be lodged with the assignee. An opposing creditor may appeal from it to the judge, who may annul it, or confirm it absolutely or conditionally. But if after the expiration of one year from the date of the deed of assignment or writ of attachment, the creditors have not discharged the insolvent, he may himself appeal to the judge, who, after hearing both sides, "may grant the discharge absolutely, conditionally or suspensively, or refuse it absolutely."

The insolvent is made liable to full examinations, on oath, before the assignee and the judge, on all matters touching his estate, at every stage of the proceedings. He must also attend to all meetings of his creditors, and answer the questions put to him. Moreover, all persons believed to possess information respecting the state or effects of an insolvent may from time to time be examined before the judge on oath.

All questions discussed at meetings of creditors shall be decided by the majority in number of all creditors for sums above $100; but, if the majority in numbers do not agree with the majority in value, the question of difference shall be left to the judge for solution. "The judge" signifies in Upper Canada the judge of any County Court. In Lower Canada the judge of any Superior Court.

The Act comes into effect on the 1st of September.—*Globe.*

The Interior of Africa.

DR. LIVINGSTON'S EXPEDITION.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the 13th, two letters from Dr. Livingston were read, the one addressed to Sir R. Murchison, and the other to Admiral Washington. The following are the extracts from the letter addressed to Sir R. Murchison:—

"Murchison's Cataracts, Dec. 4, 1863.

The despatch containing instructions for our withdrawal, though dated the 2nd of February, did not reach me till the second of July, when the water had fallen so much that the Pioneer could not be taken down to the sea. To improve the time, therefore, between July and the flood of December, I thought that I might see whether a large river enters the river at the north end, and also verify the impression that most of the slaves drawn to Zanibar, Ibos, and Mozambique, come from the lake district. Our plan was to sail round the east shore and north end of Nyassa; but we very unfortunately lost our boat by five of our natives trying to show how much more clever they were than the five Makololo who had the management of it. It broke away from them in a comparatively still reach of the river, and rushed away like a shot over the cataracts. We then went forward on foot, and struck north-west, so as to come to the latitude of the north end of the lake without coming in contact with the Mazite or Zulus, who have depopulated its shore there. But we soon came on a range of mountains running north and south. The valley on its eastern base was 2,000 feet above the sea, of remarkable beauty, and well supplied with streams of delicious cold water. The range, at least 4,000 feet above it, forms the edge of the high table land on which the Maravia dwell. We were, however falsely informed that no people lived on the other side, and went along the valley till we came out at neck of the lake—the bold mountainous promontory Cape Maclear, on our right, and the hills of Tsenge in front. Again going north-west, we came to a stockade [illegible] the Maravia had attacked the day before, and we saw the loathsome evidences of the fight; and wishing to avoid them, turned north-east till we came to the lake, and marched along its shores. On coming to Kotakota Bay, lat. 12 55 S., we found two Arabs busily engaged in transporting slaves across by means of their boats, and building a dhow, to supply the place of one said to have been wrecked. They pay one fathom of calico (value one shilling) for a boy, and two for a good-looking girl. Yet the slaves would not pay, but for the ivory they carry. A trader with 2[illegible] slaves must pay at least the price of one slave per day for their sustenance. It is the joint ivory and slave trade which alone renders the speculation profitable. This is the crowning place for all the slaves that go to Quilos, Iboe, and Mozambique. A few go down to the end of the lake, and for cheapness cross the Shire. But here lies the great trade route to Katanga, Kazembe, &c. The Babis are the principal traders, and the Manganja are the cultivators of the soil. The Arabs—the same we met before—were very civil. They came forth to meet us, and presented rice, meal, sugar, cane, and a piece of malachite. Leaving them we went due west, and in three days ascended to the edge of the plateau, which from below looks like a range of mountains. The long ascent, adorned with hill and dale and running streams, fringed with evergreen trees, was very beautiful to the eye, but sore for the legs, often causing us to puff and blow as if broken winded. The heights have a delicious but piercing air. It seemed to go through us. Five Shupanza men, who had been accustomed to the malaria of the Zanzibar delta were quite prostrated by that which to me was exhilarating and bracing. We travelled about ninety miles west, then turned up to the N. W. The country is level. The edge of the plateau is 3440 feet above the sea. At the Isangwa of the lake the height shown is 3270 feet. The direction of the streams verifies these appropriate heights, and your famous hypothesis too, for the Isangwa of the lake finds its way backwards to the Nyassa; while another, called the Isangwa of the Moravi, flows to the westward and enters the Zambesi Zumbo. The feeders of these rivers are boggy valleys, with pools in their sources. We were said to have crossed one branch of the Mortala, or Moitawa, which flows W. N. W., into a small lake called Bemba. The valleys in which the rivers rise closely resemble those in Londa or Lunda; but here each bank is dotted over with villages, and a great deal of land is cultivated. The vegetation is more stunted, and the trees covered with flat lichens like those on old apple trees in Scotland, and a long thready sort like orchilla shows a humid climate. We were going in the direction whence a great deal of ivory is drawn by the people on the slave route, and this induced them to put hindrances in our way, refusing to sell food and misleading us. The time that could be spent with safety had expired, our European food was expended, and dysentery fell upon us. I was under explicit orders not to take a long journey, but have the Pioneer down to the sea by the earliest flood. I might have speculated on a little rise in the river, but did not like failing in my duty with the vessel, and gave up further progress. The temptation to go on was that Lake Bemba was said to be but ten days distant. Thence, according to native and Arab report, issues the river Loapula, which, flowing westward, forms the lakes Mofae and Moers; then passing the town of Kazembe, it turns round to the north and is lost in Zanganyika, on the west, into the river Kasai easterly, where I formerly crossed that river. All agreed in asserting that no river flowed eastward into Lake Nyassa. Two small ones do, but at a distance of say eighty or ninety miles from the lake; the watershed is to the west. One should have no bias in investigating these questions by the aid of travelled natives; but I had a strong leaning to a flow from Tanganyika into Nyassa. I was, however, stoutly opposed by ali, and I had crossed so many running streams which, from entering the lake among weeds, had not been observed from the boat in our first visit, that before reaching Kotakota I had come to the conclusion that a large river was not needed to account for the perennial flood of the Shire. I am sorry to give only native information instead of observations by my own eyes; but having been confined to work of much more importance than exploration, the above was all I could do when set free. The work on which I had laboured for years has all been spoiled by Portuguese slave-hunting. As we (the steward of the Pioneer and myself) were on our metal not to overstep the limited time at our disposal, it may be worth mentioning that we travelled 660 geographical miles in 55 travelling days, averaging 12 miles per day in straight lines. The new leaves on the trees of the Plateau were coming out fresh and green there, and we reached this on the 31st of October to find all except the evergreens by the streams as bear of leaves as in mid-winter."

At a banquet which was given the other day in connection with the opening of the new railway line between Copenhagen and Elsinore, Bishop Mourad proposed "The Princess of Wales," who might almost have heard the hurrah which rose in her honor all the way from the shores of the Oresund to her boudour at Marlborough House. The King of Denmark, in reply, assured the bystanders that his absent daughter felt as poignantly for the calamities of her country as any there present."

A wonderful new light from magnesium wire has been discovered and patented, and is to be brought into immediate service. It is not dear, but the brilliancy is astonishing.

America in the Midst of War.

By Geo. A. Sala in the London Telegraph.

New York, May 28.

It may be meet, in a crisis or juncture whose recurrence is scarcely to be expected, that there should be placed on record the condition and aspect of the great metropolis of North America during a crisis more momentous than had ever been known in her annals, and while an issue as tremendous as any for which ancient or modern history can furnish an example was in course of decision. I shall therefore endeavour to set before you a view of the state and feeling of New York society while rebeldom ravaged her most fruitful States, and while the armies of the Republic, swayed to and fro in a doubtful contest, were agonising in the wilderness. I may have to cumber the foreground of the picture with details which will appear petty and frivolous when compared with the colossal sweep of the heroic style. Yet such minutiæ may, in sooth, be without a kind of value. They will be swept away to clear the stage and give unimpeded elbow-room to a drama of grander deeds; still, they may be examined before they are discarded; and as he who has told the great Story of England did not disdain, in the pursuit of his studies, to consult sorry chap-books, and scurrilous broadsides, and bills of mortality out of date, so he who has genius and capacity sufficient to chronicle in the time to come this civil war, may eliminate from the jungle and creepers of narrative some healthier flower, some robuster plant—may mold that which is ephemeral in form and flimsy in execution into gravity and substance. The chemist distils his perfumes and extracts his rich hues from the vilest of refuse; and the historian may hereafter sum up, in a few terse and pregnant sentences, all that is worthy of preservation in the garrulous and meticulous verbiage of the reporter.

Luxury was never more rampant than now. Never did extravagance hold up her painted face more shamelessly, or flaunt her diamonds and laces with a more defiant mien. I sat at a parlour window high up on Fifth avenue on Sunday afternoon last, and for on hour and a half watched one interminable procession of ladies, gentlemen, and children—nine-tenths of their number splendidly attired—file by. Both sides of the road were alike; both had their continuous throng of beaux and belles. Splendid is the only word by which the costume in vogue can be expressed. If the men are by their sex debarred from wearing brocaded silk and lace mantles and camels' hair shawls worth a thousand dollars a piece; if they cannot brave the sun in hundred-dollar bonnets, and in necklaces and armlets, and "round tires like the moon," as did those women against whom Ezekiel prophesied, at least they can appear in velvet coats and varnished boots, with gold chains winding like many-coiled serpents round their bodies—with rings, and breast-pins, and studs, and sleeve-buttons of price. The looms of Lyons seem to have been exhausted in furnishing bright-colored scarfs for the New York dandies. Primrose, and pink, and pea-green, and cream-colored kid gloves meet the eye at every turn. Shoddy wears its sapphire, or its diamond, or its signet ring outside its glove; and Shoddy, I have little doubt, regrets that the mode has not yet sanctioned a fringe of pearls to the hat, or a golden stripe down each side of the pantaloons. The ladies, however, amply compensate for the slight restrictions suffered by the ruder sex in way of gorgeous fabrics and resplendent jewellery. When a man thinks of the modest frocks his wife wears at home, and of the innocent artifices and diplomatic endearments to which even the wealthy English spouse has occasion to resort whenever she wants more than two new bonnets in a fortnight, he might sit dumb and amazed, as I did, at the hundreds upon hundreds of towering structures in wire, gauze, artificial flowers, and lace, that came marching on in Fifth-avenue. The greater part of these bonnets were white. It is true that there is little coal-smoke here—no blacks and no fogs to defile the atmosphere; still, I have never heard that white bonnets would wash, and I can scarcely believe the probability of their being worn more than half-a-dozen times. Nor, I suppose, do they dye. Unless they are made of paper, I am puzzled to find out how so many ladies can afford to wear them. The ladies, however, will not even condescend to make, or to repair their own headgear. Even as the French cook boasted that, with a proper supply of sauces and *carte blanche* in the way of mushrooms, he would undertake to confect two *salmis*, a *fricandeau*, and a number of *fricassees* out of a pair of leather breeches, so have I heard of English ladies—fashionable ladies, too—who from old and seemingly worthless materials would furbish up a whole arsenal of bran-new bonnets, wreathes and caps. Ribbons, tulle, Maltese lace, and artificial flowers are potent engines in the hands of an ingenious and tasteful female. But the New York ladies would scorn to put their talents to such a purpose. One gracious dame I certainty did see lately occupied in the manufacture of a new riding-habit; but she had been resident for a long period in Europe; and she explained to me that she had merely cut out, and was "basting," the Amazonian garment prior to its completion by her "sewing woman." She was fastidious in the fit of her habits; and as equitation for ladies is comparatively a new art in the North, the New York tailors have not yet quite "gotten the hang," or become *au fait* at making them with a required symmetry. Besides, if you bear in mind the fact that a man's morning coat costs just at present fifty dollars, you may form an idea of how much a many-yarded broadcloth riding-habit would be likely to come to. For the rest, the majority of the New York ladies seem perfectly indifferent as to how much their clothes cost. Is not the name of Chase still mighty? Is not Shoddy still a power in the state? Jove has come down to Danai in a shower of greenbacks, and there seems no end to the deluge. Let the pinched and pauperised daughters of Albion trim up their spring bonnets for summer wear, devise their own ball dresses, or have them made up at home by a modest little dressmaker who comes for her meals and 18 p. a day, or 1s 9d when she stops late. Let the effete children of a bankrupt aristocracy—this people, who owe more than they can remember, and are secretly chuckling over the grand recuperative smash they intend making when the war is over, are always talking about our bankruptcy—wear cotton dresses in the morning, and colored stockings for cheapness. I have heard of an earl's daughter—to be sure, she was one of seven—who was allowed by her noble papa but forty pounds a year for a toilette, and she was passing rich even at that. Forty pounds! In greenback currency, even, and with gold at 200, it would not suffice a New York belle for a single week's dressing at Saratoga Springs. The New York Herald recently published a 'bill of particulars,' furnished by a fashionable *modiste* to an *elegante* of the Flora M'Flimsy species, which footed up to the enormous total of three hundred and forty dollars. The stuff for the dress itself, which was but of grenadine, did not come to a third of the money; it was the 'extras' that did the mischief—*ruches*, the *bouffantes*, the lace, the innumerable yards of 'insertion,' the 'shields,' the taffetas lining, the 'sundries.' The city is full of harpies from the Rue du Bac and the Chaussee d'Antin—shrivelled, snuffy, toothless, old French milliners and dressmakers, 'played out' in their own country, who have taken ship at Havre, and crossed the Atlantic to prey upon the credulous and prodigal daughters of the West. You shall rarely walk ten yards along Broadway, in its 'up-town' section, or turn into one of the streets branching from it into Fifth-avenue, without coming on a glass-case filled with French bonnets—without seeing those emblems of riotous luxury, perched on stands, in the parlor windows of private houses—or without being made aware, through the medium of a flaunting show-board, in French that Madame Harpagon de la Cruchecassee or Mademoiselle Sangsue, or Fredegonde, Athalie, Jezebel et Compagnie, *Modistes de Paris*, dwell on the first or the second floor. *Hic habitat infelicitas.* Beware of Harpagon, she will skin you alive. Avoid Sangsue, she will suck the life-blood from you. But the belles of New York will not beware of, will not avoid, these snares.—Where are the days when the comely young vraws of New Amsterdam were content with linsey-woolsey petticoats? *Ou sont les neiges d'antan?* In the place of Wolfert Webber's plump and decorous daughters, and Dolph Heyliger's blooming and buxom bride, we have Aholibah, clad in Tyrian purple, bangled and braided and bepainted, and looking with longing eyes on those desirable young men, the Assyrians—I mean the New York dandies, as they skim by in their trotting waggons. Do you know the story of Chrysal? He was a Persian prince, I think, and was bidden to the wedding of Jupiter and Juno. He came bravely attended, rich in sparkling attire, in gay robes, with a majestical presence; but otherwise an ass. The gods, seeing him come in such pomp and state, rose up to give him place; but Jupiter, perceiving what he was, a light, fantastic, idle fellow, turned him and his proud followers into butterflies; and so they continue roving about in pied coats, and are called Chrysalides by the wiser sort of men—that is, golden outsides, drones, painted flies, and things of no worth. It is not generally known that King Chrysal begat ten thousand daughters, and they all flew over to the island of Manhatten and settled in Fifth-avenue, whence they are called the upper ten thousand.—They are continually marrying, and the Chrysalis family is consequently alarmingly on the increase. What do you think of a daughter of Chrysal who flutters down at the watering place of Newport with a box containing nine dresses and nine bonnets? She stops nine days, just long enough to wear a new dress and a new bonnet every day. Then she moves to Saratoga—nine more dresses and nine more bonnets. Then she flies to Niagara—the nine again. And then she comes back to New York for more dresses and more bonnets. By the way they call a lady's dress here a 'robe,' and a bonnet a 'hat.' It is more Parisian; it sounds dearer. Finally, what do you think of a lady who gives a ball, and appears with a *cornal of diamonds lit up with jets of gas?* Upon my word, fellow-countrymen, this thing was done the other night in New York city. Where was the reservoir? In her hoop-shirts, I presume, and an elastic pipe must have passed through one of her "Niagaras" or "cataract curls"—the name given to the shower of true or false ringlets the ladies are in the habit of wearing at the backs of their heads. Under Providence, the gas-lit lady didn't blow up; and after astonishing the company for a few minutes with her incandescent head-dress, she suffered herself to be turned off. It has come to this! When Madame Tallien appeared at a ball in a costume so disapbonous that an anonymous admirer, thinking she intended to impersonate Eve, sent her the next morning a fig-leaf, it was thought much; when a proud English duchess powdered her hair with gold, it was deemed that the acme of extravagance in dress had been reached; but a diadem of carburetted hydrogen! a wreath of flame blazes! Of "whiskey in the hair," as a complaint suffered in the morning by gentlemen who have taken too much Bourbon overnight, I have certainly heard, but never until now of gas in the hair.

And is there no luxury in England, Mr. Censor? Is the brazen idol with the feet of clay unworshipped in London? Do needie women never die of fatigue, that ladies may have their trains ready for the drawing-room? Are no extravagant milliners' bills run up in Belgravia and Tyburnia? Does it take three yards or thirty to make a dress for an English belle? Are the stalls of the opera big enough to hold their hooped occupants? Does Materfamilias, does Filiafamilias, never wear false hair? Is there no more rouge? Is there no more wheat wasted to make into violet powder? Are bismuth and ceruse no longer to be found in the import tarift? Have point-lace parasols moires and glaces, grenadine and China crapes, gone out? Have homespun and grogram, safsnet and bombazine, come in again? Are foolish Englishmen no longer charged two hundred pounds for being made "beautiful for ever?" Are there no extortionate French *modistes* in the metropolis of the world? Aye, truly there are; and protests without number have been made, and leading articles without end written, on the sinful luxury and extravagance of English ladies, and the woes of sempstresses and the enormities of crinoline. But at least we can afford it. At least we are paying our way in solid pieces of English gold, with Queen Victoria's bonny face on the obverse. At least, we are not on the brink of bankruptcy. At least, we have not run up an additional debt of three thousand millions of dollars in three years. At least, the entrails of our beloved country are not lacerated by a bloody, a wicked, and a useless war. At least, while our women are flaunting—bless their dear hearts!—in their flounces and their furbelows, our liberties are not being one by one wrenched from us, our press manacled, our speech gagged, and the stranger that is within our gates kidnapped in his bed, and given up to the Spaniard. At least the fairest and most fertile of our provinces are not being drenched with the blood of our brethren. At least, no wounded men limp in our streets, no railway trains are freighted with the corpses of the slain in battle, no "embalmers of the dead" fill the journals with advertisements of their hideous vocation. At least, when we are at war, even in our remotest confines, we abstain from rejoicing and revelry. When bread was half-a-crown a loaf in old King George's war against Boney, the respectable classes of England, almost to a family, signed a pledge to eat no pies or puddings till flour grew cheaper. There was never a blacker, mournfuller time in England than during the India mutiny; and there never was known so dull and melancholy a Derby day as that which occurred during the second year of the Crimean war. Remembering those brave hearts far away, fagging in the trenches or rushing to the assault, we could not somehow kick up our heels.

The New Governor of Nova Scotia.

On the arrival of the *Africa* at Halifax on Wednesday, Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell was received by Major-General Doyle attended by a Guard of Honor, the members of the Executive Council, the Mayor and Corporation of the city, and a large number of private citizens. At half-past four o'clock the Lieutenant Governor proceeded in state to the Chamber of the Legislative Council, where, after due formalities he assumed the Government of the Province. The *Colonist* describes his appearance as highly prepossessing, with a cool and collected manner, a clear silvery voice, and from the style in which he expressed himself on assuming office, concludes that he has a happy command of language, and is an effective speaker. On ascending the throne, Sir Richard said:—"General Doyle, Ladies and Gentlemen—Seeing so many of you present upon the occasion of my assumption of the Government of this Province, I may take this opportunity to say that whatever success attended my administration of public affairs when honored with a similar appointment by my Sovereign in South Australia, I felt it to be due to the loyalty of the inhabitants and the zeal manifested by them in the promotion of the public good; and having had the pleasure of seeing something of this Province several years ago, I feel confident that I can safely rely upon the same cordial co-operation of the people here in endeavoring to advance the best interests of this Colony. I have now only to direct that due proclamation be made of my having assumed the Government of the Province."

Our fellow colonists in Australia have such an antipathy to the transportation system, that they have voted a large sum of money to send back to England convicts whose term of service has expired. They do this while at the same time they are appropriating the proceeds of land sales to pay the passages of industrious emigrants from the United Kingdom. Such aversion naturally springs from the bushranging propensities and criminal habits of the liberated convicts, as well as from the different social position occupied by those emancipists who follow the trade and business in the colony. A number of Australians in London are about to wait upon the Colonial Secretary with a petition for the discontinuance of the system of transportation to those Colonies. The system is indeed dying out, but is not dead yet. Public sentiment in England is beginning to recognize the difference between the requirements of the Australian colonies twenty years ago and in the present day. The extension of the Penal Servitude Acts, and the introduction of the industrial prison system, are paving the way for the extinction of transportation as a punishment; and ere long the Australians may have the satisfaction of hearing of the entire abolition of a system which is found to weigh upon the social advancement of the colonies.—*News.*

The United States Senate has requested President Lincoln to appoint a day for fasting and humiliation in token of submission to the Divine will in the late reverses to the Northern arms. It is but a few weeks ago since Mr. Lincoln hurriedly promulgated an order of thanksgiving on the strength of a telegraphic message giving an account of some vague success, but the fortune of war since that time, which has fallen to the share of the North, is a singular commentary on the folly of that haste to discount a supposed victory. The resolution of the Senate is important, however, in a political aspect. It is a recognition by the highest representative body of the republic of the difficulties and dangers which beset the prosecution of the war against the South. It shows a disposition to bend before the storm of destiny, and may be accepted as an indication of a waning of the old confidence in the physical strength and numerical superiority of the North. A nation reduced to such a mood of mind is but a step removed from a disposition to accept the disastrous verdict of the campaign, and set about concluding a peace. Doubtless, when the November Election is over, a more earnest thought will be given to propositions of peace.—*News.*

WORSHIP GOD WITH FLOWERS.—Flowers are the memories of childhood, which accompany us from the cradle to the grave. I left my birthplace at the age of seventeen, yet the peonies, tulips and roses of my mother's garden are pictured in my mind with a vernal freshness. Teach your children to love flowers, and they will love home and all its inmates. Beautify the grounds around your dwelling with rich foliage, plants, and the bright blossoms of sweet flowers, and the faces of all who look upon the scene will be lighted with smiles, while their hearts will worship the great Giver of all good and perfect gifts to man. If I could be the means of creating a general taste for gardening and love of flowers, I should feel as though I had been of more benefit to my country than all the military heroes of the present age. Worship God with flowers. As He loves all that is beautiful and good, so will He love you as you make your home lovely.

FATAL GUN ACCIDENT AT MITCHELL.—On Thursday last a gentleman named Dutton, a druggist, in Mitchell, formerly of Stratford, having been out shooting, whilst handing two guns from a boat on the millpond, one of them exploded, blowing the cap off his knee, and so frightfully mutilated his leg that it was found necessary to amputate it, which operation was performed by Dr. Boyd and others—but so fatal were the injuries received that the unfortunate sufferer died on Friday afternoon.—*London Free Press.*

A Band-box Expedient.

The Editor of the Cleveland Herald, one of a party of four travelling on a Pennsylvania Railroad, wished to avoid the spitting nuisance, and tried to get into the ladies' car. Being barred out by the Conductor, he tells the result as follows:—"We yielded to the ruling as correct. Just then a gentleman, bearing a *bandbox*, mounted the platform, and the key was turned in the lock without question. Through the window we saw the result of the innocent fraud, as the lucky passenger handed over the bandbox to a lady, with laughing thanks at the 'complete success' of this happy expedient. Upon that hint one of the number spoke through the window, and out was handed the patent bandbox. Its second appearance at the door worked a like result, and the same experiment with the box three times successfully gained entrance, unquestioned. The fourth man, and the one who had first been repulsed, now, with faint hope of success, bore the magic box to the car door, but the Cerebus of the car remembered faces, and for a moment hesitated, but as the bandbox was raised to his vision, stepped aside, and with 'beg your pardon, sir, I did not see your bandbox,' opened the car, and the triumph was complete. The 'bandbox' power won over at least four friends to that abused article, who, hereafter, will not be found among its scoffers."

The London Post has the following in connection with the adjournment of Conference:—The conference is again adjourned till Saturday, and it is felt that the motive of these repeated delays is the understanding that nothing can yet be accomplished to reconcile the two opponents. A few days will bring a resumption of hostilities, which will oblige this country to determine once for all how we are to act at this crisis. We must either abandon Denmark, or stand by her. In the meantime, as we feel ourselves drifting, we may pass our time in hoping against hope, and arguing against our knowledge, and in looking out for some heavensent solution to arrive. But the inevitable bound must come when dreams give way to resistlessness, when, if we are to hold our place among the nations, our iron-clads must resolve other questions than those of steering and rolling—when our soldiers must occupy other camps than Aldershot, and our engineers again play out in earnest on a European stage the tragedy rehearsed the other day at Chatham.

Gold at Lake Megantic.

A correspondent of the Sherbrooke Freeman writes:—"The country near Lake Megantic is going to turn out to be the head of the gold mines. A party of five were here yesterday, who came from the States, and they found some very nice specimens of gold. They only prospected a week on the Arnold River. They came here yesterday, on their way back, and intend to return in a week. One of them told me that he washed two pieces on the shovel. There is another party on Victoria River, and they have found many fine samples. Two California miners, who were here last week, told me that if there was any gold in Canada, there must be some in this neighborhood.—However, I would not advise any man who has a farm to leave it for the sake of gold-digging, nor would I willingly be the means of leading any one astray; so I hope that your readers will keep cool until they hear from me again."

The death—at the age of 52 years—of Major William Alphonso Kirk, of the 57th New York volunteers, from wounds received while in command of his regiment, during the battle of the 17th ultimo, is announced. The deceased gentleman was known to many in Quebec as captain and paymaster of H. M. 16th Regiment of the line, and subsequently, after his retirement from the service, as editor of a contemporary sheet, the Quebec Mercury, and in connection with the Military Gazette. On the breaking out of the present war in the States, he sought for and obtained employment in the Federal army; and after passing unscathed through many a bloody field of fight, received his death wound in the fearful struggle of the 17th. He expired at Washington.

The Circassians, at last expelled from their mountains by the Russians, crowd into the towns of Turkey. Great barbarities have been inflicted on them, says Earl Russell. That may be assumed as a reason for doing nothing to help them. As great barbarities as any that can be inflicted on the Circassians have been suffered by the Poles. Polish women, exiled from Sarmatia to Siberia, are allocated to Tartars, and sentenced to be married to them. It is of no consequence that these persons, generally ladies of some social position, have been previously and properly married. Perhaps that rather gives the punishment, in the opinion of the punishers, the necessary zest. I am not referring to widow ladies, but to those whose husbands are, or are supposed to be, alive. Nevertheless, the brutal butchers of Circassians and Poles are feted in "civilised" and Christian, and recently "revived," and now stupefied, New York.

DROWNED.—On Thursday morning, about 8 o'clock, a boy named Gleeson, 13 years of age, was drowned in the canal basin, opposite Holiday's warehouse. It seems a man had lost an adze in the water, and induced the boy to dive for it, which he did twice without success. He dived a third time; and on coming to the surface, a policeman appeared. Whether from sudden fear in his than, perhaps, exhausted and breathless condition, or from cramp, is not known, but the boy threw his arms upwards, sank and rose no more. The body was recovered in a quarter of an hour, but all means to resuscitate it were unavailing.—*Montreal Herald.*

A very sad affair is reported from an Oxford vicarage. Mr. Penson, the vicar of a parish near Brampton, was fencing with his son, a young naval officer, when the latter took up a gun near at hand, which he handled like a sword. Unfortunately, the gun was loaded. It was discharged by accident, and the father fell a victim.

The *Gazette de France* says that the projected marriage between the Princess Dagmar, daughter of King Christian of Denmark, and the Grand Duke, heir to the throne of Russia, is definitively broken off.

The Italian Rifle Association has invited the Volunteers of England to take part in a great rifle contest which is to take place at Milan on the 10th inst.