Carleton Place Herald.

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Watching unto Prayer.

Two little boys from infancy
Had dearly loved each other,—
The children of one family,
Each was an only brother.

One night, as they retired to rest
Beneath a mother's care,
In parting, she them both earnes'd
Without their evening prayer.

But Willie said, "O mother, stay,
And do not say good night!
Till you have listened while I pray,
I may not pray aright."

The mother said, "You know I must
Haste to the parlour dear;
The party waits, but you may trust
At morn I'll come and hear."

Soon all was dark and silent there,
Till, in a quiet tone,
A voice was heard, "We'll rise for prayer,
For we must pray alone."

"No, Willie, no!" the brother cried,
"The room is dark and cold."
"We won't stay long," the child replied,
"Each other's hands we'll hold."

"No, Willie, I'll remain in bed,
I cannot rise with you;
For mother knows what's best, and said,
The morning prayers will do."

"Ah, brother! we perhaps may die
Before the morning light;
We need the care of God, so I
Must pray for this to-night."

The door ajar, the air was chill,
When Willie rose for prayer;
And on his knees, when all was still,
He asked our Father's care.

The gentle boy then crept to bed,
With happier mind by far;
When touch'd, his shivering brother said,
"How very cold you are!"

But Willie said, "I do not mind,
I am so happy now;
I grier'd that you were left behind,
But I have prayed for you,

And now, if I should die to-night,
I would not be afraid;
I'd go to see a world more bright
Than all else God has made.

"There, little angels with their crowns
Of gold, all fair and bright!
And harps and hymns, and glorious thrones
Forever shine in light.

"O how blissful 'tis to dwell
Within a world so fair!
Where all are safe, and fear no ill,
For all are holy there."

"But, Willie, 'tis far pleasanter
With pa and ma to stay,
And have my kites and tops, as here,
Than on a harp to play."

"No, Frank! I'm sure you always love
To sing our hymns of praise;
But sweeter far, with harps above,
Will be the song we'll raise."

Then gentle sleep their voices still'd,
And Frank began to dream;
But not as when, 'mid fancies wild,
Things are not what they seem.

For, when he told his dream next day,
His mother found it true:
It seemed to have described what lay
Before his open view.

He said, "We lay a while in bed,
When mother went away;
Then Willie rose and prayers he said,
While I refused to pray.

"He ceased; and side by side, awhile
In bed of heaven we spoke;
Till sleep stole o'er me to beguile
Me, and methought I woke.

"I thought the window then was raised,
Apart the curtains flew;
And on the midnight sky I gased,
With moon and stars in view.

"The scene was lovely and in view,
Two small white clouds I spied;
As they approach'd, and larger grew,
Two angels I descried.

"With rapid wing they hasten'd down,
And seemed two ladies now;
And each appeared to wear a crown
Upon her snow-white brow.

"Within our room they stood, and spoke,
As they approach'd our bed.
In every limb with fear I shook,
And cover'd o'er my head.

"But Willie smiled, nor was afraid,
When th' angels came so near;
I fancied 'twas because he pray'd,
That he was free from fear.

"'Are we to take them both away?'
The younger angel said,
'O, no!' replied the guide, 'we may
But take the one who pray'd.

"'The other for a while must stay,
And in this world remain;
Until he too may learn to pray,
And grace from God obtain.'

"They spoke so mild and joyfully—
No music half so sweet—
'Twas strange I trembled sore, and high
My heart with terror beat.

"They raised the clothes, and saw me laid,
Oppress'd with grief and fear,
O how I mourn'd I had not pray'd,
When angels were so near!

"They pass'd to Willie, and there shone
Around a glory bright:
At midnight it appear'd like noon;
The room was filled with light.

"They stoop'd and kiss'd him, and he smiled,
And stretch'd his arms, till they
Uplifted him: one took the child
And carried him away.

"The younger angel seemed so fond
To carry him with care;
The taller threw her arms around:
All floated through the air.

"Beyond the stars I saw them soar—
A small but shining speck;
And, when I could not see them more,
I thought my heart would break.

"I look'd around—his place was there,
But Willie now was gone;
I griev'd that, for neglected prayer,
I thus was left alone.

"But in the morning when I woke,
I found I'd only dream'd;
For there was Willie; and I spoke,
But sound asleep he seem'd.

"I was so glad and happy now,
That I had found my Willie,
I quickly rose and kissed his brow,
But it was cold and chilly.

"And as he had been cold that night,
When last to me he spoke,
I wrapp'd the clothes around him tight,
To warm him ere he woke."

Such was the story, simply told;
And Frank yet felt no fear:
But Willie, as he said, was cold—
Sad sound to parents' ear!

The mother ran to see her child;
But silent was his breath:
The lovely boy was pale, and smiled
In the cold arms of death.

Let mothers learn a lesson here,
And DUTY NE'ER DELAY:
Let children learn, death may be near,
And NE'ER FORGET TO PRAY.

Horne Tooke, being asked by George III. whether he played at cards, replied, 'I cannot, your Majesty, tell a *king* from a *knave*.'

A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain—every thing appears small to him, and he appears small to every body.

Fashionable society generally has but two faults; first in being hollow headed, and secondly in being hollow hearted.

Graceful manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections in the heart.

BENEFIT OF COMPETITION.—Pope when he first saw Garrick act, observed, 'I am afraid that the young man will be spoiled, for he will have no competitor!'

A FAIR PROPOSAL.—Why don't you take off your hat, said Lord F—— to a boy struggling with a calf. So I do sir, if your Lordship will *hold* my calf, I'll pull off my hat.

In old times 1515, for instance—'fancy drinks' were called by such names as these—cow's tail, calves neck, sip slop, stamp-in-the ashes, knock-em down, crowing cock, wild oats, red-head, swell-nose, gnat's mustard, raise-head.

A country gentleman walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep in an arbor.—'What!' says the master, 'asleep, you idle dog you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you.'—'I am truly sensible of my unworthiness,' answered the man, 'and therefore I laid myself down in the *shade*.'

'Uncle,' said a young man (who thought that his guardian supplied him rather sparingly with pocket money,) 'is the Queen's head *still* on the sovereign?'—'Of course it is, you stupid lad! Why do you ask that?' 'Because it is now such a length of time since *I saw one*.'

HOW WE PAY.—We pay best, first, those who destroy us—generals; second, those who cheat us—politicians and quacks; third those who amuse us—singers and politicians; and last of all those who instruct us—authors, professors, Editors, &c.

When Jeremy Taylor was introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he was told by the prelate, that his extreme youth, was a bar to his present employment. 'If your grace," replied Taylor, 'will *excuse* me this *fault*, I promise, if I live, to mend it.'

WARM FRIENDSHIPS.—Some people were talking to Jerrold about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendships. 'Yes,' replied Jerrold his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again.'

Two New Brunswick papers think it would be a good idea to bore a tunnel through the fog to let the sunlight down; and thinks the work ought to be entrusted to a Board composed of members of Parliament, as they are the greatest bores in the country.

A person speaking of an acquaintance, who though extremely avaricious, was always abusing the avarice others, added, 'Is it not strange that this man will not take the *beam out of his own eye* before he attempts the *mote* in other people's?'—'Why, so I dare say he would,' cried Sheridan, 'if he was sure of *selling the timber*."

A certain new fashion, connected with announcement of marriages, has been appropriated to another purpose in a curious way. The friends of a gentleman, recently deceased append to the advertisement of his death in the *Times*—"No cards." Surely the late Mr. —— would not, under any circumstances, expect his acquaintances to call upon him.

John Horne Tooke's opinion upon the subject of law was admirable. 'Law,' he said, 'ought to be, not a luxury for the rich, but a remedy, to be easily, cheaply, and speedly obtained by the poor.' A person observed to him, how excellent are the English laws, because they are impartial, and our courts of justice are open to all persons without distinction. 'And so,' said Tooke, 'is the *London Tavern*, to such as can afford to *pay for their Entertainment*.'

Mr. Rogers was requested by Lady Holland to ask Sir Philip Francis whether he was the author of Junius. The poet approached the knight, 'Will you, Sir Philip, —will your kindness excuse my addressing to you a single question?'—'At your peril, sir!' was the harsh and the laconic answer. The intimidated bard retreated to his friends, who eagerly asked the result of his application. 'I don't know,' he answered 'whether he is *Junius*; but if he be he is certainly *Junius Brutus*'

A country schoolmaster was met by a certain nobleman, who asked his name and vocation. Having declared his name, he added, 'And I am master of this parish.'—'Master of this parish,' observed the peer, 'how can that be?'—'I am master of the children of the parish,' said the man; 'the children are master of their mothers, the mothers are rulers of the fathers, and consequently *I am master* of the whole parish.'

A California gold digger having become rich, desired a friend to procure for him a library of books. The friend obeyed, and received a letter of thanks thus worded: 'I am obliged to you for the pains of your selection. I particularly admire a grand religious poem about Paradise, by a Mr. Milton, and a set of plays (quite delightful) by a Mr. Shakspeare. If these gentlemen should write and publish anything more, be sure and send me their new works.'

KILSYTH.

Enormous Destruction of Property at Colsium Mansion House.

On Monday afternoon, this district was visited by one of the most terrific thunderstorms, accompanied by the most disastrous floods which have ever been witnessed here within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." Fortunately no lives were lost, but vast quantities of property of various descriptions were either destroyed or swept away, and the scene of ruin and devastation, as witnessed on the following day, completely beggars all description. It is impossible meantime to form an estimate of the extent of the damage which has been done, but a slight idea of it may be gathered from the subjoined facts collected on the spot. The weather on Monday throughout the day was extremely fine, but the temperature was high and the atmosphere apparently surcharged with the electric fluid. Beyond that, however, there were no symptoms of the coming storm till between three and four o'clock, when two black clouds were observed, one to the north of the town, and the other almost immediately overhead. A palpable gloom overspread the horizon about half-past three o'clock, which first betokened the approaching battle of the elements. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning illumined the darkning landscape, and was followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, which shook the houses to their very foundations. Flash succeeded flash in the most brilliant coruscations, and peal followed peal with the most deafening resonance. The rain began to fall in torrents, and continued to fall, and continued without intermission about two hours and a half. It seemed as if the "windows of heaven" had been opened, and a new deluge were coming upon the earth. In the opinion of of some, a water-spout must have burst among the hills to the north of Kilsyth, but others, with, perhaps greater accuracy, attributed the floods to a heavy fall of rain consequent upon the severe thunderstorm. At all events, the burns and water channels were totally inadequate for the occasion, and proved quite insufficient to carry off the water, which was accordingly accumulated till it acquired sufficient volume to burst the most formidable barriers, and then it rushed onward with irresistible force on its fearful work of destruction Bridges, dykes, fences, walls, and stacks, were hurled down as if they had been brushwood, and large stones, trees, and cattle were carried away as easily as feathers. Crops were washed out of the fields, roads torn up into trenches, and enormous deposits of silt, gravel, boulders, and building-stones left upon the Colsium lawn and policy and the lower lying arable lands in the neighbourhood. In two hours and a half the fury of the storm had been expended, and with the cessation of the rain the floods had began to abate, and in an astonishingly short space of time the various streams were once more confined within their wonted channels, though in many places they were found to have changed courses from the action of the water. This was noticeably the case with the Garrell Burn, in the vicinity of the Burn Green, where a considerable portion of a field in front of the Duntreath Arms Inn was completely washed away, and the vacant space occupied by the new bed of the burn. It is impossible either to imagine or describe the scenes of the flood's most violent ravages. By far the heaviest share of the loss had fallen upon the respected lord of the manor, Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bart, of Duntreath, whose fine mansion at Colzium, and the adjacent garden and grounds, bear terrible traces of the havoc wrought by the watery element.

Proceeding to Colsium House by the road up the Burn, we found, first, a little above the bridge, that the banks were torn away in large quantities, and the road cut up so much as to be at some points nearly impassable. Ruts were found in it both deep and broad, like capacious open ditches, so large that soldiers might have operated from them as well as from regular trenches. One of these ruts which we measured was five feet deep with a corresponding breadth, and no vestige remained of the materials of the roadway which had been excavated by the aqueous agency. The bridge at Garroll Mill was completely bared to the top of the arch, and the masonry left openly exposed. The old Garrellhill road was also much damaged, and all the way along to the Colsium stables there were evidences on every side of the fearful nature of the inundation. Broken fences, levelled trees, heaps of *debris* upon the fields, and a crop of potatoes at Neilston farm, occupied by Mr. Robert Young, almost entirely washed out of the soil, were among these tokens. At Sir Archibald Edmonstone's stables the work of devastation had been terrible, and the yard and outhouses exhibited a scene of wreck and ruin. The flood had burst through the wall at the back of the building, carrying off the gate with its massive stone pillars, and about a dozen yards of the masonry, which would be upwards of four feet high. Bursting through the doors and windows, the water rushed into the stable and adjoining premises in a powerful torrent: From one of the apartments it had no more exit, and the entire wall at one side of it was broken down by the overwhelming flood. The horses could not be got out of the stable, and as the folding doors opened inwards some difficulty was experienced in getting them opened to allow the water free egress. Mr. Smith, the land steward, who resides about the stables, at considerable risk to himself, succeeded in pushing them open and placing a grape vine between them to keep them apart. While the flood continued, the horses remained in it up to their throats, but, luckily, they were all alive when the water had subsided, though immersed in mud as far as the fetlock joints. Four tons of potatoes which were lying in a shed had completely disappeared. They had been swept away by the water, and their place supplied by a mass of *debris*, composed chiefly of stones and bricks several feet in depth. The yard at the stables was in precisely the same condition, and the coach house and all other buildings were all inundated. Mr. Smith and his family with the grooms, succeeded in escaping to the stable loft, where they remained while the flood was at its height, and at one time the flood stood five feet, as could be seen from the marks upon the walls. Among the minor incidents which happened at the stables, it may be mentioned that two large stacks of hay were whirled away from the spots upon which they stood and left without injury at a different part of the yard. One of them was turned completely round, and caught by the side of a clothes pole, where it was held fast till the the subsidence of the waters. A washing of clothes on the green belonging to Mrs. Smith, was carried away altogether, and an unfortunate turkey hen, which was hatching eggs, fell a victim to her maternal interests and was drowned in the nest. Looking down from the stables to the glen and fields below, a dreary spectacle presented itself, which showed the ingalculable power which the water must have exerted. Several acres were covered with mud, pieces of wood, entire trees, sand, gravel, and stones, many of which would weigh, we should think, from half a ton to a ton each. One high and thick stone gate pillar was, for example, found lying about a mile from the place whence it had been torn. The quantities of rubbish left upon the fields was, in fact, quite enormous, and its removal will entail a vast expense upon the tenants and proprietors.

Through the courtesy of Thomas Frew, Esq., Gavel House, the factor for Sir Archibald Edmonstone, we were permitted to visit Colzium House, and see the effects of the flood at that beautiful mansion. It is a favorite seat of the proprietor, and is situated in a fine natural position on the banks of Colzium burn, which flows to the east of the house through a secludod and romantic glen. The house occupies an elevated and picturesque site upon the face of the hill, and was, unfortunately, in the direct line of the heaviest burst of the water. It had been recently fitted up at considerable expense for the reception of the baronet and his lady, 'who are shortly expected that it would be occupied by them during the summer months: The painters had only left it on Saturday after finishing their work, so that it was in an excellent state of repair. It was well and elegantly furnished, and contains one of the best and most costly and carefully selected libraries in the kingdom, embracing copies of numbers of rare and valuable works. Immediately behind the house are three terraced gardens through which the flood first broke, and which have been almost totally destroyed. So violent was the rush of the water that every obstacle was carried before it. The garden walls were levelled with the ground, and no other impediment or barrier being opposed to the progress of the flood, it entered the lower flat of the mansion house depositing the shrubbery and soil in the rooms, and escaping by the front windows and the doors. The dining-room, drawing-room, library, and other apartments were filled with water to the height of four feet and a half, and the furniture was knocked about and huddled together, while many valuable articles, as well as numerous volumes of books, were carried out of the house altogether, and some of them afterwards found upon the lawn. Volumes were picked up at a distance of fully a mile from the house, and an expensive time-piece was found among the mud. There were four female servants and a footman in the house when the catastrophe occurred, but fortunately they all succeeded in making their escape. A lobby carpet was lifted, and the five caught it at equal distances, so that they might hold together and be better able to cope with the power of surrounding waters. They then left the house at the front door with the view of escaping to the high ground to the west. This they all succeeded in doing without accident, with the exception of a young servant maid, named Elizabeth Tait Thompson, belonging to the neighbourhood of Haddington, who somehow lost her hold, and was carried down the hill by the flood. She contrived to keep her head above the water, and on getting to the lower ground, as the flood spread its depth was diminished, and she managed to extricate herself from her perilous position. When the storm was over the house presented a most melancholy sight. In every apartment upon the lower flat a deposit of upwards of two feet of mud was found on the carpets. Serious injury was thus done to the furniture; but the library suffered most. Numbers of scarce and valuable works—the large folios and quartoes of an earlier age—were placed upon the lower shelves, and first exposed to the action of the water, and afterwards left amidst the accumulated mud. It was truly lamentable to observe a copy of the "Breeches Bible" and other rare and curious "black-letter" volumes, saturated with moisture and besmeared with mire. Indeed, the damage to the library alone has been estimated at several thousands of pounds, and its partial destruction is the more to be regretted as Sir Archibald was very proud of it, and will feel this misfortune more acutely than any purely pecuniary loss which he may otherwise have sustained. It may be mentioned that a tree was carried right through the window of the drawing-room, which it took six men to remove; and the almost miraculous escape of a favorite watch-dog is worthy of being recorded. This was a sagacious animal of the retriever breed, whose kennel stood in an open court at the back of the mansion. When the water and earth from the old garden overflowed into this place, he seems by desperate exertions to have broken his chain, and the kennel was afterwards found on the top of about four feet of *debris*, showing that it must have floated on the water, and been left there after it settled down. The dog having freed himself from his chain made his escape to the larder and mounted upon a shelf. Gradually as the water rose, he would appear to have ascended shelf after shelf, and was ultimately found in an exhausted state about nine feet above the floor. He was taken care of, and it is pleasing to relate, has completely recovered. Measures were promptly adopted, by directions and under the superintendence of Mr. Frew, to get the rooms cleared of the mud, and the books and furniture put in proper order. A number of labourers were employed to wheel out the wreck, and by Tuesday afternoon as much had been removed as would have covered an acre of ground to the depth of half a foot. Willing assistance was rendered by some of the tenants and tradesmen of the worthy baronet, and great progress was made with the work. Among those who laboured most energetically we may mention Messrs. Alex. Paterson, farmer, Treno; Henry Young, Woodend; and James Downie, joiner, Kilsyth, who was of great service in taking care of the furniture. Mr. M'Aulay the gardener, and Mr. Anderson, the footman, also rendered most active and efficient assistance upon the exciting emergency.

We may add that at the back of the garden at Colsium a footpath was torn up to a great depth, and a stair discovered, the existence of which had not been previously known to anybody about the place. It consisted of a flight of stone steps in good preservation, and in former times would probably have communicated with vaults which have since been filled up. The half of a bridge above Colsium house was broken down, and another bridge at Berryhill was completely swept away. The power-room factory belonging to Messrs. Watson has also been seriously injured by the overflowing of the lade, one of the gables being entirely swept away, and machinery to a large extent destroyed. Nor have the mining works in the district escaped, several of them having been rendered unworkable for a time; and one case occurred on the bank of the Kelvin, in the works of Messrs. Adie, where the men were extricated from the pit with great difficulty, owing to the suddenness of the inundation—the fires of the engine having been extinguished by the extraordinary rising of the river—and the ponies employed underground had to be abandoned to their fate. Barkburn House, the residence of Dr. Fraser, was flooded in the same manner as Colsium, and the garden left in a state of desolation. Many other gardens and houses suffered in the same way. Several of the farmers will loss heavily by the destruction of their crops and the covering of their fields with thick alluvial strata. Mr. Robert Young, Riskend, lost five Ayrshire calves, which were carried off by the flood, and others lost sheep and poultry. A bridge at Burn Green, Kilsyth, was destroyed, as well as another at the Black Brae. The district police force, under the command of Sergeant Swan, were active in their endeavours to secure lost property, and in watching Colsium House lest any articles of value should fall into bad hands and be stolen. No doubt a vast amount of property must have been borne down the Kelvin and and the Clyde, whence it would be carried out to sea, so that all hopes of its recovery may be abandoned. No such catastrophe has occurred in this district within, as Maunsie Wauch would say, "the memory of man." The rain which has been wrought affords a terrible illustration of the power of water; in seeking its level, and might be contemplated with profit as well as interest by even advanced students of geology. Much sympathy is felt by all classes for Sir Archibald Edmonstone, especially in connection with the injury done to the splendid library, and we feel assured that numbers of the community will reciprocate the statement of Mr. Frew, that he never undertook a more ungracious task than that of writing to the esteemed baronet an account of the calamity.

The Hogan Murder.

Ellen McGillock, notorious from her connection with the Hogan murder, died in the hospital Toronto on the 10th inst. The Leader says that she stated on her death bed that the blow which made Mr. Hogan, senseless was struck by Jane Ward with a stone which she carried in her pocket-hand kerchief. Brown did not strike him at all, but while he was still alive helped to throw him over the bridge. To his latest moments, it will be remembered, Brown persisted in declaring his innocence, and many persons that he was guilty. There were present on the bridge at the time—besides Brown, Ward, and McGillock—Sherrick, Maurice, Malone, and McAntaminy. Sherrick is now in the penitentiary serving a term for robbery; McAntaminy and Malone are dead—so that all the actors in the dreadful tragedy, Sherrick and Jane Ward alone survive. They were tried together for the murder and acquitted. Ellen McGillock declared that Malone knew all about the murder, but had no hand in it. A young man named Hannoy, who died in the hospital, was supposed to have been on the the bridge the night of the murder, but McGillock declared he was not there. At the trial, the unfortunate woman, just deceased, said it was Brown who killed Mr. Hogan, but she said before she died that she "swore false" against him on that occasion, and what she said now might be relied upon, as she knew that she would be with her Maker in a few hours.

A Code of Signals for the Lakes.

The Buffalo Courier speaks of a code of signals intended for the lakes and the St. Lawrence river. It says codes of signals for communicating information have been considered too complex and difficult, as well as too expensive, to be successfully applied in lake navigation. This code of signals is simple and cheap, and is every way well adapted to our lake commerce, and will undoubtedly soon come into general use. It embraces twelve signals, including twelve numerals and two indicators, which are in the form of discs. In this code there are no substitute signals and no duplicate numbers. Accompanying the code of signals is a printed book of about sixty pages, the subject matter of which is divided and arranged under three separate heads:

1. Alphabetical vocabulary of places and words, and several pages of questions and answers most likely to be required Also, a pictorial mariner's compass, in one-quarter points.

2. The names of all ports, headlands, reefs, shoals, and islands, from Superior City to Quebec.

3. The names of all vessels navigating the lakes alphabetically arranged.

Against each question and answer, word, name of port, point of compass, name of vessel, headlands, island, shoal and reef, is a printed number, which is not duplicated in any instance. To make it thoroughly practical, every vessel and every lighthouse should have the code of signals, and all having it will be not unfrequently benefitted many times the cost, which is only $22 for the signals and book comple. The code of ocean signals now in use costs more than ten times this amount, and is much more complex, as eighteen flags are used, including substitute signals.

This code of signals has been carefully prepared by Robert Thomas, Esq., who has had large experience as an ocean navigator, and in the practical works of the code now used on the ocean, and who has for the last nine years been connected with the Board of Lake Underwriters. Some fifty vessels, including sail and steam, sailing out from this port, have agreed to adopt this code of signals when completed and published, and others will adopt it. We hope to see it come into general use by all the lake marine, all the underwriters and vessel owners are peculiarly interested in its being adopted.

In the course of examination for the degree of B. A. in the Senate House, Cambridge, under an examiner whose name was Payne, one of the questions was, "Give a definition of happiness. To which a candidate returned the following laconic answer: "An exemption from Payne."

The Napoleon Affair.

The following is the letter of the Emperor Napoleon to his cousin:—

"I cannot refrain from informing you of the painful impression I have experienced on reading your speech at Ajaccio. In leaving you during my absence with the Empress and my son, as Vice-President of the Privy Council, I meant to give you a proof of my friendship and my confidence, and I hoped that your presence, your conduct and your language would testify to the union which reigns in our family. But the political programme which you place under the *ægis* of the Emperor can only serve the enemies of my government. To judgments which I cannot admit, you add sentiments of hatred which belong no longer to our day. To apply the ideas of the Emperor to the present time it is necessary to have passed through the stern trials and responsibility of power, and, besides, are we really capable, pygmies as we are, of appreciating, at its just value, the grand historical figure of Napoleon? As standing before a colossal statue, we are unable to view the whole alone—we only see the side that strikes our sight, hence the incompleteness of the reproduction and the divergence of opinions; but what is clear to the eyes of every one is that to prevent anarchy in men's minds, that formidable enemy of true liberty, the Emperor had established, first in his family, and afterwards in his government, that severe discipline which admitted but one will and one action. I cannot henceforth deviate from the same rule of conduct, whereupon monsieur and dear cousin, I pray to God to have you in His holy keeping.

(Signed,) "NAPOLEON."

Prince Napoleon lost no time in making a reply to the Imperial censure. The *Presse* was exclusively favored with the document.

The Prince's reply:—

"SIRE,—In consequence of your Majesty's letter of May 23rd, and its publication in the *Monitour* of this morning, I resign the Vice-Presidency of the Privy Council and also the Presidency of the Universal Exhibition of 1867. Accept, sire, the homage of the profound and respectful attachment with which I am of your Majesty the most devoted cousin.

(Signed,) "NAPOLEON JEROME.

"Palace Royal, May 26th, 1865."

Boots and Shoes.

The season's business is nearly brought to a close, and but few orders are being received. Manufacturers are doing less in the way of preparation for another season than the prospects of an excellent crop appear to warrant. There is always a certain quantity of boots and shoes wearing out which must constantly be replaced; and it is therefore, not unlikely that, if trade revives, consequent upon a good harvest, the boot and shoe market will be found inadequate to meet fully the increased demand. There were early in the spring considerable consignments of boots from the States forced upon this market, even under the present high protection tariff, showing that our own manufacturers do not yet do things so finely as to monopolize the whole field. This has become a very important branch of business for Canada, and we watch with great interest its progress, successes, and triumphs. It must be remembered that, as regards hides, the difference is freight alone from the west is in favour of us to the extent of a halt to one cent per lb. and duty free, circumstances which ought to enable Canada, not only to supply fully her own met, but to do a large export trade. It has not been fully put to the test of experiment why even Great Britain itself might not be our customer for leather manufactures. We trust, therefore, that the trade may not be caught napping, but, in view of improving prospects, be found well prepared for a more than ordinary fall business. We may remark, also, that an increased firmness in price would not surprise us, for other reasons, as well as an improvement in the price of leather.—*Trade Review.*

France.

La France says that the French and English governments feel no disquiet. Both have observed towards the United States the policy of conciliation. They have not ceased to receive from them the most moderate declarations, and they have no reason to believe that any untoward events will occur to alter their friendly relations.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says that the Patrie very narrowly escaped a warning for having published alarming news about recruiting in the United States, and says that the only correct fact in its previous statement is that Admiral Didelot is going out to relieve Admiral Bosse, and will not be charged with any exceptional mission whatever, and have no other powers than those held by his predecessor.

The Paris Constitutionnel of the 26th says:—We learn that the government of the United States has taken measures to repress any attempts to effect illegal enlistments, and put a stop to any proceedings undertaken with the object of preparing emigrant expeditions against Mexico in violation of federal laws. Instructions to this effect have been forwarded from Washington to the United States Attorney at New York, who at once took the necessary measures for the prompt execution of the same.

The Emperor Napoleon will not return to Toulon until about the 10th of June.—He has declined the invitation of the Queen of Spain to return via Spain.

The weekly returns of the Bank of France show an increase of twenty millions of francs in the amount of money on hand.

THE EMPRESS REFUSES TO ACCEPT PRINCE NAPOLEON'S RESIGNATION.—I have just heard that the Empress Regent has declined accepting the Prince's resignation as Vice-President of the Privy Council on the ground that she has no authority to do so, and that the Emperor can only decide. Her Majesty had also entreated his Imperial Highness not to publish the Ajaccio speech as a pamphlet. He replied that the Government might prosecute him if they thought proper, but that publish he would. Accordingly it has been published. —[Paris Correspondence London Times, May 29.

If families could be induced to substitute the apple—sound, ripe and luse one—for the pies, cakes, and candies, and other sweat meats with which their children are too often indiscreetly stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of doctor's bills in a single year sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for a whole season.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"I Ha'n't a Mother like the Rest."

The weather had been unusually mild for two or three days before Christmas, so that the ice of the big pond was rather rotten; but daring Harry thought he could brave it; 'twould be a pity to spoil the fun now, and so many admiring eyes fixed upon him too! He made a bold dash—his little figure, upright and graceful, was balanced upon the ice. Then there was a crash! loud cry, Harry fell amid the rush of ice and water.

The group at the window seemed for a moment paralysed with horror. Then there was a scattering for the pond, and a screaming and crying from one and all. "He's under the water!—father, father! Henry's going under the ice!" Every particle of color had gone from Farmer May's face; he trembled in every limb, and threw up his hands wildly. His strength seemed to have ebbed away in the tide of grief. 'O! help me!' he cried. 'My boy, my boy!—and I can't swim!' 'But I can!' shouted a voice, brave and clear as an angel's almost. 'I can swim, and I'll save him!' and dashing past weeping Mother May, Joseph Craig plunged headlong into the freezing water swimming for dear life. How they watched him, breathless and excited, their hearts hanging by a thread as it were! How they shuddered when they saw him grasp once, twice, at a dark object under the water, and then rise, his face gashed and bleeding from contact with the ugly ice corners. He was some way out now, and made a third dive; then there was a faint hurrah, and, breasting the ice, he just managed to swim to the band with one arm holding up poor Harry.

'My child! my boy!—thank God!' cried the happy parent, folding him in his arms. They bore him to the roaring fire in the sitting-room, and rubbed him until he opened his eyes and smiled. Very soon he was able to sit up and laugh and talk naturally. And where was Joseph all this time? Sitting on the kitchen floor, squeezing his wet clothes and rubbing the great painful gashes in his arms and face, from which the blood was still streaming.

"Joseph!" He listened; it was Farmer May's voice, unusually soft and tender. The poor apprentice lad shook like a leaf; before he was aware, a strong arm came around behind him, lifting him from the floor. He found himself, as if by magic, sitting beside Harry, and Harry's bright head resting on his bosom, with great tears rolling down the grateful boy's cheeks.

'If there is anything you wish for now, Joseph,' said the farmer huskily, "anything you'd like to have, just name it, my boy. You have saved us many a year of sorrow, and given us cause to remember this Christmas before all others. Come, speak out, my boy." How could he speak when he felt so happy? Twice he tried to gulph down the sobs rising in his throat, sobs of joy they were. 'Only be kind to me, sir,' he gasped out at length; 'only drop a kind word now and then, for I ha'n't any mother like the rest.'

How was it now with Farmer May? He felt all at once what great lack there had been in his otherwise kindly heart. It quite broke him down, that appeal to his better nature; so he leaned on Mother May's shoulder, and sobbed aloud. Joseph sat as if in a dream; his beautiful Christmas had come at last, no more hunger and thirsting of spirit now. How the joyous red sparks of firelight ran up the white wall, the whole room shining! Harry squeezing him tightly with one arm, and Tiny, her cheeks flushed with crying, thrusting her pretty doll into his lap, whispering, 'There, there! keep it, Joseph, I don't want it indeed, and double-deed, I don't,' and then running away in the corner, her face turned to the wall, lest by looking back she might repent the immense sacrifice.

Well, well! tears cannot always last, and very soon the May family were bright and smiling again; Joseph the happiest of all. And when the Christmas dinner was set on, and all the friends were gathered about it, they made a place for Joe among the children; and Mother May could not heap his plate enough with good things; and the poor lad felt as if he were more ready to cry than to laugh, at all the kind words which every one had for him.

Oh, what a blessing there is often in a few kind words! Many a master and mistress are very just and honest to those about them, but nothing more. Human nature, however, craves for something more than to be treated justly, wants a little sympathy and kindness.

Reader! look around you—think of those who are about you in the world, think especially of the young, and ask yourself if there are not some whose hearts, like the heart of this poor motherless lad, are pining for a kind word now and then.—*Ex. paper.*

PRINCE NAPOLEON AND THE EMPRESS.—The day after Prince Napoleon returned to Paris from Corsica he received a letter from the Minister of the Interior to say that the Empress wished to see him. The Prince, who knew very well what it was all about, resolved to put the best face he could on the matter. He entered the Empress's apartment in a careless, joyous sort of manner. 'Frir cousin,' he said, 'the Minister of the Interior has asked for my head, and I now bring it to you.!' 'Sir,' replied the Empress, with as much stateliness and gravity as she could muster up, 'the Minister has conveyed my orders to you, and I am now awaiting those of the Emperor; I wish you good morning.' She then left the room. Prince Napoleon went home to the Palais Royal, and is now at Meudon, awaiting the Emperor's orders.

A BOY SENT TO THE STATE PRISON FOR FOURTEEN YEARS.—At the recent session of the Superior Court for Essex County, at Newburyport, Solomon B. Fillsbury, of Andover, Mass., sixteen years of age, was arraigned on five counts, one for burglary and four for larceny, to all of which he pleaded guilty. To the charge of felonious assault with intent to kill, he pleaded not guilty, and it was withdrawn. His counsel urged in his behalf, his youth, mental endowments and culture, family connections, and fair prospects of reformation and future usefulness. The District Attorney regarded the case as an aggravated one, showing no signs of penitence, and giving faint hopes of reformation. With this view the judge (Lord) coincided, and sentenced him to fourteen years in the State prison. The sentence is severe, but it may deter other youths from crime, and save them from the same ignominious punishment.