lasted about five hundred were for the first or second time Vaccinated. It was also prevalent in Hamilton. In Montreal, says Dr. Hingston, the disease is rarely absent, and never absent from the rural districts. In every town and village throughout the Province numerous traces of its former presence are visible. In the French Canadian Districts family after family is found "spotted" with it; and many a mother tells how she has to deplore the loss of a loved one, by a disease which, adds to the usual horrors of death, the swollen distorted features that forbid the last embrace—nay even the last sad look of recognition.

In those districts where small pox is most prevalent Vaccination is unknown, and Dr. Hingston is assured by professional gentlemen of the highest respectability that it is useless to attempt to convince many of the humbler classes that there is any conservative influence in the practice. They regard the small pox as one of the necessary ills associated with human existence. The child must get its teeth, have measels, scarlatina, hooping-cough and small pox. And some go so far as to expose the child to the contagion of the latter when its health is good hoping thereby it might run the gauntlet with greater comparative safety. The Red Indians fly from it in terror; and when one is stricken with the disease he drowns himself—preferring that easy death to lying a putrid mass with no one to venture near him to moisten his lips.

Unhappy negligence! that a subject so deeply affecting the the community should not have received attention earlier. "And" says the eminent Montreal Physician, "it is passing strange that when attention was at length directed to it, a bill of the nature described—so partial in its scope and action, should have been enacted, leading people to rest in fancied security, believing something had been done to ward off this loathsome malady.

"I cannot," he continues, "say what the success has been in the other cities and towns mentioned in the Act, but in this city we have not an entirely Vaccinated population. Within the past few weeks (prior to December, 1863,) small pox has carried off large numbers in the west end, and in the east end of the suburbs, and here and there throughout the city has marked or appropriated its victims. It is not my desire to censure our City Council with the imperfect manner in which the duty confided to it has been discharged, but as the Council has taken upon itself the duty—not commanded, but permitted—of enforcing the law that duty should be performed fully and entirely or not at all. The partial success obtained by the public Vaccinators, Doctors Leprohon, Campbell, and Ricard, is due entirely to their own zeal. These gentlemen have in most instances sought out those who were not Vaccinated, and carried the lymph to them. It cannot be expected, however, that for the miserably small fee of twenty-five cents medical gentlemen should leave their other avocations to travel far in quest of those who should be forced to go to them. Greater publicity is wanted and people should be made to understand there is a law to compel Vaccination; and that law should make examples of those who endanger the lives of their own children and those of others by a non-compliance with it."

Dr. Hingston having travelled or resided in France, Prussia, Bavaria, Wirtemburg, Denmark and elsewhere in Europe, refers to the universal practice of Vaccination in those countries and in Great Britain, where, as reported in the London *Times*, an inquest was held in October last, on the body of a child dead of small-pox. In that case the jury returned a verdict amounting to manslaughter against the parents for neglecting to have the child Vaccinated.

But of late years, observation has proved that Vaccination, unhappily, does not remain permanently effectual. On the continent of Europe this limitation was observed and acted upon twenty years ago. Sixteen years afterwards the subject was pressed upon the attention of the British Army Medical Department. In 1858 a number of cases of small-pox having occurred in the army, particularly in India, among persons who had been previously Vaccinated; a departmental order was issued, "that in future every recruit should, on joining his regiment be vaccinated, even if he should be found to have marks of small-pox or of previous Vaccination."

The Canada *Lancet*, for December, contains statistical tables showing the favourable results of re-vaccination in the British Army, and on the continent of Europe. The subject is of deepest, gravest interest in Canada, where either through the air of apartments vitiated by hot stoves, or in the salted meat and fish and whiskey partaken of so freely in winter, or in the climate, or in the soil, eruptive diseases related to impurity of blood are prevalent. In 1763-64, one hundred years ago, the British Military Physicians, then newly located at Quebec, were consulted about a mysterious disease which affected the entire rural population, if an extensive district, in Lower Canada. It was found to resemble, if it were not identical with the loathsome syphilis of moral infamy. But there was no reason to suppose that it had been contracted by immoral contagion. That in short was impossible. It was natural to the soil, or air, or social circumstances of the afflicted people.

OLD COUNTRY SKETCHES

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

One cold November day, in the year 1811, near the western border of the County of Sussex, in England, a small boy, aged seven years, stood shivering under some trees intently watching an opening in the bottom of a thorn hedge. The child had planted a snare in that opening in hope to catch a pheasant in its passage from the preserves of the great local landlord, Sir Charles Taylor, to a field of newly sown wheat on the farm occupied by the boy's father. Unseen, within a thicket near by, stood the landlord's gamekeeper watching the boy—the pheasants came and one was caught. The youngster carried it away, and meeting the gamekeeper shouted for joy, "see what a beauty! see the long tail! I caught it, and I made the snare myself!"

The gamekeeper laid hold of the boy by the collar of his little jacket, and led him a captive before Sir Charles. The baronet raved, the boy wept. He was too young to be prosecuted, but the father with whom the gamekeeper was not friendly, having previously complained of the depredations of hares and pheasants on his farm, this incident was made a pretext of quarrel. The farmer being a tenant-at will was ordered to quit his land and homestead at the end of twelve months. As one who had complained of depredations done by game he did not readily get a farm elsewhere. He died a few years afterwards in poor circumstances, leaving several young children and a widow, the latter did not long survive him. The boy who snared the pheasant and was the innocent cause of so much family trouble, was taken to London by a relative and placed as junior clerk in the office of a drapery warehouseman. His diligence, intelligence and integrity led to his being appointed commercial traveller; and his success in that capacity obtained for him a partnership with Mr. Foster, of Sabden, in Lancashire, in the business of printing calicoes.

Elegance of design, and excellence of work characterized the productions of that firm. The junior partner became wealthy, and then completed what he had begun in his first situation as a boy, provided for the education and life settlement of his brothers and sisters. That small boy, diligent man, and dutiful brother was Richard Cobden.

In the same month of November, 1811, when the pheasant was snared, a male child was born at Green Bank, near the River Roche in the County of Lancaster, whose parents were Quakers, the father was a manufacturer of cottons.

In Yorkshire, on a day in the year 1823, when the ground was lightly covered with snow, that Quaker boy, aged twelve, was seen running across fields, scrambling over ditches, palings, and hedgerows. He was dressed in broad brimmed hat and buttonless coat, with buckles at his knees and on his shoes. He had been at Ackworth School, the educational institute of the Society of Friends, had revolted at the severity of the discipline; was seized with a "concern" to go home; scaled the walls as he had done once before, and escaped to the fields. He was pursued by a lank Quaker schoolmaster, and by a troop of broad brimmed boys who yelled on his track, but did not catch him; they lost his foot-teps in the woods and returned to Ackworth to their own dismal imprisonment. The young Quaker was about fifty miles from his home in Lancashire; desolate moors, ravines, marshes and deep streams lying in his way. Miserable and exhausted he reached his father's door, and told of his great "concern" to leave a school where he had been unhappy. He was pardoned for the breach of obedience, and for several years after, was attended by a private tutor. Those years were spent pleasantly among the hills and dales of Whalley, the boy acquiring robust health and a general education, including Greek, Hebrew, foot-ball and cricket. In his eighteenth year he travelled through Europe and parts of Asia. Arriving in Greece he visited the river Illisus, famed in classical literature, but which was so small in the dry season of summer that the agile youth felt a "concern" to leap across, which he repeatedly did, that he might tell at home how the famed Illisus was not more than a Lancashire mill stream. Then at a narrow gullet he strode across, a foot on the north, a foot on the south bank, gazing into the narrow chasm.

On a bluff which rises above the northern bank, another Englishman watched the eccentricities of the young Quaker, and marvelled that he should find one in Greece, and in that way employed.

This second Englishman was Richard Cobden. On returning to the hotel at Athens he consulted the visitor's book and the waiters, and found that the young Quaker whom he left standing astride the Illysus river, was John Bright, of Rochdale, England. They had not then met. Mr. Cobden pro eeded to the Crimea, and afterwards to Poland and the Russian capital. Going up the Danube by steamboat, Mr. Bright read in the traveller's register the name Richard Cobden, which then came under his notice for the first time.

Sometime in 1834, Mr. Archibald Prentice, editor of the *Manchester Times*, (brother to John Prentice, of Louisville, Kentucky, whose son George David is so well known as a popular American Journalist,) saw a man who was wrapped in an ample cloak enter the outer offiice, lay a letter on the table, and then walk hastily away. He did not know the handwriting, but printed the letter. It was headed, "Incorporate your Borough," and was followed by a local agitation which deprived the lord of the manor, Sir Oswald Mosley, of the government and market rents of the town, and for the first time, invested both in a municipal corporation elected by the rate-payers. Of the writer of the anonoymous letter, Archibald Prentice remarked when he read it; "This is a new man in our town, he conceals his name, but will be at no distant day proud to avow it, else, I mis-estimate his literary style."

That letter writer, in 1837, at the first election after the incorporation of the borough, (it was not made a city then) became Alderman Richard Cobden.

In October of that year, Dr. John Bowring, editor of the *Westminster Review*, and then Member of Parliament for Blackburn, being on a journey to his constituents, called on Mr. Prentice, who sent messages to such leading men as were known to favor a reduction of the commercial tariff, and especially of the customs duties levied on imported grain. They met in the evening of that day in the Red Lion Hotel, where, the room being large, they were enclosed within a curtain in one corner. Mr. Cobden was then so little known in connection with the free trade subject that he was not invited. Dr. Bowring, with the Hon. Mr. Villiers, now Earl of Clarendon, elder brother of the Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, had been a commissioner to continental countries in Europe, inquiring into the manner of keeping Public Accounts, with a view to introducing an improved system in Britain, a reform then much required, and since adopted. He had an interesting narrative to relate, and pleased the small party at Manchester so well that they, the same evening, formed "The Manchester Anti-Corn-law Association," Mr. James Howie, a native of Edinburgh, being its first President. They met weekly, and Mr. Cobden enrolled his name as a member at the third meeting.

Mr. Bright made his first appearance as an orator to a small and very remote public. On the moors above Rochdale is a hamlet of poor houses, occupied at that time, 1829, by hand-loom weavers named Cattle Lane Head. Thither he and four other youths unused to public speaking, travelled from Rochdale to make speeches on drunkenness and temperance, and to form a Society, as an exercise and rehearsal preliminary to a bolder attempt in Rochdale town. Of the four who spoke, the only failure was Mr. Bright who, in face of the hand-loom weavers became nervous and sat down. That was the first public attempt of one who, since, wisely or indiscreetly as may be variously judged, delivers his thoughts with such precision of correct English as to cause parliamentary reporters to say that his are almost the only speeches spoken in the House of Commons which demand no addition, no omission, no amended word or phrase, or grammatical correction from them. So much for the worth of the tutor who schooled him among the hills and dales of Whalley.

When Mr. Bright returned from Greece, Egypt and Palestine, he lectured in Rochdale, describing what he had seen. One day in 1837, a year of commercial panic and stagnation, the manufacturers and merchants attending the Manchester Exchange, when indulging in gloomy fears, and listening to startling rumors of bankruptcy brought by latest mails from America, were drawn to the windows of the hall for a time and to the outside, to listen to a young man who, mounted on a chair in Ducie Place, was pouring forth a torrent of eloquent invective against the currency law, and the corn law, and the constitution of the parliament which legislated on currency and corn. The country manufacturers and town merchants unused to such an oration in business hours, and on Market Tuesdays asked one another, "who is he?" None seemed to know, until one from Rochdale said, "it is our young Quaker, John Bright." He was despised by the men on "Change," but was forthwith enrolled as a member of the young and feeble Association, which three years after became the Anti-Corn-law League.

At Camp Douglas, near Chicago, eighty soldiers on guard had their feet, ankles and hands so badly frozen that they are incapacitated for duty for some time—many for all their lives. Two rebel prisoners who escaped, were frozen to death.

COLD IN THE WEST.—A Milwaukee paper states that for the past few days, all the space between North and South Points, in Milwaukee Bay, for the first time within the memory of any living inhabitant, has been frozen over solidly, and during some time the lake has been frozen over as far as the eye could see.