

witnesses, and of pleading causes before a jury, he had few equals and no superior. The transparent rectitude of his character was of great service to him in this respect, and the easy and genial flow of his eloquence completed his mastery over the minds and the hearts of his hearers. He was always a consistent Reformer in politics. For some years he represented South Wentworth in the Parliament of Canada, and, though not a frequent speaker, was listened to, even by his opponents, with respect. He contested the representation of Hamilton with Sir Allan Macnab unsuccessfully, and we believe also with the Hon. Isaac Buchanan. Of late years, while occupying the position of Clerk of the Peace and County Attorney, he was necessarily withdrawn from politics. For long years he had practised in this county as the leading counsel. Born in Nova Scotia, on the 14th February, 1814, he, while yet a child, moved with his father and the rest of the family to near Wellington Square, where for some years young Freeman, as he was then called, was noted as a hard working "Canadian lad." When about 20 years old he joined the Law Society, and was admitted as a barrister and attorney in 1840. At that time he entered into partnership with Miles O'Reilly, Esq., Q. C., and has ever since practised in this city. He ranked as fourteenth on the roll of Q. C. G. For the last seven years he had been doing the duties of Clerk of the Peace and County Attorney.

COL. GEO. K. CHISHOLM

was an old resident of Oakville, and some twenty years ago he represented the County of Halton in the Parliament of the Province of Canada, which has since outgrown its Provincial character and developed into a Dominion, embracing many Provinces and not inaptly designated the "Greater Britain." He was favorably known and highly respected.—*Ham. Spec.*

DR. DUGGAN.

The late Dr. Duggan was born in Toronto on the 24th September, 1812. He was the eldest son of the late Col. George Duggan, of Toronto, and brother to the late R. O. Duggan, Barrister, of this city. He early chose the study and practise of medicine as the object of his future life, and at the age of seventeen began his professional studies under the late celebrated Dr. Stephenson, of Montreal, and at McGill College; Dr. Joseph Workman, of Toronto, being his fellow student. He afterwards practised in Toronto, having been encouraged to settle there by the late well known Dr. Widmer, and here he soon commanded an extensive practice. On the breaking out of the Rebellion, in 1837, Dr. Duggan was appointed surgeon to the troops, and during the whole of that troublesome period served with great acceptance on the St. Clair frontier. He then resumed his practice in Toronto, but from a feeling of independence and self-reliance, which were always marked traits in Dr. Duggan's character, he decided to remove from all family influence and the appearance of patronage (for he was a great favourite of Dr. Widmer) and strike out a path for himself. He chose Hamilton as the future field of his labours and settled here in 1840.

He early took an active part in all that concerned the interests and advancement of his adopted city, and we find his name associated with such undertakings as building societies and insurance companies; of one of the former he was for many years president. He acted as a school trustee for several terms, and was once elected a member of the City Council. Dr. Duggan never took a very active part in political struggles; but he was always consistent in the support and advocacy of the principles of the Conservative party, with which party he identified himself.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

MRS. WM. GREENE.

Last month Mrs. William Greene, died at her residence on the mountain, near Stoney Creek. The deceased was 75 years old, and lived with her father, Edward Brady, in the then hamlet near which the battle of Stoney Creek was fought. She was then quite a young girl, but remembered very distinctly till her dying days how the American cavalry and artillery came trooping up the narrow road in the afternoon of June 5th, how some of the hungry soldiers entered the house, frightening herself and the younger children into a corner of the little log cabin, and appropriating every loaf of their newly baked bread, how alarmed and panic struck the denizens of the place, when the invading force came upon them, and how terrible to them the night of the battle was. When the fight commenced she took shelter with the children behind the fire place, for the musket balls from the battle field came with incessant "spat, spat, spat," against the side of the house, often tearing through the clay plaster and lodging in the opposite wall. Her stories of the battle were indeed interesting, and she used to delight in repeating them in her old days.—*St. Cath. Journal.*

VI. Miscellaneous.

SCHOOL TIME.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Don't you hear the scholars thrumming?
Bumble-bees in June!
All the leaves together thumping,
Singers hunting for a tune?
Master mending pens, and humming
Bonny Doon?

As he thinks, a perished maiden
Fords the brook of songs,
Comes to him so heavy laden,
Stepping on the notes along,
Stands beside him, blessed maiden!
He has waited long!

Cherry-ripe is the glowing stove,
Grammar class is inflecting "love,"
"I love—you love, and love we all."

Bounding states are the Humboldts small,
Chanting slow in common time
Broken China's rugged rhyme:
"Yang-tse-kiang—Hoang-ho"—
Heavenly rivers! How they flow!

Writing class with head one way—
And tongues all out for a holiday!
Hark to the goose-quill's spattering grate,
Rasping like an awkward skate,
Swinging round in mighty B's,
Lazy X's and crazy Z's!
Here a scholar, looking solemn,
Blunders up a crooked column,—
Pisa's own Italic tower,
Done in slate in half an hour,
Figures piled in a mighty sum;
He wets a finger, and down they come!

Aproned urchin, aged five,
Youngest in the humming hive,
Standing by the Master's knee
Calls the roll of A, B, C.
Frightened hair all blown about,
Buttered lips in half a pout,
Knuckle boring out an eye,
Saying "P" and thinking "pie,"
Feeling for a speckled bean,
"Twixt each breath a dumb ravine,
Like clock unwound, but going yet,
He slowly ticks the alphabet;
"A-ah—B-ah—C-ah—D."
Finds the bead and calls for "G."

See that crevice in the floor—
Slender line from desk to door,
First meridian of the school—
Which all the scholars toe by rule.
Ranged along in rigid row,
Inky, golden, brown and tow,
Are heads of spellers high and low,
Like notes in music sweet as June,
Dotting off a dancing tune.

Boy of Bashan takes the lead,—
Roughly thatched his bullet head;
At the foot an eight-year-old
Stands with head of trembling gold;
Watch her when the word is missed!
Her eyes are like an amethyst,
Her fingers dove-tailed, lips apart;
She knows that very word by heart!
And swings like any pendulum
Trembling lest it fail to come.
Runs the word along the line,
Like the running of a vine,
Blossoms out from lip to lip—
Till the girl in azure slip
Catches breath and spells the word,
Flits up the class like any bird,
Cheeks in bloom with honest blood,
And proudly stands where Bashan stood!

Evening reddens on the wall—
"Attention!" Now—"Obeisance all!"