

appearance to designate the place at which the barrels had been filled. The officers of justice were thus put upon the right track, and the thieves captured.

In our own country, not many years since, a most curious and interesting case of murder was decided by this wonderful silent witness. The individual towards whom the whole circumstantial evidence was pointed as the guilty man, claimed that the bloodstains found on a knife acknowledged to be his property, were from a lamb which he had killed the day before. The microscope was brought to bear upon the instrument by men known to be ignorant of the circumstances of the case. The blood-stains were not only found to be those of a human being, but the microscope revealed on the blade, what had been imperceptible to the naked eye, a secretion peculiar to the glands of the throat. Stranger still, it pointed to cotton fibres in the blade of the instrument. "The knife," said the microscopists in their report, "has been used in cutting through cotton into the neck of a human body." Now listen, and wonder at the power of this wonderful silent witness: the murdered man had been found with his throat cut through the neck band of his cotton shirt. The evidence was as conclusive as though a voice from the clouds had proclaimed in tones of thunder: "Thou art the man."

A few years ago, a man under trial for murder in Western New York asserted that blood-stains on an axe found in his possession were from a dog which he had killed. The case was referred to Prof. Hadley, of Buffalo, who was purposely kept in ignorance of the circumstances.—Submitting the blood stains to the microscopic inspection, he decided that they were from a dog, thus confirming the poor man's testimony.

You remember how you were startled, a few years since, by a voice from the scientific world, claiming that the microscope could detect the image of the murderer on the retina of the victim's eye, thus referring the matter to a witness that cannot be bribed—to a judge that would not hesitate to condemn the duke in the heart of his duchy, or the king in his purple.

The microscope is a peace maker, a settler of disputes. Some hundred years since, it was asserted by a learned savant of France, in contradiction to history and tradition, that the wrappings of the Egyptian mummies were of cotton. From this sprang a curious and voluminous discussion pro and con. In the midst of these philosophical discussions, some man conceived the idea of appealing to the microscope, when the question was forever settled. It was then discovered that the fibres of the cotton was composed of transparent tubes, while those of the flax were jointed like cane. The fibre of the mummy cloths were shown to be jointed as in the flax of the present day.

#### NECROLOGICAL INTELLIGENCE.

—The death is announced from Germany of Herman Goldschmidt, the well-known artist-astronomer, whose name is identified with no less than fourteen of the small planets between Mars and Jupiter, viz.,—Lutetia (1852), Pomona (1854), Atalanta (1855), Harmonia 1856, Daphne 1856, Nyx (1857), Eugenia (1857), Pseudo Daphne (1857), Doris and Pales (1857), both discovered on the same evening, Europa (1857), Alexandra (1858), Danae (1860), and Panopea (1861). M. Goldschmidt was born at Frankfurt in 1802, and studied under the celebrated artists Schnorr and Cornelius in Munich. In 1834, he went to Paris, where he followed his profession. In 1847, he turned his attention to astronomy, and his discoveries obtained for him the Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, besides other marks of recognition from the Academy of Sciences in Paris, to which body his discoveries were usually first communicated.—*Educational Times*.

—The old veterans of Canada are fast going to "that bourne whence no traveller returns." Lately the funeral of one of these veterans wound its way slowly through the streets of this city. The body that was being conveyed to its last earthly resting place, was all that remained of Hugh Byres, of Black Rapids, a man who, as bugler, sounded the charge at Lundy's Lane, the attack at Fort Niagara, and took part at the battle of Queenstown Heights, where the noble Brock fell fighting for his country. Nothing delighted the veteran loyalist, whose remains were on Saturday followed to the grave by a large number of friends and neighbors, so much, during his declining years, as recounting the incidents of his younger days. Though in declining years his loyal heart beat high, and his failing limbs gained strength as he heard and thought of the dastardly attempts upon Canada by the Fenians, and it was not without strong persuasion on the part of his friends that he could be induced not to enrol himself as a Volunteer and go forth once more to fight for the liberty and integrity of his country. The deceased had lived for upwards of half a century in Canada, and at the close of an eventful life, during which he had secured the esteem of very many, his remains were interred in the Roman Catholic cemetery here. May the spirit which animated these old veterans exist for ever, and become intensified by years in the breasts of their descendants.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

—The Death of the late Mr. Eric Dorion, M.P.P. for Arthabaska.—We greatly regret to announce the sudden death of Mr. Eric Dorion, which happened on Friday at the Village called L'Avenir, of disease of the heart. Mr. Dorion began public life very early, as the conductor of a newspaper

published with the title—L'Avenir—which he afterwards gave to the village where he has resided during the last few years of his life. That journal was certainly the boldest and most outspoken of any which has ever been published in Canada. Of course it had many enemies, and it received a blow from a fire which destroyed the printing office where it was published, from which it never recovered, notwithstanding the wonderful energy with which it was brought out again, almost immediately, by its youthful proprietor and editor. Perhaps this only hastened its fall. Mr. Dorion then went to reside in a part of the Eastern Townships just opened up by the construction of the Railway, and began business as a storekeeper at L'Avenir. But he had an irresistible tendency for public discussion through the press, and he shortly established another journal called *le Difficteur*, which though conducted with similar independence to L'Avenir, avoided the handling of topics which lie outside of politics, and has, we believe, exercised a very considerable influence over the population of the part of the country where it has been published. Mr. Dorion has, moreover, sat in several successive Parliaments for the Counties of Drummond and Arthabaska, and he enjoyed a great deal of popularity throughout that part of the country. Few men have had to fight their way against greater obstacles than Mr. Dorion,—beginning life without means, with a small figure, and a weak, shrill and not very pleasant voice, it did not seem to be given to him to command much of the public attention. These difficulties of his position, however, were overcome by untiring industry and courage, and considerable talent for debate; so that we suppose there were at the time of his death few men who on merely personal grounds commanded more respect among those among whom he resided, and whom he frequently addressed on all subjects of public interest. Mr. Dorion was a person of the most independent character, and he has died in harness, working to the last for the promotion of public morality, and for the developing of the resources of the neighbourhood where he had taken up his residence.—Abridged from the *Montreal Herald*, 3rd Nov.

—M. de Thouvenel, well known as a senator, politician and diplomatist, expired at Paris on the 18th October last, at the age of 48 years. He was born at Verdun on the 11th November, 1818. At the close of his studies he was admitted to practise law, and started for the East. In 1819, he published an account of his first travels; in 1844, he was sent to Brussels as an *attaché* with the French embassy; from thence he was sent to Athens, as Minister Plenipotentiary, a capacity which he afterwards filled at Munich. After the *Coup d'Etat* of the 2nd December, he was entrusted with the political direction of the Office of Foreign Affairs, a post he held till the epoch of the Conferences at Vienna. In 1860, in the midst of the diplomatic difficulties that grew out of the Italian question, he was called upon to replace M. Walewski.

M. Thouvenel has written several works, among which we may instance *La Hongrie et la Valachie* and *Souvenirs de Voyage et Notices Historiques*.

#### MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

—A Proclamation printed in an *Extra* of the *Canada Gazette* of the 10th December, 1866, officially announces that in consequence of the absence from the Province of Lord Monck, Sir John Michel, Commander of the Forces, has assumed the duties of Administrator of the Government from the date above mentioned.

—Hon. Rufus Choate in his address once said: "Happy is he who has laid up in youth, and held steadfast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love of reading; the true balm of hurt minds, of surer and more healthful charm than poppy or mandragora, or all the drowsy syrups of the world; by that single taste, by that simple capacity, he may be borne in a moment into the still regions of delightful study, and be at rest."

—*Town School Houses*.—God in the country is generous to children. They have all outdoors except the grain field and the tall grass. But in the city, has there been any city provision for their wants? If none has been made for them, then the children must become either trespassers or sufferers.

This, then, is the reason why every city school-house ought to have a large lot around it—a city boy's farm—where he can carry on with a clear conscience. A four acre lot where every spectator will say, "Go it boys, I like to see you."—*Herald of Health*.

—When a Spaniard eats a peach or pear by the roadside, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the roadsides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste, and is ever free. Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest, and bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good or better, than we found it, and he is a selfish churl who basks under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.—*New York Teacher*.

—A strong and sensible writer says a good sharp thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco,