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This Gallery of three hundred and twenty photographs of prominent people of the world, includes the President of the United States, many of the most noted Rulers of Foreign Nations, Statesmen, Philanthropists, Generals, Admirals, Theologians, Orators, Scientists, Actors, Inventors, Lawyers and Humorists, making it an exceedingly valuable collection, one that cannot be found in any other work, and that could not be collected by any person except at the expense of SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS and much time and trouble. It is only through the discovery of this new Photo-Lithographic process that it has been made possible to produce such a valuable collection at the remarkably low price for which this work is sold and the happy thought of combining the Art Gallery with the Album, gives it greater value, and at the same time gives the entire collection of photographs, together with a beautiful Album, at almost the same cost of the ordinary Album alone.

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REMINISCENCES.

During the fall and winter of 1838 and '39, the local militia men were called out, as aids to the volunteer companies, in Stanstead and Compton counties, to protect Stanstead Plain and Rock Island, and the town of Sherbrooke, (which was then but a village,) from invasion by the Rebels and their sympathizers, several of whom had then been committed to the gaol at the latter place, upon the charge of treasonable speeches and practices. With others of the militia from Compton, I was ordered to Sherbrooke, under the command of the late Capt. H—. On arrival there, we provided our own quarters at the public houses, and such other quarters as could be procured; when off guard, which was on each alternate twenty-four hours.

The first day we were put through a brief drill in rude military maneuvers, and exercises with our guns, in order to fully qualify us for the arduous and honorable discharge of the duty devolving upon us, in defending the country from an invasion, of which there was not the slightest prospect either near or remote.

There were three guard rooms in Sherbrooke, one at the south end of the bridge, at the square; one at the bridge, at the upper town; and one in the old gaol yard; and a special guard was detailed to guard the political prisoners inside the gaol. Myself and two or three others were assigned to the latter place, and, it fortunately fell to my lot with another, to be placed at the door inside of the long rooms on the second floor, at the south end, where those political prisoners were incarcerated, and with several of whom I had some previous acquaintance.

They were principally young men, whose names I will not mention.

Well, we were ordered to have no conversation with the prisoners. To keep our positions within a prescribed limit next to the door on the outside of which other sentinels were posted. We were on duty from 12 m., until the following day at the same hour.

No sooner than the officer, who had given us our orders, had left the gaol, than I disobeyed orders, (as he expected we both would, I have no doubt,) for I went to those whom I knew, shook hands with them; and, as the weather was very cold took a seat on a pile of wood near the stove, in the center of the room, stuck my side arm in a billet of wood, and soon engaged in a game of checkers with one of the prisoners; and as we were not likely to be disturbed until our rations were brought in, we gave ourselves up to the engagement of a social chat and amusements.

After lunch, and when the prisoners had had their supplies, and had been locked in their cells for the night, and the gaoler had retired, the prisoners passed to us, through the openings over the doors, several heavy blankets, of which they had provided themselves more than they required. And, while one of us kept the fire, and an ear to what might occur outside, the other would enjoy a nap. To this, there was but one serious obstacle, and that was poor Robt. Mc—, a big crazy man on the floor beneath, who would keep up a hideous noise, whenever the guard in the yard hailed the relief guard, to go on duty. Altogether we felt soldiering under such circumstances was neither dangerous, nor a very unpleasant occupation, and felt proud that we could serve our Queen and country, without putting ourselves in peril from imagined foes without or within the old gaol.

On a clear cold night, while I was on guard in the gaol, a man by the name of Dunasheath, who had murdered his wife, was brought into the gaol, and chained in one of the cells, at about twelve o'clock. Poor Mc—, had previously been hooting at the top of his voice, but, had then got quiet; but the bringing in of the criminal started him up afresh with his racket, during which no one could sleep in the building. And every time the guard in the yard below, would sing out with a loud voice upon the still night air,

"who comes," and which would be answered in an equally loud tone, "relief guard," Robt. would invariably break out afresh, and keep it up for an hour or more before becoming quiet. This state of affairs finally became exasperating to the naturally kind old gaoler, who called out to the outside guard not to make so much noise, but the reply was "we were ordered to have no conversation with anyone in the gaol. We don't know who you are, and we are not to know." "D—n you," said the gaoler, "I'll let you know who I am." And presently I heard the chain withdrawn from the outer door, and the gaoler rushed out half dressed, leaving the door unfastened. He was challenged for the countersign, which he could not give, and he was therefore marched at the point of the bayonet into the guard room, where he had to remain until the proper officer for the night was sent for, who sharply reprimanded the gaoler for his rashness, and let him go.

Discipline was not quite as well enforced at that time, as it is in the regular British Army, several irregular practices having been indulged in by the men when off duty. On one occasion, one of the men who was off duty for the night, by stratagem obtained the countersign from one who was on guard, and tested it by challenging the night patrol. Then, himself and another of the off duty men, disguised themselves as officers of "the grand round," and visited some of the guard houses, and took reports without detection, but, on the following morning, old Capt. H—, made the air vocal with all the cuss words at his command, on account of the bogus "grand round" of the previous night. While his face was as red as the flip-iron with which he "mulled" his cider, but, he never succeeded in discovering the guilty parties.

On another night, a wedding was consummated at old Mr. P—'s, on the square, by one of the militia men, in the absence of a regular clergyman, at which a large number of men who were off duty were present, and who, with both bride and groom, were high in spirits, and of which, and also, the farce enacted, all of the participants had reason to be ashamed. But, although the event caused considerable excitement at the time, after a few days of gossip, it died away, and matters went quietly on, until the company was disbanded and sent home to Compton, there to resume their former daily avocations.

The then little village of Sherbrooke would have been safer from molestation in the absence of the military guard which was called there to protect it. Those who were imprisoned there as rebels against Government, all of whom, I believe, were from Stanstead county, were set at liberty early the following spring. And nearly all of them, and their guards also, have since passed over to join the great majority, "on the other side of Jordan." What is now the beautiful and flourishing business street, called "Wellington street," was then in summer time—one of the muddiest roads in the county, with only three or four little houses upon it. But, very few of those who then resided there, and were engaged in business pursuits, are now alive to remember the events here recorded. MASSAWIPPI.

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