

of Newmarket, with whom he lived happily on the same farm for sixty-three years. She died some six weeks before him. He was a very honest, industrious man, a good farmer, and made himself wealthy. He was very charitable and kind to the poor settlers who came to the settlement after him, and being always forerhand, his granary was invariably, in those days, a great convenience to such poor settlers as frequently ran out of bread before the harvest, and he often lent and gave away provisions to poor people without ever soliciting a return. He had five sons and four daughters. The eldest of the latter is Mrs. Gould, wife of Mr. Joseph Gould, ex-M.P.P. for North Ontario. Mr. Jones was a strict member of the Society of Friends, and brought up his family members of that profession. He was a firm believer of a great future for Canada, and being liberal in his politics gave his vote and influence always to the Reform cause. He contributed liberally to education, having built at his own cost one of the first school-houses, and sustained a school in the township for several years. The deceased had also a passion for fine horses, which caused a melancholy bereavement in his family on one occasion. In the year 1828 he purchased a beautiful match of dapple-grey mares with fine figure and good action; they were the admiration of all who saw them; at the same time he had in his employment a man named Christie, whom he had agreed to move from Uxbridge to Toronto, then called York. Being ill at the time, Mr. Jones sent his eldest son, Isaac, a young man about twenty years of age, with his fancy mares to move Christie away from the place to where he was going. There was a dense forest of twelve miles on the road then between Uxbridge and Newmarket, and Christie, prompted by a desire to obtain the horses, and encouraged in his designs by his wife, murdered young Jones in a lonely place by shooting him through the head. The body of the murdered young man was afterwards found secreted under a log-heap. The murderer escaped to the United States with the horses, where he fancied he had a safe refuge in Troy. Even in those days of slow communication he was tracked and identified, mainly by the conspicuousness of the horses, and by means of the Governor's proclamation of one hundred pounds reward, he was soon arrested and extradited to Canada. Christie paid the penalty of his double crime with his life, having been convicted and executed almost immediately, as the Court was in session at the time of his extradition. The decease of the old pioneer, Mr. Jones, removes another of the ancient landmarks in this part of Canada, and has been the cause of relating the incidents above mentioned.

MR. JOHN MUTRIE, an old settler of the Township of Nichol, died on the 31st ult., at the age of 85 years. Deceased was a native of Lanark, Scotland; when only 16 he entered the navy of Great Britain, and fought under Sir Hyde Parker and Nelson at Copenhagen, in 1801, at which time the Danish fleet was totally destroyed. After a long servitude in the Baltic and Mediterranean, he returned to his native land, married, and in 1830 immigrated to Canada, and settled in the Township of Nichol, where he has continued to reside greatly respected by all who knew him.

HON. HENRY JOHN BOULTON, was in his time a prominent Canadian politician, deserving of notice from the press. We have nothing to add to the account of him in Morgan's *Sketches of Celebrated Canadians*, except to say that during his latter days, in which Mr. Boulton led a retired life in this city, he was respected by the whole community, and was in every sense a good and worthy citizen.

HON. GEORGE CRAWFORD was born at Manor Hamilton, in the County of Cavan, Ireland. About 50 years ago he immigrated to Canada. Having spent some little time in the township of Tecumseh he moved east, and engaged in contracting operations, in which he was eminently successful. His first political experience was in the old Legislative Assembly, from which he passed to the Council in 1858, when that body was made elective. At the inauguration of the Dominion he was appointed a life Senator, and retained his place in the upper chamber until the time of his death. Like many others of the old Cavan men who have settled in Canada, Mr. Crawford was an upright, pushing, energetic man. He worked his way up by carefulness and industry to a position not only of independence but of wealth, ever holding a high place among his fellows.

MRS. BURWELL, widow of the late Col. Mahlon Burwell, died at Port Talbot, on the 25th ult., at the age of 80 years. The *London Advertiser* says Mrs. Burwell was one of the pioneers of the Talbot Settlement, having moved to that place in 1810. As an early settler she underwent, in common with her neighbors, at that time very few in number, the hardships incident to the of war of 1812. After having their dwelling at Port Talbot burned down by a party of American Indians under Norton, she went on horseback, accompanied with a friend through the country, then almost a wilderness, to her early home near Fort Erie, taking with her two of her children, while her husband was taken prisoner by the Indians to De-

troit and delivered to the American authorities. After the war she returned to Port Talbot, where she remained until the time of her death.

MR. JAMES SHAW, one of the oldest settlers in the county of Lennox, died at Ernestown on the 21st inst. at the age of seventy-three years. He arrived in the country in 1818, and having come by the head of Lake Ontario, travelled one thousand miles on foot before he reached the township in which he located.

VI. Miscellaneous Friday Readings.

1. I SHALL MISS THE CHILDREN.

(BY CHARLES DICKENS.)

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last,
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin
When the glory of God was about me
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them.
Of the temptest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh! there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done.
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness.
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet,
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says: "The School is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed?