

thing," this was rather a bold speech. What Mr. Wallack will say in reply is yet to be seen.

The Parisians, witty fellows, have a joke on Slidell. They say he may show himself as much as he chooses, but he will never be "recognized." The *double entendre* is a good one, but we are not so sure, after all, of the correctness of the assumption implied.

It appears to be a well ascertained fact, that both Washington and Richmond are safe for the coming winter. The deep heavy mud of Virginia contributes very much to this state of things. If it is such a good thing as some folks say it is, to be "safe," then we think the inhabitants of both places may congratulate themselves on the present possession of "the flower safety." But look out for "the nettle danger," some of these days, before the next Presidential election, at all events.

CONSIDERATE—VERY.—The Owen Sound *Times* gives a list of some fifty odd names of Teachers who "passed" at a recent examination; and adds: "the names of five unsuccessful candidates we omit." For which considerate delicacy let us hope that the five are as grateful as they ought to be. Try it again, boys, perhaps you will "pass" the next time.

The Admiral and officers of the Russian fleet now at New York have been seeing the Falls last week. The Yankees are absolutely at their wit's end to do them honour in every way that can be thought of. They are actually persecuted with "attentions," sometimes sufficiently trying to their temper and patience, no doubt. The grand ball in New York is to be on the 5th of November, instead of the 29th of October, as previously announced. The following from the New York *Herald* is significant, meanwhile, of sober second thought on the subject of the ball:

"Public opinion, having effervesced a little upon the Russian question, has settled into the conviction that the contemplated ball is most inappropos, and should be given up. The committee is said to have collected about six thousand dollars for this ball. Let this sum be donated to our sick and wounded soldiers, or to the widows and orphans of those who have already sacrificed their lives for their country. Let every person who intended to buy a ticket for the ball walk up, like a man, and hand over his fifteen dollars for the same noble objects. This is no time for fiddling, and flirting, and waltzing, and polkaing. The balls in vogue just now are iron, not shoddy.

A recent European paragraph says: "It is believed the French and Russian Ministers who have left Paris and St. Petersburg will have long extensions of leave." Candidly speaking, we incline to think that this "extension of leave" stands a good chance of being stretched further in point of time than seems generally to be expected.

The new Mexican Minister, Senor Romero, who represents the Luarez government, officially advised the State Department on the 27th inst., of his arrival in Washington. It strikes us rather forcibly, in view of this fact, and of the very guarded reply of the Arch-duke Maximilian to the Mexican deputation, that it is yet premature to look upon the French conquest of Mexico as *un fait accompli*.—Mexico is a large country, and the Mexicans are like Tartars in their nomadic habits. You may beat them *here*, but by and by you will find them *there*, for all that. Reminiscences of his uncle's Spanish campaigns are not particularly encouraging to Napoleon, we should say. One important difference between the present period and that of fifty years ago, should, however, be noticed. Napoleon the First had the Church against him in his struggle; Napoleon the Third has it with him now.

Read the following brief paragraphs, from the New York *Herald* of the 27th inst., and then say if you don't smell powder:—

"The French have officially announced to our State Department that they will blockade the Mexican ports. It is asserted in France that we furnish arms and ammunitions of war to the Mexicans. Perhaps it is supposed that the blockade may in some manner interfere with these transactions. When General Banks gets to the Rio Grande we shall be enabled to furnish all we wish to Mexico, should the blockade be ever so effective."

"Lieutenant Wm. H. Dana, in the Cayuga, has been successful in destroying by fire two schooners on the coast of Louisiana, loaded with powder of French manufacture."

Meanwhile, wonderful to tell, the *Herald* is better pleased with John Bull than we recollect of ever seeing it before; and is almost complimentary over the fact of the recent dismissal of the English Consuls from the Confederacy by Jeff. Davis. Listen:

"The President of the self-styled confederacy has dismissed all the English consuls. What a blow to old England, and how Earl Russell will writhe when he hears of this. Why consuls should have been kept in Secession until now is more than we can imagine, and we rather "guess" that he has not quite laid out the British lion by that blow."

THERE'S NO USE in your ever taking a lazy man to *task*. He won't reform if you do.

WENTWORTH FALL ASSIZES.

The Assize Court closed on the evening of Saturday the 24th October, having lasted nine days. Rather a large and heavy calendar was disposed of, with a full docket of civil causes. The following are the sentences recorded;

John Lang—horse stealing—three years in the Reformatory Prison.

Thomas Peacock—larceny—three years in the Provincial Penitentiary.

William Jones—assault, with attempt to rob—six months in gaol.

Richard Currie—aggravated assault—one year in gaol.

Levi Bowyer—rape—to be hanged on Friday, the 11th of December.

George Chubb—rape—to be hanged on Friday, the 11th of December.

Frederick Hughson—larceny—five years in the Provincial Penitentiary.

WONDERFUL WAYS OF IMPERIALISM.

The French correspondent of the *Standard* gives the following interesting account of how M. Duruy came to be appointed Minister of Public Instruction:—M. Duruy had for a long time past been a teacher of history in one of the Parisian colleges. His democratic opinions precluded the hope of his advancement to any of the more lucrative posts of the University, and he eked out his income by writing 'historical compendiums' *ad usum scholarum*, which, through the influence of his publisher, M. Hachette, were 'adopted by the Council of the University,' and therefore afforded a handsome addition to the scanty salary of the professor. About two years since the Emperor, who had already begun his 'Life of Caesar,' in the course of conversation with Marshal Randon, asked him if he knew any one who would throw any light on the subject. The Marshal is a French protestant, and so is M. Duruy, and all French protestants appear to be actuated towards each other with that kindly feeling which distinguishes Scotchmen with us, and he mentioned M. Duruy as likely to know something about it. 'Very well,' replied the Emperor, 'there can be no harm in seeing him. Bring him to me on such a day.'

The Marshal duly fulfilled the Imperial behest, and on the day appointed M. Duruy was ushered into the presence. He described himself as somewhat nervous, but the ease with which the Emperor plunged in *mediis res* soon relieved him. 'You are a professor of history, M. Duruy,' quoth the Emperor, after what the reporters call a few introductory remarks. 'Now I want you to give me a lesson. Be as concise as you can, and speak frankly. Let me have your opinion on the reign of the Caesars.' M. Duruy, (whose presence of mind, by the way, must be admitted to be great,) was rather perplexed, but reflected that after all he had, if the worst came to the worst, his professorship and his books to fall back upon, so he determined to speak out, and forthwith delivered a concise lecture on the twelve Caesars. When he had done, the Emperor said, 'Well, how long did this kind of thing last?' About two hundred years, sire. 'Eh bien, mon cher Monsieur,' (replied the Emperor,) *en politique c'est la ce qu'on appelle le succes.* With this he rose, and the interview terminated, leaving poor M. Duruy in a state of painful perplexity as to the impression he had produced.

About six months later he was agreeably surprised at being promoted to the rank of Inspecteur d'Academie, and in addition a lectureship at the Ecole Normale was created expressly for him. Since then he was occasionally summoned to the Tuileries, and had various interviews with the Emperor, very much of the same nature as the first. Last January another pleasant surprise was in store for him—he was named Inspector-General of Schools, and likewise Lecturer on History at the Polytechnic School. Surprise number three, however, was the greatest of all. He was engaged in his inspection duties down at Angers, when, to his intense astonishment, the local prefect waited upon him in full uniform, and, with marks of the most profound respect, handed to him a telegraphic despatch to the effect that His Majesty had appointed him Minister of Public Instruction. Such is the true, full, and particular history of this singular appointment.

HOW TO ESCAPE FROM FIRE.

The Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade has devised the following very judicious directions for aiding persons to escape from premises on fire:

1. Be careful to acquaint yourself with the best means of exit from the house both at the top and bottom.
2. On the first alarm reflect before you act. If in bed at the time, wrap yourself in a blanket, or beside a carpet. Open no more doors than are absolutely necessary, and shut every door after you.
3. There is always from eight to twelve inches of pure air close to the ground; if you cannot, therefore, walk upright through the smoke, drop on your hands and knees and thus progress. A wetted silk handkerchief, a piece of flannel, or a worsted stocking drawn over the face, permits breathing, and to a great extent excludes the smoke.
4. If you can neither make your way upwards or downwards, get into a front room; and if there is a family, see that they are all collected here, and keep the door close as much as possible, for remember that smoke always follows a draft and fire always rushes after smoke.
5. On no account throw yourself, or allow others to throw themselves from the window. If no assistance is at hand and you are in extremity tie the sheets together having fastened one end to some heavy piece of furniture, and let down the women and children one by one, by tying the end of the line through the window that is over the door, rather than one that is over the area. You can easily let yourself down after the helpless have been saved.
6. If a woman's clothes catch fire let her instantly roll herself over and over on the ground; if a man be present, let him throw her down and do the like, and then wrap her up in a rug coat, or the first woolen thing that is at hand.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

HOPE AGAIN AND HOPE FOREVER.

BY GEORGE W. JOHNSON.

When the way of life is weary,
When the storms of life are dreary,
When no star of hope is shining,
Lose no time in vain repining—
Moments lost are moments wasted,
Hours unspent are sorrows tasted,
Bind the bonds despair would sever,
Hope again and hope forever.

Absent hope is parted pleasure,
Present hope is truest treasure,
Hope forgot is certain sorrow—
Fortune's face will smile to-morrow,
Laugh at fate, *nil desperandum!*
Gratus semper expectandum!
Fortune favors bold endeavor,
Hope again and hope forever.

BIRNBROOK, October 12, 1863.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FATHER.

I THINK, said Carlyle, of all the men I have ever known, my father was quite the remarkablest. Quite a farmer sort of person, using vigilant thrift and careful husbandry; aided by veracity and faith, and with an extraordinary insight into the very hearts of things and men. He was an elder in the kirk; and it was very pleasant to see him in his daily and weekly relations with the minister of the parish. They had been friends from their youth, and had grown up together in the service of their common Master. That parish minister was the first person that taught me Latin; and I am not sure but that he laid a great curse on me in so doing. Ah, sir, this learning of reading and writing!—what trouble and suffering it entails upon us poor human creatures. He that increaseth in knowledge increaseth in sorrow; and much study is a weariness to the flesh. I am not sure but that we should all be the happier and better, too, without what is called the improvements of the modern ages. For mine own part, I think it likely that I should have been a wiser man, and certainly a godlier, if I had followed in my father's steps, and left Latin and Greek to the fools who wanted them.

After giving this single instance of the imperfectness of his father's wisdom in esteeming too highly a learning of which he was fortunately deprived himself, Mr. Carlyle went on to tell his guest that the last time he ever saw his father was on his journey from Craigenputtock 'to this modern Babylon, with a manuscript in my hand of which you may have heard, Sartor Resartus by name, bound to see if there were any chance to have it translated into print. I came here,' he said bitterly, 'upon this fool's errand, and saw my father no more,' hearing within a few days of his death, which moved him to speak thus of the old man's life and character: 'Ah, sir, he was a man into the four corners of whose house there had shined, through the years of his pilgrimage by day and by night, the light of the glory of God. Like Enoch of old, he had walked with God, and at last he was not, for God took him. If I could only see such men now as were my father and his minister—men of such fearless truth and simple faith—with such firmness in holding on to the things which they believe, in saying and doing only what they thought was right; in shunning and hating the thing they felt to be wrong—I should have far more hope for this British nation, and, indeed, for the world at large.

A MADMAN'S HINT.

An English gentleman of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly in forcing the patients to stand in tubs of cold water—those slightly affected, up to the knees; others, whose cases were graver, up to the middle; while persons very seriously ill, were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who appeared to have some curiosity to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors.

I have horses and greyhounds for coursing, said the latter, in reply to the other's question.

Ah! they are very expensive.
Yes they cost me a great deal of money in the year, but they are the best of their kind.

Have you anything more?
Yes, I have a pack of hounds for hunting the fox.
And they cost a great deal, too?

A very great deal—And I have birds for hawking.
I see; birds for hunting birds. And those swell up an expense, I dare say?

You may say that, for they are not common in this country. And then, I sometimes go out alone with my gun, accompanied by a setter and retriever.

And these are very expensive, too?
Of course. After all, it is not the animals of themselves that run away with the money—there must be men, you know, to feed and look after them, houses to lodge them in—in short, the whole sporting establishment.

I see, I see. You have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, men—and all for the capture of foxes and birds. What an enormous revenue they must cost you!

Now, what I want to know is this—what return do they pay? What does your year's sporting produce?

Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are getting rather scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season.

Hark! said the lunatic, looking anxiously around him. My friend, in an earnest whisper, there is a gate behind you; take my advice and get out of this while you are safe. Don't let the doctor get his eyes upon you. He ducks us to some purpose; but, as sure as you are a living man he will drown you.

The gentleman looked serious as he passed on. Perhaps he thought that he was as mad as the inmates of the asylum.