will then have a local habitation as well as a name. From these things he hoped for brighter prospects for the University. They may have a large staff of professors, but they cannot by that means make the institution popular in the country. For its success they must depend on the manner in which the students they educate distinguish themselves in after life, and he considered that the attainments of the students they now turn out cannot fail to do the institution much good.

Before the assemblage broke up, three cheers were given for the Queen, also three enthusiastic cheers for the Rev. Dr. McCaul.—*Colonist.*

MASONIC.

The brethren of the Union Lodge, Grimsby, met in their newly-finished Hall on the Festival of St. John the Baptist, at two o'clock, p.m.

After the installation of the W.M., and the appointment and investment of the other officers, the brethren formed a procession to St. Andrew's Church, where prayers were read and a sermon preached by Rt. W. Br. the Rev. Dr. Lundy, Rector of the parish, P. M. of the Lodge, and Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

The meeting [illegible] usually interesting by the presence of two aged Freemasons, Bros. William Lawrence and Alexander Millmine, the former of whom was initiated in the Union Lodge in the year 1803, and the latter was W. M. in 1825 and 1827. The first warrant of this ancient Lodge is dated 20th November, 1799, and the minutes have been carefully preserved from its inauguration to the festival of St. John the Baptist, 1827.

The brethren dined together in the evening, and spent a most agreeable day.

LIST OF OFFICERS.

W. Br. John Wesley Lewis, W. M.
Rt. W. Br. the Rev. Dr. Lundy, P. M.
" John S. Walker, S. W.
" Andrew Randall, J. W.
" James M. Fairwell, Treas.
" John T. Parker, Secretary.
" George Vandyke, S. D.
" Ira S. Buch, J. D.
" Robert Byrans, I. G.
" George Masson, D. C.
" William Jeffery, } Stewards.
" David McCarty, }
" John Collaton, Tyler.

FEARFUL ACCIDENT ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—We learn that on Monday last, one of the bridges on the Galt branch of the Great Western Railway, within a mile of that place, gave way as a train of gravel cars was passing over it, and that 3 poor fellows were hurried into eternity, and 7 other injured. It is an occurrence that demands a rigid in[illegible] day next. We trust that the [illegible]y of the Bridge has not been the result of that *"rigid economy"* which has been for some time past brought into operation, causing the resignation of some of the most valuable and important officers of the Company.

MURDER IN SCARBORO'.—A dreadful deed, viz: the murder of a son by his father, was committed in Scarboro' on Friday night last. It appears the father and son quarreled about four weeks ago, and the fathes being addicted to drink, it is supposed he did the deed in a fit of intoxication. He was conveyed to Toronto Goal to await his trial for wilful murder.

OUR VOLUNTEER COMPANIES.—The commendation bestowed in the following general order will doubtless be as gratifying to the officers and members of the Companies as it is well deserved, and their name will become known from one end of the Province to the other:

HEAD QUARTERS, TORONTO,
June 28, 1856.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief reviewed the Volunteer Militia Field Battery of Hamilton, under command of Captain Booker, on the 27th inst. The state of efficiency attained by this battery merits his Excellency's unqualified praise. The appearance of the men and horses was most creditable, and the numerous changes of front and of position performed by the battery at a gallop over broken ground, with great regularity and precision, are the best evidences of the zeal and assiduity which the officers, non-commissioned officers and men have shown in acquring a knowledge of their duties, and the attainment of so high a degree of efficiency in the short period which has elapsed since this battery was first organized can only be ascribed to that spirit of honorable emulation which animates the volunteer force of the Province.

His Excellency also desires to express his satisfaction at the very creditable appearance of Captain Ryckman's Troop of Cavalry, and of Captain Gray's and Captain Macdonald's Companies of Volunteer Riflemen, which corps formed his Excellency's escort and a guard of honor on his arrival at, and departure from Hamilton.

By command of his Excellency the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief,

DE ROTTENBURG, Colonel,
Adjt. Genl. Militia.

LOWER CANADA.—It was stated by Mr Perault that the population of Montreal during the month of May last, had deminished by more than 2000 French Canadians who have gone to various parts of the States with the intention of becoming citizens. This is doubtless brought about by the scarcity of employment in Montreal. We see it frequently stated by the western papers that there are many of the French Canadians in Illinois and Iowa who have been there some years, and have generally prospered.

ODD FELLOWS EXCURSION.

Yesterday a large party of Odd Fellows belonging to the Toronto Lodges, and many of them accompanied by their wives and daughters, visited this city. The splendid band of the Royal Canadian Rifles was with them and played a variety of beautiful and appropriate airs through the day. Being joined by a number of brethren belonging to Lodges in this vicinity; quite a lengthy procession was formed and marched through the principal streets, dining together early in the afternoon. The dinner which was provided by Mr John Martin, embraced every delicacy, and the appearance of the tables, three of which in parallel lines extended the length of the Mechanic's Hall, was certainly deserving of great credit. After dinner was partaken of, appropriate speeches and sentiment followed each other in rapid succession, and liberality and good feeling were predominant.

The Toronto members left by the *Welland* about 8, p. m., apparently much delighted with their excursion.

[illegible] Mr. Seymour has stated, on the authority of an official visitor of the [illegible] die raving mad before they reach the age of twenty-five. It is not otherwise with their unhappy sisters of Tuscany. A gentleman, whose veracity and means of information are unquestionable, informs us that in one of the best managed convents in Florence, three girls have died in the course of last year—screaming, foaming, cursing the system to which their youth had been offered up. Hitherto considerable facilities have been offered by the Tuscan law for the temporary return of the nuns to their families in cases where the certificate of the family physician had pronounced such return necessary. But the law is constantly evaded or defied by the superiors of the convents. They hold at bay relatives, medical advisers, bishops, and even conceal or disregard the orders which they receive from Rome. In the Papal, as in all other despotisms, the delegated tyranny often defies, and effectually escapes from the control by which in theory it is curbed.

ARRIVAL OF TROOPS.—The 39th Regiment which came out in the *Simoon* to Quebec, reached Montreal last Saturday. It appears the men looked jaded from the effects of the voyage, but if anything could cheer them up, it was the enthusiastic reception they met with. The Volunteer artillery and Rifles turned out and gave them a salute, and all the bands of music as well as half the population, turned out on the occasion. Triumphal arches were erected and a good dinner was spread in the Bousecours Market. It appears many of the men of this regiment look very young, but their constition is good, and being all armed with the formidable minie rifle, they will doubtless be needed.

☞We learn from the London papers that constable Willson, of St. Thomas, in conjunction with Mr. Vanvalkenburg, chief of police, were in pursuit of two counterfeiters, during the whole of Friday night. They visited nearly every saloon, boarding house, hotel and tavern in London and the surrounding townships, in the expectation of finding two fellows who visited St. Thomas on Friday, and succeeded in passing off six counterfeit $10 bills, purporting to be on the Commercial Bank of Kingston. The bills were counterfeited in such a clever manner that two were accepted at a branch of the Bank of Montreal. It is thought that the counterfeiters have proceeded to Hamilton and Toronto, where they will do a large business, unless the press in these cities place the public on its guard. A large roll of counterfeit bills on the bank mentioned was in possession of one of the fellows.—*Dumfries Reformer.*

WEARING FLANNEL.—Put it on at once winter or summer, nothing better can be worn next the skin than a loose red woolen flannel shirt, "loose" for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a tiltillation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and when that is the case, no one can take cold; "red," for white fills up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff heavy, and impervious. Cotton merly absofts the moisture from the surface, while wollen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by its nearer exposure to the exterior air, it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, real woolen flannel is worn by sailors even in midsummer, in the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in the summer.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.—A rumor is prevalent and appears to gain ground to the effect that the Government has decided upon Kingston as the permanent site for the future Provincial Exhibitions, and that buildings for the same be erected forthwith. We of course do not pretend to know anything of the intentions of Government, but nevertheless regard the rumor in question as an exceedingly absurd one. Government may devise any scheme they please, but we hardly think they can carry it out without the aid of Parliament. That the Legislature will grant the necessary funds for carrying out such a scheme is not to be thought of for a moment. The matter of fixing a permanent location for the holding of the Provincial Agricultural Exhibitions rests with the Association, and not the Government, hence it is not probable that there can be any desire of selecting Kingston as a permanent location.

NEW BANKS.—The bank of the county of Elgin has commenced issuing notes. On the denomination of $2 and $10, there is a likeness of the president of the bank, Edward Ermatinger, Esq. We have heard that a new bank will be established in London before much time elapses.—*Prototype.*

THE INFANT'S DREM.

From the Brantford Courier.

O, cradle me on thy knee, mother!
And sing me that holy strain
That you soothed me last, when you fondly press'd
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast—
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last
That I fain would see again, mother!
That I fain would see again.

I fancied I roamed in the wood, mother!
And rested me under altough,
While near me a butterfly fluttered in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide.
And night came on, and I los' my guide
And I know not what to do, mother!
And I k ew not what to do.

My heart felt sick with fear, mother!
And I loudly wept for thee—
While near me a white maid roamed in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair.
And she kissed me soft ere I was aware,
Saying "Come, pretty babe, with me," mother!
Saying, 'Come, pretty babe, with me'

My tears and fears she quelled, mother!
And she led me far away,
And we entered the door, of a dark' dark tomb,
And passed through a long long vault of gloom,
And I opened my eyes in a land of bloom
And a sky of endless day, mother!

Sweet, heavenly forms were there, mother!
And lovely cherubims fair—
They smiled, when they saw me—but I was amazed,
And, wondering, round me gazed and gazed,
Sweet songs were heard, and shining robes blazed,
All in this land of light, mother!
All in this land of light.

Do you remember that poor old man, mother!
The came late to our door—
The night was dark and the tempest loud,
And o'er his head hung a dark, dark cloud,
And his old ragged mantle served him for a shroud
Ere the midnight watch was o'er, mother!
Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

Well, he was in glory too, mother!
And as happy as the blessed could be—
For he needed no alms in a mansion of light,
For he mixed with the patriarchs, clothed in white,
No seraph had a crown more bright
Or a costlier robe than he, mother!
Or a costlier robe than he.

Do you mind little sister Jane, mother!
She lay dead a short time ago—
You gazed on her sad and lovely wreck
With a full flood of woe you could not check,
Your heart was so sore I feared it would break—
But you live and still sob on, mother!
But you live and still sob on.

O had you been with me mother!
In those realms unknown to care,
And seen what I saw—you ne'er would envied;
Though they buried little Jane in the grave when she died,
She shone with the blessed, and adorned like a bride—
Dear sister Jane was there, mother!
Dear sister Jane was there.
O sing! for I fain would sleep, mother!
And dream as I did before—
For I lived in a land of forms divine,
Where the Ring of Glory eternally shines;
And this world would I give, if the world were mine,
To see this land again, mother!
To see this land again.

APPOINTMENTS.

Toronto, June 26, 1856.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

ACTIVE FORCE.

No. 1.—The Adjutant General having compiled a Book of drill for the Volunteer Militia Rifle Companies in the Province, which is now ready for issue, Officers in command of Companies will receive six of these Books on application to the Adjutant General in Upper Canada, and to the Inspecting Field Officer of Militia in Lower Canada.

No. 2.—A return, in duplicate, on printed forms, furnished by the Adjutant General, will be rendered quarterly, commencing on the first of July, by the Officer Commanding ever Battery of, Troops of Cavalry, Foot Artillery Company and Rifle Company in the Province to which the Crops belongs. The Inspecting Field Officer will retain one copy of the Return and forward the other to the Adjutant General, after examination and correction, if necessary. The attention of Commanding Officers is particularly called to the instructions contained in the 2nd and 3rd pages of this Return.

No. 3.—The formation of the following Corps is authorised, viz:

MILITARY DISTRICT NUMBER EIGHT, UPPER CANADA.

First Volunteer Militia Rifle Company of London.

To be Ensign:
William C. L. Gill, Gentleman.

MILITARY DISTRICT NUMBER EIGHT, UPPER CANADA.

One Volunteer Militia Rifle Company, at Paris, in the County of Brant, to be styled The Volunteer Militia Rifle Company of Paris.

The number of Privates in this Company to be sixty-three.

To be Captain:
Captain George Macartney, from 4th Battalion, Brant.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURES.—Yesterday, we had much pleasure in inspecting some splendid blankets, cloths and flannels, made at the Dundas Woollen Works, for the Crystal Palace, London. These goods have been ordered by the Government, and are intended for permanent exhibition; and we are fully convinced that they will reflect the highest credit, not only on the manufacturers, but on the Province at large. The wool was of the finest texture, from sheep belonging to the vicinity, and the workmanship was of the very best style.

ADVERTISING.—The Utica *Observer* has the following about advertising, to which every shrewd business man will assent:—"The true course in business is to let the people know what you have to offer to their notice, or what you may desire to obtain from them. The system of advertising sets down the conditions of existing trade as on a chart, and every one is enabled to guide his proceedings by it. Thus the exchanges of commerce are made with rapidity and satisfaction. There are ten thousand mutual wants in society which go about in search of each other. The advertising columns of the newspaper offer the ready means of bringing together these interests. They are the medium of communication between the seller and the buyer—the source of information mutually advantageous to the business man and the community. The time has passed for people to sit quietly in their stores, and trust to circumstances for customers. The aspect of business has been entirely changed—the old landmarks have been removed, and new channels opened. Merchants and mechanics should not now sit quietly and gaze upon the dust gathering around their wares, but with becoming shrewdness place their pens on paper, enumerate their articles, and where they may be found. Men of small capital long since discovered this road to wealth, and he who does not follow in their wake will find himself distanced."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We learn that a well respected man named James Demmings, fell from a lumber waggon one day last week, between Port Dover and Simcoe, and one of the wheels passed over his breast, injuring him so severely that death ensued.

LINES IN MEMORY OF L. E. L.

So oft my day-dreams were of thee, too early taken one,
That night would bring thy angel form long after thou wert gone,
Thy spirit hover'd round me then in midst of some sad scene,
Which Fancy's power in midnight hour from thy own page would glean.

I saw thee not in noon tide hour, amid a blaze of light,
Nor when the glare of summer skies made ev'ry flow'ret bright;
But Autumn's leaves droop'd dank and stale around the secret bower?
Where thou didst stray to dream away eve's dim, delicious hour.

Above the hung a blasted tree whose boughs in Spring were rent,
Each little leaf was budding when the hurricane was sent!
And there a lonely nightingale bewails her plunder'd nest,
In plaintive strain that heaves with pain thy sympathetic breast.

And near thee rolls a sombre stream, with hollow gurgling sound,
Its struggles scattering flickery foam on each high cliff around,
Then down the deep and yawning gulf, like thing of life, it springs,
[illegible] play of misty spray flung from its welterings.

There thou didst seem to picture forth those scenes of darkest grief,
Which make ev'n callous Selfishness desire to give relief;
While now and then some fitful flash would glance athwart their gloom,
Like lurid flights of spectre-lights that flit around the tomb.

Yes the pageantry that lumes thy line is but the hearse's plume;
The love thou light'st in youthful hearts but kindles to consume;
The hearts thou pain'st are old in grief if they be young in years—
And eyes if bright, receive their light from sorrow's burning tears.

Sad was thy song of noble hearts that perish'd in their pride,—
Of youths that panted high for fame and yet despairing died,—
Of heavenly intellects obscure destinguish'd all too soon;
Now we regret thy own sun set before its brightest noon.

Of hopeless, hidden, passion which the tender bosom wings,—
Of uncomplaining anguish too from cold neglect that springs,—
Of all our deepest sympathies that burn in secresy
The' expressive tongue is now unstrung, and gone its witchery.

Thy magic wand is wav'd no with quick, creative sweep,
Yet vanish not its visons conjur'd up from Fancy's deep,—
The wind that wantons with thy harp no new enchantment brings,
Yet some lov'd strain it breathes again, in soft, sweet echoings.

And as the streamlet murmurs sweet though far beyond our sight—
As shrill the lark wil warble which to heav'n has wing'd its flight,
So shall thy notes, to' thou art gone, still vibrate in our hear,
And there shall dwill a mystic spell which time can ne'er dispat.

THE BLIND SISTER.

This was how I found it out. Lettie and I were sitting in the window at our work—it was some mourning we were making for our rector's family—and it had to be sent home the next day early. She said, 'Jane, it seems as if the sun had given up shining; how dull everthing looks! don't you think so!'

I did not notice it; there was still an hour's daylight. She put up her hand to her forehead as if pained her, so I bade her go out for a tur in the garden; we had sat close to our sewing all the day, and the young thing was tired: even I was, and my eyes ached sorly. She went along by the flower-bd, and gathered a few roses—we were in the middle of July then—and gave them to me through the window, saying that she would go down into the town for some trimmings we wanted to finish the dresse. I would rather she had stayed at home and replied that the shops would be shut; but she was not listening, and went away down the window, and was lighting my candle; she said, 'I could not get the fringe, Jane,' and then laying her bonnet on the dresser, took up her on work. After she sewed perhaps five minutes she dropped her hands on her knees, and such a strange hopeless expression came into her face, that I was quite shocked and frightened.

'What ails you, Lettie? what can have happened?' I asked, suspecting I scarcely knew what.

She looked at me drearily in silence for some moments, and then said hastily, 'I might as well tell you at once, Jane.—I'm going blind.'

My work fell to the ground, and I uttered a startled cry.

'Don't take on about it, Jane; it can't be helped,' she added.

It is only a fancy of yours, Lettie; I shall have you to Doctor Nash in the morning. What has made you take such a notion into your head all at once,' said I, for I thought this was ano.her nervous whim. Lettie had been a good deal indulged by our mother before she died, and had shown herself not a little headstrong some times, as well as fanciful.

'It is of no use, Jane; I have been to Doctor Nash myself, and he said plainly that I was going blind. I have been to him twice before: I knew what was coming. Oh, Janey! what shall we do? what shall we do?' and having borne up thus far she broke down, and sobbed aloud, with her face on her arms on the table.

'We shall do very well. In the first place I don't believe Doctor Nash knows anything about it—and, in the next, I shall have you up to London to a great doctor, and hear you are to be blind all your days.' [illegible]

She was a little cheered by this.

'To London, Janey! but where is the money to come from!' she asked.

'Leave that to me.' I'll arrange somehow.' It was very puzzling to me settle how just then, but have a firm conviction that where there is a will to do anything, a way may generally be found, and I meant to find it.

She took up her work, but I bade her leave it. 'You will not set another stitch, Lettie,' I said; 'you may just play on the old piano and sing your bits of songs, and get out into the fresh air—you have been kept too close, and are pale to what you were.—Go to bed now like a good little lassie; I'll do by myself.'

'But there is so much to finish, Janey.'

'Not a stitch that you'll touch, Lettie; so kiss me good-night, and get away.'

'And you don't think much of what Doctor Nash said?' she asked very wistfully.

'No! I've no opinion of him at all.' And hearing me speak up in my natural way (though my heart was doubting all the time) she went away comforted, and in better hope. I had put it off before her, because she would have given way to fretting, if I had seemed to believe what the doctor said; but, as I drew my needle through and through my work till three hours past midnight, I had often to stop to wipe the tears from my eyes.

There were only two of us—Lettie and myself—and we had neither father nor mother, nor indeed any relative whom we knew. Lettie was seventeen, and I was four years older. We were both dressmakers, and either worked at home or went out bythe day. We lived in a small, thatched, three-roomed cottage outside the town, which had a nice garden in front. Some people had told us that if we moved into the town we should get better employ; but both Lettie and I liked the place where we had been born so much better than the closed-in streets that we had never got changed: and [illegible] much, but we were rather put to it sometimes to get it made up by the day, for our landlady was very sharp upon her tenants, and if they were over so little behindhand, she gave them notice directly.

I set my wits to work how to get the money to take Lettie to London; but all that night no ide came to me, and next day it was the same. With two pair of hands we had maintained ourselves decently; but how was it going to be now that there was only one! Rich folks little think how hard it is for many of us poor day-workers to live on our little earnings, much more to spare for an evil day.

II.

Sunday found me still undecided, but that was our holiday, and I meant to see Doctor Nash myself while Lettie was gone to chapel. She made herself look nice, for she had a modest pride in her looks which becomes a girl. I thought her very pretty myself, and so did the neighbours, she had clear, small features, and pale colour in her cheeks, soft brown hair, and hazel eyes. It was not easy to see that anything ailed them, unless you looked into them very closely, and then there was a dimness to be seen about them, which might be disease. She had put off thinking about herself, and was as merry as a cricket who she went down the lane in her white bonnet and clean muslin gown. She nodded to me [I was watching her from the doorway,] and smiled quite happily. I was as proud of Lettie as ever my mother had been. She was always such a clever, warm-hearted little thing; for all her high temper.

When she was fairly gone, and the church bells ceased, I dressed myself in haste, and set off into the town to see Doctor Nash.—He was at home, and his man showed me into his surgery, where I had to wait maybe an hour. When the doctor came in, he asked me sharply why I could not have put off my visit till *Monday*; was my business so pressing? He did not consider how precious were the work-days to us, or may be he would not have spoken—for he was a benevolent man, as we had every reason to know—he having attended our mother through her last illness as carefully as if she had been a rich lady, though we could never hope to pay him. I explained what I had come about, and he softened then, but would not alter what he had told Lettie himself.

'She has been with me three or four times,' he said. 'She is an interesting little gir.—it is a great pity, but I do not think her sight can be saved—I don't indeed, Jane.'

He explained to me why he was of this opinion, and how the disease would advance more lengthily than need be set down here. Then he said he could get her admitted into the Blind Institution if we liked—and that I must keep her well, and send her out of doors constantly. And so I went home again, with very little hope left, as you may well think, after what I had heard.

I did not tell Lettie where I had been, and she never suspected. There was no chapel that afternoon, and we were getting ready to take a walk along the river bank as we generally did on fine Sundays [for all the town went there, and it freshened us up to see the holiday people far more than if we had stopped at home reading our books, as many say it is only right to do,] when one of our neighbours came in with her son. Mrs Crofts was a widow, and Harry was studying medicine with Doctor Nash. They were both kind friends of ours—and, between Lettie and the young man, there had been for ever so long a sort of boy and girl liking—but I do not think they had spoken to each other yet. Lettie coloured up when Harry appeared, and went into the garden to show him, she said, the white moss rose that was full of bloom by the kitchen window—but they stayed whispering over it so long, that I did not think it was only that they were talking about. Then Harry went out at the gate looking downcast and vexed and Lettie came back into the house with a queer wild look in her face that I did not like. Mrs Crofts said, 'Is Harry gone?' and my sister made her a short answer, and went into the bed-room.

'Harry is going up to London very soon, I shall be glad to have the examinations over and him settled. Doctor Nash thinks very well of him, he is a good young fellow and a favourite of mine, and I hoped he would do well—but, listening for Lettie's coming to us, perhaps I seemed rather cold and stiff; for Mrs Crofts asked if I was not well, or if there was anything on my mind: so I told her about poor Lettie's sight:

'I've seen no appearance of blindness—Harry never said a word. You don't think it can be true?' she asked. I did not know what to think. I was sure that, in that whispering over the rose-tree, my sister had told young Mr Croft; and I wished his mother might go away, that I might comfort her. At last she went. Then I called to Lettie, who came at once. She had been fretting; but, as she tried to hide it, I made no remark, and we went down the lane to the river meadows in silence. The first person we met was Harry Crofts. Lettie seemed put out when he joined us, and turned back. She stayed behind, and was presently in company with our landlady, Mrs Davis who was taking the air in a little [illegible] Mrs Davis had always noticed favour[illegible] Mrs Crofts looked back once or twice to see if she was following; but, when he found she was not, he proposed to wait for her, and we sat down by the water on a tree trunk which lay there.

'This is a sad thing about Lettie's eyes Jane,' he said suddenly.

'Yes, it is. What do you think about them? Is there any chance for her?'

'Doctor Nash says not; but, Jane, next week Phillipson; the best oculist in England, is coming to stay a couple of days with Nash. Let him see her.'

'I meant to try to get her to London for advice.'

'There is nobody so clever as Phillipson. Oh! Jane, I wish I had passed——'

'Do you fancy you know what would cure her?'

'I'd try. You know, Jane, I love Lettie. I meant to ask her to be my wife. I did ask her this afternoon, and she said, No; and then told me about her sight—it is only that. I know she likes me, indeed, she did not try to deny it.'

'Yes, Harry, you have been so much together; but there must be no talk of marrying.'

'That is what she says.'

'She is right—she must just stay with me. You could not do with a blind wife, Harry: you, a young man with your way to make in the world.'

He tore up a handful of grass, and flung it upon the river, saying passionately, 'Why, of all the girls in Dalston must this affliction fall on poor Lettie?' and then he got up and walked away to meet her coming along the bank. They had a good deal of talk together which I did not listen to; for their young hearts were speaking to each other—telling their secrets. Lettie loved him: yes, certainly she loved him.

III.

Doctor Phillipson's opinion was the same as that of Doctor Nash. Lettie was not so down stricken as I had dreaded she would be, and she bade good-bye to Harry Crofts almost cheerfully when he went up to London.

'There, Jane, now I hope he'll forget me,' she said to me—'I don't like to see him so dull.'

That day *Mrs* Davis sent her a ticket for a concert at the Blind Institution, and she went. When she came home to tea she told me that the girls and boys who sang looked quite happy and contented. 'And why should not I be so too? what a number of beautiful sights I can remember which some of them saw!' she added, with a sigh.

After this, imperceptibly, her sight went until I noticed that, even in crossing the floor, she felt horway before her, with her hands out, Doctor Nash again offered to get her admitted into the Institution, but she always pleaded 'Let me stay with you, Janey!' and I had not the heart to refuse; though she would have had more advantages there, than I could afford her.

Not far from us there lived an old German clockmaker, who was besides musical, and acted as organist at the Roman Catholic Chapel in the town. We had known him all our lives. Lettie often carried him a posy from our garden, and his grandchildren came to me for patches to dress their dolls. Muller was a grim fantastic-looking figure, but he had a heart of pure gold. He was benevolent, simple, kindly, it was his talk that had reconciled Lettie, more than anything else to her condition. He was so poor, yet so satisfied; so afflicted, yet unrepining.

'Learn music—I will teach thee,' he said to my sister. So, sometimes in our little parlour, and sometimes in his, he gave her lessons in fine sacred pieces from Handel and Haydn, and taught her to sing as they sing in churches—which was grander than our simple *Methodist* hymns. It was a great delight to listen to her. It seemed as if she felt everything deeper in her heart, and expressed it better than before: and it was all her consolation to draw the sweet sounds up out of that well of feeling which love had sounded. I know that, remember how Harry loved her, gave a tenderness and patience to her suffering which it would else have lacked. She, who used to be so quick with her tongue, never gave anybody a sharp word now.

I do not say much about our being poor, though, of course, that could not but be; still we had friends who were kind to us: even *Mrs* Davis, softened, and mentioned to me, under seal of confidence, that, I could not quite make up the rent, she would not press me—but I fortunately had not to claim her forbearance, or else I do fear she could not have borne to lose a sixpence—and when it had come to the point we should have had to go like others: she was so very fond of money, poor woman! Lettie used to go to the Institution sometimes, where she learnt to knit, and net, and weave basket-work. Our rector [a better man never lived, or a kinder to the poor] had her to net covers for his fruit-trees, fishing-nets, and other things—and to knit woollen socks for himself and his boys—so that altogether she contrived to make what almost kept her. Now that the calamity had really come, it was not half so dreadful as it had seemed a long way off. Lettie was mostly cheerful.—I never heard her complain, but she used to say, often, that there was much to be thankful for with us. She had a quite religious feeling, which kept her from melancholy—and, though I did not find it out until afterwards, a hope that perhaps her affliction might some day be removed. Harry had put that thought into her mind, and I do not think I am overstating the truth in saying that his honest, manly affection for her was the great motive to his working so hard at his profession, in which he has since become deservedly successful and famous.

We had six very quiet years. It seemed to me as if Lettie had always, from the first, gone softly groping her way, and I had always led her to chapel and back. Harry studied in London, then we heard of him in Edinburgh—and at last his mother said he had gone to Paris, and she was half afraid he would settle there and marry a papist wife. Lettie looked sorrowful and restless for a day or two after that, but presently recovered her cheerfulness. We had not much change or variety at home.—There was I for ever at my work, and Lettie at her music. She had gained a great deal of skill now, and many a time have I seen a knot of people standing at the corner of our garden hedge to listen to her singing.—I have heard several grand public performers since then; but never one who could touch my heart and bring the tears into my eyes as my poor blind sister did. On Sunday, at chapel, we could hear her voice, clear and sweet, above all the rest; and, though our tunes were wild and simple—sung by her, they were beautiful. Sometimes she would go to St. John's church for the sake of the organ and the chaunting, but I did not feel it right to change: habit is strong in slow, untaught people; and it did not seem as if I had kept my Sabbath, unless I said my prayers in the homely little chapel to which our mother had led us by the hand when we were children. Lettie loved the grand church music, and who could wonder at it, poor lassie? Once or twice when she begged me to go with her, it had seemed to fill my heart to pain almost [illegible] said it made her feel happier and better, and more thankful to God. Perhaps in losing one sense, her enjoyment through others grew more intense.

IV.

At the end of those six years Harry Crofts came home. He was often at our house and we liked having him, but, though Lettie seemed happy enough, he was uneasy and and discontented. I have seen him stand beside the piano, and never take his eyes off her by the half hour together; but his face looked quite gloomy. At last no one day said to me, 'Jane, are you timid—I do not think Lettie is? She seems strong and well.' I knew he meant more than a simple inquiry after our nerves, and I asked if he thought he had found out a cure for my sister. He turned quite red.

'Yes; I believe I have. I saw an operation performed in Paris on a girl's eyes similarly affected. It was successful.'

I said not a werd. The prospect seemed too good, too beautiful to be true! Just at this moment Lettie came in through the the doorway; there was sunshine behind her, and she appeared to bring it into the parlour with her. 'Are you here, Harry?' she immediately asked.

It was a strange thing, that, although she neither saw him nor heard him speak, she at once aware of his presence. He got up and took her by the hand, and brought her to me. 'Tell her, Jane, or shall I?' he whispered. I signed to him to speak, himself which he did without hesitation.

'Lettie, have you courage to undergo operation on your eyes which may restore your sight?'

She clapsed her hands, and such a beautiful colour colour came flushing up into her face—you would have said it was like an angel's face, it changed so brightly.

'O, yes! anything, anything, Harry, only give me that hope!' said she softly.

I looked at him questioningly to ask if he had not better warn her of possible disappointment, and he said at once:

'Lettie, I ought to tell you that this operation may fail, though I do not fear that it will. For my sake, Lettie,' he added, in an undertone.

'Well, then, for your sake, Harry,' she replied with a low sigh. 'Even if it should not give me back my sight, I shall only be as I am now.'

They went out into the garden together, and, from the earnest, gentle way in which Harry talked to Lettie, I know that he was preparing her for what she had to undergo. She did not want for courage in any circumstances; and I did not look for her being weak now.

The operation was performed during the following week. Doctor Philipson and Doctor Nash were both present, but Harry Crofts himself did it. His nerve was wonderful. Lettie behaved admirably too—indeed, nobody was foolish but myself, and when it was over I fainted. It was entirely successful, my sister has her sight, now, as good as I have. For several weeks we kept her in darkened room, but she was gradually permitted to face the light, and the joy of that time is more than words can describe.

Harry Crofts soon after claimed her as his wife; and really, to say the truth, nobody had a better right to her. The report of the singular cure he had made, lifted him at once into consideration, and, as he made diseases of the eye his particular study, he is now as celebrated an oculist as Doctor Philipson himself: many persons indeed give him the preference. The operation, then thought so much of, is now of frequent occurrence, Lettie's kind of blindness being no longer looked on as irremediable.

And this is all I need tell about our history—it is not much, or very romantic, but I am often asked about it, so I have just set down the truth.

BIRTH.

In this city on the 30th June, the wife of Mr R. B. Hill, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday, the 25th inst., at St. Andrew's Church, *Grimsby*, by the Rev F. J. Lundy, D. C. L., Rector, George S. Nixon, Esq. of Grimsby, to Miss Catharine Walker, of Smithville.

Also at the same time and place, and by the same, Thomas *C.* Brownjohn, late of Hampshire, England, to Miss Returah, L. Muir, eldest daughter of Andrew P Muir, Esq. of Grimsby.

On the same day at Smithville, by the Rev Mr Bertram, Murdock Randall, Esq. of Grimsby to Miss Josette Gould, formerly of Jefferson County, New York.

DIED

At residence of his uncle, [Mr George Roach] of this city, on the 27th instant, John Mead, son of Mr. Richard Mead, Port Dover, aged 2d years.

HAMILTON MARKETS

	£	s	d		£	s.	d
Flour ℔ bbl.	1	10	0	@	0	0	0
Wheat ℔ bush.	0	5	6	@	0	5	9
Butter ℔ lb.	0	0	8	@	0	0	9
Barley.	0	4	8	@	0	0	0
Oats ℔ Bush	0	2	4	@	0	2	5
Potatoes do	0	2	3	@	0	2	6
Beef ℔ 100 lbs.	1	17	6	@	2	0	0
Mutton ℔ lb.	0	0	5	@	0	0	6½
Beef ℔ lb	0	0	5	@	0	0	8
Ham & Bacon	0	0	6	@	0	0	6½
℔ lb.	0	0	7	@	0	0	8
Veal ℔ lb	0	0	3	@	0	0	5
Lamb ℔	0	0	5	@	0	0	0
Eggs ℔ doz.	0	0	10	@	0	0	0
Hay ℔ ton	2	0	0	@	3	5	0
Wood per cord.	0	17	0	@	1	5	