

she, the beloved of her heart, was raised up from a bed of sickness, 'God's fresh blessing' would be about them day and night. 'They got up hospitals,' she would add, 'for the suddenly struck for death, for the lame, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind; for the vicious! but there were none to comfort those who deserved and needed more than any! She did not want them to take her darling from her. She only asked advice and medicine.' She implored for nothing more. The Irish never seem to feel ashamed of obtaining assistance from any source, except the parish; and Mary would have imagined she heaped the bitterest wrong upon Lucy if she had consulted 'the parish doctor'; thus her national prejudice shut her out from the only relief, trifling as it might have been, which she could obtain for her who cherished.

And so she fell disease, pale and ghastly, stalked on, grasping its panting and unresisting victim closer and more close, wasting her form—infusing the thirsty fever into her reins—parching her quivering lips into whiteness—drawing her breath—steeping her in unwholesome dews—and, at times, with a most cruel mockery, painting her cheek and lighting an *ignis fatuus* in her eyes, to be wilder with false hopes of life while life was failing! Her perceptions, which had been for a time clouded, quickened as her end drew near; she saw the furniture departing piece by piece: at last she missed her father's sash and sword; and when poor Mary would have framed excuses, she placed her quivering fingers on her lips, and spoke more than she had done for many days. 'God will reward you for your steadfast love of a poor parentless girl: you spared my treasure as long as you could, caring nothing for yourself, working and staving, and all for me. Oh that the world could know, and have belief in the fervent enduring virtues that sanctify such rooms as this, that decorate bare walls, and make a bright and warming light when the coal is burnt to ashes, and the thin candle, despite our watching, flickers before the night is done. I have not thought it night when I felt your hand or heard you breathe.' Oh, what liberal charities are there of which the world knows nothing! How generous, and how mighty in extent and value, are the gifts given by the poor to the poor!

It is useless as well as painful to note what followed. All was over.

'To die so, in her strength, her youth, her beauty; to be left to die, because they say there's no cure for it: they never tried to cure her!' exclaimed the nurse between her bursts of grief—'no place to shelter her—no one to see to her—no proper food, or air, or care—my heart's jewel—who cared for all, when she had it! Still, the Lord is merciful. Another week, and I should have had nothing but a drop of cold water to moisten her lips, and no bed for her to lie on. I kept that to the last, anyhow; and now it may go; it must go—small loss: what matter what comes of the likes of me, when such as her could have no help! I'll beg from door to door, till I raise enough to lay her by her father's side in the churchyard of Old Chelsea.' But that effort, at all events, was not needed: the hospital was astir; the sergeant-major was remembered; and the church-bell tolled when Lucy was laid in her father's grave in the churchyard of Old Chelsea.

The story of 'The Forlorn Hope,' illustrated with wood engravings, and handsomely bound, appeared in the novel and acceptable character of a free-will offering of its authoress towards the establishment

of a hospital for the cure, or relief, of consumption, about to be erected at Brompton, in the western environs of the metropolis. We trust that the publication will prove a serviceable to the funds of this excellent institution as its benevolent writer could desire.

THE Bayfield Volunteer Company have received a new set of iron targets. We have no doubt they will make good use of them.

A Rifle Club was organized in Guelph on Tuesday night last, and a committee appointed to get more names. On Friday night all the arrangements are to be perfected.

THE MINISTER OF MILITIA.—The Toronto *Ptelegraph* says: The band of the Queen's Own Rifles serenaded the Hon. John A. Macdonald on the 9th inst., at the residence of the Hon. D. L. Macpherson.

The campaign against the Indians in the States has commenced in a very unfortunate manner. Out of a force of 2,500 regular cavalry sent out against them, upwards of 300 men have already deserted. The service does not appear to be at all popular.

THE FRONTENAC BATTALION.—The 47th Volunteer Battalion will take part in the review at Barriefield Common, Kingston, on the 1st of July, in honor of the inauguration of the Confederacy. The several companies will muster at their own headquarters, and march to the city.—*Whig*.

DESERTERS.—Four soldiers of the lookout party stationed at Oakville, procured a small boat at an early hour on the 11th, and set sail across the lake. It is supposed that they reached the refuge of the oppressed, as they have not since been heard from.

LONDON LIGHT INFANTRY.—This battalion of Volunteers paraded on the evening of the 10th in the Drill Shed, under Lt. Col. J. B. Taylor, and headed by their fife and drum band marched out to the common east of William street, where they marched past in quick and double time, and were afterwards exercised in light infantry movements by sound of bugle.—*Advertiser*.

VOLUNTEER FUNERAL.—Private John Gabriel, "G" company, London Light Infantry, died yesterday in the city hospital, and was buried this afternoon, a number of members of the company attending the funeral in uniform. The usual military honors had to be dispensed with, owing to a want of blank ammunition for the Spencer rifles.—*Advertiser*.

MILITARY.—Captain McKinnon's Company (No. 7, 37th Haldimand Rifles) has been under drill for the past week, and notwithstanding the severe heat, the men have, with few exceptions, done exceedingly well, and deserve great credit. Capt. M. and his subordinate officers also deserve praise for the manner in which they have performed their onerous duties. Lieut. Col. Davis took a look at the men on Saturday, the 8th, and appeared to be well satisfied.—*Sachem*.

MILITARY EXAMINATION.—The following Volunteer officers were examined in Toronto on the 12th at the Drill Shed, before Col. McKinstry, Col. Dennis, and Brigade Major Denison:—1st class—Col. P. S. Stephenson, 5th Batt.; Col. Shedden, 3rd do.; Lieut. Turner, 4th do. 2nd class—Lieut. John McCanniff, 4th Catt.; Lieut. Hughes, 3rd do.; Sergt. Major Armstrong, 4th do.; Constructors O'Brien and Cruet, both late of the 47th Regt.; Sergt. Strame, 4th; Sergt. Morse, 4th.

DEPARTURE OF RIFLES.—Company K, Capt. Bernard, of the R. C. Rifles, left Kingston for Montreal, en route to St. John's, Newfoundland, in the steamer *Champion*, to replace at the latter place another company of the same regiment. The band of the regiment played the company down to the wharf, and bade them a hearty adieu. Capt. Bernard did not proceed with his company, having exchanged with the officer commanding the company at St. John's—*Whig*.

QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.—A rifle match open, to the non-commissioned officers and men of the Queen's Own, came off on the 10th, at the garrison common, for three prizes, given by the officers of the regiment. The ranges were 200, 300, 400, 500 and 600 yards—seven shots at each range—Spencer rifles. A strong wind from the south made the firing uncertain at the long ranges, but on the whole the firing was good. About fifty men were present. We annex the score of the winners.

Private Bell, No 9 Co.,	93 points,	1st prize.
Priv. Campbell	4 " 81 "	2nd "
Sergt. Bailey,	3 " 77 "	3rd "

VOLUNTEER FUNERAL.—On Thursday morning the first death took place that has occurred in the Oshawa Volunteers since their formation, nearly five years ago, and on Friday Private John Huston was buried with military honors, at Dr. Thornton's burying ground. Captain Burk's and Capt. Michael's companies turned out to pay the last honors to their departed comrade. The firing party was furnished from No. 2 Company, to which the deceased belonged. The coffin was carried with the Union Jack, and upon it was placed the waist belt and shako of the dead. Before the hearse marched in order the firing party with reversed arms, the battalion band, the men and officers of No. 2 and 3 companies, Capt. F. E. Gibbs, Major Warren, and Lieut. Col. Fairbanks. As the procession moved along through the streets, the band playing a solemn dirge, many who had never before witnessed a military funeral were moved almost to tears. The deceased had been with his company three times to the front, and in camp on active service, and had always shown himself to be a prompt and steady soldier.—*Vindicator*.

MILITARY DISTRICT OF NORTHERN NEW YORK. The Buffalo *Courier* says: "The military district of the Northern Frontier, which is under the command of Brevet Major-Gen. Barry, U. S. Army, extends along the Canada frontier from Erie in the State of Pennsylvania to Plattsburgh on Lake Champlain, the northeastern frontier of the State of New York. It comprises the military posts of Erie, Fort Porter, Fort Niagara, Fort Ontario, Madison Barracks, and Plattsburgh Barracks. The U. S. regular troops which at present are stationed in the district are the 42nd Regiment of infantry, and Batteries L of the 1st Artillery and M of the 4th Artillery. In the event of any emergency occurring within the limits of his command, which may demand their presence and services, Major General Barry is authorized to call upon the U. S. troops which garrison the forts in the harbors of Boston and New York, and also those upon the coast of New England generally. The commanders of the U. S. war steamers *Michigan* and *Perry*, upon Lake Erie, and of the *Chase* upon Lake Ontario, have received orders to co-operate with Gen. Barry whenever he may find it necessary to call upon them for that purpose.