

WEDY

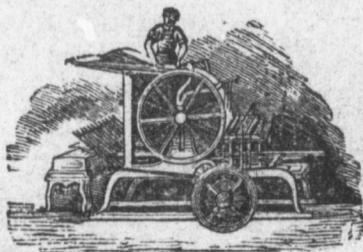
THE

INTELLIGENCER

Family Almanac

FOR

1872.



PUBLISHED AT THE

Intelligencer Buildings, Front St., Belleville, Ont.

ECLIPSES.

In the year 1872 there will be two Eclipses of the Sun and two of the Moon.

I.—A partial eclipse of the Moon, May 22, 1872. The middle of the eclipse occurs before the Moon rises in Canada. The last contact with the shadow occurs soon after the Moon rises at Halifax and Fredericton, but before she rises at western stations. The last contact with the Penumbra takes place after the moon rises at Halifax, Toronto, &c., but before she rises at Fort Garry.

II.—An annular eclipse of the Sun, June 5, 1872, invisible in Canada. The line of central eclipse extends from a point in the Indian Ocean (Lat. 5° 43' N. Long. 65° E.) across the Indian Peninsula and China, to a point in the Pacific (Lat. 27° 32' N. and Long. 155° 33' W.)

III.—A partial eclipse of the Moon, November 14, 1872, visible in Canada.

IV.—A total Eclipse of the Sun, November 30, 1872, invisible in Canada. The line of central eclipse extends from a point in the South Pacific (Lat. 15° 1' S. ; Long. 173° 12' W.) eastward, south of Cape Horn, to a point in the South Atlantic (Lat. 41° 20' S. ; Long. 12° 23' W.)

DIVISION COURTS

FOR THE COUNTY OF HASTINGS FOR 1872.

Hon. GEO. SHERWOOD, Judge.

FIRST DIVISION—AT THE COURT HOUSE, BELLEVILLE.—8th January, 22nd February, 5th April, 16th May, 28th June, 31st July, 6th September, and 22nd November.

SECOND DIVISION—AT THE TOWN HALL, SIDNEY.—9th January, 1st May, 8th July, 2nd September.

THIRD DIVISION—AT HOLDEN'S HALL, SHANNONVILLE.—10th January, 2nd May, 9th July, and 3rd September.

FOURTH DIVISION—AT THE TOWN HALL, HUNGERFORD.—26th January, 8th March, 9th May, 25th July, 19th September, and 20th November—at 1 o'clock, P.M., on each day.

FIFTH DIVISION—AT THE TOWN HALL, STIRLING.—23rd January, 6th March, 6th May, 22nd July, 16th September, and 18th November.

SIXTH DIVISION—AT THE TOWN HALL, MADOC.—25th January, 7th March, 8th May, 24th July, 18th September, and 19th November.

SEVENTH DIVISION—AT THE TOWN HALL, HUNTINGDON.—26th January, 9th May, 25th July, and 19th September.

EIGHTH DIVISION—AT THE TOWN HALL, CANIFTON.—13th January, 4th May, 11th July, and 5th September.

NINTH DIVISION—AT THE TOWN HALL, TRENTON.—12th January, 4th March 3rd May, 10th July, 4th September, and 6th November.

TENTH DIVISION—AT THE TOWN HALL, MARMORA.—24th January, 7th May, 23rd July, and 17th September.

ELEVENTH DIVISION—AT THE TOWN HALL, BRIDGEWATER.—27th January 10th May, 26th July, and 20th September.

The Courts will open at 9 o'clock, A.M., except as otherwise above ordered.

COUNTY COURT AND GENERAL SESSIONS.—11th June, 10th December.

COUNTY COURT TERMS.—1st January, 1st July, 1st April, and 7th October.

COUNTY COURT WITHOUT JURY.—1st April and 7th October.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!"

"Merry words, merry words, ye come bursting
around,
Telling all that Affection can say; [sound,
'Tis the music of heart-chorus that dwells in the
'Many happy returns of the day!'

Though Misfortune is nigh, let the kind words
float by,
And something of Hope will spring up; [gall,
That the hand of the Future may drain off the
And some nectar-drops yet fill our cup.

If we bask in content while another short year
Is recorded with eloquent bliss;
How we prize the fond wishes, all gladly sincere,
That come round with the soul-pledging kiss.

Then a garland—a bumper, a dance, and a feast,
Let the natal-tide come when it may;
Be it autumn or spring, a gay chorus we'll sing—
'Many happy returns of the day!'

ELIZA COOK.



"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!"

AS again the New Year comes round, a crowd of old associations gather to the memory, associating the Present with the shadows of the Past. It is a strange, strange mystery—but no less a mystery than a truth—that one of the chief sweets of memory is drawn from the melancholy which follows in its train. In lonely moments of meditation, does not the union of tender memories, cheerful and regretful, bring forth an offspring of tears, children of thought—soothing and sorrowful in their influence upon the human mind. And what is the spoken meaning of such tears? Answer springs to the lips in the marvellously musical language of Tennyson:—

*"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."*

But as there are the pleasures of Memory, so also there are the pleasures of Hope; and whilst we look back upon what we have achieved or failed to achieve

in the past, we may look forward to achieving again, or for the first time, in the future. As the year just passed away is consigned to the archives of the past, so a new year takes its place, and woos us to achievements—the ever-willing prize of industry and integrity. The years are the Kings of Time—and, as with the kings of men, the king never dies. "The king is dead!"—"Long live the king!"—is pronounced in one and the same breath—but the new king of men is known by a different title, as the new king of Time is known by a different date.

And whilst with regret we look back on the past—on neglected opportunities for doing and getting good—we may look with bright hope to the future, which presents a path upon which we may march, led by the proper lights, to pleasant victories and pure pleasures. Let us then start fair upon the new race for honest fame and fortune; and on the eve of such race let us—by the cheerful fireside, over the festive board, surrounded by venerable representatives of the Past, hearty representatives of the Present, and rosy representatives of the Future—wish each other, with all sincerity, "A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"



“GRANT ME BUT HER!” THE NOBLE PRISONER CRIED!

1 M	<i>“Time, with its mighty strides, will soon reach a future generation, and leave the present in death and forgetfulness behind it.”—CHALMERS.</i>
2 Tu	
3 W	
4 Th	<i>Lady Russell born, 1636.</i>
5 F	Edict of the Emperor of China issued, interdicting all trade and intercourse with England for ever! 1840.
6 S	<i>Epiphany.</i>
7 S	1st Sunday after Epiphany.
8 M	The first Sabbath school was founded by Ludwig Hacker, in Pennsylvania, 1742; and in England, about the same time, by Raikes, an eminent printer at Gloucester.
9 Tu	
10 W	Penny Postage commenced, 1840.
11 Th	<i>Fabert born, 1599.</i>
12 F	Vaccination was discovered by Dr. Jenner in 1799. He received £10,000 from Parliament in 1802; and £90,000 in 1807.
13 S	
14 S	2nd Sunday after Epiphany.
15 M	The first printing executed in Australia was in the year 1810.
16 Tu	<i>Lady Hamilton died, 1815.</i>
17 W	In 1794 bigamy was declared to be no longer a felony, but to be punished as larceny.
18 Th	150th anniversary of the Prussian monarchy celebrated with great state in Berlin, 1851.
19 F	The last of the French invaders evacuated Russia, 1813. 500,000 men crossed the Niemen in June previous, and only 20,000 returned.—Ciudad Rodrigo stormed, 1812.
20 S	
21 S	3rd Sunday after Epiphany.
22 M	The royal family of Portugal, driven from Lisbon by the French, arrived at Brazil, 1808.
23 Tu	In 1772 £5,000 was paid by Parliament to Mr. Irvine for his discovery of a method to make salt-water fresh.—Frederick the Great born, 1688.
24 W	
25 Th	Robert Burns born, 1759.
26 F	In 1546, millers were forbidden to grind their corn twice, as being pernicious!
27 S	The title of “citizen” was first allowed to be used in France in 1792.
28 S	Septuagesima Sunday.
29 M	[Peter the Great died, 1725.
30 Tu	The first “life-boat,” built by Mr. Greathead, of South Shields, launched, 1790.
31 W	The first post-office steamer entered Dover harbour from Calais in 1822.

Mn's Age.

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THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar.	.. 3rd, .. 59 min. past 9 night.
New Moon	.. 10th, .. 58 min. past 2 aftern.
First Qv.r.	.. 17th, .. 2 min. past 12 noon.
Full Moo.	.. 25th, .. 14 min. past 5 aftern.

Reference to Illustration.

THE trial of LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL is one of the most famous, and, at the same time, infamous events in all English history. It has, ever since it took place, formed a fruitful theme for generation after generation of historian, of poet, and of painter. That the noble victim was in some way mixed up with the conspirators of the Rye-House plot it is not sought to deny, but no proof has ever been adduced that he was associated with the conspiracy. But he was the man against which a corrupt and vicious government set itself with all the earnestness and vindictiveness of vice. Some great head must fall to tell the people how dreadful was the danger from which the king and country had just escaped; and what head so high to strike down, what fame so bright to tarnish, as the associate of Algernon Sidney!—a man who, for his very virtues, was hated by the king and the court.

The trial of Lord William Russell was a cruel mockery. Before the prisoner was impeached he was condemned. The judges had received their orders from the ministers; the prosecuting counsel were instructed to charge the prisoner in the most malicious and malignant manner; and an array of perjurers was marshalled to swear away his life. The most cruel part of the proceedings was the denial of counsel to the prisoner, instead of which he was granted permission to employ an amanuensis. On the morning of that memorable trial the court presented a striking appearance. The judges arrayed in their robes of sullied ermine—the soldiers of the guard in their bright uniforms—the courtiers in their bright dresses, and the ladies in the galleries blazing in jewelled coronets—for every noble family in the land had there a representative. Great was the curiosity excited to learn who could be got to act as amanuensis for the prisoner—who would have the courage to befriend him who was the common object of hatred to the king and his ministers. What must have been the excitement, therefore, when the beautiful, amiable, and high-born Lady Rachel Russell entered and took her seat at the table by the side of her accused husband. A murmur of admiration and commiseration ran through the court, and many a sob broke through the silence which followed upon the first expression of pity and surprise. Through-

OMNIBUS AND LIVERY DEPOT,



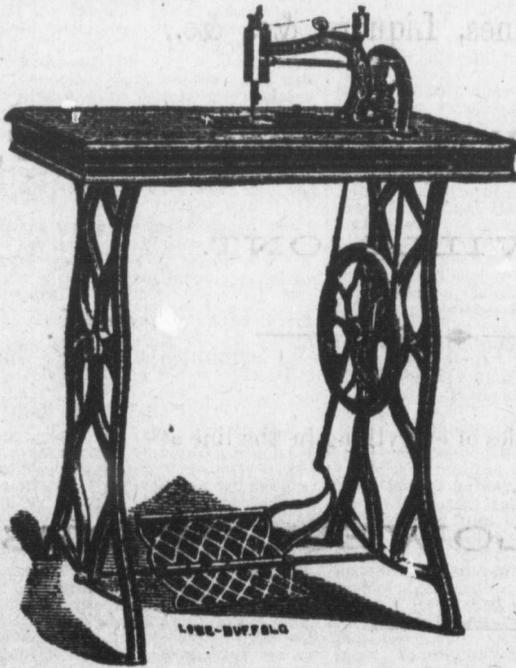
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"PATIENTLY SHOULD THAT BE BORNE WHICH NO COUNSEL CAN AVOID."

out that dreary day the faithful wife sat taking notes for her husband's defence. But to what purpose? Conviction was a foregone conclusion. At the close of the impeachment, and when the witnesses had done their work of blood and sworn away the life of the noblest gentleman in the land, the prisoner was called upon for his defence. He saw that his case was hopeless, but for the dear one at his side he made an effort—fruitless, as he and all present well knew. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. That was a dreadful sight! The handsome nobleman in his suit of black, looking with the proud daring of conscious innocence in the faces of his persecutors and his foes. The beautiful, faithful wife looking up into his face with cheeks whiter than his own, and the ladies around subdued to sighs and tears. The picture readily recalls Miss Aikin's lines—

"Grant me but her!" the noble prisoner cried;
No friend, no advocate, I ask beside.
Secure in conscious fortitude she rises,
A present aid, and checked her gushing woes.
Throughout the court a thrill of anguish ran,
Now, for the sainted wife, and now, the God-like man!"

Failing to obtain justice, the fond and sanguine wife sought mercy at the foot of that throne upon which her father, the Earl of Southampton, had done so much to place its then occupant. But, however willing Charles might be to oblige the daughter of his benefactor, he lacked the courage to do a just and grateful act, from the fear of alienating his ministers, and of unpopularising himself. The king's better nature being proof against the prayers of Lady Russell, an appeal was made to his cupidity. The Duke of Bedford, the father of Lord William Russell, offered to pay over to Charles's favourite, the Duchess of Portsmouth, the sum of £100,000 as the price of his son's pardon. But even this temptation the royal *roué* withstood, not from principle, but from fear of exposing his knowledge of the prisoner's innocence. The last hope gone, the heart-broken Lady Russell set herself to the task of soothing the last moments of her beloved lord, and this duty she continued to perform unremittently, with a gentle smile upon the lips, and despair and misery in the heart, until the gates of the dreaded Tower of London separated husband and wife for ever in this life, and the last act of a fearful tragedy was performed in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on the 21st of July, 1683. When the parting took place, both husband and wife preserved a solemn silence, Lord Russell only exclaiming—"The bitterness of death is past!"

For forty years this unfortunate lady mourned the memory of her murdered husband, until, after a life of exemplary virtue, she rejoined him in that world "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Her letters, written after her husband's death, give a touching picture of her conjugal affection and fidelity; but no expression of resentment or traces of a vindictive spirit mingle with the sentiment of grief by which they are pervaded.

Additional Notes to January.

A NOBLE FRENCHMAN!

(11.)—The military career of ABRAHAM FABERT, a French marshal of great reputation, was one which the French military commanders of modern days would have done well to emulate. He was the son of a printer, and was born at Metz, in 1599. When only thirteen years old, his father procured him a commission in the army; and such was his skill and ardour for the service, that he rose to the first rank in his profession, and distinguished himself by a series of exploits which have had but few parallels in modern warfare, and more especially in saving the French army in the retreat from Mayence. As a reward for this, Louis XIV. offered him the *cordon bleu*, and to which none but those of ancient descent were properly entitled, but he refused it, because, said he, "I will not have my mantle decorated by a cross, and my name dishonoured by an imposture." So highly was he esteemed for his sense of honour, that Mazarin declared, "If Fabert can be

suspected, there is no man living in whom we can place confidence." Fabert died in 1662, greatly regretted by all patriotic Frenchmen.

AN EVENTFUL CAREER.

(12.) That remarkable woman, LADY EMMA HAMILTON, was the daughter of a female servant named Harte. At the early age of thirteen, Emma went into domestic service, in the house of Mr. Thomas, of Hawarden, Flintshire, and after staying there nearly three years got tired of her situation, when proceeding to London, she got a place in the house of a shopkeeper in St. James's Market, and soon after was engaged to wait upon a lady of rank, where she passed her leisure time in reading novels and plays. She employed herself in imitating the manners of persons on the stage, from a desire to become an actress. In this way she laid the foundation of her extraordinary skill in pantomimic representations. Becoming neglectful to her mistress, she was dismissed, and went to serve in a tavern frequented by actors, painters, musicians, &c.; and whilst in this capacity, she formed an acquaintance with a Welsh youth, who, being impressed into the navy, Emma hastened to the captain who had pressed him, and obtained the boy's liberty. She remained with this officer some time, but quitted him, however, for a gentleman of large fortune, who kept her for a time in great affluence; but getting tired of her extravagance, and induced by domestic considerations, he dismissed her. Reduced to the greatest poverty, she became one of the most common of degraded females. Then she went into the service of Dr. Graham, a noted quack, and the two deluded the public in a curious way. He advocated the use of mud baths to procure beauty and longevity, and in support of his theory was in the habit of exhibiting himself immersed in mud to the chin, accompanied by a lady remarkable for her beauty. She was called Vestina, goddess of health, and appeared in the mud bath like the doctor, but made the most of her beauty with the aid of powder, paint, flowers, &c. More than one visitor fell in love with her, and amongst others, Charles Greville (of the Warwick family), who would have married her but for the interference of his uncle, Sir W. Hamilton, who, it is said, made an agreement with Greville to pay his debts, on condition that he should give up his mistress; and it has been thought that, in his endeavours to save his nephew, he fell into the snare himself, and became a victim of her arts. Be this as it may, Sir William made her his wife in 1791, and proceeding to Naples, where he was ambassador, he introduced her at court, where the queen became so infatuated with the new ambassadress, as to have her a frequent visitor at the palace. It was here that the renowned Nelson became enamoured of her, and she became his mistress, and asserted a wonderful influence over him even in political matters. After the battle of Aboukir, which brought Nelson so much fame, Lady Hamilton went everywhere with him, and, despite her notorious profligacy, was received with almost equal enthusiasm to that displayed towards England's greatest naval hero. She subsequently went with Nelson into Germany, where the figure they cut at the courts which they visited is represented by several eye-witnesses as anything but dignified and becoming. She was inordinately fond of champagne, and not unfrequently indulged in it till in a state not altogether decent.* It was at one time believed that she had borne a daughter to Nelson, but this has never been satisfactorily explained. She died near Calais, in 1815.

* It is related that upon one occasion, when Sir William Hamilton was residing at Naples, he had to leave home one day, when a visitor was left alone to dine with Lady Hamilton and her mother, who had followed her from England. In the course of conversation, when the excellence of the Lacryma Christi, the famous Italian wine, was talked of, the mother ejaculated, "Oh! how I wish I had some English gin here!" The visitor, who had taken some with him, directly despatched his servant to his hotel at Naples for it. On his return, the mother, delighted with the familiar flavour, soon bore evidence of the improvement the juniper-berry had upon her vulgar tongue; and the glass increasing, she declared in ecstasy she "had not never enjoyed the good creature (gin) since she left England; it was far betterer than all your outlandish vines."



STANISLAUS, THE LAST KING OF POLAND, RESIGNING THE CROWN.

1	Th	O'Connell mortally wounded Mr. d'Esterre in a duel, 1815.	Min's Age.
2	F	The first Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland held, 1801.	
3	S	The <i>Times</i> fined £200 for libels on the Prince of Wales and Duke of Clarence, 1790.	24
4	S	Sexagesima Sunday.	25
5	M	Beranger, the French poet, convicted and fined 10,000 francs for "bringing the king (Charles X.) and religion into contempt," 1828.	26
6	Tu		27
7	W	Battle of Eylau, 1807.	28
8	Th	The " <i>Idées Napoléennes</i> " published by Louis Napoleon, 1839.	29
9	F	[The gallant Major-General Dick killed at the battle of Sobraon, 1846.	☉
10	S	Queen Victoria married, 1840.	1
11	S	Shrove Sunday—Quinquagesima.	2
12	M	Stanislaus II. died at St. Petersburg, a state prisoner, 1798.	3
13	Tu	One hundred years ago there were only three newspapers published in Scotland.	4
14	W	Ash Wednesday.	5
15	Th	Partition Treaty of Poland, 1772. "Unhappy Poland, plundered alike by friends and foes!"—Transportation of convicts from England to Australia ceased, 1853.	6
16	F	Sir Charles Napier achieved a glorious victory over the Ameers of Scinde, 1843.	☽
17	S		8
18	S	First Sunday in Lent.—Quadragesima.	9
19	M	Siege of Paris ended, 1871.	10
20	Tu	Run on the Bank of England for specie, when £1 and £2 notes were issued, 1797.	11
21	W	[Sydney Smith died, 1845.—" <i>Jesters oft do prove prophets.</i> "—SHAKESPEARE.	12
22	Th	Execution in London of five pirates for the murder of the captain of the ship <i>Flowerly Land</i> on the high seas, 1864.—	13
23	F	"For murder, though it hath no tongue, will With most miraculous organ." [speak SHAKESPEARE.	14
24	S		☺
25	S	Second Sunday in Lent.	16
26	M	<i>Birkenhead</i> lost, 1852.	17
27	Tu	Ultimatum of England and France sent to St. Petersburg, 1854. The Czar " <i>did not judge it suitable to send an answer.</i> "	18
28	W	"Leap-year, coming once in four, Gives February one day more."	19
29	Th		20

"Covetousness often starves other vice."

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar.	.. 2nd, .. 10 min. past 10 morn.
New Moon	.. 9th, .. 52 min. past 1 morn.
First Quar.	.. 13th, .. 24 min. past 6 morn.
Full Moon	.. 24th, .. 56 min. past 10 morn.

Reference to Illustration.

STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS PONIATOWSKI, the last King of unfortunate Poland, was the son of a private gentleman of Lithuania. Being an enlightened person, he gave Stanislaus a liberal education, and sent him upon a course of travel, in the course of which he visited England, where he became intimate with Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, whom he accompanied in his embassy to St. Petersburg. At this court the elegance of his person and his accomplishments recommended him to the favour of the grand-duchess, (the wife of Peter III., and afterwards Catherine II.,) whose intrigues with Soltikoff, chamberlain to the Grand Duke, had become so glaring, that the lover was sent away by the Empress Elizabeth.* This latter personage, who had become daily more openly devoted to pleasure herself, only interfered with the amours of Poniatowski and Catherine when the scandal became so public that she felt herself obliged to do so; and whilst Catherine was forbidden to see the handsome Poniatowski, the Empress made representations to Augustus III., king of Poland, by whom he was recalled. On the death of that monarch, in 1763, Catherine interposed her influ-

* ELIZABETH PETROWNA was the second daughter of Peter the Great, and was placed upon the throne of Russia by the Revolution of 1741. She was extremely beautiful, and this, combined with her exalted rank and large dowry, occasioned her several offers of marriage; but she refused them all, and died unmarried. Her dislike to marriage did not proceed from any aversion to the other sex, for she would frequently own she was never happy except when she was in love! The same warmth of temperament carried her to extremes of devotion, and she adhered to the minutest ceremonies and ordinances of the Church, and expressed the utmost contrition for her numerous transgressions. During the reign of Elizabeth, Ivan, grandson of Peter the Great, and rightful heir to the throne of Russia, was kept by her in strict confinement; but when, in 1762, Catherine came to the throne, he was murdered, it is said, by her orders; and also her husband, Peter III., by strangulation.

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SACKS IN REAL ASTRACHAN,
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GEO. H. HAIMES.

"COURAGE OUGHT TO HAVE EYES AS WELL AS ARMS."

ence so effectually in behalf of her favourite, that he was elected King of Poland, to the great discontent of a large party of the Polish nobility. At the commencement of his reign Stanislaus gave many proofs of his moderation and love of justice; but his attempt to introduce some modifications into the Polish constitution rallied a powerful party against him; and there arose a struggle betwixt Protestants and Catholics, when the latter formed the celebrated "Confederation of Bar." Pulaski, one of their chiefs, entered into a conspiracy to bodily carry the king off; and as on one dark night he was proceeding to his palace, the conspirators forcibly seized Stanislaus, and mounting him upon one of their horses, they rode rapidly away, and continued until their horses were completely exhausted, but, as morning broke, they found to their horror that instead of riding away from Warsaw, they had missed their way, and were only a short distance from the town! All the conspirators except one, Kosinski, fled. Struck with remorse, he implored the king's pardon, which was not only magnanimously granted, but a pension was settled on him. But Stanislaus still continued to be troubled by the divisions of his people, and the confederation breaking up, the first partition of Poland took place in 1772, when, too weak to avert the calamity, Stanislaus saw 13,500 square miles of his kingdom divided between Russia, Prussia, and Austria. In 1787 the Empress Catherine visited the Crimea, and Stanislaus obtained from her a promise of security for his kingdom; whilst the Emperor Joseph II. also made him a like solemn promise. Nevertheless, in 1792, the Russians and Prussians invaded Poland, when a second partition took place in 1793. In the meantime Kosciusko had gathered together an army, chiefly composed of peasants, with which he fought with the most astonishing bravery against the overwhelming masses of Russia—at Dubienka especially, which, with four thousand men, he defended during six hours against twelve thousand Russians. But the brave Poles were defeated, and Kosciusko taken prisoner, when the Russians, under the celebrated Suwaroff, entered the blood-stained capital of Warsaw. Stanislaus was forced to resign his crown, and the final partition of Poland took place in 1795—the remainder of Poland being divided between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The unfortunate monarch afterwards retired to Grodno, from whence he was called to St. Petersburg, where he remained until his death, which occurred in the year 1798.

The extinction of the ancient kingdom of Poland excited a profound sensation throughout Europe—she being viewed as a victim to Imperial ingratitude, Prussian cupidity, and Muscovite ambition; whilst she was held in reverential remembrance as being, under John Sobieski, the bulwark of Christendom against the Ottomans. The poet Campbell has celebrated the unhappy event in the following immortal lines:—

"Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shattered
spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;
Hope for a season, bade the world farewell;
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!"

Additional Notes to February.

SIEGE PRICES.

(19.)—The following list of prices which prevailed during the SIEGE OF PARIS will show to what straits even the easy classes of the population were driven; and what the poorer classes suffered must be left to the imagination of the reader. The prices will become historical, and hence deserve a record:—Salt pork, per pound, £1; ham, £2; fresh butter, £2 8s. 4d.; a German sausage of horseflesh, 6s. 8d.; black-pudding of horses' blood, 6s. 8d.; pudding of horse chitterlings, 5s.; horse's head, collared (no pun hereby meant), 6s. 8d.; dog-flesh, 6s. 8d.; preserved meat, said to be beef, 10s.; sugar, 1s. 8d.; honey, 10s.; chocolate, 4s. 2d.; rice, 1s. 8d.; bread and biscuit, 1s. 3d.; patent soup, glue being its

base, 10d.; kitchen fat, tallow, 3s. 4d.; a hundred weight of wood, 10s.; the same quantity of coal, 12s. 6d.; a single egg, 2s. 6d.; a fowl, £2 5s.; a goose, £6; a turkey, £4 12s.; a duck, £1 15s.; a pigeon, 12s.; a crow, 5s.; a sparrow, 10d.; a hare, £3 5s.; a rabbit, £2 5s.; the brain of a sheep, 5s.; a cat, £1; a rat, 2s. 6d.; a box of sardines, 13s.; a tin of preserved peas, weighing 1lb., 6s. 8d.; the same of French beans, 7s. 6d.; a cauliflower, 12s. 6d.; a carrot, 2s. 6d.; a beet-root or mangelwurzel, weighing 1lb., 6s. 8d.; an ordinary-sized cabbage, 12s. 6d.; a turnip, 2s.; a root of celery, 2s.; an endive, 2s.; a bushel dry measure, of onions, £3 4s. 2d.; a clove of shallot, 10s.; a clove of garlic, 7d.; a leek, 1s. 8d.; a bushel of potatoes, £2; and so on through the entire chapter of all the necessaries of civilized life.

THE "FROTH" AND THE "DREGS."

(26.)—The *Birkenhead* troop-ship sailed from Queens-town on the 7th of January, 1852, for the Cape, having on board detachments from the 12th Lancers, 2nd, 16th, 43rd, 45th, 60th, 73rd, 74th, and 91st Regiments. The unfortunate vessel struck upon a pointed pinnacle rock off Simon's Bay, South Africa, and out of 638 persons, only 184, almost all women and children, were saved; 454 of the crew went down with the ship, the soldiers and officers standing in their ranks as on parade. The event created a great sensation of pity and admiration throughout the civilized world, and as a mark of respect for the bravery and discipline displayed at such an awful moment, the narrative of the event was read at the head of every company and troop in the Prussian service, by order of the King.

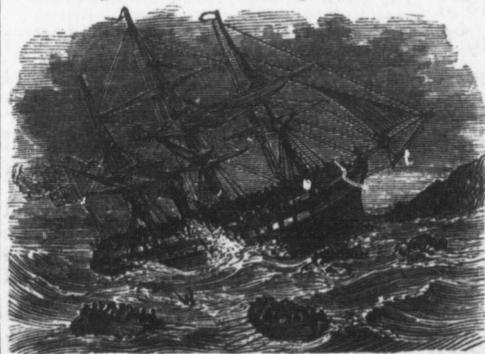
Whilst the discussion on the Army Bill was going on in Parliament during the session of 1871, the following letter appeared in *The Times*:—

"A public man has recently compared the officers of 'the army to the 'froth' and the soldiers to the 'dregs' of society.

"In 1814, after the House of Commons had voted its thanks to the Duke of Wellington and the officers of the Army, the Speaker used these memorable words:—'The military triumphs which your valour has achieved upon the banks of the Douro and the Tagus, of the Ebro and the Garonne, have called for the spontaneous shouts of admiring nations. Those triumphs it is needless to recount; their names have been written by your conquering swords in the annals of Europe, and we shall hand them down with exultation to our children's children.' This was to the froth.

"In 1852, a scene occurred which more than rivalled Thermopylæ. It was on board the ill-fated *Birkenhead*. In the silence of the night 350 soldiers met death in the deep sea, with nerves braced to determination to obey the command which restrained them from action, and, perhaps, from safety; these men preferring obedience to imperilling the lives of women and children. These were the dregs.

"If the public man is correct in his simile, there must be a large section of the Anglo-Saxon race more frivolous than the 'froth' and more degraded than the 'dregs.'"



"The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments."

MANTELL.

1872—MARCH—31 days.



THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD AT THE BATTLE OF BAROSSA.

1	F	The Mamelukes (1,600 in number) massacred at Cairo by Mehemet Ali, 1811.	Min's Age.
2	S	John Wesley died, 1791—leaving 72,000 followers in England, and 50,000 in America.	
3	S	Third Sunday in Lent.	23
4	M	Columbus discov. Jamaica, 1495.	24
5	Tu	<i>Battle of Barossa, 1811.</i>	25
6	W	In 1786, the enormous sum of £471,000 was paid by England to the Landgrave of Hesse, for Hessian "auxiliaries" [mercenaries] lost in the American war.	26
7	Th	The British effect a landing in Egypt after much opposition from the French, 1801.	27
8	F	[<i>Charles XIV. of Sweden d., 1844.</i>]	28
9	S	Fourth Sunday in Lent.	29
10	S	A resolution passed in the House of Commons—"that the advisers of further prosecution of offensive war in America are enemies to their king and country." 1782.	1
11	M	"What is public history but a register of the successes and disappointments, the vices, the follies, and the quarrels, of those who engage in contention for power."—PALEY.	2
12	Tu	In 1819 Parliament granted £10,000 to the Duke of York for taking care of George III., in lieu of the Queen, deceased.	3
13	W	Fifth Sunday in Lent.	4
14	Th	[<i>The Queen Charlotte, 110 guns, burnt by an accidental fire off Leghorn, when 700 British seamen out of a crew of 850 perished by fire or drowning, 1800.</i>]	5
15	F	<i>The ex-Emperor Napoleon arrived in England, 1871.</i>	6
16	S	In a period of one hundred years—from 1730 to 1830—it was estimated that the value of the diamonds found in Brazil amounted to £3,000,000.	7
17	S	The Allies signed a treaty for the subjugation of Bonaparte, 1815.	8
18	M	Palm Sunday.	9
19	Tu	— LADY DAY. —	10
20	W	[<i>Peace of Amiens, 1802.</i>]	11
21	Th	James I. of England (VI. of Scotland), the "wise fool," died, 1625.	12
22	F	War declared against Russia, 1854.	13
23	S	Good Friday.	14
24	S	" <i>Sicilian Vespers,</i> " and massacre of 8,000 Frenchmen, at Palermo, 1282.	15
25	M	Easter Sunday.	16
26	Tu		17
27	W		18
28	Th		19
29	F		20
30	S		21
31	S		22

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar.	.. 2nd, .. 28 min. past 7 even.
New Moon	.. 9th, .. 53 min. past 12 noon.
First Quar.	.. 17th, .. 25 min. past 2 morn.
Full Moon	.. 25th, .. 43 min. past 1 morn.

Reference to Illustration.

THE battle of BAROSSA, in Spain, was one of the most glorious of the many triumphs over the French, achieved by the British in the Peninsular war. Although the British fought at great disadvantage, through the superior position of the enemy—caused by the Spanish general having negligently left the key of the whole field of battle unoccupied—the French were compelled to retreat, leaving nearly 3,000 dead, six pieces of cannon, and an eagle—the first the British had taken in the Peninsular campaign, and which was captured under the following circumstances:—

In the heat of the action, the first battalion of the 87th Regiment was engaged with the 8th Imperial, and after a severe contest, drove it back at the point of the bayonet. During the engagement, a young ensign of the 87th perceiving the Imperial eagle, cried aloud to the sergeant, "Do you see that, Masterman?" He then rushed forward to seize it, but was shot in the attempt; the sergeant instantly avenged his death, ran his antagonist through the body, cut down the standard-bearer, and took the eagle, which was subsequently brought to England, and deposited with others in the chapel of Whitehall. The gallant Masterman was afterwards rewarded for this brave achievement by a commission in the second battalion of his regiment.

It is related of Masterman that on one occasion hearing the action singularly commended by a gentleman, who was not aware that he was addressing one so nearly interested in the eulogium, he replied with great modesty—"The sergeant merely did his duty; and only accomplished what hundreds of his comrades would have done had they possessed an equal opportunity; it was the fortune of war—the sergeant fortunately succeeded in the attempt which had cost the poor ensign his life."

The French were commanded by Marshal Victor, the English by Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord LYNEPOPE; and it may not be uninteresting to give a brief outline of the career of this gallant soldier, of whom Sheridan said, "Never was there seated a loftier spirit in a braver heart:—"

Thomas Graham was born at Balgowan, Perthshire, in 1750; but he did not enter the army until he was in his forty-fifth year, and he did so then

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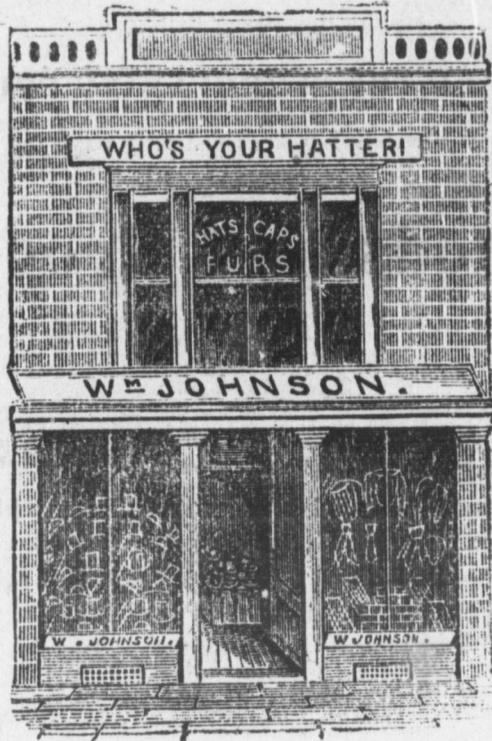
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Handkerchiefs.

Gloves.

Braces.

Mufflers.



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BELLEVILLE.

in consequence of the loss of a beloved wife, which sad event imparted almost a romantic character to the tenor of his future life. To alleviate the grief the bereavement had brought him, and to restore his impaired health, he was recommended by his physicians to travel; and it was whilst staying at Gibraltar that he fell into the society of the officers of the garrison, and, his mind being somewhat diverted by their entertaining company, he determined on devoting himself to the profession of arms. He first served as a volunteer at the siege of Toulon; and on his return raised from among his countrymen a battalion of the 90th Regiment, of which he was appointed the commander. He then accompanied his regiment to Gibraltar; but soon growing tired of the idleness of garrison duty, he obtained permission to join the Austrian army, where he found ample opportunities of studying the art of war, whilst he was enabled to send to the British government intelligence of the military operations and diplomatic measures adopted on the Continent. In 1797 he returned to England, and was present at the reduction of the island of Minorca. He afterwards served in Spain with Sir John Moore, during the campaign which ended in the battle of Corunna, and the death of that gallant officer. In the ensuing year, General Graham led a division at the siege of Flushing; in 1810 he commanded the British at Cadiz; and in 1811 he fought and won the memorable battle of Barossa.* After this he joined Lord Wellington, and was present at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, when the French were again beaten. Ill-health, consequent upon the fatigues he had undergone, rendered it necessary for him to revisit England for a short period. Early in 1813, however, he returned to the scene of war, led the left wing at the battle of Vittoria, reduced the town and citadel of St. Sebastian, crossed the Bidassoa, and, after a severe contest, established the British army on the territory of France.

The campaign being ended, Sir Thomas returned to England; and on the 3rd of May, 1814, he was created a peer by the title of Baron Lynedoch of Balgowan, on which occasion he nobly refused a grant of £2,000 per annum, to himself and heirs, which was intended to accompany his elevation. On the same occasion, similar honours and pensions were bestowed on Marshal Beresford and Sir Rowland Hill, who became Lords Beresford and Hill; whilst Wellington was elevated to the rank of Duke. In 1826 Lord Lynedoch was appointed to the governorship of Dumbarton Castle. He died in 1843, at the advanced age of ninety-three.

Additional Notes to March.

ONCE A SOLDIER—THEN A KING.

(8).—CHARLES XIV. of Sweden, whose real name was JEAN BAPTISTE JULES BERNADOTTE, was the son of a lawyer at Pau, and was destined for the bar, but, at the age of twenty-four, he commenced life as a private in the French royal marines, and served two years in Corsica. Playing a distinguished part in the wars of the French republic, his worldly fortunes rapidly advanced, and in 1798 he married Eugénie Clary, the younger sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. During the wars which Bonaparte relentlessly carried on against Prussia, Austria, and Denmark, Bernadotte was employed in various important capacities; but at the battle of Wagram he had high words with Bonaparte, who, during the engagement, deprived him of his reserve division. Bernadotte demanded and obtained permission to retire from active service, and returned to Paris, but was soon again employed, and notwithstanding several quarrels between himself and the emperor, neither of whom seems ever to have quite understood each other, he, in 1810, accepted the governor-generalship of the Roman states. By this time, Gustavus IV., king of Sweden, had, on account of in-

* If the Spanish general, La Pena, had but sent his eight hundred dragoons and powerful horse-artillery to the fight, Marshal Victor would have been prevented from retreating. But not a man did he send to the aid of his heroic allies, though two of his battalions, impelled by the instinct of brave men, returned, without orders, to aid them when they heard the firing, and appeared on the field at the close of the day.

capacity, been forced to abdicate his crown, and he and his descendants were excluded from the throne for ever. The uncle of this sovereign assumed the reigns of government as Charles XIII., but was childless; and the State chose Augustus of Holstein-Augustenberg to be heir to the throne. This prince, however, died, and Charles XIII. proposed Bernadotte to the Swedish diet to be appointed prince-royal of Sweden.* In all his campaigns Bernadotte was distinguished from the great majority of the French commanders by the clemency and generosity of his conduct from the moment that the battle was at an end; and it was this conduct, even more than his brilliant reputation as a soldier, that caused him to be put in nomination as the successor to Charles XIII. The choice was unanimously approved, and, on the 2nd of November, 1810, Bernadotte entered Stockholm amid the acclamations of the people. On the 5th he addressed the king and the assembled States, and concluded with this excellent passage:—

"Brought up in the camp, I have been familiar with war, and am acquainted with all its calamities. No conquest can console a country for the blood of its children, shed in foreign wars. It is not the physical dimensions of a country that constitute its strength. This lies rather in the wisdom of its laws, the greatness of its commerce, the industry of its people, and the national spirit by which it is animated. Sweden has lately suffered greatly; but the honour of her name is unsullied. She is still a land sufficient to supply our wants, and we have iron to defend ourselves."

In defence of the rights of the country of his adoption, Bernadotte was soon called upon to take up arms against Bonaparte, and from 1812 to the fall of that great man, he was actively engaged in the principal wars and events which occupied the attention of Europe. In 1818 Charles XIII. died, when Bernadotte was proclaimed king of Norway and Sweden, under the title of Charles XIV. Having now attained the summit of human ambition, he wisely directed his attention to the development of the resources of his adopted country, and when, after a long reign of unusual prosperity, he passed quietly from this world, (having completed his eightieth year), and left Sweden in the hands of his son, she was enjoying that peace and prosperity which no doubt she had often wished for, but till then had never known.

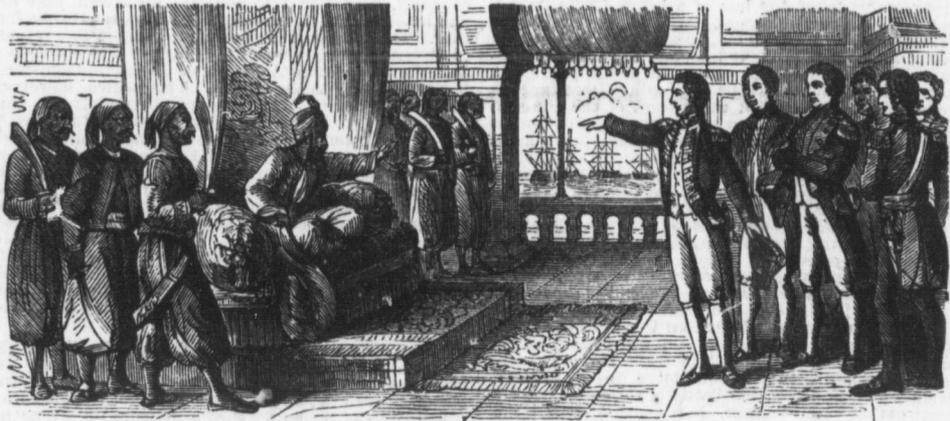
THE ARRIVAL OF NAPOLEON IN ENGLAND.

(20).—A striking instance of the instability of fortune was witnessed at Dover, on the 26th of March, 1871. While the ex-Empress Eugénie and her son were in the town awaiting the arrival of Napoleon from the Continent, after his release by the Prussians, the Duc de Nemours, Princess Marguerite, and Princess Blanche of Orleans, passed through the town *en route* for France. Barely nine months had elapsed since the Orleans family sought permission from the ex-Emperor to return to France. Their request was refused, M. Ollivier, the minister of Napoleon, defending the refusal at considerable length in the Corps Législatif.

A TREASURED RELIC.

(25).—During the peace of Amiens, when Lord Nelson was at Salisbury, in the middle of those popular acclamations which followed him everywhere, he recognised amid the huzzing crowd a man who had assisted at the amputation of his arm, which he had lost in the unsuccessful attack on Teneriffe. He beckoned him to come up the stairs of the council-house, shook hands with him, and made him a present in remembrance of his services at the time. The man immediately took from his bosom a piece of lace, which he had torn from the sleeve of the amputated arm, saying he had preserved, and would to the last moment preserve it, in memory of his old commander, whom he should always deem it the honour of his life to have served.

* The Emperor Napoleon could but with difficulty be induced to consent to Bernadotte becoming crown-prince and heir to the throne. "What!" said Bernadotte, "will you make me greater than yourself by making me refuse a crown?" The sarcasm told, and Napoleon merely replied—"Go! our fates must be accomplished!"



ADMIRAL KEPPEL'S INTERVIEW WITH THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

1	M	"A cold April, much bread and little wine." SPANISH PROVERB.	Min's Age.
2	Tu	Admiral Keppel born, 1725.	
3	W	Prussia seized Hanover, and closed the Elbe and Weiser to the British, 1801.	25
4	Th	At Leicester Assizes, in 1790, a clergyman was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation for marrying a couple without banns or license.	26
5	F	Bonaparte resigned (for a brief space) his imperial dignity, at Fontainebleau, 1814.	27
6	S	Low Sunday. —1st Sun. aft. Easter	28
7	M	Fire Insurances due.	1
8	Tu	Act of Parliament passed for retaining Bonaparte at St. Helena, 1816.	2
9	W	Wellington defeated Marshal Soult at the battle of Toulouse, 1814.	3
10	Th	Four French ships of the line, with many merchant ships, riding at anchor in the Basque Roads, attacked by Lords Gambier and Cochrane, and destroyed, 1809. Lord Gambier was tried for neglecting to support Cochrane, but acquitted.	4
11	F		5
12	S	2nd Sunday after Easter.	6
13	M	[After much opposition, the Roman Catholic Relief Bill passed, 1829.	7
14	Tu	Battle of Culloden, 1746.—William Broughton, of Neston, who had been at the battle of Culloden, died in 1816, aged 106. He remained a healthy and industrious labourer to the end of his life; and used to call himself one of King George's hard bargains—having drawn his pension more than sixty years.	8
15	W	Athens made the capital of the kingdom of modern Greece, 1833.	9
16	Th		10
17	F	Third Sunday after Easter.	11
18	S	The celebrated naval adventurer, Paul Jones, burnt a sloop in Whitehaven harbour, 1778.	12
19	M	Shakespeare died, 1616. <i>St. George.</i>	13
20	Tu	"After thy death, I'll raise dissension sharp, Loud strife among the herd of little minds; Envy shall seek to dim thy wondrous page, But all the clearer will thy glory shine." LUDWIG TIECK.	14
21	W		15
22	Th		16
23	F		17
24	S		18
25	M		19
26	Tu		20
27	W		21
28	Th		22
29	F		23
30	S	Fourth Sunday after Easter.	24
	M	Trial of Lord Melville, 1806.	25
	Tu	A French privateer and prize worth £1,200,000, taken by the English, 1793.	26

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar.	.. 1st, .. 31 min. past 2 morn.
New Moon	.. 7th, .. 32 min. past 12 night.
First Quar.	.. 15th, .. 11 min. past 10 night.
Full Moon	.. 23rd, .. 37 min. past 1 aftn.
Last Quar.	.. 30th, .. 21 min. past 8 morn.

Reference to Illustration.

THE Algerine pirates have been notorious throughout ancient and modern history for their excessive cruelties, and many have been the sad tales respecting Christians who have been condemned to a life of slavery when captured by the "Barbary Pirates," as they were called. On several memorable occasions they have been chastised by armaments directed against them by Spain, France, and England. On one occasion, the redoubtable Admiral Blake took them in hand and terrified them into pacific measures.

At a later date ADMIRAL KEPPEL was sent to the Dey of Algiers, to demand restitution of two ships which the pirates had taken. Preparation for attack being completed, Keppel boldly sailed with his squadron into the bay of Algiers, and cast anchor in front of the Dey's palace. He then landed, and attended only by his captain and barge's crew, demanded an immediate audience of the Dey; this being granted, he claimed full satisfaction for the injuries done to the subjects of his Britannic majesty. Surprised and enraged at the boldness of the admiral's remonstrance, the Dey exclaimed, "That he wondered at the English king's insolence in sending him a foolish headless boy." To this Keppel, nothing daunted, made a spirited reply, at which the Dey threw himself into a violent passion, and forgetting the laws of all nations in respect to ambassadors, ordered his mutes to attend with the bowstring, at the same time telling Keppel he should pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved with this menace, the admiral took the Dey to a window facing the bay, and showed him the English fleet riding at anchor, and told him, that if he dared to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile. The Dey was wise enough to take the hint. The admiral obtained ample restitution, and came off in safety.

For continued acts of piracy, on a later occasion (in 1816) Lord Exmouth successfully bombarded the city of Algiers for three days, and compelled the Dey to abolish Christian Slavery in his dominions. In 1830, Algiers, after severe conflicts, surrendered to a French armament, when the Dey

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was deposed, and the barbarian government was wholly overthrown, since which time Algiers has been retained by the French. The capture of Abd-el-Kader and the complete subjugation of the Algerines by the French, are matters of modern history.

Piracy on Western seas is now almost totally unknown. The great national navies of Europe have become so numerous, so irresistibly powerful, and so spread over the great highways of European commerce, that pirates have no means of coping with them. The application of steam, too, has done wonders in putting a stop to this nefarious system, so terrible in its working in times gone by, and the high seas are now well guarded by the ships of war of every nation. It is true that piracy still prevails in the Chinese waters; but even there it is gradually and steadily disappearing; and indeed the pirates of that part of the world are fast extinguishing themselves, for, unable to obtain their coveted booty, they are compelled to prey on each other.

It is always pleasant to read about England's naval heroes, and it may not be out of place to give a brief sketch of the life of Admiral Keppel. He was the second son of William, earl of Albemarle, and was born in the year 1725. At an early age he entered the navy, and accompanied Commodore Anson in his voyage round the world. Being appointed to a command, he soon distinguished himself by capturing Belleisle from France, but not until after a desperate resistance on the part of the French. In 1778 Keppel commanded the Channel fleet, and in the same year fell in with the French fleet under Count d'Orville, off Ushant. A partial action lasting three hours ensued, which the English admiral intended to renew on the following morning, but when day dawned, the enemy, taking advantage of the night, withdrew into the harbour of Brest. The failure of a complete victory was attributed to Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser's non-compliance with Keppel's signals. This affair gave great dissatisfaction to the nation, which was aggravated by Sir Hugh Palliser, second in command, preferring a charge against Admiral Keppel, who was honourably acquitted by a court-martial at Portsmouth. Public feeling was much excited in favour of Keppel, and Palliser was fain to make his escape out of Portsmouth at five o'clock in the morning, in order to avoid the insults of the mob. The news was received in London with great rejoicings and illuminations, whilst the windows of obnoxious persons were broken. Sir Hugh was then tried and censured. In 1782 Admiral Keppel, for his distinguished services, was raised to the peerage. He subsequently acted on two different occasions as First Lord of the Admiralty. He died on the 3rd of October, 1786, greatly regretted.

Additional Notes to April.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF LORD MELVILLE.

(29.)—HENRY DUNDAS, Viscount Melville, was the son of Lord Arncliffe, a Scotch judge. After filling several offices under Government, he eventually became First Lord of the Admiralty. In the month of April, 1805, a charge was preferred against him, founded on the report of the Commissioners of Naval Enquiry. It was brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Whitbread,* who, after referring to the Act passed in 1785, for

* In the impeachment of Lord Melville, the management of which principally rested upon Mr. Whitbread, one of the sternest and most undaunted senators of his day, and who, in regard of his duty, seemed quite regardless so far as related to himself, whether he stood alone or had the support of the House. He displayed great ability in the memorable trial, and in closing the proceedings he combined a happy vein of satire with much powerful reasoning. The counsel for Lord Melville had attempted to ridicule the fact of tracing bank-notes. Mr. Whitbread, in reply, observed:—"If the history of all the bank-notes could have been unravelled, what a history might it not have disclosed! All have heard of the book called 'Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea.' Suppose some such communicative guinea could now be found; it might tell them it found its way from the Exchequer into the iron chest at the Navy Office; from thence, it might say, I ex-

regulating the Department of the Treasurer of the Navy, of which Lord Melville, then occupying that post, was himself the supporter, and which act advanced the salary of the place from £2,000 to £4,000 per annum, in place of all emoluments which might have previously been derived from the public money in the Treasurer's hands, stated three heads of charges against him. These were—his applying the money of the public to other uses than those of the Naval Department; his conniving at a system of speculation in an individual for whose conduct he was responsible; and his having been a participator in that speculation. The accused was heard at the bar of the House of Commons, when he acknowledged having appropriated public money entrusted to him to other public purposes, but solemnly denied having derived any benefit therefrom, or that he had participated in the profits made by the person alluded to. And this gave Lord Ellenborough the opportunity of pungently remarking:—"Not know money! Did he see it when it glittered? Did he hear it when it tinkled?" Nevertheless, Melville confessed that he had applied the sum of £10,000 in a way which he could not reveal consistently with private honour and public duty. Fifteen days after, he was impeached, in the name of the Commons of Great Britain; but on account of the lateness of the session the prosecution was postponed to the following year. The trial commenced on the 29th of April, when the evidence and arguments having closed on the 17th of May, a verdict of *not guilty* was returned on the 12th of June. Lord Melville after this took no part in public affairs. He died in 1811.

The following humorous passage in Lord Melville's life is related:—

"Being on a visit to Edinburgh, shortly after the passing of some unpopular measure to which he had given his support, on the morning after his arrival he sent for a barber to shave him at his hotel. This functionary, a considerable humorist, resolved to indicate his sentiments respecting his lordship's recent procedure as a legislator. Having decorated his lordship with an apron, he proceeded to lather his face. Then, flourishing his razor, he said, 'We are much obliged to you, my lord, for the part you lately took in the passing of that odious bill.' 'Oh, you're a politician,' said his lordship; 'I sent for a barber.' 'I'll shave you directly,' added the barber, who, after shaving one-half of the chin, rapidly drew the back of his instrument across his lordship's throat, saying, 'Take that, you traitor!' and rushed out of the room. Lord Melville, who conceived that his throat had been cut from ear to ear, placed the apron around his neck, and with a gurgling noise shouted 'Murder!' The waiter immediately appeared, and at his lordship's entreaty, rushed out to procure a surgeon. Three members of the medical faculty were speedily in attendance; but his lordship could scarcely be persuaded by their joint solicitation to expose his throat, around which he firmly held the barber's apron. At length he consented to an examination; but he could only be convinced by looking into a mirror that his throat had been untouched. His lordship, mortified by the merriment which the occurrence excited, speedily returned to London."

It has been remarked of Lord Melville, "that his influence was for many years supreme in Scotland, and he did not always wield his power with much consideration for opponents. In fact, his will was law, and the 'fiat of the Dundases' was sufficient to repress all comment on public matters in that part of the country. A monument was, however, erected to his memory in Edinburgh."

pected to be transported to the pocket of some brave seaman or seaman's widow. But judge of my surprise when I was taken out to pay a bill of the treasurer of the navy. Soon afterwards I found myself in the House of Commons, and to my astonishment, heard Lord Melville say that he had applied me and ten thousand others to public purposes, but which he never would name. Subsequent to that, when I had made a few more transactions, I found myself in Westminster Hall, in the pocket of a councillor, who was pleading the cause of Lord Melville, and strictly endeavouring to controvert both the law and the fact; but what surprised me most was to hear another councillor, who professed to be on the same side, contradict his colleague point blank."



“THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN.”

1	W	Prince Alfred born, 1819.
2	Th	Mary Innes died, at the advanced age of 137, in the Isle of Skye, 1814.
3	F	Bourbon dynasty restored, and Louis XVIII. entered Paris, 1814.
4	S	<i>Sir Humphry Gilbert born, 1539.</i>
5	S	Rogation Sunday.
6	M	The great Battle of Prague (the first in the Seven Years' War), 1757.
7	Tu	<i>Marshal Suwarow died, 1800.</i>
8	W	In France, in 1792, the military revolutionary watchword was — “War against castles;
9	Th	HOLY THURSDAY. peace to cottages.”
10	F	Treaty of Peace betwixt Germany and France signed at Frankfort, 1871.
11	S	Battle of Fontenoy, 1745.
12	S	Sunday after Ascension.
13	M	The English Government having determined to send convicts to Australia, a fleet sailed from Plymouth, carrying 538 male and 218 female convicts, 1787. [The convicts in one of the ships made a futile attempt to possess themselves of the vessel.]
14	Tu	Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie visited Q. Victoria at Windsor Castle, 1855.
15	W	<i>Sir Thomas Fairfax born, 1611.</i>
16	Th	France formed into an empire, and Bonaparte proclaimed Emperor of the French, 1804.
17	F	Whit Sunday.
18	S	In 1774 the remains of Edward I. were found nearly entire in Westminster Abbey.
19	M	Island of St. Helena discovered, under Juan de Nova Castilla, on St. Helena's day, 1502.
20	Tu	The Dutch afterwards held it until 1600, when they were expelled by the English.
21	W	Battle of Kilcullen, and defeat of the British by the Irish, 1793.
22	Th	Queen Victoria born, 1819.
23	F	“Long may she reign o'er us!”
24	S	Trinity Sunday.
25	M	A <i>London Gazette</i> extraordinary forged, with a view of affecting the funds, 1787.
26	Tu	The Life-Guards were first enrolled in 1788, on the disbanding of four troops of horse.
27	W	Restoration of Charles II., 1660.
28	Th	<i>Corpus Christi.</i> —The Dauphin of France, (afterwards Louis XVI.) married to Marie Antoinette, 1770.—Defeat of the Austrians at the battle of Palestro, 1859.
29	F	

Min's Age.

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THE MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon	.. 7th, .. 19 min. past 1 aftrn.
First Quar.	.. 15th, .. 6 min. past 4 aftrn.
Full Moon	.. 22nd, .. 8 min. past 11 night.
Last Quar.	.. 29th, .. 12 min. past 2 aftrn.

Reference to Illustration.

IN the year 1539, HUMPHRY GILBERT was born in the fine old Manor-house of Greenaway, near Dartmouth. He lost his father at an early age, and his mother married Mr. Raleigh, by whom she became the mother of the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh. The manor-house in which Gilbert first saw the light commanded an enchanting view, being delightfully situated in front of a splendid bay, the waters of which almost reached to the steps of the hall-door, although within a stone's throw vessels of heavy burden could ride safely at anchor. Here, on lawn and beach, “many a time and oft” sported Humphry and his younger brother, Walter Raleigh. Here did the boys often listen to the wonderful stories of old navigators, who told them of that newly-discovered land which lay beyond that line of light which marks the marriage of the sun with the sea! How the lads must have yearned for a sight of the rolling rivers—the mighty mountains—the primeval forests—the lakes of ocean size—and the extent of plains so vast that no eye could reach their boundaries; all of which had existed from the beginning, and until now, unknown to the western world! How they must have wondered what manner of men inhabited that marvellous land; and how their hearts must have beat and their blood fired as they heard of the red-skinned man hunting down the buffalo and catching the wild horse. Wordsworth has written that “the Child is father of the Man”—and tales such as these I doubt had the effect of fixing the future career of the two young heroes. For a time the brothers must part. Humphry was sent to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford—and both at school and at college he acquitted himself most creditably. He then went, in a military character, to Ireland, where, for his services, he was knighted in 1570. Returning to England, he married a rich heiress, but lost the greater part of his fortune in a joint speculation with Sir Thomas Smith for converting iron into copper. Gilbert having exhibited, in his early life, a strong taste for mathematics, he now applied himself to the correction of mathematical instruments and naval sea-cards. These studies led him to ponder the question of a north-west passage to the New World, with visions of which his mind was continually filled, till he became

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firmly impressed with a belief in its existence; and he felt that the discovery of such passage would tend most materially to a rapid union between the New World and the Old. In 1576 he published a pamphlet to prove the practicability of a north-west passage to China; and his speculations attracted the attention of Sir Francis Walsingham, secretary of state, who communicated them to Queen Elizabeth, who, with that sagacity for which she has been so justly renowned, saw the importance of the subject, and by her orders Gilbert appeared before the privy council. The result of that examination was favourable to Gilbert's schemes, although many of them were very wild and speculative, and at the present day would be treated with ridicule; but there shone through them all a great amount of candour and honesty that cannot be too much admired.

In seeking to test the truth of his theories, Sir Humphry undertook two voyages at his own cost. The expense of fitting out the expedition was so great that it absorbed the remainder of his fortune. He again appealed to the queen, who this time gave him command of a fleet of five ships for the expedition, and in June, 1583, the enterprising navigator started on his voyage of discovery. Newfoundland was reached—where Sir Humphry hoped to find silver mines—and the standard of England was planted in St. John's. The American coast was then explored, but during this work a terrible storm arose, and three ships of the gallant little fleet were wrecked (the *Golden Hinde* and the *Squirrel*, a 10-ton frigate! being saved), when Gilbert was compelled, by the failing of his provisions, to set sail for England, which he was destined never again to see, for the voyage home was one of the most tempestuous on record. Throughout, however, Gilbert's high sense of religion and duty never once deserted him. One of the officers who accompanied the expedition, and afterwards wrote its history, gives the following picture of Gilbert's attitude in danger:—

"Monday, the 9th of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near east away, oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the *Hinde*, so often as we did approach within hearing: 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land!' reiterating the same speech, well becoming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about twelve o'clock, or not long after, the frigate being a-head of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were thrown out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried: 'The General was cast away,' which was too true."

With such sentiments on his lips and in his heart, the brave Gilbert, on the 10th day of September, whilst in the prime of life, found a grave in the great Atlantic, on whose waters his little ship had gone so gallantly on in the service of his country and of science, and for which he himself had met his death. His brave comrades shared the brave navigator's fate.

The practice of Sir Humphry's life seemed to be formed upon the spirit of that of prayer so sublimely spoken by the author of "*Paradise Lost*:"—

"What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men!"

The career of Sir Humphry's half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, is well known, and has been a fertile theme for the pens of many writers. Terminating his eventful life on the scaffold, his last words were, as he felt the edge of the axe:—"This is a sharp medicine, but it is a physician that will cure all diseases!"

Additional Notes to May.

AN EXAMPLE TO BE FOLLOWED.

(7).—The celebrated MARSEAL SUWAROW was one of the few generals who never lost a battle; and his career is a brilliant example of how "fortune favours the brave," for he entered the Russian army as a private soldier, and died with the title of Prince Italinski, given him by Paul of Russia for his services in Italy

against the French. Although the Czar had conferred this honour upon Suwarow, he, nevertheless, behaved to him with great ingratitude, and this treatment had a great effect upon his health and spirits, and he did not long enjoy his honours.

The following anecdote of the "rough and rugged" warrior is related by Dr. Doran in his *Table-Traits*:—

"When Suwarow returned from his Italian campaign to St. Petersburg, in 1799, the Emperor Paul sent Count Kontassow to compliment him on his arrival. The count had been originally a Circassian slave, and the valet to Paul, who had successively raised him to the ranks of equerry, baron, and count. The Circassian, *parvenu* found the old warrior at supper. 'Excuse me, said Suwarow, pausing in his meal, 'I cannot recall the origin of your illustrious family. Doubtless your valour in battle procured for you your dignity as count.' 'Well, no,' said the ex-valet, 'I have never been in battle. Ah! perhaps you have been attached to an embassy?' 'No.' 'To a ministerial office, then?' 'That neither.' 'What important post, then, have you occupied?' 'I have been valet-de-chambre to the emperour.' 'Oh, indeed,' said the veteran leader, laying down his spoon, and calling aloud for his own valet, 'Troschka. Here, you villain!' said he, as the latter appeared, 'I tell you daily to leave off drinking and peared, 'I tell you never listen to me. Now, look at this gentleman here. He is a valet, like you; but being neither sot nor thief, he is now grand equerry to his majesty, knight of all the Russian orders, and count of the empire! Go, sirrah, follow his example, and you will have more titles than your master, who requires nothing just now, but to be left alone to finish his supper!"

Suwarow was held in the greatest respect by his soldiers, and though at all times he showed himself a brilliant tactician, he used to say that the whole of his system was comprised in the words—"Advance and strike!"

MAKING HER VOICE HEARD!

(17).—The distinguished Parliamentary general, Sir THOMAS FAIRFAX (afterwards lord), was the commander (under Cromwell), at the Battle of Naseby. The victory was with the forces of Parliament, and King Charles fled, leaving his cannon, baggage, and nearly 5,000 prisoners. During the fight Fairfax had his helmet beaten off, but nevertheless continued in the fight bareheaded, refusing a helmet that was offered him.

Although Fairfax was opposed to the king in the field, yet he strenuously opposed his execution. Clarendon relates that at the trial of the king, on the name of Lord Fairfax, which stood foremost in the list of his Majesty's judges, being called, no answer was made; his lordship having chosen to absent himself. The Crier having called him a second time, a bold voice was heard to exclaim, "He has more wit than to be here!" The circumstance threw the court into some disorder; and some person asking who it was that thus presumed to disturb the court, there was no answer but a little to murmur. But presently, when the impeachment was read, and that expression used, of "All the good people of England," the same voice in a louder tone exclaimed, "No, nor the hundredth part of them." On this, one of the officers desired the soldiers "to give fire into that box whence the presumptuous words were uttered." But it was quickly discovered that it was the General's (Lord Fairfax) wife, who had uttered both these sharp sayings, who was presently persuaded or forced to leave the place, to prevent any new disorder. "Lady Fairfax," says Clarendon, "having been educated in Holland, had little reverence for the Church of England, and so had unhappily concurred in her husband's entering into the rebellion, never imagining that misery it would bring on the kingdom; and now she abhorred the work in hand as much as anybody could do, and did all she could to hinder her husband from acting any part in it."

After the execution of King Charles, Fairfax resigned the command of the army, and retired awhile from public life. At the Restoration he crossed over to Holland for the purpose of congratulating Charles II. on his accession, and was formally reconciled to that monarch. Fairfax afterwards devoted his leisure hours to literature, and, at his death in 1671, he left behind him a volume of Poems and Miscellanies, including an interesting sketch of his own life.



THE DEATH OF PIZARRO, THE "CONQUEROR OF PERU."

1	S	Memorable engagement between the <i>Shannon</i> and the <i>Chesapeake</i> , 1813.
2	S	1st Sunday after Trinity.
3	M	Jethro Tull, (speculative experimenter in agriculture,) died, 1740.
4	Tu	Battle of Magenta, and defeat of the Austrians by the French and Sardinians, 1859.
5	W	Massacre of an English boat's crew, bearing a flag of truce hoisted, at Hango, 1855.
6	Th	Napoleon I. conferred the crown of Spain on his brother Joseph, 1808.
7	F	Robert Bruce died; 1329.
8	S	The Allied Sovereigns, amidst enthusiastic rejoicings, entered London, 1814.
9	S	2nd Sunday after Trinity.
10	M	Crystal Palace, Sydenham, opened by the Queen, 1854.—The Dutch, under De Ruyter, entered the Medway, and destroyed several English ships, 1667.
11	Tu	James III. of Scotland killed near Bannockburn by his rebellious nobles, 1488.
12	W	Paraffin was discovered by Reichenbach, in 1830.
13	Th	
14	F	Battle of Naseby, 1645.
15	S	The aeronaut, De Rosier, killed by falling from a balloon near Boulogne, 1785.
16	S	3rd Sunday after Trinity.
17	M	[<i>Battle of Dettingen</i> , 1743.
18	Tu	[<i>Battle of Bunker's Hill</i> , and defeat of the revolted Americans, 1775.—Although they were defeated, they refer to it with national pride, on account of their heroic resistance.
19	W	
20	Th	Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.
21	F	Broadwords forbidden by law to be worn in Scotland, 1724.
22	S	Bonaparte abdicated (for the second and last time), the throne of France, 1815.
23	S	4th Sunday after Trinity.
24	M	MIDSUMMER DAY.
25	Tu	[<i>Battle of Bannockburn</i> , 1314.
26	W	<i>Pizarro assassinated</i> , 1541.
27	Th	Rev. Dr. Dodd executed at Tyburn for forgery, 1777.
28	F	Lord Raglan died, 1855.
29	S	<i>Trial of the Seven Bishops</i> , 1688.
30	S	5th Sunday after Trinity.

Man's Age.

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THE MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon .. 6th, .. 23 min. past 3 morn.
 First Quar. .. 14th, .. 19 min. past 7 morn.
 Full Moon .. 21st, .. 58 min. past 6 morn.
 Last Quar. .. 27th, .. 27 min. past 9 night.

Reference to Illustration.

UNTIL Prescott wrote "The Conquest of Peru," there was but little reliable information to be found in any book purporting to give the career of that remarkable man, FRANCISCO PIZARRO, styled the "Conqueror of Peru." Hitherto, the general notion of Pizarro's character was less based upon fact than upon fiction; and the most popular belief was perhaps founded upon the representation drawn of the rapacious tyrant in a German play by Kotzebue, which has been adapted to the English stage by the brilliant and beautifying pen of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Francisco Pizarro, a man of not even the commonest education—the illegitimate son of a Spanish gentleman and Spanish peasant-girl, spending the earliest years of his life as a swineherd—had yet the genius to do, after a fashion, for Spain, that which in a later century our own Clive did for England—giving to the mother-country possessions of boundless extent and fabulous wealth in a far-off continent. There, however, the comparison between the men ends. Clive was educated, enlightened, single-minded, and humane: Pizarro was ignorant, bigoted, selfish, and cruel. Being, however, of an ambitious and enterprising temperament, the Spanish hero soon quitted his humble occupation of swineherd, and joined a band of adventurers, bound for America in search of wealth and fame. In 1524 the young man found himself at Panama, associated with two other adventurers—Diego de Almagro, and Hernandez Lncque, a monk; and the three worthies made their way to Peru, in the conquest of which country, Pizarro was destined afterwards to play so prominent a part. The wealth of the country was such as to arouse the cupidity of the Spaniard, and to induce him to seek from the home government the power and means of forming a settlement, with the ultimate object of the subjugation of the native inhabitants—a simple people, who could form no estimate of the amount of treasure which slept in their mines, and the terrible calamities which the possession of that treasure was destined to bring upon them. With such objects in view, Pizarro returned to Spain; but his representations of the boundless wealth which he had beheld, and which he coveted, beyond the Atlantic, were coldly re-

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ceived—and, indeed, disbelieved—by the authorities, who regarded the enthusiast as a base-born braggart and needy adventurer. However, nothing daunted, Pizarro was enabled to return to Peru in 1531, in time to avail himself of the advantage of the civil war then waging between the legitimate monarch, Huascar, and his half-brother, Atahualpa, the reigning Inca. Offering his sword to the latter, he was allowed to take command of a band of Europeans, and march into the interior. Swift of action as of purpose, the treacherous Spaniard marched upon the capital, where he made the unsuspecting Inca prisoner in his own palace—even whilst partaking of his hospitality. Then commenced that cruel system of extortion and persecution which he pursued throughout the remainder of his career. Brutalities, such as those which in a less remote age Warren Hastings was accused of towards the natives of India, Pizarro prosecuted towards the natives of Peru. He commenced this fell career by extorting from his royal prisoner a house full of precious metals, valued at two millions of English money; after which he had him brought to a trial on a false charge of conspiracy, and condemned to be burnt, granting in his Christian mercy to the prisoner, as a reward for embracing the faith of the Conqueror, permission to be strangled before being burnt! Pizarro had at length become such a despicable tyrant, that he was not only feared and hated by the Peruvians, but by his own followers, between one of whom, named Almagro, and Pizarro, a feud sprang up, which ended in the cruel death of the former. The rule of Pizarro at length became so obnoxious that a conspiracy was formed for his assassination—a terrible scene—in which the son of the murdered Almagro took part, and which may be thus briefly related:—

"Surrounded at his table after dinner by a few of his most faithful adherents, Pizarro was reclining at his ease, probably maturing fresh conquests to add to his insatiable ambition, but little suspecting the impending fate soon to overtake him. Suddenly, with the impetuosity of an avalanche, his dreams were dispelled by the loud clanking of armour, many and heavy pelled by the loud clanking of armour, many and heavy footsteps, boisterous and angry words, crashing and opening of doors, in a brief interval revealing in the imperfect light the glimmering of hostile blades. In the mind of Pizarro all doubts were now dispelled—they came as foes, and as enemies he prepared for his defence. Hastily he ordered the door to be secured, whilst he and his half-brother, Alcantra, buckled on their armour. In the confusion that ensued the order was disobeyed, and his enemies were upon him ere he was prepared. Hastily seizing a sword, he confronted his foes with determination. "What, ho! he cried, "traitors, have ye come to kill me in my own house?" As he spoke, he plunged his sword into the body of the nearest man. They were fighting in a narrow passage, where only one man could advance at a time. Pizarro defended this passage bravely. The conspirators drew back, and there was a moment's pause. "Why do we loiter?" cried one. "Down with the traitor!" They rushed forward. One man was thrown into the arms of Pizarro, who ran him through with his sword; but at that moment he received a wound in his throat, and reeling, sank on the floor, while the conspirators seized the opportunity of plunging their swords into his body. "Jesu!" exclaimed the dying man, and tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke, more friendly than the rest, put an end to his existence."

Thus, on the 26th June, 1541, after six years of despotism, cruelty, and conquest—after giving vast provinces to Spain, and filling her coffers with treasure wrung mercilessly from the unfortunate natives—perished the most remarkable man of his day.

Additional Notes to June.

BRAVE TOM BROWN.

(16).—The battle of **DETTINGEN** was fought betwixt the British, Hanoverian, and Hessian army, commanded by King George II. of England and the Earl of Stair, and the French army under Marshal Noailles and the Duc de Grammont. The French were defeated and the Duc de Grammont. The French were defeated and the Duc de Grammont. The French were defeated and the Duc de Grammont. At this battle a private of the name of **THOMAS BROWN**, who had not been more than a year in the service, singularly distinguished himself by his

intrepidity. After having two horses killed under him, and losing two fingers of his left hand, seeing the regimental standard borne off by some of the enemy, in consequence of a wound received by the cornet, he galloped into the midst of the enemy, shot the soldier who was carrying off the standard; and having seized it, and thrust it between his thigh and saddle, he gallantly fought his way back through the hostile ranks, and though covered with wounds, bore the prize in triumph to his comrades, who greeted him with three cheers. In this valiant exploit Brown received eight wounds in his face, head and neck; three balls went through his hat, and two lodged in his back, whence they could never be extracted. The fame of Tom Brown, like Shaw the Waterloo life-guardsmen, soon spread through the kingdom; his health was drank with enthusiasm, his achievement was painted on sign-posts, and prints representing his person and heroic deeds were sold in abundance. He retired on a pension of £30 a-year, to the town of Yarm (where there is still a sign that commemorates his valour), and died there in January, 1746.

THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

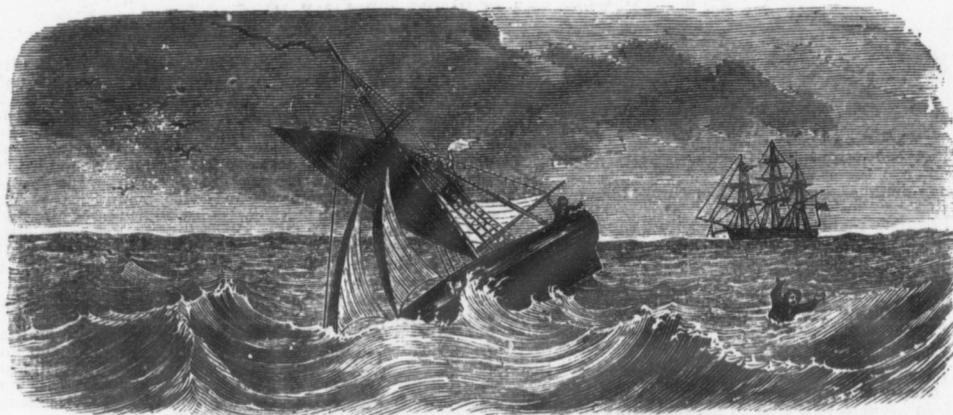
(29).—The trial of the seven bishops (Canterbury, Bath, Chichester, St. Asaph, Bristol, Ely, and Peterborough) who had been previously sent to the Tower of London by James II., for refusing to read a declaration for liberty of conscience (intending to bring the Roman Catholics into ecclesiastical and civil power) was a momentous period in English history, and operated powerfully in effecting the change of dynasty. Lord Macaulay makes a good point of the zeal of the people of Cornwall in behalf of their fellow-countryman, **TRELAWNY**, Bishop of Bristol, who was one of the seven. This dignity was the son of Sir Jonathan Trelawny, of Trelawny, in Cornwall, baronet, "and whom they revered less as a ruler of the Church than as the head of an honourable house, and the heir through twenty descents of ancestors who had been of great note before the Normans had set foot on English ground." The bishop enjoyed a very high popularity in his native district, and the prompt acquittal of the bishops alone prevented the people from rising in arms. A song was made for the occasion, which resounded in every house, in every highway, and in every street; and the burden of the ballad is still remembered—though the exact original of the song was lost, but which, in the following, has been happily restored by the Rev. R. S. Hawker, of Morwenstow, Cornwall:—

"A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand!
What Cornish lads can do!
And have they fix'd the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!"

[The miners from the caverns re-echoed the song with the variation:—

"Then twenty thousand under ground
Will know the reason why."
Out spake their captain brave and bold;
A merry wight was he;
"If London Tower were Michael's Hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!
We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With one and all, and hand to hand,
And who shall bid us nay!
And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view;
Come forth! come forth! ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you.
Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!"

It is worthy of remark that the opposition which Trelawny had presented to the acts of King James did not prevent his Majesty from afterwards advancing him to the see of Exeter, an event which happened just before the Revolution. By Queen Anne he was afterwards translated to Winchester, in which see he died in 1721.



THE UNFORTUNATE FATE OF THE POET SHELLEY.

1	M	Louis Bonaparte (father of Napoleon III.) abdicated the throne of Holland, 1810.
2	Tu	Sir Robert Peel died, 1850.
3	W	Dr. Lyell murdered in the streets of Patna by the Indian mutineers, 1857.
4	Th	America declared "free, sovereign, and independent," 1776.
5	F	Algiers surrendered to a French armament, when the Dey was deposed, 1830.
6	S	Sir Thomas More bhd., 1535.
7	S	6th Sunday after Trinity.
8	M	Pulteney (Earl of Bath) d., 1764.
9	Tu	Shelley drowned, 1822.
10	W	The first paper-mill erected in England was at Dartford, Kent, 1588.
11	Th	Louis Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria met at Villa Franca (after the battle of Solferino), and by mutual arrangement agreed to a treaty of peace, 1859.
12	F	On this day, 1772, Captain Cook departed from Plymouth on his second voyage of discovery.
13	S	7th Sunday after Trinity.
14	S	Earl Stanhope and 600 gentlemen celebrated the anniversary of French Revolution, 1790.
15	M	The Great Salt Lake chosen by the Mormons for an "everlasting abode," 1847.
16	Tu	In 1794, John Swinden, a letter-carrier, was executed in London for secreting a letter containing Bank of England notes to the amount of fifteen pounds!
17	W	George the Fourth crowned with great pomp and ceremony, in Westminster Abbey, 1821.
18	Th	Spanish Armada defeated, 1587.
19	F	
20	S	8th Sunday after Trinity.
21	S	Battle of Shrewsbury, 1403.
22	M	Captain Warner sank the <i>John O'Gaunt</i> off Brighton, in an experiment with his invention for destroying ships, 1844.—Lord Killwarden assassinated by an Irish mob, 1803.
23	Tu	Mr. Cocking killed in making a descent in a parachute from a balloon at Lee, 1837.
24	W	Dreadful earthquake at Frosolone, Naples, when 6,000 souls were destroyed, 1805.
25	Th	Marshal Turenne killed at the battle of Salzbach, 1675.
26	F	
27	S	9th Sunday after Trinity.
28	S	Battle of Talavera, and defeat of the French by the British and Spanish armies, 1809.
29	M	Mrs. Hicks and her daughter executed at Huntingdon, for witchcraft, 1716.
30	Tu	£10,000 awarded to Captain Johnson for making the first steam voyage to India, 1825.
31	W	

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THE MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon	.. 5th, .. 25 min. past 6 even.
First Quar.	.. 13th, .. 48 min. past 7 even.
Full Moon	.. 20th, .. 53 min. past 1 aftrn.
Last Quar.	.. 27th, .. 19 min. past 7 morn.

Reference to Illustration.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, one of England's most distinguished poets, was the son of Sir Timothy Shelley, the representative of an ancient family, and was born at Field Place, near Horsham, in 1792. In his early life the future poet was well nurtured, well educated, and, in addition to these great advantages, he was well cared for all his life through—forming a marked contrast to the men who have sung pleasant rhymes in the midst of privations and pressing cares.

In his fifteenth year, Shelley was sent to Eton, where he refused, with scorn and indignation, to submit to the "fagging system;" and as his spirit was not to be bent or broken, he had his way. Naturally shy and diffident, he did not join in the sports of his companions—and even as an Eton boy, was dreamy and imaginative, spending his leisure in making verses. Before leaving Eton, however, he fell in love with his beautiful young cousin, Harriet Grove, the daughter of a clergyman in Wiltshire. The families of the lovers looked favourably on the match; and at the age of eighteen Shelley was sent to Oxford. But Oxford was less kind than Eton, and cast him off for having written "*A Defence of Atheism*;" and the match was broken off, as the tone of Shelley's sceptical mind alarmed Miss Grove's parents. His father's indignation was also roused, and he, too, expelled him from his house. A brief sojourn in London followed, during which time Shelley composed his "*Queen Mab*," Sir Timothy soon became reconciled to his son; but the erratic poet having chosen to unite himself to a hotel-keeper's daughter, by a Gretna Green marriage, the wrath of the baronet was again aroused, and father and son became more at variance than ever. The union proved ill-assorted, and after three years of misery to both, Shelley separated from his wife, and his father allowed him £800 per annum. Not very long afterwards Shelley was agitated into temporary derangement by learning that his wife had destroyed herself. Two children had been the fruit of Shelley's marriage with his first wife, and these he failed in obtaining possession of after a protracted and painful lawsuit—Lord Eldon deciding that Shelley was not a fit and proper person to take care of them, by reason of his marked atheistical opinions. His poem, the "*Revolt of Islam*," which appeared soon afterwards, bears traces of

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ESTABLISHED 1865.



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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
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“VIVE LE ROI!”

1	Th	Battle of the Nile, 1798.—“Victory or Westminster Abbey!” exclaimed Nelson.
2	F	Charles X. abdicated the throne of France, 1830. Louis Philippe then accepted the throne.—[In this revolution 800 persons were killed, and 5,000 wounded.]
3	S	
4	S	10th Sunday after Trinity.
5	M	Tangiers bombarded by three ships of the line, under the command of the Prince de Joinville, 1841.—Eugene Aram executed at York, 1759.
6	Tu	
7	W	Queen Caroline died, 1821.
8	Th	George Canning died, 1827.
9	F	Bonaparte sailed in the <i>Northumberland</i> for St. Helena, 1815, and was thereby prevented from further disturbing the peace of the world.
10	S	
11	S	11th Sunday after Trinity.
12	M	Grouse Shooting begins.
13	Tu	Bomarsund surrendered unconditionally to the allied English and French fleets, 1854.
14	W	The Governor Bodisco, and the garrison, about 2,000 men, became prisoners.
15	Th	The French, after being repulsed three times, ultimately succeeded in entering Smolensko, and found the city, which had suffered a severe bombardment, burning, and in ruins, 1912.—Frederick the Great died, 1786.
16	F	
17	S	
18	S	12th Sunday after Trinity.
19	M	[Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and others executed at the Tower of London for aiding in the Scotch rebellion, 1746—Adriano taken by the Russians, 1829.
20	Tu	Defeat of the French by the British at the battle of Vimeira (Portugal), 1808.
21	W	Toulon besieged and taken by the English, in the name of Louis XVII., 1793.
22	Th	Longwy taken by the allied army of Austrians and Prussians, 1792.
23	F	
24	S	Comte de Paris born, 1838.
25	S	13th Sunday after Trinity.
26	M	[A Revolution commenced at Brussels, 1830.
27	Tu	Algiers bombarded by the English, under Lord Exmouth, 1816.
28	W	The Texel (Dutch) fleet, of twelve ships of the line, with thirteen Indiamen, surrendered to Admiral Mitchell, without firing a gun, 1799.
29	Th	
30	F	Convention of Cintra, 1808.—By this ill-advised compact the defeated French army, under Marshal Junot, was allowed to evacuate Portugal in British ships.
31	S	

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THE MOON'S CHANGES.

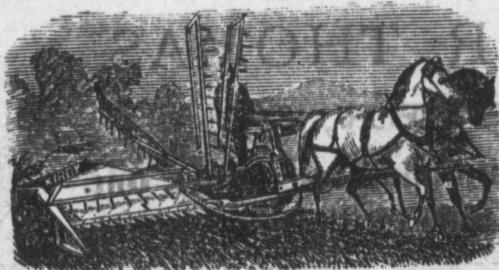
New Moon	.. 4th, .. 46 min. past 9 morn.
First Quar.	.. 12th, .. 52 min. past 5 morn.
Full Moon	.. 18th, .. 53 min. past 8 even.
Last Quar.	.. 25th, .. 35 min. past 8 even.

Reference to Illustration.

MANY times has Longwy, a frontier town in the north-east of France, been destined to witness an enemy parleying at its gates, and frequently to receive one inside them. The history of the fortress has been a dreary story of military glory from the earliest period in history to the present time; and the alternate struggles of Germany, of Spain, and of France to possess and retain the Duchies of Bar and Lorraine, form a melancholy catalogue of the miseries endured by the inhabitants of the district.

In the year 1670 Longwy was conquered and annexed to France by Louis XIV. Vauban—the celebrated engineer, who, during his lifetime, had been present at one hundred and forty battles, and erected thirty-three fortresses, to say nothing of renewing three hundred old ones—was next summoned to create a fortress of the second class upon the old mediæval site, and which was inspected several times during its construction by his ambitious master. In the war of the Spanish Succession which followed, Longwy was the scene of successive ravages by the French-Austrian and Anglo-Dutch armies, the latter under the command of the Duke of Marlborough.

In the wars of the Republic and the Austro-Prussian invasion of 1792, the hapless Longwy was the first fortress to succumb to the Duke of Brunswick. After a bombardment of five days, in which the town greatly suffered, the garrison revolted, and installed themselves in the cabarets, and maltreated the inhabitants. When the news of its surrender arrived in Paris, in the Assembly the inhabitants of Longwy were declared “infamous traitors to the country,” and their habitations ordered to be razed. Its commander, M. de Lavergne, was carried to Paris and sentenced by the Revolutionary Tribunal to the guillotine. His wife entreated that she might partake his fate. She had followed him from prison to prison during three years; before his judges she became his advocate, but her tears, her moving eloquence, were fruitless. Sentence of death was uttered: vainly she begged to be permitted to die with him; then, rising up with the courage of despair, she denounced in impassionate language the tribunal; the chamber rang with her outcries of “Vive le Roi!” a cry most odious to the ears of those who had murdered their king. And when it



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“ 40	24.35	“ “
“ 50	37.15	“ “

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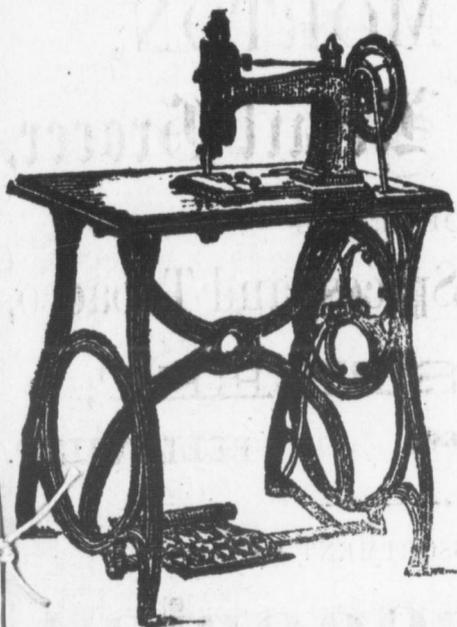
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Chippewa and Family Proof and Common Whiskies.

BOTTLED ALE AND PORTER.

FISH F ALL KINDS.

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FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE.

ALBERT MORTON.

“UNITE GENTLENESS OF MANNERS WITH FIRMNESS OF MIND.”

was thought by the spectators that she had lost her reason, she again repeated “*Vive le Roi!*” in a calmer voice, so as to leave no room for doubt as to her deliberate intention. What prayers and supplications had failed to extort was won by her fury, and she obtained the boon she desired, in dying by the side of her husband!

After the battle of Waterloo the unlucky fortress of Longwy had to sustain a blockade and siege from the Prussian troops extending over ten weeks, during which three thousand bombs were flung into it several days in succession; and its local historians describe how eighteen thousand Prussian soldiers defiled through the town, encountering to their surprise a garrison of only two hundred men!

In the month of January, 1871, Longwy, after sustaining a siege, was bombarded by the Prussians for forty-eight hours, and was obliged to surrender. On this occasion the garrison included between three and four thousand men, whilst the besiegers were double that force.

Additional Notes to August.

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE CANNING.

(8).—GEORGE CANNING, a highly-gifted orator and distinguished politician, was born in London in 1770. His father, an Irishman, was a man of considerable literary abilities; but he died, broken-hearted, on the very day that his infant son was one day old. The widow, by the advice of Garrick, went on the stage, but she possessed little talent for the profession, and soon became a mere playhouse drudge—ready to take any part—but not fit to take one. In despair she married a drunken actor, whose cruelty had previously sent two wives to the grave. This man died in a madhouse, and she then married a linen-draper at Exeter, named Hamm. Happily for her son George, he was rescued from the further miseries of his wretched home by the kindness of an uncle, who took charge of him, and sent him to Eton, thence to Oxford, afterwards to the Middle Temple, and so into public life. But his mother had the happiness to live to see the success of her son, and to receive from him at all times the tenderest marks of filial affection. In the year 1800 Canning was placed in affluence by his marriage with Miss Joanna Scott, the daughter of General Scott, with a fortune of £100,000. The public career of Canning is a matter of history—but it may be stated, in passing, that to him may justly be ascribed the line of British policy in Spain which destroyed the hopes of Bonaparte, and led to his final overthrow; for, as Canning once emphatically declared, “his had been the hand which committed England to an alliance with Spain.” Having, as it was alleged, unfairly endeavoured to procure the removal of Lord Castlereagh from office, a duel took place (in which Canning was wounded) and both parties had to quit office.

It has been remarked by a well-known writer, that “if Mr. Canning had not been a busy politician, he would probably have attained great eminence as a writer; and there must be extraordinary vitality in jokes and parodies, which after sixty or seventy years are almost as amusing as if their objects had not long since become obsolete.” The following is a specimen of Canning’s poetical powers, and was evoked by the following:—His aunt, a rather eccentric lady, on the anniversary of one of her birthdays, took it into her head to make a present to each of her relations. To Mr. Canning she gave a piece of fustian, which produced from him the ensuing lines:—

“While all on this auspicious day,
Well pleas’d their gratulations pay,
And sweetly smile, and softly say
A thousand pretty speeches;
My Muse her grateful tribute wings,
Nor scorn the lay her duty brings,
Tho’ humble be the theme she sings—
A pair of shooting-breeches.

“Soon shall the tailor’s subtle art
Have fashion’d them in every part,
And made them snug, and neat, and smart,
With twenty thousand stitches;

Then mark the moral of my song,
Oh! may our lives but prove as strong,
And wear as well, and last as long,
As these, my shooting-breeches.

“And when, to ease the load of strife
Of public and of private life,
My fate shall bless me with a wife,
I seek not rank or riches;
But worth like thine, serene and gay,
[*This line was wanting in the MS.*]
And form’d like thine, to give away,
Not wear herself the breeches.”

Canning’s *Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder* is well remembered as witty ridicule of the youthful Jacobin effusions of Southey, in which it was sedulously inculcated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich:—

“FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

“Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in’t,
So have your breeches!

“Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turpique-
Road, what hard work ’tis crying all day, ‘Knives
and Scissors to grind O!’

“Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind
knives?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
Or the attorney?

“Was it the squire, for killing of his game?
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

“Have you not read the *Rights of Man*, by Tom
Paine?

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

“KNIFE-GRINDER.

“Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

“Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

“I should be glad to drink your honour’s health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

“FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

“I give thee sixpence! I will see thee — first—
Wretch whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to ven-
geance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate: degraded,
Spiritless outcast!”

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

The following is given as a specimen of Canning’s wit:—“Mr. Canning used habitually to designate the selfish and officious Duke of Buckingham as the ‘Ph.D.’, an abbreviation which was understood to mean ‘the fat Duke.’ That bulky potentate had cautioned Canning (through Lord Morley) on the eve of his expected voyage to India,* against the frigate in which he was to sail, on the ground that she was too low in the water. ‘I am much obliged to you,’ he replied to Lord Morley, ‘for your report of the Duke of Buckingham’s caution respecting the *Jupiter*. Could you have the experiments made *without* the Duke of Buckingham on board? as that *might* make a difference.”

* Canning had been appointed Governor-General of India, but the melancholy death of Lord Castlereagh caused a change, and the Seals of the Foreign Office were delivered to Canning. He became Prime Minister in 1827, but died shortly afterwards.



THE DEATH OF COLONEL GARDINER AT THE BATTLE OF PRESTON-PANS.

1	S	14th Sunday after Trinity. Copenhagen bombarded by the English under Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier, 1807. John Hatfield executed at Carlisle for forgery, 1803.—This rank impostor had married, by means of the most odious deceit and fraud, the celebrated "Beauty of Buttermere."—Joe and Hiram Smith (Mormon prophets) murdered, 1841.	Min's Age.
2	M		1
3	Tu		2
4	W		3
5	Th	Siege of Dunkirk by the Duke of York, and defeat of the English, 1793.	4
6	F	Battle of Borodino (the most sanguinary in history), 1812.	5
7	S		6
8	S	15th Sunday after Trinity. As an "experiment," a large brig was sent over the Falls of Niagara. The experiment succeeded, for the brig was completely broken into pieces! 1827.	7
9	M		8
10	Tu	Patrick Cotter, the celebrated Irish giant, died, aged 46, 1806. He was 8ft. high.	9
11	W		10
12	Th	Marshal Blucher died, 1819.	11
13	F	Philip II. of Spain (married to Mary, Queen of England) died, 1598.	12
14	S	2,000 Turkish soldiers, on an island near Widin, drowned by a rise of the Danube, 1813.	13
15	S	16th Sunday after Trinity. Louis XVIII. (brother of the unfortunate Louis XVI.) died, without issue, 1824.	14
16	M	Three of the mutineers of the <i>Bounty</i> (of six brought to Portsmouth) hanged, 1792.	15
17	Tu	The island of Java capitulated to the British, 1811.	16
18	W		17
19	Th	Manchester, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, raised regiments for service in America, 1778.	18
20	F	Battle of Valmy, 1792.	19
21	S	Battle of Preston-Pans, and death of Colonel Gardiner, 1745.	20
22	S	17th Sunday after Trinity. On this day, 1783, no fewer than fifty-eight persons were sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, London—the bulk of them for offences which at the present day would be punished by only a few months' imprisonment.	21
23	M		22
24	Tu		23
25	W		24
26	Th	Wellington defeated the French, under Marshal Massena, at Busaco, 1810.—After this engagement the British retreated to the lines of Torres Vedras; and the two armies remained in sight of each other to the end of the year.	25
27	F		26
28	S		27
29	S	18th Sunday after Trinity.	28
30	M	[MICHAELMAS DAY.]	

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon	.. 2nd, .. 53 min. past 12 night.
First Quar.	.. 10th, .. 3 min. past 2 aftrn.
Full Moon	.. 17th, .. 5 min. past 5 morn.
Last Quar.	.. 24th, .. 22 min. past 1 aftrn.

Reference to Illustration.

JAMES GARDINER was a Scotch military officer in the reign of George II., and was distinguished for his bravery and his piety. He was born in 1688, at Carriden, Linlithgowshire; and entered the Dutch service at the early age of fourteen, as an ensign. He afterwards distinguished himself at the battle of Ramillies in leading a forlorn hope, when he received a wound in his mouth by a musket-ball, which, without beating out any of his teeth, or touching the fore part of his tongue, went through his neck, and came out about an inch-and-a-half on the left side of the vertebræ. After spending two nights in the open air on the battle-field his life was miraculously preserved. At the breaking out of the Scotch rebellion, Colonel Gardiner commanded a regiment of dragoons, and was killed on the 21st of September at the battle of PRESTON-PANS, being cut down by a blow from a Lochaber axe in sight of his own home. The particulars of his death is thus related:—

The day before the battle, Colonel Gardiner rode through the ranks of his regiment, and addressed his men in the most animating manner, exhorting them to remember their lawful king. Perceiving a timidity in a portion of his troops, he said—"I cannot influence the conduct of others as I could wish, but I have one life to sacrifice to my country's safety, and I shall not spare it." His men continued under arms all night, and in the morning, at break of day, they were attacked, by the Scotch army, under Prince Charles. The Highlanders, though but half armed, charged with such impetuosity, that in less than ten minutes after the battle began, the king's troops were broken and totally routed. Colonel Gardiner, at the beginning of the onset, had received from the enemy a bullet in his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle, upon which his servant, who had led the horse, would have persuaded him to retreat, but he said it was but a slight flesh wound, and fought on, though he presently after received a shot in his right thigh. After Colonel Gardiner's own regiment of dragoons had forsaken him, perceiving a party of the foot continuing to oppose the enemy without an officer, he said,—“Those brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a

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"THERE NEVER WAS A GOOD WAR OR A BAD PEACE."

commander," and immediately heading them, twice exclaimed, "Fight on, my lads, and fear nothing!" But just as the words were out of his mouth a Highlander advanced towards him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him such a deep wound on his right arm, that his sword dropped out of his hand; and at the same time, several others coming about him, whilst he was thus entangled with that murderous weapon, he was dragged off his horse. The moment he fell, another Highlander gave him a stroke, either with a broadsword or Lochaber axe, on the hinder part of his head—and this was the mortal blow. He said to his faithful servant—"Take care of yourself!"—and the last that he saw of his master was that he took off his hat, and waived it as a signal for him to retreat. The servant fled to a mill, about two miles from the spot where he had left the Colonel, and disguising himself as a miller, returned with a cart, and found his master still alive, yet plundered of his watch and other things of value, and stripped of his upper garments and boots. Placing him carefully in the cart, he conveyed him to the church of Tranent, from whence he was taken to the minister's house, and laid in bed, where shortly after his spirit fled, and he took his final leave of pain and sorrow. The rebels plundered Colonel Gardiner's house, where everything of value was taken, to the very curtains of the beds and the hangings of the rooms.

It is said that when the engagement was over, Colonel Gardiner was pointed out to the Pretender Charles among those who had fallen in the field. Charles stooped over him, gently raised his head from the ground, and exclaimed, "Poor Gardiner! would to God I could restore thy life!" This statement has been contradicted, but he it as it may, the Prince afterwards rode Colonel Gardiner's horse, and entered upon it into Derby.

Dr. Doddridge, the biographer of Colonel Gardiner, says, that in his youth he was very gay and licentious, but the accidental perusal of a book entitled "*Heaven taken by Storm*," made him serious, and from that time he became as distinguished for his piety as he had before been for the absence of all religion, and a course of vice. It is also said that Colonel Gardiner received a supernatural intimation of his own approaching death. Three of his nearest relatives, including his father, like himself fell in battle.

Additional Notes to September.

INCIDENTS OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

(7.)—BORODINO is a Russian village on the river Moskwa, and it was near here that the sanguinary battle of Borodino was fought between the French under Bonaparte, and the Russians under Kutusoff, a quarter of a million men being engaged in the work of slaughter. Each party claimed the victory; but the Russians retreated, leaving Moscow, which the French entered on the 14th of September—but their stay was brief, as they were encountered by that famous officer, General Conflagration; and retreating from Moscow, were

pursued by three notable opponents—General Famine, General Frost, and General Disorder.

Alison, in remarking upon the disastrous result to Bonaparte in his Russian campaign, says:—

"Future generations of men, living under the shadow of their own fig-trees, engrossed in the arts of peace, and far removed from the excitements and miseries of war, will hardly be able to credit the contemporary accounts of the sensation produced in Europe by the result of the Moscow campaign. The calamity was too great to be concealed; the blow too dreadful not to resound throughout the world. . . . A universal thrill was felt over all Europe at this awful catastrophe, which, commencing with the flames of Moscow, and terminating with the waves of the Bérésina, seemed to have been sent to break, by a special messenger of the Almighty, the arm of the oppressor, and strike off the fetters of a captive world. In England, especially, the sense of deliverance gave rise to unbounded transports. The anxieties, the burdens, the calamities of twenty years' warfare were forgotten; and even the least sanguine ceased to despair in a cause in which Providence itself appeared to have at length declared against the aggressor; and the magnitude of the disaster he had sustained was such, that it seemed to be beyond the power of human exertion to repair."

The following sketch of the horrors of this fearful campaign is from the pen of Forster (a German writer) and was addressed to the celebrated German patriot poet Körner, who, in a few short months afterwards, fell by the hands of the French:—

"On Sunday forenoon last I went to one of the gates, and found a crowd collected round a car, in which some wounded soldiers had just returned from Russia. No grenade or grape could have so disfigured them as I beheld them, the victims of the cold. One of them had lost the upper joints of all his ten fingers, and he showed us the stumps; another looked as if he had been in the hands of the Turks—he wanted both ears and nose. More horrible was the look of the third, whose eyes had been frozen: the eyelids hung down rotting, the globes of the eyes were burst, and protruding from their sockets. It was awfully hideous; but a spectacle more horrible still was to present itself. Out of the straw in the bottom of the car I now beheld a figure creep painfully, which one could scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and distorted were the features: the lips were rotted away, the teeth stood exposed. He pulled the cloth from before his mouth, and grinned on us like a death's-head: then he burst out into a wild laughter, gave the word of command in broken French, with a voice more like the bark of a dog than anything human, and we saw that the poor wretch was mad—mad from a frozen brain! Suddenly a cry was heard, 'Henry! my Henry!' and a young girl rushed up to the car. The poor lunatic rubbed his brow at the voice, as if trying to recollect where he was; then he stretched out his arms towards the distracted girl, and lifted himself up with his whole strength. But it was too much for his exhausted frame; a shuddering fever-fit came over him, and he sank lifeless on the straw. Such are the dragon teeth of woe which the Corsican Cadmus has sown."



"On horror's head horrors accumulate."—SHAKESPEARE.



HOW THE WRITINGS OF A CELEBRATED AUTHORESS WERE TREATED.

1	Tu	Pheasant shooting begins.	
2	W	Professor Arago (celebrated French physicist and astronomer) died, 1853.	
3	Th	The Year 5633 of the Jewish era commences.	
4	F	A false report of the taking of Sebastopol arrived in England, 1854.	
5	S	From June 17 to Oct. 5, 1849, the deaths from cholera in London were nearly 14,000.	
6	S	19th Sunday after Trinity.	
7	M	General Fast and Day of Humiliation in England, on account of the Indian Mutiny, 1857.	
8	Tu	Napoleon III. visited Bordeaux, and declared "The Empire is peace!" 1852.	
9	W	"Waterloo-bridge Mystery," 1857	
10	Th	Battle off Camperdown, and signal defeat of the Dutch by Admiral Duncan, 1797.	
11	F	Jerome Bonaparte returned to France, after the long exile of <i>thirty-two years</i> , 1817.	
12	S	Meeting of the Kings of Prussia and Holland with Napoleon III., at Compeigne, 1861.	
13	S	20th Sunday after Trinity.	
14	M	Exhibition of 1851 closed, 7,109,915 persons having visited it since its opening on May 1.	
15	Tu	Bonaparte declared war upon Hamburg, in consequence of James Napper Tandy—accused of seditious practices—having been delivered up to the English, 1799.	
16	W	General Mack surrendered Ulm to Bonaparte, when 30,000 Austrians, with 60 pieces of cannon, laid down their arms in dejection and disgrace, 1805.	
17	Th	The formation of the celebrated Bridgewater Canal commenced, 1759.	
18	F		
19	S		
20	S	21st Sunday after Trinity.	
21	M	Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.	
22	Tu	Sir Cloudesley Shovel and all his ship's crew wrecked on the rocks of Scilly, 1707.	
23	W	Marshal Junot born, 1771.	
24	Th	Daniel Webster died, 1852.	
25	F	National Jubilee in England on account of George III. entering into the fiftieth year of his reign, 1809. — Royal Charter wrecked on the Anglesea coast, 1859.	
26	S		
27	S	22nd Sunday after Trinity.	
28	M	In 1817, an ukase was issued in Russia, forbidding the clergy to speak of the Czar in extravagant or fulsome praise! which it was their constant habit to indulge in.	
29	Tu	Attempted insurrection at Strasburg by Louis Napoleon, 1836.	
30	W	Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, died, aged 82, 1860.	
31	Th		

Min's Age.
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THE MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon ..	2nd, ..	31 min. past 3 aftrn.
First Quar. ..	9th, ..	4 min. past 9 night.
Full Moon ..	16th, ..	35 min. past 3 aftrn.
Last Quar. ..	24th, ..	54 min. past 8 morn.

Reference to Illustration.

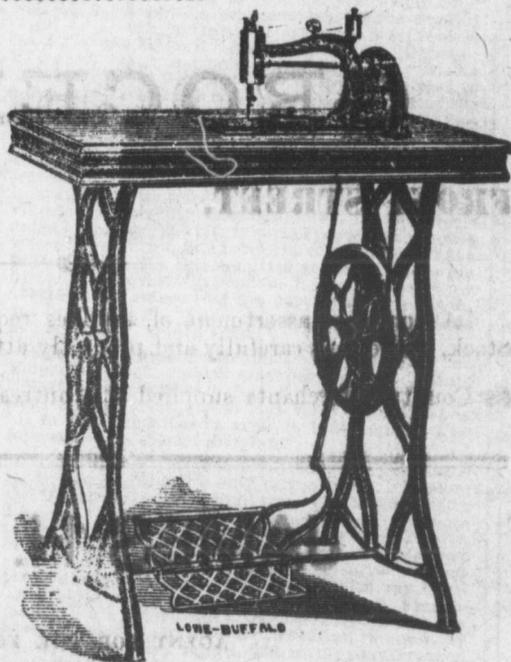
MADAME DE STAEL was the daughter of M. Necker, the celebrated minister of finance to Louis XVI. She was born in Paris on April 23, 1766, and in a long life passed through one of the stormiest periods of the history of France. Her parents being Protestants, she was educated at home—but her training, although different from that of the convents, was the best that could be obtained, and amply qualified her for the position she subsequently filled. Her unrestrained movements in society, and the position held by her father also gave her an early knowledge of public affairs and popular opinions, so that it began to be whispered among the *litterati* who assembled at M. Necker's, that his little daughter Anne would grow into a celebrity. This promise of excellence she soon fulfilled, and before her twentieth year she was favourably known, not only in the fashionable *salons* of Paris and at court, but among the writers of the time and by the populace. Through the influence of Marie Antoinette a marriage was arranged between her and the Baron de Staël Holstein, then Swedish ambassador at the French court, and M. Necker being anxious that his vast fortune should not pass into the hands of one differing from himself in creed, readily sanctioned her union with this Lutheran nobleman. The connection was not a happy one. Himself a man of no fortune, Baron de Staël, on coming into possession of his wife's fortune, squandered it lavishly, until even the provision which she had prudently made for her children was likely to be swallowed up, and then she left him. Her clear calculating intellect wisely dictated this step—but when her husband fell ill, her womanly nature asserted itself, and she returned to him, nursed him devotedly, and was with him when he died.

The years just before the great Revolution in France were full of political turmoil and trouble, and not only did Madame de Staël's genius urge her to take part in the discussions which then arose, but her position in society almost forced her into them. Her father had fallen a victim to partisanship, and had been banished for a year. He left Paris disgraced, but returned to it in triumph. The occurrence affected her greatly, and strengthened her love of liberty; but her ideas of liberty were not those of Robespierre and his comrades, whose violent acts she deprecated. When

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"GOOD SENSE AND REASON OUGHT TO BE THE UMPIRES OF ALL RULES."

Queen Antoinette was called before them she published an eloquent defence, which created an intense excitement, but which was unfortunately ineffectual to save the life of her royal mistress. When the "Reign of Terror" was at its height the bold-spoken authoress became obnoxious to those who, for the moment, ruled the destinies of France, and she was compelled to flee to Coppet, where her father was already living in seclusion. On the restoration of order, she returned to the capital with her husband, and it was in these days that she gained a great portion of her fame. About this period she also produced two remarkable pamphlets, asserting that France could only arrive at a limited monarchy through the medium of a military despotism. The events that have occurred in France have proved only too well her acute perception of the ways of her countrymen.

Madame de Staël's husband died in 1802, after having spent a great portion of her large fortune. Enough was, however, left to save her from actual poverty or the semblance of it, and her salons were nightly crowded with the celebrated artists and men of letters of France. When Bonaparte appeared she was at first one of his most ardent admirers, but by degrees her faith in him became shaken, and having become disgusted with his arbitrary proceedings, she became his tacit enemy. As an enemy she was dangerous, and was consequently ordered to leave Paris, Bonaparte sarcastically saying that he left the whole world open to the eloquent and ambitious lady, but reserved the French capital for himself! He was morbidly sensitive of her attacks upon him, and was moved to great irritation one morning on coming across one of those little philippics with which the great authoress from time to time assailed him. He complained sorely of it to one of his marshals in attendance, who sought to soothe the feeling by reminding his Majesty that one in his exalted position could afford to laugh to scorn the attacks of Madame de Staël. "I tell you, marshal," sharply retorted the Emperor, "that that woman has a quiver full of arrows, each one of which would pierce a man if he were seated on a rainbow!" Her father's home was again her refuge, and for a time she devoted herself to literary pursuits. During her stay she became enamoured of an invalid officer, named De Rocca, and, although he was many years younger, she married him. The marriage was kept secret until after her death; but her intercourse with him seems to have been the happiest time of her life, for he loved her with a romantic enthusiasm, and she realised, in his affection, some of the dreams of her youth. Her father died in 1804, and with all the ties attaching her to France thus broken, she visited Italy and Germany—the result of her travels appearing in two of her most remarkable works, "*Corinne*" and "*Germany*." In this latter production she portrayed the habits, literature, and political tendencies of the German people. The work incurred the dire displeasure of Napoleon, and her banishment from Paris was followed by a decree excluding her from France, and in addition to this, Bonaparte ordered that the *Work*, of which ten thousand had been printed, should be destroyed. A raid was therefore made upon them by Savary, the minister of police, and they were seized, and, says Jean Paul, "hacked into beautiful pulp." Unable to return to her estate, she wandered over Europe, and subsequently published "*Ten Years of Exile*." At the fall of Bonaparte she was again free, and returned to Paris, where she was treated with the greatest distinction by the allied princes, then in possession of the capital. When Bonaparte, like a brilliant meteor, reappeared, she again fled to Coppet during the famous "Hundred Days;" but returned to Paris immediately on the Restoration. As an act of justice the new government gave orders that she should receive two millions of francs, or about £80,000, which her father had left in the royal treasury.

The writings of Madame de Staël combine all the vigour of a manly intellect, whilst a subdued tone of womanly feeling pervades them. It is said that, with the exception of Rousseau and Voltaire, no French writer has displayed the same power. Her table-talk was equally forcible, and invitations to her *réunions* came to be as much, if not more courted, than invitations to royal levées and receptions. Madame de Staël died in July, 1817. Her later days were peacefully spent, surrounded by friends and acquaintances, many of whose names are now celebrated in history. Her last husband, M. de Rocca, only survived her six months.

Additional Notes to October.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF MARSHAL JUNOT.

(23).—The career of ANDOCHÉ JUNOT, from the time of his joining the French army as a volunteer in 1791, to the end of his participation in the great military drama enacted by Bonaparte, was one of unexampled success, and forcibly reminds us of those instances of which it used to be the Frenchman's pride and boast—that the humblest soldier in the ranks carries in his knapsack a marshal's baton. Having risen rapidly through the lower grades of his profession, Junot first attracted the notice of Bonaparte by his coolness and courage when serving as a lieutenant at the siege of Toulon, in 1793. Bonaparte at once made him his aide-de-camp, and he went with him in his campaigns of Italy and Egypt, and became general in 1801. Rising in the esteem of Bonaparte, he was next appointed to the command of Paris. In 1806 he was placed at the head of the army in Portugal, where he remained two years, and was honoured with the title of Duke of Abrantes; but being defeated at the battle of Vimiera, by Sir Arthur Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington), he was compelled to capitulate. He subsequently served in Spain, and was made governor of the Illyrian provinces; but evincing signs of insanity, he was superseded by Fouché, and returning to France, to the house where he was born, in a paroxysm of madness, on the 29th of July, 1813, he committed suicide by throwing himself from a chamber window. Bonaparte was deeply affected when he received the news of Junot's death, and he exclaimed, "Voilà, encore un de mes braves de moins! Junot! O mon Dieu!"

Shortly before his death Junot wrote a letter to the Emperor, which, amidst much excitement, arising from a predisposition to insanity, contained expressions strongly descriptive of the feelings entertained by his early companions in arms at that period. The following is an extract therefrom:—

"I, who loved you with the adoration of the savage for the sun—I, who live only in you—even I implore you to terminate this eternal war. Let us have peace. I would wish to repose my worn-out head, my pain-racked limbs, in my house, in the midst of my family, of my children, of my friends. I desire to enjoy that which I have purchased with what is more precious than all the treasures of the Indies—with my blood—the blood of an honourable man, of a good Frenchman. I ask tranquillity, purchased by twenty-two years of active service, and seventeen wounds, by which my blood has flowed, first for my country, then for your glory."

Junot's wife was an extravagant and intriguing woman, and her estates being confiscated in 1814, the Emperor Alexander offered their restoration, on condition of her becoming a naturalized Russian, but this she firmly refused, preferring to remain in Paris and live by the labours of her pen. The best known of her writings are the celebrated "*Memoirs*," which had a prodigious run; and she also wrote "*Femmes Célèbres*," and "*Histoire des Salons de Paris*." But, harassed by creditors, she retired to a *maison de santé*, where she died, in 1838.

DIFFIDENCE OF A GREAT STATESMAN!

(24).—DANIEL WEBSTER, one of the greatest American statesmen and orators which his country has produced, was in early life remarkably diffident. "Many a piece," he says, "did I commit to memory, when a boy, and rehearsed it in my own room over and over again; but when the day came, the school collected, and my name was called—when I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it." In after life he was very eloquent—in the best style, namely, the *understandable*. A backwoodsman having heard Mr. Webster in debate, subsequently met him and accosted him thus: "Is this Mr. Webster?" "Yes, sir." "The great Mr. Webster of Massachusetts?" "I am Mr. Webster of Massachusetts." "Well, sir, I heard that you were a great man, but I don't think so; I heard your speech, and understood every word you said!" [It was Webster, who, with Lord Ashburton, negotiated the Oregon Treaty in 1842; and at his death, which occurred in 1852, Webster then occupied the position of secretary of state.]



AN INCIDENT IN "THE SPANISH FURY" AT ANTWERP.

1	F	Great Earthquake at Lisbon, 1755
2	S	Ramadan (Month of Abstinence observed by the Turks) commences.
3	S	23rd Sunday after Trinity.
4	M	St. Jean d'Acre taken by the English, after a bombardment of a few hours, 1840.
5	Tu	"On the morning of the 5th of November, 1576, Antwerp presented a ghastly sight."
6	W	Philip Egalité, Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe (and who voted for the death of Louis XVI.), beheaded by the French revolutionists, 1793. And a few days after the accomplished Madame Roland shared the same fate.
7	Th	
8	F	
9	S	Prince of Wales born, 1841.
10	S	24th Sunday after Trinity.
11	M	The town of Jeddo nearly destroyed by an earthquake, 1855.
12	Tu	When reviewing the officers of the regiments newly arrived in Paris, in 1851, Louis Napoleon (then, President) said, "If ever the day of danger shall arrive, I will not do as the government which has preceded me did. I will not say to you 'March, and I will follow you,' but I will say 'I march, you follow me.'"
13	W	
14	Th	
15	F	
16	S	Insurrection at Rome, 1848.
17	S	25th Sunday after Trinity.
18	M	Public funeral of the Duke of Wellington, at an expense of £12,000, 1852.—Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover and Duke of Cumberland, fifth son of George III, died, 1851.
19	Tu	Admiral Hawke defeated the French fleet in Quiberon Bay, 1759.
20	W	
21	Th	Princess-Royal born, 1840.
22	F	Robbery of £40,710 in notes and bills of exchange from Rogers' banking-house, London, 1844.—Perkin Warbeck, pretender to the English throne, hanged at Tyburn, 1499.
23	S	
24	S	26th Sunday after Trinity.
25	M	[General Havelock died, 1857.
26	Tu	Marshal Soult died, 1851.
27	W	The "Great Storm," the most terrible that ever raged in England, 1703.
28	Th	The French main army lost 20,000 men in crossing the Beresina, after having been defeated by the Russians, 1812.— <i>The Times</i> first printed by steam, 1814.
29	F	
30	S	<i>St. Andrew.</i>

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THE MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon	..	1st, ..	28 min. past 5 morn.
First Quar.	..	8th, ..	51 min. past 3 morn.
Full Moon	..	15th, ..	8 min. past 5 morn.
Last Quar.	..	23rd, ..	45 min. past 5 morn.
New Moon	..	30th, ..	35 min. past 6 even.

Reference to Illustration.

THE following description of the sacking and burning of the city of Antwerp—till that time the first commercial city in Europe—is taken from "*The Rise of the Dutch Republic*," by Motley. The event is known in history by the dread name of "the Spanish Fury," and is a terrible illustration of the horrors perpetrated by the Spaniards in the Netherlands whilst under the rule of Philip II. of Spain, and his lieutenant, the Duke of Alva, who, whilst in the Netherlands, had sent no less than 18,000 persons to the scaffold:—

"Meantime, while the short November day was fast declining, the combat still raged in the interior of the city. Various currents of conflicts, forcing their separate way through many streets, had at last mingled in the *Grande Place*. . . . From every window and balcony a hot fire was poured into the square, as, pent in a corner, the burghers stood at last at bay. It was difficult to carry the houses by storm, but they were soon set on fire. . . . The conflagration spread with rapidity, house after house, street after street, taking fire. Nearly a thousand buildings, in the most splendid and wealthy quarter of the city, were soon in a blaze, and multitudes of human beings were burned with them. In the City-hall many were consumed, while others leaped from the windows to renew the combat below. The many tortuous streets which led down a slight descent from the rear of the Town-house to the quays were all one vast conflagration. On the other side, the magnificent cathedral, separated from the *Grand Place* by a single row of buildings, was lighted up but not attacked by the flames. The tall spire cast its gigantic shadow across the last desperate conflict. In the street called the *Canal au Sucre*, immediately behind the Town-house, there was a fierce struggle, a horrible massacre. A crowd of burghers, grave magistrates, and such of the German soldiers as remained alive, still confronted the ferocious Spaniards. There, amid the flaming desolation, Goswyn Verreyck, the heroic margrave of the city, fought with the energy of hatred and despair. The burgomaster, Van de Meere, lay dead

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A D A M S,

A D A M S,

"THE MISERIES OF IDLENESS NONE BUT THE IDLERS TRULY KNOW."

at his feet; senators, soldiers, citizens, fell fast around him, and he sank at last upon a heap of slain. With him effectual resistance ended. The remaining combatants were butchered, or were slowly forced downward to perish in the Scheld. Women, children, old men, were killed in countless numbers, and still, through all this havoc, directly over the heads of the struggling throng, suspended in mid-air above the din and smoke of the conflict, there sounded, every half-quarter, or every half-hour, as if in gentle mockery, from the belfry of the cathedral, the tender and melodious chimes.

"Never was there a more monstrous massacre, even in the blood-stained history of the Netherlands. It was estimated that, in course of this and the two following days, not less than eight thousand human beings were murdered. The Spaniards seemed to cast off even the vizard of humanity. Hell seemed emptied of its fiends. Night fell upon the scene before the soldiers were masters of the city; but worse horrors began after the contest was ended. This army of brigands had come thither with a definite, practical purpose—for it was not blood-thirst, nor lust, nor revenge, which had impelled them, but it was avarice, greediness for gold. For gold they had waded through all this blood and fire. Never had men more simplicity of purpose, more directness in its execution. They had conquered their India at last; its gold mines lay all before them. . . . For gold, infants were dashed out of existence in their mothers' arms; for gold, parents were tortured in their children's presence; for gold, brides were scourged to death before their husbands' eyes. Wherever treasure was suspected, every expedient which ingenuity, sharpened by greediness, could suggest, was employed to extort it from its possessors. . . . The strong boxes of the merchants, the gold, silver, and precious jewellery, the velvets, satins, laces, and other portable plunder, were rapidly appropriated. The cash, plate, and other valuables of individuals were not so easily discovered. Torture was, therefore, at once employed to discover the hidden treasures. After all had been given, if the sum seemed too little the proprietors were brutally punished for their poverty or their supposed dissimulation. A gentleman, named Fabry, with her aged mother and other females of the family, had taken refuge in the cellar of her mansion. As the day was drawing to a close, a band of plunderers entered, who, after ransacking the house, descended to the cellarage. Finding the door barred, they forced it open with gunpowder. The mother, who was nearest the entrance, fell dead on the threshold. Stepping across the mangled body, the brigands sprang upon her daughter, loudly demanding the property which they believed to be concealed. They likewise insisted on being informed where the master of the house had taken refuge. Protests of ignorance as to hidden treasure, or the whereabouts of her husband, who, for aught she knew, was lying dead in the streets, were of no avail. To make her more communicative, they hanged her on a beam in the cellar, and after a few moments cut her down before life was extinct. Still receiving no satisfactory reply, where a satisfactory reply was impossible, they hanged her again. Again, after another brief interval, they gave her a second release, and a fresh interrogatory. This barbarity they repeated several times, till they were satisfied that there was nothing to be gained by it, while, on the other hand, they were losing much valuable time. Hoping to be more successful elsewhere, they left her hanging for the last time, and trooped off to fresher fields. Strange to relate, the person thus horribly tortured, survived. A servant in her family, married to a Spanish soldier, providentially entered the house in time to rescue her perishing mistress. She was restored to existence, but never to reason. Her brain was hopelessly crazed, and she passed the remainder of her life, wandering about her house, or feebly digging in her garden for the buried treasure which she had been thus fiercely solicited to reveal."

Mr. Motley then proceeds to describe how the wedding of a young couple, members of an opulent family of Antwerp, was savagely interrupted:—

"Preceded by their captain, a large number of soldiers forced their way into the house, ransacking every chamber, no opposition being offered by the family and friends, too few and powerless to cope with this band of well-armed ruffians. Plate, chests, wardrobes, desks, caskets of jewellery, were freely offered,

eagerly accepted, but not found sufficient; and to make the luckless wretches furnish more than they possessed, the usual brutalities were employed. The soldiers began by striking the bridegroom dead. The bride fell shrieking into her mother's arms, whence she was torn by the murderers, who immediately put the mother to death, and an indiscriminate massacre then followed the fruitless attempts to obtain by threats and torture treasure which did not exist. The bride who was of remarkable beauty, was carried off to the citadel. Maddened by this last outrage, the father, who was the only man of the party left alive, rushed upon the Spaniards. Wrestling a sword from one of the crew, the old man dealt with it so fiercely that he stretched more than one enemy dead at his feet, but it is needless to add that he was soon de-patched. Meantime, while the party were concluding the plunder of the mansion, the bride was left in a lonely apartment of the fortress. Without wasting time in fruitless lamentation, she resolved to quit the life which a few hours had made so desolate. She had almost succeeded in hanging herself with a massive gold chain which she wore, when her captor entered the apartment. Inflamed, not with lust, but with avarice, excited not by her charms but by her jewellery, he rescued her from her perilous position. He then took possession of her chain and the other trinkets with which her wedding dress was adorned, and caused her to be entirely stripped of her clothing. She was then scourged with rods till her beautiful body was all bathed in blood, and at last, alone, naked, nearly mad, was sent back into the city. Here the forlorn creature wandered up and down through the blazing streets, among the heaps of dead and dying, till she was at last put out of her misery by a gang of soldiers.

"Such are a few isolated instances, accidentally preserved in their details, of the general horrors inflicted on this occasion. Others innumerable have sunk into oblivion. On the morning of the 5th November, Antwerp presented a ghastly sight. The magnificent marble town-house, celebrated as a 'world's wonder,' even in that age and country, in which so much splendour was lavished on municipal palaces, stood a blackened ruin—all but the walls destroyed, while its archives, accounts, and other valuable contents had perished. The more splendid portion of the city had been consumed; at least five hundred palaces, mostly of marble or hammered stone, being a smouldering mass of destruction. The dead bodies of those fallen in the massacre were on every side, in greatest profusion around the Place de Meer, among the Gothic pillars of the Exchange, and in the streets near the Town-house. The German soldiers lay in their armour, some with their heads burned from their bodies, some with legs and arms consumed by the flames through which they had fought. . . .

"Two days longer the havoc lasted in the city. Of all the crimes which men can commit, whether from deliberate calculation, or in the frenzy of passion, hardly one was omitted, for riot, gaming, rape, which had been postponed to the more stringent claims of robbery and murder, was now rapidly added to the sum of atrocities. History has recorded the account indelibly on her brazen tablets; it can be adjusted only at the judgment-seat above. . . .

"Three thousand dead bodies were discovered in the streets, as many more were estimated to have perished in the Scheld, and nearly an equal number were burned or destroyed in other ways. Eight thousand persons undoubtedly were put to death. Six millions of property were destroyed by the fire, and at least as much more was obtained by the Spaniards. . . . Neither paupers nor criminals were safe. Captain Caspar Ortis made a brilliant speculation by taking possession of the inmates of the *Stein*, or city prison, whence he ransomed all the inmates who could find means to pay for their liberty. Robbers, murderers, even Anabaptists, were thus again let loose. Rarely has so small a band obtained in three days' robbery so large an amount of wealth."

But amidst all these scenes of carnage, it is marvellous that only so few as two hundred Spaniards were slain; and this is explained by the fact that the burghers were insufficiently armed; and that a great many of their defenders turned treacherously against them; and this, combined with the awful panic that prevailed, may account for the great discrepancy.



A SCENE AT THE TOMB OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

1	S 1st Sunday in Advent.
2	M Louis Napoleon declared Emperor of France, 1852.—Abdicated, 1870.
3	Tu Battle of Hohenlinden, and defeat of the Austrians by the French, 1800.
4	W Cardinal Richelieu died, 1642.
5	Th Independence of the United States acknowledged in the king's speech, 1782.—England lost about 50,000 men, and about £130,000,000 sterling on this war. The war cost America 135,193,700 dollars, to say nothing of thousands of lives.
6	F
7	S
8	S 2nd Sunday in Advent.
9	M Bramah (inventor of the Bramah press, &c.) died, 1814.
10	Tu The Dey of Algiers assassinated by a soldier, 1754.
11	W James II. abdicated, 1688.
12	Th The Royal title, "King of Great Britain," first assumed, 1604.
13	F Dr. Johnson, the "Leviathan of Literature," died, 1784.
14	S Prince Albert died, aged forty-two, 1861, to the inexpressible grief of the nation.
15	S 3rd Sunday in Advent.
16	M Wilhelm Grimm (writer of fairy tales, &c.) died at Berlin, 1859.
17	Tu Maria Louisa (second wife of Bonaparte,) died, 1849.
18	W Sir Robert Sale mortally wounded at the battle of Moodkee, in India, 1845.
19	Th Turner (celebrated landscape painter) died at Chelsea, 1851.
20	F England (being at war with America, France, and Spain) declared war with Holland, 1780.
21	S <i>St. Thomas.</i>
22	S 4th Sunday in Advent.
23	M Antwerp taken by France, 1832.
24	Tu <i>Queen of Prussia married, 1793.</i>
25	W — CHRISTMAS DAY. —
26	Th [The 25th of December, 1793, was the coldest day ever known in England, the thermometer standing seventeen degrees below zero.]
27	F
28	S Queen Mary (wife of William III.) died, 1694.
29	S 1st Sunday aft. Christmas.
30	M "Farewell! old year, we meet no more, Thy end draws on apace; Yet since thy birth how short it seems, How very brief a space."
31	Tu

Mo's Age.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar.	.. 7th, .. 36 min. past 11 morn.
Full Moon	.. 14th, .. 44 min. past 9 night.
Last Quar.	.. 23rd, .. 12 min. past 2 morn.
New Moon	.. 30th, .. 36 min. past 6 morn.

Reference to Illustration.

LOUISA AUGUSTA WILHELMINA AMELIA was the daughter of Charles, Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and she was born at Hanover, in 1776. In 1793 she and her sister were presented at Frankfort to the King of Prussia, when the Prince-Royal was struck with her grace and beauty, and they were married on December 24, 1793, the union being one of mutual affection. In 1797 the prince ascended the throne as Frederick William III., and his consort became the model of a wife, a mother, and a queen—alleviating misery wherever she could, and rewarding merit whenever it was brought to her notice; and she was almost worshipped by the people, as well as by her husband and those around her.

Throughout the long period of the wars made by Bonaparte against Germany, Prussia—the state that should have done most to promote unity throughout the Fatherland—from a feeling of jealousy and cupidity, held aloof from her natural allies, and thus gave Bonaparte an opportunity of humiliating, piece by piece, the great country which, had it but held together like the bundle of sticks in the fable, might have resisted his power. There were two persons who saw this, and whilst bitterly regretting it, they had the misery of beholding the humiliation of their country with bitter indignation and sorrow, which deepened at last into despair. These were Queen Louisa, and the minister, Von Stein. Prussia, unhappily dazzled by a vain hope of territorial acquisition, failed at the proper time to join with Austria to repel the invader; and when at length Bonaparte established his brother-in-law, Murat, in the very heart of the Westphalian provinces, and demanded a contribution of £160,000 from the city of Frankfort, and £240,000 from Hamburg, popular indignation was aroused, and no words can paint the feelings of shame and patriotism which animated all ranks in Prussia when the rapid course of events left no longer any doubt, not only that their rights and interests were totally disregarded by France—in favour of whom they had made so many sacrifices—but, that they had sunk to this depth of degradation without any attempt to assert their dignity as an independent power.

At last the feeling of honour decided. Prussia could no longer endure the scorn of the insolent

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Frenchman and his desecration of the memory of the Great Frederick; or, with an army impatient for action, tamely submit to the insults of friend and foe. Queen Louisa animated the people by her soul-stirring words, and aroused a spirit of chivalry in the army—which still looked upon itself as invincible. The young officers loudly demanded to be led to the combat; the older spoke of the victories of Frederick the Great, and an irresistible desire for war with France pervaded the whole nation.

In November, 1805, in the crypt of the garrison church at Postdam, the King and Queen of Prussia, and the Emperor Alexander of Russia, met by the sarcophagus of Frederick the Great. Here they swore solemnly that Germany should be freed from the presence of the invader. The oath was ultimately performed, and the tyrant Bonaparte overthrown—but Louisa, the noblest of the three there present, did not live to see the fulfilment of the vow.

In 1806, war was at length declared. But the favourable moment had been allowed to slip away unimproved. Austria and Russia had been terribly beaten at Austerlitz on the 2nd of December, 1805, and now Bonaparte, who had succeeded in his design of separating his foes, turned the whole force of his victorious and elated army against the forces of the Prussian king. Far more energetic and talented than her husband, Louisa not only excited the Prussians by her glowing words and exhortations to the defence of her country, but visited the camp, and enrolled her name as colonel of a regiment, and raised the enthusiasm of the troops by her own generous enthusiasm. The king, on the other hand, was as diffident and mistrustful of his own powers in 1806 as he had been when he came to the throne in 1797, when he wrote—"I am a young man, and know too little of the world to be able to depend entirely on myself."

The king withheld the words that would have given confidence and vigour to the whole State, and the battles of Jena and Auerstadt, in which the Prussians were defeated, losing nearly 20,000 men in killed and wounded, the occupation of Berlin by French troops, and the issuing of the famous "Berlin decree," was the result.

The vanquished king fled, and Bonaparte entered Berlin as a conqueror. Misfortune followed misfortune, and the bitter consciousness that a part of these troubles arose from the king's want of firmness and decision must have rendered the trial hard to bear for the noble-minded queen, yet she never by a word showed that she knew her husband's defects.

Space precludes us from giving the historical details which led up to the celebrated treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, when Bonaparte concluded a peace between France and Russia. The King and Queen of Prussia were present, when Bonaparte restored to the Prussian monarch one-half of his territories which he had taken away. Bonaparte, in speaking of the treaty, said—"Had the Queen of Prussia arrived earlier at our conferences, it might have had much influence on the result of the negotiations; but happily she did not make her appearance till all was settled. As soon as she arrived I went to pay her a visit, but she received me in despair, exclaiming 'Justice! Justice!' and threw herself back in loud lamentations. I at length prevailed on her to take a seat, but she continued, nevertheless, her pathetic remonstrances." Magdeburg, in an especial manner, was the object of her entreaties, and when Bonaparte, (who was fascinated by the charm of her manners) before dinner, presented her with a beautiful rose, she at first refused it, but immediately took it with a smile, adding at the same time, "Yes! but at least with Magdeburg." "I must observe to your Majesty," replied Bonaparte, "that it is I who give, and you only who must receive." And he remarked to one of his friends—"After all, a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state," and the treaty was signed, whilst the queen's request was not granted.

The events which followed are matters of history. As month after month and year after year went by, and each changing period brought a new humiliation and sorrow to her country, Louisa saw her husband becoming more care-worn; the continued strain undermined her powers; weaker and weaker she became, until at length, in 1810, surrounded by her sorrowing family, she left this world without living to see Ger-

many awake from its trance at the trumpet-call of freedom, and shake off the shackles which had been so long imposed by Bonaparte.

It may not be out of place to give the following incident, which is related by Mrs. Richardson in her "Memoirs of Louisa Queen of Prussia," and pleasantly illustrates an agreeable trait in the character of the Queen and that of her royal consort:—

"The King of Prussia," we are told, "was accustomed to take his breakfast in the Queen's apartments, however busy he might be, even if he had but a moment to take that meal, which generally was composed of fresh fruit or other simple viands. On one occasion, as he entered, he saw lying on her work-table a very pretty head-dress, which seemed to him to be quite new. He asked her, jestingly, the price of this pretty cap. 'It is not always right,' said the Queen, also in a tone of pleasantry, 'that men should know the price of women's toilettes; they don't understand them, and they always find something too dear.' 'Well, but you can tell me the price of this cap; and I should like to know it.' 'Oh, certainly I can. I bought it a great bargain; I only gave four dollars for it.' 'Only! a horrible price for such a thing; what a large sum of money!' Whilst he continued to run on satirically on the subject, he was standing at the window, and an old veteran of the guard, an invalid highly respected, passed by. The King beckoned him to come in, and as he entered the room the King said, 'The lady who is sitting on that sofa has a great deal of money. Now, what ought she to pay for that little cap that lies on the table? You must not be dazed by the beautiful pink ribands, but say what you think it is worth.' The old soldier, of course knowing nothing of such things, said, after shrugging his shoulders, and pausing to think, 'Why, I suppose it may cost some groschen.' 'There now,' said the King, 'do you hear that? Groschen indeed! that thing cost four dollars. She can afford to give you as much as she can afford to pay for that.' Smiling, the Queen opened her purse, and presented the good old veteran with four dollars most cheerfully; kindly adding a few condescending words. 'And now,' continued the Queen, with an arch look, still imitating the King's tone of merry satire, 'you see that noble gentleman standing at the window. He has much more money than I have. All I have I receive from him, and he gives very freely. Now, go to him and ask him for double what you have received from me; he can afford to give you eight dollars.' The King laughed, acknowledged he was caught in his own trap, gave the sum she had so playfully forced him to give through her extravagance, as he called it, and heartily wished the old invalid good luck with his present. The affair was, of course, repeated in the antechamber, and was received with peals of laughter. The veteran's name was Christian Brandes, who told this anecdote to Bishop Egbert himself. He also added, that when the King returned to Potsdam, after the death of the Queen, he saw his royal master, who remembered his features perfectly, and whilst making him a little present, said, with a countenance of sorrow, 'Brandes, dost thou remember?' and then turned quickly away."

Additional Notes to December.

THE "IRISH NIGHT."

(11.)—When, on the 11th of December, 1688, James II. abdicated the throne of England—and in flying from London threw the Great Seal into the Thames—a terrible moment in history arrived, for the mob of London, which had for weeks previous shown a disposition to turbulence and rapine, broke out into ungovernable fury, and riot and rapine prevailed. In addition to these unruly spirits, there were thousands of armed men who were freed from the restraints of military discipline, and being destitute, must either plunder or starve. No wonder, then, that upon being joined by thousands of idle and dissolute persons, who came out of every den of vice, and who merely wished for the excitement of a riot, that awful outrages ensued; whilst the arrest of the infamous Judge Jeffries had added fuel to the flames. "The morning of the 12th of De-

"FORTUNE OFTEN MAKES A FEAST, AND THEN TAKES AWAY THE APPETITE."

ember broke on a ghastly sight. The capital in many places presented the aspect of a city taken by storm," writes Macaulay, in his "*History of England*," and who thus proceeds to describe the night that ensued:—

"Another day of agitation and alarm closed, and was followed by a night the strangest and most terrible that England had ever seen. Early in the evening an attack was made by the rabble on a stately house which had been built a few months before for Lord Powis, which, in the reign of George the Second, was the residence of the Duke of Newcastle, and which is still conspicuous at the north-western angle of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Some troops were sent thither: the mob was dispersed, tranquillity seemed to be restored, and the citizens were retiring quietly to their beds. Just at this time arose a whisper which swelled fast into a fearful clamour, passed in an hour from Piccadilly to Whitechapel, and spread into every street and alley of the capital. It was said that the Irish whom Lord Feversham had let loose were marching on London and massacring every man, woman, and child on the road. At one in the morning the drums of the militia beat to arms. Everywhere terrified women were weeping and wringing their hands, while their fathers and husbands were equipping themselves for fight. Before two the capital wore a face of stern preparedness which might well have daunted a real enemy, if such an enemy had been approaching. Candles were blazing at all the windows. The public places were as bright as at noon-day. All the great avenues were barricaded. More than twenty thousand pikes and muskets lined the streets. The late daybreak of the winter solstice found the whole City still in arms. During many years the Londoners retained a vivid recollection of what they called the Irish Night. When it was known that there had been no danger, attempts were made to discover the origin of the rumour which had produced so much agitation. It appeared that some persons who had the look and dress of clowns just arrived from the country had first spread the report in the suburbs a little before midnight: but whence these men came, and by whom they were employed, remained a mystery. And soon news arrived from many quarters which bewildered the public mind still more. The panic had not been confined to London. The cry that disbanded Irish soldiers were coming to murder the Protestants had, with malignant ingenuity, been raised at once in many places widely distant from each other. Great numbers of letters, skilfully framed for the purpose of frightening ignorant people, had been sent by stage coaches, by waggons, and by the post, to various parts of England. All these letters came to hand almost at the same time. In a hundred towns at once the populace was possessed with the belief that armed barbarians were at hand, bent on perpetrating crimes as foul as those which had disgraced the rebellion of Ulster. No Protestant would find mercy. Children would be compelled by torture to murder their parents. Babies would be stuck on pikes, or flung into the blazing ruins of what had lately been happy dwellings. Great multitudes assembled with weapons: the people in some places began to pull down bridges, and to throw up barricades; but soon the excitement went down. In many districts those who had been so foully imposed upon learned with delight, alloyed by shame, that there was not a single Popish soldier within a week's march! There were places, indeed, where some straggling bands of Irish made their appearance and demanded food; but it can scarcely be imputed to them as a crime that they did not choose to die of hunger; and there is no evidence that they committed any wanton outrage. In truth they were much less numerous than was commonly supposed; and their spirit was cowed by finding themselves left on a sudden, without leaders or provisions, in the midst of a mighty population, which felt towards them as men feel towards a drove of wolves. Of all the subjects of James, none had more reason to execrate him than these unfortunate members of his church and defenders of his throne."

THE "LUDDITE RIOTS."

"Who makes the quartern-loaf and Luddites rise?"—
JAMES SMITH.

The "Luddite Riots" were so called from a mythical Captain Ludd, under whose determined authority the rioters professed to act. The name "Luddite" is said to have been derived from a youth named Ludlam, who,

when his father, a frame-work knitter in Leicestershire, ordered him to "square his needles," took his hammer and beat them into a heap. During the year 1810 the hosiery trade, which employed a large number of hands, was in a most depressed state, and this naturally brought with it a reduction in the price of labour. During the month of February, 1811, numerous bands of distressed frame-work knitters were employed to sweep the streets for a daily pittance, in order to keep them from starvation and mischief. The rioters commenced their proceedings in November, 1811, by breaking in one night at Arnold, near Nottingham, no less than sixty-three frames—and this was done to show their opposition to the application of improved machinery employed in stocking-weaving—to the use of which they ignorantly attributed the depression in trade, and continuing their unlawful operations over a period of about five years, a series of riots and outrages were perpetrated, which, perhaps, have no parallel in the story of a civilised country—for the skill and secrecy with which they were managed, and the amount of wanton mischief that was inflicted, was immense, to say nothing of several lives which were lost. They extended their disaffection into the towns and counties of Derby and Leicester, where many frames were destroyed in the month of December. In consequence of the serious aspect matters had assumed, a bill was introduced into parliament on Feb. 14, 1812, for the purpose of adding new legal powers to those already existing for their suppression, and it was made death to break a stocking or a lace frame. The Prince Regent sent a message to both houses of parliament, June 27, 1812, calling upon them to take proper measures for the restoration of order, as the combinations had become more powerful. A new bill was brought in, and passed July 24, its operation being limited to March 25, 1814. A military force was assembled, and the local militia called out for the protection of life and property. Fourteen of the ringleaders were executed at York, Jan. 10, 1812. After a temporary inactivity, the Luddites recommenced their nefarious proceedings in May, 1814; and again in 1816; but on this occasion a great number of them were apprehended, and a special commission of high treason being opened, several of them were convicted, and three of them—Bradeth, Turner, and Ludlam—were executed at Derby, November 7, 1817.

TO WHAT BASE USES WE MAY RETURN!

There is still preserved in the College of Surgeons, London, the skeleton of CHARLES O'BRYNE, the Irish giant, who was seven feet nine inches in height. (When dead his full length was eight feet five inches). His death, it is said, was precipitated by excessive drinking, to which he was always addicted; but more particularly since he lost a bank-note for £700, being the whole of his savings, and which he had hid in the fireplace in the summer-time, and some one happening to light the fire, the poor giant's savings went away in smoke. In his last moments, he requested that his remains might be thrown into the sea, in order that his bones might not fall into the hands of the anatomists—and it was asserted at the time by some that this was done; but the tradition at the College is that the indefatigable William Hunter gave no less a sum than £500 for Bryne's body!

ALL THE DIFFERENCE!

A writer, in noticing the splendid career of that distinguished surgeon, SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, has given the following happy anecdote in illustration of his abilities:—"It has been remarked that the French surgeons are very brilliant, and the Germans learned, but none so sure of hand, so steady and thoughtful of the result, as the Englishman. When Sir B. Brodie was looking over the Paris hospitals, a case in point occurred. The eminent French surgeon who was acting the part of *cicerone*, speaking of a particular operation, said, 'It is a very difficult and a very brilliant thing to do; I have performed it one hundred and thirty times.' Sir Benjamin looked astonished, and said he had only performed the operation nine times in his life, and added, 'How many of the patients' lives did you save?'—'Not one!' said the Frenchman, with a shrug—'And you, Monsieur Benjamin, how many you save?'—'All of them, sir,' quietly replied the English surgeon." In 1858 Sir Benjamin became President of the Royal Society—being the first surgeon who had that dignity conferred on him. He died in 1862.

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MARRYING HIS WASHERWOMAN.

CHARLES RIVIERE DUFRESNY was a French comic writer of great repute in his day. He was descended from Henry IV.,* to whom, it is said, he bore considerable resemblance. Dufresny possessed great natural talents for gardening, and was, on this account, appointed by Louis XIV. comptroller of the royal gardens. The "Grand Monarch," to enhance Dufresny's income, also gave him several privileges, amongst which was the monopoly of the manufacture of looking-glasses—a most important concession. This right, however, with several others that he held, he readily disposed of for ready money, for he invariably managed to be penniless in an exceedingly short space of time; and in reference to his want of funds, one of his friends observed to him that "poverty was not a crime." "No, it's much worse," answered Dufresny. Louis XIV., who was very much attached to him, supplied him liberally with funds on many occasions, but at length grew tired of the continual demands made by Dufresny, saying, "I am not powerful enough to make Dufresny rich." Losing his first wife, Dufresny married his laundress, in order to pay the washing bill due to her. Paris was full of this *mesalliance*; and the following is an anecdote told of him at this time, in connection with his wife, the laundress. Meeting a celebrated Abbé, who was not conspicuous for cleanliness, he reproached him for always wearing such dirty linen. The Abbé had the best of it, for he sarcastically replied, "Ah! every one is not so fortunate as to marry a washerwoman." On leaving the court, Dufresny began to write for the theatres, and after leading a chequered life, he died in Paris, in 1734.

AN "AMAZON."

The sanguinary battle of FONTENOY was fought between the French, commanded by the celebrated Marshal Saxe, and the English, Hanoverians, Dutch, and Austrians, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. Louis XV. and the Dauphin were present. Marshal Saxe, who (being ill of the disorder of which he afterwards died) was carried about to all the posts in a litter, assured his troops that the day would be their own. The success of the British at the commencement of the engagement is still quoted as an illustration of the extraordinary power of a column, but despite this advantage the allies were necessitated to retire. The last survivor of the battle of Fontenoy was the "Amazon," Phoebe Hessel. Living at Brighton in the latter part of her days, her case became known to George IV. (then Prince-Regent), who thereupon sent to ask her what sum of money would render her comfortable? "Half-a-guinea a week," replied old Phoebe, "will make me as happy as a princess." This, therefore, by his majesty's command, was regularly paid her till the day of her death; which took place at Brighton, December 12, 1821, when she had attained the age of one hundred and eight years. Her monument in the churchyard states, that she was born at Chelsea in 1713; that she served for many years as a private soldier in the fifth regiment of foot in different parts of Europe, and received a bayonet wound in the arm at Fontenoy.

THE FATE OF A SPY.

Public opinion in England has rarely been roused more strongly against an individual than it was in the case of FRANCIS DE LA MOTTE, a Frenchman, residing in England. During the war between England and France the French continually received information of the sailings of the English fleet and convoys. Their informant had studied his business carefully; for not only were the number of ships correctly stated, but even their strength in men and guns was given, and in several cases with the most disastrous results, as a solitary instance will show. Commodore Johnson was lying in Port Praya roadstead with an English fleet, guarding a flotilla of heavily-laden East Indiamen. Information of his whereabouts was at once sent by

this secret agent to France, and a stronger fleet under Commodore Suffrein was immediately sent in quest of him by the French. When the enemy hove in sight most of the British ships were taking in water and provisions, and many of the men were on shore. All hands were at once called on board, and the line of battle was formed; but to Commodore Johnson's astonishment, his well-informed foe disregarded all precaution, and steered straight for the centre. Suffrein was at length beaten off, but not without the heavy loss of 207 men in killed and wounded. Occurrences of this sort were not infrequent, and at last suspicion was directed to a Frenchman who lived in splendid style in Bond-street, London, and who gave himself out to be a gentleman of fortune. His name was De la Motte. A watch was set on his movements, and he was apprehended and sent to the Tower of London. At his trial his guilt was conclusively proved, and it was shown that his replies were conveyed to France by a confederate. De la Motte was condemned to death, and to suffer the horrible additional mutilation inflicted on traitors. He was executed at Tyburn on the 27th June, 1781, and underwent his fate with much calmness and fortitude. After he had been hanged for an hour, his body was cut down and laid on a block, when (a fire having been previously kindled) the executioner severed the head from the trunk, and making an incision in his breast ripped out the heart, which having been exposed to the surrounding spectators, was thrown into the flames. The body was then scorched; and after all this dreadful treatment it was delivered to an undertaker, who placed it in a handsome coffin, and it was then buried.

NEWSPAPER STAMP.

The following account of the origin of the newspaper stamp is given by Mr. Cooke, in his "*Life of Bolingbroke*:"—"Queen Anne, in one of her messages to Parliament, declared, that, by seditious papers and factious rumours, designing men had been able to sink credit, and that the innocent had suffered; and she recommended the House to find a remedy equal to the mischief. In obedience to the Queen's desire, and at the instance of her Secretary, the Parliament passed a bill, in 1712, imposing a stamp duty upon pamphlets and publications. At its origin, the amount of this stamp was a halfpenny; and it is curious to observe what an effect this trifling impost had upon the circulation of the most favourite papers. Many were entirely discontinued, and several of those which survived were generally united into one publication."

FOR PROFIT—NOT FAME.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER was born at Lubeck, in 1646. Showing, in his youth, a decided bent for painting, he was placed under the tuition of that great painter, Rembrandt. Coming over to England in 1674, he was patronised by the Duke of Monmouth, and eventually became painter to no less than five monarchs—Charles II., James II., William III., Queen Anne, and George I. It was for William III. he painted the beauties at Hampton Court. A critic, in speaking of him, says:—"Sir Godfrey Kneller has been justly accused of caring more for money than lasting fame; and in the latter part of his life he is said to have used some experimental preparations in his colours which made them work fair and smoothly off, but not endure. A friend noticing it to him, said, 'What do you think posterity will say, Sir Godfrey Kneller, when they see these pictures some years hence?' 'Say!' replied the artist; 'why they'll say Sir Godfrey never painted them.' As many of his productions are below mediocrity, his own remark might appropriately be applied to them." It is related of Sir Godfrey that he once had a dispute with the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, about a garden door—they being next-door neighbours; when Kneller sent the Doctor word he must close the door up. "Tell him," peevishly said Radcliffe, "that he may do anything with it but paint it!" "And I," answered Kneller, "can take anything from him but, physic!" Sir Godfrey was on very intimate terms with Pope, and most of his eminent contemporaries; and as he possessed an unflinching fund of humour, and was of a gay and convivial turn, his acquaintance was eagerly sought after. He continued to practice his art till after he was seventy years of age, and amassed a large fortune—which is more than he would have done if he had followed the military profession, which he was educated for at Leyden.

* The wisdom, generosity, and talent displayed by Henry IV. throughout his reign have truly merited for him the title of "Great," which is applied to his name; and he is the only king of the old monarchy who remains popular with the French nation. He was assassinated by Ravaillac, in the year 1610.

"HE THAT LOVES READING HAS EVERYTHING WITHIN HIS REACH."

SCENES FROM THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"The rule of a mob is the worst of tyrannies."—ARISTOTLE.

FRANCE—and more especially France's capital, Paris—is, according to the late Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray,

"That land of revolution that grows the tri-colour."

It seems almost necessary to the very existence of the people that there should be an outbreak at least every quarter of a century, and some blood-letting to reduce the plethora of their pride. This is a very sad state of things; but still, as history teaches, it exists. If they cannot quarrel with neighbouring nations they fall foul of each other, and belabour themselves until they desist from pure exhaustion. Such an excitable nation, it must be admitted, are not by any means the most agreeable neighbours; and we have much to be thankful for that we are separated from them by that little strip of silver sea—"our national life"—in which Mr. Gladstone places so much assurance. The French are always shouting out for liberty; but they forget that the first duty of those who desire liberty is to respect the law. That lesson the French do not appear to take to heart—a fact of which we have of late had such terrible testimony.

It is to be hoped that when the passions and prejudices aroused by the recent terrific struggle on the Continent have subsided, some impartial historian may deem it his duty to give to the world a true narrative of the causes and results of the late war—by what forces and follies it was brought about, and by what miseries and monstrosities it was followed. Could a companion picture be found for that wonderful work of Carlyle, descriptive of the first French Revolution, setting forth the horrors of the last, it would prove a rare acquisition to the realms of literature. A comparison, too, of the proceedings of the recent Commune under its leaders with those of the Bloody Tribune under Robespierre and his fellow fiends would be found pregnant with useful instruction and curious information. But cruel, and cowardly, and absurd as the acts of the Commune have been, they do not bear upon their face the stamp of ferocity which brand those rulers of France towards the close of the last century. In the recent convulsions, terrible deeds of blood and brutality have been committed; but it cannot be asserted, as in the Reign of Terror, that the perpetrators were actuated by personal malice; nor was it as before, strictly speaking, a war of class against class. The Commune was comparatively meaningless in its madness, whilst the Tribune had method in its madness. It is true that the Archbishop of Paris and some members of the clergy were slaughtered in cold blood; but there was no systematic onslaught made upon the educated, the beautiful, and the high-born, as was made under the rule of Robespierre and Barère.* Still there is no excuse for the vicious and heartless men who have laid the most beautiful capital of the world in ruins—the iconoclasts and Vandals who made war upon monuments, destroying the artistic evidence of their country's past prowess.

But whatever may be said of the last French Revolution, its horrors did not equal—scarcely approached the horrors of the first French Revolution; and those who will take the trouble to peruse the following pictures of the Reign of Terror, as painted by SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, in his excellent "*History of Europe*," will

* Barère acquired, from the flowery style when speaking of the acts of the Republicans, the name of the "Anacreon of the Guillotine."

obtain some insight into the horrors of a generation gone by, which for brutality, tyranny, cruel cowardice, and moral depravity, far exceeded the crimes perpetrated by any other civilised nation:—

"On the day of the execution of the queen, Barère regaled Robespierre, St Just, and some others of their party, at a tavern. Robespierre condemned the proceedings against the queen, and in particular Hébert's monstrous evidence, with so much vehemence that he broke his plate during the violence of his gesticulation. But Barère and the others defended the proceedings, and announced more extensive plans of carnage. 'The vessel of the Revolution,' said he, 'cannot be wafted into port but on waves of blood. We must begin with the members of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies. That rubbish must be swept away.'"

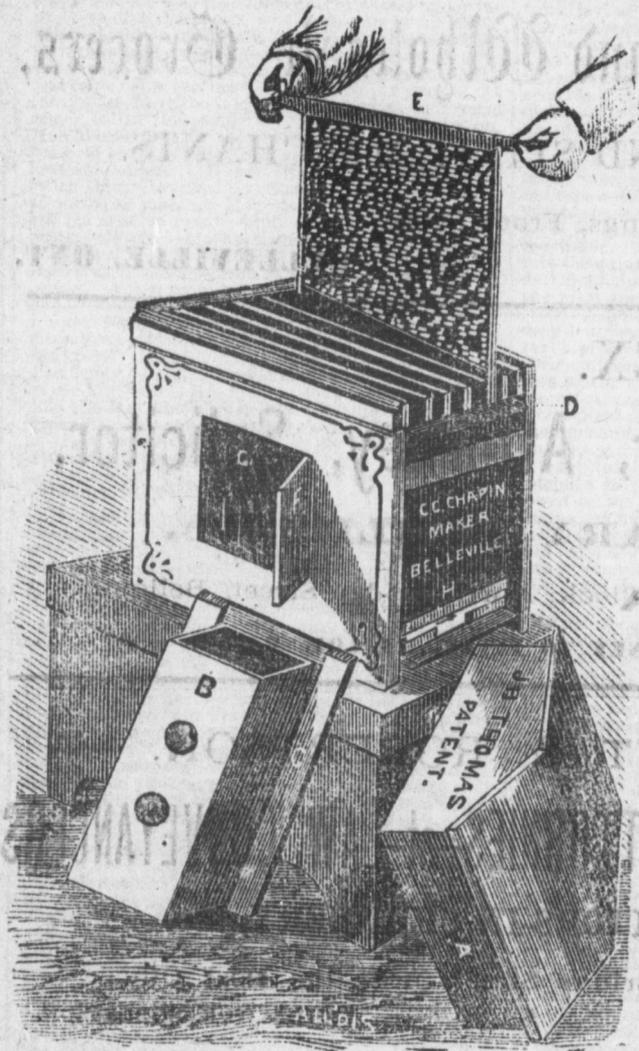
"The Duke of Orleans, the early and interested instigator of the Revolution, was its next victim. He demanded only one favour, which was granted, that his execution should be postponed for twenty-four hours. In the interval, he had a repast prepared with care, on which he feasted with more than usual avidity. When led out to execution, he gazed for a time, with a smile on his countenance, on the Palais Royal, the scene of his former orgies. He was detained above a quarter of an hour in front of that palace by order of Robespierre, who had in vain asked his daughter's hand in marriage, and had promised, if he would relent in that extremity, to excite a tumult which would save his life. Depraved as he was, he had too much honourable feeling left to consent to such a sacrifice, and remained in expectation of death, without giving the expected signal of acquiescence, for twenty minutes, when he was permitted to continue his journey to the scaffold. He met his fate with stoical fortitude; and it is pleasing to have to record one redeeming trait at the close of a life stained by so much selfish passion and guilty ambition—he preferred death to sacrificing his daughter to the tyrant."

"Nor was the state of the prisons in Paris and over France a less extraordinary and memorable monument of the Reign of Terror. When the Girondists were overthrown, on the 31st May, 1793, the number of prisoners in the different jails of Paris was about 1150; but, before three months of the Reign of Terror had elapsed, their number was doubled, and it gradually rose to an average of six, seven, and at last eight thousand, constantly in captivity in the metropolis alone. The whole prisons in the capital being filled by this prodigious crowd, the castle of Vincennes was surveyed with a view to additional accommodation, and the Jacobins boasted it could contain six or seven thousand more."

Here is a description of the last moments of three of the celebrated leaders in the Revolution—Hérault de Séchelles, Camille Desmoulins, and Danton—they having been condemned to the guillotine by their former associates:—

"Lucile, the youthful wife of Camille Desmoulins, earnestly besought Madame Danton, a young woman of eighteen, to throw herself at Robespierre's feet, and pray for the lives of both their husbands, but she refused. 'I will willingly,' said she, 'follow Danton to the scaffold, but I will not degrade his memory before his rival. If he owed his life to Robespierre, he would never pardon me, in this world or the next. He has bequeathed to me his honour—I will preserve it entire.' Camille Desmoulins had less firmness. He tried to read '*Young's Night Thoughts*,' but the book fell from his hands, and he could only articulate, 'O my Lueile, O my Horace, what will become of you! They went to the scaffold with the stoicism so usual at that period. A numerous escort attended them, and an immense crowd was assembled, which beheld in silence their former leaders led out to execution. Camille Desmoulins exclaimed, when seated on the fatal chariot—'This, then, is the recompense awarded to the first apostle of liberty!' In moving towards the scaffold, he

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"ACTIONS ARE VISIBLE, AND MOTIVES NOT ALWAYS SECRET.

never ceased to address the people, hoping to interest them in his favour. 'Generous people, unhappy people,' he exclaimed, 'they mislead you; save me! I am Camille Desmoulins, the first apostle of freedom! It was I who gave you the national cockade; I called you to arms on the 14th July.' It was all in vain; the invectives of the mob redoubled as they passed under the windows of Robespierre, who grew pale at the noise. The indignation of Camille Desmoulins at this proof of their mutability was so excessive that he tore his shirt; and though his hands were tied behind his back; his coat came off in venting his feelings on the people. At the Palais Royal he said—'It is here that, four years ago, I called the people to arms for the Revolution. Had Marat lived, he would have been beside us.' Danton held his head erect, and cast a calm and intrepid look around him. 'Do not disquiet yourself,' said he, 'with that vile mob.' At the foot of the scaffold he advanced to embrace Héault de Séchelles, who held out his arms to receive him. The executioner interposed. 'What!' said he, with a bitter smile, 'are you more cruel than death itself? Begone! you cannot at least prevent our lips from soon meeting in that bloody basket.' For a moment after, he was softened, and said—'O my beloved! O my wife! O my children! shall I never see you more?' But immediately checking himself, he exclaimed—'Danton, recollect yourself; no weakness!' Héault de Séchelles ascended first, and died firmly. Camille Desmoulins regained his firmness in the last hour. His fingers, with convulsive grasp, held a lock of Lucile's hair, the last relic of this world which he took to the edge of the next. He approached the fatal spot, looked calmly at the axe, yet red with the blood of his friend, and said, 'The monsters who assassinate me will not long survive my fall. Convey my hair to my mother-in-law.'

"Danton ascended with a firm step, and said to the executioner—'You will show my head to the people, after my death; it is worth the pains.' These were his last words. The executioner obeyed the injunction after the axe had fallen, and carried the head around the scaffold. The people clapped their hands!

"The wife of Camille Desmoulins, a young woman of twenty-three, to whom he was passionately attached, wandered round the prison of the Luxembourg, in which her husband was confined, night and day during his detention. The gardens where she now gave vent to her grief had been the scene of their first loves; from his cell windows her husband could see the spot where they had met in the days of their happiness. Her distracted appearance, with some hints dropped in the jails by the prisoners as to their hopes of being delivered by the aid of the people, during the excitement produced by the trial of Danton and his friends, led to a fresh prosecution for a 'conspiracy in the prisons,' which was made the means of sweeping off twenty-five persons of wholly different principles and parties at one fell swoop. The apostate bishop Gobel, Chaumette, the well-known and once formidable prosecutor of the municipality, the widow of Hébert, the widow of Camille Desmoulins, Arthur Dillon, a remnant of the Dantonists, and twenty others of inferior note, were indicted together for the crimes of having 'conspired together against the liberty and security of the French people, endeavoured to trouble the state by civil war, to arm the citizens against each other, and against the lawful authority; in virtue of which they proposed, in the present month, to dissolve the national representation, assassinate its members, destroy the republican government, gain possession of the sovereignty of the people, and give a tyrant to the state.' . . . They were all condemned, after a long trial, and the vital difference between them appeared in their last moments. The infamous Gobel wept from weakness; the atrocious Chaumette was almost lifeless from terror; but the widow of Desmoulins exhibited on the scaffold the heroism of Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday, and died rejoicing in the hope of rejoining her lost husband. She did not appear with the undaunted air of those heroines, but she showed equal firmness. She died not for her country, but for her husband; love, not patriotism, inspired her last moments. Her beauty, her innocence, the knowledge that she was the victim of her humanity, produced universal commiseration."

"Eight thousand prisoners were soon accumulated in the different places of confinement in Paris; the number throughout France exceeded two hundred

thousand. The condition of such a multitude of captives was necessarily miserable in the extreme; the prisons of the Conciergerie, of the Force, and the Mairie, were more horrible than any in Europe. All the comforts which, during the first months of the Reign of Terror, were allowed to the captives of fortune, had of late been withdrawn. Such luxuries, it was said, were an insupportable indulgence to the rich aristocrats, while, without the prison walls, the poor were starving for want. In consequence they established refectories, where the whole prisoners, of whatever rank or sex, were allowed only the coarsest and most unwholesome fare. None were permitted to purchase better provisions for themselves; and, to prevent the possibility of their doing so, a rigorous search was made for money of every description, which was all taken from the captives. Some were even denied the sad consolation of bearing their misfortunes together, and to the terrors of solitary confinement were added those of death, which daily became more urgent and inevitable. The prodigious numbers who were thrust into the prisons, far exceeding all possible accommodation, produced the most frightful filth in some places, the most insupportable crowding in all: and, as the ineffable result of these, joined to the scanty fare and deep depression of these gloomy abodes, contagion made rapid progress, and mercifully relieved many from their sufferings. But this only aggravated the sufferings of the survivors; the bodies were overlooked or forgotten, and often not removed for days together. Not content with the real terrors which they presented, the ingenuity of the jailers was exerted to produce imaginary anxiety; the long nights were frequently interrupted by visits from the executioners, solely intended to excite alarm; the few hours of sleep allowed to the victims were broken by the rattling of chains and unbarring of doors, to induce the belief that their fellow-prisoners were about to be led to the scaffold; and the warrants for death against eighty persons in one place of confinement, were made the means of keeping six hundred in agony."

"From the farthest extremities of France crowds of prisoners daily arrived at the gates of the Conciergerie, which successively sent forth its bands of victims to the scaffold. Grey hairs and youthful forms; countenances blooming with health, and faces worn with suffering; beauty and talent, rank and virtue, were indiscriminately rolled together to the fatal doors. . . . Sixty persons often arrived in a day, and as many were on the following morning sent out to execution. Night and day the cars incessantly discharged victims into the prisons: weeping mothers and trembling orphans, grey-haired sires and youthful innocents, were thrust in without mercy with the brave and the powerful: the young, the beautiful, the unfortunate, seemed in a peculiar manner the prey of the assassins. Nor were the means of emptying the prisons augmented in a less fearful progression. Fifteen only were at first placed on the chariot, but the number was soon augmented to thirty, and gradually rose to seventy or eighty persons, who daily were sent forth to the place of execution; when the fall of Robespierre put a stop to the murders, arrangements had been made for increasing the daily number to one hundred and fifty. An immense aqueduct, to remove the gore, had been dug from the Seine as far as the Place St. Antoine, where latterly the executions took place; and four men were daily employed in emptying the blood of the victims into that reservoir."

"The female prisoners, on entering the jails, and frequently during the course of their detention, were subjected to indignities so shocking that they were often worse than death itself. Under the pretence of searching for concealed articles, money, or jewels, they were obliged to undress in presence of their brutal jailers, who, if they were young or handsome, subjected them to searches of the most rigorous and revolting description. . . . A bed of straw alone awaited the prisoners when they arrived in their wretched cells: the heat was such, from the multitudes thrust into them, that they were to be seen crowding to the windows, with pale and cadaverous countenances, striving through the bars to inhale the fresh air. Fathers and mothers, surrounded by their weeping children, long remained locked in each other's arms, in agonies of grief, when the fatal hour of separation arrived. The parents were in general absorbed in the solemn reflections which the near approach of death seldom fails

"GREAT MINDS ARE SELDOM SLAVES TO FASHION."

to awaken; but the children, with frantic grief, clung with their little hands round their necks, and loudly implored to be placed, still embraced in each other's arms, under the guillotine.

"The condition of the prisoners in these jails of Paris, where above ten thousand persons were at last confined, was dreadful beyond what imagination could conceive."

"The trial of these unhappy captives was as brief as during the massacres in the prisons. 'Did you know of the conspiracy of the prisons, Dorival?'—'No.' 'I expected no other answer; but it will not avail you.' To another, 'Are not you an ex-noble?'—'Yes.' To a third, 'Are you not a priest?'—'Yes, but I have taken the oath.' 'You have no right to speak; be silent.' 'Were not you architect to Madame?'—'Yes, but I was disgraced in 1788.' 'Had you not a father-in-law in the Luxembourg?'—'Yes.' Such were the questions which constituted the sole trial of the numerous accused; often no witnesses were called; their condemnations were pronounced almost as rapidly as their names were read out. . . . The indictments were thrown off by hundreds at once, and the name of the individual merely filled in; the judgments were printed with equal rapidity, in a room adjoining the court; and several thousand copies circulated through Paris by little urohins, exclaiming, amidst weeping and distracted crowds, 'Here are the names of those who have gained prizes in the lottery of the holy guillotine.' The accused were executed soon after leaving the court, or at latest on the following afternoon.

"Since the law of the 22nd Prairial had been passed, the heads had fallen at the rate of thirty or forty a-day. 'This is well,' said Fouquier Tinville (the public prosecutor) 'but we must get on more rapidly in the next decade; four hundred and fifty is the very least that must then be served up.'"

"The young Princess of Monaco, in the flower of youth and beauty, after receiving her sentence, declared herself pregnant, and obtained a respite; the horrors of surviving those she loved, however, so preyed upon her mind, that the next day she retracted her declaration. 'Citizens,' said she, 'I go to death with all the tranquillity which innocence inspires.' Soon after, turning to the jailer who accompanied her, she gave him a packet, containing a lock of her beautiful hair, and said, 'I have only one favour to implore of you, that you will give this to my son; promise this as my last and dying request.' Then, turning to a young woman near her, recently condemned, she exclaimed, 'Courage, my dear friend! courage! Crime alone can show weakness!' She died with sublime devotion, evincing in her last moments, like Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday, a serenity rarely witnessed in the other sex."

"Madame de Grammont, disdainful to employ words in her own defence, which she well knew would be unavailing, protested only the innocence of Mademoiselle du Chatelet, who sat at the bar beside her. Servants frequently insisted upon accompanying their masters to prison, and perished with them on the scaffold. Many daughters went on their knees to the members of the Revolutionary Committee, to be allowed to join their parents in captivity, and, when brought to trial, pleaded guilty to the same charges. The efforts of the court and jury were unable to make them separate their cases; the tears of their parents even were unavailing: in the generous contention, filial affection prevailed over parental love.

"A father and son were confined together in the Maison St. Lazare; the latter was involved in one of the fabricated conspiracies of the prison: when his name was called out to stand his trial, his father came forward, and, by personating his son, was the means of saving his life, by dying in his stead. 'Do you know,' said the President of the Revolutionary Tribunal to Isabeau, 'in whose presence you are standing?'—'Yes,' replied the undaunted young man; 'it is here that formerly virtue judged crime, and that now crime murders innocence.'

"Nearly all the members of the old Parliament of Paris suffered on the scaffold. One of them, M. Legrand d'Alleray, was, with his wife, accused of having corresponded with his emigrant son. Even Fouquier Tin-

ville was softened. 'Here,' said he, 'is the letter brought to your charge; but I know your writing; it is a forgery.'—'Let me see the paper,' said d'Alleray. 'You are mistaken,' said the intrepid old man; 'it is both my writing and my signature.'—'Doubtless,' replied Fouquier, still desirous to save him, 'you were not acquainted with the law which made it capital to correspond with emigrants?'—'You are mistaken again,' said d'Alleray; 'I knew of that law; but I knew also of another, prior and superior, which commands parents to sacrifice their life for their children.' Still Fouquier Tinville tried to furnish him with excuses; but the old man constantly eluded them; and at length said—'I see your object, and thank you for it; but my wife and I will not purchase life by falsehood; better to die at once. We have grown old together, without having ever told a falsehood; we will not begin when on the verge of the grave. Do your duty; we shall do ours. We blame you not; the fault is that of the law.' They were sent to the scaffold.

"The vengeance of the tyrants fell with peculiar severity upon all whose talents or descent distinguished them from the rest of mankind. The son of Buffon, the daughter of Vernet, perished without regard to the illustrious names they bore. When the former was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, on the charge of being implicated in the conspiracy in the Luxembourg, he said, 'I was confined in the St. Lazare, and could not have conspired in the Luxembourg.'—'No matter,' said Fouquier Tinville, 'you have conspired somewhere; and he was executed with the prisoners from the Luxembourg. On being placed on the scaffold, he said, 'I am the son of Buffon,' and presented his arms to be bound. Florian, the eloquent novelist, pleaded, in vain, in a touching petition from prison, that his life had been devoted to the service of mankind, that he had been threatened with the Bastille for some of his productions, and that the hand which had drawn the romance of William Tell, and depicted a paternal government under Numa, could not be suspected of leaning to despotism. He was not executed, as the fall of Robespierre prevented it; but he was so horror-struck with the scenes he had witnessed in prison, that he died after the hour of deliverance had arrived. Lavoisier was cut off in the midst of his profound chemical researches; he pleaded in vain for a respite to complete a scientific discovery. Almost all the members of the French Academy were in jail, in hourly expectation of their fate. Roucher, an amiable poet, a few hours before his death, sent his miniature to his children, accompanied by some touching lines. . . . André Chénier, a young man whose eloquent writings pointed him out as the future historian of the Revolution, and Chamfort, one of its earliest and ablest supporters, were executed at the same time. The former was engaged, immediately before his execution, in composing some pathetic stanzas, addressed to Mademoiselle de Coigny, for whom he had conceived a romantic attachment in prison, among which is to be found the following:—

'Peut-être avant que l'heure en cercle proménée
Ait posé sur l'émail brillant,
Dans les soixante pas où sa route est bornée,
Son pied sonore et vigilant,
Le sommeil du tombeau pressera mes paupières.'

At this unfinished stanza the poet was summoned to the guillotine. His brother Joseph, who had the power to save his life, refused to do so—even to the tears of their common parent, prostrate before him. Literary jealousy steeled the young revolutionist against the first feelings of nature. . . . A few weeks longer would have swept off the whole literary talent as well as dignified names of France. In a single night three hundred families of the Faubourg St. Germain were thrown into prison. Their only crimes were the historic names which they bore, embracing all that was illustrious in the military, parliamentary, or ecclesiastical history of France. There was no difficulty in finding crimes to charge them with—their names, their rank, their historic celebrity, were sufficient."

* The foregoing very interesting extracts are from "Alison's History of Europe," which has been issued in a cheap form by the enterprising publishers (Blackwood and Sons); and it is gratifying to know that such an invaluable historical Work is now within the reach of almost every reader.

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"BUILDING IS A SWEET IMPOVERISHING."

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF "OLD BESS OF HARDWICK."

THE following is a brief sketch of the career of that worldly-wise woman, ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY, who is commonly called "Old Bess of Hardwick." Her character is not one to be admired or imitated, for she was avaricious and disregarding of the feelings of others in the highest degree. But while condemning her vices, it must not be forgotten that her energy and indomitable perseverance were such as would have been striking even in a man, and which in her age commanded respect; but in our time if any man has by his fireside an affectionate wife who has no higher aim than to make life happy, let him cherish her as life's most precious treasure, and be thankful that she does not resemble "Bess of Hardwick:"—

Elizabeth Hardwick was the daughter of John Hardwick, Esquire, of Hardwick, a man of no mean standing in Derbyshire. Her family was ancient and her fortune large, but Elizabeth, being prudent, no sooner came to a marriageable age than she thought of making it larger still; and while she was little more than a girl, with that intent married a Mr. Barlow, who was much her senior, and was moreover in a declining state of health. Mr. Barlow made a devoted lover notwithstanding; and in token of his sincerity and the depth of his affection, executed a will in which he bequeathed the whole of his property and vast estates to her. A short time after their marriage, he died, and left his wife a childless widow, with a magnificent fortune.

Having thus got a fair start in the world, Mrs. Barlow cast her eyes abroad to find a suitable husband to share her possessions with her. Sir William Cavendish presented himself, and the young widow seems really to have fallen in love with him. His lands were broad, his fortune large, and his title old. Sir William also appears to have been devotedly fond of his young wife, and to have humoured her every whim. One of her fancies was a mania for building, and when Sir William Cavendish began to erect Chatsworth—a mansion which has been famous for its magnificence ever since her day—the superintendence of the structure was left to her. Building after building was reared by her orders, until it became a popular saying that "Bess of Hardwick would never die, so long as she continued to build." Sir William lived happily with his wife for many years, and six children were the fruits of their union,* but during all his lifetime the building of Chatsworth went on, and when he died the mansion was as yet unfinished.

By the death of her husband Lady Cavendish was once more free. Although the mother of six children, her beauty was unimpaired, and fortune again favouring her, Sir William St. Lo, of Tormarton, in Gloucester, threw himself at her feet. Sir William was captain of Queen Elizabeth's guard, and grand butler of England; he was, moreover, an old man, and very rich. The crafty widow did not, however, accept him at once, for there was an objection to the marriage which needed first to be removed. Sir William was already the father of a family, and the widow's terms were that he should disinherit them and settle all his possessions upon herself. This he agreed to do, and the marriage then took place. Before long, however, Sir

*Through these children "Old Bess of Hardwick" became the ancestress of more than one noble and distinguished family. Her eldest son died childless; the second, William, became the first Earl of Devonshire; the third, Charles, was the ancestor of the Dukes of Newcastle. Her eldest daughter, Frances, married Sir Henry Pierrepont, ancestor of the Dukes of Kingston; Elizabeth, the second daughter, married Charles Stuart, Duke of Lennox (brother of Lord Darnley, the ill-fated husband of Mary, Queen of Scots), who became the father of that unfortunate victim of state policy, Lady Arabella Stuart. Mary, the third daughter, married Gilbert, the eldest son of the fourth husband of "Old Bess," and arrived at the same dignity as her mother, namely, the Countess of Shrewsbury.

William St. Lo was "gathered to his fathers," and Bessie Hardwick was a third time a widow, but not for long, for, in an evil moment for him, George, Earl of Shrewsbury, became her suitor. The hour was one of great triumph to the plotting widow: the Queen's favourite, the most trusted subject in England, was at her feet; but, like a conqueror flushed with victory, she did not at once listen to his prayers. She had truly loved Sir William Cavendish, and her great object in life was to raise the children of Sir William Cavendish to eminence; she therefore arranged that before she would accept the coronet, the earl should give his consent to her eldest son espousing his daughter; and also, that her youngest daughter, Mary, should become the wife of his son and heir, Gilbert. This being agreed to, Lady St. Lo became the Countess of Shrewsbury.

Soon after his marriage the troubles of the earl began. For a little while he lived in peace and happiness with his wife; but by-and-bye jealousies and petty disagreements arose, which broadened as time passed away; and in a very short time after he had led Lady St. Lo to the altar, Mary, Queen of Scots, accepted the proffered hospitality of Elizabeth, and found herself not a guest, but a prisoner. The Earl of Shrewsbury being master of the situation, and desiring to win the favour of his royal mistress, undertook the invidious task of being the unfortunate Queen's jailor. At first, the newly-made countess swelled with pride to think that she, Elizabeth Hardwick, should have a queen in keeping, but as she looked at her fair captive, as she compared her beauty with her own fading charms, and as she considered how that beauty had won the hearts of all with whom the unfortunate queen had been brought into contact, jealousy crept into her heart, and she watched her husband's movements with jealous eyes. She determined, however, to keep on friendly terms with her captive, lest the favour of Elizabeth should wane and a day come, when, after all, Mary would sit upon a throne. In the year 1574 she even went so far as to marry one of her daughters to the Earl of Lennox, the brother of Darnley (the husband of Mary, and who perished by the house in which he resided being blown up with gunpowder). Queen Elizabeth was greatly incensed at this marriage, and the Earl, in his defence, as may readily be imagined, was under the necessity of apologizing to her and expressing his entire ignorance of the matter. As years flew by the miseries of the earl's thankless office increased. He was compelled to keep up an expensive establishment as befitted his royal prisoner, and for this Elizabeth paid him very inadequately, and latterly not all. His liberty was much restricted by attending to the duties of his responsible office. His wife's jealousy had increased to such a pitch that murmured discontent had changed to open reviling. His own family sided with their stepmother and shared her suspicions. And even Mary distrusted her guardian. At length death released him from his miseries, and in the month of November, 1590, Elizabeth Hardwick was once more and for the fourth time a widow.

The remainder of her life was spent in forwarding the interests of her grand-daughter Arabella Stuart, the daughter of Lord Lennox, and whose romantic and melancholy history has excited so much pity. Her whole heart was set upon this girl, and her chance of inheriting a throne quickened the Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury's pulse, and added a zest to her declining years. It was well that she did not live to see this same Arabella Stuart, her much-loved grand-daughter, die a raving maniac after four years' weary confinement in the Tower of London. For seventeen years after the Earl of Shrewsbury died his widow survived him, and during all that time she assiduously devoted herself to her building hobby. Mansion after mansion was raised, many of which remain to this day, and are proudly pointed to as specimens of what our ancestors could do. But at last, in the winter of 169 a severe frost set in, and the builders could no longer work. The buildings were brought to a standstill, the spell was broken, and "Old Bess of Hardwick," in the 87th year of her age, passed away from a world which had been singularly kind to her.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT OF CANADA.

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Canadian letters, 3 cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., and 3 cents for every fraction of $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Unpaid letters are charged 5 cents per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Postal cards 1 cent.

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Parcels may be forwarded betwixt any offices in Canada at 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents for every 8 oz.; weight not to exceed 4 lbs., and the postage must be prepaid by stamp.

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Postage Stamps, to be used in payment of the several rates, are

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Epiphany	Jan.	6
Septuagesima Sunday	“	28
Quinquages.—Shrove Sun.	Feb.	11
Ash Wednesday	“	14
Quadrages.—1st S. in Lent	“	18
St. David	Mar.	1
St. Patrick	“	17
Palm Sunday	“	24
Annunciation— <i>Lady Day</i> .	“	25
Good Friday	“	29
Easter Sunday	“	31
Low Sunday	April	7
St. George	“	23
Rogation Sunday	May	5
Ascension D.—Holy Thurs.	“	9
Pentecost—Whit Sunday	“	19
Birth of Queen Victoria	“	24
Trinity Sunday	“	26
Corpus Christi	“	30
Accession of Q. Victoria	June	20
Proclamation	“	21
Midsummer Day	“	24
Michaelmas Day	Sept.	29
Birth of Prince of Wales	Nov.	9
St. Andrew	“	30
First Sunday in Advent	Dec.	1
St. Thomas	“	21
Christmas Day	“	25

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Pagoda—Asia, 8s. 9d.
Piastre—Arabian, 5s. 6d.; Spanish, 3s. 7d.
Pistole—Spain, or Barbary, 16s. 3d.; Italy, 15s. 6d.; Sicily, 15s. 4d.
Re—Portugal, 20th of 1d.; a Mill-re, 4s. 6d.
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Rouble—Russian, 3s. 3d.
Rupia—Asia, Silver, 1s. 10d.; ditto Gold, 28s. 9d.
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