The York Herald.

VOL. XII, NO. 26. RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1870. WHOLE NO. 645.

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY

ALEXANDER SCOTT,

RICHMOND HILL,

And dispatched to subscribers by the earlies mails, or other conv vance, when so desired.

The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, IN ADVANCE; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid: and parties refusing papers without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion	$00 50
Each subsequent insertion	00 13
Ten lines and under, first insertion	00 75
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Each subsequent insertion, per line	00 02
One Column per twelve months	50 00
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One column per six months	40 00
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A card of ten lines, for one year	4 00
A card of fifteen lines, do	5 25
A card of twenty lines, do	6 50

☞ Advertisements without written directions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly

All advertisements published for a less period than one month, must be paid for in advance.

All transitory advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

Business Directory.

NEW TIN SHOP.

GEORGE WILTSHIRE, TINSMITH, most respectfully calls the attention of the inhabitants of Richmond Hill and surrounding neighborhood to the fact that he has commenced business in the above line, and will keep in stock all kinds of Tinware. New Work made on the Premises. Repairs on Iron, Tin, Zinc and Copper Ware done with Punctuality and on Reasonable Terms.

Shop one door south of the "York Herald" Buildings.

Richmond Hill, July 9, 1870. 626

TIME! TIME!! TIME!!!

A. L. SKEELE IS PREPARED TO repair Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, at his shop opposite the Grammar School, Richmond Hill.

A trial is respectfully solicited.

Richmond Hill, March, 24, 1870. 610

WILLIAM COX,

SUCCESSOR TO JAMES HOLLIDAY, BUTCHER, 2nd door north of G. A. Barnards store, Rickmond Hill, keeps always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c, and sells at the lowest prices.

The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs. &c.

Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and Dried Hams.

WILLIAM COX.

Richmond Hill, October 15, 1867. 1-y

P. O. SAVINGS BANK.

RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR, (OR any number—not exceeding three hundred dollars by any one depositor,) will be received at the Richmond Hill Post Office, for which Government will allow Interest.

For particulars apply to

M. TEEFY, Postmaster.

*** MR. TEEFY is Government Agent for the sale of

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

ALSO AGENT FOR THE

MONTREAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Office hours: from 6:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.

May 4, 1869. 563-tf

RINGWOOD MARBLE WORKS.

P. WIDEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF all kinds of Monuments, Headstone, &c

Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it to your interest.

☞ *Issuer of Marriage Licenses.*

Ringwood, Sept, 13, 1867. 497

FARMERS' BOOT & SHOE STORE

JOHN BARRON, MANUFACTURER and Dealer in all kinds of Boots and Shoes, 38 west Market Square, Toronto.

☞ Boots and Shoes made to Measure, of the Best Materials and Workmanship, at the Lowest Remunerating Prices

Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.

P. A. SCOTT,

LUMBER MERCHANT & BUILDER, 618 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Doors, Sash, Flooring, Blinds, Sheeting, Mouldings, &c.

All kinds of Building Materials supplied.

Post Office Address—Yorkville.

Toronto, May 18, 1868. 3-m.

PETER S. GIBSON,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman.

OFFICE AT Willowdale, on Yonge St., in the County of York.

Orders by letter promptly attended to.

Willowdale, Dec. 15, 1869. 596-1y

GEO McPHILLIPS & SON,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Sandwich, Ontario.

June 7, 1862. 1

Medical Cards.

JNO. D. McCONNELL, M.D.,

GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY,

RESIDENCE—Adjoining Thornhill Hotel.

July 22, 1869. 575-1y

DR. HOSTETTER,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE Surgeons, England, Residence: North of Richmond Hill, opposite the Elgin House. All calls (night or day) promptly attended to.

Elgin Mills, January 1, 1870. 598

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF

WILL GENERALLY BE FOUND AT home from 8 to 9 A.M.

Mr A. F. Armstrong is authorised to collect Accounts.

Richmond Hill, Oct. 14, 1869. 568*

JOHN N. REID, M.D.,

COR. OF YONGE AND COLBORNE streets, Thornhill. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 8 to 10 A.M.

*** All consultations in the office, Cash.

Thornhill, June 9, 1865 1

CARD.

N.B.—THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE take notice that Mr. Jonh Tailor has ceased to collect for John N. Reid, M.D., and that Mr. John Garton, of Thornhill, is authorised to collect for the subscriber until further notice.

JOHN N. REID, M.D.

Thornhill, December 22, 1869. 597

R. E. LAW,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, RICHMOND HILL.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared

Richmond Hill, Dec. 1, 1869. 594-tf

DRUG STORE IN KLINEBURG.

JACOB YELINSKIE BEGS TO INFORM the Inhabitants of Klineburg and surrounding country that he has opened a Drug Store in the above named place.

All kinds of Drugs and Herb Medicines supplied.

Klineburg, March 1, 1869. 560-tf

THOMAS CARR,

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Thornhill.

By Royal Letters patently has been appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Thornhill, Feb, 26, 1868.

W. H. CANNON, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, (LATE ASSISTANT to Dr Elliot, Dentist, Toronto,) respectfully announces that he will visit the following places, (Sundays excepted), where he will attend to Dentistry in all its branches:

King	1st of each month.
Richmond Hill	5th "
Newmarket	10th "
Aurora	15th "

Teeth inserted in the most Improved Styles, on Gold, Silver, Vulcanized Rubber, and Aluminum Base

Teeth filled in such a manner as to preserve them from further decay.

Teeth extracted with the least possible pain, and especial attention paid to the regulation of children's teeth.

Charges Moderate, and work warranted to give satisfaction.

All letters addressed to Aurora will receive prompt attention.

Aurora, May 25, 1870. 619-1y

G. H HUSBAND, L.D.S.

DENTIST, BEGS MOST RESPECTFULLY to announce that he will be at

Unionville	1st Monday of each month.
Weston	9th day "
Klineburg	16th "
Burwick	22nd "
Scarboro'	23rd "

Where he will be prepared and most happy to wait on those who may require his services.

G. H. H., having had over ELEVEN YEARS' PRACTICE, feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.

To those who have favored him with their patronage in the past he returns his sincere thanks, and to those who may do so in the future, he would say that no endeavor on his part will be wanting to meet their approval.

REFERENCES.—The following gentlemen can, with confidence, recommend G. H Husband, to all requiring Dental aid: Dr Reid, Thornhill; Dr. Bull, Weston: Dr. D'Evlyn, Burwick; Dr. Corson, Brampton.

RESIDENCE.—Thornhill,

Thornhill September 17, 1868. 1y

DRS. PECK & ROBINSON'S

NEW METHOD OF EXTRACTING Teeth without Pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the tooth only. The tooth and gum surrounding become insensible with this external agency, when the tooth can be extracted with no pain and

WITHOUT ENDANGERING THE LIFE

As in the use of Chloroform. Drs. P. and R. will be in the following places prepared to extract teeth with his new apparatus. All other operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner:—

Aurora, 1st, 8th, 16th and 22nd of each month	
Newmarket	2nd " "
Markham	21st " "
Stouffville	18th " "
Richmond Hill	9th and 24th "
Kleinburg	29th " "

Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora

Aurora, April 28, 1870. 615-tf

DENTISTRY.

W. C. ADAMS, D. D. S., 95 King Street East, Toronto, near Church Street, is prepared to wait upon any who need his professional services in order to preserve their teeth, or relieve suffering and supply new teeth in the most approved style. Also to regulate the teeth of those who need it. Consultations free, and all work warranted. June, 1865.

Licensed Auctioneers.

J. RAFFERTY

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of York.

☞ Sales punctually attended to.

CHARGES MODERATE.

ADDRESS: King P.O. 633-4m

M. FISHER,

LICENSED AUCTIONER FOR THE County of York, Lot 4, 3rd concession, Vaughan. P. O. Address, Concord. Orders promptly attended to.

Concord, March 16, 1870. 606

HENRY SMELSOR,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE Counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty to do.

Laskey, March 2nd 1865 39-1y

FRANIS BUTTON, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of York.

Sales attended to on the shortest notice and at moderate rates.. P O. Address, Buttonville,

Markham, July 24, 1868. 497

H. D. BENNETT,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of York. Residence lot No. 14, 2nd Con. Vaughan. P. O. Address, Carrville.

All orders left at the "York Herald" office, Richmond Hill, or at the P.O. Maple, will be attended to.

Vaughan, Oct. 10 1867. 1-y

JOHN CARTER,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concession Markham, Post Office—Unionville.

Sales attended on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr Carter's services will be promptly attended to

June, 27. 1867.

EDW. NDERSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE Counties of York and Peel.

Residence—Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession of Markham. P.O. Address—Buttonville.

Parties requiring Mr. Sanderson's services can make arrangements at the HERALD office.

January 4, 1865. 31

Law Cards.

J. N. BLAKE,

BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE.—Church Street, 2 doors north of King Street, Toronto.

December 29, 1869. 598

WILLIA MMALLOY,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

OFFICE: No 78 King Street East, Toronto; over the Wesleyan Book Room.

Toronto, December 2, 1869. 594

DUGGAN & MEYERS,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c

OFFICE:—Provincial Insurance Buildings, Street, Toronto.

JOHN DUGGAN, Q.C. ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.

Toronto Dec. 24, 1868. 544-1y

READ AND BOYD,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Solicitors in Chancery, &c.

OFFICE—77, King St East, (over Thompson's East India House) TORONTO.

D. B. READ, Q.C. J. A. BOYD, B.A.

May 6, 186*. 52-tf

McNABB, MURRAY & JACKES,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c

OFFICE—In the Court House, Toronto

August 1, 1865. 95

MARRIAGE LICENSES,

RICHMOND HILL.

M. TEEFY, NOTARY PUBLIC AND Commissioner in B.R., is Government Agent for issuing Marriage Licenses in the County of York.

Office hours—7 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.

Richmond Hill, October 23, 1869.

JAMES BOWMAN,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Almira Mills.

Markham, Nov 1. 1865. 22

GREEN BUSH HOTEL,

215 and 217 Yonge Street, Toronto.

THE FARMERS AND TRAVELLING public will find first-class accomodation at the above House, at low rates. There is an extensive Stable attached, and large covered sheds. An attentive and obliging hostler.

597 J. L. PARKER, *Proprietor.*

RICHMOND HILL POULTRY EXPRESS!

Farmers and others wishing CASH for their butter and eggs can get it by calling at H. Chapman's, one door south of G. A. Barnard's Store, Richmond Hill, who also is conductor of

THE POULTRY EXPRESS,

And will either trade or pay cash for all he gets.

August 18, 1870. 632-1y

J. SEGSWORTH,

IMPORTER OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, and Fine Jewelry, 113 Yonge St., Toronto.

*** Masonic and other emblems made to order.

Toronto April 27, 1866.

Lecture.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF GEORGE PEABODY.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

Mr. Peabody was a model for young business men in every particular. To the personal witness of temperance, honesty, uprightness, which were examples also to his fellows, he added the duty he owed to the land of his birth and the flag to which he looked for protection. He was a patriot. In the political disturbances that in 1776 that culminated in plucking from the crown of England's monarch, one of its brightest jewels, the ancestors of the Peabody family took an active part. The fires of discord had not been completely subdued, when in 1812 fresh difficalties arose. The old feuds were recalled, and the old wounds torn afresh, forgotten jealousies were revived, and the American colonists were again threatened with a national castigation. Indeed, the British fleet was already sailing up the Potomac, and the capital of the young Republic was in imminent danger. It is not to be wondered at, that in these perilous times the young merchant was among the first to stand in defence of his home and country. It is not our business, as it is not our purpose, to discuss the principles upon which the young colony turned its back upon the *old land*. It has become a matter of history; you may read and judge for yourselves. War is a sin, and some one is to blame when it occurs; but when it becomes inevitable, when the enemy is on the border, and hope and home, peace and prosperity are threatened, he is *not a man*, who will submit without an effort. The public spirit already evinced by Mr. Peabody had distinguished him among his fellows. His services as an artilleryman, at Warburton and Newburyport, entitled him to a grant of land from Congress. He was rapidly growing popular in political circles, yet he was not led by it from his more favoured business pursuits; he he courted no political office; never was the parasite of any political party; he stood on no political platform; kept aloof from those petty factions for which Republican Governments are proverbial, and which have threatened her best institutions; he was a citizen of the Union rather than of the County or State; he never stooped to be a party of local prejudice, if it in any way clashed with the interests or security of the commonwealth. Leaving the arena of political strife when peace returned to his country, he preferred, by the cultivation of undivided manhood, to be a pattern of honour and liberality. His views on this subject suffered little change during his subsequent life, and were mostly attested in *acts* rather than in words. In 1838 when so much doubt was entertained as to whether the State Municipalities could redeem their bonds he, in behalf of Maryland, advanced $300,000 and thus saved it from bankruptcy.

Within the memory of us all, the "Union," as it is called, was deluged in the blood of her proudest sons. Taking the *man* among the other nations, in improvement and internal cultivation, developing her vast resources with a rapidity that astonished the world, she was only tardy in casting away the filthy garments of iniquity inherited from the barbarous past. Slavery had long been the foulest blot on the "Star Spangled Banner." The divine right of man to trample upon and barter his fellow-man, once admitted into the "Constitution," like a vile political could only be erased by blood. An enlightened populace, asserting their majesty, determined to wipe out their reproach. Advocates for the traffic of human chattles were found, who declared that the horrors of slavery existed in fancy rather than reality. They tried to rob it of it deformities, but it defied them to refine it, or change it to a thing of beauty. There it was, foul, dastardly, an insult to manhood and a dishonour to God, a curse to a country, and the target of the world's contempt. Christendom justly despised the free country for the viper it nursed in its bosom. Slavery was a sin, humanity detested it. It was an outrage, christianity abhorred it. Aas a man, as a Christian, Mr. Peabody believed it at once the proof and the duty of freedom to labor to make others free.

Truest freedom is to share,
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free;
They are *slaves* who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak,
They are *slaves* who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
Men! whose boast it is that we
Came of fathers brave and free,
If there lives a man whom ye
By your labor can make free,
Then ye are not free and brave
While there breathes on earth a slave.

He watched with anxiety from his London counting-house, the progress of the great contest that was issued in the abolition of slavery, and never once lost confidence in the success of the right. The apple of discord once removed, and peace restored, the heart of a great man again proved itself superior to partyism, and still loved the "Union." While political strife ran high, and hearts were still bleeding for lost husbands and sons, he was censured for his liberality. But he wavered not from his purpose. Slavery removed, he knew no North, no South. He believed that either resulted from birth or education. Hence, he attested the liberality of his views by a gift of *three million dollars* to the Southern education fund. His politics were kindred to those of the old Republic, when

"None were for the party,
Then all were for the State,
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned,
Then spoils were fairly sold,
And Romans were like brothers,
In the brave days of old."

We said that in everything pertaining to business or social life our hero was a pattern. Perhaps the assertion is too sweeping, and will be received on trust as the conviction of enthusiastic youth, in love with a character, and which more intimate acquaintance may moderate. It is perhaps difficult, so complete in its harmony of perfections, that no minor note is ever heard to jar the strain. Indeed, these little imperfections link us to our race, and remove our illustrious heroes from the utopian lands of gods and goddesses. I am not sure but Mr. Peabody's failure ought to be written in stronger characters than commonly designate human frailties. It may be just barely tingle with something worse, for it was in contradiction to a strong recommendation and provision of heaven The Book says it was not good for man to live alone. Mr. Peabody lived and died a bachelor. The real cause may never be known; but sufficient ingenuity still remains in certain circles to invent a reason. Hence, rumour, with her bable tongue, has solved the mystery in half a dozen different ways, each of which might be satisfactory to the most fastidious enquirer. They seem to agree in the main, it is tne old, old story, disappointment, dejection, despair; none of which harmonize with the analogy of the man's life. But such "curiosity seekers" do not seek such proof, so long as the object of explanation is attained, and their troubled mind's soothed. For while slander, like a serpent, coils itself around the meanest heart, so empty "curiosity" seeks its lurking place in the *shallowest brain*. The circle of life is only complete when it meets its *true* complement. The man occupies an unenviable position who can boast of imperviousness to the influence of a pair of pretty eyes. We can at least justify our hero from the latter, while we acknowledge that the former may be with justice applied to him. It would, perhaps, be tedious to detain you much longer in company with a man whose life is only monotonous in its success. The chief lustre of his name is derived from the munificent gifts to charity and education. To speak of them individually and advert to the causes would be wearisome. Let us read a list of the principal donations, and allow you to draw the lesson yourselves.

To the State of Maryland	$ 60,000
" Balt. Peabody Institute	1,500,000
" Southern Education Fund	3,000,000
" Yale college	150,000
" Peabody Academy	140,000
" Harvard College	150,000
" Phillips Academy	25,000
" Peabody Institute, Mass.	250,000
" Kenyon College	25,000
" Memorial Church Georgetown	100,000
" Poor in London	3,000,000
" Public Libraries	10,000
" Kane's Arctic Expedition	10,000
" Sanitary Fairs	10,000
" Uphold Credit of different States	40,000
Making a total of	$8,470,000

Such acts require no comments, nor could their magnificence or grandeur be increased by rology. They evince the greatest ability and the greatest willingness to do good that the world has ever seen. They show that it is *possible* to be the master of a fortune and not its slave; but the best of all is the means by which the mastery was obtained is credited to its true origin. Mr. Winthrop tells us that while in conversation with the princely benefactor he turned the conversation on the subject of these gifts. "Why, Mr. Winthrop," was his reply, "this is no new idea to me; I have long studied such dealings of my property, I have prayed my Heavenly Father day by day, that I might be enabled, before I died, to show my gratitude for the blessings he has bestowed on me, by doing some good to my fellow-men."

On another occasion, Mr. Peabody said "It is sometimes hard for one who has devoted the best part of his life to the accumulation of wealth, to spend it for others; but practice it, and keep on practicing it, and I assure you it becomes a pleasure." Dazzled by the brilliancy of such princely gifts, we must not forget that such requirements are only linked to commensurate ability. The pleasure is equally sweet, and the reward none the less to her who of the penury "did what she could," or to him who "gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple."

But we must draw our speculations to a close. We have introduced to you a man who has become strangely familiar, only through his charity. You have seen him at the early age of "eleven" without friends or capital, apprenticed as a country grocers's boy, in which capacity he commences his life of earnest and successful toil. You have seen him four years after, when promoted to another sphere, by his father's death and his brother's misfortune's, left an orphan without means, in the most gloomy times. You have seen him braving disappointment, and with firm resolve, turning his back on the dear but desolate scenes of his childhood, and seeking the smiles of capricious fortune under sunnier climes. You have seen him at 19 becoming first a partner, then the head of a respectable firm, establishing branches in Baltimore, and several of the principal cities of the South. After crossing and re-crossing the ocean several times in transacting his foreign business, you have seen him settle permanently in London, amass a princely fortune, and retire from business a model of a man and a merchant. And what has the great lesson of his life been? It is this: That by the assistance of Him who promises "never to forsake," a man can live among the anxieties and temptations of commercial life, and be untainted by falsehood or deceit; the simple and kindly heart that in youth divided with his orphan brothers and sisters the scanty earnings of his toil, expanded, in later and more prosperous days, to social amenities and timely charities to his countrymen in a strange land. You have seen an individual through a long career from comparative poverty to opulance, remain unchanged in nature, untainted by that success that too often corrupts our nature and mellowed only by those growing years, that seldom fail to blunt our finer sensibilities. You have seen a man by his own individual effort raise himself to a position in which the poor bless him, the industrious examples him, the proud envy him, royalty smiles on him, princes court his company, and the Pope himself acknowledges his worth. And yet amid all this, the homage of the poor, the flattery of the great, the courtship of rich and the jealousy of the idle, goodness lives.

The news of Mr. Peabody's death received across the Atlantic cable spread like wild-fire. The newspapers vied with each other in heaping eulogy after eulogy on his head. After a temporary resting place had been given him among England's richest dust, his remains were conveyed across the ocean in one of Her Majesty's ships of war, that they might finally be laid with his fathers at Danvers. The sentiments of the Americans are beautifully expressed in a poem a few stanzas of which we will give.

Lo! England sends him back to us
With sealed eyes, and folded palms
He drifts across the wintry sea,
Which chants to him its thousand psalms.

We proudly name and claim him ours,
We take him, England, from thy breast,
We open wide our doors to him
Who cometh home a silent guest.

We lent him thee to teach thy sons
The lesson of the open hand,
Lest famished lips should bless them less
Than him—the stranger in their land.

We lent him living unto thee
To be a solace in thy pain;
But now we want his noble dust
To consecrate it ours again.

England, we take him from thine arms,
We thank thee for thy reverent care,
If thou and we were ever friends
We should be so beside his bier.

His memory should be a spell
To banish spleen and bitterness,
Have kindlier thoughts of us, for he
Was tender unto thy distress.

As we have kindlier thoughts of thee,
Because of honor done to him;
For while we weep, we turn to see
That English eyes with tears are dim.

The body was brought as speedily as possible from Portland, by a somewhat circuitous route to Danvers, where funeral obsequies were again performed, and again his grave is surrounded by the illustrious and the great, whose hearts are strangely stirred, and who are now more than ever conscious that they have been contemporary with a new type of manhood. But——

Hush! the dead march wails in the people's ears.
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns, the mortal disappears.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.
He is gone, who seemed so great,
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own.
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down;
In the silent grave we leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him.

"*Requiescat in pace.*"

A Prophetic Queen.

The Queen of Holland, immediately after the cession of Venetia, and while the war in Bohemia was still going on, wrote to the Emperor Napoleon the following letter:—"July 13, 1866.—You give way to strange delusions! Your prestige has been damaged more during the last fortnight than during the whole continuance of your reign. Allowing the feeble to be destroyed, you let the insolence and brutality of your next neighbor grow to extravagant proportions. You accept a present, and you don't know how to give a good word to him who presents it to you. I regret that you think me interested in the question, and you do not see the fatal danger of one powerful Germany and one powerful Italy. It is the dynasty which is threatened, and it is that which must bear the consequences. I say this because it is the truth, which you will learn too late. Do not think that the misfortune which overwhelms me in the disaster of my country makes me unjust or suspicious. Venetia ceded, you must aid Austria, march to the Rhine, and impose your conditions. Let Austria be slaughtered, and you commit, not a crime, but more—a blunder. This, perhaps, is my last letter. I would however, consider myself wanting to an old and sincere friendship if I did not say one last time the whole truth. I do not expect that it will be listened to; but I wish to be one day able to say that I did everything to prevent the ruin of what inspires me with so much faith and affection.

Arabian Humor.

One of the many special correspondents, speaking of the presence of the Turcos in Paris, says:—

"These Turcos, if only there were not so many of them, would be capital fun. The Arab of the Khabyl is not a humorous person, excepting in the dirty bosom of his family, or amongst people with whom he thinks there is no need to care about dignity. But these new comers from the desert, though not in the bosom of the family, are vastly amusing, and consciously so. This morning on the Place de la Concorde, a merry Turco stood looking on at the exercise of a company of National Guards, who were not very bright in their drill. He watched them with gravity and interest for some time. They went through the manual exercise, and prepared to march. The merry Turco took advantage of the opportunity; putting a stick between his legs, he cocked his tarboosh, and pranced along the line with that peculiar hop and step which is supposed by infants to represent a horse's canter. There were thousands looking on. The officer, a finicking sort of a gentleman, turned very red. 'March,' he cried. The line advanced, so did the Turco, who galloped up and down in front of the poor Guards without a smile. Now he stood at one flank, and now dashed at full speed to the other, eyeing the movement with that critical glanee which distinguishes an ancient martinet. The people roared with laughter; the officers grew redder, and perhaps, muttered mild oaths between their teeth; the honest privates did not know which way to look. 'Remove that man!' cried the commandant. 'Halt!' They halted, but they did not remove the merry Turco, who cantered on to the middle of the line, and frowningly scrutinized the equipments and bearing of the men. There was a little fat fellow there who got desperately uncomfortable under this gaze. He glanced down at his boots to see if they were all right, then along his belt; he tried to twist round and examine his knapsack. 'Remove that man!' roared the officer. No one stirred in the ranks, but the audience shouted and held their sides. What would have happened I don't know, but a friend of the Turco's came out from the crowd, and led him away, prancing all the time, and throwing back over his shoulder that severe general on review look, which had so disconcerted the little fat private. In the evening, only an hour or two since, I saw another Turco causing a distnrbance. He had apparently bought some object, and paid insufficiently for it. The shopkeeper was raving his grievances to a circle of *flaneurs*, and the tall little Arab stood in front, with the calmest smile possible upon his tawny face. Two Gardes de Paris came up. The shopkeeper insisted that the thief, as he called him, should be arrested. The crowd increased, but no one took measures to do justice. The Turco, I should say, was armed with a sword bayonet, and towered by a head above the group. He listened with an amiable air until, tired of the joke apparently, he suddenly swung off with rude *insouciance* and lounged away, always wearing the same pleasant smile; and no one attempted to pursue except the little shopkeeper, who swooped round and round him like a sea-gull, but soon gave up the useless chase. I mention these two little stories to show the way they are treated. If the Arabs do not shortly show by acts, the most bitter contempt for their masters I shall be surprised, and the Parisians will have no one to blame for the necessity of giving a cruel lesson to these children of the desert, but themselves.

Henry Ward Beecher on Respectable Rogues.

It is possible for a man to abstain from outward manifestations of wickedness, and yet be wicked through and through. There is a paltry, narrow, unmanly kind of prudence which keeps a man back from iron-like wickedness. Guarded by such prudence, a man does not do anything on a large scale. He does not venture at all. His sins are all mermaids. There is not a line on them. There are all as mean, and they indicate as much wickedness, as sins that are more overt and of greater magnitude. He never stole or robbed, nor committed what is called a crime, nor indulged in what goes by the name of vice; but there is not a throb of his soul that there is not a throb of selfishness. There is not a pulsation of his life that is not a pulsation of pride. There is not a movement of his mind that is not a movement in the channels of vanity. He is corrupt in every part of his being, only his corruption is made up of infinitesimal depravities. He is sin-rotten. There are a great many such men. They are keyed to selfishness. Their purposes are selfish. All their ways are selfish. Their whole conception of living is selfish. There are men whose whole character has been built up with successive steps of invisible wickedness, until, although they are decent and law-abiding, and although they stand well in society, when God looks upon them he loathes them. But they do not loathe themselves. I have taken notice, when they were tapping the gas-main, that the men who worked in the escaping gas all the time did not smell it, whereas those who came where it was but occasionally smelled it very sensibly. And I take notice that those who are constantly in the midst of the stench of their own corruptions never mind it.

Box toed boots, with a corn on every toe is to be the winter fashion.