

THE TORONTO FREE PRESS

AND NORTH YORK GENERAL INTELLIGENCER AND ADVERTISER.

"GIVE ME THE LIBERTY TO KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE FREELY, ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE, ABOVE ALL OTHER LIBERTY."

VOL. X. NO. 27.

NEWMARKET, C. W., FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 406.

Business Directories.

John T. Stokes,
ARCHITECT &c., 85, St. James, Canada
West, Sharon Jan. 23, 1856. (1-51)

T. Bishop & Son,
BRICK-LAYERS, Plasterers and Stone
Masons, Dealers in Lime, &c. &c.
Newmarket, May 7, 1857. (1-14)

A. Boulton,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Con-
veyancer, &c. &c. Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1850. (1-36)

R. Moore,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, At-
torney, Conveyancer, &c. &c. Office—in the
Court House, next to the County Council
Office, Toronto, June 5, 1859. (1-38)

John R. Jones,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chan-
cery, Conveyancer, &c. &c. Office in the
Court House, corner of Yonge and Ade-
laide Streets, Toronto, June 30, 1855. (1-23)

North Richardson,
CONVEYANCER Land Agent, &c. &c.
Office—101 St. Andrew Street. Patents for
Inventions prepared. Newmarket, 1855. (1-1)

William B. Sullivan,
BARRISTER and Attorney at Law, Soli-
citor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary
Public, &c. &c. Office—No. 2 Toronto-st., second
door south of Post Office, Toronto, c.w.
November 4th, 1860. (1-35)

James W. Severs,
ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chancery
&c. &c. Office—C. W., C. W., C. W. Of-
fice—Adelaide-st., opposite Court House.
August 2nd, 1860. (1-25)

T. H. Bull,
BARRISTER and Attorney at Law, Soli-
citor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary
Public, &c. &c. Office—No. 10, York-st.,
North Side of Adelaide Street, East of
Yonge Street. Toronto, Oct. 11, 1863. (1-35)

Dr. Pyne,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, re-
spectfully informs the public, that he has
removed to his new premises on Graham St.,
opposite the Western Factory, where he may
be consulted at all hours, except when absent
on professional business. Newmarket, May 14, 1856. (1-15)

Dr. Hackett,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, Accoucheur, &c. &c.
residence—Prospect Street, (Gerrard-st. E. W.)
Newmarket. (1-25)

Dr. Hillary,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, Accoucheur, &c. &c.
residence—First Brick House North of St.
Dun's, Aurora. Aurora, Oct. 11, 1860. (1-35)

Professional Notice.

D. HUNTER begs leave to announce to
the inhabitants of Newmarket, and sur-
rounding country, that he has resumed the
practice of his profession in all its branches
Office at his residence, Timothy Street—Con-
stantly from 9 to 11 o'clock A.M.
Newmarket, May 17, 1860. (1-14)

Walter B. Goikie, M. D.,
LICENSED PHYSICIAN of the Medical Board of Upper
Canada, and recently one of the Medical
Officers of the Toronto General Hospital,
and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Dr.
Reich's Medical School, has returned to Aurora,
and retains his former residence, on
Yonge Street, where he may be consulted at
all times, on the various branches of his profes-
sion. Aurora, Dec. 15, '59 (1-44)

R. Ramsey, M.D.L.M. Edinburg,
GRADUATE (with honours) of the University
of Glasgow, College, Kingston, C. W.
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur.
RESIDENCE—BROWNSVILLE. Gt.
May 22nd, '61. (1-15)

Hides! Hides! Hides!

THE Subscriber is prepared to pay CASH
for hides.
THOMAS NIXON. (1-43)
Newmarket, Dec. 5th, 1858.

International

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON,
CAPITAL—Half a Million Sterling.
ROBERT H. SMITH, Agent
Newmarket, Nov. 3, 1860. (1-41)

John T. Stokes,
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits in
the Court of Queen's Bench for the County
of York and West, Conveyancer, &c. &c.
Sharon, C. W.
June 3, 1859. (1-16)

Wm. Mosley,
CONVEYANCER and Land Agent, Com-
missioner in the Queen's Bench, Office on
Yonge Street.
Aurora, 25.5 May 1855. (1-17)

John Saxton,
WATCH and Clock Maker, Main
Street Newmarket. All kinds of
Watches and Clocks repaired in or-
der and warranted.
Newmarket, Sep. 9, 1859. (1-32)

Bible Depository.

BIBLES and Testaments can be had at So-
berly prices, upon application to those
at the Bible Depository, opposite Rail-
road Hotel.
Newmarket, Mar. 26, 1862. (1-10)

George E. Hubert,
WAGON, Carriage and
Coach Maker, Main Street Newmarket. All or-
ders executed with Dispatch.
Newmarket, Feb. 8, 1856. (1-55)

Dr. Bentley,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur,
Newmarket. Office—Water Street, foot
of Main Street.
Feb. 11, 1857. (1-3)

Albion Hotel,
EAST MARKET SQUARE,
TORONTO.
J. SMITH, Proprietor.
Toronto, December 19, 1860. (1-45)

Business Directories.

Dr. McCullum,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur—
Residence, Mount Albert, Township of
East Gwillimbury.
August 1st, 1861. (1-25)

C. Morimer,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur,
Aurora. A fresh supply of Drugs, Chemi-
cals, &c. &c. Aurora, March 16, '60. (1-5)

RAILROAD HOTEL,
NEWMARKET.
MRS. J. FORSYTH, PROPRIETRESS.
Omnibus to and from Cars, Free.
Newmarket, March 27, 1861. (1-7)

COMMERCIAL HOTEL
(LATE MARY'S OLD STAND.)
BY HENRY CROXON.
HOLLAND LANDING.
THESE premises have lately been thor-
oughly renovated and re-fitted for the accom-
modation of guests. Holland Landing, March 16, 1860. (1-5)

"Marksmen's Home,"
BY JAS. McCLURE,
HOLLAND LANDING.
THIS Hotel is now the only one fitted up for
the accommodation of Guests, and attached
to it is one of the best Public Rooms in the
Village.
Holland Landing, March 27, 1860. (1-6)

JAS. McCLURE,
Licensed Auctioneer!
For the United Counties of York and Peel.
Charges Moderate. 31
Holland Landing, March 27, 1860. (1-6)

H. Noble, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur,
Sharon, C. W.
Feb. 23, '61. (1-32)

T. H. Ince,
BARRISTER and Attorney at Law, Soli-
citor in Chancery, Notary Public, &c. &c.
N. B.—Money to loan in sums to suit bor-
rowers. Office—York Chambers, opposite the
Post Office, Toronto, C. W.
Feb. 20, '61. (1-19)

WELLINGTON HOTEL,
AURORA!
GEO. L. GRAHAM—PROPRIETOR.
THIS Hotel is beautifully situated near the
Aurora Station, and has recently been re-
fitted for the accommodation of guests.
A careful Hostler always in Attendance!
Aurora, April 9, 1861. (1-9)

Magistrate's Blanks
OF all descriptions on hand for sale. Apply
at the NEW ERA OFFICE.
Newmarket, June 9, '56. (1-12)

Geo. Wallace,
BARBER, Hairdresser, &c. &c. begs respect-
fully to intimate that he has returned to
Newmarket, and opened a Shop in the Build-
ing formerly occupied by the New Era Print-
ing Office, Corner of Mill and Main Streets,
where he is prepared to wait upon all who
may favor him with a call. Razors, Scissors,
Knives, &c. ground and set on the shortest no-
tice. All work warranted. A call respectfully
solicited.
Newmarket, July 17, '61. (1-49)

R. B. Joy,
BARBER, Hairdresser, &c. &c. Main-St. New-
market. Has removed his office from
Main-st. to Ontario-st., Newmarket, where
the business will be conducted as usual, by
Mr. J. L. Campbell.
Newmarket, April 4, '61. (1-61)

Matthews & Maclean,
PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS
OLD CORNER EXCHANGE,
FRONT STREET, TORONTO.
ADVANCES made on FLOUR,
GRAIN, HOGS, BUTTER, or other
produce, consigned to us, or to
David E. McLean & Co., Montreal.
Dec. 11, 1860. (1-45)

E. D. Rogers,
JOINER & CARPENTER,
I return thanks for the liberal patronage
which I have received from the public, and
in the hope that I may be able to do more
for them in the future. I have removed to
the premises lately occupied by the late
Mr. J. P. WOOD, and will be prepared to
execute all orders for
ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
of all descriptions—and furnish materials of
the best quality, as may be agreed upon. He keeps
constantly on hand, a good supply of Sash and
Blinds, and is prepared to execute in a neat and
substantial manner, and with dispatch.
Newmarket, Sept. 24, 1857. (1-31)

Old Established Black Bull Inn,
No. 26, QUEEN ST., TORONTO
JOHN PURDY, PROPRIETOR.
J. P. WOULD particularly invite Toronto
gentlemen, who are visiting Newmarket,
to give him a call, as he has had no experience
in running up the above establishment for the
general comfort of his guests. Good stabling
and every accommodation for horses.
TERMS EXTREMELY MODERATE.—Gt.
Toronto, July 24, '61. (1-50)

Wrapping Paper!
JUST RECEIVED, a good supply—from
30c to 40c upwards—at the
NEW ERA OFFICE.
March 1, 1861. (1-2)

Business Directories.

SIMPSON and DUNSPAUGH,
No. 35, King-St. East, Toronto.
IMPORTERS, Wholesale and Retail dealers
in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Oils, Dye-stuffs,
Colors, Varnishes, Brushes,
Spirits Turpentine,
Patent Dryer, Zinc Paints, Artists' Materials,
Succinea,
Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, &c. &c. &c.
August 2nd, '60. (1-23)

J. W. KEETCH,
Watch and Clock Maker.
FROM ENGLAND.
Begs respectfully to announce to the citizens of
NEWMARKET,
And surrounding country, that he has opened a
shop in the building adjoining Mr. Hutch-
inson's, where he has hopes by his
strict attention to business, and
moderation of prices,
to merit and receive a share of public pa-
tronage.
He keeps on hand, and has for sale,
all kinds of Fancy Articles carefully repaired and
warranted.
The best reference can be given on applica-
tion.
Newmarket, Nov. 16, '60. (1-40)

Newmarket Iron Foundry.
JAMES ALLAN begs to return thanks for
patronage, and to intimate that he is pre-
pared to cast Stoves, Sugar Kettles, Machine
Castings, and other articles usually required
in his line of business. A number of Sugar
Kettles, Stoves and Pans on hand for sale.
Newmarket, Feb. 10, '60. (1-1)

Dentistry!
DR. S. N. PECK,
SURGEON DENTIST,
RESPECTFULLY announces
that he will be in
NEWMARKET—the first three days of each
month,
BRAND-HOUSE—the fourth of each month,
BROAD-HEAVEN—the 5th and 6th of May, July,
September, November, January,
BROOKVILLE—the 8th and 9th of the same
months. When he will be most hap-
py to wait upon those who require
his services in any of the
BRANCHES of his PROFESSION,
Or make good any operation previously war-
ranted.
Dr. S. N. P., for the future intends to work
cheaper than any other Dentist in the Province.
Teeth Inserted on Gold or Silver Plate or Vul-
canized Rubber.
Teeth Extracted with the least possible pain,
and particular attention paid to the Regulation
of Children's Teeth.
Newmarket, May 5th, '60. (1-12)

DENTISTRY!
W. C. ADAMS, D. D. S.,
Surgeon Dentist, 93 King Street East,
Toronto, C. W.
PARTICULAR attention given to the re-
gulation of Children's Teeth. Consultation
free, and all work warranted. 25th of each month.
Dr. A. has turned his attention to the im-
provements of his profession in all its branches,
and can supply the profession with Teeth,
Gold, Silver, and Vulcanized Rubber, and
all kinds of Teeth mounted on Gold, Silver,
or Vulcanized Rubber, with Continuous Gums,
which are warranted to give entire satisfaction.
Toronto, July 25, '60. (1-25)

Teeth Extracted Without Pain,
BY THE USE OF ELECTRICITY,
BY DR. E. C. EDMONDS,
RECORDER OF NEWMARKET.
WHO has returned from the NORTH AMERICAN
HOTEL, Newmarket, the 1st Tuesday
of each month.
SUNDAY—First Wednesday in each month.
WEDNESDAY—First Thursday in each month.
HOLIDAYS—25th of each month.
Teeth Inserted on Gold, Silver, or Vulcanized
Rubber.
All operations in his profession, performed in
the most approved manner, and warranted.
Residence—Aurora, C. W.
E. C. EDMONDS.
Aurora, Nov. 4, '59. (1-24)

V. G. W. TAYLOR,
VEGETARIAN SURGEON.
Member of the Royal College of V. S.
I return thanks for the liberal patronage
which I have received from the public, and
in the hope that I may be able to do more
for them in the future. I have removed to
the premises lately occupied by the late
Mr. J. P. WOOD, and will be prepared to
execute all orders for
DISEASES OF ANIMALS
At his own stable on the shortest notice, and
can with confidence warrant a cure in all cases
within the reach of medical skill and treatment.
Residence—Near the Eagle Hotel.
N. B.—No charge for Stabling.
Newmarket, July 3, 1861. (1-21)

Alfred Wilson, Jr.,
Civil Engineer, Conveyancer and Accountant,
NEWMARKET, C. W.

PLANS and Specifications of all kinds of
Engineering structures promptly and cor-
rectly prepared. Deeds, Mortgage, Leases,
Agreements, &c. &c. drawn on short notice.
Books Printed and Bound.—Office at the resi-
dence of Dr. Lomb, Main-st.
Newmarket, July 10th, 1861. (1-22)

HAV'N'T VAMOOSED!
E. SPENCER
I return thanks to his old patrons and
friends who have reminded them that he may
still be found at his old shop, near of
Bliss and Trent's.
Main Street, Newmarket.
Newmarket, June 14, 1861. (1-13)

Literature.

EYES.
BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.
If Juno is the goddess of all the orbs of
vision—(the "ox-eyed" Juno)—and
if she has a star I am very sure I must
have been born under it. I have but
two hobbies that I am aware of; one is
a handsome dog or horse, and the other a
handsome pair of eyes, and between the
two, I have come to grief "enough" in my
time. Indeed, from the moment when they
were first bestowed upon me, I have been
attained to years of discretion, (as they
are most ridiculously called), my troubles
from the latter have been enough to more
a heart of stone—nor do I recollect much
of their ceasing—at least till I got a
gray hair or two in my brown locks to
sober me.
There is a world of meaning in an eye,
I do not, by any means, assert that this
is an original remark, only that it is the
quintessence of my large experience
during the last eight years, reduced
into one pithy maxim. The very Rev.
Father Faber says in one of his books,
that "there is something in every eye
that warns you not to trust it infinitely,"
and agreeing with him here, I also add
that there is always something which
warns you not to trust it at all. Uncon-
sciously, it may be, but still most plainly,
and we should escape many an aching
heart, if we attended to the message a lit-
tle more. Faithfulness, then, inherent,
though often unknown, is the great char-
acteristic of the human eye—it is only
in the wild, loving eye of the dog or
horse that we find that peculiar look
absent, and why should the port be guarded,
when no treachery is there?
There are five kinds of eyes worth no-
ticing—the blue, the black, the brown,
the gray, and the green. And first, by
right and by beauty—the blue!
It is a dangerous topic for me. The
eyes which borrow their tint from the
summer sky—what eyes they are! How
they dazzle and bewilder—how they melt
and soften—how they flash in scorn and
swim in tears, till one's heart is scarcely
worn a moment's purchase, ere for a
housewife's sake! The large, light blue
eye, with the golden eyelash and the faint-
ly traced brow—the type of heavenly puri-
ty and peace—a nun should have such
eyes, and I am sure St. Agnes and St.
Lucy had; the smaller orb of darkest
depth blue, with its arch, sidelong
glance. And such were Annie Laurie's,
and another Annie's that I knew—the
calm, sad, blue eye that thrills one's heart
with a single glance, and the well-opened
one that flashes upon you with a glorious
light—with a smile that makes your head
whirl, and a meaning that you never fore-
see—oh, blue eyes! blue eyes! that have
looked upon me here and there, that have
stirred my heart and haunted my dreams
for ten long years—that have shone upon
me in the summer sky at noon, and the
winter sky at night, that have looked up
from every page I have written, and at
most from every page I have read—your
wisdom will never be forgotten till I lie
low, with the green sod for my pillow and
my shroud!
And black. There are four kinds of
these also; the small, brilliant, hard eye,
like a bead, that one might crack like a
cherry-stone between his teeth—the
gloomy career with a fire smouldering in
its darkest depths—the soft, swimming,
sleepy orb, and another, large, well-shaped
and firmly set solemn as the hush of
midnight, still as a mountain lake, yet
full of passion, full of thought, and
intellect, and feeling, that rise in a storm
till the quiet surface glows again—an eye
that has no need of words—that never
suits, but knows the warmth of tears—
an eye that goes straight to the heart with
a single glance, and never leaves it more
—an eye that does not intoxicate like the
blue, but draws you steadily and surely
on, and touches chords in your heart
which have been untouched before, and can
never wake for a lesser power again.
The first may be the eye of a vain beau-
ty or belle. Eugene Aram, I fancy, had
the second, and many an inmate of Bed-
lam has it now. The third languishes in
the heart of the Turk; and the fourth
it is well that it is not common, or we
should all be worse off than we are now.
It is the most beautiful, and also the most
dangerous of all. For the blue eye
launches a score of arrows, whose wounds
may one day heal; but this has only one,
and if it bit the mark—heaven help you!
The poisoned shaft will linger in your
heart for ever. But once have I seen
those eyes, or met that glance, and they
took my breath away. But a cowl
fell over them the next moment—they
were lost to me on earth; but I shall
know them again—oh, I am sure of that,
if they ever beam on me in Heaven!
Brown eyes are often wrongly called
hazel, for lack of a better name. And
some hazel things. Dickens gave them to
his Uriah Heep; eyes, every one knows,
are most uncomfortable when he wanted
to finish the picture. They have a deep
red flicker, that means mischief; and they
are shallow, withal. Once I saw a hand-
some pair, with the red glow, yet with a
softness that made them look like velvet,
and they gazed shyly out from under
their long lashes. But these are a class
by themselves, and should not be con-
founded with the brown, which have a
softness and a beauty peculiarly their
own. Some are eager, quick and merry
—they generally go with light hair, and
fair, fresh complexions, and their laugh-
ing brightness, their frank glances, are as
different from the irritable look of the
hazel as light from darkness. Others,
strangely enough, have a reddish glow, or
rather an Auburn light, that gives them a
peculiar charm; especially if, as I have
often seen, the hair matches, shade for
shade. Others, of a more decided brown,

go with black hair and a dark comple-
xion, pale or brilliant, as the case may be;
and were I "Cecilia in search of a wife,"
I should take care she had such eyes as
these. And others still are large and
soft, with a stary light within—a twi-
light radiance, rather—that only need the
curling hair, and the pale, gentle face—
the dainty form, and the tender, woman-
ly heart—to complete the charm. I de-
clare, when I look into such eyes, I think
only of moonlight, and woodland brooks,
and the soft, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet
years drop from me. MOST HAPPY
once more on the floor in the old parlor
at Lempster, the moon shines through
the painted curtains, and your eyes are
upon me, Helen, and your hand in mine,
as we talk in the forest of voices, while
Lucia walks with your mother, Fred and
Jip, in the flower garden outside, and
Morrill plays the songs we like to hear.
Ah, many a pleasant memory have I, by
land or sea, in connection with your dear
brown eyes!
"Place aux Dames!" For the gray
eye is peculiarly the eye of woman. And
we meet with a variety enough to
puzzle Solomon himself. We will pass
over in silence the sharp, the shrewd,
the spiteful, the cold, and the wild gray
eye; every one has seen them—too often,
perhaps—I am sure I have. There are
some that belong only to the galleys;
there are others of which any honest brute
would be ashamed. But then, again,
there are some beautiful enough to drive
one wild, and it is only then that I mean.
There is the dark, sleepy, almost shaded
gray eye, with long black lashes—its
with the rarest face on earth—that Sul-
tana-like beauty of jet black hair, and
a complexion that is neither dark nor fair
—almost a cream color, if the truth must
be told—and soft and rich as the leaf of
the calla Ethiopia itself. Perhaps it is
the Cressida face form. I don't know;
but I do know that I always think of
magnolia trees and lotus flowers when I
recall it. The only two beautiful women
I ever saw had such faces and such eyes;
they were Americans, and I doubt if it
was possible for them to be anything else.
Europe, I am sure, could never produce
anything of the kind. And it is worthy
of remark, also, that this style is strictly
confined to my own sex. Mother Nature
shows a little good sense in this respect,
and does not waste such glorious work-
manship where it would stand a fair
chance of being degraded, not to say ut-
terly ruined and lost.
Directly opposed to this is the calm,
clear gray eye—the eye that reasons, when
this only feels. It looks you quietly in
the face; it views you kindly, but, alas,
dispassionately; passion rarely lights it,
and love takes the steady blue of friend-
ship, when he tries to hide within. The
owner of that eye is upright, conscien-
tious, and God-fearing, pitying his fellow-
men, even while at a loss to understand
their vagaries. I have often wondered
if the good Samaritan was such a man.
It is the eye of a kind and considerate
physician, for a conscientious lawyer, (if
such a man there be), for a worthy vil-
lage pastor, for a friend, as faithful as any
poor human being can be; but I should
never meet some other in a lover or a
husband, if I had my choice. It is the
eye of a Joan of Arc, a Florence Night-
ingale, a Grace Darling, but the fairy of
a household hearth would wear another
guise.
Just of the gray eyes comes the most
mischiefous; a soft eye, with a large pupil,
that contracts and dilates with a word,
a thought, or a flash of feeling; an eye
that laughs, that sighs almost, if I may
use such a term, that has its sunshine, its
twilight, its moonbeams, and its storms;
a wonderful eye, that wins you whether
you will or not, and holds you even after
it has cast you off. No matter whether
the face be fair or not—no matter if fea-
tures are irregular and complexion vary-
ing, the eye holds you captive, and then
laughs at your very chains. It is easy
enough to account for the witchery of
Mary, Queen of Scots. I have heard that
her eyes were gray, and you may be sure
they were like these. So, I have no doubt,
were Lucretia Borgia's; so were those of
Ninon de L'Enclos. Many another wo-
man has such orbs; perhaps she uses
them more innocently and legitimately—
but the effect is very much the same; and
if people choose to face the danger they
must take the consequences. Heaven
knows, I have no very high opinion of
the lords of creation; and young men, I
confess, I hate worse than anything else
on earth, (except young women), yet one
piece of advice will I give them in all sin-
cerity; never marry a woman who has
these eyes, they were never made, be-
sides, to serve only as lumps for a domestic
hearth. Verbum sap.
And green eyes; what can I say of
them. Much, but for this last short page,
which warns me to be brief. I have seen
some like cat's eyes, yet the majority are
very handsome, I assure you. I have
met with some floating in a lambent light
—large, dreamy, passive, and yet really
green—though they were such as the soul
of Keats, and especially of Coleridge
might have looked out of. They are not
bewildering like the blue, nor dangerous
like the black, neither affectionate as the
brown, nor passionate as the gray; but
they are the eyes for a visionary poet,
whose soul has little to do with earth and
loves the land of memory and imagina-
tion better; they would do, in the present
day, for Mr. Browning, and I can say
them, to go very far back, in Psyche's
face.
So much for what we see with. I do
not know what it may be with others, but
if I wanted to flit, I should choose one
with the glorious eye of flashing blue; my
friend's eye (male or female) should be
also, but calm and sad; and I should
not, my doctor's, a clear and steady
gray; but if to the calm joys of domestic
life, I preferred a lonely destiny and the

sting of a lone, deep, fervent and passion-
ate, yet forever shadowed, and forever lo-
ving, why then I would dare the glance of
such dark eyes as looked upon me once
looked upon me—passed away, yet will
never either forget or be forgotten.

The Lost Inheritance.
The train from Paris to Lyons stopped
at the station of Joligny, a town upon the
route, and after leaving a few passengers,
again went on. The station, for a moment
on the way, was a scene of bustle and look-
ers-on. One of them was an old man,
dressed in the garb of a well-to-do farmer;
the other, a youth of about five-and-twenty,
who seemed to be waiting for some one to
come and meet him. To this person the
old man presently addressed himself,
"May I presume, sir," said he, "to in-
quire if you are Mr. Martin?"
"Yes, my good man," replied the youth
with a business-like manner, "and I have
no doubt you are Mr. Martin."
"At your service, sir," replied the
other.
"Well, Mr. Martin," continued Cle-
ment, in the same tone, "I began to im-
agine you intended to keep me waiting—
that would not have been the best man-
ner in which to insinuate yourself in my
good graces."
The old man, instead of replying, let
his head fall upon his breast as if in deep
affliction, and conducted the new comer
toward a large old-fashioned carriage, to
which a very rough looking horse was
harnessed.
"Here is your carriage, sir," said
Martin. "If you will be good enough to
get in, I will have the honor of conducting
you to the Hermitage."
"That my carriage, sir," said Cle-
ment.
"Why, I shall be taken for a travelling
peddler."
But a few days before, Mr. Clement B.
who now put on so many fine airs, was a
simple clerk in a crockery warehouse in
Paris, and possessed the reputation of being
a quiet, unpretending little fellow—
What, then, had brought about this sud-
den and radical transformation? He had
become, since the previous day, a rich
man, and it may be well understood that
the possessor of an income of twenty thou-
sand francs a year, finds it difficult to
retain the modest demeanor of a poor clerk.
On the previous day, while dusting the
large piles of crockery under his charge, a
letter arrived for him by the post, con-
taining to him the startling intelligence
that one of his uncles, of whom he had
often heard as an eccentric and very
wealthy old man, but whom he had never
seen, had just died at his residence in Bur-
gundy, leaving his nephew, Clement, sole
heir to his estate, to the exclusion of
many other heirs.
The letter was from a notary in the
province, who desired him to leave Paris
immediately for Joligny, the town near
which this uncle had resided, where he
would be met by Mr. Martin, an old con-
fidential servant of the deceased, and con-
ducted from the railroad to the "Hermitage,"
the name which the deceased had
given to the estate.
Almost driven out of his senses by such
an unexpected stroke of fortune, Clement
listened to obey the notary's directions,
and on his arrival at Joligny, joined Mar-
tin as we have seen.
On Joligny the queer vehicle in which
our hero had so contentedly taken a
place, until after a ride of several miles,
the occupants arrived at their destination.
Martin offered the honors of the Hermitage
to the new proprietor, called all the
servants and introduced them to their
future master, and then conducted the
latter to his own apartments.
"This was the sleeping chamber of
your uncle," said Martin, as they entered
a large apartment furnished in an old-
fashioned style. "It was in this room he
died ten days ago."
But the nephew, instead of evincing any
emotion upon being shown the chamber of
his benefactor, threw upon all around him
a look of scorn, and cried: "Upon my
word, I can't say I think much of the old
boy's taste! I never saw anything so
very ugly in all my life."
"Notwithstanding, sir," replied Martin,
"it is the best sleeping room here; if you
cannot content yourself I really don't know
where you will find other lodgings."
"You are here!" exclaimed the young
man. "I do not imagine I am such a
dooney, I hope! For my young fellows,
do you see, Paris is the only place; so I
shall sell the old crazy rascals at once,
and be off."
"Call the Hermitage!" exclaimed Mar-
tin; "your uncle's favorite place of resi-
dence! Impossible! And we servants,
who hoped to end our days under this
roof, what is to become of us?"
"Mr. Martin," retorted the young man,
"let me have none of your complaints, I
beg. Get me some dinner, and after-
wards you will drive me to the Hotel."
After having eaten a hearty meal, not-
withstanding he found the meats insipid
and the wines sour, the legate, still ac-
companied by Martin, re-entered the car-
riage, and the two started off.
"If I am not mistaken," observed Mr.
Clement after an hour's ride, "I have
just spotted the Hermitage; and that," point-
ing to a building, "is the railroad station."
"Do we take the train here?"
"You alone will do so," responded his
companion, speaking "very gravely, and in
a manner which caused the young man to
treble in spite of himself. "I, sir, am
your uncle, and I am not dead—
Having heard good accounts of your con-
duct, I had resolved to make you heir of
all I possess; but before doing so, I wish-
ed to ascertain if you were really deserv-
ing of my generosity, and I had there-
fore exposed your true character to me."
"Good bye, Mr. Clement," replied the
young man, and remembering that "his" ar-
rogance and ingratitude had led you that

which will never again be placed within
your reach"—London Family Record.

Angels in the House.
A correspondent of the Independent
sends the following as a true incident.
I know a man. He is not a Christian,
His daily life is not in accordance with
even principles of morality. He has three
beautiful, well-behaved children. The
other day he told me the incident of one
of them, his little girl, three or four years
old.
Some time back I have been in the habit
of reading the Bible every night before
the children went to bed. I have done it
because it has a good influence on the chil-
dren, and because I hope it may have a
good influence on myself. Last night I
went to "Lodge," (his is a Mason), and
did not get home until after 11 o'clock.
The children, of course, were all abed,
and I supposed asleep. Before going to
bed, I knelt down by my bed to pray, and
had been there but a moment when I
heard Noble get up from her bed in the
next room, and her little feet came pat-
tering across the floor toward me. I
kept perfectly still and she came and
knelt down by my side without saying a
word. I did not notice her, and in a mo-
ment, speaking just above her breath, she
said, "Pa, pray loud." I prayed.
I kissed her, and she went back to bed; I
told you G— I had not had any thing
affect me so for the last ten years. I
have thought of nothing else all day long
but just that little "Pa, pray loud."

Foreign & Colonial.

The Attempt on the Life of the King of Prussia.
A letter from Baden, dated July 14,
appears in the Journal des Debats.—
The writer says:—"This morning, be-
tween 10 and 11 o'clock, at the moment
when the King of Prussia, after his cus-
tomary walk in the Lichtenhagen Avenue,
was seated near the stone fountain, a stu-
dent of Leipzig approached him, and, low-
ering a pistol at his breast, pulled the
trigger. The force of the charge happi-
ly caused the bullet to rise, and the ball
only tore the dress, and slightly grazed
the King's shoulder. Arrested on the
spot by the promenade who heard the
report, the assassin was taken before the
chief magistrate of the city, and was ex-
amined in the presence of his August
Highness the Grand Duke of Baden. It
is stated that the student confined him-
self to the reply, while avowing his crime,
that his only object was to free Germany
from one who was not sufficiently active
in the cause of German unity. The
population of Baden, where His Majesty
is regarded with respect and veneration,
heard of the event with a horror which
will be shared by all the world. The
report runs that the Leipzig student is the
son of a Russian Consul in a city on the
Black Sea. Others say that he is of
Lithuanian origin."
Mr. Wm. Lyon Mackenzie.
A correspondent of the Ottawa Citizen
communicates something new about Mr.
Mackenzie, who is now so enfeebled that
he has not been able to move for some
time. The correspondent says, under
date the 31st ult.:—"Mr. Mackenzie has
fallen rapidly during the past few months.
It was understood in the early spring that
he was engaged in writing his autobiog-
raphy; but his system soon began to fail,
and he has recently been hit by a wreck of
his former self. His memory became a
complete blank; and though the little of
the nervous system that still remained to
him impelled him to take exercise beyond
his strength, it was evident to his friends
that he could no longer survive. Consci-
ousness almost impossible. He was out for
a brief period on Sunday; this afternoon he
is dying. And already the propriety of
making better provision for his family
than he has been enabled to do, is spoken
of by old Reformers. The house in which
the family dwell is the Mackenzie Home-
stead, and comprises almost all the poor
old man's earthly possessions."
ENRIKILLEN OIL IN SCOTLAND.—We
have just seen a letter to Mr. Stevenson
of this town, from a large firm in Glas-
gow, ordering 1,000 gallons of Enrikillen
crude oil, as a sample, with which
they intend making experiments, to see
if they will be able to produce from
the refined oil, and whether it will be
profitable to buy up large quantities of
the crude material, and, after defraying
its expenses to Scotland, make it a pay-
ing speculation. The parties ordering
the oil state that they went to the patron
of the Porcellino oil, and he gives his
opinion to the effect that the Canadian
oil (as it is so termed there) will
yield a much larger ratio, and of a super-
ior quality to that of the Porcellino. We
have no doubt these few facts will prove
interesting to most of our readers, and
that they will be beginning to make some
of their oil across the Atlantic. We
think there is no doubt but large quanti-
ties will be bought up and sent home,
and will be found to pay a very handsome
profit. We hope the parties who are en-
gaged in the business in Enrikillen will
think his pronouncement against the
benefits of this false product.

THE QUEEN DUCHESS OF KENT.—The
leading English papers contradict the re-
port that the Duchess of Kent had been
found to be the Romish Church before her
death; they attribute the rumor to Romish
and Passey journals.

MR. DAVID ROBILIN has almost completely
recovered from his illness. Mr. Robilin
is in Quebec, having arrived from Canada
on Saturday last.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—An offer was
made on Saturday, by some enterprising
party in town, to charter the Great East-
ern for an excursion down the river to
Stampanny; it was however refused, as
the visitors who came to see her had not
been disappointed, and as she had al-
ready commenced to take in her cargo
which will consist principally of deals.
We are happy to learn that she will, in
all likelihood, secure as much freight as
she requires—as much, we believe, as will
render her owners willing and anxious to
send her here again. The number of
visitors to her, though very large, has not
been quite so great as anticipated. Que-