

THE RECEPTION.

The reception given to the Hon. George Brown, on his return from a visit to his native land, would, had the weather not proved unpropitious, been an imposing affair. That he is respected by a large and influential portion of the citizens of Toronto, there can be no doubt, nor is this feeling confined to those among whom he resides, but extends over a large portion of the Upper Province.

Any man who takes an active and decided part in politics, is sure to have enemies as well as friends; and it is pleasing to observe that on the present occasion, this line of demarkation was thrown aside, and with many it was the man, rather than the politician, to whom they did honor. A number of the Hon. gentleman's friends went to Hamilton, to meet him, and returned with him by special train, provided by the Committee who had the management of matters. On arriving at Toronto, he was welcomed by a large number of friends; and the usual formula of address and reply having been got through, Mr. Brown took his seat in a carriage, drawn by four horses, and was accompanied by the Hon. Mr.

McMaster, Hon. Mr. McMurich, and Mr. Henderson.

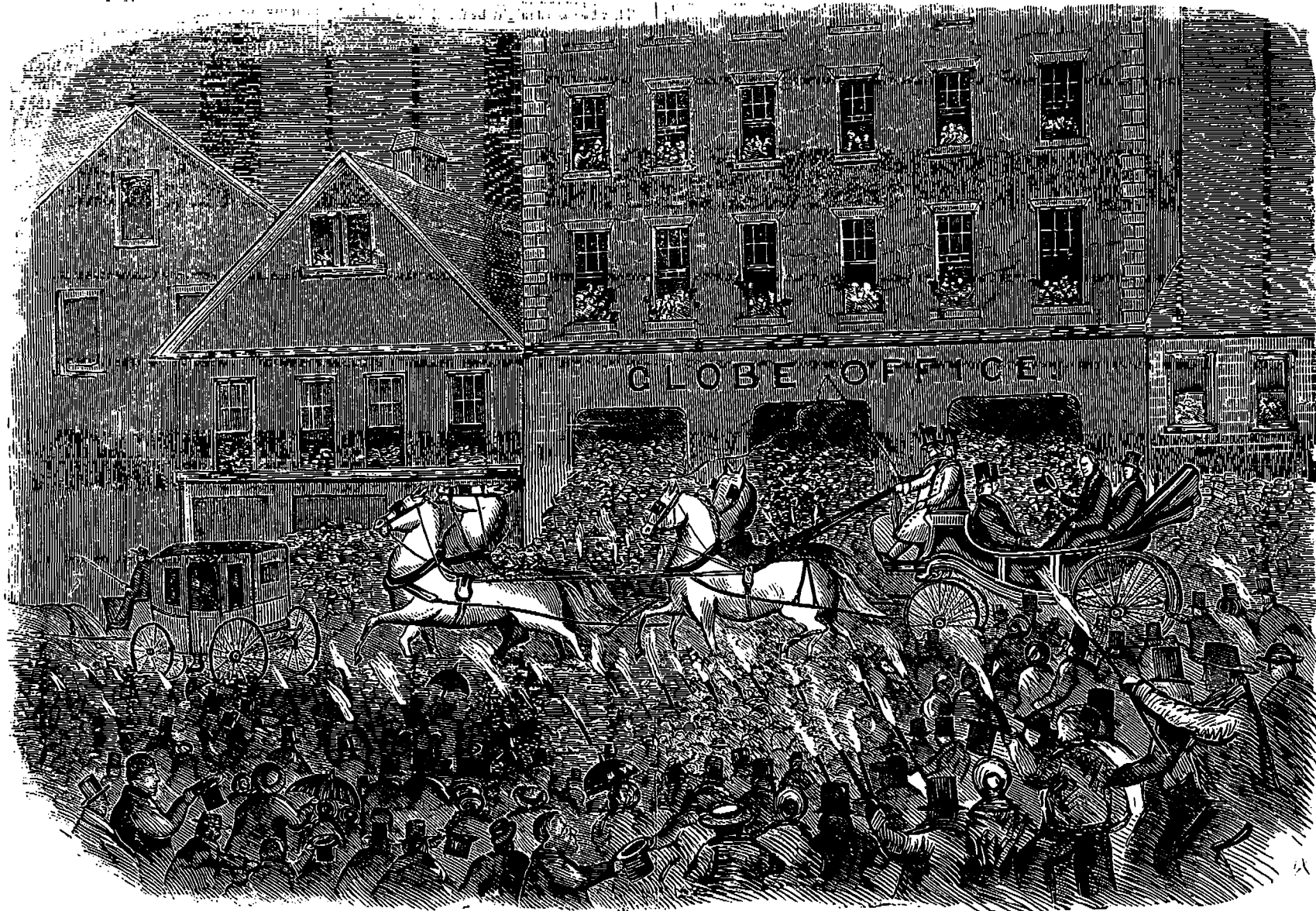
He was conducted in this manner to his residence, and having again addressed those assembled, withdrew.

THE ALABAMA.

The most intense excitement was created in the city and throughout the country on Sunday last, by the publication of the news that the Confederate man-of-war or privateer Alabama had made her appearance in American waters, off the east end of Cuba, and had there captured the California steamship Ariel. The Ariel left New York bound for Panama on the 5th of December, and on the 7th, a report was brought to her captain, 'steam-war-ship in sight!' The vessel was then four miles off, and had the Federal flag flying. Captain Jones, of the Ariel, being suspicious of the craft, put on all steam, thinking to run away; but the suspicious cruiser immediately fired a blank shot, to which Jones paid no attention, and in a minute after she hoisted the Confederate flag, and bang! bang! went two shots over the Ariel—one a 100-pounder steel-pointed missile,

which did no damage, and the other a round, common fuse shell, struck the foremast above the hurricane deck, cutting nearly its size from the mast. There were 140 United States officers and marines on board, who had been drawn up on the deck of the Ariel, with their arms, prepared for resistance; but the character of the craft having been ascertained, and her great speed and heavy armament being known, and the futility of defence being clearly apparent, the marines were disarmed and ordered below, and the Stars and Stripes came down, and the steamship surrendered. An officer from the Alabama armed with pistols and cutlasses, then stepped aboard, and assured the frightened passengers that they were all personally safe. Some ten thousand dollars mostly in Treasury notes were taken from the vessel, and the marines and officers were paroled. The intention of Captain Semmes, the commander of the privateer, was to land the passengers and burn the ship, but on being remonstrated with, that the passengers would suffer severely, he agreed to take a ransom bond of \$228,000 for the vessel and cargo, the bond to be paid six months after the independence of the

Southern Confederacy. The ship was then allowed to proceed on her voyage to Panama, and she has since returned to New York. All on board spoke in the highest terms of the chivalry, generosity and courtesy of Captain Semmes, and the praises of the bold rover of the high seas are in everybody's mouth. He made a great mistake, however, in not first seizing a ship returning from instead of one going to Panama, as it is the former that carry the California gold eastward. Even while he was engaged with the Ariel, a steamship for New York from Panama, passed near his track with about a million dollars in gold on board. It is probable that he will not have a chance to do this in future, as powerful men-of-war are now to be furnished as convoys for the treasure-bearing ships. Captain Semmes, during the last six months, must have captured on the high seas not less than forty Northern vessels, but his last exploit is the greatest. He has nearly destroyed the Northern carrying trade between here and Europe, and he bids fair to destroy it in the western waters. The Alabama was built in England, and his crew is composed mainly of English sailors.—[American Journal.



TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE HON. GEORGE BROWN, BY THE CITIZENS OF TORONTO.

ARE YOU A LADY?—The term lady is an abbreviation of the Saxon word 'Leofday,' which means bread-giver. The 'lady of the manor' was accustomed once a week to move among the poor as an alms-giver, enriching their tables, and bearing away their blessings. She moved in queenly beauty, and to her queenly robe clung the children of the lowly, looking at her as if their little eyes could never be satisfied with seeing—

'Their little hearts could never utter
How well they loved her bread and butter.

But they loved her smiling face more. They needed not that any tell them how priceless is a smile. It was May-day with them whenever she came among them with smiles and bread, and always

May-day with her, for the smiling poor loved her, and crowned her queen of all the year. Reader, are you a lady? Are you a queen among the poor? Do the children of the poor put a crown on your head? Do they make your hair gleam with gems, or is it burning with diamonds that the fingers of the poor never set there? Do the poor man's children cling to your gown, and find a protecting shadow in its folds? Are your jewels the grateful hearts of the poor? If they are, then they will never lose their lustre, but shine brighter and brighter the longer you wear them. I would rather have one grateful tear from a famished child I had fed than all the jewels that glisten on a queen's brow. I would rather carry light and joy to one deso-

late home than call the kingdoms of the world my own.

A CHEERFUL HEART.—I once heard a young lady say to an individual, 'Your countenance to me is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look.' A merry or cheerful countenance was always one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have should escape

out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. That is not religion. Religion maketh the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passes quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit we may come to the end of our journey in peace.