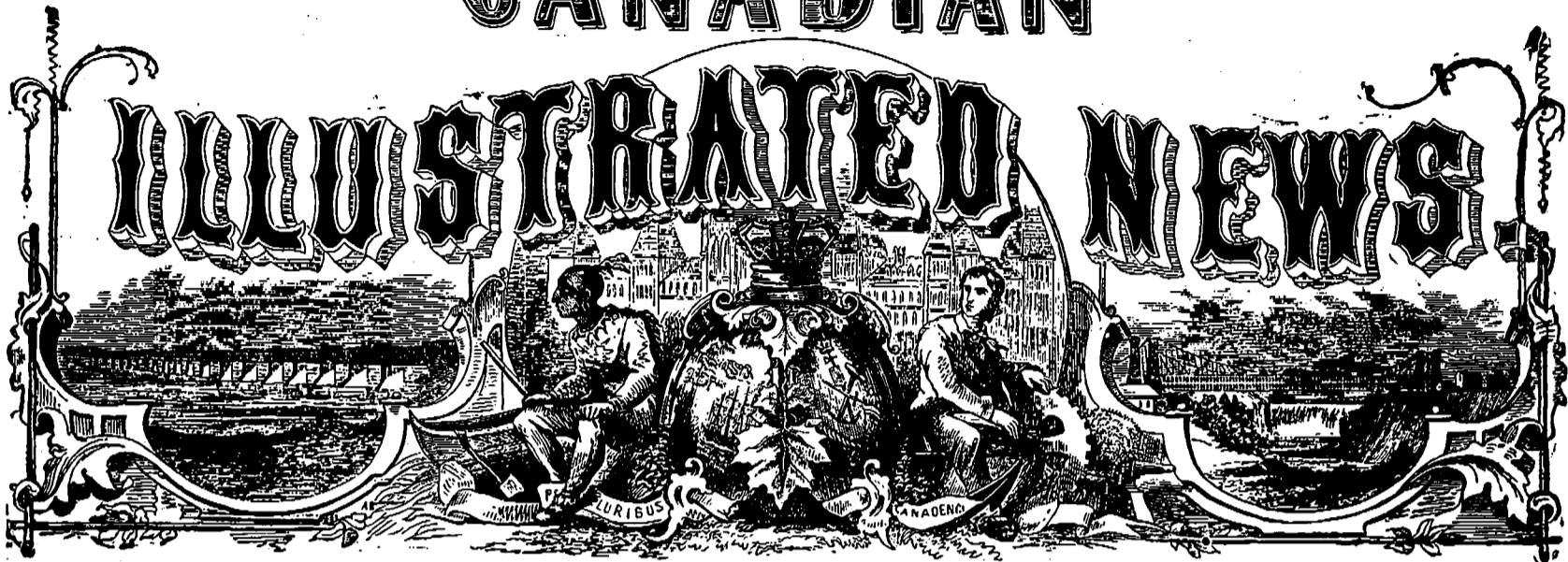


# CANADIAN



Vol. III—No. 2.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 5, 1863.

[33 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
SINGLE COPIES 7 CENTS.]

## BRIGADE-MAJOR SUZOR.

S. T. Suzor, Brigade-Major of the Seventh (or Quebec) Military District of Lower Canada, is a Canadian by birth, of French origin, and is 29 years of age, having been born in 1834. He is connected with one of the best families of the Lower Provinces two of his brothers-in-law (Messrs. Sicotte and McDonald) being Members of Parliament. His grandfather accompanied Lafayette to America in 1775, in the capacity of "Chirurgien-Major."

Major Suzor commenced military life in 1855, as Sergeant in the Quebec Field Battery. In 1860 he was promoted to the Captaincy of a volunteer rifle company, and soon after was made Adjutant of the 9th Battalion, A. F., of Quebec.

In 1861 he was appointed by His Excellency, Sir Edmund Head, to receive a course of instruction in musketry with Her Majesty's 47th Regiment, stationed at Montreal.—His abilities here won for him a prominent position, and, at the conclusion of the course, he gained a first-class certificate. The Hon. Lt.-Col. De Salaberry took a deep interest in him; and has on more than one occasion evinced his friendship for the subject of our sketch in a substantial manner.

The excitement attendant upon the Trent difficulty gave an impetus to volunteering in the neighborhood of Quebec and the Province at large.—But a difficulty was felt from the lack of competent instructors who were sufficiently conversant with the French language. Indeed, Major S. is the only French Canadian who ever went through a course of musketry instruction. In this emergency, he tendered

his services to the Government, and was appointed Brigade-Major of the Seventh District. He at once entered upon the arduous duties of his office, and announced his willingness to instruct all the officers of the sedentary force. About 400 of this class came forward; and other gentlemen anxious to protect their country's flag swelled the number to 650. To this almost herculean task the Major devoted himself with untiring assiduity; and for a period of six months he never relaxed his exertions. For eleven hours of every day he devoted himself to his difficult task; and the result was shown in the excellent character sustained by his pupils in various examinations by the Deputy Adjutant General for Lower Cana-

da. The culminating triumph, however, was the inspection of the pupils of the Quebec Seminary by Lord Monck in the presence of the commandant of the garrison of Quebec, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, Lt.-Col. De Salaberry, many members of Parliament, almost every officer of the Quebec force, and about 1000 spectators. The thoroughness and faithfulness of Major Suzor's instructions were evidenced by these pupils in a manner to elicit the highest encomiums of all present; and His Excellency, Lord Monck, complimented the Major in the presence of the assembly in the most flattering terms. Several addresses, bearing upwards of 800 signatures, were presented to the Major, by member

len Braves of 1760 (a full account of which was given in our paper of Nov. 21 and 28) was due to Major Suzor, the arrangements being made under his supervision.

Public spirited, enterprising, and ardently devoted to his profession, Major Suzor stands among the foremost men connected with the citizen soldiery of the Province.

'Say, Mr. Clerk, have you a good strong porter about the hotel?' 'Yes, sir, we have the strongest one in the State.' 'Is he intelligent?' 'Quite intelligent for a porter.' 'Do you consider him fearless—that is bold, courageous.' 'I know he is, he wouldn't be afraid of Satan himself.' 'Now, Mr. Clerk, if your porter is intelligent enough to find room No. 107, fearless enough to enter, and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bedbugs, I would like to have him bring it down.'

of the different associations and companies, accompanied by magnificent testimonials, as marks of esteem and appreciation of the services he had rendered to his country.

During the two years that elapsed between the date of his appointment as musketry instructor, and that of Brigade-Major, Maj. S. published four works on Military Tactics. The first is the "Aide Memoire du Carabinier Volontaire;" the second, "Tableau Synoptique des Evolutions d'une Bataillon;" the third, "Tableau Synoptique des Mouvements d'une Compagnie;" and the fourth, "Exercices et Evolutions d'Infanterie." The last three works are illustrated with plates. Major Suzor is in receipt of autograph letters from Major-General Lord F. Paulet and other military men of high standing, approving and recommending these works. The last is a translation of the Field Exercises of 1862. Major S. stands thus as our first French author on military tactics. The press of Lower Canada, without exception, speaks of these works in the highest terms.

Major Suzor, was the first Brigade-Major appointed in Lower Canada; his District, which comprises the city of Quebec, the Counties of Quebec, Montmorency, Charlevoix, Champlain, Portment, and Saguenay, contains a population of over 160,000 souls, the largest military district of either Upper or Lower Canada. The number of volunteers in this district at the date of his appointment was about 1,800; this number is now increased to 3,500, an evidence, if no other existed, of the fidelity with which he has discharged the duties of his office.

Much of the success attending the ceremonies connected with the inauguration of the monument to the Fal-



BRIGADE-MAJOR S. T. SUZOR.

## NOTICE.

Inventors, Engineers, Manufacturing Mechanics, or any other persons intending to apply for patents, can obtain all requisite information, and have mechanical drawings made at the office of the Canadian Illustrated News.

## OUR AGENTS.

J. W. ORR, THOMAS CROSBY, M. E. RICE, JOSEPH FAULNER, EMERSON G. HART and SAMUEL HORN, are our authorized Agents for the Canadian Illustrated News. When we appoint others their names will be announced.

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The public are cautioned against subscribing, or paying money to any one for this paper, unless the person soliciting subscriptions be named as an Agent, or have the written authority of the undersigned that he is properly authorized. And a further notice to Local Agents: the subscribers forbid any one of the Local Agents to pay any money due from them to the travelling agent unless such travelling agents have special authority to collect such monies, as the proprietors will not be responsible to local agents for such payments, or recognise a travelling agent's receipt in such case.

H. GREGORY &amp; Co.

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1863.

Subscribers will please bear in mind that the paper is stopped, when the period for which they have subscribed expires.

Any person sending us the names of ten subscribers for three, six, nine, or twelve months, will receive a copy free of charge, for each of these periods, respectively. Should those subscribers, for any term less than a year renew their subscriptions, the paper will be continued to the getter-up of the club.

The Canadian Illustrated News is forwarded to subscribers by mail, free of postage.

A. S. IRVING, Bookseller and News Dealer, No. 19 King Street West, Toronto, is the exclusive Wholesale Agent in the Provinces for the "Canadian Illustrated News," and all orders are in future to be addressed to him only.

AGENTS WILL PLEASE ORDER THE EXACT NUMBER OF COPIES OF THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS WHICH THEY REQUIRE, AS THEY WILL HEREAFTER BE CHARGED WITH ALL PAPERS SENT.

## THE CANADIAN

## Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

H. GREGORY &amp; Co. Proprietors.

## WHO INVENTED THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH?

Electricity was known to the ancient Greeks, and was so named by them from *electron*, amber, which had the power, more than any other substance with which they were acquainted, of attracting light objects, such as hairs, feathers, &c. But it was not till a very recent date that it was used as a letter carrier. As this adaptation to the wants of man has been claimed by more than one person, let us look at a few facts which bear upon the case:

So long ago as the year 1729 Grey & Wheeler, in England, experimented with electricity, and succeeded in sending a shock through some hundred feet of wire. This is the earliest recorded feat of the kind.

In 1746, Winckler, at Leipsic, and Lemoumier, at Paris, experimented, much in the same manner, and sent an electric shock through two miles of wire.

In the following year Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, in Wales, achieved more important results. In repeated experiments he gained new and important information regarding this wonderful agent. He sent a current through two miles of wire and two of earth in his experiments at Shooter's Hill; and at other times carried his lines across the Thames and New River. He it was who first dreamed out and suggested to mankind the use of electricity in the manner in which it is now employed. Before his day scientific men were playing with a wonderful toy. His practical mind saw in the toy the servant of man, and thenceforward the grand aim of investigators was the taming of this invisible lightning, and its subjection to regulation and to usefulness.

In 1748 Franklin experimented with kites, and in other ways, and added much to the stock of knowledge, which was still crude and limited.

In 1749 De Luc sent a shock across Lake Geneva.

We have no record of any improvements taking place for some years from this date. The difficulties of the subject seemed too great to be overcome, and it was not till the year 1774 that any progress was made in the attainment of the great desideratum. In that year Le Sage, at Geneva, constructed a telegraph of twenty-four wires, one for each letter. Each wire, when touched, repelled a particular bit of a der pith at the other end of the line, thus indicating the letter intended.

With the exception of the experiments of Lomond, at Paris, nothing further of importance appears to have been

gained for twenty years. In 1794 Reusser, at Geneva, constructed a telegraph similar to that of Le Sage, except that the shock, when transmitted, indicated itself by a spark upon a piece of tin-foil attached to a plate of glass.

Professor Boeckman, about this time, proposed a telegraph having only two wires, the letters to be indicated by various combinations of sparks.

Humboldt describes a telegraph which he saw in 1798, constructed by M. D. F. Salva, between Madrid and Aranjuez, in Spain. To what extent it was successful, or what were its peculiarities, he does not tell us.

In 1816 Francis Ronalds constructed a telegraph at Hammersmith, England, having a single wire. A dial was made to revolve at each end of the line, these dials simultaneously showing the letters of the alphabet, one at a time. When the right letter was visible a shock was transmitted through the line.

Harrison Grey Dyer, in 1827, constructed a line two miles long, on Long Island, New York. This was inferior to the inventions of Soemmering, made previously, and showed want of knowledge of later discoveries.

Previous to this time the great difficulty in conducting experiments had been the want of a reliable battery. True, the discoveries of Galvani had long been made public; and in 1800 Volta published to the world the discovery of the battery which bears his name. But it was not till the year 1825 that the difficulty was really surmounted, when William Sturgeon, of London, constructed the electro-magnet, the soul of the telegraph. When this great discovery was made it may be said that the telegraph was invented. For a hundred years the most eminent scientific men of all countries had toiled only to be disappointed. Now, all that was required was a practical genius to put the already invented parts together and complete the great work. Before this was accomplished, however, Professor Grove, of London, completed his battery, which is substantially the one that is used at the present day throughout the world.

On the 12th day of June, in the year 1837, a patent was granted in England to Messrs. Cook and Wheatstone, for a Deflective Electro-Magnetic Telegraph; and this was, without doubt, the first practicable magnetic telegraph ever constructed. We do not learn that the patentees claimed anything as original in this telegraph, except the mechanical contrivances, and the receiving and relay magnets, which they the first to employ.

Three years afterward—June 20, 1840—Samuel F. B. Morse obtained a patent in the United States for an Electro-Magnetic Telegraph; and in 1844 his first line (from Washington to Baltimore) was built.

In the face of all these facts, Samuel F. B. Morse has the audacity to come before the world claiming to be the inventor of the telegraph!

We may take occasion at a future date to refer to this matter again, and show how a long-continued system of legal persecution drove the Cook & Wheatstone, and other British telegraphs, from the United States.

## FALSE PRETENCES.

We have often wondered why writers for the press in this country adopt the old custom of printing the skeletons of profane or indecent words in their papers. For instance, a writer wishes to say damn: he thinks he softens down the vulgarity by printing it d—n. We do not see that this result is accomplished. Either he wants his readers to read the bad word or he does not. If he does, why don't he say it like a man; if he does not, why don't he leave it out, and employ one less objectionable? It is just as wrong to print a profane word as it is to speak it; and the practice should never be indulged in; but if it is necessary to do so, let it be given in full.

Not many years ago, in England (and in this country too—to a less extent) the laws were very severe on publishers who printed anything to which the slightest exception could be taken. The names of speakers could not be given in reports of Parliamentary debates, and the cunning printer would indicate the speaker thus, L—d J—n it—ll, everybody of course knowing that Lord John Russell was meant, though it could not be proved in a court of law.

The cause has passed away; the press is entirely untrammelled by restrictive laws. Is it not well to let the practice go too. A safe rule would be this: Never use a word you are afraid or ashamed to print in full.

## Editorial Notes.

## GUN COTTON.

An exchange says: The Austrian Government has continued experimenting with gun cotton ever since the English rejected it as worthless. The result is that the new material is found to be highly effective, as it has more explosive power than gunpowder; can be wetted and dried again without injury, and does not foul the gun.

All this was known before. If the Austrian government can use gun cotton without bursting the guns, and manufacture it at a price nearly approaching that of gunpowder, they will probably use it. If not, they will probably adhere to charcoal and saltpetre.

## A SCOTCH POET.

Hugh McDonald is the name of a Scotch poet of humble birth and circumstances, recently deceased, whose works are about to be published for the benefit of his widow and children. The following specimen of his style is considered by the English press, equal to that of Burns:

"The weary sun has sunk to rest

Among the clouds ayont the billow;

The evening stars are peeping forth,

And rustic labor seeks her pillow.

The blackbird's closed his evening sang,

The woo bat hits on wing sae corie,

The trysting time is drawing near

'When I'm to meet my black-eyed doarie."

## THE PARABLE OF THE SHIPS.

"The white winged coursers of the sea" have in all times furnished happy illustrations to the poet. Alexander Smith says:

"We twain have met like ships upon the sea,  
Who hold an hour's converse—so short, so sweet—  
One little hour; and then away they speed  
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud and foam,  
To meet no more."

Hervey pictures a man journeying through life like a ship gallantly ploughing the ocean, with

"Music around her and sunshine on high;"

Yet, if the truth were known,

"The withering thoughts, that the world cannot know,  
Like heart-broken exiles lie burning below,  
As onward we drift to that desolate shore  
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er."

But we have seldom met with a more simple and at the same time truly poetic and touchingly suggestive illustration of the heart breakings of human life than the following parable of the ships of George Arnold. There is a whole life history of disappointment and sorrow, and of long-delayed and subdued triumph, in these three stanzas:

Gray distance hid each shining sail,  
By ruthless breezes borne from me,  
And, lessening, fading, faint and pale,  
My ships went out to sea.

Where misty breakers rose and fell  
I stood and sorrowed hopelessly,  
For every wave had tales to tell  
Of wrecks far out at sea.

To-day a song is on my lips:  
Earth seems a paradise to me;  
For God is good, and lo! my ships  
Are coming home from sea.

## GEN. GRANT.

General Grant is now on the high road to the Presidency. *Exchange.*

A later account says he is on the high road to Atlanta.

## THE GHOST.

Science has a habit of disposing of superstitious and illusions in the most matter-of-fact manner imaginable. We ceased to tremble at eclipses when we were told that they were nothing but the moon getting between us and the sun. We long ago got on speaking terms with the lightning; and in case it gets too familiar, we freely use the red to prevent mishaps. And so it is with many a venerable bugbear. The democratic hand of science quietly puts them aside till we really wonder how we could have been so easily frightened. At last we dispose of the ghost—or rather Professor Pepper does it for us. Ghosts were all an illusion, and the illusion at the theatre proves it. Henceforth the mysterious presence will no more cause our flesh to creep, our blood to chill,

"And each particular hair to stand on end  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Henceforth, on dark nights, as we hurry past the gloomy church-yard, and fancy conjures up the spectral terror which was wont to freeze our very life-blood, we will coolly utter—"It's only an optical illusion." Now we know that the terrible ghost is simply the refraction of light, instead of the refraction of superstitious darkness as heretofore. We can't say very much for the play in which the ghost sustains a character; but the novelty of the spectacle draws exceedingly good houses.

## COMPLIMENTARY.

The Mount Forest *Examiner* is "pleased to notice the steady progress of the *Canadian Illustrated News*."

## Literary Notices

EXERCICES ET ÉVOLUTIONS D'INFANTERIE.  
TABLEAU SYNTHÉTIQUE DES ÉVOLUTIONS D'UN BATAILLON.  
TABLEAU SYNOPTIQUE DES MOUVEMENTS D'UNE COMPAGNIE.  
AIDE-MÉMOIRE DU CARABINIER VOLONTAIRE.

The English-speaking subjects of Her Majesty in Canada who may wish, as citizen soldiers, to prepare for possible eventualities, happily have no lack of military text-books. Such works are so abundant and so cheap that they may be obtained by every one; and they prove a valuable auxiliary to the instructor. Among our French-speaking fellow subjects, however, the case has been widely different.—there was absolutely not a single work of instruction for reference in the French language illustrative of the British military system; and this want was very materially aggravated by the fact that no French Canadian was competent to give oral instruction. Brigade-Major Suzor, of the Quebec District has supplied both deficiencies. In another part of the present issue we give an account of his success in imparting necessary instruction to Militia officers; and the volumes before us, together with two excellent charts illustrating Company and Battalion movements, show that he does not confine himself to oral teaching.—These works now constitute the library of the French Canadian militia officer. They not only give all needful instruction, but will, if followed, familiarize the Lower Canadians to the English words of command.

HOURS OF RECREATION, by JOSEPH HODGSON, CANADA WEST, STRATFORD, 1863.

The location of the author of this little work, as given in the title, somewhat reminds us of the letter addressed to "Mrs. Smith, back of the Church, England." We presume that Mr. Hodgson must be a cosmopolitan, and if, for the present, he confines himself to the narrow limits of "Canada West," his poetic fancy, doubtless wanders, not only throughout the habitable globe, but throughout creation, in search of the sublime. For instance, he finds it necessary to confirm the Mosaic account of the creation, telling us who it was

"Who made the stars,  
Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars,  
Spangling the azure vault like spars  
Of purest crystal,  
You arch—which no convulsion jars,  
In order rests still."

But this happy faculty of calming our minds concerning unnecessarily dreaded convulsions of nature does not prevent his descent to the level of ordinary mortality in order to tell us how Mr. Gordon lamented the death of his mare Bessy. In fact Mr. Hodgson is quite a universal genius: his musings on Niagara are almost as sublime as his reflections concerning a worm; and his views of "The Heavens—Part First and Second Part"—are quite as orthodox as those he ventilates anent the "Deep-headed Bonaparte."

THE CANADIAN ORANGE MINSTREL, FOR 1860.  
POEMS SATIRICAL AND SENTIMENTAL, ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH CANADA. ROBERT MCBRIDE, LONDON, 1858.

Mr. McBride is a remarkable poet, with a remarkable imagination and remarkable powers of description. In "Anna McDowell's Lament," the poet tells of a young woman who was tempted by her inhuman husband to drown her baby—and did so. But, strange to relate, as soon as the baby was dead she learned that it was "innocent," and she, accordingly, was seized with remorse—to such an extent that she "could not get her rest." How the act was found out he does not inform us; but subsequent events are graphically narrated:

A coroner he was sent for, and I was taken there,  
I saw my drowned baby, which sunk me in despair;  
Yes, this is my dear baby, I did the horrid act,  
McDowell he advis'd me, I tell the very fact.

"Drowned" is good—it is so very expressive, conveying the idea, not only of being drowned, but of being dead also, which is quite a different thing.

But if I could command it the world, with all its store,  
I'd give it for my baby, if life I could restore;  
McDowell has destroy'd me, and took my baby's life,  
He was the one advis'd me, because I was his wife.

The natural inference being, of course, that matrimony leads to awful results. There are many more gems in Mr. McBride's book; but we cannot find room for them this week.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER. TORONTO, ROLLO & ADAM.

The present number fully sustains the reputation which this magazine has gained. While we cannot endorse all the opinions advanced, we admire the ability with which they are urged. We may take occasion, at a future day to refer to the opening article. The contents are "A Monarchy or a Republic—Which? Children; Willie, the Miner; The Cited Curate; Leaves from the Life Romance of Merne Dillamer; Heat and Motion; Wishes for our Friends; Thornhaugh; Canada in Winter; Summer Evenings on the Gallery; November-Rambles; Claire Meadow sweet; On conversation."

## THEATRE ROYAL, HAMILTON.

On Saturday evening the patrons of the theatre took leave, for the present, of Miss Placide, whose engagement here has been a complete success, so far, at least, as fine acting, on her part, could make it so. "The Lady of Lyons" was selected for her benefit on Friday night. She was assisted on the occasion by the ever welcome amateur, Mr. Church, and by two gentlemen, amateurs, who, we might say, made on that evening their first appearance upon the stage. This is literally true of Damoreaux, (Beauseant), while Mr. Binkert, (Col. Damas),—a German by birth and education—never before appeared upon the English stage. A liberal education, and a truthful conception of the characters they severally delineated, compensated for their want of practice. Their *debut* was a most gratifying success, as the crowded audience frequently testified by hearty applause. Mr. Marble, as Claude, was spirited, but we venture to suggest to him, that a rhythm which has had the benefit of Lytton's fastidious taste does not bear to be taken liberties with.

Mr. Daly improves wonderfully, upon further acquaintance. In fact, omitting two or three re-eminent names, we place him among the best comedians we have seen, while his years do not prevent him from some day being placed among these. His acting has all that indefinable charm which only a genius for his profession can give.

We congratulate Mr. Warwick on the improved *esprit de corps* of his company generally. The blunders previously complained of have very much diminished; a little longer time given and they will, no doubt, disappear.

## HOW A POPE PASSES HIS DAYS.

Some of our readers may be anxious to know correctly what sort of a life Pius IX. leads, when pressed by so many perplexities from without and from within the church. A resident of Rome furnishes the following information, which does not intimate the Pope is greatly burdened by his troubles or cares. Many statesmen and scholars would be relieved to lead so easy a life.

His Holiness rises about six. At seven, he says mass in a room adjoining his bedroom. Almost all the cardinals and Roman bishops follow the same custom. When a prelate at Rome hires a furnished apartment he brings with him a portable altar, and says mass at home, and it does not unfrequently happen that a foreigner who hires an apartment, which has been previously occupied by a prelate, finds some of the remains of the altar. The Pope is served by a *Camariere*, and by a prelate, priest or deacon. There are at the Vatican, ten secret *camariere*, more or less closely attached to the Pope according to their age. At the head of them are Mgrs. Stella, De Meroda, Talbot, and Ricci, who are always near his Holiness. They keep him company, amuse him and make him laugh, which is not very difficult, for in private life, Pius IX. is smiling and happy. At eight o'clock his Holiness takes his coffee, and some trifling refreshment. Mgr. Stella alone is present at that meal, as he opens the letters which have arrived and reads them to the Pope. At nine when the repast is over and the letters read, Cardinal Antonelli makes his appearance from the floor above. He is always gentle and mild. "Holy father" here, "Happy Father," there; he praises the genius of the Pope, his knowledge of affairs, etc. That is the way in which the Cardinal always addresses Pius IX. Cardinal Antonelli consults him upon everything and is his most humble servant. The political conversation and business of the Sovereign Pontiff with the minister lasts for an hour or two. About half-past ten or eleven, the audiences commence. The Pope, dressed in white, is seated in a large arm chair, with a table before him. He says two or three words to all the persons who are presented to him in the language which they speak—French, Italian or Spanish; but if English or German be spoken, an interpreter becomes necessary. Sometimes during the audiences he signs applications for indulgences which have been made in writing. The Pope willingly signs those applications, writing at the bottom of them, "Fiat, Pio Nono." At two o'clock, the Pontifical dinner takes place. From three to four the Pope takes his *siesta*, as every one does at Rome. If you call at the house of a Cardinal at that hour, the answer invariably is, "His Eminence is reposing." The Pope does neither more nor less than others. At five o'clock his Holiness takes a drive in a carriage, escorted by guards, *camariere* and *monsignori*. At seven the Pope sups, and afterwards plays a game of billiards. At ten all the lights in the Vatican are extinguished.

QUICK WORK IN COAT-MAKING.—In 1811 Sir John Throckmorton, a Berkshire baronet, offered to lay a wager of a thousand guineas to the following effect:—That at eight o'clock on a particular evening, he would sit down to dinner, in a well-woven, well-dyed, well-made suit, the wool of which formed the fleece on the sheep's back at five o'clock on that same morning. It was no wonder that among a class of persons accustomed to betting, such a wager should eagerly be accepted, seeing that the achievement of the challenged result appeared all but impossible. Mr. Coxeter, of Greenham Mills, at Newbury, was intrusted with the work. At five o'clock in the morning on the 28th of June, he caused two Southdown sheep to be shorn. The wool was washed, carded, stubbed, roved, spun, and woven; the cloth was scoured, full'd, tented, raised, sheared, dyed, and dressed; the tailor was at hand, and made up the finished cloth into garments; and at a quarter-past six in the evening Sir John Throckmorton sat down to dinner at the head of his guests, in a complete damask-coloured suit that had thus been made—winning the wager with an hour and three-quarters to spare. Of course every possible preparation was made beforehand; but still the achievement was sufficiently remarkable, and was long talked of with pride among the clothiers.

## NAPOLEON'S POWER OF MEMORY.

His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France, and none in employment, with whose private history, character and qualifications he was not acquainted. He had, when emperor, notes and tables, which he called the moral statistics of his empire. He revised and corrected them by ministerial report, private conversation, and correspondence; he received all letters himself, and what seems incredible, he read and re-collected all that he received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake. When he had an hour for diversion, he not unfrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged, with some surprise, was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eyes were in his mind ever after. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes, through every year of his administration, and could at any time repeat any one of them, even to the centimes. Thus his detection of errors in accounts seemed marvellous, and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties in a way to create a persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a battalion charged on a certain day at Besancon. 'Mais le bataillon n'dait pas la,' said he, 'il y a erreur.' The minister, recollecting that the emperor had been at the time out of France, and confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Besancon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud and not a mistake. The speculative accountants were dismissed, and the scrutinizing spirit of the emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch of the public service in a way to deter every clerk from committing the slightest error, from fear of immediate detection.—Lord Holland's *Foreign Reminiscences*.

SUCCESSFUL RUSE OF A LONG-HEADED EXCISEMAN.—Some time ago there was a smuggler in Glentartan, named Mactavish, who rented a farm, and this genius had 'browed his drink' for years without detection. He was strongly suspected by the revenue officers, and many a time his premises were searched without avail. There was not a vestige of distilling apparatus or ingredients to be found on the farm or about the farmhouse of Mr. Mactavish, and yet the officers felt morally certain that he was working an illicit still. They searched, as they thought, every nook and cranny of the neighboring hills and dalls, and cleughs, and precipices, and they were fated to come home every night crestfallen and empty handed. They had tried many residents in the glen for some information on the subject, and though a few were prepared to admit that Mactavish, was smuggling somewhere, everybody pleaded ignorance of the particular locality. Mactavish knew all this well enough, and he used to taunt the officers about their 'gouk's errands' and general want of success; and on one occasion he invited them in a body to meet him in his bothy and get a drop of real unguaged Highland whisky. This was unbearable; but what could the poor fellows do? They were at their wit's end, in short Mactavish crowed over their helplessness with the greatest good-humor and gusto. But ruin came upon him at last, and in a way that took the whole of Glentartan by surprise. One night when the glen was hushed in repose, as the poet says, a long-headed exciseman, with two comrades, went to a farmhouse, knocked the people up, and demanded a horse and cart in the Queen's name, as he had seized (he said) the smuggling bothy of Mactavish, with all its contents, and he required assistance to carry off the prize to head-quarters. Of course the demand was complied with, and a ploughman was also sent along with a conveyance; and this was the very thing that the officer wanted. Getting into the cart with his two companions, he ordered the ploughman to drive on as fast as he could, without saying where; and the stupid fellow, never dreaming but that the still was seized for certain, as the officer had told him, drove on, and landed the exciseman at the very bothy door—a spot regarding the position of which the officers were profoundly ignorant, but they shrewdly calculated that the people of the glen were better informed. Out they leaped, and in less than a minute they had the door burst in, and poor Mactavish a prisoner. The bothy was then gutted of its contents, and the bold smuggler carried off to prison, where he lay for a long time, being unable to pay the heavy fine. After this he lost his farm, and emigrated to Canada, where he is said to be doing well, thanks to the ingenious stratagem of the revenue officer.

INTELLIGENCE OF FISHES.—A writer in a recent English work, 'The Angler Naturalist,' says: That fish are not so stupid as many people suppose, is proved by a little incident which was observed at the Zoological Gardens. In some plate-glass tanks were a pike and several perches. Those fishes took no notice of our entrance, and continued perfectly supine, though the keeper walked several times past their tanks, as if about to feed them; but when he walked away from them toward the cupboard where the net with which the baits were caught was kept, the stolid demeanor of the fish, both pike and perch, gave way to the most intense excitement. They rushed to and fro across their enclosures, straining their noses against the glass, erecting their fins, and exhibiting every token of agitation; and when the keeper, having taken the net, proceeded with it toward the bait tank, the whole shoal fastened their eyes upon him, following every movement, and constantly veering round, as if under magnetic attraction, toward whichever part of the room he turned. It was evident that these fish know where the net was kept, that the keeper was going to fetch it, and that his doing so was a preliminary to their being fed.

The building of the new iron war frigate *Bellerophon*, which has just been commenced at Chatham dockyard, will inaugurate a new era in iron ship-building. She is to be constructed on what is termed the double-bottom, or unsinkable principle, by which a complete revolution will be effected in the mode of constructing iron vessels of war.

The Pneumatic Engine in London carries mail bags daily through its tube in 55 seconds, a distance that would occupy ten minutes time of the mail carts.

## MOVEMENTS ON THE RAPIDAN.

The information from the Army of the Potomac is not so full as could be desired. We glean the following from the telegraphic dispatches to the New York *Tribune*:

In obedience to orders, the 3rd followed by the 6th corps, on Thursday afternoon crossed the Rapidan at Jacobs' mills with no opposition except a shot or two from a few rebel videttes stationed at the ford. On Thursday night they rested near Jones' house, and yesterday morning continued their march to effect a junction with General Warren's corps. General Prince's division of the 3rd corps was in the advance, and as the head of the column reached a small clearing, it was greeted with a volley from a line of rebel skirmishers. The first brigade of the 2nd division was thrown forward into line, with the 1st Massachusetts deployed as skirmishers, supported by the 1st and 3rd divisions of the corps. The 1st Massachusetts advanced through a dense thicket, fighting and pushing the rebels back to the vicinity of Mile Run, when the enemy, strengthening his line, gradually forced back our line. Skirmishing continued until 3:30 p. m., when the enemy, with shouts and yells, charged our first line, consisting of Prince's division, the right of which fell back in some confusion, but soon rallied, and, with the aid of one section of Randolph's 1st Rhode Island battery, and battery K, of the 4th U. S., which poured volleys of grape and canister into the advancing columns of the enemy, consisting of Johnson's and a part of Rhode's divisions of Ewell's corps, twice in succession, gallantly repulsed the

enemy, who were in each instance driven back in a perfect rout. The fight ceased at dark. The 3rd bivouacked on the field at the junction of the two roads first mentioned, six miles from Locust Grove. Our loss in killed and wounded probably amounts to not less than 350. With such haste did they retreat, that they left behind all of their dead, the ground being literally covered with them. Our proportion of killed in the fight was very small, and an inspection of the battle-field leads to the conclusion that their casualties far exceeded ours. But one brigade of the 6th corps was engaged—that of General Russell, famous for the brilliant charge at Rappahannock Station.

In relation to the affairs in the front on Saturday, it is stated that at daylight our army lay across the Fredericksburg and Orange turnpike, at Robertson's tavern, about twelve miles from Orange Court House.

The rebel lines were light, and were gradually pushed back by our skirmishes for one mile and a half over Mile Run, near Verdierville.

On both sides of the road sloping, a half a mile on each side of the river, is an open space, and on the edge of the woods west of the Run, the enemy is in line of battle on both sides of the road, with their batteries entrenched. The slope from there to the river is studded with rifle-pits, from which the sharpshooters fire.

About 1 p. m. the clouds broke and the rain ceased, but the roads were almost in an impassable condition. One of our batteries fired a few shots, to which the rebels replied with great spirit for half an hour.

Positions for battle were assigned the several corps, and each was ready for its duty by 4 o'clock.

About sunset several guns were fired from our lines, but failed to draw the enemy's fire.

A few additional particulars are furnished of the engagement on Friday. The number of prisoners taken by the 3rd corps has been greatly exaggerated. Only 60 have yet been reported to the Provost Marshal. The Medical Director of our corps estimated our loss at 325 wounded, and about 100 killed.

The enemy retreated from the front of the 3rd corps during the night, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

Owing to the enemy's change of position, it became necessary for us to leave them there. Their numbers greatly exceeded ours.

A note, dated Sunday, says yesterday closed clear, with the armies lying in line on opposite sides of Mile Run Valley. Upon examination it was found that the ground on the sides of the Run, excepting where it is crossed by the turnpike, was impassable by our troops, owing to the boggy and swampy condition of the ground. All was quiet in front on Sunday.

On Monday morning, at 8 o'clock, our batteries, which can be placed in position to bear upon the rebel works, were ordered to open. The siege train was in position in front of Sedgwick's command. After a half hour's slow cannonading, to which the enemy feebly responded, an attack was ordered. Gen. Warren, on the left, came upon the enemy stronger in number and position than was anticipated, and asked for further instructions. The forward movement was then checked, and all firing ceased.

## 'RESTING AT THE WELL.'

BY MRS. PAUL J. NAFTEL

We cannot invest the little rustic in the picture we have engraved with the romance which would so naturally suggest itself from her situation and rather lorn attitude were she only a very few years older. Nor, although the little lassie is certainly very pretty, can we say—and here, perhaps, those same few years make the difference—that she is

Lovlier in her own retired abode  
than Naiad by the side  
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the mere  
Lone sitting by the shores of old romance,

Albeit, moreover, that wells in general have some ghastly story or weird legend connected with them, the 'Mermaid's Well' in 'The Bride of Lammermoor' to wit, still we cannot discover in the simple rude construction of this one in particular, or the aspect of the dell in which it is situated, or the copse and saplings with which it is surrounded, anything alarming or even suspicious. Evidently the little lady before us is of the same opinion. But, although she would have chosen, if simply for a rest by the way, a very suitable spot, pleasantly cool and full of playful, chequered shade, there is, nevertheless, a something surely more than mere fatigue in her clasped hands and pensive face which sets us sympathetically speculating. What is her budding and we hope transient sorrow? What is her errand? What trial or trouble portends, or does she remember a lost home? Or is she waiting for, or has she lost, her brother or companion? The face is so fresh, so pretty, so ingenuous that the wish is involuntarily formed that if any, or whenever any, shadow of grief darkens her path it may not cling to her young heart like the lichens to the stones at her side, or wither and sear it like the dead leaves at her feet. God, help and speed thee, little maiden!



RESTING AT THE WELL.

## THE POPE AND THE FREETHINKER.

In the special correspondence of the *Independence Belge*, under the heading 'Courrier de Paris,' appears the following amusing statement:—The journals have all spoken at a certain period of the state of health of Pius IX. He had in his leg especially, a disease which inspired the greatest uneasiness. I can assure the conscience so loyally disturbed, that the disease is healed, and the Holy Father is saved; and what is still more curious, he has been saved by a Freethinker. The facts are these. Recently a French physician, M. le docteur G— was at Rome. Chance placed him in contact with a personage connected with the Pope, who confided to him his feeling of alarm at the state of His Holiness's leg. 'What says his physician?' asked Dr. G—. The courtier, shaking his head, said that the Holy Father received very few visits from physicians. 'Why so? Does he mistrust the science?' 'No,' said the courtier, 'it is not that. Our Holy Father does not ask anything better than to be healed, but he dares not hope for a cure.' 'How is that?' 'His friends see with pain that he is following a certain treatment, and he himself is resigned to live or die. He looks forward to a miracle only for a cure, and in the meantime he wishes that his illness should aid him in simplifying the Roman question, by withdrawing him from the *melee* in which his friends defend him with so much ferocity.' 'How horrible!' exclaimed Dr. G—, 'cannot I see the Holy Father? I

will undertake to heal him.' 'To see him alone is very difficult; but I will go and try to obtain for you a *tote-a-tote*,' replied the good courtier, 'and perhaps we shall arrive at a successful result.' The next day Dr. G— was privately informed that an audience with the Pope would be granted him, but that he should kiss his slipper, and receive his benediction. Behold, then a Freethinker being compelled to present himself at the Vatican in the humble attitude of a young member of the confraternity of St. Vincent de Paul, or of an orator of the Congress of Malines. Dr. G— finding himself face to face with the Chief of Christianity, prostrated himself before the Holy Father (I do not know whether the hypocrite did not even hand him a rosary to bless). The Holy Father, however, assisted him to rise, and drawing him aside, exposed his diseased leg. 'What is the matter with me?' asked he in a low voice. The doctor shook his head replying, 'Erysipelas.' 'Is it mortal?' added the Pope with a tranquil smile, and as resigned as the first martyr of Catholicism. 'It may become mortal if the disease is not arrested.' 'Can you cure me?' demanded he again. 'Without any doubt, and I shall now write a prescription.' 'No, don't write anything here,' interrupted the Holy Father, 'but prepare the medicaments yourself, and give them to me with your hands. You will be introduced into my presence.' The audience was concluded.

The attendants approached the doctor, and the Holy Father had only time to bless the Freethinker who was ren-

daring so great a service to orthodoxy. According to the orders given, Dr. G— prepared the necessary ointments, and every day, under the pretext of having a new amulet to be blessed, or of obtaining a more complete absolution, he rubbed secretly the leg of His Holiness. The remedy operated; at the end of a few days the Holy Father was getting rapidly well. His leg being nearly healed, to the astonishment of the cardinals, he walked with a light step. They were rejoiced at the unexpected cure. They knew well they could not attribute it to the Italian physicians. It was therefore supposed by them to be owing to a miraculous intervention. But no miracles take place at Rome unless the Sacred College consents to them. Now, their permission was not at this time demanded; the miracle was therefore contraband! The Holy Father is, however, a man of spirit, and to the astonishment of all around him, he avowed with a playful irony that it was a physician—a French physician, a Freethinker of a physician—who had cured him."

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—In the year 700 the Lord's Prayer commenced; 'Ure fader thic are in heifnas;' in 900, 'Thec ure fader the heofum;' in 1100 it was rendered: 'Fader thou art in heaven bliss;' in 1300, 'Ure Fader in heaven!'; in 1400, 'Fader our in heaven,' and in 1527, 'O our father who art in heaven.'

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says that Garibaldi's wound is healing, although a little stiffness of the ankle joint remains. He daily receives numerous letters, especially from the Kingdom of Naples, containing heart-rending details of their sufferings from the brigands of Francis Joseph, and complaints at the prolonged occupation of Rome.—Garibaldi believes that in a march on Rome he could gather up an army of 150,000 men, and it is considered probable that he will commence operations in the spring.

William, the despotic King of Prussia, and the dupe of a reactionary Ministry, will not have fifty supporters among the three hundred and fifty members of the new Parliament. The cities have sent uncompromising liberals. The Crown Prince and Princess are in Scotland, receiving but not enjoying British hospitality, awaiting with much anxiety the progress of events in Prussia. They are virtually exiles for their liberal principles.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Sandwich Islands are decreasing in population and business. The number of foreign vessels which had arrived at Honolulu during the first half of the present year was less by half than during the corresponding period of last year.—There is a great scarcity of laborers for the sugar plantations, and parties are earnestly urging the government authorities to import coolies from Polynesia. The population of the islands is decreasing more rapidly than at any former period. It is now estimated that they contain only 60,000 inhabitants.

Sheridan used to tell an anecdote of one of his constituents coming to him one day, and saying:—"Oh, sir, things cannot go on this way; there must be a reform; we poor electors are not paid properly at all!"

**BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.**—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides along the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to the young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along the wilder and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures, and enjoyments and industry pass us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointments. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be

delayed; whether rough or smooth the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves beneath our feet, and the land lessens in our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our future voyage there is no witness save the infinite Eternal.

**A WAR INCIDENT.**—A correspondent of the *Bloominggate Pantagraph* relates an amusing incident which took place at the capture of Little Rock, Arkansas.

A Confederate surgeon, by the name of Crossdell, got beatly drunk, and took a room in a city hotel and went to sleep. In the meantime our men drove the rebels through the town in complete rout, and took possession of the

place. Several of our officers put up at the same hotel.—After awhile the surgeon awoke from his slumbers and came down stairs in front of the hotel.

'Come' says he to the officers, 'let's go out to camp.'

'What camp?' says the officer.

'Dobbin's, of course.'

'What command do you belong to?' says rebel to General Steele. The latter explained.

'Well,' says the surgeon, 'it beats Rip Van Winkle that a man cannot go to sleep in the Confederate States without waking up in the United States!'

Since then he has taken the oath and gone to St. Louis; thinks C.S.A. a poor Government for a sleepy man—or any other man.

#### THE CHIEF OF THE HURONS.

When Europeans first came to Canada the greater part of the country was occupied by a great and powerful Indian nation called the Hurons. In wars which followed this nation took an active part; and, though they were often found on the side of the whites fighting against other Indian tribes, yet the result invariably was to loosen their own hold upon the soil once all their own, and to drive them farther back into the wilderness. Suffering the fate of all aboriginal people who came in contact with the whites, they have dwindled away until it is almost a mockery to call them a nation. A remnant of this once great tribe is living in the neighborhood of Quebec; and they have actually lost their historic name, being now known as the Lorette Indians.

Upon the occasion of the inauguration of the monument to the Fallen Brave of 1760, at Quebec, about 40 warriors of the tribe took part in the ceremony, and attracted considerable attention. Their paint, beads, and tinsel were probably more thought of than the fact of their being a mere shadow of the once powerful people by whose sufferance the ancestors of their white patrons were permitted to form a settlement on that spot long since made famous on the page of history. Our artist sends a full length portrait of the Chief as he appeared on the occasion, beaded, plumed, painted and decorated according to the approved Indian fashion. It is an excellent likeness.

Jefferson Davis said at the beginning of the war:—"All the southern blood that will be shed in this war, I can hold in the hollow of my hand."

Petroleum oil, to the extent of 20,000,000 gallons, has been shipped from the Federal States and Canada during the last eight months.

The full vote of Ohio, including that of the soldiers, shows Brough's majority to be: on the home vote, 61,752; on the soldiers' vote, 38,578—total, 100,320.



THE CHIEF OF THE HURONS.

**MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN.**—The story of the mountain that drew all the nails out of the ships passing near it, which the veracious Sinbad, the Sailor tells in the *Arabian Nights*, is reproduced now with a scientific difference. A magnetic mountain has been discovered in Swedish Lapland. The vein is the richest of any natural magnetic ore at present known. Pieces weighing four hundred pounds have been obtained. Specimens are being sent to all the European mineralogical cabinets, and quite a traffic has grown up. They sell readily at from eighty centimes to three francs the kilogramme. It is already debated whether a magnetic pole of the earth should not be sought in Lapland rather than Siberia.

In the war of 1812 negro soldiers were paid the same wages as others, and the only question raised was as to their right to the land bounty, which Attorney-General William Wirt decided in their favor.

Cold water ought never to be drunk within half an hour of eating. It dilutes the gastric juice and reduces its temperature, and thus retards digestion and injures health.

The Richmond Common Council has voted \$60,000 to purchase a house for General Lee.

It is perhaps not generally known that the Russians use English terms for the various parts of a ship, and all the orders are given in Dutch.—These terms were originally engrafted in the Russian tongue by Peter the Great, who studied shipbuilding in England, and seamanship in Holland. It was found easier to adopt these foreign terms than invent new ones for every day use, as they had no equivalent in Russia.

A few days since a very round, plethoric looking French female, who arrived at New York as passenger on one of the Bremen steamers, attracted the attention of the revenue officers, who escorted her to the seizure bureau. When she came out she was as thin as a rail, having been required to leave behind her several hundred dollars' worth of silks and shawls, to which her previous rotund appearance had been attributed.

Guilt levels those whom it strains.

**STAINED GLASS.**—M. Chevreul communicated to the Academy of Sciences an interesting paper on stained glass as applied to church windows. The glass used is either colorless or colored throughout; or else colored on one side only. This is done by first dipping the blow-pipe into a crucible containing the colorless glass, and then into another containing the colored one. To paint upon these

three kinds of glass, the drawing of the figure and the application of the shades is effected on the reverse. Enamelled glass is painted blue with cobalt, green with burnt copper, and purple with manganese. M. Chevreul has examined the old stained glass which adorns the windows of St. Gervais, and has found them covered with a coating of matter deposited by the atmosphere in the course of centuries.

His method of cleaning them consists in washing them with water, then dipping them into a solution of sub-carbonate of soda marking nine degrees of Beaume's areometer, until the coating has been softened. After this they are again scoured in a large quantity of water, then plunged into hydrochloric acid marking four degrees, and lastly rinsed in water.

## A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF CANADA.

BY THOMAS SELLAR.

## PART I.

I have often wondered why so few of the industrious but poverty-stricken people of Great Britain and Ireland come to Canada—a land of plenty, of peace, of freedom, and prosperity, where, altho' three thousand miles distant from Albion's cliffs, the same glorious old flag flutters in the breeze, as if joyously welcoming the wearied and home-sick stranger, whose heart clings still to his native land with all its miseries, to a new home, over which Britannia, like a good angel, extends her loving protection.

The poor lone immigrant may for a short time dolorously hum to himself

"O, why left I my home,  
Why did I cross the deep,  
O, why left I my home  
Where my forefathers sleep?"

But when he sees all around people like those he left behind, when he passes through the streets of splendid cities and towns, that he never dreamed of seeing in the "Backwoods of Canada," and marks names on the sign boards that he had been so accustomed to utter when in the land of his birth; when he drives through a country for hundreds of miles by the old fire horse, passing pretty villages, luxuriant farms, with neat and handsome cottages; over wide crystal-like rivers, and in the background of all beholds forests gorgeous with foliage of many-hued colors, he begins to feel happy, and his eyes brighten with hope. "This must be a happy and prosperous country," he says to himself: "everything looks cheerful and prosperous. There is little appearance of misery and poverty here." Long, long has he been accustomed to see his neighbors toiling hard on two or three acres of sterile land, which scarcely yielded potatoes enough to feed the too ill-provided-for family. He has known strong men laboring for six pence a day, and glad even to get that. He has heard of the too-true tales of suffering endured by families whose bread providers search daily for something to do, but cannot get it. Oh, not only common laborers, who can bear the afflictions of poverty better than any others, but men and women reared to move in affluent and refined society, have been known to become living skeletons through destitution. This is no fancy sketch; this is no picture drawn of people made wretched through idleness or intemperance; for such, alas! we can have even in this land of plenty; but I speak of the industrious, sober, and honest people of my native land, Scotland, both in town and country. Those sufferings do not occur because the people in good circumstances are heartless and mercenary—by no means. Their charitable, religious and educational institutions can compare favorably with those of any country, but there is not really sufficient space of land for the inhabitants. A very large portion of the kingdom is mountainous and barren, affording only scant sustenance to sheep. Of England and Ireland I will not speak, but simply remark that where a population of over thirty millions of people live on an area of 121,853 square miles, and another country with less than three millions of inhabitants, possessing 256,000 square miles, of which a vast portion is of the richest soil, most easily cultivated, it is not necessary to attempt to prove which is the best place for the poor man. The extraordinary progress of Canada within the last twenty years should be sufficient encouragement to every one in the mother country, who is at his wit's end to make a living, to come out here at once. My many years experience in this land of my adoption leads me to say with confidence that no person who acts properly will ever regret leaving his native country for Canada. We do not promise rapidly made fortunes (by the by, we may soon be able to do that even, if our gold mines turn out to be as reputed), but we do say that to the industrious there is always plenty of work, and good payment for it; that there are at almost every door schools and churches; that the necessities of life, and even its luxuries, are within reach of every one; and that for climate we are blessed with many warm sunny days, and bracing frosty mornings, plenty of pure, white snow, which is, indeed, a great blessing to us all—as it protects the fall crops, enriches the soil, and affords a pleasant means of travelling.

To give a true idea of the progress of this country, it may prove useful to look into its early history. 330 years ago, Jacques Cartier landed on Gaspé Coast, then returned to France, and in May 1535, made another voyage with 120 men, and in October reached Hochelaga, an Indian village of about fifty houses. From this rose the great city of Montreal. Other adventurers soon followed to this new France. Amongst them Champlain, who founded Quebec, then called Quebeco (a narrow passage), in 1608. The white faced intruders had not a very peaceable time of it, as the authentic accounts of many hard fought battles with the brave Iroquois Indians testify. In 1615, the French made a tour up the Ottawa, across to Lake Huron, and down by Lake Ontario, then for the first time discovered. The English in Charles First's time, jealous of the French pioneers in the New World, sent Sir David Kirk to conquer Canada. This expedition reached Quebec, which would not surrender; but in 1629, Kirk's brothers brought three more ships, and Champlain had at last to yield, and Canada thus fell into the hands of the English, but in 1632, by treaty, it was given back to the French. The fact was that the prize was very little valued by either. In 1643 a company in France, which had undertaken to populate Canada, sent out a fleet with emigrants and provisions. Two years after that, a Jesuit College was founded in Quebec, and the Island of Mont Royal, now Montreal, was granted to the order of St. Sulpice. For thirty years a continual and bloody contest raged between the Iroquois Indians on one side, and the Huron tribe, with the French, on the other. French settlements, such as Sillery, were pounced upon, and every one that did not escape by flight massacred. Montreal, Quebec, and Three Rivers were blockaded by the terrible

red enemy. In 1653, some overtures of peace were made, the Iroquois Chiefs soliciting "the black robes" to come amongst them, but through an act of treachery on the part of the Hurons, no terms were come to.

About 1663 Canada was visited by dreadful earthquakes, which, at intervals, lasted for six months. About this time there were 584 families in Montreal, and 555 in Quebec.—In 1667, Fort Frontenac, near Kingston, was established as a French post. In 1685, 800 French troops, with 1300 Canadians, marched into Upper Canada as far as Seneca, where they had a contest with the Indian enemy. They erected Fort Niagara at this time, which was soon after razed by the unconquerable foe. Fort Frontenac had to be abandoned, and the belligerent Indians again made a descent on Montreal, carrying away with them plunder and 200 prisoners.

In 1700, peace was made between the French and the red man. About 12 years after this a new enemy appeared in the Outagames, or Foxes, who made an attack on Detroit (a French post); but they were soon entirely subdued. During 1709-10, the English made fruitless efforts to take Canada. Three years thereafter the Treaty of Utrecht was made, by which Acadia, Newfoundland, and Hudson's Bay Territory became British, and Canada was allowed to remain French. About this time there were 4,484 inhabitants of Canada able to bear arms.

Canada improved rapidly after this, for we find in 1721, that Quebec had a population of 7,000, and Montreal 3,000. The entire population of the colony was about 25,000. In 1734, there were 102 churches, and the inhabitants had increased to 37,252. The land under tillage was 62,000 acres, yielding about 6½ bushels per acre; live stock 59,000.—Twenty years after this the shipping trade was as follows: From France 32 vessels, and other places 21. There were, about 1760, in Canada, 8 paper makers, 69 foundries, 36 distilleries, 30 breweries, 64 colleges, and 1,569 elementary schools, attended by 57,000 children. Leaving out the distilleries and breweries, those figures show a very gratifying condition of things in a newly settled country just wrested from the wild Indians, who used it only as a hunting ground.

The adventurous spirit of the Canadians was strong, for we learn that in 1728, 450 of them left Montreal for the west, and reached Chicago, via Ottawa and Lake Huron.—Another party, a few years thereafter, made the extraordinary journey of travelling from Montreal to the Rocky Mountains. Several posts were erected in the King's name. The leader, Verendreye, returned in 1749, after six years' absence.—Such daring exploits through a country in the wildest state of nature, and occupied by hostile savage tribes, show the enterprise of the French Canadian traders in those days.

During 1732-3, Canada was terribly afflicted by inundations, earthquakes, dearth, and small pox. At this period 10 vessels were built, of from 40 to 100 tons, at Quebec. In 1637, iron smelting was commenced at Three Rivers. Vessels went to the seal fishing, and to the Antilles for coffee, sugar, &c. 30 vessels traded with France. There were several Englishmen in Quebec engaged in trade as far back as 1730, for a Frenchman writes in that year that "the English loved to accumulate wealth, but the Canadians understood thoroughly how to spend it, in the most elegant and agreeable modes; but at the same time were greatly at a loss how to obtain it." Poor fellows, theirs was a pitiable case indeed, but they would find many people of all nations at the present day in the same plight. He who spends and does not make must come to grief. In 1721, posting commenced between Montreal and Quebec.

Slavery existed in Canada, altho' to a very limited extent. So far back as 1689, the subject of importing negroes was considered, but, thank God, they gave up the project, as the climate was considered unsuitable for them; and in 1736, an order was issued, regulating the emancipation of slaves. In 1792, there were two bills introduced for abolishing slavery. There were 394 blacks then in the colony. As far down as 1800, citizens of Montreal sought protection as masters over their slaves. It is evident, however, that the French Canadians never sought, as a people, to encourage the accursed system which has been well called "the sum of all villainies."

There existed a strong inclination amongst the Governors and their servants to peculation. Governors monopolised the sale of "fire water" to the Indians, and the others made fortunes by trade-licenses. One writer complains that the expenses of the country had been raised from 400,000 francs in 1729, to 1,700,000, in 1749, and after that period the expenditure "knew no bounds." The taxes were in those days imposed on brandy and wines, 10 per cent., and other articles 3 per cent.

In 1749, the exports amounted to 2,600,000 francs. Three years later wheat was exported to France.

The Governor received at this time 10,000 people to populate the banks of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi.

In 1752, the war commenced between the British and French in the Ohio valley, the former endeavoring to drive the latter out of it. Three years afterwards France declared war against England on the American boundary question. Then Canada turned out 2,800 regular troops and 7,000 militia. The year thereafter Montcalm arrived at Quebec with 1600 men. The French force in all then was, from Cape Breton to Illinois, 12,000 strong. They had possession of the Upper Lakes, and were decidedly successful in nearly all the engagements. The arrival, however, of the brave Wolfe, in 1759, with a large fleet, changed the state of affairs. The great battle on the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe died exclaiming: "I am content," as he was told that the enemy fled, and his brave opponent, Montcalm, fell, mortally wounded, secured Canada permanently to England, after having been 225 years in the possession of France. The loss in this decisive contest was, French, 1500, and 250 prisoners; and the British, killed 58, and wounded, 598. On 8th September, the British entered Quebec, and next April an attempt was made by 12,000 troops to drive them out of it, but entirely failed. In this month Montreal, with 3,500 men, surrendered to the British, and thus ended the great struggle between France and England for Canada. The French Canadians were guaranteed all their religious privileges, and were, in every respect, treated kindly by their conquerors. Many of the leading Canadians, however, returned to France. When one of the Canadian Representatives went to England to have some grievances remedied, he took his wife with him, on seeing whom George III. paid her this compliment: "If all the Canadian ladies resemble her we may indeed vaunt of our beautiful conquest." How delighted the fair ones of Canada, in those days, must have

been to learn that a King admired them so much. By the testimony of a Royal Prince (a most excellent judge), in latter days, the ladies of Canada have not degenerated, in regard to personal appearance at least. An Executive Council, consisting of two Lieut. Governors, the Chief Justice, Inspector of Customs, and 8 leading persons of Canada, was created, which had every power except imposing taxes.—There were at this time only 500 Protestants to 70,000 Roman Catholics in the Province.

The first newspaper in Canada appeared in June 21, 1764, viz: the Quebec Gazette, owned by a Mr. Brown. It was printed half in French and half in English. The number of subscribers was 150. For nine years it was without a political leader, for the very good reason that no comments were allowed upon political events. The Gazette had no rival until 1778, when the Montreal Gazette, a French paper, appeared. In 1789, the Quebec Herald was started, which took an active part in politics. Shortly after the conquest the Indians, headed by Pontiac, formed the gigantic scheme of driving the British out of Canada, and they almost succeeded, for out of ten military posts they captured seven; but Niagara, Detroit, and Pittsburg defied their attacks.—At the latter place the Indians captured a war vessel by an attack from canoes.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

HOW THE POOR LIVE IN NEW YORK.—A building known as 'Cow Bay' situated at the Five Points, New York, was pulled down the other day. The Tribune thus describes it:—It would be impossible to picture in words the foulness of the rooms of the houses forming Cow Bay. In two rooms, on one floor, there did live not less than 20 men, women and children, beside two goats, half-a-dozen chickens, dogs and cats not counted. Here might be seen at all times sights that would sicken any one not hardened to them. Many children have been rescued from these scenes of suffering and death, and transferred to good and happy homes in the country. In the garret of the house that came down yesterday, a wretched woman laid herself down on the bare floor, close by the wall, to avoid the crowd of drinking, cursing, quarrelling wretches, and for two days remained there uncaared for and almost unnoticed. At the end of that time some one turned her face up from the filthy floor, and she was dead. Poor thing! she was once young and innocent, but here she died, a wretched drunkard, in the midst of filth and vermin, and surrounded by scenes in themselves fit illustrations of the miseries of hell. In another room a child was lying sick, on a bed with sheets and pillows every scum and fold of which was full of loathsome vermin. The idea that soap and water and a comb would make the little one comfortable, seemed never to have entered the mind of the miserable mother, who looked more filthy than her child. But the most infernal hole of all was the basement. With a ceiling scarce six feet high, lighted only by the few panes of the window not yet boarded up, not ventilated at all, foul with accumulated dirt, and reeking with the perfume of the dirtiest of human beings, this place was furnished with a lar, and supplied with casks of liquor of the hottest description by a man licensed to sell liquid damnation, who did not himself live in the hole, but having leased the building for \$18 per month, he rented out the rooms to others, and hired two evil spirits to wait upon such customers as came to the place. All this and more rendered this the pest of the neighborhood. The stench that came up from it made the atmosphere about it foul, and the sounds of cursing and fighting made the night hideous, and drove sleep from the eyes of its neighbors. Really to describe the houses and the scenes transpiring therein would be almost too much for Dickens; but all combined gave to Cow Bay a horrible notoriety, equal to that of any other spot in this city at least. But it is gone! The Mission built in its immediate neighborhood was too much for it. And yesterday a crowd of children spent the day in watching the demolition of the last house of that spot known as 'Cow Bay.' Well might the children hurrah, for with its downfall is removed one depot of disease and death for themselves.

CHILDREN'S ARMS AND LEGS.—A distinguished physician, who died some years since in Paris, declared: I believe that during the twenty-six years that I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked. I have thought if a mother were anxious to show the soft white skin of her baby, and would cut a round hole in the little thing's dress, just over the heart, and then carry it about for observation to the company, it would do very little harm. But to expose the baby's arms, members so far removed from the heart, and with such feeble circulation at best, is a most pernicious practice. Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth, the mercury rises to 90 degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to forty degrees. Of course all the blood that flows from those arms must fall from 20 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affection of the tongue, throat or stomach? I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunity of witnessing the same cure.

HOW JURIES USED TO LAY THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.—I have been assured by an excellent legal friend of mine, that it used to be the custom in one of our northern counties at the Quarter Sessions, when the chairman had summed up, for him to conclude his address to the jury with the advice given by Sydney Smith to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, 'to lay their heads together,' with a view of producing the best and hardest payment. I am told that no sooner were the words uttered from the bench, 'Now, gentlemen lay your heads together and consider your verdict,' than down went every head in the box, and an official approached armed with a long wand. If any unlucky juror inadvertently raised his head, down came the stick upon his pate; and so they continued till the truth was struck out, in their verdictum, an excellent plan for expediting business.

## SEBASTOPOL IN 1863.

On arriving at Sebastopol one is at once struck with the desolation that prevails on each side of the harbor. There are, indeed, a few guns still mounted on Fort Constantine, and the Russian ensign waves over it, but the other forts on the north side are crumbling to pieces, and not a gun nor a soldier is visible along the whole range of these once formidable works. At the entrance of the harbor are the few worm-eaten hulks lately raised by Colonel Gowan, and off South Bay lies the admiral's steam yacht, while a few coasters are loading with shot and broken shell, the *reliquiae Danuam* of 1854-5, at the further extremity, and these are the representatives of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea in 1863. Landing at the quay, where now no Russian official accosts the suspicious stranger, a walk of two hundred yards leads to the hotel, kept by one Mr. Witzel, formerly head-waiter at the club-house, the ruins of which are immediately adjoining. The rooms are scrupulously clean, and the 'green soup and young mutton' are not the worse because they are the staple delicacy in a bill of fare of prodigious length. First in interest to the visitor here as to many a distant fireside in England, must be the British cemeteries. It is a task of several days to inspect them all, scattered as they are on so many hill-sides, and several of them we were not able to visit; but it will be gratifying to the survivors of that memorable campaign to hear that of all we visited we scarcely found one that had received any injury beyond the unavoidable decay which eight Crimean Winters must bring with them. This is in a great measure owing to the attention of Captains Eldridge and Clipperton, the late and present consuls at Kertch. Around each inclosure, small or large, low solid walls have been built and are kept in good repair. On Cathcart's Hill, though the grass has grown up over many of the flat tombstones, we only noticed one headstone that had been injured; it was one which marked the grave of a colonel of the 55th Regiment, and on inquiry we found it was blown down in a gale last winter. It was splintered to pieces, and the words, 'Colonel, 55th Regiment,' were all we could collect. In the adjoining cemeteries, where some hundreds of our brave soldiers rest, it is gratifying to see that even the round shot which eight or nine years ago some friendly hand placed as a border to his comrade's grave, remain undisturbed. What has been said of Cathcart's Hill applies equally to the graves of the light division, and, in fact, to all the large inclosures. Wild flowers spring up luxuriantly about them all, and there is no appearance of an intrusion either of man or beast. General Pelissier's head-quarters and Lord Raglan's house are inhabited by Tartars, who have taken great pride in preserving everything that tells of their departed glory. The huts still surround Lord Raglan's quarters, which once sheltered his staff; a small tablet in the room where he died records the fact. Kadikoi and Balaklava are as quiet as the graves, some few small boats lying idle in the harbor, our quay rotting to pieces, and our huts now occupied by the returning Tartars, whose only occupation seems to be fishing for the treasure trove, the sad mementoes of the awful gale of November 14th, 1854. A bagful of sovereigns was fished up a few days before our arrival. 'Point Powell,' and 'Castle Bay,' in bold English letters on the rocks, still greet the eye, and several old barges savor still strongly of the Saxon. The field of Balaklava is now dotted with vineyards, and is by no means good galloping ground in '63. All our batteries remain much as we left them. The trenches can be traced for miles. They have fallen in, as might be expected; but every position is recognisable at a glance. Inkerman's Heights are thickly covered with brushwood, though the batteries are easily discerned; and the camps are also well distinguished, though the grass has grown over the paved streets that intersect the lines. The principal occupation of the Tartar women and children consists in digging for bullets in the batteries. Great quantities of grape shot and broken shell still lie about the principal points of attack. I regret to say the Redan monument is in a disgraceful state; the inscription has been almost entirely obliterated. Some Vandals have cut their names on it, and even large pieces out of it for keepsakes, and the wall round it is broken down in several places. The Redan itself is unaltered in general appearance, though gradually crumbling into the ditch, and vineyards are quietly springing up in its rear. The Malakoff remains a mass of ruin; in fact, nothing has been done since the war to alter the appearance of the town, save the rebuilding of a line of barracks near the docks, where the present garrison, consisting of one battalion, is quartered. If possible, the desolation is more apparent on the north than on the south side. You can traverse the whole line of fortifications, and meet with neither soldier nor gun; the ramparts are falling into their fosse, the walls have sunk, though the general appearance is that of desertion rather than destruction. A new church has been lately erected in memory of Prince Gortchakoff and the Russian army, which stands well above the large Russian cemetery, near the light-house. There are said to be 3,000 inhabitants now in Sebastopol; we scarcely met thirty. The shops consist of a long line of open huts, on which English letters repeatedly occur, and prove their origin. These cover the ground where Fort St. Nicholas once stood. Some few of the houses have been rebuilt facing the harbour, and we were agreeably surprised to hear one evening the strains of music, which brought out nearly one hundred well-dressed people to promenade on the terrace, where a naval trophy looks proudly down on the shattered town; but from whence they came, and whither they returned, we never exactly found out. Music amidst so much ruin jarred strangely on the ear. We made an excursion to the Alma, and slept at what was designated the 'Hotel St. Petersburg,' a Tartar cabaret close by the bridge which crosses the river, and visited next morning the first scene of the campaign at Boulganck. The ruined posthouse still marks the spot where the first shot was fired. The village has been partially rebuilt; the grave of Major Rose, Lieutenant Cockeill, and Captain Cust are well preserved; and the monument to the memory of the 23rd and 33rd on the heights is not injured. The Tartars appear to have a friendly recollection of the English, and they have planted trees round several of the graves. The bridge has not yet been repaired.

"HEROINE" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language. The first two letters of it are male, the first three are female, the first four a brave man, and the whole a brave woman.

## A STORY OF A KING.

There is a story of an anonymous King, the moral of which may be well applied by all sovereigns. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority. The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in counsel as well as in wit, said, under the circumstances, he could.—'I will be brief as my breath,' answered the abdicated monarch, 'and that is short enough. You look upon the world, boy, as a house of pleasure; now, hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in pauls, and good luck is only distilled in drops.' The son looked down at his now silent sire, and found he was dead. The new King commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal simile, and, to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed above his palace a large silver-toned bell: a rope passed from it to each room which he occupied. 'I will ring it,' said he, 'whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own and deafen my people's ears. For a whole month the bell was silent. 'I have had my hand on the rope,' said the King, 'fifty times, but I felt that I was hardly happy enough to proclaim it to my people; but we have got over our first difficulties, and to-morrow—' On the morrow, as he was boasting of the fidelity and friendship of one of his Ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the contents of his private dispatches to a neighboring potentate, from whom the traitor received stars and crosses in return. The King sighed, 'We shall not toll the bell, then, to-day; but assuredly to-morrow.' In the morning he rode over to the house of the mistress of his heart. 'There,' he remarked to himself, as he went along in that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which in England has taken its name from the first two syllables of that city's name,—'there I have never found disappointment.' What he did find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively between him and the bell-rope, the monarch simply twisted the end of the latter into a noose, and angrily muttered, as he flung it down again, 'Would to heaven that they were both hanging from it together!' On the following day he philosophically reviewed his case. 'I have been unreasonable,' he said; 'why should I grieve because I have been betrayed by a kuave, and jilted by a girl with golden hair? I have wide dominions, a full treasury, a mighty army, laughing vineyards, verdant meadows, a people who pay taxes as if they loved them, and God's free air to breathe in. I may be happy yet,' added he advancing to the window, 'nay, I am!' and he reached his hand to the rope. He was on the very point of ringing at it with good-will, when he saw a sight without, and heard a voice within, which made him pause. A messenger was at his feet. 'O, Sire!' exclaimed the bringer of bad tidings, 'thou seest the dust, the fires, and the gleam of arms without. The foe has broken in upon the land, and terror is before and devastation behind him!—Now a curse upon kingship, that brings a wretched monarch evils like these!' cried the King who wanted to be happy. The courier hinted something about the miseries of the people. 'By that Lady of Hate, whose church is in Brittany,' cried the Prince, 'thou art right! I thought to pull lustily at the bell, but I will as lustily pull at my sword in the sheath, and see if there be not virtue in that. How came in the foe? and who commands them?' The answer to this double query told him that the enemy could not have entered had not his dispatches been betrayed to the invader; and that the van of the army was under the command of a prince, whose name was no sooner uttered to the King than the latter turned red with fury, and exclaimed, 'Me!—then I shall ring the bell yet. I will have his life, and the lady—' He said no more, but went out, fought like a man, cleared the land of the foe, hung the traitor with all his orders on him, maimed the young leader of the hostile vanguard past sympathy from Cupid, and returned to his capital in triumph. He had so much to employ him after his return, so much to accomplish for the restoration of the fortunes of his people, so much to meditate upon for future accomplishment, that when at night he lay down upon his couch, weariness upon his brow, but a shade of honest joy upon his cheek, he had fairly forgotten the silver bell in his turret, and the ropes which depended from it. And so he grew gray and infirm, never turning from his work till the inevitable Angel looked smilingly in his face, and began to beckon him away. He was sitting upright in his uneasy chair, pale as death, but still at his ministry, till his eyes grew dim, his head sank on his breast, and there was, without a sound for wailing. 'What voices are those?' asked he softly: 'what is there yet for me to do?' His Chancellor stooped over him as he now lay on a couch, and whispered, 'Our father is departing from among us, and his children are at the threshold, in tears.—'Let them in! let them come in!' hoarsely cried the King. 'God! do they really love me?' 'If there were a life to be purchased here, O worthy Sire, they would purchase thine with their blood.' The crowd streamed silently in, to look once more upon the good old King, and to mourn at his departure. He stretched his hands towards them, and asked, 'Have I won your love?' One universal affirmative reply, given from the heart, though given with soft expression, seemed to bestow on the dying monarch new life. He raised himself on the couch, looked like an inspired saint, and tried to speak, but failed in the attempt. None the less happy, he looked up to God, glanced to the turret where hung the bell, extended his hand to the rope, gave one pull, and died, with a smile on his lips, as he rang his own knell.

SIR CHARLES NAPEL says: "I once asked a sooty collier, black as a chimney-sweep, if I could descend a coal pit without spoiling my clothes." "Lord bless you, I goes down ten times a day and never minds my clothes," was his answer.

"Don't talk to me of firmness," said a cringing Bengalee, in a moment of confidence. "I am sixty years old; my teeth, which were firm enough, are nearly all gone; yet my tongue, which has always been pliable, is as supple as ever."

SINGULAR PROVISION IN A WILL.—The Lower Canada *Jurist*, for September, contains the particulars of an interesting case tried in appeal, in Quebec, before five judges, and where the legality of a special provision in a will was called into question. In 1855, the testator, Joseph Guillet, *alias* Tourangeau, made his will, and died soon after. His legatees were a son and daughter, but in case the latter entered a nunnery, her brother was to become sole heir. The sister having become a recluse in the Ursuline Convent, the brother became sole legatee. Thus far, the will is unobjectionable; but, to this simple arrangement, paternal anxiety added an unusual provision, viz., that his property, consisting of real estate, could not be sold nor exchanged, nor mortgaged, nor alienated, nor seized for debt, until after a period of twenty years after his death. The son inherited under these conditions, but afterwards becoming involved, his property was attached by a creditor. The legatee resisted the seizure, and the case being tried in the Lower Court, a verdict was given in behalf of the creditor. The court decided that the peculiar provision of the will must be held null and void, that it had no legal force, and must be considered only as useful advice of the testator to his heir. The case being appealed, the Superior Court has reversed the judgment. It was contended in behalf of the creditor, that the policy of the law is and ought to be that property over which a man has full control otherwise, should be subject to the payment of his just debts; whereas the effect of the provision in question, if it be valid, is to enable legatees to hold property over which they have, in reality, unlimited control free from the payment of their debts, and this irrespective of the nature of the debt sought to be enforced, or of the extent of the property held subject to such conditions. It was therefore contended that the provision of the will ought to be held null on the ground of public policy. Judge Aylwin, in pronouncing the judgment, stated that there was nothing to vitiate the conditions made by the testator, who imposed it for good reasons of forethought, propriety and domestic economy, and that it is neither impracticable, nor contrary to law and public morality. He declared the condition a wise and prudent measure, and that the property could not be seized during the period fixed by the will. Two out of the five judges dissented. It remains, therefore, established that a father, in bequeathing real estate to a child, can screen him for any length of time he chooses against the consequences of extravagance or, it may be, dishonesty. But he would scarcely advise a parent to make any such provision in his will, inasmuch as to render extravagance or dishonesty harmless, is virtually to promote and set a premium upon it. From a legal point of view, the declared validity of such a questionable provision, must only enhance the perils of lending on real estate, as the existence of such a clause may remain unknown until too late.

## ANCIENT WROUGHT-IRON ARTILLERY.

In 1427, when the English in Normandy made their last assault on the Mont St. Michel, they brought to their aid "plusieurs machines espouvantables et divers engins de guerre," with which, to continue the words of the old chronicler, "ils dresserent une batterie sie fureuse contre les murailles qu'ils firent breche." Among these formidable weapons were two enormous wrought-iron guns, which on the refusal of the besiegers, they were compelled to leave behind them, and which have remained on the rock to the present time.

Interesting as these pieces of artillery are, both in a historical and a constructive point of view, very little has hitherto been known about them, and I am not aware that any complete and accurate description of them is in existence.

During a late visit to Normandy I have endeavored at the suggestion of my friend, the Secretary of the Ordnance Select Committee, to supply this want, and possibly the following notes may be acceptable to some of your readers.

I found the guns in a state being choked up with masses of iron sand, rust and rubbish, which had probably been there for centuries, and had become almost as hard as conglomerate. However, by the courteous aid of M. Marquet, the director of the "Maison Centrale," to whom antiquaries and architects are so much indebted for his intelligent and zealous preservation of the beautiful ecclesiastical buildings on the island, I contrived to get them tolerably clear, to obtain their dimensions, and to take photographs of them.

The guns are of the kind termed "bombardes," and are of different sizes. The largest one is 19in calibre, 30in greatest external diameter, and 12 feet total length; of which about 8ft 8in belongs to the barrel or "chase," and 3ft 4in to the smaller powder chamber in the rear. The smaller gun is 15in calibre and 11ft 9in long.

They are true "built-up" guns, being formed of longitudinal wrought-iron bars about 3 inches wide, arranged like the staves of a cask, and bound round closely with the same material. The analogy of this ancient construction with that of the modern wrought-iron guns is very curious.

I found a projectile in each gun and several others laying about. They are granite balls, roughly spherical, and a little smaller than the bore. Those for the larger gun will probably weigh about 300lb. each; but if the gun be donoted according to the calibre on the same principle as modern guns for round shot it must be called a 920-pounder! The breech chamber would hold about 40lb. of powder. I estimate the weight of the large gun to be about 5½ tons and of the small one about 3½ tons.

I have prepared detailed drawings and descriptions, which, together with prints of my photographs, will be deposited at the Royal Museum of Artillery, Woolwich.

There are two other ancient bombardes in existence, constructed on the same principle—namely, the "Dulle Ghibete" of Ghent, and the "Mons Meg" of Edinburgh. The "Ghibetes," as they are called by the people of Mont St. Michel, compare well with these, but have an additional interest in their very early date and positive history, and in the probability of their being of English manufacture. They must have been well made and well served, for they performed successfully the duty required of them, without, so far as I can see, sustaining the least structural injury.

I think the attention of the French Government should be directed to the preservation of these interesting monuments of antiquity. So little are they prized by the commune to whom they are said to belong that the Maire offered to sell them to me if I would fetch them away.

**RAPID INCREASE OF A FAMILY.**—A German named Hoeffich, residing five miles west of La Crosse, was married in Portage, in November, 1860, to a German girl. In August, 1861, Mrs. Hoeffich gave birth to three boys, two of whom lived. In June, 1862, she gave birth to three boys and a girl, two of the boys and the girl living. On the 5th of this month she gave birth to two girls and a boy, all of whom are alive and well. Ten children in less than three years, is pretty good, even for this vicinity. The parents are proud of their success in the family line, and point with pleasure to their company of German infantry. Government cannot afford to draft the head of that family.—*LaCrosse Democrat.*

**THE O'KANE PALMERSTON DIVORCE CASE.**—The scandal with which the name of Lord Palmerston has lately been connected turns out to be totally unfounded, and is, as hinted to you in my letter of the 6th, nothing more than an 'artful scheme, planned solely with a view to extortion, through fear of publicity.' The basis, if, indeed, it can be called one, of this monstrous impudence, is, in quarters likely to know, understood to be the circumstance that the wife of the person who has ventured to file the petition obtained two audiences of the Premier, with a view of obtaining some inferior employment for her husband, with whom she was then living. At the second interview, out of charity, and to get rid of her,

his lordship gave her five pounds. Now that the husband and wife have quarreled, the former institutes this outrageous calumny, on no firmer foundation whatever than the one I have stated. I have just learned that at the Lord Mayor's dinner this evening the vociferous reception accorded his lordship was such as has seldom been heard within those walls, accustomed as they are to confirm popularity in no measured sounds. The long and prolonged cheers which welcomed him were, I am told, evidently intended to mark the public sense and censure of the insulting injustice that had been done him, and amounted to a veritable ovation.—*London Correspondence of Saunders' News Letter.*



THE PET OF THE VILLAGE.

“THE PET OF THE VILLAGE.”

BY W. HEMSLEY.

In this little work, Mr. Hemsley displays that nice appreciation of simple rustic character in which he has so often distinguished himself, and which appears to be the favourite field of his pencil. A pretty little village lass, dressed in rustic frock, white pinafore, and loose jacket, with a straw-coloured cotton bonnet tied carelessly over her head, stands leaning against a gate, having just put down her stone water-jug, and smiles good-humouredly full in our face. Her little mongrel dog is close beside her, and looks up, very proud of his mistress. The landscape, which is a secluded spot on the outskirts of a wood, is very agreeably painted.

**A NEW MEASURE FOR LAGER.**—Not long since the keeper of a lager beer saloon was arrested upon a charge of selling intoxicating liquor without a license, when he attempted to prove that the Teutonic beverage was not an intoxicating drink.

A number of witnesses who had amply tested its qualities were called one after another, until finally an old German named W— took the stand, and the question was propounded to him:

‘Do you consider lager beer intoxicating?’

‘Vell,’ replied W—, ‘ash for dat, I gant zay. I drinksb feefy or seesty glasshes a day, and it never hurtsh me; put I don’t know how it woult pe if a man wash to make a hog of hisself!’

A humorous writer in the *Chicago Post* describes how he got out of a bad scrape in police court: ‘The next morning the judge of the police court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially. Said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished at Bryan Hall, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast: ‘Guilty or not guilty?’ I responded in a brief but elegant speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that summoned us together. After the usual ceremonies, I loaned the city ten dollars.’

‘So you are going to teach school,’ said a young lady to her maiden aunt. ‘Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine small children.’ ‘I would prefer that myself,’ was the quiet reply, ‘but where is the widower?’



**LILY LAKE, ST. JOHNS,  
NEW BRUNSWICK.**

The country around St. John is very picturesque; and the inhabitants are fond of making pic-nic excursions during the Summer to some lovely little rural paradise where the sweets of country life may be enjoyed for a day at a trifling expense. One of these delightful spots lies within an easy walk of the town, and bears the romantic name of Lily Lake. A straggling road leads to within a short distance of it, from which a tangled path leads to the quiet little lake, reposing in the bosom of a wild valley, upon whose picturesque sides the feathery larch, the graceful beech; the wild cherry, the Indian pear, with the hazel, juniper, and dogwood tree, form many a natural thicket and delicious arbor, whose thick roof of verdant branches is, through the long Summer's day,

"Alive  
And musical with birds that  
sing and sport  
In wantonness of spirit;  
while below,  
The squirrel, with raised  
paws and form erect,  
Chirps merrily."

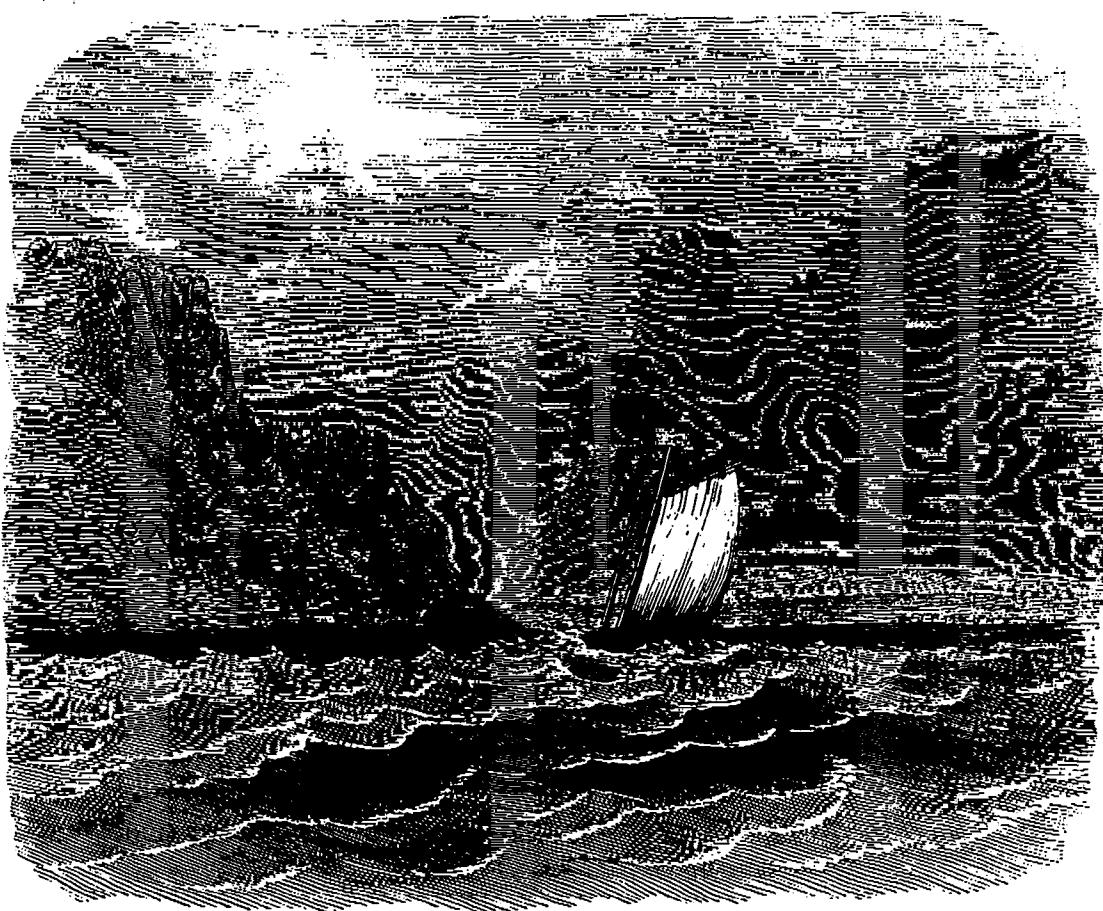
St. John is seen to great advantage from the shores of Lily Lake, seated on its rugged peninsular, with houses rising above houses to the summit of the hill, on whose highest point the tower of the Methodist Chapel forms a striking object. The town makes, with the surrounding scenery, an exceedingly pretty picture.

**CAPE BLOW-ME-DOWN,  
NOVA SCOTIA.**

The Bason of Minas is one of the most remarkable and beautiful inlets in North America. Its entrance is through a strait about three miles in width, with bold craggy shores. Outside this strait, the tides in the Bay of Fundy are rapid but regular; but within, the rise of the tide is greater than in any other part of America; in spring tides it flows to the height of seventy feet in the narrow part of the bason. The phenomenon called the *Bore* is an attendant or rather precursor of the flood tide, which approaches in a line of foam, extending across the bay about four or five feet high, and rolling over the sands at the rate of four miles, or upwards, an hour. The appearance of the shores of the Bason of Minas, while sailing towards its entrance, is exceedingly beautiful—the luxuriant



LILLY LAKE.



CAPE BLOWMEDOWN, NOVA SCOTIA;

woods, lagoons, hills, dales, bays, rivers and headlands, the numerous picturesque islands, the extensive farms, verdant prairies, and thriving villages which meet the eye on every side, form a succession of rich and varied landscapes. Near the entrance of the bason on the western shore is the remarkable headland called Cape Blomedon, or more generally, Cape Blow-me-down, which forms the termination of the chain of hills that run parallel to the shores of the Bay of Fundy from Annapolis. This headland presents a singularly abrupt and imposing appearance; its perpendicular front is of a dark red colour, and its rugged head may be seen at a great distance, emerging from the thick mists by which it is frequently encompassed. On the opposite side of the channel is the pretty little village of Parrsborough, sheltered by the bluff cliff called Partridge Island; which, resisting the force of the tides in the Bay of Fundy, makes a secure harbor for the craft engaged in the navigation of the Bason of Minas and the adjoining rivers.

**ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.**—At the last sitting, M. Galibert described an apparatus for securing free and complete breathing to persons obliged to stay some time under water, or to penetrate into places filled with deleterious gases or smoke. This apparatus consists of a piece of wood, having the form and dimensions of the human mouth when open. To this piece of wood two India rubber tubes are fixed, of any length, according to the exigencies of the case. The man engaged in the operation is further provided with a *nose-pincher*, or instrument for compressing the nostrils, so as to prevent the introduction of the deleterious gas, or of water, as the case may be. A man easily learns the use of the apparatus by a few minutes' exercise. The Secretary of the Academy exhibited a photograph of a cross between a goat and an ewe, sent in from Naples. He calls it *tragovis*, from the Greek *tragos*, a he-goat, and *vis*, a sheep.—This sort of hybrid is mentioned in ancient authors, but is of rare occurrence.

Uncommunicated pleasures can never be thoroughly felt.

That man will be a miserable spectacle of vanity, who stands upon the lunc feet of his own ability.

If the child be jealous of his father's affection, he will soon be dubious of his father's provision.

## THE JUGGLER'S DUEL.

A NAVAL SKETCH.

While the old frigate "Brandywine" lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and after some consultation, the said man was received by the captain as a sort of steward, he having agreed to work for his passage and board, and some little consideration besides. His name was Joe Lattit; he was a vulgar specimen of a strolling Yankee; but he dressed well, and was remarkably good looking, though there was in his face a peculiar look which indicated that he preferred fun to sound sense, allowing however, that the fun had some sense in it. The moment I placed my eyes upon the man I knew I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak to him, I found that he had been a performer of legerdemain and ventriloquism in the States, and there I had seen him. He had travelled through England, France and a part of Spain, with his implements of deception, and had just brought up at Gibraltar when our ship came in. He brought his whole kit on board in a large chest, which he got permission to stow in the bedroom, where it would be kept perfectly dry. He had quite a pile of money which he placed in the purser's hands for safe keeping, but he would not tell any of us how much. But he was very liberal and open hearted, and it was not long before the crew blessed the hour that brought him on board, for he was the very soul of wit and humor.

At length our ship went to Port Mahon, and here our Yankee tars were at home. One pleasant morning a party of us went on shore, and Joe Lattit was among our number. Joe was dressed in a perfect shore-going rig, and appeared a gentleman of consequence. Near the middle of the forenoon a few of us entered a cafe or drinking saloon, and the only occupant besides the keeper, was a Spanish officer, evidently an infantry captain, from his dress. We called for wine, and had it served upon the table near to the one at which our officer sat, Joe setting himself so that his back came against the back of the Spaniard; but he did not notice when he sat down, how close he would be.

Our laugh and jests ran high and just as Joe said something more than usually funny he threw himself back, and thereby hit the Spaniard with such force as to cause him to spill a glass of wine upon his bosom. The fellow leaped to his feet, but before Joe could beg pardon for the unintentional mishap, he commenced a torrent of oaths and invectives, partly in Spanish and partly in broken English. His language was so abusive that Joe's temper was up in a moment, and instead of asking pardon as he had intended, he surveyed the raving man from head to foot, and then said:

"Go on, sir. Your language is beautiful—very beautiful for a gentleman."

"Ah! you call me no gentleman, eh?" said the other in a towering passion.

"If I were going to call you, I should call you a jackass," calmly and contemptuously uttered Joe.

"Aha, a-ah! half growled the Spaniard, rolling his eyes back wildly and furiously. 'Now, by Sainte Marie, you shall answer for that, I am gentleman! But you—you—little cursed puppy! An-a-ah! Now you shall fight!'

Joe would have laughed the matter off, but he found that the captain was determined to fight, and at length he resolved to accommodate him.

The keeper of the cafe called me to one side, and informed me that the officer was Captain Antonia Bizar, one of the most notorious duelists in the place—that he was always a marshall when under the influence of liquor—and that his companions always left him alone rather than have a fuss with him.

"Not five minutes before you came in," added the keeper, "four of his fellow officers left him because they saw he was ripe for a fuss. So you had better get your friend away."

I pulled Joe away, and told him all that had just been told to me, but he only smiled and assured me there was nothing to fear. I felt sure at once, from his very manner, that he had some safe fun in his head, and I let him go.

"My name is Joseph Lattit, sir—a citizen of the United States and a general of the order of the Sublime Darkness," said Joe very pompously, turning to the Spaniard. "Your name, sir?"

"Antonio Bizar, Captain in Her Most Catholic Majesty's seventh regiment of Infantry. But your office, sir? I don't comprehend?"

"O, you wouldn't if I should tell you. I am simply general of a body of men who have sold themselves to the gentleman who burns sinners and heretics down there." And Joe pointed most mysteriously down towards the floor as he spoke.

The Spaniard smiled a very bitter sarcastic smile, and thereupon Joe took up two large knives which lay upon the bar, and tossed them one after the other, down his throat, making several wry faces as they took their passage downward. The fellow had evidently never seen anything of the kind before, for he was astounded.

"Now, sir," said Joe, making one or two more grimaces, as though he felt the knives somewhere in the region of the diaphragm, "you will wait here until I go and bring my pistols, and you shall have satisfaction. Will you wait?"

"I can procure pistols," said the officer, forgetting his astonishment, and coming back to his anger.

"I shall fight with my own. If you are a gentleman you will wait."

Joe turned to us and bade us wait for him.

"Here! Here! Oh, gentleman," cried the keeper of the cafe, "where be mine knives?"

"I will pay you for them when I come back, said Joe, and then he beckoned for me to come out. I did so, and he took the knives—one from his bosom and one from his sleeve, and told me to keep them until he returned.

It seems that Joe had a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the Spaniard, and then handing him a ball, he asked him if he would mark it, so he would know it again. The fellow hesitated at first, but at length took it with a mad gesture, and bit it between his teeth.

"I shall know that again, unless it is battered against your bones."

"Now select your pistol," said Joe.

The man took them and examined them, and he was satisfied that they were both alike, and both good, and he told Joe he had no choice. So our steward put the balls in, and rammed them carefully down.

The whole party now adjourned to a wide court, back of the cafe, where twelve paces were marked off, and then the combatants took their stations. I trembled for poor Joe, for I saw not how he could make fun of this.

"Count," cried the Spaniard impatiently.

"One—two—three."

The Captain fired first, and with a most deliberate aim. Joe fired into the air. Then the latter walked deliberately up to his antagonist, and taking a ball from between his teeth he handed it to him.

"Come, let us load again," cried Joe.

"San Pablo!" cried Bizar, "You will use—some—what do you call him—some trick eh?" By San Jago, I'll load the pistols myself!"

"Do so," said Joe calmly, and as he spoke he handed over his powder flask.

The Spaniard poured out an extra quantity of powder, and having poured it into the pistol, he called for the rammer. He then put the same ball in that he had used before. Meanwhile Joe had been loading his own pistol.

"Are you ready?" said the Spaniard.

"One moment," uttered Joe, reaching out his hand. "The caps are in the butt of your pistol. Let me get them."

The fellow passed over his pistol but kept his eyes upon it. Joe opened a little silver spring at the end of the butt, and true, there were some percussion caps there. He took out two, and having capped his own pistol, he gave it a toss in the air, catching it very adroitly as it came down, and then handed back the other to the Spaniard. I had watched Joe most carefully, but I saw nothing out of the way and yet he changed pistols with his foe.

"Now," cried the Spaniard, "let us see you hold this in your mouth."

Again they took their stations, and again they were ready.

"One—two—three!"

And the fired Spaniard first by aim, Joe firing in the air as before. Again Joe stepped forward and took the self-same ball from his mouth and handed it to his antagonist. The fellow was completely dumbfounded, and so were the rest.

"You no fire at me!" gasped the captain.

"I'll fire at you next time," said Joe in a tone of thunder.

"Thus far I have only shown you that powder and ball have no effect on me. Twice have you fired at me with as true pistols as ever was made, and both times have I caught your ball between my teeth, while I have fired in the air. I meant that you should live long enough to say that for once in your life you had seen, if not the old fellow himself [pointing meaningly downward] at least one who is in his employ! The old gentleman will like the company of a Spanish captain of infantry and I will send you along. Come, load again!"

But the astonished Spaniard did not seem inclined to do so. A man who swallowed carving knives as he would sardines, and who caught pistol balls between his teeth, was not exactly the man for him to deal with. While he was pondering upon what he had seen, Joe took a handful of bullets from his pocket, and began to toss them rapidly down his throat, and when these were gone he picked up half a dozen good sized stones, and sent them after the bullets.

"Holy Santa Maria!" ejaculated the Spaniard, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "What a man! By my soul it is the devil!"

And as he thus spoke he turned on his heel and hurried away from the place. After he was gone Joe beckoned for me to give him the knives. I did so, and saw him slip them up his coat sleeves. When he returned into the cafe he approached the keeper.

"You want your knives," he said.

But the poor fellow could not speak. Joe put his hand to his right ear and pulled out one of the long knives. Then from the left ear he drew the other. The keeper crossed himself in terror, and shrank trembling away. But we finished our wine and having paid for it, turned to go.

"Here," said Joe, "I have not paid for the use of the yard yet;" and as he spoke he threw down a piece of silver on the counter.

"No!—no!—no!—shrieked the poor fellow. 'Don't leave your money here—don't!"

Joe picked it up and went away laughing. When we were alone, he explained to me the secret of his pistol. They were a pair he had used in his legerdemain performances, and such as all wizards use in their tricks of catching balls, &c. The main barrel of the pistol had no connection with the nipple for the cap, but what appeared to be a socket for the rammer was in fact a second barrel—to be sure smaller than the other, but as large as the bore of an rifle pistol—and with this the secret barrel of the priming tube connected. So that the apparent barrel of the weapon might be filled with powder and ball, and no harm could be done. When Joe first returned with his pistols, of course he had both these secret barrels loaded with blank cartridges, and then the other loading was for nothing but effect in appearance. At the second loading Joe had charged the second barrel of his own pistol, while the Spaniard had been filling up the main barrel of his. Then, of course it became necessary to make an exchange, else Bizar would never have got his weapon off.

As soon as Joe got the other pistol in his possession, and made the exchange we spoke of at the time, he had only to press smartly upon a secret spring on the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge that the other put in, emptied in his hand. So he had the marked ball to dispose of as he chose.

Ever after that while we remained in Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object of both curiosity and dread on shore, for an account, all colored to suit the exaggerated conceptions of the cafe keeper, had been spread over the city, and the pious people there wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to be sure and keep on his good humored side.

AMONG the 5,798,967 persons enumerated in Ireland at the census of 1861, no less than 742 are returned as being of the age of 100 years and upward.

## Bits of Things.

The amount of revenue stamps required on a deed of a marble quarry in Vermont, was \$480.

A shell for rifles has been invented by Captain Norton, of the British army. It is charged with solid phosphorus.

The French Emperor has given the cross of the Legion of Honor to Mohammed ben-Dijar of Algiers, who, although but 25 years of age, has killed 22 lions under circumstances of great peril.

One ounce of pulverized borax put into one quart of boiling water, and bottled for use, will be found invaluable for removing grease spots from woolen goods.

A curious observation respecting the rapidity of eagles in their flight has just been made by a traveler crossing the Grison Alps. An eagle, in flying from one mountain peak to another, at the height of 8,000 or 9,000 feet, performed the distance of five miles in five minutes.

India rubber can be dissolved by several substances which evaporate and leave it in a solid condition. Naphtha, turpentine, and benzole are solvents, but the latter is preferable on account of it having a more pleasant odor than the other two.

A locomotive engine will carry 300 tons at a coast of fuel scarcely exceeding the cost of corn and hay which a pack-mule consumed, before the locomotive was invented, in conveying a load of three hundred weight an equal distance.

COPPER COINS.—In England the copper coinage is rapidly being superseded by the new bronze coin. About \$75,000 of copper coins were in circulation, but about \$400,000 has been recently returned to the mint. It is intended shortly to declare the copper money an illegal tender.

The domes of the Exhibition building of 1862 have been removed to the Alexandra Park, Wood Green, Hornsey, where they will be erected as soon as the preparatory works can be completed.

## WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

In his report of the Chicamauga battles, B. F. Taylor says: "If anybody thinks that when our men are stricken upon the field they fill the air with cries and groans, till it shivers with such evidence of agony, he greatly errs. An arm is shattered, leg carried away, a bullet pierces the breast, and the soldier sinks down *silently* upon the ground, or creeps away, if he can, without a murmur or complaint; falls as the sparrow falls, speechlessly, and like that sparrow, I earnestly believe, falls not without note by the Father. The dying horse gives out his fearful utterance of almost human suffering, but the mangled rider is dumb. The crash of musketry, the crack of rifles, the roar of guns, the shriek of shells, the rebel whoop, the Federal cheer, and that indescribable undertone of grinding, rumbling, splintering sound, make up the voices of the battle-field."

This statement is not altogether correct. In the majority of cases those badly wounded make no noise, as the blow seems to have a stunning effect. But many even mortally hit cry out upon receiving the hurt. The writer has heard many men crying and groaning—more so upon the field, indeed, than after being carried off. But the noise of the battle is so great that very little of this is heard. I have also seen many horses hit, but never heard one make any noise. At Chancellorville, Gen. Hancock's horse (a splendid animal, to which the General was much attached) had a leg broken. Not only did he make no noise, but as soon as his saddle and bridle were removed, he went to cropping grass and continued to do so, under fire, till he was killed. At Gettysburg I saw the same thing, in several cases.

## WILLIAM BAKER, THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

"No, William Baker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position."

The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine looking young man of twenty-five.

With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

## II.

Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

"What! you here again?" angrily cried the old man.

"Ah, old man," proudly exclaimed William Baker, "I am here. your daughter's equal and yours."

The old man's lip curled with scorn. A derisive smile

up his cold features; when, casting violently upon the marble centre table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Baker cried:

"See! Look on this wealth And I've tenfold more. Listen, old man! You spurred me from your door. But I did not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the army of the Potomac with beef."

"Yes, yes," eagerly exclaimed the old man.—"And I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find"— "I see! I see!" cried the old man. "And good beef they make too."

"They do, they do! and the profits are immense."

"I should say so."

"And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand."

"Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?"

"To the core!" cried William Baker.

"And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war?"

"I am, I am."

"Then, boy, take her. Maria, child, hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, children. And, whatever our lot in life may be, let us all support the Government!" —*Artemus Ward.*

## NOTES OF TRAVEL AND OF READING.

## No 1.

*Robert Gourlay, the most remarkable man ever seen in Canada. His death, June, 1863. Gourlay's statistics still a fountain of information for Canadian authors. Glimpse at the political disquiet in Britain and Canada at the time of his coming to this Province. Original autograph letter to Robert Hamilton, Esq. father of the city of Hamilton, not before published. Letter to King William the Fourth narrating the story of his imprisonment at Niagara and banishment from Canada. His collision with Henry Brougham, M. P., afterwards Lord High Chancellor.*

In the month of June, 1863, died at Edinburgh, Scotland aged 86, the most remarkable man that has ever stepped upon the soil of Canada since white men set foot thereon. The man was Robert Gourlay, once a gentleman of fortune, who purposed settling in this country; but who was driven from it by a series of arbitrary prosecutions, which, read by the light of the free government under which we now live, seem incredible, yet on the other side of the question it is not to be forgotten that in those years, 1817-18-19, much political disquiet prevailed in Great Britain, several treasonable attempts had been made to effect a revolution. The 'six black acts' as they were derisively called, were enacted by the British Parliament to guard the safety of the nation, by suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, a rigid censorship of the newspaper press, and other necessary precautions. Moreover, in Canada the heated blood arising out of the American invasion of 1812-14 had not cooled. The name of popular liberty, or of responsible popular government, was like the raising of a ghost surrounded with all the terrors of war, anarchy, havoc, pillage of homestead, murder of innocency.

Yet again, on Gourlay's side of the question, there lay his unquestioned loyalty to Britain, his reiterated protestations that it was to strengthen the British connection that he directed his searching enquiries into the industrial and political condition of Canada. Gourlay's 'statistics of Canada' in three large volumes, collected from 1817 to 1819, is still the best book for any one writing the history or portions of the history of townships in the central and westerly parts of the Province, up to that time. In addition to which proofs of his loyalty, may be named the fact that his intimate English correspondent was Sir Henry Torrens, Adjutant-General of the British Army, who under the Command-in-Chief ruled for many years in all things military at the Horse Guards, in London; and through Sir Henry Torrens Mr. Gourlay also corresponded freely with the great Duke of Wellington. It was in face of that unquestioned fidelity to British connection that the prosecutions arose, and which, to this day, remain a blot on the memory of the dominant minority in Upper Canada, who were known as the 'Family compact.'

I have in my possession several letters in Mr. Gourlay's hand-writing some of which were never published. I transcribe one written in 1862, addressed to Robert Hamilton Esq.—the gentleman from whom the city of Hamilton is named. It has not been printed before. It shadows forth a system of government for Canada which should be responsible to popular judgment. This is the letter:

LONDON, 18th August, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR.—It is nearly a year since I heard from you. With your last letter I received a *Gazette* of April, 1821, which lowered all my hopes that any good would be done in your assembly; and almost a month afterwards, another *Gazette* and pamphlet sent me by our friend Kerr showed plainly that all was over; that every effort of mine to bring home a commission had been thrown away. You cannot conceive the extent of my disappointment when I found that all was ruined; and up to this day, I understand there is nothing but stagnation and dullness on our side of the water.

I did not write you when Brant (Indian Chief) and Kerr were here, as I saw them constantly and trusted to their communicating whatever news we had. The climax of adversity was sending home your Attorney-General. He has never been heard of, and the affairs of Canada have excited not the slightest interest.

A bill was brought into Parliament for uniting the Provinces and regulating trade. I opposed the bill by writing to various members; and, on its second reading had a petition presented by Mr. Brougham, a copy of which you will find accompanies this, together with another presented by Mr. Hume, 27th February, 1822. These two petitions I should be glad you would copy and send to your newspapers for publication. They chalk out the grand outlines of policy for Canada; and if your assemblies do not act up them I cannot help it. I have done my duty for Canada. I have now attended three sessions of Parliament, watching matters; first expecting a commission to come home, and, though depressed by disappointed hopes, doing my best to put things in train for future arrangement. I have ruined myself in every way by my endeavors, altogether sincere, but I presume thankless.

I expect your Assemblies will be called together at an early season. The Government and Trade bill was divided in two; what concerned trade was passed into law, while the government part has been only printed as a bill to be referred, I suppose to your Assemblies. As it lays before me, it provides for a joint Legislative Council and Assembly for both Provinces, until July 1825; admits of the Governor of Lower Canada erecting new counties to be represented in Parliament. In future £500 sterling personal property

to qualify. Two members to the Executive Council of each Province to sit in the Assembly. Assemblies to continue five years, so say our boroughmongers who prolonged the continuance of the British Parliament from three to seven years.

I hope you will reject the proposal in toto, and take the proposals and principles of my petitions into serious consideration. If you do not I shall not break my heart. My hope of your rejection is faint [the rejection of the British parliamentary bill is doubtless meant]. Were you to send home a commission manfully soliciting independence after a term of years, a Confederacy of all British North America, a sale of clergy reserves, &c., &c., you would gain notice and respect here. If on the other hand you swallow the insults offered you by the bill in question you will deserve no credit and will get none.

When I last heard from Edinburgh, Miss Hamilton who was ailing had got better; all well otherwise. I hope you and your family enjoy good health, remember me kindly to all friends, and believe me always in truth and sincerity your friend, and that of the Province. ROB. GOURLAY.

The same closely written sheet contains on the next two pages the following:

2d Petition continued. Of such Legislative Councillors as are now qualified to sit in Assembly.

That one Legislative Councillor for each Province should have liberty to come to England and sit in the Imperial Parliament to speak, but not to vote; that the land reserved for a Protestant clergy with other public lands, should be put under the management of a Land Board for judicious sale; the land board to have head-quarters in England, with branches in the Provinces.

That a supreme Judicial Court should be held at Quebec for the final decision of all law questions tried, in the Provinces, and that the Governor-in-Chief should have power to pardon all offences.

That two able engineers, being sent out to Canada to survey the river St. Lawrence, should report generally, how and by what means the navigation of that river may be improved; that duties levied on goods at Quebec be wholly applied to that great national work; that no duties whatever should be imposed on goods passing across the boundary between British America and the United States; that it should be taken into consideration how the British army may be with greatest safety supplanted in its present posts throughout British North America, by natives and others, not chargeable on the home government, and how the individuals of that new army may best be provided for.

That at the end of ten or fifteen years the people of the Provinces should be at liberty to hold a convention for altering and amending the Constitution.

It is supposed that commissioners and surveyors may be at their posts and doing duty by the first day of October, 1822, that the Provincial Parliament may be met by the beginning of November, and that the above, and all other matters and things may be duly considered and accomplished by the first of December so that a full and satisfactory report of the whole may be laid before the Imperial Parliament by February, 1823. Your petitioner now humbly entreats that your honorable House will take these proposals into serious consideration, and as in duty bound shall ever pray.

ROBERT GOURLAY.

The foregoing is evidently incomplete as the petition seems to be continued from some other sheet of writing which has not come into my hands.

## A LETTER TO HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

There are three more in this series, but I shall only at present transcribe the first. It is as follows.

To His Most Gracious Majesty William the Fourth, Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, &c., &c., &c.

New York, United States of America, }  
February 23d, 1835. }

SIR.—Beyond your Majesty's dominion, I am still true to native allegiance, and trust that all its benefits may yet be secured to me.

May it please your Majesty: In the year 1817, I went from England to Upper Canada, having landed property and friends there; resolved to connect myself with that Province; and, to advance its prosperity, advised sending commissioners to England that certain abuses might be corrected.

For this act of the purest patriotism I was arrested, tried and honorably acquitted. Thereafter, I hastened to this place, September, 1818, anxious for accounts from my family; and, believing all well, sent to England a power of attorney for settlement of affairs, in order to attach myself more closely with Upper Canada, whither I forthwith returned, but there I was arrested, ordered to depart the Province, and imprisoned eight months without benefit of bail. Finally, being called before a Court of Justice, August, 1819, I was arraigned, tried and banished, merely because of refusing to depart the Province, and while so weak with cruel treatment as to be unable to protest against proceedings pronounced illegal by the first law authorities of Britain.

Returned to England, I petitioned the King and Parliament for inquiry into my case for ten years, but in vain; and vain indeed it became to expect a hearing, after your Majesty's ear was engaged by a man whom I knew to be false, treacherous and vindictive—a man whom I had personally chastised.

[This refers to Henry Brougham, who at first had undertaken his case in the House of Commons, but who had deceived Mr. Gourlay, neglected the case and affronted him. Brougham had become Lord High Chancellor, and was technically "Keeper of the King's conscience." He had retired from office in November, 1834, being succeeded by Lord Lyndhurst, recently deceased, Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister, General Sir George Murray, Secretary for the Colonies; the Duke of Wellington holding a subordinate post, as Master of the Ordnance, under Sir Robert Peel.—Mr. Gourlay proceeded with his narrative thus:]

Thus hopeless, I crossed the Atlantic in 1833, to watch the progress of events; and seeing that the individual alluded to no longer influences your Majesty's Councils, I once more solicit attention.

The Provincial Statute passed 9th March, 1804, under color of which I was imprisoned, and banished was enacted specially to guard Upper Canada against Irishmen, who were

expatriated, and could not have been intended to bear down the unalienable right of unmaintained British subjects—that right which rests on the acknowledged principle of allegiance and protection being reciprocal, while affidavits laid before the Chief Justice could not be misunderstood. In short more wanton oppression never was exercised in modern times; nor ever were consequences more ruinous; seeing that thereby not only has my reputation been sullied, but my property taken and dissipated, seventeen years, the best of my life, rendered profitless and unhappy, while endless litigation has been set on foot for my annoyance.—Nevertheless, hope has been cherished. A continued chain of documents can be referred to; letters to the King and petitions printed in parliamentary journals, all proving that I have neither admitted of claims for redress being forfeited, nor left untried any possible means of being heard.

Sire, from this land into which I was banished I now protest against the monstrous cruelty and injustice; from this foreign land I appeal for the last time; and, still dutiful and submissive, respectfully put these questions: Shall I, an *eldest* of the oldest and least tainted family of Fifeshire, whose father was for many years a magistrate of that County, and where I, myself, received from your Majesty's Royal father, thirty-five years ago, a Captain's commission, I, who till this hour can challenge the world to accuse me of a single mean, cowardly, or dishonorable act—I, who am father of a family in Scotland, shall I be robbed, degraded, and expatriated by villany? In fine, shall justice be denied to a British subject, and the most sacred constitutional right violated in his person by men clothed in the livery of power and assuming the sanction of Royalty?

Rather than that, Sire, I shall, as did one of my name, perish for my principles at the stake; rather than that I shall lay down my life to extirpate from the Western World the remains of despotism. Meantime, trusting that your Majesty will speedily cause inquiry to be made into my case, and most heartily wishing well to my native country,

I am,

Your Majesty's Loyal Subject,  
ROBERT F. GOURLAY.

Following this, in order of date, there is a letter to the Duke of Wellington, and one to Mr. Gourlay's daughter, instructing her to see Adjutant-General, Sir Henry Torrens, to get the letter to the King conveyed to the Duke, to be presented by His Grace to His Majesty. There are other letters in my possession, all autographs, and hitherto unpublished, possessing historical interest to Canada. Space will not permit of more of them being published this week, but I may return to them.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

## Wit and Wisdom.

How many came out of the ark before Noah? Three—for Noah came forth.

It was a bright chap who said the world could not be round, for if it was, there could be no end to it.

'Did you know I was here?' said the bellows to the fire, 'Oh, yes; I always contrive to get wind of you,' was the reply.

'I can take no pleasure in you, when you get into your snappish ways, as the rat said to the trap.'

Carrying politeness to excess is said to be raising your hat to a young lady in the street and allowing a couple of dirty collars and a pair of dirty socks to fall on the side-walk.

The latest style of hoop-skirts is the self-adjusting, double-back-action, bustle-etruscan, face-expansion, Piccolomini-attachment, gossamer-indestructible, potticomoram. It is said to be a very charming thing.

Joannes Scotus being in company with Charles the Bald, King of France, that monarch merrily said, 'What is the difference between a Scot and a brot?' Scotus, who sat opposite the king, said, 'Only the breadth of the table.'

During a cause in which the boundaries of land were to be ascertained, the counsel on one part stated, 'We lie on this side, my lord; and the counsel of the other part said, 'We lie on this.' The chancellor stood up and said, 'If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?'

Lord Norbury, riding in the coach of his friend Purcell, chancing to pass a gallow, asked, 'Where would you be, Purcell, if every man had his due?' 'Alone in my carriage,' was the reply.

An anxious father had been lecturing a disobedient son, and, after a pathetic appeal to his feelings, discovering no signs of contrition, he exclaimed: 'What, no relenting emotions? Not one penitent tear?' 'Ah, father,' replied the hardened hopeful, 'you may as well leave off boring me; you will obtain no water, I can assure you.'

The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the clergeman of the parish, which, instead of spelling and pointing properly, viz.: 'A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation,' she spelled and pointed as follows: 'A person having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation.'

'What is the meaning of backbiter?' asked a parson at a Sabbath-school examination. This was a puzzle. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said, 'perhaps it be a flea.'

A pastor was making a call upon an old lady who made it a habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she had heard evil spoken of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were speaking of the peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added: 'Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find some virtue or good quality even in him. Of course this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and, on being told what had just been said, she immediately and voluntarily replied, 'Well, my children, I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance.'

## Original Poetry.



## THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY PAMELIA S. VINING.

A little child stood moaning  
At the hour of midnight lone,  
And no human ear was listening  
To the feebly wailing tone.  
The cold, keen blasts of winter  
With funeral wail went by,  
And the blinding snows fell darkly  
From the murky wintry sky.

Oh! desolate and wretched  
Was the drunkard's outcast child,  
Driven forth amid the horrors  
Of that night of tempest wild;  
The babe so fondly cherished  
Once 'neath a parent's eye  
Now laid her down in anguish  
Mid the drifting snow to die.

"Papa! papa!" she murmured,  
"The night is cold and drear,  
And I'm freezing—oh! I'm freezing  
In the storm and darkness here.  
My naked feet are stiff'ning,  
And my little hands are numb;  
Papa! can I not come to thee  
And warm myself at home?"

"Mamma! mamma!"—more wildly  
The little sufferer cried,  
Forgetting in her anguish  
How her stricken mother died—  
"Oh! take me to your bosom  
And warm me on your breast,  
Then lay me down and kiss me  
In my little bed to rest!"

Poor child!—the sleep that gathers  
Thy stiffened eyelids o'er,  
Will know no weary waking  
To a life of anguish more;  
Sleep on!—the snows may gather  
O'er thy cold and pulseless form;  
Thou art resting—eat thy resting  
In the wild, dark, midnight storm.

## THE CONQUEST OF SOUTHERN ASIA.

(From the London Spectator.)

Has this country really determined to govern Southern Asia? Because if it has not, it is time that despatches such as those received this week should be studied with the attention which the half-decided public is still so unwilling to bestow. Of that remarkable form of sway which diplomatists call 'influence,' and which really means only power without responsibility, England can in maritime Asia obtain no more. From Suez to the Yellow Sea she has it already in its most palpable form and to its extreme extent. With a word at Constantinople she can regulate all questions within the Red Sea; the Imam of Muscat is almost her tributary; and all through the Persian Gulf no flag flies save her own. Round the vast Indian coasts, down both shores of the great Sea, which we term in derision the 'Bay of Bengal, along the coast line of Burmah, down the Malayan Peninsula to the Straits of Singapore, all ancient forms of power have withered under her shadow. There is not even a pirate west of the Straits, not a boat whose owner does not look to the Viceroy as the one potentate who must not be disregarded. At Saigon there is one hiatus, but otherwise from Suez to Saghalien there is not a port whose Governor does not feel that an English Consul is his ultimate referee. Throughout that vast section of the world there is not a point save Saigon where a written request from Lord Elgin would not outweigh the request of all the rest of Europe combined. Within three-fourths of it there is not a point where British authority in one shape or another, whether diplomatic as in the Red Sea, or direct as in India, or secured by treaty as in Malaya, or built on armed assistance as in China, or supported by 68-pounders as in Japan, is not acknowledged to be irresistible. 'Influence' can be pushed no farther, and it only remains to decide whether that influence shall become concrete in direct and formal government, whether Japan shall be a British possession,

and China a British protectorate on its way to become an acknowledged British dependency.

Every mail develops more clearly the immediate urgency of a decision; every fragment of a letter received proves how rapidly 'influence' is crystalizing into dominion. The little note we published last week showed how completely the local authorities of China began to depend on their British allies, and this week's despatches explain the process in still minutest details. The indigenous authority in China is collapsing at every point. The rebels have learned the value of European assistance, and the Mandarins are compelled to rely more and more humbly upon their English allies. Last mail the Imperialists were powerless against Burgevine. This mail Capt. Macartney, with only 700 drilled Chinese, was wrested from the Taepings a most important town. The very character of the people is changed by the presence of English discipline; and while seven thousand mere Chinese would have run like so many sheep from the rebels, seven hundred charged upon batteries, 'swimming the creeks in their eagerness,' to succeed. Similarly the Mandarin gunboats, worth nothing by themselves, are declared to be all-powerful when aided by Osborne's fleet and by sea and land the Mandarin has sunk from ruler into a tolerated assistant. He is not always even this. The irresistible tendency of Englishmen towards efficiency tempts them every moment to set aside the half-efficient native authority; and when the Governor of Ningpo objected nominally to receive some arms, but really to an Anglo-Chinese contingent, its commandant, Major Cooke, threatened to land his munitions by force, and the native petulantly gave way. Even this, however, is not the strongest sign of the vast change now progressing. The American Burgevine, it will be remembered, abandoned the Imperialist side, to the extreme annoyance of his own countrymen, as well as of all European consuls. They declared him worthy of death, and the native Governor to whom he stands legally in the relation of an ordinary buccaneer—legal authority springing only from Peking—placed a price upon his head, as we have done with pirates a hundred times. Instantly the whole body of Europeans, with the Consuls at their head, sunk all private differences in fierce and combined remonstrance. They themselves had pronounced Burgevine wrong. They themselves admit officially that the Taepings with whom he acts are ordinary rebels. They themselves formally threatened to put him to death if ever he is caught. No matter. 'He is a European,' and every Consul in Shanghai signed a strong remonstrance against his being subjected to any Chinese authority whatever, and the *Times* correspondent pronounces the Taoutai's proclamation an 'iniquity' as against him, and an 'impertinence' as against Europe. The Taoutai has for the moment refused to yield, but he will be beaten, for the question involves the supremacy, not of this or that party, but of every European over every Chinaman. Suppose the Imperial case choose to quarrel among themselves, does that give a Chinaman rights in his own country? So Burgevine is not to be arrested, and the only resource of the Imperialist is to fall back on his dreaded allies and beat his scarcely more dreaded opponents in the field. That will be a difficult task, for the crop of European adventurers is endless—ten officers are mentioned in these very letters as having obtained 60,000 dollars by a single blow; and, unless civil war is to continue forever, England must as a Government assume her responsibility and bind all opponents, as in India, not to entertain European allies. Burgevine is becoming in the valley of the Yang-tse as dangerous as Ventura in the valley of the Sutlej. The steps of the route are exactly the same as those we trod in India, and the ultimate introduction of the only direct power which can bid au revoir cease is even more inevitable.

In Japan the process is absolutely identical, though the incidents make a different impression on the imagination. Instead of allowing adventurers to enter the native service, the British Government has entered it itself. The feudal Prince of Satsuma committed an atrocious murder, for which we asked compensation and atonement. The Tycoon conceded the justice of the demand, and granted compensation but professed inability to secure atonement, and asked the British Government to secure it on his behalf. The British Government agreed, the whole tremendous machinery of civilization was virtually lent the Tycoon, and England knows now how it has been employed. All that we ventured last week to suppose of horror and atrocity these accounts prove to have been outdone. The British fleet for two days bombarded a mighty city, whose inhabitants had done nothing whatever of any kind to offend or injure us. The bombardment, intended, we trust, first only for the batteries, was in the irritation of combat soon transferred to the town, it continued for hours after the fire broke out, and ended only with the total destruction of a city said to contain 180,000 people, and proved to be rich, populous and vast. The fire, report eye-witnesses, "was over a mile in extent," and of unknown depth. All Saturday night [August 15th] the "factories," "foundries," "junks," all that create the wealth and the prosperity of Kagosima, were seen to be burning fiercely; but still the shelling went on. On Sunday the town was on fire, and on Monday at 2 P. M. the ships at the distance of fourteen miles could still see the huge volume of smoke rolling up from the conflagration. Imagine the scene within that town, the vast Oriental population unable to imagine even the cause of attack, coerced by their Prince into abstaining from submission, with their city sending up smoke visible for fourteen miles, with all their houses of wood, and half their walls of paper, striving helplessly to save women and children, of scores of thousands at once under the fire of a British fleet. Think for an instant of all the city of London in flames at once, the dock-yards going first, and the whole population at once striving in panic-fear and rage to escape flames amidst which engines of irresistible force were perpetually flinging death! And we have done all this because an evil noble in a fit of pride earned laughing by cutting down an unoffending Englishman; have fired us it were, among a school of children, to repress the insolence of their pedagogue.

And we who do it sit and shriek with horror because an American General pours fire into a town defended by men who have injured his country, and who, in all the arts which make military resistance successful, are at least his equals; and because a Russian Governor, after an assassination, confiscates one house instead of burning ten thousand.

But one addition was wanting to make the incident complete, and that also has been supplied. The bombardment, morally inexcusable, has been politically a failure. The Prince refused to yield, and the squadron steamed away with none of its demands conceded, a loss of some 70 men, and endless damage to the fleet. Kagosima will be rebuilt again, and already there is a demand for a Sepoy army to march to Miako and extort from the Spiritual Emperor his signature to the treaty which the Temporal Emperor has already signed, and which has produced no result whatever, except the murder of Mr. Richardson and the bombardment of a great city. In other words, we are to shatter down the fabric of Japanese society, as we have already that of Chinese, and then—that is precisely the point at which the English mind stands still. It is conceivable even in a case like that of Kagosima, that if the British people replace the organization it has crumbled to powder, the world, as a whole, and in the long run, may be largely gainers. China would undoubtedly benefit by a century of British rule, and even Japan—whose civilization is much more thorough—might be rid of her nobles with great advantage to her people. But is the country prepared to have three Indias instead of one, to undertake, amid jealous allies and watchful foes, the direct administration of more than half the human race, to find Governors for six hundred millions, while it can scarcely discover them for two? If it is not, then its present action in Asia is simply and purely destructive, and involves *ex necessitate rei* a series of incidents hard to distinguish from a series of political crimes. Is it without an object that we are to bombard flourishing cities, without a policy that we suffer our subjects to assume the dominion over three hundred millions of Chinese?

THE HAIR SNAKE.—The 'New England Farmer,' dwelling upon this singular species of 'animated nature,' says:

'Science has not satisfactorily determined either the origin or the modes of existence of these animals. In reply to the inquiries by a correspondent of the 'Michigan Farmer,' who found hair snakes in a pan of milk, Mr. Justice Gage, of that State, furnishes a very interesting account of his experiments and observations. He is satisfied of the fact that both the large and small crickets deposit these snakes in water during the month of August; but whether the cricket resorts to water to rid itself of a parasite, or to deposit a natural product of his body, he is unable to determine. Mr. Gage says that one morning, after he had been experimenting in his room by throwing crickets into water to obtain snakes, and had succeeded in procuring two of about four inches in length, he noticed a black cricket crawling up the side of his water-pail. It jumped into the water, lay quiet for a moment, produced a snake nearly seven inches in length, and then nimbly made its escape over the edge of the pail. He also found a live hair snake, nearly seven inches in length coiled up in the abdomen of a dead cricket that lay on its back under a flat stone. The hair snake, he says, will live a long time in moist earth, where he has found them of a grayish color, sometimes of great length, and much resembling the fibrous root of some vegetable. When seen through a magnifying glass the hair snake presents an almost exact resemblance to the lamprey eel. A lady of our acquaintance found a hair snake in her tea-kettle one morning, a few years since. It had been standing where a cricket might have crawled in by the spout, but she is hardly willing to give up the theory of her girlhood, that it was a vivified horse-hair.'

GALVANIZED IRON.—Mr. Robert Hunt, in his Supplement to Ure's *Dictionary of Arts &c.*, thus describes the method of galvanizing iron with a crystalline surface:—"The sheets of iron are immersed in a warm bath of dilute muriatic acid, scoured bright with sand or emery, and then washed. A large wooden tank is then filled with a dilute solution of muriate of tin—two quarters of the muriate being added to 300 gallons of water. A layer of finely-granulated zinc is first laid upon the bottom of the bath; then a cleared iron plate is laid upon this; then a layer of granulated zinc, then another plate, until the bath is filled. The zinc and the iron constitute a feeble galvanic battery: and the tin in the solution is deposited upon the iron, in a thin skin, after immersion for about two hours. The tinned plates are then lifted, and drawn slowly through a bath of molten zinc, covered with a layer of sal-ammoniac, which becomes pasty. Machinery is used for drawing the plates through the bath. The plates take up a very smooth layer of zinc, which, owing to the presence of tin beneath, assumes its natural crystalline character, giving the plates an appearance resembling that known as the *moire metallique*."

## THE NEW YORK MAYORALTY.

Mr. Gunther, the ultra-Democratic candidate, has been elected by a considerable majority—an unexpected result. Boole, the independent Democrat, was thought to be the stronger man. Probably Boole received many votes of Union men, who thereby weakened Blunt, the Republican candidate. Gunther is of German origin, and received the largest foreign vote.—*Globe*.

Exactly so. With these slight exceptions: Boole was the regular Tammany and Mozart Democratic candidate; Gunther was the independent Democratic candidate; and Blunt regular Union. Many Unionists evidently voted for Gunther, thereby electing him over Boole, who otherwise had the inside track. With these slight exceptions, the *Globe's* account is quite correct.

PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. SANE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known,
But often in human nature shown,
Alike in the castle and cottage,

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest thing is the pride of birth,
Among our 'ferce democraeie'!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend
Without good reason to apprehend

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station;

A MAORI COURT-MARTIAL.

In the year eighteen hundred and blank, I happened to
have some business, on account of which it was necessary
that I should visit Auckland. I accordingly proceeded
there, and was certainly not struck by its beauty or conveni-

Understanding the language and having some slight ac-
quaintance with the Maori customs, I was able to answer
him, and I said:
'The white man made it. It is his.'
I should explain here that oratory is held in high estima-

but led us up to the English commissioner, who was living
on the outskirts of the province, for the purpose of settling
all disputes with the natives. He was simply supported
by moral force—no great support there—and so the Maori
views of law were often in the ascendant.

A rude court was formed in front of his hut. An arm-
chair which had been brought from Auckland, and which
the Maories regarded with great awe, was placed for the
commissioner. At a short distance in front of this arm-chair
stood my accuser and myself, while on every side appeared
a threatening array of natives, who had gathered together
in great numbers when they heard of the occurrence.

The proceedings commenced by the commissioner calling
upon the injured chieftain to state his complaint. Expect-
ing to hear some claim made to the boat, I was quite taken
aback when he spoke thus:

'The Maories cry for vengeance. The rangatira is holy.
In war, in peace, the man that strikes the rangatira dies.
The great fathers of the Maories have said so. Do I speak
well?'

This question met with a grave and dignified assent from
the old men of the tribe who stood in front of the circle.
Thus encouraged, he proceeded:

'I stood by the great waters. I looked up; the birds flew
fast away. They feared to share the air which the rangatira
breathed. I looked down. The waves drew back. The
shore was the rangatira's. He trod there. I looked on the
land. The trees, the men, bent down. I looked on the
great waters. They were troubled at my look. They
hastened, they brought an offering to the rangatira. It was
a boat. They laid it at my feet. I took it. The white
man comes to take it. He lifts his hand. He strikes the
rangatira. The birds, the air, the waves, the shore, the
trees, the men, and the great waters, saw it done. They
shake. They are afraid. They say, 'He strikes the holy
rangatira, he must die.' I have finished.'

Never shall I forget the burst of applause which rang
through the air when the chief's speech was concluded.
Even the old men were unable to restrain themselves, and
exclaimed, 'it is good. He must die.' But it was only for
a moment that the Maories allowed themselves to appear
excited, and when the first fierce shout was ended, a dead
silence reigned, rendered all the more striking and impres-
sive from the contrast.

It was broken by the commissioner, who, addressing me,
asked, 'Is it true. Have you struck the rangatira?'

'I have,' was my answer.
'Then,' said he, 'I cannot save you. You have broken
the law of the Maories. You must appeal to them.'

Already was I seized. Although of considerably more
than average strength, I was motionless as a statue in the
grasp of four athletic natives, two on each side. The accus-
ing chieftain seized his axe, made from the sacred green-
stone, which is highly prized by the rangatiras,\* and pois-

ing it, was about to deliver that blow which is never known
to fail in dealing instant death—occasionally even cleaving
to the chin—when the commissioner motioned to one of the
oldest men present, who rushed forward, and stepped in
front of me, said, 'Did not my brother hear? The white
man must speak to the Maories. The white father says
so.'

The would-be executioner lowered his axe. I was released
for the moment, but my hope almost forsook me when I
heard an universal exclamation of, 'It is good. He speaks
before he dies.'

Here was a very unpromising jury. Not being so well
read in Maori as in English law, I was somewhat at a loss;
but necessity being the mother of invention I gave vent to
my injured feelings in this manner:

'I speak to the great Maories. They have a law. It is
good and holy. I bend before it, and I ask my great Maori
brothers to put it in force. If they do not, the sun will look
down to-morrow, and he will see that the Maories are a
people who have no holy law. They crawl.† They do not
walk. He will go away from them. The moon, the stars,
will no longer serve them. The birds, the fish, will all say,
'The Maories crawl.' Do I speak well?'

A vehement cry of approbation answered me, not, however
unmingled with surprise; for they could not comprehend
why I was so anxious to be executed. I proceeded:

'Yes; my Maori brothers hear that I speak well. I will
speak better. I will open their hearts, their ears, their eyes.
That rangatira (pointing to my accuser) has shut them.
The Maori law says that the rangatira is sacred. I am a
rangatira. I am a white rangatira. In my country the
earth shakes when I walk. I want rain. I look up. The
rain comes. I want sun. I look up. The sun comes. I am
holy. That rangatira has raised his hand against me.
He has thrown me in the air. I no longer stood. I, a
rangatira, my back touched the ground. I claim his life.'

The tables were completely turned. The commissioner
rose in such a hurry to congratulate me, that he overturned
his seat of justice. My companions in misfortune rushed
forward, and almost embraced me, while, at a sign from the
had entirely late triumphant enemy was brought before me
fated, and I stood in the predicament from which I had so recently es-
caped. I stood so very crestfallen that I was unable to
smother the burst of laughter, on which he hastened to
reinforce the cain by another provision of the same law, his
pooicyd or Hei my hands, and that if I chose to exercise
lahicfm I admit, wcr of pardon. I was pleased enough to
hear this, and making him the object of clemency, only told
him to prepare our boats for sea before he departed. He
was more than willing to do this, and having finished his
task, came to the house where we were enjoying the best
supper the commissioner could provide, and insisted upon
an enormous amount of embracing and nose-rubbing before
he would leave me.

His companions had previously gone with many expres-
sions of respect and attachment, and so we were at last left
to enjoy our grog, and to laugh (though I could not laugh
quite as heartily as usual, for the next day or two) over the
incidents of the court-martial.

† Nothing is so great an insult to a Maori as to tell him that he does not
walk, but crawls. The Maories have a tradition that, when their fore-
fathers descended from the skies, they found the island inhabited by crawl-
ing men, who were afterwards changed into dogs.

\* As much as five hundred acres of land is sometimes given for one of
these greenstones, which when acquired, is never parted with, being
even buried in the same grave as the chief.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

EDITED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE ONTARIO CHESS CLUB, OF HAMILTON.

Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Illus-
trated Canadian News.

We inadvertently omitted to notice in a previous issue, the list of
office-bearers for the ensuing year, of the Bognorville Chess Club.

President, C. L. VanEdmond, Esq.; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. G.
Jackson and E. Cresswell; Secretary, Mr. T. P. Bull; Treasurer,
Mr. H. R. Jackson; Managing Committee, Messrs. G. Jackson, T.
P. Bull and Dr. W. R. Smith.

Correct solutions to Problem No. 7, received from 'Teacher,'
Queenston; 'Rook,' Cobourg; and 'J. H.' Barrie.

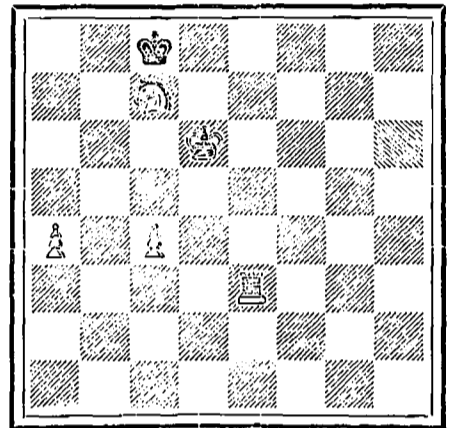
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 7.

- White. 1. B to Q 7 [ch] 2. R to Q 4 3. B mates
Black. 1. K moves. 2. Anything.

PROBLEM No. 8.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate with Pawn in five moves.

A beautifully played attack by Herr Hirschfeld, of Berlin, against
Herr Schlegels.—BELL'S LIFE.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

- White—Herrh. 1. P to K 4 2. K Kt to B 3 3. K B to Kt 5 4. B to Q R 4 5. P to Q 4 6. Castles 7. K R to K sq 8. P to Q 5 [ch] 9. K Kt takes P 10. K R takes Kt [b] 11. P to Q 6 12. K B to Kt 3 [ch] 13. Kt to his 6 [ch] [c] 14. Q to K Kt 4 15. Q Kt to B 3 16. Kt takes K P 17. Kt takes K B [ch] 18. Q to R 4 [ch] 19. Q to R 6. mate.
Black—Herr S. 1. P to K 4 2. Q Kt to B 3 3. P to Q R 3 4. K Kt to B 3 5. K Kt takes P 6. K B to K 2 7. P to K B 4 8. Q Kt home 9. Castles 10. B P takes R 11. K B to his 3 12. K to R sq 13. R P takes Kt 14. K to R 2 15. Q Kt to B 3 16. Q Kt to K 4 17. Kt P takes Kt 18. K to Kt 2

(a) Seriously crowding Black's game, is the advance of this Pawn.
(b) The hand of a master—a comp worthy of Morphy.

(c) Mark the conceptions of the artist as distinguished from those
of the more amateur, who would here probably, have contended him-
self with a commonplace winning of the exchange.

In this example of the Evans' Gambit, Mr. Steinitz gave two odds of
the Q Kt to an amateur of the London Chess Circles.

Remove White's Q Kt.

- White, Mr. S. 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Q B 4 4. P to Q Kt 4 5. P to Q B 3 6. Castles 7. P to Q 4 8. P takes P 9. P to K R 3 10. B to Q Kt 2 11. K B to Q 3 12. Q to K 2 13. P to K 5 [ch] 14. P takes P 15. Q to K 4 16. P takes P en pass. 17. Q B takes Kt 18. Q to R 7 [ch] 19. K R to K sq 20. Kt to K 5 [ch] 21. Kt to K Kt 4 [b] 22. K to B sq 23. Kt takes K B 24. Q R to Q sq 25. K to Kt sq 26. K takes P 27. K to R sq.
Black, AMATEUR. 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. B to Q B 4 4. B takes P 5. B to Q B 4 6. P to Q 3 7. P takes P 8. B to Q Kt 3 9. P to K R 3 10. Q Kt to R 4 11. K Kt to B 3 12. Castles 13. P takes P 14. Kt to Q 4 15. P to K B 4 16. Kt takes P 17. Q takes B 18. K to B 2 19. Q B to K 3 20. K to K sq 21. B takes B P [ch] 22. Q to K 2 23. K to Q sq 24. K to B sq 25. Q to Q B 4 26. Q takes Kt [ch] 27. Q to K 6

(a) The commencement of a very pretty attack, perhaps Black's
best reply would have been K R to K sq.

(b) This is all very prettily played.

(c) For the assistance of young players, we may observe that
White commences with Q to K B 5.

Dr. Franklin was dining with a tory preacher just before
the Revolution, who gave as a toast, 'The King.' The Doctor
and others of his way of thinking, drank it. By and by his
turn came, and he gave 'The Devil.' This created some con-
fusion; but the clergyman's lady, understanding the drift,
said 'Pray, gentlemen, drink the toast; Dr. Franklin has
drank to our friends, let us drink to his.'

## Agricultural.

**DETERIORATION OF SOIL.**—It is a vital question to every farmer whether his soil increases in power of productivity. A poor soil will no more produce large crops, than will a poor cow give a pair of milk. And good soil will not continue to produce good crops without the application of manures, more than a cow will continue to give a large quantity of milk, without being plentifully supplied with hay or corn. The profits of the farmer consist in drawing from the soil only the more perfectly digested products, and supplying their place by others more crude, which in the nature and course of decomposition, will supply manure for returning crops. We often hear of the once rich farming land of Virginia running out, on account of continual drains made upon it, and nothing returned to support vegetation.

In order to cultivate a farm successfully and keep the land from ruin, the practice of putting out so much land must be abandoned. A greater quantity of grass should be grown. Farmers could thus keep a much greater amount of stock, at much less expense. The quantity of manure would then be greatly increased. The amount thus made, if properly husbanded and applied, would make and preserve any farm rich and valuable. Let me suggest here, that to facilitate the rotting of straw, every barnyard should be made so as to slope towards the centre.

This method of keeping up a farm by means of manure from the yard is a sure one. It costs the farmer nothing more than some extra labor, which is very much more than compensated by the increased quantity of his crops, the diminished quantity of plowing he has to do, the return made from the number of acres he can devote to other purposes, and by the increased fertility, and consequent increased value of his land. Ashes of wood or coal, leaves or dry straw, are good manure for potatoes. I once planted potatoes on new ground, which was so full of roots that it could scarcely be plowed. I had to cover them mostly with leaves, not being able to find more than sufficient mold to cover the leaves. I had misgivings for the result, but raised better potatoes than my neighbors. The places where burnt log heaps had left quantities of ashes could be distinctly pointed out by the superior excellence of the potatoes grown there. On heavy clay soils considerable difficulty is experienced in getting manure to mix with the soil. The first thing to do in such cases is to thoroughly drain the soil. Then, after a deep plowing, strike deep parallel furrows with a shovel, plow about a foot apart, and fill them with straw manure, and cover it by cross harrowing.

### PRODUCE GOOD BREEDS OF SWINE.

Considering the number of hogs that are raised annually in Canada, is it not wonderful that so few persons take pains to obtain the best varieties? Suppose you have to give \$20, or even \$50, for a pair of pigs to begin with, is this an insufferable obstacle? I answer no. Doubtless you may procure a good breed for less money, but let us look at the practical proof on the score of economy, and see how long it would take to pay at these figures. Suppose you have one hundred hogs of the alligator or land pike breed, which you will sell at five dollars per hundred; 150 pounds, at twelve months old, will be about all that you can make them weigh. Here you have \$750.

Again, take one hundred hogs of a good breed, which will weigh at the same age and with less feed 250 lbs. Here you have \$1250, making a clear profit of \$500, without taking into account the saving of feed, which would no doubt swell the profits to a much larger amount. A hog that has to be kept more than one winter before fattening, will eat his head off in all cases. Hence the most profitable kind will be found in those hogs which attain the greatest weight (without extra attention) in from twelve to eighteen months.

Pick for a hog a small, clean head, rather small bone, body low to the ground and square; hams full and round, disposition quiet and pleasant. Such a hog will always insure a good return. If you can come across such hogs, whether called Berkshire, Woburn, Suffolk, Grazier, or what not, get some and try them. They will not disappoint you. A word to the wise is sufficient.

### CRAMP OR SPASM IN HORSES.

I was requested a short time ago to visit a horse, said to be the subject of 'stiff lameness.' The patient, a gray gelding, aged eight years, was put up at the stable on the evening preceding my visit, apparently in perfect health. Early in the morning, ere I was called, the 'feeder' observed that the horse was incapable of moving the near limb, and it appeared to be, as I was informed, 'as stiff as a crowbar.'

On making an examination of the body of the animal, he appeared to be in perfect health; yet he was unable to raise the limb in the slightest degree from the stable floor. The case was accordingly diagnosed as a cramp of the flexors.

**TREATMENT.**—The body and lower parts of the limb were clothed with blankets and flannel bandages, and the affected limb was diligently rubbed for half an hour with a portion of the following liniment:—Oil of Cedar, 1 oz.; Sulphuric Ether, 2 oz.; Proof Spirit, 1 pint. In the course of a few hours after the first application, the difficulty had entirely disappeared.

The owner informed me that the horse had, the day prior to the attack, been exposed to the cold and continuous rain storm, and probably this operated as the exciting cause of the spasm.

**BIG CROP OF ONIONS.**—The editor of the *Ploughman* has been down among the Marblehead (Mass.) farmers. Among other things he made a note of, is a statement of the onion crop of Horace Ware, Jun., which is estimated

the present season at seven thousand bushels. They are grown upon fourteen acres. He raised a large crop last year; but, unlike his neighbors, he did not sell them until spring, and thereby saved in the difference of price, the snug little sum of \$2,000.

**OLD APPLE ORCHARDS.**—A writer in the *New England Farmer* gives the following account of his experience in renovating old orchards:—'I have had two farms with two old orchards where the trees were on the decline. One of them I plowed, and trimmed off the old decayed branches, and left the young sprouts to grow, and in the course of six years I had some quite thrifty trees. On the last farm I have adopted another course—that is, I have put in hogs through the spring, summer and fall, and I find a saving in expense in keeping, and the advantage to my trees far greater than anything I could do with the plow. They not only dig round the roots of the trees, but eat the apples that drop, and destroy the worms.'

**STARTING BULBS.**—One reason why so many are disappointed in getting a good bloom from bulbs for window plants, is that they do not keep them in a cool, dark place until the roots have made a good start. This is absolutely necessary. They should be excluded entirely from the light, and kept away from warm closets and cupboards, and when once a good mass of roots have put out, the stem will grow rapidly on being brought to light and warmth, and reward you by a fine bloom.

### ST. ANDREW.

St. Andrew's Day, 30th November, 1863, having just been celebrated by Scotchmen in Canada, they, as usual, courteously extending their hospitality to the Sons of St. George and St. Patrick, it may be interesting to turn to the legendary history of the incidents which led to St. Andrew being named and accepted as the Patron Saint of Scotland.

St. Andrew, with his more renowned brother Peter, was a fisherman. By the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, he appears to have been one of the followers of John the Baptist. He left the Baptist at the call of Jesus, being the first disciple whom the Saviour is recorded to have received. Andrew introduced Peter to Jesus. According to Matthew and Mark, Jesus found Peter and Andrew together, following their occupation, as he was walking by the Sea of Galilee, and called them, when they immediately left their nets and followed him; but this is supposed to have happened sometime after the first interview recorded by John. That Evangelist mentions Andrew as the disciple who intimated the presence of the lad with the few loaves and fishes when the miracle of feeding the five thousand was performed. Such is nearly all that is stated respecting this Apostle in Scripture.

But the ecclesiastical historians have professed to give accounts in considerable detail of the latter part of his life. According to Theodoret he employed himself for some years in journeying and preaching the faith through Greece; but Eusebius, and other writers, speak of Scythia as the province of his missionary labors. It has been commonly accepted as true that he suffered martyrdom at Patras, in Achaia, having been put to death by order of Egedus, the pro-Consul of that province. The year in which that event took place is not recorded; but both in the Greek and in the Latin Church, and after them in the English, and Scottish Episcopalian, the festival commemorative of it is held on the 30th of November. Following the churches the secular and social national festival of Scotchmen is held on that day, especially when scattered broad far from their native country, and free from the old country restraint which aljures Saints and Saints' days.

The notion that St. Andrew suffered on a cross of the form of the letter X appears to have been believed at an early period of christian history. But the oldest writers say he was nailed to an olive tree. They used to keep in the Church of St. Victor, at Marseilles, what was affirmed to be the very cross on which he was suspended. It was enclosed in a silver shrine, and was of the common form, that is, with one limb perpendicular and the other horizontal.

The following is the legend, according to the Scottish historian Fordun, which relates why St. Andrew became the Patron Saint of Scotland:

In the middle of the fourth century the bones of the Saint still remained at Patras, then written Patre, and were in custody of Regulus, an abbot, or bishop, according to other accounts. He was of the Greek Church. In the year 345 the Emperor Constantius II. gave orders that these precious remains should be taken to Constantinople, then the capital of Eastern Christendom. But on the third night before they were removed an angel appeared in a vision to Regulus and ordered him to abstract from the chest in which they were kept the upper bone of one of the arms, three of the fingers of the right hand, and the pan of one of the knees. Some accounts add a tooth to the list of items. Regulus having done as he was commanded was, some years after, directed by another vision to take his departure with the relics from Patre. He accordingly departed, and after a long voyage was shipwrecked, with his companions, in a bay on the east coast of Scotland, known since as the Bay of St. Andrews, in

Fife-shire, then forming part of the territory of the Pechts, (miswritten in English, Picts). Hungus, King of the Pechts received the strangers with great hospitality, and through them and by the grace of God, he and his subjects were soon after converted. Then a christian church was erected at the place where the missionaries had been driven on shore, and was dedicated to the apostle, the fragments of whose skeleton they carried with them.

Such is said to have been the origin of the city of St. Andrews, and the assumption by the Scots of St. Andrew as their Patron Saint.

Several of the Christian Fathers, but none earlier than the seventh century, cite a book called the "Acts of St. Andrew," professing to have been written by that apostle, but which they condemn as a forgery of the Manicheans, or other heretics. There is still extant a narrative bearing this title, but professing to be written by the priests of Achaia, and entirely different from the former. Mention is also made in a decree of Pope Gelasius II., who flourished in the beginning of the twelfth century, of a Gospel of St. Andrew. His Holiness condemned it as spurious. It does not now exist.

Another account of the manner in which the relics of St. Andrew reached Scotland includes a brief history of the foundation of the first christian church, around which arose the ancient city and other churches, with the cathedral and university. In this narrative St. Regulus has been shortened to St. Rule. This version of the legend, relates that the abbot of the monastery at Patre, in Achaia, was warned in a dream to depart without delay to an island called Albron, situated in the farthest extremity of the Western World. That he set sail with seventeen monks, and three nuns, carrying with him some of the relics of St. Andrew, and was wrecked in the bay now called St. Andrews, the shores of which were then covered with wood, and infested with huge wild bears, and lost all except his companions and the precious relics. As told in the other version, St. Rule converted the King of the Pechts to christianity, and the King in gratitude "erected for the Saint a chapel, the ruins of which still remain." They consist of the walls of the chapel, enclosing an area of thirty-one and a half feet by twenty-five. At the west end is the tower with a base of twenty feet each way, one hundred and eight feet high. There is no trace of gothic architecture in these ruins, which are doubtless very ancient.

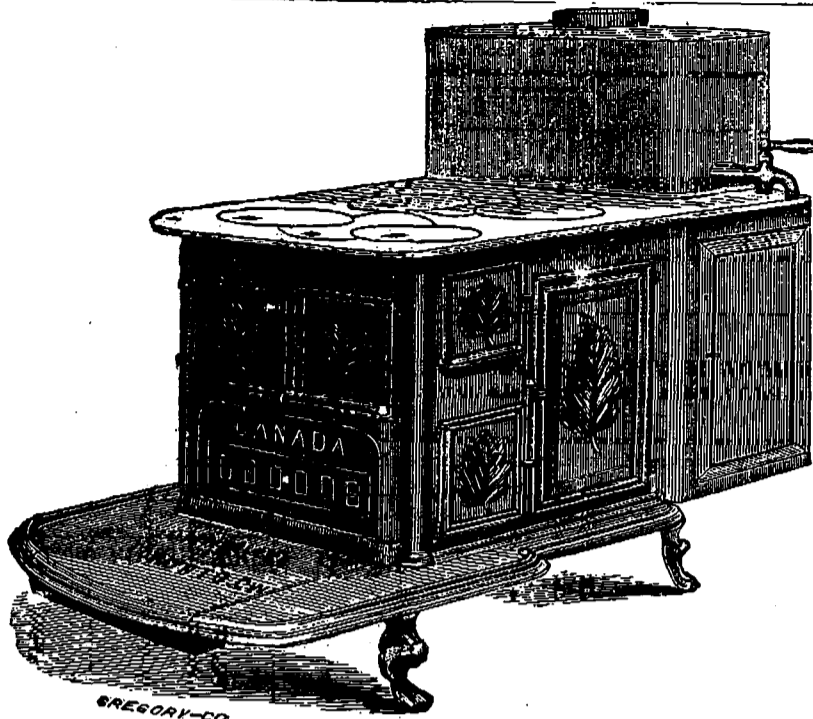
The Cathedral of St. Andrews was 160 years in building; A. D. 1159, or 1161 to 1318, and was demolished in one day, in June, 1559, by a mob, excited to fury by a sermon preached by John Knox. The length was 370 feet, the width of transept 180 feet. Three towers, a hundred feet high, still remain. There were two monasteries, and two convents which were also demolished by the mob in June, 1559.

St. Andrews was the ecclesiastical metropolis of Scotland, and the stronghold of Roman Catholicism. There, in 1527, Patrick Hamilton, the first Protestant martyr in Scotland, was burned; and, in 1545, Wishart, one of the most eminent of the Scotch Reformers, suffered death, Cardinal Beaton, the then Archbishop looking on from a window of the castle. The martyr, with his dying breath, foretold the downfall of his persecutor, and his prophesy was verified about a year after. Norman Leslie, son of the Earl of Rothes, with fifteen associates, proceeded to the castle, and with great address and resolution cleared it of the Cardinal's retinue; and of the workmen employed in the repairs, or new erection, amounting altogether to a hundred and fifty persons, and proceeding to the Cardinal's chapel deliberately murdered him. The conspirators and their friends held out in the castle for several months against the troops of the government, aided by a body of French; but were at last obliged to surrender upon terms. It was upon this surrender that the Act of Council for the demolition of the Castle was issued. The murder of Archbishop Sharp, in 1679, took place on Mungus Moor, about three miles south-west of St. Andrews, and within sight of the town.

Up to the time of writing these items for the press, reports of the manner of celebrating the festival of St. Andrew, in Canada, have only been received from a very few places. At Toronto there was a grand ball and supper, which the two leading daily journals agree in describing as magnificent. The fine band of H. M. 16th Regiment of Foot, gave the joyous crowd the music in which they delighted. Military officers were present from the Rifle Brigade at Hamilton, from Montreal, and from all the corps or detachments forming the garrison at Toronto, including the two fine battalions of Volunteer Militia. The bench, the bar, and other learned professions, were represented.—Feminine beauty, which, though Colonial, is not second to anything on earth, dazzled the visional and mental eyes of the opposite beholders, to charm whom beauty in woman was at the first the especial dowry conferred by Heaven.

At Hamilton there was a supper in the Royal Hotel, with toasts, songs, and speeches, all good and joyous as I have been told. It requires some apology from fact or imagination to reconcile those festivities with the tradition of the blessed apostle Andrew, the first follower of our Lord and Saviour, whose relics in the hands of an enthusiastic missionary led to the christianizing of heathen Scotland.—But the apology is soon discovered. Its name is charity. It lies modestly concealed beneath those external demonstrations of gaiety. It is so much of its work unceasing, yet is not the less a fact. It relieves the unfortunate stranger in the land, the widow and fatherless. Charity in this instance is philosophic as well as compassionate. It takes cognizance of the natural eccentricities of the human being, and by gratifying the physical and intellectual desires by the dinner, the speech, the song, the music, the dance—the bewitching dance of the youthful and the gay; the hopeful and the prosperous; it lays them all under contribution in behalf of the suffering and the helpless.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.



JOHN MCGEE.

THE "CANADA" COOK STOVE, FOR COAL OR WOOD, an original and Patented Stove, got up especially for the City Trade; the most economical and efficient Cook Stove in the Market; it completely takes the place of, and supersedes the other flat-top stoves now in general use. The "Canada" is the best finished and most durable Stove of the day. The "Canada" combines every advantage for cooking ever offered to a stove. The "Canada" will Bake, Broil, Roast, Fry, Toast, and prepare every other operation of Cooking at the same time, in the most perfect manner, and with the greatest economy in fuel. The "Canada" is neat and substantial in appearance, and operates with success every time.

The Canada is Warranted.

TORONTO, November, 1863.

p27

SELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL.

J. B. SMITH, Bay Street, corner of Market Street. Terms for the lower branches, \$3.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month, 25 cents weekly. For the higher branches and extra attention, \$4.00 per quarter, \$1.50 per month, 37 1/2 cents weekly. N. B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1st, 1864. All pupils entering before that time will be charged the lower rates. Private lessons given if required, at 50cts per lesson. October 24, 1863. c22

R. W. ANDERSON, (FROM NOTMAN'S MONTREAL) PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST, 45 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W. FIRST-CLASS Cartes-de-visite equal to any in Upper Canada, \$3.00 per dozen. Private Residences, Churches and Public Buildings Photographed in any part of the country. Rooms, First Floor. Old likenesses sent from the country, copied for the Album, and promptly returned at a very moderate charge. Toronto, May 30, 1863.

THE EVENING "TIMES" Is published every evening at the Office, corner of Hughson and King Streets, by the Proprietors, C. E. STEWART & Co., Price, \$5.00 per annum, in advance. Ten cents payable weekly to the carriers.

ADVERTISING RATES: Six lines and under, 1st insertion.....\$00 50 Each subsequent insertion..... 00 12 Over six lines, 1st insertion, per line..... 00 08 Each subsequent insertion..... 00 02 Advertisements without written instructions to the contrary, will be inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly. Favorable arrangements made with parties advertising by the year.

THE WEEKLY "TIMES" AND SUPPLEMENT

Published every Friday morning, and mailed to subscribers by the earliest mails, contains a large quantity of reading matter, embracing the news of the day, interesting tales, poetry, editorials on popular subjects, facts in agriculture, &c. TERMS.—One dollar per annum in advance, or \$1.50 if not so paid. Any person sending five subscribers, with the cash, will receive one copy free. All communications must be pre-paid, and addressed, C. E. STEWART & Co. Proprietors Evening Times, Hamilton, C.W. October 22, 1863.

McELCHERAN & BALLOU, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS, GILDERS, &c. Manufacturers of Druggists' and Brewers' SHOW CASES ON GLASS; DOOR PLATES, BLOCK LETTERS, &c. NORTH SIDE JOHN ST., 3RD DOOR FROM KING. HAMILTON, C. W.

ESTABLISHED 1818. SAVAGE & LYMAN, Manufacturers and Importers of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE, at headral 141 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Canses, Fans, Dressing Cases, Papier-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c. Montreal, January 24, 1863.

H. & R. YOUNG, PLUMBERS Gas Fitters and Bell Hangers' MANUFACTURERS OF Gas Fixtures, Brass Work, GAS & STEAM FITTINGS. Importers of Coal Oil Lamps, and sole agents for the English Patent FUMIVORE COAL OIL LAMP. Rock Oil delivered at any place in the City. KING STREET WEST, Opposite American Hotel.

JOSEPH LYGT, DEALER IN PAPER HANGINGS, SCHOOL BOOKS, Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines, &c. CORNER KING AND HUGHSON STREETS, HAMILTON, C.W. Agent for TORONTO STEAM DYE WORKS. [Stamping for Braiding and Embroidering.]

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, HAMILTON, C. W. WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor. THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation and conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province. His long experience in the business of hotel keeping will, he trusts, secure to him a share of that patronage which he has enjoyed for so many years. The locality of the International Hotel—situated in the centre of the business portion of the city—is of itself a flattering recommendation, and in conjunction with other more substantial advantages which the Proprietor has introduced, will earn for this Hotel, the subscriber hopes, the favor and good will of the business community. The large dining-room of the Hotel—one of the most commodious rooms in the city—will still be open for Dinner Parties, Concerts, and other social entertainments. His sample rooms, for commercial travellers, are by far the best in the city. In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, where Horses and Ruggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration. The International Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Caledonia, Port Dover, Dundas, Guelph and other places. An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, connecting with trains east and west. W.M. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. Hamilton, July 27, 1863.

THE WOODSTOCK HOTEL, W. BISHOP, Proprietor. Omnibus to and from Station. Charges moderate. Woodstock, Nov. 19, 1863. 6-m

LITHOGRAPHING, WOOD ENGRAVING, BOOK & JOB PRINTING, BOOK BINDING, &c. &c. &c.

THE PUBLISHERS of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS announce to the public that they are now in a position to execute

WOOD ENGRAVINGS Of every description, such as Portraits, Illustrations for Books, cuts of Manufactories, Buildings, Machinery, &c., in a style not to be surpassed in the world. They have in their employ the first designers and engravers of the day; and the facilities at their command enable them to turn out work of a very superior description. Engraved Bill-Heads, Cheques, Society Seals, &c., also engraved in a workmanlike manner.

IN LITHOGRAPHING They are also prepared to fill orders at short notice for Portraits, Maps, Plans, Views of Buildings, Drawings of Machinery, Illuminated Designs, Show Cards, Title Pages, Diplomas, Certificates, Cheques, Notes, Drafts, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Business and Visiting Cards, Labels of every description, for Brewers, Druggists, Tobacco Manufacturers, &c., &c., &c.

JOB PRINTING. Having made extensive additions to the establishment, they have now in running order one of Taylor's Presses, a Gordon Bill Head Press, a Franklin Card Press, a Taylor Poster Press; also, one of the largest and most complete Cylinder Book Presses to be found in Canada, manufactured by Campbell, by which they are enabled to execute every description of Book and Job Printing promptly and at low prices.

BOOK BINDING In all its Branches neatly and promptly executed, and at prices that defy competition. Each of the departments of the Establishment is under the superintendence of thorough and reliable workmen. Office in White's Block, King street. Hamilton, Nov. 1863.

JAMES REID, CABINET MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER, King St. West, HAMILTON, C. W. A large quantity of Furniture on hand and manufactured to order.



I am about to describe an establishment which cost the proprietors one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in its construction, and upon which they pay the Government of Canada an ax of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a-year for permission to work it. It is the distillery of Messrs. Gooderham & Worts, at Toronto, Canada West.—Ed. CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Certainly the world in its early stages never saw, as the New World in this age had not before seen, any distillery more perfect, and but few, if any, equal in a respect to that of Gooderham & Worts, Toronto.—121st.

TORONTO CITY STEAM MILLS DISTILLERY GOODERHAM & WORTS, PROPRIETORS.

HAMILTON AGENCY JOHN PARK begs to call the attention of the trade to the Whiskies manufactured at the above establishment, which for strength, purity, and flavor, are unequalled by anything made in this country. They are well known and in great demand throughout the whole of Canada, being shipped in large quantities to Liverpool, and London, England, where they are much appreciated. Grocers, Wine Merchants and Dealers generally, should lose no time in giving them a trial. There are many instances of storekeepers doubling their sale in a very short time by introducing these celebrated whiskies. The trade can only be supplied through me at the depot, where all orders will be promptly attended to. JOHN PARK, Hughson, corner King street. Hamilton, 19th Aug., 1863.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL, GEORGE GORDON, PROPRIETOR. Bridgewater Street, CHIPPAWA, C. W. Good stabling attached to the premises.

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. EDITED BY GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA aided by a numerous select corps of writers in all branches of Science, Art and Literature, published by D. Appleton and Co., in 16 vol. royal octavo, double columns. This work is just completed. The New American Cyclopaedia presents a panoramic view of all human knowledge as it exists at the present moment. It embraces and popularizes every subject that can be thought of. In its successive volumes is contained an inexhaustible fund of accurate and practical information on Art and Science, in all their branches, including Mechanics, Mathematics, Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology; on Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures; on Law, Medicine and Theology; on Biography and History, Geography and Ethnology; on Political Economy, the Trades, Inventions, Politics, the Things of Common Life, and General Literature. Sold only to subscribers. W. M. ORR, Agent. Carlisle P. O., C.W. P.S.—Works of any kind will be promptly forwarded on addressing me at Carlisle post office, C. W.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP NOTICE is hereby given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between William A. Ferguson and myself, as Publishers of the "Canadian Illustrated News," is this day dissolved by mutual consent, by the retirement of the said William A. Ferguson from the firm; and I hereby give notice, further, that all debts due to the late firm are to be paid to me, and that I will settle all claims against it. HARDY GREGORY. HAMILTON, Oct ber 22, 1863.

IN reference to the above, the Subscribers beg to intimate that the publication of the "Canadian Illustrated News," and the business connected therewith, will be continued by them, under the name and style of H. GREGORY & Co. HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1863.

\$40 A MONTH, expenses paid.—For particulars, address. (with stamp.) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass. 24-131

MIRRORS, CORNICES, PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES. MARSDEN & PHILIPS beg to inform the public that they are manufacturing the above in designs quite new, in Hamilton; and workmanship equal to any in Canada, and at prices never before offered in Upper Canada. Old frames re-gilded and made equal to new. Muntle Mirrors 30 in. by 40 in. size of glass.—French or British plate, richly gilt with best gold leaf, and carved wood ornaments, much superior to composition for \$30. Manufactory, Lester's Block, James Street, Show Rooms, James Street, between King and Main Street, near Officers' Quarters. Manufacturers of the washable gilt moulding. Country orders punctually attended to. October, 1863. c22

The Canadian Illustrated News IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, At the Office, in White's block, King-st, North side, Opposite the Fountain. TERMS, for one year, sent by mail.....\$3 00 " " six months, " " " " " " 1 75 Single copies, 7 cents, to be had from News dealers. Payment strictly in advance. Any person sending the names of ten subscribers, with the money, will receive a copy for one year. Rates of Advertising. Ten cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion eight cents per line. All letters concerning business in connection with the paper or the office should be addressed to "The Canadian Illustrated News," Hamilton. No unpaid letters taken out of the Post Office. H. GREGORY, & Co. Proprietors.

