

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



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THE RIGHT REV. FRANCIS FULFORD, D. D., BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

Dr. Francis Fulford, Lord Bishop of Montreal, and Metropolitan of the United Church of England and Ireland in Canada, is the second son of the late Baldwin Fulford, Esq.,

of Great Fulford, in Devonshire, England. His mother was the eldest daughter of the late William Adams, Esq., M.P., of Bowden, near Totness.

The family is descended from William de Fulford, who lived in the time of Richard the First. Dr. Fulford, of Montreal, was born at Sidmouth in 1803, and married in 1830 the eldest daughter of Andrew Berkeley Drummond, Esq., of Cadlands Hampshire, grand daughter of the second Earl of Egmont. He was educated at Tiverton grammar school, and subsequently entered Exeter College, Oxford, where he graduated, B.A., in 1823, and was elected a Fellow in 1825. The degree of D.D. was conferred in 1850.

From 1832 to 1842 he was rector of Croydon, Cambridgeshire. He was minister of Curzon chapel, in the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, from 1845 till his consecration as Bishop of Montreal, in 1857; and was chaplain to her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, who was the last survivor of the numerous family of George the Third. In youth she was the Princess Mary.

In 1859 Dr. Fulford was created by letters patent, Lord Bishop Metropolitan of Canada, and as such is at the head of the English Episcopal Church. His lordship is an eloquent preacher; his language is chaste; his reasoning logical. He is learned without the pedantic affectation of learning. Since he has been connected with this country, says a contemporary, he has done much to promote the advancement and peace of the church, is popular with all denominations, and has endeared himself to all with whom he has

come in contact. His services towards science and art have been extremely valuable, and are held in the highest estimation.

Dr. Fulford has published sermons and a work on The Progress of the Reformation.

These items convey only a glimpse, and must leave a dimly imperfect idea of what

Dr. Fulford is as clergyman and Bishop, and as a learned guide to studious inquirers, who associate to assist each other in that wide world of learning called Natural History, and its kindred sciences. We had expected to give a comprehensive memoir of his lordship in this number of the Canadian

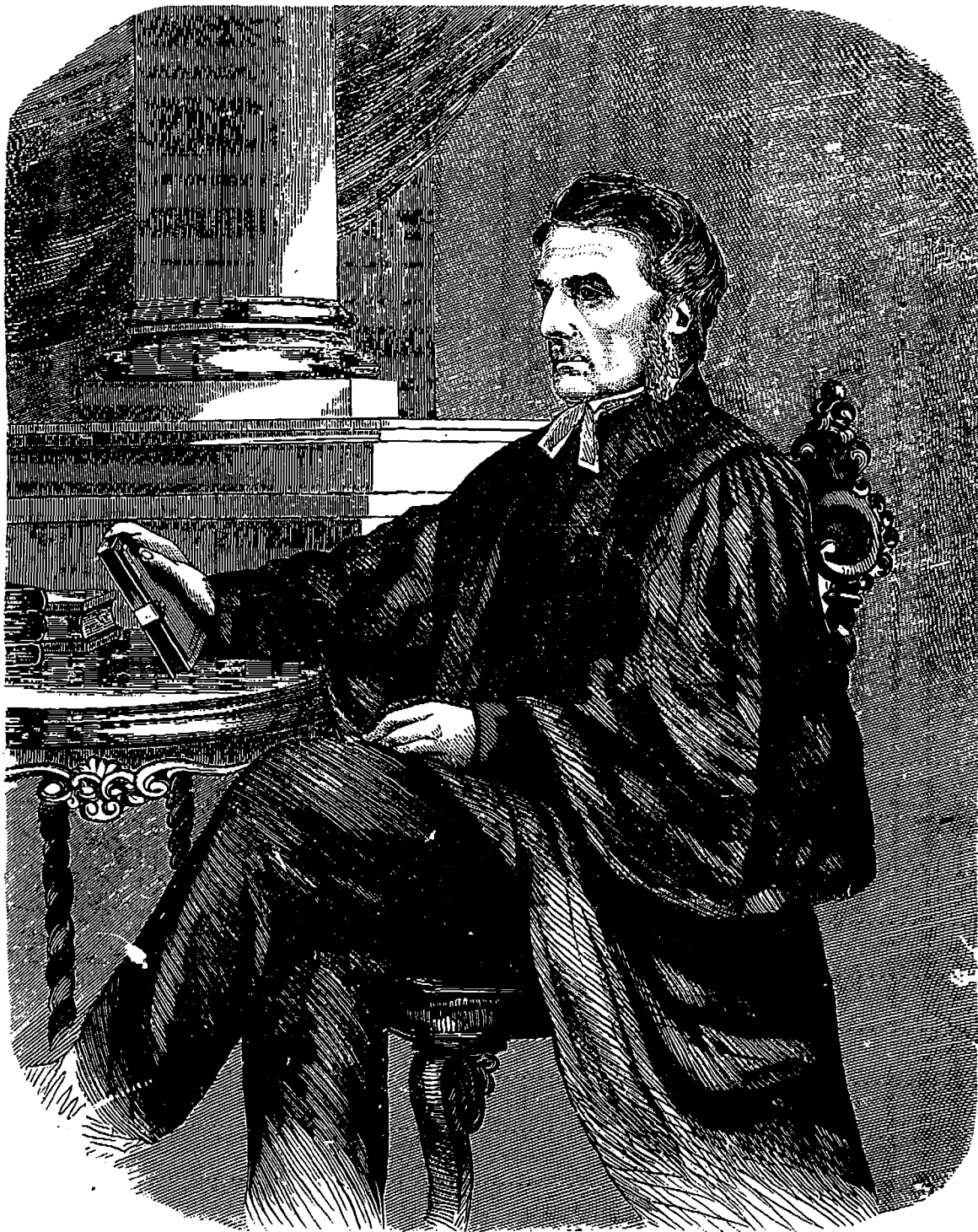
Illustrated News; but the necessary information has not come to hand in time. On an early occasion views of the English Cathedral Church at Montreal will be published, which will afford an opportunity for describing the Episcopal functions of Dr. Fulford as Bishop Metropolitan, and the various high

qualities and attributes of the eminent man, who is at once the courteous English gentleman, as the present writer can personally testify; the scholar of large erudition, and the vigilant, respected, revered shepherd of the Church of England in Canada.

The population in Lower Canada adhering to the Church of England is 63,322. In Upper Canada 311,565. In the cities as follows: Montreal, 9,739; Quebec, 5,740; Three Rivers, 229; Sherbrooke Town, 1,638; Toronto, 14,125; Hamilton, 5,814; Kingston, 4,129; London, 3,452; Ottawa, 3,391. The counties of Durham, Hastings, Huron, Leeds, Middlesex, Simcoe, Wellington and York have a Church of England population varying from a little over 10,000 each to 17,209. Brant, Bruce, Carleton, Elgin, Frontenac, Grenville, Grey, Haldimand, Halton, Kent, Lambton, Lanark, Lincoln, Northumberland, Ontario, Oxford, Peel, Perth, Welland, and Wentworth, have from a little over 5,000 each to over 9,000, the county with the latter is Carleton. The Upper Canada counties with less than 5,000, are Dundas, Essex, Hengary, 334; united counties of Lennox and Addington, Norfolk, Peterboro, Prescott, Prince Edward, Renfrew, Russell, Stormont, Victoria, Waterloo, and the Algoma District on shores of Lake Superior, 623, and Nipissing District 226.

The bishoprics are Quebec, which once comprised the whole Province; Toronto, which once comprised all Upper Canada; Montreal, which now divides Lower Canada with Quebec; Huron, and Ontario which now divide Upper Canada with the diocese of Toronto.

The religious denom-



THE RIGHT REV. DR. FULFORD, LORD BISHOP OF MONTREAL, AND METROPOLITAN OF CANADA.

inations of both sections of the Province as officially returned are: Church of Rome, 942,724 in Lower and 258,141 in Upper Canada; Church of England, its numbers just given; Presbyterians, 63,322 and 303,384; Methodists, 30,582 and 341,572; Baptists 7751 and 61,559; Lutherans 857 and 24,299; Congregationalists, 4,927 and 9,357; Quakers, Menonists and Tunkers, who are excused by statute from serving in the militia, and unfortunately imitated by all other religionists to an extent not to be named here, 121 in Lower and 16,348 in Upper Canada. The others are Bible Christians and Christians, 13,819, all in Upper Canada; Adventists, 2304 and 1050; Bible Xitians and Xitians, 482; all in Lower Canada; Protestants, 2,584 and 7,514; Jews, 572 in C. E., and 614 in C. W.; Universalists, 2,289 in C.E., and 2,234 in C.W.; Mormons, 3 in C.E., living so far apart as the counties of Quebec, Brome and Huntingdon, and 74 in C.W.; 'No Religion,' 1,477 in C.E., and 17,373 in C.W.; 'No creed given,' 5,728 in C.E., 8,121 in C.W.; 'Other creeds not classed,' 683 in C.E., and 18,431 in C. W.

SECOND VOLUME COMMENCED.

The present issue begins Volume the Second. The Editorial supervision from this date being different from what it has been, and a staff of competent Artists and Engravers being now permanently attached to the office, the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will go forth to the public creditably to us, and will soon in its artistic excellence be one of the native productions which the Province may justly boast of. It will be neither Lower Canadian, nor Upper Canadian; the journal of one political section, nor of another; but emphatically in its art and literature the Illustrated Family Newspaper of Canada, treating of politics only as they affect the safety and common well-being of the country.

Next week we shall publish, with a pictorial illustration, the first chapter of a new story, **THE CROSS OF PRIDE,**

By Mrs. J. V. NOEL, OF KINGSTON, CANADA WEST, AUTHOR OF 'THE ABBET OF RATHMORE,' &c.

The new Editor of this journal has not yet seen all the manuscript; but from the chapters which have been editorially read, he is satisfied that the subscribers of the 'Canadian Illustrated News' will be gratified with this original Tale, written by a Lady of Canada, a story which in its easy flow of narrative, its variety of incident, and purity of moral, is alike charming and instructive.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, MAY 16, 1863.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS.

The Parliamentary contest which was commenced on the 1st of May, by John A. Macdonald introducing his want of confidence motion, terminated at half-past one o'clock, A. M. on the morning of Friday the 8th, with the defeat of the present ministry. A disinterested review of the debate reveals little besides a fair fight between the 'ins' and the 'outs.' The leader of the opposition with that sagacity for which he is distinguished, avoided raising the issue on any of the ministerial measures before the House, but moved simply 'a want of confidence' resolution. This course had the double advantage of giving a wider scope to the debate, and of leaving his own party untrammelled with reference to those measures, should they again come into power.

The present ministry assumed office under somewhat difficult circumstances. A widely spread belief prevailed that the finances of the country had not been managed with the economy consistent with good government. This belief may have been unjust so far as it reflected on the conduct of the late ministry. But it must be admitted that the Public Accounts furnished strong arguments to justify it. The average annual excess of expenditure over income since 1855, had

been nearly three millions of dollars. To prudent men this was by no means a flattering financial prospect, especially at a time when they were beginning to learn the fallacy of debiting posterity with every liability which it did not suit present convenience to settle. To a parliamentary opposition, which is not bound to be over scrupulous in its arguments, it was a powerful weapon of assault, which in time was sure to do its work.

The problem then before the Macdonald-Sicotte Government on taking office was retrenchment—such an administration of the finances as would fill up this ugly gap between annual receipts and annual expenditure. Here alone was a difficulty, almost insurmountable, which the members of the ministry while in opposition did not see, as may be gathered from the following extract from the Finance Minister's report.

'Turning to the expenditure side of the account, the inability of government to effect any large reductions becomes apparent. Over the greater portion of the expenditure ministers exercise little or no control. Speaking roundly, more than one half of the whole is in fulfilment of obligations already incurred. Other large amounts are expended in pursuance of engagements which cannot be summarily terminated. And yet another large expenditure takes place under annual grants of the legislature, to which the government of the day simply gives effect. Time and the substitution of a more wholesome system of financial management are required to bring about marked reductions in these branches of the expenditure.'

But ministers had to encounter other difficulties besides those connected with the finances. The question of Representation by Population has for years kept up an alienation between the politicians of Lower Canada and the supporters of that measure in Upper Canada. So long as the latter insisted on the settlement of this question as a *sine qua non* to a political alliance, they threw the reins of power for an indefinite time into the hands of their opponents. Under those circumstances the Upper Canadian members who joined Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, agreed to leave that question in abeyance for the present. With the political morality involved in that course we have dealt in a former article. We have to do with it here only in its effect upon the position of ministers; which was to deprive them, in a great measure, of the unqualified, earnest support of their Upper Canadian adherents, who consented to the abandonment of their favorite measure with very evident reluctance, and refused entirely to follow their leaders in voting against it. This again, no doubt, prevented a hearty co-operation between them and the Lower Canadian section of the ministerialists, thus depriving the party of that concentration of will, that unity of purpose which was necessary to success over the powerful opposition it had to contend with. To those difficulties add this: that the parliament which ministers were called upon to manage had been elected under the auspices of their predecessors, who up to the time of their defeat on the militia bill, in May, 1862, could command in the House of Assembly, a majority of from fifteen to twenty-five.

A motion of non-confidence was a fair test of party strength, but when the ministers had been defeated, had announced an early dissolution, and only asked the House to vote supplies for the urgent business of the executive, and the opposition leader refused, as he did on Monday, May 11th, he became factious. They go to the country—let the country judge them.

WHERE IS CANADA DRIFTING?

The telegram about the middle of last week, from New York to Canada, giving the heads of news brought there from England, told that Mr. Roebuck in the House of Commons, was in favor of a declaration of war against America. Already, in the United States and in Canada, the few words imperfectly conveyed in that telegram are magnified into the utterance of English public opinion; and in its passage from journal to journal, from reader to listener, it has ripened in Canada to the large dimensions of 'The British Government has announced that they will declare war against the Federal States.' If you say, 'No; the British government has said nothing that can bear such a construction, on the contrary their course in conducting delicate and difficult negotiations with the Federal government on international questions arising out of the

flagrant breaches of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, committed by British subjects, evinces a prudent, and resolute determination to maintain peace between the two nations, and between Canada and America by all conciliatory means consistent with the honor of the British Empire,' your interlocutor rejoins: 'But members of the House of Commons have said they are in favor of war.' You tell him, 'No, they have not,' 'Yes they have,' says he, 'I will show it you, in the newspapers.' 'It is not in any newspaper in those words; you may find the name of Mr. Roebuck mentioned and his opinions attributed to the British nation; but he is not the House of Commons; nor the British government; nor the exponent of British public opinion.' 'What is he then? is he not a member of parliament?' 'Yes, he is one of the members for Sheffield. John Arthur Roebuck, when at his best, is but a mere unit, though most of his time he represents less than a unit. A member who represents only himself is small enough, but he is frequently the exponent of less than himself. He is not even so reputable as to possess a hobby and ride it in the House; he rides a weather-cock or child's shuttle-cock. He does not change as between last year and this; but is not to-day what he was yesterday; not this half hour what he was last half hour; not in the middle of his oration, what he was at the beginning; not at the end what he was in the middle. On some occasions during the last thirty years, when two parties in parliament were nearly balanced, and a topic of momentary excitement arose, he has obtained notoriety by an unexpected motion which placed the government of the day in a difficulty. Some members on such occasions have been favorably known as peace-makers. Roebuck is known as the mischief-maker. That is the height and depth, the purport and designation of his title to statesmanship.

The repulse of the Army of the Potomac in its advance beyond the Rappahannock has given a theme for songs of triumph to some of the journalists of Canada. Thus our friend of the Brantford Courier exults: 'The Southern soldiers are splendid troops. They are men of great courage, experience, determination and prestige, and the Northerners quail before them. Things look well again for the South.' Finally, there is just now a very bad feeling existing between England and the United States, which without great tact and caution on the part of both British and American officials may lead at any time to an open rupture, which would at once cause the Southern blockade to be broken up and its independence secured.'

There is nothing in those remarks new or particularly impressive. I note them as a specimen of that anti-American journalism which in name of 'conservative' and 'moderate' has disgraced Canada, has heaped up coals of fire against the future of this Province and people—perhaps the early future, placing this dependency of Britain in extreme peril, and outraging all 'conservative' and 'moderate' principle.

'May lead at any time to an open rupture.' And what might that be to Brantford? Read the selections from the report of the committee of Congress on page 4 of this journal. 'An open rupture,' means the probable sequencs of war; the stoppage of all through traffic on the Buffalo and Lake Huron railroad, whose central works are at Brantford. It means the enemy's occupation or bombardment of Goderich town from Lake Huron. It means the approach of an army of invasion from Buffalo, and Port Dover, and all the ports on the north shore of Lake Erie towards Brantford and Hamilton; and a battle, perhaps the bloodiest in the annals of time, the Thermopylæ of Canada fought on the banks of the Grand River near the village of Caledonia, or between that village and the lake shore, but more probably in and around Brantford town.—Then will every brick and board of that place be battered to rubbish heaps, in the battle which decides which army shall hold the key-ground of Canada West. The key-ground of Canada West extends from the Grand River below Caledonia, by way of Brantford to Paris, and northerly to Guelph; from thence to Toronto eastward, and London westward. The three railways, Buffalo and Lake Huron, Great Western, and Grand Trunk, with the connecting branch from the Western at Harrisburgh to Guelph on the Grand Trunk, will be kept open to the last extremity, which means kept open always; for though we may be terribly tried, Canada will be conquered—never. In the name of God, never.

† The outposts for the defence of Toronto city, will be on Georgian Bay, on one side, and on Lake Ontario, on the other, if timely precaution be taken to convert the canal to Dundas and inner coves of Burlington Bay

into naval foundries and yards for the construction of iron-rams-of-war. The whole of the towns and villages on the north coast of Ontario lake, east of Toronto to Belleville, are, perchance not hopelessly, but as the future can be at present discerned, they are helplessly at the mercy of steam scourges-of-war, issuing out of Rochester and Oswego. Montreal will fight its battles on the south side of the St. Lawrence. Quebec will not be attacked. Kingston will resist. The Niagara frontier will be only menaced with a force large enough to render a division of our army requisite to guard it. The invaders will assail the Province at points where they can more safely retreat than at Niagara.

I will not describe in these columns the probable disposition of forces. I direct the reader's eye through the curtain of the future to take that one glimpse, because of the fervency of a terrible apprehension that the wilful negligence of the Government of Canada to organize, or provide means for organizing a defensive force, may leave the Province to the appalling hazard of seeing a time of war with insufficiency of means to resist the invasion at the beginning.

What, to Great Britain, are the aspects of the contingency of an 'open rupture' or Roebuck's 'declaration of war?' War with the United States, the Southern blockade being broken, and secession achieved, involves either the defence of Canada by all the might of the Mother country or our abandonment. Abandonment means, were America successful, the confiscation of every man's estate, every child's heritage.

Five hundred millions sterling is a sum of debt only five times the cost of the British share of the Crimean war, and Britain had only attained to a condition of military and naval efficiency when Louis Napoleon abruptly let the curtain fall on that unfinished drama. Be the new national debt to Britain more or less than three or four or five millions of pounds sterling, the cities, towns, villages, farm-homesteads, railroads, canals, viaducts and all the frontiers of this Province, (the Province as yet, in the cultivated and inhabited parts, only a frontier,) would be exposed to invasion and all the vicissitudes of attack and resistance.

New complications may arise between Britain and France as well as between Britain and the United States. A recurrence of panics about a French invasion of England may at any time arise with still deeper perplexities than at any time before. The British army in Canada might not be reinforced; gun-boats expected for the lakes might never come, if Napoleon pleased to play England false. The rains-of-war of France might be seen in grim fraternity with the iron-sided rams of America. The commerce of the two hemispheres and of all the seas and gulfs of the globe plundered, burned or sunk by privateers on one side or the other, and on all sides. Britain paralyzed in her strong right arm of manufacturing and commercial industry. The supply of the raw material of manufactures not alone interrupted from the Southern States of America, but from every country of the world chased or annihilated by hostile scourges of the ocean. Alabamas playing havoc in those days on the wrong side. The sordid traitors to their Queen and country who, in 1862 and 1863, have built them on the Mersey and the Clyde, in breach of British neutrality, standing accused in the presence of the British Empire immersed in the three-fold baptism of the fires of war, of famine and pestilence which are the weird offspring of havoc and of war.

Such, Mr. Roebuck, of Sheffield, would be the probable result of your crazy counsels. Such, Mr. Laird, of Birkenhead, will possibly be the early convulsion of nations in which your sordid iniquity is preparing to plunge the British Empire.

And you, the suicidal section of the newspaper press of Canada, happily a minority of the whole, mocking common sense by retaining the otherwise respectable name of 'moderate' and 'conservative,' and outraging all moderation in blindly, prodigally goading to implacable anger our nearest, our next-door national neighbor, struggling as that great nation has been during the last two years, in the noblest efforts that could engage the sympathy of conservatives—the preservation of their nationality, the repression of internal rebellion—what of you in that day which I have depicted; in that conflagration which you will have contributed to kindle? you will stand, not as Cassandra stood, in frantic joy at the havoc of your torch, but you will be whiffed out, extinguished in the dread convulsion of this distracted Province, your types and presses in the custody of the Provost Marshal.

That is where Canada is drifting to.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

'Whistler at the Plough.'

A COTTAGE SCENE.

We sat by our cottage fireside,
Mother, Sister, and I,
Reading of dreadful battles
With many a heaving sigh.

Our mother was pale and feeble,
And all our hearts were sore,
For her son, our only brother,
Had been for months in the war.

We feared for our failing mother,
Watching her closely the while,
We wondered to see her sad, pale face,
Light up with a dreamy smile.

'Is it strange,' she said, 'that I'm smiling?
Ah, you see not what I see!
My boy's coming home from battle—
My son's coming home to me!

'I see the smile of his childhood,
The light in his laughing eye;
My boy's coming home to mother,
If he only comes to die.'

Hark! the sound of wheels and of horses!
They halt at our garden gate;
God grant it is our brother,
That he comes ere it is too late.

Up rose our trembling mother,
The coming steps to greet,
Four men walk in with their burden,
And laid it at her feet.

'I knew you were coming, darling,
We will never be parted more!
And Mother and Son together
Lay dead on our cottage floor.

TORONTO.

A SKETCH BY DELWA.

[THIS cursory glimpse of some passing clouds on the fair moral skies of the Queen City is inserted as the writer penned it. But the good in communities as in individual persons far exceeds the evil, or the very bad. Let writers who essay to sketch social and moral pictures give us the compensating phases of goodness and loveliness:—En. C. I. N.]

Saturday, the second of May, is drawing to a close, and with it concludes also the fourth week of the eventful year. I say eventful four; for since Good Friday night—perchance memorable to many, but to none more so than to the actors in the 'Gerard Street shooting affair'—has this city presented a series of unceasing topics of excitement. And so quickly have they followed each other upon the stage of events—that unless to a critic—the scenes must have appeared to mingle, rendering the different actors partially undistinguishable, as the succeeding crowded the preceding from the boards.

Formerly, we cool Canadians gave to romance writers the praise of fabricating a tale to please, although, even at times admitting that such scenes as they delight to portray might occur on occasions when the passionate and revengeful Spaniard threw down the gauntlet to the not less reckless and daring son of the South. But that the usually quiet city of Toronto should have enacted within her boundaries the reality of what Bulwer's imagination would have pictured as the grand culminating scene; over which, in many cases, the shadowy attendants of the grave drew the gloomy pall—shrouding on that real tableaux—Death, is hideous.

Well has Toronto lately proved that assertion, often disputed, 'That there is more romance in the affairs of real life, than ever could be racked from the glowing furnace of the imagination.' The Canadian novelist need no longer sigh for acts of chivalry, or deeds of blood; we have all the desired requisites now at hand—the annals of our courts record them. Yes; even in the past few weeks we have an overplus of material for any number of stories founded on facts.

First in number, and first in importance, (as two of the parties at one time moved in the highest circles of America,) comes the 'almost a tragedy of Gerard street,' in which 'love and revenge' are powerfully delineated—the rude hand of the law tearing off the veil which hid the secret workings of a trio of peculiarly dispositioned hearts.

But all is not told, and a growing mystery still attaches to its every feature—every succeeding circumstance instead of lessening the obscurity of doubt—increases it.

The trial proved three things—what took place on that night, the wild strength of woman's love, and the mystic power of woman's beauty. Ladies, cultivate the latter by some means or other, it might prove serviceable—and any of you who are am-

bitious, may yet say as Missouri Ann Dame can—that her great personal charms, and her knowing how to use them, saved her from incarceration in the Penitentiary.

Strange fatality! who, on looking on the Judge and the adjudged, on the morning of the sixteenth of April, thought their positions would so soon be changed, that he who graced the bench by his feeling and chivalrous sympathy should so soon become the prisoner—the prisoner to the most dreaded jailor of mankind—Death. While, she who had good reason to fear the verdict, now thinks of it as a terrible moment past, and lives gaily, happily on—he who sanctioned it, was to-day followed sadly and mournfully by the legal profession and his numerous friends, to his last resting-place—that hour from whence no traveler returns.

Then follows the 'Sayer Street Tragedy,' with all its revolting details, uncovering the hidden cavity of crimes—showing that many of the blackest, darkest die have been perpetrated—and in such a cool, systematic manner have they been accomplished, and with such indifferent unconcern does Greenwood witness the proceedings, that feelings of wonder and indignation drive those of pity from the breasts of the spectators. Yet day by day the chain of evidence tightens around him; link by link lengthens it, yet draws him nearer to the gallows, and the fear that with all the circumstantial evidence against him he would escape, now appears groundless.

The trial of Coulter, for a crime committed some time ago, has also been re-dished up for us Torontonians, who will soon learn to gormandise on tales of Love and Revenge, with three dread finales, where the lowest minion of the law takes that which a thousand worlds could not give.

As for the Western Capital herself, she looks 'gay and happy,' especially King street, between three and six P. M., as at the former hour the principal offices close and the 'young gentlemen clerks,' after arranging their toilets, getting their hats and canes in shape, show their 'good close' to the best conceivable advantage; exchanging glance for glance and smile for smile—putting on style generally.

Skating is over, and the 'Queen's Park' has not received its grand opening for the summer of 1863, therefore it is comparatively a quietus for the possessors of charms, that stole their softest tints from the loveliest of flowers. I fancy how they pass the time—musing on their late conquests, and waiting impatiently for that changing and uncertain future, which looks, at times, all gorgeous, all beautiful, all as they wish it; but a change comes o'er the spirit of their dreams, as the pouting lip and thoughtful eye, doubts if he will come so shortly. I wonder what they would give for a peep through a rip in the curtain of futurity, to see who would kneel most humbly as their devoted slaves, three months hence? Some improvement in the way of prospective views might take, perhaps by both parties.

WIDOW STONE'S SURPRISE.

'Now, mark what I say to you, Susy Barton. I can't have no more of this nonsense about Henry Grayworth. Nobody ever heard of him until he came hanging round last summer, calling himself an artist, and sketching in every old pile o' stuns he come across! Abel Powers is worth a dozen on him; and I expect, when he comes to-night, you'll tell him you're very much obliged for his kind offer, and you'll try to make him a good wife. Either you promise Abel Powers this very night to marry him, and give up all this ridiculous nonsense about that other feller, or you will have to leave my house.'

The Widow Stone's eyes sparkled, and the snuff-colored ribbon on her cap quivered ominously. Susy rose without a word, her cheek glowing, and deliberately walked out of the house, scarcely staying to tie her little bonnet under her chin.

'True as I live and breathe, she's gone!' exclaimed the widow, half-relucting. 'I didn't calculate she'd fire up so quick! I ut let her go—I don't care. She'll be back agin, soon enough.'

A short time afterwards, Susy Barton sat on a fallen log in the woods, the bonnet pushed back from her glossy auburn hair, her tiny feet stirring the withered fern-plumes below, and her blue, trusting eyes turned upon the face of a tall, slender young man, who stood beside her, his dark hair blown about by the sunset wind.

'This Abel Powers is a rich farmer, dearest, is he not?' asked the stranger.

Susy nodded, wonderingly.

'Then,' he pursued, 'I scarcely know why you chose, in preference, one like me, who only offers you his loving heart.'

'Because,' replied Susy, innocently, 'I love you?'

'And are you willing to share my lot, hard and comfortless as it may be—I do not say will be?'

'I would go with you to the world's end,' said Susy, earnestly putting both her palms in Henry Grayworth's outstretched hands. And so she placed the seal upon her fate, 'for richer for poorer, for better for worse!'

It was the evening before Christmas—cold and clear, with snow on the hills, and the woods all snapping and crackling in a sheath of ice. The Widow Stone, trudging along the road that led to Ellerton Hall, began to speculate rather uneasily as to whether she should reach her destination before dark.—For she was carrying a famous recipe for Christmas pies to the house-keeper at Ellerton Hall.

'It's a fine place,' soliloquized the Widow Stone, as she sat down to rest herself on a great boulder by the way-side, 'and only to think that Mr. Ellerton has lived away from it all his life. I don't see what folks finds so drefful nice in travelin' about, I must say. However, Mrs. Peckham—a clever old lady she is, and wears real handsome caps—she says he's comin' home to-morrow with his young wife. It's a great thing to be born rich! I'd like to get a peep at Mrs. Ellerton—I wonder if she'll be at church on Sunday. I do s'pose she wears a silk gown every day of her life, and white embroidered skirts! Mrs. Peckham says they've been fittin' up the house wonderful fine for her.'

The widow was plodding on once more, when there was a roll of carriage wheels in the road behind, and two fiery horses were checked close to her. A sweet face, set in a frame-work of auburn curls, leaned out of the window, and two eager hands were extended.

'Aunt?'

'Law sakes alive!' ejaculated the widow; 'it's Susy Barton. Child, where have you been all this time, and where are you going now?'

'Jump in, aunt; I'm going to the hall, and I've just come from your house, where the door was most inhospitably locked.'

The widow had intended to play the role of relentless guardian, but she could not resist the infection of Susy's kiss and hug.

'Going to the hall, eh? Oh, you've got a situation there—I s'pose you're Mrs. Ellerton's lady's maid?'

'Why, yes,' laughed Susy. 'I do some times wait on Mrs. Ellerton.'

'Well, I'm glad you've got a tolerably respectable place, though you'd better have married Abel Powers—and why haven't you let me see you afore?'

'How could I, aunt? We only arrived at the hall this morning, and I started for your house the first minute I could slip away.'

'Got a pretty good situation?'

'Very,' said Susy.

'You'll find the house-keeper a dreadful nice lady,' said the widow, patronizingly.—'I'll speak a good word for you to her, if you like.'

'Thank you!' said Susy, veiling her eyes beneath their long lashes.

'What sort of a person is Mrs. Ellerton?' pursued the widow. 'She must be easy-tempered, if she lets you go cuttin' round in this velvet-cushioned carriage, with a feller in a gold-banded hat to drive you!'

'Oh, she's very kind to me,' returned Susy.

'Is she pretty?'

'Well—I don't know—I can't say exactly,' hesitated Susy, slightly embarrassed.

The old lady was just turning round to demand an explanation, when the carriage dashed up in front of the broad flight of marble steps that led to the portico of Ellerton Hall, and they descended.

Susy led the way through the arched vestibule into an elegant drawing-room. The chandelier was already lighted, and the gold and amethystine tints of the frescoed ceiling seemed like a canopy of precious jewels to Widow Stone's unaccustomed eyes.

'This ain't the house-keeper's room,' whispered the old lady, twitching her niece's dress in dismay. 'S'pose Mrs. Ellerton should come in?'

The door beyond opened, and a tall, slender gentleman entered the room, with a bright, welcoming glance to Susy.

'Let me introduce my husband, aunt.'

'Why, bless me, it's Henry Grayworth!' ejaculated the amazed Widow Stone, doubting the transmissive accuracy of the silver spectacles she had confided in for ten years.

'You have the first two names right, Mrs. Stone,' said the gentleman, laughing; 'but my name happens to be Henry Grayworth Ellerton.'

'Are you Mrs. Ellerton?' exclaimed the widow, wheeling round so as to face her niece once more.

'She is Mrs. Ellerton,' returned her husband, smiling. 'I wished to marry one who would love me for myself alone, not for my wealth or station; and so I came to the village as a poor young artist, under the name of Grayworth, and wooed and won this precious wife of mine. She never knew my real name until we stood side by side at the altar.'

He passed his arm around Susy's waist, and looked down upon her with an affectionate pride, answered by the living light in her own eyes.

The widow sat down and rubbed her spectacles vehemently.

'It's jest like the books I used to read when I was a gal!' she exclaimed at last. 'The widow did not know that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.'

THE HUMAN FACE.—It is wonderful what volumes of meaning are contained in the few square inches of the human face! A man finds room there for traits of all his ancestors—for the expression of all his history and all his wants. Sculpture, and Winklemann, and Lavater, will tell you how significant a feature is the nose; how its form expresses strength or weakness, will and evidence of determination. What refinements and what limitations the teeth betray. The late French romancer Balzac left a whole chapter on the walk 'de la Demarche,' in which he says the look, the voice, the respiration, and the attitude or walk are identical; but as it has not been given to man the power to stand guard over these four different simultaneous expressions of thought, watch that which speaks out the truth, and you will know the whole man.

God has written on the flowers, that sweeten the air—on the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers, upon every penciled sheet that sleeps in the cavern of the deep no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all His works he has written—'None liveth for himself.'

ON LIBERTY.

BY JOHN STUART MILL.

This book treats of the liberty of thought and discussion, of individuality, as one of the elements of well-being, and of the limits to the authority of society over the individual. Mill is a sound reasoner, and that large-meaning word, 'Liberty,' is ably discussed. Of the liberty of the press, he says: 'The time, it is to be hoped, is gone by, when any defence would be necessary of the 'liberty of the press,' as one of the securities against corrupt or tyrannical government.' He continues:

'Though the law of England, on the subject of the press, is as servile to this day as it was in the time of the Tudors, there is little danger of its being actually put in force against political discussion, except during some temporary panic, when fear of insurrection drives ministers and judges from their propriety; and, speaking generally, it is not, in constitutional countries, to be apprehended, that the government, whether completely responsible to the people or not, will often attempt to control the expression of opinion, except when in doing so it makes itself the organ of the general intolerance of the public.'

Mr. Mill discusses 'Liberty' as understood in other countries as well as in England.—'The American people are thus treated of:

'What the French are in military affairs, the Americans are in every kind of civil business; let them be left without a government, every body of Americans is able to improvise one, and to carry on that or any other public business with a sufficient amount of intelligence, order and decision. This is what every free people ought to be, and a people capable of this is certain to be free; it will never let itself be enslaved by any man or body of men, because these are able to seize and pull the reins of the central administration.'

The book abounds in sensible logic, and some parts of it have a peculiar interest both for Canada and America at the present time. Although a serious subject, the volume is by no means dull reading. Mr. Mill handles it very pleasantly.

CANADA IN 1812 AND 1863.—No. III.

[See Canadian Illustrated News, Vol. I, p. 261 and 304.]

In reading the two declarations of war at this distant day the man whose mind is tempered with an honest desire to arrive at truth, no matter whether American, British Canadian, or old country British, he cannot avoid observing in the declaration of America, even if he did not know that the authorities of that country had sedulously prepared for war over a space of six months before declaring it, and had been in secret league with Napoleon Bonaparte—assassin of the liberty of nations, the maddened enemy of Great Britain, which was then contending against him and the allies of his despotism almost single-handed—I say, if the dispassionate American or Canadian reader of this day knew nothing of the secret alliance of the United States with France, previous to their declaration of war against Britain and pre-determination to invade and conquer Canada, the terms of their official announcement of hostilities on the 18th of June, 1812, show clearly that they, being resolute for war left no conditions open for peace.—While it is equally clear that the British declaration of war issued only conditionally, on the 31st of July and finally on the 13th of October, was reluctantly issued, and that it still left conditions of peace open for the acceptance of America.

And in the proclamations of the two opposing commanders, Gen. William Hull, who invaded Canada, and General Sir Isaac Brock, who repelled the invasion, the difference in their ethics and in that manly honor which is truth, is yet more wide and remarkable. General Hull and his country were not 'driven' to invade Canada, as he said, except by the secret intrigues of Bonaparte with the American government, and by the impatience of the slave States and of the political democrats to let loose their privateers and vessels of war to cruise for prize money. Those privateers were largely assembled in the ports of Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans, all ready for the word to depart. Some also were at Philadelphia and New York, but the letters of marque were chiefly in the ports of the slave States where the influence of Bonaparte predominated. General Hull and his country were nei-

ther 'driven' to invade Canada, nor had he any cause to make proclamation after he was in Canada, that if American 'women and children' were butchered by Indians the war would become a conflict of extermination. He was the invader. His arrogant manifesto was answered by General Brock, calmly, reasonably, firmly. Both were last week placed in this paper before the present Canadian people who purchase so largely the monthly and weekly periodicals of the United States journals in which our history is perverted, and our grand, old, political institutions of monarchy and consolidated freedom are systematically maligned.

The House of Assembly of Upper Canada was in session when America declared war, and pronounced on it in the following terms:

'The declaration of war issued against Great Britain by the United States when first announced, appeared to be an act of such astonishing folly and desperation as to be almost incredible, and not only excited the greatest surprise among the inhabitants of this Province, but among the great majority of our enemies themselves. So many cogent reasons, from interest, affection and virtue, pleaded for an opposite policy that the most intelligent became the most credulous. That a government professing to be the friend of man and the great supporter of his liberty and independence should light up the torch of war against the only nation that stands between itself and destruction, exhibited a

degree of infatuation or madness altogether incomprehensible.

'Already have we the joy to remark that the spirit of loyalty has burst forth in all its ancient splendor. The militia in all parts of the Province have volunteered their services with acclamation, and displayed a degree of energy worthy of the British name. They do not forget the blessings and privileges which they enjoy under the protection and fostering care of the British empire, whose government is only felt in this country by acts of the purest justice and efficacious benevolence.'

[That language was true previous to the time it was used; the exceptions to a government of the purest justice not being felt until after the war, and then they arose in chief part out of the assumption of the high functions of aristocracy by a small section of the Upper Canadian proprietors of land who were office holders.]

'When men are called upon to defend everything they call precious, their wives and children, their friends and possessions, they ought to be inspired with the noblest resolutions, and they will not be easily frightened by menaces or conquered by force. And beholding as we do the flame of patriotism burning from one end of the Canadas to the other, we cannot but entertain the most pleasing anticipations.

'Our enemies have indeed said that they

'Remember that when you go forth to the combat that you fight not for yourselves alone but for the whole world; that you are defeating the most formidable conspiracy against the civilization of man that was ever contrived—a conspiracy threatening greater barbarism and misery than followed the downfall of the Roman Empire; that now you have an opportunity of proving your attachment to the parent state which contends for the relief of oppressed nations, the last pillar of true liberty, and the last refuge of oppressed humanity.

'Persevere as you have begun in your strict obedience to the laws and your attention to military discipline; deem no sacrifice too costly which secures the enjoyment of our happy constitution.'

Preliminary to a 'Narrative of the war of 1812,' which will be found in succeeding issues of the Canadian Illustrated News, with pictorial illustrations of places, persons, events, and things, made by artists engaged on the staff of this journal, it is deemed requisite to place on record in these pages what the committee of the American Congress recommended in 1862 and 1863, as preparations against time of war between the Republic and Canada. From the beginning of the war of 1812, the Strait and Island of Makinaw (or Machillimakinak,) were held by this Province. Can we read the probable fortunes of 1863, and two years to come, by

which cost about two millions of dollars, and it is too important to be overlooked. The mineral region of Lake Superior is probably richer in iron and copper than any other in the world; and the iron has been found to be superior in quality to any other known. These mines have been rapidly developed, and now constitute an important national interest. Old Fort Brady is represented as commanding the entrance to Lake Superior, and an appropriation for its repair, or a new fort, more eligibly situated is recommended. (That appropriation has been made.)

3. A military road from Bay de Noquet, or Green Bay to Marquette, or some other point on Lake Superior, and an early completion of the railroad from Appleton to Lake Superior would afford additional communication with this great lake; and both of these are of importance for military reasons and are earnestly recommended to the consideration of Congress.

4. Strait of Makinaw. (Machillimakinak of the war of 1812.) This strait constitutes the door to Lake Michigan around which lake lie the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, with an aggregate population amounting to nearly five millions. On its shores are the towns of Grand Haven, Muskegan, St. Joseph, Michigan city, Chicago, Waukegan, Kenosha, Racine, Milwaukee, and Green Bay with many others

rising rapidly into importance. The commerce of this lake exceeds two hundred million dollars per annum.

5. The great granary of the Union has its depots on the border of this lake. It can be defended by adequate fortifications at the strait of Makinaw, about three miles wide.—Fortifications at the Strait of Makinaw close the opening or entrance into this great inland sea.—When the vast interests thus secured are considered, it is obvious that Lake Michigan and all its shores and cities should be defended on the threshold at Mackinaw.

6. The importance of having a great inland sea like Lake Michigan converted into a secure harbour where fleets and navies may be gathered together in security, where may be collected together magazines of arms, and munitions, and provisions can scarcely be exaggerated.

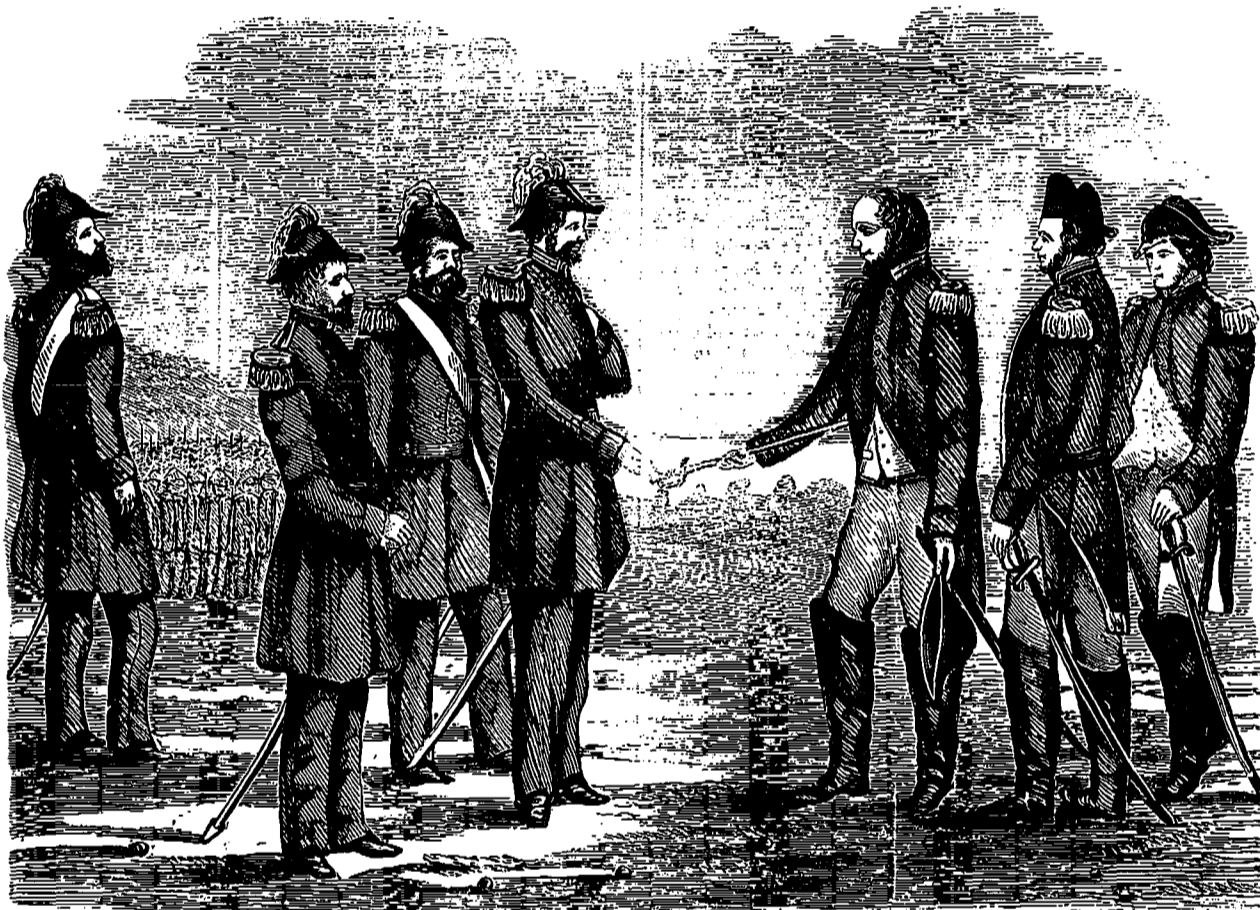
7. Lake Michigan entirely within our own territory

unapproachable by land, and inaccessible by water by any foreign enemy except through a narrow strait or entrance, is a position of immense importance, and the policy of closing its entrance is too obvious to need illustration.

Makinaw to be made the Gibraltar of the Western Lakes.

8. Upon the importance of this locality General Totten of the United States Engineers, reports: As to the stronger works I consider one at Makinaw to be indispensable. This will be the principal watching point of the Upper Lakes. Here war-steamer will call to refresh, to communicate with each other, to find shelter, to lie in wait. It is hardly to be supposed that a hostile naval expedition, coming out of Georgian Bay, (in Canada) would venture towards the upper lakes or down Lake Huron, certainly not into Lake Michigan, while this point of observation and rendezvous is occupied by our superior squadron. The fort here must be adequate to protect this anchorage, and the defences of the island should be such as to defeat any enterprize designed to wrest it from us by superior force.

9. The committee are clear in their judgment, that in view of the vast importance of Makinaw, and the interests there to be defended, the government should take immediate means to close the Straits against the entrance of any hostile fleet.



GENERAL HULL SURRENDERING TO SIR ISAAC BROCK, August 16th, 1812.—[See page 5.]

can subdue this country by a proclamation, but it is our part to prove to them that they are mistaken; that the population is determinedly hostile, and that the few who might otherwise be inclined will find it their safety to be faithful.

'Innumerable attempts will be made by falsehood to detach you from your allegiance; for our enemies, in imitation of their European master, (Napoleon,) trust more to treachery than to force; and they will, no doubt, make use of many of those lies which unfortunately for the virtuous part of these States and the peace and happiness of the world, had too much success during the American rebellion; they will tell you that they are come to give freedom—yes, the base slaves of the most contemptible faction that ever distracted the affairs of any nation—the minions of the very sycophants that lick the dust from the feet of Bonaparte, will tell you that they are come to communicate the blessings of liberty to this Province; but you have only to look at your situation to put such hypocrites to confusion.

'Trusting more to treachery than open hostility our enemies have already spread their emissaries through the country to seduce our fellow subjects from their allegiance by promises as false as the principles on which they are founded. A law has therefore been enacted for the speedy detection of such emissaries, and for their condign punishment on conviction—a law which it will not be easy to escape.

by the light of the history of 1812?

Committee of Congress on the Fortification of the American Northern Frontier, 1862, 1863. The Paragraphs are numbered for future reference.

1. We respectfully urge upon the consideration of Congress the following plan of defences for the Northern frontier. First. The establishment of shore defences at some commanding positions. This will require the erection of new fortifications and the repair and completion of some already located. Second. Taking into account the great superiority of the American merchant marine on the upper lakes—meaning all the lakes above the Falls of Niagara in ships, steamers and sailors, we regard our supremacy on the lakes as dependant, in a great degree, on our having the means at hand of arming the merchant marine at short notice. To this end the committee recommend the establishment of a foundry on the upper lakes; three naval depots, one on Lake Ontario, one on Lake Erie, and the other on Lake Michigan. Third. We earnestly recommend for military not less than commercial purposes, the improvement of the harbors on the lakes, the dredging out and widening of the channel over the St. Clair Flats. Fourth. The enlargement of the Illinois canals.

3. In regard to shore defences: The entrance to Lake Superior is through the Sault Ste Maria canal (Falls of St. Mary) a work

10. 'Fort Gratiot fully commands the entrance to Lake Huron, and should immediately be reconstructed and put in a condition to control this gate into that lake.

11. 'The lower entrance to the Straits of River Detroit is already well guarded by Fort Wayne. This should be completed and receive its armament.

12. 'The report of General Totten, in which the committee concur, recommends additional appropriations and defences at Buffalo, to wit: the completion of the works at Fort Porter on the bluff between Buffalo and Black Rock, and the mounting of its armament for its protection of the entrance of Lake Erie into Niagara River, and the construction of a tower and shore batteries at the mouth of Buffalo harbor.

13. 'Also an appropriation for Fort Niagara.

14. 'The construction of defensive works at the mouth of the Genesee River.

15. 'Also the repairs of Fort Ontario at Oswego; and appropriations for other defensive works on Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the River St. Lawrence; and for the construction of Fort Montgomery on Lake Champlain. The committee will report bills to carry out these suggestions and recommendations.

16. 'It will be observed in regard to Lake Ontario that we have no access to that from the upper lakes except through foreign territory, (the Welland canal crossing the Niagara peninsula is here meant.) Our superiority in shipping, therefore, on the upper lakes would be unavailing on Lake Ontario. It is therefore important in addition to the fortification of exposed points, additional provision should be made for securing and maintaining our supremacy on that lake. The committee recommend the establishment of a naval depot on Lake Ontario for arms, munitions and naval stores. The possession of this lake is of the utmost importance. These great arteries of trade, the Erie canal and the New York Central railroad, are within a day's march of nearly the length of Lake Ontario and for a considerable distance within a few miles of its shores. The importance of lake defences to the State of New York has already been alluded to. It will not be forgotten that in the year 1812 her borders were the scene of bloody battles. Buffalo, now the Queen city, then a small village, was burned. Oswego was captured; and Lake Champlain and Niagara River were the scene of some of the most stirring events of the war.

17. 'We should pursue no aggressive policy; on the contrary, cultivate amicable relations with all nations. Yet at the same time we should look carefully to our defences.

18. 'The committee also recommend that fortifications be erected at the entrance of Maumee Bay, Put-in-Bay, and on the adjacent islands in Lake Erie. Put-in-Bay, the harbor where Perry's fleet was moored previous to the battle of Lake Erie, is one of the most important and accessible on the lake. It is especially convenient for vessels overtaken by storm, perfectly safe and easy of access from any direction.

19. 'The harbor of Toledo is one of the best and most important on Lake Erie. It is formed by the estuary of the Maumee river, and is of sufficient capacity for the entire lake marine, perfectly safe and land-locked, and accessible through Maumee Bay from the lake. Toledo is naturally the key to a large portion of the North-West, commanding the agricultural wealth of Northern Ohio, Southern Michigan, Northern Indiana, Central Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, through the railroads and canals, of which it is the terminus, affording ample means of distribution over a large, well-cultivated and rapidly improving portion of our country. Seven railroads, connecting with Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and all intermediate places, terminate at Toledo. This, also is the terminus of the longest continuous line of canals in the world. The Miami and Erie, connecting with Cincinnati, and the Wabash and Erie, connecting with Evansville on the Ohio, a distance of more than one hundred miles below Louisville.—In extent, variety and value of commercial operations, Toledo, in proportion to its size, has no equal in this country.'

The remainder of this remarkable Report to the American Congress will be given in another issue of this paper. Its gravity to Canada, so heedlessly overlooked by journalists, and by the government last year when it came out, its vital import to the safety of the Province now, demands republication and discussion in connection with the organization of our Lake and River Naval Volunteers, and other defensive preparations; all of which are easily within the reach of the Provincial Government, and

which some ministry must deal with as soon as the present parliamentary crisis terminates.

The 'Narrative of the war of 1812,' to be continued from time to time, with illustrations, will inform the young and the non-historical reader how Sir Isaac Brock and the brave men of old, the true souled patriots of 1812, defended the Province of Canada. The engraving on page 4 is one of the preliminary illustrations of that war. Last week I gave the proclamation of General Hull demanding the surrender of Canada. That picture on page 4 represents the surrender of General Hull, after his invasion of Canada, and retreat to the Fort of Detroit across the great boundary river which his hostile force had desecrated; that River Detroit, which in its course becomes Niagara, and lastly St. Lawrence, which we on this side, as all sensible people do on the other side, desire to consecrate to the blessed purposes of commerce, of friendly intercourse, and perpetual peace.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE,
'Whistler at the Plough.'

From Grave to Gay.

WHAT is the difference between the Prince of Wales and the water of a fountain? One is heir to the throne and the other is thrown into the air.

A YOUNG man stepped into a bookstore, and said he wanted to get a 'Young Man's Companion.' 'Well, sir,' said the bookseller, 'here's my daughter.'

'I SAY, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?' 'Raw ones, to be sure; your honor wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones.'

A FIRM faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

WHEN a stone was once thrown into the pulpit where John Murray was preaching in Boston, he picked it up, and holding it before his congregation, said, 'This is a weighty argument, but neither rational nor convincing.'

A GENTLEMAN at a musical party, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, 'how he could stir the fire without interrupting the music?' 'Between the bars,' replied the friend.

PUNCH DROPS—MEDICAL PARADOX.—A highly respectable gentleman who, at six o'clock on the first instant, was much too FAT, was observed, three hours afterward, to LEAN—against a lamp-post.

A WIDOW'S USE OF THUNDER.—Every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house (he was a widower) and clasp her little hands and fly around till the man was half-distracted for fear she would be killed, and the consequence was that she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunder storms rattled over her head.

WHY don't you put on a clean shirt? said a swell the other night to his companion, then the girls will smile on you as they do on me. Everybody can't afford to wear a clean shirt as you can, was the reply. Why not? asked white collar. Because, said soiled collar, everybody's mother isn't a washerwoman.

LUTTRELL tells a story of Sir F. Gould, who had a habit of adding the phrase 'on the contrary' to everything he said; a gentleman saying to him, 'So I hear, Gould, you eat three eggs every morning for breakfast?' 'No,' replied Sir Francis, 'you are mistaken; on the contrary—' 'What, said Luttrell, does the contrary of eating three eggs mean?' 'Laying them of course!' said Sheridan.

AN American paper says:—'We are indeed a happy, elegant, moral, transcendent people. We have no masters, they are all principals; no shopmen, they are all assistants; no shops, they are all establishments; no servants, they are all 'helps'; no jailers, they are all governors; nobody is flogged in prison, he merely receives the correction of the house; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry, he is only excited; nobody is cross, he is only nervous; and, lastly, nobody is drunk, the very utmost you can assert is, that 'he has taken his wine.'

LORD CHATHAM rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer thus. The debate turned on some grant of money for the encouragement of art, and the Chancellor finished his speech against Lord C.'s motion by saying 'Why was not this ointment sold

and the money given to the poor?' Chatham rose and said, 'Why did not the noble lord complete the quotation, the application being so striking? As he has shrunk from it, I will finish the verse for him—'This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and carried the bag.'

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left out on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation.—Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearth-stones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire-light of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sunetum.

STEEPLE CHASING.

RACES NEAR HAMILTON, C.W., MAY 8TH, 1863.

RACES of some kind are as old as the earliest instincts of social mankind. The savage and the civilized man alike enjoy them. Pagan philosophers and Christian Apostles have adopted the phraseology of the race course. St. Paul, addressing the Greeks, who were ardently addicted to sportive races, made use of their national habits in illustration of his meaning, and bade them press on towards the mark of the prize of the high 'calling.' One of the latest books of travels and sensation, published in England, is written from the personal recollections of an orphan boy, Campbell by name, who has had a career as singular as was ever recorded. He has lived among primitive tribes of mankind whose country and social life but few persons, born in the nations called civilized, are permitted to see and escape from alive to tell their tale. It is of the country lying between the farthest confines of Russia, the boundries of Persia, Afghanistan and China, that this singular being relates his experiences. Campbell was a child only eight years old when the British army of India, in 1840, marched upon Cabool in Afghanistan, and was defeated and in some of its portions destroyed. The child knew not his parents further than that his father was a British soldier and was slain. He relates wondrous accounts of the steeple chases of the tribes among whom he was adopted, and through whose country he wandered. The race courses were sometimes sixty miles in length. But there were no steeples to ride at as the mark of the prize or winning post.

We have but few rural church steeples in Upper Canada. There are pointed spires glittering in the sun, and belfrys in the country parishes of the Lower Province, and several steeples in the western cities, but the country church spires of England, native land of steeple chases, do not yet adorn the landscape of Upper Canada. But even in England the kind of races which obtained the name of steeple chase are now regulated otherwise than by riding across fields, hedges, ditches, and brooks to reach the appointed church spire.

When I lived at Hampstead, a suburb of London, the spire of the church standing on the southern slope near the highest ridges of Hampstead Heath, was a prominent mark to the boys of the aristocratic Harrow School, nine miles distant in a direct line.—And to Hampstead church steeple did those boys from Harrow race on foot, crossing all diversities of meadow, farm fields, high thorn hedges, sunk ditches, brooks and railroad tracks. As they grow to manhood the Harrow boys, continue their athletic training at the Universities; and then, robust in body, vigorous in mind, they enter the learned professions, or the army and navy, or become statesmen. Nearly all continue through life lovers of the steeple chase. Lord Byron, the poet, and Sir Robert Peel, the statesman, were Harrow boys; Byron being lame could not run, and Peel was too sedate and resolute in getting his school lessons to scour the country in a steeple chase to Hampstead Heath. He was through life an indifferent rider, and was killed in the prime of his mature days by a

fall from a stumbling horse, which was selected for him because it was a dull animal which did not frisk and rear and prance.

The officers of the military garrison at Hamilton, being gentlemen of the rank which have gone through the Harrow or Eton Schools, and the Universities, and who inherit the predilections to field sports, and especially horse racing, natural to their country, have readily allied themselves with such of the residents of the city and neighborhood as take pleasure in being happy with their favorite and favored horses. I say happy with their horses, because of all the breathing creatures present at a steeple chase the horse enjoys it the most. He does not bet and lose his money. His pleasurable excitement is enjoyment unalloyed.

The Hamilton Spring Steeple Chases were appointed for Tuesday 5th May, but the weather was a tempest of wind and rain on that day. They were therefore postponed until Friday the 8th. That was fine. Grass was green; fall sown wheat was green; the trees were not quite in leaf, but they promised to be next week. Birds twittered on the wing and the telegraph wires, and gave forth the music of love on every tree. The glowing sun glistened on the placid waters of the bay. The farm of Mr. Dennis Moore, near Oaklands on the north shore of the bay opposite Hamilton being the ground appointed, the distance by steamboat plying from the railway wharf was about three miles; by road around the head of the bay five miles. About four thousand persons were assembled, and the Canadian Illustrated News was represented by one of its special artists, whose sketches are engraved on the next page.

The course was a mile long, in a circle, and the ground was of a diversified character, being such as would test the qualities of the different horses. There were eight fences in the mile, one of which had a blind ditch, and was a difficult leap. The following gentlemen officiated as officers of the course: Stewards—Colonel Lord Alexander Russell, P.C.O., Rifle Brigade; Captain Maitland, Royal Engineers; W. Hendrie, Esq.; Captain Ryon, P. C. O. Rifle Brigade, and H. Anderson, Esq., Royal Artillery. Judge—Capt. Cuninghame, P. C. O. Rifle Brigade. Clerk of the Course—W. B. Walters, Esq., Royal Artillery. Emilius Irving, Esq., acted as starter. The first start was made about two o'clock.

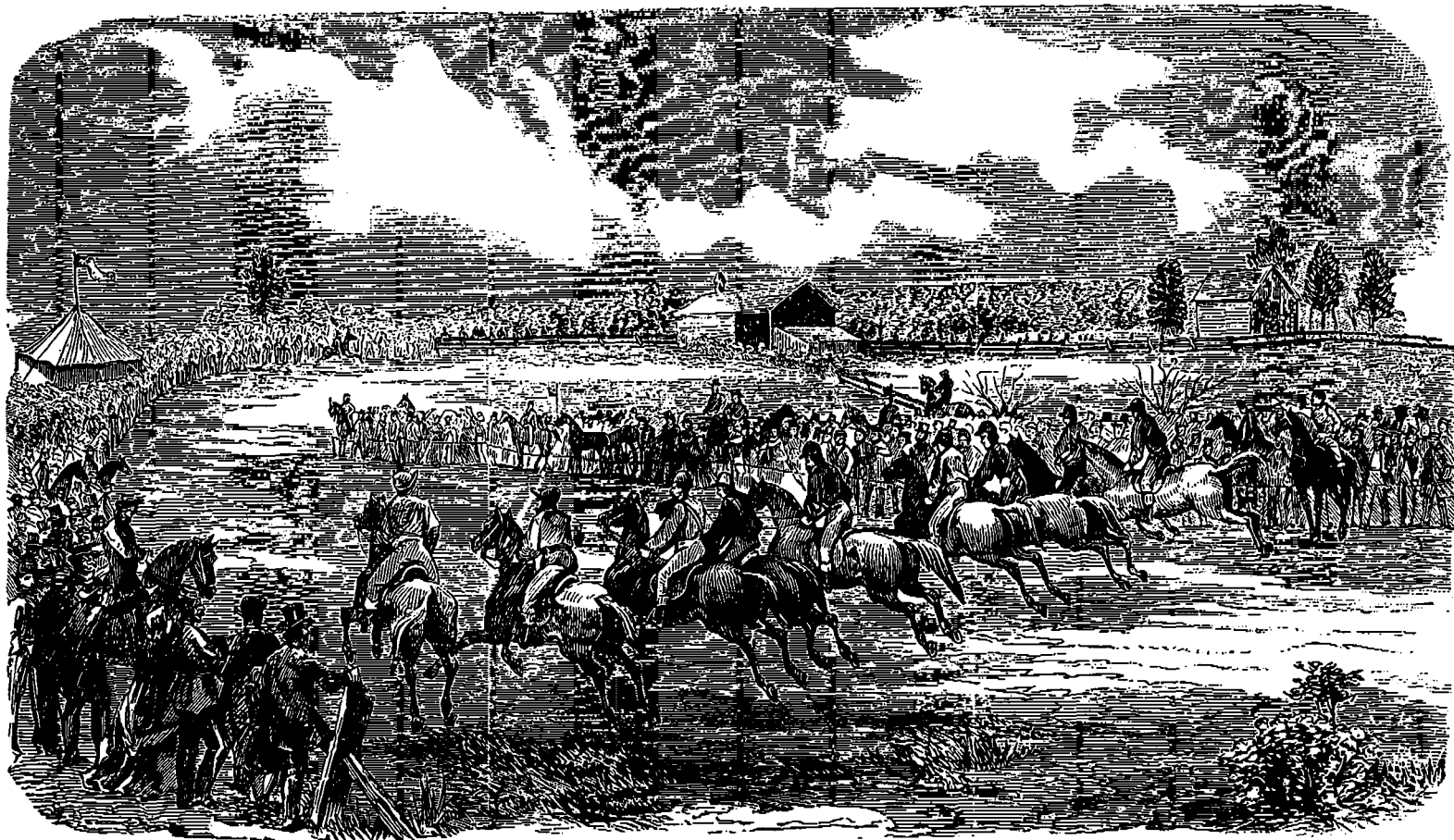
FIRST RACE.

Garrison Steeple Chase, for horses, the property of officers of the Garrison, three dollars each. Two dollars entrance with thirty dollars added. Weight twelve stone. The second to save his stakes. Two miles. Mr. Walters' (Rifle Brigade) B. G., Bombardier—aged—black, blue sleeves—black cap—Mr. Smith, Rifle Brigade. . . 1 Mr. Williams' (Rifle Brigade) Ch. G., Lancebearer, by the Cossack—aged—black and green—owner 2 Mr. Swinhoe's (Rifle Brigade) Ch. G. Skirmisher, violet, white hoop, violet cap, owner. 0 Capt. Maitland's (R. E.) B. G., Spurgeon, 6 years—black, crimson sleeves, crimson cap—Mr. Anderson, R. A. 0 Capt. Tryon's (R. B.) G. M., Lady Grey, aged—crimson, blue sleeves and cap—Hon. F. Somerville, R. B. 0

Lancebearer jumped off with the lead, closely followed by Lady Grey, Bombardier, Skirmisher, and Spurgeon, and made the running until he came to the second bank, when he unfortunately fell, giving his rider a regular cropper. Lady Grey, refusing the first fence, left the race to Spurgeon, Bombardier, and Skirmisher. Skirmisher made the running strong down the far side of the long field, hotly pursued by Bombardier, who gained on him considerably as they approached the double fence, which Skirmisher jumped slightly in advance. On nearing the second fence from home, Skirmisher's saddle turned, leaving the race entirely to Bombardier. Five ran.

SECOND RACE.

Steeple Chase, for horses the property of residents within twenty miles. Three dollars each, two dollars entrance, with thirty dollars added. The second to save his stakes. Two miles; 3 years, 9 st. 12 lbs.; 4 years, 10 st. 10 lbs.; 5 years, 11 st. 8 lbs.; 6 years, and aged, 12 st. Mr. Swinhoe's (Rifle Brigade) Ch. G., Skirmisher—aged—violet, white hoop and violet cap—owner. 1 Mr. J. White's Donna Maria—5 years—blue and white cap—Mr. Denisou. 2 Mr. Williams' (Rifle Brigade) Ch. G., Lancebearer, (by the Cossack)—aged—black and green—owner. 3



HAMILTON STEEPLE-CHASE; SECOND RACE; TEN HORSES STARTING, 8TH MAY, 1863.

Mr. J. Hendrie's B. G., Doncaster, by Sherry Cobbler—5 years—blue and black cap—owner. 4

Mr. E. Irving names B. G., St. Andrew—aged—blue, yellow sleeves and cap—Mr. E. Irving 0

Mr. Judd's B. G., Charley—aged—black and drab cap—Mr. J. Judd. 0

Mr. Ritchie's G. G., Shylock, by Grey Eagle—5 years—violet, orange sleeves, black cap—Mr. Arbuthnot, R.B. 0

Mr. W. Hendrie's B. M., Polka, by Kentucky Whip—4 years—green and white stripes, black cap— 0

Mr. Mingaye's Ch. M., Nora Crina—6 years—blue—Hon. F. Somerville, Rifle Brigade 0

Mr. Walters (Royal Artillery) names B. G., Mark Tapley—aged—black and white cap— 0

Mr. Judd's Charley gallantly led off, taking every leap in beautiful style, and coming in a-head at the end of the first mile, but here his wind failed him. In the second mile Doncaster made the running over the first and second fence, closely pursued by Polka,

Donna Maria, Lancebearer, and St. Andrew, the rest following in good order; but the riders of Doncaster and Polka having made a mistake in taking on the wrong side of the flag, Skirmisher got a decided lead, and, together with Donna Maria, made a splendid spurt to the double fence from home, the second time round, Donna Maria was slightly in advance; but Skirmisher increasing his efforts, aided by the superior jockeyship of Mr. Swinhoe, passed her on the post, winning, after a magnificent race, by a neck. Lancebearer third. Ten ran.

THIRD RACE.

Consolation Stakes for beaten horses.—Post entry. Weight the same as in residents' race. Two dollars entrance, with ten dollars added. One mile and a half.

Mr. E. Irving names St. Andrew—Mr. Irving, 1

Mr. W. Hendrie's Mark Tapley—Mr. Smith, 2

Capt. Tryon's Lady Grey—Hon. F. Somerville, 3

The running in this race was made by Mark Tapley, until they came to the double

fence the second time round, when St. Andrew passed him and won by twenty lengths. Lady Grey refused early in the race.

FOURTH RACE.

A Scurry Steeple Chase. Post entry.—Two dollars each, with ten dollars added. Catch weight. Any Jockey allowed to ride. Two miles.

Mr. White's Donna Maria—McFarren, 1

Mr. Rogers' Bill—Mr. J. Young, Jr., 2

Mr. Mullen's Royal George—Lieut. Kuol-

lys, (R. A.), 0

Capt. Maitland's Spurgeon, 0

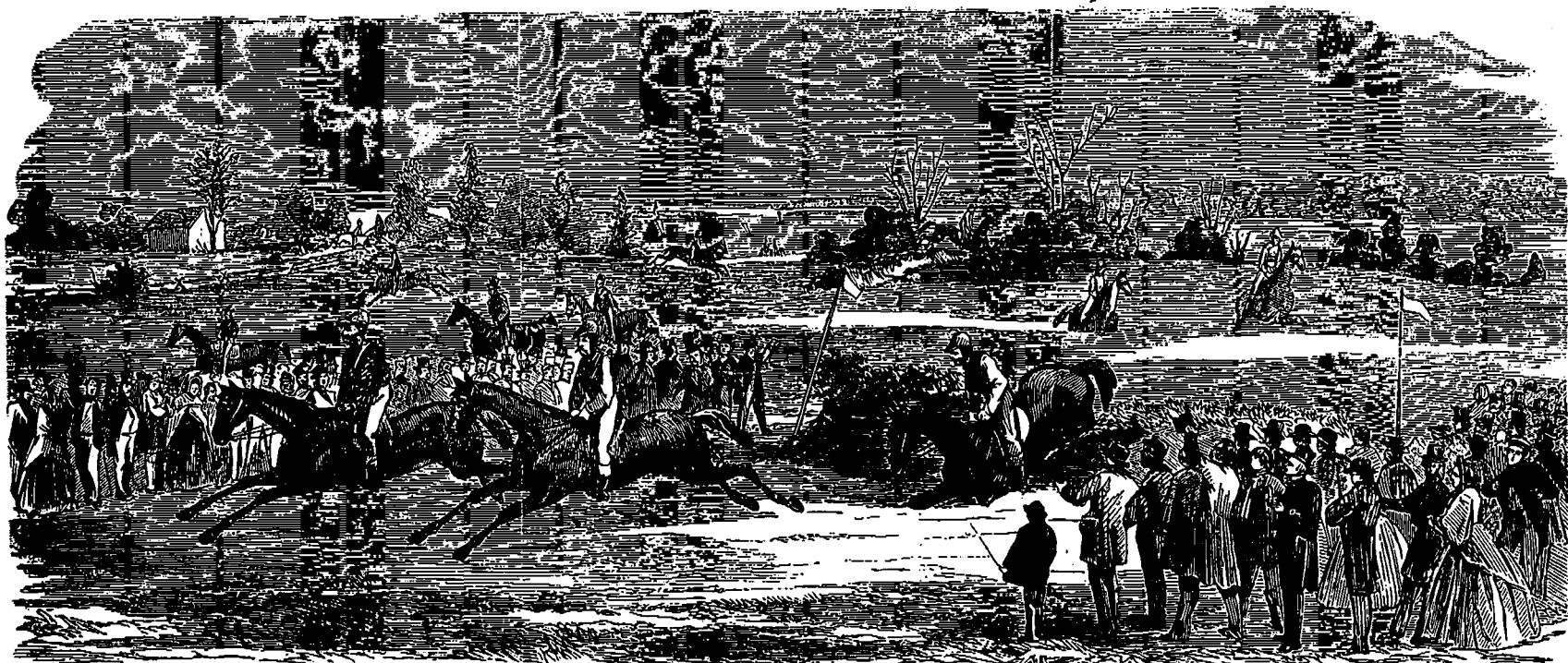
Mr. Walter's Teetotum—Ensign Arbuth-

not, (R. B.), 0

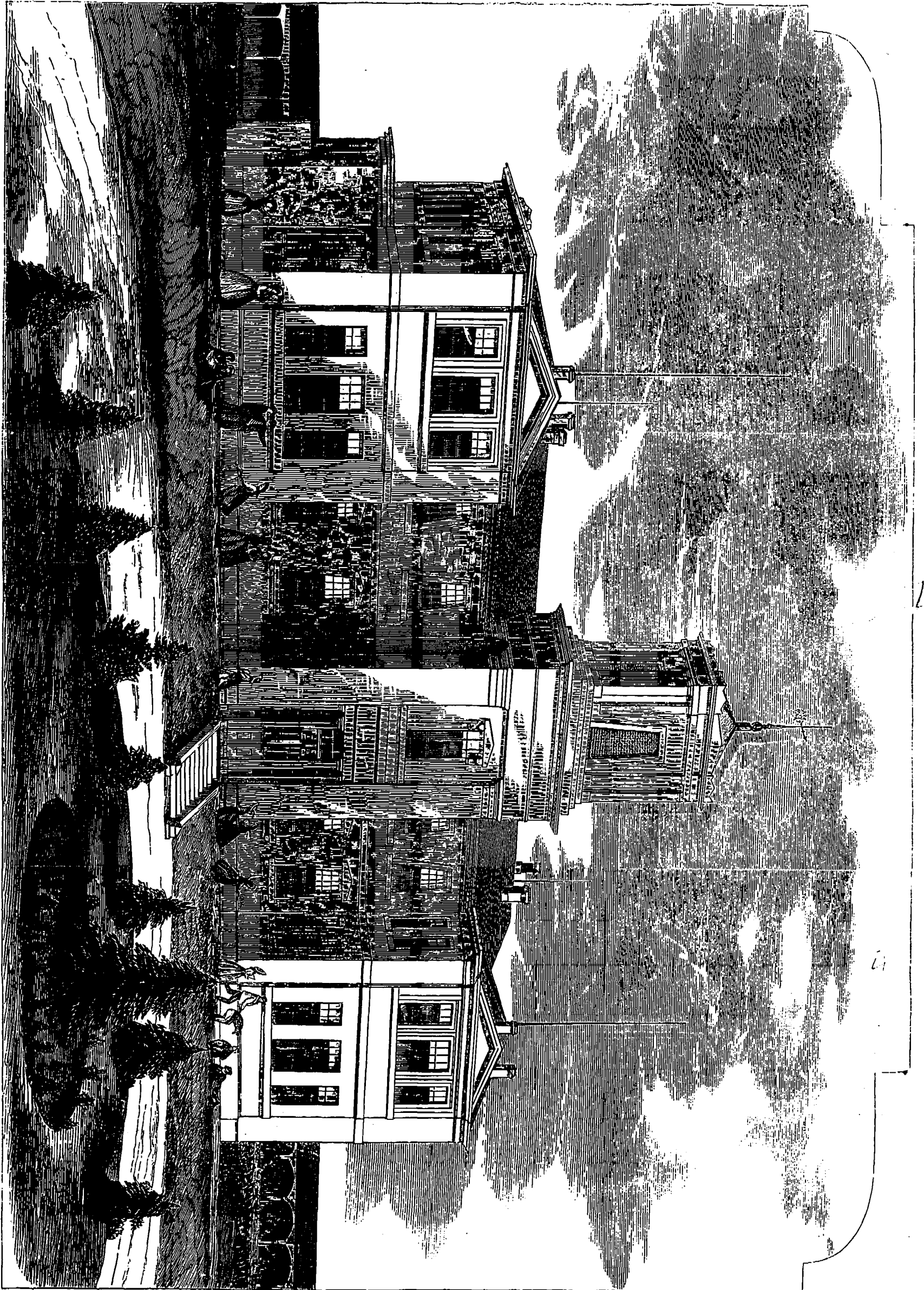
Donna Maria took the lead at starting and kept it all around by half a length. Bill second, Spurgeon third. The other horses refused early in the race. Five ran.

A FRENCH STEEPLE-CHASE COURSE.—A Paris letter says:—The so-called steeple-chasing will partake more of an artificial than a natural character. Instead of being ridden over a fair hunting country the races

will be ridden round a race-course, having obstacles, according to the French phrase. These 'obstacles' seem far from formidable, and will be the source of more wonder to the cockneys of Paris and Vincennes than of risk to the necks of those who leap them. They are only walls built of turf or sods, with occasionally an artificial hedge beyond. The 'brook' is rather awkward than formidable. It is 4 metres 30 centime tres wide, less than 14 feet, dug out in the shape of a V, and lined with asphalt; and looks rather a nasty hole, both as to form and substance for a horse to tumble into, especially as regards his knees. It only traverses the course twice at its opposite extremities—once exactly in front of the stand erected for the Emperor and Empress and their suite. The ground itself, which is over what is known as the Plains of St. Maur, is good for racing purposes, being a firm, springy pent, covered with close, tufty grass. The view from the stand and the adjoining elevations extends well over the whole area, and will afford a pretty sight enough, though there is nothing in the course requiring either much horsemanship or judgment to ride it.



HAMILTON STEEPLE-CHASE; SECOND RACE; 'SKIRMISHER' GOING IN WINNER.



CITY OF HAMILTON CENTRAL SCHOOL; VIEW OF THE NORTH FRONT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PARLIAMENT DISSOLVED.

Since the commentary on the 'Political Crisis' was in type on the second page, events have culminated in the prorogation of the Provincial Parliament to be followed by dissolution, and an appeal to the country.—The non-confidence resolution of Mr. John A. Macdonald, moved on the 1st of May, was debated until after midnight on the 7th. A vote was then taken. Voting for the motion 59 and against it 65. The House then adjourned, but the members did not leave the chamber. They let loose the reins of restraint, and roared hilariously, singing in chorus the *Marseillaise*, and Mr. Cartier's song 'La Claire Fontaine.' The two hostile Macdonalds, angry chiefs of the factions, In and Out, John Sandfield Macdonald head of the ministry, and John Alexander Macdonald head of the opposition, unknitted their brows, and joined in the laughter, raised by Mr. McGee and the practical jokers. 'Nero fiddled when Rome was burning.' The victors and the vanquished in the drear hours of midnight in the parliament at Quebec, broke loose and were merry. The defences of the country suffered not, for they have been neglected all along. But the Militia and Volunteers though in number a mere skeleton force, remain unpaid. Officers who have in most parts of Canada raised the volunteers at their own expense, remain unpaid even for the clothing of such companies as have been put in uniform; Captain Harbottle's Naval Volunteers, for instance. One of our artists at Quebec has furnished a sketch of that remarkable scene for a historical picture. It will be engraved next week. The House of Assembly met on Monday, 11th. Mr. Sandfield Macdonald proposed that a vote in supply for the immediate purposes of public business should be taken, but the opposition insisted on the adjournment of the House, without voting supply in any degree.

On Tuesday 12th, the Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock. The House sat for a few minutes with closed doors. When the doors were opened some routine business was proceeded with; in the midst of which, at ten minutes past three the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod made his appearance (which was greeted with vociferous cheering,) and summoned the House to attend His Excellency the Governor General in the Chamber of the Legislative Council; where the royal assent was given to several bills.

After which His Excellency closed the second session of the seventh Provincial Parliament, with the following speech:—

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council, Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:—

The course of events has shown that it is not possible to conduct, in a satisfactory manner, the public business of the Province under the existing condition of the Legislative body.

Within the last year, two successive Administrations have failed to secure the confidence of the Legislative Assembly; I have, therefore, determined to prorogue this Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution, in order that I may ascertain, in the most constitutional manner, the sense of the people upon the present state of public affairs.

The pressing importance of various questions connected with the trade and industry of the Province, and with its internal improvement and defence, demands that no time shall be lost in convening a new Parliament.

In bidding you farewell, I desire to express my earnest prayer that the constituencies of this Province may be guided by an All-wise Providence to the selection of representatives whose judgment, forbearance, and patriotism may enable them to co-operate with me in my efforts to maintain the honour of our Sovereign, and to promote the prosperity and happiness of the people of Canada.

A caucus of ministerial members met on Tuesday night to hear explanations of the new policy, and changes of persons in the government. At the time of writing these remarks, as we go early in the week to press, the reports of changes give the new arrangements for Upper Canada as follows:

Messrs. Sandfield Macdonald, Howland, Mowat, Wallbridge, McDougall and Blair. Mr. Dorion to be chief in Lower Canada, and Mr. Holton Finance Minister. The rest of the Lower Canadian places had not been filled.

Another report says, 'There is no doubt that Messrs. Sicotte, Abbott, Evanturel, and McGee, have resigned. Mr. Dorion, who was called upon to reconstruct the Lower Canada section, will, it is understood, invite Mr. Sicotte, to return to the Ministry. The

new members are said to be Letellier de St. Just, Hout and Dorion. Some say that McGee will take the Bureau of Agriculture; and others aver that his resignation must be considered as final. Mr. Holton, as Finance Minister, is to seek an Upper Canada constituency; while Mr. Howland will remain as President of the Council. All is excitement and bustle to-day. Members are packing up and preparing to leave.

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL

IN THE CITY OF HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.

On the preceding page we have given a view of the Central School in Hamilton. It is situated on elevated ground near the middle of the city. It is a handsome stone edifice surrounded by play grounds, with sheds for play in wet weather, and some offices, occupying altogether about two acres of ground. There are also six Primary Schools in connection with it, situated in the different municipal wards, and they, with the Central and the Grammar School, are under the direction of one board of trustees elected by the rate-payers annually. They contain suitable convenience for about 2,250 scholars. The Catholic School is attended by 841, private schools by 200 pupils. When the population was 19,000, as given by the census of 1861, the attendance at all the schools was 4,163. The population is now 23,000, including military and strangers from the United States. Most of the latter being young men avoiding in this country the fortunes of war in their own, and the soldiers of the garrison having their regimental schools, the increase in permanent population since the census was taken makes the city contain about 21,000 now. That number comprises also several hundreds of men, a portion of those employed on the Great Western railway, who were omitted in the census of 1861.

The Central School is divided by a spacious passage running from end to end; a row of class-rooms being on each side. On the upper floor the divisions correspond to these; making in all twenty apartments, including the library, seated to accommodate 1,250 pupils.

Each room is well lighted, properly heated and ventilated, and is fitted up in superior style and furnished with all necessary apparatus, such as maps, charts, diagrams and tablets. The seats are elevated one above the other, giving the scholars a full view of the teachers and apparatus; and the teachers a near command over the scholars.

In two rooms, presided over by Mr. Macalun, the Principal, the teacher occupies a higher position, and one or more of the pupils ascend the platforms with him to demonstrate such exercises as geometry and algebra, in presence of the remainder of their particular class who stand around looking on, ready to take their turn, or give if they can, a correct solution when another fails.

It is a lovely sight through all of those rooms to observe the eager young faces turned to the teachers, or to the pupil demonstrators at the boards, one or two or more who see or hear an error making signs with their fingers that they want to speak, and when receiving permission one by one from the teacher, giving the correct solution, or incorrect answer as it may be. There is the quickness of a bird in one, the slow but sure mental calculations of the philosopher in another, the eagle glance of the impetuous one or two, the mild incapacity of a larger number; but these incapable only in some one line of study for which they are not by nature gifted or well practised.

In the Principal's room are bell pulls and signs communicating to and from every other class room. Each takes its time from the Principal, and each teacher indicates by signs to this room when a lesson and what lesson is concluded. The communion of action between the rooms, and of mental operations between teachers and pupils are constant currents of interchange; the lessons half an hour each.

In addition to the supply of blackboards, maps, charts, calculators, and other appliances and aids in each room, there is a complete set of apparatus for illustrating the elements of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology, all of which is in good order. And the library contains about 1,500 volumes, many of which bear evidence of having been frequently read.

The entire sum expended on the public schools of Hamilton, in the year 1861, amounted to \$17,021. The following comparative statement of attendance at school, and costs per scholar in two of the frontier cities of the United States, and in Hamilton and a few other towns in Canada, may be interesting.

Detroit, State of Michigan, 4,490 pupils on the school roll; average daily attendance 3,237. Cost per pupil as per roll, \$7.58; as per average attendance, \$10.51.

Oswego, State of New York, pupils on roll, 4,155; average daily attendance, 2,242; cost of each as per roll, \$6.58; cost of each as per daily attendance, \$12.21.

Toronto, pupils on the roll, 4,776; daily average attendance, 2,150; cost as on the roll, \$5.27; as per average daily attendance, \$11.73.

Brantford, pupils registered, 1,837; daily average attendance, 364; cost per scholar as registered, \$3.45; cost as per daily attendance, \$11.45.

Hamilton; pupils registered 3,122; daily average attendance, 1,719; cost as per register \$5.43; cost as per daily average attendance, \$9.90. Hamilton is the only city in the Province where the common and the Grammar schools are combined in one financial management, consequently the cost of the central school may seem to be greater than such an establishment is in some other places. The following large common schools are selected to compare with it, there being in them no classical teaching.

Galt, (in 1860) on register, 533; daily average attendance 462; cost per school as on register \$7.05; cost as per average attendance \$8.11. St. Mary's (1860) on register 385; average attendance 261, cost per scholar as on register \$5.66; cost as per average attendance \$8.34.

In the Hamilton schools not only are there the branches of education which are taught in any of the grammar or common schools, but books and stationery are freely supplied to the pupils. Were the extra cost of the Grammar School department deducted, and also the bill for books and stationery, the average cost per pupil would be about \$8.—A large share of the cost of the Hamilton Grammar School department is met by the government apportionment for that purpose; therefore, though the average cost per scholar is increased, by the union of the schools the amount paid by the city is not increased.

The number of teachers is 33, of whom there are in the grammar classical department two. French master engaged part of the time, one. Writing master fully occupied, one. Teachers of divisions in Central and Primary, 29. The average monthly register of pupils taught, for each of the 29 teachers, 65. Average daily attendance of pupils for each, 61.

The teachers meet monthly for mutual counsel and assistance, when all questions affecting the management or instruction of the classes are discussed, and new methods of illustration, or arrangement or government proposed. The Principal always meets with them.

Principal's salary \$1,300; first Assistant \$700; two masters of grammar school department \$800 each. Writing master \$600. French master \$250; teacher of 2d division \$560; of 3d \$460; of 4th \$400. These nine are all male teachers; the remaining twenty-four are females. Their salaries are, one at \$320; two at \$300 each; two at \$290; two at \$280; two at \$270; five at \$260. These, with the males are the teachers in the Central, including the two classical masters in the Grammar School. The other females teach in the Primary Schools in the different Wards of the city, six of them at \$250 each, and four at \$200 each.

In the Primary Schools the course of instruction comprises reading, spelling, enunciation, pronunciation, writing on slates, oral and written arithmetic, tables of arithmetic, geography, and developing lessons on objects, size, color, &c. The geography required of the infant children is, to know the four cardinal points of the compass, general idea of the city of Hamilton, and townships of the county of Wentworth; to know definitions of continent, ocean, island, lake, peninsula, bay or gulf, isthmus, strait, city, town and village.

Developing lessons, to be able to distinguish prismatic colors and common geometrical planes and solids by name; to know the uses and habits of the domestic animals, &c. But there are three divisions in the Primary Schools, and these items refer only to the youngest children. The most advanced before going to the Central require to give the boundaries, names and positions of counties, county towns, chief rivers, lakes, islands, &c., of Canada West, and to have a thorough knowledge of the geography of British America.

Here in passing, I may remark that the geography which I have found mostly in use in my travels through Canada, is an American importation from the United

States, giving about three quarters of a page of print to Canada, and a great deal more to each of the American States. Mr. Lovell of Montreal, has provided a school geography in which the children of Canada may learn that their own country is at least not a waste lot in some remote corner of creation, as the American book leaves the learner to infer that it is, but a large, magnificent, substantive portion of the British Empire. This book costs only a dollar, but the other unnatural and unnatural trash is often preferred in schools because somehow or other the American publishers force it into them.

Mr. Lovell has within the last three years brought out a complete series of Canadian school books, as approved by the Council of Public Instruction, which are furnished at a percentage hardly discernible above prime cost by his agents, the Messrs. Miller of Montreal and Toronto, and throughout the Province by the booksellers. Yet already, some newspapers have announced that a person is about to print, or talks about printing the Irish school book series, because, forsooth, Mr. Lovell's issue is a monopoly. It is no monopoly, but by introducing uniformity, it avoids much confusion in schools, and much unnecessary cost.

I cannot now follow the courses of tuition through the several divisions, though such detailed notice was designed. At a quarter to nine in the morning and a quarter past one p. m., the teachers are in their respective school-rooms or play-grounds, where the children assemble. The large bell in the cupola of the Central is rung ten minutes. At five minutes before school time the bell stops, and each teacher lines his or her division in the yard (the boys' and girls' yards are separated by a fence,) in order that they may without noise or confusion walk into the building. When each division is in its room, the teacher reads the portion of Scripture selected for that morning; attends to notes relating to absence or lateness, and personal cleanliness. At half-past ten some of the divisions have recess, and when they come in others go out, the teachers being in attendance. At twelve the divisions are dismissed in their order by signal from the Principal's room, and the teacher whose turn it is to be on duty in the play-ground goes thither. The order of dismissal in the afternoon is similar.

CANADIAN AGRICULTURE.

SOWING THE FIRST WHEAT IN THE CLEARING.

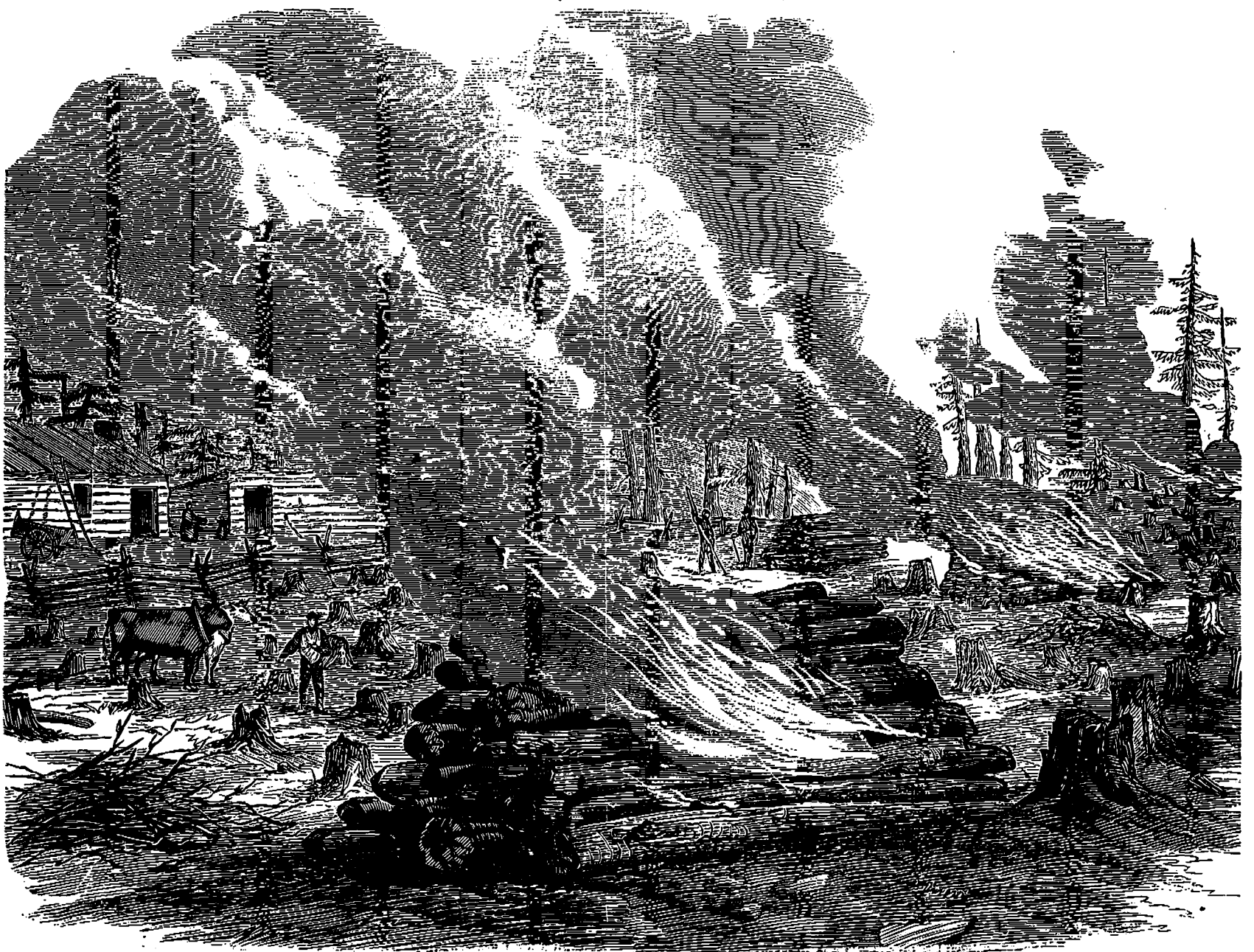
WHEN the farmer sows his grain he sows his hopes with it. If that be the case on the lands prepared with all the appliances of scientific agriculture, sustained by capital in situations convenient to markets, how much more forcibly is it true in the first clearing in the woods. On the next page a pictorial illustration is presented which thousands of wealthy landowners, or merchants, may recognise as showing what they once were; what indeed the fathers or grand-fathers of the highest, the oldest, or most honored families in Canada were in the beginning of settlements which are now the sites of cities and thriving towns.

In such a way did Asa Burnham sow his first wheat in the dreary forest, where now stands the beautiful town of Cobourg, in front of a country hardly surpassed for the excellence of some of its agriculture in Britain, and barely equalled for the quality of its wheat in the choicest districts of either the American continent or Europe. But Mr. Burnham had not as good cattle to begin with as our artist has given to that new settler on the picture.

In the number for February 7, 1863, I told of the 4,000 immigrant weavers who came to Canada from the west of Scotland in 1820 and 1821, to the county of Lanark, forty miles north of Brockville. Mr. McLellan, whom I saw at Perth, his cheerful wife, after many years of toil in the woods, assisting with a lively recollection to relate the story of their life in Canada, had been secretary to one of the Emigration Societies of 1820 in Glasgow. The fortunes of the 4,000 immigrants had been similar to theirs.

A log-house was built, trees were levelled, cut in pieces and rolled together to be burned in heaps; their clothes torn from their backs and the smoke blinding their eyes.—At the foot of one of the father trees of the forest, a child was laid in its early grave. Government gave them implements with which to work and rations of food for the first year.

The ashes obtained from the hardwood burned in the clearings become a valuable article of export for the use of the bleachers in England. We purpose to describe and illustrate the process of converting the pearl ashes.



CANADIAN AGRICULTURE; LOG BURNING AND SOWING THE FIRST WHEAT IN THE CLEARING.—[SEE PAGE 8.]

EOLA.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]
CHAPTER LIV.

‘What can be the matter, grandfather,’ asked Eola, three mornings after the occurrences narrated in the preceding chapter, as the baronet entered her chamber with the disheartening news that still no answer had arrived from Elwyn. The young invalid, who was fast regaining her health, was on this particular morning sitting by the fire in a large easy chair, attired in a pretty morning robe, when Sir George entered.

‘Well, it is very odd,’ he said, as he kissed her white brow, and took a seat by her side. ‘I cannot comprehend it at all. The only way to solve the mystery is to write at once to Mr. Jameson—he’s sure to be at Stockwell—and inquire whether Mr. Esward is there. Perhaps, my darling, he is still in Italy, and has not received any of your letters.’

‘But, grandfather, Mr. Jameson knew his address there, and would have written to him immediately on my disappearance, I am confident.’

‘Yes; but perhaps Mr. Esward has shifted his quarters,’ suggested the somewhat embarrassed baronet.

‘He would have sent word if such had been the case,’ returned the young girl, eagerly.

‘Certainly; but foreign letters often get miscarried, and, in some cases, never reach their destination at all,’ continued Sir George. ‘Have you always received his letters quite safely?’

‘No; the last but one never reached me,’ cried the poor deceived girl, in a joyous tone; for this circumstance seemed so fully to bear out the baronet’s supposition that it inspired her with a new hope, which was that Elwyn had really removed from Nice, where he had first gone, and that the letter containing the intelligence had been lost. In this case the

communication containing the news of her loss would never have reached him, nor the letters that Joe had posted, and which the Jamesons would have forwarded; so that, as she had not written directly to the Jamesons, but had merely addressed Elwyn’s letters there, they would be as much at a loss as himself for a solution of the mystery. But then, on second thoughts, it occurred to her that even if one or two letters from Elwyn had miscarried, all could not; and she had been lost now more than a month.

‘So you see, grandfather, that can’t very well be the meaning of it,’ she said sorrowfully.

‘But, my darling child, might there not be some treachery at work in Italy?’ asked Sir George, vaguely.

‘What do you mean, grandfather?’

‘Why, might there not be some foul play at work to keep Mr. Esward’s correspondence from you?’

‘But who could have any interest in practising such a vile trick?’

‘Who? Lord Esward to be sure.’

‘He knows nothing about our engagement.’

‘He might have found it out, for all you know.’

‘How?’

‘Through that vagabond valet, most probably. Very likely the fellow found out, by some means, the secret of Elwyn’s bringing you to London; and out of spite, or mere love of mischief, reported his knowledge to his master, who perhaps set him to work to watch all your proceedings, and to render an account of them to him accordingly.’

‘Well, grandfather, and what then?’

‘Why, Lord Esward would have found out the engagement; or, at least, that you were living where his cousin had placed you.’

‘Well?’

‘And then he would have tried to prevent Elwyn marrying you.’

‘But why?’

‘For a good many reasons, my pet, which

your little brain would be puzzled to understand.’

‘Try and explain them to me, though, grandfather.’

‘I will, if you wish it. First and foremost, Lord Esward dislikes his cousin in his heart, though policy induces him to pretend a regard for him, and sheer spite alone might have incited him to wish to thwart his kinsman’s plans; or perhaps revenge for Elwyn’s having, at one time or another, checked him in his vicious course, which is very likely. Then another reason—Elwyn would, of course, in the event of his cousin’s decease, come into the title and property, which would descend to his son, if he had one; and, as Lord Esward hates his relative, the thought of his probable succession would doubtless gall him; at any rate he would like to mar Elwyn’s enjoyment of his wealth by preventing his either having a wife to share it, or a child to inherit it, if possible.’

‘Well?’

‘Then, very likely, to effect this, he, after luring Elwyn away to Italy, set Ralph Leighton to work to separate you from your protectors in the manner which has been resorted to.’

‘Oh, grandfather, this is indeed dreadful!’ cried Eola, clasping her hands in wild dismay. ‘But, if such had been the case, wouldn’t Ralph have confessed it when he made the other confessions?’

‘Perhaps he was afraid to do so—afraid of Esward’s vengeance.’

‘Oh, no; Ralph isn’t afraid of anybody. But then he can’t have done this for Lord Esward, because he hates him so, and would kill him if he could. You know he has tried to kill him right before my eyes; so I am sure of this.’

‘Ah! my pretty innocent, you little know what money can do; you know not yet the power of gold. It will heal, sometimes, the keenest smart; stifle every feeling, even revenge; it will make the rogue act the hypocrite; it will buy corrupt consciences by wholesale, and turn many human hearts into

mere money-boxes. You know not how the gipsy may have been tempted. Perhaps he took some terrible oath not to betray his employer; and though a fit of remorse has led him to make his confessions and renounce his perfidy, yet perhaps that oath prevents his confessing the whole truth. Perchance even the thought of Lord Esward’s baseness to his niece has influenced him to throw up the villain’s business.’

‘Ah! I understand you now. But then Elwyn must suspect something if he has not received any letters from me for so long a time.’

‘There again, my pet, your innocence is at fault. What would be easier than for Lord Esward to employ some professional imitator of handwritings to copy yours, and, as the nobleman has learned by those he has purloined the general tone of your correspondence, to furnish such a one with the materials for the letters, and have them posted in London by some agent especially appointed by him?’

Eola could not answer this inquiry for amazement. The artless girl had never, in all her young life, even dreamed of the possibility of such an extraordinary tissue of intrigue and clever villainy as that suggested by the subtle baronet, in order thoroughly to cloak his own designs. The ingenuity with which every portion of the supposed plot, even in its minutest detail, had been unravelled by him, was, to her guileless nature, perfectly wondrous.

‘Oh! grandfather, what a head you have,’ she exclaimed, with an involuntary burst of admiration for his astuteness.

He smiled a quiet smile of self-conceit at the homage.

‘But what shall we do now?’ continued Eola, anxiously.

‘Now I must reflect,’ returned the baronet. ‘In the meantime I will write to Mr. Jameson, and inquire if Elwyn Esward has really not returned from Italy, or answered any of his communications.’

‘And will you ask Mrs. Jameson—my Mrs.’

Jameson, you know—to come and see me, if she can?"

"Yes, my darling; and now, for the present, good morning. Keep up your spirits, and leave everything to me. I will arrange some means by which to circumvent your enemies."

And the clever intriguer, after bestowing a fond kiss on his young grandchild, quitted her apartment, to powder in privacy over the rest of the plans that were fermenting in his subtle head.

The last grand idea to which he intended to give his consideration was this:—

If he could only contrive, by some false report, to make Elwyn Eswald believe Eola untrue to him, and that she had voluntarily renounced him, without in the slightest way placing himself in any danger of being suspected as the instigator of the rumour, then all the rest would flow on naturally. Elwyn would cease to trouble himself about an ungrateful girl who had so shamefully abused his generosity, and Eola, who he would take care should learn her lover's indifference, would resent the indignity, and, without deigning to give or receive any explanation, would fall in with his (Sir George's) views, and resolve never to waste another thought on one so fickle and unworthy. It is singular how little the conceivers of schemes like these allow for the strength of human feelings.

The baronet, though loving Eola to adoration as he did, had never reflected that he was acting in a manner derogatory to every principle of affection, in thus destroying the chief hopes of her young soul, to satisfy his own selfish prejudices. He believed, or rather, endeavored to believe, that his intentions were good; but he forgot that the young heart, teeming with hope, and all the quick, warm impulses of the spring-time of beautiful life, could never be torn from its love-lit visions, and forced into a cold surrender of its most precious and joy-giving dreams with impunity and at will.

Leaving him to indulge in his mistake, we will follow, for a while, the proceedings of a more humble individual.

CHAPTER LXV.

Job was walking along the sea-shore in deep reflection, every now and then broken by the conversation of his two voices.

During the last few weeks Joe had been more distracted by conscience than ever.—He had not seen Eola, but he had heard every day of her sufferings, and the news had driven him to the verge of despair.—Moreover, Joe was in love, and this circumstance aggravated his remorse in a way that will presently appear.

The object of his affections was a young girl who had been recently engaged by the baronet as an attendant on his grandchild; she was nineteen years of age, moderately pretty, very good-hearted, and very partial to Joe.

But somehow Joe could not be happy, in spite of all this. He never met his charmer without a tinge of remorse for the part he had taken in robbing another man of the girl he loved, and without a dire forboding that, as a judgment on his sin, his pretty Sarah would also be by some means snatched away from him.

Several times he had been on the point of confessing his error to the lady of his love, and asking her advice; but certain conscientious scruples regarding the laws of confidence restrained him. Somehow he could not bring himself to betray the baronet to one of his own domestics.

"No," said Joe to himself; "if I report at all, it must be at head-quarters—no going to the non-commissioned officers."

Joe had been in the army previous to entering the baronet's service, and had retained a few military phrases, which he sometimes scattered through his discourse, to make it expressive.

But we will go back to where we left Joe on the sea-shore. He was altogether different in appearance to the Joe who had stood outside the post-office in Truro, talking with numbers 1 and 2.

Then he was a dark visaged, slovenly-dressed vagabond-looking rascal, with a great black patch over one eye; now he was of fair complexion, jauntily attired, looking in every sense the gentleman's servant, and minus the black patch. And, of course, his name was no longer Joe, any more than he was Joe in the other things; but as we have used the appellation, and it will serve us as well as another, we may as well adhere to it.

After the two voices had talked themselves hoarse and out of breath, Joe's reflections took the form of a soliloquy:—

"Now, Joe, place yourself in that poor fellow's position," he said, pathetically, and trying very hard to realize the idea thus self-suggested. "How would you like to be cheated in that way by a set of hard-hearted ruffians? Not at all; no, of course you wouldn't. And wouldn't you be mighty miserable if you was? Yes, of course you would. And if a good-natured chap wrote and told you the game that was played on you, you wouldn't split on him would you? No, to be sure not; you'd keep his secret like a brick, and make the whole thing appear like chance-work, good luck, or something of the sort. Well, now suppose you write to this Mr. Eswald—it wouldn't do so well to tell the girl; girls are so combustible like—go off into styries, or scream, or faint, if they hear anything sudden and unexpected; always ready to explode at a moment's notice. Write and say you've got something important to communicate about somebody that he's interested in; but don't enter into particulars in the letter; that won't suit your palate—you ain't fond enough of writing. Ask him to come to Truro—get a day's holiday—go and meet him at an hotel—make him promise never to split on you, then tell all the grand plot, and let him meet the young lady afterwards as if by accident somehow; then she'll find out, of course, the trick that's been played, and the baronet can be bowled out, without your name ever showing up in the affair. Then the rest must be managed among themselves; but, at any rate, there'll be a fair play, no more underhand trickery, and you will have eased your mind, Joe, without doing yourself any harm. Yes, there's your game, now go and play it; no more skulking, no more mean-spirited fear of the consequence; do your duty, and face Sally like a man, which you've been more like a criminal all along."

With this last eloquent burst of feeling, Joe turned his footsteps into the path leading up to the house.

As he approached the door, he met the baronet, who said he had been looking for him.

"I want you to give an eye to the goings on here to-day," said Sir George. "I'm going to Totnes, to see after a furnished house for us, until I can fix on some eligible place for a permanent residence."

"Going to leave St. Ives altogether, Sir George?" asked Joe, carelessly.

"Yes; it's not the sort of place I shall ever require again. I must purchase a handsome estate in some other part of the county. I shall sell all my property here."

And reiterating his injunction to Joe to 'give an eye to the goings on,' the baronet hurried off to finish some arrangements he was making for his journey.

He happened to have some very agreeable acquaintances in and around Totnes, and had decided on removing with his grandchild to that place, thinking that the society she would be enabled to cultivate there would distract her thoughts in a measure from her present trouble, until he could devise some still better source of excitement for her; and he proposed conveying her thither with as little delay as possible.

He did not return from Totnes until the following day, about noon, when he made his appearance before Eola with the intelligence that he had engaged a charming house; and, after several little additions, which he deemed indispensable for her own suite of apartments, should be affected, he intended that they should proceed to take up their residence in it.

Eola thanked him for his consideration, and tried to force a smile of pleasure at the news; but it died into a sickly, flickering expression of mock delight, lasted for a half a moment, and was succeeded by a wild burst of tears, as she sank in hopeless sorrow on his bosom.

"Come, do not give way like this, my darling," said the baronet, fondly kissing her pale cheek. "Am I not doing all in my power to render you comfortable, and to clear up this unhappy affair?"

"Oh, yes, dear grandfather, and—and I am very grateful, and thank you very much for all your kindness; but—but I am weak, and cannot bear trouble as well as I used to bear it. Pray forgive me, if I have hurt your feelings; I will try and not do so again."

"My sweet little pet! Forgive you? Oh! if none stood more in need to be forgiven, how happy the world might be!"

And, in spite of himself, Sir George could not help feeling how greatly he needed forgiveness, and how little he deserved it.

With the infallible rhetoric ever at his command, and of which he was a perfect master, he soon succeeded in calming the

young girl's sorrow, and in raising her hopes higher than ever.

His plan, as put forth to her, was to await Mr. Jameson's reply to the letter he professed to have written to that gentleman; and, if, as he supposed would be the case, it were to the effect that Elwyn had not returned from Italy or communicated with him, it was Sir George's pretended purpose to see Eola safely settled at Totnes, and to go himself to Nice in search of her lover, leaving Joe in charge of affairs at home. He intended, in case the young girl wrote any letters to her late protectress, Mrs. Jameson, to intercept them—a course easy for him to pursue, as it was a rule in the baronet's household that all letters sent from his establishment to the post should be conveyed in a locked bag, of which he and the postmaster alone possessed keys; and as Eola's health would not permit her to venture out walking for some time, Sir George knew that she could not take any letters to the post-office herself.

In the meanwhile, he would go to London for a week or so, and then return with some new story of Elwyn, which he might invent in the interim, and some fresh plan for future proceedings.

On the morning after his return from Totnes, Sir George presented himself in his grandchild's chamber with an open letter in his hand, written in a careless business hand, and purporting to have come from Mr. Jameson.

"Shall I read it to you, my pet? or will you do so for yourself?" he inquired, in an uninterested tone.

"Oh, you read it, grandfather," returned Eola.

The baronet complied, and read aloud the following:—

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter reached me this morning. I need scarcely tell you how greatly it has relieved my own and my family's apprehension, which for the last month has been extreme, both on Miss Leighton's account and Mr. Eswald's; for we have not seen or heard anything of the latter during all that time. However, it is a great weight off our minds to know that the former, at least, is safe, and in good hands; and we must hope that Mr. Eswald's silence and non-appearance are merely the result of some trifling accident, which will soon be cleared up."

"My sister, I am sorry to say, has returned to Edinburgh. I have written to her, communicating the glad news we have received, and forwarding Miss Leighton's kind invitation; which she will not, however, be enabled to accept, I fear, on account of the long journey its acceptance would entail; but this she will doubtless write and explain herself. With kind regards to Miss Leighton,

I am yours truly,

'ARCHIBALD JAMESON.'

CHAPTER LXVI.

Elwyn Eswald sits by his lonely hearth in solitary wretchedness. The brimming cup of happiness had scarcely touched his lips ere it was shattered in his grasp, and one of nauseous bitterness substituted. He now appears the picture of despair and misery.

Sick at heart, dejected, and harassed with the most agonizing thoughts, he sits on this cold February night by his cheerless fireside, and alternately mourns over past failures, and racks his brain for future projects.

He had hastened from Italy immediately on receiving the distressing news of his beloved one's abduction, and diligently followed up the false scent for her recovery.

This he had done with a frantic ardor that had entailed on him some very unpleasant consequences, and nearly involved him in a serious difficulty. He had gone straight to York, pounced upon the lessee of the theatre, and demanded to be told the whereabouts of the villain who was about to procure for him a tight-rope dancer.

The man, as a matter of course, was first astonished, then indignant at such a summary proceeding, and finally threatened to deliver Elwyn over to the police. At this, the latter was so enraged that he vehemently declared the lessee to be a base fellow, accused him of concealing the young lady, and, there and then, himself called in the aid of the law to compel the supposed instigator of Eola's abduction to renounce his claim, and deliver up his prisoner. Upon this, the lessee had called Elwyn a lunatic; in return, Elwyn nearly knocked him down; and the dispute ended for the time by both gentlemen being brought before the magistrates. But here, it being clearly proved that the lessee was innocent of the charge brought against him, the affair was amicably settled, and Elwyn was compelled to own to himself that he had been sent to York on a wild-goose chase;

for it was now quite clear that the letter from Northallerton had been a mere ruse to lure him off the right scent.

Since this adventure he had been half over England in pursuit of the gipsy band; had gone to every travelling show and circus that had crossed his path, followed every suspicious looking man, or cart, till fairly satisfied that they were not in any way concerned in the affair of the abduction, and, in fact, prosecuted his search in every form, reasonable or unreasonable.

And now he was once more in London, as wise, with regard to the fate of the lost one, as when he left it.

He had not advertised; for, as Sir George had anticipated, he considered this, under the circumstances, a vain and fruitless trouble.

But now the idea suddenly occurred to his mind that perhaps the gipsies had been tempted to steal Eola from mercenary motives, with a view to extort a handsome sum from her friends as a ransom; and were doubtless only awaiting the offer of a large reward to bring her forward, and claim it.

His eyes lighted up with a gleam of pleasure long strangers to them, as the joyful thought crossed his mind; and, blaming himself for not having conceived it before, he was meditating on the form in which he could most advantageously publish the tempting advertisement, when his servant entered with a letter that had been forwarded by a messenger from Stockwell.

It was a strange looking billet, the envelope of a very unfashionable plainness, and the superscription written in one of the most quaint, scrawling, out-of-the-way hands imaginable. It had been addressed to him at Mr. Jameson's, and bore the post mark of St. Ives.

What were the contents of this letter, it is needless to transcribe; it is sufficient to say that they were of a nature to cause Elwyn the most wonderfully sudden transition from grief to joy. Before daylight the next morning he was on his way to Truro.

But now, while Elwyn Eswald is once more eagerly following up the search for his lost love; while our little Eola is reposing, in misplaced trust, upon a brittle reed, and her scheming grandfather is laying his worldly-wise plots, and meanwhile fondling and worshipping the artless dupe of his designs, let us revert once more to that hapless being left far back in our pages—that benighted wreck of beauty and vanity—Zerneen.

CHAPTER LXVII.

We left Zerneen in the private asylum of the medical man to whose charge she had, by Eswald's directions, been committed. A premature confinement had now given to the young gipsy's arms a tiny babe, upon whose countenance was stamped indelibly the tell-tale look of suffering. Poor, miserable winter-blossom! Well might its infant features bear the brand of sorrow! And yet, withal, it was loved.

How the poor mother hung over it in silent admiration!—how she clasped its little emaciated body to her heart!—what a pitiful expression of sympathy stole over her yet beautiful features whenever its low, wailing cries struck upon her ears!

She was still insane, though not so much so as when first introduced into the establishment of the doctor. Her madness had never been of a fierce, raving character; it was a still, deep, unbroken stupor, dreadful to witness, but harmless in its efforts.

There had been intervals of almost perfect sanity during her residence in the house, though few and far between; but a relapse had always followed.

The doctor, who was really a clever man in his profession, had however, from the first entertained the greatest hopes of her restoration to perfect reason on the birth of her child—a crisis on which he had every reason to believe the young sufferer's malady would take a decided change. And his hopes proved to be not utterly unfounded; and her demeanor towards her babe gave every promise of justifying the doctor's hypothesis, that if the infant's life were spared, she would eventually recover her reason entirely.

But the poor little blighted bud was not destined to linger long on earth.

A month passed, and a quiet, chastened sorrow appeared to have succeeded in Zerneen's breast the vacant despondency that had so long pervaded it. But now the ill-fated child began to waste and sicken, and the truth could no longer remain disguised from the hapless parent that she must lose her babe. Insane though she still was, she saw the hand of death laid upon that small wasted cheek, and felt and said in her heart, 'My child will die.'

[To be continued.]

Scrap Basket.

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks that the doctor gets his by pillage.

Longfellow said that the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.

FEELS SMALL WHEN TAKEN IN.—It is said that a watch-dog is not so large in the morning as at night, because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

'Ah,' said an Englishman, 'I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets.' 'And I,' said a Yankee, 'belong to a country of which there can be no correct map—it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it.'

At a late trial, the defendant, who was not familiar with the number of words which the law employs to make a trifling charge, after listening a while to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said: 'Them 'ere allegations is false, and that 'ere alligator knows it.'

The Electric Telegraph Company of London propose to establish a wire communication between individual and individual, at any distance apart in the metropolis, so that they may gossip or comfort each other, 'ad libitum,' for fifteen pounds sterling per year.

THE DEAD MARCH.—The evening before Crabbe died, his physician, feeling his pulse with much gravity, observed that it beat more evenly than upon his last visit. 'My dear friend,' said the patient, 'if you don't know, or have not a technical expression for it, I will tell you what it beats; it beats the Dead March.'

CHRISTIAN UNION.—There is a morning coming when Episcopalianism, and Methodism, and Congregationalism shall be abolished, and all shall stand on a sea of glass, and worship Him that sitteth on the great white throne. I belong to the church of that morning. I like that saying of Whitfield's—'Father Abraham, have you got Episcopalianism up there?' 'No!' 'Have you got Methodists up there?' 'No!' 'Have you got Independents?' 'No! none but Christians, my son!'—Dr. Tyng.

THE MISCHIEF MAKER.—When the absent are spoken of, some will speak gold of them, some silver, some iron, some lead, and some always speak dirt, for they have a natural attraction towards what is evil, and think it shows a penetration in them. As a cat watching for mice does not look up though an elephant goes by, so busy are they mousing for defects, that they let great excellences pass them unnoticed. I will not say it is not Christian to make beads of others' faults, and tell them over every day; I say it is infernal. If you want to know how the devil feels, you do know if you are such a one.—H. W. Beecher.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares: There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's mid-summer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nose-gay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him.

THOMAS HOOD AND HIS WIFE.—I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you—and I have been better, happier, and a more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, dearest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing fondly and warmly; but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received; next the remembrance of our dear children, pledges—what darling ones!—of our old familiar, love; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hands are now writing. Perhaps there is an afterthought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness—worth—and excellence—all that is wisely or womanly, from my pen.—Memorials of Hood.

WHAT BUSINESS SHALL I FOLLOW?—This question is often asked, and the proper answer may be, any useful and legitimate business. That is usually the best business for a man which he can perform best. He must be well fitted for whatever he undertakes. After that, success depends upon the man, and not on the business. We have known some men of deficient energy and capacity who failed with the most favorable commencement; and others who, under great difficulties, persevered without faltering until eminently prosperous. But it is all-essential, stick to your business. Several years are often required to attain a proper knowledge of all the ramifications of a trade. A man who was clearing five thousand dollars a year, remarked, 'for the first five years I made almost nothing'—by that time he had accumulated great experience. Another, a person of high capacity, changed his occupation eight times in fourteen years—he began rich and is now poor.

THE SOLDIER'S BABY.

BY C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

A baby was sleeping,
A mother was weeping,
Pale vigil was keeping,
For slumber had fled.
Had news from the battle,
Where death's cannon rattle,
O news from the battle!
Its father was dead.

The wife still is weeping,
The baby is sleeping,
Good angels are keeping
Watch over its bed.
Too young to know sorrow,
Or life's woes to borrow,
Must learn, some to-morrow,
Its father is dead.

Home Journal.

AN ECCENTRIC PHYSICIAN.—Dr. Sydenham, a celebrated physician, having long attended a rich patient with little or no advantage, frankly avowed his inability to render him any further service, adding, at the same time, that there was a physician of the name of Robertson, at Inverness, who had distinguished himself by the performance of many remarkable cures of the same complaint as that under which his patient labored, and expressed a conviction that, if he applied to him, he would come back cured.—This was too encouraging a proposal to be rejected; the patient, with the necessary letter of introduction, proceeded without delay to Inverness. On arriving he found, to his utter dismay, that there was no physician of that name, nor ever had been in the memory of any person there; so he returned, vowing vengeance on Sydenham, and, on arriving at home, he sent for the doctor and expressed his indignation at having been sent on a journey of so many hundred miles for no purpose. 'Well,' replied Sydenham, 'you are better in health?' 'Yes, I am now quite well; but no thanks to you.' 'No,' says Sydenham, 'but you may thank doctor Robertson for curing you. In going you had Dr. Robertson and his cure in contemplation; and in returning you were equally engaged in thinking of scolding me.'

WISE RULES FOR CONDUCT.

Dr. Franklin laid down for himself the following rules to regulate his conduct through life:—

TEMPERANCE.—Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

SILENCE.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

ORDER.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

RESOLUTION.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

FRUGALITY.—Make no expense but to do good to others, or to yourself; i. e., waste nothing.

INDUSTRY.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

SINCERITY.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

JUSTICE.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

MODERATION.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

CLEANLINESS.—Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

TRANQUILITY.—Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable, and be temperate in all things.

Agricultural.

The cultivation of flax in Canada offers to our farmers three high advantages: first, the largest remuneration to be obtained for anything that the soil of Canada can produce; second, the proper culture of the flax plant demands that the land be kept thoroughly clear of weeds; third, the fibre sells readily for ready money. During the summer the Canadian Illustrated News will contain pictorial illustrations of the plant in its different stages of growth, and of the several modes of preparing the fibre for market, with minute directions in print easily understood and easily practised. This week we present the agricultural reader with a general outline of the requisites for flax culture:

SOIL AND ROTATION.—By attention and careful cultivation, good flax may be grown on various soils; but some are much better adapted to it than others. The best is a sound, dry, deep loam, with a clay subsoil. It is very desirable that the land should be dry, as, when it is saturated with either underground or surface water, good flax cannot be expected.

Some persons have the impression that the richest soil that can be obtained is the most appropriate, and should produce tall, heavy flax. But this is not the case, for where the soil is too rich the fibre is not of as good formation, and the stalk grows woody and coarse; whereas, on the dry loam, with clay subsoil, the coating of fibre grows finer, and more in proportion to the woody part, and renders the flax more valuable.

Flax should not be sown in valleys, if other places can be obtained. When sown in valleys it inclines to grow rapidly, and the stalks lean across each other; and where they come in contact that part becomes rusty and readily gives way when dressing, which renders the flax of little value.

It is of importance not to grow flax, or indeed any crop, too often on the same space of ground. An excellent crop of flax is generally obtained after wheat and of wheat after flax. A regular system of rotation in cropping is strongly recommended, as the surest method of preserving the land in good heart, and of securing abundant crops.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.—One of the points of the greatest importance in the culture of flax is, by thorough draining where the land is wet, and by careful and repeated cleansing of the land from weeds, to place it in the finest, deepest, and cleanest state. After wheat, one ploughing will suffice on light friable soil, but two is more efficient, and on stubborn soils three may be found necessary. The second ploughing should be given late in November, that the soil may be exposed to the ameliorating influence of the winter's frost. As no crop requires a more thorough and minute pulverization of the soil than flax; it is indispensably necessary to have it exposed to the winter frost, by which it is crumbled down finely. In spring, this fine winter's surface must be harrowed, and in order to consolidate it, it is of advantage to roll it. When the soil is not a heavy clay, it is better to use the cultivator than the plough in the spring, in order to avoid as much as possible the turning down of the fine surface mould, which is so necessary for the flax seeds. After harrowing, and before sowing, care should be taken to collect weeds of all kinds.

SOWING.—It is of importance to procure good, clean seed, sifted clean of all weeds, which will save a great deal of after trouble when the seed is growing. Sow about two bushels of seed to the acre, or even a little more. It is better to sow too thick than too thin, as with thick sowing the stem grows tall and straight, and the fibre is found greatly superior in fineness and length to that produced from thin sown flax, which grows coarse and branches out, producing much seed, but a very inferior quality of fibre, and a small weight of straw to the acre, whereas, when sown thick, a much greater yield will be secured. After sowing, cover with a seed harrow, going twice over it—once up and down, and once across, as this makes it more equally spread, and avoids the small drills made by the teeth of the harrow.—Finish with the roller, which will leave the seed covered about an inch, the proper depth. Rolling the ground after sowing, or when the plant is about one inch above the ground, is very advisable, care being taken not to roll when the ground is so wet that the earth adheres to the roller.

Flax seed, to ensure a good crop, should be sown on a quiet day, and should not be permitted to be blown by the wind, which

will not leave the seed equally distributed on the ground.

In this country flax should be sown any time between the 25th of April and the 20th of May. It is recommended to sow, if possible, about the 10th of May. For fine fibres early sowing is necessary. Vegetation is more rapid in the latter part of the season, but for fine fibres there is nothing like steady growth.

WEEDING.—If care has been paid to cleaning the seed and soil, few weeds will appear; but if there be any, they ought to be carefully pulled. As the price to be paid for the flax must be regulated by the quality, it will be to the advantage of the farmer to pay particular attention to keeping it clear of weeds.

PULLING.—The time when flax should be pulled is when the seeds are beginning to change from a green to a pale brown color, and the stalk to become yellow for about two-thirds of the way up from the ground.

It is most essential to take time and care to keep the flax even, like a brush, at the head ends. This increases the value to the manufacturer, and of course, to the grower, who will be amply repaid by an extra price for his additional trouble. It is of great importance to pull the flax before it is fully ripe. Every day it is allowed to stand after it is ripe, it loses in weight and in value.—After the flax is pulled, it should be set in two rows, the seed ends up, inclined to each other, and meeting at the top. When it has stood for three or four days, it should be fully dry, (weather being favorable,) and may then be put up in small sheaves, and placed out for rotting, either by steeping, or by exposure to dew.

SOAKING SEEDS BEFORE SOWING.—This practice is not as extensively adopted in this country as it might be with advantage to the farm and garden. In this respect we are far behind a people whom we are apt to regard with feelings nearly approaching to contempt. There are few, probably, either in England or this country, who are not disposed to think themselves much superior to the Chinese, and yet, in one respect at least, we think they are much in advance of farmers in either England or America. Liebig states, in his 'Letters on Modern Agriculture,' that no Chinese farmer sows a seed before it has been soaked in liquid manure diluted with water, and has begun to germinate; and that experience has taught him that not only this operation tends to promote a more rapid and vigorous growth and development of the plant, but also to protect the seed from the ravages of birds and insects.

There would be not only some trouble, but some inconveniences arising from the adoption of this practice on an extensive scale; but we are pretty confident, notwithstanding, that those who commence it on a small scale will find it productive of advantage enough to induce them to extend their operations. We may suggest that we have, on more than one occasion, been informed by one of our correspondents, that he makes much use of hen manure in water as a soak for his seeds.—Country Gentleman.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POTATOES.—We transfer for Canadian readers the following from an American newspaper. The names of the persons and places may not be known on this side of the St. Lawrence, but that is immaterial. There is among farmers a great diversity of opinion respecting the most profitable way of planting potatoes. Some plant whole seed and some cut it. Mr. Alfred Lapham, of Burrellville, has for several years made experiments in this respect.—He planted twenty-three hills with whole potatoes; twenty-three hills with cut potatoes, three pieces in a hill; and twenty-three hills with two pieces. The seed was averaged by weight and size. The result was as follows: The twenty-three hills of uncut potatoes yielded fifty and one-half pounds; the twenty three hills with three pieces, twenty-seven and one-half pounds; the twenty-three hills with two pieces, thirty-four pounds. The potatoes were weighed in the presence of William E. Valet, who certifies to the above facts and figures. Mr. Lapham tells us the potatoes were all planted together in the same field, side by side, and the same quantity and quality of manure put in all the hills.

TIME TO TRANSPLANT PERENNIALS.—It is now time to remove, divide, and replant all varieties of perennials. Make the soil deep, and for manure, where possible, use turf, dug in four to six inches below the surface. This will decay next summer, and supply food and moisture to the plants when they come into bloom; will make the drainage better, prevent burning, which sometimes occurs, when animal manure is used.

