

# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. II—No. 22.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

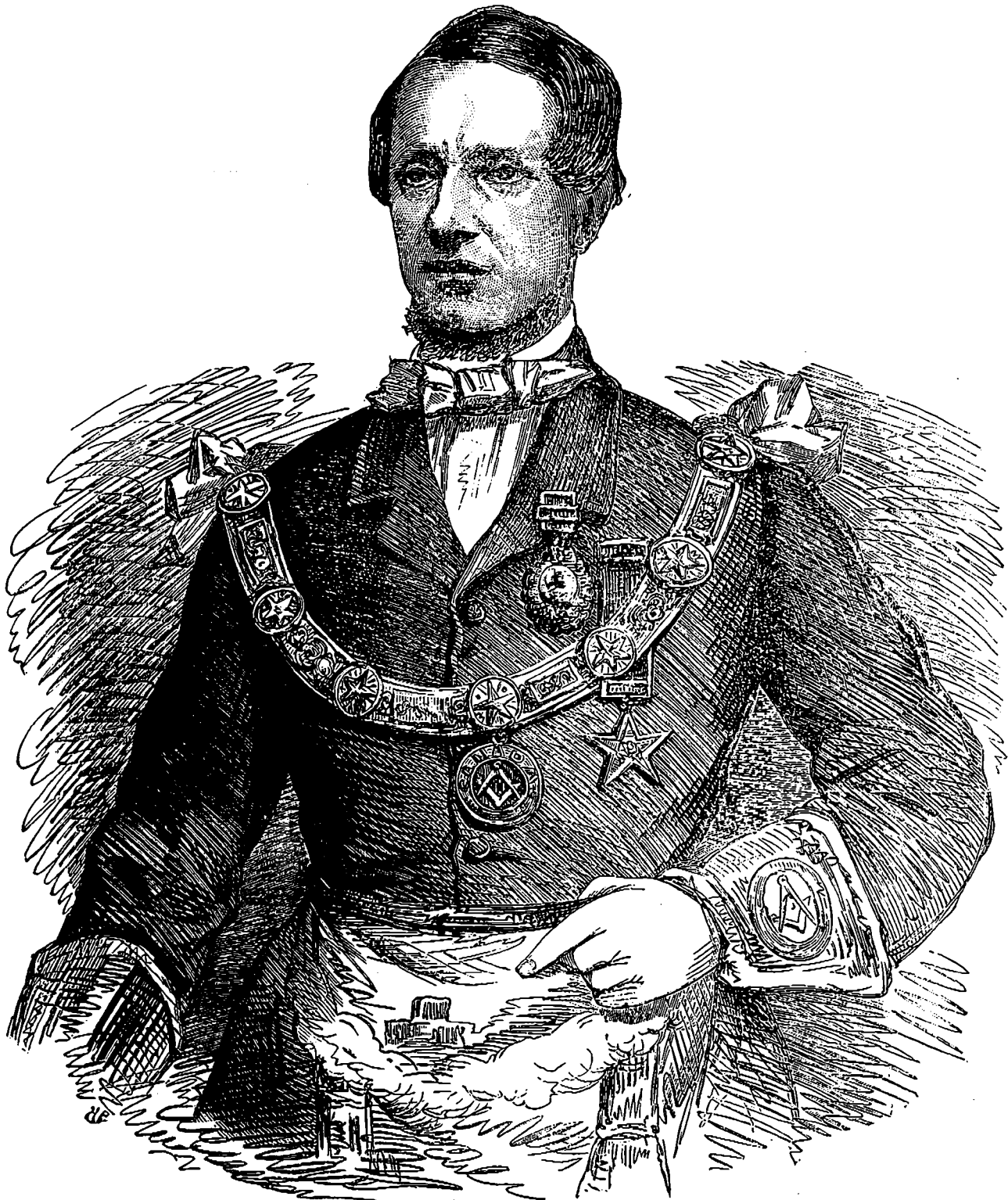
[33 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
SINGLE COPIES 7 CENTS.

## COL. WILLIAM MERCER WILSON

Col. William Mercer Wilson is an inhabitant of the town of Simcoe, the county town of the county of Norfolk, in Canada West.—He was born in Scotland, on the 24th August, 1813, and emigrated to Canada in April, 1832.

He was initiated at Simcoe, in St. John's Lodge, (now called Norfolk Lodge), on the 11th June, 1840. Passed and Raised 9th July, 1840; elected Junior Warden in December, 1840, and by request of the Lodge, prepared and delivered an address at the public installation of the officers on St. John's day of that year, which was afterwards printed by order of the Lodge. He was first elected to the Chair in December, 1842, which he has filled, with brief intermissions, for ten years. Has been from date of initiation, and is now, a contributing member of Norfolk Lodge.

On the 7th of August, 1845, Col. Wilson laid the corner stone of the Presbyterian Church, in the village of Vittoria, with masonic honors, on which occasion he delivered



COL. WM. MERCER WILSON, PAST GRAND MASTER, A. F. AND A. MASONS OF CANADA.

an address, which was subsequently published in pamphlet form, with a dedication to Sir A. N. McNab, then Prov. G.M., for Canada West, the whole edition of which was sold by and for the relief of a distressed Mason, who, from disease, had lost his sight.—The proceeds of the sale were considerable, and had also, it is believed, a beneficial effect in diffusing a more general knowledge of the value and beauty of Masonry throughout the Province.

Col. Wilson has always taken a lively interest in educational and agricultural matters, being for many years a Director of the County of Norfolk Agricultural Society, and has filled the office of President of that Society. He is now a member of the County Board of Education, President of the Simcoe Board of School Trustees, and has for several years been President of Simcoe Mechanics' Institute. He is at present Warden of the County of Norfolk, Reeve of Simcoe, the County town; Senior officer of Militia in Norfolk, and was on General Napier's staff at the Brantford Review.

## NOTICE.

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

## OUR AGENTS:

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

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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

FERGUSON &amp; GREGORY.

Hamilton, July 1st, 1863.

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

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

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

## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

FERGUSON &amp; GREGORY, Proprietors.

### THE POLISH QUESTION—THE CLOSE OF DIPLOMATIC MEDIATION.

The curtain has just fallen upon the second act in the great and awfully tragic drama of the Polish struggle against Muscovite oppression. The first act may be said to have closed, and the second to have commenced, when the matter of the insurrection passed the bounds of a mere internal difference between the Emperor and a portion of his Polish subjects, and became *de facto* a European question, by the diplomatic interference of the Three Powers. Diplomatic remonstrance and advice, more especially when coming nearly in unison from three such powers as England, France, and Austria, is certainly one form of intervention, even though it be couched in polite language, and smoothed off with assurances of the most distinguished consideration. And if, as we conceive, the commencement of official outside interference may from its actual importance be justly held to mark the opening of the second act of the Polish tragedy, the bringing of diplomatic mediation to a decided pause, to a virtual termination, in fact, does not less distinctly indicate its close. On the theatre of the history of our own time we behold the breaking forth of an insurrection against Russian tyranny, designedly precipitated, and even through secret agency instigated and encouraged, by the Russian Government itself. Next, we see the revolt attain unexpectedly to such dimensions as to make the whole question not merely a Polish or Russian one, but of European interest, and the subject of grave official communication from foreign powers. We see it as a possible, nay even as a probable cause of a tremendous European war, if haply Russia should persist in cutting with the sword the knot which diplomacy makes essay to unravel. And the last spectacle before our eyes is that of Russia arbitrarily shutting the door in the face of diplomacy; and haughtily rejecting all further mediation or advice.

The impression on the mind from a first view of what has up to this time taken place, is undoubtedly that England has done all she is likely to do in the matter; and that whatever sympathy our people may entertain for the Polish cause, it cannot be stretched so far as to commit England to a war with Russia for the sake of Poland. The gravity of the situation is almost painfully felt in England, and individual statesmen, political parties, and influential organs of public opinion, alike seem to hang back from the responsibility of urging the nation into war. Nor is this backwardness much to be wondered at. For the war, if once entered upon, would be no holiday affair of a few weeks or months, but a tremendous and in all probability a protracted struggle. The chances are that it would be on a scale which would dwarf even the Crimean war by comparison. And it is not alone the mere magnitude of the contest in prospect which may well make our statesmen pause ere committing the nation thereto. The baffling complications, impossible for human foresight to predict, to which such a war might give rise, loom up before us all

the more fearfully by reason of that very indistinctness of form and outline which mocks our keenest vision of the future. Supposing the liberation of Poland, by the united force of England and France an accomplished fact, after what would be no doubt a bloody and exhausting struggle, would the amicable relations between ourselves and our 'brave allies' be in no danger of being sundered by the centrifugal force of opposing interests in Germany? Are all the aspirations of France for a frontier on the Rhine, and a controlling influence beyond it, dead and inoperative? If the opinion almost universally prevalent be the correct one, such is very far indeed from being the case. To unite with France for the purpose of liberating Poland, and of again humbling a power which we know to be antagonistic to our interests in Asia, is not without strong attractions for the British mind. But, imagine the war over, and a victorious French army resting itself after the struggle beyond the Rhine, are we so sure that it would go quietly home when its Russian work was done, just as we would think it ought to do? Might not Napoleon have in his calculations some Russian, Danish, Belgian, Dutch, or German piece of work for it to do, to which England could never in honour consent? The strong sense of a probability of something of this kind is what no doubt chiefly weighs upon the English mind, more than any fear of defeat at the hands of the Northern Colossus. For the result of a contest between Russia alone, on the one hand, and France and England united, on the other, will appeal to all Englishmen and Frenchmen a foregone conclusion, whatever other nations may think of the matter.

The first note struck by the English journals is one of regret that the efforts of diplomacy have been unavailing in favor of Poland, coupled with the conclusion, rather tacitly assumed than demonstratively contended for, that England really cannot afford to go to war for the sake of Poland. But the very newspaper articles which may be thus characterized, leave behind them a feeling as of listening to a piece of music abruptly stopped in the middle of a strain. The writers seem to have felt as if there were something more to be said, which they did not like to take the responsibility of saying. Apparently, they want to wait till they see whether the nation speaks out for war as necessary to vindicate England's position in the world, before they say anything very decided in the matter. And in spite of what caution so evidently enjoins, an irrepresible feeling, as if England would possibly have to do something after all, appears to crop out. The most ominous shakes of the head are ineffectual to do away with the conviction, deeply rooted in the national mind, that England cannot afford to forfeit her influence abroad, or appear as if cowed by the bullying of the Czar. The oft-repeated question, 'What has England to do with the affairs of the Continent?' is felt to be dictated more by shallow and ill-informed conceit than by sound practical wisdom. Let England allow her right to interfere in the affairs of the Continent virtually to lapse and become obsolete by non-usage, and who will answer for it that the Continent will not thereby be encouraged to assume more of an aggressive attitude than it has lately done, and to take to do with the affairs of England, perhaps in a war not very pleasant for us to contemplate? It would be delightful, no doubt, to live in perennial peace and quietness, meddling with nobody; at the same time giving everybody to understand that they must not meddle with us. But such national happiness as this is deferred till we get a little nearer to the millennium. In the present age of iron-clad ships and rifled cannon, of 300-pounder guns and of Greek fire, the thing is visionary and impracticable. It is felt, moreover, that for England to isolate herself from Continental sympathy is to run a tremendous future risk. The process has already been carried, it is feared, much further than it ought to have been; as witness Italy, Spain, and Mexico, now wholly in Napoleon's grasp, and virtually subservient to his policy. Suppose that England stands quietly by, while Poland, Belgium, Saxony, and the Rhenish Provinces, and even Denmark, perhaps, are added to the list, what then? Would not that be a French-Napoleonic-Continental system much more formidable, because more naturally coherent in itself, than anything that the First Napoleon was ever able to achieve? To have allies on the Continent, bound to her by ties of gratitude and interest, is not merely a hypothetical desideratum for England, but a potent necessity. Not only so, but these ties require constantly to be renewed from time to time, or they become worthless. The ties

formed by Salamanca and Vittoria, by Trafalgar and Waterloo, are all but worn out. England cannot live forever in Continental sympathy, on the memory of what she did two generations ago. The nephew of the man who was at war with Spain fifty years since, has more influence in Madrid now than we have, and all because England has allowed hers to rust out for want of use. It is easy enough to put the question, 'Can England afford to go to war for Poland?' looking for an answer in the negative almost as a matter of course. But it is not so easy to meet another question which forces itself upon our attention, the question, namely: 'Can England afford to let France and Russia settle the affairs of the Continent alone?' For to this complexion must it come very speedily, if England stands unconcernedly by, while Poland is either forever crushed by Russia, or emancipated by France without England's help. There is danger in intervention, and there is danger in non-intervention, but in all human probability the greatest danger of all lies in the further isolation of England from the sympathy of the Continent. That process has already been carried to an undesirable length. The great and present danger seems to be, that England should, through culpable indifference, become still more isolated, still more of an outsider in the European comity of nations.

Such are some of the considerations, now, no doubt, present in full force to the minds of English statesmen. It is impossible to over-estimate the gravity of the situation. Earl Russell, after saying in his recent speech at Blair Gowrie, that England could not go to war for Poland, is careful to conclude his remarks on the subject by a deliberate expression of opinion, to the effect that by the breaking of the treaty of Vienna, Russia had so forfeited her right to govern Poland. The eager endorsement of this sentiment by the French press is not to be disregarded. The two circumstances, which more than any others render a European war a probable result of the Polish insurrection, are: First, the known inclination of Napoleon to interfere everywhere, but especially on the Continent,—in which he is determined to assert his supremacy as Director-general of European affairs. Next—the momentous and most important fact, that the Polish cause commands the united sympathy of the whole Catholicism and the whole Republicanism of Europe. What two more potent elements can we imagine combining, as in this case happens, to bring all Western Europe into collision with Russia? Napoleon keeps his place by dexterously playing off the Church and the Republic against each other; but if he allows Poland to be crushed, he quarrels with both. For be it remembered, that the heavy hand of the Czar now bears down with tyrannical force, not less against the Catholic religion than against political liberty in Poland. The recent mandate of Mouravieff against the priests reads more like the blind despotic decree of a madman, and a Russian madman at that, than the rational dictation of conscious right and assured power. That Napoleon is almost irrepresibly driven towards a conflict with Russia by two powerful forces in society, which, though almost always antagonistic to each other in their specific aims, are yet on this single question firmly united, is a fact of immense significance; which will appear even more important on reflection than at first sight. And this fact it is mainly, which to all human appearance, renders war to the full as probable as the continuation of peace.

### THE HAMILTON CITY DEBT BILL.

WE are sorry to have to chronicle the fact that the Bill for the settlement of the Hamilton City Debt has been thrown out by the Legislative Council of the province. It was admitted in the debate on the Bill, that the Quebec Savings Bank, holding £16,000 of the Hamilton bonds, was the only creditor that continued to oppose, by petition or otherwise, the passage of the Bill. Other petitioners there were, but we believe we are correct in stating that they had all expressed their willingness to withdraw their opposition, with the exception above noted. We must do the honorable gentlemen who spoke against the bill the justice to say that they made appeal in their arguments to public and provincial reasons of policy mainly. We can concede this without admitting thereby that they proved their case. But it is evident that without the peg to hang their cause upon, which the opposition of the Quebec Savings Bank afforded, they would have been decidedly at a loss for any feasible excuse to begin with.

To enter into the merits of the case is not our intention at present. The main fact to be observed is, that the opposition of one single institution, to which only £16,000 is

## MY LOST FRIEND.

Even while he was courting, I kept my hold on him. Against opposition on the part of his bride and her family, he stipulated bravely that I should be his best man on his wedding day. The beautiful woman grudged me my corner in his heart, even at that time; but he was true to me—he persisted—and I was the first to shake hands with him when he was a married man. I had no suspicion that I was to lose him from that moment. I only discovered the truth when I went to pay my first visit to the bride and bridegroom at their abode in the country. I found a beautiful house, exquisitely kept from top to bottom; I found a hearty welcome; I found a good dinner and an airy bedroom; I found a pattern husband and a pattern wife: the only thing I did not find was my old friend. Something stood up in clothes, shook hands with me, pressed wine on me, called me by my christian name, and inquired what I was doing in my profession. It was certainly something that had a trick of looking very much like my former comrade and brother; something that nobody in my situation could have complained of with the smallest reason, something with all the brightness of the old metal about it, but without the sterling old ring; something in short, which made me take my chamber candlestick early on the first night of my arrival, and say good night, while the beautiful woman and pattern wife was present with her eye on me. Can I ever forget the language of that eye on that occasion?—the volume it spoke in one glance of cruel triumph! 'No more sacred secrets between you two,' it said brightly. 'When you trust him now, you trust me. You may sacrifice yourself for your love of him over and over again still, but he shall make no sacrifices now for you, until he has first found out how they affect my convenience and my pleasure. Your place in his heart now, is where I choose it to be. I have stormed the citadel, and I will bring children by and by to keep the ramparts; and you, the faithful old soldier of former years—you have got your discharge, and may sit and sun yourself as well as you can at the outer gates. You have been his truest friend, but he has another now, and need trouble you no longer, except in the capacity of witness of his happiness. This, you will observe, is the order of nature, and the recognized fitness of things; and he hopes you will see it and so do I. And he trusts you will sleep well under his, (and my,) new roof—and so do I. And he wishes you good night—and so do I!'—*Household Words.*

## INSTINCT OF APPETITE.

About three years ago the daughter of a farmer on the Hudson river had a fall, which induced a long, painful and dangerous illness, ending in blindness. Medication availed nothing. By accident, a switch containing maple buds was placed in her hand, when she began to eat them, and called earnestly for more, and continued to eat them with avidity, improving meanwhile in her general health for some fifteen days or more, when this particular relish left her, and she called for candy; and as in the case of the buds, ate nothing else for two weeks, when this also was dropped—a more natural taste returned with returning eyesight and usual health. This was instinct calling for those articles of food which contained the elements, the want of which lay between disease and recovery.

A gentleman, aged thirty-six, seemed to be in the last stage of consumptive disease, when he was seized with an uncontrollable desire for common table salt; he spread it in thick layers over his meat, and over his bread and butter; he carried it in his vest pocket, which was daily emptied by eating a pinch at a time. He regained his health, and remained well for years afterwards.

There are many persons who can record from their own personal experience, the beginning of a return to health from gratifying some insatiate desire. The celebrated Prof. Charles Caldwell was fond of relating in his lectures that a young lady, abandoned to die, called for some pound-cake, which 'science' would have pronounced a deadly dose; but, as her case was considered hopeless, she was gratified, and recovered, living in good health afterwards.

But in some forms of dyspepsia, to follow the cravings of appetite is to aggravate the disease. In low fevers, such as typhoid, yielding to the cravings is certain death. To know when and how to follow the instinct of appetite—to gratify the cravings of nature—is of inestimable value. There is a rule which is always safe, and will save life in multitudes of cases where the most skillfully 'exhibited' drugs have been entirely unavailing. Partake at first, of what nature seems to crave, in very small quantities; if no uncomfortable feeling follows, gradually increase the amount until no more is called for.

These suggestions and facts find confirmation in the large experience of that now beautiful and reverend name, Florence Nightingale, whose memory will go down with blessing and honor side by side with that of John Howard. She says:—'I have seen—not by one or tens, but by hundreds—cases where the stomach not only craves, but digests things which have never been laid down in any dietary for the sick, especially for the sick whose diseases were produced by bad food. Fruit, pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of ham, of bacon, suet, cheese, buttermilk, &c., were administered freely, with happy results, simply because the sick craved them.'—*Scientific American.*

THE RUSSIAN PLACE OF HONOR.—In the corner of each room might be seen the usual little picture, with the small lamp in front. 'Why is it that we so frequently see these lumps placed in the corners? Is it intentional or merely accidental?' we inquire of the guide. 'It is intentional; the corner is considered the most honored place; and if you will watch, you will find the corners devoted to the objects of the greatest reverence. The Czars are crowned in a corner; the tombs of the mightiest of them rest in the corners; the most sacred pictures hang in the corners not only of churches but of private houses.' 'How very singular,' thought we, at the remembrance to the very different purposes to which our corners in old England are devoted.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

Here are a few pretty stanzas from a favourite contributor of ours: **THOUGH THE SHADOWS LIE DARK.**

BY PAMELLA S. VINING.

Though the shadows lie dark on our path, love,  
Yet the hill tops are glowing with light;  
Though the winds sweep around us in wrath, love,  
There's quiet and peace on the height.  
Then sing though the pathway be lone, love,  
Aye sing, though the bleak winds are cold,  
Beyond is a mansion—our own, love,  
All gleaming with jasper and gold.

Though the flowers have drooped at our feet, love,  
In silent and hopeless decay,  
Yet there they are fadeless and sweet, love,  
In the light of Eternity's day.  
Then sing, for the long dreary night, love,  
The sorrowful night will be o'er;  
And their cometh no cankering blight, love,  
To the bloom of that beautiful shore.

Though as strangers afar from our own, love,  
We wander mid doubtings and fears,  
Yet beyond where no sorrow is known, love,  
The home of our Father appears;  
Already its spires we behold, love,  
Already the home-lights appear,  
And music of sweetness untold, love,  
Oft falls on the listening ear.

Then sing, we're ascending each day, love  
More near to the hills of our rest,  
Soft breezes are floating this way, love,  
With perfumes of Paradise blest;  
A little while more and the gloom, love,  
The tempest and strife will be o'er;  
And together mid beauty and bloom, love,  
At home we will rest evermore.

## PRAY FOR EDITORS.

Do ministers and Christians pray as they ought for the editors of the religious and secular press? We fear not. A moment's consideration will show the vast importance of praying for these men.

They exert a mighty influence on society, on churches, on rulers, on governments, and on all the interests of mankind. Their power for good, or for evil, is incalculable. Pray that this power may always be wisely directed.

To fulfil their high calling faithfully, they need special gifts and qualifications. What wisdom, knowledge, prudence, faith, integrity, courage, firmness, patience, watchfulness, love of truth, God and man, freedom from covetousness, passion and ambition, they need, that they may sift truth from error, separate the precious from the vile, rebuke the wicked, strengthen the righteous, and never contaminate their columns with anything that is impure or pernicious! Pray for them that they may be endowed with every requisite gift.

Their temptations are great. The devil, bad men, rich men, great men, will try hard to bring editors under their influence. They will flatter and threaten editors, and promise them money, favor, office, and power, if they will only prostitute their talents and their columns to the promotion of selfish ends. Pray that they may not be tempted above what they can bear. Their work is great, burdensome, and exhausting. To what a continual strain are all the mental and physical faculties of responsible editors subjected! Pray that they may have strength and health of mind and body adequate to their weighty responsibilities.

The trials of a faithful editor are great. He will be severely and unjustly criticised. He will be reproached, abused, and slandered. He will be persecuted, and perhaps assailed with personal violence. At times, he will lose money, patronage, and friends. He will be discouraged by the ingratitude and coldness of those whom he strives to serve. Sometimes he may stand in fear of bankruptcy and poverty, because his patrons delay the payment of their bills, or cheat him out of his honest dues. Pray for him, that he faint not, and that the grace of Christ may be sufficient for him.

Reader, would you exert a happy influence, as wise and all-pervading as the influence of the press? Pray daily for editors. Pray for them in the sanctuary, in the closet. Especially pray for them now, when they are doing so much to determine the destiny and the character of this government for all coming time. Reader, pray for the editors of your religious and your secular paper. Pray that God would strengthen, guide, and bless them.—*New York Observer.*

## MECHANICS' WIVES.

SPEAKING of the middle ranks of life, the solid and best portion of society, a modern writer makes the following excellent remark:—

'There we behold woman in all her glory; not a doll to carry silks and jewels; not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration; revered to-day, discarded to-morrow; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or contempt; admired, but not respected; desired, but not esteemed; ruling by passion, not affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex she would exalt; the source and mirror of vanity; we see her as a wife, partaking the cares and cheering the anxiety of a husband, dividing his toil by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around him for his sake, sharing the decent refinements of the world without being vain of them, placing all her joys and her happiness in the man she loves. As a mother, we find her the affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children whom she has tended from their infancy, training them up to thought and virtue, to piety and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Such mothers, daughters make the best wives in the world.'

due, has been made the occasion of defeating a measure asked for by those who are creditors of the city to the amount of nearly half a million sterling. It should not be forgotten, either, that for every dollar of the Quebec claim, only 80 cents was actually paid. We very much question whether the English creditors will be at all profuse in demonstrations of gratitude to those Canadians who have been so forward to do them service.

## THEATRE ROYAL, HAMILTON.

To the enterprise, energy, and good taste of Manager Richardson, the lovers of the drama in our good city have been laid under weighty obligation. Few who have not visited his now popular place of amusement, would believe that so much talent could have been brought together, and such extensive improvements made, in the short time in which the theatre has been in his hands.

The Colleen Bawn, which is now in its second week, has been placed on the stage with most creditable regard to scenic effect, for which, thanks to Mr. Granger. Mr. Den. Thompson, the 'star' of the company, has more than justified the high expectations formed of him. A true comedian is Den.; humor in every muscle of his face, in every intonation of his voice, and almost in every motion of his limbs. He needs not, and does not, resort to any of the stage tricks which secure the applause of the 'gods.' From the common fault of interpolating his text with vulgar slang, and still more vulgar and immoral oaths, he is conspicuously free. None who have seen, will easily forget his rendering of the reckless, whiskey-smuggling vagabond, but warm-hearted Irishman, Myles Na-coppaleen in the 'Colleen Bawn,' and of the ludicrous terror of poor ghost-haunted Diggory in the 'Spectre Bridegroom.' Miss Levi has made most rapid improvement; she is already a most charming actress, and full of promise for the future.

New pieces, we believe, are soon to be produced, and still further improvements are contemplated by the manager, but of their precise nature we are not yet enabled to speak.

A PIECE of manuscript copy getting mislaid, was the reason of the omission in our last number of the credit which should have been given to Madame Demorest, of 437 Broadway, New York, for the two fashion plates and the accompanying remarks on 'What is worn,' which we made use of. The wood cuts and the description were kindly forwarded us by Madame Demorest, with whom we expect to make arrangements for a large plate of winter fashions, which will be useful to our lady readers. We expect also, shortly, to give a sketch of the rise and progress of the fashion pattern business; one which Madame D. has made almost exclusively her own.

The infant giantess of Canada, is now on exhibition in the American Hotel building, King St. West, Hamilton. This infant, the daughter of Mr. John Flanagan of Sumner, was born the 11th of April last, is now 2 feet 9 inches high, and weighs 56 lbs. The child measures 29 inches around the shoulders, 27 around the breast, 26 around the waist, 16 inches around the thighs, and 10 inches around the arms. Anything more extraordinary we have seldom seen.

## FRANKLIN'S EXAMPLE.

ONE of the proverbs of Solomon teaches that a soft answer turneth away wrath. The contrary result of the opposite course of giving 'railing for railing,' has always proved that the proverb suggests the true policy, and demonstrated the verity of the corresponding doctrine that 'like begets like.' And who can recall his own experience, without assenting to the correctness of this position?

There is an anecdote of the great American philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, beautifully and instructively in point. In 1736, he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. It was his first appointment to office. Although as free from vain ambition as the most favored of mere mortals, he was evidently proud of the position, and desirous of retaining it. When the next election for clerk came round, a certain wealthy as well as intelligent and therefore influential member made a long speech in opposition to his re-election. As he himself tells us in his narrative of the events, he did not resent this opposition, however unjust he may have deemed the ground and temper of it. Not he. But he determined on a very different sort of answer—one which, while it should avoid all appearances of servility or a cringing spirit, would, he felt sure, disarm an opposition whose continuance he feared. He had heard that the member referred to had, in his library, a very rare and curious volume. He wrote him a respectful and kindly note asking the favor of its perusal. The book was promptly sent. In about a week, the philosopher returned it with a second note, in which he strongly expressed his sense of obligation for the loan of it. Thereupon his opponent assumed a kindly bearing. His opposition soon ceased, and he became Franklin's warmest friend. So he remained throughout life, and he was always ready to promote him.

He purchased and brought into the county its first printing press, and for a year and a half edited the 'Norfolk Observer.' There are now five papers published in the county, four of which are printed in Simcoe.

He commanded a troop of cavalry during the rebellion which broke out in Canada in 1837, and was kept on active service for nearly three years. In acknowledgment of which he received from the Provincial Government the appointments of Clerk of the Peace and Clerk of the County Court, both of which offices he still holds; and has since been appointed Her Majesty's Crown Attorney for the county.

He is a member also of the Canadian Bar. In politics, moderate, conservative—rather popular, but has always declined being a candidate for parliamentary honors.

July 22nd, 1847, he laid the corner-stone of the county jail, assisted by the masons and authorities of the county.

After taking the preliminary degrees, he was exalted to the Sublime Degree of a R. A. M., in 'The Hiram' Chapter, in the City of Hamilton, Canada West.

At the revival of the Prov. Grand Lodge, on 15th of June, 1848, opened under patent issued by the G. L. of England to the R. W. Bro. Sir Allan Napier McNab, Col. Wilson was appointed G. Pursuivant; and at laying the foundation stone of the Town Hall at St. Catharines, on the 30th October, 1848, by special appointment, he officiated as Grand Orator—(This was one of the most magnificent and numerously attended Masonic displays that ever

took place in Canada.) The address was published, *in extenso*, by the papers of the day, and subsequently printed, by order of the P. G. Lodge, in pamphlet form, together with a dedication by the author to R. W. Bro. Thos. G. Ridout, Esq., D. P. G. M..

He visited England, in 1851, as a delegate from the Provincial Agricultural Society of Canada to the Great Exhibition. There he availed himself of the opportunity of searching in the archives of the Grand Lodge of England for information as to the antiquity, &c., of the Lodge of which he was then Master. The intelligence thus obtained was gladly received and gratefully acknowledged by the Brethren.

When in Europe, he visited many Lodges in England and France, and returned to Canada with, if possible, a deeper veneration and higher appreciation of the value of Masonry than ever before.

A series of letters, addressed to his friends in Canada, containing extracts from his notes of travel, his visits to the Crystal Palace, Paris, &c., was published, and attracted much attention. On his return, he was honored by a public reception, when his numerous friends, with music, &c., welcomed him home again.

At the formation of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, for the Province of Canada, on the 10th Oct., 1851, he was elected by the Representatives of forty-one Lodges to fill the distinguished position of Grand Master.

Since Col. Wilson's elevation to the highest position in the gift of the craft of Canada, he has been called upon to perform the following public masonic acts:

On the 19th September, 1859, he, assisted by the masonic fraternity, laid the corner stone of St. James' Presbyterian Church, at London, C. W.

On the 25th Oct., 1859, at the request of the Mayor and Corporation of the city of Toronto, he laid the corner-stone of the Reformatory Prison at that city, with masonic ceremonies.

On the 24th May, 1860, at the request of the Mayor and Corporation of the city of Hamilton, he laid the corner-stone of the Provincial Industrial Palace, with masonic ceremonies, on which occasion upwards of twenty thousand spectators were on the ground: he also laid the foundation stone of an Episcopal Church at Brantford. His last public masonic act was the laying of the foundation stone of the new Court House in the town of Simcoe in July last.

At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge, held at the city of Montreal in July last, the fraternity, over whose deliberations Col. Wilson had presided for five consecutive years, to mark their appreciation of his valued services, presented to him in Grand Lodge, as a small token of their regard, a very elegant and substantial testimonial, costing nearly \$1,000. It consists of complete Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea sets, all in silver, with an antique carved oak case, made to contain the whole. We give a cut illustrative of this on page 265. ✓



SERVICE OF SILVER PLATE, ETC., PRESENTED TO COL. WM. MERCER WILSON.

#### THE GRAND MILITARY REVIEW AT TORONTO.

(Condensed from the Globe.)

The Volunteer Military Review at Toronto on Thursday the 9th inst., was a splendid success. There were four thousand troops on the ground, and the spectators were estimated at fully thirty thousand. The ground was all that could be desired for field operations. The heavy rain of the previous day and night had made the turf soft and heavy; yet it was not so soaked as to induce fears of mud, and at the same time dust, that plague of very fine weather, was equally little to be apprehended.

During the forenoon the sky was overhung with dull slatey clouds, and a flying shower or two came sweeping past, but as the day wore on the prospect improved, and a red glowing sunset shone out from the west, giving at times a weird beauty to the scene. The general effect of the whole spectacle, to which the spectators themselves largely contributed, was of the most cheering and spirit stirring description. Ladies on horseback, admirably mounted, who dashed spiritedly from point to point of the field, contributed to enliven the scene with what we may call the 'poetry of (equestrian) motion.' The early hour at which the people pressed on to the ground, to secure seats or good places thereon, caused the crowd to have a good spell of waiting before the actual business of the day commenced. At length, as if to atone for the gloomy appearance of the early part of the day, and to make amends to the people for an hour or two of anxious expectation, the sun shone brightly out, and General Lindsay almost directly appeared

on the field, to the immense gratification of all beholders. The serious business of the review was now at hand, and the troops after some preliminary manœuvring commenced the march past at quick time and in open column, the bands of the 16th, of the Queen's Own, and of the Royals, playing as their corps appeared. Here we may appropriately give the designations of the various companies present, the names of their Captains, and the number of officers and men in each.

##### FIRST BRIGADE,

Lieut. Col. Peacock, of the 16th, in command.  
Major Armstrong, in charge of the 16th Regiment.  
Capt. Moorson, of the 30th Regiment, in charge of the 2nd Battalion.  
Capt. Carter, of the 15th Regiment, in charge of the 3rd Battalion.

Lieut. Col. Cumberland, in charge of the 10th Battalion.

##### SECOND BRIGADE.

Col. Denison, commanding.  
Col. Durie, in charge of Queen's Own.  
Brigade Major Villiers, in charge of 2nd Battalion.  
Brigade Major Denison, in charge of 3rd Battalion.  
Major Patterson, in charge of 4th Battalion.  
Major Vessy, in command of the Royal Artillery (Armstrong guns,) 6 guns, 6 officers, 90 men.  
Lieut. Col. Boulton, in command of the Cavalry.

Major Denison, in command of the field Battery.  
The General's staff consisted of the following officers:—  
Lieut. Col. Connolly, Dep Adjutant General; Capt. Elliott, aide-de-camp; Brigade Major Hall, Col Mountain, Commissary General Brown.

Captain Morrison was in charge of the Military Train,

and Capt. Clark in charge of the R. C. Rifles who performed the by no means pleasant part of keeping back the anxious spectators.

##### CORPS ARRIVED.

From Ashburnham, one company of infantry, Captain Rogers, 3 officers and 28 men.

From Owen Sound, one company of infantry, Capt. Brodie, 3 officers and 38 men.

From King, one company of infantry, Capt. Garden, 1 officer and 40 men.

From Peterboro', one company of infantry, Capt. Kennedy, 3 officers and 46 men.

From Lindsay, one company of rifles, Leut. Hudspeth, 22 officers and 19 men.

From Peterboro', one company of rifles, Capt. Poole, 3 officers and 50 men.

From Albion, one company of infantry, Capt. Evans, 2 officers and 29 men.

From Campbellford, one company of infantry, Capt. Tice, 2 officers and 23 men.

From Aurora, one company of infantry, Capt. Peel, 3 officers and 30 men.

From Lloydstown, one company of infantry, Capt. Armstrong and 25 men.

From Markham, one company of cavalry, Major Button, 2 officers, 15 men, and 17 horses.

From York, (2nd troop), one company of cavalry, Col. McLeod, 3 officers, 14 men and 18 horses.

From Barrie, one company of infantry, Capt. Russell, 3 officers and 47 men.

From Cookstown, one company of rifles, Lieut. Cook, 2 officers and 46 men.

From Barrie, one company of rifles, Captain McKeuzie, 2 officers and 36 men.  
 From Brampton, one company of rifles, Major Wright, 2 officers and 26 men.  
 From Southampton, one company of rifles, Lieut. Redden, 2 officers and 18 men.  
 From Orangeville, one company of infantry, Capt. Buckingham, 3 officers and 29 men.  
 From Brampton, one company of infantry, Capt. Stork, 3 officers and 33 men.  
 From Caledon, one company of infantry, Capt. Riddell, 1 officer and 26 men.  
 From Georgetown, one company of infantry, Capt. Young, 3 officers and 50 men.  
 From Stewarttown, one company of infantry, Capt. Murray, 3 officers and 30 men.  
 From Norval, one company of infantry, Capt. Kyle, 2 officers and 37 men.  
 From Millbrook, one company of infantry, Capt. Howden, 1 officer and 35 men.  
 From Bradford, one company of infantry, Capt. McMaster, 3 officers and 28 men.  
 From Dandus, one company of infantry, Capt. Rosslaud, 3 officers and 34 men.  
 From Thorold, one company of infantry, Capt. Baxter, 3 officers and 31 men.

From Ingersoll, one company of infantry, Captain Oliver, 3 officers and 34 men.  
 From North Oxford, one company of rifles, Captain Henderson, 3 officers and 28 men.  
 From Dundas, one company of rifles, Capt. Gibson, 4 officers and 45 men.  
 From Thorold, one company of infantry, Capt. McDonough, 2 officers and 28 men.  
 From Beamsville, one company of infantry, Capt. Kew, 3 officers and 24 men.  
 From Collingwood, one company of rifles, Major Stephen, 3 officers, 41 men, and 1 horse.  
 From Oakville, one company of rifles, Col. Chisholm, 3 officers and 47 men.  
 From Beamsville, one company of infantry, Capt. Konkle, 3 officers and 24 men.  
 From Bowmanville, one company of rifles, Capt. McLeod, 3 officers and 47 men.  
 From Brantford, one company of rifles, Major Alger, 3 officers and 32 men.  
 From Grimsby, one company of infantry, Capt. Randall, 2 officers and 18 men.  
 From Lowth, one company of infantry, Lieut. Emery, 2 officers and 14 men.  
 From St. Catharines, one company of cavalry, Major Dale, one officer, 23 men, and 25 horses.

From Port Hope, one company of infantry, Captain Williams, 3 officers and 43 men.  
 From Cobourg, one company of infantry, Captain Railton, 3 officers and 49 men.  
 From Cobourg, one company of infantry, Captain Elliott, 3 officers and 54 men.  
 From Oshawa, one company of infantry, Major Fairbanks, 3 officers and 53 men.  
 From Belleville, one company of infantry, Capt. Campbell, 3 officers and 18 men.  
 From Whitby, one company of infantry, Capt. Dartnell, 3 officers and 40 men.  
 From Uxbridge, one company of infantry, Capt. Spiers, 1 officer and 22 men.  
 From Prince Albert, one company of infantry, Captain Foreman, 2 officers and 23 men.  
 From Whitby, one company of rifles, Capt. Wallace, 3 officers and 46 men.  
 From Brooklyn, one company of rifles, Capt. Hodgson, 1 officer and 22 men.  
 From Scarboro, one company of rifles, Capt. Norris, 4 officers and 45 men.  
 From Port Hope, one company of rifles, Capt. Frazer, 3 officers and 38 men.  
 From Oshawa, one company of rifles, Captain Warren, 3 officers, and 40 men.



PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION OF 1863, KINGSTON, C. W.—PRIZE FOWLS, SHEWN BY MR. JOHN BOGUE, OF LONDON, C. W.

From Cobourg, one company of rifles, Capt. Smith, 3 officers, 42 men and one horse.  
 From Columbus, one company of rifles, Capt. Prentice, 3 officers and 23 men.  
 From Cobourg, one company of cavalry, Col. Boulton, 3 officers, 18 men and 21 horses.  
 From Morristown, one company of infantry, Capt. Macfarlane, 2 officers and 35 men.  
 From Elora, one company of rifles, Captain Donaldson, 2 officers and 31 men.  
 From Goderich, one company of foot artillery, Captain Ross, 2 officers and 38 men.  
 From Toronto, one battalion of rifles, Lieut. Col. Durie, 33 officers and 480 men; one battalion infantry, Colonel Cumberland, 28 officers and 444 men; Naval Brigade, Capt. Wm. McMaster, 3 officers and 61 men; 16th Regiment, Major Armstrong, 30 officers and 500 men; Field Battery, Colonel Denison, 4 officers and 40 men; Royal Artillery, Captain Vesey, 6 officers and 90 men.

We do not attempt on this occasion an account of all the military manoeuvres gone through; the advancing, retiring, skirmishing, deploying into line and forming in square; or the many desperate encounters with the enemy which were supposed to take place on the field. The display was what we might call a 'big thing for Canada'; and the heroes of the day left the ground at its close, fully conscious of having done their duty. To encourage a military and patriotic spirit, and to develop the valuable quantity of self-reliance amongst our people, is doubtless the proper end and aim of such displays as that of the 8th at Toronto. And in this respect the success of the demonstration is beyond question. We give on page 000 two cuts, illustrative of the scene.

THE MODEL FARM AT STE. ANNE.

The recent movement amongst French Canadians, by which to make agriculture an important part of the education both primary and superior, is thus far proceeding successfully. The movement is not purely educational, it has also its political aspect, being intimately connected with the great national plan of colonization. The ultimate aim is that French Canadians should become the masters of the soil, and overwhelm by their numbers and prosperity, the English Protestant element in Lower Canada. To this effect, an improved agriculture is indispensable, and the ambition of young men educated in colleges, instead of being as hitherto turned towards the liberal professions, or towards a commercial career, must be enlisted towards the too much disdained vocation of the farm. The college of St. Anne, below L'Islet in the district of Quebec, has taken the lead in this educational reform by adding to the institution, two or three years since, a large farm, on which the students are trained in improved and scientific agriculture. The College at St. Therese, in the district of Montreal, has this year followed in the wake and made farming preparations on a stupendous scale. Other colleges are preparing to follow the example, and we may expect in the course of a few years to see a new class of citizens, namely, the educated French Canadian farmers, and genuine country gentlemen such as is found in Great Britain and the United States.

The editor of the *Defricheur*, fresh from a visit to Ste. Anne, reports the most gratifying success of the noble farm attached to the College. The site, it seems, had been somewhat purposely selected among some worn-out farms, of which it was one of the worst. And it was shown to all the farmers of the neighbourhood how the soil could be enriched, and gradually recovered to its pristine fertility.

The farm has been already restored, by a judicious and scientific treatment, to such a high state of productiveness as to create a sensation among the people, and excite them to follow the example. They have been taught, also, that it pays to remove stones and use them for fences. Tile and stone draining has been introduced. Improved stock and the most approved agricultural implements are also kept on the farm, open to public inspection. The College has, besides, an agricultural museum and library, with special lectures on the art of farming. This movement is highly commendable, and although intended specially to benefit a particular class of our citizens, will prove a source of prosperity to the whole country.

RELIGIOUS COURTESY.—A young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text—Second Epistle of John, verse fifth.—'And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.' She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth.—'Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?' He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John—'Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and face to face, that our joy may be full.' From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

## THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

## CHAPTER XXII.

AN OLD DOCTOR RETURNS TO EBURY TO THE ANNOYANCE OF MR. CASTONEL.

The heads and eyes of Ebury were turned towards a gay and handsome chariot that went careering down the street, attended by its coachman and footman. A lady and gentleman were in it, she in brilliant attire; Mr. and Mrs. Castonel were returning their wedding visits. It stopped at the gate of the rectory,

'Don't stay long, Frances,' he whispered to her. 'I always feel frozen into stone when I am in the presence of those two old people.'

Mrs. Castonel smiled, and sailed into the rectory drawing-room, in all her finery; but she really did, for a moment, forget her triumph, when she saw the saddened look of poor Mrs. Leicester, and the mourning robes still worn for Ellen. Mrs. Leicester had not paid as it is called, the wedding visit; she had felt unequal to it; her card and an apology of illness had been her substitutes. Frances sat five minutes; and from thence the carriage was ordered to her old home. It encountered Mr. Hurst: he took off his hat, and the red color flushed his cheek. Frances alone returned his bow.

Mrs. Chavasse was in no pleasant temper. She was grumbling at her husband, because he had kept the dinner waiting. He was standing before the fire, in his velvet coat and leather gaiters, warming his frost bitten hands.

'I can't help it,' said he. 'If I were to neglect Lord Eastberry's business, he would soon get another steward, and where would you all be then? You have been making calls, I suppose, Frances.'

'Only at the rectory, papa.'

Mr. Chavasse turned sharply round from the fire, and faced his daughter.

'The rectory! In that trim.'

Frances felt annoyed. 'What trim? What do you mean papa?'

'I should have gone in a quiet way, to call there,' returned Mr. Chavasse. 'Gone afoot, and left some of those gewgaws and bracelets at home. You might have stepped in and taken a quiet cup of tea with them; any thing like that.'

'In the name of wonder, what for?' sharply spoke up Mrs. Chavasse. 'Frances has gone just as I should have gone.'

Mr. Chavasse did not continue the subject. 'Will you stay and have some dinner, Frances?'

'And eat it half cold,' interposed Mrs. Chavasse.

'I would not stay for the world, papa. I have other calls to make, and Emily Lomax is coming to dine with me afterwards, that we may lay down the plans for my ball. It will be such a beautiful ball, papa: the best ever given in Ebury.'

'Mind you have plenty of wax-lights, Frances,' advised her mother.

'Oh, I shall everything; lights, and hot-house plants, and champagne in abundance. Gervase lets me have it all my own way.'

'Do not begin that too soon,' said Mr. Chavasse, nodding at his son-in-law.

'Where's the use of contradiction?' laughed the surgeon, as they rose to leave:

'For when a woman will, she will, depend on't,

And when she won't she won't; and there's an end on't.'

Frances Castonel was just then the envy of Ebury, at least of all who considered ease and gayety the only happiness of life. Parties at home, parties abroad; dress, jewels, equipage, show, not a care clouded her countenance, not a doubt of the future fell on her mind; and the shadows, of those who were gone, haunted her not.

One wet day, at an early hour, when she was not likely to meet other visitors, Mrs. Leicester called. She had thought, by delay, to gain composure; but it failed her; and, after greeting Frances, she placed her hands on her face, and burst into bitter tears.

'You must forgive me, Frances she sobbed. 'The last time I entered this house, it was for the purpose of seeing my child in her coffin.'

Frances felt dreadfully uncomfortable, wondering what she could say, and wishing the visit was over. As ill luck would have it, she had been hunting in a lumber closet that morning, and had come upon a painting and two drawings, done by the late Mrs. Castonel. One of them bore her name in the corner, 'Ellen Castonel.' Frances had carried them down in her hand, and put them on the table, wishing now she had put them in the fire instead.

'These are poor Ellen's,' exclaimed Mrs. Leicester, as her eye fell on them. 'She did them just before her death. I have wondered what became of them, but did not like to ask. Would you mind giving me one, Frances? This with her name on it: it is her own writing.'

'All, take them all, dear Mrs. Leicester.'

'I would thankfully do so, but perhaps Mr. Castonel values them.'

'Indeed, no,' answered Frances, with inexcusable want of consideration; 'you may depend he has never looked at them since they were done. I rummaged them out of an old lumber closet this morning.'

Mrs. Leicester took the drawing in silence, and then took the hand of Frances. 'I am but a poor hand at compliments now,' she murmured; 'but I entreat you to believe, Frances, that you have my best wishes for your happiness, as sincerely as I wished it for my own child. May you and Mr. Castonel be happy.'

About this time, rumors began to be circulated in Ebury, that a medical gentleman who was formerly in practice in it, was about to return.

'You had better take care of your p's and q's cried old Flockaway one day to Mr. Rice. 'If it's true that Ailsa is coming back, I wouldn't give a hundred a year for the practice that will be left for Mr. Castonel.'

'How so?' demanded the assistant surgeon, who had been a stranger to the place when Mr. Ailsa was in it. 'Mr. Castonel is liked here.'

'Liked in other folks's absence,' groaned old Flockaway, who was a martyr to the gout. 'He has had nobody to oppose him, so he has had full swing. But just let Ailsa come and you'll see. All Ebury will tell you that Castonel is not fit to tie his shoes.'

'I suppose there is room for both of them.'

'There'll be more room for one than the other,' persisted

the martyr. 'If a royal duke came and set up doctoring here, he'd get no custom against Ailsa.'

The news proved true; and Mr. Ailsa and his family arrived at his house, which had been let during his absence. An unassuming, gentlemanlike man, with a placid countenance. 'Little Tuck,' his usual appellation, an under-sized little fellow with a squeaking voice, who had once been an apprentice under Mr. Ailsa, was the first to run in to see him.

'We are all so glad to see you back, sir,' he said, insensibly falling into his old, respectful mode of speech. 'Mrs. Ailsa is looking well too.'

'I am well,' she answered. 'No more need of foreign climates for me. But you must have plenty of news to tell us about Ebury.'

'Oh, law!' echoed little Tuck, 'I shan't know where to begin. First of all, I am living here. Second assistant to Mr. Castonel.'

'You had set up for yourself in Brenton when I left,' observed the surgeon.

'Yes, but it didn't answer,' replied Mr. Tuck, with a doleful look. 'I'm afraid I kept too many horses. So I thought the shortest way would be to cut it, before any smash came; and I sold off and came over here, and hired myself to Mr. Castonel.'

'He has played a conspicuous part in Ebury, has he not, this Mr. Castonel?'

'Yes he has. He came dashing down here from London, with a cab and a tiger and two splendid horses; and got all the practice away from poor old Winton, and married his niece against his will. When Mr. Winton died, folks said it was of a broken heart.'

'And then she died, did she not?' said Mrs. Ailsa.

'She did. Mr. Castonel's next move was to run away with Ellen Leicester. And she died.'

'What did they die of?' asked the doctor.

'I can't tell,' replied Mr. Tuck. 'I asked Rice one day, and he said he never knew; he could not make it out. They had both been ill but were recovering, and went off suddenly in convulsions. And now he has married Frances Chavasse.'

'I should have felt afraid to try him,' laughed Mrs. Ailsa.

'Oh, was she though?' responded the little man. 'She and her mother were all cock-a-hoop over it, and have looked down on Ebury ever since. They'll hardly speak to me in the street. Frances served out poor Hurst, I'm afraid. I know he was wild after her.'

'Who is Hurst?'

'The curate. Poor Mr. Leicester is no longer able to take the duty. Ellen's running away with Mr. Castonel nearly did him up, and her death finished it. I fear he is on his last legs.'

'What sort of a man is this Mr. Castonel! Do you like him?'

'I don't. I don't understand him.'

'Not understand him?'

'I don't, repeated Mr. Tuck, with a very decided shake of the head, 'I don't understand him. He's got a look of the eye that's queer. I wish you would take me on as assistant, Mr. Ailsa. I'd come to you for half what he gives. You'll get plenty of practice back. People will be glad to return to you; for somehow, Mr. Castonel has gone down in favor. They talk more about that strange woman.'

Mr. Ailsa looked up. 'What are you speaking of?'

'Well, when Mr. Castonel first came down here, she followed him, and brought a maid with her, and she has lived ever since in Beech Lodge, Squire Hardwick's gamekeeper's formerly.'

'Who is she?'

'There's the puzzle. She young, and very handsome, and quite a lady. Mr. Castonel gives out that it's a relation. He goes to see her, but nobody else does.'

'Curious!' remarked Mr. Ailsa.

'By the way, you remember Mary Shipley, ma'am?'

'Yes, indeed,' returned Mrs. Ailsa. 'Mary was a good girl. I would have taken her abroad with me, if she could have left her father.'

'Lucky for her, if you had, ma'am,' was the blunt rejoinder of Mr. Tuck, 'for she has gone all wrong.'

'Gone wrong! Mary?'

'And Mr. Castonel gets the blame. But he is a sly fellow, and some people think him a lamb. Mary tells nothing, but she appears to be sinking into a decline.'

'I am grieved to hear this,' returned Mrs. Ailsa. 'Her mother was nurse at the Hall when we were children, and she named Mary after me.'

'It appears to me observed Mr. Ailsa, arousing himself from a reverie, 'that your friend, Mr. Castonel, has not brought happiness to Ebury, take it for all in all.'

'He has brought plenty of unhappiness and plenty of death,' replied Mr. Tuck. 'I don't say it is his fault,' added the little man, 'but it's his misfortune.'

## CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEREIN THE THIRD WIFE YIELDS TO THE FATE OF HER PREDECESSORS.

'What a row there is, over this Ailsa!' exclaimed Mr. Castonel, as he sat down that same night with his wife. 'Tuck looked in just now, dancing mad with excitement, because Mr. Ailsa was come, and he had been sitting with him. Who is Ailsa's pray?'

'You know, Gervase; you have often heard of him lately,' replied Mrs. Castonel, answering the letter rather than the spirit of his words. 'Every one is saying he will take your practice from you; even mamma thinks he will prove a formidable rival.'

'What is there in him to be formidable?' slightly returned Mr. Castonel. 'I'll sew him up, Frances, as I did old Winton.'

'If you mean to imply ruin by 'sewing-up,' I think not,' laughed Mrs. Castonel. 'He has a large fortune, and his wife is connected with half the great people of the county. She was Miss Hardwick of the Hall, and the nicest girl in the world.'

'Oh, yes! I know. I remember her, a very little girl with curled hair, and pantaloettes.'

'Why, Gervase. I never knew you had been here before. You never told me that.'

'I never thought to. I was here once, when—when I was very young. But why did Ailsa leave if he was so popular? His wife was sickly and the air of Italy and the south of

France was good for her. How I should like to live in Italy. It must be charming.'

'Well—if I have good luck you shall go there, some day.' Oh, thank you, Gervase. You are so kind. But tell me how you came to be here years ago.'

'Oh, it's a long story. Some of these days when I've lots of time, I'll tell you. I have to go to a case to-night.'

'Don't be long, dear.'

'Of course not—not longer than I can help.'

And off went the surgeon. His wife thought it strange that he had not mentioned the case, when he came in. Beside, no one had sent for him during that day. But she was soon deep in the latest novel, and the matter faded from her mind. She never did hear of Mr. Castonel's early days, for matters of more importance succeeded.

The popular opinion as to Ailsa's success was not groundless; for of eighteen patients who fell ill in the next three weeks, counting rich and poor, seventeen of them went to Mr. Ailsa, though he never solicited a single case.

How the world would get on without gossip few people can tell. One day Mrs. Major Acre, who was by no means a taciturn or a cautious woman, paid a visit to Mrs. Castonel. 'Now, my dear,' she said to Frances, 'I should recommend Mr. Castonel to call Ailsa out.'

Frances glanced at her with an amusing look. 'Oh, the patients will come back to my husband. They will not all stop with James Ailsa.'

'I don't mean that,' returned Mrs. Major Acre. 'Some stupid people have gone over to him, but you can't call a man out for the caprices of others. No, my dear. But James Ailsa has made very free remarks upon your husband.'

'Indeed!'

'It seems Mrs. Ailsa has worn out of Mary Shipley who it was that led her into mischief—you know the Hardwicks always took an interest in those Shipleys—and Mary has confessed to Mrs. Ailsa what she never would to any one else.'

'And who was it?' asked Frances.

'Mr. Castonel.'

A vivid fire rushed into the cheeks of Frances.

'And I hear Ailsa declares that, had he been in Ebury at the time, he should have taken upon himself to bring Mr. Castonel before the justice for it. They have forbidden her to let him go there any more.'

'He does not go there,' cried Frances, vehemently.

'I wouldn't take an oath one way or the other, but if he does, child, he'd not be likely to tell you,' observed the senseless old lady. 'There's no answering for men. My dear husband had a saying of his own, that he 'was fond of treating his brother officers to, 'Do anything you like, boys, but never let the women know it.' Meaning us wives, my dear.'

Frances sat like one stupefied.

'And now I am going on to your mamma's, and—'

'Oh, pray do not say anything of this to mamma,' interrupted Frances, rising in excitement. 'She would write word to papa, and—pray do not, Mrs. Acre!'

'As you please, child. If I don't other people will. It's known all over Ebury.'

When Mr. Castonel entered, Frances met him with passion. 'You have deceived me throughout!' she cried—'you have deceived papa! And rather than be a dupe, I would leave you and go home to live again. Papa would not let me stay here. I know his sentiments. He spoke to me about this very subject, and begged me not to marry you till it was cleared up. I will not stay here.'

Mr. Castonel looked, as the saying is taken by storm. 'What on earth is the matter, Frances? I am guilty of no deceit.'

'Equivocations will only make matters worse. Oh, I shall go mad! I shall go mad! To think that people should be able to say the same of me that they did of Caroline Hall and Ellen Leicester!'

Mr. Castonel's countenance flushed red, and then became deadly pale. He faltered forth, rather than spoke—'And what did they say, of Caroline and Ellen?'

'That you neglected them for others.'

'Oh! The perfectly negligent tone of the ejaculation, and the relieved and half mocking face, did not tend to calm the anger of Mrs. Castonel.'

'I know the truth now about Mary Shipley. It has been disclosed to me to-day. Papa questioned you on that report himself, and you denied that there was truth in it.'

'There was no truth in it,' was the calm reply of Mr. Castonel. 'Why did you not tell me what you meant, before exciting yourself thus, Frances? I could have reassured you.'

'We will leave Mr. Castonel to his reassuring. Merely observing that he did succeed in his task, and so fully, that his wife was ready to go down on her knees for having doubted him. Verily he possessed some subtle power, did Mr. Castonel.'

June came in, and strange, strange to say, news went out of Ebury of the illness of Mrs. Castonel. Strange, because her symptoms were the same as those which had attacked Mr. Castonel's first and second wives, destroying prospects of an heir.

Mrs. Chavasse arrived in hot haste. Frances laughed at her perturbation. 'You have sent for Mr. Ailsa, of course,' said Mrs. Chavasse.

'Mr. Ailsa shall attend no wife of mine,' was the determined rejoinder of the surgeon. 'I'll see his coffin walk, first.'

'Listen, Mr. Castonel. You have lost two wives; it may have been through negligence in not having good advice; I know not. You shall not lose my daughter, if I can prevent it. Not an hour shall go over without further advice.'

'Call in any medical man you please, except Ailsa,' said Mr. Castonel, 'I should wish it done.'

'You have taken a prejudice against him,' retorted Mrs. Chavasse. 'None are so desirable, because he is on the spot.'

'Ailsa shall never darken my doors. I will send an express to the county town for one or other of the physicians. Which will you have?'

'Dr. Wilson,' answered Mrs. Chavasse. 'And meanwhile let Mr. Rice come in.'

TO BE CONTINUED

Don't live in hope with your arms folded; fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves, and put their shoulders to the wheel.

## CONSCIENCE.

It does not seem to me that this faculty is an original one, but rather an acquisition. I judge so from the various notions of morality which are entertained by the natives of different countries. If we examine the statements which are made by travellers, we shall find that in different countries the modes of acting and thinking are widely opposite to those which we consider to be in accordance with our standard of right and wrong. This induces me to conclude that conscience is not an inborn faculty, like the memory or the will, but rather the result of circumstances and education.

Mr. Cogan says: 'It is observable that the advocates for a moral sense confine their ideas entirely to moral principles and conduct, imagining that moral agency is thus honored with a peculiar faculty correspondent to its superior importance; but the arguments by which they support the tenet, are equally applicable to other mental sensations, or as it were perceptions of sentiment, as well as those which are strictly moral, and those are extremely numerous. A sense of honor, the blush of shame, are as quick and vigorous as any which arise from moral causes. There is a sense of dignity, a sense of meanness, a sense of propriety, of impropriety, as instantaneous in its influence, where the action is not virtuous or vicious. A high sense of honor is sometimes in league with injustice and murder. It grows in the breast of the gamester who defrauds an honest tradesman in order to pay his debts of honor to a noted sharper. It calls forth the duellist into the field, and compels him to shed the blood of his intimate friend. There is also a religious sense highly injurious to human happiness, and impelling to actions which reason highly condemns. This has inspired a persevering resolution in a Fakir, to cherish the first until his nails have grown through the palm of his hand, to stiffen himself into particular attitudes for life, to throw himself under the chariot wheels of his tremendous deity with all the transports of ancient devotion. It may also be urged that if the sudden effect produced upon a percipient in moral subjects, be an evidence of a distinct mental sense, why may not we suspect that there may be an immortal sense? For it frequently happens under the impetuosity of the passion, that sentiments and sensations instantaneously arise, not without consulting, but contrary to the dictates of reason. Unchaste desires, cowardice, or a pusillanimous sense of danger, an implacable sense of revenge calling aloud for exemplary punishment, are as prompt in their influence, as the approbation of virtuous, or the disapprobation of vicious actions. And it may be that when those passions subside, they will give place to a quick and powerful sense of shame, fear, and remorse. Thus, however specious the doctrine of a moral sense may appear upon a partial view of it, powerful are the objections which point themselves to a minute examiner.

'The feelings of mankind are as different as their opinions in different parts of the globe, and according to different inclinations, propensities, and habits of the district. The Spaniard and the Turk feel it an obligation to conceal their wives and concubines from the eyes of men. The wild Arab feels it to be honorable to live by the plunder of unwary travellers; and the ambitious sovereign to subjugate inoffensive nations. An ardent youth feels it his duty to serve his country in the conflicts of wars; a certain father feels it his duty to keep the youth from being shot through the head by intermeddling with the quarrels of others. A Spartan feels it honorable to steal; a Christian feels it be ignominious. According to the system under consideration they are advised to act according to their feelings without argumentation, and they will all act perfectly right.

'The ideas of right and wrong in human conduct are never observable in a young child. How many acts of an injurious nature would he commit if not restrained, without knowing that they were injurious. He seizes everything within his reach, without any sensation relative to justice or injustice. The humored child always thinks that he has a right to everything that he desires, and resents a reproof as an injustice and cruelty. The little tyrant behaves in his small circle like great tyrants in their larger spheres, as if the whole creation were at their disposal or formed for their sole gratification.'

Another ethical writer, David Williams, says: 'The truths of morality, like all other truths, are discovered only by trials and experiments. The principles of moral conduct would be totally insufficient if they did not tend to some ends; and if a certain manner of exercising our faculties, a certain manner of acting, had not been found by repeated experiments to have made us happy and a different manner to have made us unhappy. This science, therefore, which under its own name, but more especially under that of religion, has been considered a matter of mere speculation and abounding with doubts and uncertainties, and difficulties, is as plain and clear as geometry; it depends on facts which cannot easily be mistaken, because the whole world is collecting and observing them; and it has this advantage over other sciences, that all men have an equal interest in the success of their enquiries.'

In Robin's edition of the works of Locke there is a note by the editor, J. H. St. John, in the following words: 'And are there not places where, at a certain age, they kill or expose their parents without any remorse at all?' Or eat them as described in the Pearl Merchant, among the 'Tales of the Rhamadhan.' This is still the practice of the Bhattas in the island of Sumatra, (see Mardon's history of that island,) and anciently prevailed among the natives of Hindustan. Herodotus in his naïve style, describes the manners of those ungodly savages, and relates in illustration a highly characteristic anecdote: 'To the east are Indians called Padai, who lead a pastoral life, live on raw flesh, and are said to observe those customs; if any man among them be diseased his nearest connexions put him to death, alleging in excuse that sickness would waste and injure his flesh. They pay no regard to his assertions that he is not really ill, but without the smallest compunction deprive him of life. If a woman be ill, her friends and connexions treat her in the same manner. The more aged among them are regularly killed and eaten; but there are very few who arrive at old age, for in case of sickness they put every one to death.' In illustration of the force of custom, he observes: 'Whoever had the opportunity of choosing for their own observance, from all the nations of the world, such laws and customs as to them seemed the best, would, I am of the opinion, after the best careful examination adhere to their own. Each nation loves that their own laws are by far the most excellent;

no one therefore but a madman would treat such prejudices with contempt. That all men are really thus tenacious of their own customs, appears from this amongst other instances. Darius once sent for such of the Greeks as were dependent on his power, and asked them what reward would induce them to eat the bodies of their deceased parents; they replied that no man could prevail on them to commit such a deed. In the presence of the same Greeks, who by an interpreter, were informed of what had passed, he sent also for the Callatie, a people of India, known to eat the bodies of their parents. He asked them for what sum they would consent to burn the bodies of their parents. The Indians were disgusted at the question, and entreated him to forbear such language. Such is the force of custom; and Pindar seems to me to have spoken with peculiar propriety, when he observed that custom was the universal sovereign.'

Mr. Locke in his immortal essay, writes, 'I easily grant that there are great numbers of opinions, which, by men of different countries, educations and tempers, are received and embraced as first, and unquestionable principles; many whereof, both for their absurdities as well as oppositions to one another, it is impossible should be true. But, yet all these propositions, how remote soever from reason are so sacred somewhere or other, that men even of good understanding in other matters, will sooner part with their lives, and whatever is dearest to them, than suffer themselves to doubt, or others to question the truth of them.'

This, however strange it may seem, is that which every day's experience confirms, and will not, perhaps, appear so wonderful if we consider the ways and steps by which it is brought about; and how really it may come to pass, that doctrines that have been derived from no better an origin than the superstition of a nurse, or the authority of an old woman, may by length of time and consent of neighbors, grow up to the dignity of principles in religion and morality. For such who are careful (as they call it) to principle children well (and few there be who have not a set of those principles for them which they believe in,) instil into the unwary and as yet unprejudiced understanding, (for white paper receives any characters,) those doctrines they would have them retain and profess. These being taught them as soon as they have any apprehension, and still as they grow up, confirmed to them, either by the open profession or tacit consent of all they have to do with, or at least, by those of whose wisdom, knowledge, and piety, they have an opinion, who never suffer those propositions to be otherwise mentioned but as the basis and foundation on which they build their religion and manners, come by these means to have the reputation of unquestionable, self-evident, and innate truths.'

The foregoing selections give the opinions of the learned men who, in time long past, have declared to the world their convictions on the great subject of morality. From a careful consideration of them, my mind is led to adopt the following conclusion:

The morality of a country is thus formed. A certain line of conduct has been observed as producing a satisfactory result, and an opposite course has been noticed to produce a miserable result. This being at first noted, then experimented upon and proved to be in accordance with the supposition first formed, has led to the adoption of certain principles or fundamental rules for the pursuance of such a line of conduct as will be most conducive to the general welfare. These principles, being well established, have been instilled into the young minds, which minds, on attaining to maturity, have taught the like to their children, and thus arose and progressed the morality of the country.

The collection of these moral rules, having through the training of the youthful minds, become centered in their intellects, we have the individual conscience or knowledge whereby each is enabled to judge whether he is acting in conformity with the national or religious standard of right or wrong.

We have numerous varieties of conscience: the Thug, the Hindoo, the Jewish, the Mahomedan, the Buddhist, the Brahminical, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant. All of these differ on certain points in their notions of right and wrong, although they may agree in many other points. This is sufficient with the preceding observations, to induce me to conclude that there is no innate universal standard of right and wrong: 'That the law is our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ.'

I believe firmly in this: that that man is the best man and is possessed of the highest conscience, who has informed himself of the teachings of 'Him whose name is the Highest given under heaven.' 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.' Is there need for us to ask advice as to how we should act towards others, when we have in the above commands, such a code of morality to follow. Let any man who has wronged another, whether by ingratitude or otherwise, ask himself how he would like others to do the like by him, and if that man has a rightly formed conscience, I will answer for it that the responses of the monitor within will be to his own condemnation. He who acts always in accordance with the dictates of this high conscience, must be always in the right.

STUDENT.

## LOOKING FOR HAPPINESS

Step into the street and ask the first man you meet what he is thinking about, and if he answers you correctly, it will be, future happiness, or that which he thinks will promote his happiness. So of the thousands who pass you day by day. One inquires—How I can accumulate gold? Another—How shall I acquire fame? A third—What shall I do to obtain the good will and respect of mankind? But few indeed—not one in a thousand perhaps—would make the inquiry—where can I find virtue? how can I obtain religion? where is God and Heaven? Among the countless throng who are searching for happiness, scarcely one is looking in the right place and asking of the correct source. The tinsel and glare of the world—its gold and its ambition—urge people on in the intricate and thorny paths of life, until they become disgusted and painfully declare—there is no happiness here. Ah, if they but sought for virtue and Heaven we should hear less complaints, and life, instead of being a wearisome abode, would be the glorious prelude to a blessed and eternal existence.

## HOW VICTOR HUGO'S MASTER-PIECE WAS WRITTEN.

Victor Hugo had scarcely begun to taste the sweets of his triumph before he was called upon to fulfil a forgotten engagement—that of writing a novel for M. Gosselin, the publisher. The time had long passed when it was to have been ready, and the publisher talked of claiming damages. He was, however, induced to forego the immediate claim, and five months was allowed Victor for producing 'Notre Dame de Paris,' the work in question. If not ready by the day fixed he was to pay a thousand francs for every week's delay. He began to write on the 27th of July, 1830—the first of the 'three days,' and owing to the disturbances which ensued, and an accident resulting from the situation in which his house was placed, the novel was much neglected. He accordingly wrote to M. Gosselin as follows:—

'The dangerous position of my house in the Champs Elysees, on the 29th of July, had made me resolve to take my most valuable goods and my manuscripts to the house of my brother-in-law, who lives in the Rue de Cherche-Midi, and whose neighborhood, in consequence, was but little threatened. During this operation, which was very hastily accomplished, a memorandum book was misplaced, quite full of notes, which had cost me more than two months' research, which were indispensable to the accomplishment of 'Notre Dame de Paris.' This memorandum book has not yet been found, and I now fear that all my researches will be in vain. I hasten to acquaint you with the fact. Is not this one of the important and unforeseen circumstances which had been anticipated as possible to occur when we drew up our agreement on the 5th of June? Nevertheless if fresh events do not occur to prevent my continuing my book, I hope, by dint of hard work, to be able to give you up the manuscript when the proper time comes. I own, however, that a delay of two months, granted to me by you in consideration of this occasional circumstance, would be pleasing to me; as much in your interests as in mine, and that I should consider this proceeding on your part as completely making up for any thing I may have thought I had reason to complain of in your former dealings with me. It appears to me that it might also be in your interest that the manuscript should not be given up to you so soon after the Revolution as the 1st Dec. It is doubtful whether literature will then have re-assumed the amount of importance which it possessed two months ago, and I think that a delay in the work would be as good for you as for me.'

The publisher entered into these reasons, and the date was postponed till the 1st Feb., 1831, which gave M. Victor Hugo five months and a half. But no further delay was looked for; it was necessary to be ready by that time. He bought a bottle of ink and a thick piece of grey worsted knitting, which enveloped him from the neck to the heels; he locked up his clothes, in order not to be tempted to go out, and set to work at his novel; as if in a prison. He was very melancholy. From that time he never left the writing table, except to eat and to sleep. His only amusement was an hour's chat after dinner with some friends, who would call on him and to whom he sometimes read the pages he had written during the day. . . . After the first few chapters his melancholy disappeared; his sadness left him, and his work took possession of him; he neither felt fatigue, nor the wintry cold which had come upon them. In December he would sit at work with open windows. He never doffed his bearskin but on one occasion. On the morning of the 20th December, the Prince de Craon came to offer to conduct him to the trial of Charles the Tenth's Ministers. In order that this holiday should not be a long one, he did not even release his clothes from their prison, and wore his costume of the National Guards.

On the 14th January the book was finished. The bottle of ink, which M. Victor Hugo had bought on the first day was also at an end; He concluded the last line and the last drop at the same moment, which made him think of changing the title of the work, and calling it 'The Contents of a Bottle of Ink.'—*Review of V. Hugo's Life.*

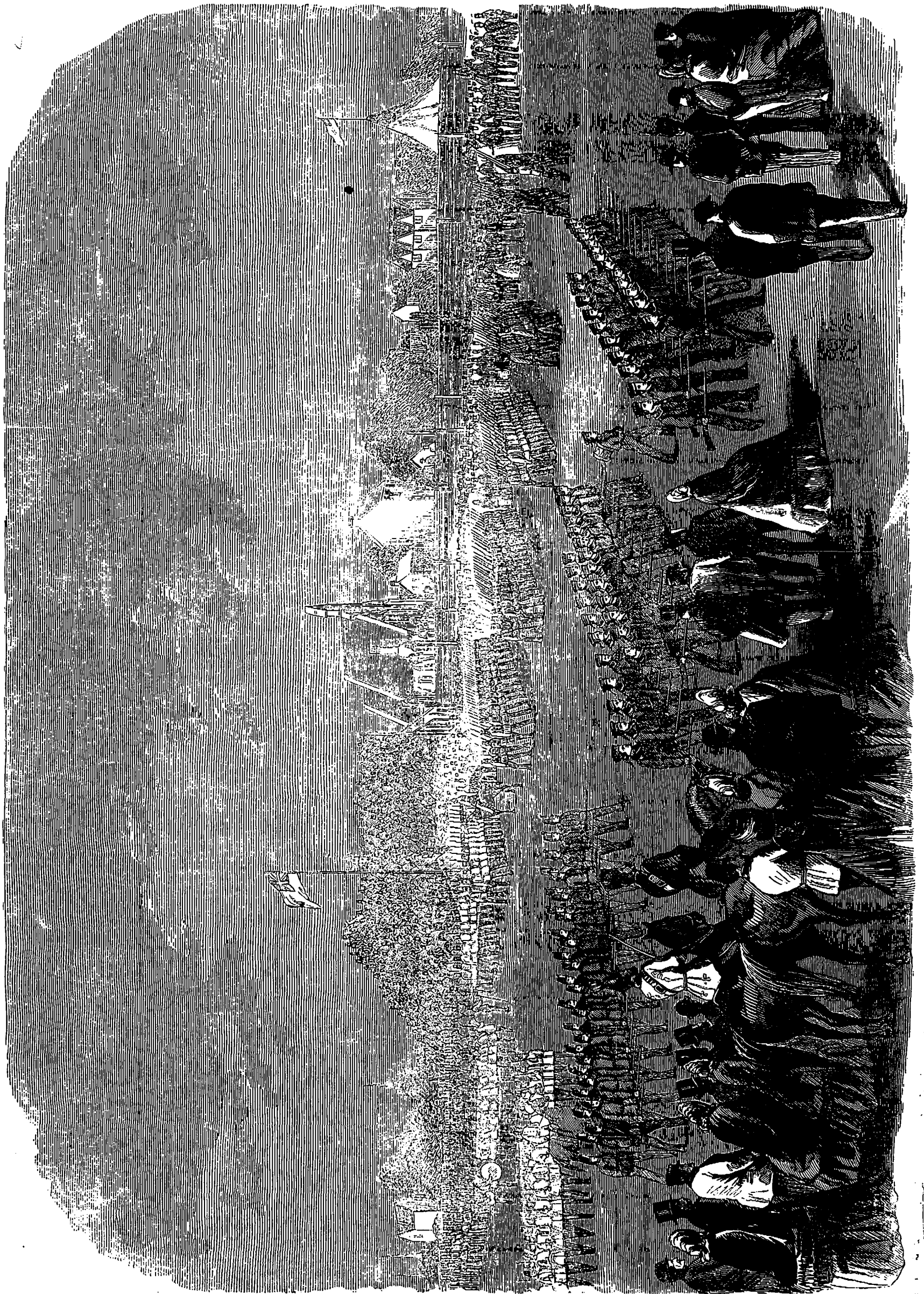
## AN INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

A short while ago as we sat thinking over the frailties of our race, our eye chanced to fall upon the web of a spider, around which was playing an unsuspecting fly, unconscious of the danger which surrounded it. The wary spider scanned closely its movements, but stirred not, calmly biding his time. He had not long to wait, the fly, chained with the beauty of the nest, soon made the fatal plunge. No sooner trapped than with fearful bounds it sought to free itself, and for a time the contest seemed doubtful. While they were warring for the mastery, another noble prize was entrapped but the spider, true to its interest, made no effort whatever to secure it, but sought, rather the securement of that which was still in jeopardy. And as we reflected upon the spider's course we found that it had been wise and proper, for had he loosened his hold upon one, both would doubtless have eluded his grasp.

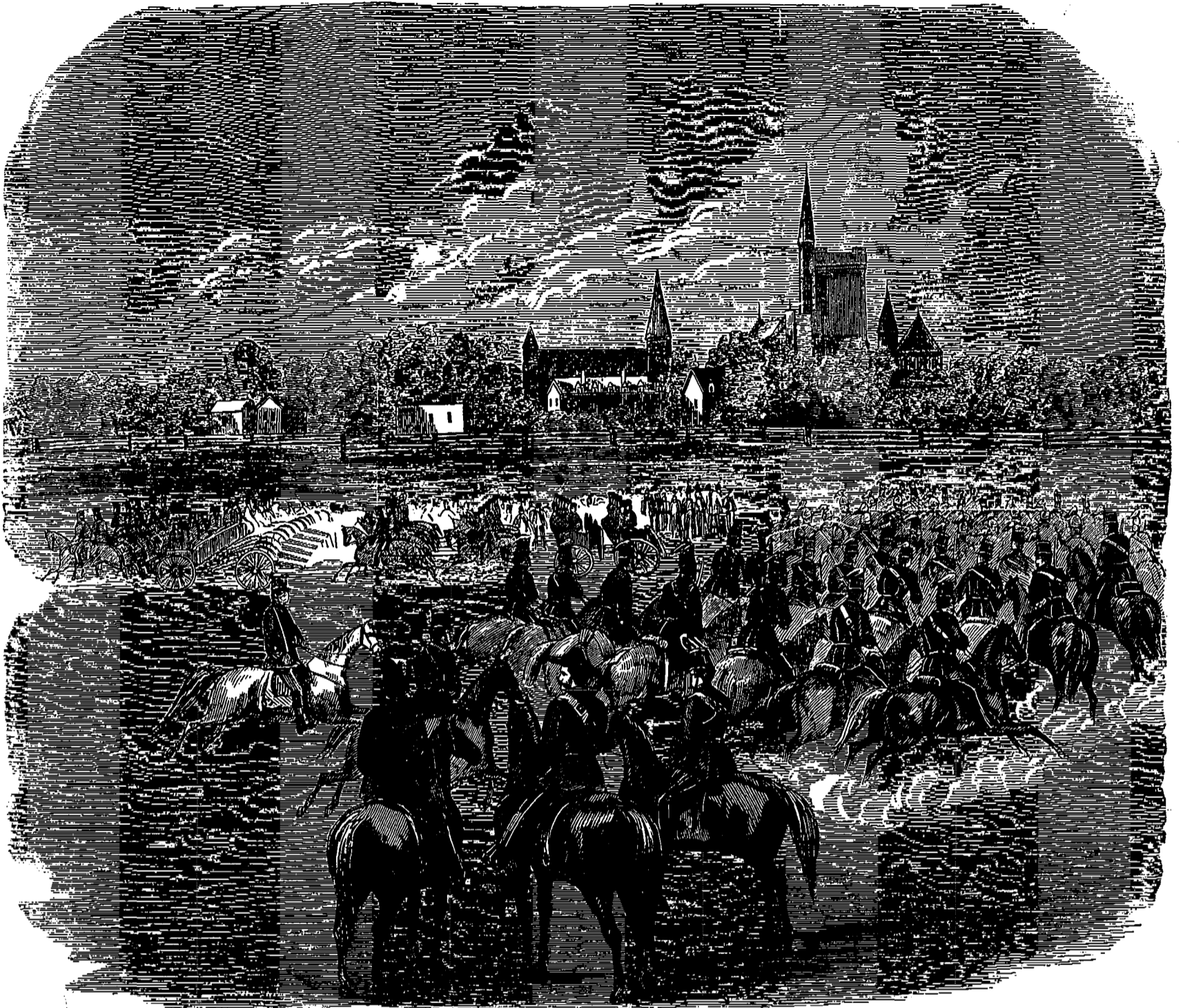
How instructive the lesson—and how unlike the course pursued by man? He, not content to secure enough, is ever grasping for more. And how often does he in grasping for everything get nothing. Let us henceforth learn wisdom from the spider. It teaches the one great lesson of happiness—contentment.

## EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

Devotional feelings should be impressed as early as possible on the infant mind. Being fully convinced that they cannot be impressed too soon, and that a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he had no such idea, we would endeavor to impress them by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects; with all that he sees, all he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight; and thus by deep, strong, and permanent associations, to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life. For he who has early been accustomed to see the Creator in the visible appearance of all around him, to feel his continual presence, and lean upon his daily protection, though his religious ideas may be mixed with many improprieties which his correcter reason will refine away, has made large advances toward that habitual piety, without which religion can scarcely regulate the conduct, and will never warm the heart.







TORONTO MILITARY REVIEW, OCT. 8TH, 1863.—CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY GALLOP TO ATTACK.—(SEE PAGE 268.)



THE "OLD BLOCK FORT," NEAR YORKVILLE, O. W.

## TORONTO IN ARMS.

THURSDAY morning of the 8th broke dull, lowering, and unpropitious; I say broke, because the term is usually applied, not that there was any breaking about it. More properly it was a gradual decreasing of darkness—fold after fold withdrawn, as night apparently unwillingly retired—leaving Torontonians and their visitors heirs to a gloomy, raw, and fusty day.

However, this was a day devoted to Mars, and partly in accordance with the stern mandates of his modern sons, and more in accordance with the known daring and bravery which attaches to the name of soldier, Toronto's and Canada's volunteers appeared by their cheerful and active deportment to have resolved to meet all weathers, as they are expected to meet all foes, with a smiling, determined defiance.

Early, very early, (as some were up all night, by some mismanagement,) the streets presented the appearance of a garrison town, so much so that a stranger not having heard of the 'review' about to take place, would have considered that 'old Abe' was just going to make love to our little city—kissing her at a distance with a most disgusting pair of lips, particularly when they smell of powder. Of course long before this is in print, everything will be known through the daily papers—all the arrangements made, how well carried out, the visitors described, companies, &c., named, encumbers passed, and grand digressions on loyalty, unanimity, &c., &c., therefore I can amuse or interest little further, without repeating what you already know—praising what they lauded, and however true and agreeable that may be, still I hate flattery, and it would look too much like it. Considering that they have taken the grand theme, I must be content with notes by the way, or scraps which they in their feast of facts left unnoticed and untouched.

The grounds from twelve till after three were generally cold and comfortless, a level, (in some respects,) a barren plain, peopled with thousands of expectant spectators, with nothing to satisfy their expectations. And these even, at one time, apparently destined, if not to be still lowered, at least to be slightly 'dumpeed' by way of a change, or intermingling of disagreeable concomitants. Still, the interior was not wholly devoid of amusement, as harmless wit, opinions, and criticisms were freely expressed on the different companies as they marched by. Citizens smiled at country cousins, and country cousins laughed outright at fops indulging in their 'Ah demme's.'

A mutual exchange of such compliments was received not unpleasantly with the crushing, though not ungraceful crowd. Now and again some gentleman who, happily having never made the acquaintance of our 'Police Magistrate,' was in ignorant determinedness almost willing to dispute the duties and question the dignity of his worthy satellites; but the mingling English in—'pon my soul I'll have ye at the station,' generally brought to a more becoming level the lofty aspirant for a good view, who had prebened himself, perhaps on the top of some wagon, &c., under which generally sat some elderly woman disposing of some palatable treats, and who did not, by her fearful glances, appear to relish the idea of the profuse scattering of her rolling stock among such a hungry crowd.

The ground being so level rendered it very hard for ladies, (particularly those of delicate nerves,) to attain even a 'partial glimpse' of the manoeuvring. Those who could not rough it, or bear a pressure, must give place to those who could, (the same rule holds good in every thing, I believe,) therefore, many who had come miles to witness the review, saw nothing but the brawny shoulders of some individual looming between them and the wished for sight. Not tall enough to look over those shoulders, not strong enough to get to the front, and not allowed to go back, there she must remain, a martyr to 'her own ambition to see the show.' These instances, I am sorry to say, were innumerable, and I think the fairer and weaker sex entitled to more consideration in this respect, although I can offer no remedy.

But with the arrival of Gen. Lindsay things changed, the play began, and acting though it was, it savoured greatly of reality. The long lines of red and black, swaying, forming, and re-forming, the stirring strains of martial music, rattling of musketry and booming of cannon, made a scene grand and imposing; a scene the reality of which has been seldom witnessed by Canadians, and therefore perhaps criticised partially as the event of a gala day. And in this country it will be pardonable for them to do so, where in Britain it would not; although are we not the same? does not their glory descend to us? Needs memory pause to recollect forts, plains, mountains and passes, as scenes, (dne and bloody they were,) of England's glory and undying fame, wherein the names of our forefathers, and their deeds, are recorded on that monument that never lies—history. Those battles that gave to Britain her rights, that forced through Europe an equality in strength, and that give to

the known world the peace, prosperity, and happiness it now enjoys.

A country no more than a community can remain the same, and what will be Canada's next step puzzles the politicians of the mother country, and engages the kind attentions of her, and our neighbors, but which time alone can solve; and that may be when the bloom of youth, and dawn of manhood, lies a mangled, bruised, and bleeding heap at the shrine of our freedom, which now totters in the strife of those who each essayed to keep it.

A cloud of doubt and uncertainty hangs like a black drape over our former light and beautiful picture of prosperity, a thoughtfulness mingles amidst our happiness, and it may still grow more impenetrable, or it may be dispelled—granting redoubled hope in freedom from our former fears.

However, this topic for others, I was speaking, or about to speak, of the volunteers, but I have deferred doing so so long, it is now too late. Still, what needs to be said?—They themselves, I am sure, are by this time tired of seeing so much of sycophancy, from every sheet that bears the name of 'newspaper.' They, like all true men, would rather prove their valor than hear it asserted; and therefore, in deference to this feeling, I will only add that we have an army in our volunteers—an army that when the day and the hour shall come will fight and die—neither for oppression nor aggression, but for their woodland happy homes, their noble institutions, and for that honor and loyalty yet their own.

I speak nothing in reference to the Regulars. They are the ancient bulwark around which clusters the praises and glories of centuries. The volunteers are the beginning of the modern structure of the same material with their laurels yet to be attained.

While encomiums from me could add nothing, but rather detract, from the former; it may at least serve to commemorate the first steps of the latter to future fame.

DELLWA.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## MANAGEMENT OF MANURE.

The progress of improvement in the agriculture of any country is indicated by the attention that is paid to the collection, preservation and application of manure. The wonderful change that has taken place in British husbandry was ushered in by attempts to enlarge the quantity and improve the quality of manure. Every kingdom of nature has been ransacked to find out substances endowed with the principles of fertility. Science has come to the aid of art; philosophy has stooped from her dignity and joined in the research, and the public mind appears to be fully aroused to still more adventurous efforts. The formation of compost heaps, the mixture of soil with decomposable matter, the universal application of lime, the construction of liquid manure tanks, the introduction of guano, burnt clay, bones, plaster, &c., are all steps in the great race in which intelligent agriculturists have been and are engaged. Unless such means were resorted to, Great Britain could not sustain her dense population. Without the greatest economy of manure the millions of China would starve.

The continued production of grain crops will exhaust the most fertile soil, unless rest is given, and manure applied. It has been proved and acted on in Belgium and in England, that a farm may be kept in good heart and subjected to a continual course of cropping without other manure than that which is made on the premises, from the consumption of green crops, hay, straw, &c., and the proper management and application of the solids and liquids which are thus obtained.

In new countries, such as the United States and Canada, where rich land is easily obtained and labor scarce, manure is neglected, and when the soil is impoverished by continual cropping and the rapid increase of weeds, fresh locations are sought, and the worn out soil abandoned, but when all the land becomes occupied this system must be changed, and manure and rotation of crops called in to the aid of the farmer.

Few persons in a new country are sufficiently careful of manure. Sometimes it is spread on the green sward, sometimes permitted to remain lying round the barn yard for two or three seasons. The liquid which exudes from it is not economized. The exhalations which arise from the ardent influence of the summer's sun, and from the natural activity of fermentation are permitted to escape and carry away with them the most valuable part of the manure. Proper means are not used to fix the gases which are generated by putrefaction, and which constitute the elements of vegetable food. Every manure heap should have a foundation of muck to receive the liquid which exudes from it—layers of muck intermixed with it to keep the manure from being over-heated and a protector of some kind to keep it from the influence of the weather. Paster should always be used for fixing the ammonia. Very few farmers pay any attention to the degree of heat attained by the fermenting manure; it should never exceed one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. At a much lower heat, carbonic acid, and other gases ascend as elastic fluids and are diffused, and lost in the atmosphere; the manure heap becomes fire-fangled, and its fertilizing ingredients are expelled.

So long ago as 1812, Charles Alexander, an intelligent farmer in Scotland, published an account of his experiments to ascertain the value of the urine of cattle as a manure. He commenced operations by digging a pit near his feeding stalls but distinct from that which was occupied by the solid manure. The dimensions of this pit were 36 feet square and 4 feet deep, surrounded on all sides by a wall. Having selected the nearest spot where he could find loamy earth, he proceeded to fill it and found that the whole expense of transporting the earth to it did not exceed \$20. When the work was complete he levelled the surface of the heap on a line with the sewer which conducted the liquid from the byre, that he might be enabled

to saturate the soil evenly. The liquid was supplied by fourteen cattle which were kept for five months on turnips and hay. The contents of the pit produced 288 loads which manured seven acres of land. He tried this experiment for ten years, and used in separate fields the rotted cow dung and the saturated clay, and found in all cases the latter was fully equal to the former. The beneficial effects of the compost on the soil were fully as permanent as those of the barnyard dung. The pit which contained the solid manure of the fourteen cattle, as well as the litter employed in bedding them, only furnished two hundred and forty loads, which manured six acres. The value of the urine therefore, when compared with the solid manure, was in the ratio of seven to six, so that it is evident that the liquid is more valuable than the solid matter. We have been calling on our rural friends to construct tanks and to saturate muck and solid manure with the valuable liquid which at present is so much neglected, and we hope to see our views carried out. By having a tank, even of the rudest kind, the quantity of manure on a farm may be doubled and the crops increased in proportion. We suggest that it would be considerable saving of labor to form the heap of muck in the field wherein it is to be used, and to draw the liquid manure from the tank for the purpose of saturating it. The spring is so short in this latitude that everything that can be done to forward farm operations should be effected. Late sown crops seldom produce well.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.—As often as we see people digging small circles around the bodies of large trees, 'with a view,' as they say, 'to make them grow,' we wish there was a little more general knowledge of the nature and requirements of trees and plants. If only just a little more light could be let into the brains of mankind, by which they might learn that the tree collects its food at the extremities of its roots, or fibrous rootlets, and that such roots always extend as far away from the body of the tree as the diameter of the branches; then, we think, they would abandon the useless digging of small circles near the body, and apply their labors to the placing of food, i. e. manures, etc., in a circle near the outer extremity of the diameter of the branches. We have no disposition to take up the various views of writers on the subject, upon the correctness of the system in which the tree or plant increases its growth; whether by regular circulation of sap through continuous vessels or channels, whether by globules and capillary attraction, or whether by insect life, similar to the creation of the coral, as one writer asserts. All we wish here to impress upon the minds of the people is, that plants do imbibite food from the soil, by means of the roots; that such food must be in a liquid or dissolving state ere it can be appropriated; and that the mouths of the plants are at the end of every little root. All labor, therefore, in digging away the soil near the body, without any application of the spade, or giving food by manures at the extremities of the roots, is just so much time and labor lost.

POTATOES never should be heated in the sun before storing them, and if they are, should be allowed to cool. The best practice is to pick them up as soon as they are unearthed, and as soon as possible get them into the cellar, or pit, or in piles, where they are to be kept through the winter and until sold, and at once covered from the light, and in some measure from the effect of air, particularly drying winds. It is not important that potatoes should be stored dry. We have seen them stored directly from the field in a rainy day, with the adhering dirt in a muddy condition, and yet they kept first rate. We have an account now before us of a man who took pains to dry his potatoes in the sun, and he put them in the bin in the cellar while still warm. In a few days he found his pile of potatoes steaming, and on overhauling, the centre was in a state of decay. His remedy was to spread them out on the cellar bottom and cool them, and sprinkle with gypsum, say two bushels to a hundred bushels of potatoes, and then return them to the bin. This brought them back to the condition they would have had if stored on a damp day with the dirt adhering, just as the plaster did. Who can doubt that his potatoes would keep better if buried in earth, filling all the interstices between the tubers. It is because they keep 'well enough' without the earth that it is not used. Potatoes require to be kept cool and dark. That is the greatest secret in storing potatoes.

## INCREDIBLE LIARS.

The French papers in the autumn of 1821 mentions that a man named Desjardins was tried on his own confession, as an accomplice with Lonvel, the assassin of the Duke de Berri. But, on his defence, Desjardins contended that his confession ought not to be believed, because he was so notorious for falsehood, that nobody in the world would give credit to a word he said. In support of this, he produced a host of witnesses, his friends and relatives, who all swore that the excessive bad character he had given of himself was true, and he was declared 'Not guilty.' This case parallels with a similar instance some years before in Ireland. A man was charged with highway robbery. In the course of the trial the prisoner roared out from the dock, that he was guilty; but the jury pronounced him 'Not guilty.' The astonished judge exclaimed, 'Good heavens, gentlemen, did you not hear the man himself declare that he was guilty?' The foreman said—'We did, my lord, and that was the reason we acquitted him, for we know the fellow to be such a notorious liar, that he never spoke a word of truth in his life, therefore we could not believe him on his oath.'

BE PUNCTUAL.—A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay larger demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

## THE SUMMER IS OVER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The summer is over,  
Its flowers are dead;  
Its joys so delicious  
Before us have fled;  
The leaves that once shaded  
Our pathway, are o'er;  
And the sweet roses faded  
Will blossom no more.

But the scenes so enchanting  
Still dwell in the heart;  
Like the scent of sweet flowers,  
They do not depart;  
And the birds are still singing  
Upon the bare bough;  
A glad message bringing  
Of joy, even now.

Though the sun with less fervor  
Shines through the short day;  
And the leaves and the flowers  
Are faded away;  
Though the warm gentle zephyrs  
No longer blow soft,  
And the bright stars of heaven  
Look cold from aloft;

Still, still, in our bosoms  
Shall joy find a home;  
And our hearts shall look forward  
To pleasures to come;  
And we shall still cherish  
Glad hopes of the Spring,  
When the flowers shall flourish,  
The birds shall all sing.

## WEEKLY NEWS SUMMARY.

## CANADIAN.

Counterfeit quarter dollars, dated 1853, are in circulation in Quebec. Some of them will probably find their way westward.

There is a project on foot to build a Railway from Guelph to Fergus and Elora in the Northern part of the County of Wellington. The *Globe* suggests that it be continued through the County of Bruce to Lake Huron.

The Essex Record says that numbers of men engaged as laborers for public works in the States, are crossing over at Windsor.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Assembly, by Mr. Poupore, authorizing Mr. Rinaldo McConnell to construct a road and other works to open a communication from the mouth of the French River, on Lake Huron, to the Upper Ottawa. The road will commence somewhere in the vicinity of the mouth of the first-mentioned river, and thence by Lake Nipissing and the river Matawan till it strikes the waters of the Upper Ottawa. Tolls will be levied in accordance with regulations to be approved of by the Governor General in Council. The Bill further provides, that the Government, if deemed expedient for public purposes, may take possession of the road upon re-paying Mr. McConnell the sum of money expended thereon with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum. Operations must be commenced within one year, and the road must be completed within five years from the passing of the Act.

The growth of Montreal may be seen from the number of buildings of all kinds going up this year, which is so great that rubble stone, which used to be \$5 a toise, is now \$12, and stone cutters who used to get \$1.50 a day now readily obtain \$2.50, and are scarce at that.

The recent discovery of copper in the township of Lake, in the rear of the county of Hastings, promises to be of the greatest importance to the immediate locality, and to the whole Upper Province. The deposits have been examined by the best practical miner in Canada, Captain Williams, and by Dr. Hunt, of the Geological Survey, both of whom have pronounced favorable opinions.

The Hamilton City Debt Bill, after passing the Assembly, was defeated in Committee in the Upper House on the night of Friday the 9th inst. An amendment thereto moved by Hon. Mr. Desaulles, that the consent in writing, of all the creditors both in England and Canada should be required, was negatived by 22 to 19. Hon. Mr. McCrea's amendment, that the Bill should not go into operation till approved by all the creditors, present in person or by proxy, at a meeting to be held in London, (England,) for that purpose, was carried by 21 to 17. Hon. Mr. Campbell, who had charge of the Bill, said that Mr. McCrea's amendment having been carried, it was now of no use; and moved that the Committee rise. Which motion was carried unanimously, thus destroying the Bill.

## EUROPEAN.

Lieut. Thomas, of the 32nd Foot, lately made a heavy bet at mose with his brother officers, that he would walk, fully accoutred as a private soldier, 60 miles within 20 hours. He did it too, within 25 minutes to spare. He carried rifle, knapsack, kit, bayonet, and 20 rounds of ammunition, the whole weighing about 50 lbs. The ground where the feat took place was between Preston and Lancaster; and the time occupied was from a quarter past three in the morning till ten minutes before eleven at night. A tough performance certainly; requiring both nerve and muscle to do it.

At present every steamship leaving Cork for America is crowded. The emigration fever runs high all over the country. The *Waterford Citizen*, Sept. 12, says:—'To-day a batch of about fifty well-dressed young persons of both sexes, evidently of the class of respectable farmers, passed along the quay, from the railway terminus, towards the steamship offices, to take passage for Liverpool, on their way to America. It was a mournful sight, the very pick of our population walking along, as if in funeral procession.'

Some of the Florida's crew have published a card in the Liverpool papers, stating that they were unable to get their wages.

A firm of biscuit makers in Carlisle, England, by way of showing what could be done by rapid work, recently had a field of wheat reaped, the grain threshed and ground, and the flour made into biscuits, which were served hot on the breakfast table at eight o'clock, in exactly four hours from the time the sickle was put into the grain.

The Right Hon. Edward Elliot was found dead in his bed, at his seat in the Highlands, on the 17th ult. He was well known in Canada and was proprietor of the extensive Seigniorship of Beauharnois. He was also member of Parliament for Coventry in Great Britain.

He sat for Coventry since 1818, with the exception of the period from 1823 to 1830.

A letter from Rome in a continental paper asserts that Cardinal Antonelli will shortly leave Rome for London, whence he will proceed to Mexico to regulate the religious affairs of the new empire.

Archduke Louis of Austria—brother to Maximilian—is to be married to the daughter, the only child of the Emperor of Brazil. The *London Post* regards the event of very high importance, as two thrones on this side of the Atlantic, that of Mexico and Brazil, may soon be filled by members of the House of Hapsburg, who will mutually support each other.

A Paris telegram to the *London Times* states that 8000 Irishmen are to be enrolled for service in the new empire of Mexico.

The *Vicinia Press* comments upon the arrogance of Russia, and declares that the only dignified and efficacious means of arriving at a solution would be to occupy Poland in the name of Europe. The responsibility of the powers will otherwise be great.

W. E. Forster, Esq., M. P., lately addressed a large meeting in Leeds, on American affairs. He took strong ground in favor of the North, and against the South.

Great importance is attached to the publication, in the *Paris Monitor*, of the address of the Polish National Government to Prince Czartoryski. This is allowed to be the most forward indication yet allowed by the Emperor in favor of Poland. Meanwhile the fact that Russia is all the while preparing for a foreign war on an immense scale, is beyond contradiction.

The Great Eastern is withdrawn from the American trade. The company must raise more money, so the Directors say; or wind itself up at once.

## UNITED STATES.

During the last two or three weeks guns of an extraordinary size have been forwarded to Bragg, with a view it is thought, to erect batteries on Lookout Mountain, which is said to be now in possession of the advance guard of the rebel army. It is supposed that these formidable batteries will have range sufficiently great to reach Chattanooga, which would then become untenable. Rosecrans, however, considers his position impregnable.

Gen. Sherman, commanding the 5th army corps, reports to headquarters that many of the best inhabitants of Mississippi are now clamouring for peace, on terms acceptable to all who do not aim at the destruction of that part of the United States. He thinks, also, that no hostile army would be required to visit the interior of that State.

Gen. Lee's official report, dated July 3rd, of his Pennsylvania campaign is lately published. It is very full and complete in its narrative of actual events; but it does not explain very clearly what the specific object of the campaign really was. The *New York Times* concludes that the object was Washington; without doubt.

Guerrillas are both numerous and active on the South side of the Potomac.

The opera season has commenced in New York, and birds fair, so the *Herald* says, to eclipse in fashionable folly and brilliant extravagance any that has yet been seen.

Gen. Bragg has been heavily reinforced from Lee's army, from Georgia, and elsewhere within the Confederacy. His force is now estimated at 175,000 men.

It is conceded that the Confederates gained what might have been a splendid advantage at Chickamauga, if they had only pushed it; which it appears they did not. Much disappointment is felt in Richmond because Rosecrans and his whole force were not successfully bagged. The Confederate movements for this purpose appear to have been masterly in design, but to have failed greatly in the execution. The *Memphis (Atlanta) Appeal*, speaking of their success at Chattanooga, says: 'We shall now be recognized, our securities will rise, Vallandigham will be elected.

Rosecrans is being heavily reinforced from the North every day.—A tremendous battle must come off ere long not far from Chattanooga.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A party of miners arrived at New Westminster on the 10th Aug. from Cariboo with \$30,000 worth of treasure amongst them.—Another party was to leave Williams Creek in about ten days with a large amount of treasure. Provisions were plentiful, (at the mines,) with a downward tendency. Flour was 40cents, and other things in proportion.

A very rich quartz lead was struck about the 22nd July, on the head of Lowhee Creek, and a company organized, of which Mr. Robert T. Smith, formerly magistrate at Hope, is the head. The lead was traced some 200 feet by simply removing the moss, when the gold was quite visible to the naked eye. It is thought it will yield as high as \$10,000 to the ton! Much excitement was caused by this discovery.

Two men, Ross & Johnson, who went prospecting on the Bear River last fall, and had not in the meantime been heard of, were ascertained to have been murdered and buried by the Indians. The prospecting party which brought this intelligence reports that while on their way down Bear River they observed a handkerchief hanging to a tree, and proceeding to the spot, discovered the decomposed remains of a man wrapped up in a blanket, his head on a log, and close by his side a tin mug, with the following words faintly scratched on it:—Donald Munro; lost in the woods; is from Inverness, Scotland, born June, 1855. What a tale of suffering is told in these few words!

Dr. Powell, late of Port Dover, C. W., has been elected Member of Parliament for the city of Victoria, Vancouver Island.

The *Victoria Colonist* urges the prosecution of the salt manufacture there as a necessity. It states that there are Brine Springs of the richest quality not many miles from Victoria. The fisheries on that coast are rich and teeming with the finest fish; but owing to the high price of salt, but little is done in the way of curing for inland use and for exportation. Salmon are very abundant this season there.

TRUE VALUE OF READING.—A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. Too much over-charges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. It is thought and digestion which make books serviceable, and give health and vigor to the mind. Books well-chosen neither dull the appetite nor strain the memory, but refresh the inclinations, strengthen the powers, and improve under experiments. By reading, a man, as it were, anticipates his life, and makes himself contemporary with past ages.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

## NOTHING TO DO.

'Oh, just look how it rains! To-day we cannot go out on the lawn to play, neither can we go to school,' said two little boys, standing in the door, looking impatiently at the rain. 'Oh, I do wish it would not rain so long,' said one of them, 'for I have nothing to do.'

Is that true? Have you nothing to do? If you have nothing to do, perhaps, then, you can find something to think about. But judging from your talk, we would infer that you are not disposed to seek for something to think about; so we will make your work easier still, and ask you whether you cannot see something to think about. You say it rains. Can you tell me what you mean by that? 'Why, I mean there is water coming from the clouds.' And can you tell me what clouds are, and how they are formed? 'No; I never thought about that.' Well, take off your hat and seat yourself as quietly as possible, and I will tell you.

Clouds are formed from the watery vapor of the air, condensed so as to become visible. Atmospheric air is capable of taking up and holding in solution a large amount of vapor. This becomes visible only when the air in which it is dissolved is cooled to a certain point, when it is condensed, and takes the form of small vesicles, or floating bubbles, and appears as a mist or cloud. Now, when these watery bubbles of a cloud unite, and become too heavy to be longer supported by the air, they fall in drops of rain.

Now, my little man, you have learned how rain is formed—and it has ceased raining, so that you can go to school, and, if ever after this you see it rain; and, although you have nothing to do, bear in mind God has given you a mind to think.—*Children's Friend*.

## THIS HAND NEVER STRUCK ME.

We recently heard the following most touching incident. A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired, room, waiting to be laid away in the grave.

His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper—for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best; but as her child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of the weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it for a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through tears of affection and love, and said—

'Mother, this little hand never struck me.'

What could be more touching and lovely?

Young readers, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters, and were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold, and say, 'This hand never struck me.'

What an alleviation to our grief, when we are called to part with friends, to be able to remember only words and actions of mutual kindness and love! How bitter must be the sorrow, and how scalding the tears of remorse, of an unkind child, as he looks upon the cold form, or stands at the grave of a brother or sister, a father or mother, to whom he had manifested unkindness.

Let us all remember, whatsoever we sow in this respect, we shall also reap.—*Well Spring*.

## DUTIES OF MOTHERS.

It is to be regretted that more care is not bestowed on teaching the proper management of children to those whom nature has designed for mothers. This, instead of being made the principal, is seldom considered as any part of female education. Is it any wonder, when females so educated come to be mothers, that they should be quite ignorant of the duties belonging to that character? However strange it may appear, it is certainly true, that many mothers, and those of fashion, to, are as ignorant, when they have brought a child into the world, of what is to be done for it, as the infant itself.

Were the time that is generally spent by females in the acquisition of trifling accomplishments, employed in learning how to bring up children, how to dress them so as not to hurt, cramp, or confine their motions, how to feed them with wholesome and nourishing food, how to exercise their tender bodies so as to promote their growth and strength. Were these made the objects of female instruction, mankind would derive the greatest advantages from it. But while the education of females implies little more than what relates to dress and public show, we have nothing to expect from them but ignorance, even in the most important concerns.

Did mothers reflect on their own importance, and lay it to heart, they would embrace every opportunity of informing themselves of the duties which they owe to their infant offspring. It is their province, not only to form the body, but also to give the mind its most early bias. They have it very much in their power to make men healthy or valitudinary, useful in life or the pests of society.

## THE WORKMAN AHEAD.

A good story is told of a certain prominent railroad gentleman of this city, who is equally renowned for his ability to make and take a joke. A railroad employee, whose home is in Avon, came on Saturday night to ask for a pass down to visit his family:

'You are in the employ of the railroad?' inquired the gentleman alluded to.

'Yes.'

'You receive your pay regularly?'

'Yes.'

'Well, now suppose you were working for a farmer instead of a railroad, would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night to carry you home?'

This seemed a poser, but it wasn't.

'No,' said the man promptly, 'I wouldn't expect that; but if the farmer had his team hitched up, and was going my way, I should call him a damned mean man if he wouldn't let me take.'

The Employee came out three minutes afterwards with a pass, good for twelve months.—*Buffalo Courier*.

**RAIN AND CANNONS.**

It is noticed that violent rain storms follow battles. This has been so during the Rebellion, and so it has been in all lands and all times. To the soldiers it may be a very fortunate occurrence. To the wounded left on the field of battle nothing could be better; it affords relief to the intolerable thirst that follows gun shot wounds, and water is the best dressing such wounds can receive. It may be of benefit also to those not wounded, since it washes the battle-field, where putrefaction might otherwise take place, and plagues result; and it also washes and purifies the air, burdened with smoke, dust, and the exhalations from the dead.

What is the cause of the rain? Philosophers are not agreed, though of late many have coincided with Professor Espy, who said that that rain was produced by the shock of the atmosphere from the explosions of gunpowder, and he claims that showers may be had at any time from the same causes. Possibly this may have something to do with it, but quite as likely it is the process by which nature renovates herself when contaminated, whether by battles or from any other cause.

The ancients noticed the phenomenon of rain after battles, when no gunpowder was used. Thus Plutarch, in his life of Caius Marius, noticed the same event, after a battle fourteen hundred years before gunpowder was known in Europe, and writes:—'Thus the opinion of Archilochus is confirmed, that fields are fattened with blood. It is observed, indeed, that extraordinary rains generally fall after great battles, whether it be that some deity chooses to wash and purify the earth with water from above, or whether the blood and corruption, by the moist and heavy vapors they emit, thicken the air, which is liable to be altered by the smallest cause.'

We give here with a cut of a Sulkey with an improved adaptation of the springs, by which great elasticity and ease of action in the springs is secured.—It is claimed for this make of sulkey that it carries immensely easier, and that the springs are much less liable to break, than in any other known. We will give in our next number an explanation of the mechanical adaptation employed in this invention, which we believe to be one of the best things out.

**A PUZZLER.**—A married lady lately consulted her lawyer on the following question, viz: 'As I wedded Mr. R— for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not, to all intents and purposes, a widow and at liberty to marry again?'

**FACT AND FANCY.**

THERE are two sides to everything, except the religion of a hypocrite, and that is all outside.

DON'T expect to be called a good fellow a moment longer than you consent to do precisely what other people wish you to do.

COURTING is an IRREGULAR, active, transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with all the girls in town.

JERROLD'S notion of a wife at forty was, that a man should be able to change her like a bank-note for two twenties. The matrons in his vicinity were inexpressibly shocked at his hardihood.

A NUMBER of bachelors over thirty-five were drafted in Providence. Being laughed at for not being married, and thereby escaping the draft, they maliciously replied, 'It is better to serve three years than for life.'

A TAILOR having set up his carriage, asked for a motto. 'There is one from Hamlet,' said the wit, 'that will match you to a button-hole; 'List, List! oh, List!'

A LITTLE BULL.—A school ma'm in one of our district schools was examining a class in orthography. 'Spell and define slowret,' she said. 'F-l-o-w-r-e-t, slowret—a little flower,' went off a tow-head in a perfect streak. 'Wavelet,' 'W-a-v-e-l-e-t—a little wave,' was the prompt return of number two. 'Bullet,' 'B-u-l-l-e-t—a little bull,' shouted number three, who was innocence personified.

**THE HAPPIEST MAN.**

WHEN Socrates was asked, 'which of mortal men was to be accounted nearest to the Gods in happiness,' he answered, 'that man who is in want of the fewest things.'

In this answer, Socrates left it to be guessed by his auditors, whether, by the exemption from want which was to constitute happiness, he meant amplitude of possessions or contraction of desire. And indeed, there is so little difference between them, that Alexander the Great confessed the inhabitant of a tub the next man to the master of the world: and left a declaration to future ages, that if he was not Alexander he should wish to be Diogenes.

These two states, however, though they resemble each other in their consequences, differ widely with respect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquisitions can happen to be very few; and in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labor without reward, and to lose what they already possess by endeavors to make it more; some will always want abilities, and others opportunities to accumulate wealth. It is therefore, happy, that nature has allowed us a more certain and easy road to plenty; every man may grow rich by contracting his wishes, and by quiet acquiescence in what has been given him supply the absence of more.

'By virtue's precepts to control  
The thirsty cravings of the soul,  
Is over wider realms to reign  
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain  
You could to distant Lybia join,  
And both the Carthages were thine.'

AUNT E. was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown, using as an argument that little chickens went to roost at that time. 'Yes,' says Eddy, 'but the old hen always goes wid 'em.' Aunt tried no more arguments with him.

**DON'T BE IN A HURRY.**—A fortune was never made in a hurry; a battle was never won in a hurry! They were all accomplished by going to work systematically, but coolly. Work diligently, but don't get excited. True some men have rashly blundered out of them as unceremoniously.

We would not have a man pass through the world at a snail-pace—that would be incompatible with this lightning age—but we would see him 'make haste slowly,' be his pursuit what it may. Fire at the game on the wing, or without taking deliberate aim, and ten chances to one you miss it. Some men are always in a hurry, and never accomplish anything. They never can find time to attend to political, social, or religious duties. They pass through the world in a hurry, and die, and are forgotten in a hurry. Then

'Shun all rash acts. Let moderation mark  
Each enterprise in which you may embark;  
And from your mind no'er let there be offaced  
The old, yet startling proverb, 'haste makes waste.'

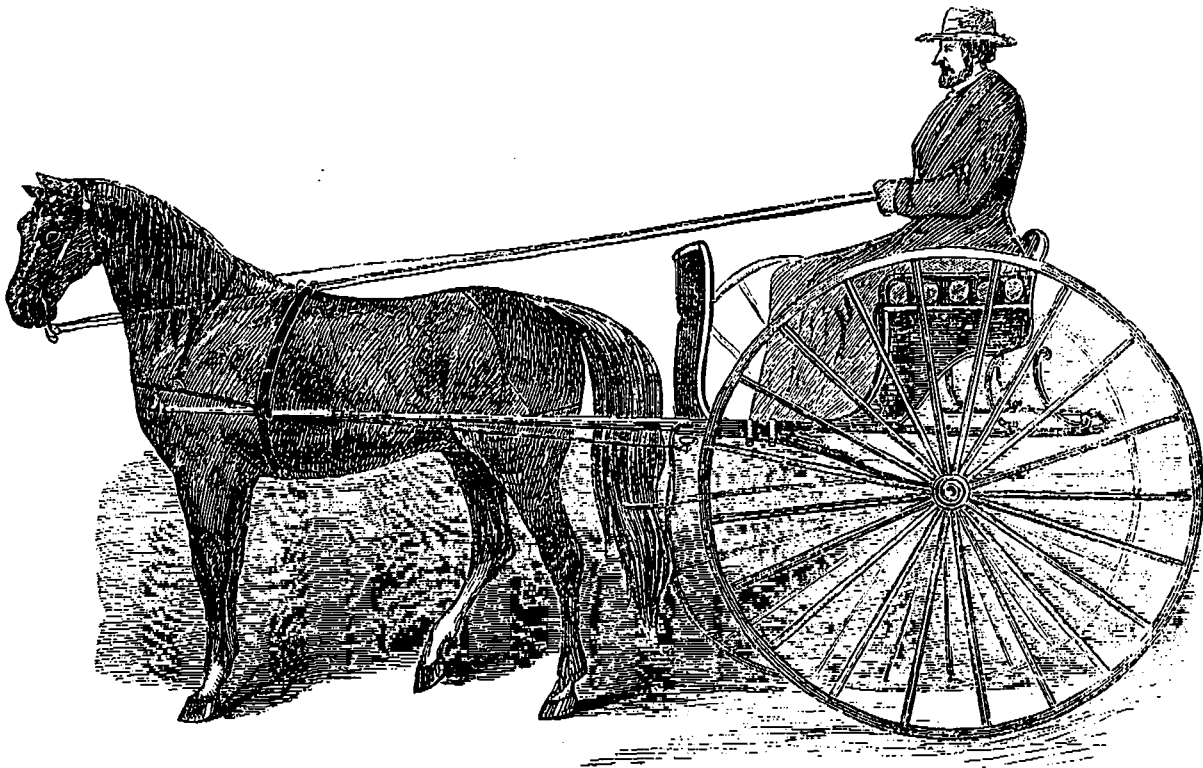
**AUTHORS.**—The province of writing was formerly left to those who, by study, or appearance of study, were supposed to have gained knowledge unattainable by the busy part of mankind. But in these enlightened days, every man is qualified to instruct every other man; and he that beats the anvil or guides the plough, not content with supplying corporal necessities, amuses himself in the hours of leisure with providing intellectual pleasures for his countrymen. It is thus that the truest and highest, and best literature is to be elaborated.

A WOMAN offering to sign a deed, the Judge asked her whether her husband had compelled her to sign it? 'He compel me!' said the woman, 'no, nor twenty like him!'

'The little darling, he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it dear?' 'Yes ma, to be sure it was, and if he don't behave himself, I'll crack him again.'

**LEATHER BONNETS.**—A Philadelphia paper says:—'We have been shown ladies' bonnets made of leather. What is more, they are very pretty. In a week or so they will be in the market. We also examined very pretty artificial flowers, the foliage of which was of the same material. The colors are almost the natural hue of the material—russet—in different shades. The price is about the same as for flowers with foliage of muslin or velvet.'

The *Independence Belge* alludes to the case of an old woman who had hoarded up about 14,000 francs in gold since 1820. She did not like to trust banks. Had she put the money out at compound interest, it would have grown to 100,000 francs.



IMPROVED HALF-SPRING SULKEY.—PATENTED BY MR. J. E. ANDERSON, OF PORT DOVER, C.W.

NEWTON'S nephew was a clergyman. When he had performed the marriage ceremony for a couple, he always refused the fee, saying—'Go your ways, poor devils; I have done you mischief enough already.'

PETERSON, the comedian, lent a brother actor two shillings, and when he made a demand for the sum, the debtor, turning peevishly from him, said, 'Hang it, I'll pay you today in some shape or other.' Peterson good-humoredly replied, 'I shall be much obliged to you, Tom, to let it be as like two shillings as you can.'

It is recorded of the late Duke of Wellington that on being asked what he considered the most essential thing for a soldier, he replied: 'A good pair of boots.' And on being asked what was the next most essential thing, he said: 'Another good pair of boots.' Nothing daunted, the questioner asked what was the next most essential thing, to which the Duke replied, 'A good pair of boot-soles in his knapsack.'

'CLEAR AS MUD.'—A gentleman on board a steamboat with his family was asked by his children, 'what made the boat go?' when he gave them a very minute description of the machinery and its principles in the following words: 'You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through the hole and fastens the jigamarce, and that connects with the crankum; and then, that man—he's the engineer, you know—kiud o' surs up the—what do you call it with a long polker, and then all shove along and the boat goes ahead.'

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.—A story is told of a very polite sheriff, who came near being outdone by a person it was

the line of his duty to hang. 'Sir,' said the gentleman, as the sheriff was carefully adjusting the rope, 'really your attention deserves my thanks. In fact, I do not know of one I should rather have hang me.' 'Really,' said the sheriff, 'you are pleased to be complimentary. I do not know of another individual it would give me so much pleasure to hang.'

**CORNERS.**—Corners have always been popular. The chimney corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hours of existence. The corner cupboard! What stores of sweet things it contained for us in youth—with what luxuries its shelves have groaned in manhood! A snug corner in a will! Whoever objected to such a thing? A corner in a woman's heart! Once get there and you may soon command the whole domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame! Arrive at that and you become immortal. A street corner! Hang around that and you soon become a loafer.

PROFESSOR DANIEL WILSON, of Toronto, has been visiting Scotland during the present season for the purpose of renewed study of its antiquities, preparatory to a new edition of his 'Pre-historic Annals of Scotland.' During a recent tour in Argyleshire, we learn that he has discovered two additional Runic inscriptions on Holy Island. We owe to him the publication of the Runic inscription in St. Molio's cave there, which has since attracted considerable attention among Danish archaeologists. The new discoveries, when taken along with those recently made by Mr. Farrar in the Maeshowe at Orkney, show how much yet remains to reward the zeal of British archaeologists.—*Athenaeum*.

## THE MARMORA MINING REGION.

Written for the Belleville Intelligencer.

The physical appearance of this region is every where indicative of vast deposits of minerals. The beautiful lakes linked together forming a great watery chain, stretching away back into the uncleared forests, are surrounded by huge rocky hills presenting aspects of extensive mineral wealth.

It is a matter of surprise to many that mining operations are carried on so slowly in this part, when it is an established fact that there are untold quantities of iron, copper and other minerals. The iron mines here, which are among the richest and most extensive in the world, were discovered about fifty years ago. Considerable capital was employed for a few years, when large quantities of manufactured iron were turned out, but the Company failed and the works ceased for many years. They resumed operations again, but the outlay exceeding the income, caused another failure. The questions arise, why do these mines not pay? If there are such valuable deposits of iron, copper, lead and silver, why is the country not enriched by them? If we compare the *modus operandi* employed here and that used in other mining districts, we shall see the reasons for want of success. The discovery of the iron mountains and mines of Lake Superior was made in 1840, but they were not fully developed until 1855, when the ship canal at Sault Ste. Marie was completed. About 140 miles from the Sault is beautifully situated Marquette, a thriving village of upwards of 1,000 inhabitants. The mines are from three to sixteen miles from Marquette. To facilitate the carriage of ore a railroad was at once constructed from Marquette to the mining region, and an aggregate of one thousand tons is weekly sent out on this road. Here are the Marmora mines, second to none in richness, the manufactured iron from which took the prize medal at the World's Fair at London in 1850, and Lithographic stone from which was not equalled at the same exhibition, but here comparatively little has been done for want of a railroad from Belleville or some other town on the front to the mines. The mines are from thirty to fifty miles from several enterprising towns, but as yet no railroad has been built, and consequently the vast amount of wealth which is designed to assist in making Canada one of the greatest countries on

the globe, is lying slumbering in its native bed, benefitting no one.

According to the report of the Lake Superior copper miners, the total shipment of copper mineral from the Lake during the year 1858, was 6,008 tons, of an average purity of 67 per cent., making the product of ingot copper 4000 tons, worth in the market at present \$1,810,000. Recent discoveries in the Marmora mining region, by Dean & Co., show ridges of copper ore of unfailing quantities, richer than any of the Lake Superior ore, being worth about 80 per cent. The speedy development of Lake Superior mines has given rise to villages and flourishing towns, opening new resources for vast mining, manufacturing, and trading operations, and why should not the same be realized here? The first company in those celebrated mines failed as in Marmora, but subsequent efforts show remarkable success. Here the region of country is so arranged by the hand of nature as to afford easy privileges for carrying on smelting and other manufacturing operations at or very near the point of production. Marmora village, the locality of the old iron works, offers every facility. The Crow River, pouring out the sparkling lake of the same name, dashes its waters over several valuable water privileges and mill sites, one of the best of which is at the village. The only seeming obstacle is coal, but thousands of acres of heavy timbered land in and surrounding the mining region will supply charcoal for a long time; then as the manufactured products are transported, coal if necessary can be imported in return.

Provisions can be had in abundance on the spot; though the country does not seem to offer great inducements for agricultural pursuits, yet there are large quantities of excellent farming land which is being cleared and settled by the husbandman. The grain this year is abundant and has to be drawn 30 miles or more to market. Many acres of pasturage affords feed for numerous cattle and sheep in the summer season which fatten upon the tender herbage, then are taken to Montreal or other places and sold. These might be retained to stock the provision market on the spot, so everything offers most favorably for mining and manufacturing purposes. The answer to the question proposed then is obvious. There is no railroad. To carry several hundred tons of ore or manufactured metals from 30 to 50 miles weekly, by horse power will never pay. The steam

is indispensable. Then let concentrated effort, talent, and capital be employed here, and the iron, copper, lead, silver, marble, and lithographic stone to be found in these rocky hills and craggy steeps will enrich our country and afford new elements for the future growth of towns and cities. These vast deposits of minerals in our country were placed here by the Creator for noble and useful purposes, and I trust by penning these lines I have not stepped aside from my holy calling. My frequent rides over this part of the country in sowing the seeds of the gospel truth enable me to see its advantages for secular business and worldly enterprise. I hope and pray that as our country increases in wealth it may increase in a still greater ratio in Christian influence, religious worth and true moral enterprise, and as the natural wilderness is being explored and proving prolific with precious minerals, so may the moral wilderness which surrounds many blood bought souls soon be cleared away that the Sun of Righteousness may rise upon them, that we may yet see them bud and blossom as the rose.

F. C. IRELAND.

Marmora, Sept., 1863.

SOME of the old men of England are in excellent state of preservation. The Dean of Winchester, now in his eighty-eighth year, recently went from his rectory to London, where he baptized his great-grandchild, and returned home to his dinner after a morning's journey of one hundred and fifty miles.

WE have had sent us this week, from Messrs. Nordheimer's establishment, two new pieces of Music, viz:

"The Rosebud Song," written by Robert Burns, composed by R. Lincoln Cocks. Also the "Jolly Beggars' Quadrille," on airs from G. Linley's successful Cantata of that name, arranged by C. Cooper. We also received last week the "Souvenir d'Outre Mer Valse," which inadvertently escaped our notice at the time. All the above are published and for sale by A. and S. Nordheimer, Toronto and Montreal.

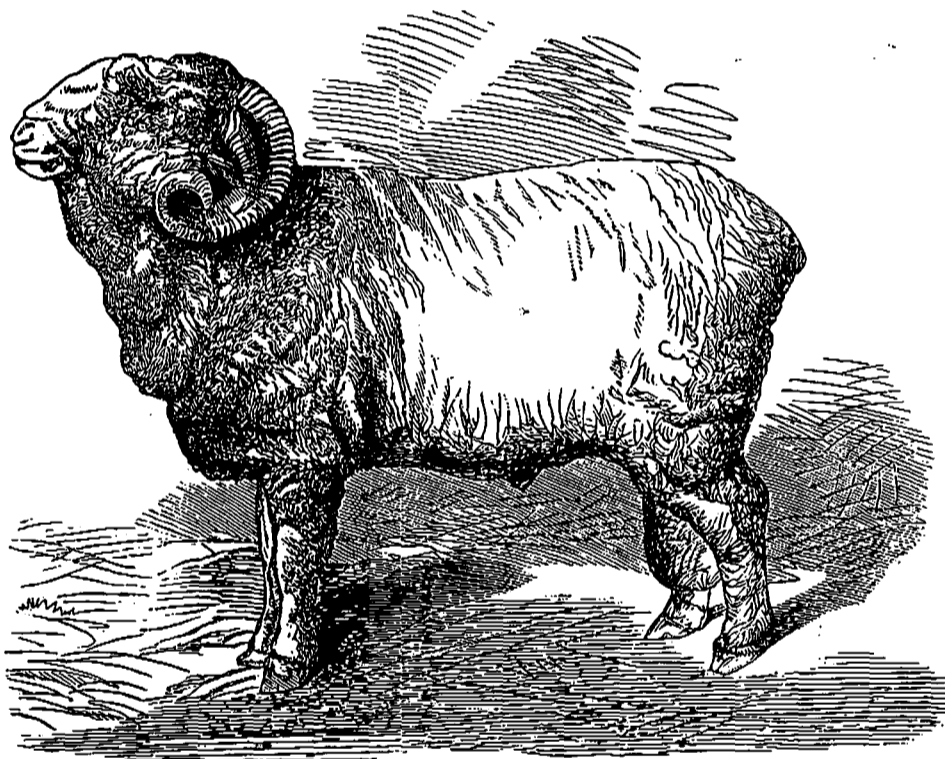
MESALLIANCE.—'John,' said a Quaker to a young man, 'I hear thou art going to be married.'—'Yes,' replied John, 'I am.'—'Well,' replied the man of drab, 'I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is never to marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife I was worth just fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever any difference occurred between us since, she has always thrown the odd shillings in my face!'

Punch thinks that carriage drivers would make the best soldiers in the world, as no troops could stand their charge.

A temperance lecturer in Devonshire, a short time since, finished his discourse thus—'And finally, my hearers, why should any of you drink ardent spirits? My son Tom has as good cider as any in the country, at sixpence per quart.'

Some say the quickest way of destroying weeds is to marry a widow. It is, we have no doubt, a most agreeable species of 'husbandry.'

A temperance lecturer in Devonshire, a short time since, finished his discourse thus—'And finally, my hearers, why should any of you drink ardent spirits? My son Tom has as good cider as any in the country, at sixpence per quart.'



PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, 1863—MERINO RAM, FIRST PRIZE, BELONGING TO ALEX. YOUNG, Esq., Ryckman's Corners, near Hamilton.

A PUZZLE.—If any of our readers wish to use their slates and pencils here is a chance:—Three men and their wives purchased cloth.—Each person paid as much per yard as he or she bought yards. John paid as much as Peter and William paid, and bought as many yards as both their wives bought. Peter paid as much as his wife and John's paid. Had Hannah purchased five yards more, she would have had as many as Sarah and Elizabeth both; had Sarah purchased thirteen more she would have had as many as Hannah and Elizabeth; and had Elizabeth purchased nineteen more, she would have had as many as Hannah and Sarah. William and his wife paid less than either couple. Which were man and wife?

The head master of Harrow School has issued an order by which the side trousers pockets of the boys shall be dispensed with, the boys having their hands constantly in their pockets, and acquiring a lounging, stooping habit.

Some say the quickest way of destroying weeds is to marry a widow. It is, we have no doubt, a most agreeable species of 'husbandry.'

## COATING IRON, WHITE COPPER AND BRASS.

Articles made of wrought-iron soon become rusty when exposed to a moist atmosphere owing to the affinity which the metal has for oxygen. Cast-iron contains more carbon than wrought-iron, and is not so liable to corrosion; nevertheless all articles of cast-iron require to be coated with some substance to protect them from rusting. Copper exposed to the atmosphere, or to water, resists corrosion in a superior manner; hence it has been sought to coat iron with a thin skin of copper. Articles of cast and wrought-iron may be coated with copper by two modes; namely, dipping in molten copper; and by electro-deposition. The most simple method of electro-deposition is executed without a galvanic battery, and the process is quite old. It consists in making the surface of the iron bright, by scouring or otherwise; then dipping into a strong solution of moderately warm blue vitriol (sulphate of copper.) By electrical affinity, a small quantity of pure copper is deposited from the solution, on the surface of the iron, in a thin coat. The articles should be quickly removed from the solution, washed in soft warm water, and dried in sawdust. The copper thus deposited on cast and wrought-iron articles, is liable to become black on the surface afterward by the formation of oxide; and the copper also wears off rapidly, because it is so thin. However, by dipping them into varnish, then drying them, the surface will be protected from the atmosphere. It would cost too much to turn or file cheap cast-iron articles, to prepare them for being coated with copper; but they may have their oxide removed entirely by agitation in warm dilute sulphuric acid, at the rate of 1 pound of acid to 10 of water; after which they may be scoured by agitating them

with sand and water in a barrel-like vessels rotated on journals. But in addition to the simple deposit of the copper solution without a battery as described, a thicker deposit of copper will be secured by using a battery in the common way in which copper is deposited as in electro-plating.

Another method of coating iron with copper is by dipping it into fused metal. In all such operations the iron must first be cleansed and perfectly freed from oxide, scouring with sulphuric acid being the cheapest method of effecting this object. The clean iron is first immersed in a bath of the stannate of soda for a few minutes; which is made by dissolving one pound of the stannate (tin dissolved by soda and forming a white salt) in one gallon of water; then taken out, dried, and drawn slowly through molten copper contained in a crucible. Another method consists in dipping the clean iron articles in a bath of the muriate of zinc and tin (tin and zinc dissolved and saturated in muriatic acid), at the rate of one pint of the muriate to five of water; then taken out, dried, and dipped in the molten copper as already described. Instead of copper, brass and German silver may be the molten metals employed to coat the iron; the same process will answer for all these metals. In each case, the surface of the molten metal in the crucible or melting pot should be covered with borax in powder, and some ground glass. When the articles lifted out of the molten copper have become cold, they assume a blackish appearance from the absorption of oxygen. This is removed by dipping them into dilute muriatic acid, then washing in warm water, and drying in sawdust. Iron nails, and other small articles may thus be coated with copper, brass, or German silver. In all attempts hitherto made to

coat iron with a thick coat of copper or brass, some medium between the iron and copper seems to be necessary. Tin or zinc will answer; hence the use of the solutions of tin and zinc described, to prepare the iron for receiving the copper. In coating iron with brass, the common method is to give the iron a coat of tin first.

YOUNG MEN TAKE HEED.—Read the confession of a convict and ponder well ere you make the first step into crime:—'Had I been early trained to truth and virtue—had one-twentieth part of the time and effort been spent upon my moral culture, that was lavished on my worldly education, I would not be the creature of guilt and passion, nor the disgraced felon that I am.'

JUDGE NOT RASHLY.—Alas! how unreasonable as well as unjust a thing it is for any to censure the infirmities of another, when we see that even good men are not able to dive through the mystery of their own! Be assured there can be but little honesty, without thinking as well as possible of others, and there can be no safety without thinking humbly and distrustfully of ourselves.

A COMMON ENEMY.—The evils inseparably annexed to the present condition of man are so numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the task of some to bewail, and of others to solace them; and he, therefore will be in danger of seeing a common enemy, who shall attempt to depreciate the few pleasures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

The government of the will is better even than the increase of knowledge.

## THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

[Daughter of the Great English Novelist.]

CONTINUED.

Anthony was away—she was glad. After the first shock the girl took her heart and courage, and set herself to practise the good resolutions she had made when she was away. It was not so hard as she had fancied to be a little less ill-tempered and discontented, because you see she had always behaved so very badly before. But it was not so easy to lead the cheerful, devoted life she had pictured to herself.—Her mother was very kind, very indifferent, very unhappy, Elizabeth feared. She was ill too, and out of health, but she bore great suffering with wonderful patience and constancy. Tournour looked haggard and worn. Had he begun to discover that he could not understand his wife, that he had not married the woman he thought he knew so well, but some quite different person? Ill-temper, discontent, he could have endured and dealt with, but a terrible mistrust and doubt had come into his heart, he did not know how or when, and had nearly broken it.

A gloom seemed hanging over this sad house; a sort of hopeless dreariness. Do you remember how cheerful and contented Caroline had been at first? By degrees she began to get a little tired now and then—a little weary. All these things grew just a little insipid and distasteful. Do you know that torture to which some poor slaves have been subjected? I believe it is only a drop of water falling at regular intervals upon their heads. At first they scarcely heed it, and talk and laugh; then they become silent; and still the drop falls and drips; and then they moan and beg for mercy, and still it falls; and then scream out with horror, and cry out for death, for this is more than they can bear—but still it goes on falling. I have read this somewhere, and it seems to me that this applies to Caroline Tournour, and to the terrible life which had begun for her.

Her health failed, and she daily lost strength and interest in the things by which she was surrounded; then they became wearisome. Her tired frame was not equal to the constant exertions she had imposed upon herself: from being wearisome, they grew hateful to her; and, one by one, she gave them up. Then the terrible sameness of a life in which her heart was no longer set, seemed to crush her down day by day; a life never lived from high and honorable motives, but for mean and despicable ends; a life lofty and noble to those who, with great hearts and good courage, knew how to look beyond it, and not to care for the things of the world, but dull and terrible beyond expression to a woman whose whole soul was set amidst the thorns and thistles, and who had only rushed by chance into this narrow path blindfold with passion and despair.

Now she has torn the bandage off her eyes; now she is struggling to get out of it, and beating against the thorns, and wearily trying to trace back her steps. Elly used to cry out in her childish way. Caroline, who is a woman, is silent, and utters not one word of complaint; only her cheeks fall away and her eyes glare out of great black rings.

Elly came home bloning and well, and was shocked and frightened at first to see the change which had come over her mother. She did not ask the reason of it, but as we all do sometimes, accepted without much speculation the course of events. Things come about so naturally that people are often in the midst of strangest histories without having once thought so, or wondered that it should be. Very soon all the gloomy house, though she did not know it, seemed brightened and cheered by her coming home. Even Mme. Jacob relented a little when she heard Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou's shouts of laughter one day coming through the open window.—The three girls were at work in the garden. I do not know that they were doing much good except to themselves. It was a keen, clear, brilliant winter morning, and the sun out of doors put out the smouldering fires within.

The little girls were laughing and working with all their hearts, Elly was laughing too, and tearing up dried old plants, and heaping broken flower-pots together. Almost happy, almost contented, almost good. . . . And there is many a worse state of mind than this. She was sighing as she laughed, for she was thinking of herself, pacing round and round the neglected garden once not so long ago; then she thought of the church on the hill-top, then of Will Dampier, and then of John, and then she came upon a long wriggling worm, and she jumped away and forgot to be sentimental. Besides working in the garden, she set to teaching the children in her mother's school. What this girl turned her hand to she always did well and thoroughly. She even went to visit some of the sick people, and though she never took kindly to these exercises, the children liked to say their lessons to her, and the sick people were glad when she came in. She was very popular with them all; perhaps the reason was, that she did not do these things from a sense of duty, and did not look upon the poor and the sick, as so many of us do, as a selfish means for self-advancement; she went to them because it was more convenient for her to go than for anybody else—she only thought of their needs, grumbled at the trouble she was taking, and it never occurred to her that this unconsciousness was as good as a good conscience.

My dear little Elizabeth! I am glad that at last she is behaving pretty well. Tournour strokes her head sometimes, and holds out his kind hand to her when she comes into his room. His eyes follow her fondly as if he were her father. One day she told him about William Dampier. He sighed as he heard the story. It was all ordained for the best, he said to himself. But he would have been glad to know her happy, and he patted her cheek and went again into his study.

Miss Dampier's letters were Elly's best treasures: how eagerly she took them from Clementine's hands, how she tore them open and read them, once, twice, thrice. No novels interest people so much as their own—a story in which you have ever so little a part to enact, thrills and excites, and amuses to the very last. You don't skip the reflections, the descriptions do not weary. I can fancy Elly sitting in a heap on the floor, and spelling out Miss Dampier's; Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou looking on with respectful wonder.

But suddenly the letters seemed to her to change. They became short and reserved: they were not interesting any more. Looked for so anxiously, they only brought disap-

pointment when they came, and no word of the people about whom she longed to hear, no mention of their doings. Even Lady Dampier's name would have been welcome. But there was nothing. It was in vain she read and re-read so eagerly longing and thirsting for news.

Things were best as they were, she told herself a hundred times; and so, though poor Elly sighed and wearily, and though her heart sank, she did not speak to any one of her trouble: it was a wholesome one, she told herself, one that must be surmounted and overcome by patience. Sometimes her work seemed almost greater than her strength, and then she would go upstairs and cry a little bit, and pity herself, and sop up all her tears, and then run round and round the garden once or twice, and come back with bright eyes and glowing cheeks, to chatter with Françoise, to look after mother and Stephen Tournour, to scold the pupils and make jokes at them, to romp with the little girls.

One day she found her letter waiting on the hall-table, and tore it open with a trembling hope. Aunt Jean described the weather, the pig-sty, made valuable remarks on the news contained in the daily papers, signed herself, ever her affectionate old friend. And that was all. Was not that enough? Elly asked herself, with such a sigh. She was reading it over in the doorway of the salle-a-manger, bonneted and cloaked, with all the remains of the mid-day meal congealing and disordered on the table.

'Es-tu prete, Elizabeth?' said Tou-Tou, coming in with a little basket—there were no stones in it this time. 'Tiens, voila ce que ma tante envoic a cette pauvre Madame Jones.'

Madame Jones was only Mrs. Jones, only an old woman dying in a melancholy room hard by—in a melancholy room in a deserted street, where there were few houses but long walls, where the mould was feeding, and yellow placards were pasted and defaced and flapped in shreds, and where Elly, picking her little steps over the stones, saw blades of grass growing between them. There was a *chantier*—a great wood yard—on one side; and then a dark doorway leading into a black and filthy court, out of which a gutter would come with evil smells, flowing murkily into the street; in the distance, two figures passing; a child in a nightcap thumping a doll upon a curbstone; a dog snuffing at a heap: at the end of the street, the placarded backs of tall houses built upon a rising ground; a man in a blouse wheeling a truck, and singing out dismally; and meanwhile, good old Mrs. Jones was dying close at hand, under this black and crumbling doorway, in a room opening with cracked glass doors upon the yard.

She was lying alone upon her bed; the nurse she had sent to her was gossiping with the porter in his lodge. Kindly and dimly her eyes opened and smiled somehow at the girl, out of the faded bed, out of a mystery of pain, grief, and solitude.

It was a mystery indeed, which Elizabeth, standing beside it, could not understand, though she herself had lain so lately and so resignedly upon a couch of sickness. Age, abandonment, seventy years of life—how many of grief and trouble? As she looked at the dying, indifferent face, she saw that they were almost ended. And in the midst of her pity and shrinking compassion, Elly thought to herself that she would change all with the sick woman, at that minute, to have endured, to have surmounted so much.

She sat with her till the dim twilight came through the dirty and patched panes of the windows. Even as she waited there her thoughts went wandering, and she was trying to picture to herself faces and scenes that she could not see. She knew that the shadows were creeping around about those whom she loved, as quietly as they were rising here in this sordid room. It was their evening as it was hers; and then she said to herself that they who made up so large a part of her life must, perforce, think of her sometimes: she was part of their lives, even though they should utterly neglect and forget and abandon her; even though they should never meet again from this day; though she should never hear their names so much as mentioned; though their paths should separate for ever. For a time they had travelled the same road—ah! she was thankful even for so much; and she unconsciously pressed the wasted hand she was holding; and her heart thrilled with tender, unselfish gladness as the feeble fingers tried to clasp hers, and the faltering whisper tried to bless.

She came home sad and tired from her sick woman's bedside, thinking of the last kind gleam of the eyes as she left the room. She went straight up-stairs and took off her shabby dress, and found another, and poured out water and bathed her face. Her heart was beating, her hands trembling. She was remembering and regretting; she was despairing and longing, and yet resigned, as she had learnt to be of late. She leant against the wall for a moment, before she went down; she was dressed in the blue dress, with her favorite little locket hanging round her neck. She put her hand tiredly to her head; and as she stood, as she used to stand when she was a child, in a sort of dream, and almost out of the world. And as she was waiting a knock came at the door. It was Clementine who knocked, and who said, in the sing-song way in which French women speak—'Mademoiselle, voila pour vous.'

It was too dark to see anything, except that it was another familiar-looking letter. Elly made up her mind not to be disappointed any more, and went down-stairs leisurely to the study, where she knew she would find Tournour's lamp alight. And she crossed the hall and turned the handle of the door, and opened it and went in.

The lamp with its green shade on the table, lit up one part of the room, but in the duskiness, standing by the stove and talking eagerly, were two people whom she could not distinguish very plainly. One of them was Tournour, who looked round and came to meet her, and took her by the hand.

Suddenly her heart began to beat so that her breath was taken away. What was this? Who was this? What chance had she come upon? Such mad hopes as hers, were they ever fulfilled? Was this moment, so sudden, so unlooked for, the one for which she had despaired and longed; for which she had waited and lived through an eternity of grief? Was it John Dampier into whose hand Tournour put hers? Was she still asleep and dreaming of one of those terrible dreams, from which, ah me! she must awake? In this dream she heard the Pasteur saying, 'Il a bien des

choses a vous dire, Elizabeth,' and then he seemed to go away and leave them. In this dream, bewildered and trembling, with a desperate effort, she pulled away her hand and said, 'What does it mean? Where is Tishy? Why do you come, John? Why don't you leave me in peace?' And then it was a dream no longer, but a truth and a reality, when John began to speak in his familiar way, and she heard his voice, and saw him before her, and—yes, it was he; and he said, 'Tishy and I have had a quarrel, Elly. We are nothing to one another any more, and so I have come to you—to—tell you that I have behaved like a fool all this time? And he turned very red as he spoke, and then he was silent, and then he took both her hands and spoke again: 'Tell me, dear,' he said, looking up into her sweet eyes,—'Elly, tell me, would you—won't you—be content with a fool for a husband?' And Elizabeth (Gilmour only answered, 'Oh, John, John!' and burst into a great flood of happy tears; tears which fell raining peace and calm after this long drought and misery; tears which made him sad, and yet happier than he had ever dreamt or imagined; tears which quieted her, soothed her, and healed all her troubles.

Before John went away that night, Elly read Miss Dampier's letter, which explained his explanations. The old lady wrote in a state of incoherent excitement. It was some speech of Will's which had brought the whole thing about.

'What did he say?' Elly asked, (looking up from the letter).

Sir John said, 'He asked me if I did not remember that church on the hill, at Boatstown? We were all out in the garden, by the old statue of the nymph; Tishy suddenly stopped and turned upon me, and cried out, when was I last at Boatstown? And then I was obliged to confess, and we had a disagreeable scene enough, and she appealed to William—gave me my conge, and I was not sorry, Elly.'

'But had you never told her about—?'  
'It was from sheer honesty that I was silent,' said Sir John; 'a man who sincerely wishes to keep his word doesn't say, 'Madam, I like some one else, but I will marry you if you insist upon it; only the worst of it is, that we were both uncomfortable, and now I find she suspected me the whole time. She sent me a note in the evening. Look here—'

The note said—  
'I have been thinking about what I said just now in the garden. I am more than ever decided that it is best we two should part. But I do not choose to say good-by to you in an angry spirit, and so this is to tell you that I forgive you all the injustice of your conduct towards me. Everybody seems to have been in a league to deceive me, and I have not found out one true friend among you all. How could you for one moment imagine that I should wish to marry a man who preferred another woman? You may have been influenced and worked upon; but for all that I should never be able to place confidence in you again, and I feel it is best and happiest for us both that all should be at an end between us.

'You will not wonder that, though I try to forgive you, I cannot help feeling indignant at the way in which I have been used. I could never understand exactly what was going on in your mind. You were silent, you equivocated; and not you only, everybody seems to have been thinking of themselves, and never once for me. Even William, who professes to care for me still, only spoke by chance, and revealed the whole history. When he talked to you about Boatstown, some former suspicions of mine were confirmed, and by the most fortunate chance two people have been saved from a whole life-time of regret.

'I will not trust myself to think of the way in which I should have been bartered had I only discovered the truth when it was too late. If I speak plainly, it is in justice to myself, and from no unkindness to you; for though I bid you farewell, I can still sincerely sign myself,

Yours affectionately, LÆTTIA.'

Elly read the letter, and gave it back to him, and sighed, and then went on with Miss Dampier's epistle.

For some time past, Jean Dampier wrote she had noticed a growing suspicion and estrangement between the engaged couple: John was brusque and morose at times, Tishy cross and defiant. He used to come over on his brown mare, and stop at the cottage gate, and ask about Elly, and then interrupt her before she could answer and change the talk. He used to give her messages to send, and then retract them. He was always philosophizing and discoursing about first affections. Lættia, too, used to come and ask about Elly.

Miss Dampier hoped that John himself would put an end to this false situation. She did not know how to write about either of them to Elly. Her perplexities had seemed unending.

'But I also never heard that you came to Boatstown,' Elly said.

'And yet I saw you there,' said John, 'standing at the end of the pier.' And then he went on to tell her a great deal more, and to confess all that he had thought while he was waiting for her.

Elly passed her hand across her eyes with the old familiar action.

'And you came to Boatstown, and you went away when you read Tishy's writing, and you had the heart to be angry with me?' she said.

'I was worried, and out of temper,' said John. 'I felt I was doing wrong when I ran away from Tishy. I blamed you because I was in a rage with myself. I can't bear to think of it. But I was punished, Elly. Were you ever jealous?' She laughed and nodded her head. 'I dare say not,' he went on; 'when I sailed away and saw you standing so confidentially with Will Dampier, I won't try and tell you what I suffered. I could bear to give you up—but to see you another man's wife—Elly, I know you never were jealous, or you would understand what I felt at that moment.'

When their *tele-a-tele* was over they went into the next room. All the family congratulated them, Madame Tournour among the rest; she was ill and tired that evening, and lying on the yellow Utrecht velvet sofa. But it was awkward for them and uncomfortable, and John went home early to his inn. As Elly went up to bed that night Françoise brought her one other piece of news—Madame Jones

was dead. They had sent to acquaint the police. But Elly was so happy, that, though she tried, she could not be less happy because of this. All the night she lay awake, giving thanks and praise, and saying over to herself, a hundred times, 'At last—at last!'

At last! after all this long rigmarole. At last! after all these thousands of hours of grief and despair. Did not that one minute almost repay her for them all? She went on telling herself, as I have said, that it was no dream—that she need never awake. And I, who am writing her story, wonder if it is so—wonder if ever to such dreams as these there may not be a waking one day, when all the visions that surround us shall vanish and disappear for ever into eternal silence and oblivion. Dear faces—voices whose tones speak to us even more familiarly than the tender words which they utter. It would, in truth, seem almost too hard to bear, if we did not guess—if we were not told—how the love which makes such things so dear to us endures in the eternity out of which they have passed.

Happiness like Elly's is so vague and so great that it is impossible to try to describe it. To a nature like hers, full of tenderness, faithful and eager, it came like a sea, ebbing and flowing with waves, and with the sun shining and sparkling on the water, and lighting the fathoms below. I do not mean to say that my poor little heroine was such a tremendous creature that she could compass the depths and wide extent of a sea in her heart. Love is not a thing which belongs to any one of us individually; it is everywhere, here and all round about, and sometimes people's hearts are opened, and they guess at it, and realize that it is theirs.

Dampier came early next morning, looking kind, and happy, and bright, to fetch her for a walk; Elly was all blue ribbons and blue eyes; her feet seemed dancing against her will, she could hardly walk quietly along. Old Françoise looked after them as they walked off towards the Bois de Boulogne; Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou peeped from their bedroom window. The sun was shining, the sky had mounted Elly's favorite colors.

When I first saw Lady Dampier she had only been married a day or two. I had been staying at Guildford, and I drove over one day to see my old friend Jean Dampier. I came across the hills and by Coombe Bottom and along the lanes, and through the little village street; and when I reached the cottage I saw Elly, of whom I had heard so much, standing at the gate. She was a very beautiful young woman, tall and straight, with the most charming blue eyes, a sweet, frank voice and a taking manner, and an expression on her face that I cannot describe. She had a blue ribbon in her hair, which was curling in a crop. She held her hat full of flowers; behind her the lattices of the cottage were gleaming in the sun; the creepers were climbing and flowering about the porch.

All about rose a spring incense of light, of color, of perfume. The country folks were at work in the fields and on the hills. The light shone beyond the church spire, beyond the cottages and glowing trees. Inside the cottage, through the lattice, I could see Aunt Jean nodding over her knitting.

She threw down her needles to welcome me. Of course I was going to stay to tea—and I said that was my intention in coming. As the sun set, the clouds began to gather, coming quickly we knew not from whence; but we were safe and dry, sitting by the lattice and gossiping, and meanwhile Miss Dampier went on with her work.

Elly had been spending the day with her, she told me.—Sir John was to come for her, and presently he arrived, dripping wet, through the April shower which was now pouring over the fields.

The door of the porch opens into the little dining room, where the tea was laid: a wood-fire was crackling in the tall cottage chimney. Elizabeth was smiling by the hearth, boasting cakes with one hand and holding a book in the other, when the young man walked in.

He came into the room where we were sitting and shook hands with us both, and then he laughed and said he must go and dry himself by the fire, and he went back.

So Jean Dampier and I sat mumbling confidences in the inner room, and John and Elly were chattering to one another by the burning wood logs.

The door was open which led, with a step, into the dining room, where the wood-fire was burning. Darkness was setting in. The rain was over, the clouds swiftly breaking and coursing away, and such a bright, mild-eyed little star peeped in through the lattice at us two old maids in the window. It was a shame to hear, but how could we help it? Out of the fire-lit room the voices came to us, and when we ceased chattering for an instant, we heard them so plainly—

'I saw Will to-day,' said a voice. He was talking about Laetitia. I think there will be some news of them before long. Should you be glad?

'Ah! so glad. I don't want to be the only happy woman in the world.'

'My dearest Elly!' said the kind voice. 'And you will never regret —. And are you happy?'

'Can you ask?' said Elly. 'Come into the porch, and I will tell you.' And then there was a gust of fresh, rain-scented air, and a soft rustle, and the closing click of a door. And then we saw them pass the window, and Jean clasped my hand very tightly, and flung her arms round my neck, and gave me a delighted kiss.

'You dear, silly woman,' said I, 'how glad I am they are so happy together.'

'I hope she won't catch cold,' said Jean, looking at the damp walks. 'Could not you take out a shawl?'

'Let her catch cold,' said I; 'and in the meantime give me some tea; if you please. Remember, I have got to drive home in the dark.'

So we went into the next room. Jean rang for the candles. The old silver candlesticks were brought in by Kitty on a tray.

'Don't shut the curtains,' said Miss Dampier; and come here, Mary, and sit by the fire.'

While Elizabeth and John Dampier were wandering up and down in the dark, damp garden, Jenny and I were comfortably installed by the fire, drinking hot, sweet tea, and eating toasted cakes, and preserves, and cream, I say we, but that is out of modesty, for she had no appetite, whereas I was very hungry.

'Heigho!' said Jean, looking at the fire. 'It's a good thing to be young, Mary. Tell me honestly: what would you give —?'

'To be walking in the garden with young Dampier,' said I, (and I burst out laughing,) without a cloak or an umbrella, or india-rubbers. My dear Jenny, where are your five wits?'

'Where indeed?' said Jean, with another sigh. 'Yet I can remember when you used to cry instead of laughing over such things, Mary.'

Her sadness had made me sad. Whilst the young folks were whispering outside, it seemed as if we two old women were sitting by the fire and croaking the elegy of all youth, and love, and happiness.

'The night is at hand,' echoed she softly, and she passed her fingers across her eyes, and then sighed, and got up slowly and went to the door which opened into the porch.—And then I heard him call me. 'Come here!' she said, 'Mary.' And then I, too, rose stiffly from my chair, went to her. The clouds had cleared away. From the little porch, where the sweetbrier was climbing, we could see all the myriad worlds of heaven, alight and blazing, and circling in their infinite tracks. An awful, silent harmony, power and peace, and light and life eternal—a shining benediction seemed to be there hanging over our heads. 'This is the night,' she whispered, and took my hand in hers.

And so this is the end of the story of Elizabeth Gilmour, whose troubles, as I have said, are not very great; who is a better woman, I fancy, than if her life had been the happy life she prophesied to herself. Deeper tones and understandings must have come to her out of the profoundness of her griefs, such as they were. For when other troubles came, as they come to all as years go by, she had learned to endure and to care for others, and to be valiant and to be brave.—And I do not like her the less because I have spoken the truth about her, and written of her as the woman she really is.

I went to Paris a little time ago. I saw the old grass-grown court; I saw Françoise and Anthony, and Tou-Tou, and Lou-Lou, who had grown up two pretty and modest and smiling young girls. The old lady at Asnieres had done what was expected, and died and left her fortune to Tou-Tou, her god-daughter. (The little Chinese pagoda is still to let.) Poor Madame Jacob did not, however, enjoy this good luck, for she died suddenly one day, some months before it came to them. But you may be sure that the little girls had still a father in Tourneur, and Caroline too was very kind to them in her uncertain way. She loved them because they were so unlike herself—so gentle, and dull, and guileless. Anthony asked me a great many questions about Elizabeth and her home, and told me that he meant to marry Lou-Lou eventually. He is thin and pale, with a fine head like his father, and quiet manner. He works very hard, he earns very little—he is one of the best men I ever knew in my life. As I talked to him, I could not but compare him to Will Dampier and to John, who are also good men. But then they were prosperous and well-to-do; with well-stored granaries, with vineyards and fig trees, with children growing up round them. I was wondering if Elizabeth, who chose her husband because she loved him, and for no better reason, might not have been as wise if she could have appreciated gifts better than happiness, than well-stored granaries, than vineyards, than fig-trees, which Anthony held in his hand to offer? Who shall say? Self-denial and holy living are better than ease and prosperity. But for that reason some people wifully turn away from the mercies of heaven, and call the angels devils, and its greatest bounties, temptation.

Anthony has answered this question to himself as we all must do. His father looks old and worn. I fear there is trouble still under his roof—trouble, whatever it may be, which is borne with Christian and courageous resignation by the master of the house: he seems, somehow, in these latter years to have risen beyond it. A noble reliance and peace are his; holy thoughts keep him company. The affection between him and his son is very touching.

Madame Tourneur looks haggard and weary; and one day, when I happened to tell her I was going away, she gasped out suddenly—'Ah! what would I not give—,' and then was silent and turned away. But she remains with her husband, which is more than I should have given her credit for.

And so, when the appointed hour came, I drove off, and all the personages of my story came out to bid me farewell. I looked back for the last time at the courtyard, with the hens pecking round about the kitchen door; at the garden, with the weeds and flowers tangling together in the sun; at the shadows falling across the stones of the yard. I could fancy Elizabeth a prisoner within those walls, beating like a bird against the bars of the cage, and revolting and struggling to be free.

The old house is done away with and exists no longer. It was pulled down by order of the Government, and a grand new boulevard runs right across the place where it stood.

THE END.

TUNNEL THROUGH THE ALPS.

The greatest single engineering work ever undertaken is the tunnel for a rail-road through Mont Cenis. A report on this subject has lately been presented to the Lower House of the Italian Parliament by the Minister of Public Works.

This tunnel was begun in 1857, and that year and the two following were spent in preliminary operations, such as the construction of houses, workshops, &c. When completed it will be nearly 8 miles in length. Mr. Bartlett, an English engineer, set in operation a steam boring machine, soon after operations were commenced, and about eight times the quantity of work was done by it that had been done by hand. But steam could not be used for boring in the interior of the tunnel, on account of a want of air. The Italian engineers then proposed to substitute compressed air instead of steam; and their method is now in full operation.

This tunnel, when completed, will unite France with Italy, by rail, and it is to be a joint work between the Governments of the two countries, France paying a large portion of the cost. It is calculated that this tunnel will be completed in twelve and a half years from the period of its commencement; but with ordinary hand drilling it would have required twenty-five years' labor. The work proceeds now at the rate of 2,600 feet per annum. The use of compressed air to operate the drilling machines, not only affords the power for this purpose, but also supplies air for respiration to the miners. At one end, 720 men are employed; at the other, 900. The cost thus far has been about 2,545,400.—Scientific American.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Illustrated Canadian News.

At the request of numerous friends, we commence this week a Chess column, which will doubtless be appreciated by all lovers of the noble game, and may tend to awaken an interest therein in the minds of the young, or of those who have not yet learned it. It is a game of the highest antiquity, and has been for ages the study and relaxation by turns of philosophers, poets, and statesmen. It is of all games the most intellectual; and its value as a means of mental improvement is indubitable. Being increasingly popular in Canada, we intend to devote a column to it henceforth.

Morphy's games being acknowledged as the standard of highest merit, we shall from time to time make selections from the best of his published games, as well as from the European Masters. At the same time we shall be happy to publish any Telegraphic or private matches between provincial players, as well as problems, end games, &c., possessing any points of merit or interest.

No. 1.

PRIZE PROBLEM IN WHO'S TOURNAMENT, 1862.

BY J. A. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.

