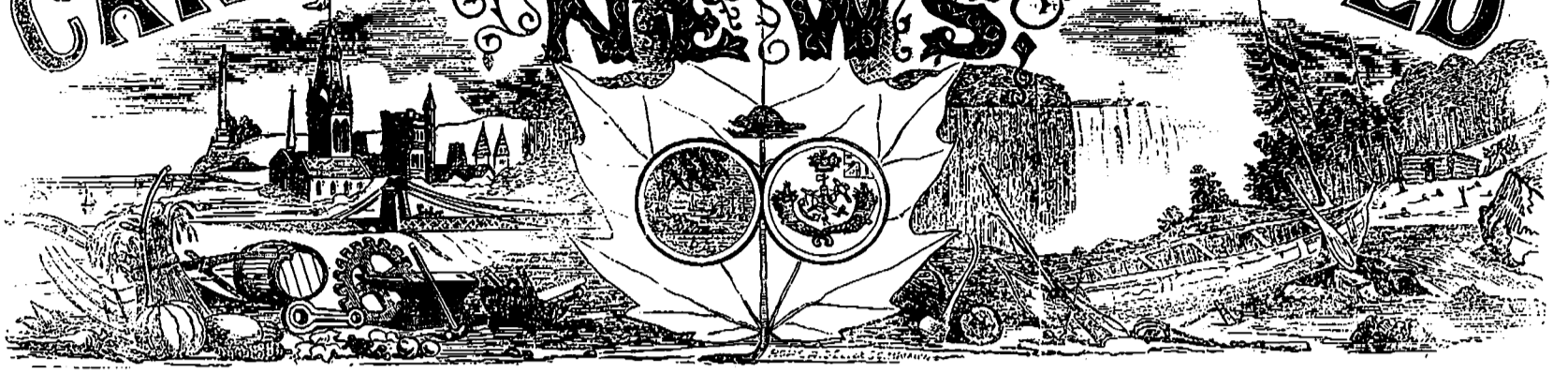


THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.

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MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

HON. MR. TESSIER.

The Hon. Ulric Joseph Tessier, Commissioner of Public Works, is the representative of the Gulf Division in the Legislative Council. He is a lawyer by profession; a resident in Quebec; a gentleman of high attainments, intellectual, eloquent, dignified.

With an earnest desire to give full and fair biographies of the public men of the Lower as well as of the Upper section of the Province, the brevity of this notice, like that of M. Evanturel last week, is unavoidable. Between the modesty of the gentlemen themselves, and the remissness of their friends, and the difficulty of our ascertaining who their well informed associates are, the desire of the public to become better acquainted with their personal or family history cannot be gratified. In remarking that Mr. Tessier is a gentleman of high attainments we accept the opinion expressed of him in Quebec. In saying he is of distinguished intellect we express the judgment formed when occasionally observing him from the galleries of the Legislative Chambers, previous to the present session.

Mr. Tessier's Report on Public Works, presented to Parliament in the present Session, is comprehensive and business like. But while we write it is still undetermined whether his subordinates have, or have not led him astray with their figures denoting the amount of traffic on the St. Lawrence canals. It has become a question whether the figure NINE has not been turned upside down; and whether the figure SIX in that way obtained, is a fact or a fiction. If the figure six be a fact, the traffic on the canals was less by three millions in 1862, with the tolls abolished, than in 1859 with the tolls levied. Mr. Tessier adheres to the six millions, as being the truth, while the Hon. Mr. Rose contends that it should have been given as nine millions. On the supposed decrease of canal traffic, Mr. Tessier founds an argument that, while the abolition of tolls has diminished the public revenue, it has not been any advantage to commerce. The question at issue is too extensive to be entered upon in these columns for the present.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between WM. BROWN & MAT. HOWIE, under the style of H. BROWN & CO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent, they having transferred the business to Mr. W. A. FERGUSON; therefore all parties indebted to said Brown and Howie, on account of the Canadian Illustrated News, will please make their payments to W. A. FERGUSON, he being authorized to collect and grant receipts for the same.

WM. BROWN,
MAT. HOWIE.

Hamilton, March 19th, 1863.

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 getters up of the club.

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If any of our Agents have back Nos. 1, 2 and 3, on hand, they will confer a favor by returning them to this office.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, MARCH 21, 1863.

EMIGRATION.

The Legislative Council, we are glad to see, has appointed a committee to take into consideration the subject of Immigration, and especially to report upon the best means of diffusing a knowledge of the great resources of the Province, so as to induce the influx of men of capital and manufacturing enterprise. The Committee have addressed circulars to various persons with a view of obtaining all possible information connected with the subject. If these circulars are honestly and intelligently responded to, we have a right to expect a report that will be interesting to all, and of great value to intending emigrants.

It is to be hoped, however, that the committee will not conduct their investigations in the same spirit which their chairman, Hon. Mr. Alexander, exhibited in his remarks on emigration, two or three sessions ago. When in

arguing in favor of government action in the matter, he asserted that there was a scarcity of labor in the agricultural districts. It would be difficult to recall a time when this scarcity of labor cry has not been heard, with more or less loudness, yet in the report of the Chief Emigrant Agent for 1858 we read as follows: 'There is at present throughout the western district of the Province (to which Mr. Alexander belongs) a want of employment in all branches, and even agriculturists acquainted with the country are in many cases unable to earn fair wages.'

From the same report we extract the following:

'It may be reasonably expected that each month, especially after the opening of the summer, will show an increasing improvement in every line of employment. It will be some time, however, before the existing redundancy in Mechanics' and Artisan's labour can be provided for, and while established workmen are to be had the newly arrived will have difficulty in obtaining situations.'

There can be no doubt that since the report from which these extracts are taken, business has considerably improved, but even now there are, in many branches of industry, a greater number of workmen than can be employed at remunerative wages.

We do not speak thus with the purpose of discouraging efforts towards securing emigration to our shores; but merely in the hope that the Committee, while pressing with zeal and energy the claims of Canada as a desirable place for settlement, will be careful to point out clearly what kind of emigrants are required.

THE HEIR APPARENT'S WEDDING DAY.

Deference to the distracted condition of the land in which they dwell induced our countrymen, here resident, to forego any public celebration of the august event which took place, it may be presumed, on Tuesday last, in the Chapel of Windsor Castle. Yet the occasion did not pass altogether unrecognized. This port has rarely been more crowded with British shipping than it is now; and, spontaneously, as it were, from every British mast-head flew streamers that told of festival. Neither, we are glad to say, were our great commercial rivals churlish; here and there, for the nonce, a Yankee skipper laid aside his adventitious grudge and flung out the symbol of rejoicing, moved certainly by a sense of personal respect for the gracious Sovereign who queens it over the Isles, perhaps also by a not unnatural interest in the gentle youth his fated guest of yesterday. Gayest of the gay, however, were the Africa and the City of New York, belonging respectively to the lines of Mr. Cunard and Mr. Dale—the former conspicuous as she lay at anchor in the stream, all a-tant for a start on the morrow. Each was dressed in colors from bowsprit to taffrail; each thundered forth, at noon, a royal salute of twenty-one guns. Very few indeed, we venture to say, were the men of any nation who, enquiring the cause of this festal canouade, did not sympathize with it, at least for the moment.

Mr. Archibald, Her Majesty's Consul, who so assiduously and courteously conducts the onerous duties of his office, entertained at dinner in the evening, at his residence, the Danish Consul and a party of gentlemen.—Among them were representatives of the several national institutions of this city, which act often, and sometimes speak, for the diverse branches of the British family. What of loyal and appropriate gratulation passed around may in some respects be imagined, but it is not our business to record.

No publicity whatever was sought; and the host may well have been annoyed and the guests surprised, when they read in a Wednesday morning's paper, an inaccurate report of the gathering, and a garbled and by no means flattering epitome of words that were then and there supposed to have been uttered. The Asmodeus of the press in these days appears to think that man's chief end is to know the incomings and outgoings of his neighbor. He is too apt also to imagine that, in the exercise of his peculiar craft, he is justified in breaking through the reserve of ordinary life.

Our Colonial neighbors generally gave themselves up to joyous celebration of the day, with a heartiness and effusion that

gladden one in reading their chronicles. But our space is limited. It is enough that they are of the family, and had ample verge for expressing their sentiments.—Albion.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

BEES IN MARCH.—After their long winter confinement, the bees will be in haste to improve the first return of mild weather. In some sections considerable pollen will be gathered this month, and in good stocks breeding will go on quite rapidly. Where colonies have been kept in the cellar, or removed from their usual summer stand, let them be returned in time to commence operations early. It is best to bring them out a few hives at a time, if the number be large. Place them as far apart as practicable, and afterward fill the intervening spaces. This will enable the bees more readily to mark their own location, and prevent loss from their entering the wrong hives. A stranger bee usually finds little mercy in his neighbor's domicile. Ascertain the condition of each stock on some cool morning as soon as possible after removing. Contract the entrance of the weak ones, until only a single bee can pass at a time. Watch for robbing bees on the first warm days—it requires close observation to detect them at first.—Ascertain which are destitute of stores, and feed as they require it, taking care not to expose any honey where other bees may get to it. The utility of flour as a substitute for pollen is pretty well established. It is difficult, sometimes, to get them to take it, especially when offered after a little is obtained from the flowers; but when given early, and a taste for it acquired, they will use large quantities. To feed the flour, make a floor several feet square, the size proportioned to the number of stocks. Put it in some warm place within a few rods of the apiary. The unbolted wheat flour is best, but any kind of flour will probably do; buckwheat has been used extensively. Begin by scattering some on the ground or in the grass near the floor; they will usually find it in a few hours. Keep them busy by feeding every fair day. Weak stocks should be fed with honey, or sugar water. Any stock having lost its queen during winter, will be likely to show it near evening of the first day they fly out freely, by running about in apparent confusion. A queenless colony now should be united with some feeble stock, unless the queenless one is much superior in numbers, and in other respects will make the best stock; in which case, that should receive the bees from the other. The combs and honey of a queenless hive, if all right, may be set away for a new swarm, taking care to smoke with brimstone once or twice to destroy the worms as they hatch out. If the colony that contains the queen is the one removed, there will be some brood in the combs, necessary to be taken out before putting the hive away. Be careful and not save for a new swarm any combs containing foul brood.

MILK.—Milk has been so often analysed that it would seem no further facts could be elicited regarding this important liquid.—Professor Boedecker, however, has just completed a series of experiments conducted on quite a new principle. The question he proposed to himself was, whether milk obtained at any hour of the day always presented the same chemical composition or not; and he has arrived at the result that the milk of the evening is richer by three per cent. than that of the morning, the latter containing only ten per cent. of solid matter, and the former thirteen per cent. On the other hand, the water contained in milk diminishes by three per cent. in the course of the day; in the morning it contains eighty-nine per cent. of water, and only eighty-six per cent. in the evening. The fatty particles increase gradually as the day wears on. In the morning they amount to 2.17 per cent.; at noon, to 2.63, and in the evening to 3.42 per cent. This circumstance, if true, would be very important in a practical point of view. Let us suppose a kilogramme of milk to yield only the sixth part of its weight of butter; then the milk of the evening may yield double that quantity. The caseous particles are also more abundant in the evening than in the morning—from 2.24 they increase to 2.70 per cent., but the quantity of albumen diminishes from 0.44 to 0.31. The serum is less abundant at midnight than at noon, being 4.19 per cent. in the former case, and 4.72 in the last.—Galignani.

DRIVING PIGS.—A writer in the 'Country Gentleman,' in a most sprightly article on the pig, among other things, has this on 'driving a pig':

Boys generally drive pigs better than men, excepting Irishmen, whose treatment

of pigs is a perfect art. An Irishman never seems to drive a pig, but coaxes him along. A little pull one way, a little pull another, a whistle, a few endearing expressions, and the pig trots comfortably along, giving no trouble 'at all, at all.' If a pig is very obstinate indeed, and utterly refuses to go where he is wished, the Irishman manages him by putting his nose in the direction that he is intended to take, and then pulling his tail. The result is evident. The pig imagines that he is wanted to come backwards, and therefore, with the perversity of his nature, runs forward as fast as he can. This method is chiefly used in getting pigs on board ship where they evince much dislike to the planks on which they are required to walk. The Chinese are said to make use of the tail-pulling process, when they wish their pigs to enter the bamboo cages in which they transport them to market when fat.

CURE FOR FOOT ROT IN SHEEP.—A. A. Goff, Farmington, Ohio, contributes to the 'American Agriculturist,' the following preparation for curing foot rot in sheep, which he says has been very effective in his neighborhood:

Mix three ounces each, of blue vitriol (sulphate of copper), white vitriol (sulphate of zinc), verdigris (acetate of copper) and gunpowder, add a pint each, of alcohol, spirits turpentine and strong vinegar, cork up tightly a few days before using. It is easily applied from a vial, having a quill inserted through the cork. By dropping this mixture into the affected parts three times once in ten days, a cure will be effected. Sulphate of copper is a strong solution, has long been used as a specific for the cure of foot rot; whether the addition of the other articles is beneficial, we are in doubt. In applying either remedy it is essential to pare away the hoof to get at the diseased tissues, and thoroughly saturate them with liquid. The solution of blue vitriol should be used as hot as can be borne by the hand.

POULTRY DUNG.—Have this regularly swept up every Saturday, packed away in barrels, and sprinkled over with plaster. Dana, with force and truth says—'The strongest of all manures is found in the droppings of the poultry yard. Next year each barrel of it will manure you half an acre of land. Save it then, and add to the productive energies of your soil. Don't look upon it as trifling a matter for your attention; but recollect that the globe itself is an aggregation of all matters.'

IF YOU MEAN NO, SAY NO!—When a man has made up his mind to do or not to do a thing, he should have the pluck to say so, plainly and decisively. It is a mistaken kindness—if meant as kindness—to meet a request which you have determined not to grant, with 'I'll see about it,' or, 'I cannot give you a positive answer now; call in a few days and I'll let you know.' It may be said, perhaps, that the object of these ambiguous expressions, is to 'let the applicant down easy;' but their tendency is to give him useless trouble and anxiety, and possibly prevent his seeking what he requires in a more propitious quarter until after the golden opportunity has passed. Moreover, it is questionable whether the motives for such equivocation are as philanthropic as some people suppose. Generally speaking, the individual who thus avoids a direct refusal, does so to avert himself pain. Men without decision of character have an indescribable aversion to say 'No'—They can think 'No'—sometimes when it would be more creditable to their courtesy and benevolence to say 'Yes'—but they dislike to utter the bold word that represents their thoughts. They prefer to mislead and deceive. It is true that these bland and considerate people are often spoken of as 'very gentlemanly.' But is it gentlemanly to keep a man in suspense for days, and perhaps weeks, merely because you do not choose to put him out of it by a straightforward declaration? He only is a gentleman who treats his fellow-men in a manly, straightforward way. Never seen by ambiguous words to sanction hopes you do not intend to gratify. If you mean 'No,' out with it!

MIND YOUR P's.—'Bob, what is your opinion of the primary principles of parliamentary practice?' 'Why, sir, I think they are at present in a peculiarly perplexing predicament.'

A COQUETTE'S FIRST LOVE.

'ARE you engaged to be married to Charles Dantforth, Kate?' said Ann Duncan.

'Pray why do you ask that question?' retorted Kate Landon, rather peevishly.

'I merely asked for information,' replied Ann.

'Well, what put such an idea into your head? I cannot guess who told you. I am very sure I never lisped such a thing.'

'Such is the current report, Kate.—You have not told me whether it is true; but I mistrust it is.'

'Yes, I'll own it, Ann; though I'm ashamed to.'

'When are you going to be married? or don't you intend to be married?'

'I told him I would be married next winter, but I won't. I am tired of him already.'

'Kate Landon,' said Ann, 'will you promise to answer me one question, if you can?'

'Yes, half a dozen, if they are not too silly.'

'How many times have you been engaged, then?'

'Pon my word, I don't know. Twenty times, I guess.'

'As many as that, to my knowledge,' said Ann.

'Yes,' said Kate, 'there was Will Harle. He was such a wit that I told him I would have him for the sake of laughing; but I soon got tired of his folly, and told him so. And Captain Stanton, with such beautiful, curling moustaches! I never liked him. I only engaged myself to him for the sake of teasing Fan Lawronce. And Burwell, I don't know why I flirted with him, except it was because no one else offered himself just then. And there was Mr. Higgins, with a most beautiful hand and foot! But I found he wore tight boots, and I would not have him. Who would? And young Simper, who looked so sentimental, and always talked of love and moonlight! I concluded he must be the man in the moon, and I should not like to live in moonshine always. And there was Wilmerton, who looked so silly, and never said anything worth mentioning in his life. But I never engaged myself to him. I flirted with him till he made me an offer, and then refused him. And Jenkins! Good reason why I refused him. The only question in my mind is why I ever engaged to marry him. And Simpson—his father was rich, but I found that he was stingy. There is a host of others, but I am tired. They call me a coquette, but I don't care. I won't have anybody I don't like; and if I find it out after I am engaged to them, I'll break off the match.'

'I would not have any one I did not like either, Kate; but why did you not mention Henry Eaton in your catalogue? I thought he stood at the head?'

'Because I did not want to, Ann. I don't like to speak of him with those fellows.'

'But you were engaged to him, were you not?'

'Yes; we promised to have each other when we were children, and renewed the promise once a week regularly, until he went away.'

'Why did you then break the engagement? I should have thought it was so strong, no power on earth could have done it.'

'I thought so once; but I have grown wiser. I have found by sad experience that vows are things of air.'

'But you really loved Henry, once?'

'Yes, and always have, and do yet.'

'Why, what made you refuse him, then?'

'I did not refuse him, Ann. The fact is, that Henry Eaton was poor, and he felt it. Edward Leslie's father was very wealthy; he had just returned from college, and frequently came to see me, though for nothing more than friendship, and because we were children together, as you yourself know. Henry was a little jealous; he hinted his suspicions

to me. I was angry that he should suspect that I could love any one more than him, and especially that I loved him less because he was poor. I told him, in a pet, that if he thought me so fickle, he could be released from all childish engagements. This only confirmed his suspicions: he left me. I received a letter of farewell from him. Where he went, I never knew. He has probably forgotten me, and given his heart to one more worthy of him; but I have not forgotten him, and never can. They call me a heartless coquette; perhaps Henry does. I was not a coquette then, though I have been since. My heart is given to Henry, but I have lost his.'

'But, Kate, if you have loved no one but Henry Eaton, why have you so often promised to marry others? Was it for the sake of breaking your promise?'

'No, not exactly that; I hardly know why I have done so. I have given you the reason for some of my engagements. I did not know but I might forget Henry, and love some other one—but I cannot; sometimes I did it for fun, and sometimes I was altogether reckless.—But I will never promise to marry again. I'll tell Charles Danforth I cannot love him, and live a nun for Henry's sake.'

'See that you keep that resolution,' said Ann, laughing at Kate's sober conclusion.

'Oh! I'm in earnest. I'm tired of hearing of broken hearts and dying lovers. There is no sense in it. I'm tired of being called cruel and hard-hearted. I'll give no more occasions for silly words and sickening sonnets. I am really determined to take the veil.'

'Perhaps you are serious, but I'll bet a diamond ring that you will be engaged again before the end of the winter.'

'I don't think I shall have much need of diamond rings in a convent,' said Kate, 'but I'll accept your bet, for I know I shall win it, and it shall remain a lasting witness that I have kept, at least, one promise.'

Thus the bet was agreed upon. Kate Landon had determined to become a nun, and immediately wrote for admission to a convent in the following spring. I don't know but she would have taken the veil the next day after her conversation with Ann Duncan; but Ann was to be married in a few weeks to Edward Leslie, and Kate had promised to be her bride-maid. This, like the promise between Kate and Henry Eaton, had been made in childhood, and ratified every week since. If Kate was married first, Ann was to be her bride-maid, and if Ann was married first, Kate was to be hers. Though Kate had made twenty promises to her beaux, and broken them all, and though she had declared that vows are things of air, yet these two promises she had ever considered sacred; and though her promise to Henry was now void, yet there were moments like that in which she had conversed with Ann Duncan, when she felt that perhaps it was binding, and she would live in seclusion rather than trifle with or break that engagement. The promise she had made to Ann, though of minor importance, was also a promise of childhood, and now remained in full force; and Kate deferred entering the convent, in order to fulfil it.

Ann's wedding was a joyous occasion to all save Kate Landon. It had been long wished for and expected. The parties were wealthy, and young, and handsome, and happy in each other's love.—The wedding party was large and fashionable. The apartments were splendidly adorned and lighted up. The refreshments were rare and sumptuous. The bride was elegantly arrayed. She looked almost as beautiful as Kate. The bridegroom looked better than usual, though Kate thought not so well as Henry Eaton. But all this happiness, elegance, beauty and bliss had no charms for Kate. She had dressed herself richly, and with taste, and looked beautiful:

for she could not look otherwise. She looked happy and pleased, for she would not look otherwise at Ann's wedding; yet she felt that such a festival might have been, but never would be for her. That all those happy smiles and joyous wishes and bridal kisses might have been lavished upon her who would soon be so lonely. When she looked at Edward, the happy bridegroom, she thought of Henry and their sad parting, and longed for the silent cell of the convent—the holy cloister of the devoted nun.

Gay music echoed through the festive halls. Youth and beauty joined in the 'light-toed dance,' but as Kate accepted the hand of the first groomsman to join in the quadrille, she felt that it was for the last time. Her partner was a young gentleman from India. He had just arrived. Kate had been introduced to him as Lieutenant Atwood, an old friend of Edward Leslie's, who had returned in order to visit his friends, and be present at Edward's wedding. He was tall, erect, and of a fine figure; with large, regular features, and dark, expressive eyes. He was noble, dignified and commanding in his bearing; graceful in the dance—all that a girl could love. Before they had finished the first set, Kate was deeply interested in his conversation, and thought he bore a strong resemblance to Henry Eaton. She was tired and did not join in the second quadrille; but Mr. Atwood sat by her on the window-seat, and was even more interesting than in the dance. Ann Duncan, (now Mrs. Leslie,) looked at them and thought of the diamond ring. Mr. Atwood attended Kate to the supper table.—She did not flirt; she was evidently pleased with him. He handed her into the carriage, and Kate asked him to call upon her. He called the next morning. I hasten to the sequel. The winter was not more than half finished, when Ann received a diamond ring and a note from Kate, stating that she was once more engaged to be married; and before the end of the winter there was a more splendid and elegant wedding. A larger and more fashionable party than that we have before described. A more beautiful bride and a handsomer bridegroom than Ann Duncan and Edward Leslie. Kate Landon was married to Henry Eaton.

Solution—Lieutenant Atwood was Henry Eaton. The plot and the fictitious name had been contrived by Ann Duncan and Edward Leslie. The climate and hardships of India had so changed Henry, his dress and manners were so altered, that Kate did not recognize him. After the wedding, Kate received a diamond ring from Ann. She had not made a new engagement, only renewed an old one.

THE MARVELS OF A SEED.

Have you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is a miracle. God said, 'Let there be plant yielding seed;' and it is further added, 'each one after his kind.'

The great naturalist Cuvier thought that the germs of all past, present and future generations of seed were contained one within the other, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what signify all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple-seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest of a poppy or a bluebell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their im-

mense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness.

Consider first their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago the celebrated Linnaeus, who has been called 'the father of botany,' reckoned about eight thousand different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed ten thousand. But one hundred years after him M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described forty thousand different kinds of plants, and supposed it possible that the number might even amount to one hundred thousand.

Well, let me ask you, have these one hundred thousand kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of poppy grown up into a sun-flower? Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on they way drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valley and their shepherds may rest in the shade.

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed upon the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up; sixty years afterward, when his hair is white and his steps tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life and become a young, fresh and beautiful plant.

M. Jouanuet relates that in the year 1835 several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Begorac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small square stone or brick, with a hole in each, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends, who had buried them perhaps fifteen or seventeen hundred years before. These seeds were carefully sowed by those who found them. What was seen to spring from the dust of the dead? Beautiful sunflowers, blue corn flowers, and clover bearing blossoms as bright and sweet as those which are woven into wreaths by the merry children playing in our fields.

Some years ago, a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt, by the English traveler, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there, having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the fourth of June, 1844, and at the end of thirty days these seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about three thousand years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb.—Guassen.

THE GREEK CRAVING FOR PRINCE ALFRED. The Greek throne is still unoccupied, and, for a marvel, no new candidate has appeared during the week. The report of the National Assembly, indeed, received on Monday, is not very favorable to any, for it shows as almost unanimous vote in favor of Prince Alfred. He had 230,016 votes, and his nearest competitor, the Duc de Leuchtenberg, 2,400, or about one per cent. on that number. Other members of the Russian family had some 5,500 votes among them; Prince Napoleon, 345; a Republic, 93; Prince Ypsilanti, 6; the Duc d'Aumale, 3; and the late King Otho one—let us hope his valet. The Assembly accordingly solemnly decreed Prince Alfred King, and directed the Provisional Government to invite his Royal Highness to take possession of the throne. The Prince, meanwhile, to whom all this must not be a little exciting, is sick of fever at Malta.

'YOU ARE A FISHMONGER!'—Hamlet's intimation to Polonius is now applicable to the Prince of Wales, who has been inducted into one of the great corporate bodies of London, as may be seen by the following extract from a late paper:

Foreigners will be amused, and perhaps, somewhat puzzled, to hear that the Prince of Wales has, with considerable ceremony, become a fishmonger, and that he is likely also to become a skinner, a seiter, an ironmonger, a haberdasher, a merchant tailor, and, perhaps, a member of other useful trades. He swore last Thursday to be true to the Queen, and obedient to the wardens 'of the Mystery of Fishmongers,' and 'ready to come at their lawful warning, except I have a lawful excuse, without feigning or delay, according to the lawful ordinances of the Mystery of Fishmongers aforesaid.' The Prime Warden, Mr. Underwood, not feeling well enough to address His Royal Highness on this solemn occasion, Mr. William Cubitt, M. P., one of the Wardens, undertook the duty, and welcomed the Prince in a speech in which he plunged so deep into the antiquities

have expressed yourselves towards me on the occasion of my taking up my freedom, and on your enrolling my name as a citizen with those illustrious personages and relatives who stand recorded in your annals. It cannot be otherwise than a source of pride, and of a still deeper feeling—that of affection—when I look upon those walls and see the portraits of those whose son and grandson hopes to form one of your distinguished body; and to be thought worthy of occupying the place of that lamented parent whose loss the whole country has united in deploring, would be in itself an object of my highest ambition. Gentlemen: Let me also tender to you my warmest acknowledgements for the manner in which you have offered your congratulations to me on my approaching marriage, and to the young princess who hopes soon to adopt the proud name of an Englishwoman, and to prove herself a comfort to the Queen in her affliction.

It is needless to add that this, the Prince's maiden speech, was received with great applause.

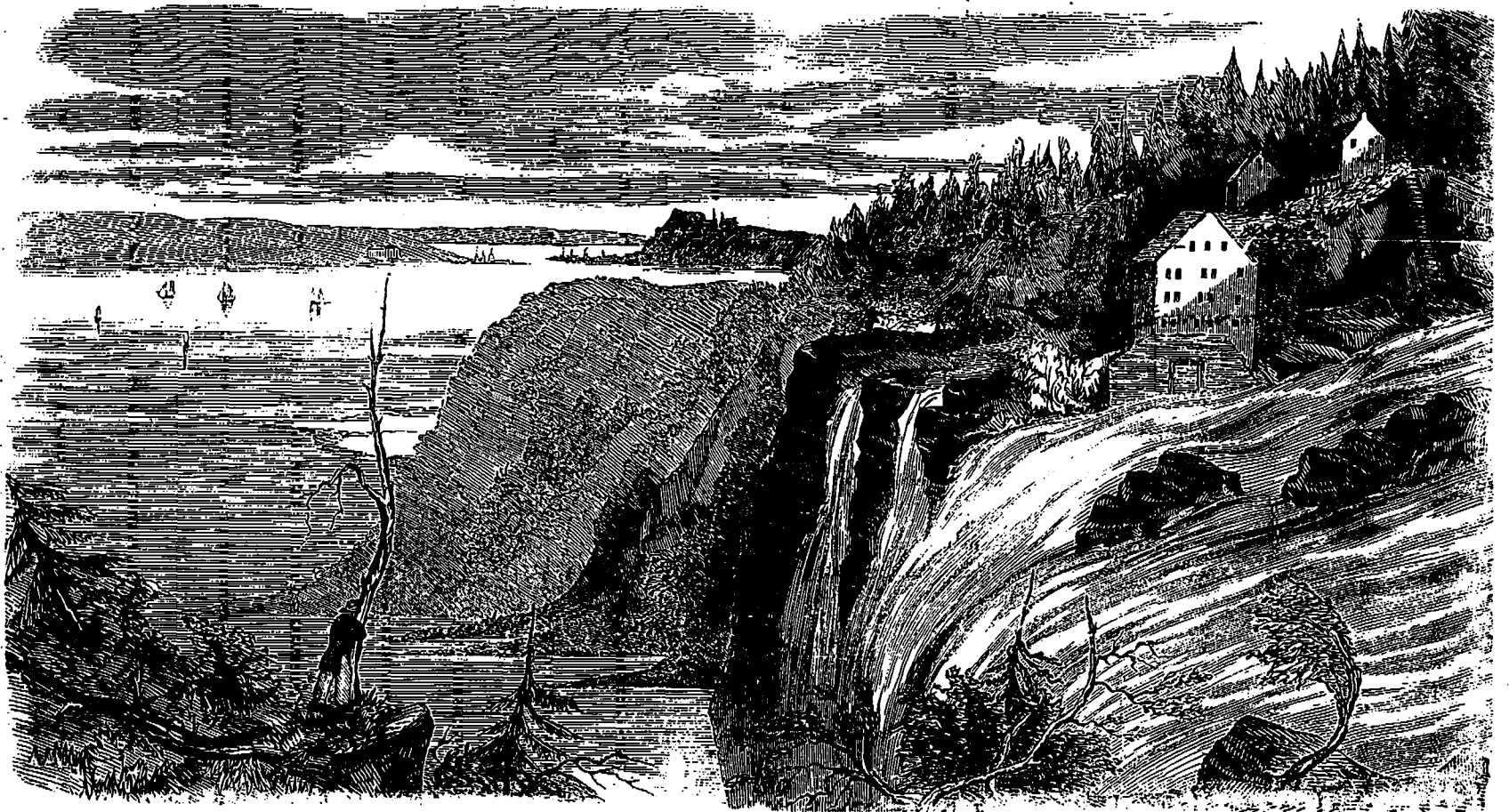
Fortune alters not the nature.

great philosophers—such as Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, Michael Angelo, and Flaxman. 'The world shut out' was the command which every artist readily obeyed while engaged in his spiritual work; and it was only when the task was completed that he was to come forth to receive admiration. A concert, conducted by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, then followed, in which Madame Enderssohn, Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Miss Susanna Cole and Messrs. Alfred and Henry Holmes, and Herr Schloesser, took part.

THE EMPEROR'S CONFISCATION.—The recent suppression of the Duc d'Aumall's work is thus explained by the critic of the Saturday Review: 'It is a small but characteristic vice in one author to damage his brother. Literary dog preys on literary dog. The confiscation of the forthcoming History of the Prince of Conde is merely a sharp book-seller's trick in favor of the forthcoming Life of Cæsar. Probably it was thought that the firmament of French thought could not endure two great lights at once. An Emperor's book and an exiled Royal Highness's book could not move

and their general deportment so inconsistent as to excite an apprehension in the mind of their pastor that, so far as they are concerned, he has 'labored in vain, and spent his strength for naught.' If it be required to observe decency and order while we are in the sanctuary, engaged in its important work, surely it is needful that somewhat like these should be discernible in the manner of our retiring from that holy place and employment; this should not resemble that of a gay, tumultuous throng, who have just quitted scenes of fashionable dissipation or public entertainment. Whoever desires to obtain permanent advantage by the public celebration of religious ordinances, must retire from it with a serious mind to the performance of private duties; and, above all things, endeavor to preserve a lasting remembrance of the Word of the Lord.—Rev. Henry Draper.

THE ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.—The Romans had a goddess whose name was Fides or Fidelity—a goddess of 'faith and honesty,' to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of frankness, candor and modesty; and her symbol was two right



SCENE FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE FALL OF MONTMORENCI.

of the Fishmongers, their hostility to Wat Tyler, and loyalty to Richard II., that when he returned to the surface he could not recall the name of the 'illustrious, beautiful, and accomplished' Princess Alexandra of Denmark, and was indebted for that historical hint to a kind prompter. Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Rowland Hill were also initiated in the evening, when Lord Shaftesbury explained that though Princes and Peers might seem to condescend to the fishmongers, the obligation really lay the other way, since the House of Lords owes a great deal more to the new blood of the fishmongers and their brethren, than the fishmongers owe to the House of Lords.

The Prince in tendering his thanks to the Fishmongers' Company for presenting him with the freedom of their Company, said:

Mr. Cubitt and Gentlemen: It is with the greatest pleasure that I find myself called upon to return my sincere thanks to you, Sir, as Prime Warden, and to you, gentlemen of the Court of Assistants, of this honorable and ancient Company of Fishmongers, for the complimentary and kind terms in which you

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The fourth conversazione of the above society took place on Tuesday evening, at the Portland Gallery, Regent street—kindly lent for the occasion by the Institution of Fine Arts. There was a numerous attendance of ladies and gentlemen, who appeared to take considerable interest in the paintings exhibited in the three rooms which compose the gallery. Mr. Héraud read an interesting paper 'On Poetry in connection with the Fine Arts.' Poetry was a work of art; and the word poet, which was derived from a Greek word, signified a creator. Next to man himself was the work of man. A picture, a statue, a musical composition, or a drama—in which last all the arts unite—was an evidence of creative power.

In that sense, every man was by nature an artist. Poetry was closely allied with philosophy. It was in silence and solitude that all great ideas were nourished, until from small seeds they germinated into great trees, bearing golden fruits, with graceful stems, adorned with many-colored leaves. The more ideal the source, the more beautiful the result.—The greatest poets and artists were also

in friendly orbits. To avoid collision and crash among the stars must have been the motive for prohibiting the publication in France of the Duke of Aumale's work. Messrs. Longman and Mr. Murray would either of them, perhaps, be glad if their respective books of the season did not appear simultaneously.—It is one of the advantages which an Imperial writer possesses, that he can forestall the market. The Prefect of Police stands instead of a considerable amount of advertising. It is only in the interests of the Emperor's publisher that M. Levy's property has been seized; and the Life of Cæsar will undoubtedly be benefitted by depriving the French Musée of the counter attraction of the Duke of Aumale's History.

BEHAVIOR ON LEAVING CHURCH.—Ministers have often occasion to regret the change which takes place among their hearers when they are dismissed from the house of prayer. Many who appear deeply impressed with the word of God, and the solemnities of His worship, become, as soon as these are ended, frivolous and careless; their conversation is unprofitable, their manner light,

hands joined, or sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hands, whence in all agreements among the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand, as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact; and this custom is in more general use even among ourselves, at the present day, than would at first thought be realized.

THE FALL OF MONTMORENCI.

Ten years ago, on a bright morning in the month of May, we for the first time caught a glimpse of this beautiful water fall from the deck of an emigrant vessel. The rays of the rising sun had not sufficiently chased away the gloom so as to enable us to behold it in all its grandeur. The roar of its waters was heard long before the white sheet of foam could be seen through the darkness, as it rose from the depth beneath. It still rises up before the imagination when the mind looks back upon the past, and is associated there with the first day spent in our western home. This river flows down from the southern mountains, through a rich and fertile country, and among woods and rocks, till it reaches the banks of the St. Lawrence, with its accumulating waters. Here it dashes over a perpendicular rock two hundred and twenty feet high, and is lost amid the waters of that mighty river as they march onward to the ocean.

Original Poetry.

'SMILE AND NEVER HEED ME.'

A beautiful little piece, translated from the French of Miss Laura Dauvergne, with an original reply written by Dr. W. F. M., of Montreal, C. E.

Though when other maids stand by
I may deign thee no reply,
Turn not then away and sigh—
Smile and never heed me.

If our love indeed be such
As must thrill at every touch,
Why should others learn us much?
Smile and never heed me.

Where's the use that they should know
If one's heart beat fast or slow?
Deepest love avoideth show!
Smile and never heed me.

Let our hearts like stars of night
Shunning day's intrusive light,
Live but for each other's right,
Smile and never heed me.

Even if with maiden pride
I should bid thee quit my side!
'Take this lesson for thy guide—
'Smile and never heed me!'

But when stars and twilight meet
And the dew is falling sweet,
And thou hear'st my coming feet,
Then, thou then may'st heed me.

REPLY TO 'SMILE AND NEVER HEED ME.'

BY DR. W. F. M., MONTREAL, C. E.

Though when other maids I spy
I should coolly pass thee by,
'Turn not then away and sigh!
'Smile and never heed me.'

If my love to you's not much,
Never mind that trifle—such
'Deepest love avoideth show.'
'Smile and never heed me.'

If a lovely bello or so
Make one's heart beat fast or slow,
What's the use that you should know?
Smile and never heed me.

Let your heart like diamond light
Shine for me both day and night,
Tho' I woo just whom I like—
Smile and never heed me!

Even if with manly voice
I should call thee not my choice,
Say to all that you rejoice!
Smile and never heed me.

But when two fond hearts shall meet
'And the dew is falling sweet,'
My love, with kisses fond I greet—
Then, thou then may'st heed me.

BOOK NOTICES.

Sylvia's Lovers—A novel: by Mrs. Gaskell, author of 'Mary Barton,' 'The Life of Charlotte Brontë, &c.' Harper & Brothers, New York; Joseph Lyght, Hamilton.

Mrs. Gaskell has presented to the reading public another readable book. It contains both amusement and instruction, and may be read with profit and pleasure. The Harpers have added a few illustrations which will make it still more attractive.

Mr. Lyght is agent also for the Scientific American. This is a very useful publication and should be in the hands of every mechanic.

Morgan's Canadian Parliamentary Companion.—We have received a copy of this useful little work. It contains a concise biography of our public men; explanations of Parliamentary terms and proceedings, and is a most useful book for reference to all who take an interest in public affairs.

A PRIEST AGAINST HIS CHURCH.

The Naples correspondent of the London Times gave recently a description of a public meeting held in Naples to take into consideration the best means of suppressing brigandage. The extract that follows is very striking:

'The great hall was crowded to excess. Some said that there were from 3,000 to 4,000 persons present: it may be safely said that, counting those in the corridors, there were from 2,000 to 3,000 present, consisting of all classes, but the majority well dressed, respectable men, intermixed with whom were not a few ladies. There were many priests present, several friars, National Guards in abundance, and I fancied that I saw several military uniforms. Signor Ricciardi was in the chair, and on the stage by his side were several Franciscan friars, priests, and many of the principal members of what may be

called the party of action in Naples. If, however, the last meeting was composed principally of men of this party, it bears me out more strongly in saying that the Neapolitans, instead of novices, acted like adults in the school of liberty, for never, even in England, have I seen so large a body of men conduct themselves with more perfect order, although the subjects discussed were exciting enough. The object of the meeting was to suggest plans for the suppression of brigandage, and, after the president had recommended order and conduct worthy of freemen, a variety of speakers addressed the meeting, always fluently, and sometimes rising to eloquence. France or the Emperor was treated without mercy, which was the signal for the Consul to withdraw. England was described as the mistress of liberty, a sentiment which was received with shouts of applause. As you may imagine, too, the Government was spoken of in terms of great distrust and censure, while the bare mention of the name of Garibaldi drove the vast assemblage frantic. The deepest scorn and indignation, however, were reserved for the Church and its ministers, and foremost in the attack were two priests (one a canon), who spoke in the bitterest terms of condemnation. 'I thank God for three things,' he said—

'First, that I was born an Italian and not a foreigner; secondly, that I was born a Christian; third, that I am an Apostolic priest, and not a priest of Rome. (Shouts of applause.) For the head of the Church, as such, I have great respect, but Peter has become Judas and collects money to promote brigandage. If you want to find out the real brigands, look for them in the sacristia (vestry); if you want to find out brigands, look for those with the tonsure, and those who wear long black gowns. These are the real authors of our sufferings.

'So spoke the Canon Santanello. The other priest, Majoni, asserted that whilst others were looking about for the causes of this dreadful evil, he believed it to be the Church, not of Christ, but of Rome, and that until we went to the source there could be no peace in this country. I can give you no idea of the sarcasm and the indignation with which both of these priests spoke of the Church, nor of the shouts of applause with which they were received by a great crowd of respectable men, to whatever political party they may belong. There were in all 10 speakers among whom were Nicotera and Albarola, and the subjects brought forward were, a vote of confidence in the Brigandage Commission; the necessity of a local giunta with extraordinary powers to act with them; the urgent necessity of forming a corpo franco, with Garibaldi at its head; the antithesis between the collection of oboli for the poor Pope, which was spent in spreading ruin through the country, and the collection of funds for the relief of the victims of brigandage; and Rome, the seat of brigandage. Great blame was cast on the Government for having denied and neglected the existence of an evil which was overshadowing the country, and immediate action was called for to remove the Bourbonist employes who, both in the post office and telegraph office, and elsewhere, were in connection with brigands. The meeting was conducted and concluded with most admirable order.'

A GARROTTER PHILOSOPHIZING.

Solitary confinement is a choice opportunity for reflection. I carefully considered the constitution of society, and became more and more convinced that civilization is a sham and respectability a swindle. Heroes, from Hercules downwards, have had a noble confidence in the direct appeal to physical force. Might makes right. Louis Napoleon, the best modern example of a great man, sacked the swag of the Empire by garrotting the Republic, and France was politically throttled by that 'great prince' in the *coup d'état*. The law of nature is, that the strong shall take from the weak, the bold from the timid. The growth of civilization is a regular progress from violence to cunning.—Among savages the greatest savage rules; as he waxes old he props his declining strength by policy; he invents plausible reasons why what he has got by force should not be taken away by force. Hence law, religion, morality—all of them appeals of human cunning to human cowardice. The majority of mankind are cowards. Government by majorities means repression of the noble instincts of the lion-hearted few by combination of the muton-livered many.—There will always be a sufficient proportion of slavish dispositions that prefer to plod through a daily drudgery of labor for a scanty pittance, rather than risk their skins in adventure. Nothing so irritates me as the outcry for public safety. It is a most gratuitous

assumption that the world was ever intended to be a safe place at all. Safety is a comparative approximation only, and it is fighting against nature to try to make it an absolute condition.

AN ITALIAN SUMMER EVENING.—When the sun draws down to the horizon the people flock forth from their horses. All the chairs and benches in front of the *café* are filled—the streets are thronged with companies of promenaders—every doorstep has its little group—the dead town has become alive. Marching through the long green corridors of the gallery that lead for miles from Albano or Castel Gandolfo to Genzano, whole families may be seen loitering along together and pausing now and then to look through the trunks of the great trees at the purple flush that deepens every moment over the Campagna. The cicale now renew their song as the sun sets, and croak drily in the trees their good night. The contadini come in from the vineyards and olive orchards, bearing osier-baskets heaped with grapes or great bundles of brushwood on their heads. There is a crowd round the fountains, where women are filling their copper vases with water, and pausing to chat before they march evenly home under its weight like stout caryatides. Broad-horned white oxen drag home their creaking wains. In the distance you hear the long monotonous wail of the peasant's song as he returns from his work, interrupted now and then with a shrill scream to his cattle. White-haired goats come up the lanes in flocks, cropping as they go the overhanging bushes, and mounting up the bank to pluck at the flowers and leaves, they stare at you with yellow glassy eyes, and wag their beards. The sheep are huddled into their netted folds. Down the slopes of the pavement jar along rigging files of wine-carts going towards Rome; while the little Pomeranian dog, who lives under the triangular hood in front, is running about on the piled wine-casks, and uttering volleys of little sharp yelps and barks as the cars rattle through the streets. If you watch the wine-carriers down into the valley, you will see them pull up at the wayside fountains, draw a good flask of red wine from one of the casks, and then replace it with good fresh water.

PUNSHON—SPURGEON'S RIVAL.

It seems to be agreed that, next to Mr. Spurgeon, the greatest light of the Dissenting firmament is Mr. Punshon. Mr. Spurgeon has the greater celebrity as a preacher, while Mr. Punshon is considered to be unsurpassed in lecturing. We must honestly say that Mr. Punshon's lecture upon Wesley, which he delivered this week at Exeter Hall, is well worth hearing, even by those who do not extravagantly admire either Wesley or his professed followers.

Mr. Morley Punshon is, no doubt, the greater rhetorician if the less eloquent, of the two. He is better educated than Mr. Spurgeon, never a buffoon, never vulgar, much less familiar, more ornate, holds the reins tighter, sees his own way clearer, and calculates his points with a distincter knowledge of the perspective of his subject. But in sympathies and intellectual range he is scarcely at all the more superior of his audience than Mr. Spurgeon; and though in a homely and vulgar fashion, Mr. Spurgeon seems to have more reality of conscience than Mr. Punshon. There is the artificial burnish of a divinity academy still visible on Mr. Punshon's mind, though it must be long since he left it; he handles religious truths with a gloved hand, while, as an able writer says, Mr. Spurgeon handles religious truths as a grazier handles an ox—i. e., we suppose coarsely, almost grossly as regards the motive, but with a direct sense of hard and soft, bone and outline, which divinity lecturers generally succeed in spoiling. Mr. Punshon's strength is clearly greatest where he is not touching religious truth or formula at all. He has a large catholic sense of humour—a suppressed irony of manner which, at his best, half-reminds us of Mr. Bright; as when he said of Rome, that he was 'actually guilty of the coarse crime of overcrowding St. George's, Hanover-square, and persuading patricians that they had souls; or when he remarked that 'Wesley was abruptly warned off from Newgate, lest he should make men wicked, and from Bedlam, lest he should drive men mad.' Mr. Punshon's face and whole manner express this kind of restrained humor. With a face that is caricatured, in the common print presented to you at the door of Exeter Hall, into a kind of compound between Sykes and Chadband—greasy sensuousness dominated by unscrupulous ferocity—there is really a basis of much fundamental human breadth under

artificial and apparently sacerdotal control—the eyes far back in the head, and not wide open, giving an expression of narrow concentrated purpose and animosity of will—the deep lines round the heavy mouth and chin carrying a half quizzical effect, that sometimes takes the form of bitterness, and always gives an impression of driving force—and a fixed set manner about the whole telling of a man who might mould his views according to his perception of their power as instruments of action. There is a striking expression even in his massive back, when it is turned to the audience—a big, sober, broad-shouldered, inflexible back—not vibrating, but slowly and ponderously turning on the central axis. And yet with all this he is in some sense a natural orator—not an orator of thought, nor of feeling, for he is wilfully, intentionally ornate—almost absurdly ornate, when you come to think afterwards of what the man really was, and yet of the flowery language he chose to use—and yet effective, from the sort of vehement purpose with which in the best parts of his lecture he brushed through the flowers of his own rhetoric. When he spoke of Whitfield abandoning himself to preaching, 'glad as a gazelle upon the hills; or when he said, 'that you could no more confine him to a sect than you could chain the libertine breezes,' there was a flaunting lawdriness of rhetoric that could not but strike any cultivated ear—and yet the rapid restrained voice in which he rushed through these and much other foolish and tasteless masses of ornament, almost made you feel the driving force of the man more than if the inappropriate spangles had not been there. He did not emphasize his ornaments as if he were proud of them, but for the most part pushed through as if they were unfortunately in his way.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

The purpose for which those colossal monuments were erected has always been a subject of dispute among archaeologists. Were they the tombs of kings, or observatories, or sun-dials? Were they erected as barriers against the sands of the desert, or were they more grainaries? Sir J. Herschel, having remarked their orientation to the four cardinal points and the uniform inclination of their entrances at an angle of from 26 to 27 degrees, expressed the belief that they pointed towards some star in Draco, which four thousand years ago must have been at a distance of only three or four degrees from the North Star, and therefore on the axis of the vaulted entrances. Mahmoud Bey, astronomer to the Viceroy of Egypt, now explains the matter in rather a novel manner. In his opinion, founded on personal observation, the pyramids were devoted to a divinity having Sirius, or the Dog-star, for its emblem.—Among the ancient Egyptians the stars were the souls of innumerable divinities emanating from Ammon Ra, the Supreme Being.—Sirius represented the dog-of-the-heavens, Sothis, who judged the dead, so that it was perfectly rational to devote the pyramids, considered as tombs, to the star Sirius.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.—Vice grows rapidly, but virtue is a plant of tardy production. The virtues are, in fact, the flowers, more or less beautiful, which grow in the moral garden of the human heart; but the vices are the weeds, which owing to a man's innate depravity, spring up spontaneously, and if not suppressed or controlled, soon leave their nobler rivals no room to exist in the same vicinity.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND SUCCESS.

When poor Edmund Kean was acting in barns to country bumpkins, barely finding bread for his wife and child, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. When Brougham presided in the House of Lords, he was not a bit better or greater than when he had hung about in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, a briefless and suspected junior barrister. When all London crowded to see the hippopotamus, he was just the animal he was a couple of years later, when no one took the trouble of looking at him. And when Geo. Stephenson died, amid the applause and gratitude of all the intelligent men in Britain, he was the same man, maintaining the same principle, as when men of science and of law regarded him as a mischievous lunatic, the individual who declared that some day the railroad would be the King's highway and mail-coaches would be drawn by steam.

LA CHINE RAPIDS.

The village of La Chine is nine miles from Montreal. La Chine Rapids begin just below the village. The current here is so swift and wild, that, to avoid it, a canal has been cut around these rapids. Many vessels, however, still descend them in safety. The following account of the descent is given by a correspondent of the 'Detroit Advertiser':—'The river again widens, and is called Lake St. Louis. At the foot of this lake, on the south side, is the Indian village of Caughnawaga. Here a boat comes off from the village and brings an Indian named Baptiste. He is a fine-looking man, apparently about sixty years of age. He comes on board to pilot the boat over the La Chine, which is the last but most dangerous of the rapids. No man but Baptiste has ever yet piloted a steamer over these rapids. As the boat moves onward to the rapids, all the passengers, even to the novel readers, are anxious to get a good position, in order to have a fine view of the heaving, breaking, and laughing

and the boat is driven so rapidly, that one touch upon a rock would shiver her to atoms. Although the passage of the rapids appears to be dangerous, a sense of pleasure and excitement takes the place of fear. In about half an hour after leaving this last rapid, we enter the harbor of Montreal.'—Views on the St. Lawrence.

SENSATIONS OF THE DYING.

The popular ideas relative to the sufferings of persons on the point of death are undoubtedly to a certain extent erroneous. The appearance of extreme agony which is often presented under these circumstances is due to mere muscular agitation, independent of any extraordinary sensibility of the nerves of feeling. Those who die a natural death, in the very last stages of existence are scarcely conscious of bodily suffering—not more than they frequently are to the attentions and solicitude of friends. It is certainly a consolation to reflect that, whatever may have been the measure of suffering undergone by one of our cherished associates during the term of his illness, the final moment is not attended with an aggravation of distress.

Those who die by violence or accident,

of the blade. The rushing out of the blood at each convulsive pulsation of the heart, must seem like the actual spectacle of the flow of life.

Those who are crushed to death may not expire instantly, unless the cranium happens to be involved in the casualty. Where the skull is not fractured there is probably an inconceivable agony for a few seconds, a flushing thought of home, friends, and family, and all is over. Those who are cut in two by a heavily burthened railroad car must experience some similar sensations.

If the neck is broken low down, the person does not necessarily die on the instant. His situation is the most distressing perhaps of any which can be imagined. He may live, and have a being for days; but he cannot move. His face may express all the passions, feelings, and emotions; but beyond the motions of his breast and countenance his energies do not go. His arms are pinioned to his side; his legs are lifeless; and he essentially beholds his body in the grave, while he is yet in the full possession of his faculties. The least disturbance of his position is liable to launch him at once into eternity.

Death by cutting the throat is the least seemly mode of making away with life that ever entered the head of a madman; and it is the least certain and most painful mode

milder course of disease, where, if the mind be at ease the final exit is made without any of those revolting exhibitions of bodily suffering.

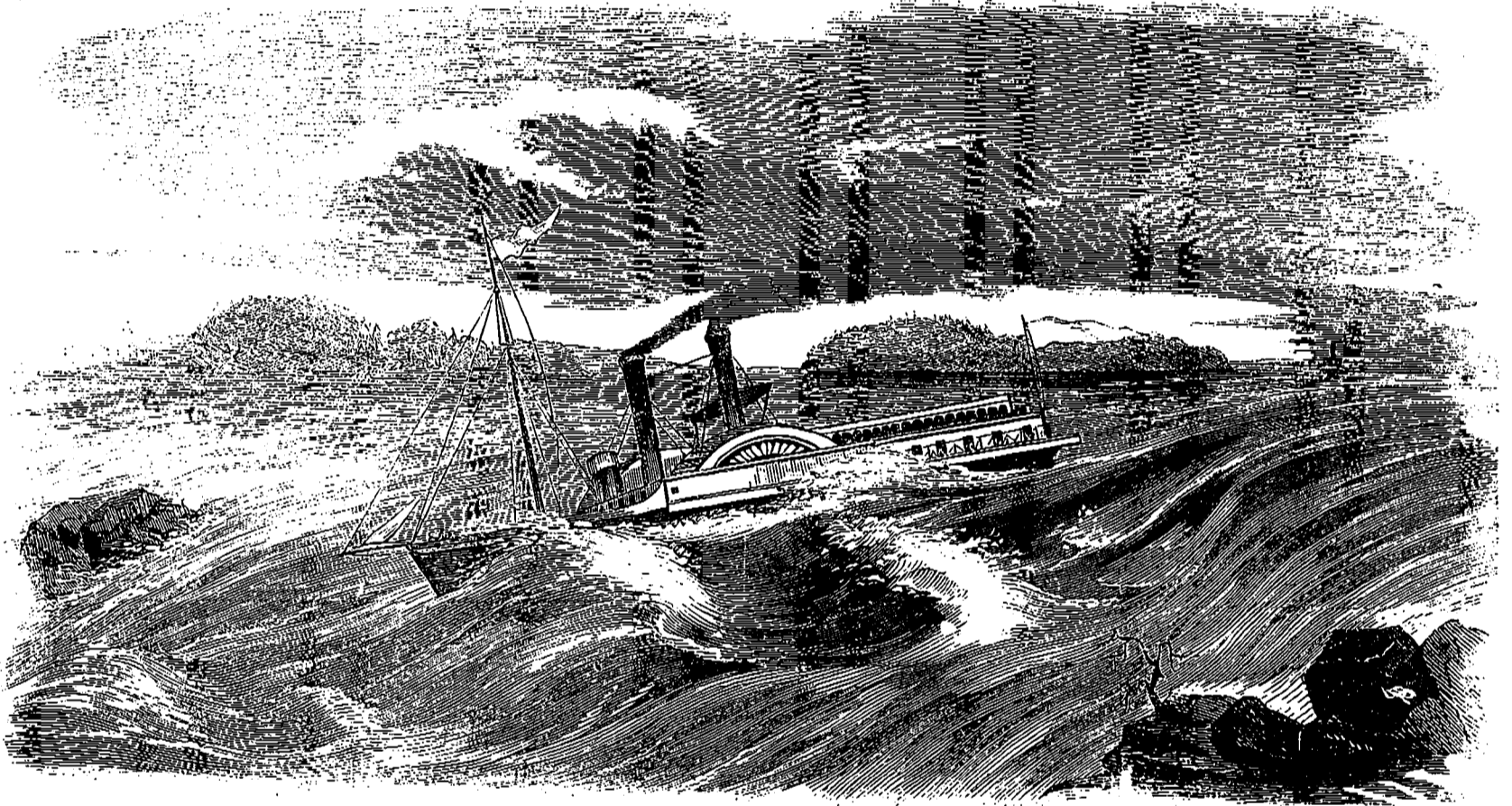
LOVE MAKES A PAINTER.—Mathys was a blacksmith at Antwerp, but dared to love the beautiful daughter of a painter. The damsel returned his passion—but meekly, hesitatingly; as is the way of young damsels, at an age when the heart one moment trembles before that mythological child with whom it plays the next. The father was inexorable.

'Wert thou a painter,' said he, 'she should be thine; but a blacksmith! never!'

The young man mused and mused; the hammer dropped from his hand; the god stirred within him; a thousand glorious conceptions passed like shadows across his brain.

'I will be a painter,' said he; but again his soul was cast down, as he reflected on his ignorance of the mechanical part of the art, and genius trembled at his own fiat.—His first efforts re-assured him. He drew; and the lines that came were the features of that one loved and lovely face engraved on his heart.

'I will paint her portrait!' cried he—'Love will inspire me!' and he made the



LA CHINE RAPIDS.

water. As we enter the rapids, we appear to be running upon a small grass-covered, rocky island. Indeed, as the bow of the boat is so near that it seems to be impossible to clear it, we look to see if the pilot is at the helm. Yes, there stands the Captain at his post, in front of the wheel-house; and the Indian pilot, with three other strong men, are at the wheel; and as we look at the calm countenance of the Indian, and see that his bright eye does not so much as wink, but is steadily fixed upon his beacon, whatever it may be, and that the wheelmen are fully under his control, we feel that, with his skill, care, and knowledge of the way, we may banish fear from our thoughts. Baptiste is a noble Indian. He guides the boat among the islands and the rocks, over the rapids and through the intricate channels as easily as a skilful horseman reins a high-spirited charger. As quick as thought the boat glides away from those rocks which it appeared impossible to avoid; but the pilot apparently is insensible to fear, though not to the responsibility that rests upon him. He is aware, and all are aware, that one false move and all is lost; for the current is so swift, the seas run so high,

undoubtedly experience a degree of pain proportionate to the extent of the bodily mutilation. Hanging is doubtless an unpleasant mode of death; but few, after all, 'shuffle off this mortal coil' more easily than those who are suspended by the neck. It is akin to drowning in this respect. The blood immediately seeks the head, and soon deprives it of all consciousness. The efforts to inhale the air, which are kept up for some time after the cord is attached; and which cause such violent movements of the chest and extremities, arise from the influence of the spinal marrow, whose sensibility is not so soon destroyed by the congestion of blood as that of the brain. Persons who die by decapitation most probably suffer more, though their pain is only momentary; this is the case with those who blow out their brains. The sensation produced by a ball passing through the body would be difficult to describe by one who has never experienced it. But it is something singular in this case that those who are shot, although the 'lead messenger of death' may not have penetrated any essentially vital organ, immediately fall to the earth, apparently under an irresistible feeling of their approaching return to dust, exclaiming, as it were, involuntarily, 'I am a dead man.'

A dagger wound in the heart, for the few moments which are consumed in the ebbing of life, must occasion unutterable feelings of agony, independent of the mere sensations of pains in the parts sundered by the en-

of committing suicide. Such persons have the disadvantage of dying for want of breath and of bleeding to death. They labor, too under the difficulty of not knowing the precise seat of the arteries. They generally cut too high by several inches, and if their knife happens to be dull, they can scarcely accomplish either of their objects in reaching the windpipe or the important blood-vessels. Unsightly wounds are created; and the unfortunate victim of temporary insanity has the mortification of hearing his own folly made the theme of animadversion and jest.

In taking laudanum, a person exists in a state of insensibility for a length of time, a melancholy spectacle to his friends. In poisoning from arsenic, a great amount of suffering is undergone. The sensibility of the stomach is exceedingly acute when inflamed; and the effect of arsenic is to produce a fatal inflammation of this viscus.—Prussic acid is rapid, and acts by paralyzing the brain.

Death by lightning is instantaneous. In a visitation of this subtle fluid, we might almost picture to ourselves the very parent of life (for such may electricity be deemed) assuming the arrows of death for the purposes of fell destruction.

In reflecting on the horrors which death presents under these different aspects of violence, the mind becomes satiated with disgust. We cannot do better than turn to the contemplation of its features in the

attempt. He gazed upon her till his soul became drunken with beauty; in the wild inspiration of such moments, his colors flashed fast and thick upon the canvas, till they formed what one might have imagined to be the reflection of his mistress.

'There!' said he, showing the work to the astonished father: 'there! I claim the prize—FOR I AM A PAINTER!'

He exchanged his portrait for the original; continued to love and to paint; became eminent among the sons of art in his day and generation; and dying, was buried honorably in the cathedral of his native city, where they wrote upon his tomb, '*Connubialis amor de muliebri fecit Apellam!*'

WHEN people are crazy to marry they attach no consequence to consequences.

A NEGRO, undergoing examination in the United States, when asked if his master was a christian, replied, 'No, sir, he's a member of Congress.'

'PADDY, where's the whisky I gave you to clean the windows with?' 'Och, master, I just drank it, an' I thought if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same.'

A YOUNG lady being asked by a feminine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album, replied, 'No; but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling.'

THE HAMILTON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S MEDAL.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society held in September last, it was proposed to send a collection of fruits to the International Fruit and Cereal Exhibition, to be held in London, under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society, during the month of October, with a view of bringing under the notice of the numerous British and Foreign growers who would there be assembled, as well as the public at large, the capabilities of this part of the Province. Accordingly a Committee was formed, who at once began to solicit donations of fruit of all kinds that would bear transportation, from most of the principal growers in this neighborhood, and a very good collection was soon made, comprising all the best varieties of apples, with a number of seedlings, some thirty varieties of Pears, twelve varieties of open air grapes, besides a large and miscellaneous assortment of other products which were carefully packed and forwarded by the Canadian line of steamships.

It was thought at the time it was forwarded that the collection would be too late to be entered for competition for any of the prizes, but that it might be admitted on exhibition, only a better fortune, however, was in store for it.—Not only did it compete, but it also succeeded in carrying off the highest prize that the Royal Horticultural Society ever awarded, viz: the Silver Medal, an engraving of which we publish to-day. This medal was designed by W. Wyon, A. R. A., the distinguished medallist to the Royal Mint, and was struck at the Royal Mint. The inscription surrounded by a wreath of fruit and flowers reads 'The Royal Horticultural Society awarded to the Hamilton Horticultural Society, for an exhibition of fruit, October, 1862. On the obverse, Flora is represented surrounded by her attendant nymphs, bearing in their hands the fruits and flowers which it is the object of Horticulture to bring to perfection.

We must congratulate the Hamilton Society on the success which has attended their enterprise. We believe that their collection was the only one sent from Canada. In fact that, with the exception of a few individual exhibitors of cereals, they were the only Canadian exhibitors at this exhibition.

PRIZE CUP.

The Yacht Club cup which our engraving represents was recently presented to the owners of the yacht Tom Spring. In relation to the event we clip the following from a Quebec contemporary:

The members of the Yacht Club met last evening at the office of Messrs. Gibsons & Co., St. Peter street, for the purpose of presenting Messrs. Campbell and Harris, owners of the yacht Tom Spring, with the prize won at the regatta, on the 18th October last. The attendance was numerous, showing that although yachting is only in its inception in Quebec, it has a number of ardent votaries. Within the last two or three years, quite a number of rakish-looking craft have made their appearance in our harbour; these are for the most part, owned by the gentlemen who have organized themselves into a Club. The races we have from time to time recorded, have resulted in the success of the Tom Sayers, Jeff. Davis, and latterly, the Tom Spring, which is now the recognized champion of our waters.

The prize is a solid silver cup of the value of \$60, and was manufactured by Mr. Siefert, jeweller, of St. John street. It is a beautiful and unique piece of workmanship, executed with great skill. The design was drawn by Mr. Gibsons, and is exceedingly chaste and appropriate. The cup is goblet-shaped, resting upon an anchor with a twisted coil, the base being neatly chased, with a heavy

moulding. On one side of the cup is the following inscription:

WON BY

TOM SPRING, OCTOBER 18, 1862.
J. CAMPBELL AND HARRIS.
QUEBEC YACHT CLUB,
ORGANIZED, 1862.

On the reverse is a splendid view of a yacht race, the Tom Spring leading, and the others in the act of rounding the buoy off Madame Island. The Beaumont hills appear in the distance, Point St. Laurent striking out in bold relief, and the whole forming a pleasant



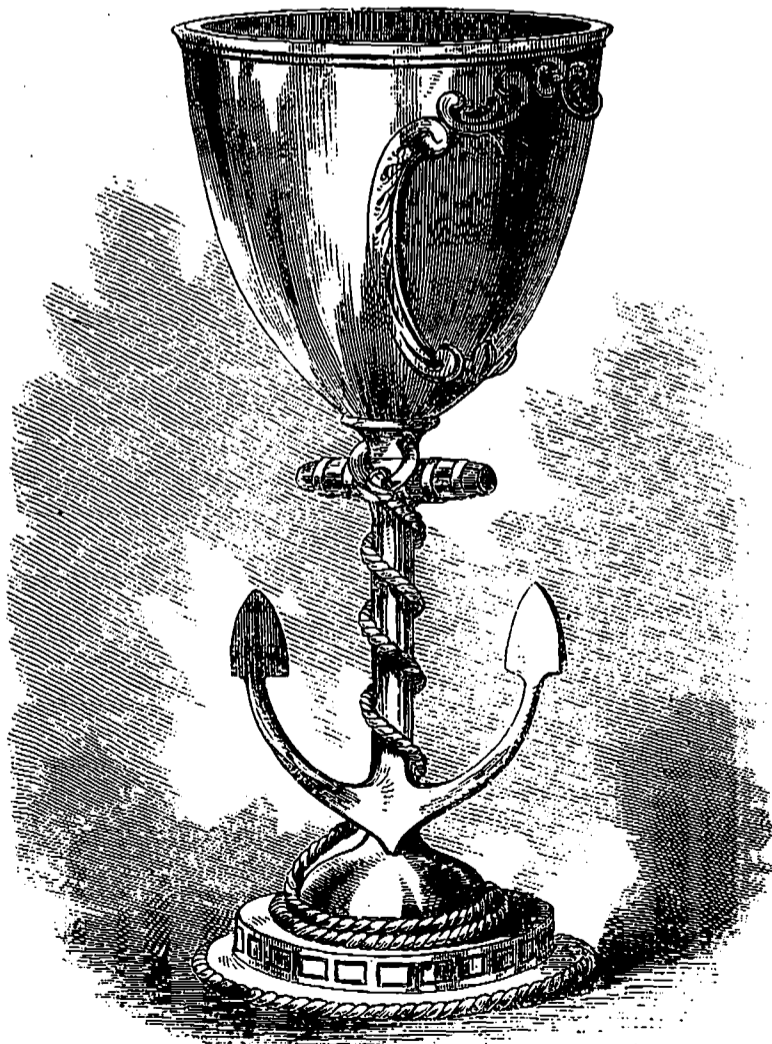
HAMILTON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S PRIZE MEDAL.

A FALSE PRINCE.—An affair of a singular character, which at present occupies the attention of the Persian public, has just happened to Mademoiselle A., the granddaughter of a senator, formerly the keeper of the seals under the first empire. This last summer she was courted at one of the watering places by a real or supposed Russian Prince, who soon after made proposals of marriage. But Mademoiselle A. objected to the match, assigning as a reason that her daughter was not very rich, having only 200,000f. as her marriage portion. 'Madame,' said the Prince, 'that is of no consequence. I would prefer not mentioning the subject of a dowry at all. Lay out those 200,000f. in the purchase of a *corbeille* worthy of mademoiselle, if that be possible.' This magnificent act of self-denial threw Mademoiselle A. off her guard, and she neglected to take the simple precaution of enquir-

ing at the Russian Embassy what were the titles and position of the Prince. The marriage was decided upon. The money was laid out as proposed, with the exception of 60,000f. which was at the wish of the Prince thrown into the *corbeille* with the jewels and Cachemires. The marriage was celebrated the other day, and, as the hotel which the Prince was building was not completed, he conducted his bride after the ceremony to one of the most sumptuous apartments of the Grand Hotel. On the following morning the young wife found herself in the same position as Psyche after her fatal fit of curiosity. No Prince was to be found. It appears that her noble husband had decamped early in the morning taking with him the *corbeille* and the 60,000f. The false Prince is supposed to be an Englishman already divorced from his wife.

panoramic view, which any one who has travelled up or down that part of the St. Lawrence could recognize at a glance. We do not know to whom the most credit is due, the designer or the skilled workman to whom the execution of the cup was entrusted, but both have acquitted themselves with the utmost credit.

The Tom Spring was built by Mr. James Ferguson, who is also the builder of the Tom Sayers. We understand that he intends turning out next season a craft which will be open to a challenge from all comers.



PRIZE CUP.

For Leisure Moments.

Who brews a quarrel soon may bruise his head.

What is the colour of grass with snow on it? Invisible green.

When a man turns from bad habits, he does himself a good turn.

'Tis false,' as the girl said when her lover told her she had beautiful hair.

The richest man on earth is but a pauper fed and clothed by the bounty of Heaven.

A BIT OF A PARADOX.—A man never gets straight to his object unless he's bent upon it.

Jones thinks that, instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid.

Some one advertises gold as the only article for stopping the teeth. In stopping the mouth gold has often been very useful.

Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? 'Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.'

'How is it you never wear a great coat?' said Jones to a friend. 'Because I never was,' replied the wag.

A Highland Yankee being asked 'What can fortify men best for a fight?' replied, 'Dinner ken.'

'Take away my first letter, take away my second, take away all my letters, and I am still the same—the postman.'

A marquis said to a financier, 'I would have you know that I am a man of quality.' 'And I,' replied the financier, 'am a man of quantity.'

Simpkins remarked that money is the lever of mankind in the affairs of mankind. 'A very great lever, indeed,' replied Blinks; 'I never can keep it.'

'Can a man see without eyes?' asked a professor. 'Yes, sir,' was the prompt answer. 'Pray, how do you make that out?' cried the astonished professor. 'He can see with one, sir,' replied Juvenis.

A little boy had lived for some time with a penurious uncle. The latter was one day walking out, with the child at his side, when a friend, accompanied by a greyhound, accosted him. The little fellow never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry, 'O doggie, doggie! and div ye live wi' your uncle, tae, that you are so thin?'

A man with ten daughters was lately complaining he found it hard to live. 'You must husband your time,' said the other, 'and then you will do well enough.' 'I could do much better,' was the reply, 'if I could husband my daughters.'

A late colonel, well known for his gigantic size and burly deportment, being once importuned by a diminutive tradesman for the payment of a bill, exclaimed, 'If you were not such a little reptile I would kick you down stairs.' 'Little reptile?' repeated the creditor. 'And what if I am? Recollect, colonel, that we can't all be great brutes.'

DISCONTENT.—However paradoxical it may appear, we are as much indebted to man's discontent as to his nobler qualities for the comforts we enjoy; since, had he remained content, society would have made little advance.

When a woman can be critical, she is the best of critics. She not only sees the flower, but scents the perfume.

No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and woman, but it may be a serious question whether the latter are not now taking up more than their share of it.

THERE SHE HAD HIM.—A gentleman, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion, he said, 'Why is a lady unlike a mirror?' She gave it up. 'Because,' said the rude fellow, 'a mirror reflects without speaking; a lady speaks without reflecting.'—'Very good,' said she. 'Now answer me. Why is a man unlike a mirror?'—'I cannot tell you.'—'Because the mirror is polished, and the man is not.'

A BOLD MAN.—A gay fellow who had taken lodgings at a public house, and got considerably in debt, absented himself, and took new quarters. This so enraged the landlord, that he commissioned his wife to go and dun him, which the debtor having heard of, declared publicly that if she came, he would kiss her. 'Will he?' said the lady; 'will he? Give me my bonnet, Molly; I will see whether any fellow has such impudence!'—'My dear,' said the cooling husband, 'pray do not be too rash.' You do not know what a man may do when he's in a passion!

CANADA AND THE FRONTIER STATES.

LETTERS TO OUR MOTHER COUNTRY.

NUMBER VII.

At Windsor on River Detroit; Sunday Morning; Detroit Church bells; Aspect of the City; The Railways; Crossing the River to Church; Rev. Dr. Duffield; General Cass; Invasion of Canada in 1812; Canada wantonly exposed to American hostility now.

On the 22nd of September, 1861, I stood for the first time, on the most westerly border of Canada—the Essex shore of the River Detroit—the river which has flowed out of Superior as St. Mary; out of Huron as St. Clair; out of St. Clair to Lake Erie as Detroit, and which goes forth from Erie to Ontario as Niagara; from Ontario as St. Lawrence, a distance of eight hundred miles down in the East to the ocean.

The day was Sunday. The morning warm, glowing, brilliant, such as fills the bosom of the early riser with sensations akin to joy. The river in breadth, twelve hundred and forty yards, widens downward to the south and is wider also three miles above, where an island, covered by forest trees, stands darkly out, giving half the breadth to Canada, half to Michigan. But the middle of the deeper channel, the national boundary line, being towards the Canada shore, the island like most others in all the narrows of the great frontier river, belongs to the American nation.—In difficulties that may arise in the uncertain future they who hold fortifications on those islands will command the commerce on the whole frontier waters.

Down on the Michigan shore three miles below Detroit city, was seen the dull outline of Fort Wayne; its embrasures opened to the highway of the two nations and to Sandwich opposite, county town of Essex in Canada. In Fort Wayne, were two of the Michigan regiments, the 8th and 9th, in process of formation, the men when I visited them next day, seeming to be as fine specimens of robust healthy manhood as ever formed regiments of the line in any army. Above the city was a camp for cavalry. The first clouds of war from the internecine strife of distracted America, were then drifting in their moral gloominess over the land. In that dark hour, many British and some Canadian newspapers assailed with vituperation, and goaded to anger with sarcasm equally unjust, ungenerous, and unwise a national neighbour whose legitimate government was in arms for the vindication of lawful authority.

The music of Sabbath bells came floating through the air from the lofty, tapering spires of the churches of Detroit. The bright blue, the silvery, glittering water fresh from the fountains of the west, pure as the souls of the innocent reflected the glory of the transcendent heavens. The finite vision gazed into the infinite sky, and would have fain known what was hidden in the glory; but like the future of time—even that time lying but a day beyond the present, the magnitude of the range diminished the power to see.

On the water were the changing forms of many sailing vessels, their white sails, here, there, yonder; tens, twenties, or forties in sight at once; brigs, barks, schooners, paddle-wheelers, steam propellers, but schooners mostly; coming every half-hour in view from the north, flitting quickly away in the south. They, laden with the wheat, the flour, the corn of the Western States, and with the produce of the mines of copper, and of forests in the regions up by the great lakes, Huron, Michigan, Superior; fleets of white sails, all with a fair wind to Buffalo, in the State of New York; or destined by way of the Welland canal, thirty miles across the Niagara peninsula in Canada, to the American ports on Ontario lake; or down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, out to the sea, over the Atlantic to Liverpool.

The traversing steamers of the ferries, diligently plied and carried the interchanging visitors of two nations, a fifth or a fourth of them Africans or their descendants, once slaves. White people and colored were crossing from Canada to Detroit, and from Detroit to Canada, sailing in the same boat to worship the one God somewhere, but not to mingle in the same churches. The whites, whether in Detroit or in Canada, are not yet so humble before Heaven as that.

The town of Windsor, its houses and three thousand inhabitants, scattered behind me, and stretching on either hand along the shore of the deep flowing river. The Great Western Railway of Canada, its depot on the right hand, its wondrous week day traffic

hushed to repose; its offices with closed doors winking in the sun on that day of rest. The leviathan engines, offspring of genius more godlike than human, reserving their hearts of fire and their speed of the bird, to defy the spaces of distance and of time on the morrow.

On the Detroit shore three miles of wharves, speckled with silent steamships, most of them painted white, the flag of the Stars and Stripes streaming from their spars; the steamers silent now, but to awaken in the night, get loaded with grain at the elevators, and, some of them, to be away to Buffalo by cock-crow on Monday morning. Massive structures along the wharves; lofty warehouses, shipyards, foundries, sawmills, factories, tall chimnies, and loftier piles of houses overlooking these; some of them public hotels, in magnitude and grandeur, palaces. Church spires, piercing the cerulean blue, by Woodward Avenue; that thoroughfare a hundred feet wide, ascending from the river westward to the spacious central city heart—Campus Martius, noble in aspect, noble in name. Church spires beyond Jefferson Avenue, a main thoroughfare still grander in dimensions than that called Woodward, with many streets intersecting as it stretches southerly a mile and a half, and northerly two miles to the brook, once called 'Bloody Run;' the place at which a military detachment from the small English garrison, in the time when American States were colonies, was entrapped in the night by Indians.

Wholesale ware-houses, parts of them recruiting offices, splendid rows of retail shops and more recruiting offices. Theatres, mansions, schools, colleges, more churches, with and without spires; United States flags flying over houses where there was all day and most of the night, drumming and firing and still more places of enlistment for recruits.

On and around the beautifully shaded streets of villas and rows of umbrageous trees, are the homes of the wealthy citizens; some of them built where stood the English Fort.

Detroit at the declaration of War by the United States against Britain and her colonies in 1812, was a village with a population of 1,500; a country of wilderness, lying to the north, the west and the south of it.—It is now a city with 47,000 inhabitants; but its trade largely exceeds what may be indicated by the number of people. Mechanical appliances take a heavy share of the labor once performed by men. They load and unload vessels; they prepare the parts of ships and of engines, they collect and carry the produce of many States. Five railroads terminate there, chief of which are the Southern Michigan, connecting with all the lines of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York; Michigan Central, connecting with all of Illinois, and the West and South; on whose premises is also the depot of the Grand Trunk of Canada, the traffic of which traverses a section of Michigan State and crosses the river at Sarnia, at the foot of Lake Huron, thence through Canada to Montreal and to Quebec, and to Portland in the State of Maine. Another is the Detroit and Milwaukee line, traversing the Peninsula of the State to Grand Haven on Lake Michigan, there connecting with Milwaukee in the State of Wisconsin by powerful steamships which breast the lake in all conditions of weather, in breezy summer and in icy winter, returning with heavy freights from Wisconsin and Minnesota. At Windsor, opposite Detroit, all those lines, by capacious ferry-boats crowd their traffic of passengers, general merchandise and live cattle, to the wharves and depot of the Great Western of Canada. From there, the greater proportion, seventy-five per cent. of the whole business of the line in 1861, more in 1862, and yet more in 1863, is conveyed through two hundred and thirty miles of Upper Canada, crossing the Niagara torrent on the marvellous Suspension Bridge to the depots of the New York Central; from thence distributing to Boston and New York city, the live cattle ultimately to feed the American army on the Potomac.

It was Sunday, the 22d of September. On the road leading to Windsor from Sandwich, county town of Essex, which forms a lovely terrace thirty or forty feet above the water on the traveler's left hand, and skirted by orchards laden with generous fruit on his right; on that road I met a gentleman, who, after some conversation, invited me to be his companion to church across the river. He was Her Majesty's Sheriff for the county of Essex, and like the Mayor of Windsor of that year, and others of their neighbors crossed by the ferryboats free, as members of congregations in Detroit. Those two gentlemen of Canada, with their families, attended the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Duffield, a preacher whose congregation is parent to several others large as itself; his church, a

comely edifice with tall spire; his pulpit a platform. The following Thursday was appointed by President Lincoln's proclamation to be a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer: a confession of national and personal sins, and of petitions to Heaven for success in suppressing the war waged against lawful government by the insurgents of the South. Dr. Duffield, earnest, argumentative, eloquent, drew the rules of conduct, not the outward show of grief, but the constraint to be inwardly imposed upon the soul, to such a stringency that there was probably little humiliation on the Thursday, according to his scale of personal and national penitence. It was the time of Michigan State Fair, and the day of national humiliation seemed the bustling day of the week. Gambling booths, concert rooms, and city stores were all open in the evening, but the racing and trotting matches were postponed till the morrow.

My attention, coming out of church, was directed to an elderly gentleman, his tall figure slightly bent; gray hair seen from beneath his hat; he leaning on the arm of his daughter. That was General Lewis Cass. He has been Minister of State in the Federal Government, and Ambassador to France. In 1812 he was an officer of General Hull's military force which invaded Canada. Their head-quarters were at Sandwich, from which place General Hull admonished Canada to surrender. But he and his forces surrendered to the British commander Brock. Lewis Cass, then a young man, was carried prisoner with the rest to Montreal. Here, for the present, I pause. Canada, so intimately related to American commerce now, has much to lose and nothing to gain by the atrocious misconduct of those newspapers which, in England, are wantonly exposing her to American hostility.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

'Whistler at the Plough.'

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

With respect to the colony I can confidently say, from some experience in these things in my many years of wandering service, and knowledge of several colonies, that of all in the wide range of the British empire not one is so well adapted for Englishmen in every respect, and to found a family in. All may, with ordinary industry and prudence, gain a comfortable independence at an early period, and many may make fortunes. The climate is like that of Surrey or Kent—rather earlier and sater in spring as to agriculture—and always with a thoroughly grain ripening summer, thermometer ranging to 90 deg. in the shade, and occasionally, in certain districts, to 100 degrees: grapes and melons ripening in the shade along the margin of that lovely lake, Ukanagan. I never can forget my journeys along the margin of that lake. I could not believe I was not in a settled country. At every turn I expected, in my day-dream, to see a village spire or an old, gray manor house. We galloped across old, neglected parks, over the springy turf for a mile or more at a stretch, dodging round 'ancestral trees,' and leaping over sparkling rills of the purest waters with the brightest blue skies above, and the sun reflected from the calm waters of the lake. Then camping at night by the margin of the lake, evening ablutions by moonlight, and lulled to sleep by the ripple of tiny waves upon the smooth, small shingle of the beach. It was what one reads of in poetry, but rarely, if ever meets with in this prosaic world. What I have described of Ukanagan applies to British Columbia generally east of the Cascade Range. Westwards, between that range and the sea, as in the lower valley of the Frazer, from Hope down to New Westminster, the climate is more variable, with more damp and rain and dense forests generally. But still the latter region is like Kent and Surrey, and a first rate home for Englishmen. There are prairies—open, grassy lands—intermingled with the forests. To clear the forests is a tremendous undertaking. The 'forest primeval' here is what one could conceive as existing before the flood—a forest corresponding to the men of mighty mould and long years who might hope to hew out a farm before they died. On my farm, to fell trees 300 feet high is not at all unusual. Of course all settlers seek for prairie with a proportion of forest for timbers to build houses, for rail fences, and for firewood. The gold is away in a mountain range, extending in an arch from north to south. It is subsidiary, and nearly a parallel range with the Rocky Mountains, difficult of access; hence the enormous price of provisions there, paralysing for the present all the efforts of new comers without capital, or means to support themselves for at least 12 months independently; hence, also, all you hear or may hear of the wretchedness of the climate there. Imagine yourself working away in an elevated region,

more than half as high again as Ben Nevis, in a dark, wet pine forest; showers and sleet and snow and boggy, wet ground under your foot. Snowshoe Mountain and the Bald Mountain, on the flanks of which are the celebrated Cariboo diggings, are over 8,000 feet high. Hence you will understand why unreflecting people give such contradictory reports of British Columbia. With one it is all 'couleur de rose' with another it is everything that is execrable. All will settle down rightly. We are making roads as expeditiously as our means will allow, so miners will be able to get to and from the mining (mountain or hilly) regions comfortably and quietly, and provisions there will fall to a reasonable price. The farmers, who will settle as close to the mining regions as they can find good climate and good land, will make rapid fortunes, so to speak. They will do better than the miners. This fact we have now learnt. It is beyond all dispute true that the gold exists in abundance, and also in paying quantities, over a widely extended region from north to south; I mean a range of about 500 or 600 miles. Of course it is irregular in riches.

GEOLOGY OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST.

The following is an interesting extract from a series of articles on the above subject, published in the Friends' Intelligencer by Yardley Taylor:

'The great geological feature of the Atlantic coast south of New York is the large development of the tertiary strata. It would seem as if some powerful force from the North was acting while this was being deposited. The Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Potomac each turn directly South soon after meeting tide-water. There must have been a cause for this, and that cause may have deposited these materials where they are. In many places are large beds of sea-shells; indeed, almost the whole expanse beyond the primitive rocks gives evidence, by the presence of shells, of having once been under sea-water. In some places, where the surface soil rests upon these decaying shells, and they are within reach of the plow, the soil seems of inexhaustible fertility. In New Jersey are extensive deposits of green sand, that act well as an amendment to some soils. These grains of green sand contain potash in considerable proportion; hence, probably its value. The marl in the South, through Maryland and Virginia, contains some green sand, though in less proportion than in New Jersey. This tertiary formation usually covers up the primitive to some extent, except where streams have laid the latter bare. Iron ore is largely met with in the neighborhood of Baltimore, and lignite is found in the hills.—One great disadvantage in this formation, as regards agriculture, is, that the materials having, as it is believed, been deposited by water, a sifting operation, if it may be so termed, has been carried on, by which, instead of an indiscriminate mixing of all the materials together, they have been separated and deposited in great measure separately. Thus we find in one place sand, in another clay, in another pebbles, and the lime and potash, so necessary in good soils, have been carried away. Lime is generally deficient in this deposit on the surface, but in most places this can be remedied by marl, as that abounds largely along tide-water, or by oyster-shell lime. This tertiary deposit widens greatly as it extends southward. It is but about forty miles from Philadelphia to the sea-shore directly across New Jersey, while nearly the whole length of some of the Southern States is occupied by it. It very rarely rises to the height of 200 feet above tide-water, while most of it is at less than one-half of that elevation. It varies greatly in productiveness, from very fertile soils to very poor sand, that will scarcely produce heath; much of it, however, is too wet, owing to its being too level, and drainage would improve it much. Among the various deposits of this tertiary region is that of the 'infusorial within the corporate limits of the city of Richmond.' This deposit, usually of a light grey, almost white color, is remarkable for the abundance of minute, organic forms that it contains.—These organic forms are the minute silicious fossil remains of a class of very minute insects with silicious instead of calcareous shells. One remarkable property of these remains is their lightness; being, in their ordinary state of compactness, only about one-third the weight of water of equal bulk. The texture of the mass is very fine, and appears free from gritty particles, yet it is used in polishing metals. The number of these silicious skeletons in each cubic inch, it is supposed, can only be reckoned by millions, and a cubic foot would contain a multitude far exceeding in number the entire human population of the globe.'

EOLA.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

(CONTINUED.)

It was pardonable—the young creature's yearning toward the protectors of her dismal infancy. However unkind they may have been, however dark the aspect under which we knew them, there is always a silken link between us and those who have guarded our childhood.

'I should like to have a peep at Linda and Ralph, just to see how they look, or if they are altered much,' she thought, as she rode slowly on. 'But they mustn't see me, that's very certain. Oh dear! I couldn't live that vagrant life again. But I'd better quicken my pace—it's getting late. Now, Ladybird, move on.'

And turning her attention to her horse, the little page drove briskly forward.

'Well, Ulric, anything fresh?' inquired Elwyn, as he joined his pretty friend (for friend he named the young preserver of his life) at the door of the obscure railway station.

'No, sir, nothing fresh here,' returned the artless girl, blushing, though she scarce knew why.

'Except yourself, Ulric of the golden hair,' laughed Elwyn. 'You look fresh enough.'

And he gazed admiringly on her glowing cheeks, which became still more rosy beneath the glance.

'Well, I have news for you, if you have none for me,' he continued, as they drove along. 'You may hold yourself in readiness to see your noble master in a few days, and a troop of his London friends. He is coming on an ante-matrimonial tour; in other words, sir page, you are going to have a noble dame to claim your services. How like you the prospect?'

Eola hardly understood it.

'Is Lord Ewald about to bring his wife to the Abbey, then, sir?' she faltered; for Zerreen now assumed the shape of a bugbear to her gentle mind.

'When he gets one. 'There is many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip,' though, as you may have heard. I said that this was an ante-matrimonial trip, Ulric.'

'But—but—sir—my lord is married, is he not?' stammered Eola.

'It's the first I've heard of it,' returned Elwyn carelessly.

'But, sir—'

The disguised one paused. As if by magic, an idea had flashed through her brain. One lightning thought, one wild thrill, and all seemed clear. The awful reality was revealed. Zerreen had been deceived. Her own carelessly uttered words had become a prophecy!

'But what?' quickly exclaimed the other, who noticed her abrupt pause and horrified look.

'Nothing particular, sir,' was the hasty reply.

The pseudo-page had promised her haughty lord never to disclose anything she knew of his private affairs; and she would not break her word even for him who was now the sole idol of her young heart.

Elwyn did not press her further. He knew how far his worthless cousin could penetrate the realms of sin, and he guessed that the youthful page had misinterpreted some one or other of his improper intimacies, and was now enlightened on the subject for the first time.

The pair now proceeded for some distance in silence. When they neared the gipsies' encampment, however, the silence was first broken by Elwyn.

'So, so I he exclaimed. 'My friends, the gipsies! We're in luck, to-day, Ulric!'

Ulric scarcely thought so. He dreaded circumstances the other never dreamed of.

'Fancy, now, Ulric, if I were to encounter my little Eola among them?' continued the unconscious Elwyn, with an animated look.

Poor Ulric could fancy nothing of the sort.

'I'd give anything to meet with her!'

Oh! how the heart beat under that little gaudy jacket! The wearer could scarcely refrain from a hearty cry; and would gladly have sunk into the earth if it had but conveniently opened. To conceal her agitation was a task morally and physically impossible, but fortunately Elwyn was too much occupied with his own reflections to give much heed to the real object of them.

'And would he really give so much to see her? Was that interest in truth sincere.

Oh! if it were, why should she not confess all to him there and then? Why not claim that friendship, that kind interest, so earnestly expressed?'

Such were the young girl's reflections at first, but they were quickly superseded by some that brought the blush to her cheek and terror to her heart. What! confess to him the shameful disguise which now filled her with such unmitigated disgust! Oh no, not then—not there. A day might come when she would do so, but not under such circumstances as the present.

As they approached the tents, Elwyn, who was now driving, began, to the horror of his companion, to slacken his speed.

Poor Eola shivered with fear, and looked from right to left with an indefinite idea of jumping out of the cart, and openly running away. A minute's reflection, however, served to convince her that it was much better for her to remain as she was, and go quietly on.

They were within a few yards of the wood near which the tents were pitched, when the girl whom Eola had previously encountered emerged from a gateway at the side of the road just in front of them and recognising in one of the travellers her gallant acquaintance of the morning, she paused to gaze at them.

'Here is one of the tribe, for a pony! exclaimed Elwyn, and halting close to the young gipsy, he said to her, 'Well, my little maid, do you belong to the encampment yonder?'

'Yes, sir,' was the laconic rejoinder, accompanied with a side-glance at the page, whom the speaker most decidedly preferred to the master.

'Do you tell fortunes, my dear?' continued the politic Elwyn, who thought it better not to approach the true subject of his inquiry till he had coaxed the gipsy into a good temper through the medium of her favorite hobby.

'I can, sir; but my grandmother tells them best. Perhaps you would like to see her?'

Ah! The gentleman thought himself a clever politician; but the gipsy was quite as clever in her way.

If he went on to the tents, she could stay and renew her acquaintance with the pretty page. Well schemed!

'Perhaps I had better see her another day,' was Elwyn's reply. 'I don't care particularly about brushing through all that underwood just now; and I want my dinner. But do you happen to know if there is any one—any girl—in your tribe called Eola?'

The pseudo-page suddenly discovered that there was something the matter with her boot, and leant down to adjust it.

The gipsy girl started, and looked wonderingly up in her interrogator's face.

'Eola!' she muttered, more to herself than to Elwyn; then, fixing her eyes suspiciously on his, she said, 'What do you know of her?'

'Nothing; but I wish to know a little more.'

'Then you must go further to learn it,' was the blunt rejoinder. 'The daughters of our people do not blab; they leave that for their elders.'

'But just answer me one question, my pretty pert one. Is the girl I name among your people yonder?'

'No.'

'Was she ever among them?'

'Again I say you must go further, if you would know more than I have told you.'

'To whom?'

'My grandmother.'

'Where is she?'

'Down there in the hollow.'

'Very well; I will go to her.'

Transferring the reins to the page, Elwyn sprang from the vehicle, and was moving away in the direction of the tents, when the gipsy girl suddenly exclaimed—

'Ah! here comes granny herself, sir, so you needn't trouble to seek for her.'

At the same moment he perceived approaching from the thicket a little old woman, bent nearly double, whose tottering steps were aided by a thick stick which she carried in one of her shrivelled hands, while with the other she held round her head a dark red handkerchief.

Eola dreaded to raise her eyes to look at the new comer; yet felt impelled by an irresistible curiosity to do so. On yielding to this impulse, she nearly fell from her seat in dismay, for in the little withered form of the old gipsy-woman she too plainly recognised the bane and torment of her earlier days, Granny Leighton!

In an agony of terror better imagined than described, the trembling girl pulled her cap low down over her forehead, and tried hard to overcome the sickening sensation of fear that was spreading itself through her bosom.

She fainted from the effects of her excitement. Her face was white as marble, her eyes closed, and but for a scarcely perceptible quiver about the lips, she might have been taken for dead, so lifeless and statue-like did she appear in her pale beauty.

Surprised and terrified beyond expression, Elwyn hastened home and took the disguised girl in his powerful arms, and gently bore her to his own apartment, where he deposited her on the elegant couch, and began to apply the best restoratives that were within his reach. But none seemed of any avail: cold water, smelling-salts, eau-de-cologne, all were tried in their turn by the agitated Elwyn; still no sign of returning animation rewarded his pains, and he soon began to grow positively frightened.

He had never seen any one in a fainting fit before, and as he gazed on the pallid face and powerless form of the supposed boy, all sorts of wild and dismal conjectures flashed through his brain. At length, one more dreadful than the rest presented itself. Was that death on which he gazed? Was that pretty, loving, guileless being, so lately full of life and animation, dead?'

Quick as the alarming thought crossed his mind, the watcher tore open the embroidered vest enveloping the slight frame, with the intention of placing his hand on the page's heart, to detect if the signs of life were there. But in a moment, with a cry of amazement, Elwyn recoiled from the couch.

In the folds of the pseudo-boy's vest the astonished man had observed the outline of the female form!

'Good heavens!' he ejaculated. 'What can it mean?'

A faint sigh, as if in answer to his exclamation, struggled from the breast of the insensible girl; another and another succeeded it ere Elwyn had come sufficiently to himself to forget his surprise, and attend to the humane sympathies of his generous heart, in assisting returning animation in the fair young being before him.

He gently bathed her white brow, put back the golden locks tenderly on the pillow, and chafed the little, cold hands with an affectionate zeal, strange almost to himself.

At length the sufferer opened her large blue eyes, and for a moment they wandered in a kind of troubled bewilderment round the room, till they rested on the manly form bending above her, and then an expression of wild alarm darted from their pure depths, and with a superhuman effort she sprang upright on the couch.

Elwyn's amazed stare showed that her secret was discovered, and with a low, smothered cry, the poor girl fell shuddering back upon the pillow, and, burying her face in her hands, burst into a wild and passionate fit of sobbing, while her whole frame quivered with the excess of her emotion.

Elwyn, recovering from his surprise, besought her to calm herself, and endeavored to raise her head, but she shrank trembling from his touch, and pressed her burning forehead down into the soft pillows.

'Unhappy girl!' exclaimed Elwyn; 'who and what are you?'

'Oh, mercy, mercy!' sobbed the poor young creature, as the astonished Elwyn strove to raise and soothe her; and, putting back his strong arms, she threw herself at his feet, clasping her hands in mingled shame and despair. 'Have pity and I will tell you all,' she sobbed; 'oh do not be unkind! do not spurn me. All—all have turned from me. I am alone—unloved—miserable! Oh, sir, my friend—my protector—my master—have pity!'

The delicate arms slowly relaxed, the slight form swayed helplessly backward, and, exhausted with pain and emotion, the fragile girl sank powerless on the floor, and once more relapsed into insensibility.

Elwyn gently raised her, and supporting the light burden on his arm, assiduously endeavored to restore animation, meditating meanwhile on what would be the best course to pursue in his singular and somewhat delicate position.

The child-like but beautiful being, whoever she might be, could not remain there—that was out of the question; but how to dispose of her was a difficult matter to decide.

He could not make known his discovery to the household, by intrusting the girl to any of the female attendants, as he respect-

ed, though he knew not, the secret which had induced the unhappy girl to assume such a questionable disguise, and hazard so much danger. Apart from these considerations, Elwyn did not care to become the object of scandal, by allowing it to be known that he had been shut up in his private apartment so long with a fainting woman.

And as he gazed on the girl, a deep thrill of tenderness agitated his soul, seeming to render her, all powerless, friendless, drooping as she was, more dear to him than anything his arms had ever grasped before; so pale, so spirit-like, so pure she appeared in that deathly stupor.

After several dreary minutes, which to Elwyn appeared so many hours, she once more opened her eyes. He softly placed her on the side of the couch, fearing that her embarrassing position might distress her on returning to consciousness, and occasion a second relapse.

As he did so a slight tremor ran through her frame. Starting as from a troubled sleep, she glanced fearfully around, and, with a look of shame, buried her face in her hands.

'Let me go now, and I will tell you all another time,' she said, in a low voice, and without daring to raise her eyes to her auditor's.

'No, you cannot go now, my poor child,' returned he, authoritatively. 'You must let me think first of a place of refuge for you, for I must take you from here as soon as possible. You shall tell me your secret when you are well and strong again; but of course, under the circumstances, you cannot remain longer in this establishment.'

'Oh, sir!' sobbed the disguised girl, 'for pity's sake do not judge me too harshly.—Oh, if you only knew—if you only knew—' She paused, and a deep blush suffused her pale face.

'Do not agitate yourself any more to-night, said Elwyn, kindly. 'You have suffered enough already. Let me think calmly on some plan for your safety and concealment.'

'But tell me one thing, sir—just one word. I will ask no more,' murmured the girl, softly. 'Say, oh! say, you do not hate me! Pray say, 'No.''

'No. Are you not the preserver of my life?'

And Elwyn fondly stroked the sunny hair, as he had done a thousand times before.

'And now,' he added smiling, 'I wish one word. Tell me, who are you?'

The girl blushed painfully, and, trembling from head to foot with fear and shame, faltered forth—

'Eola.'

'Is it really so?' exclaimed Elwyn, minutely scanning her innocent face. 'My little, romantic gipsy-love; the bright-eyed, fairy-footed dancer?'

'Oh sir, do not taunt me!' responded the youthful maiden, bursting into tears.—

'I have done wrong, I know, in assuming this disguise, but I did not mean any harm; I am innocent of any bad intention, I assure you.'

This was said with such a touching simplicity—such a childish earnestness, that Elwyn could scarcely refrain from throwing his arms round the guileless speaker, and impressing a kiss upon her lips. But his was no selfish feeling; and he would have scorned the slightest approach to familiarity with a creature so artless and so utterly in his power as that tender girl.

'Taunt you?' he muttered, fixing his eyes fondly on her sweet face, 'no, Elwyn Ewald is not the man to trifle with innocence and virtue, much less with the angel-heart of one who, at the risk of her own frail life, saved him from a frightful death, thus founding a claim upon him which only death can destroy.'

'You are very kind,' murmured Eola, with a faint smile. 'But—' She stopped short, and blushing moved towards the door.

Elwyn, with a delicate perception of her feelings, immediately sprang forward and opened it; and, with noiseless steps, he led her from the chamber, and returned with her to the library. Here he racked his brains in a vain effort to think of some manner in which to dispose of the lovely girl, without running the risk of discovery and scandal; but he was utterly without those resources which a wily libertine, placed in like position, would have had at his fingers' ends.

Suddenly he assumed a look of determination.

'Sit down here, Eola,' he said, pointing to an easy chair, 'and try to get a little sleep,

while I go and make arrangements to carry out a plan which has just entered my head.—It is now six o'clock; the servants will not be about for quite another hour; before that time I will be back.'

Eola was so accustomed to do as she was bidden, and her gentle nature yielded itself so entirely to a stronger will, that she obeyed her protector as submissively as a little child. Besides, it seemed so natural to obey him.—He was so much older, so much wiser, so much stronger than herself. She would as soon have thought of treason against royalty as rebellion against Elwyn Eswald.

Comfortably nestling her head down in the soft sealskin rug, which the thoughtful man wrapped round her, she prepared to follow his suggestion, and try to get some rest; and he left her, to go and carry out his scheme.—First, he wrote the following lines, on a piece of note-paper:

'Tell your lord that urgent business has compelled me to leave the abbey for a few hours, but that I will be back before the evening. See that he is properly cared for, and that none of his guests are admitted to his chamber, contrary to the orders of his medical attendant. I purpose sending a physician from town to see him. I have taken the page, Ulric, with me, as I considered him the least wanted at the abbey among the servants, and I require one for my journey.'

ELWYN ESWALD.'

This note he folded, placed in an envelope, and addressed to Lord Eswald's valet. Leaving it on his own dressing-table, he proceeded to complete the remainder of his arrangements.

The dim light of morning was slowly displacing the gloom of night when, attired in a travelling cloak and hat, he once more entered the spacious library, and stood before the now sleeping girl. Her little form was curled up so warmly and comfortably in the luxurious rug, and her innocent slumber appeared so refreshing, that the kind-hearted man felt loth to disturb her. He looked at his watch. 'I can spare her another quarter of an hour,' he muttered. 'The train leaves at half-past eight. He must drive a trifle faster to make up, that's all.' and noiselessly seating himself by the fair young sleeper's side, he passed the time in watching her sweet face, and listening to her gentle breathing.

What deep emotions that silent occupation called up in his manly breast were known only to himself; though their fleeting shadows, passing across his handsome countenance, showed them to be of a tender, softer nature than those of friendship alone. How wrapped up he had already become in that beautiful young girl! Already she was, as it were, a part of his life. His every thought at that moment centred in her, and was mirrored forth in his clear eyes in all their purity and wealth of kindly feeling.

'Eola, I am here. It is time to go,' he said, softly, when the given time had elapsed, and laying his hand gently on her shoulder.

She opened her eyes and looked timidly up.

'To go where?' she inquired.

'To London.'

'London! with you?' she exclaimed wonderingly.

'Yes; it is your only chance of concealment at present. But are you afraid to go with me, Eola?' inquired Elwyn, sadly, for he winced at the idea of having already raised a doubt in that young soul.

'Afraid? oh, no! How could I be afraid of you?' and the blue eyes dilated in amazement at the bare possibility of such a contingency.

Elwyn felt proud of that involuntary homage. It was the tribute of an innocent heart to his noble qualities, and he received it with gratitude and delight.

In another minute the young girl was seated by Elwyn's side in a hired carriage, which he had brought to convey them to the railway station. During their drive, he feelingly refrained from forcing his companion into conversation. He could see by her pale cheeks and heavy eyes how utterly prostrated was her strength; and after carefully wrapping round her the warm rug, he bade her lean back, and remain quiet—a request which the weary, exhausted girl gladly complied with.

She slept nearly the whole journey; but upon Elwyn's eyes a spell seemed to have been laid; for, in spite of his fatigue, he could not keep them closed longer than two or three minutes at a time, try as he would.

Finding this to be the case, he gave up the idea of taking a nap, and passed the time in gazing at his pretty charge; wondering what had induced her to adopt that strange garb,

whether she would tell him all her little history, and the secret of her disguise; and what he should do with her when they got to London; for, as yet, Elwyn had formed no definite notion on that subject. Then he began to cogitate, and tried hard to fix his attention on the plan before him; but it was useless, his fancy would ramble off on some wide excursion in the realms of ideality, and his eyes to that young being on the opposite seat. The arrival of the train at its destination called back his wandering soul to its proper sphere and the realities of existence.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Arrived in London, Elwyn was sorely puzzled what step to take with reference to the disposal of his young and hapless companion. He had quitted—shire on the impulse of the moment, desirous, at any risk, to convey the disguised girl from the precincts of Eswald Abbey, but without any definite notion of what was to be done next.

He had chambers in the metropolis, of course; but he could not take her there.—Something must be done. He must get apartments for her. Yes; and in the mean time she must stay at an hotel.

Capital idea!

'Here, cab!'

And delighted with himself and his plan, Elwyn placed the young girl in the vehicle, seated himself by her side, and ordered the driver to convey them to the—Hotel.

Having conducted the wondering Eola to a private sitting-room, Elwyn proceeded to put in execution another good idea that had crossed his mind.

Being on very good terms with the head waiter, he had determined on engaging his assistance; but as this could not be accomplished without making the man, to some extent, his confidant, he drew him aside, and commenced the rather delicate task thus:

'Look here, Charles, I'm going to intrust you with a secret. That young page,' throwing a glance at Eola, who was seated on a sofa at the extremity of the apartment, 'is a girl!'

'Really, sir!' exclaimed the other, with a start of surprise, and furtively looking at the object of their discourse. 'Well, he certainly does seem more like a girl than a boy, now I come to notice him, sir.'

'It's a young lady, Charles,' further volunteered Elwyn.

'Whew!' whistled the waiter. 'Run away with some one, sir?'

'Yes, Charley' (very conclusively).

'Come here to get married, sir?' went on the other, inquisitively.

'No, Charles; we're going farther off for that,' was the quick reply. 'Come here for a change of clothes. You understand?'

'Yes, sir; I take. She's going to drop the page now. Got far enough away, think?'

'Oh yes, quite. And now, Charles, who saw us come in?'

'Only myself and the governor, sir.'

'That's good. Now, I'm going out to send in an outfit for the young lady, and I want you to keep everybody out of this room till I return. You understand?'

'Exactly, sir. Keep everybody out but myself?'

'Yes; and make it all square with the governor. And here is a trifle for your trouble.'

'Thank you kindly sir. I'll obey your instructions to the letter.'

And joyfully pocketing the five pound note tendered by the supposed runaway lover, the waiter left the room.

'Now, said Elwyn, advancing to Eola's side, 'I'm going out to order you a change of dress. You will be glad of one, will you not?'

'Oh, sir, thank you. I shall be so very pleased to leave off this horrid livery. I am so grateful for your kindness.'

Elwyn patted her soft cheek, and with a few kind words, left the apartment on his new errand.

Though it was not exactly a matter he understood, he executed in it a very satisfactory way. But then money will work wonders. In London a person may go out and get newly attired from head to foot in a quarter of an hour. And Elwyn had hardly returned to his young charge ten minutes before a 'Madame Somebody,' accompanied by a young woman with a good-sized box, made her appearance in the apartment, ushered in by the attentive waiter.

'I can conduct the ladies, unobserved, to a dressing-room,' he said, with a polite bow to Eola, who would have given anything at that moment for some one to box his ears, she felt so ashamed and annoyed.

However, she gladly hailed the means of ridding herself of her irksome disguise, and followed her escort to the door of a very elegantly furnished chamber, which, accompanied by the two other females, she entered.

Having selected what garments best suited her from the handsome stock brought for her inspection, she begged to be left to dress alone, for she was half afraid of the fashionable shop-keeper of Regent street.

It was about half-an-hour after that Elwyn, who was waiting by a sumptuously-laid breakfast table in the room below for the re-appearance of the pseudo-boy, heard a light footstep approach the door, and in another moment the trembling, blushing Eola, in her new attire, stood timidly before him.

He gave vent to a loud exclamation of surprise and delight, and a look of intense admiration spread over his features as he surveyed the fair girl in her new character.

Hitherto he had seen her to a disadvantage, but even then she had appeared beautiful; now her small, airy figure, in its pretty flowing robes, seemed the very perfection of feminine loveliness.

Her outer garment consisted of a rich and delicate morning dress, of a light green colour, lined and turned up with white silk, made with an open collar, displaying a pretty white lace chemisette, ornamented with ribbon to match the dress, which was loosely fastened at the waist with a green silk girdle. Her fair hair was simply brushed back, and confined in a slight net of green and gold, and her little feet luxuriated for the first time in a pair of white silk stockings and bronze slippers.

'How beautiful you look!' exclaimed Elwyn, involuntarily indulging in a burst of open flattery.

'I am so glad you think so,' faltered the girl, innocently.

Her simple heart saw no harm in his being pleased with her appearance, nor could she see harm in her own joy at his admiration.

'And yet,' she added, as she seated herself in the chair Elwyn had carefully placed for her near his own, and prepared to partake of the morning repast—'and yet I have no right to wear such costly things as these.'

'And why not?' inquired Elwyn.

'Because, because,' she faltered, sadly, 'I am only a poor, friendless girl; and when you leave me I must work for my living. I am alone in the world.'

'And what would you do?'

'I suppose I should have to dance on the tight-rope again, somewhere,' responded the girl, heaving a deep sigh.

'God forbid!' ejaculated Elwyn, fervidly. 'But eat some breakfast now, and we will talk afterwards; you shall tell me your little tale when the cloth is removed, and I will see how I can aid you.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The meal over, and its remains removed by the polite and indefatigable 'Charley,' who seemed to have constituted himself their sole attendant, Eola complied with her kind friend's desire, and related the whole of her eventful history, from the period of her first meeting with Elwyn and his cousin in the lane on the latter's estate, up to the date of her instalment in Eswald's household at the Abbey.

Many and bitter were the exclamations and comments which fell from her hearer's lips as he listened to the sad recital, especially that part of it relating to his cousin's infamous conduct towards her dead mother.

'Poor child!' he exclaimed several times, 'what must you not have suffered! So cruelly used, too! Oh, Eola! why did you not confide in me at first?'

The girl shook her head.

'I was ashamed,' she murmured, 'and—'

and afraid.'

'Afraid! Of what?'

'Oh, don't ask me! I don't know what I am saying,' she said, hurriedly, and with a deep blush.

'You now know all,' she added, in an altered tone, while a tear trickled slowly down on to her folded hands. 'You know me for what I really am—a poor, low-born, despised girl, and an outcast on this wide, wide earth.'

A flood of tears choked the young creature's utterance, and lowly bowing her head, she awaited the reply which was to decide her future lot—to fix her earthly bliss, or bid her wander forth once more an exile in the world.

And as the strong man looked down upon her little trembling form, and saw in all its painful reality the bitterness of her sad position, thrown thus, lovely and unprotected, upon a sinful world, the long cherished fan-

tasy of his soul seemed to grow stronger and stronger; his new-born love for the innocent claimant of his gratitude and affection seemed to out-weigh all other considerations, and, in spite of her birth, her lowly life and obscure position, he felt that, could he but win her gentle love, he should be prouder of the conquest than the attainment of a diadem.

He laid his hand softly on hers, and looking kindly into her earnest eyes, said, in a low, impassioned voice—

'Eola, could you trust in me?'

'Oh, sir!' murmured the girl, ardently, 'you know I could—I do. Are not you my only friend?'

Elwyn pressed the little hand resting in his own a trifle tighter, and bent lower over the young girl's chair, as if about to say something of a serious nature; but suddenly checked himself, and resumed his former attitude. He had been about to put the question which seals for so many, many thousands of human beings a destiny of good or ill, according as it is judiciously or thoughtlessly and recklessly asked—

'Do you love me?'

The fond query had sprung from his soul—had trembled on his lips—had been almost uttered—and was recalled with a violent effort.

And what prevented its utterance? Pride, prejudice, selfishness, contempt? No, none of these.

Though a warm, impulsive man, Elwyn possessed in a large degree that scarce virtue, common sense. He felt in his heart that he really, truly, and honorably loved the little outcast, and that a union with her would never cause him regret—nay, that to be the possessor of one so beautiful, innocent, and unsophisticated would bring his yearning soul to the height of earthly bliss. But there were other points to be considered besides his own individual happiness, and it was a serious matter to appropriate to himself the untried affections of a mere child, who for years would not attain to the reasoning powers of womanhood, and who after marriage might form a hundred wild unhappy faucies detrimental to wedded love and happiness—like too many more of her sex, who hurry heedlessly into matrimony before their unformed minds can understand half its duties—victims to a fancied affection which they then think changeless love, but which, alas! often turns to indifference, or worse still, disgust.

Eola was at this time not sixteen years of age. Elwyn was nearly three-and-thirty; and though a man at that, or even a more advanced age, is perhaps far more calculated to inspire lasting affection in a female heart than a youth of twenty, and infinitely more competent to the task of guarding the wayward soul of a very young wife, still, few of the male sex, unless inordinately vain, would look upon such an enterprise without some fears, however slight, as to its success.

And Elwyn, who was anything but vain, thought, sensibly enough, that though it would be delightfully easy to love a pretty little creature of sixteen, it might not be easy to govern her impulsive nature, so as to fix her affection wholly and entirely on himself, as his deep, earnest love would demand and expect. He longed for the prize, yet dreaded to win it. Had Eola possessed the same social rank as himself, the fear would have been in a measure obviated; but a wild, unsophisticated, stray child of Nature—a being of soul, instinct, impulse, love and beauty, but not of reason—he, the high-bred, well-versed, educated man of good society feared, not that his passion would play him false, but lest it should do her an injustice—a wrong—by monopolizing, ere she knew the full meaning of the word, her love.

And yet it was hard to risk the loss of her affection altogether, by refraining from mentioning his own until her mind was more matured and trained, as it at first occurred to him to do.

Another consideration weighed on his mind; he was bound to protect and provide for her in the meantime, and how could he do this, or offer to do it, unless in the character of a betrothed husband? Then, again, he was strongly suspected that the young girl herself already loved, and that he was the object of her attachment; and if so, how would it pain that fond little soul to fancy that it loved in vain!

So the more he reflected on the matter the stronger grew his conviction that a declaration of his affection there and then was imperative. Still, he was determined to govern his feelings sufficiently not only to make that declaration intelligible to the youthful object of his love, but to calmly and candidly tell her every duty its acceptance would involve.

All these reflections and ideas revolved in his mind with that lightning-like rapidity of

which thought alone is capable, as he stood with his hand on the back of the young girl's chair; she meanwhile sat gazing silently into the bright fire, wondering what he could be thinking of, but never presuming to interrupt his thoughts. At length, he spoke.

'Eola, I have something to say to you of much importance, to me at least.'

'Yes, sir,' replied Eola, promptly; and innocently looking round to show that she was all attention.

'You are very young,' began Elwyn, 'perhaps too young to comprehend entirely the subject I wish to put before you, but our strange position at the present moment must be the excuse for my hastiness in thus addressing you. Eola, do you know what love means?'

A quick, sharp thrill ran through her slender frame, a vivid blush dyed her face, and her pulse seemed to vibrate more rapidly at the sound of that magic word.

Elwyn noticed her confusion.

'She thinks she knows, like a good many more,' he mentally exclaimed. 'Pretty child! she is as ignorant, no doubt, of the true significance of the term as an infant.'

'Well, Eola, have you solved my riddle?' he asked, aloud.

'Riddle, sir? It is not a riddle. I knew it long ago,' was the unexpected response.

'Then give me the definition—the explanation.'

'Oh, sir, I can feel it, but I can't speak of it. I don't think anybody could,' returned the young girl, nervously, and casting down her eyes.

'Have you ever loved any one?'

Eola tried to answer, but the words died on her lips, and a half pitiful, half reproachful glance momentarily flashed on the interrogator.

Elwyn was half ashamed of himself, and determined to come to the point without further circumlocution. Drawing nearer to the fair girl's side, he took once more her hand in his, and looking tenderly in her countenance, said, candidly and truthfully—

'Little one, I love you.'

He felt the tremor of the hand he held—he saw the electric thrill of joy that mounted to the lips of the guileless child, the tears of deep emotion that filled her eyes, and he said to himself—

'I have wronged her nature after all. She can love.'

And in another moment she was clasped in his arms, in all the fond fervor of reciprocated affection.

In the fulness of her young soul, she poured forth all its treasured secrets; how she had so long loved, in her childish way, him who now possessed her heart, and in sorrow and silence nurtured the growing affection, though without daring to hope for its return, or that the great heart she coveted would ever be hers.

'And do you think my love will always appear to you as worthy to be possessed as it does now, my darling?' inquired Elwyn, rather sorrowfully, and gazing in anxious fondness on her innocent countenance; for a fear still mingled with his hopes.

'Oh, sir, can you ask me such a thing?' cried Eola, while the ready tears sprang to her eyes.

'If you knew the world as well as I do, dear girl, you would scarcely be surprised at the question,' was Elwyn's response. 'You are but a child, Eola. Human nature is changeable, and youth is not always accountable for its actions.'

'What do you mean, kind sir?' again exclaimed the maiden, in bewilderment, for the idea of such a thing as a change in her present ardent love for Elwyn was to her perfectly incomprehensible.

'I will explain to you,

Elwyn led her to a sofa, and seating himself by her side, still clasping her little hand prepared to elucidate his meaning, fully resolved to carry through his preconcerted task at any cost of feeling to himself.

'You are only sixteen years of age, Eola. I am more than double that: now, cannot you conceive the possibility that you may tire of a man so much your senior, and sigh for the companionship of one more youthful?'

'Never—oh! never, dear sir! Indeed, you pain me by saying such dreadful things. Pray, pray, do not talk so.'

'Nay, hear me out. If you pledge yourself to love me, it must be for life; your whole heart must be mine without reserve till death shall part us. Now, I ask you solemnly; are you quite sure you are ready to take this pledge? I would not for worlds press my love at the risk of your happiness;

and did I think you would ever resent the sacrifice of your gentle heart to me, much as I long to possess it, deeply intensely as I yearn to call you my own. I would never claim your hand. Oh, Eola, if you value my future happiness, and your own, if there is any lurking feeling of fear or distrust of your sentiments in your breast at this moment declare it. I will freely forgive the pain you may cause me now, but spare my first love a more cruel fate than that of being rejected the fate of finding, when all too late, that it has ceased to be of value to her whose heart is the shrine at which it was laid. I know you are young, and that I am weak to trust myself so far to my feelings; but our position demands that I should not delay; had it been different, I would not have made this declaration until a future time, but now there is no alternative.'

Elwyn paused, and gazed earnestly in the young girl's face, while awaiting her reply.

'Shall I tell you all my heart, dear sir?' she asked, tremulously.

'Yes; all.'

'Then, I love you with all the strength of my being. I have loved you for years—I have lived on one of your simplest words of friendship for months—have felt my very life hung upon your smiles—have loved you as only the wretched and the lonely of God's children can love, and all without one single hope to keep that love alive; yet it has slept unchangingly until now; and now that you have called it forth—have told me that it is returned—have raised me, the wandering gipsy girl, to the honor of being allowed to worship you openly, and to devote to you every thought, feeling, wish and action—oh, sir! can you think that I could possibly have in all my bosom a single throbbing that is not for you? I know I am a poor, friendless, ignorant, and despised outcast; but, sir, such as I am, I am yours, and only yours, if you will have me, until life shall cease.'

'And are you prepared to ratify this vow at some future day before the altar?'

A blush, a burst of tears, and a faintly murmured 'Yes,' and once more was the sweet child clasped in the firm but tender embrace of her adored one.

Not one single suspicion mingled itself with the pure joy of that young, unsullied breast, not one thought of evil dimmed the horizon of the young girl's wide-spread sky of love. Had such a dark idea for a moment obtruded itself, she would have repudiated it as an insult to the exalted affection that had stooped to gather her lonely little self into the shelter of its greatness. Oblivious of every sorrow in her present bliss, Eola gave up trustingly and confidently to that noble being her whole heart and soul; while he, lonely as herself in a world whose people were so little in unison with his lofty principles, felt that he had approached the climax of earthly happiness; and longed for the hour that should make her his fond and faithful wife.

Elwyn Esward had never loved before, and now affection seemed to gush up in his heart like an inexhaustible fountain, rousing in his soul all the softer emotions inherent in mortality, which in him had so long remained dormant and concealed, but now, awakened into life by a master-hand, were all the stronger for their long disuse. Oh, that hour—that hazy hour—when the heart first yields itself to a mutual love! It lives in the memory for ever; we can recall it when other things seem but as far-off dreams that were never real. We may love again, again, and yet again; but the novelty that threw such a dazzling halo round our first affection never irradiates the others. Happy they whose first love is their last!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAPOLEON IN DISGUISE.—In an account of the masked ball at the Tuileries, lately, we read:—'There was certainly at the ball a cavalero, whose step exactly resembled that of the Emperor. His Imperial Majesty does not walk like any other person in France. The manner in which he moves about is most peculiar. He does not exactly glide, and his step is too stealthy and unelastic to admit of its being called a kind of gentle skating. But whatever it may or may not be like, it is impossible for any one who has never been in the same room with the Emperor to fail to detect him by it from among a thousand, no matter how well he might be disguised. The short gentleman who with the slender Spanish lady accosted the finely-formed one, who, rightly or wrongly, rumor says was the heroine of Gaeta, walked exactly as the Emperor walks, and talked as nobody but Napoleon would or could have done.'

A BECKY SHARP IN DRAB.

I was one evening at a large tea party, introduced to a very beautiful young bride. She had a large figure, well and most gracefully formed; the roscato hue of her cheek, and the soft brilliancy of her downcast eyes, were only equalled in beauty by the exquisitely fair neck, and the rich dark brown hair, banded in the smoothest Madonna style on her lofty brow. Her dress was of the richest dove colored satin; and her Quaker cap, and neck-kerchief folded in neat plaits across her bosom, were of India's most costly muslin. The handkerchief was attached to the dress by a gold pin, with a pearl head; and the belt of her dress was fastened in front by two more gold pins, each with a diamond head. The bridegroom was a very small, thin, awkward, ill-made man; his face—from which every morsel of whisker had been shaved off—was white, flat, and meaningless; and his dress, though quite new, was badly made, and badly put on; it was, however, a strictly Quaker costume.

In the course of the evening I said to the lady who had introduced me, 'How ever did that mean looking little man manage to get such a very lovely bride?' She smiled, and answered—'Strange as it may seem, I assure thee it was Rachel who courted him, not he. I will tell thee the story. About four years ago, Rachel's younger sister was married; and she was somewhat annoyed that she, the elder, and so much the handsomer, should have been passed by; so she resolved to provide herself with an husband; and thou knowest when a woman makes up her mind to do a thing, she triumphs over every obstacle. Rachel's first step was to draw out a list of the names of the eligible young men; opposite to each name she placed the amount of his annual income, as correctly as she could ascertain it. The most wealthy was placed on the top of the list, and so on in regular gradation. She had twelve names down. They lived in all parts of England; one in London, one in York, one in Bristol, and so on.

'Sylvanus Otway was at the head of the list. She had never seen him, and he lived near Norwich. He was down for seven thousand a year. Rachel seriously informed her father and mother that she had a 'concern' to attend the Norwich Quarterly meeting. They had no acquaintances they cared for there, and were disinclined to take so long a journey; but Rachel became so silent and sad, and so often told them she was burdened with the weight of her 'concern' to go, that they at length yielded to her wishes; and father and mother, Rachel and her sister Susannah, and one of the brothers, all went to Norwich. As the father and mother are acknowledged ministers, of course they were taken much notice of, and invited to all the Friends' houses; amongst others to Friend Otway's, and Rachel soon had the pleasure of being introduced to Sylvanus. She was delighted to find him a fine, handsome, intelligent looking young man, and to perceive that he was decidedly fascinated with his new acquaintances; and when at parting, he whispered to her sister, loud enough for Rachel to hear, 'I hope soon to be in your city, and to have the pleasure of calling at your house,' her cheek flushed with triumph, and her heart palpitated with joy, at the success of her scheme. Sylvanus soon followed them, as he had promised, and proposed for Susanna. He was promptly accepted, and they were married as speedily as the rules of our Society would permit. Rachel was exceedingly vexed and disappointed; but she is not a person to be discomfited by one failure, so she resolved to try again; but she has never been friendly with Susannah since. The next on her list was Josiah Gumble, of York, and his income was six thousand. Again she informed her father that she felt it was required of her to attend the York Quarterly meeting; and she added, 'it had been borne in on her mind, that the ministry of her beloved father, at that solemn assembly, would be blessed to some waiting minds.'

'There is nothing pleases our ministers more than flattery of their preaching gifts. Rachel is an adept at it. I have often found it difficult to keep my features in sober decorum when I have heard her speaking of the inward peace she had felt under the acceptable service of her much valued Friends. And then she presses the hand of the minister she is flattering, with so much feeling, as she says; but they like it, and Rachel has her own ends in view.—She went to York, and soon obtained the desired introduction to Josiah Gumble; he, too, was young, and passably well looking; Rachael contrived to be very much in his company; but she saw clearly that he was not to be caught. She told me she had never met any man who was so coldly in-

sensible to beauty, and so stupidly indifferent to flattery. However, Rachael was not disheartened; for it soon came out that Josiah was the victim of an unrighteous attachment to the daughter of a clergyman; for love of whom he deserted our Israel, and is now—alas! that it should be so—with his six thousand a year, gone over to the camp of the alien.

'The third on Rachel's list was John Jones, of London, her bridegroom now; he is worth about two thousand a year; and, as thou must see, no beauty. When Rachel first saw him, she was half inclined to leave him for somebody else; but the next on her list is only six hundred a year. The sacrifice was too great, and besides, James Lewis might be as mean looking, so she resolved on the conquest of John Jones. It was very easily accomplished, he made no resistance, he at once became the worshipper of her beauty; and now they are married, I think it will be her own fault if she is not happy. He is not very wise, but he is good humored and good natured.'

'How did thou become acquainted with this amusing story?' said I. 'Is it not a breach of confidence to tell it?'

'No, indeed,' she replied, 'there were more than a dozen of us in the room when she told it herself, and showed us the list; she said she did not want it now, so she gave it to Martha Elton, and bade her give a copy of it to any of the girls who would like to try the same plan of getting settled in life.'—Quakerism.

LETTER FROM SECESSIA.—Dear Juleyer.—I have just space of time to write you these few lines, hoping that these few lines will find you the same, and in the enjoyment of the same blessing. Oh, my unhappy country! Why art thou suffering at this present writing! I have not had a single new bonnet for two weeks, my beloved Juleyer, and my Solferino gloves are already discolored by the perspiration I have shed when thinking of my poor, dear South. My husband, the distinguished Southern Confederacy, is so reduced by trials, that he is a mere skeleton skirt. Oh, my Juleyer, how long is this to continue? Ere another century shall have passed away, the Yankees will have approached nearer Charleston and Savannah, and the blockade become almost effective. Since the Mackerel Brigade has changed its base of operations, even Richmond seems doomed to fall in less than fifty years. Everything looks dark. Tell me the price of dotted muslin, for undersleeves, when you write again, and believe me, your respected cousin,
Mus. S.C.

The following anecdote, from the life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, we specially commend to concert goers. There is a moral in it:

A party had gone early, and taken an excellent place to hear one of Beethoven's symphonies. Just behind them were soon seated a young lady and two gentlemen, who kept up an incessant buzzing, in spite of bitter looks cast on them by the whole neighborhood, and destroying all the musical comfort.—After all was over, Margaret leaned across one seat, and catching the eye of this girl, who was pretty and well dressed, said in her blindest, gentlest voice, 'May I speak with you one moment?' 'Certainly,' said the young lady, with a flattered, pleased look, bending forward. 'I only wish to say,' said Margaret, 'that I trust that, in the whole course of your life, you will not suffer so great a degree of annoyance as you have inflicted on a large party of lovers of music this evening.'

A TOUCHING GIFT.—In a bale of promiscuous clothing recently received in Manchester for distribution among the distressed operatives, from some place, the name of which is not given, there was found a boy's Scotch cap. In the cap was a letter, addressed 'For an orphan, or motherless boy.' On opening the letter a shilling was found enclosed, and the following touching epistle: 'May the youthful wearer of this cap meet its late owner in heaven. He was beautiful and good, and was removed by an accident from this world to a better. A weeping mother's blessing be on the future wearer of her bright boy's cap. November twenty-second, 1862.'

PHYSICIANS' faults are covered with earth and rich men's with money.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 13th March, 1863, \$70,937 13 Corresponding week last year. 54,474 89

Increase, \$ 16,462 24

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending March 7, 1863. \$70,966 86 Corresponding week, 1862. 39,907 30

Increase, \$31,059 56

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 18.

Flour—Receipts 8,301 brls. Market dull and heavy and five cents lower; sales 7,000 brls at \$6 75 to \$6 90 for supergrade State; \$7 05 to \$7 10 for extra State; \$7 15 to \$7 40 for choice do.; \$6 80 to \$6 90 for superfine Western; \$7 05 to \$7 30 for common to medium extra Western; \$7 40 to \$7 50 for common to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian flour dull and 5c lower; sales 350 brls at \$7 05 to \$7 20 for common; \$7 25 to \$9 for good to choice extra.

Rye flour steady at \$4 to \$5 50. Wheat—Receipts 1400 bush; market dull and nominal at \$1 38 to \$1 60 for Chicago spring; \$1 60 to \$1 63 for Milwaukee Club; \$1 64 to \$1 67 for amber Iowa; \$1 70 to \$1 74 for winter red Western; \$1 65 to \$1 78 for amber Michigan.

Rye dull at \$1 08 to \$1 11. Barley dull at \$1 40 to \$1 65. Corn—Receipts 21,750 bush; market heavy and 1c lower; sales 40,000 bush at \$90 to \$97 for sound mixed western; 80c to 89c for unsound.

Oats quiet at 82c to 84c for Canada, Western and State.

Pork dull and drooping. Beef dull.

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.

Stocks a shade lower and dull. Money on call at 6 per cent. Sterling Exchange quiet at 110 1/2 in specie, and 170 in currency. American gold 153 1/2.

NEWS ITEMS.

The members of the Legislative Council of Canada intend to recommend the Hon. Malcolm Cameron for Governor of British Columbia.

On Saturday last a man named Griffin, of the township of Nelson, was frozen to death. He is said to have been intoxicated at the time.

Rev. J. W. Williams, M.A., Professor of Belle Letters in the University of Bishops' College, has been elected Bishop in place of the late lamented Bishop Mountain.

On the 18th inst. the Court House of the county of Simcoe was destroyed by fire. The building is insured to its full value in the Phoenix and Gore District Mutual.

BAD COMPANY.—Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out—it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The appeal cases of Braid vs. Great Western Railway, and Fawcett vs. Great Western Railway, have been decided by the Privy Council of England, against the Company. The Privy Council pay a high compliment to the Canadian Judges in their decision. The families of the late Mr. Braid and Mr. Fawcett will now receive the full amount of damages awarded in the Courts here.

On the 16th inst. a destructive fire took place in Galt. The 'Reformer' says that the principal sufferer is Mr. Wm. Wilkins, sen., who owned the principal building. The estimated value of it is \$2,000 to \$2,500, and he was only insured for \$1,000, partly in the Gore Mutual and partly in the Provincial. W. H. & S. Wilkins, merchant tailors, are insured for \$3,000 in the Western, Provincial and Gore Mutual, which will cover loss. Mr. F. Dennis, grocer, is insured for \$1,000 in the Diverpool and London; he estimates his loss at \$1,800 to \$2,000. Mr. A. Cavers, grocer, is insured for \$400 in the Western; insurance sufficient to cover loss. Mr. Donald Sutherland, baker, loss about \$400; no insurance. Mr. Shoenau, tailor, who resided above the clothing store, lost a stove and a few other minor articles. The inquest was held by Dr. Seagram, and the jury found a verdict that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

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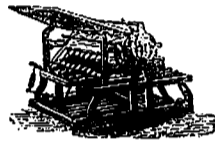
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Table listing magazine subscriptions and prices: Loudon Society (\$3 50 per year), Temple Bar (3 50), Cornhill (3 50), St. James (3 50), McMillan (3 50), Once-a-Week (3 50), World of Fashion (3 50), Churchman (3 00), Sixpenny (1 75), Good Words (1 75), Chambers' Journal (1 75), London Journal, Mo. parts (1 75), Reynolds' Miscellany (1 75), Family Herald (1 75).

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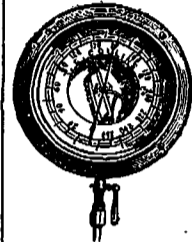
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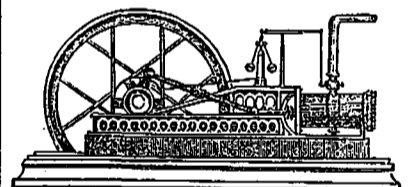
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