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HON. JOHN ROSE, M. P.

This gentleman, the subject of our portrait, was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in the year 1830, and is therefore now in his forty-third year, a comparatively early age for a man to attain the high political standing which he enjoys. He completed his studies at King's College, Aberdeen; and at an early age, in conjunction with his father and family, emigrated to Canada; but wealth and distinction are not attained in Canada without industry and assiduity and young Rose was not an exception to this rule; he labored manfully in those days, and being possessed of great energy, he surmounted the obstacles which impeded his path in a new country. It is said that in his younger days he performed the useful duties of a tutor, and we know that he was lately commissioner of public works; a circumstance sufficient to demonstrate his energy and abilities. He resided for a short time in the Eastern Townships and then went to Montreal to study law; he was called to the bar of Lower Canada, (Montreal district) in 1842, and possessing, as he does, excellent natural abilities, and being a good speaker and debater, with a good delivery and a commanding figure, he impresses upon his hearers the full importance of the subject which he discusses; that he soon succeeded in his profession, and eventually acquired the largest practice at the bar in the mercantile capital of Canada is an admitted fact. He became solicitor for the Hudson's Bay Company, and several other companies and institutions; he was made a Queen's counsel in 1847, and did a good deal of the government work in the courts. Always taking a part on the loyal side in public affairs.—Mr. Rose soon became a politician, and was often desired



HONORABLE JOHN ROSE, M. P. P.

to enter Parliament, but to such alluring affairs he long continued to turn a deaf ear, though assured of office in some of the governments of the day; but it was not till the general election of 1857 that he could be induced to run for any constituency; this was on his appointment to the solicitor-generalship in the Macdonald-Cartier administration. In conjunction with Messieurs Cartier, (the leader of the Lower Canada section of the government) and Starnes, a wealthy and influential citizen of Montreal, he contested the honor of representing that city against Messrs. Dorion, Holton and McGee, who ran on the opposition ticket.—

Of the ministerialists, Mr. Rose was the only successful candidate, the others were elected for other constituencies. Mr. Rose continued as solicitor-general east, passing through the nominal appointment of receiver-general on the 6th of August, until December, 1858, when on the resignation of M. Sicotte, he accepted the more responsible office of commissioner of public works; this position he held until the general election of 1861, when, 'for certain private reasons,' he tendered his resignation to the administration, and after being again returned for Montreal, left for a tour in Europe. During the time he held the commissionership of public

works he effected many improvements in that department; and it was very truly said that no one had ever performed the work of that arduous department with greater satisfaction, notwithstanding that more was done for Montreal and that vicinity than for any other place; nor did any chief commissioner ever act with more integrity and honor than he. The value of his services and the superiority of his character were more especially evident during the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He took upon himself the main arrangements of the tour, and elicited the grateful commendations of the royal party, and the united praises of

to arrive with as much punctuality as if he had not travelled some 5,000 miles to keep his appointment.

'There was great shaking of hands as his Royal Highness, the Duke of Newcastle, and all the suite took a kind leave of Mr. Rose, whose arduous labors terminated with the last Canadian city. It was with a feeling of deep regret that the royal party bade adieu to one who had so ably and so successfully ministered to the comfort of their tour throughout.'

For much of the foregoing memoir we are indebted to Mr. Henry J. Morgan's work, 'Sketches of Celebrated Canadians,' a work that should be in the hands of every Canadian,

the British, American, and Canadian press.

The following appeared in the Times, which we think right to reproduce:—

'To the Honorable John Rose, the chief Commissioner of Public Works in Canada, was intrusted the task of organizing, arranging and perfecting every detail connected with the royal progress. This scarcely sounds very much, but when the reader recollects that the royal party, with their suite and attendants, with guards of honor, police and couriers, averaged from 250 to 300 persons, that either by rail, by horses, steamers, carriages, or canoes, they travelled on the average more than 100 miles through new and often a wild country; that every single stage was kept to the very hour, and that even the most trifling 'contre-temps' did not occur on the whole route; this result, considering that all the 'materiel' for the royal guest and household, such as plate, linen and glass, had to be forwarded always in advance from day to day that it was always ready, even at the most remote points, and that throughout not one single article was lost or misplaced—speaks well for Mr. Rose's arrangements.

'With the untiring exertions of his staff, every member of which Mr. Rose superintended and looked after himself each morning and each night, and aided by the kindness and ready help of General Bruce, the whole tour through Canada had been made. Where has there ever been one more enthusiastic, even more triumphant, or better organized in all its branches from stationing carriages in back woods to relays of canoes up rapids, from relays of horses to the banks of lakes to railways, and so on to towns? At every single town, village or shanty-station, his Royal Highness had been enabled

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, AUGUST 15, 1863.

MEXICO; OR, 'CONQUEST CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.'

In one of the grimmest satires of the English language, De Quincy, added murder to the list of the fine arts. What that author's imaginary toad-in-the-hole and his associated artists did for murder the veritable Louis Napoleon is now doing for conquest. In his hands conquest is no longer the commonplace vulgar thing it was in the days of our fathers, when strong arms, courageous hearts and trusty swords, were all the instrumentalities deemed necessary for its successful execution. It is in fact a fine art, requiring a genius for tact and dexterity, or what Frenchmen call 'finesse.' Let us look at a sample or two, fresh from the hands of the great master of the art.

His Majesty sees with deep compassion a wronged and oppressed Italy; drifts into a war against his Imperial cousin, Francis Joseph of Austria about it; stops suddenly in the midst of a victorious career, with, as men suppose, a half-finished job on his hands; but mark the sequel. By a power called 'the irresistible logic of facts,' the Province of Savoy begins to gravitate towards France, and finally becomes a part of the Emperor's dominions. His Majesty meanwhile looks on with an air of innocent indifference, like that assumed by a mischievous schoolboy who has clandestinely 'caved in' your beaver with a snowball. The world is not deceived however; but the affair has been so neatly, so artistically managed, that no one has the heart to protest.

Mexico was the next country which offered the Emperor a field for the practice of his new art. At the outset the idea of conquest was of course solemnly repudiated, so much so, indeed, that England and Spain were induced to take part in the expedition, the ostensible object of which was simply to obtain payment of certain debts due by the Mexicans. A perfectly legitimate object it will be admitted. Suddenly and mysteriously England and Spain disappeared from the field of operations. No doubt to the intense delight of the Emperor. The Mexicans, brought to their senses by the persuasive power of French bayonets, at length concluded to make a virtue of necessity, offered therefore to satisfy the claims which the Emperor had preferred. Now, in the hands of an ordinary artist, this might have spoiled

the whole plan. But Napoleon's ready resources were equal to the emergency. In addition to the original claim he now insisted on the cost of collection being also paid. Was not this perfectly legal? Dare any 'learned friend' answer no. So you see, the whole plan is working to a charm. 'Irresistible logic' is operating most effectually. It may readily be believed that this cost of collection item would be of a magnitude to make our sore pressed Mexican scratch his head in rather a dubious manner.

Failing then to get this second part of his claim satisfied, what must the Emperor do? Legal wisdom and 'irresistible logic' alike point a seizure of the debtor's property, and ample compensation for the trouble, as the only solution of the question. Thus step by step the conquest of Mexico has been most artistically effected. The whole plan was so cleverly laid and so admirably worked out, that those who acknowledged the justice of the first step could find no possible ground to cavil at the one which were subsequently taken. The Monroe doctrine of course uttered a few swaggering threats; but on the whole—considering its pretensions—was wonderfully quiet. Perhaps from being kept rather busy at home, and having withal a curious weakness in favor of despotic government.

Except for the purpose of keeping His Majesty's hand in practice, we do not see that his elaborate plans for the conquest of Mexico were at all necessary. Had he openly avowed his object at the outset, it is not likely that any energetic protest would have been made by other nations. When either nations or individuals persist in making themselves nuisances to their neighbors, it is no crime to accommodate them with a straight jacket or a prison, until returning sanity or strengthened moral sense wins back their forfeited liberty. The iron rule of a conqueror has a wonderful influence in harmonising the antagonistic elements of a society which is fast falling to decay through its own folly. This is what Mexico most needs.

What indeed is essential to her political and social regeneration, while she remains the prey of selfish factions, who recognise no way of settling their differences but by the sword, she can neither be a well governed country nor a desirable neighbor.

A FEW WORDS TO THE NORTHERN CONTEMPORARIES OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Soon after the battle of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg, that organ of the Prince of Darkness, the New York Herald, actively resumed that portion of its master's work which includes the bringing about of war between Great Britain and the United States. During the repeated reverses of the Federal arms, this paper was discreetly silent about its pet scheme for working out the 'manifest destiny' of the American people. With the first gleam of success, however, which breaks through the thick darkness, it gives a loose rein to its unmitigated devilishness, again raises its wild war whoop like a savage Indian thirsting for human scalps. Now, with the Herald itself, there is no Canadian writer foolish enough to remonstrate. We know too well that in order to influence its course, some far more tangible power than remonstrance must be brought to bear. But would a few words to the respectable contemporaries of the Herald be in vain. It is they and they alone who can counteract its pernicious influence. It is useless for any one here to tell our people that the Herald does not represent the sentiments of the North. There are too many amongst us whose turn it serves to parade its savage threats as evidence of what we are to expect, when the Republic gets out of its present difficulties. Now, in the absence of any hearty condemnation of those threats by the Northern press, it is useless to suppose that they will not do the work which their authors intend they should; that of irritating the public mind of Canada and Great Britain, of giving a strength to those national antipathies—so easily aroused, so difficult to allay—between us and the Americans—which will assuredly some day endanger our peaceful relations.

If, on our part, we have a 'dog tear-er' to bawl for war against America his voice is drowned by the condemnation of abler and better men. If we have a London Times to manufacture prophecies—like a certain Secretary of State—and utter sneers at the

American people and their cause, we have a Daily News and Morning Star to speak brave words on behalf of that people and their cause. If then the Herald must needs gratify its debased instincts, by assailing us in a manner far transcending in villany anything which public sentiment in this country would tolerate, it fulminated against the United States, is it not fair that we should expect its contemporaries to furnish us with some proof that it speaks only on behalf of those instincts? If this is denied us, will we not be driven to the conclusion that there is a predetermination on the part of the North to wage a war against us so soon as a favorable opportunity offers.

This, indeed, is the honest belief of many of our people now. If, then, that belief becomes general with us—and the uncondemned conduct of the Herald strongly tends to make it so—is it likely that we shall wait quietly until the North sees fit to strike the first blow. Having made up our mind that we must fight, we shall assuredly have something to say in regard to the time when the 'affair' shall come off. It would obviously not be to our interest to delay it long; the energies of the North are heavily taxed with the war she has now on hand; three years hence this may not be the case. We can now have the alliance of France, three years hence this may be beyond our reach. If the Northern contemporaries of the Herald, therefore, desire a continuance of the peaceful relations between their country and Great Britain there can be nothing undignified in giving us assurance that the threats of the Herald do not reflect the voice of the American people. We conceive that this journal has earned a right to speak thus plainly to those whose cause it has constantly advocated. We have never been slow to rebuke those of our own contemporaries who have been guilty—none of them however in a degree at all approaching the Herald—of stirring up our national antipathies. In this happily we have been supported by public sentiment, for however various the opinions held here of the justice and probable result of the American struggle, there is no considerable party amongst us desirous of a war with our neighbors. Let us hope that those neighbors will not compel us to believe that such a war is inevitable, whether we desire it or not.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

The following remarks we clip from the Globe as being rather appropriate to the hour after quoting a column from the 'British Standard' which embodies many of the popular fallacies about Canada which are commonly entertained both in Canada and the United States, the Globe says:—'It is a great mistake to suppose that in case of war with the United States 'England could not preserve Canada.' If she dispatched a sufficient fleet of gunboats to the lakes to secure the entire command of them, she might prevent the Americans obtaining a foothold even in Upper Canada, the most accessible part of the British American territory. Without the aid of gunboats, however, by a proper concentration of forces, a large portion of Upper Canada and all Lower Canada could be defended against any American force. But Sir F. B. Head, who has grown wiser since he was Governor of Upper Canada, hit the mark when he said that Canada could be best defended on the Atlantic, at the ports of Boston and New York. A war between Great Britain and the United States would be mainly a naval war. Great Britain would blockade every accessible port, lay the cities under contribution, and harass the commerce of the States in a hundred ways. The United States on their side, would seek by privateers to do all the damage they could to British shipping, and would undoubtedly be successful to a large extent. Convoys guarded by steamers would however, be formed on all the great shipping routes, and the immense naval force of Britain would give her great advantages in this war of pillage. What would be the end of it all? Both sides would get tired as they did in 1812, for neither could gain any advantage which would touch the life-blood of the other and compel submission. Negotiations would be opened, and Britain would insist on a sine qua non on the return of every acre of Canadian territory which might happen to be in possession of the Americans. Rather than prolong a wasteful war, the Americans would yield, and that would be the end of the business. No nation is more shrewdly alive to their own interests than the American, and therefore it is that, unless forced to it by a sense of gross injury, they will never go to war with Britain. They can make nothing by it, and would certainly be enormous losers.

Singular as it may appear to onlookers in England, the people of Canada are quite

willing to take all the risks of a war with the States for the sake of British connection. The advantages of the alliance are very great, and if the people of Canada and of England would show ordinary discretion, the risk of war with the Republic would be trifling. The present position is undoubtedly the most dangerous which has arisen during the last half century; but it will pass—is passing, in fact—peaceably by, and no similar circumstances are likely to occur again. The people of Canada prefer British connection to independence, and will not be the first to break the tie. In the distant future the population may grow too large to remain a colony; it is impossible for human vision to penetrate so far. But British America is a narrow country, with a long frontier, and stretches three thousand miles from one great ocean to another, and it will always be a very handy thing to have a great empire as a near and dear ally. When we have ten millions of population, and grow rich with gold, our alliance will be worth something in time of war, also; and all the aid that we can afford will be gladly given to the old flag. It is not at all necessary, in order to continue the connection, that we should alter our institutions in any way. An attempt to create an aristocracy on this continent, could only be a lamentable failure. British connection stands on far stronger ground than a merely accidental resemblance in the governmental forms of the two countries. We do not need to ape an aristocratic system, for which we have no natural facilities, in order to love and venerate Great Britain.

WHAT THE QUEEN THINKS OF THE AMERICAN REBELLION.

(FROM THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.)

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—The distress which the civil war in America has inflicted on a portion of Her Majesty's subjects in the manufacturing districts, and towards the relief of which such generous and munificent contributions have been made, has in some degree diminished, and Her Majesty has given her cordial assent to measures calculated to have a beneficial influence upon that unfortunate state of things. Symptoms of a renewal of disturbances have manifested themselves in Her Majesty's colony of New Zealand, but Her Majesty trusts that by wise and conciliatory measures, supported by adequate measures for their repression, order and tranquility will be maintained in that valuable and improving colony. Her Majesty has given her assent to a measure for augmenting the income of a considerable number of small benefices, and she trusts that this measure will conduce to the interests of the Established Church. Her Majesty has given her assent to an act for the revision of a large portion of the Statute book by the removal of many acts which, although they had become obsolete or unnecessary, obstructed the consolidation of the statute law. Her Majesty has felt much pleasure in giving her assent to an act for basing upon a well defined footing that volunteer force which has added a most important element to the defensive means of the country. Her Majesty has gladly given her consent to an act for carrying into effect the additional treaty concluded by Her Majesty with the President of the United States, for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade, and Her Majesty trusts that the honorable co-operation of the government of the United States will materially assist Her Majesty in those endeavors which Great Britain has long been engaged in making to put an end to the perpetration of that most disgraceful crime. Her Majesty has assented with satisfaction to many other measures of public usefulness, the result of your labors during the present session. It has been gratifying to Her Majesty to observe that, notwithstanding many adverse circumstances, the general prosperity of her empire continues unimpaired. Great local distress has been suffered in Great Britain from the effects of the civil war in America, and in Ireland from the results of three unfavorable seasons. The financial resources of the United Kingdom have been fully maintained, and its general commerce has not been materially impeded. It has been a source of gratification to her Majesty to find that her Eastern possessions have rapidly recovered from the distress which recently overspread them. They are entering upon a course of improvement, and social, financial and commercial prosperity, which holds out good promises for the future well-being of those extensive regions. On returning to your several countries you will still have important duties to perform, and her Majesty earnestly prays that the blessing of Almighty God may attend your efforts to promote the happiness of her subjects—the object of her constant and earnest solicitation.

THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

CHAPTER IV

MRS. MUFF DREAMS, AND THE DREAM COMES OUT MORE THAN DREAMS GENERALLY DO.

Again, reader, six months have elapsed for time, as I told you, slipped on at Ebury, as fast as it does at other places. No medical opponent had started, so Mr. Castone, had the professional swing of the whole place and was getting on in it at railway speed. We are now in the cold, drizzly month of February, and it is a drizzling, dirty wretched day. In the bright kitchen, however, of Mr. Castonel, little signs are seen of the outside weather. The fire burns clear, and the kettle sings on it, the square of carpet, never but down till the cooking is over, extends itself before the hearth, and good Mrs. Muff is presiding over all, her feet on a warm footstool, and her spectacles on her nose, for she has drawn the stand before her on which rests her Bible. Presently a visitor came in, a figure clothed in travelling attire, limp and moist, introduced by the tiger, John, who had encountered it at the door, as he was going out on an errand for his master.

'My goodness me, Hannah! it's never you?'

'Yes ma'am, it is,' was Hannah's reply, with a very low obeisance to Mrs. Muff.

'And why did you not come yesterday, as was agreed upon?'

'It rained so hard with us, mother said I had better wait; but as to-day turned out a little better, I came through it. She'd have paid for an inside place, ma'am, but the coach was full, so I came outside.'

'Well, get off your wet things, and we'll have a cup of tea,' said Mrs. Muff, rising, and setting the tea-things.

'Mother sends her duty to you, ma'am,' said Hannah, as she sat down to the teatable, after obeying directions, 'and bade me say she was kindly obliged to you for thinking of me and getting me a place under you again.'

'Ah! we little thought some months back that we should ever be serving Mr. Castonel.'

'Nothing was ever further from my thoughts, ma'am.'

'I wished to come and live with Miss Caroline; I had my own reasons for it,' resumed Mrs. Muff; 'and as luck had it, she had a breeze with the maids here, after she came home, and gave them both warning. I fancy they had done as they liked too long, under Mr. Castonel, to put up with the control of a mistress, and Miss Caroline, if put out, can be pretty sharp and hasty. However, they were leaving, and I heard of it, and came after the place. Miss Caroline—dear! I mean Mrs. Castonel—thought I ought to look out for a superior one to hers, but said she should be too glad to take me if I did not think so. So here I came, and here I have been; and when; a week ago, the girl under me misbehaved herself, I thought of you and spoke to mistress, so we sent for you. Now you know how it has all happened, Hannah.'

'Yes, ma'am, and thank you. Is Miss Caroline well?'

'Mrs. Castonel,' interrupted the house-keeper. 'Did you not hear me correct myself? She is getting better.'

'Has she been ill?' returned Hannah.

'Ill! I believe you. It was a near touch Hannah, whether she lived or died.'

'What has been the matter, ma'am?'

'A mis—Never you mind what,' said the old lady, arresting her speech before the ominous word popped out, 'she has been ill, but is getting better; and that's enough. I'll step up and ask if she wants any thing.'

Hannah cast her eyes around the kitchen: it looked a very comfortable one, and she thought she should be happy enough in her new abode. Every thing was bright and clean to a fault, betokening two plain facts, the presiding genius of Mrs. Muff, and plenty of work for Hannah, who knew she should have to keep things as she found them.

'Mrs. Castonel will have some tea presently, not just yet,' said Mrs. Muff, returning. 'How ill she does look! Her face has no more color in it than a corpse. It put me in mind of my dream.'

'Have you had a bad dream lately, ma'am?' inquired Hannah. For there was not a more inveterate dreamer, or interpreter of dreams, than Mrs. Muff, and nothing loth was she to find a listener for them.

'Indeed I have,' she answered, 'and a dream that I don't like. It was just three nights ago. I had gone to bed, dead asleep, having been up part of several back nights with my mistress, and I undressed in no time and was asleep as quick. All on a sudden, for I remembered no event that seemed to

lead to it, I thought I saw my old master—'

'The squire?' interrupted Hannah.

'Not the squire: what put him in your head? Mr. Winninton. I thought I saw him standing at the foot of the bed, and after looking at me fixedly, as if to draw my attention, he turned his head slowly towards the door. I heard the stairs creaking, as if somebody was coming up, step by step, and we both kept our eyes on the door, waiting in expectation. It began to move on its hinges, very slowly, and I was struck with horror, for who should appear at it but—'

'A-h-a-a-a-h!' shrieked Hannah, whose feelings being variously wrought up to a shrieking pitch, received their climax, for at that very moment a loud noise was heard outside the kitchen door, which was only pushed to, not closed.

'What a simpleton you be!' wrathfully exclaimed Mrs. Muff, who, however, had edged her own chair into close contact with Hannah's. 'I dare say it is only master in his laboratory.'

After the lapse of a few reassuring seconds, Mrs. Muff, moved towards the door, looked out, and then went toward a small room contiguous to it.

'It is as I thought,' she said, coming back and closing the door; 'it is master in his laboratory. But now that's an odd thing,' she added, musingly.

'What is odd, ma'am?'

'Why, how master could have come down and gyne in there without my hearing him—I left him sitting with mistress. Perhaps she has dozed off, she does sometimes at dusk, and he crept down softly, for fear of disturbing her.'

'But what was the noise?' asked Hannah, breathlessly.

'Law, child! d'ye fear it was a ghost? It was only Mr. Castonel let fall one of the little drawers and it went down with a clatter. And that another odd thing, now I come to think of it, for I always believed that top drawer to be a dummy drawer. It has no lock and no knob, like the others.'

'What is a dummy drawer?' repeated Hannah.

'A false drawer, child, one that won't open. John thinks so too, for last Saturday, when he was cleaning the laboratory, I went in for some string to tie up the beef olives I was making for dinner. He was on the steps, stretching up his duster to that very drawer, and he called out, 'This here drawer is just like your head, Madam Muff.'

'How so?' asked I.

'Cause he has got nothing in the inside of him,' said he, in his impudent way, and rushed of the steps into the garden, fearing I should box his ears. But it is this very drawer master has now let fall, and there were two or three little papers and phials, I saw, scattered on the floor. I was stepping in, asking if I could help him to pick them up, but he looked at me as black as thunder, and roared out, 'No. Go away and mind your own business.' Didn't you hear him?'

'I heard a man's voice,' replied Hannah; 'I did not know it was Mr. Castonel's. But about the dream, ma'am: you did not finish it.'

'True, and it's worth finishing,' answered the housekeeper, settling herself in her chair. 'Where was I? Oh—I thought at the foot of the bed stood Mr. Winninton, and when the footsteps came close, and the door opened—so slowly, Hannah, and we watching in suspense all the time—who should it be but Mr. and Mrs. Castonel. She was in her grave-cloths, a flannel dress and cap, edged with white quilled ribbon, and she looked, for all the world, as she looks this night. He had got hold of her hand, and he handed her in, remaining himself at the door, and my old master bent forward and took her by the other hand. Mr. Winninton looked at me, as much as to say, Do you see this? and then they both turned and gazed after Mr. Castonel. I heard his footsteps descending the stairs, and upon looking again at the foot of the bed, they were both gone. I woke up in a dreadful fright, and could not get to sleep again for two hours.'

'It's a mercy it wasn't me that dreamt it,' observed Hannah. 'I should have rose the house, screeching.'

'It was a nasty dream,' added Mrs. Muff, and if mistress had not been out of all danger, and getting better as fast as she can get, I should say it betokened—something not over pleasant.'

She was interrupted by Mrs. Castonel's bell. It was for a cup of tea; and Mrs. Muff took it up. As she passed the laboratory she saw that Mr. Castonel was in it still. Mrs. Castonel was seated in an arm-chair by her bedroom fire.

'Then, you have not been asleep, ma'am?' observed Mrs. Muff, perceiving that her mistress had the candles lighted and was reading.

'No, I have not felt sleepy this evening. Let Hannah come up when I ring next. I should like to see her.'

Scarcely had Mrs. Muff regained the kitchen when the bell rang again, so she sent up Hannah.

'Ah, Hannah, how d'ye do?' said Mrs. Castonel.

'I am nicely, thank you miss—ma'am answered Hannah, who did not stand in half the awe of 'Miss Caroline' that she did of the formidable Mrs. Muff. 'I am sorry to find you are not well, ma'am.'

'I have been ill, but I am much better. So much better that I should have gone down-stairs to-day, had it not been so damp and chilly.'

Hannah never took her eyes off Mrs. Castonel as she spoke; she was thinking how very much she was changed; apart from her paleness and aspect of ill health. Her eyes appeared darker, and there was a look of care in them. She wore a cap, and her dark hair was nearly hidden under it.

'Now Hannah, she said, 'I hope you have made up your mind to do your work well, and help Mrs. Muff all that you can. There is a deal more work to be done here than there was at my uncle's.'

'Yes ma'am,' answered Hannah.

'Especially in running up and down stairs you must say: Mrs. Muff; your legs are younger than hers. Let me see that you do, and then I shall be very highly pleased with you.'

'I'll try,' repeated Hannah. 'Shall I take your cup for some more tea, my dear ma'am?'

'I should like some,' was Mrs. Castonel's reply, 'but I don't know that I may have it. This morning Mr. Castonel said it was bad for me, and made me nervous, and would not let me then drink a second cup.'

Hannah stood waiting, not knowing whether to take the cup or not.

'Is Mr. Castonel in his study?'

'If you please, ma'am, which place is that?'

'The front room on the left hand side, opening opposite to the dining parlor,' said Mrs. Castonel.

'I don't think it is there then,' replied Hannah. 'He is in the little room where the bottles are, next the kitchen. I forget, ma'am, what Mrs. Muff called it.'

'Oh, is he there? Set this door open, Hannah.'

The girl obeyed, and Mrs. Castonel called to him—

'Gervase!'

He heard her, and came immediately to the foot of the stairs. 'What is it?' he asked.

'May I have another cup of tea?'

He ran up stairs and entered the room.

'Have you taken your tea already?' he said, in an accent of surprise and displeasure. 'I told you to wait until seven o'clock.'

'I was so thirsty. Do say I may have another cup, Gervase. I am sure it will not hurt me.'

'Bring up half a cup,' he said to the servant, 'and some more bread-and-butter. If you drink, Caroline, you must eat.'

Hannah went down stairs. She procured what was wanted, and was carrying it from the kitchen again, when Mr. Castonel came out of the laboratory, to which, it appeared, he had returned.

'Give it me,' he said to Hannah, 'I will take it myself to your mistress.'

So he proceeded up stairs with the little waiter, and Hannah returned to the kitchen. 'How much she's altered!' was her exclamation, as she closed the door.

'What did she say to you?' questioned Mrs. Muff.

'Well, ma'am, she told me to be attentive, and save your legs,' returned Hannah. 'I never knew Miss Caroline so thoughtful before. I thought it was not in her.'

'And that has surprised me, that she should evince so much lately,' assented Mrs. Muff. 'Thoughtfulness does not come to the young suddenly. It's a thing that only comes with years—or sorrow.'

'Sorrow!' echoed Hannah. 'Miss Caroline can't have any sorrow.'

'Not—not that I know of,' somewhat dubiously responded the house-keeper.

'Is Mr. Castonel fond of her? Does he

make her a good husband?' asked Hannah, full of woman's curiosity on such points.

'What should hinder him?' testily retorted Mrs. Muff.

'Has that—that strange lady left the place?' was Hannah's next question. 'She that, people said, had something to do with Mr. Castonel.'

'What to do with him?' was the sharp demand.

'Was his cousin, ma'am, or his sister-in-law, or some relation of that sort,' explained Hannah, with a face demure enough to disarm the anger of the fastidious Mrs. Muff.

'I believe she has not left,' was the stiff response; 'I know nothing about her.'

'Do you suppose Miss Caroline does?' added Hannah.

'Of course she does, all particulars,' returned Mrs. Muff, with a peculiar sniff, which she invariably gave when forcing her tongue to an untruth. 'But it is not your business, so you may just put it out of your head, and never say any more about it. And you may begin and wash up the tea things. John don't deserve any tea for not coming in, and I have a great mind to make him go without. He is always stopping in the street to play.'

Hannah was rising to obey, when the bedroom bell rang most violently, and Mr. Castonel was heard bursting out of the room, and calling loudly for assistance.

'Whatever can be the matter?' was the terrified exclamation of Mrs. Muff. 'Mistress has never dropped asleep, and fallen off her chair into the fire! Follow me up stairs, girl. And that lazy tiger a playing truant!'

Not for many a year had the house-keeper flown up stairs so quickly. Hannah followed more slowly from a vague consciousness of dread—of what she might see; the dream she had shuddered at, being before her mind in vivid colors. Mrs. Castonel was in convulsions.

About the same hour, or a little later, Mr. Leicester returned to his home, having been absent since morning. 'Well,' he cheerily said, as he took his seat by the fire, 'have you any news? A whole day from the parish seems a long absence to me.'

'I think not,' answered Mrs. Leicester. 'Except that I went to see Caroline Castonel to-day, and she is getting on nicely.'

'I am glad to hear it. Is she quite out of danger?'

'Completely so.'

'She told mamma that she would be at church on Sunday,' added Ellen.

'Yes, but I told them that would be imprudent,' returned Mrs. Leicester. 'However, she will soon be well now.'

At that moment the church bell rang out with its three times two, denoting the recent departure of a soul. The church, situated at the end of the village street, was immediately opposite the parsonage, the main road dividing them. The sound struck upon their ears loud and full; very solemnly in the stillness of the winter's night.

Consternation fell upon all. No one was ill in the village, at least, ill enough for death. Could a sister—for they knew, by the strokes, it was not a male—have been called away suddenly?

'The passing bell!' uttered the rector, rising from his seat in agitation. 'And I to have been absent! Have I been summoned out?' he hurriedly asked of Mrs. Leicester.

'No; I assure you, no. Not any one has been for you. Neither have we heard speak of any illness.'

Mr. Leicester touched the bell-rope at his elbow. A maid servant answered it. Benjamin was attending to his horse. 'Step over,' said the rector, 'and inquire who is dead.'

She departed. A couple of minutes at the most would see her back again. They had all risen from their seats, and stood in an expecting, almost a reverent attitude.—The bell was striking out fast strokes now. The girl returned, looking terrified.

'It is the passing-bell, sir, for Mrs. Castonel.'

The morning was cold and misty, and the Reverend Mr. Leicester felt a strange chill and lowness of spirit; for which he could not account, when he stepped into the chariot that was to convey him to Mr. Castonel's.

Mrs. Chavasse and Frances came into the parsonage. Ostensibly for the purpose of inviting Ellen to spend the following day with them; in reality to see the funeral.—They had not long to wait.

The undertaker came first in his hat-band and scarf, and then the black chariot containing the Reverend Mr. Leicester. Before the hearse walked six carriers, and the mourning-coach came last. It was a plain, respectable funeral.

It drew up at the church-yard gate, in full view of the parsonage windows, all of which had their blinds closely drawn, out of respect for the dead. But they managed to peep at it behind the blinds.

The rector stepped out first, and stood waiting at the church door in his officiating dress, his book open in his hands. There was some little delay in getting the burden from the hearse, but at length the carriers had it on their shoulders, and bore it up the path with measured, even steps, themselves being nearly hidden by the pall. Mr. Castonel followed, his handkerchief to his face. He betrayed at that moment no outward sign of emotion, but his face could not have been exceeded in whiteness by that of his dead wife.

'Oh!' said Ellen, shivering, and turning from the light, as she burst into tears, 'what a dreadful sequel it is to the day when he last got out of a carriage at that churchyard gate, and she was with him, in her gay happiness! Poor Mr. Castonel, how he must need consolation!'

'It is nothing of a funeral, after all,' said Mrs. Chavasse, discontentedly;—'no pall-bearers, no mutes, nor any thing. I wonder he did not have some!'

CHAPTER V.
OF THE STRANGE WOMAN AT BEECH LODGE AND THE STRANGE SCENE GOING ON THERE.

Beech Lodge was a queer, quaint place—a cottage set far back among the trees—built after the fashion of a gamekeeper's lodge which it had been as we have said before, and hence the name; but a comfortable dwelling enough, when, as in this instance, the family was small.—Here dwelt the retired female, of whose coming and con-

tinued residence all Ebury went into spasms of wonder—a wonder grown chronic, and not to be abated by time. Had the lady been seen sufficiently near and often, Ebury would have admired still more. As Mr. Leicester had observed, she had the manners of a gentlewoman, and she was young and handsome. What Mr. Leicester did not observe, however, was a wedding-ring on the customary finger.

It was the day after the funeral of Mrs. Castonel, and a strange scene was being performed in the game-keeper's lodge.

In the little drawing-room sat Gervase Castonel, quietly, mockingly it would seem; but the young and handsome woman was not quiet, neither was she seated. She paced the room at times, gracefully but vehemently, and spoke as vehemently as she walked.

Mr. Castonel responded in the same style as he sat; and his quiet, mocking manner added fuel to the flame in his companion's mind. At length he spoke, with some irritation in his tone:

'It is idle to talk so, Lavinia. What does it all matter to you? You choose your own position. If this thing grows irksome, you know the alternative. Disgrace to your proud race, for their name, lineage, and all will come out. Did you ever know me to fail in a promise for evil?'

'Do you expect me to stand by, and see you commit—'

'Hush! that will do. You have hinted that before. Do not say it, when you have no proof. Have I not spared him and you?'

She burst into tears and threw herself into a chair, sobbing violently.

'What do I gain?' he continued. 'I think that was your question just now.—What can that concern you? It is my whim—my will. Say that I gratify my passions—can you object to that?'

She started up and stood over him with clenched hands.

'I will expose all.'

'Remember your oath—remember everything, and then do it.'

Another burst of tears on the part of the woman, who sunk back again in the chair, was followed by a low, mocking laugh on the part of Mr. Castonel.

'I am a mourner,' said he. 'You should not disturb my sadness with these harsh

threw herself on her knees before the surgeon.

He looked at her contemptuously and laughed.

'That posture would suit an actress or a nun. You are neither—only a duke's daughter. I am—well, just now, I am only a country surgeon. Some people would call me an apothecary. Merit and standing is never appreciated. I have forgiven partly but not punished enough. Beside, there are others to punish.'

She looked up in astonishment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

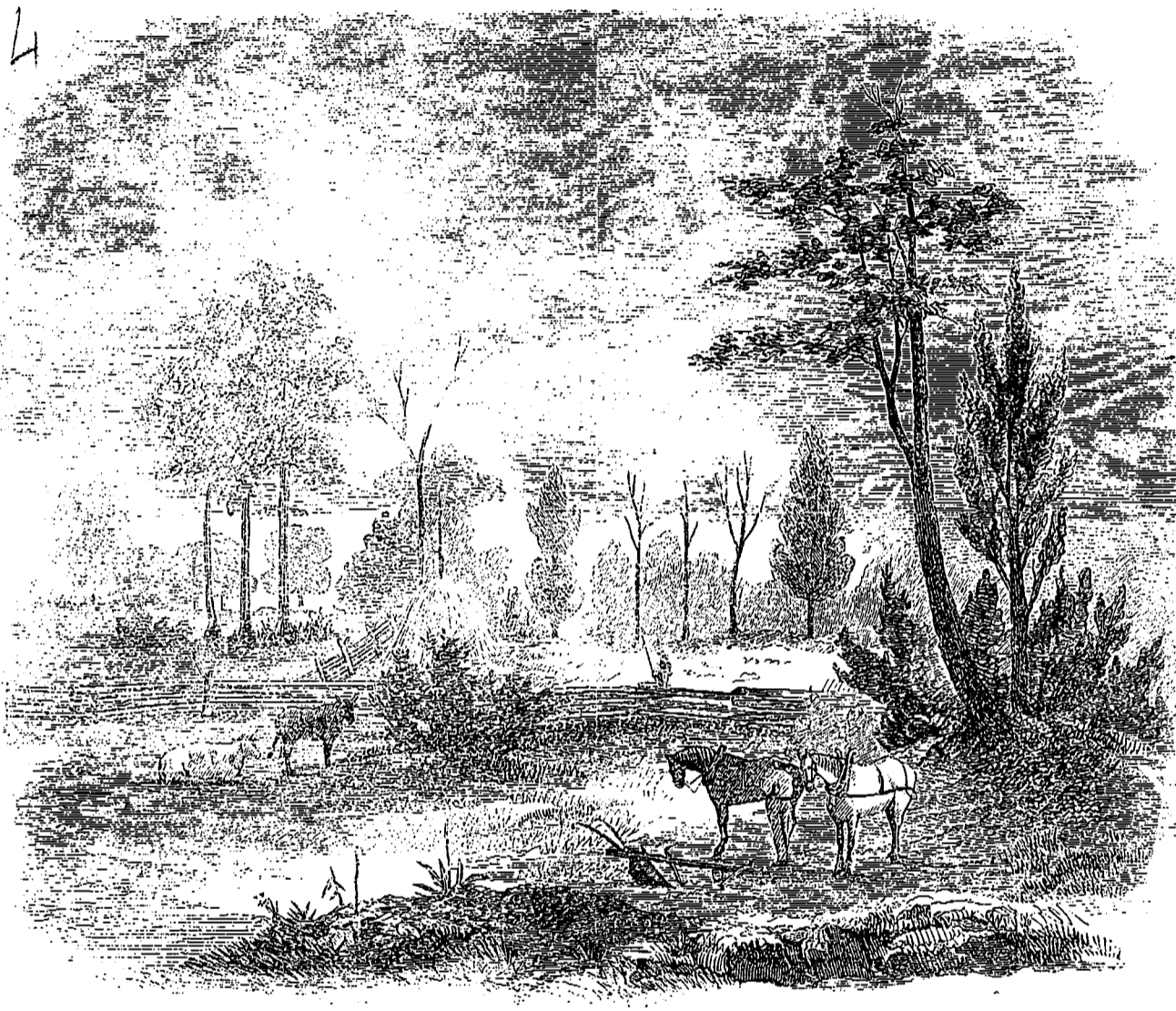
WOMAN IN HER PROPER PLACE.

Surely a pretty woman never looks prettier than when making tea. The most feminine and most domestic of all occupations imparts a magic harmony to every movement, a witchery to her every glance. The floating mists from the boiling liquid in which she infuses the soothing herbs, whose secrets are known to her alone, envelope her

been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it readily moved a weight 112 times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to have been imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 12,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing therein.—Prof. Goss.

WHAT A VOLCANO CAN DO.—COTOPAXI, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater; while in 1751, the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles! In 1797, the crater of Tanguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud which dammed up rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of 1,000 feet wide made deposits of 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius which in 1837 passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,600,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1793, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second

time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1769, Etna poured forth a flood which covered 84 square miles of surface, and measured nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet.—On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosini, near Nicholosa, a cone two miles in circumference, and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna, in 1810, was in motion at the rate of a yard a day, for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1660, Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt; it hurled stones, eight pounds in weight, to Pompeii, a distance of



BATTLE GROUND OF THE THAMES.—ANOTHER VIEW.—[BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

words. Have pity on the sorrows of an unfortunate husband.'

'You are a fiend.'

'Oh, no; fiends only exist in stage-plays, and in story-books—now and then in pantomime. Beside, you did not always think so. I remember very well when I was a sort of seraph. Lucifer fell, and why not Gervase Castonel. It is a good name that—almost as good as Richard'

'Ah!'

'Why interrupt me? I was about to utter a name that would please you almost as much as mine. I spared him—you know why, and on what terms.'

'Why was I born?' moaned the agitated woman.

'For some wise purpose, probably. You should not trouble your brains with mysteries. Live quietly here, no one disturbs you. In spite of the past, I guard your reputation, and your peace. Am I not kind? If I amuse myself, why object? There was a time when you had a right to do it—that day has passed.'

'But you will not repeat this act?'

'In due time—yes. I have said that I will take the three. Shall I not be repaid three-fold? Having lost a wife, shall I not marry again? Is not matrimony a pleasant estate, and an honorable?'

There was some hidden meaning in the words, for the woman shuddered convulsively. Then she came forward again, and

in a cloud of scented vapor, through which she seems a social fairy waving potent spells with gunpowder and hohoc. At the tea-table she reigns omnipotent, unapproachable. What do men know of the mysterious beverage? Read how poor Hazzlit made his tea and shudder at the dreadful barbarism. How clumsily the wretched creatures attempt to assist the president of the tea-table, how hopelessly they hold the kettle, how continually they imperil the frail cups and saucers, or the taper fingers of the priestess. To do away with the tea-table is to rob woman of her legitimate empire.—Lady Audley's Secret.

AN INSECT SAMSON.—Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hand knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful, but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as I just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it until I could kill it, but a quart bottle full of milk being at the time on the table, I placed the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have

six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above its summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block, of 109 cubic yards in volume, a distance of nine miles; and Sum-bawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles of surface; and out of a population of 12,000 souls only twenty escaped.

WIFE AND LADY.—The Providence Post says:—'It is certainly not in good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his lady or to register their names upon the books of a hotel as 'John Smith and lady,' or to ask a friend, 'How is your lady?' This is all fashionable vulgarity, and invariably betrays a lack of cultivation. The term wife is far more beautiful, appropriate, and refined, whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady were to say, instead of 'My husband,' 'My gentleman,' or suppose we were to speak of 'Mrs. Fitz Maurice and her gentleman.' The thing would be absolutely ludicrous, and its obverse is none the less so if rightfully considered. A man's wife is his wife, and not his lady; and we marvel that this latter term is not absolutely tabooed in such a connection, at least by intelligent and educated people.'

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.—The man who marries happily.

Poetry.

I WILL GO!

'I will go?' Yes, leaving all—
All the life that first I knew;
Former loves, or great or small
Centred in this one I view;
Leaving all, I love thee so,
With thee, chosen, I will go.

I will go—from girlhood here,
Sunny with its home-born love,
Into woman's higher sphere,
Where the lights and shadows move;
All life's cares I then shall know;
Yet, I answer, I will go.

I will go—to bless thy way,
Cheer thee with a gentle voice
Make thee happy every day,
In thy highest smile rejoice;
All thy cares and joys to know
As mine own—yes, I will go.

I will go—to walk with thee
On the rugged path of life;
I will try a help to be,
Sharing with thee in the strife;
I will never leave thee—no;
Till God calls me—I will go.

I will go—stand at thy side,
In the sunshine, in the shade;
I will let no cloud divide
This one life our two have made;
Nobler, stronger, love shall grow,
Reaching heavenward—I will go.

[Home Journal.]

J. H. T.

A ZULU FORAY.

'True, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true.'

Imagine yourself, my dear Bob, after having toiled for an hour up the sunny side of a South African hill, among stones and sand, trees and rank undergrowth, holes and ant-heaps, with the sun beating on your back until it almost calcines your vertebrae and fries your spinal marrow, not a breath of wind to cool the over-heated air, not a sound to disturb the stagnant atmosphere, except the laborious breathing of your Kaffir attendants, and now and then the rustle of some snake or lizard to hide itself from man, the destroyer—imagine yourself, I say, arrived at the summit at last. What a glorious breeze! What a lovely prospect! How cool, how delicious! You feel as if all nature were re-animated.

'You look down before you and see a country covered with black mimosa trees, appearing even more dark and rugged because it lies in the deep shade of the lofty mountain on which you stand. Beyond that again the mountain rises on all sides; the trees are scattered on picturesque clumps; and the same sun which you had felt to be an unmitigated torture on the other side, now enhances the beauty of the prospect, by enabling you to mark the striking difference between the bright and happy looking country behind, and the dark, gloomy looking valley in front. On the right you have hills and valleys, rivers and plains, kraals, kloofs and trees, until the view is bounded by the Drockensberg mountains. On the left you have the same description of landscape, with the sea in the distance, looking bright and ethereal, as if—as if—'

'As if! as if!—so you have got out of your depth at last, have you? Well, that's one comfort, at any rate. I asked you what he said, and how he told it, and you bolt off into a rambling, ranting description of country, that I can neither make head nor tail of. Now, what did he tell you?'

'Well, confound it, I was just coming to that,' said I, by no means pleased with the interruption; 'but, since you are in such an unreasonable hurry. I'll give in to your whim and tell you, without any more preface. I turned to go down the hill, expecting to get some 'mealies' and milk at the next kraal.'

'Did he say that?'

'No, of course, he didn't.'

'Oh! I beg your pardon—go on—'

'Come, now, none of your nonsense—no sarcasm, or no story.'

'As I was saying, I felt as if the slightest sensation of dinner would not come amiss, and the smallest donation in that way, even although it was only a few mealies, was sure to be most thankfully received. So I made for a kraal at a little distance off, intending to stay over night there, but found, on reaching it, that there was no room, and nothing wherewithal to refresh my inner man.—This, although at the moment very provoking, proved in the sequel to be a very fortunate circumstance, as it compelled me to move further on, and had thus the effect of bringing me into contact with an old war-

rior, who gave me the best description I have ever heard of a Zulu foray into the territories of a neighboring potentate. Indeed, I quite despair of being able to give it to you with any thing like the effect of the original delineator. You know too well the extraordinary descriptive powers of Kaffirs, their natural eloquence and expressive action, to expect that. But, when you consider the external circumstances—the mise en scene, so to speak—you will at once perceive the impossibility of my being able to give you anything but an outline of the word picture.

'Imagine the scene—a Kaffir kraal, with the dramatic persona, consisting of the old warrior, your humble servant, and about a dozen Zulus, congregated round a fire in the open air—time, night; the occasional growl of the tiger, the howl of the hyena, speaking through the stillness, and the fitful gleams of the fire lighting up the dark countenances of the savages. Imagine, too, the effect on the wild impulsive natures of the native listeners, alternately swayed by the different emotions of hope and fear, as the speaker unfolded his strange eventful history. You may perhaps be disposed to smile, when I tell you that even I, usually so cool, was, while I heard and looked, almost as excited as they were; that I felt every reverse of the Zulus almost as a personal calamity; and that when the narrator came to the triumphant denouement, my feelings were so acute and raised to such a pitch, that I almost started up from the ground and shouted for joy, in sympathy with the stalwart warriors around me! It would of course be absurd in me to hope, for a moment, that my recital at second-hand and under circumstances so comparatively tame, can produce like impression. No matter; I shall endeavor to give you the story as I heard it, and, making due allowances for the want of scenic effect and the imperfections of translation, I trust it may still be interesting to you. Thus, then the veteran began:—

'A great many years ago, just after Dingaan became our king, our captain, Umniamana, called his head men together; and, after we were full of meat and angry with beer, he said, 'My father was a great chief, and I am a great chief; are you not all my children, and ought I not to feed you and kill oxen, so that all the Zulu may say, Umniamana is a king; every day he kills his cattle and gives to his people—we will go and join him; he alone in this country is a great captain—he is a lion! he is the man that is black?'

'We admitted it.'

'But how can I give you meat, if I have no oxen? How can my young men and girls get milk, if I have no cows? We are at peace; we are becoming women. Surrounding nations will say that we are no longer warriors, but women; we fight no more, but dig the ground; our assegais have become hoes, our men have no hearts! Is it to be so? Shall the Umswazi herd their cattle in our sight, and we Zulus not take them? Say, answer me! are we to hide our heads for the strength that is gone, or shall we cross the river and show to our enemy that we are Zulus, not men (cravens)?'

'My ears are old, and many sounds have entered them since then; but the shout of mingled rage and defiance, that answered our chief's words, still rings in my ears.—When I think of the great warriors and the wise men that were there assembled, and the deeds that they afterwards did; I say, when the thought of these things comes in my mind—if it were not that the tears of a man are far away—I could weep to think that I am the last of them. I have lived too long because I have lived to see the degeneracy of my race.'

'The chief's speech had kindled the war spirit in our warrior's mind; and, after all had agreed to take the cattle of the Umswazi, the evening passed away in rejoicings, because by the knowledge that the young men would have the opportunity of proving themselves heroes worthy to be subjects of our great king—our lion!

'The intended expedition was kept secret from the nation, as it was the wish of Umniamana that ours alone should be the risk, and ours alone the glory; and accordingly, on the appointed day, his own people assembled in the valley, and on counting them it was found that we numbered only three regiments; whereupon some of the old men wished to get help from Segetwalo, the neighboring chief. Umniamana rose; Umniamana spoke; and his words were like the firebrand applied to dry grass in winter.—Were the Umswazi more than one nation, and were not we three regiments? And who among us was afraid of encountering a whole nation with one Zulu regiment? How many men did it take to drive a herd of cattle?—

The Umswazi were dogs, which should be made to eat the offal of the Zulus? He was a great man, our captain; as he wished, so we did; as he motioned, so we went; if he commanded, then we did.

'We marched towards the enemy's country; we thirsted, yet we marched; we hungered, yet we marched. On and on we went, determined to quench our thirst with Umswazi water, and satisfy our hunger with Umswazi cattle.

'I need not tell you how they fled at our approach; how the name of Zulu caused their hearts to die; how the name of Umniamana caused their women to weep. We gathered their cattle like stones off the ground; and the smoke of their kraals obscured the land.

'Onwards and onwards we went; oftentimes hearing the howling of their oxen far beneath us; they had retreated to their holes in the earth, like wolves as they were, and had taken their cattle with them.

'One night we had encamped on a hill, with our spoils in the midst, when there came a runner from our great father, our king, who ever thinks of the welfare of his children, and he said, 'Listen to the words of the lion of the Zulus!—I have heard that some of my people have gone to war without my knowledge; I have heard that a great captain of mine has led them; but I forgive them and him, because I have dreamed a dream, and my great brother—he that is dead—appeared to me; and his words were partly good and partly evil. He said, 'It is I that have kindled the war flame amongst your warriors on the Pongola; it is I that have induced Umniamana to lead them, and now I come to warn you of their danger.—The Umswazi have found that their number is small, and the nation is roused to attack them. Quick, then, send them word, or the cattle that would be yours will return to their caves; and the women of the Zulus will hoe mealies in vain, for there will be no one to eat them.'

These were the words of Chaka, my brother; and mine to you are, 'Be watchful, be wary; sleep not till you come back—return victorious, or return not at all!'

'The message of the king was ended. Those who were to watch took their posts, and those who could sleep lay down with anxious hearts, wishing the dawn would come, so that they might go their way. The words of our father troubled the chief, and he slept not at all.

'At the break of day we sprang up, and, behold, it was true what the king had dreamed! Danger was before us—danger in ten thousand, thousand shapes! The hill on which we slept sloped gently down towards a deep brook, and on the other side was a large grassy plain, which was black with people. The Umswazi were there; they were more in number than the grass—they covered it.

'I have said before that we were three regiments, each about one thousand people; two of these were boys, but the one I belonged to were warriors indeed—Umniamana's own regiment. All of us had wounds to show, and all on our breasts. The two younger he posted, one at each ford of the brook, and his own he kept on the hill as a reserve.

'The enemy crossed the river; they attacked the young men; they came like a cloud of locusts in summer, and our regiments were like to be eaten up by the swarm. Nearer and nearer they came, still fighting, still struggling. What deeds of valor were done! With what determination they fought! The Umswazi slipped and fell in their own blood, and he who slipped died. Still up the hill they came—our brave young men contending every inch of the way—and still as they came we sat and sharpened our assegais, and said not a word; not a face moved, not a limb faltered.

'Then up spoke Umniamana and said, 'My children! you see how this is; you see our enemy coming nearer; my young men cannot stop them. You know that, in coming here for cattle, we came without the sanction of the king. You remember our father's message, 'Return victorious, or return not at all.' But in this attempt I alone have led you. I alone induced you to come. Go, therefore, while there is yet time; cross the hill and depart; mine alone will be the blame with the king. Go, then, my children; escape death; but, as for me, I will stay here! And he folded his arms and sat down. We sprang up (the old savage gasped with excitement)—we sprang up as one man, we clasped our shields together, we shook our assegais in the air, and we shouted from the bottom of our hearts, 'Stay, chief, stay! we will not go; we will bear you company. If we are to die, let us die together; but never shall it be said that a Zulu army

turned before Umswazis while one man remained to show front?'

'And we sat down, calm and black, like the thunder-cloud before it burst. Our chief replied—

'That is well with such warriors. How can we die?'

'Still the Umswazi came up the hill; nearer and nearer came the mixed throng of warriors, their path black with bodies, and red with blood, until they came so close that we could distinguish their faces. Then I then! upon them we went thundering down the hill! The cloud had burst, and they saw the lightning flash, which next moment annihilated them. Friend and foe, foe and friend, in one indiscriminate mass of struggling, shrieking fiends, we drove them before us; we carried them on our assegais, we brained them with poles of our shields, we walked over the brook on their bodies! A panic had seized them; and the plain, which in the morning was black with living people two days after was white with their bones.

'Slowly we returned, glad for our victory, but sorrowing for the friends who were slain; and, leaving the crows to bury the dead, we commenced our homeward march with the spoil.

'We crossed the boundary, and everywhere were met by the rejoicings of the people. No moaning for dead men was there: they had died in their duty; they had died for their king, who liberally gave to his people the cattle we had brought, which were so great in number that no ten men could stop them at a ford.

'On arrival at the king's kraal, our father killed cattle for us, gave us beer to drink, and gave us permission to marry, as we had earned it by our deeds. The day we spent in dancing and feasting, and in the evening we fought our battles over again, as I have now been doing to you.—Macmillan's Mag.

NOTE.—The Zulu style of speaking is very sententious; they bring out their remarks in jerks; such as, 'Our king is great'—'Our king is black'—'Terrible to look at'—'Great in war,' &c.

SOUTHEY ON DUELLING.—Learning that it was Lord Byron's intention to send him a challenge, Southey prepared the following letter in reply. The challenge was not sent however, and the letter was found among Southey's papers, after his death.

'Sir: I have the honour of acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and do myself the pleasure of replying to it without delay.

'In affairs of this kind the parties ought to meet on equal terms. But to establish equality between you and me, there are three things which ought to be done; and then a fourth also becomes necessary before I can meet you on the field.

'First—You must marry and have four children; please to be particular in having them girls.

'Second—You must prove that the greater part of the provision you make for them depends on your own life, and you must be under bonds of four thousand pounds not to be hanged, not to commit suicide, and not to be killed in a duel—which are the conditions upon which I have effected an insurance on my own life for the benefit of my wife and daughters.

'Third—I must tell three distinct falsehoods concerning you upon the hustings, or in some other less public assembly; and I shall neither be able to do this nor to meet you afterward in the manner you propose, unless you can perform the fourth thing—which is:

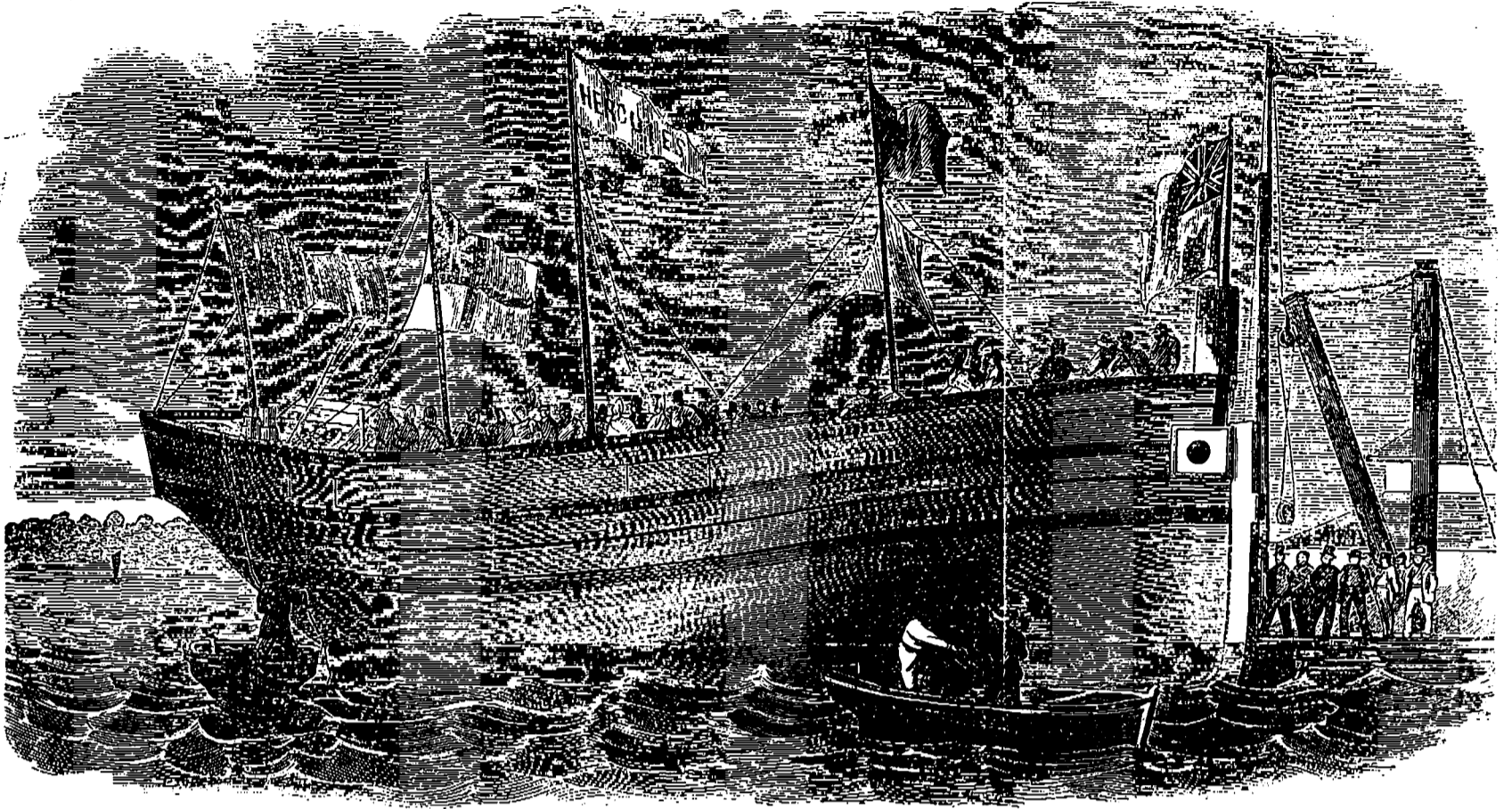
'You must convert me from the Christian religion.

'Till all this be accomplished, our dispute must be carried on without the use of any more iron than is necessary for blacking our ink or mending our pens; or any more lead than enters into the composition of the Edinburgh Review.

'I have the honor to subscribe myself, sir, yours, with all proper consideration.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AN IRON EGG.—In Dresden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this: A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hand and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift, she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground, a spring cunningly hidden in the egg opened, and a silver yolk rolled out. She touched a secret spring in the yolk and a golden chicken was revealed; she touched a spring in the chicken and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown and within it was found a diamond wedding ring. There is a moral to the story.



LAUNCH OF THE SCHOONER 'HERCULES.'

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

LAUNCH OF THE 'HERCULES.'

On the morning of the 6th inst., was launched a fine schooner, from Zealand's wharf, the property of Mr. Edward Zealand, jr. The launch was easily accomplished at the appointed hour amid the cheers of the spectators, and she floated as a swan on her 'native element.' Mrs. Zealand officiated as High Priestess on the interesting occasion, and named the schooner the 'Hercules.' The vessel is a fine specimen of naval architecture, and we trust that she may do more than justice to her name—that she may perform more than twelve times twelve hundred 'labors,' and that she may long ride

the waves to bear the fruits of the western world to the Atlantic Ocean, and the other side. The following are her measurements: Length of keel, 111 feet; breadth of beam, 25 feet 10 inches; depth of hold at fore hatch, 12 feet. We understand that in three or four weeks she will be in a proper trim to receive a cargo.

HAYING SCENE.

Herewith we give a sketch of a hay gathering, that which begins the most laborious work of the farmer's toil. Still there is a deep felt pleasure in it; he sees the work of his hands has been blessed by the Great

Giver of his abundant hay crop, which he is yet forced to labor in saving and gathering in, during the hot days of July. The 'golden grain' is almost ready for the sickle and the cradle, and he enjoys, in anticipation, his future wealth materially increased by his abundant crop. As a relief to the routine of the long day's work—for they usually labor from dawn until the darkness comes; ay, and I have known and seen them work on moonlight nights as late as ten or eleven o'clock, that is when the weather has been unfavorable and their grain ready to be cut down,—the aged matron takes a walk out to the fields, about two or three (during

the fierce heat of the day,) to see how they 'get along,' or sends the rose complexioned maiden with a basket of cakes and pitcher of milk, which, while they are partaking, they sit under some shady tree and recruit themselves by rest and refreshments.

We have every reason to be thankful for the abundant hay crop this season. The harvest is fast progressing throughout the Province. The usual enemies of the wheat plant have been at work, but from the various statements received we have reason to believe that the crop is far more ample than that of last year, and much exceeds an average crop.



HAYING SCENE. SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

BATTLE GROUND OF THE THAMES, CANADA WEST.

On the morning of the 4th of Oct., 1813, Proctor, Commander of the British force, fled up the Thames from Dotsen's, cursed by the brave Tecumseh for his cowardice; and at Chatham, where a deep stream, called McGregor's Creek, flows into the river between high banks he prepared to make a stand, according to a promise made to the Indian leader. Here he again fled. Sixty dusky warriors under one of the chiefs deserted him. To check pursuit he destroyed the bridges over McGregor's Creek. But the delay was temporary, and on the 5th at noon Harrison with his whole army forded the Thames, where he was only a few miles in Proctor's rear. Harrison's forces consisted of part of the 27th regiment of regulars, five brigades of Kentucky volunteers under Gov. Shelby, and Col. Johnson's mounted militia—a little more than 3,000 in number. The number of the British and Indians scarcely amounted to 2,000.

The ground chosen by the British was very judiciously selected. On their right was the

river Thames, with a high and precipitous bank, and on their left a marsh running almost parallel with the river for about two miles.—Between these, and two or three hundred yards from the rear, was a small swamp, quite narrow, with a strip of solid ground between it and the large marsh. The whole space between the river and the great swamp was covered with timber, with very little under-growth.

The British Regulars were formed in two lines, between the small swamp and the river, their artillery being planted in the road near the bank of the stream.

Every one is acquainted with the results of the struggle—the defeat and disgraceful flight of Proctor, and the death of Tecumseh. It is said that Johnson, with his Kentuckians, having charged upon the Indians, and being wounded by the Shawnoese warrior with a rifle bullet, the latter was springing forward with a tomahawk to despatch him when the Kentucky leader drew a pistol from his belt and shot him dead.

Proctor has been the subject of much reproof on account of his conduct at the battle of the Thames; but when we consider his position, hemmed in as he was by Harrison with a large and effective army, we should be more indulgent. He was tried by court-martial, but it was found that his personal conduct was neither defective nor reproachable. He was, however, sentenced to be suspended from rank and pay for six months. The sentence passed upon him was viewed by the Canadians as arbitrary and unmerited. He was afterwards promoted to the rank of Lieut.-General, and died at his seat in Wales in 1859.

The battle ground of the Thames, then covered with forest, is now a cultivated farm. A few dead and half dead stems of the old trees, blackened by fire, remain. The large swamp is still there, but the smaller one, opened to the sun by clearing the trees and bushes from it, has almost disappeared. The present view which we give is just as it appeared to a recent traveller, on a cold day in October. A corn-field thickly dotted with ripe pumpkins covered a portion of the scene of conflict; and near the place where Tecumseh fell the sketch was made.

FAME follows virtuous and glorious actions.

FALLS OF ST. ANN.

A SKETCH BY ALEX. DURIE, IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

No tourist should leave Quebec without visiting the Falls of St. Ann. They are situated in the county of Montmorenci, on the north shore of the great river of Canada—the St. Lawrence. Montmorenci is one of the oldest counties of Canada. It is woody, mountainous, wild and rugged, abounding in water falls, cascades and rapid streams; with but slight exceptions, it is almost uncultivated, and but little known. The easiest way of reaching St. Ann's is by water. A small steam ferry is now in operation, thus affording a delightful panorama of scenery replete with natural beauty and historical interest. Leaving our picturesque city we enter a magnificent basin of water of some five miles in extent, formed by the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles. Sloping north from the water's edge is the fertile district of Beauport, terminating at a considerable elevation in a lofty chain of mountains which cover the horizon as far as the eye can reach. Through the middle of

tish under Wolfe met with a severe repulse at the hands of the French commanded by Montcalm. We are now in the North channel; it is formed by the island of Orleans—here it was that Jacques Cartier held his first interview with the original inhabitants of Stadacona, now Quebec. During the siege of 1759 a British vessel of war was here stationed to cover the attack on Montmorenci; after the repulse it was destroyed to prevent the contingency of its guns being turned against its original owners.

The bluff headlands of the island, composed of dark slaty limestone, fringed with foliage, their summits clothed with the greenest and most velvety of grass, on which appear the white tents of a military encampment, and the scarlet uniforms of the soldiery are exceedingly beautiful. Turning again to the north we observe the Parish of Chateau Richer—its quaint little church and colored buildings appear positively enchanting, surrounded by the sabre greens of the landscape; in front of this stretches a grassy flat, through which rills of water, left there at high tide, trickle to the parent source.—This is the haunt of our wild duck and water

mistress.

Some thirty years ago the ruins of a Franciscan monastery were to be seen at a short distance from the beach. The monastery was destroyed by the British in 1759, to dislodge some of the priesthood, who, by exciting the neighboring Indians to harass the outposts of the invaders, were to them a constant source of fear and annoyance. The leading friar, disguised as an Indian chief, was shot during the skirmish that ensued.

We are now close upon St. Ann's; more and more distinct becomes the little church and the red and white dwellings of the villagers; brighter still and brighter grow the their tiny gardens; already the beautiful elms bear out strongly against the cool grey recesses of the back ground; now the lowing of cattle strikes upon the ear, and their white and colored forms moving through the green meadows give life and gaiety to the scene.

The parish of St. Anns was established, or rather confirmed, 20th February, 1721. It is thinly populated, and only by French Ca-



FALLS OF ST. ANN. SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER DURIE FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

this tract lies the road to the lower parishes, on this side of the river. It is one of the most beautiful in the vicinity, ornamented by the ancient farm houses of the peasantry, the rural villas of the gentry, and graced at intervals with clumps of elm or patches of pine. It winds over hill and down dale, through the most verdant pastures and the richest of corn fields, brilliant contrasts to the forest and scenery beyond.

Passing on we arrive at the Falls of Montmorenci—lofty and imposing they roar over an immense chasm, presenting a charming feature in our trip. Close to this, the Bri-

fowl, and a rendezvous for our sportsmen: many a broken wing will flag along this muddy paradise of theirs ere winter again casts his white shroud o'er the wet surface.—Scarcely does the report of the first gun of the season die away, than leash upon leash of flossy setters appear upon the scene, their keen noses to the cold soft ground, their feathery tails wagging with delight, quickly they sniff the suspicious tufts of long water grass, and in graceful movements circle round the sturdy 'chasseur,' who wading through the yielding surface, listens for the shrill piping of the snipe as anxiously as does the lover for the silvery tones of his

said to have been particularly elegant and graceful. The St. Ann's river now lies before us, its banks thickly covered with trees, its waters almost as cold as ice and clearer than the purest of plate glass, flow over a bed of reddish grey pebbles, which are discernable at a great depth; in the channel are strewn huge boulders over which the waters dash with bewildering impetuosity; closer shore they glide into tranquil nooks as glassy and smooth as the surface of a mirror, or eddying in whirlpools spin their wild course to the river's mouth. Rising in close proximity is the mountain of St. Ann, 1900 feet high, and singularly bold and well defined in outline.

nadians who all of them profess the Roman Catholic faith. Agriculture is their chief means of subsistence, though fishing is carried on to a small extent. The parish is named after the mother of the Virgin Mary, to whom the little church is consecrated, in it is preserved a relic of the good Saint, and once a year, the 26th July, St. Ann's Day, hundreds from the city and neighborhood of Quebec flock to the sacred edifice to bear testimony to her miraculous power, for on this day it is said she awards health and strength to such of the sick and lame as are worthy of her intercession; on this occasion, too, the neighboring tribes of Indians attend religious service—an affecting and interesting sight to witness these children of the forest kneeling before the shrine of the Saviour of the world, their blue or white blankets bordered with scarlet cast loosely down, their gaudy but trashy vestments, their copper necks, bare almost to their shoulders, ornamented with large gilt beads, their huge masses of black hair thrown back from their high heads, and their wild, large, and sorrowful dark brown eyes fixed steadfastly on the image of their God, form a picture worthy the most inspired efforts of artistic skill. These poor creatures are the remains of a gay, light-hearted race, known to the early French settlers as 'les montagnais,' or the mountaineers, from their living on high lands. By the native tribes they were called the 'Papimashuah,' or the laughers, from their extreme exuberance of animal spirits. The men were celebrated as hunters, and the women as the belles of Indian blood; their costume is

Good and Pretty Good

THE TUNE OF THE CONSCRIPTS.—We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred dollars more.

A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and, in a jocular way, said, 'Do not let any one else rumple it.'—'No, dear,' said the lady, 'I will take it off.'

A merchant having advertised for a youth who was 'quick at figures,' a young man appeared the next morning bringing his mother's certificate of his agility in the lancers and the polka.

'Woman is at the bottom of all mischief,' 'Yes,' said Frank, 'and when I used to get into mischief, mother would soon be at the bottom of me.'

Had Adam been modern, there would have been a hired girl in Paradise to look out for Abel and 'raise Cain.'

'JEMME,' said one Irishman to another, the first time he saw a locomotive, 'what is that snorting baste?'—'Shure I don't know,' was the reply, 'unless it's a stamboat splurging to get to wather.'

A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity, was asked, 'What relations do we most neglect?' when he answered, with much simplicity, 'Poor relations, sir.'

'As to being conflicted with the gout,' said M. s. Partridge, 'high living doesn't always bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherits it from his wife's grandfather.'

A NEW STAMP.—A man in Hells, New Hampshire, has a pullet which has laid an egg having the exact representation or resemblance of a postage stamp imprinted upon the shell.—Albany Knickerbocker.

The poor thing evidently thought the egg couldn't pass without a stamp attached.—Hudson Gazette.

An Irish miller, who had held some petty military command, was observed one day coming into a town with a cart loaded with sacks of flour.—'Ho!' cried a wag of the place; 'thero comes Marshal Saxe with the bower of Tipperary!'

RING DOVE.—'My turtle-dove, I adore you!' said a gay young fellow to his lady-love.—'That's all very well,' said she; 'but I'm tired of this sort of billing and cooing. If you love me so much, why don't you take me to church and make me your ring-dove?'

He who goes through a land and scatters roses, may be tracked next day by their withered petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it and scatters rose-seeds, a hundred years after, leaves behind him a land full of fragrance and beauty for his monument, and as a heritage for his sons and daughters.—Theodore Parker.

Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world;—yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world.—Mrs. Jamson.

A married woman of the Shawnee Indians made this beautiful reply to a man whom she met in the woods, and who implored her to love and look on him. 'Oulaman, my husband,' said she, 'who is forever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing you.'

MUSIC.—The power of music is never better felt than when some old ballad, forgotten for years, is heard again, and a host of souvenirs rush in upon our memory. It is then, as one little song evokes these recollections of the past, that we feel that music is indeed a mighty and almost omnipotent magician.

The moment a man takes it into his foolish head that he has what the world calls genius, he gives himself a discharge from the servile drudgery of all friendly offices and becomes good for nothing, except in the pursuit of his favorite employment.—COWPER.

Appleton's new American Cyclopaedia has been burned at Enterprise, in Mississippi, as an abolition publication. Enterprising people those!

In addition to 'Births, Marriages and Deaths,' the Liverpool Mercury now adds the 'Divorces.' This is the latest novelty in newspapers.

Sunarrow, even in peace, always slept fully armed, boots and all. 'When I was lazy,' said he, 'and wanted to enjoy a comfortable sleep, I usually took off one spur.'

FATHER OF THE CORNALS.—pap corn.—Vanity Fair.

WEY ARE JOKES LIKE NUTS?—Because the drier they are the better they crack.

Snook's wife loves to make bread because it cleans her hands so beautifully.

Don't carry your handkerchief in your breast pocket. If you do, says Punch, you take a wipe to your bosom.

As a man drinks he generally grows reckless. In his case, the more drinks the fewer samples.

A western paper speaks of a man who 'died without the aid of a physician.' Such instances of death are very rare.

Why can you never expect a fishmonger to be liberal or generous? Because his business makes him selfish (sell fish.)

There is a man at Toches who walks so slow that they say he wears a pair of spurs to keep his shadow from treading on his heels.

An author, ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks how a dead man can get into a locked room. Probably with a skeleton key.

Mary asked Charles, 'What annual dropped from the clouds?' 'The rain, dear,' was the whispered reply.

Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—Bacon.

'My lad,' said a lady to a boy carrying the mail bag, 'are you the mail boy?' 'You doesn't think I'm a female boy, does you ma'am?'

'I know every rock on the coast,' cried an Irish pilot. At that moment the ship struck, when he exclaimed, 'and that's one of them.'

Poverty is only contemptible when it is felt to be so. Doubtless the best way to make our poverty respectable, is to seem never to feel it as an evil.—Bovee.

A gentleman asked his friend the other day, 'How do you like our minister?' He replied, 'First rate; he never meddles with politics or religion.'

Why is the husband of a scolding wife, and father of a household of crying children, like a railroad? Because he has a great many cross-ties.

The Academy of Sciences of Paris occupied a part of its last sitting, in discussing the question whether there still remained any beans in the county of Michigan, United States.

A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought are commonly the most profitable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—Bacon.

BRIERS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.—In this world truth can wait; she's used to it.

Habitual intoxication is the epitome of every crime.

Money is like the air you breathe; if you have it not, you die.

Children are earthly idols that hold us from the stars.

A SUSPICIOUS MAN.—He'd search a pin-cushion for treason, and see daggers in a needle-case.

Nature is a pattern maid-of-all-work, and does best when least meddled with.

A GOOD LIFE.—How beautiful can time, with goodness, make an old man look!

A TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.—There is nothing like a prison pavement to test our old friends upon.

THE SOFTER SEX.—A woman is like tar—melt her, and she will take any form you please.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.

THE CLEARER OF ALL LAWS.—Self-defence is the clearest of all laws; and for this reason—the lawyers didn't make it.

ENVY.—The boy upon foot cannot bear to see the boy who is riding. And so it is with envy of a larger growth. We are always crying out 'cut behind,' in hope of seeing some hanger on, more fortunate than ourselves, knocked off his place.

UNSOPHISTICATED.—There is a man who labors under the delusion that 'Hon.' before a man's name stands for honest.

MAGNANIMITY.—Ashes on the sidewalk in front of the residence of an eminent surgeon.

AN INTRODUCTION.—The editor of a Western paper thus presents some verses:—'The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in the grave many years merely for his own amusement.'

CAN MAN RESIGN THEE?—'The only liberty cap,' says a clever and witty author, 'is the night cap. In it men visit, one-third of their lives, the land of sleep—the only land where they are always free and equal.'

DESPOTISM.—I will believe in the right of no man to govern a nation despotically when I find a man born into the world with boots, and a nation with saddles on their backs.—Algeron Sidney.

HOW TO DRAW THE LINE.—With the mathematicians, a straight line is the shortest; with the politician, it is a crooked one. Circumlocution is the Straight Line of Politics.

A DIALOGUE. 'Who's there?' said a patrol to a passing figure one dark night. 'It's I, patrol, don't be afraid,' kindly replied an old woman.

PROVERBS.—A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one.

Be cheerful, but not light; solid, but not sad.

A lady advertises in the Philadelphia papers an 'Infants Retreat,' established for the accommodation of those babies whose affectionate parents desire to travel without encumbrance.

A HAPPY HUSBAND.—Adam had one great advantage over all other married couples—an advantage which has been lost to us with Paradise—be had no mother-in-law.—Punch.

A FINE THOUGHT ABOUT PROGRESS.—The goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of to-morrow.—Lavater.

A QUESTION.—Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Philosophy does not regard pedigree; she did not receive Plato as a noble, but she made him so.—Seneca.

CHINESE DEFINITION.—Pride objects to carrying a cotton umbrella, and gets wet through for its pains.

TRUTH.—The stepping-stone to fortune is not to be found in a jeweler's shop.

ADVICE.—The loquacity of fools is a lecture to the wise.

EPIGRAM ON TWO CONTRACTORS.

To gull the public two contractors come,
One pilfers corn—the other cheats in rum.
Which is the greater knave, I pray explain,
A rogue in spirit, or a rogue in grain?

As Pat, an old joker, and Yankee more sly,
Once riding together, a fallow passed by,
Said the Yankee to Pat, 'If I don't make too free,
Give that fallow its due, pray where would you be?'
Why, honey,' said Pat, 'fat h that's aizin' known,
I'd be riding in town by myself, all alone.'

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. SHAKESPEARE.

When is a vessel smaller than a bonnet?
When she's cap-sized. (The author has six cc had his head shaved.)

IRONICAL MEM.—An 'old tile' is preferable to an 'old screw.'

INTERESTING TO PARTIES IN DIFFICULTIES.—Every six hours out of the twenty-four is quarter day.

A MORMON DEFINITION.—A spare rib—A second wife.

INDULGENCE.—The erring are oftentimes more easily reclaimed by giving them credit for virtues than by exposing their vices.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next, good sense, the third, good humor, and the fourth, wit.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED.—Was Lord Bacon lineally descended from Ham? Is the Speaker of the House of Commons descended from 'Enfield's Speaker?' Is Burton on Trent equal to Burton on 'Melancholy?'

Dean Swift said of an apothecary, that his business was to pour drugs, of which he knew but little, into a body, of which he knew less.

To keep the water from coming in—don't pay the water-rate.

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

The man who took everybody's eye must have a lot of them.

The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

Why is a sawyer like a lawyer?—Because whichever way he goes, down comes the dust.

'Union is not always strength,' as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

A printer, in setting up 'We are but parts of a stupendous whole,' by mistake of a letter, made it read, 'We are but parts of a stupendous whale.'

WHAT NEXT?—We are told that in Michigan they shear their sheep by machinery. We should have thought this had been a sheer impossibility.

The railing of a cross woman, like the railing of a garden, keeps people at a distance.

ECONOMY.—Economy is the art of drawing in as much as one can; but, unfortunately, young ladies will apply the 'drawing in' to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like a waist.

EXALTED FEELING.—'Don't think of me,' as the man said who was on the point of being thrown from the gallery to the pit; 'but recollect those beneath me.'

LANDSEER, our great 'canine painter,' requested Sydney Smith to sit to him for a portrait. 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' asked the wit.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.—They are an enlightened people 'down South.' One of our bold Zouaves asked an old farmer in South Carolina why he didn't take a newspaper? 'Because,' said he, 'when my father died he left me a heap o' newspapers, and I've never had time to read 'em yet.'

'Doctor,' said a despairing patient to one of our physicians, 'I am in a dreadful state; I can neither lay nor set; what shall I do?' 'Why, then,' replied the doctor, very gravely, 'I think you had better—roost.'

BRAVO, RUTH!—Says a little three-year-old Ruth, 'Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to London.' Sister Minnie, standing by, says, 'You are too little to have a muff.' 'Am I too little to be cold?' rejoins indignant little Ruth.

A GOOD IDEA.—General Howard's right arm was shattered by a ball during the recent battles in America, and was amputated above the elbow. While being borne on a litter he met General Kearney, who had lost his left arm in Mexico. 'I want to make a bargain with you, general,' said Howard, 'that hereafter we buy our gloves together.'

THE BEST TAX.—A tax on muffs.

EMPLOYMENT TO WOMEN.—To hold their tongues.

Why is a schoolmaster like an engine driver? One trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

What is the difference between forms and ceremonies? You sit upon forms and stand upon ceremonies.

What nations will always be cannibals?—The Manchew Tartars.

What is the most indigestible supper?—To bolt the street door just before going to bed.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question?—Acquiescence.

The man who moved an amendment injured his spine by the operation.

'I'll let you off easy this time,' as the horse said when he threw his rider into the mud.

It is a popular delusion that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assists her to go off.

The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be.

'No more at present,' as the extinguisher said to the candle.

A NOBLE LIFE.—Exertion is the price of a noble life. The pursuit of a noble object adorns, ennobles, and vivifies life. Without definite aim, life is like a rudderless ship, drifting about between life and death, and entirely at the mercy of the waves. While one with folded arms waits for future opportunities, another makes the meanest occurrences subservient to a golden result. One labors to find something to do; the other labors to do something. When the Alps intercepted his line of march, Napoleon said, 'There shall be no Alps.' When difficulties from poverty, and difficulties from the opposition of friends beset him, Franklin resolutely determined there should be no difficulties. Greatness has in its vocabulary no such word as fail. It will work; it must succeed. Happy is he who at the sunset of life can recall the years that have gone swift-footed by, without bringing before him a fearful array of squandered opportunities.—Investigation

Original Poetry.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY PAMELIA S. VINING.

Over the mountains under the snow
Lies a valley cold and low.
'Neath a white immovable pall
Desolate, dreary, soulless all.
And soundless, save when the wintry blast
Sweeps with funeral music past.

Yet was that valley not always so,
For I trod its summer-paths long ago,
And I gathered flowers of fairest dyes
Where now the snow-drift heaviest lies.
And I drank from rills with murmurous song
Wandered in golden light along
Through bowers whose ever-fragrant air
Was heavy with perfume of flowers fair—
Though cool green meadows where all day long
The wild bee droned his voluptuous song,
While over all shone the Eye of Love
In the violet-tinted heavens above.

And through that valley ran veins of gold,
And the rivers o'er beds of amber rolled;
There were pearls in the white sands thickly strown,
And rocks that diamond-crusts were shown—
All richest fruitage—all rarest flowers—
All sweetest music of summer bowers—
All sounds the softest—all sights most fair,
Made earth a Paradise everywhere.

Over the mountains under the snow
Lies that valley cold and low.
There came no slowly consuming blight,
But the snow swept silently down one night,
And when the morning looked forth again
The seal of silence was on the plain;
And fount and forest, and bower and stream
Were hidden all from his pallid beam.

And there, deep-hidden under the snow
Is buried the wealth of the long ago—
Pearls and diamonds—veins of gold,
Priceless treasures of worth untold,
Harps of wonderful sweetness stilled
While yet the air was with music filled—
Flutes that stirred the resounding string
To melodies such as the angels sing—
Faces radiant with smile and tear
That bent enraptured the strains to hear—
And high calm foreheads, and earnest eyes,
That came and went 'neath the sun et skies.

There they are lying under the snow,
And the winds moan over them sad and low.
Pale still faces that smile no more,
Calm closed eyelids whose light is o'er
Silent lips that will never again
Move to music's entrancing strain,
White hands folded o'er marble breasts
Each 'neath the mantling snow-drift rests,
And the wind their requiem sounds o'er and o'er
In the oft repeated 'no more—no more.'

'No more—no more!'—I shall ever hear
That funeral dirge in its moanings drear
But I may not linger with filtering tread
Aneath my treasures—'neath my dead.
On through many a dorny maze,
Up slippery rocks, and through tangled ways,
Lies my cloud-mantled path, afar
From that buried vale where my treasure lies.

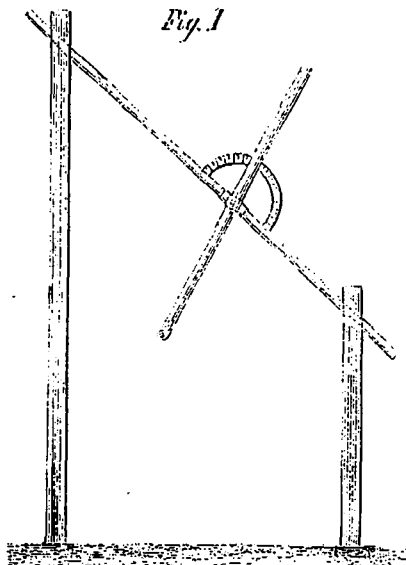
But there bursts a light through the heavy gloom
From the sun-bright towers of my distant home;
Fainter the wall of the sad 'no more'
Falls on my ears as I near that shore;
And sweet home-voices come soft and low,
Half-drowning that requiem's dirge-like flow.

I know it is sorrow's baptism-stem
That has given me thus for my home to yearn—
Has quickened my ear to the tender call
That down from the Jasper heights doth fall—
And lifted my soul from the songs of earth
To music of higher and holier birth,
Turning the tide of a yearning love
To the beautiful things that are found above;
And I bless my Father through blinding tears
For the chastening love of departed year,
For hiding my idols so low—so low
Over the mountains under the snow.

A LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

Ingenuous mechanicians have constructed oreries, celestial globes, maps and numerous other instruments to aid us in obtaining a correct conception of the motions of the heavenly bodies; but for understanding the apparent motion, none of these artificial devices are so good as the heavens themselves—that great celestial globe which was fashioned by the Architect of the Universe, and which, suspended on its two pivots, rolls daily around us. We have only to watch the sun, the moon and the stars, to perceive that they are apparently set in a hollow shell, in the centre of which we stand, and which is slowly rolling from the east to the west, over our heads and under our feet perpetually.

A very simple instrument, which any school-boy can construct, will aid materially in watching these motions of the heavenly bodies, and will illustrate the principle on which a large part of the astronomical observations are made. Let two posts be set in the ground, the second considerably shorter than the first and due south of it, so that a rod passing through holes in the upper ends of the posts may point exactly towards the north pole of the heavens.



To find the position of the north pole we must first find that brilliant and best known of all the constellations, and which is variably called 'The Big Dipper,' 'Charles's Wain,' or 'The Great Bear'—in the Latin *Ursa Major*. The two stars in the end of the 'Big Dipper' point very nearly toward the North Star, and that is situated in the end of the handle of the 'Little Dipper,' or the end of the tail of *Ursa Minor*. The north pole of the heavens is at this time about two degrees from the North Star, its position being indicated in our engraving by the cross.

FIG. 2.

The rod should fit the holes in the posts so loosely that it can be turned upon its axis, and a tube is secured to it near the middle by a pivot, so that the tube may be inclined at any angle with the rod.

Now if the tube is set at right angles with the rod and the rod is turned round upon its axis, the tube will describe a great circle in the heavens midway between the north and south pole. This circle is called the equinoctial. If the tube is pointed at any star and the rod is turned upon its axis, the tube will describe the circle in the heavens which the star will travel during the twenty-four hours.

When the tube is pointed towards a star, the angle of its variation from a right angle with the rod gives the declination of the star, either north or south, and this may be measured by a graduated arc attached to the rod.

If clockwork is connected with the rod so as to turn it from east to west upon its axis just half as fast as the hour hand of a clock, that is, once in twenty-four hours, and the tube is then pointed towards any star in the heavens, it will continue to point towards the same star during the whole of its circuit.

A telescope mounted in this way is said to be equatorially mounted; and in our large astronomical observatories many thousands of dollars are expended in mounting the great telescopes with sufficient solidity and delicacy to follow precisely the tracks of the stars.

The rod is parallel with the axis of the earth, and if the axis of the earth pointed to the centre of the 'North Star,' as the star is larger than the earth, the rod would point at some part of the star. The distances of the stars are so great that the apparatus works practically the same as if the rod was right at the axis of the earth.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGNIFICATION.—'Alabama' signifies, in the Indian language, 'Here we rest.' A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe in the trackless forest in the South-west. Weary and travel-worn they reached a noble river which flowed through a beautiful country. The chief of the band stuck his tent-pole in the ground and exclaimed, 'Alabama! Alabama!' ('Here we shall rest, here we shall rest!')

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.

BY MISS THACKERAY.
Daughter of the great English Novelist.

CHAPTER IV.

'Elly, which is the way out?' said Lady Dampier, abruptly, less and less pleased, but more and more impressed.

'I will show you,' said Elly, who had been standing by all this time, and she led the way bare-headed into the court, over which the stars were shining tranquilly. The trees looked dark and rustled mysteriously along the wall, but all heaven was alight. Elly looked up for an instant, and then turned to her companion and asked her, with a voice that altered a little, if they were all together in Paris?

'No; Miss Dampier is in Scotland still,' said my lady.

It was not Miss Dampier's name of which Elizabeth Gilmour was longing to hear: she did not dare ask any more; but it seemed as if a great weight had suddenly fallen upon her heart, as she thought that perhaps, after all, he was not come: she should not hear of him, see him, who knows, perhaps never again?

Elly tried to unbar the great front door to let out her friend: but she could not do it, and called to old Françoise, who was passing across to the kitchen, to come and help her. And suddenly the bolt, which had stuck in some manner, gave way, the gate opened wide, and as it opened Elly saw that there was somebody standing just outside under the lamp-post. The foolish child did not guess who it was, but said 'Good-night,' with a sigh, and held out her soft hand to Lady Dampier. And then, all of a sudden, the great load went away, and in its place came a sort of undreamt of peace, happiness, and gratitude. All the stars seemed suddenly to blaze more brightly; all the summer's night to shine more wonderfully; all trouble, all anxiousness to melt away; and John Dampier turned round and said—

'Is that you, Elizabeth?'

'And you?' cried Elly, springing forward, with both her hands outstretched. 'Ah! I did not think who was outside the door.'

'How did you come here, John?' said my lady, very much flustered.

'I came to fetch you,' said her son. 'I wanted a walk, and Letty told me where you were gone.' Lady Dampier did not pay much attention to his explanations: she was watching Elly with a dissatisfied face; and glancing round too, the young man saw that Elly was standing quite still under the archway, with her hands folded, and with a look of dazzled delight in her blue eyes that there was no mistaking.

'You don't forget your old friends, Elly?' said he.

'I never, never,' cried Elizabeth?'

'And I, too, do not forget,' said he, very kindly, and held out his hand once more, and took hers, and did not let it go. 'I will come and see you, and bring Letitia,' he added, as his mother looked up rather severely. 'Good-night, dear Elly! I am glad you are unchanged.'

People, however slow they may be naturally, are generally quick in discovering admiration, or affection, or respectful devotion to themselves. Lady Dampier only suspected, her son was quite sure of poor Elly's feelings, as he said good-night under the archway. Indeed, he knew a great deal more about them than did Elizabeth herself. All she knew was that a great load was gone; and she danced across the stones of the yard, clapping her hands in her old happy way. The windows of the salle were lighted up. She could see the people within coming and going, but she did not notice Anthony, who was standing in one of them. He, for his part, was watching the little dim figure dancing and flitting about in the starlight. Had he, then, any thing to do with her happiness? Was he indeed so blessed? His heart was overflowing with humble gratitude, with kindness, with wonder. He was happy at the moment, and was right to be grateful. She was happy too—as thoroughly happy now, and carried away by her pleasure, as she had been crushed and broken by her trouble. 'Ah! to think that the day was come at last, after watching all this long, long, cruel time! I always knew it would come. Everybody gets what they wish for sooner or later. I don't think anybody was ever so miserable as I have been all this year—but at last—at last—'

No one saw the bright, happy look that came into her face, for she was standing in the dark, outside the door of the house. She wanted to dream, but she did not want to talk to anybody; she wanted to tell herself over and over again how happy she was;

how she had seen him again; how he had looked; how kindly he had spoken to her. Ah! yes, he had cared for her all the time; and now he had come to fetch her away. She did not think much of poor Anthony; if she did, it was to say to herself that somehow it would all come right, and everybody would be as well contented as she was. The door of the house opened while she still stood looking up at the stars. This time it was not John Dampier, but the Pasteur Fourneur, who came from behind it. He put out his hand and took hold of hers.

'You there, Elizabeth! Come in my child, you will be cold.' And he drew her into the hall, where the Pasteurs Boulof and De Marville were pulling on their cloaks and hats, and bidding everybody good-night.

The whole night Elizabeth lay starting and waking—so happy that she could not bear to go to sleep, to cease to exist for one instant. Often it had been the other way, and she had been thankful to lay her weary head on her pillow, and close her aching eyes, and forget her troubles. But all this night she lay wondering what the coming day was to bring forth. She had better have gone to sleep. The coming day brought forth nothing at all, except, indeed, a little note from Letitia, written on a half-sheet of paper, which was put into her hand about eleven o'clock, just as she was sitting down to the déjeuner à la fourchette.

{ HOTEL DU RHIN, PLACE VENDÔME.
Wednesday Evening.

'MY DEAR ELIZABETH.—I am so disappointed to think that I shall not perhaps see you after all. Some friends of ours have just arrived, who are going on to Schlangenbad to-morrow, and Aunt Catharine thinks it will be better to set off a little sooner than we intended, so as to travel with them. I wish you might be able to come and breakfast with us about nine to-morrow; but I am afraid this is asking almost too much, though I should greatly enjoy seeing you again. Good-by. If we do not meet now, I trust that on our return in a couple of months we may be more fortunate, and see much of each other. We start at ten, and shall reach Strasbourg about five.

'Ever, dear Elizabeth, affectionately yours,
{ LETITIA MAICOLM.'

'It is no use asking Madame Jacob,' said Elly; 'she would lock me up into my room. I will come somehow. How shall I thank you?'

'By looking well and happy again. I shall be so glad to have cured you.'

'And it is so pleasant to meet with such a kind doctor,' said Elly, looking up and smiling.

'Good-by, Elly,' repeated Sir John, quite affected by her gentle looks.

Old Françoise opened the door. Elly turned a little pale—

'Ah, ha! vous voilà,' says the old woman; 'mechante fille, you are going to get a pretty scolding. Where have you been?'

'Ah, Françoise!' said Elly, 'I have been so happy. I met Sir John Dampier: he is an old friend, old friend. He took me for a drive in the Bois. Is Madame Jacob very, very angry?'

'Well, you are in luck,' says the old woman, who could never resist Elizabeth's pretty, pleading ways; 'she came home an hour ago and fetched the children, and went out to dine in town, and I told her you were in your room.'

'Ah, you dear, kind old woman!' said Elly, flinging her arms round her neck, and giving her a kiss.

'There, there!' said the unblushing Françoise; 'I will put your covert in the salle.'

'Ah! I am very glad. I am so hungry, Françoise,' said Elly, pulling off her bonnet, and shaking her loose hair as she followed the old woman across the courtyard.

So Elizabeth sat down to dine off dry bread and cold mutton. But though she said she was hungry, she was too happy to eat much. The tallow candle flickered on the table. She thought of the candles in St. Philip's Church, then she went over every word, every minute which she had spent since she had been kneeling there. Old Françoise came in with a little cake she had made her, and found Elizabeth sitting, smiling, with her elbows on the table. 'Allons, allons!' thought the old cook. 'Here, eat, mamzelle,' said she; 'fait plus sortir sans permission—bein?'

'Thank you, Françoise. How nice! how kind of you!' said Elizabeth, in her bad French—she never would learn to talk properly; and then she ate her cake by the light of the candle, and this little dim tallow wick seemed to cast light and brilliance over the whole world, over her whole life, which

seemed to her as if it would go on forever and ever. Now and then a torturing doubt, a misgiving, came over her, but these she put quickly aside.

Madame Jacob was pouring out the coffee when Elly came down to breakfast, next morning, conscious and ashamed, and almost disposed to confess. 'I am surprised,' said Madame Jacob, 'that you have the impudence to sit down at table with me; and she said it in such an acid tone that all Elly's sweetness, and ashamedness, and penitence turned to bitterness.

'I find it very disagreeable,' says Elly; 'but I try and resign myself.'

'I shall write to my brother about you,' continued Madame Jacob.

'Indeed!' says Elizabeth. 'Here is a letter which he has written to me. What fun if it should be about you! It was like Tournen's handwriting, but it did not come from him. Elly opened it curiously enough, but Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou exchanged looks of intelligence. Their mother had examined the little missive, and made her comments upon it:

'AVIGNON, RUE DE LA CLOUETTE,
CHEZ LE PASTEUR CH. TOURNEUR.

'MY DEAR ELLY.—I think of you so much and so constantly that I cannot help wishing to make you think of me, if only for one minute, while you read these few words. I have been telling my uncle about you: it is he who asks me why I did not write. But there are some things which are not to be spoken or to be written—it is only by one's life that one can try to tell them; and you, alas! do not care to hear the story of my life. I wonder will the day ever come when you will listen to it?

'I have been most kindly received by all my old friends down in these parts. Yesterday I attended the service in the temple, and heard a most soul-stirring and eloquent oration from the mouth of M. le Pasteur David. I receive cheering accounts on every side. A new temple has been opened at Beziers, thanks to the munificence of one of our coreligionnaires. The temple was solemnly opened on the Monday of the Pentecost.—The discourse of dedication was pronounced by M. le Pasteur Borrel, Nismes. Seven pastors in robe attended the ceremony. Also the interdiction which had weighed for some years upon the temple at Fouqueure (Charente) has been taken off. The faithful were able to re-open their temple on the first Sunday in June. Need I say what vivid accents of grace were uttered on this happy occasion. A Protestant school has also been established at Montauban, which seems to be well attended. I am now going to visit two of my uncle's conferees, M.M. Bertoul and Joseph Aubre. Of M. Bertoul I have heard much good. Why do I tell you all this? Do you care for what I care? Could you ever bring yourself to lead the life which I propose to lead? Time will only show, dear Elizabeth. It will also show to you the faithfulness and depth of my affection.

A. T.'

Elly put the letter down with a sigh, and went on drinking her coffee and eating her bread. Madame Jacob hemmed and tried to ask her a question or two on the subject, but Elly would not answer. Elly sometimes wondered at Anthony's fancy for her, knowing how little suited she was to the way of life she was leading; she was surprised that his rigid notions should allow him to entertain such an idea for an instant. But the truth was that Anthony was head over ears in love with her, and thought her perfection at the bottom of his heart.

Poor Anthony! This is what he got in return for his letter:—

'MY DEAR ANTHONY.—It cannot be—never—never. But I do care for you, and I mean to always. For you are my brother in a sort of way. I am your affectionate, grateful Elly.

'P.S.—Your father and my mother are away at Fontainebleau. Madame Jacob is here, and more disagreeable than anything you can imagine.

And so it was settled; and Elly never once asked herself if she had been foolish or wild; but after thinking compassionately about Anthony for a minute or two, she began to think about Dampier, and said to herself that she had followed his advice, and he must know best; and Dampier himself, comfortably breakfasting in the coffee-room of the hotel, was thinking of her, and, as he thought, put away all unpleasant doubts or suggestions. 'Poor little thing! dear little thing!' he was saying to himself. 'I will not leave her to the tender mercies of those fanatics. She will die—I see it in her eyes—if she stays there! My mother or Aunt Jean must come to her help; we must not desert her. Poor, poor little Elly, with her

wistful face! Why did not she make me marry her a year ago! I was very near it.'

He was faithful next day to his appointment, and Elly arrived breathless. 'Madame Jacob had locked her up in her room, she said, but she got out of the window and clambered down by the vine, and here she was. 'But it is the last time,' she added.—'Ah! let us make haste; is not that Francoise?'

He helped her in, and in a moment they were driving along the Faubourg. Elly let down the veil. John saw that her hand was trembling, and asked if she was afraid?

'I am afraid, because I know I am doing wrong,' said Elly: 'only I think I should have died for want of fresh air in that hateful prison if I had not come.'

'You used to like your little apartment near the Madeleine better,' said Dampier; 'that was not a prison.'

'I grow sick with regret when I think of those days,' Elly said. 'Do you know that day you spoke to us in the Tuileries was the last happy day of my life, except —'

'Except?' said Dampier.

'Except yesterday,' said Elly. 'It is so delightful to do something wrong again.'

'Why should you think that this is doing wrong?' said Dampier. 'You know me, and can trust me—can't you, Elly?'

'Have I shown much mistrust?' said Elly, laughing, and then she added, more seriously, 'I have been writing to Anthony this morning—I have done as you told me. So you see whether I trust you or not.'

'You have refused him?' said Dampier.

'Yes; are you satisfied?' said Elly, looking with her bright blue-eyed glance.

'He was unworthy of you,' cried Dampier, secretly rather dismayed to find his advice so quickly acted upon. What had he done? would not that marriage, after all, have been the very best thing for Elly, perhaps? He was glad and sorry, but I think he would rather have been more sorrow and less glad, and have heard that Elly had found a solution to all her troubles. He thought it necessary to be sentimental; it was the least he could do, after what she had done for him.

'Why wouldn't you let me in when I came to see you long ago, just before I left Paris?' he asked, suddenly. 'Do you know what I wanted to say to you?'

Elly blushed up under her veil. 'Mamma had desired Clementine to let no one in.—Did you not know I would have seen you if I could?'

'I knew nothing of the sort,' said Dampier, rather sadly. 'I wish—I wish—I had known it.'

He forgot that, after all, that was not the real reason of his going away without speaking. He chose to imagine that this was the reason—that he would have married Elly but for this. He forgot his own careful scruples and hesitations; his doubts and indecisions; and now to-day he forgot every thing, except that he was very sorry for Elly, and glad to give her a little pleasure. He did not trouble himself as to what people would say of her—of a girl who was going about with a man who was neither her brother nor her husband. Nobody would know her. The only people to fear were the people at home who should never hear anything about it.—He would give her and give himself a little happiness, if he could; and he said to himself that he was doing a good action in so doing; he would write to his aunt about her, he would be her friend and her doctor, and if he could bring a little color in those wasted cheeks, and happiness into those sad eyes, it would be wicked and cruel not to do so.

And so, like a quack doctor, as he was, he administered his drug, which soothed and dulled her pain for the moment, only to increase and hasten the progress of the cruel malady which was destroying her. They drove along past the Madeleine, along the broad glittering Boulevards, with their crowds, their wares, people thronging the pavements, horses and carriages traveling alongside with them; the world, the flesh, and the devil, jostling and pressing past.

'There is a theatre,' cried Elly, as they came to a sudden stop. 'I wonder, shall I ever go again? What fun it used to be.'

'Will you come to-night?' asked Dampier, smiling. 'I will take care of you.'

Elly, who had found her good spirits again, laughed and clasped her hands. 'How I should like it! Oh, how I wish it was possible, but it would be quite, quite impossible.'

'Have you come to think such vanities wrong?' said Dampier.

'Not wrong; where is the harm? Only unattainable. Imagine Madame Jacob; think of the dragons, who would tear me to pieces if they found me out—of Anthony—of my stepfather.'

'You need not show them the play-bill,' said Dampier, laughing. 'You will be quite sure of not meeting any of the pasteurs there. Could not you open one of those barred windows and jump out? I would come with a ladder of ropes, if you will let me.'

'I should not want a ladder of ropes,' said Elly; 'the windows are quite close to the ground. What fun it would be, but it is quite, quite impossible, of course.'

Dampier said no more. He told the driver to turn back, and to stop at the Louvre; and he made her get out and took her upstairs into the great golden hall with the tall windows, through which you can see the Seine as it rushes under the bridges, and the light as it falls on the ancient stately quays and houses, on the cathedral, on the towers of Paris. It was like enchantment to Elly; all about the atmosphere was golden, was bewitched. She was eagerly drinking her cup of happiness to the dregs; she was in a sort of glamor. She hardly could believe that this was herself.

They went and sat down on the great round sofa in the first room, opposite the 'Marriage of Cana,' with 'St. Michael killing the Dragon' on one side, and the green pale wicked woman staring at them from behind: the pale woman with the unfathomable face. Elly kept turning round every now and then, fascinated by her cold eyes. Dampier was a connoisseur, and fond of pictures, and he told Elizabeth all about those which he liked best; told her about the painters—about their histories. She was very ignorant, and scarcely knew the commonest stories. How she listened, how she treasured up his words, how she remembered, in after days, every tone as he spoke, every look in his kind eyes. He talked when he should have been silent, looked kind when he should have turned his eyes away. What cruel kindness, what fatal friendship. He imagined she liked him and loved him in the same quiet way in which he loved her—hopelessly, regretfully, resignedly. As he walked by her side along these wonderful galleries, now and then it occurred to him that, perhaps, after all, it was scarcely wise; but he put the thought quickly away, as I have said already, and blinded himself, and said surely it was right. They were standing before a kneeling abbess in white flannel, painted by good old Philip of Champagne, and laughing at her droll looks and her long nose, when Sir John, happening to turn round, saw her old acquaintance De Vaux coming directly towards them, with his eye-glasses stuck over his nose, and his nose in the air. He came up quite close, stared at the abbess, and walked on without apparently seeing or recognizing them. Elly had not turned her head, but Dampier drew a long breath when he was gone. Elly wondered to see him look so grave, when she turned round with a smile and made some little joke about the abbess.

'I think we ought to go, Elly,' said he.—'Come; this place will soon be shut.'

They drove home through the busy street, once more through the golden sunset. They stopped at the corner by the hospital, and Elly said 'Good-by,' and jumped out. As Elly was reluctantly turning to go away, Dampier felt that he must see her once more; that he couldn't part from her now. 'Elly,' he said, 'I shall be here at six o'clock on Friday. This is Tuesday, isn't it? and we must go to the play just once together. Won't you come? Do, please, come!'

'Shall I come? I will think about it all to-morrow,' said Elly, 'and make up my mind.' And then Dampier watched the slim little figure disappear under the door-way.

Fortune was befriending Elly to-day. Old Francoise had left the great door open, and now she slipped in and ran up to her own room, where she found the key in the lock. She came down quite demurely to dinner when Lou-Lou came to summon her to the frugal repast.

At dinner-time she thought about her scheme, and hesitated, and determined, and hesitated, and wished wistfully, and then suddenly said to herself, her own way, come what might. 'We will eat, drink and be merry,' said Elly to herself, with a little wry face at the cabbage, 'for to-morrow we die.'

And so the silly girl almost enjoyed the notion of running wild in this reckless way. Her whole life, which had been so dull and wearisome before, glittered with strange happiness and bewildering hope. She moved

about the house like a person in a dream. She was very silent, but that of late had been her habit. Madame Jacob looked surprised sometimes at her gentleness; but thought it was all right, and did not trouble herself about much else beside Tou-Tou's hymns and lessons. She had no suspicion. She thought that Elizabeth's first escapade had been a mere girlish freak; of the second she knew nothing; of the third not one dim imagination entered her head. She noticed that Elly did not eat, but she looked well and came dancing into the room, and she (Mrs. Jacob) supposed it was all right. Was it all right? The whole summer nights Elly used to lie awake with wide-open eyes, or spring from her bed, and stand for long hours leaning from her window, staring at the stars and telling them all her story. The life she was leading was one of morbid excitement and feverish dreams.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DEATH OF MR. ALEX. KEEFER.—We notice with regret the death of Mr. Alex. Keefer, in Australia, where he had been settled for some years. He was a member of the clever family of whom Messrs. Samuel and Thomas C. Keefer, Engineers, are the best known. Educated for the law in Toronto, he emigrated to the colony of Victoria during the gold excitement, and speedily took a high position in his new home, being elected a member of the Legislature. Retiring from politics, he paid a visit to Europe a short time ago. He returned to Australia to die. The news of his decease was telegraphed from Beechworth; where he resided, to Melbourne, the day before the steamer sailed. The Argus correspondent, telegraphed:—'He was a much respected citizen, whose loss will be greatly felt in the Ovens District, which Mr. Keefer at one time represented.' We may add that every Canadian in that distant country found a friend in Mr. Keefer. His house and purse were always open to them.

BURKE AT HOME.—Woman's heart, as presented in the habits it has moulded, and the graces it has fostered, and the charities it has guarded, and the prayers it has taught shines out from its own quiet and retired sphere of the household life, with a steady, untrodden beam, on the dark and restless outer sea of public life. The great English statesman, Burke, alluding to the single felicity of his own married life, amid all the vexations and storms of his political career, said that all his cares deserted him the moment his foot crossed his own threshold.—Thus indirectly, and by the influence on her husband, in soothing and sustaining him, the wife of the great English orator was most fitly and most beautifully influencing the circles of political activity, through which Burke moved with such dazzling radiance.

A TOUCHING MEMORIAL.—In its description of the gravestones around the old church in Jamestown, the South side Democrat gives the following: 'Among the gravestones are two, of the husband and wife, immediately east of the arched portal of the tower, between which, many a score of years ago, the seed of a sycamore fell, and took root. Time passed, and the germ grew up gradually into a towering tree, and as its trunk expanded, the soft fibres of the wood wound themselves around the hard marble of the monument, clasping the tomb stones, as it were, with two strong arms, till it embraced them both within the very heart of its solid trunk.—Now the tall tree stretches away, with a nodding plume of green, into the clouds, while its tough roots and protecting body shield the decaying dust and crumbling monuments of two who, united in life, in death were not divided.'

PEARLS.—Pearls have been recently found in small quantities, in one of the tributaries of the Riviere Bergeron, in the Saguenay District, by tourists and others. They are said to be very beautiful, and in many cases nearly as large as peas. It is said that some persons of a speculative turn of mind have purchased as many as they could get of them. We have not yet heard, however, whether the value of these pearls has been pronounced upon by any competent person. —Quebec Chronicle.

READING.—The amusement of reading is among the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue; the upholder in adversity; the prop of independence; the support of a just pride; the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is a shield against the tyranny of all the petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's greed and the knaves' poison.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A GLANCE AT THE VICTORIA BRIDGE AND THE MEN WHO BUILT IT. By Charles Legge, Esq., Civil Engineer. Published by John Lovell, Montreal.

(CONCLUDED.)

We have thus seen George Stephenson at the commencement of his career deprived of his loved companion, early with a helpless infant and blind father left to pursue his journey alone. But "Onward" was his motto, and when in after years he emerged from the depths of the coal mines, to the upper world, it was with a mind matured and equal to the position he was then to assume. At this time he was in receipt of £100 a year, a sum sufficiently large to admit of Robert, now a lad eleven years of age, being sent to a good academy, where he reaped advantages to which George had been a stranger. On Saturday afternoon he visited his father, bringing scientific books from a circulating library to which he had subscribed, and for a number of years became a joint student with him; the father not disdaining to learn from a boy, and the son happy in having the privilege of learning from a man.

While thus employed in self instruction, he was also engaged in solving the important problem of railway locomotion, and rapidly acquired experience in that department, which soon made him the first engineer of the age. Struggling genius in this case, as in that of his predecessor Watt, found a friend in a British nobleman, Lord Ravensworth to whom all praise is due for furnishing means by which he was enabled, in the year 1814, to inaugurate the Railway system, by starting the "Blucher Engine" up a grade of 1 in 450, drawing a load of thirty tons at the rate of four miles an hour. This engine was soon followed by an improved edition, bearing the euphonious name of "Puffing Billy," and justly regarded as containing the germ of all that was subsequently effected. From this period up to the year 1825, we find him vigorously prosecuting his improvements, in which he received valuable assistance from his son (who had returned from Edinburgh University) in all the elaborate calculations required. Rich indeed was the recompense he now received for all the care shown and sacrifices made in the education of Robert, who, at this most important period of his father's life, wielded his powerful pen in bringing his vigorous and well-cultivated intellect to bear on the advocacy and development of the great experiment now about to be made by his revered parent.

What may well be termed the crowning and successful achievement of George Stephenson's life took place on the 27th day of September, 1825. On that day the first passenger-train in the world was driven by him, over the Stockton and Darlington Railway. Other works of greater magnitude afterwards emanated from him, but none that can for all time be viewed with the same interest.

And now commenced a movement in Britain and on the continents such as the world never before witnessed. Rivers were spanned, deserts crossed, impassable marshes bridged, valleys filled, and mountains levelled. The slumbers of eighteen centuries were dispelled, and an energy infused into the commercial community which a few years before would have seemed Utopian. The spirit of the Stephensons apparently animated kings, princes, and nations; and where before the footsteps of conquerors left desolation and misery, the shrill whistle of the locomotive brought back life and animation. From the country of the Pharaohs, the Ind, the land of the cocoa and the palm, from the wilds of America, or following the course of the sun and the drum-beat, westward till it reached from the east, was heard that same piercing sound, carrying civilization and liberty in its train, and in eloquent language telling all nations and tribes the story of the collier lad's success. It would under other circumstances be a pleasing and instructive duty to dwell upon the early struggles and subsequent success of George Stephenson, but enough has been said to draw attention to how great were the first and complete the last, to point him out as a bright beacon to young mechanics and others, now entering on the arena of active life, as well as to those who have experienced its hardships and crosses, teaching them that no matter how severe may be the discouragements under which they labour, they were far surpassed by those which attended up to middle age the father of railways; and, though they may not reach the goal he did, yet, with the same indomitable perseverance united with honesty of purpose and thirst for knowledge, the difficulties will vanish and honorable positions be attained. The name of his illustrious son, though not so immediately connected with the motive power of Railways, yet in other fields bears, if possible

a still brighter lustre from the extraordinary difficulties he surmounted in developing the railway system of the world. The impetus given by the elder Stephenson, was augmented by the son. New principles of construction were discovered, and adapted to the requirements of the age. Mountains were perforated and bridges of fabulous spans thrown across mighty rivers for the accommodation of traffic, without a parallel. No space of time such as the ancients occupied in their works, was allowed, but, with the principles of construction grasped intuitively, the mighty structures, Aladdin-like, sprang into existence. A relative comparison of the genius and works of those two illustrious men, is a difficult thing to arrive at, from the circumstance of their labours being to a certain extent of a joint character. Thus the father, having fought the locomotive battle for nearly twenty years single handed, against the combined scientific and commercial world, who were of opinion that this wild scheme originated in the diseased brain of a "Northumbrian maniac," when after having, by the force of his indomitable will and persistent earnestness not less than by powerful arguments, induced the Directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway to offer a prize of £500 for the best Locomotive Engine, which by a certain day should be produced on the railway, and perform certain specified conditions in the most satisfactory manner, now saw himself in a position to carry out the day-dream of his life, and, knowing that success must be now or never, determined to call to his assistance a fast friend and helper, to stand by and aid in developing his plans for the locomotive railway system, and, feeling that every dependence could be placed on the matured judgment and scientific ability of his son Robert, he consequently urged him to return from South America, which he did and joined his father in England during the latter part of the year 1827.

A gentleman yet living remembers the vivid interest of the evening discussions which then took place between father and son as to the best mode of increasing the powers and perfecting the mechanism of the locomotive. He wondered at their quick perception and rapid judgment on each other's suggestions, at the mechanical difficulties which they anticipated, and at once provided for in the practical arrangements of the machine and speaks of these evenings as affording most interesting displays of two actively ingenious and able minds, stimulating each other to feats of mechanical invention, by which it was ordained that the locomotive engine should become what it now is. The son also found abundant occupation with his pen, in answering the arguments of the learned and scientific: "That a speed of six miles an hour was a physical impossibility: that there were strong probabilities of the engine blowing up at any moment; that the cows in the neighbouring fields would cease giving milk from the severe shocks their nervous system would sustain from the passage of these hideous monsters; that the birds of the air, in flying over the line of railway, would suffer collapse and die; then the breed of horses would be destroyed, country inn-keepers ruined, posting towns depopulated, the turnpike roads deserted, and consequently the institution of the English stage-coach, with its rosy coachman and guard, known to every huxton landlady at roadside country inns, would be discarded; fox-covers and game preserves would be interfered with, agricultural communications interrupted, and land thrown out of cultivation, with owners and farmers alike reduced to beggary; the poor rats increased in consequence of the number of labourers out of employment; and lastly, the danger of women miscarriage from the sudden shock of the locomotive." A peculiarity belonging to these arguments was they generally wound up with the concluding reflection that railways would prove only monuments of the folly of their crazy projectors, whom they must inevitably involve in ruin and disaster. Many wise doctors, amongst whom was Sir Anthony Carlisle, insisted that tunnels would expose healthy people to colds, catarrhs, and consumption; and in the very laudable desire of guarding the public against such maladies, they painted in all their horrors the noise, darkness, and danger of this mode of travelling.

With what pride could he Robert Stephenson not point to the fact that the close of the year 1856 exhibited the enormous sum of £308,775,891 sterling embarked in the construction of 2635 miles of railway in Britain alone, the whole of which had been raised by private individuals, without the aid of a single penny from the public purse! With what exultation he might have mentioned that the almost incredible number of 129,317,522 individuals had travelled over

this net-work of roads, at the rate of 21 miles an hour to an average distance of 12 miles, at the rate of 1½ penny per mile, and that, during the year above mentioned, the proportion of accidents to passengers from causes beyond their own control, was only 1 person killed to 16,168,149 conveyed. And going beyond his native country, he could show 10,000 miles on the European continent, and 26,000 miles in the United States, in active operation, together with 1500 miles in course of construction in Canada, all tending practically to annihilate distance in bringing the ends of the earth together and nations into close relationship, by enabling them to exchange more freely their respective commodities, abating national antipathies, and uniting more closely the families of mankind! What a forcible answer would all this not have been to the arguments brought forward by his croaking adversaries as to the curse which would be entailed were the system carried out which was advocated by his father and himself!

We have written at some length on the Father of Railways, and on his son, the designer of the Tubular System, which now spans the Menai Straits and the mighty St. Lawrence. It has been done with the belief that many who read this, will for the first time be made acquainted in a slight degree with the early history of those remarkable and noble-hearted men, and lead them to a more intimate knowledge, from other sources, of the talents and energies they devoted to the material welfare and happiness of the human race, in all countries and of every tongue,—to know and thereby honour individuals, who, by the force of circumstances they themselves created, were brought into close and intimate relationship with kings, princes, and dukes, yet, while yielding the respect due to their exalted rank, never forgot they sprung from and belonged to the people, proudly preferring the simple appellations of George and Robert Stephenson to all the titles and distinctions repeatedly pressed upon their acceptance; and as the ponderous locomotive, instinct with life, drawing its enormous train of living freight, dashes past, causing the very earth to tremble, to lead the mind of the spectator back to the humble inmates of the clay hovel, and the long weary years of struggle before George Stephenson was enabled to bring forth this creature of his brain, and, while following with the eye the resistless, rushing thundering mass, as it approaches and enters the gigantic structure high above the angry waters, cause the thoughts to revert to the genius of him who planned it, and now resting from his labours in the venerable and time-honoured Abbey, surrounded by Britain's illustrious and mighty sons.

EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY BY A CAT.—A wonderful instance of feline affection occurred a short time ago. A person named Marsh Allen, residing at Willoughton, England, who is in a very delicate state of health, went to Hull to put himself under medical treatment, leaving his cat, which is under twelve months old, at Willoughton. One day, after he had been there some time, happening to go out into the back-yard of the house at which he was staying, he observed a cat sitting on the outer wall. He carelessly called "Fussy," when the animal, to his great surprise, jumped from the wall, rushed upon his shoulders and into his bosom, commenced licking his face, and exhibiting every other evidence of delight and affection of which it was capable. He at once perceived that it was his own cat, which he had left safely at Willoughton; and his astonishment at the startling fact may be readily imagined. On examining the animal he found that its claws were completely worn off with walking and that it presented other appearances of having undergone great fatigue, hardship and hunger. How it succeeded in crossing the Humber, or indeed in performing the journey (about fifty miles) at all, must now remain a mystery. It may be mentioned as partly accounting for the violent affection shown by this poor member of the feline race, that Allen was very fond of the animal, and in his sickness, had been in the habit of taking it to bed with him.

EMERSON ON LOVE.—The philosopher thus discourses on the great secret:—"Be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory; when we became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one

was gone; when the youth became a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent, for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures. For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven, seizes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty, over-powering all analysis or comparison, and putting us quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows."

MENTAL EXERCISE.

ENIGMA.

- I am composed of 61 letters.
 My 24, 6, 8, 11 is used in war only by a few.
 " 39, 3, 55 is what the ladies admire the most.
 " 26, 52, 18, 25, 4 is an extract from a plant of much value.
 " 4, 21, 13, 58, 49 is a large river in Europe.
 " 55, 3, 25 is a body of water south east of London.
 " 47, 23, 54 is the name of a valuable ear in the south-west of England.
 " 9, 13, 12 is of much value to the people of Newfoundland.
 " 21, 25, 43 is that which an Englishman admires, but a Turk despises.
 " 24, 42, 30, 43 is of little value to the people of Canada, but the same in the United States is of more value than money.
 " 6, 25, 43, 1, 4 is that which no person could live without, nor within.
 " 18, 20, 39, 44 is as harmless as a dove, yet it has been the means of taking the lives of thousands.
 " 6, 1, 30, 30, 60, 58, 12, 31, 13, 39 was much beloved by England's nobles.
 " 34, 1, 25 is a great favorite with the Canadian ladies.
 " 12, 7, 30, 9 has caused many a good man to leave his home and wander and die among savages.
 " 39, 13, 23, 1, 5 (the love of) is the root of all evil.
 My whole, when put together is the saying of a wise king, which we all ought to cherish as the apple of our eye. B. S.

- I am composed of 32 letters.
 My 22, 5, 17, 17, 11, 13, 28, 3 is a guide.
 " 7, 19, 11, 9, 28, 1, 15, 23 is a vessel.
 " 14, 21, 32, 18, 7, 24 is a painting.
 " 5, 4, 12, 31 is a poem.
 " 18, 8, 20, 6 is a small coin.
 " 26, 2, 30, 18, 15, 31, 10 is a troublesome weed.
 " 27, 20, 14, 25, 39, 6, 6 implies insulence.
 My whole is one of the most important events of the present century. ARTHUR.

- I am composed of 19 letters.
 My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is a boy's name.
 " 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is the name of a medical man in Welland.
 " 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 is the name of a village in Upper Canada.
 " 18, 19 is the province wherein the above village is located.
 My whole is the name of a medical gentleman in Upper Canada, and the village wherein he resides. G. W. W.
 Fenwick, Aug. 3, 1863.

CHARADE.

Fifty is my first, and nothing is my second, Five just makes my third, my fourth a vowel reckoned;
 And now to form my whole, and put the parts together,
 I die when I get cold, but I never mind cold weather. B. S.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN C. I. N. AUGUST STH.

- "J. J. M." answers "G. W. W." Fenwick — "Diffin House, Fenwick, C. W." D. R. and "Arthur" the same.
 "Arthur" answers "Adam," — Hamilton and Gore Mechanic's Institute." J. J. M. and D. R. do.
 "Arthur" answers J. J. M., —
 "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness in the desert air."
 Problem and enigma by "B. S.," Canfield, enigma by "Arthur," and many others held unavailably over for our next.
 "Ma Belle Canadienne"—Your verses will not bear scanning. Your ideas are very good. Try again.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 7TH AUG., 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries) and Amount.

Corresponding week last year. 45,099 74.

Decrease. \$2,922 76. JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton, 8th Aug. 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 1ST, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount.

Total. \$75,631 69. Corresponding week, 1862. 58,703 84.

Increase. \$16,927 85. JOSEPH BILLOTT.

MONTREAL, Aug. 7th, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT.

LIVERPOOL, July 23, 1863.

Large table with multiple columns listing various commodities like Pork, Bacon, Middles, and their prices.

PETROLEUM.

Table listing petroleum products like American Crude, Canadian, and their prices.

FREE.—Prices are higher for oil descriptions, and holders being firm, the market closes strong.

BAKING.—The sales reach 439 tons at previous quotations. Market quiet.

CHEESE.—The stock being large, prices have given way 2s. to 3s. per cwt.

BUTTER.—The sales at about last week's rates. Tallow slightly better.

LINSEED OIL.—In moderate retail demand. There has been a marked improvement in the tone of our COGNAC MARKET.

There has been a marked improvement in the tone of our COGNAC MARKET, and a healthy consumptive business doing both in WHEAT and FLOUR.

The weather has been much colder and attended with heavy rain. CLOVERSEED—500 bags taken for export at prices which have not transpired.

PETROLEUM.—The market is dull, and 2s. 3d. per gallon is the nearest quotation, on the spot, for American refined. For American Crude we quote £17 10s.; Canadian £9 10s. to £10.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto Aug. 11.

There was no grain in market except two small loads; prices remain unchanged. Fall wheat 80c to 85c for inferior, and 85c to 91c per bushel for good.

FINANCIAL.—Sterling Exchange is quoted to day at 10 for Bank 60-day drafts; 9 1/2 to 9 3/4 for private 60-day bills.

Remittances.

T. A. T., B. H., J. M., G. H. D., London; T. R., Newbury; G. & R. M., Lachute; E. O., Brockville; J. E. B., Thorold; A. S. L., Toronto; J. W. P., Mitchell; W. S. S. R., Strathfordville; H. W. J. McC., S. N., N. N., Rev. J. W., Vienna; P. McM., J. W., S. P., Miss M. H., Port Burwell; O. B., Brownville; D. M. B. McC., Clunas; E. S., Springfield; C. H. J. K., W. Y., Port Bruce; L. M. L., Tilsonburgh; T. T. M., Aylmer; J. P. McD., Vienna.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, HAMILTON, C. W.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor. THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King Street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the traveling public accommodation and convenience surpassed by no other hotel in the Province.

The large dining-room of the Hotel—one of the most commodious rooms in the city—will still be open for Dinner Parties, Concerts, and other social entertainments.

In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration.

The International Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Caledonia, Port Dover, Duquesne, Guelph and other places.

An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, connecting with trains east and west.

W. M. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. Hamilton, July 27, 1863.

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At considerable trouble and expense, we have succeeded in securing the services of some of the

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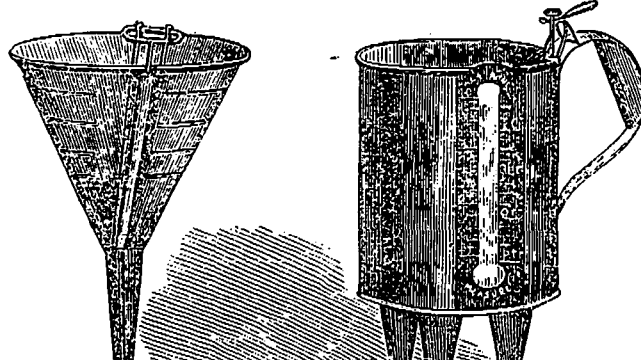
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FERGUSON & GREGORY, Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, C. W.

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BROOKES' FUNNEL MEASURE.

THE engravings show an ingenious apparatus for Measuring Liquids, lately patented by Mr. THOMAS BROOKES.

Fig. 1, on right, is a gallon measure with three legs, two being portable, the third forming the spout; a piece of glass with figures on either side shows the quantity of liquid contained, while the small handle at the top, by being pressed, opens a valve at the bottom which allows it to pass through.

Fig. 2, on left, is the same kind of apparatus, the valve being opened by pulling the handle. By this contrivance the merchant may possess a Measure and Funnel combined which will save him considerable expense and no end of trouble and annoyance.

The articles may be obtained from Mr. THOMAS BROOKES, 27 King Street, Toronto, and from his authorized Agents, Toronto, May 30, 1863.

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Work of every description made to order, on the shortest notice, and entire satisfaction guaranteed, or the money returned. One trial is earnestly solicited.

W. M. SERVOS, Proprietor. Hamilton, May, 1863.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

MRS. JOHN L. MURPHY would respectfully inform her friends and the public, that she is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for instruction on the Piano Forte, at her residence, Mulberry Street, between Park and MacNab. References given if required. Hamilton, June 20th, 1863.

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