

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



Vol. I—No. 11.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

[35 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
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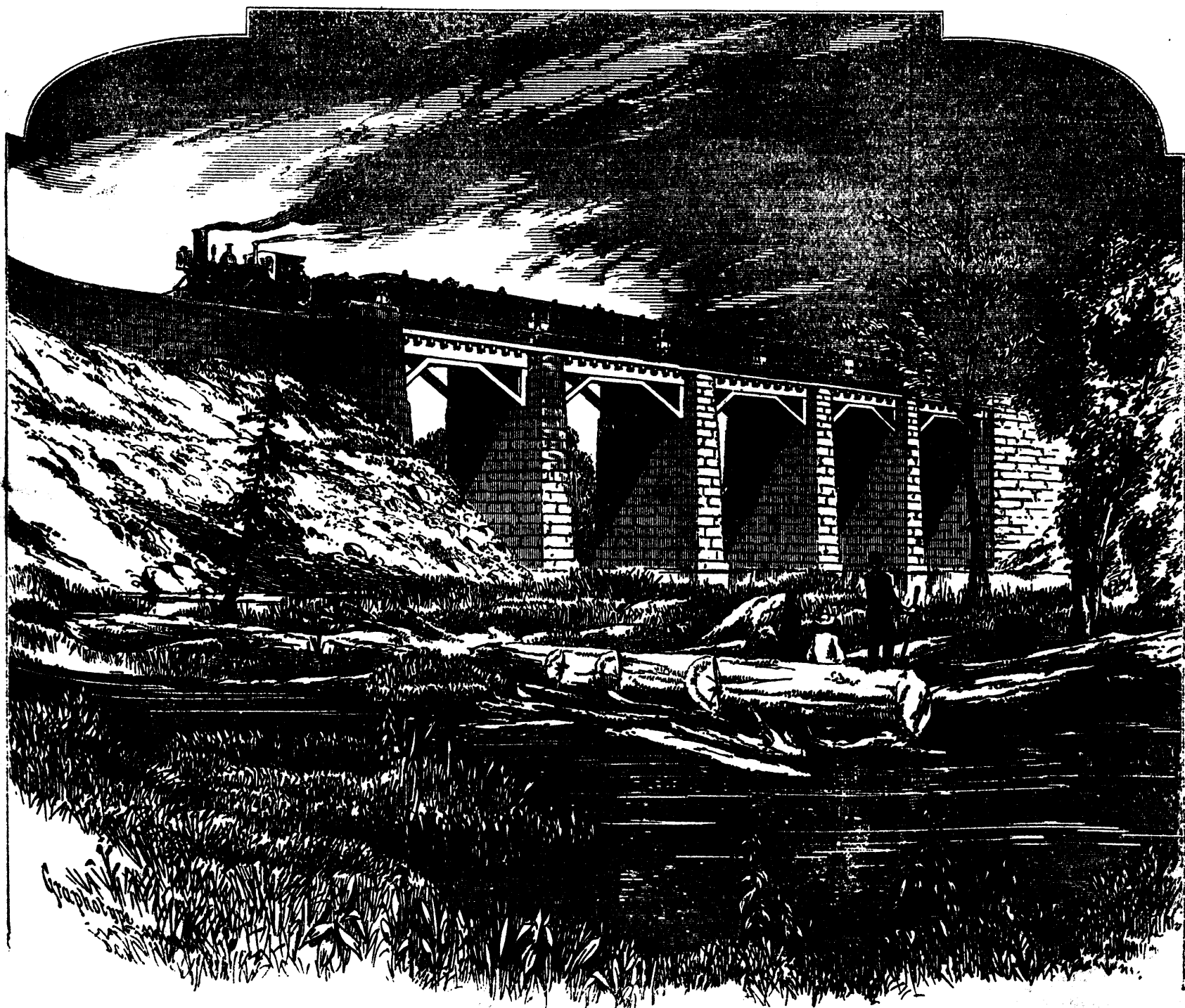
RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE RIDEAU RIVER.

The days of stage coaches have come to an end, and everywhere is to be heard the snorting of the iron horse, and the shrill blast of the steam whistle, warning the thoughtless of their danger, if they have ventured upon his path. The age will be satisfied with nothing

less. Distance must be abridged, no matter what the labor or the expense. It is not, however, to speak of them in a financial point of view, or whether they have not been sometimes introduced, where the old system might have sufficed, but rather to illustrate the difficulties which had to be met and overcome before the new system of locomotion could be brought into operation.

The bridge which spans the Rideau can by no means compare with some other works of the same kind within the Provinces, and yet it has required a large amount of skill and labor to construct it. It is situated in the vicinity of Smith's Falls, in the Eastern corner of the township of North Elmsley, and about 32 miles from Brockville. The river, which it spans, is about 116

miles in length, and disembogues into the River Ottawa, at the city of the same name. There is nothing peculiar in the construction of the bridge, other than what is shown in the engraving; but it serves to illustrate some of the obstacles which have been overcome in a country whose history is but of yesterday.



RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIDEAU RIVER NEAR SMITH'S FALLS.

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

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News

HAMILTON, JANUARY 24, 1863.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND
CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR readers will, we think, give us credit for having thus far abstained from obtruding upon their notice, any reference to ourselves, our difficulties, our progress, or our shortcomings. We have neither 'puffed' the 'Illustrated' in its own pages nor asked others to extol it for us. Indeed we have hitherto put forth but very little exertion, on behalf of our humble effort, preferring to 'cast it upon the waters,' content to let it 'feel its way,' feeling fully satisfied that, if it was required, and conducted anything like what it ought to be, it would be sustained.

The difficulties and annoyances that beset us at the outset, have been neither few nor small, but we think we can congratulate ourselves, that both have now, in a great measure, been overcome. Our progress has week by week been such that our most sanguine expectations have been more than realized; and our grateful acknowledgments are due to those parties who, from the commencement of our undertaking, have cheered us by their support, and by their council. To our brethren of the press, likewise, from whom we have received so many kind notices, we tender our sincere thanks.

Our shortcomings we are fully aware of, and if we were in any danger of overlooking or forgetting them, we certainly have not lacked plenty of advisers to remind us of them. We have however comforted ourselves with the reflection that 'Rome was not built in a day,' that in the school of experience we were learning some lessons, rather expensive ones, perhaps, but still we hope, useful, and that we were daily adding to our resources in a variety of ways. Our aim has been to make our paper, in all its departments, worthy of the noble province from which it emanates. To accomplish this we have devoted, and will devote to it all the energies at our command; and while we certainly do not arrogate for it anything approaching to perfection, we think our readers will agree with us in saying that the improvement in its pages, since the first number, has been both marked and striking.

But enough of this, our purpose in penning these lines is not to frame an apology, but rather to announce some new features, which we purpose introducing into our paper.

Apologies and prefaces we have but little love for, under any circumstances. There is in general too much *sham work*, too great a lack of honest sincerity about apologies, for us to have much faith in them. For this reason, we issued the first number of our paper without offering any apology for it. We believed that an illustrated newspaper was required in Canada; we believed that we had a right to publish one; we also believed that we were competent for the task of conducting it, and we farther believed, that if our honest convictions in all these respects were correct, the public would sustain our effort; if they were false all the apologies we could write, and all the 'puffs' we could secure, would neither cure our incompetency, nor permanently secure public patronage.

The new features—we trust they will be considered improvements by all our readers—already alluded to, and which at the solicitation of valued friends and

correspondents, we purpose introducing into our paper are as follows:—1st we purpose devoting one or two columns, as they may be required, of each number to 'Notes and Queries,' Scientific, Antiquarian, and Literary, and we confidently look for the co-operation of our correspondents throughout the country to aid us in making this department both interesting and instructive.

2nd A Chess column will be commenced in an early number, as soon in fact as our preparations are fully completed, and we have pleasure in stating, that a gentleman, every way qualified for the task, has undertaken the charge of conducting this department.

3rd We have made arrangements whereby our market reports will be prepared especially for our paper, so that all our readers interested, can depend upon the correctness of our commercial columns. In addition to the usual market report, we purpose giving a summary of the English markets and price lists, and for this purpose will be supplied regularly with the weekly circular of Messrs. A. R. McPherson & Co., Liverpool, an eminent commission and shipping firm, largely engaged in the Canadian trade. As long as our trading intercourse with our immediate neighbors remains unsettled as it has lately been, thereby forcing us into closer commercial relations with the mother country, these reports will, we believe, be considered a desideratum.

4th:—To please and instruct our many lady friends and readers, we have made arrangements, whereby we shall be supplied with the latest 'fashions' as published by one of the first London houses, in advance, we may state, of any other illustrated paper in America. The plates of the new spring styles, in mantles, caps, hats, head-dresses, &c., we expect in a few days, and they will appear in an early number.

We do not purpose, however, by any means, to rest satisfied with introducing these new features into our paper, but shall avail ourselves of every improvement that presents itself, commensurate with the support accorded to us.

A closing word, and it is this. We are always grateful, both for suggestions made to us in the way of improving our paper, and for well written communications suited to its pages; but, while this is the case, we will not promise to adopt the one, or insert the other. We really cannot undertake to please everybody. Some suggestions which have been made to us, are perfectly impracticable; others very undesirable. Some communications sent us, are admirably suited to a political newspaper, which ours certainly is not, others were very well adapted for a sectarian journal, which ours never will be. In fact, our short experience, has already taught us, that our subscribers, contributors, and readers, have, each of them, plans of their own, for conducting an illustrated journal; and the labor of Hercules, was simple recreation, compared with what ours would be, if we undertook to please and gratify all. Our friends, will please 'make a note' of this, for future reference.

CREDIT FONCIER, LAND BANKS OF THE PAST.

THE proposed Land Bank for Lower Canada, entitled *Credit Foncier*, engages discussion and will be submitted to Parliament early in the ensuing Session.—It is opposed in Upper Canada on several grounds. One is, that it resembles schemes which have been started in France; have there flourished for a brief day; have collapsed and left behind them nothing but traditions of disaster. The bank and Mississippi scheme of John Law is named as an instance. The more recent operations of M. Mires might be as appropriately adduced. So also a score of banks which have failed in Great Britain in the last twenty years. But it is unfair to cover the new proposition with the odium of any historical project.

Let this stand on its own merits. When fairly before the public we shall submit it to fair criticism. Meanwhile a glance at Land Bank projects of former times may be useful to legislators, whose duty it will be to accept or reject, or modify the scheme of *Credit Foncier*.

John Law propounded his plan in Scotland about 1708, before carrying it to Italy and France. During the progress of the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland in the early years of the reign of Queen Anne, he was engaged in arranging the revenue accounts of Scotland. Having been born in 1681, he was then young, but probably not inexperienced in matters of finance. His father was a goldsmith and money-lender in the city of Edinburgh. Young Law proposed the establishment of a National Bank which should issue paper money to the amount of the value of all the land in the country. The scheme mingled two elements of commerce in one. The security given for credit obtained was to become the national currency. Some have pronounced such a system impracticable; some practicable, but swiftly ruinous. Others to this day declare it to be, in combination with all other public resources, national revenue and national credit, the only safe basis on which a bank can be founded, never to break, never to be disturbed by commercial panics—a bank under which commercial panics cannot arise.

John Law asserted that the currency would never be in excess so long as the property which the paper issues represented was in existence, that is, the bank notes would not fail while Scotland stood. But the problem to be solved was that of converting the 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood' into bank property, by sale. And that will be the question in Lower Canada in 1863. It is easy to foresee that if the Provincial Government guarantees the credit of this new Land Bank, and a large number of the small landowners become borrowers and do not pay, political obstacles will arrest any process of law to enforce recovery of interest and capital. The land may be put up for sale but who will buy the homesteads of a hundred thousand or half a million families?

Dr. Hugh Chamberlayn, in 1692, submitted his project of a Land Bank, for which an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1696. This has been celebrated less for its merits or faults than from its having been accepted by the landed gentry of the time, they being chiefly Tories, while the rival scheme of Wm. Patterson, which ripened into the Bank of England, was a Whig adventure. Macaulay, in his 'History of England,' when touching on the Tory Land Bank, ceases to be either eloquent as a writer or just as a historian. He raves. Chamberlayn, in his prospectus, demanded why twenty shillings worth of land in Taunton Dean should not be as good security for a bank note representing twenty shillings, as that amount in gold or silver? The practical solution depended on what the value of Taunton Dean and all the county of Somerset, of which it formed part, and perhaps twenty other borrowing counties might be, should interest fail to be paid to the bank, and the land be offered for sale to redeem the principal. Chamberlayn's scheme, as illustrated by a contemporary, John Briscoe, with whom, and with the landed gentry, Macaulay is grotesquely frolicsome, contained economic fallacies; but the members of the landed interest in the Houses of Lords and Commons, did not adopt all those fallacies, though possibly, they retained some. In our own day, the Land and Labor Bank of the Chartists of 1847-48, was an admixture of economic propriety and error; of political intention, both commendable and reprehensible. So, also, was John Law's celebrated Mississippi Company, an admixture of sound principles and error. It was disastrous to shareholders in France, and

culminated in vicious gambling; but the City of New Orleans, with the sugar canes and tobacco of Louisiana, which there included the whole region of the Mississippi, were, and still are, the permanent fruits of that maligned company. 'And,' rejoins some dismal truth-teller, 'so was negro slavery, and so is the terrible calamity of civil war, which devastates America this day.' True, the Mississippi company of John Law became united with the East India and Senegal companies of France; and the capital of the bank which had Law for its manager and the Duke of Orleans Regent of France for its patron, was largely invested in carrying black men from Africa to the plantations of Louisiana.

In our next issue a new contributor will make his appearance in the first of a series of letters descriptive of the *Industrial Life in Canada*; and will, on an early occasion, give a comprehensive narrative of the operations of Land Loans, Credits to Municipalities and Land Banks.

MR. SIDDON'S LECTURE.—Prof. Siddons gave a lecture on Elocution, on Saturday evening, before the members of the Hamilton Institute of Young Franklins, at their Hall, which they have recently fitted up in D. Moore & Co.'s building, King, near Catharine street. The lecture was most excellent, and the readings in illustration were read only Prof. Siddons can read. The comic piece 'My Lord Tom Noddy at the Execution,' was well received, and the concluding piece 'Micky Free describing the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo to the editor of the Bristol paper,' completely brought down the house. The hall was well filled, and the audience separated seemingly well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

BEAUTIFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.—Major Daniel McCoul, of the 2nd Battalion Norfolk Militia, was recently successfully operated upon for 'cataract,' in this city by Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh, the Oculist. The operation was the critical one known as 'extraction,' and was performed in the presence of several of our first surgeons, who agree in stating that it was most skilfully executed. The Major's friends will doubtless be pleased to learn that he can now say 'Whereas I was blind, now I see.'

THE VICISSITUDES OF AN AUTHORESS.—It appears that Miss Braddon, the authoress of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' first took a liking to music, tried it, and was pronounced a failure; then essayed a small part on the stage, and ditto, ditto; and finally collapsed into pen and ink, and with great difficulty got a small sketch, called 'The Artist's Story,' passed for the Welcome Guest. Subsequently she undertook to divulge 'Lady Audley's Secret,' and was so successful in attracting the public attention, that she now takes her place beside George Elliot and the authoress of 'East Lynne.' Any publisher will give her two thousand pounds to write a book, and—not too fine a point on it—her fortune's made. From the time when Milton got five pounds for 'Paradise Lost,' down to the success of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' publishers have been wretchedly slow to detect genius. We know how 'Waverley' was rejected, buried for years in a trunk, and how eventually it hung fire; how Byron was condemned by Brougham and Jeffrey, and how Dickens had to implore old Black, as a favor, to admit his 'Sketches by Boz' into the Evening Chronicle. We have read Curren Bell's own tale about the rejection of 'Jane Eyre,' by scores of wise-acres; and Mrs. Beecher Stowe has recorded the snubbings which 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had to undergo before any one could be got to print it. Thackeray once thought of burning 'Vanity Fair,' and now we have Miss Braddon, who was pronounced a failure by everybody, and in everything, bursting out upon the town like a meteor.

Cartouche, the French robber, was once requested by a young man to be engaged in his band. 'Where have you served?' asked Cartouche. 'Two years with a respectable attorney and six months with an inspector of police.' 'Well,' answered the thief, 'that whole time shall be reckoned as if you had served in my troop.'

Gleanings.

EDWARD IRVING AND THE SHOEMAKER.—A certain shoemaker, radical and infidel, was among the number of those under Irving's special care; a home workman, of course, always present, silent, with his back turned upon the visitors, and refusing any communication except a sullen hump of implied criticism, while his trembling wife made her deprecating curtsy in the foreground. The way in which this intractable individual was finally won over is attributed, by some tellers of the story, to a sudden happy inspiration on Irving's part, but by others to plot and intention. Approaching the bench one day, the visitor took up a piece of patent leather, then a recent invention, and remarked upon it in somewhat skilled terms. The shoemaker went on with redoubled industry at his work; but at last roused and exasperated by the speech and pretence of knowledge, demanded, with great contempt, but without raising his eyes, 'What do ye ken about leather?' This was just the opportunity his assailant wanted; for Irving, though a minister and a scholar, was a tanner's son, and could discourse learnedly upon that material. Gradually interested and mollified, the cobbler slackened work, and listened while his visitor described some process of making shoes by machinery, which he had carefully got up for the purpose. At last the shoemaker so far forgot his caution as to suspend his work altogether and lift his eyes to the great figure stooping over his bench. The conversation went on with increased vigour after this, till finally the recumbent laid down his arms. 'Oo, you're a decent kind of fellow; do you preach?' said the vanquished, curious to know more of his visitor. The advantage was discreetly but not too hotly pursued; and on the following Sunday the rebel made a defiant, but shy appearance at church.—Next day he encountered him in the savoury Gallowgate, and hailed him as a friend.—Walking beside him in natural talk, the tall probationer laid his hand upon the shirt-sleeve of the shrunken sedentary workman, and marched by his side, along the well-frequented street. By the time they had reached the end of their mutual way, not a spark of resistance was left in the shoemaker. His children henceforth went to school; his deprecating wife went to the kirk in peace. He himself acquired that suit of Sunday 'blacks' so dear to the heart of the poor Scotchman, and became a church-goer and respectable member of society; while his acknowledgement of his conqueror was conveyed with characteristic reticence and concealment of all deeper feeling in the self-excusing pretence—'He's a sensible man you; he kens about leather!'—Oliphant's Life of Irving.

THE ISLAND OF SKYE.—The 20,000 inhabitants of Skye have a more precarious subsistence than the inhabitants of almost any other part of the United Kingdom. Their soil is barren, except in a few valleys and at the heads of the interior lochs, and from the mountains the traveller may see how scanty is the tillage. There are strips of cultivation in the levels and by the margin of the lakes, and patches here and there on the moorlands; and there are a few scattered farms, very poor and difficult to manage. The climate is such that nothing is attempted beyond oats and potatoes. These and the fishery constitute the maintenance of the country and shore people; and the tradesfolk depend, of course, on the custom of their neighbors. Everything that is imported is dear, and almost everything is imported—even to butchers' meat. Peat from the moorland is the fuel used. The oats have almost altogether failed to ripen this year, and a considerable proportion has never been cut at all. It lies swamped under the snow. The potatoes are the main resource of the people from autumn to mid-summer, and the potatoes are this season a mere mass of putridity. The inhabitants are sitting amid their hurricanes, and hail, and snow, without fire as well as without food, for the continual rains of this year have so flooded the moorland that no peat could be got. The ministers of Skye are in despair about saving the people without immediate help, and already the children are down in measles and their parents wasting away in low fever. The fever is creeping on from house to house and from village to village. Such is the account which lies before me from the hand of the minister of Sleat. The name will call up recollections in the minds of tourists, who may, perhaps, feel that their summer pleasures so far bind them to the place and people as to constitute some sort of obligation to help them in their fearful distress. In the absence of a Count Rumford we must use our own wits

and heart enough to ship off some cargoes of potatoes, meal, and fuel (peat, if possible, to suit the island hearth.) Unless this is done there will be something worse in Skye than we have been dreading in Lancashire. Will some one go and cross that strip of stormy sea, and learn the extent of the need, and show us how to meet it in the quickest and best way? If so, that explorer will look all his life on that winter trip with more satisfaction than on any autumn touring from the peaks of the Alps to the depths of Mammoth caves.—Once a Week.

THE END OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—A noteworthy incident occurred at the closing of the Great Exhibition in London last year,—an incident which shows how truly loyal are the hearts that beat in British bosoms, how deep and tender is the sympathy of the people with our mourning Queen in her great sorrow. It is related by the author of 'John Halifax, gentleman,' in a paper which she contributes to *McMillan's Magazine* for December. We quote:—

'Though there was no formal notification of the fact, it was understood that God Save the Queen would be sung about four o'clock under the western dome; and thither, about three o'clock, the visitors slowly pressed. Forty thousand of them the *Times* stated next day, were gathered together at that one point, and we could well believe it. They filled area, staircases, galleries, thick as swarming bees. In the darkening twilight, they became a sight mysterious, nay, awful; for they were such an enormous mass, and they were so very still. That curious sound, familiar to all Exhibition-goers, almost like the roaring of the sea, only that it came not in waves but continuously, had altogether ceased.—Wedged together in a compact body, the people waited silently for the first notes, which stir every British heart to the core, and ever will.

God Save the Queen! Here, at closing of the building, which she must have thought of and looked forward to so long, yet where her foot has never been, who could help a thrill deeper than ordinary as the notes burst out—thin and quivering at first—they were only sopranos in unison and unaccompanied—but gradually growing steadier and clearer, till the ending of the third line, when the organ took it up.

That was the moment—a moment never to be forgotten by any who were present. After a bar's pause, the people took it up too. From nave, transepts, and galleries, from the whole forty thousand as with one voice, arose the chorus—

'God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.'

Again the shrill sopranos led the tune, and again the people answered it, louder, steadier than before:—

'Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!'

It was an outburst of popular emotion—actual emotion—for I saw many, both men and women—(better terms than 'ladies and gentlemen,' though they were such likewise)—stand singing out loud with the tears in their eyes. Such a sight was worth all the show ceremonials that could have been planned. Foreigners must have marvelled at it, and have seen in it some index of the reason why amidst crumbling tyrannies and maddened republics, we Britons keep our balance, with love and loyalty, that, we pray God, may never end.

As the anthem ceased, what a cheer arose! How interminably it lasted! And when, with a multitudinous roar, the public demanded it again, how it was chorussed grander than before—the sound of it whirling and whirling and whirling almost like a visible thing up to the great glass dome, where used to be blue sky, but was now all but darkness.

Here, I wish I could end. I wish I had not to record a sad anti-climax—a great mistake. The ill-advised organist, probably in compliment to foreign visitors, struck up 'Partant pour la Syrie.' The sopranos began to sing it, and failed; a few voices started it in the crowd, and also failed; there was a feeble cry for 'Hats off!' but the British public manfully refused. It would not—how could it?—take its hat off to any but its own rightful Queen. A generally uncomfortable feeling arose. There were outcries for 'Yankee Doodle,' and other national airs; a few hisses, cat-calls, and the like; and the public, which had taken the ceremony so entirely in its own hands, was becoming a very obstreperous public indeed. It evidently felt, and with justice, that it was not a right or decorous thing for the last notes heard in our great International and National Exhibition to be a foreign tune; nor that the farewell cheer

given them should be given for anybody but our own beloved Queen.

It was a difficult position, for we could hardly have 'God Save the Queen' a third time; until some bold spirit in the crowd settled the matter by shouting out at the top of his voice, 'Rule Britannia!' The crowd leaped at the idea. Overpowered by acclamations, the organist returned to his seat; once more the choir began, and the organ joined in chorus, together with the whole multitude below and around, who testified their not unworthy triumph by singing out, with redoubled emphasis, how 'Britons never, never will be slaves.'

So ended this strange scene, and with it the last day of the Great Exhibition of 1862. Slowly and peaceably the visitors dispersed; many pacing for a long time the shadowy nave, and in the French or Italian courts, where the cases, already covered up, looked in the dusky light like gigantic biers, faintly outlined under the white palls. And in spite of the deafening clang of innumerable bells, many still lingered round the Majolica fountain—lingered till it was nearly six o'clock, and quite dark, taking their last look of the familiar scene.

Yes, it was all over; and the chances are many that we of this generation shall never see an International Exhibition again. Let us remember this one tenderly. Let us say 'Requiescat in pace,' and go our ways.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—The following graphic sketch of the Empress of the French, who presides over the world of fashion, will be read with interest by our lady readers.

She seems to have been longing for the quiet and solitude of this room, for she has thrown back her beautiful head, surrounded with the pale golden hair, and appears to be in a reverie. The soft azure eye is only half visible beneath the inimitable eyelid, and her entire appearance indicates exhaustion and fatigue. The lines of the face are so fine, so noble, and run into each other so harmoniously that it seems as if a sculptor had incarnated his ideal. But the color of the cheeks is no longer that of youth. The forehead, broad and slightly arched, displays those fine ripple-marks which the woman of forty years, and the woman of thirty-six—far so old is the Empress—endures with a sigh. The whole expression of this wax-like countenance, with its enchanting blending of the Moorish and Germanic types displays something of Southern languor; but if she were to smile, if a few soft words were to pass those exquisitely carved lips, the coldness of this face would melt away, the eyes would open to their full size, and sparkle like stars in a tropical heaven, and beauty would re-appear as if by enchantment on those pale cheeks. At present, however, we are merely able to notice the graceful, though imposing beauty of her figure, her rounded arm, white as freshly fallen snow, the nobility of her bust and the graceful, well-set neck, on whose pink, transparent skin there is a simple row of pearls. At present, she seems poetical and gentle, but she would be enchanting were she to burst into passion, and all the feelings she possesses display themselves in their might and fullness. At such times there flashes from her eyes something unexpected—a look of hatred, contempt, triumph and craft—which forms the most wondrous contrast with this St. Cecilia countenance. The opposite folding doors are thrown open, and arouse the Empress from her reverie. Little Napoleon comes in, followed by his 'gouvernante.' He is tall for his six years, though rather delicate; but his round, healthy face, with his mother's large blue eyes and fair hair contradict all the rumors about the Imperial Prince being bodily and mentally weak. He is simply dressed in a kilt and fine white chemise, with a loose black neckerchief, and his plaid stockings are not fastened with garters, but by elastic to his belt. He merrily runs up to his mother, battledore and shuttlecock in hand, to bid her good morning; he also adds that his father will soon come to fetch the Empress for a walk in the garden. Eugenie rises, walks to her desk, and while writing a note hastily in long delicate characters, the child of France plays with a shuttlecock and prattles merrily with his nurse.

The door opens once again, and the Emperor walks in; in a plain black frock coat, and hat in hand; with exclamation, 'Montodo!' The Empress rises, and walks to meet her husband, not lovingly, but as if thoughtfully trying to read his face. Napoleon invites her to accompany him in a walk and she rings, and orders an attendant to bring her bonnet and shawl. The Emperor is playing with his son, and Eugenie gazes at the scene, not without sympathy; but her eyes seek before all to read something else—something interesting to her—upon

Napoleon's face. She is more to him than a mere wife, she is a portion of his existence and however enamored the Prince President may have been of the Countess Montijo, he would not have married her had he not seen in her the spirit of a zealous and rare ally, who was more valuable to him than the doubtful advantages of an alliance with a princess of some reigning house. Eugenie attracted Napoleon by her charms, but not for the sake of being loved by him so much as to satisfy the ambition of the Montijos.—She promised him her hand, but he must first become a real power in France—Emperor. Still she labored zealously, in order to attain this object. She agitated, gained men who admired her, over to the Napoleon cause, and under the mask of an enthusiastic woman, made all the preparations for the 'coup d'etat' with the chief leaders.—On that December night, when it was carried out, she sat with Napoleon at the telegraphic instrument. Hence she worked with her own hands in restoring the Napoleon dynasty; and Napoleon never for a moment overlooked the fact. In the case of any eventualities, he appointed her Regent, for he knew her energy her sharp-sightedness, her presence of mind, her political foresight, which were eminently displayed during the Italian Campaign. He allows her to preside at the Council of State, for no one understands so well as she does Napoleon's inmost thoughts, or can judge so well the consequences of events. There is something prophetic about her, and the Emperor regards her as a portion of his fate.

'Louis Napoleon's spouse is as capricious as she is pretty. The hoop skirt is one of her notions, and on the whole a beneficial one. Embroidered petticoats were another of the Empress' whims, engendered by her pity for the distressed seamstresses of Paris. A sudden and unroyal-like visit to London was another caprice, causing a quarrel with Louis, and other family troubles. Becoming distressingly pious was another notion; promising to have a second baby, another.—But the queerest and most startling feminine fancy was publishing a newspaper. 'La France' is the Empress' organ, which Europe reads with interest, on whose contents the stockholders speculate, and which forms the new 'sensation' of Paris. It has an enormous circulation, and is impertinent and assuming. Fancy Eugenie's lovely hands soiled with the ink of proof sheets. Imagine her selecting, clipping, revising, arranging and inditing; conceiving leaders instead of colors. All the pocket money that she can squeeze out of her grim lord is now wasted in types; all her time is passed in selecting editors and prescribing copy.

COALS OF FIRE.—The other day a respectable colored man called on a merchant of New York, and asked him to aid a colored church with a subscription. His credentials were good, and among those who knew him he stood high. The merchant cried, 'Yes, I'll give you something.' He took the negro by the collar, showed him to the door, kicked him into the street and said, 'There, take that.' The negro had not made up his mind what to do. The ejection was summary and complete. His subscription book lay in the gutter, his hat on the sidewalk, and himself in the street. The first impulse was to break the assailant's windows; but he concluded he would not do that. He gathered up his property and sought a more hospitable shelter. He told his tale, and before night his gains cleared fifty dollars; and a bright thought struck him, that he must put down the assault and battery as so much towards the church, and see what it would come to. He went on his way. Money came in. He told his story, and like the two mites, it promised more than any one had put into the treasury.

The assailant heard of the story. He was ashamed of his conduct. He wanted to stop the mouth of the black rascal, as he called him. He sent for him, made an apology, and put his name down on the book, and gave the money into the hand of the black man. But it did not stop his mouth. He told it so much the more. And now he goes on his way—he tells how the man assaulted him. 'He caught me by the hair, and swung me round just so. He put his name on my book. Jest look a here—dare him be, if you don't believe un.' And the agent for the little, small, weak, black man's church among the poor of our city, thinks that the day he was so beaten was 'the best day's work he ever did.' Not a bad illustration of that old command to heap coals of fire on the head of your enemy.—Home Journal.

Mrs. EDWIN JAMES has obtained a divorce 'a vinculo matrimonii,' in an action against her husband just decided in her favor.

TESTIMONIAL TO W. G. CASSELS, ESQ.,

Mr. W. G. Cassels, on resigning his position as manager of the Bank of British North America, in Toronto, to become Manager of the Gore Bank, in Hamilton, was presented by a number of the merchants of that city, with a testimonial, an engraving of which, will be found in this number. The presentation took place in Mr. Cassel's on house, where a number of the first business men of Toronto came together.

Mr. Charles Roberts, Secretary to the Testimonial Committee, read the following address, which was engrossed on vellum, and was presented to Mr. Cassels by the Chairman, Mr. Alexander Murray:—

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of a number of your friends in Toronto, we beg leave to congratulate you on your appointment as Manager of the Gore Bank, Hamilton, and we trust the change will prove as satisfactory to yourself as it will, no doubt, be beneficial to that Institution.

During the long period of years that you have filled the responsible position of Manager of the Bank of British North America here, your conduct has been distinguished by sound judgment and great prudence, especially at a period and under circumstances of severe trial and vast importance to the trade of the country, when a revolution in its commerce was created by the sudden influx of foreign capital for the construction of public works, by which trade was unduly stimulated and property raised to a fictitious value, followed by a reactionary crisis which paralyzed all the great interests of the country. We have much pleasure in expressing our hearty approval of your conduct and ability under those trying circumstances; for, whilst carefully guarding the interests of the Bank, you were never forgetful of the requirements of its customers.

We beg leave, previous to your change of residence, to present you with these articles of plate, as a token of our high respect and esteem.

That you may live long to enjoy the society of your family and the respect of your fellow-citizens in the new sphere of your duties, is the earnest wish of your friends in Toronto. Signed on behalf of the subscribers.

ALEX. MURRAY, Chairman.

SAMUEL SPREULL,
GEORGE MICHIE,
CHAS. ROBERTSON, } Committee.

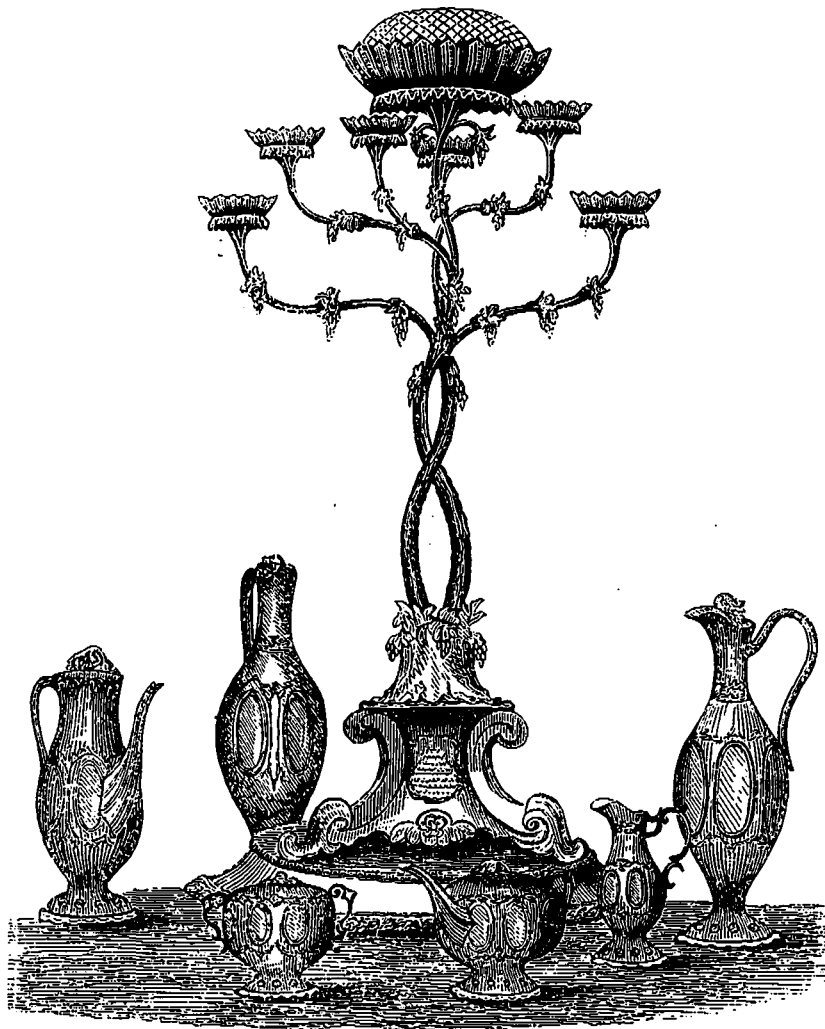
Toronto, 31st Dec., 1862.

Mr. CASSELS made the following reply:—

GENTLEMEN,—I offer you my most heartfelt thanks for your kind congratulations on my appointment as Manager of the Gore Bank, and I accept with gratitude the very costly articles of plate which you have been so generous as to present to me. The flattering terms in which you refer to my conduct and services during the time I have held the position of Manager of the Bank of British North America in this city, although very gratifying to me, far exceed, I fear, what I have merited. All I feel that I can lay claim to, is the acknowledgment of an earnest desire to discharge my duties in a manner acceptable to the proprietors of the Bank and the public. The kindness which has prompted you to express yourselves in terms so complimentary, and which I assure you I appreciate, will, I trust, stimulate me to increased exertion in the new position I am about to assume. In conclusion, let me thank you, gentlemen, for your kind wishes, and assure you that removal from your city will not in any degree lessen my feeling of gratitude for your great kindness and liberality, or impair that sincere friendship which has characterized our intercourse during my long residence in Toronto.

The tea and coffee service, are of solid silver. The epergne and candelabra stand upwards of two feet high. On a shield is the following inscription:—

Presented to Walter Gibson Cassels, Esq., by his friends in Toronto, on his assuming the management of the Gore Bank, Hamilton, as a mark of their appreciation of his conduct, whilst Manager of the Bank of British North America. Toronto, December, 1862.



TESTIMONIAL TO MR. CASSELS.

TAKE CARE OF THE FEET.—‘Of all parts of the body,’ says a medical writer, ‘there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. Every person knows from experience that colds, and many other diseases which proceed from colds, are attributable to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance from the centre of the system that the circulation of the blood may be very easily checked; yet, for all this, there is no part of the human body so much trifled with as the feet. The young, and would-be genteel cramp their toes and feet into thin-soled, bone-pinching boots and shoes, in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term. There is one great evil against which all persons should be on their guard—we mean the changing of warm or cold shoes or boots. A change is often made from thick to thin-soled shoes, without reflecting upon the consequences which may ensue. In cold weather, boots and shoes of good, thick leather, both in soles and uppers, should be worn by all. Water-tights are not good if they are air-tights also; india-rubber overshoes should never be worn except in wet, splashy weather, and then not very long at once. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering that entirely obstructs the passage of the carbonic gas from the pores of the skin outward, and the moderate passage of air inward to the skin. Life can be destroyed in a very short time, by entirely closing up the pores of the skin. Good warm stockings and thick-soled boots and shoes are conservators of health, and consequently of human happiness.

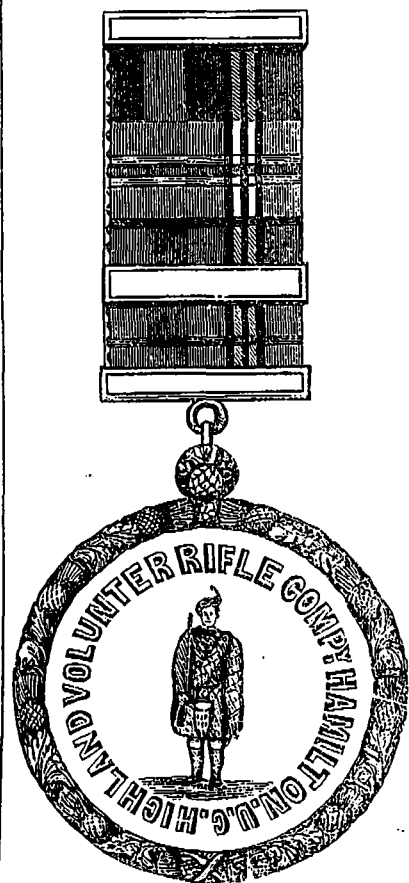
In reply to a letter of enquiry from the Messrs. Allan of Glasgow, Mr. Jewett, collector of Portland, says that the invoices of goods entered at that port and intended for any of the British Provinces, do not require to be supported by a Consul's certificate.

PRIZE MEDAL.

ABOVE we engrave the Volunteer Highland Company of Hamilton's prize medal for target practice, competed for last month during the annual twelve days' drill, and won by Sergeant McKillop, who made within a fraction of two points per shot—the range being from 150 to 500 yards. Sergeant Murray (who won the Volunteer's trial prize at Toronto last summer,) and private Renton, being the next best shots in the Company, both making only four points less than Sergeant McKillop. Two of the days' prac-

tice was conducted under circumstances by no means favorable to good shooting, the men having to load and fire standing ankle deep in mud, the range being in a recently plowed field.

The medal, which was manufactured by Mr. Robert Osborne, jeweller of this city, is very beautifully executed; and we would draw the attention of the numerous rifle companies, curling, cricket, base ball and other clubs, to Mr. Osborne's superiority as a medalistic artist, and to the fact that, for the future, there will be no occasion to send abroad for prizes, now that medals of such artistic excellence can be procured at home.



VOLUNTEER PRIZE MEDAL.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A commission has been appointed in England to enquire into the Penal Servitude Acts of 1853 and 1857. The commission consists of Mr. Waddington, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Lenley, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chelmsford, Lord Cranworth, Sir George Grey, Mr. Pleydell Bouverie, O'Connor Don, Mr. Childers and the Recorder of London. The ability and impartiality of the commission are highly spoken of, and an interesting report is looked for on this important question.

The London ‘Daily Telegraph’ has a leading article on the cruelty with which lads are treated in our merchant service. The immediate cause of the article is the death of a lad on board the Martha Pope, Captain Randall Stone. The medical examination showed that the poor lad had been partly bent and partly starved to death. The whole anterior surface of the body was covered with bruises, there was a large gaping wound on the left leg, and the forefinger was nearly cut off. Dr. Giles, who examined the body, says ‘the deceased must have been laid on the deck naked, and lashed while exhausted from want of food and ill-treatment;’ and that, ‘while extending his hands and legs in his agony, to protect his body, the wound in his leg was received, and his finger nearly broken off.’ The case is under investigation.

It is rumored in St. Petersburg that the city will be made a free port. Were the measure to be actually taken, it must be explained from a political rather than a commercial point of view. Despite its external splendor, this capital is but a beggarly place. If the condition of the immense majority of inhabitants is to be accepted as a standard of wealth, the gorgeous city on the banks of the Neva cannot be ranked higher than the starving boroughs of the disturbed provinces. Life in St. Petersburg being frightfully dear, owing to the barrenness of the soil for a considerable distance from the capitol, and the want of highways in every part of the country, the largest section of the citizens are reduced to a kind of famine all the year round, independently of the yield of crops and the state of commerce. Tea, coffee and sugar, are luxuries unknown to three-fourths of the population. To feed these hungry mouths no measure would be better adapted than the removal of the Custom House barriers to the land side of the capitol.

ITALY.

The Turin correspondent of the ‘Tribune’ tells the following:

TURIN, Dec. 16, 1862.

A curious story has lately been published by the ‘Opinione’ of Turin, a newspaper of moderate views, generally well informed, and conducted in a respectable manner. According to the Roman correspondent of the journal, a Captain of the Papal Zouaves has been arrested by the French military authorities as a swindler and accomplice in a murder. He has been sentenced to twenty-five years of forced labor, but among his papers were found compromising letters of the ex-Queen of Naples, now retired in a nunnery at Augsburg in Bavaria, about which the following account is spread throughout all Italy. The Captain, a Belgian by birth, gave himself out for a Belgian Duke, and was introduced as such to Signor Merode, the Pope's Minister of War. Taken in by the adventurer's forged papers, Merode presented him to the ex-Royal family, and a criminal intimacy soon sprang up between the handsome Zouave and the youthful Queen. One morning she had given the order to her maid of honor, the daughter of Gen. Statella, not to admit anybody into her room; but the King, impatient on account of the absence of the Queen from breakfast, went himself to her room. Miss Statella rushed thereupon in to announce him, but the Queen, surprised and driven mad by the sudden irruption into her bedroom, stabbed the maid of honor, and put the corpse on the bed, setting it on fire. In the confusion the Zouave fled, the matter of the murder was hushed up, and Gen. Statella induced to silence by an increase of his pension, died soon after; the Queen left her husband and became a penitent in the German nunnery, where she refuses to see anybody. Thus runs the story. I need not tell that it is full of improbable incidents, and I do not dare to take the responsibility for the account upon me. I can only say that the Roman correspondent of the ‘Opinione’ is a respectable man, who has not invented the story, but does truthfully report what is said in the gossiping drawing-room of Rome.

The King of Prussia has advanced a stage on his theory of Divine right by suppressing the liberty of the press.

Original Poetry.

WE HAVE MET AND WE HAVE PARTED.

BY PANHELIA S. VINING.

We have met and we have parted,
Yet we meet again on earth;
Sights have swelled and tears have started,
Hopes and fears have both had birth.
Flowers have bloomed and drooped beside us,
Other flowers looked up to Heaven,
Treasures sought have been denied us,
Richer treasures have been given.
We've been blest and we've been chastened,
When most chastened oft most blest;
Let us then in humble gladness,
Kneel, and say *Thy will is best!*

And we part again—yet Heaven
Now is nearer far than when
Last we parted. God has given
Hopes that did not cheer us then—
Hopes, that anchored are in Jesus,
Faith that spurns this earthly clod.
And exultant, soareth upward
To the changeless throne of God.
Though we meet no more forever
In earth's path with thorns so rife,
We shall meet to part, no never,
On the hills of Endless Life!

Gossip.

A CHAPTER ON CHARITY.

Among the many sublime ideas bequeathed to us by Christianity, for beauty of conception and grandeur of results, the divine precepts which Charity inculcates, stand pre-eminent. We are taught by them how to act with integrity toward our fellow men.

For a correct knowledge of the full meaning of the injunction,—to live charitably with men, it is not only necessary that we bring into action many auxiliary virtues,—it requires that we suppress the cardinal vices of our nature; for instance, excessive selfishness, resulting from an intrusive vanity, cannot exist in the heart of a man, who, when called upon to pass judgment on the act of his neighbor, in place of exalting, first carefully examines the dark side of his own character, and is made aware with humble sorrow, how possible it is, that, under other circumstances, he might have been guilty of the same fault. With a little reflection, he will perceive in his own life, many actions, which, unless a tedious explanation of their relations were given, would by the thoughtless be charged to him as a sin. There are many to whom we flippantly apply the terms;—screw, miser, gold-worshipper, and other equally uncomplimentary epithets, whose frugality and apparent close-fistedness, result from the fact that they are living a life of self-denial, in order to contribute to the support of an unfortunate parent, or an orphaned sister. Many sensitive men, who have not the power to remain unmoved by the opinion of the world, are made the subjects of immense suffering by an unjust criticism of an act, which, though apparently not good, is essentially creditable. This does not always imply malignity on the part of the critic,—it arises, I believe, more frequently from want of careful investigation, and a habit of forming hasty and immature opinions on all subjects. If no higher consideration, self protection should teach us to avoid uncharitable judgments; for, there is nothing more fatal to our own happiness, than a rash, self-confident verdict on what we see of those who are dearest to us. Many of the bitterest trials that man has endured, have had their origin in uncharity. Tennyson, in his *Idylls of the King*, has given us a most powerful illustration in Enid, of the frightful wreck that may be made on the sandbars of uncharity. Though Prince Geraint was afterwards purified and chastened by repentance, without which, perhaps the delicate beauty of Enid's self-sacrificing devotedness, would never have been appreciated,—no one will presume it to have been the author's intention to advocate evil that good may come.

The estimation of the magnitude of an object, depends a great deal upon the lens through which it is seen. This fact should teach us tolerance,—one of the most difficult virtues to acquire. Without it, the most gifted minds act feebly in a narrow sphere. How repeatedly must we have realized the fallibility and limitation of our own powers, before we can freely give to our friend sympathy for what to ourselves, seem his wild vagaries. How arrogant the assumption, that because a man sees and believes differently to our immaculate selves, he is a fool. Are we likely, let me ask, to create a genial feeling of trustfulness, when we approach the inner sanctuary of our brother's soul, with the sentiment, that if his views of a subject be not in accordance with our own, he must be knowingly in the wrong, if he still adheres to them in opposition to us. If he possess a sincere nature, it will pierce through the veil of pride by which we are blinded, and wish to blind, repelling us with well merited scorn. What an impossibility, even in imagination, is harmony in a home without mutual confidence—the existence of which, entirely depends on a constant practice of charity, in judging of the feelings by which action is engendered. We are utterly unable to sympathize with the tastes of others, if we do not acquire this habit of tolerance. Often, lamentably often, do we hear one member of a family charging another member, with being selfishly inconsiderate and disobligeing, when he, (the speaker,) is wholly immersed in a conscious self-importance. Such an one has not earned the right to speak on this subject, for absurd demands on others, will not help us to understand charitable self-abnegation,—something else is needed, something personal. Charity, like every other virtue, must be felt and acted, before a genuine belief in it, is possible. Our lives must be actuated by noble purposes before we can have faith in the excellence of the intentions of others. Our judgment often bears a strong reflex of our own lives;—reformation must commence at home, or where are the credentials by which we shall persuade our brother.

When we want to find shade to give brilliancy and effect to light, we need not pry into our neighbor's character for it;—we can employ ourselves much more profitably by penetrating the dark corners of our own heart. One who has not been in the habit of doing so, will be rather surprised to find that many deeds which he has flattered himself were the offspring of duty, were merely those of pleasure. Our soul's horizon cannot be bathed in light by one effort. The dawn will show by its gradual brightening that the sun is approaching, long before he shows the majesty of his power. When the sacred light of virtue, burns with full brilliancy in the adytum of our souls, we shall be better able to see finer and more subtle shades of character,—the hidden treasures of good that are latent in all hearts, will be revealed to us, and not hastily and harshly will we speak of men and their deeds; but in the noble spirit of a genial catholic tolerance. Without charity the human mind cannot exist in a healthy state,—it is a centre around which the best of our emotions love to play. It is better to judge too kindly, than too harshly;—we do not suffer from the act, even when the judgment is false.

Nothing stifles the power of knowing delicate beauties of character, so much as uncharity—it is its own nemesis, incrustating a flinty sediment of pride and selfishness, through which no good can permeate.

THE BEST GOVERNMENT THE WORLD EVER SAW.

A few weeks ago the *Lounger* in *Harper's Weekly* put in a plea for the unconditional discharge from further ser-

vice of a few pet phrases which had been compelled to do an unreasonable amount of duty by our Yankee friends. Among these were: 'the enemy is starving,' 'the enemy is completely surrounded,' 'we gained a complete victory and then retired,' but, if my memory is not at fault, the one at the head of this article was not included. Be this so or not, I feel it to be a humane duty to say a word on behalf of the poor over-worked piece of bombast. 'When first enlisted,'—this phrase had quite an imposing appearance, it was in fact the very picture of health, with a loud ringing voice, which never failed to command attention. But our old friend is sadly altered; two years of ceaseless activity without sleep or even rest, has made lamentable inroads on his constitution, his voice has become but a miserable squeak, his once noble form has sunk into premature decrepitude, and now only excites our pity and, alas too often, our uncharitable laughter. Do you marvel that this is so? Why, just think of the work he has done during the brief period of his public career. In that time he must have given a symmetrical point to hundreds of thousands of otherwise lingering periods. How many thousands of leading articles has he spiced with patriotic fervour? I would be afraid to guess. He has had to play the part of an obsequious lacquey to the unlimited hundreds of stump orators, whose courage and patriotism 'all run to tongue.' He has been present at all their impassioned efforts to fan the flame of freedom, and has bounded in to fill the gap whenever the spread eagle failed or the thread of the discourse was lost.

But his official duties have been more onerous than all others. What would the numerous servants of Uncle Sam have done without his help? He has stood at the right hand of every officer of the diplomatic corps, of the civil service and of the army and navy. He was with Grant at Shiloh, and, but the other day, was fighting—in the old Dutch fashion—with Banks at New Orleans.

What tame affairs would have been the 'Young Napoleon's', and other heroes, without his aid.

Since the opening of the present session of Congress the labors of our ubiquitous friend have been of the most arduous kind. But a day or two ago I noticed a base attempt to use him without giving him credit, his name was given as follows: 'The best Government instituted by God or man,' this is an evidence that even his friends are becoming ashamed of him. In the interest of good taste, common sense and common humanity, we hope this is so, and that he will be allowed to retire into private life for a while in order to recruit his energies and regain his health.

A WORD WITH WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS

A few days ago the Editor handed me, with a sigh of relief, an immense mass of manuscript for critical scrutiny. I never realized so vividly the truth of Gray's celebrated couplet:

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

as I did after the perusal of so much inanity in prose and verse. Such a collection of 'sentimental frippery and dream,' fit only for maudlin milliners and stage struck dandies, I never saw before nor wish to see again. Things written on good paper with good ink, innocent of grammar and destitute of sense. Stories too silly for a nursery maid, and lulling rhymes without reason—the caterwauling of cats on the housetop 'were mellow music matched with them.' Some scrawled so illegibly that the most patient compositor, were he even of the Quaker persuasion, would utter many a despairing oath if obliged to set them up. Others written in a fair round hand—surely! I exclaimed, when I first glanced at one of this kind, there must be a gleam of sense here, but let the reader judge by the following sample

—the thing is called a poem—written, the author says, when he was in love.

'Can I never hope to win thee?
Nor to wander with thy love
Down the dark and dreary pathway
Leading to the heavens above.'

Is not that an exquisite verse? It beats 'past all compare' Robert Montgomery's picture of a warrior lying on his breast looking at the stars. But a truce to further railery.

The columns of the 'News' are always open to those who have got something to say and know how to say it, but they are closed to all others. Furthermore, the Editor instructs me to say, once for all, that he will not be responsible for the safe keeping of rejected manuscripts, that he will not return them by post, but will order the 'devil' who officiates in his sanctum to offer them as a fitting sacrifice on the altar of the god whom the Gebians worship.

Prose like the 'Fireside Thoughts' of Derwent; poems like 'Short Days,' by Isidore G. Ascher; 'The Closing Year,' by J. A., and those charming lyrics with which our Woodstock poetess has enriched our pages, are always welcome. By the way I may remark that ere long our readers will be favored with a poem of considerable length entitled 'Canada,' from the graceful pen of the author of 'Memory Bells.' I will not say aught in praise of it. It will speak for itself. Those who have tasted of the Nile, know that its waters are sweet.

THE THEORY OF ICE.—I have often been amused at observing how imperfectly the theory of ice is, practically speaking, understood in England. People talk of its being 'as hot as fire,' and 'as cold as ice,' just as if the temperature of each were a fixed quantity, whereas there are as many temperatures of fire, and as many temperatures of ice, as there are climates on the face of the globe. The heat of boiling water is a fixed quantity, and any attempt to make water hotter than 'boiling' only creates steam, which flies off from the top exactly as fast, and exactly in the proportion to, the amount of heat, be it great or small, that is applied at the bottom. Now, for want of half a moment's reflection, people in England are very prone to believe that water cannot be made colder than ice; and accordingly, if a good humoured man succeeds in filling his ice-house, he feels satisfied that his ice is as good as any other man's ice; in short, that ice is ice, and that there is no use in anybody attempting to deny it. But the truth is, that the temperature of 32 degrees of Fahrenheit, that at which water freezes, is only the commencement of an operation that is always infinite; for after its congelation water is as competent to continue to receive cold as it was when it was fluid. The application of cold to a block of ice does not, therefore, as in the case of heat applied beneath boiling water, cause what is added to fly out at the other, but on the contrary the extra cold is added to and held by the mass, and thus the temperature of the ice falls with the temperature of the air, until in Lower Canada it occasionally sinks to 40 degrees below zero, or to 72 degrees below the temperature of ice just congealed. It is evident, therefore, that if two ice houses were to be filled, the one with the former, say Canada ice, and the other with the latter, say English ice, the difference between the quantity of cold stored up in each would be as appreciable as the difference between a cellar full of gold and a cellar full of copper; in short, the intrinsic value of ice depends on the investigation of an assayer—that is to say, a cubic foot of Lower Canada ice is infinitely more valuable, or in other words, it contains more cold than a cubic foot of Upper Canada ice, which contains more cold than a cubic foot of Wenham ice, which contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of English ice, and thus, although each of these four cubic feet of ice has precisely the same shape, they each, as summer approaches, diminish in value—that is to say, they each gradually lose a portion of their cold, until before the Lower Canada ice has melted, the English ice has been converted into lukewarm water. The above theory is so clearly understood in North America, that the inhabitants of Boston, who annually store for exportation immense quantities of Wenham ice, and who know quite well that cold ice will meet the markets in India, while the warmer article melts on the passage, talk of their 'crops of ice' just as an English farmer talks of his crops of wheat.—Head.

PROGRESS IN FORMING CHARACTER

Mr. Beecher writes thus expressively in the 'Independent':—'If it took as much of our time during our whole life to think about eating, and drinking, and dressing, and lifting our hands, as it does when we are children, we never should be anything else than children. In some way or other, progress requires that a man should abbreviate his lower physical actions. There is to be, in some way or other, a conquest made over these actions. And it is the peculiar constitution of which I have been speaking that enables a man to do this so that in certain lines the will acquires a facility of influencing each faculty, and each faculty acquires an action that amounts to almost instantaneousness. Take, for instance, a boy that is beginning to read. Six months a boy requires to learn to read a column, and hold up his head, and speak loud and plain, and make no mistakes, and mind his stops; and the page is well blurred with finger marks before he can do that. But how is it afterward? I can read that column down, and make no mistake, not only without thinking of a single letter, but without thinking what a single word is. There are no words to me. I merely see the ideas behind them. The material element is gone. And what is still more curious and familiar, a page can be read aloud without the reader being conscious that he has read a sentence. A man shall begin and read, 'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive,' and go from one end to the other of that whole argument, and yet, this shall be his course of thought, 'When I go to New York to-day, I think I will go up Fulton street, and call and see Mr. Evans, whom I agreed to meet at eleven o'clock. And I must not forget to go around to the bank at two o'clock, and see if those notes have been attended to.' So he will go on with Paul's reasonings, and at the same time be posting up and down the streets of New York, looking after the business of the day. What a strange facility is that! The boy that, at first, with blubbing lips, and red eyes, used to spell each word, and labor hard to get out one verse after another, has now come to a state in which he not only can read without the slightest hesitation or apparent volition, but can read and keep all the organs performing their proper functions, while his whole mind and will-power are going off in another direction. His life is there; his body is slaving and working here. And see what a subjugation of the lower faculties, and what an abbreviation of the processes of action there has been. See what life has done, and how effectually and thoroughly it has done it. What may be called material servitude is over. The first thing that we gain, then, by this automatic action of the faculties, is a vast reduction of time, and motive-power, and labor required for the processes of the mind. The result of that is, that the faculties are left free to reach higher and farther. Their scope is increased. All those things which have been subdued to unconscious action, tend to liberate a man so that he can go on to things that are less familiar, and that require to be familiarized. This is the process of learning—namely, that of taking unfamiliar things and subduing them to familiarity, by oft-recurring performance. And nothing is learned until the mind comes to that state in which it can manage it without thinking of it. This is the process of true education.'

AN ENEMY MADE A FRIEND.—A certain nobleman was implicated in a conspiracy against Peter the Great. The proofs, however, not being strong enough, Peter left him unmolested, and even unconscious of being suspected. Some time after the Czar had occasion to send a skilful and able politician to court where a great service was to be done, and he immediately fixed upon the nobleman in question. The latter demurred, and pleaded his incapacity, upon which the Czar, smiling, and tapping him on

the shoulder, observed:—'My dear Count he that is capable of plotting against his own sovereign cannot surely want the ability of doing the same against his sovereign's enemies.' The Count stood for a while petrified, then accepted the commission, and succeeded to the utmost wishes of Peter.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, HAMILTON.

Hamilton, though many buildings of considerable pretensions line its streets, and handsome private residences peep out here and there from more retired corners, makes but a very indifferent appearance in church architecture. Nor is

therefore, must depend on the members' wealth, and liberality of congregations. The neat little church of St. Andrew's, shown in the engraving, must evidently have depended, in a great measure, on the two latter of these. It is the only presentable church, which is completed, in the city, and speaks much for the taste and liberality of the congregation.

It is built of Hamilton stone, faced with Ohio, is of gothic design, and seats comfortably 1,100. The windows are of stained glass, imported expressly from England. The spire is 180 feet in height, and cost about \$10,000. The

JOHN BULL.—How much longer are we English to assist foreign nations in misunderstanding us, by holding up that ridiculous lay-figure of our race known by the style and title of John Bull? I take up a caricature in which it has been found necessary to present an impersonation of England. How do I find this done? I see a gross, over-fed, vulgar, unintellectual, arrogant, animalish man, dressed in buckskin breeches and top-boots (which people never wear now-a-days, except when they follow the hounds,) with a heavy knobstick under his arm, and a mullen bull dog at his side. I am to accept this as the national portrait; and, what is worse, it is sent forth to foreign countries with all the authority of its native origin.—

I protest against this detestable object as anything like a reasonable and correct expression of the great English race in its totality. A compound of a grazier, a butcher, a licensed victualler, and a backer of prize-fighters, such as they were fifty or sixty years ago, is no fit representation of our Anglo-Saxon stock.

Who invented this pictorial libel? Judging from the costume, it must have arisen with the present century; but why are we to be any longer bound to it? Perhaps it was intended as a compliment to our stolid King, George the Third, who dressed in a similar fashion, was proud above all other things of being 'a Buckinghamshire farmer,' and was certainly not remarkable for either profundity or brilliancy of intellect.—But if so, the compliment having been paid, and the Royal George in his grave some three-and-forty years, I see no reason why we should not select a better figure for future use. Graziers, butchers and licensed victuallers, are very good and useful men, but I conceive they do not stand quite high enough for the national ideal.

PRESENTATION RIFLE TO MR. EDWARD ROSS.—A number of Mr. Ross's fellow-countrymen, residing in the colony of Victoria, South Australia, on hearing of his triumph, conceived the idea of presenting to him a rifle as a testimonial of their admiration of his skill. The money was collected forthwith, and the work entrusted to the hands of Mr. Joseph Harkom, of Edinburgh, who has executed it in a manner which entitles him to the highest praise.—The make of the rifle is of the first quality, stock, lock, and barrels being finished with great care, the mountings and enrichments are of chased silver. On the stock is a circular silver plate, inscribed as follows:—'Presented to Edward Ross, Esq., by a number of his fellow-countrymen now resident in Australia, in testimony of their admiration of the skill he exhibited in carrying off the prize as the Champion shot of Great Britain, at Wimbledon, in 1860.' On a small gilt plate on the shoulder of the stock, Mr. Ross's crest and motto are engraved, a wyvern's head, with this legend, 'Think on.' The case and appurtenances are all of the handsomest description. The former is of polished oak, lined with crimson velvet. On the lid is a silver plate with the crest and motto engraved, and the corners are protected by silver plates. The fittings of the powder-flask, &c., are all silvered, and the flask has another plate with crest and motto; the patch-boxes, &c., of turned ivory, and the various implements have ivory handles. We understand that it was originally intended that the rifle should be presented to Mr. Ross, by Lord Elcho, at the distribution of prizes to the successful competitors at Wimbledon in July last; but that owing to the miscarriage of the letter requesting his Lordship to do this, the intention was not carried into effect. It is now proposed to hand over the weapon to Mr. Ross without any formal proceeding, but we have no doubt that he will sufficiently appreciate the kindness and liberality of his countrymen at the antipodes to value it none the less for the absence of a mere ceremonial.

Mrs. Partington wants to know if the Pope sent any of his 'bulls' to the cattle show.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, JAMES STREET, HAMILTON.

Hamilton alone deficient in this respect; but most of the towns and cities in the province are similarly situated. It is not to be expected that a new country like ours could vie, in this respect, with those of much older date, and where kings and princes have applied the resources of populous and wealthy states, to their erection. Every sect with us, and it is preferable to costly edifices, has to build its own place of worship, and these,

total amount of contracts was about \$44,000.

It is reported that the neutral powers of the Sultan are deranged, and that the Turkish ministers often meet in secret council to determine the measures to be taken for the moment, when the increasing mental alienation makes him altogether unfit to reign. A regency is too much at variance with the Oriental ideas, and the Sultan's heir is not yet of age.

FIRST WINTERING PLACE OF EUROPEANS IN CANADA.

Though the engraving presents but few of the attributes which render the scenery of our native, or adopted land, so attractive to the lover of nature—still, I cannot but think, that the subject deserves a place in the scrap-book of every patriot of the soil. It is the first scene of the eventful drama of Canadian history; the actors are gone it is true, the uncompromising hand of Civilization has shorn the place of the wild beauty of its younger days; the water no longer reflects the bark canoes of the adventurous and hospitable Algonquin; the ring of the hammer rivetting the massive framework of many a gallant craft has drowned the plaintive love song of the wild red man and banished almost from memory his mysterious dreamy life on the shores of his own beautiful winding river; now known by the unpoetical name of the St. Charles, in memory of Charles des Godes, founder of the first mission of Recollets of New France.

But the time was approaching when the curtain was to rise, and discover in the foreground of the scene before us,

the rigging and woodwork of their vessel encased in the same rigid apparel of winter to the depth of six inches—even we, inured to the climate and prepared mentally and physically for the emergency, would recoil from the trial these brave men underwent—but what must it have been, wasting under Scrofula and exposed to unknown cold. Poor fellows! how their thoughts must have wandered over the broad expanse of waters back to their beautiful birthplace, *La belle France*? how often in dreams of magic truth must they have gazed on the pale wan face of some despairing wife—in some well known room listened to the voice of a poor old mother—or followed with childish glee rollicking young hearts bound indissolubly to their own? Alas! with some the dreams were never to be realized, the returning spring found them stiff and cold in the last resting place of our poor frail bodies—our mother earth.

ALEX. DURIE.

PERHAPS one of the most perilous encounters that I ever had with a snake occurred to me in a little up country civil station called Chittoor, in the Arcot district, Madras

there entered a sufficient flood of brilliant daylight to answer all my purposes. I had just laid my hand upon a tin case of green peas, and was speculating upon the best means of opening it, when a sudden scuffling, squeaking, and hissing, close behind me, attracted my notice; and turning abruptly round, I saw that a huge cobra and an angry rat had tumbled just by the door of entrance, and were engaged in deadly combat. The former had in all probability intruded upon the latter's nest of young ones somewhere in the rafters of the roof, and met with a hostile reception. Springing up with all the agility of fear upon a strong projecting shelf, for I durst not make a rush at the door under peril of my life, I became an unwilling spectator of this most unequal contest. The rat for some time, conscious of the venomous foe it had to contend with, kept leaping round and round, like an agile prize-fighter, availing itself of every opportunity to rush in and bite the snake, which had worked itself into a frenzied state of rage, and hissed and darted at the rat with its protruded forked tongue in a manner that was truly awful to witness, whilst its little venomous eyes sparkled again in the sunlight with rage. At last the cobra succeeded in inflicting a deadly wound upon the brave little animal, who, apparently conscious that soon all would be up with her, put aside all previous caution, and rushed boldly in upon its adversary, fixing itself firmly close under the left eye of the snake, and

in America. From November to April it is, as a general rule, not fairly light till nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and dark so early that the gas has to be lighted at four, and often at three, P. M. But there is an advantage in this duller atmosphere, not *per se*, but in reference to the habits of the people of the two nations. The English climate has a quiet, soothing, in a certain sense, torpid influence on the brain and nervous system. The climate of America is more exciting and inspiring. This fact, *per se*, is wholly in favor of the American climate. But as the people of both nations are habitually addicted to stimulating viands, it tells in favor of the English. The English, because of the sedative influences of their climate, can bear artificial stimulus much better than the Americans. Not that it is useful; it is only less injurious. The fact that the American lives under circumstances continually exciting his nervous system, while the English live under just the opposite influences, explains, we think, the more destructive effects of tea, tobacco, and alcoholic beverages on the former than on the latter. An Englishman can drop to sleep much more easily than an American. This is strikingly noticeable on the cars. As soon as the train is fairly underway, the passengers generally begin to doze, and many of them fall asleep. An American commences reading a book or a newspaper; and sleeping on a railroad in this country is a rare



FIRST WINTERING PLACE OF EUROPEANS IN CANADA.—JUNCTION OF RIVER ST. CHARLES WITH THE ST. LAWRENCE.

three ancient little vessels with castellated poops, riding at anchor, surrounded by unexplored depths of original forest. On board of one was the famous Jacques Cartier, whose destiny it was to display *Canada* to the wondering world—we can almost imagine him pacing the deck of his little craft, gazing with admiration on the gorgeous autumnal landscape, or watching the *Borealis* flitting in tremulous motion over the distant mountains, or awe stricken, perhaps, listening with palpitating heart to the hollow rumblings beneath the icy envelope that held them to that strange wild place—now, sounding like the roll of distant thunder—now like the fierce report of artillery—threatening, perhaps he thought, the safety of his noble little fleet. Can we call ourselves Canadians and not follow with interest? with more than interest, with love—the history of these noble pioneers of our greatness—whose existence though dating more than three hundred years back, is so intimately woven with our own. There they lay in ice six feet deep and almost buried in snow-drift (see Jacques Cartier's voyages)

Presidency. We had an out-house or godown, as these stores and warehouses are called in India, where we kept our annual supply of European wines, beer, spirits, preserved fruits, jams, &c., which were precious treasures in such an out of the way place as Chittoor, and which we kept under the safe custody of a huge padlock, the key of which was always a tenant of our waistcoat pockets.

Notwithstanding the professed religious antagonism to strong drinks and European abominations, there were many of our servants (especially the coachman, an old rascal who had been half a century with various members of the family, and invariably got drunk on pay-day and every opportunity that presented, and then thrashed his poor old wife unmercifully), who had what the Irish call a 'strong weakness' for liquor of any description. It was a daily duty of one or the other of us to serve out to the head du-bash, or butler, such requisites as were required for consumption.

One fine morning I had preceded the du-bash, who was busy entering the cook's morning market account, and entering the store, walked across it to the further end in search of some hermetically sealed viands and vegetables, which were not procurable in the place at that season of the year for love or money. The place was lighted only by the entrance-door, through which, however,

never letting go its hold, notwithstanding all the desperate lashing about of the tail and body of its much more powerful opponent, till the convulsions of death forced it to let go, and fall prostrate before the snake. The cobra, who had evidently received a severe if not mortal wound, to my terror made its way direct to the shelf where I had taken refuge, and was wriggling up one of the posts that supported it. I had nothing in the shape of a weapon of defence of any kind or description. But there chanced to be on a shelf, over my head, some heavy bags of a rare kind of rice, grown somewhere in the interior of Bengal. I clambered up to this shelf, and seizing a heavy bag, waited until my ugly aggressor had wriggled itself half way across the shelf below, when I let drop the sack, and so completely crushed the snake. I was not long, you may be sure, before I retreated from the storehouse. I caused every article in it to be removed (displacing and killing in the operation a whole nest of young cobras,) to a more commodious warehouse, where such venomous reptiles could easily be discovered and as quickly despatched.—Anglo Indian.

SLEEPINESS OF ENGLISH CLIMATE.—For five or six months in the year the climate in England must be absolutely weary to one accustomed to the bright sunlight and brilliant starlight of the mornings and evenings

exception instead of a general rule. An English gentleman who had travelled considerably in the United States, remarked to us, in allusion to the different habits of English and American railroad travellers:—'In your country, pedlars go through the cars, and sell cakes, candies, fruits, books, papers, and toys, as they do in the streets of our cities, and the passengers eat or read. We go to sleep.' The great secret of the superior health of the English is, the greater amount of quiet sleep. The Americans, as a nation, are wearing out prematurely for want of rest.—Dr. Trail.

TEMPER.—Says a recent writer, 'Never marry a woman without a temper. That is strange advice; but it will be found good advice. Temper is a good thing in a woman: for with the spirit which accompanies temper always come activity, energy, industry, a proper personal pride, and the self-respect which insures honor, and sound reputation. A woman without temper may be a very amiable creature. She may be charming company for a time, but she must be deplorably insipid for a long intimacy. Without temper, she must be slow, dull, timid and irresolute.' Commenting on these observations, another writer drily remarks, 'We trust our friend may get what he wants, and no stint.'

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Messrs BLACKMAN, MASON & Co. announced that they will soon publish Mitchell's Lecture on the Astronomy of the Bible. This book is looked for with a great deal of interest, for who could treat this subject in a more masterly manner than the great astronomer? The same publishers have another book in progress by the same writer.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON'S 'TALE. The Ice-Maden, translated by Mrs. Busky, will be published in the course of the month.

CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.—Mr. Slight has sent us the December number of this periodical. It is needless to inform our readers that it contains much useful and entertaining reading, both in fact and fiction and will well repay perusal.

A ZULU FORAY.

'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 rattle of some snake or lizard hastening 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 land rises on all sides; the trees are scattered in 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 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 Drakensberg mountains. On the left you have 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 bolted off into a rambling description of the 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're 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 dotation in that way, 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 farther on, and had thus the effect of bringing me into contact with an old warrior, 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 anything like the effect of the original delineator. You know too well the extraordinary descriptive powers of the 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 wondrous picture.

'Imagine the scene—a Kaffir kraal, with the 'dramatis personæ,' consisting of the old warrior, your humble servant, and about a dozen of Zulus, congregated round a fire in

the open air—time, night; the occasional growl of the tiger, and 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 a 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 land 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 head 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 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 warriors' minds; and, after all had agreed to take the cattle of the Umswazi, the evening passed away in rejoicings, caused 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 Sogetwaio, our 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 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 that 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 died!

'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 lowing 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. I

'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 both 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 those 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 and 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 clashed 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-bolt before it bursts. 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, which the 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 the 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 that 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 mourning 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 being doing to you.'

1 There are many caves in the Umswazi country, and among them one so large, that the whole nation with their cattle took refuge in it during a great raid of the Zulus into their country.

2 The Zulus have no number to express so many; but I have translated in this way some figurative expression relating to quantity.

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.

ALL FOR THE BEST.—Rabbi Akibo, compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law; a cock which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon; night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came, at last, near to a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking where human beings dwelt, there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging; it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him; he was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighbouring wood.

'It is hard, very hard,' said he, 'not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.'

He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light.

'What!' exclaimed he, 'must I not be permitted even to pursue my favorite study? But God is just and whatever he does is for the best.'

He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock.

'What new misfortune is this?' ejaculated the astonished Akibo. 'My vigilant companion is gone! who, then, will henceforth awaken me to the study of law? But God is just; he knows best what is good for us poor mortals.'

Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass.

'What is to be done now?' exclaimed the lonely wanderer. 'My lamp and my cock are gone; my poor ass, too, is gone—all is gone! But praised be the Lord, whatever he does is for the best.'

He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village to see whether he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey; but what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive!

It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, murdered its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akibo had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice, and exclaimed—

'Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind, often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation. But Thou alone art just, and kind and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot and have murdered me. I perceive, also, that it was Thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not, by their noise, give notice to the banditti, and tell them where I was taking my rest. Praise then be Thy name, for ever and ever!'

EOLA.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

(CONTINUED.)

The little fair girl, apparently rather piqued at this unceremonious avowal, was turning somewhat indignantly away, when Elwyn called to her.

'Nay, do not desert us, my pretty one,' he said, kindly. 'Will you dance for me?'

'Oh, yes! that I will. I like you,' exclaimed the child, innocently.

The young man answered not, but dismounted, and approached the artless maiden.

'Then if you like me, you must let me see you dance,' he said, patting her pretty shoulders.

The child seemed annoyed and frowned, and she was just about to commence a hornpipe, when the runaway Zerny made her appearance at the top of a slight eminence a short way down the lane, and in another minute reined up her steed by their side.

'Here's your horse,' she exclaimed to Lord Eswald, lightly springing from the saddle. 'I've had a jolly ride.'

'I should think you had,' rejoined the nobleman, looking with some attention on her flushed cheek, shaded by the wealth of raven tresses, which were streaming in beautiful confusion about her shoulders.

'I see Olly's been amusing you,' continued the girl, glancing enviously at her young companion, who had paused at the commencement of her dance to watch the other's return.

'No, she has not begun yet,' remarked Elwyn.

'Oh, she's bashful. I'll start her. Now, Olly!'

And the forward Zerny ran to her more timid sister, threw up her slender arms, rattled her castanets, and whirled round in a fantastic but graceful dance, which was immediately taken up by the younger child, whose fair hair and blue eyes, contrasted with the jetty tresses and night black orbs of her partner, rendered the scene one of singular interest to the two spectators.

CHAPTER VII.

The dance of the gipsy girls finished, the elder ran to the feet of Lord Eswald, tore off her tiny hat, and, with a theatrical gesture, solicited the reward of her services. He put a piece of gold in the hat, and then turned away, with a slight gesture of disgust. The romance connected with his dark-eyed favorite had evidently evaporated with the piece of money placed in her *chapeau*.

During this scene the younger child had continued standing in the spot where the dance had terminated, without making a sign of solicitation for her reward. Elwyn had meantime watched her closely, expecting her to make the same appeal to his purse that had been made on his cousin's by her partner. But she moved not, and her blue eyes followed her companion's movements with a look of pity and confusion.

'And now, pretty one,' said Elwyn, at length, 'why do you not come for your recompense?'

The child blushed.

'I cannot beg,' she murmured.

'Oh! it is not begging. You have fairly earned a reward. Take it.'

'Come, Elwyn, come,' exclaimed Lord Eswald, impatiently. 'Do you mean to stay fooling all the morning with that little gipsy?' and he approached the pair; while Zerny, well satisfied with her day's earnings, threw her tired form on a grassy mound, and lazily watched their proceedings.

'I'm coming in a minute, cousin,' responded Elwyn. Then, addressing the child—

'What is your name, darling?' he inquired.

'Eola, sir.'

Lord Eswald started, and his cousin looked surprised.

'I think we have heard that name before, somewhere, Percy?' said the latter, in an interrogative tone.

'Oh, yes; don't you remember it was mentioned by that fellow who kicked up such a row at the hall that morning, years ago?' continued Elwyn.

'Ah! I recollect,' responded Eswald, carelessly; but, with a look of interest that strangely belied his calm tone, he gazed in the child's countenance as if to read therein her whole history. Then, as if to put some secret supposition to the test, he said—

'And what is your other name, dear?'

'Leighton.'

The nobleman looked relieved.

'Have you a father?' was his next question.

'Yes.'

The nobleman looked still more relieved.

'And have you also a mother?' he questioned.

'No; she is dead,' was the mournful response.

'Why, really, you appear wonderfully interested, all at once, in this little wanderer?' exclaimed Elwyn.

'Oh, it's merely curiosity to know why her manners differ so singularly from her companion's, returned the man of the world, composedly. 'By-the-by, Eola seems a favourite name with these descendants of Ishmael.'

'Heartless man! He could pronounce that name without a blush—without a tinge of remorse. Its sound awakened no regret, no pity in his heart of adamant. It only reminded him dimly of a fair flower, far back in the field of memory, which he had plucked, and then trampled under foot; it only reminded him vaguely of one of the many toys which the full-grown infant had broken and cast aside.'

somewhat alarmed at the report of the pistol) and then followed his example.

The bold Zerneen had scarcely flinched. She now rose to see the liberal strangers depart.

'Good-bye, kind gentleman,' she exclaimed, with a graceful bow.

Eola was silent, but waved her small hands, in a mute farewell, as the gentlemen galloped away down the green lane.

The two children now commenced their walk homeward, apparently thinking that they had earned quite enough to justify them in returning without staying to finish loading their little blackberry baskets.

'Well, which do you like the best, Olly?' said Zerneen, as they walked along.

'Oh, the one with the nice brown eyes, who gave me the money.'

'And I like the one with the blue eyes, who gave me my money.'

'I don't. He's a cross looking man, and speaks so sharp.'

'But I heard him say I was the prettiest, and I don't think he was cross then; so I do like him, Olly.'

'Yes, because you're a proud girl,' said the fair-haired Eola, shrugging her pretty shoulders. 'But the other—my one—said

hands, and flung them savagely across the tent.

'Curse their gold!' he hissed, through his clenched teeth.

'Oh, father!' muttered Eola, reproachfully.

'Oh, uncle! how stupid you are,' said the less particular Zerneen, with all her mother's contemptuousness.

'Bosh!' exclaimed a tall, dark woman, entering the tent. It's only fitting that he should give a trifle towards the support of his own brat, and—'

'Hush, Linda!' interrupted the old woman, glancing at the girls, who, with all the inquisitiveness of their age, were drinking in every word of the colloquy. 'Will you never learn to hold your tongue when you ought to? Pick up the gold, my bony ones; it is a metal that is always welcome.'

The children eagerly obeyed her, and the man slunk sullenly out of the booth.

'How queer that father didn't like taking our money to-day!' whispered the younger child to her companion.

'Yes; they're all generally pretty ready to clutch what we earn,' said the other, bluntly. 'I can't make them out to-day.'

'Did you hear what aunt said? Wasn't it funny?'

'Yes; but she's in her tantrums this morning with uncle, and when she's like that she don't know what she says.'

'No; but still it was funny.'

'Dinner's ready,' announced the grandmother, and so the little tongues were, for a time, stilled.

CHAPTER VIII.

The following week found our young heroines and their people at Croydon Fair.

The fair was ushered in, as Croydon Fair usually is, with miserably wet weather; and the show-people, and other unlucky individuals composing the merry-making, were wild with vexation.

On the morning of the first day, while Ralph and his mother and sister were assisting the company in getting ready for their afternoon's performance, Zerneen and Eola were left to wander at will about the field, among numerous other children belonging to the neighboring shows.

They had not played long, when a quarrel arose about some gingerbread-nuts, with which they were 'keeping shop,' and two of which Eola, being rather hungry, had had the audacity to eat. A general outcry, when the theft was discovered, warned the young delinquent of the enormity of her offence, and suggested the expediency of instant flight, which she adopted, thereby drawing down the still greater anger of her fiery playmates, who were soon in full chase after her, with the avowed intention of 'taking the worth of their nuts out of her precious back.'

Away flew the pretty child (in her wild terror already feeling the smart of her pursuers' blows upon her plump shoulders), eagerly looking for a shelter in which to hide her devoted head, and bitterly regretting the depredation which had brought her into such an extremity. At length she reached the show. It was unoccupied, the people being engaged in the erection of the platform. In a corner, half hidden by heaps of theatrical garments, was a large hamper. Eola saw in it her chance of safety. With a delicious sensation of relief, she sprang into it, and closed the lid, carefully tossing over her fair head a portion of the loose hay, to conceal her sunny locks. After remaining several minutes in her voluntary durance, without hearing anything of her pursuers, she concluded that they had lost the scent, and that she might now issue forth in safety, and was just in the act of raising the lid when Ralph and his sister entered the show, the former carrying a can of beer, and the latter a loaf of bread and some cheese. They were evidently about to take their luncheon.

Now, to the hungry eye of Eola, there was something peculiarly fascinating in that bread and cheese, and her small mouth watered when, through the chinks of her prison, she perceived Linda cutting off goodly portions, and transferring them to her voracious lips. Had she been sure of receiving it, Eola would have come forth and asked for a share; but she knew the aversion her dreaded aunt had to bestowing on her the slightest indulgence; and, afraid to trust to the uncertain tenor of Ralph's affection, she determined to wait till they had finished, watch where they hid the precious victuals (for, knowing the hungry propensities of the children, Linda always secreted the provisions), and then, when they had retired to their business, creep



ZERNEEN AND EOLA ON THEIR WAY TO LONDON.

'Well, come on, Elwyn,' he continued; 'I feel awfully peckish. Good-bye, my cherubs of the wilderness! Don't kill yourselves with bulls'-eyes.'

He tured to mount his horse.

At that moment the report of a pistol was heard, and a bullet whizzed through the air, just above Eola's head. The well-aimed missile of destruction actually passed through the sleeve of his coat; and if he had not a moment before changed his position, it would have pierced his heart.

'Good heavens, Percy! are you hurt?' cried Elwyn, springing to his side.

'No; only a little startled,' returned the nobleman.

'But who could have fired the devilish pop-gun? By Jove! I'll find out.' And the speaker was about to rush in the direction whence it proceeded, but Elwyn caught his arm.

'It's useless, quite useless,' he said. 'If it was fired with a murderous intent, the rogue has had full time to make himself scarce; and if, as I believe it was, a random shot from some foolish rustic, amusing himself by frightening his neighbours, why 'tis scarcely worth the trouble to scour the wood in order to test your new whip upon his thick skull.'

'True; so let us go and look after our luncheon.'

The speaker mounted his horse; Elwyn stayed to reassure the pretty Eola (who was

that I was like an angel, and that was better than saying that I was the prettiest.'

'Oh, but the blue-eyed one said something better of me. He said I was a—a—. I forgot what it was, but something very nice.'

'No it wasn't. I recollect what it was. A black—black-eyed houri; yes, that's it, I know. Now, Zerny, I believe houri means devil, because Aunt Linda often says you're a little devil, and I'm sure you've temper enough to be called anything.'

The object of this, candid, but unflattering assertion, raised her tiny hand in determined menace. But the provoking child slipped from under the pending weapon of revenge, and it fell harmlessly on thin air. Both now walked on in silence, evidently fearful that further conversation might produce hostilities, which, in some cases, they would have courted, but now avoided on account of their proximity to their home, that soon appeared in the shape of a group of white tents. Toward one of these the children bent their steps. A man stood at the entrance, moodily smoking his pipe, and an old woman inside was busy preparing the mid-day repast.

The children ran up to the latter, each holding up her glittering prize, and each eager to be the first to speak concerning it.

'Look granny!' was their simultaneous exclamation. 'See what we have earned!'

The crone eagerly stretched out her bony fingers to grasp the yellow pieces, but the man snatched them from the little upraised

forth, and help herself to as much as she wanted.

Eola already smacked her lips in contemplation of the prospective feast, and then nearly upset all her hopes of obtaining it by an indiscreet movement in the hay, which caused her aunt to turn her vicious eyes towards the hamper with a glance that made the little prisoner quake.

'Drat the rats!' exclaimed the woman.

Eola felt considerably relieved.

'I hope the children will do well to-day,' remarked Ralph, after a brief pause.

'I hope so, too,' responded Linda. 'Thanks to their golden windfall the other day, we shall be able to dress them pretty flash, and fine clothes is half the attraction.'

'It was a strange thing their meeting with the Eswalds,' went on Ralph, in a musing tone. 'I could scarcely contain myself when I saw the brute's cousin kiss Eola.'

The little prisoner in the hamper opened her eyes wider.

'The young fool little thought who he was,' said Linda; 'and I wonder what she'd say if you told her that that fine be-whiskered, decked-out lord, with his diamond studs and lavender-water-smelling handkerchief, was her father?'

'My goodness!' thought Eola, 'what can she mean?'

'Shall you ever tell her, Ralph, who her real father is?' continued Linda.

'What, to have the stupid little child go and tell him of it, to be kicked from the brute's path like a dog? Not I, indeed! I loved her mother too well to make the child miserable.'

'But she'll only serve you out for your pains, like her mother did. It's in the child now. She's wild with delight when any fine gentleman takes notice of her; but let one of our men only pat her on the cheek, and see how my lady would fly out.'

'Because they're too rough for her. She's a delicate little thing; not so pretty as her mother was, though. I can't love the girl as much as I would, somehow, because she's so much like that villain: her nose and mouth are the image of his.'

'Well, after all, I'm rather glad you took her to bring up, for she's a jewel of a dancer, and matches beautifully with Zerneen; only it's to be hoped she won't serve us like her mother did.'

'There, never mind her mother, Linda. I can't think why you always delight so to harp on that string; you know how it riles me.'

'Oh, you're so easily riled. You've got a beastly temper, Ralph; I'll get your head in a noose, some day. The idea of your trying to shoot that fellow! Why, I think you must be crazy.'

'I wish I had done it in reality. Oh! I'd give my right hand for another such a chance of revenge as that was!'

'Revenge! Umph! I'm bless'd if I'd risk my neck to be revenged on a scamp like him. But, Ralph, Eola's safe to find out some day that you're not her father, even if you don't tell her. It was but the other week she was quarrelling with one of Dick's children, and the boy told her she was only a love-child, for all her fine airs.'

'Did he? By George! I'll give him such a licking for that, next time I see him.'

'It's no good; it will come out sooner or later.'

'Not if I can help it. But if the worst comes to the worst, I must tell the child myself, I suppose. Now I'll be off, and see to those ropes.'

Ralph took a deep draught of beer and went out, and Linda, after putting away the remains of their meal, followed him.

Eola cautiously emerged from her hiding-place, but the purpose for which she had remained in it was wholly forgotten.

The mysterious conference to which she had just listened still rang in her ears; the secret it had revealed to her wondering mind weighed down all other considerations.

She stole quietly away to a secluded part of the field, and there seated herself on the shaft of an old truck, to brood over and arrange her newly-awakened ideas.

First among them came the astounding one that she—the little gipsy girl, the wandering show-child—was not the daughter of Ralph Leighton, but of a great nobleman. But then came the strange, uncomfortable conviction—which, young as she was, had forced itself on her mind—that there must be some circumstances connected with this fact, that made it a thing to be ashamed of instead of proud.

And what were those circumstances?

Insensibly following in the child's brain, came, in connection with this question, the strange term 'love-child.' It had been applied to her, as Linda had stated, some short time previously by a little boy, as a taunt in a fit of rage. She had not noticed it at the time, or wondered at it, being in a passion herself; but now that her supposed aunt had mentioned it in reference to the secret of her birth, she knew that it had something to do with that event.

Singularly enough, she imagined that if she could solve the meaning of that one word, all would be cleared up. She had never heard of dictionaries, or possibly she would have tried to get her information in that quarter; for, though meanly bred, and living such a vagrant life, neither she nor Zerneen was entirely uneducated, thanks to Ralph Leighton, who, had taught them both to read as well as he knew how, and had so far succeeded, that the pupils, who were intelligent children, knew almost as much as their tutor. The next sad reflection that crossed Eola's mind was the remembrance of the pistol-shot, which, from what had escaped Linda, she knew to have emanated from the hand of the man she had been taught to believe her father, and whom she had loved hitherto with all her little heart. But now he seemed so wicked that she shuddered at the thought of him; and, besides, new feelings were already driving out the old.

Her dead mother! Ah! there lay the main mystery. What had been that mother's crimes that Linda should have reviled her so bitterly to Ralph? What had she done to Lord Eswald? What had she done to Ralph? And why should Lord Eswald refuse to own her as his child.

Thus did the rapidly-developing brain add link to link in the chain of its bitter evidence.

'Yes, I see,' muttered the young cogitator. 'I see how it is now. He's—pointing in the direction of the show—said that he loved her. Now if she was that great man's wife, he had no business to love her; so if she loved father—at least Ralph Leighton he is now—she was very wicked, and so that lord didn't like her, and made her go away and die in the gipsies' tent. And so he hated me because I belonged to her, and sent us both away years ago, and has forgot all about us, and doesn't know or care whether I am living or dead, and if I told him I was his child, he would do what he says, perhaps kick me away from him. How dreadful! He must be a very unfeeling man; and he is my father!'

The girl paused at this last reflection; it seemed to change the current of her ideas.

'I wonder what that funny name that Bob Hamilton called me does mean. I must find out somehow. Suppose I ask him? No, that won't do. I should get a thrashing from him; and the child nodded her head towards Ralph's show. She seemed to have made up her mind not to call him 'father' any more, unless when compelled.

'Now, then, little 'un, you're wanted; and won't you just drop in for it sneaking away so long,' said a slovenly looking girl, coming up to where Eola was perched on the truck. She was the daughter of a man who kept a dancing-booth, and had only that morning scraped acquaintance with Zerneen and Eola.

'I'm going,' said the child, jumping off her seat. But a sudden impulse prompted her to linger.

'I say,' she said, in that low confidential tone which one of her years generally uses when treating of a mysterious or wonderful subject; 'I say, I want to ask you something; but you won't tell my cousin or any one that I asked you, will you?'

'No, of course not,' replied the elder girl. 'I don't want to get you into no rows.'

Encouraged by this friendly assertion, Eola grew bold.

'Look here! I want to ask you what a—a—. Why, I believe I've forgotten it.'

'What a thick head you must have?'

'No; I've thought of it. Love-child—that's it. Can you tell me what sort of a child that is?'

The girl uttered a coarse laugh.

'Well, you are green,' she said. 'Why, it's a child that's got no father.'

'What do you mean? Hasn't every child a father?'

'Yes; but every father won't own his child.'

'Why?'

'Why, when its father and mother aint married, the father's as if he didn't belong to it—that is, if he's in highish life, you know.'

'Then ain't fathers and mother's always married?'

'Lor' bless you, no!'

'But isn't it very wicked not to be married?'

'Yes, awfully!'

'Oh, dear!' sighed the little interrogator.

'Why, what does it matter to you?' quickly asked her informant.

'Oh, nothing—not a bit. Well, good-bye. I must go home now, or I shall catch it nicely.'

Eola walked mournfully away. Poor child! the iron had already entered her soul, and she felt it cankering the careless wound.

Though extremely ignorant of most worldly matters, she was beyond her years in her powers of reflecting, and collecting analogous ideas.

The information she had just received, connected with the hints dropped by Ralph and Linda, had formed a total which even her artless mind quickly comprehended.

She was no longer the child of a great nobleman, but a despised cast-away, having no recognised claim on any human being.

She now understood how her mother had sinned; not as she had first thought, but quite as deeply.

CHAPTER IX.

When Eola returned to the show, she found that Zerneen had already taken her dinner, and was being attired for her part in the afternoon's performance. The poor child trembled when she perceived this, lest she should be chastised for her negligence in obeying her stern guardian's message. She, however escaped with a smart reprimand, for Linda was too politic to risk spoiling her young charges eyes by allowing them to cry when so near the time of the performance, and so reserved further punishment till it was over.

Eola, though she knew her aunt's intentions, was glad of the respite, and humbly slunk away into a corner to partake of her frugal dinner, which was hurried down her throat by the impatient grumbling of the unfeeling Linda, who was in agony at the delay, and anxiously watching each morsel the little trembler put in her mouth, that she might seize on her the minute the last had disappeared.

Under this uncomfortable surveillance, and with the remembrance of her sad discovery constantly welling up in her little palpitating heart, the poor child progressed rather slowly with her dry meal, inasmuch that at length it was prematurely ended by a slight box on the ear from the impatient watcher, who dragged the lingerer from the table, and without further ceremony commenced dressing her.

Her attire consisted of flesh-colored tights, pink kid shoes, a profusion of white under-slips, reaching scarcely to the knees, a pink crape skirt, ornamented with gold-paper crests, and a pink sarsnet bodice spangled with gold. Her sunny hair was confined with a bandeau of plain gold lace.

Zerneen's dress was that of a boy.

It consisted of green sarsnet breeches, white stockings, green shoes and gilt buckles, a muslin shirt, with bows and bands of green ribbon, a small jacket of green sarsnet, spangled with gold, and a tiny straw hat, trimmed with green ribbon.

It would have been impossible to say which child looked the prettier in their fanciful dress—the slender, graceful, fair haired Eola, or the daring, confident, black-eyed Zerneen.

The afternoon's performance commenced.

The children's part consisted in going through a variety of picturesque scenes on the tight-rope; a kind of pantomime, which depended principally for its interest upon the extreme grace and beauty of the fairy-like performers. This was succeeded by a Spanish dance, upon the stage, which was much applauded, being executed by the pretty girls with an amount of ease and activity highly gratifying to the spectators, who recalled them again and again, with the utter disregard of their weariness and exhaustion which forms so prominent a feature in people who frequent places of this, and even a better description, who appear to consider it their right to obtain as much amusement as can possibly be had for their money, without thinking of the sufferings of those who contribute to it.

The result of this was, the poor children were so thoroughly wearied out by their afternoon's exertions, that the evening performance proved an utter failure. This disappointment, combined with the discomfort attendant on the inauspicious state of the weather, caused the inward dissatisfaction of the audience to burst out into an open storm of hisses and groans, amidst which the unsuccess-

ful little performers made their exit from the scene in a paroxysm of terror, excited not so much by the anger of the spectators as by that anticipated from their people, which they too well knew would display itself in a much-dreaded chastisement.

Weary and frightened, the trembling girls crept silently into a corner of the dismal hut, and sat down to await their fate. They dared not go to bed. Linda had threatened them with a beating, and they knew, from experience, that it would be all the harder for them if they sought to evade it.

Eola laid her curly head in Zerneen's lap, and began to cry bitterly.

'I wish she'd come, if she's coming. I'm so tired, Zerny,' sobbed the child.

'So am I,' returned the elder girl; 'but I'd rather sit here all night than have one of mother's beatings. I'm in no hurry for her to come.'

'Oh, but perhaps, if we beg hard, she won't beat us at all, Zerny,' and the little speaker looked anxiously up in her companion's face, to see if it reflected her own hopes.

'Won't she, though?' was the discouraging reply. 'She never breaks a promise of that sort, Olly.'

Zerneen was right.

As soon as Linda had finished her business in the show, she proceeded to put into execution her harsh threat of punishing the unintentional offenders, who were dragged from their seats, and, in spite of their prayers, their tears, and their promises, were cruelly beaten by the inexorable woman, and then thrust forth suppersless to sleep in a dreary shed.

They sat down in silence on their little mattress, and with their faces hidden in their hands, brooded over their wrongs, and nursed their childish sorrow. Half an hour passed slowly by, yet still they sat thus.

It would have been thought that the little lonely ones would have complained to each other—that they would have compared notes, and imparted to each other their passionate grief.

Dark thoughts must have been passing in their childish minds to have bound those little chattering tongues. Let us take Eola's.

They ran somewhat thus:—

'Why should I stand all this knocking about, I wonder? They've nothing really to do with me. I don't belong to them. She may beat Zerny, because Zerny's her child, but I don't see why she should beat me. I won't put up with it, either. I'll run away, that's what I'll do. They say London is a fine place. I'll go to London. Aunt Lin—I mean Zerny's mother—says there's all sorts of fine places there for people to make a living in. There's theatres, and gardens, and all those sort of things, she says. Well, I dare say they have dances at some of these, and I might manage to get a place in one of them. Other girls do, I suppose, and why shouldn't I? I should be free then. Nobody would dare beat me either.'

'And perhaps some day I might meet my father in London. If it's a big lively town, of course a rich man like him would go there sometimes. Perhaps he lives there always. I should like to see him so again. Though I mayn't claim him, as they say, still, nobody can prevent me loving him, if I choose to. I mayn't make myself known to him, but there's no law against seeing him. I'm sure I could love him, somehow, although he's so cruel. It's right, too. One ought to love one's father—of course they ought.'

'Well, I shall go to London. I'm determined to do that; shan't stay here to be beat by her.'

'But, Zerny? I musn't tell her what I'm going to do. She'd tell of me, perhaps, tomorrow, and then I should be watched. How quiet she is. I believe she's fallen asleep.'

The little girl drew closer to her companion.

'Zerny,' she whispered; 'Zerny, are you asleep?'

'No, I'm thinking,' was the response.

'About what?'

'About running away.'

'Where to?'

'London.'

Eola started.

'Well, I never!' she mentally exclaimed. 'How funny that she should be thinking of the very same thing as me.'

It was indeed a singular coincidence.

Eola felt sensibly comforted. Then Zerneen went to bed with her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Notice to Correspondents.

J. S. W., Belmont, received. P. S., Dorchester Station, received. J. W., Mapleton, received. If Mr. P. London, will send his address we will forward a copy of the news free, for his exertions in its behalf.

CANADIAN NEWS.

A large and influential meeting was held in Montreal to take into consideration the erection of a Protestant House of Industry and Refuge in that city.

The contributions in Canada to the Lancashire Relief Fund, so far as ascertained, amount to \$91,631. From the sister Provinces \$23,221, making a total of \$117,855.

The Copper Mining Company, at Actonvale, are now producing 1,200 bbls. per week of crushed ore for market; four and a half bbls. being equal to a ton—the working force being three hundred and fifty hands. In May next they are to increase the number of hands to fifteen hundred.

EMIGRATION AT HAMILTON.—From returns published in the 'Spectator' it appears that the total number of immigrants arrived at Hamilton during the past year was 20,491, being an increase of 6,497 over the arrivals in 1861. Of these 12,737 were destined for the United States and 5,812 for Canada. In 1761 the number of those destined for the United States was 10,656 and for Canada 3,338. There has been a large increase in the number of both English and Irish Emigrants, but a falling off in both Scotch and German. The increase of Norwegians is very small. Of those who have been relieved, they have been as 207 to 410 the previous year; so that it will be seen the emigration of the past year was of a better character than usual. The general results of the year's emigration appear to be highly satisfactory.

A CANADIAN MAIL ROBBER ARRESTED IN DETROIT.—We are informed by a Mr. Doyle, of Detroit, that on Monday, a Canadian named John Gilbert, was arrested in that city for stealing a horse. He confessed to Officer Smith that about five years ago he robbed Her Majesty's mail, near Eden, in this county, for which offence an innocent man was convicted. He says that by that robbery he got \$1,500, which he has yet buried in the earth somewhere in Canada; but does not state where it is.—Ingersoll Chronicle;

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS.

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

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become 'medical men.'

'I haven't another word to say, sir—never dispute with fools.' 'No,' was the reply, 'you are very sure to agree with them.'

'You want a flogging, that's what you do,' said a parent to his unruly son. 'I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it.'

It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true politeness to his shoes.

A person, fond of the marvellous, told an improbable story, adding, as was his wont, 'Did you ever hear of that before?' 'No, sir,' said the other; 'pray did you?'

Many a philosopher who thought he had an exact knowledge of the whole human race, has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife.

A widow lady advertising in the 'Times' for a situation as parlor housekeeper in a domesticated family, adds, 'Agents and editors need not apply.' Rather cool, certainly.

A boozey fellow was observed the other day driving a 'pig,' holding on to his tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying ge-hography.

A CHEAP RIDE.—Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson, who was the very soul of disputatiousness, always differed from him; and, at last, affecting to be mortified at Richardson's arguments, said, 'You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;' and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson, hallooing out triumphantly after him, 'Ah, you're beat! you're beat!' nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch, to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

NEWS ITEMS.

PRINCE ALFRED AND THE GREEKS.—The disposition of the Greeks to look to this country for a King still causes anxiety in Paris. It is said that a special messenger has been sent from the Tuilleries, for the purpose of consulting King Leopold on the subject; and the Count of Flanders is now spoken of as a likely candidate. An analysis of the 8000 votes recorded in Athens for a King gives the following result: Prince Alfred, 7994; Abdel Kadir, 5; The Duke of Leuchtenberg—one! Prince Alfred, it is asserted, will be proclaimed King Alfred I., and a Lieutenant Governor appointed to carry on the affairs of the country until the obstacles to his acceptance of the throne be removed. From the dispatches of the Russian Minister, however, it will be seen that the hopes of the Greeks are vain—Earl Russell having, on the 4th December, in concert with Baron Brunow, signed a note excluding members of the reigning families of Britain and Russia from the vacant throne. Russia, it would appear, is likewise unfavorable to the candidature of Don Ferdinand, and, according to a letter from Athens, the reception of a proposal to offer the Prince for the Greeks' acceptance was by no means flattering. The Parisians still bring forward fresh candidates for the vacant throne. Having satisfied themselves that Prince Louis of Hesse had rejected the proffered honor, they now assert that a brother of that Prince will have a chance of the prize.

RUSSELL AND AN OLD NIGGER.—In the neighborhood of New Orleans Mr. Russel describes the processes on a sugar plantation, the large estates of Governor Roman, the inexhaustible capacities of Louisiana land, and the unexpected silence which broods over hut, field and river. In the midst of this waste of plenty and wealth, where, says he, are the human beings who produce both? 'One must go far to discover them, they are buried in sugar and in maize, or hidden in negro quarters. In truth there is no trace of them over all this expanse of land, unless one knows where to seek: 'no plough-boy whistles o'er the lea,' no rustic stands to do his work, but the gang is moved off in in silence from point to point, like a 'corps d'armee of some despotic Emperor manœuvring on the battlefield. The negro is very liable to disease, and it may be doubted whether he is really more capable of toiling in a Louisiana sugar house than a healthy white man. The secret of the resort to slave labor lies chiefly in the power of obtaining labor at will at a rate which cannot be controlled by any combination of laborers. In the comparative cheapness of slave labor lies the gist of the method of Southern production. Mr. Russel talked to the niggers as well as the overseers. This was the style of colloquy with the latter:—'Do you remember nothing of the country you came from, Boatswain?' 'Yes, Sir: just remember trees, and sweet things my mother gave me, and much hot sand I put my feet in, and big leaves that we play with all as little children—and plenty to eat, and big birds and shells.' 'Would you like to go back, Boatswain?' 'What for, Sir?—No one know old Boatswain there. * * * I'm getting very old. Nobody care much for dan old nigger like me.'

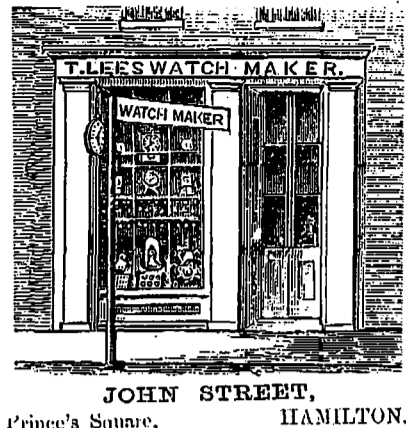
Mrs. YELVERTON'S LOVE LETTERS.—The Caledonian Mercury announces for publication in its pages, 'a complete set of the brilliant and beautiful, as well as romantic and passionate letters that passed between Major Yelverton and Miss Longworth during their lengthened courtship, and down to the period of the Major's second marriage with Mrs. Forbes. The letters will be published in the 'Mercury' in the exact order of date at which they were given or received, and the whole will be woven together by explanatory notes and a descriptive narrative from the pen of Mrs. Yelverton herself.

The Prince of Wales is presenting his future bride with a magnificent dress of Alencon lace. The value is said to be £1,500.

A PHOTOGRAPH dealer in London has been fined 40s and costs for selling copies of the photograph of Miss Lydia Thompson, in Scotch costume, in which there is subsisting copyright to the Messrs. Southwell.

The Society of Arts has purchased the International Exhibition. The building proper will be retained in its present condition, but the annexes will be handed over to the Horticultural Gardens.

The war statisticians are figuring up the following losses in the various engagements during the year: Rebel killed, wounded and prisoners, 103,707. Union killed, wounded and prisoners, 132,819. Total loss 236,526.



JOHN STREET, PRINCE'S SQUARE, HAMILTON.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

The subscriber has received the following ENGLISH MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY and is now taking subscriptions for them, viz: London Society, \$2 50 per year. Temple Bar, 3 50. Cornhill, 3 50. St. James, 3 50. McMillan, 3 50. Once-a-Week, 3 50. World of Fashion, 3 50. Churchman, 3 00. Sixpenny, 1 75. Good Words, 1 75. Chambers' Journal, 1 75. London Journal, Mo. parts, 1 75. Reynolds' Miscellany, 1 75. Family Herald, 1 75. &c. &c. &c. Every thing published procured at lowest rates. P.S.—All English Magazines as received by Cunard steamers.

A. S. IRVING, 19, King Street West. Toronto, January 23, 1863.

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

WM. MALCOLM, BRASS FOUNDER AND BELL HANGER, PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER, Next door to the Canada Life Assurance Co., James St. HAMILTON, C. W. White and Locksmithing done. All Work Warranted Satisfactory.

T. C. COLLINS & CO. BRASS FOUNDERS, AND Wholesale Manufacturers OF ENGINEERS & PLUMBERS BRASS WORK. Steam Gauges, Whistles, Water Gauges, Globe Valves, and brass work for Oil Refiners, &c. &c. &c. Corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets, TORONTO, C. W.

T. WHITE, MANUFACTURER OF MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS AND Dealer in Sheet Music, Music Books, &c. KING STREET WEST, HAMILTON, C. W. Pianos and Melodeons Tuned, Repaired and taken in Exchange. List of prices sent free on application.

TERRAPIN RESTAURANT, 89, KING STREET WEST. AND CRYSTAL BLOCK, NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL. CARLISLE & MCCONKEY.

W. H. COO, 295, QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, Manufacturer of Cages Screens, Sieves, Window Guards and Blinds, In fact, every article in the trade.

A. S. IRVING, GENERAL DEALER IN Books, Newspapers, Stationery and Pictures, No. 19, King Street West, Toronto. [Pauken's Old Stand.] New York Dailies received by early Trains every Morning, and Shipped or Delivered to any part of the City or Country for 25 Cents per week or \$10 per year Agent in Toronto for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER, 1860.



This is the only legal and reliable GIFT ENTERPRISE in America, and all Jewelry sent out that is not satisfactory can be returned and the money will be refunded. Being Manufacturers' Agents for three of the largest manufacturing Jewelry establishments on the continent, we have adopted the following plan for the sale of goods consigned to us, finding it to be the most expeditious method, viz: Any person subscribing 25 cts, and forward the same to us, shall receive by return of mail, post paid, a Certificate, stating what article of goods will be sold for \$1, \$2 or \$3, according to the Scheme the Certificate is purchased in, regardless of cost. The name of each article will be written on 100,000 Certificates, which will be placed in sealed envelopes, thoroughly mixed, and given out regardless of favor. On receipt of Certificate, the party can see what article is bought. This cannot fail to be equally fair and satisfactory to all. Correspondents will please be particular to designate the Scheme or Schemes in which they prefer their Certificates. THREE SCHEMES are now in successful operation, viz:— The \$1.00, \$2.00 & \$5.00 Schemes, For the particulars of which we refer to Colored Circular accompanying this. Agents and others can, by purchasing 100 Certificates at one time, procure them for \$12.50; and if equally assorted in the \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$5.00 Schemes, we guarantee 27 GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Hunting and Open Cased, and solid Gold Chains. Since the commencement of our business we have received over 15,000 money letters, which can be seen by any person calling at our office. We received the patronage of Clergymen, Doctors, Lawyers, Farmers and Mechanics. The lowest Prize issued we warrant to be SOLID GOLD—no filling or plating, and worth double the amount paid for it.

PRICES OF CERTIFICATES. We shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 Cents for a single Certificate of any of the above Schemes; Five will be sent on receipt of \$1; Eleven sent on receipt of \$2. Thirty sent on receipt of \$10. Address all orders, post-paid, W. TAYLOR & SON, P. O. Box 415, Hamilton, C. W. NOTICE:—All Certificates now issued by us are printed on paper expressly prepared, and duly signed as Notes, and are good for any length of time. Postage Stamps, in any quantity, taken at par.

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JOHN RUTHVEN, COMMISSION MERCHANT, Keeps constantly on hand, Crockery, Glassware, Woodware, Perfumery, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c. King Street, between John and Hughson, HAMILTON, C. W.

McELCHERAN & BALLOU, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS, GILDERS, &c. Manufacturers of Druggists' and Brewers' SHOW CARDS ON GLASS, DOOR PLATES, BLOCK LETTERS, &c. 22 King William St. near Hughson HAMILTON, C. W.

D. A. BOCART DENTIST, HAMILTON, C. W. Teeth extracted without pain or danger. Teeth filled and inserted in a satisfactory manner.

DAGLISH & WALTON, DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS AND FURS, WENTWORTH HOUSE, Cor. King & John Streets, Hamilton.

W. AITCHINSON & CO. PLANING MILL, MANUFACTURERS OF Sash, Blinds, Doors, Mouldings, Packing Boxes, &c. Turning and all kinds of Wood Work. At H. G. Cooper & Co's Conch factory, BOND STREET, HAMILTON.

AN INGENIOUS MECHANIC.—Somewhere about the year 1780, a travelling millwright, footsore, and with the broadest northern Doric accent, stopped at Soho, a locality once indicative of field sports, but then the engine factory of Boulton and Watt, and asked for work. His aspect was little better than one of 'beggars and poor looks,' and Mr. Boulton had bidden him God speed to some other workshop, when, as he was turning away sorrowfully, Mr. Boulton suddenly called him back.

'What kind of hat's you ye have on your head, my man?'

'It's just tinner, sir.'

'Timber, my man; let's look at it.—Where did you get it?'

'I just made it, sir, my ainsel.'

'How did you make it?'

'I just turned it in the lathe.'

'But it's oval, man! and a lathe turns things round!'

'Aweel! I just gar'd the lathe gang another gate to please me. I'd a lung journey afore me, an' I thoct to have a hat to keep out water; and I hadna muckle siller to spare, and I just made me ane.'

By his inborn mechanism the man had invented an oval lathe, and made his hat, and the hat made his fortune. Mr. Boulton was not the man to lose so valuable a help, at least in those days, when good men were scarce, and so the after famous William Murdoch (the originator of locomotives, and also of lighting by gas) took suit and service under Boulton and Watt, and in 1784 made the first vehicle impelled by steam in this England of ours—made with the very hands and brain-cunning that had before produced the 'tinner hat.'

Out of that seed, after 78 years sowing and reaping its produce, a goodly crop has sprung up, that, like the grain of mustard seed, replenishes the civilized earth, and will yet civilize the uncivilized.

WOMAN'S DEVOTEDNESS TO MAN.—She is happy in owing everything to man. That alone imparts a singular charm to the poor household. There nothing is foreign or indifferent; everything bears the stamp of a beloved hand, the seal of the heart. Man very often little knows the privations she endures in order that, on his return, he may find his dwelling modest, yet adorned. Great is the ambition of woman for the household clothes, and linen. This last article is new: the linen closet, the pride of the country-woman, was unknown to the wife of the town workman before the revolution in industry which I have mentioned. Cleanliness, purity, modesty, those graces of woman, then enchanted the house: the bed was surrounded with curtains; the child's cradle, dazzled with whiteness, became a paradise: the whole cut out, and sewed it a few evenings. Add moreover, a flower to the window! What a surprise! the husband, on his return, no longer knows his own home! This taste for flowers, which has spread, and this little expenditure to ornament the interior, are they not lamentable, when these people never know whether they have any work on the morrow? Call it not expenditure, say rather economy. It is a very great one, if the innocent attraction of the wife renders the house charming to the husband and can keep him there. Let us ornament, I beseech you, both the house and the wife? A few ells of printed cotton makes her another woman: see she is regenerated, and become young again.

NEWSPAPERS.—The newspaper is the chronicle of civilisation—the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come to drink. It is the newspaper that gives to liberty its practical life, its constant observation, its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper informs legislation of public opinion, and it informs the people of the acts of legislation. And this is not all. The newspaper teems with the most practical morality—in its reports of crime and punishment you find a daily warning against temptation: not a case in a police court, not a single trial of a wretched outcast, or a trembling felon, that does not preach to us the awful lesson, how imprudence leads to error, how error leads to guilt, how guilt reaps its bitter fruit of anguish and degradation. The newspaper is the familiar bond that binds us together man and man—no matter what may be the distance of clime or the difference of race. There it is that we have learned how to sympathise with the slave, how to battle for his rights, how to wrest the scourge from his taskmaster. Over land and sea the voice of outraged humanity has reached the great heart of England, and raised up a host of freemen as the liberators of the enslaved and tortured negro! The newspaper is a law-book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor. It may stimulate the most indifferent, it may instruct the most profound.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 16th January, 1863, \$62,411 94
Corresponding week last year. 57,152 88½

Increase, \$ 5,262 05½

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending January 10, 1863, \$80,483 25
Corresponding week, 1862. 85,632 31

Decrease, \$ 5,149 06

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

[Received by this week's mail, and compiled expressly for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

LIVERPOOL, 7th Nov. 1862.	
PORK PER BBL.	WHEAT 100 CENTAL 100 LBS.
Prime mess..... 60 a 65	Canadian white 103 a 108
BACON PER CWT.	American white 103 a 123
Boneless..... 35 a 38	" red..... 81 a 102
Rib..... 33 a 36	FLOUR PER BBL.
Hams..... 31 a 37	Canadian, fine..... 24 a 26
Shoulders..... 31 a 34	" extra..... 27 a 29
LARD PER CWT.	Sour and partial..... 18 a 22
Fine..... 39 a 40	Western canal..... 23 a 24
Middling to good..... 28 a 39	Oldo & Baltimore..... 24 a 26
Inferior and grease..... 32 a 37	INDIAN CORN PER 480 LBS.
CHEESE PER CWT.	Extra..... 48 a 52
Ordinary to fine..... 30 a 45	Yellow..... 23 6 a 29 0
BUTTER PER CWT.	Mixed..... 23 3 a 28 9
Extra..... 83 a 90	White..... 39 0 a 32 6
Good to fine..... 70 a 85	PEAS PER 604 LBS.
Ordinary..... 54 a 65	Canadian..... 37 0 a 37 6
Grease sorts..... 38 a 48	PETROLEUM.
American Crude per ton, of 252 imperial gallons..... £21 a 22	Canadian..... do do..... 13 a 14
Refined, burning, best quality per gallon..... 2 3 a 2 6	Do good..... do do..... 1 9 a 2 0
Lubricating per ton, black, green and brown..... £18 a 22	Do best yellow..... 25 a 30

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22, 1863.

Ashes are steady and in moderate request at \$3 50 for Pots; Pearls are dull at \$7 75 a \$8.

Flour and Meal.—Trade brands have sold more freely, in some instances at a slight advance. The sales are 18,700 bbls at \$6 30 a 6 55 for Superfine State and Western; \$6 70 a 6 85 for Extra State; \$6 90 a 7 10 for Fancy do.; \$6 85 a 7 10 for the low grades of Western Extra; \$7 25 a 7 35 for Shipping Ohio; \$7 40 a 8 30 for trade brands, and \$7 10 a 9 25 for St. Louis Extras. Canadian Flour is quiet, but firm; sales of 570 bbls at \$6 80 a 7 10 for the low grades of Extra, and \$7 20 a 8 30 for trade brands.

Grain.—The transactions reach 234,800 bush., and consist of 27,800 bush. Chicago Spring at \$1 29 a 1 40; 41,200 do. Milwaukee Club at \$1 40 a 1 45; 33,600 do. Amber Spring at \$1 46 a 1 48½; 64,700 do. Red Western at \$1 50 a 1 55; 48,400 do. Amber do. at \$1 55 a 1 58; the inside rate in store; 11,600 do. White Michigan at \$1 68 a 1 72, and 2,000 do. White Missouri at \$1 80. Barley is quiet but firm; sales of 600 bush good State at the railroad depot at \$1 45. Barley Malt is dull, but holders are firm at \$1 60 a 1 75 for State and Canadian. Oats are quiet but steady at 72 a 74c for Western Canadian and State. Rye continues to sell in small lots at 98c a \$1 02.

Provisions.—The Pork market is fairly active, and prices are again firmer; the arrivals are moderate, but the stock is large; the sales are 2,200 bbls at \$14 50 a 14 75 for Mess; \$16 for uninspected City Prime and new Mess, and \$11 25 a 12 50 for old and new Prime. Beef is very plenty and in little demand; sales of 500 bbls at \$10 75 a 12 25 for plain Mess, and \$12 75 a 13.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

MONTREAL, Dec. 22.

Flour—Superior Extra, \$5 20 a 5 30; Extra, \$4 90 a 5 05; Fancy, \$4 65 a 4 80; No. 1, \$1 50 a 4 60; No. 2, \$4 25 a 4 35; Fine, \$3 75 a 4 00. Rags—Spring Wheat, \$2 40 a 2 45.

Wheat—U C Spring, ex cars, 90 a 95c; White U C, \$1 07, a 1 08.

Peas—Per 66 lbs, 65 a 70c.

Pork—Mess, \$10 00 a 10 50; Prime, \$8 00 a 8 25.

Butter—10 a 16c.

Lard—7½ a 8c.

Ashes—Pot, \$6 45 a 6 55; Pearl, \$6 50 a 6 55.

Oatmeal—Per 200 lbs, \$4 55 a 4 75.

DAILY COVERNESS.

A Lady, competent to give instruction in Music, French, Drawing, and the English Branches, wishes for an engagement in a private family. Unexceptionable references. Address A. W., box 597, P. O. Hamilton, January 24, 1863.

ESTABLISHED 1818.

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Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Cases, Fans, Dressing Cases, Papier-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c. &c.
Montreal, January 24, 1863.

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ONE MONTH,

PREVIOUS TO TAKING STOCK,

C. McNAB & CO.

Will offer the balance of their

WINTER GOODS!

AT

COST PRICE.

King Street, Hamilton.

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GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER. Perfect fit and entire satisfaction warranted. The Latest Patterns of French, English and German Cloth always on hand.
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PAPER AND ENVELOPE MANUFACTURERS,
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Of Portraits, Buildings, Machinery, Scenery, &c., for Circulars, Bills, Cards, Books, &c., of a BETTER CLASS, and at from

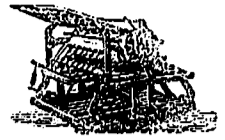
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Than the usual Prices charged in the Provinces. Make arrangements with us to send our Special Artist to sketch, or send ambrotype or sketch of whatever is to be engraved, and state size required, and we will quote price at once.

H. BROWN & Co.,
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Hamilton, C. W.

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BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

WILL be found all kinds of Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes, suitable for Fall and Winter wear,

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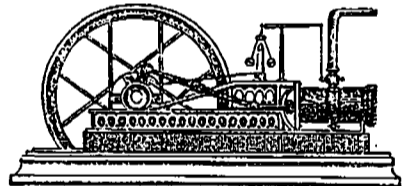
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TERMS, for one year, sent by mail.....\$3.00

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H. BROWN & Co.,
Publishers.

MAT. BOWIE. W. BROWN.