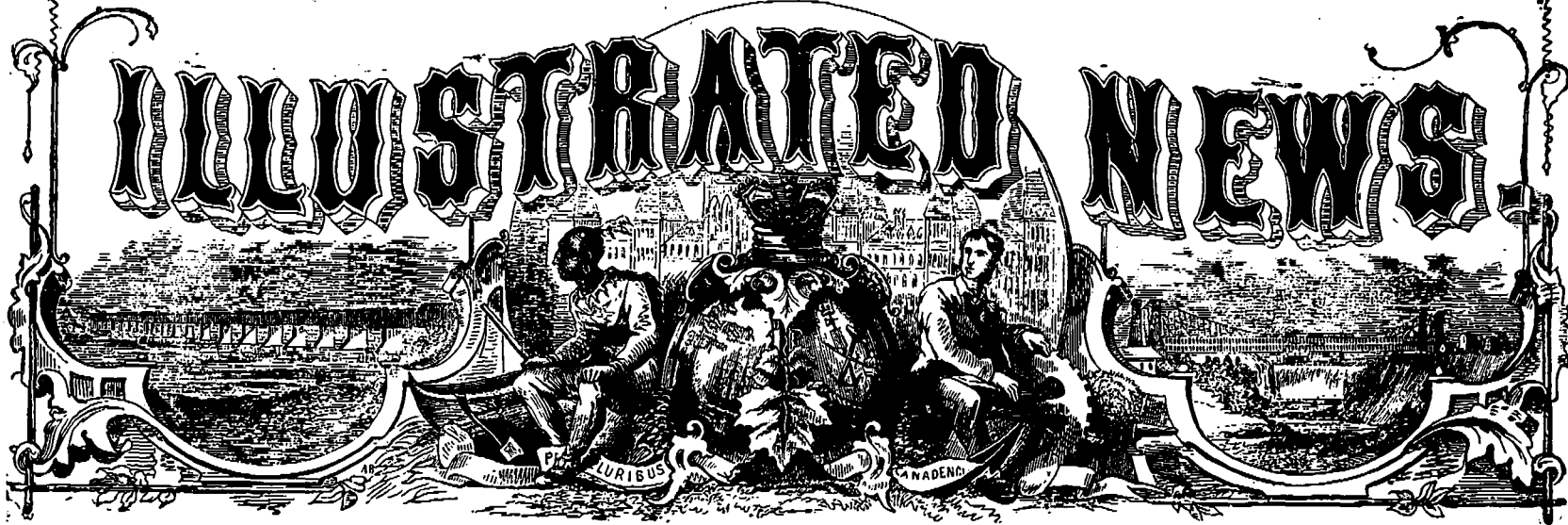


CANADIAN

ILLUSTRATED NEWS



VOL. III—No. 8.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, JANUARY, 23, 1864.

[33 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES 7 CENTS.]

MAJOR MACPHERSON, MONTREAL.

Brigade Major Macpherson, of the 11th Military District, Lower Canada, whose likeness appears on this page, is a Canadian by birth, having been born in the County of Glengarry, Canada West, to which place his father emigrated some forty years since.

He is descended from a highly honorable and ancient Scottish family who claim as their Chief Cluny Macpherson.

On his father's side he is connected with the late Lieutenant General Kenneth Macpherson, of the Honorable East India Company's service, who served in the 71st, or 'Fraser Highlanders' at the taking of Quebec, as also to the late Lieut-General Robert Barclay Macpherson, C. B. and K. H., whose services in the East Indies, South America, the Peninsula, and Canada are on record. This officer, who died in 1853, was a grandson of the famous Lord Lovat, and cousin-German to the present Cluny Macpherson.

He is descended on his mother's side from the ancient family of the 'Roses of Kilbraoch' in the County of Nairn, and is also connected with the Mackenzies, his grandmother being a near relative to the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Aoch, well known in Canada by his discoveries in the desert regions of North America, and who was a partner in the late North West Company.

Major Macpherson was early brought up to mercantile pursuits in the city of Montreal. In 1849 he received a commission as ensign in the 3rd Battalion Montreal Militia under Lieut.-Colonel Shaw,



BRIGADE MAJOR MACPHERSON, MONTREAL.

and in 1856 organized the first Highland Company in the Lower Province, of which he was appointed captain. This fine company, being attached to the 1st, or Prince of Wales Regiment Volunteer Rifles, has ever been conspicuous for its efficiency and discipline amongst the Volunteers of Montreal. He retained this command until his promotion to the rank of Major in the Militia of the province in 1861.

Major Macpherson performed gratuitously from the month of April 1861 to the date of his present appointment, November 1862, the duties of Brigade Major to the active volunteer force at Montreal, and when the new regulations respecting the formation of

military districts came into force, he was selected by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief to fill the post he now holds as Brigade Major of the 11th Military District, Lower Canada, one of the most important in the Province—the volunteer force in the City of Montreal comprising upwards of 3,400 of all ranks, besides ten Battalions of Sedentary Militia.

The various Drill associations formed in Montreal under the auspices of this officer, in connection with the Sedentary Militia force, and colleges, bear proof to the exertions he has made to further the objects of these organizations.

Major Macpherson is entitled to great credit for the energy and perseverance evinced by him as official Secretary to the Executive Committee of the great Rifle tournament held in Montreal in September last. In carrying out the duties de-

volving upon him on that occasion—suffice it to say that the business habits and courteous bearing of the gallant Major has won for him the good opinion of his superiors and the volunteer force in general, and that he is considered in every respect a most efficient staff officer.

The receipts of Customs duties at London, C. W., were \$123,676 in 1863, against \$141,893 in 1862. The exports from London in 1863, were \$394,237, against \$290,109 in 1862.

Small pox, says the London, C. W., Advertiser, is very prevalent in Hamilton at present, and is almost exclusively confined to young children. We are informed that diphtheria very common in Strathroy just now.

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H. GREGORY & Co.

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1862.

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THE CANADIAN

Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, JANUARY 23, 1864.

H. GREGORY & Co. Proprietors.

SHAKING OF THE NATIONS.

The latest mails from Europe bring intelligence which indicates trouble, such as may any day burst into a convulsion of nations, a collision of armies, a thousand thunder storms of battle and bombardment on land and on ocean. It is such intelligence as strikes humanity with emotions of dismay. Great Britain takes side with Denmark against all Germany in the question of the disputed Duchies, intimating that a Germanic occupation of the territory will be accepted by Denmark as a declaration of war. Germany accepting that issue advances upon the naked peril, while Imperial Gaul paws the earth and champs the bit. Into which scale will the sword of France fall? Diplomacy tells the world that French and British sentiments are one, and both on the side of Denmark. Duplicity winks the eye and leaves Europe to say which of his allies in war has not Louis Napoleon betrayed?

Soander sense prevails in Nova Scotia in the matter of the Chesapeake than was the case when the Pirates were rescued from officers of justice, and the rescue applauded by Nova Scotian newspapers, and to the peril of Canada by part of the press of this Province.

Judge Stewart, of the Admiralty Court, before whom the case has come judicially, read a written statement "to prevent misrepresentation through the press." After detailing the circumstances connected with the capture of the Chesapeake, his Lordship, referring to the possibility of a plea being submitted on behalf of the Confederates, said:—

"I am sitting as a judge of the Court of Admiralty and representing Her Majesty in it." Then he spoke of "the plea of men who have violated her proclamation of neutrality and offered an affront to her dignity; men who have grossly and wilfully and stealthily violated her territory, sold goods therein; who have with revolvers and lawless force violently resisted the officers seeking to execute the process of her magistrates, and who are this moment fugitives from justice." After further observations His Lordship said that under the facts before him, unless altered by further evidence, he would treat the case as one of piracy throughout.

The bombardment of Charleston continues, and the doomed city is gradually, slowly, horribly sinking to diabolical destruction.

Such is war. Yet with North America involved in conflagration and fratricidal slaughter on a scale of horror that

appals the world, the latest news from Europe tells that Italy is to be again plunged in war in the Spring at the hands of Garibaldi; and Hungary at the hands of Kosouth; Germany and Denmark at the bidding of Royal and Ducal heads; and Ireland at the instance of the Fenian Brotherhood! while Britain is already at war in New Zealand, Japan, and North Western India, and may on any day be drifted into a collision with the Federal States, involving Canada in the convulsion—Canada to bear the brunt of battle as the outlying picket of Western empire. In face of all those commotions, actual or contemplated, the plotters and conspirators against the peace of nations seem to be accepted as agents of human happiness. To our shame there has arisen a school even in conservative Britain and her colonies which applauds rebellion as a virtue in other nations. And other nations are made happy to hear of treason preparing or already ripe in the dependencies of Great Britain.

Shall it be ever thus? Has the Gospel come in vain? Has man no higher law than his own passion, or sordid duplicity?

WAR, MEN, AND MONEY.

Mr. John Bright, a "Man of Peace," who in years gone by declaimed against all wars as monstrously wicked, has recently been exciting an audiance at Rochdale, in England, to the fervour of "tremendous cheering," by testifying that the Federal States of America, though engaged in a gigantic war are not injuriously affected by it in their domestic industry, or social life.

This astounding utterance of a man who is governed by his impulsive attachments and dislikes, and seldom by calm, patient reflection, might be treated as an innocent aberration of intellect, were it not that the printing press has given him the world for an audience; that he is beyond question one of the most eloquent declaimers of the time; and that he is member for Birmingham, toy-shop and musket-making arsenal of the world.

Mr. Bright receives his information from the commercial capitalists of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Those cities are fattening on the war, except the sections of the poorer population who are not so affluent as to purchase absence from the fields of battle. Throughout the Western States the population now consists of women, children and old men. The men of health and strength—the sinew of the nation—are in the war, or in the hospitals, or in the graves which battle and pestilence have filled.

A New York journal which is usually reliable in its statistics, gave recently a statement to this effect:—

During the war which began in the spring of 1861, at least one hundred thousand men have been killed; four hundred thousand have been disabled for life: thus half a million have been subjected to death, and to sickness worse than wounds in the armies on both sides. The amount of property destroyed during the war may be roughly estimated at five hundred millions of dollars. The injury inflicted upon Federal commerce and carrying trade may be roughly estimated at five hundred millions of dollars. This is under rather than above the fact, for the rebel Massie, asserts that he alone has destroyed eleven millions of dollar-worth of ships and cargoes; and Semmes has certainly destroyed as much more. The war debt of the North and South amounts to about five thousand millions of dollars. Estimating the white people in the United States in 1860 at twenty-six millions—and this is within a few hundreds of the official figures—we find that the war has been instrumental in causing the death of one man out of every two hundred and sixty people, and the crippling or disabling of one man out of every fifty-two people; also, that it has caused the destruction of property valued at six hundred million of dollars, and an expenditure of about five thousand millions.

SMALL POX.

SAVE LIFE! SAVE BEAUTY.

In the County of Essex, Canada West, near the town of Windsor, on the first day of the present year, a family comprising five children and their mother, a widow, fell victims in a horrible catastrophe. It involved the three-fold agencies of death, pestilence, fire, frost—such frost as snaps the life out. The woman had become afflicted with virulent small pox, and by the disease was rendered totally blind. Her neighbours, in their terror, declined to visit her abode. The children, all under ten years of age, were in like manner avoided by people living near. On New Years Day, came one of the fiercest storms ever known in north-west America. The children in raising a fire, set the shanty in

flames. Neighbours saw the house burning and comprehended the result, but declined to rush to the rescue and save life, lest they might contract the contagious pest of small-pox. The woman perished in the fire, so did two of the children. Two others perished of frost on the ruins of the hut. The oldest, in a state of nudity, a girl in her 9th year, rushed into the snow to reach the nearest house, but was paralyzed by the inclement frost and perished where she fell. Who and what were those miserable creatures? And who were their neighbours in this christian land? "Oh! black people, be sure," was the ready response of the white christians who read in the Windsor newspaper that the deplorable horror had been consummated at the "Institution," a settlement of coloured fugitives from American Slavery.

In the mortal records of "frozen to death," or "died of cold and exhaustion," a record peculiar to Canada every year, and which is already fearfully full in this Eighteen Sixty-Four, before January is over, many concurring facts suggest the inquiry and doubt, if the white conscience in matters involving humanity be greatly in advance of the black; but of that hereafter. The topic more immediately suggested by the occurrence just related, is the prevalence of small pox, and the difficulty of enforcing vaccination, as preventive or modification of the disease.

In the "Canada Lancet" (a professional organ of Medical Practice and Surgery, conducted by Dr. Bowman, and published by Mr. Lovell, at Montreal,) an article appeared in the number for December, entitled "Remarks on Vaccination and Re-Vaccination." It was written by Dr. Hingston an eminent Physician and Surgeon, part of whose practice is that of Physician to the Hotel Dieu at Montreal. To his essay we solicit an earnest and immediate public attention.

On the 18th of May, 1861, an Act was assented to by His Excellency the Governor General "To provide for the more general adoption of the practice of Vaccination." The Act provides that no public money should be paid to any Hospital unless it have a small pox ward; that the City Councils of Quebec, Three Rivers, St. Hyacinthe, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton and Sherbrooke, shall contract with legally qualified medical practitioners for the Vaccination of all those who may come to them; and that convenient places be appointed in each ward for the purpose.

By that law parents are bound to take their children to be Vaccinated within three calendar months after their birth; to exhibit them to the medical practitioner on the eighth day after; and to obtain from him a certificate of successful Vaccination. But if the child is found unfit for the operation a certificate to that effect is to be given, and every succeeding two months the child is to be taken to the medical practitioner until Vaccinated, or found insusceptible of vaccine disease. Parents who do not comply with the requirements of this Act are liable, upon conviction, to a penalty not exceeding five dollars; and no such plea of conviction shall be a sufficient defence against any complaint which may afterwards be brought against the parent or guardian for non-compliance with the provisions of the act, respecting the same child.

Such is the substance of a law which is good so far as it goes; but it is limited and partial in its scope. The Provincial Parliament failed in not following the legislature of other countries, and framing a law to render the practice of Vaccination compulsory throughout the Province, and not alone in the larger cities. Such a law, remarks Dr. Hingston, would not have been inquisitorial and would have reached persons of all conditions and of every locality. As it is, the residents of the larger cities are alone benefitted, and such of them only as choose of their own good pleasure, to submit to the repeated invitations of the public Vaccinators. The smaller towns, as Brockville, Prescott, Port Hope, Belleville, Cobourg, &c., are all unprovided with public Vaccinators; while in country districts Physicians in private practice, to whom is left the duty of Vaccinating, are rarely—and in some places, in Eastern Canada at least—never applied to for that purpose.

The mass of the people intended to be benefitted by this law are not impressed with the necessity for, or the usefulness of Vaccination; nay, many have a deep-rooted prejudice against the practice of, "putting a scab from a cow upon the skin of a christian." In Montreal, says Dr. Hingston, notwithstanding the policeman's alarm bell, notices in the newspapers, occasional promptings from the pulpit, and large posters in certain localities indicating offices for the services of the public Vaccinators during the past two years; and of these the greater number were Vaccinated when the Act, through the City Council, first obtained partial publicity.

Were all the rest attended to by private practitioners there would be no occasion to find fault; but it is not so. There are many families whose children never have been, or without some stringent compulsory law, never will be inoculated with the vaccine virus. Yet small pox is emphatically a Canadian disease. In the town of Galt, Canada West, in the summer of 1863, it was alarmingly prevalent. Of a population of less than four thousand, one hundred and fifty persons were affected at once. And while the al

lasted about five hundred were for the first or second time vaccinated. It was also prevalent in Hamilton. In Montreal, says Dr. Hingston, the disease is rarely absent, and never absent from the rural districts. In every town and village throughout the Province numerous traces of its former presence are visible. In the French Canadian Districts family after family is found "spotted" with it; and many a mother tells how she has to deplore the loss of a loved one, by a disease which, adds to the usual horrors of death, the swollen distorted features that forbid the last embrace—may even the last sad look of recognition.

In those districts where small pox is most prevalent Vaccination is unknown, and Dr. Hingston is assured by professional gentlemen of the highest respectability that it is useless to attempt to convince many of the humbler classes that there is any conservative influence in the practice. They regard the small pox as one of the necessary ills associated with human existence. The child must get its teeth, have measles, scarlatina, hooping-cough and small pox. And some go so far as to expose the child to the contagion of the latter when its health is good hoping thereby it might run the gauntlet with greater comparative safety. The Red Indians fly from it in terror; and when one is stricken with the disease he drowns himself—preferring that easy death to lying a putrid mass with no one to venture near him to moisten his lips.

Unhappy negligence! that a subject so deeply affecting the community should not have received attention earlier.

"And" says the eminent Montreal Physician, "it is passing strange that when attention was at length directed to it, a bill of the nature described—so partial in its scope and action, should have been enacted, leading people to rest in fancied security, believing something had been done to ward off this loathsome malady.

"I cannot," he continues, "say what the success has been in the other cities and towns mentioned in the Act, but in this city we have not an entire vaccinated population. Within the past few weeks (prior to December, 1863,) small pox has carried off large numbers in the west end, and in the east end of the suburbs, and here and there throughout the city has marked or appropriated its victims. It is not my desire to censure our City Council with the imperfect manner in which the duty confided to it has been discharged, but as the Council has taken upon itself the duty—not commanded, but permitted—of enforcing the law that duty should be performed fully and entirely or not at all. The partial success obtained by the public Vaccinators, Doctors Leprohon, Campbell, and Ricard, is due entirely to their own zeal. These gentlemen have in most instances sought out those who were not vaccinated, and carried the lymph to them. It cannot be expected, however, that for the miserably small fee of twenty-five cents medical gentlemen should leave their other avocations to travel far in quest of those who should be forced to go to them. Greater publicity is wanted and people should be made to understand there is a law to compel Vaccination; and that law should make examples of those who endanger the lives of their own children and those of others by a non-compliance with it."

Dr. Hingston having travelled or resided in France, Prussia, Bavaria, Wirttemberg, Denmark and elsewhere in Europe, refers to the universal practice of Vaccination in those countries and in Great Britain, where, as reported in the London Times, an inquest was held in October last, on the body of a child dead of small-pox. In that case the jury returned a verdict amounting to manslaughter against the parents for neglecting to have the child vaccinated.

But of late years, observation has proved that Vaccination, unhappily, does not remain permanently effectual. On the continent of Europe this limitation was observed and acted upon twenty years ago. Sixteen years afterwards the subject was pressed upon the attention of the British Army Medical Department. In 1858 a number of cases of small-pox having occurred in the army, particularly in India, among persons who had been previously vaccinated; a departmental order was issued, "that in future every recruit should, on joining his regiment be vaccinated, even if he should be found to have marks of small-pox or of previous Vaccination."

The Canada Lancet, for December, contains statistical tables showing the favourable results of re-vaccination in the British Army, and on the continent of Europe. The subject is of deepest, gravest interest in Canada, where either through the air of apartments vitiated by hot stoves, or in the salted meat and fish and whiskey partaken of so freely in winter, or in the climate, or in the soil, eruptive diseases related to impurity of blood are prevalent. In 1763-64, one hundred years ago, the British Military Physicians, then newly located at Quebec, were consulted about a mysterious disease which affected the entire rural population, in an extensive district, in Lower Canada. It was found to resemble, if it were not identical with the loathsome syphilis of moral infamy. But there was no reason to suppose that it had been contracted by immoral contagion. That in short was impossible. It was natural to the soil, or air, or social circumstances of the afflicted people.

OLD COUNTRY SKETCHES

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

One cold November day, in the year 1811, near the western border of the County of Sussex, in England, a small boy, aged seven years, stood shivering under some trees intently watching an opening in the bottom of a thorn hedge. The child had planted a snare in that opening in hope to catch a pheasant in its passage from the preserves of the great local landlord, Sir Charles Taylor, to a field of newly sown wheat on the farm occupied by the boy's father. Unseen, within a thicket near by, stood the landlord's gamekeeper watching the boy—the pheasants came and one was caught. The youngster carried it away, and meeting the gamekeeper shouted for joy, "see what a beauty! see the long tail! I caught it, and I made the snare myself!"

The gamekeeper laid hold of the boy by the collar of his little jacket, and led him a captive before Sir Charles. The baronet raved, the boy wept. He was too young to be prosecuted, but the father with whom the gamekeeper was not friendly, having previously complained of the depredations of hares and pheasants on his farm, this incident was made a pretext of quarrel. The farmer being a tenant-at will was ordered to quit his land and homestead at the end of twelve months. As one who had complained of depredations done by game he did not readily get a farm elsewhere. He died a few years afterwards in poor circumstances, leaving several young children and a widow, the latter did not long survive him. The boy who snared the pheasant and was the innocent cause of so much family trouble, was taken to London by a relative and placed as junior clerk in the office of a drapery warehouseman. His diligence, intelligence and integrity led to his being appointed commercial traveller; and his success in that capacity obtained for him a partnership with Mr. Foster, of Sabden, in Lancashire, in the business of printing calicoes.

Elegance of design, and excellence of work characterized the productions of that firm. The junior partner became wealthy, and then completed what he had begun in his first situation as a boy, provided for the education and life settlement of his brothers and sisters. That small boy, diligent man, and dutiful brother was Richard Cobden.

In the same month of November, 1811, when the pheasant was snared, a male child was born at Green Bank, near the River Roche in the County of Lancaster, whose parents were Quakers, the father was a manufacturer of cottons.

In Yorkshire, on a day in the year 1823, when the ground was lightly covered with snow, that Quaker boy, aged twelve, was seen running across fields, scrambling over ditches, palings, and hedgerows. He was dressed in broad brimmed hat and buttonless coat, with buckles at his knees and on his shoes. He had been at Ackworth School, the educational institute of the Society of Friends, had revolted at the severity of the discipline; was seized with a "concern" to go home; scaled the walls as he had done once before, and escaped to the fields. He was pursued by a lank Quaker schoolmaster, and by a troop of broad brimmed boys who yelled on his track, but did not catch him; they lost his foot-taps in the woods and returned to Ackworth to their own dismal imprisonment. The young Quaker was about fifty miles from his home in Lancashire; desolate moors, ravines, marshes and deep streams lying in his way. Miserable and exhausted he reached his father's door, and told of his great "concern" to leave a school where he had been unhappy. He was pardoned for the breach of obedience, and for several years after, was attended by a private tutor. Those years were spent pleasantly among the hills and dales of Whalley, the boy acquiring robust health and a general education, including Greek, Hebrew, foot-ball and cricket. In his eighteenth year he travelled through Europe and parts of Asia. Arriving in Greece he visited the river Illisus, famed in classical literature, but which was so small in the dry season of summer that the agile youth felt a "concern" to leap across, which he repeatedly did, that he might tell at home how the famed Illisus was not more than a Lancashire mill stream. Then at a narrow gullet he strode across, a foot on the north, a foot on the south bank, gazing into the narrow chasm.

On a bluff which rises above the northern bank, another Englishman watched the eccentricities of the young Quaker, and marvelled that he should find one in Greece, and in that way employed.

This second Englishman was Richard Cobden. On returning to the hotel at Athens he consulted the visitor's book and the waiters, and found that the young Quaker whom he left standing astride the Illisus river, was John Bright, of Rochdale, England. They had not then met. Mr. Cobden proceeded to the Crimea, and afterwards to Poland and the Russian capital. Going up the Danube by steambath, Mr. Bright read in the traveller's register the name Richard Cobden, which then came under his notice for the first time.

Sometime in 1834, Mr. Archibald Prentice, editor of the Manchester Times, (brother to John Prentice, of Louisville, Kentucky, whose son George David is so well known as a popular American Journalist,) saw a man who was wrapped in an ample cloak enter the outer office, lay a letter on the table, and then walk hastily away. He did not know the handwriting, but printed the letter. It was headed, "Incorporate your Borough," and was followed by a local agitation which deprived the lord of the manor, Sir Oswald Mosley, of the government and market rents of the town, and for the first time, invested both in a municipal corporation elected by the rate-payers. Of the writer of the anonymous letter, Archibald Prentice remarked when he read it; "This is a new man in our town, he conceals his name, but will be at no distant day proud to avow it, else, I mis-estimate his literary style."

That letter writer, in 1837, at the first election after the incorporation of the borough, (it was not made a city then) became Alderman Richard Cobden.

In October of that year, Dr. John Bowring, editor of the Westminster Review, and then Member of Parliament for Blackburn, being on a journey to his constituents, called on Mr. Prentice, who sent messages to such leading men as were known to favor a reduction of the commercial tariff, and especially of the customs duties levied on imported grain. They met in the evening of that day in the Red Lion Hotel, where, the room being large, they were enclosed within a curtain in one corner. Mr. Cobden was then so little known in connection with the free trade subject that he was not invited. Dr. Bowring, with the Hon. Mr. Villiers, now Earl of Clarendon, elder brother of the Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, had been a commissioner to continental countries in Europe, inquiring into the manner of keeping Public Accounts, with a view to introducing an improved system in Britain, a reform then much required, and since adopted. He had an interesting narrative to relate, and pleased the small party at Manchester so well that they, the same evening, formed "The Manchester Anti-Corn-law Association." Mr. James Howie, a native of Edinburgh, being its first President. They met weekly, and Mr. Cobden enrolled his name as a member at the third meeting.

Mr. Bright made his first appearance as an orator to a small and very remote public. On the moors above Rochdale is a hamlet of poor houses, occupied at that time, 1829, by hand-loom weavers named Cattle Lane Head. Thither he and four other youths unused to public speaking, travelled from Rochdale to make speeches on drunkenness and temperance, and to form a Society, as an exercise and rehearsal preliminary to a bolder attempt in Rochdale town. Of the four who spoke, the only failure was Mr. Bright who, in face of the hand-loom weavers became nervous and sat down. That was the first public attempt of one who, since, wisely or indiscreetly as may be variously judged, delivers his thoughts with such precision of correct English as to cause parliamentary reporters to say that his are almost the only speeches spoken in the House of Commons which demand no addition, no omission, no amended word or phrase, or grammatical correction from them. So much for the worth of the tutor who schooled him among the hills and dales of Whalley.

When Mr. Bright returned from Greece, Egypt and Palestine, he lectured in Rochdale, describing what he had seen. One day in 1837, a year of commercial panic and stagnation, the manufacturers and merchants attending the Manchester Exchange, when indulging in gloomy fears, and listening to startling rumors of bankruptcy brought by latest mails from America, were drawn to the windows of the hall for a time and to the outside, to listen to a young man who, mounted on a chair in Ducie Place, was pouring forth a torrent of eloquent invective against the currency law, and the corn law, and the constitution of the parliament which legislated on currency and corn. The country manufacturers and town merchants unused to such an oration in business hours, and on Market Tuesdays asked one another, "who is he?" None seemed to know, until one from Rochdale said, "it is our young Quaker, John Bright." He was despised by the men on "Change," but was forthwith enrolled as a member of the young and feeble Association, which three years after became the Anti-Corn-law League.

At Camp Douglas, near Chicago, eighty soldiers on guard had their feet, ankles and hands so badly frozen that they are incapacitated for duty for some time—many for all their lives. Two rebel prisoners who escaped, were frozen to death.

COLD IN THE WEST.—A Milwaukee paper states that for the past few days, all the space between North and South Points, in Milwaukee Bay, for the first time within the memory of any living inhabitant, has been frozen over solidly, and during some time the lake has been frozen over as far as the eye could see.

THE SMASHING POWERS OF THE ARMSTRONG 600 POUNDER.

The smashing powers of Sir William Armstrong's 600-pounder shunt gun were tested on Friday (Dec. 11), at Shoeburyness against the Warrior floating target. The target is an exact counterpart of a section of the Warrior's side, and measures 18 feet long by 10 feet in height. It is constructed of iron plates of the best homogenous metal, 4½ inches thick, bolted to a backing of teak 18 inches in depth. Behind this come two sets of ¾ inch plates, riveted to massive ribs of T iron—the whole being shored up by slanting beams of fir of immense thickness. The target was moored at 1000 yards distance from the firing points of the 600 and 300-pounder Armstrongs, and wooden targets for ascertaining the correct elevation for this range floated close by, a little clear of the iron one.

The first shot from 'Big Will' was a dummy cast iron shell, weighing 600 pounds, and was levelled with such unerring aim at the wooden target as to smash it literally to powder. The elevation of the piece in this instance was 20°5, and the charge 70 pounds. The next shot was a steel shell, with a cast-iron head weighing 610 pounds, and containing 24 pounds of powder, which is only four-fifths of its normal charge. Before firing this shot a consultation took place among the artillerymen present as to the elevation to be given, it having been discovered that the wooden target demolished by the first shot had been moored at 1,020 yards instead of 1,000, as he had been originally intended. After some discussion, the gun was fired, at 2510

elevation, the shell passing just over the top of the target a little to the right of the central line.

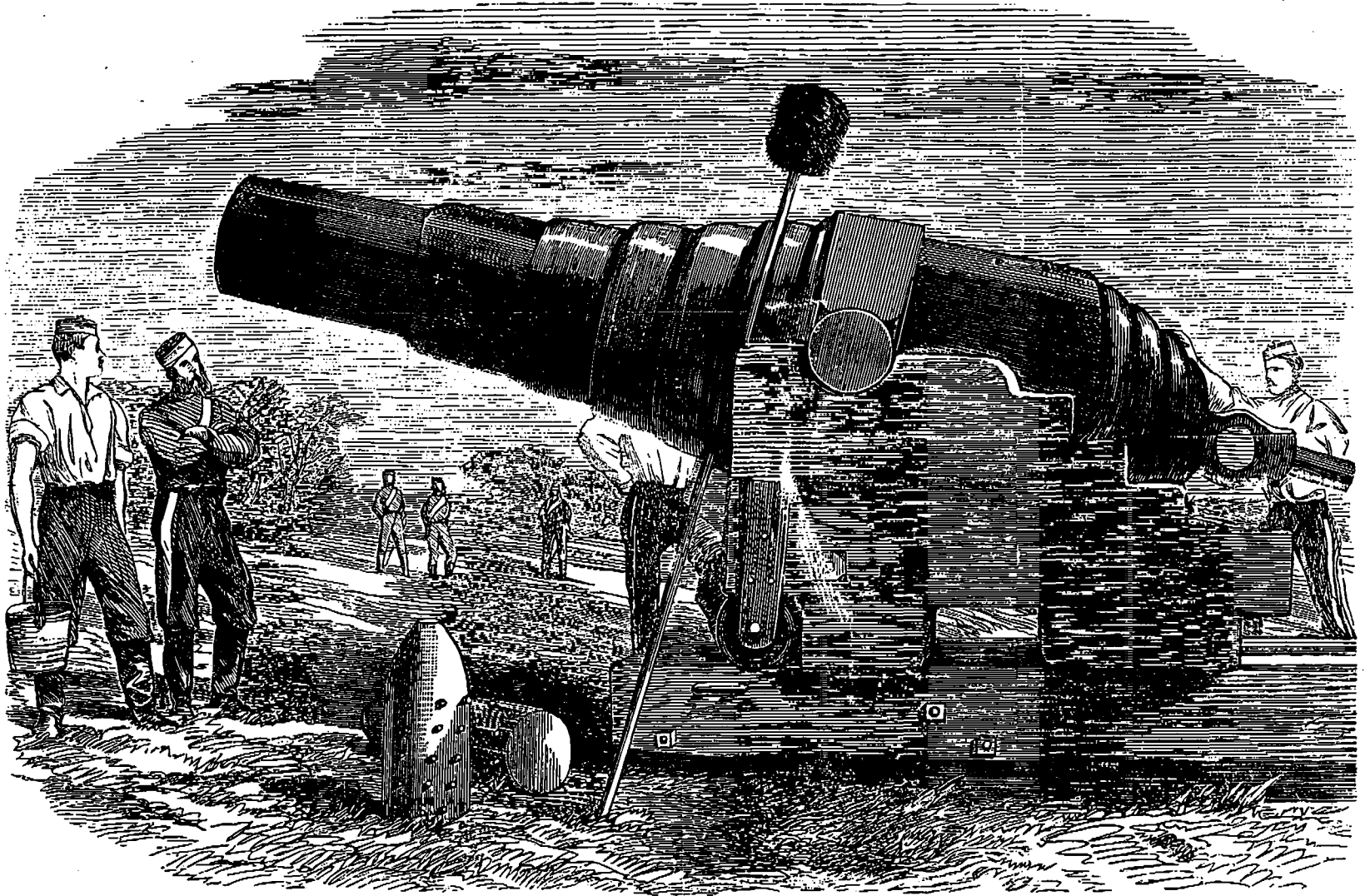
The next two shots—live steel shells similar in all respects to No. 1—demonstrated in a most surprising way the wonderful accuracy of the gun in obeying the slightest change in elevation. For shot No. 3 the piece was depressed to 2°2, the shell passing through the exact centre of the top of the target, and carrying away a piece of the wood framing of a semi-circular shape. The fourth shot was fired at only 3' less elevation, and struck the target as near the centre as possible, making daylight through it, and exploding at the very moment of impact. A hole 2ft by 20in. yawned in the 4½in plate, level with and a few inches on the left of the bull's eye.—The teak backing was splintered into fragments from the size of the cocoanut to the merest fibre, and the ¾in plates and one of the ribs were completely torn away like so much paper. In front, below the hole there lay a huge mass of iron plate, weighing three or four hundredweight, and looking like a piece of crumbled black rag. The plate above the one which was pierced was started from its place and bulged outward, nearly the whole of the bolts holding it to the target being broken away.

In fact, all present allowed that since the great battle of gun versus plate had begun to be waged, there had never been such a complete triumph for the former combatant. At first it had been intended to try the effects of the 600-pounder upon the Warrior target at 2,000 yards, but the first blow at 1,000 yards so disabled it as to render a new

target necessary. On returning to the firing point the 300-pounder was next tried—four shots being fired; but owing to several causes only one of them took effect, striking the right top corner of the plate, and smashing but not penetrating it, owing to the target having been slewed around to an angle of nearly 40 degrees with the line of fire by the fourth shell from 'Big Will.' This concluded the firing for the day.

A view of this great gun is given in this number of the "Canadian Illustrated News."

GREAT INTERNATIONAL BONSPIEL—We understand that arrangements are being made on a very extensive scale for a grand international curling match between Canada and the United States. Negotiations are at present going on between the Toronto Club and the Buffalo curlers, and it is expected that in a few days all the preliminaries will be arranged. The Buffalo curlers state that if their fellow-curlers on this side of the line will go over to their city they will flood a thirty-acre field, and get a number of adepts at the 'roaring game' from all parts of the Union to meet an equal number of our Canadian players. A number of the Buffalo curlers are expected in Toronto this week, to play the Toronto Club, when the arrangements for this grand bonspiel will, if possible, be completed.



BIG WILL: SIX HUNDRED-POUNDER ARMSTRONG GUN.

SNOW STORMS.

On Thursday the 31st of December, rain fell like a deluge in the country around lake Ontario, in Canada. About midnight the wind rose to a gale, and brought with it thin drifts of snow, and a hard frost seldom equalled in its intensity. That storm lasted over Friday and Saturday, 1st and 2nd of January.

In the Western American States the portion of the storm, which was rain in Canada, was dry snow accompanied by violent wind. The Michigan Central, and Michigan Southern Railways were covered to a depth near the city of Chicago, Illinois, that arrested the running trains. Passengers were exposed to the perils of being frozen, remote from help during many hours, in one case, twenty hours.

Snow-falls, occasionally, of brief duration occurred between the 2nd and 19th of January. On the latter day rain fell at Oswego, on the south shore of Lake Ontario, accompanied by lightning; and at Toronto and Hamilton, and westward there was thick snow drifted by a high north-east wind, the temperature mild. Had it fallen evenly it might have been twelve inches in depth in Hamilton, and as far as twenty miles westward. In London the depth was considerably less, but everywhere it was drifted. In New York

State a railway train from Buffalo, going west, having become storm-staid was run into by another and several lives lost. In Canada the railway trains were stopped. The incidents have been reported in one of the Toronto journals as follows:

RAILROADS BLOCKED UP.

The storm appears to have extended over a large tract of Western Canada, and in some districts it appears to have been even much more severe than it was at Toronto. The railroads were consequently in many places so completely blocked that it was impossible for the trains to move. On the Grand Trunk the storm extended as far west as the village of Widder twenty miles this side of Sarnia, and reached east several miles below Toronto. Along this portion of the line, embracing about two hundred miles of the road, the snow lies to an average depth of between two and three feet. In some places where unusually large drifts have occurred, there are six, eight, and even ten feet of snow, thus rendering it impossible for trains to move until the track has been cleared. The London mail, which should have arrived at this station at 11. 50, succeeded in getting as far as Guelph, where it was compelled to remain. The day express also worked its way to Guelph, where it also stopped, and must remain until such times as the track is

again clear. On the eastern portion of the road the trains are also delayed, as no trains left here yesterday afternoon or evening.

On the Great Western they appeared to have experienced almost as much difficulty from the storm as they did on the Grand Trunk. On the main line all of the trains were detained, and several of them did not reach Hamilton station, having been blocked up somewhere in the west. On the Toronto branch two of the regular trains were cancelled, and some of the others ran over the road, taking several hours to perform the trip. On the Northern road, we believe, the storm was also very severe, but we are unable to learn any particulars with regard to the trains.

Around the Union Station and all along the Esplanade the snow is drifted into immense ridges, and two engines that were being used for the purpose of keeping the track in the vicinity of the station open, were finally blocked up and completely snowed in. One of them got off the track while those in charge were attempting to move it through a heavy drift. Up to twelve o'clock last night they had not been removed, though several engines were attempting to clear the track for them.

The snow ceased falling about ten o'clock on Tuesday night though the wind was high for several hours after.

LITERARY NOTICE

The Canadian Quarterly Review and Family Magazine Hamilton, C. W. Published for George D. Griffin, Editor, and Proprietor, by Donnelly and Lawson.

The second number of this serial is out, and, like the first, gives proof of its Editor being a lucid writer, original thinker, and well-informed student of the subjects he thinks and writes about. In this remark reference is more particularly made to the articles severally entitled, "Our Next Commercial Crisis," and "Canadian Currency."

The other original articles in No. 2, are, "Home Trade and Free Trade;" "Make Money Cheap;" "National Works;" and "Canadian Revenue." These constitute the division of the Review termed "National." The division termed "Family," consists of seven articles in prose and as many in verse.

The first number, issued in October last, contained in the division "National," seven original articles, entitled; "The Reciprocity Treaty;" "Our Military Position;" "Our Free Trade Legislature;" "Canadian Retrenchment;" "Canadian Aristocracy;" "Brantford Military Review;" "Lord Lyons." And in the "Family" division nine prose articles, and as many in verse.

The currency question involves the industrial life and health of the Province; the profitable progress of business. And out of industrial prosperity comes social happiness. "I hate the very name of the currency question," says some one, many a one, nearly every body; "it is so dry a subject; to read about it is like eating parched peas."

Is it so? Do you understand then, what it is to go to a Bank to obtain cash for a bill of exchange, or promissory note, to pay workmen and buy material for your business? and though your personal credit be undoubted and the bill good, be denied cash or bank bills, because the price of money has gone up! The commercial panic which sets in when a thousand or ten thousand, tradesmen like you, are refused discounts, ends in your bankruptcy, your family ruin, and in commercial disaster to all but the great capitalists.

Mr. Griffin writes:—

"Every business man knows that when he needs money the least the Banks are willing to flood him with it, that when he wants it the most he may go to ruin before they will loan him a dollar, no matter how abundant may be his real estate, or how unquestioned his reliability, they will not accommodate him unless they can be thoroughly satisfied that for their bills thus loaned they will not be obliged to pay the gold."

It is a study claiming to be popular and interesting to every person capable of any effort of thinking, that of comprehending why the Banks are constrained to refuse cash under certain circumstances, and what the remedy should be. Mr. Griffin states the cause and the remedy.

The Canadian Quarterly Review is handsomely brought out, and is only \$1.00 a year. It is one of the products of the growing intellectuality of the Province. And though stepping quietly into the literary arena, so quietly as to have been scarcely heard of, it is in its very infancy a formidable organ of opinion.

APPALLING DISASTER IN CHILI, SOUTH AMERICA.

Chili is inhabited by a population of mixed races, but the dominant aristocracy and priesthood are of Spanish descent. The state religion is Roman Catholicism in its most ultra form. The following narrative relates a catastrophe unparalleled in history:

(From the Patriot of Valparaiso, Dec. 16.)

We write under the shadow of a distressing public calamity. On the 8th inst., a fire occurred in Santiago, the fatal results of which are without parallel in the history of the nation. Two thousand persons, for the most part females, were burned to death within an hour.

This horrifying event occurred in the church called the Compania, from its having once belonged to the Company of Jesus, the Jesuits. The 8th instant was the festival in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, and the evening set apart for the climax of the ceremonial. At an early hour in the afternoon the audience began to assemble, and in such numbers that before dark persons had to return home, unable to obtain room within doors. A short time after half-past seven the illuminations were lighted. The splendor of the pageant may be estimated from the fact that there were twenty thousand lights. Of these five thousand were paraffine lamps, one of which exploded, and the calamity so universally deplored, then ensued.

It is reported that the fire commenced in a transparency that represented the half moon connected with the pedestal of the Virgin; and, as the building was covered with decorations composed of tissue gauze and painted canvass, the flames spread with inconceivable rapidity over the face of the grand altar, mounting to the very roof. During these moments the scene in the body of the church was one of panic stricken horror that completely baffles and defies all attempts at description. In an instant the crowded assembly was overwhelmed with consternation. Those in the centre perceived the progress of the flames first, while those nearer the doors, hoping the fire would be extinguished, were unwilling to risk losing their places. The conse-

quence was that those from the centre, rushing to the doors, came in mass upon those near the doorways while yet seated or kneeling on the floor. The latter were unable to rise in consequence, the former fell over them, the next behind fell on these and so on, until about the doors a wall of human bodies, entangled in one another's dresses, completely choked up every avenue of escape into the street. The fire meanwhile was progressing overhead as if through tinder. The paraffine lamps fell from aloft, discharging their inflammable contents on the ill-fated victims, wrapping them in an instant in flames. It is doubted if one in ten escaped; and of those who did the most part were so burnt or otherwise injured that death has since ensued.

Persons in the street report that over the barricade of bodies within the doorways, they could see individuals in the centre of the church, running hither and thither amid the flames, while it was impossible to render them the slightest assistance—nay, that it was out of the question to extricate even those who were near the doors. This at a distance seems quite inexplicable; but from the energetic character of some who sought to render the sufferers aid, we are sure it must have been out of the question, or it would have been done.

At the end of an hour, the fury of the conflagration had passed, and then of all that immense number of persons for whom escape had been impossible, not a soul survived. The belfry had fallen, and so had much of the roof, while the walls were standing. And now imagination fails to depict the horrors of the occasion. Where just before had been gathered the elite of the city, the female portion of the most refined families of the land, nothing remained but lifeless bodies, blackened and charred in death; some piled up in all imaginable confusion, some in rows yet kneeling, some with the heads burned off, others with limbs consumed, while the rest of the body had not suffered even a lesion.

Thus, matrons and maidens, their servants and children, had perished in a common ruin.

To some houses not a soul returned. Mothers with families of daughters, had disappeared. Husbands vainly sought from street to street and house to house their wives, brothers their sisters and parents their children.

The first intelligence was brought here by telegraph that five hundred had perished. It was hoped this would prove to be an exaggeration; but the next day the number was six and then eight hundred, then a thousand. It was then thought the tale of horror could not proceed further. And yet it has. Until now, seventeen hundred names have been published of persons missing, and the remains of more than two thousand have been borne to the cemetery. These, in some isolated cases, have been recognized; but the overwhelming mass have been perfectly undistinguishable. For four days a crowd of laborers was at work extracting the remains; and nearly two hundred cart-loads have been carried to the cemetery. Fifty men were there employed opening an immense excavation to receive them—a number that proved to be insufficient, and had to be augmented. The fire occurred on Tuesday evening; and on Saturday evening the fearful task had not been fully completed.

Perhaps never in any land has a calamity so dire and unmitigated, so sudden and awful, so heart-rending and horrifying, been recorded.

Connected with the fire already recorded there are incidents narrated that give rise to the bitterest reflections. For instance, through the vestry of the church there was an opportunity for some to escape. By this avenue a Miss Armstrong did escape, besides another lady; but then the door was closed in order to have more room and freedom for removing articles of furniture, even to benches, candlesticks, crucifixes, &c. We give an extract from the pen of our special correspondent, dated Dec. 11:

Yesterday we stated that the priests and servants of the church, while that multitude of females was burning, were busy in saving the miserable furniture of the vestry.

To day we have seen images of saints, silver ornaments and paintings, in the adjoining houses, that had been saved in the midst of the confusion. We have seen a large image, with its gilt frame work, in the seegar shop on the corner of the square; we have seen thousands of trifling objects that were got out instead of the perishing victims—inanimate stocks instead of human beings.

A SAD CASE

Under the above heading, the globe has a sensation article on a *crim. con.* affair, which happened in Toronto. The parties' names are not mentioned. The facts, related, are these: A medical doctor, a married man, seduced the wife of a banker. All the parties belong to Toronto. The seduced was a former love of the seducer. The husband and father of the guilty woman closed their doors on her. Proceedings to obtain a divorce are spoken of; and an action for damages has been commenced against the doctor. The most startling part of the transaction is, that this villain wormed himself into the family, in order to seduce his victim; and, as the medical adviser of the family, accomplished his purpose! For such an offence, pecuniary damages form but a poor punishment.

In some parts of Canada, municipal honours seem to be at a discount. We observe from the local papers, that at Galt, Mr. John Barbour has claimed and obtained exemption from serving as a Town Councillor, on the ground that he is a fireman. In Dundas, it is stated that Messrs. McKenzie, Howe, and Mulhern, who were elected to represent Mountain Ward at the Town Council Board, have notified the Mayor, that they will not take their seats, and that they refuse to act as Councillors.

Last Hours.

LORD ELGIN.

The *Bombay Times* has a lengthy memoir of Lord Elgin. It gives the following account of his death:—

Lord Elgin is dead. The worst fears which we expressed in our last overland summary, have been fully realised. The Viceroy and Governor-General of India died at two o'clock a. m. on the 20th November, at Dhurumsala, a secluded hamlet in the valley of Cashmere. Up to the 19th his lordship was quite conscious, fully aware of his state, and perfectly composed. He made every earthly preparation for his departure. He made his will; gave injunctions that he should be buried at Dhurumsala; directed Colonel Strachey to design a tomb for his remains; approved of the design when submitted to him; dictated the words of the telegrams that he ordered to be dispatched to England, conveying the expression of his duty to his Queen, and the request that Her Majesty would appoint his successor; gave instructions respecting the return of his family to England; took leave of his family; and waited till his end came.

ARCHBISHOP WHATLEY.

Friends should be careful what they say to the dying. Flattery is never so inexcusable as when it attempts to 'soothe the dull cold ear' of the departing. Something of this trial appears to have awaited the closing hours of the late Archbishop of Dublin, if we may judge from the following extract of a letter in the *Christain Observer*:— 'His last illness showed his principles; then he spoke plainly. To one who, observing his sufferings, asked him if he suffered much pain, he said, 'Some time ago, I should have thought it great pain, but now I am enabled to bear it.' His intellect was unclouded by illness; he could think and speak. Some one said to him, 'You are dying, as you have lived, great to the last.' the reply was, 'I am dying as you have lived, in the faith of Jesus.' Another said, 'What a blessing that your glorious intellect is unimpaired!' he answered do not call intellect glorious: there is nothing glorious out of Christ.' Another said, 'The great fortitude of your character now supports you.' 'No, it is my faith in Christ.' With such a witness on his lips and in his acts, Archbishop Whatley passed away. He has left us useful writings, and much valuable thought; but the witness of his dying hours seals and crowns his labours.

Dr. Arnold said of him that he was a great man. We reckon it a higher praise, that we can say over his grave without flattery or exaggeration, that he was a great and a good man.'

DEATH OF COL. WILLSON.

Died, at his residence, in the township of East Gwillimbury, on Tuesday the 29th ult., Lieut. Colonel John H. Willson, aged nearly 73 years. Thus has passed away another of the few remaining volunteers of 1812, who valiantly assisted to defend this country, under Gen. Brock, at the battles of Detroit and Queenston Heights. For such services rendered to his country during that war, he obtained a medal from his Sovereign, which in his lifetime he was proud to wear. After that war he settled on a farm in the above mentioned township, and lived surrounded by a large family connection and a great many friends, who are now left to mourn the loss of a kind friend and an affectionate father. Deceased was also a consistent member of the Masonic fraternity, and respected by all who knew him.—*Newmarket Era*.

SCALPING INDIANS.

The following, which we find in the correspondence of the *St. Paul Press*, is as little creditable to the civilization of the writer, as of the United States officers who are said to be engaged in making a pile of Sioux scalps:—

(PEMBINA, Dec. 18, 1863.)

'I take pleasure in telling you that Major Hatch is not only busily engaged building up winter quarters at Pembina but is also busily engaged piling up Sioux scalps, and I would not be the least surprised in the world, if he had a prettypig pile of them before spring.

'The Major detailed on the 15th inst. at 11 o'clock at night, a detachment of 15 men, acting Adjutant Orin in command, to go to St. Joseph after Sioux scalps. In this they have been successful. They returned yesterday, the 17th inst. at three o'clock, p. m., making a march of 80 miles in 39 hours, with five scalps. Three men, a boy and a woman of the red devils' race, have been sent to the infernal regions. The boys went at them without any mercy; none of them raised the cry of 'Lo! the poor Indians,' for Hatch's battalion being principally composed of men raised on the frontier, and who had friends and relatives killed by these brutes, they will show them, I assure you, no quarter. None of the boys were hurt in any way whatever. It was a small but complete victory. They attacked them about sundown on the afternoon of the 16th inst. The first Indian that got out of the tepee was shot through the body. He then discharged his gun at the soldiers, fortunately without effect, and then was finished by another soldier's piece of lead. One of the other Indians aged about 18 years, stout and strong, would not die without being first scalped. The boys went and scalped him. That is what finished him. The work was well done, and the boys deserved credit for it. Means of conveyance—four sledges, each drawn by a horse. Thermometer 36° below zero.'

English papers, in connection with a report that Lord Lyons is suffering from ill-health, speak of his lordship's recall from Washington as probable.

The Edinburgh Witness, founded by the celebrated Hugh Miller, and conducted by him with so much ability till the time of his death, is advertised for sale by public roup.

Selected Poetry.**SATURDAY EVENING.**

As in some weary eastern day,
The pilgrim bonds his weary way;
No breeze to fan the parched air,
Or keep his spirit from despair.

What to his way-worn frame so sweet
As some greensward, or cool retreat?
Where soft the zephyr roand him blows,
Inviting calmness and repose.

So grateful, from fatigue and care,
The rest this evening will prepare:
A gift most opportune, most free,
Like all Father's gifts to me.

Wouldst thou, my soul, aright employ
To-morrow's feast of sacred joy?
In the brief interval take care
To trim the fires of faith and prayer.

Retrace the weak—the sins it know,
And vows of holiness renew:
Thy countless mercies ponder o'er;
Be thankless and cast down no more.

Blest Saviour! on my conscience write
Each holy, heavenly thought to night;
And guard me till the coming day,
To do thy will and walk thy way.

Selected Story.**RACHEL RAY.**

BY ANTONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER II. (CONTINUED.)

'I haven't been good at all; but I will be good if you'll trust me.'

'I will trust you.'

'At any rate, you need not be afraid to-night, for I am only going to take a walk with those three girls across the church meadows. They're always very civil, and I don't like to turn my back upon them.'

'I don't wish you to turn your back upon them.'

'It's stupid not to know any body, isn't it?'

'I dare say it is,' said Mrs. Ray. Then Rachel had finished tying on her hat, and she walked forth.

For more than two hours after that the widow sat alone, thinking of her children. As regarded Mrs. Prime, there was, at any rate, no cause for trembling, timid thoughts. She might be regarded as being safe from the world's wicked allurement. She was founded like a strong rock, and was, with her steadfast earnestness, a staff on which her weaker mother might lean with security. But then she was so stern, and her very strength was so oppressive! Rachel was weaker, more worldly, given terribly to vain desires and thoughts that were almost wicked; but then it was so pleasant to live with her! And Rachel, though weak and worldly, and almost wicked, was so very good, and kind, and sweet! As Mrs. Ray thought of this she began to doubt whether, after all, the world was so very bad a place, and whether the wickedness of tea and toast, and of other creature comforts, could be so very great. 'I wonder what sort of a young man he is,' she said to herself.

Mrs. Prime's return was always timed with the regularity of clock-work. At this period of the year she invariably came in exactly at half past nine. Mrs. Ray was very anxious that Rachel should come in first, so that nothing should be said of her walk on this evening. She had been unwilling to imply distrust by making any special request on this occasion; and had, therefore, said nothing on the subject as Rachel went; but she had carefully watched the clock, and had become uneasy as the time came round for Mrs. Prime's appearance. Exactly at half past nine she entered the house, bringing with her the heavy basket laden with work, and bringing with her also a face full of the deepest displeasure. She said nothing as she seated herself wearily on a chair against the wall, but her manner was such as to make it impossible that her mother should not notice it. 'Is there any thing wrong, Dorothea?' she said.

'Rachel has not come home yet, of course?' said Mrs. Prime.

'No, not yet. She is with the Miss Tappitts.'

'No, mother, she is not with the Miss Tappitts; and her voice, as she said these words' was dreadful to the mother's ears.

'Isn't she? I thought she was. Do you know where she is? Who is to say where she is? Half an hour since I saw her alone with—'

'With whom? Not with that young man from the brewery, for he is at Exeter.'

'Mother, he is here—in Baslehurst! Half an hour since he and Rachel were standing alone together beneath the elms in the church-yard. I saw them with my own eyes.'

CHAPTER III.

BUNGALL AND TAPPITT

There was plenty of time for full inquiry and full reply between Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Prime before Rachel opened the cottage door and interrupted them. It was then nearly half past ten. Rachel had never been so late before. The last streak of the sun's reflection in the east had vanished, the last ruddy line of evening light had gone, and the darkness of the coming night was upon them. The hour was late for any girl such as Rachel Ray to be out alone.

There had been a long discussion between the mother and the elder daughter; and Mrs. Ray, believing implicitly in the last announcements made to her, was full of fears for her child. The utmost rigor of self-denying propriety should have been exercised by Rachel, whereas her conduct

had been too dreadful almost to be described. Two or three hours since Mrs. Ray had fondly promised that she would trust her younger daughter, and had let her forth alone, proud in seeing her so comely as she went. An idea had almost entered her mind that, if the young man was very steady, such an acquaintance might, perhaps, be not altogether wicked. But every thing was changed now. All the happiness of her trust was gone. All her sweet hopes were crushed. Her heart was filled with fear, and her face was pale with sorrow.

'Why should she know where he was to be?' Dorothea had asked. 'But he is not at Exeter; he is here, and she was with him.' Then the two had sat gloomily together till Rachel returned. As she came in there was a little forced laugh upon her face. 'I am late, am I not?' she said. 'Oh, Rachel, very late!' said her mother. 'It is half past ten,' said Mrs. Prime.

'Oh Dolly, don't speak with that terrible voice, as though the world were coming to an end,' said Rachel, and she looked up almost savagely, showing that she was resolved to fight.

But it may be as well to say a few words about the firm of Messrs. Bungall and Tappitt, about the Tappitt family generally, and about Mr. Luke Rowan, before any further portion of the history of that evening is written.

Why there should have been any brewery at all at Baslehurst, seeing that every body in that part of the world drinks cider, or how under such circumstances, Messrs. Bungall and Tappitt had managed to live upon the proceeds of their trade, I can not pretend to say. Baslehurst is in the heart of the Devonshire cider country. It is surrounded by orchards, and farmers talk there of their apples as they do of their cheese in Cheshire, or their wheat in Essex, or their sheep in Lincolnshire. Men drink cider by the gallon—by the gallon daily; cider-presses are to be found at every squire's house, at every parsonage, and every homestead. The trade of a brewer in Baslehurst would seem to be as profitless as that of a breeches-maker in the Highlands, or a shoemaker in Connought; but nevertheless, Bungall and Tappitt had been brewers in Baslehurst for the last fifty years, and had managed to live out of their brewery.

It is not to be supposed that they were great like the mighty men of beer known of old, such as Barclay and Perkins, or Reid and Co. Now were they new, and pink and prosperous, going into Parliament for this borough and that, just as they pleased, like the modern heroes of the bitter cask. When the student at Oxford was asked what man had most benefited humanity, and when he answered 'Bass,' I think that he should not have been plucked. It was a fair average answer. But no student at any university could have said as much for Bungall and Tappitt without deserving utter disgrace, and whatever penance an outraged examiner could inflict. It was a sour and muddy stream that flowed from their vats; a beverage disagreeable to the palate, and very cold and uncomfortable to the stomach. Who drank it I could never learn. It was to be found at no respectable inn. It was admitted at no private gentleman's table. The farmers knew nothing of it. The laborers drenched themselves habitually with cider. Nevertheless, the brewery of Messrs. Bungall and Tappitt was kept going, and the large ugly square brick house in which the Tappitt family lived was warm and comfortable. There is something in the very name of beer that makes money.

Old Bungall, he who first established the house, was still remembered by the seniors of Baslehurst, but he had been dead more than twenty years before the period of my story. He had been a short, fat old man, not much above five feet high, very silent, very hard, and very dignified. But he had understood business, and had established the firm on a solid foundation. Late in life he had taken into partnership his nephew Tappitt, and during his life had been a severe taskmaster to his partner. Indeed, the firm had only assumed its present name on the demise of Bungall. As long as he had lived it had been Bungall's brewery. When the days of mourning were over, then—and not till then—Mr. Tappitt had put up a board with the joint names of the firm as at present called.

It was believed in Baslehurst that Mr. Bungall had not bequeathed his undivided interest in the concern to his nephew. Indeed, people went so far as to say that he had left away from Mr. Tappitt all that he could leave. The truth in that respect may as well be told at once. His widow had possessed a third of the profits of the concern, in lieu of her right to a full half share in the concern which would have carried with it the onus of a full half share of the work. That third and those rights she had left to her nephew, or rather to her great-nephew, Luke Rowan. It was not, however, in this young man's power to walk into the brewery and claim a seat there as a partner. It was not in his power to do so, even if such should be his wish. When old Mrs. Bungall died at Dawlish at the very advanced age of nin ety-seven, there came to be, as was natural, some little dispute between Mr. Tappitt and his distant connection, Luke Rowan. Mr. Tappitt suggested that Luke should take a thousand pounds down, and walk forth free from all contamination of malt and hops. Luke's attorney asked for ten thousand. Luke Rowan at the time, was articled to a lawyer in London, and as the dinginess of the chambers which he frequented in Lincoln's Inn Fields appeared to him less attractive than the beautiful rivers of Devonshire, he offered to go into the brewery as a partner. It was at last settled that he should place himself there as a clerk for twelve months, drawing a certain moderate income out of the concern; and that if at the end of the year he should show himself to be able, and feel himself willing, to act as a partner, the firm should be changed to Tappitt and Rowan and he should be established permanently as a Baslehurst brewer. Some information however, beyond this has already been given to the reader respecting Mr. Rowan's prospects. I don't think he ever will be a partner; Rachel had said to her mother, because he quarrels with Mr. Tappitt.' She had been very accurate in her statement. Mr. Rowan had now been three months at Baslehurst, and had not altogether found the ways of his relations pleasant. Mr. Tappitt had by no means found the ways of the young man to be pleasant. Young Rowan was not idle, nor did he lack intelligence; indeed he possessed more energy and cleverness than, in Tappitt's opinion, were necessary to the position of a brewer in Baslehurst; but he was by no means willing to use these good gifts in the manner indicated by

the sole existing owner of the concern. Mr. Tappitt wished that Rowan should learn brewing seated on a stool, and that the lessons should be purely arithmetical. Luke was instructed as to the use of certain dull, dingy, disagreeable ledgers, and informed that in them lay the natural work of a brewer. But he desired to learn the chemical action of malt and hops upon each other, and had not been a fortnight in the concern before he suggested to Mr. Tappitt that by a salutary process, which he described, the liquor might be made less muddy. 'Let us brew good beer,' he had said; and then Tappitt had known that it would not do. 'Yes, said Tappitt, and sell for twopence a pint what will cost you threepence to make.' 'That's what we've got to look to,' said Rowan. 'I believe it can be done for the money, only one must learn how to do it.' 'I've been at it all my life,' Tappitt said. 'Yes Mr. Tappitt; but it is only now that men are beginning to appreciate all that chemistry can do for them. If you'll allow me, I'll make an experiment on a small scale.' After that Mr. Tappitt had declared emphatically to his wife that Luke Rowan should never become a partner of his. 'He would ruin any business in the world,' said Tappitt. 'And as to conceit! It is true that Rowan was conceited, and perhaps true also that he would have ruined the brewery had he been allowed to have his own way.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE TAPPITT GIRLS.

Mrs. Tappitt by no means held Luke Rowan in such aversion as did her husband. He was a well grown, good-looking young man, for whom his friends had made comfortable provision, and Mrs. Tappitt had three marriagable daughters. Her ideas on the subject of young men in general were by no means identical with those held by Mrs. Ray. She was aware how frequently it happened that a young partner would marry a daughter of the senior in the house, and it seemed to her that special provision for such an arrangement was made in this case. Young Rowan was living in her house, and was naturally thrown into great intimacy with her girls. It was clear to her quick eye, that he was of a susceptible disposition, fond of ladies, society, and altogether prone to those pleasant pre-matrimonial conversations, from the effects of which it is so difficult for an inexperienced young man to make his escape. Mrs. Tappitt was minded to devote to him Augusta, the second of her flock, but not so minded with any obstinacy of resolution. If Luke should prefer Martha the elder, or Cherry the younger girl, Mrs. Tappitt would make no objection; but she expected that he should do his duty by taking one of them. 'Laws, T., don't be so foolish,' she said to her husband, when he made his complaint to her. She always called her husband T. unless when the solemnity of some special occasion justified her in addressing him as Mr. Tappitt. To have called him Tom or Thomas would in her estimation, have been very vulgar. Don't be so foolish. Did you never have to do with a young man before? Those tantrums will all blow off when he gets himself into harness. The tantrums spoken of were Rowan's insane desire to brew good beer; but they were of so fatal a nature that Tappitt was determined not to submit himself to them. Luke Rowan should never be a partner of his, not though he had twenty daughters waiting to get married!

Rachel had been acquainted with the Tappitts before young Rowan had come to Baslehurst, and had been made known to him by them all collectively. Had they shared their mother's prudence they would probably not have done any thing so rash. Rachel was better-looking than either of them, though that fact, perhaps, might not have been known to them. But in justice to them all I must say that they lacked their mother's prudence. They were good-humored laughing, ordinary girls, very much alike, with long brown curls, fresh complexions large mouths and thick noses. Augusta was rather the taller of the three, and therefore in her mother's eyes the beauty. But the girls themselves, when their distant cousin had come among them, had no thought of appropriating him. When, after the first day, they became intimate with him, they promised to introduce him to the beauties of the neighborhood, and Cherry had declared her conviction that he would fall in love with Rachel Ray directly he saw her. 'She is tall, you know,' said Cherry, 'a great deal taller than us.' 'Then I am sure I sha'n't like her,' Luke had said. 'Oh, but you must like her, because she is a friend of ours,' Cherry had answered; and I should not be a bit surprised if you fell violently in love with her. Mrs. Tappitt did not hear all this, but nevertheless, she began to entertain a dislike to Rachel. It must not be supposed that she admitted her daughter Augusta to any participation in her plans. Mrs. Tappitt could scheme for her child, but she could not teach her child to scheme. As regarded the girl, it must all fall out after the natural, pleasant, every-day fashion of such things; but Mrs. Tappitt considered that her own natural advantages were so great that she could make the thing fall out as she wished. When she was informed, about a fortnight after Rowan's arrival in Baslehurst, that Rachel Ray had been walking with the party from the brewery, she could not prevent herself from saying an ill-natured word or two. 'Rachel Ray is all very well,' she said, 'but she is not the person whom you would show off to a stranger as a particular friend.'

'Why not, mamma?' said Cherry.

'Why not, my dear! There are reasons why not. Mrs. Ray is very well in her way, but—'

'Her husband was a gentleman,' said Martha, 'and a great friend of Mr. Comfort's.'

'My dear, I have nothing to say against her,' said the mother, 'only this—that she does not go among the people we know. There is Mrs. Prime the other daughter; her great friend is Miss Pucker. The brewer's wife had a position in Baslehurst, and wished that her daughters should maintain it.'

It will now be understood in what way Rachel had formed her acquaintance with Luke Rowan, and I think it may certainly be admitted that she had been guilty of no great impropriety, unless indeed, she had been wrong in saying nothing of the acquaintance to her mother. Previous to those ill-natured tidings brought home as to the first church-yard meeting, Rachel had seen him but twice. On the first occasion she had thought but little of it—but little of Luke himself or the acquaintance with him. In simple

LOG-HOUSE IN THE WOODS.

The view of the Log-house engraved for this issue was sketched in summer when leaves were green. If that house were visited now it would be found in the snow showing small elevation, if any above the drift, but with a warm stove, comfortable plenty, and cheerful hearts within. In such cabins in the forest is the family worship of God performed in all the simple fervour inherited from forefathers in the old country, and children trained to be industrious, and religious. Where such shanties stood there are now towns and cities. In such a one resided William Harvey, forty years ago, he and a few neighbours living far remote from other settlements. Where his shantie stood the flourishing town of Galt has arisen. They had been five

years there, the Gospel not preached, the children not baptized. Two Missionaries from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, had crossed the Niagara to search out the white heathen in the wilds of Canada. One of these reached Harvey's cabin and found him mending boots. On being accosted he did not look up, but on the second inquiry, "Do you want any preaching here?" he started from his seat, threw down the boots and responded "oh! yes!" The Missionary preached and baptized the children of several families. And thus was founded the first Christian Congregation in Galt. The Rev. Mr. Acheson is now pastor of the church which grew out of that primitive assembly.

There are more invisible than visible things.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E. Rice, Hamilton; Mr. Langley, Dundas; Dr. Rosbrugh, Toronto, your communications have come to hand.

London *Prototype*, London *Advertiser*:—The proprietors of the 'Canadian Illustrated News' thank the conductors of these journals for friendly notices of last number.

The complaint of an Agent at Forgas, of continuous disappointment in not receiving his copies of this paper from Mr. Irving of Toronto, until several days after his neighbours were supplied, will be inquired into. The Proprietors will endeavour to correct such mistakes in future. If there be other agents with like complaints let them write to this office.

The Holstein question still threatens, and no one can see the end of it.



A HOME IN THE FOREST.

MILITARY BALLS AT MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

An obliging correspondent has forwarded a pictorial sketch, engraved and published in this day's issue, of the interior of the City Hall, Montreal, on the occasion of a concert and ball given there on the 9th of November last. But we are unfortunately without any detailed account.

The 9th of November was the birth-day of the Prince of Wales; and that pleasant anniversary was celebrated by the musical concert and joyous dance, under the auspices of the 1st, or Prince of Wales' Regiment of Volunteer Rifles. Our correspondent's promised sketch has not reached this office, and we have searched without success to find a Montreal newspaper of the time, containing an account of that loyal festivity. This to us is sincere matter of regret. We have satisfaction, however, in giving further currency to a short report of a similar festivity which more recently occurred at Quebec.

THE VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY BALL AT QUEBEC

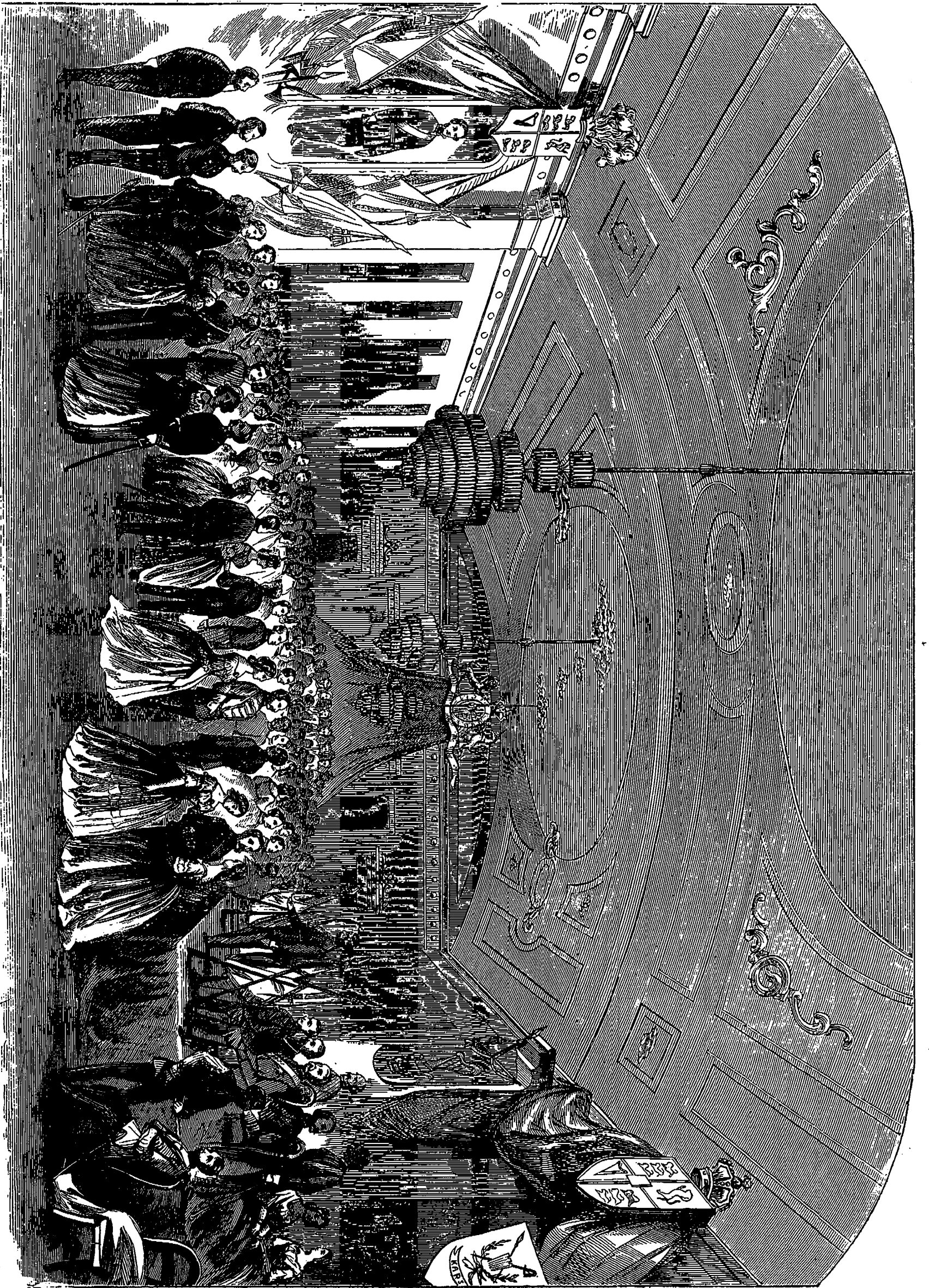
From the *Daily News*.

The Jacques-Cartier Hall was on Tuesday night the scene of one of the most lively, as well as the most agreeable festive gatherings we remember to have attended. The occasion we speak of, as our readers are probably aware, was the Ball given by the several companies of the Volunteer Garrison Artillery—one of these reunions so well calculated to foster the *esprit de corps* and friendly feeling essential to the well-working and permanent success of the force. The officers of the Battalion, and at the head of them Col. Boomer, anxiously exerted themselves to render the Ball creditable to the Artillery, and their efforts were rewarded and appreciated by the large company who participated in the enjoyments of the evening. Among the guests, were the Honorable the Attorney General East, the Hon. the Commissioner of Public Works, the Hon. the Solicitor General East, Mr. Caron, M. P. P., Colonels Sewell and Wiley, and a large number of the officers of the garrison, and of the Active and Sedentary Militia. The decorations of the room were very chaste and appropriate, and the *tout ensemble*

presented to the spectator on entering, was brilliant in the extreme. The refreshments and supper were all that could be desired; in fact, when we state that they were prepared by Mr. Reynolds, is saying quite sufficient for their qualities. The music was furnished by the excellent band of the 62nd, who contributed in a high degree to the general amusement. Dancing was kept up with unabated spirit until the grey dawn, when the party broke up. In conclusion, if we were allowed to express a hope, it would be that the officers and men of the Volunteer Companies should follow from time to time during the present slack season, the spirited example set them by the Artillery, by availing themselves of similar opportunities for happy fraternization.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND.—The ice has rendered Johnson's Island no longer an island, and fears have been entertained of a new attempt on the part of the Confederate officers at that place to effect their escape. To meet any movement of this kind a large force has been forwarded to that point by the Federal Government.

CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTHDAY OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT MONTREAL, 27H OF NOVEMBER, 1864.



as real sorry to have missed him, for I'd been reckonin' on pair of gold ear-rings he'd got, ever since his last visit, when hadn't money enough to buy them; but mother comforted me. 'You can get 'em in the morning,' says she, 'for Jephthah calculated he wouldn't get further than Kitty Clark's night, 'count o' the drifts bein' so bad.' Well, she kept 'King of Jephthah.' 'He'll be robbed some day, as sure as I live,' says she. 'I never heard a man talk so foolish as he does, to be in right mind. He told me to day he had two hundred dollars on him, besides his stock, and he was going to buy some land, and leave peddling. But he will be robbed first, if there is a ha'porth of roguery left in the world.' 'Well the next morning, bright and early, I went over to Kitty Clark's. It was real cold, and I ran most of the way, as fast as I could, for the deep snow. When I knocked at the door, I heard a scuttery kind o' noise inside, and I had to knock again before Kitty said: 'Come in.' When I opened the door, she was throwing something into a cupboard; she had an ever lasting fire on the hearth, and a big pot over it, and there was an awful smotherin' smell like burned feathers scorched woollen rags. Here Mrs Jones paused to stir the gruel. Something in her last words had made Mrs Blake clasp her baby closer, and glance fearfully round.

CHAPTER IV

'Well, I looked round,' continued Mrs Jones, 'but I didn't see no sign of Jephthah. 'Where's Jephthah Murney, Mrs Clark?' says I. 'That is more than I can tell you,' says she: 'he quit here this morning at daylight.' I was disappointed, but that wouldn't bring him any nearer; so I said I would have to wait till he came round next time. 'When Jephthah Murney comes round again, you will get ear-rings for nothing,' says Kitty: 'he is going to quit peddling, and buy a farm.' 'Yes,' says I: 'he told mother he had two hundred dollars yesterday.' 'Well,' says she, 'he did not say here how much he had, only just what I tell you.' I did not stay long, for she seemed to think me in the way; except fussing round; but somehow she managed to be all the time between me and the cupboard door. Early as it was, the floor was fresh filed off, and the place rod up; as if was after: oon.

I guess it was four or five days after there was an alarm raised, where was Jephthah Murney? His horse and cutter found loose on the road between this and Hawleyburg; he was never seen or heard of again. Of course, there was a great inquiry made, and Sam and Kitty Clark, being the last people that had seen him, were examined very close; they stuck to their story; and though the shanty was searched all over, and up and down, nothing was found that would shew they had made away with him; but yet the notion got abroad, and for a long time they were suspected. A fire in Williamsburg was robbed of about two hundred dollars a few days before Jephthah's last trip, and some thought he done it, and absconded to the States. Maybe he did; but it has always been my opinion, and a good many others too, that if he did hook the money, he never carried further than Kitty Clark's. I do not know why, but it always rested on my mind the look of the shanty on that morning; the scuttery noise, the fresh-washed floor, and the full suffocating smell.

It turned out that Jephthah had left one child, a girl but twelve year old. All he had was on him, and the girl was destitute. She boarded with a woman who used to be very bad. One day that old Andrew Foyle went to Williamsburg, he took pity on her, and brought her back to him as a bound-girl. She was a pretty child, if it had not been for a scared look in her eyes, but she grew out of it; and when she was about nineteen, Andrew's son Martin, took a fancy to her. She was a smart girl, so Andrew made objections to the match, and she made a good wife for a little time she lived. She was very like her son Martin, carrying on that way with Amrilly Dolman. 'That will be a match some day, I should not wonder,' said Mrs Blake.

'It would have been before this, if Martin had a farm of his own; but while he lives with his father, old Dolman won't own it.'

'And so nothing was ever heard of the pedler?' 'Not a word. The Clarks got on better some for a while. They seemed to have money, which looked queer, seeing how poor they'd always been; and they bought this farm. After everything went wrong; the two boys died—one killed by a tree falling on him, and Sam had a stroke which kept him to his bed for the rest of his life, which was long. He was out of his head at the end, and Kitty never let any one near him but herself. Since he died, she lived alone, and shared the land. It is good land and I could think she must have saved money. I wonder who she left it to.'

'Young Martin, perhaps?' 'I guess not. she always a singular dislike to his mother. She never her conscience told her why. No; it is more likely that Amrilly Dolman. She took a fancy to her when she was a child, and kept to it.'

'Well it will come to pretty much the same thing which it is, so as one of them gets it,' remarked Mrs Blake. A sudden stir in the corner made all look towards the invalid. The invalid had opened her eyes, and raised herself, and on her arm; for a moment or two she gazed at the assemblage, as if not understanding their unwonted presence; and then she broke into a laugh, harsh and loud: 'Up!' she cried in a shrill voice, 'they looked everywhere in the right place! Up and down, up chamber and up cellar, but they never thought of the north wall!' and she sank back exhausted.

'A kind of shudder ran through the spectators. 'My, that that awful?' said Bella Jones; while pretty Amrilly sank, as if for protection, a little closer to Martin Foyle, and the nurses' attention became absorbed in their charge. She, however, and again subsided into stupor, and said no more.

'She will go off that way,' said Mrs Green. 'She may linger a while, but will sleep her life out so. And now, as she's getting late, I think I will clear out.'

The clock, indeed, by this time announced that it was a dissipated hour for the inhabitants of Crocksville; and long but the agreeable feeling that on Sunday morning there was no occasion for walking with the day light, would keep them so long from their rest. All now departed

except the watchers for the night, and the shanty was left to comparative quiet and repose.

CHAPTER V

No one was surprised to hear the next morning that Kitty Clark was dead. She had never moved or spoken since the demonstration that had so alarmed her visitors the preceding evening, which had evidently been the last effort of expiring nature.

'She just went out like the snuff of a candle,' Mrs Jones remarked to those who came with inquiries and offers of assistance. That lady had taken on herself the office of superintending the preparations for the funeral, and arrayed in her robes of state, a black silk gown, which, as she had once observed, 'was the convenientest dress you could have; it answered for everything from a wedding to a funeral; the richness of the material adapting it for festive occasions, and its sober hue rendering it a suitable garb of mourning. There was considerable excitement in Crocksville this Sunday morning; it would perhaps be uncharitable to say the people were glad old Kitty had departed, but certainly they were glad that there was now the opportunity of gratifying the curiosity felt by all regarding the paper in Mr. Crocks' hands.

It was a pity the contents could not have been known on this idle day, when there would have been nothing to do but discuss them; but Mr Crocks said, 'that, 'cordin' to rule, the will hadn't ought to be read till after the funeral,' and announced his intentions of not making them public till the proper time, rather enjoying, in the meanwhile, the consciousness of being the only person in possession of the secret. It was considered a most unnecessary piece of ceremonious formality; however, speculation and conjecture kept the interest alive.

It was surprising how many people found they could leave their work, 'just for an hour or two,' the next afternoon to attend the funeral. Certainly, old Kitty was more 'in her ashes honoured' than she had ever been in life. As Mrs. Jones remarked: 'It was 'mazin' what folks would do for the sake of curiosity: there was old Jim White had never been known off his own place for six years; and Sally Black had left her washing half through to hear the news an hour sooner.' As old Kitty had neither kith nor kin, every one deemed him or her self to have a chance of the inheritance, and a right to be present. Whatever else she might have died possessed of, there was, at all events, the land, more than fifty acres, in first-rate condition; it was a prize to be coveted; and as the old woman was generally considered to have been 'not quite right,' no one could tell on what unlikely person her favour might have fallen.

Curiosity was gratified, and patience rewarded at last.—Mr. Crocks opened the important paper, and read the contents aloud. It was short, and to the purpose, as Kitty had been wont to speak. The land was left to Stephen Dolman, in charge for his daughter Amarylla till she should be of age, when it was to be hers unreservedly: the small stock of crazy furniture, the pig, the cow, and an old leathern purse in the cupboard, amounting to about fifteen dollars, were Amarylla's at once, unconditionally; the house itself, stripped of everything, was left to young Martin Foyle.

Every one was surprised, not at the first part, for Amarylla had always been thought rather a favourite with the old woman; but all wondered that she had not left more money. 'She never spent much, and she had ought to have made more out of the farm.' Then the strange legacy to Martin excited universal astonishment; no one could see any meaning in it, except the freak of a crazy old woman. Kitty had known nothing of Martin; had hardly ever seen him; and it could scarcely be thought she intended a joke at his expense after she was dead; yet what else could the bequest of the worthless old shanty be considered? Some congratulated Amarylla, and some envied her; while old Mr. Dolman went out forthwith to inquire into the state of the fallows, and decide which were to be sown with barley, and which with wheat.

CHAPTER VI.

It soon appeared that Mrs. Blake was wrong in her calculations. Old Mr. Dolman evidently considered that it made a great difference whether Amarylla or Martin possessed Kitty Clark's land. With the usual blindness of fathers, he refused to see that the marriage was more practicable now than it had been before, and contended (and it must be allowed with some reason) that the inheritance of four log walls and a crazy roof had in no respect advanced Martin's claim to his daughter, who was now an heiress, and a most desirable match for any one. The lovers sued in vain; the old man was not to be moved either by reason or entreaties. Amarylla endeavored to comfort her betrothed with the whispered assurance 'that, as soon as the farm was quite hers, she would give it to him, and then'—But though there was some consolation in this, it was not much, for Amarylla was only nineteen, and there were still two years of probation to be gone through.

In the meantime the summer was advancing, and Martin's shanty was a constant annoyance in Mr. Dolman's eyes. It was a blot on the fair surface of the land, a wretched, rickety eyesore, and was, moreover, very much in the way. During the slack time between hay and harvest, he suggested to Martin to pull it down, offering to perform the work, if he might use such of the logs as were worth anything to mend the fence. Martin, who had almost forgotten that the shanty was his, readily agreed to the demolition, but declined to part with the logs; most of them were rotten and of no use, but some would do for a shed he was putting up at home.

The next day, he began the work of destruction. Great was the disturbance of insects and reptiles that had enjoyed secure repose for thirty years; great was the amount of rubbish, worm-eaten wood, cobwebs, and dust, brought to light in the process of removal; and great was the smoke that arose from the smouldering embers of the worthless logs. Martin and his 'man' worked two days, and but one side remained to be pulled down—it was part of the north wall, the only one which had been lined inside, on account, as people supposed, of its being most exposed to the cold wind; and as it would be more trouble than the rest, it had been left till the last. Martin was pulling off the ragged smoky boards, when a blow of his axe caused something to fall down inside with a rattling sound; another blow, and the board gave way, and there came tumbling at Martin's feet

what for a moment made him start. Being a young man of stout nerves, however, he examined the object, and found it to be a worn leather valise, which had broken open in the fall, and from which had escaped—a paper parcel addressed to himself, a stained handkerchief marked 'Jephthah Murney,' part of a pedler's stock of old-fashioned jewellery, and a quantity of human bones.

The secret was discovered; the mystery which had puzzled Crocksville thirty years before was explained. Sam and Kitty had managed their murder with more discretion than such things are usually conducted with, and had kept their secret well. How much they repented, or whether they repented at all, could never be known. Their ill-gotten gains had prospered little in Clark's hands, and his death and that of her sons, had taken from Kitty all desire of enjoying them. Her life's savings were contained in the parcel for Martin Foyle; they amounted to seven hundred dollars, and were marked: 'Martin Foyle, in payment of a debt to his mother.' Kitty had made reparation, though in a strange and tardy fashion.

The discovery caused great excitement, and furnished matter of talk and wonder for a whole week. At the end of that time, it became known that Mr. Dollman had reconsidered Martin's suit, and that the wedding was to take place as soon as a house could be put up on the farm.

POPPING THE QUESTION AT SEA!

A correspondent of the New England Review gives the following sketch of an interesting scene which occurred on board the ship in which he sailed from America:—

A novel circumstance took place while on our passage which I must relate. There was a Mr. H. on board who was formerly a merchant in Massachusetts, since in Connecticut, and late of New York. He was a kind, open hearted fellow, full of fun, and withal very intelligent as well as handsome. His age was twenty seven. He came on board an entire stranger to us all, but as we made it a point to have but one family on board, and as we soon discovered his amiable qualities, he very soon made a welcome member. On our sixth day he came to me, and enquired the name and circumstances of an elderly gentleman passenger, who was accompanied by his daughter; with whom Mr. H. seemed deeply smitten. For my own part, I could see nothing exceedingly attractive about Miss J., save that she was very agreeable in her manners, and highly intelligent. I informed him, and, at his request, gave him a formal introduction, which terminated in the following manner:—Soon after the introduction, it became evident that a mutual liking existed between Mr. H. and Miss J., who from their open expression of fondness began to attract the attention of all, and the admiration of many of the passengers. They were frequently observed in their close conversations, and a game of whist was scarcely ever played in which they were not partners. On the second Sunday of our passage, we solicited the Rev. Mr. G., who was on his way to Italy, to preach a sermon. By the politeness of the Captain, a large awning was spread over us, seats were prepared and a congregation of 76 persons, including the steerage passengers and sailors, was collected to participate in the religious exercises. A small desk was formed into a pulpit, and a choir was formed by going into a committee of the whole. The text was read and the sermon delivered of which I need not speak. At the conclusion of the sermon, our minister rose and read the following card which lay on the desk:—'William Benetly H. Esq., of New York, intends marriage with Miss Maria Louisa J.' We were more surprised at the novelty of the thing than the fact itself, and indeed, such was the feeling created by the sudden and unexpected announcement made that we all forgot the serious impressions made on our minds by the minister, in our hearty and vociferous congratulations of the happy pair. But it did not end here. A proposition was made to the parties to have the affair consummated that evening, which was cheerfully acceded to by them, to the great pleasure of all on board. Accordingly, things were arranged in order, the best stateroom was given to them, and every one felt gay and happy as the hour approached which should witness the consummation of nuptial vows. The evening was calm and delightful; not a sail fluttered in the breeze, not a voice was heard, not the least stir or bustle about the deck, and the moon looked down in loveliness on that tranquil scene. At noon every soul gathered to the temple which had been erected for religious worship, and in less than fifteen minutes the marriage ceremony was performed by our worthy minister, who made a few remarks and closed with prayer. The scene was truly sublime as romantic. The fair bride came out dressed in a robe of pure white satin, leaning on the arm of her lover, bound to the altar, and heard her marriage vow pronounced where, only an hour or two before, she had uttered her vows to God. Many a tear of joy stole down the cheeks of those who looked on, and not a care cast the shadow of its wing across that scene of triumph, love and bliss. The novelty of this affair had thrown us all into an excitement, and nothing was to be talked of but weddings, wedding parties, marriages at sea, love, honeymoon, &c., &c., and I was at times half tempted to make a similar proposition myself to the queen-like Miss C., if for nothing else but the purpose of having the joke pass round.'

PENALTY OF DESERTION.—The Montreal 'Herald' says that on the 9th instant, at a general court-martial, Charles Ferrin, private 60th Rifles, was convicted of desertion, and sentenced to four years, penal servitude.

REWARD.—A reward of \$1,000 has been offered for the apprehension and conviction of the incendiaries who recently set fire to the tannery of Mr. John Smith, at Chatham. Part of the reward is offered by Mr. S., and the rest by the Town Council.

Power should not be employed to do wrong but to punish the doers of wrong.

Original Poetry.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

THE WINTER STORM.

The tempest is high, and the wind is free,
God be with those who this night must roam
On the mountain side, on the boisterous sea,
Far from the land of their early home;
No ray of hope while the frost king's breath
Like a Siloc fierce o'er form doth blight;
How many a form will be given to Death,
How many will go to the grave to-night.

Mariner o'er the tempest raveth,
Here hath Morphous thy visions strown,
Tariest thou still where the green tree waveth,
Watching in silence the rising moon;
Art thou far away in thy land of birth,
Where a lay of love to thine ear is borne
'Tis the last sunny dream thou hast of earth,
Thy bark will go down ere the rising morn.

Homeless and friendless, who wander forlorn,
No star will be given in the cloudy sky,
The dying shriek and the infant's moan
Shall sadly blend with the whirlwind's sigh;
Fond hearts low bowed by their sorrow's gloom,
Where flowed the pure Spring of Affection's gush,
Shall at day-dawn resemble the flower's bloom,
At the whirlwind's breath or the lightning's touch.

Traveller, away on the rugged hills,
Listening the sound of the Stonor blast,
The ice of death now thy lone brow chills,
And safely thou'lt sleep for the worst is past.
While we are watching the blazing fire,
Ere the dawn of to-morrow's light,
Many a lamp will in death expire,
Many will go to the grave to-night.

HARRIET ANNIE.

January, 4th, 1864.

LORD TRANMERE.

A TALE OF THE REBELLION IN CANADA.

CHAPTER V.

At Liverpool in the night.

At Liverpool, on the Pince's Pier Head, after midnight look into the darkness on the face of the Mersey river. Look intently and listen to the pulses of the invisible tide, lap, lap, lapping on the sea-wall deep below. Await the dawning of day, and if the soul has been on a lively wing, and if reverent faith has sanctified the flights of fancy, you may have been present at the creation of a world.

To that place came Marjory Garth with the heir of Tranmere, in the darkness of night.

The mental dominion of the woman over this youth was a magnetic spirituality irresistible to him, and to him a joy. It was the magnetism of a will which former generations called by a name of reproach. This woman was of a robust, physical nature, with a soul that soared into the infinity of the universe, or penetrated downward with minute observation into the relationship of atoms. She was by birth and ordinary education a gentlewoman; by habit of thought a mistress of philosophy. Educated persons called her an impostor. Unlettered ignorance honored her with the name of witch.

Marjory Garth was content to be deemed a witch. She was the devotee of astrological science, and of a lofty adoring faith. To her all things were natural; nothing in the universe was supernatural but the one infinite I AM.

There were times in the conjunction of the heavenly bodies, when planetary magnetism inspired this wonderful woman with what she termed her celestial demon, after the manner of the old Greeks. Then, indeed, educated intelligence might have hesitated to judge whether she were an inspired mortal, or one in whom much thinking had deranged the functions of reason.

In those times of planetary conjunction that which she willed the boy to see, to taste, to feel, to think, to believe, he saw, tasted, felt, thought, believed.

"This," said she, "may be wonderful, but it is not supernatural. It is a development of the natural laws of matter and of mind, and is only marvellous because rarely manifested, and more rarely studied and judged with candor."

The witch and the boy looked intently into the darkness which covered the waters of the Mersey river, and listened to the tidal pulse, lap, lap, lapping on the sea-wall beneath them.

"Tell me, Yeddy Essel, child of my heart, of my soul, what do you hear?"

"I hear the spirit moving on the face of the great deep."

Then they were silent. After a time the steam tugs issued from their docks, ten or twelve of them, each with blue, red, and white lights. They moved upon the river in the darkness, now in lines, now in circles; going onward a mile and returning to within a hundred yards; then taking positions in front of the great docks they awaited the time of the ocean going ships to tow them from the river to the open sea.

"Tell me, Yeddy Essel, what do you look upon?"

"I look upon the angels assembling to lay the foundation of a new world."

The day dawned, the morning light was hailed by the songs of many voices in the ships lying at anchor in the river. Sailors heaved the anchors preparatory to departure and sang cheerily cheerily, merrily merrily, to the motion of the cable chains. Departing emigrants, who had slept in the ships, awoke and sang the songs of the land they were leaving forever, mingled with hymns and psalms of divine praise. The Cheshire shore arose out of the bosom of night and reflected the rising sun. Liverpool stood up with church spires raised aloft to the sky. Departing ships displayed their flags aloft and alow, and put on their ample sails, and went forth to sea to be anchored on the far-away shores of other lands.

"Yeddy Essel, tell me my heart, my soul, where have you been, and what did you hear?"

"I stood on the bosom of the great deep, and have witnessed the day of creation. I heard the word spoken, 'let there be light,' and, behold, there was light. I heard the chains of chaos and of darkness removed. The planets of the solar system arose from out the sea, and went forth each upon its course; and all the angels, the sons and daughters of morning sang for joy."

Then Marjory Garth and the Heir of Tranmere entered the ship "Western Eagle," which lay in the dock close by, where they already had selected berths; and that ship soon sailed for the port of Quebec in Canada.

Dame Darley and the disfranchised voters of Tranmere borough were in that ship, with many more, three hundred souls in all; some of whom are likely to become our personal associates.

The elfin child, Essaline, was left in England to be educated as a lady against the time when Marjory Garth might find it convenient or safe to disclose whose children the boy and girl were. The Heir of Tranmere she intended to be a future statesman of Great Britain, perchance Prime Minister, and her present purpose was to train him in all manner of knowledge, as never statesman had yet been trained.

CHAPTER VI.

ELIHU ALDERLEY AT MONTREAL.

Elihu Alderley was a skilled mechanic resident in Montreal. He had been a foreman in the great machine making works of Messrs. Irwell, Medlock and Irk, of Lancashire. He emigrated to Canada in the "Western Eagle" in which came Dame Darley, her household, servants, maids and men and adherents from the borough of Tranmere. They went up the country to construct a village or town of their own in the forest, and though nearly persuaded to join them as a skilled mechanic who could erect mills, Elihu Alderley preferred to remain in Lower Canada. He decided that way the more readily that he was accompanied by his wife and five children.

When they had been in Canada four years, and two more children were born, and the youngest nine months old, the season of Christmas was approaching. On the Friday of the week before that happy day, the dinner being over and Elihu having departed to his place of work, Mrs. Mary Alderley, the beloved and comely partner of his life sorted away the dinner and tidied up the place. Then she spread the blanket on the table and put the flat irons on the stove, and the heater of the Italian iron inside. Nancy, Daniel and Edward, went to afternoon school, joyful that from that day there would be holidays until after Christmas. And such times as they would have with their hand sleighs and the flying cutters on the snow, coursing and careering down Beaver Hall hill! Emily, the eldest girl, remained at home to assist her mother and rock baby's cradle. Maggie and Mary, who were too young for school, set out their doll's house on the old tea-tray—that which was so badly damaged in the ship coming over.

Elihu, the baby, dived his little nose into his own blessed corner of heaven on earth, and pulled, and pulled, and drank and gurgled divinely; then lifted his head and kicked his tiny feet and dived down again. "A little canook that 'im is, a mamma's chickabiddy, not go seepy peepy and let her iron its clothes and all the frockies for Sunday-day, and Christmas day."

At last the small nose remained in its cosy place, and the infant spirit glided into baby dreams, hushed by the low, soft song of the mother—a divine song, the evening hymn of the Old La d.

Mrs. Alderley, as she ran the heated iron with light hand over the clothes, its narrow point going nimbly into the gatherings of the tiny frocks and frills, turned her thoughts into the inner places of memory, darting over the ocean to scenes and persons far away; darting into recollections long laid past, and but rarely recalled.

By the flight of an instant, she was in the town of Buxton on the Peak of Derbyshire, and aged only eighteen. It was the day of the well-flowing, and she again assisted to gather daisies and butter-cups to bedeck the Buxton well. There was the Duke of Devonshire who lived in the grand palace near by, he came to the well-flowing, and with him his usual companion when in Derbyshire, Mr. Joseph Paxton, the Chatsworth gardener. Then she was in the dance of garlands tripping guily around the well, and felt his arm—Elihu's arm, around her waist for the first time, and such a thing! all the people seeing them! she looked down with a blush on her ironing, as the wandering idea passed through and vanished.

It quickly vanished, for she now saw a crowd of people in the Old Church at Manchester on Whit Monday, and sixty-five youthful pairs stood before the altar; and there Elihu and she were made one, for better, for worse, for richer for poorer.

Then in that year, before there was a baby, how delightful the evening walks up Cheetham Hill Road, when they lived there, and over Kersal Moor. Next, the time passed before her when Emily the first baby was born; then Daniel when her time was so bad that she was like to have died; and that was when Elihu was out of work owing to the long Trades Union strike, that lasted all winter.

And then came up the dark years when he used to stay late out at night, at union meetings and clubs; he was obliging and always so ready with his pen to do the society's writings, and so good-natured, ready to help anybody and everybody who asked him to give his time or lend a hand to anything. And, loving husband as he was, he could be so easily led away and kept away in those years of Reform Bills, and Political Unions, and Trade Unions. He believed he performed a public service, a great duty alike to the Society of Mechanics, to the nation, and to mankind; but, oh! those were sore, sore times to her.

And it was then that Edward was born, and the time when the darling that came before him—the baby William—died. And they were so poor that they had nothing for dinner one Christmas but a plain pudding, made for the children, because Elihu was in a goose club at the Public House, and lost the goose coming home on Christmas Eve, and they could get none to buy, nor had they money with which to buy one on Christmas morning.

And then arose before her that saddest time of all, when he ceased to go to church on Sunday, and spoke evil of preachers of religion, calling them impostors; and denounced master employers as tyrants; and lay in bed all day Sunday taking a pride in being unshaven and unwashed, because a "People's Newspaper" which he read, sympathized with and addressed working men as, "hard handed unshorn slaves."

Mrs. Alderley again saw herself on her knees in secret, beseeching Heaven to amend and turn Elihu's heart and conduct. She spoke tenderly, and cooled his aching head, and strove to be cheerful, and patched up the children's worn clothes, and went without anything new herself rather than say harsh words about money to purchase a dress. But one day—the tears could not be restrained—she fell upon his breast weeping and crying, "Elihu, oh! Elihu, this cannot be endured longer."

He did not speak for a time; but at last, in deep emotion, his bosom heaving, as if his heart were breaking, he gasped the words, "No, Mary, it shall not last!" And, may heaven be praised it did not longer continue.

Mrs. Alderley's wandering recollections had arrived at this point when Emily who was rocking the cradle called, "ah, the little canook! he is opening his eyes." Then baby Elihu made a loud noise and Emily took him up; but he continued to cry louder and louder until the mother unfolded the blessed place of comfort into which he dived his nose, and was at peace, lightly touching her bended face with the tiny fingers of one hand and stretching his little mites of toes towards the warm stove serenely satisfied.

There was, as every inhabitant of Montreal knew, until recently a haunted house near the foot of the Royal mountain. That was not the haunted house to which three men, armed with pistols and daggers, carried Elihu Alderley in a sleigh drawn by two fast trotting horses, they having first bound his hands and blindfolded his eyes. They were rebels, so called by some; patriots so named by others. They crossed the St. Lawrence on the ice.

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN MINES.

The following, which we reproduce from the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, a highly respectable journal, and the accredited organ of the different commercial and mining interests of Boston, offer a fair indication of the estimate, in which the mining resources of the Province are held by our neighbours across the lines. That it is no overdrawn picture is more than certain, if we take into account the fact that our Yankee friends are too shrewd to throw sand in their own eyes, though, albeit subject by times to wild speculative fits. The writer in the *Commercial Bulletin*, has had the advantage of a personal inspection of the different mines hereinafter enumerated, and gives his opinions as follows:

ST. FLAVIEN.—The stockholders of this mine met on the 28th upon their property in the parish of St. Flavien, about 26 miles from Quebec, and organized by the choice of the following gentlemen as directors:—Messrs. S. L. French, C. W. Galloupe, W. S. Hunter, S. D. Nickerson, J. K. Porter, W. S. Eaton and J. W. Walcott; and at a subsequent meeting of the directors, S. L. French was elected President, and C. W. Galloupe, Treasurer. Being upon a tour of inspection of the Canadian mines, we accepted an invitation of the directors to visit their property, and must say we were astonished at the progress made during the short time that has elapsed since operations were commenced, as well as by the richness of the developments. The shaft is now down over seventy feet, and the amount of copper taken out in simply excavating this perpendicular hole, will pay the expense thus incurred. The stockholders have to congratulate themselves upon the systematic and economical manner in which operations have been carried on at this mine, the President having been a resident director on the property for five months, and everything being under his personal supervision. That is the way to manage copper mines.

BLACK RIVER.—Workmen are rapidly sinking the shaft at this mine, and the lumber has been brought up to erect a building over it; several openings have been made upon the property, in nearly all of which Copper or evidences of its presence has been discovered. Some fine specimens are brought up from the shaft.

ACTON.—This mine presents a scene of great activity, with a large number of miners and its new machinery at work. We think these might be much economized here by a little more systematic management. The new jiggling machines are all in operation, and appear to do their work well. The mine is unlike others in many respects, but a most interesting one to visit.

SOUTH ACTON.—The only report on this mine that we can make is that of a workman whom we questioned. Acton? The subject—"Have you found copper at South Acton?" "I don't see it."

ACTON VALE.—The water was coming up the shaft by hogsheads full, but very little copper at the time of our visit.

OTTAWA.—The properties of the Ottawa Company comprise a thousand acres of land, upon some of which mining operations have been going on for some months with good prospects of success.

A mine of native Antimony has been discovered at South Ham, Wolfe County, Canada, about sixteen miles from Quebec; and during a visit to that city last week we had an opportunity of examining a large number of fine specimens taken from it.

THE LAWS OF POPULATION,

According to the Montreal Witness, Scotland will soon be populated by Irishmen. It says:—The population of Scotland, especially in the manufacturing or mining regions, is fast being changed in its character—the Irish Roman Catholic element being steadily and greatly on the increase.

There is one aspect of this great law to which the attention of thinking men should be more attentively turned than it has been: The requirements of housekeeping among the educated and intelligent classes, are, by common consent placed so high, that few young men are able to encounter them.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, in answer to some misrepresentations of Spence, the former Confederate agent in England, has the following passage:—Yes, on those Battlefields the Covenanters are once more encountering the Cavalier: and I think that once more the Covenanter will win, and that once more he will save liberty from tyranny, and progress from the worst of all reaction.

SICKNESS IN THE BARRACKS AT LONDON C. W. Sickness prevails to an alarming extent in the Infantry Barracks, north of the Cricket Square. Three Companies of the Canadian Rifles are now quartered there, and numbers of the children have been prostrated by epidemic diseases—scarlet fever being the principal infectant—

COURT MARTIAL.—On the 9th instant, at a general court-martial, held at Montreal, Charles Perrin, private 60th Rifles, was convicted of desertion and sentenced to our years penal servitude.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

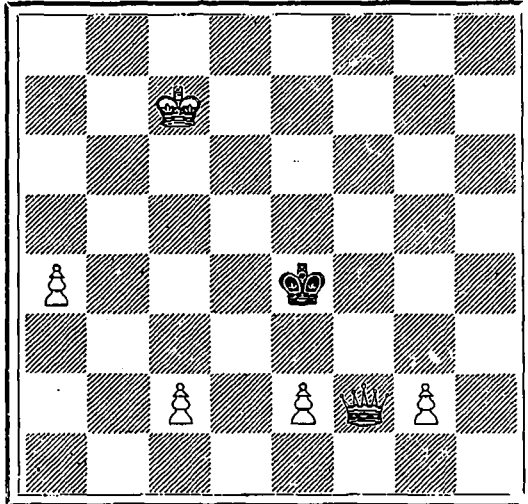
A telegraphic match is at present pending between the Fgmondville Chess Club, and the Ontario Club of this city. Play commenced on Tuesday evening last. As the game was not finished at the time of going to press, we shall be unable to publish it before next week.

Correct solution to Problem No. 11, were received too late for acknowledgement in last issue from T. P. B., Sonforth, and C. W., London.

PROBLEM No. 13.

BY ONE OF THE FGMONDVILLE CHESS CLUB.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 4.

From Kling and Harwitz's "Chess Players."



White to play and mate in four moves.

A masterly struggle by the greatest masters.—Era.

EVAN'S GAMBIT.

- White. Mr. Paulsen. 1. P to K 4. 2. K Kt to B 3. 3. B to Q B 4. 4. P to Q Kt 4. 5. P to Q B 3. 6. Castles. 7. P to Q 4. 8. B P takes P. 9. P to K R 3 (a). 10. K B to Q 3. 11. P to Q 5. 12. Q Kt to B 3. 13. Q Kt to R 4. 14. Q R takes B. 15. Q B to Kt 2. 16. K Kt to Q 2. 17. K B to K 2. 18. P to K B 4. 19. K B to Q 3. 20. Q to K R 5. 21. K to R sq. 22. K B to B 2. 23. Q R to Q sq. 24. K R to B 3 (c). 25. P to K 6. 26. P to K 6. 27. Q R takes 2d Queen. 28. B to K B 5. 29. Q R to K B sq. 30. K R to Q 3. 31. R to K Kt 3. 32. Q R to B 3. 33. P to K 7. 34. K to R 2. 35. K R takes Kt. 36. K takes K R.

And Herr Anderssen resigns.

(a) The attack, as is well known, has several modes of continuing the game, viz: 9. Q Kt to B 3 (favored by Morphy); Q B to Kt 2, Q B to R 3; Q to Q Kt 3; Q to Q R 4; and P to Q 5, patronized by the champions La Bourdonnais and McDonnell; and, later, by many leading players, including Morphy. We believe 9. P to K 5, a move lately brought into fashion, open to doubt, on account of the very telling rejoinder P to Q 4.

(b) The introduction of this excellent move into practice is due to Mr. Paulsen.

(c) From this point the game abounds in interesting and instructive positions. We strongly recommend it to the careful perusal of our readers.

(d) It appears to us that Mr. Paulsen at this juncture might have ventured to take K B P with Kt, but the move in the text is preparatory to a more powerful attack.

(e) At first sight this appears to be a strong move, as it seemingly wins the advanced B P; the rook, however, 24. Q to K 7, completely counteracted this design, and Herr A. could not, in this position, have taken P with B, for it would have cost his Queen by the reply Kt takes K B P—threatening mate.

[f] Preventing the above mentioned loss of K B P.

[g] Ingeniously played!

[h] All this is first rate play indeed.

MONTREAL.—This city, says the Gazette, has made wonderful strides in the increase of its population and the dwellings they inhabit. With the adjacent villages, properly part of the town, added as in the last census—we may pretty safely put the population down at from 115,000 to 120,000.

ITEMS OF THE DAY.

Lord Palmerston has had another attack of his old enemy the gout. It is privately reported that his splendid constitution is at length becoming impaired.

Mr. Bright, M. P., is said to be indisposed.

Mr. Laird feels sheepish about his 'rams' just now.

The Archduke Maximilian has at length mustered courage to accept the throne of Mexico, and will shortly leave for his Government.

It is announced from Suez, via Paris, that the fresh-water canal is completed.

The Turks are concentrating large bodies of troops in Bulgaria.

Within the last eight years railway property in Scotland has positively doubled in value.

Mr. Sergeant Shee, the new judge, was born in the county Middlesex 1804.

The young cotton fields on the Waterloo estate, Trinidad, are reported to be in a blooming state and giving promise of great success.

It is said that it will take two years from this time to finish the Royal mausoleum, with all its grand embellishments.

We are very sorry to notice the destruction by fire of the fine woolen factory of Messrs. Hunt & Elliot, of Preston. It was a first class establishment, and we hope will be speedily rebuilt.

The village of Acton Vale now contains a population of nearly 8,000 souls. A few years ago, before the discovery of the copper mines, it was one of the smallest settlements in the Township. Since last September 300 young men have left Acton for the States.

Lieut. D. Ashe, R. N., of the Quebec Observatory, in a letter to the local papers, claims that so far back as 1857—he recommended the use of hydraulic power as an adjunct to the loading and unloading of ships. Sir William Armstrong brought the matter into notice a few years ago, by the invention of his Hydraulic Cranes, but cannot claim to be the first who thought of the enormous power of water in this connection.

In the last six months, one fifth of the whole population of Panama have perished from small pox. All the churches and cathedrals are now without pastors. The dead are buried without religious ceremonies, and marriages are performed either by the civil authorities or consuls, by the chaplains of the war ships.

We are informed, on good authority, that there exists an intention, on the part of the authorities, of relieving the two battalions of Guards at present stationed in Canada by two fresh battalions of the brigade.—British Army Review.

THE SMALL-POX was so prevalent in Camden, Main, last week, that the stores and churches were shut and any gatherings of the people were prohibited.

A PANIC AT WASHINGTON.—This city is in a panic, and people are fleeing from it in every direction. It had been discovered that small-pox, in its most loathsome and malignant form, prevails in all parts of the city, and it is known that not less than fifteen thousand people are sick with it, while hundreds, if not thousands, are daily taken down.

Another account says.—The illness of President Lincoln from small-pox, the death of Senator Bowden last week with the same disease, and now the dangerous condition of Congressman Harris, has communicated the alarm to high circles. There is barely a quorum of Congressmen here, and the hotels will soon be empty, unless the plague stays its ravages. There is some talk of Congress adjourning to New York, and holding session, the House in Cooper Institute, and the Senate in Irving Hall. Congressman Harris, of Maryland, is not expected to live. He has small pox.

The Montreal papers announce that the organization of the North American steamship Company has been completed, and that at a meeting of the Provincial Board, held on Thursday, the Hon. John Young was named the Managing Director of the Company.

A SENSATION READING.—The Rochester Union places the following caption to the letter of a correspondent:—"The Carnival of Corruption!—Unparalleled Robbery of the Government by High Republican Officials—Thousands and Hundreds of Thousands Stolen!—Frauds in the Treasury Department—Frauds in the Navy Department—Frauds in the War Department—Frauds in every Department."

John Morgan is advertising for men to make up another guerilla force, and expects ere long to be in the saddle. The Southern papers are eloquent on his wrongs and breathe nothing but revenge.

Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., of Liverpool, have issued a circular, announcing that they have opened a house in London, and that the business will be conducted at both places in connection as hitherto, with their establishments in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

In Worcestershire fine ripe strawberries have been plucked, hawthorn and laburnum are in full bloom, and also violets, gillyflowers, marigolds, primroses, verbenas double daisies, and roses of various kinds. Bees and wasps have been seen.

According to the official accounts published of the different nationalities in the Federal army, it appears that there are at the present time 5,200 belonging Nova Scotia.

THE BARRIE 'Advance' says that Rev. W. F. Checkley has been appointed to the head mastership of the Barrie Grammar School, the position he filled before becoming Rector of the now defunct Toronto Model Grammar School.

DEATH OF W. M. THACKERAY.

We can hardly pay more respect to the memory of this gifted worker in the literary field than to gather up the fragments that are dropping from English and American writers. What was said by *Electric Telegraph*?

THACKERAY, the celebrated author, was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 24th of December. He was taken ill the day previous. Effusion on the brain is the alleged cause of his death.

What New York newspapers said:—

"William Makepeace Thackeray is dead. Mr. Thackeray, whose father was in the India service, was born in Calcutta in 1811, and was educated at the Charter House and Cambridge. Subsequently he finished his studies in France and Germany. He studied as an artist, but gradually found his way into journalism and literature, where he has been a shining light for many years. His early writings, though commended by good judges, had only a limited circulation, and he was long in reaching the position of a popular writer. His first production appeared in the 'Times.' He was also a large contributor to 'Fraser's Magazine.' In the pages of 'Punch' he first made his mark—'The Fat Contributor,' 'Jeannet's Diary,' and other serial papers, giving him peculiar distinction. In 1846, he commenced the publication of 'Vanity Fair,' which was illustrated by himself. This work fixed and secured his popularity. It appeared in monthly numbers, growing steadily and largely in circulation, and when the work was done, Thackeray ranked with the first of British novelists. He was surpassed in popularity by Dickens alone. 'Vanity Fair' was succeeded by 'Pendennis,' a mock continuation of 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Kickleburys on the Rhine,' 'The Virginians,' 'The Adventures of Philip.'

"In 1851, Thackeray lectured in London on the 'English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century,' and these lectures were repeated in Scotland and America. In 1855-6 he visited the United States, and delivered a course of lectures on 'The Four Georges.' In 1860, he took charge of the 'Cornhill Magazine,' which has, under his management, been the leading monthly periodical in England.

"Mr. Thackeray's writings evinced a profound insight into character, a rare knowledge of the world, a delicate vein of irony, and the possession of a genial but vigorous style. His characters are selected, generally, from the middle classes, or from that debatable ground on the margin of the aristocracy. He knows mankind as seen in clubs and offices, in dining and drawing-rooms. He thoroughly understands that large class in London, known as 'men about town,' and the wit, wisdom, and flunkeyism of 'Yellowplush' are vital realities to him. No one has more accurately portrayed this class of character."

What N. S. Willis said in the *New York Home Journal*:—

To the above arm's-length sketch of the author we will add a single remark which we once chanced to have made, philosophizing, with a nearer view of the man. He was the curious phenomenon of a man of genius, worth more than he was ticketed for. Capable as he was of seeing deeper and describing better than most men, Nature had forgotten to mark it on his outside. He did not in the least look like the superior creature that he was. When we first saw him in London, (in 1834-5,) he was suffering under a morbid consciousness of this—gaining a livelihood as a bookseller's drudge, but feeling all the while, that, though supposed to be earthenware by all who looked upon his mein and mould, his mind was intrinsically porcelain. A resentment upon Nature for this, and a revengeful hatred of all who were more privileged than himself—a humiliating self-certainty of looking irredeemably ignoble, but hating consequently every man who could without trouble look gentle-born—was what constituted the bitterness of his life-time. It is curious to see how a single vein of mortified pride could thus inlay a whole literary career.

Thackeray's two visits to the United States were a new experience in this respect. There was, in the first place, a primitive absence of such social standards as could exact what he lacked, and, in the next place, he was generously valued by his foreign name and honored for the coming from afar off. His slightly English accent gave him—a pleasant novelty in his receptions by mankind—something which could be interpreted as aristocratic in his personal presence. Thackeray, the English lecturer, treated everywhere most flatteringly to himself as a born gentleman, was to his innermost soul surprised and grateful.

We are curious to see what the posthumous critics will make out of the genius—soon without the man. He looked so much better in his books than in his boots, and it is so often the other way! Happy the gifted Thackeray, who is now released to walk in his more proper and immortal presence, but of whose mortal mis-embodiment in a shape unworthy, (mysterious the destiny by which such dooms are sometimes inflicted on a human life—time!) the grave will show no more!

From English newspapers:—

It was but two days ago, says a cotemporary, that he might be seen at his club, radiant and buoyant with glee. On Thursday morning he was found dead in his bed. With all his high spirits he did not seem well; he complained of illness; but he was often ill, and laughed off his present attack. He said he was about to undergo some treatment which would work a perfect cure in his system, and so he made light of his malady. He was suffering from two distinct complaints, one of which has now wrought his death. More than a dozen years ago, while writing 'Pendennis,' it will be remembered that the publication of that work was stopped by his serious illness. He was brought to death's door, and he was saved from death by Dr. Elliotson, to whom, in gratitude, he dedicated the novel when he lived to finish it. But ever since that ailment he has been subject every month or six weeks to attacks of sickness, attended with violent retching. He was congratulating himself the other day on the failure of his old enemy to return, and then checked himself as if he ought not to be too sure of a release from his plague. On Wednesday morning the complaints returned, and he was in great suffering all day. He was no better in the evening, and his servant, about the time of leaving him for the night, proposed to sit up with him. This he declined. He was heard moving about mid-

night, and he must have died between two and three in the morning of yesterday. His medical attendants attribute his death to effusion on the brain. They add that he had a very large brain, weighing no less than 58½ ounces. He thus died of the complaint which seemed to trouble him least. He died full of strength and rejoicing, full of plans and hopes. On Monday last he was congratulating himself on having finished four numbers of a new novel; he had the manuscript in his pocket, and with a boyish frankness showed the last pages to a friend, asking him to read them and see what he could make of them. When he had completed four numbers more he said he would subject himself to the skill of a very clever surgeon, and be no more an invalid. In the fulness of his powers he has fallen before a complaint which gave him no alarm. Last Tuesday he followed to the grave his relative, Lady Rodd, widow of the Vice-Admiral Sir John Trompaine Rodd, K. C. B.; who was the daughter of Major James Rennel, F. R. S., Surveyor-General of Bengal, by the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Thackeray, head master of Harrow School.

From English correspondence of the *Toronto Globe*, dated London, December 31st, 1863:

THE FUNERAL OF MR. THACKERAY.

The sad news of the sudden death of Mr. Thackeray will have reached you by the last mail. His funeral took place yesterday at noon, in Kensal-Green Cemetery. It was a simple funeral, so far as the undertakers were concerned, but far otherwise in respect of the numbers and sort of people that flocked unbidden to the open grave. An imposing multitude stood in broad circle among the monuments and upon the green turf surrounding the modest site of his tomb; and this multitude was composed, in addition to the general public, mainly of men and women celebrated in every walk of literature and art, the leaders of London society, the chiefs of English poetry, and painting, and science, and story, and song. There were Charles Dickens, and Wilkie Collins, and Monckton Milnes, and John Millais, and Mark Lemon, and Froude, and Anthony Trollope, and George Cruikshank, and John Leech, and Tom Taylor, and Robert Bell, and Mr. Tonnell, and Robert Browning, and Shirley Brooks, and M. Louis Blanc, and Miss Braddon, and Dr. Russell, and Mr. G. H. Lewis, and Miss Evans, and a host of others still more famous in the higher walks of literature and science, and some less known, who either supply our libraries in winter with books or cover the walls of the Royal Academy with pictures in Spring. All these were seen crowding in silence, with saddened looks, around the departed, or reverently opening a passage for two hearth-side mourners deeply veiled, to come for a last look, and to hear the final offices of religion uttered over their father and friend, and to whom, let me add, it must be a source of unspeakable consolation, that within these few days there has been manifested on every hand a sentiment of loving respect for the departed, not supposed to exist outside of a particular circle. But it has been suddenly discovered, even by religious writers, that there was so much good about him to warrant the belief of his being a Christian man.

LATEST PARAGRAPH.

It has been announced that a biography of Thackeray may be expected in the Spring. By whom? Perhaps by Thackeray's daughter, who has inherited his pen, and who wrote the 'Story of Elizabeth.'

DUST TO DUST.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

'Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

Dr Kemp, an English chemist, in a recent work on his favorite science, remarks:

'So it is, that as we all sprang from putrefaction, or from dead matter that has never before been vitalized, so in like manner, must all our frames return through the ordeal of putrefaction to the dead world. The muscle of the strong man, the bloom of beauty, the brain of the philosopher, must once more rot, as, doubtless, they have often rotted before, and are destined, in the continual phasis and circulation, to matter to rot again.

'The hand that writes this sentence, nay the very brain that conceives the thought that the hand is marking down, was once earth such as we all trample on, and soon will be earth again, and, perhaps ere even the writer's name has ceased to be mentioned by those with whom he holds familiar intercourse, will be transformed into the cypress of the cemetery, or the daisies of the country church-yard. Nay also the matter of the eye which reads this saying, and of the brain that receives that saying, and is perhaps, startled at it, a little while ago was allied to the elements of inorganic matter: and the time can not be very distant ere some have to mourn over those terrible words read over it, of 'dust to dust and ashes to ashes.' The very tear of affection once water and a little rock salt; and after a little time it will be water and rock salt once more.'

ILL-FORTUNE OF A KINGSTONIAN.—Intelligence has been received by the friends of a young man named O'Reilly, formerly of this city, announcing his death from a gun shot, at one of the military posts in the State of New York. The young man, we are informed, had enlisted as a substitute in the American army, and after receiving his bonus became tired of military servitude and concluded to regain his liberty. It was while acting on this determination that the fatal missile arrested his strategic and mortal career.—Kingston American.

NEW STEERING APPARATUS.—An ingenious mechanic of Kingston, named Charles Monroe, has invented a new steering apparatus for steamers, which, in the estimation of nautical men, appears to be the great thing wanted. The principle consists of a right-and-left screw on the wheel-shaft, which is worked perpendicularly, by the operation of which the rudder may be brought 'from hard-over to hard-over' with a few turns of the wheel, and with much less display of physical force than heretofore.

Pretty and Pretty Good.

MY CHILD.

One night as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

One Summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dream,
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That when he leaves this world of sin,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,
And find that door of Heaven again.

The Cheapest House Decorator.—I. V. Green.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.

She is a mean mother who runs up a milk score against her baby.

Why is a waiter like a race-horse?—He often runs a plate or a cup.

Blessed beyond expression:—A husband with a dutiful wife.

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

Whatever we owe to our ancestors, one likes best who one has done one's self.

Never run in debt, especially with shoemakers; for though you can't say your sole is your own.

There is a gentleman who carries his aversion to niggardliness so far as even to detest a mean temperature.

A hop on the 'light fantastic toe' may be pleasant, not when you hop on the fantastic toe of your neighbour.

'Ideas,' says Voltaire, 'are like beards—men only get them when grown up; women never have any.' O, the heretic!

A son of Erin cautions the public against harbouring or trusting his wife Peggy on his account, as he is unmarried to her.

A young lady in Chardon, Wisconsin, has just gained verdict of \$10,000 damages against a gay deceiver, who after courting her fourteen years, neglected to marry her.

A dandy lately appeared in Iowa, with legs so attenuated that the authorities had him arrested, because he had no visible means of support.

An Old Custom.—It was the custom in the middle ages for the Sovereign to add greater sanction when sealing his mandates by embedding three hairs from his beard in the wax.

Adam was fond of his joke; and when he saw his son and daughters marrying one another, he dryly remarked: 'Eve that, if there had been no apple, there would have been no pairing.'

'George, my boy, do you know that Mr. Jones has found a beautiful baby on his door-step, and is going to adopt him?' 'Yes, papa, he will be Mr. Jones' 'step son' won't he?'

'I know I am a perfect bear in my manners,' said young farmer to his sweetheart. 'No, indeed, John,' said the young lady; 'you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear.'

On examining into the affairs of a London bankrupt, recently, his creditors discovered that his wife had over fifty yards of silk in one dress. As the journalists say, 'comment is unnecessary.'

A person in public company accusing the Irish nation, with being the most unpolished in the world, was mildly answered by an Irish gentleman, 'that it ought to be otherwise, for [the Irish met with hard rubs enough to polish any nation upon earth.'

A Hoosier, having taken a looking-glass home in his trunk, one of his hopeful offspring was curious to see the contents of the mysterious box. The mirror was on the top, when the youngster opened it, gave one brief look, dropped it, and with terror depicted on every feature, exclaimed: 'O, mother, father has brought home a young cub! I see him—a young bear!'

'I wish I had your head,' said a lady one day to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point. 'And I wish I had your heart,' was his reply. 'Well,' said she, 'since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership.'

In navigating the sea of life, carefully avoid the breakers—especially the heart-breakers—says old Growler.

What was the 'Reading Girl' at the Exhibition robbed of?—She was chiselled out of a piece of marble.

A very good domestic toast.—May your coffee and the slanders against you be ever alike—without grounds.

New Proverb.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

They err widely who propose to turn men to the thoughts of a better world by making them think very meanly of this.

Why is a lawyer like a crow? Because he wishes to be heard.—[Since giving vent to the above the author has become raven mad.]



I am about to describe an establishment which cost the proprietors one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in its construction, and upon which they pay the Government of Canada a tax of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum for permission to work it. It is the distillery of Messrs. Gooderham & Worts, at Toronto, via West.—ED. CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Certainly the world in its early stages never saw, as the New World in this age had not before seen, any distillery more perfect, and but few, if any, equal in all respects to that of Gooderham & Worts, Toronto.—IBID.

TORONTO CITY STEAM MILLS DISTILLER

GOODERHAM & WORTS, PROPRIETORS.

HAMILTON AGENCY

JOHN PARK begs to call the attention of the Whiskies manufactured at the above establishment for strength, purity, and flavor, are unequalled anything made in this country. They are well known and in great demand throughout the whole of Canada being shipped in large quantities to Liverpool, London, England, where they are much appreciated.

Grocers, Wine Merchants and Dealers generally, should lose no time in giving them a trial. There are many instances of storekeepers doubling their sale in a very short time by introducing these celebrated whiskies.

The trade can only be supplied through me at the depot, where all orders will be promptly attended to.

JOHN PARK,

Hughson, corner King street.

Hamilton, 19th Aug., 1863.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL, GEORGE GORDON, PROPRIETOR

Bridgewater Street, CHIPPAWA, C. W. Good stabling attached to the premises.

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.

EDITED BY GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA aided by a numerous select corps of writers in all branches of Science, Art and Literature, published by D. Appleton and Co., in 16 vol. royal octavo, double column.

The New American Cyclopaedia presents a panoramic view of all human knowledge as it exists at the present moment. It embraces and popularizes every subject that can be thought of. In the successive volumes is contained an inexhaustible fund of accurate and practical information on Art and Science, in all their branches, including Mechanics, Mathematics, Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology; on Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures; on Law, Medicine and Theology; on Biography and History, Geography and Ethnology; on Political Economy, the Trades, Inventions, Politics, the Things of Common Life, and General Literature. Sold only to subscribers.

W. M. GERR, Agent, Carlisle P. O., C. W.

P.S.—Works of any kind will be promptly forwarded on addressing me at Carlisle post office, C. W.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE is hereby given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between William A. Ferguson and myself, as Publishers of the "Canadian Illustrated News," is this day dissolved by mutual consent, by the retirement of the said William A. Ferguson from the firm; and I hereby give notice, further, that all debts due to the late firm are to be paid to me, and that I will settle all claims against it.

HARDY GREGORY.

HAMILTON, October 22, 1863.

IN reference to the above, the Subscribers beg to intimate that the publication of the "Canadian Illustrated News," and the business connected therewith, will be continued by them, under the name and style of

H. GREGORY & Co.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1863.

\$40 A MONTH, expenses paid.—For particulars, address, (with stamps,) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass. 24-131

MIRRORS, COENICES, PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES.

MARSDEN & PHILLIPS beg to inform the public that they are manufacturing the above in design quite new, in Hamilton, and workmanship equal to any in Canada, and at prices never before offered in Upper Canada.

Old frames re-gilded and made equal to new. Mantle Mirrors 30 in. by 40 in. size of glass.—French or British plate, richly gilt with best gold leaf, and carved wood ornaments, much superior to composition for \$30.

Manufactory, Lester's Block, James Street. Show Rooms, James Street, between King and Main street, near Officers' Quarters. Manufacturer of the washable gilt moulding.

Country orders punctually attended to.

October, 1863.

The Canadian Illustrated News

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

at the Office, in White's block, King-st, North side, Opposite the Fountain.

TERMS, for one year, sent by mail.....\$3 00 " six months, " 1 75 Single copies, 7 cents, to be had from News dealers.

Payment strictly in advance. Any person sending the names of ten subscribers with the money, will receive a copy for one year.

Rates of Advertising.

Ten cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion eight cents per line.

All letters concerning business in connection with paper or the office should be addressed to "The Canadian Illustrated News," Hamilton.

No. unpaid letters taken out of the Post Office. H. GREGORY & Co.

W. BISHOP, Proprietor. Omnibus to and from Station. Charges moderate. Woodstock, Nov. 19, 1863. 6-m

LITHOGRAPHING,

WOOD ENGRAVING,

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

BOOK BINDING,

&c. &c. &c.

THE PUBLISHERS of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS announce to the public that they are now in a position to execute

WOOD ENGRAVINGS

Of every description, such as Portraits, Illustrations for Books, cuts of Manufactories, Buildings, Machinery, &c., in a style not to be surpassed in the world. They have in their employ the first designers and engravers of the day; and the facilities at their command enable them to turn out work of a very superior description. Engraved Bill-Heads, Cheques, Society Seals, &c., also engraved in a workmanlike manner.

IN LITHOGRAPHING

Having made extensive additions to the establishment, they have now in running order one of the largest and most complete Cylinder Book Presses to be found in Canada, manufactured by Campbell, by which they are enabled to execute every description of Book and Job Printing promptly and at low prices.

JOB PRINTING.

Manufacturers, &c., &c., &c.

They are also prepared to fill orders at short notice for Portraits, Maps, Plans, Views of Buildings, Drawings of Machinery, Illuminated Designs, Show Cards, Title Pages, Diplomas, Certificates, Cheques, Notes, Drafts, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Business and Visiting Cards, Tables of every description, for Brewers, Druggists, Tobacco Manufacturers, &c., &c., &c.

BOOK BINDING

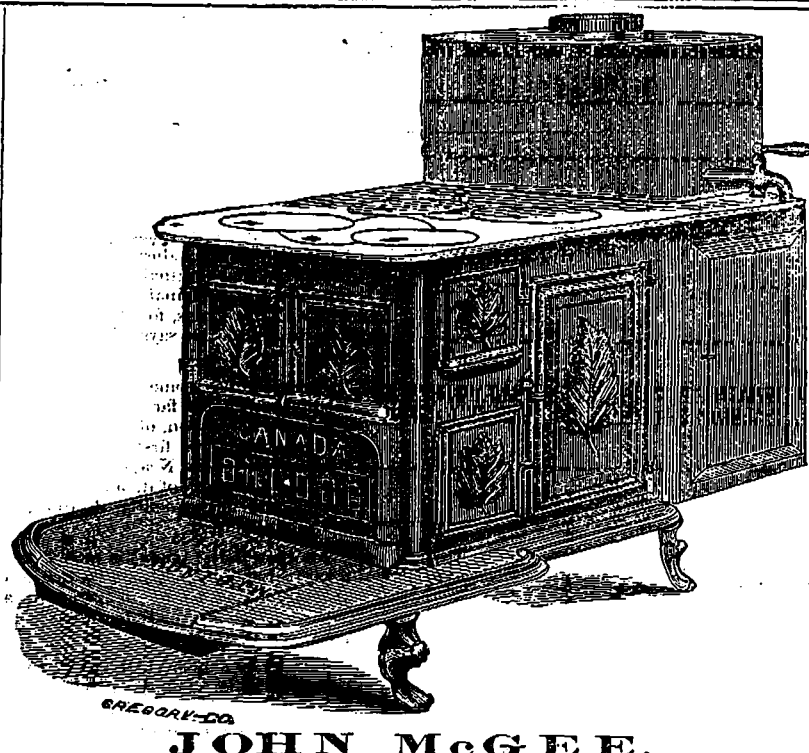
In all its Branches neatly and promptly executed, and at prices that defy competition. Each of the departments of the Establishment is under the superintendence of thorough and reliable workmen.

Office in White's Block, King street. Hamilton, Nov. 1863.

JAMES REID, CABINET MAKER

AND

UPHOLSTERER, King St. West, HAMILTON, O. W. A large quantity of Furniture on hand and manufactured to order.



JOHN McGEE.
THE "CANADA COOK STOVE, FOR COAL OR WOOD, an original and Patented Stove, got up especially for the City Trade; the most economical and efficient Cook Stove in the Market; it completely takes the place of, and supercedes the other flat-top stoves now in general use. The "Canada" is the best finished and most durable Stove of the day. The "Canada" combines every advantage for cooking ever offered to a stove. The "Canada" will Bake, Broil, Roast Fry, Toast, and prepare every other operation of Cooking at the same time, in the most perfect manner and with the greatest economy in fuel. The "Canada" is neat and substantial in appearance, and operates with success every time.
The Canada is Warranted.
TORONTO, November, 1862. p27

ELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL.
J. B. SMITH, Bay Street, corner of Market Street. Terms for the lower branches, \$3.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month, 25 cents weekly. For the higher branches and extra attention, \$4.00 per quarter, \$1.50 per month, 37½ cents weekly.
N.B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1st, 1864. All pupils entering before that time will be charged the lower rates.
Private lessons given if required, at 50cts per lesson.
October 24, 1863. o22

R. W. ANDERSON, (FROM NOTMAN'S MONTREAL) PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST, 45 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W. FIRST-CLASS Cartes-de-visite equal to any in Upper Canada, \$3.00 per dozen.
Private Residences, Churches and Public Buildings Photographed in any part of the country. Rooms. First Floor.
Old likenesses sent from the country, copied for the Album, and promptly returned at a very moderate charge.
Toronto, May 30, 1863.

THE EVENING "TIMES"
Is published every evening at the Office, corner of Hughson and King Streets, by the Proprietors, G. E. STEWART & Co.,
Price, \$5.00 per annum, in advance. Ten cents payable weekly to the carriers.
ADVERTISING RATES:
Six lines and under, 1st insertion.....\$00 50
Each subsequent insertion..... 00 12
Over six lines, 1st insertion, per line..... 00 05
Each subsequent insertion..... 00 02
Advertisements without written instructions to the contrary, will be inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Favorable arrangements made with parties advertising by the year.

THE WEEKLY "TIMES" AND SUPPLEMENT
Published every Friday morning, and mailed to subscribers by the earliest mails, contains a large quantity of reading matter, embracing the news of the day, interesting tales, poetry, editorials on popular subjects, facts in agriculture, &c.
TERMS.—One dollar per annum in advance, or \$1.50 if not so paid.
Any person sending five subscribers, with the cash, will receive one copy free.
All communications must be pre-paid, and addressed, C. E. STEWART & Co. Proprietors Evening Times. Hamilton, C. W.
October 22, 1863. 18

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.
NORTH SIDE JOHN ST., 3RD DOOR FROM KING HAMILTON, C. W.

ESTABLISHED 1818.
SAVAGE & LYMAN, Manufacturers and Importers of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE, Cathedral Bick, Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.
Superior plated goods. Fine Cutlery, Telescope Cases, Fans, Dressing Cases, Papier-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c.
Montreal, January 24, 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.

JOSEPH LYGT, DEALER IN PAPER HANGINGS, SCHOOL BOOKS, Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines, &c. CORNER KING AND HUGHSON STREETS, HAMILTON, C. W.
Agent for Toronto STEAM DYE WORKS, Steam for raiding and Embroidering.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, HAMILTON, C. W.
WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor
THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation not conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province. His long experience in the business of hotel keeping will, he trusts, secure to him a share of that patronage which he has enjoyed for so many years.
The locality of the International Hotel—situated in the centre of the business portion of the city—is of itself a flattering recommendation, and in conjunction with other more substantial advantages which the Proprietor has introduced, will earn for this Hotel, the subscriber hopes, the favor and good will of the business community.
The large dining-room of the Hotel—one of the most commodious rooms in the city—will still be open for Dinner Parties, Concerts, and other social entertainments. His sample rooms, for commercial travellers, are by far the best in the city.
In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration.
The International Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Cheltenham, Port Dover, Dundas, Guelph and other places.
An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, connecting with trains east and west.
WM. RICHARDSON, Proprietor.
Hamilton, July 27, 1863. 13

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 15TH JAN., 1864.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries, Corresponding Week of last year) and Amount.

Decrease..... \$10,484 5 1/2

JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, HAMILTON, Jan. 16, 1864.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 9TH, 1864.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock, Corresponding week, 1863) and Amount.

Decrease..... \$2,090 70

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

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

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 16th. 1863.

Large table listing various commodities (Beef, Pork, Bacon, Flour, etc.) with prices and quality indicators.

PETROLEUM.

Table listing petroleum products (American Crude, Canadian, etc.) with prices.

It is asserted that on the termination of the Fitzgerald divorce case, Captain Mullet pursued Major Fitzgerald and assaulted him with a stick.

The Bishop of Natal's trial at the Cape had begun when the last mail left, and it was then going on.

PUNISHED FOR LIVING TOO LONG.—A pauper in the Uckfield Union, named Wm. Novies, aged 82, was charged before the magistrates with refusing to work.

Mr. Thackeray's domestic life was not a happy one,—his wife being hopelessly insane.

The Court has left Windsor for Osborne On Monday, the second anniversary of the demise of the Prince Consort, the Queen, accompanied by all the members of the Royal Family, proceeded early in the morning to the royal mausoleum, where Her Majesty is in the habit of going constantly.

At a recent book auction in London, a copy of 'Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies. The second impression. Original calf binding, London, by Thos. Cotes, for R. Elliot, 1632,' was sold for \$113.

An island has come to the surface in the Mediterranean, not far from Palermo. It is a volcanic formation, of course, and it is said to have made its first appearance several years ago, when the Neapolitan Government assumed command of it, and named it Ferdinandia.

Another daily paper is about to come forth in London, with an immense capital at its back, and to be managed in a very superior manner, and to advocate broad Liberal principles.

The French Loan Bill has been adopted by 242 to 14, M. Thiers and a section of the Opposition voting against it.

Admiral Milne, having been succeeded in command of the American squadron by Rear-Admiral Sir James Hope, is now on his way home.

The Prince of Wales is erecting a private theatre at Sandringham, where plays are to be acted after Christmas by 'none but noble actors.'

AN EXPEDITION TO THE COUNTRY.—We are informed that Major General Lindsay intends shortly to start on an expedition to the country, or backwoods, with a flying column of about 250 of the regulars, and a full complement of officers, with the object of experimenting in bush life.

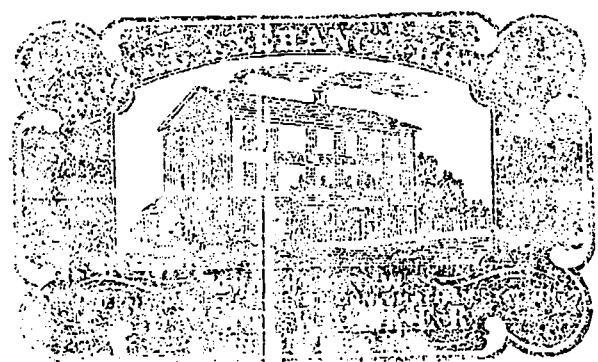
The residence of Prince Alfred in Edinburgh is to be commemorated by a portrait bust, to be deposited in one of the public halls, as was done in the case of the Prince of Wales.

A Royal Commission will shortly be ordered, with Lord Harrowby as President, to report upon the principles which govern the distribution of military prize money.

Captain and Paymaster Cossor, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, has been tried at Portsmouth, for certain defalcations. The sentence has not yet been pronounced.

The Oldest Established

AND MOST COMMODIOUS FIRST CLASS HOTEL, West of London. Omnibusses to and from the Railway, free.



Railway Refreshment Rooms CHATHAM STATION, G. W. RAILWAY.—Refreshments served up on the arrival of all trains.

JOHN GREGORY & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN KEROSENE, PENNSYLVANIA AND CANADIAN COAL OILS LAMPS, WICKS, SHADES, CHIMNEYS, &c. &c No. 35, St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL.

THE TWO LEADING HOUSES AT HAMILTON & TORONTO NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS IN Clothing, Dry Goods and Millinery, At LAWSON'S: Immense Stocks and at Unequaled Low Prices. LAWSON, BROS. & CO., Corner King and James Streets, Hamilton, C. W. LAWSON & CO., No. 86 King Street East, Toronto, C. W. Wanted, a first-class Milliner. 22-3m

ESTABLISHED—1813. GORE District Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Head Office, Galt, C. W. PRESIDENT—JOHN DAVIDSON, Esq., Galt. Directors—C. W. Moakins, Esq., Hamilton; James Crombie, Esq., Galt; R. Blair, Esq., Galt; John Fleming, Esq., Galt; J. Comerford, Esq., Brantford; Milton Davis, Esq., Hamilton; James Coleman, Esq., Dundas; R. S. Strong, Esq., Galt; M. C. Lutz, Esq., Galt; Chas. Watts, Esq., Brantford. Bankers—Gore Bank; Solicitors—Messrs. Miller and Tassie; Sec. and Treas.—Thomas Rich, Esq.; Assistant Sec.—W. A. Shearson, Esq.; Auditor—D. Wright, Esq. D. WRIGHT, Agent, Hamilton. Dec. 1863. 2

JOHN M'INTYRE, MERCHANT TAILOR, AND OUTFITTER. GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER. Perfect fit and entire satisfaction warranted. The Latest Patterns of French, English and German Cloths always on hand. Hughson st., Opposite Times Office. HAMILTON, C. W.

A. S. IRVING, GENERAL DEALER IN Books, Newspapers, Stationery and Pictures No. 19, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. [Faulkner's Old Stand. New York Lithos received by early Trains every morning, and mailed or Delivered to any part of the City or Country, at 25 Cents per week or \$10 per year Sole Agent in Toronto for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC. MRS. JOHN E. MURPHY would respectfully inform her friends and the public, that she is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for instruction on the Piano Forte, at her residence, Mulberry street, between Park and MacNab. Reference given if required. Hamilton, June 20th, 1863. 6 DAVID WALKER, Royal Exchange Hotel and Railway Refreshment Rooms, CHATHAM, C. W. October, 1863. 24-6m

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

THE GENUINE

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

The Best and Cheapest Machines in the world, at New York City Prices.

The undersigned having the General Agency for the sale of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, take great pleasure in informing the public of Canada that they have opened offices in Toronto, at No. 34, King Street East, and in the city of Hamilton, on the corner of King and Hughson streets, where they will keep on hand, at all times, a full assortment of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, and will sell the same, at the same prices, as at the manufactory in New York, thus bringing the machines, which have proved themselves, after a test of fifteen years, to be the best, and most reliable machines in every respect, that has ever been made within the reach of all.

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