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AGRICULTURE; LOWER CANADA; THE BOYS AT THE MID-DAY MEAL.

WALKS AMONG THE FARMERS OF CANADA.

In 1863, in Lower Canada, the bare ground only began to appear in patches, through the deep snow in the middle of April; the arable land being still partly under snow; saturated with water, and too wet to be ploughed at the beginning of May.— In Upper Canada, in the country bordering on Lake Ontario, and up west to the shores of Lake Erie on the travellers' left, and to Lake Huron on his right, and in front of him towards Lake St. Clair, and down again on the Essex shore by Detroit river, the snow has been insufficient all winter for several necessary purposes in the industrial economy of the country. Sleighing was bad, and timber and firewood were not got in suffi-

cient quantities. At Christmas, 1862, the atmosphere was moist and warm, whereupon our men and women of a prophetic persuasion shook the head, and told that 'A green yule makes a fair churchyard.'

Through January, February and March, 1863, the western half of Upper Canada had more days of rain than of snow, which was bad for the wheat sown in the fall.— About the second week in April the weather though cold and windy, was generally dry. In the week ending 18th April, the upper districts of Lake Ontario were visited by a phenomena which the oldest inhabitants, the Indians, did not remember; soft winds from the north, so warm as to be almost stifling. Again the prophetic spoke. 'This will be a sickly summer.' At the same time there came flocks of pigeons from the South, in

flying armies of hundreds of thousands, forming triangular clouds, the birds changing position, but preserving the form of their quivering columns. Many millions passed over Burlington Bay, flying north-west, on the 18th of April, and Willie Shaw, at the Station Hotel, having in vain tried to count the 'doo's,' said, 'I dinna ken what it means, but thae doos is a sign o' something.' Some of the skeddaddlers pronounced the flight of pigeons to be a sign of war in the south.

But fine dry weather came with dust on the roads, dust on the city streets, and dried the farm land for ploughing, sowing, and harrowing in the last two weeks of April. Then came May and then was a peck of 'May' dust worth a King's ransom, for it was the spring seed

time. March dust in England, May dust in Canada. But so withering the wind, so rapid was the evaporation of moisture under the hot sun, that people had hardly ceased to murmur at too much wet, when it became necessary to grumble at the want of rain. The 3d and 4th of May brought up from the east cold winds that reached into every house, and through the clothes of every person indoors or out of doors, as if searching for old men with rheumatism and women with tic doloureux; and when the man or woman, or poor little child was found who had rheumatism, tic doloureux, toothache, or teething, the bones and the nerves were bitten by that bitter cold wind from the east. 'We will have no grass, the hay will be as scarce this year as it was last year,' that was the text of the rural complaint, in

addition to aching teeth and pains in the limbs. But on the 5th of May came a deluge of rain and half a gale of wind.

But the work of the farms went bravely on, and never before were so many ploughs and harrows and sowers of spring grain seen on the fields of Canada as in the two last weeks of April and this first week of May; for year by year the farms under culture and the acres of two thirds of all the farms increase in number. Now, are the hard of hand, the stout of heart—the farmers of Canada, their thrifty wives, comely daughters, and manly young sons, working and singing or saying, or working as if they sang or said, 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise;' and 'He who by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive!' But driving is going out of custom; the art of ploughing has risen above the use of a driver. The good ploughman guides both the implement and the horses drawing it.

Though in Canada spring grain is sown in May it is harvested, the seasons being propitious, as early as grain will be, if sown in England a month sooner. Is it known to you, young farmer, why the budding, the leafing and flowering of plants, the germination, and springing up of seeds advance so rapidly on this northern side of America, after the long deferred and slow beginning? Some will tell you the fast growth is due to the sun's rays; and that they are stronger and brighter at the late period when the North American spring rushes into life than in the earlier months in the British Islands. That is not so. The principle of vegetable life, and the invigorator of animal life, comes with the light of the sun, but it is not itself light. Chemists and chemistry reveal the cause of instant and rapid growth to be the larger prevalence of an invisible something which has been termed actinism.

The luminous rays of the sun can be divided, as is well known, into the primitive and compound rainbow colors by the prism, a piece of triangular crystal; and the degrees of heat, contained in, or accompanying each color of light can be measured.—The compound color, orange, has more heat than yellow, and red more than orange; but in an invisible stream just beyond red, there is more heat than red contains, and something more than heat. It is the stream of the spirit-matter of life, whatever that may be. The photographer in taking the sunlight into his service to imprint the images which he seeks to preserve in a picture, knows that it is not always the sunny days that give him the best impressions.—Actinism, that spirit-matter of life, (for such I venture to term it) which fills the groves with the song of birds, which covers the meadows with green and flowery herbage, which inspires alike the poet to soar on the soul's wing, and the pretty little lambs to skip and play in the meadows; which makes mother's sweet darling, the rosy, happy babe leap with delight, and frisk in her arms like the lambs upon the lea; which leads the youthful, blushing, modest pair into the orchard to breathe the tender tale—the spirit-matter which does all this in behalf of life and love, and the joys that never weary, the joys arising from things young and beautiful, divine in source, and everlastingly renewed, gives the photographer the pictures which though imprinted when the light of the sun reveals the form of the objects, are not otherwise owing to light. And that something, which chemists can detect, yet cannot catch and confine by itself, infuses life and growth into vegetation. It converts the starch of the wheat into sugar, and with the chemistry of the soil (the ammonia produced in the soil through union with the carbonic acid of the atmosphere,) the sugar of the wheat, or barley, or other seed is by that marvellous spirit-matter, actinism—companion of the light of the sun, but in itself invisible—quickened with the principles and action of vitality. The North American continent is alike noticeable for the clearness of the photographic pictures obtained by artists and for the rapid germination of seeds, and the growth of plants.

The actinic rays possibly owe their existence to the action of light on the electric atmosphere which surrounds our globe, or to its contact with some other and unknown element in nature. The existence of chemical rays has long been known, says a scientific analyst: 'To their influence have been traced long ago, the various and gorgeous colors of the vegetable kingdom. To them also, in the animal kingdom, have been ascribed the subtle hues of the African and the peachy tints on the cheek of youthful beauty. To their discoloring properties the bleacher owes his art, and the painter his want of immortality. It is only however of late years that the properties of chemical light have been carefully considered.

Agriculture in Canada may be seen in all its stages, from the rudely imperfect to the far advanced. We see the culture of patches between the stumps on the feeble clearing in the woods; where as yet hope and visions of the future sustain the strong arms of the adventuring settlers, and where one day they will have thriving estates to give them joy and reward. We see, perchance, in the same township (a township is about ten miles wide) farms on which the stumps have been removed, the fields fenced in, orchards in full bearing, farm buildings good, and the land cultivated according to the best systems of cropping suitable to the soil or commercial situation of the place. We see the antique ploughs little changed in form from the old Roman, or Gallic, or Egyptian, which is also the modern plough of Spain, as I saw it when in military service in that distracted country, in such districts as had not been utterly devastated by intestine war. And in travelling through Canada we discern all gradations of the implement from the ancient to those the latest patented; which though patented, are not always improved. The ploughs suitable for open arable fields are not convenient to wriggle zigzag around the stumps in new clearings. That represented in the engraving on the first page, is being used in a field from which the stumps are cleared away; but the father of those youths has other portions of his farm uncleared of stumps; therefore the implement is of that medium form, short in the leverage of the 'stils,' but strong in its iron work and drawn by stout horses to cut through the ramifying roots of the old trees, which used on other sections of the farm. The artist could have found a more symmetrical implement for a picture, but that was selected from some practicality in use on farms which are not yet completely liberated from the obdurate remnants of the primeval forest.

In like manner, in describing particular farms, as from time to time many will be visited and described, it is not deemed advisable to select only those occupied by wealthy gentlemen, interesting though these be, but to represent what Canadian Agriculture is down to the humblest efforts of English John, or Paddy, or Sandy, logging and plodding in the wilderness bewildered.

There are fertile and profitable farms on the ridge of Abram's Plains west of Quebec. Mr. Mathew Davidson and others on the battle ground of St. Foye, (where the second battle of Quebec was fought, 1760; see Canadian Illustrated News, p. p., 294, 295, May 2nd, 1863,) produce as good root crops as any in the Province. Colonel Thomas Campbell, C.B., of St. Hilaire, on the river Richelieu, east of Montreal, has a farm which, to look upon, rejoices the heart of the traveller; yet sometimes the spring grain cannot be sown there until June. The farming about St. Hyacinthe, below St. Hilaire, is all profitable, because the soil is a rich alluvial, formerly the floor of a salt water ocean, subsequently the bottom of a fresh water lake, afterwards through immeasurable ages a forest.

The largest breadth of land under spring sown grain which I have met with, was at Vaudreuil, (pronounced Voodroy,) on the western branch of the Ottawa, near its junction with the St. Lawrence—the scene of Moore's Canadian Boatman's Song. It was on the property of that much esteemed gentleman recently deceased, the Hon. Colonel Harwood. But the largest breadth of wheat I have seen was in the valley of the Grand River, over 300 miles further west, on the opposite shore from Cainsville, three miles below the town of Brantford. The estate is called, Oxbough, consisting of 800 acres; 600 of which were under crop when I visited there in 1861, and 400 bearing wheat, the noble plant looking, at the beginning of July, as fine as any ever grown in the south of England, or in the Lothians of Scotland. When I first beheld the lovely arrangement of avenue, lawn, winding walks, picturesque coppice and old park-like trees, all obtained by judicious cuttings in the old forest, not a single bush planted for effect, I said: 'Here lives an Englishman.' That Englishman was Major Bown, a native of the county of Somerset. He is father of Dr. John Bown, M. P. P., for the county of Brant.

On one of the best cultivated estates in central Canada, is Archerfield, the property and place of residence of Mr. James Croil, son of a Glasgow merchant, but with his brothers long resident in this Province.—Mr. Croil published in 1861, through Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, the first county history produced in Canada; it is a 'History of the County of Dundas.' Archerfield, is a new name to the estate. In the war of 1812 it was a field of battle, the famous Cryster's Farm.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.
'Whistler at the Plough.'

NOTICE.

The public will please beware of a smooth-faced young man calling himself T. Dodd, as we understand from letters in our possession, that he has been canvassing for the 'Canadian Illustrated News.' Dodd canvassed a few days for us in Toronto, and not liking the gentleman's manner of doing business we discharged him. Without our knowledge or consent he has taken money from people in the country, representing himself sometimes as an agent, and at other times proprietor of the 'Canadian Illustrated News.'

NOTICE TO CANVASSERS.

All parties heretofore canvassing for the Canadian Illustrated News, will please call at the office and settle up. The public are cautioned against subscribing, or paying money to any one for said paper, unless the name of the party soliciting such subscription appear in the paper as Agent, or have the written authority of the undersigned that he is a properly authorized Agent.

W. A. FERGUSON.

Hamilton, April 7th, 1863.

OUR AGENTS.

W. M. ORR and J. H. CROOKER are authorized agents for the 'Canadian Illustrated News.' When we appoint others their names will be announced.

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

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HAMILTON, MAY 9, 1863.

IMMIGRATION.

In view of the prospects of an augmented immigration during the present season, we expected some interesting reports from the parliamentary committee to whom the emigration question was referred. So far, we must confess disappointment.

Their second report which is now to hand is chiefly occupied with a digest of the recommendations of former committees. Of these the present committee endorse the following:

1st. That an emigrant map of the province be at once prepared, 'showing the settled, partially settled, and wholly unsettled portions of the country,' and that the same should be circulated in Great Britain, Germany and the northern countries of Europe.

2d. That township or district maps be distributed gratuitously to immigrants and native settlers; and also placed on the Canadian line of steamers and other emigrant passenger vessels, and in possession of the local Clergy, Crown Land Agents, Colonization Roads Agents, and Emigrant Agents.

3d. That an agent be appointed for New York and Portland, during the emigration season.

4th. That an agent be appointed to reside in England, with large powers and corresponding rank, who might in other respects also be found useful as a Representative of the Province.

Such arrangements as these might very appropriately form part of the details of some comprehensive scheme of Emigration, but in themselves they are far from meeting the wants of the case. The problem is not alone how to induce emigrants to come to Canada in preference to other countries; but how to retain them when they have come; how to make them feel satisfied that they have improved their circumstances, in a degree sufficient to compensate them for the sacrifices, which a removal from the homes of their childhood, necessarily involves. This improvement is the motive that induces emigration in the first place. An emigrant does not come to Canada because he prefers it, other things being equal, to his own country, but because he seeks, possibly a fortune, certainly a more comfortable home than that which he formerly had. If on arrival here he finds his hopes were but idle dreams, he naturally becomes discontented, every mail spreads his discontent among the friends whom he has left behind, and who may have intended some day to join him.

Possibly he removes to the United States in search of what he failed to find with us. It may interest the committee to know that this process is going on at the present moment. Not a few of our people, unable to obtain suitable employment with us are carrying their industry and skill into the neighboring country. It is idle to argue that these men could obtain a living here 'at something.' The question with the emigrant is not only where he can obtain a living, but where he can obtain the best. Can Canada then—speaking generally of course—honestly promise him this? To a certain class she unquestionably can; to the man of moderate capital she can offer an almost unlimited field for manufacturing and agricultural industry, where by economy and good management he is certain to attain a far better position than he can reasonably expect to at home.

But how about the man without capital, who in order to support himself and family, requires employment immediately on landing. In relation to him we are by no means so fortunately situated. True, he is not likely to starve, but his hopes are almost certain to be disappointed, unless measures be taken which the report of the committee does even not hint at. With a view of doing something in this matter, we hope the committee will examine the workings of the system of government credit to settlers, which prevails in some of the western States. It may be that a moderate sum advanced in this way, to men that are willing to settle on and improve our waste lands, would be sound economy.

With regard to the manufacturing branches of industry, government can do but little. That little seems to us to lie in a modification of the limited liability laws with a view of facilitating the formation of co-operative associations, for manufacturing purposes.—We hope to find the committee dealing with those questions in subsequent reports.

FIRST VOLUME COMPLETED.

Number 26, the present issue, completes the first volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Many difficulties have been encountered in organizing a permanent staff of Artists and Engravers; but these are happily overcome. Subscribers who prepaid the Paper for six months, will, we trust, renew their subscriptions forthwith. They may rely on this being a first-class Illustrated Newspaper; in literature and engravings second to none in the world.

BEAUTIFUL SISTO TO THE MAN IN THE MOON.—The Duke of Sutherland, who has spent a considerable part of the winter in Southern Italy, has purchased a beautiful production of Signor Genaro Cali's chisel, called by him "Hecate." The history of the design—itsself a poem—is poetical. The artist, who was spending his summer in Torre dell' Annunziata some years since, was struck one night with the beauty of the crescent moon, and imagined the goddess sleeping within it. In 1853, the Count Aquila, the uncle of the ex-king Francesco, visited London, and on his return went to the artist's studio. Struck by the composition of this Diana, His Royal Highness immediately ordered it to be executed in marble, agreeing to pay for it 3,000 ducats; and so pleased was he with the novelty and grace of the design, that he announced his intention of presenting it to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Political embarrassments, however, arising between England and Naples, and the relations between the two courts being interrupted, the Count broke off his bargain with the sculptor. The Duke of Sutherland, who visited his studio a few days since, was so struck with the poetry and beauty of the work, that he immediately purchased it, and it is now en route to England. The goddess reposes in deep sleep in the crescent moon, with her right arm and head reposing on one of the horns, whilst the left arm, in a state of abandonment, represents Night marking the hours. The artist has well preserved the character of the chaste Diana. Signor Cali, it will not be forgotten, is the artist who sent to the exhibition last year a group in marble representing Pieta, which belongs to the city of Naples.

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE.

Of all Miracles, the most wonderful is that of Life—the common, daily life which we carry about with us, and which every where surrounds us. The sun and stars, the blue firmament, day and night, the tides and seasons, are as nothing compared with it.—Life—the soul of the world, but for which creation were not!

It is our daily familiarity with Life, which obscures its wonders from us. We live, yet remember it not. Other wonders attract our attention, and excite our surprise; but this, the great wonder of the world, which includes all others, is little regarded. We have grown up alongside of Life, with Life within us and about us; and there is never any point in our existence, at which its phenomena arrest our curiosity and attention. The miracle is hid from us by familiarity, and we see it not.

Fancy the earth without Life!—its skeleton ribs of rock and mountain unclothed by verdure, without soil, without flesh! What a naked, desolate spectacle—and how unlike the beautiful aspect of external nature in all lands! Nature, ever-varied and ever-changing—coming with the spring, and going to sleep with the winter—in constant rotation. The flower springs up, blooms, withers, and falls, returning to the earth from whence it sprung, leaving behind it the germs of future being; for nothing dies; not even Life, which only gives up one form to assume another. Organization is traveling in an unending circle.

The trees in summer put on their verdure; they blossom; their fruit ripens—falls; what the roots gathered up out of the earth returns to earth again; the leaves drop one by one, and decay, resolving themselves into new forms, to enter into other organizations; the sap flows back to the trunk; and the forest, wood, field, and brake compose themselves to their annual winter's sleep. In spring and summer the birds sang in the boughs, and tended their young brood; the whole animal kingdom rejoiced in their full bounding life; the sun shone warm, and nature rejoiced in greenness. Winter lays its cold chill upon this scene; but the same scene comes round again, and another spring recommences the same 'never-ending, still beginning' succession of vital changes. We learn to expect all this, and become so familiar with it, that it seldom occurs to us to reflect how much harmony and adaptation there is in the arrangement—how much of beauty and glory there is everywhere, above, around and beneath us.

But were it possible to conceive an intelligent being, abstracted from our humanity, endowed with the full possession of mind and reason, all at once set down on the earth's surface—how many objects of surpassing interest and wonder would at once force themselves on his attention. The verdant earth, covered with its endless profusion of forms of vegetable life, from the delicate moss to the oak which survives the revolutions of centuries; the insect and animal kingdom, from the gnat which dances in the summer sunbeams, up to the higher forms of sentient being; birds, beasts of endless diversity of form, instinct and color, and, above all, Man—'Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye';—these would, to such an intelligence, be a source of almost endless interest.

It is life which is the grand glory of the world; it was the consummation of creative power, at which the morning stars sang together for joy. Is not the sun glorious because there are living eyes to be gladdened by his beams? Is not the fresh air delicious, because there are living creatures to inhale and enjoy it? Are not odors fragrant, and sounds sweet, and colors gorgeous, because there is the living sensation to appreciate them? Without Life, what were they all? What were a Creator himself, without life, intelligence, understanding, to know and adore Him, and to trace His finger in the works that He hath made?

Boundless variety and perpetual change are exhibited in the living beings around us. Take the class of insects alone: of these, not fewer than 100,000 distinct species are already known and described; and every day is adding to the catalogue. Wherever you penetrate, that life can be sustained, you find living beings to exist; in the depths of ocean, in the arid desert, or at the icy polar regions. The air teems with life. The soil which clothes the earth all round, is swarming with life, vegetable and animal.—Take a drop of water, and examine it with a microscope: lo! it is swarming with living creatures. Within Life, exists other life, until it recedes before the powers of human vision. The parasitic animalculæ, which preys upon or within the body of a larger

animal, is itself preyed upon by parasites peculiar to itself. So minute are living animalcules, that Ehrenberg has computed that not fewer than five hundred millions can subsist in a single drop of water, and each of these monads is endowed with its appropriate organs, possesses spontaneous power of motion, and enjoys an independent vitality.

In the very ocean deeps, insects, by the labor of ages, are enabled to construct islands, and lay the foundations of future continents. The coral insect is the great architect of the southern ocean. First a reef is formed; seeds are wafted to it, vegetation springs up, a verdant island exists; then man takes possession, and a colony is formed.

Dig down into the earth, and from a hundred yards deep, throw up a portion of soil—cover it so that no communication can take place between that earth and the surrounding air. Soon you will observe vegetation springing up—perhaps new plants, altogether unlike anything heretofore grown in that neighborhood. During how many thousands of years has the vitality of these seeds been preserved deep in the earth's bosom! Not less wonderful is the fact stated by Lord Lindsay, who took from the hand of an Egyptian mummy a tuber, which must have been wrapped up there more than 2,000 years before. It was planted, was raised and dewed upon, the sun shone on it again, and the root grew, bursting forth and blooming into a beautiful Dahlia!

At the North Pole, where you would expect life to become extinct, the snow is sometimes found of a bright red color. Examine it by the microscope, and, lo! it is covered with mushrooms, growing on the surface of the snow as their natural abode.

A philosopher distills a portion of pure water, secludes it from the air, and then places it under the influence of a powerful electric current. Living beings are stimulated into existence, the *acari Crossii* appear in numbers! Here we touch on the borders of a great mystery; but it is not at all more mysterious than the fact of Life itself. Philosophers know nothing about it, further than it is. The attempt to discover its cause, inevitably throws them back upon the Great First Cause. Philosophy takes refuge in religion.

Yet man is never at rest in his speculations as to causes; and he contrives all manner of theories to satisfy his demands for them. A favorite theory now-a-days is what is called the Development theory, which proceeds on the assumption, that one germ of being was originally planted on the earth, and that from this germ, by the wondrous power of Life, all forms of vegetable and animal life have progressively been developed. Unquestionably, all living beings are organized on one grand plan, and the higher forms of living beings, in the process of their growth, successively pass through the lower organized forms. Thus, the human being is successively a monad, an a-vertebrated animal, an osseous fish, a turtle, a bird, a ruminant, a mammal, and lastly an infant Man.—Through all these types of organization, Tiedemann has shown that the brain of man passes.

This theory, however, does nothing to explain the causes of life, or the strikingly diversified, and yet determinate characters of living beings; why some so far transcend others in the stages of development to which they ascend, and how it is that they stop there—how it is that animals succeed each other in right lines, the offspring inheriting the physical structure and the moral disposition of their parents, and never, by any chance, stopping short at any other stage of being—man, for instance, never issuing in a lion, a fish, or a polypus. We can scarcely conceive it possible that, had merely the Germ of Being been planted on the earth, and 'set a-going,' anything like the beautiful harmony and extraordinary adaptation which is every where observable throughout the animated kingdoms of Nature, would have been secured. That there has been a grand plan of organization, on which all living beings have been formed, seems obvious enough; but to account for the diversity of being, by the theory that plants and animals have gradually advanced from lower to higher stages of being by an inherent power of self-development, is at variance with known facts, and is only an attempt to get rid of one difficulty by creating another far greater.

Chemists are equally at fault, in endeavoring to unveil the mysterious processes of Life. Before its power they stand abashed. For Life controls matter, and to a great extent overrides its combinations. An organized being is not held together by ordinary chemical affinity; nor can chemistry do any

thing toward compounding organized tissues. The principles which enter into the composition of the organized being are few, the chief being charcoal and water, but into what wondrous forms does Life mould these common elements! The chemist can tell you what these elements are, and how they are combined, when dead; but when living, they resist all his power of analysis. Rudolphi confesses that chemistry is able to investigate only the lifeless remains of organized beings.

There are some remarkable facts connected with Animal Chemistry—if we may employ the term—which show how superior is the principle of Life to all known methods of synthesis and analysis. For example, much more carbon or charcoal is regularly voided from the respiratory organs alone, of all living beings—not to speak of its ejection in many other ways—than can be accounted for, as having in any way entered the system. They also produce and eject much more nitrogen than they inhale. The mushroom and mustard plant, though nourished by pure water containing no nitrogen, give it off abundantly; the same is the case with zoophytes attached to rocks at the bottom of the sea; and reptiles and fishes contain it in abundance, though living and growing in pure water only. Again, plants which grow on sand containing not a particle of lime, are found to contain as much of this mineral as those which grow in a calcareous soil; and the bones of animals in New South Wales, and other districts where not an atom of lime is to be found in the soil, or in the plants from which they gather their food, contain the usual proportion of lime, though it remains an entire mystery to the chemist where they can have obtained it.—The same fact is observable in the egg-shells of hens, where lime is produced in quantities for which the kind of food taken is altogether inadequate to account; as well as in the enormous deposits of coral-rock, consisting of almost pure lime, without any manifest supply of that ingredient. Chemistry fails to unravel these mysterious facts; nor can it account for the abundant production of soda, by plants growing on a soil containing not an atom of soda in any form: nor of gold in bezards; nor of copper in some descriptions of shell-fish. These extraordinary facts seem to point to this—that many, if not most, of the elements which chemists have set down as simple, because they have failed to reduce them further, are in reality compound; and that what we regard as Elements, do not signify matters that are undecomposable, but which are merely undecomposed by chemical processes. Life, however, which is superior to human powers of analysis, resolves and composes the ultimate atoms of things after methods of its own, but which to chemists will probably ever remain involved in mystery.

The last mystery of Life is Death. Such is the economy of living beings, that the very actions which are subservient to their preservation, tend to exhaust and destroy them. Each being has its definite term of life, and on attaining its acme of perfection, it begins to decay, and at length ceases to exist. This is alike true of the insect which perishes within the hour, and of the octogenarian who falls in a ripe old age. Love provides for the perpetuation of the species. 'We love,' says Virey, 'because we do not live forever: we purchase love at the expense of our life.' To die, is as characteristic of organized beings as to live. The one condition is necessary to the other.—Death is the last of life's functions. And no sooner has the mysterious principle of vitality departed, than the laws of matter assert their power over the organized frame.

'Universal experience teaches us,' says Liebig, 'that all organized beings, after death, suffer a change, in consequence of which their bodies gradually vanish from the surface of the earth. The mightiest tree, after it is cut down, disappears, with the exception, perhaps, of the bark, when exposed to the action of the air for thirty or forty years. Leaves, young twigs, the straw which is added to the soil as manure, juicy fruits, etc., disappear much more quickly.—In a still shorter time, animal matters lose their cohesion; they are dissipated into the air, leaving only the mineral elements which they had derived from the soil.

'This grand natural process of the dissolution of all compounds formed in living organizations, begins immediately after death, when the manifold causes no longer act under the influence of which they were produced. The compounds formed in the bodies of animals and of plants, undergo, in the air, and with the aid of moisture, a series of changes, the last of which are, the conversion of their carbon into carbonic acid, of their hydrogen into water, of their

nitrogen into ammonia, of their sulphur into sulphuric acid. Thus their elements resume the forms in which they can again serve as food to a new generation of plants and animals. Those elements which had been derived from the atmosphere take the gaseous form and return to the air; those which the earth had yielded, return to the soil. Death, followed by the dissolution of the dead generation, is the source of life for a new one. The same atom of carbon which, as a constituent of a muscular fibre in the heart of a man, assists to propel the blood through his frame, was perhaps a constituent of the heart of one of his ancestors; and any atom of nitrogen in our brain has perhaps been a part of the brain of an Egyptian or of a negro. As the intellect of the men of this generation draws the food required for its development and cultivation from the products of the intellectual activity of former times, so may the constituents or elements of the bodies of a former generation pass into, and become parts of our own frames.

The greatest mystery of all remains.—What of the Spirit—the Soul? The vital principle which bound the frame together has been dissolved; what of the Man, the being of high aspirations, 'looking before and after,' and whose 'thoughts wandered through eternity?' The material elements have not died, but merely assumed new forms. Does not the spirit of man, which is ever at enmity with nothingness and dissolution, live too? Religion in all ages has dealt with this great mystery, and here we leave it with confidence in the solution which it offers.

THE BEST WEALTH.—The great struggle with civilized men in this world is for wealth. This is called the prime good, the one thing needful, the great desideratum of life. So men toil for it; sacrifice ease, comfort, health, for it; deceive, cheat, defraud for it; give time, strength, and too often good character for it. The truth is, the estimate put upon wealth is too high. Its value, its good, is over-rated. It is not the great good. It is not the pearl of great price. It is not the best thing man can have. It does not confer peace of mind, nor purity of heart, heartfelt happiness, nor contentment, nor home joy, nor social blessedness, nor any of the solid and enduring enjoyments. Wealthy homes are not often happier than those of the poor and comfortable lives. Poverty is always an evil; but a fair supply of the necessaries and comforts of life is quite as apt to confer real peace as great wealth. It is not gold nor goods, therefore, that makes men really wealthy. The best wealth is of the heart, an enlightened mind, a loyal conscience, pure affections. He is wealthiest who has the largest stock of wisdom, virtue, and love—whose heart beats with warm sympathies for his fellow-men, who finds good in all seasons, all providences, and all men. The generous man who pities the unfortunate; the poor man who resists temptation; the wise man who orders well his life; the studious man who seeks instruction in all things, are the truly wealthy men.

SAGACITY OF THE BEAR.—That wild beasts are scared away by fire is a well known fact, but the hungry bear is of so cunning a nature that it even sets at defiance the flaming circle, which would at other times afford a secure protection to the sleeping traveler. It is true that the bear does not venture to cross the firey barrier, but contrives to avoid the difficulty in a most ingenious manner.—Going to the nearest stream, it immerses itself in the water so as to saturate its fur with moisture, and then returning to the spot where the intended prey lies asleep, the animal rolls over the flaming embers, quenching the fire, and then makes its attack upon the sleeper. This curious fact is well known among the natives of Siberia, so that they have good grounds for the respect in which they hold the bear's intellectual powers.

TO TAKE IMPRESSIONS OF PLANTS.—Burn a common cork, till reduced to powder, and make into a thick paste with olive oil. With this plant the veiny side of a leaf (a sage leaf is a desirable one) with a camel-hair pencil, lay the leaf carefully on clean paper, painted side down, and place it in a book, under pressure. In a quarter of an hour, remove the leaf carefully from the paper, and you will find an exact impression left.

The scales of iron that accumulate around the anvil of a blacksmith's shop are more valuable than manure for peach trees. A shovelful put around a healthy peach tree will be very likely to keep it in good condition; and it is said that trees already diseased have recovered by the application of these scales. Iron in any form will answer a good purpose.

**THE RIGHT REV. DR. WILLIAMS,
BISHOP OF QUEBEC.**

This distinguished scholar and minister of the Church of England, recently elected but not yet consecrated to be Bishop of Quebec, was born at Overton, Hampshire, England, in 1823, and was consequently only in his 38th year, when chosen in March 1863, to his high office in the episcopacy. He was educated at Crewkerne, County of Somerset, and graduated at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1851. After being ordained to the parish of High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, by the Bishop of Oxford, he was for two years master of the College at Leamington. Subsequently he performed the duties of Curate at Huist Champfeur, Somerset. In 1857, he came to Canada to open the Grammar School in connection with the Bishop's College, at Lennoxville, Canada East, in which College he held the professorship of Belles Lettres. Bishop Williams has the reputation of being an eminent, effective pulpit orator, as well as a scholar of a high order.

The foregoing items are obtained from a Lower Canadian Church Journal; but bare as they are they are probably inaccurate.—We think Leamington should be Lynton; the one is in Warwickshire, the other in Hampshire. Possibly also 'Crewkerne' should have been Crewkerne.

The Synod of Quebec met on Wednesday, March 4th, 1863, for the election of a successor to the late Right Reverend Bishop Mountain, whose portrait was published in No. 10 of the Canadian Illustrated News, on January 17th, 1863.

Divine service was performed in the morning, at the Cathedral, when the Rev. Professor Williams preached a sermon which all his hearers, clerical and lay, pronounced to be admirable. At half-past two the Synod met, and the roll was called. The whole of the afternoon was occupied in discussing the validity of the election of certain of the lay delegates. When the Synod was complete, Mr. H. S. Scott, of Quebec, moved, and the Rev. Mr. Roe seconded, and it was—

Resolved,—That the Synod being now fully organized, desires to express its sense of the great loss which the diocese has sustained by the removal of the late beloved and lamented Lord Bishop of Quebec, whose patience and urbanity as its president, and devotion to the advancement of the interests of the church, and the personal sacrifices he was always ready to make in its cause, had secured for him the affectionate reverence of all who had the happiness to be placed under his charge.

Then it was resolved that a copy of that resolution be sent to the family of the late Bishop.

Mr. Irvine, lay delegate, then moved, that the Synod do now proceed to ballot silently for the person to fill the office of Bishop for the diocese of Quebec, and to continue to ballot, adjournments excepted, until some person has received the number of votes necessary to a choice. In moving the silent ballot, Mr. Irvine said he thought it would be much to be regretted if anything were said derogatory to any of those persons balloted for, as that person might be elected Bishop, and much discomfort might thus arise. The Hon. Mr. Hale, lay delegate thought they might trench too much on their privileges. He had never heard of the words "silent ballot." The Rev. Mr. Pleas thought the less discussion or contention about the matter the better. Mr. Hemming and Mr. Forsyth, lay delegates, both claimed the right of discussion.

The Rev. Mr. King said he loved England and those that came from it, but was opposed to getting a Bishop from England, for they had very few emoluments, in the diocese, and that was right; for the encouragement of those who were buffeting with the snows and hardships of the bush, that the best among their own Clergy should be taken—though God knew, he, Mr. King, envied not the person who would occupy the position. A clergyman from England would not know the conditions and wants of the country, and we ought to look to that and not so much to the pounds, shillings and pence, we might get from England. He expressed himself favorable to the "silent ballot" for there were by-standers outside looking to see by what motives the clergy were influenced, and if they took a "silent ballot" no exception could be taken to their speeches or actions. Yet these remarks of the Rev. Mr. King were evidently directed against Professor Williams or some other clergyman from England.

The Reverend Mr. Houseman, who was in the chair, a clergyman who came from



THE RIGHT REV. DR. WILLIAMS, BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

England in 1859, as assistant in the Cathedral, decided that he was bound to receive any motion and remarks made in presenting the motion relating to any candidate to be balloted for. Mr. Hemming proposed a committee to select a candidate whom the Synod might unanimously choose, but that motion was not adopted. Some wanted a reference to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Rev. Mr. Woolrych moved the omission of the word 'silent,' which Mr. Scott seconded; for, said the latter, it would be un-English, unconstitutional, and unfair to deprive him or any one else of the right to speak. After a division, when the word 'silent' was rejected, the Rev. Mr. Houseman offered up a prayer, and the Synod adjourned until next day.

March 5th, the Synod having decided to proceed with the election of a Bishop went on to ballot. The first vote resulted thus: For the—

	CLERGY.	LAITY.
Rev. A. W. Mountain,	25	29
Rev. Bishop Anderson, (Rupert's Land),	11	28
Rev. Professor Williams,	2	3
Rev. Dr. Nichols,	1	2
Rev. Bishop Williams, (Connecticut),	1	0
Blank,	0	1
Total,	40	63
Necessary to a choice,	27	42

SECOND VOTE.

Rev. A. W. Mountain,	29	31
Bishop of Rupert's Land,	10	27
Bishop of Connecticut,	1	0
Rev. Prof. Williams,	0	4
Suggesting reference to Canterbury,	0	1
Total,	40	63

The Rev'd Mr. Mountain (nephew of the late Bishop we believe,) though having the requisite majority of the clerical votes (two-thirds) had not the same and equally requisite majority of the lay votes; the ballot therefore was not final. After seven ballots were taken, Professor Williams stated that he knew his own inability to fill the office of Bishop, and felt that the Synod would have no confidence in him if elected, (cries of no, no.) He therefore begged leave to ask that his name should be taken off the ballots.

EIGHTH VOTE.

	CLERGY	LAITY.
Prof. Williams,	18	31
Rev. A. W. Mountain,	14	18
Rev. Dr. Mackie,	3	0
Bishop of Rupert's Land,	2	15
Reference to Canterbury,	2	0
Reference to Canterbury and London,	1	0
Total,	40	64
Necessary to a choice,	27	43

In the ninth ballot three votes were given for Archdeacon Bethune; and for Prof. Williams twenty-two clergy; and forty-three laity; for Rev'd Mr. Mountain thirteen and seventeen. The Bishop of Connecticut's name not appearing.

In the tenth ballot there were for Professor Williams twenty-four and forty-nine;

and for Reverend Mr. Mountain twelve and eleven. The name of Canon Thompson appearing with one clerical vote.

The eleventh and last ballot stood thus:

	CLERGY.	LAITY.
Rev. Prof. Williams,	28	52
Rev. A. W. Mountain,	12	10
Canon Thompson,	1	0
Total,	41	62
Necessary to a choice,	27	42

The Rev'd Mr. Houseman therefore announced from the Chair that the Rev'd Professor Williams was duly elected Bishop of the Diocese of Quebec. The Rev'd Mr. Roe then moved and Mr. H. S. Scott seconded that the election be unanimous, and that was unanimously carried.

The Rev. Mr. Houseman remarked that the mode of procedure must have been very gratifying as it had been harmonious and christian-like. With regard to Mr. Williams they could judge of his ideas of what a Bishop should be from the beautiful sermon he had delivered the day before. In that discourse he had laid down the qualifications necessary in, and the duties incumbent upon a Bishop, and he (Mr. Houseman) was sure he was one who would conscientiously, as in the sight of God, do his duty in this diocese, and would endeavor, God being his helper, to carry out to the very uttermost, everything he had laid down so beautifully in his sermon. (Applause.) He therefore congratulated the Synod and the diocese on the selection that had been made, and he congratulated Mr. Williams too most heartily. He hoped that many, many years might be granted to that gentleman, to preside over this diocese with all the ability it was in his power to exercise.

The Rev. Professor Williams, the Bishop elect, whose emotion was such that his voice was not entirely under control, then said that he most sincerely wished the choice of the Synod had fallen on a worthier man. The chairman had alluded to his (Mr. Williams's) conception of what the duties are, which have to be discharged by the man who fills the office of Bishop. That conception only made him the more humbly place himself in the position where their discharge is necessary. Since, however, the Synod had been pleased, unanimously to confirm his selection he would bow to its decision, and trusted God would give him strength to bear the burden they had laid upon him.

On motion of the Rev. Mr. Roe, seconded by Mr. H. S. Scott, the Synod returned thanks to Almighty God for the unanimity which had reigned among them—the act of thanks consisting of the singing of the Te Deum, prayer, and the benediction of the Bishop designate.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Houseman, as chairman, was moved by Lord Aylmer, seconded by Mr. Irvine; after which a resolution was carried that the chairman and secretary do sign the petition to Her Majesty the Queen for her confirmation of the election, in accordance with the statute. The Synod then adjourned. (Abridged from the Quebec Chronicle.)

On this election "the Echo" organ of the church published at Montreal said: No doubt it might have been more agree-

able to persons holding strong views on each side in the church if a clergyman had been chosen to fill the vacant post who agreed with them in opinions and doctrines; and we ourselves might have been gratified, if one known to have been decidedly evangelical had been fixed upon by the Synod; but we most conscientiously believe that the election has terminated in a way the most favorable to the peace and general well-being of the Diocese. And what is most worthy of note, and we may add most happy in the decision come to is, that it was quite unpremeditated, and thus quite free from any suspicion of undue influence and party spirit. It is somewhat remarkable considering the ready cheerfulness exhibited when the announcement was received that Mr. Williams should not have been more spoken of as a candidate before; and we believe that to no one did the news cause greater surprise than to the Reverend gentleman himself. Learned, eloquent, and able, all hope that by God's blessing the Bishop elect has a long and happy career before him, amongst the people over whom it has pleased God to give him the spiritual oversight.

CANADA IN 1812 AND 1863.

History does not always teach by example; 1812 is not teaching 1863; Changes on the American frontier since 1812; The perilous situation of Canada in 1863; But the peril may be provided for; the Naval Volunteers of 1863; Culpable negligence of the Provincial Government; The commercial fraud upon the Revenue, June, 1862; Its lesson; The lessons of 1812; Facts about that war; American declaration of war; British declaration of war; General Hull's Invasion of Canada and proclamation; General Brock Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada—his proclamation, Harper's Monthly Magazine for May, 1863; The Defences of Canada.

History is philosophy teaching by example; so we have been told; but is that the function of history? Few lessons are so little heeded as the lessons of history. The history of the war of 1812 has not taught the government of Canada nor all the people, whose ministers the members of government practically are, either prudent reserve in avoiding to cultivate the antagonism of a powerful neighboring nation, nor discreet foresight in providing against the occurrence of hostilities. Nor has history, in union with the aspect of present things, taught them to comprehend what those hostilities may be—invasion, devastated homesteads; towns and cities bombarded and laid in ashes; with battles and sieges alternately lost and won; but whether lost or won, all terrible and sanguinary. An organized army of invasion with its rear supplemented from a country thickly peopled; the interior full of provisions and other resources of war; its railways ramifying and concentrating on its own frontier from all parts of the populous States lying behind it; while the army of Canada, consisting in main part of an unorganized multitude, called together from city stores and rural homesteads in a panic, five sixths of the multitude unarmed, and the whole extended along fifteen hundred miles of frontier, all its cultivated country a frontier, all its cities, two only excepted, on the frontier, a wilderness behind it, possessing no resources of food after the first crop is, by the action of war, neglected to be sown, and its railways not supplementing it from the rear as the enemy will be supported; such are the aspects of Canada in 1863. Yet with those disadvantages this province, by a timely military and naval organization might be prepared—for Canada has also special advantages, as will be shown before I quit this first and greatest question of questions.

Let us proceed to allow history to assume the functions of philosophy and teach us by example.

Before the occurrence of the war of 1812 the major portion of the people of Canada, and the whole people and government of Great Britain did not believe that war with America would occur. The disastrous effects of the Berlin Decrees of Napoleon and of the British Orders in Council, (for explanation of what these were, see article 'Notes on the war of 1812,' in the Canadian Illustrated News of April 25, 1863,) were debated in the British Parliament through the years 1809, 1810 and 1811, and every possible phase of their evil results, actual and prospective, was depicted except war with the United States. In the American Congress, the Berlin Decrees and Napoleon's

supplement to them, the Milan Decrees; the British Orders in Council, and the American Non-intercourse Act, were all debated in the language of war, and preparations were made by the Federal government for a war upon Canada full six months before it was declared, yet a large proportion of the American people in the Eastern and Northern States did not believe that war would occur. The Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, General Isaac Brock, apprehended war, and made efforts to organize a militia, but by the casting vote of the chairman of the House of Assembly the bill was defeated, the people, through their representatives, pronouncing as they have done in 1861 and 1862, and are doing in 1863, that it would be time enough to organize a defensive force when the Province was invaded.

But there was this difference between 1812 and 1863. General Hull and the army of invasion were occupied three weeks, the army clothing torn and worn, and the men footsore in marching through the forest bush to Detroit a distance which can now be overcome comfortably by railway in six hours. The territories which were then forest and swamp, and the hunting grounds of the Indian are now populous States containing nine millions of white people, with commercial cities on the western lakes where there were only forests long after 1812; one of which, Chicago, is the concentrating point of thirteen railways; Detroit of five; all of which Chicago, Milwaukee, Grand Haven, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, and Buffalo, and further down Rochester and Oswego, have facilities for arsenals and naval dockyards—some of these already constructed, from which iron-rams of war may be launched and armed, to scour the lakes and scourge the coasts of Canada, if not prevented by timely foresight.

Canada has about four thousand Lake and River sailors. What has been done by the government to organize them? A naval volunteer company of fifty-five men has been got together at Toronto by a merchant, Mr. McMaster. But half, or more than half of those men, I am told, though all fine fellows in spirit and pluck, are only city clerks, whose maritime experience is comprised in sailing a skiff or pulling their oars on Toronto Bay. At Hamilton and neighboring ports, two hundred and seventy men offered themselves as naval volunteers at the time of apprehended danger in December, 1861. The government, after much delay, accepted of one company of fifty-five men, and in the winter from November, 1862, to the end of March, 1863, that company which, however, was augmented to seventy-two men, was drilled and clothed in naval uniform at the expense of its commander, Captain Harbottle of the steamer Passport, and the Lieutenant of the company, Captain Malcolmson of the steamer Magnet. The clothing of the company cost those two officers nearly \$500, in addition to their own uniform. They also paid \$20 to the drill instructor, Sergeant Laws of the Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, and made him a present of a watch. All that the government did was to give Enfield rifles, bayonets, cutlasses and belts to fifty-five of the seventy-two men; those arms and belts having been furnished at the expense of Great Britain, not of Canada. This is the only company of real sailors out of the four thousand of the Lake and River marine of the Province, organized for the defence of Canada up to May, 1863; and as yet even their drill has only been elementary. They had a cannon, also imperial property, sent from Quebec to be handled as a ship's gun; and their exercises, such as manning the gun, preparing to receive boarders, with bayonets and cutlasses, and driving an imaginary enemy overboard from the deck of an imaginary ship—the ship being the narrow passage between the apple and potato stalls on the floor of the Hamilton market house—those exercises and the handling of their arms were well and faithfully practised; but they have not been instructed in the science and practice of naval gunnery. Nor has any other company along the whole water frontier of Canada been so instructed. Even the various companies of land artillery have only old cannon to drill or play with which are worthless for exact target practice.

The statistics of the Militia and Volunteer Companies recently published by government include those Naval Volunteers, and all others which have been organized and clothed at the expense of their officers, and lead the public to conclude that the organization, if such it may be termed, has been obtained at the cost of the Provincial revenue. But imperfectly organized and wholly inadequate in number as the Militia and Volunteers are, the expenses have been only partially defrayed by the Canadian government. This misfortune and stigma on the name of the Province, this peril to its safety, is all the more to be deplored, and all the

more inexcusable, or culpable, or criminal, when the unexampled dissipation of the revenue committed during the first nine days of June, 1862, are brought to mind; or rather let me say, brought to light. The organs of patriotism have not to this day breathed on those frauds. The persons culpably involved were the leading merchants of the Lower and the Upper Provinces, importers of teas and sugars, who, belonging to both of the great political parties of In and Out, have remained too formidable for rebuke. Here is the case briefly related.

The Cartier-Macdonald ministry was defeated on the allegation that their Militia scheme, based on the report of Colonel Lysons, was too costly. Their successors took office on May 27th, 1862, and announced an augmentation of customs duties on tea and sugar to meet the new expenses of a new Volunteer Militia. They first named a very early day for the commencement of the new duties, but that early day not allowing time for the importing merchants to crowd into the country teas and sugars at the low duties in quantities sufficient for the consumption of the Province during the remainder of the year, the days on which to impose loss of revenue were prolonged, and the 9th of June, named; twelve o'clock on that day being the limit set. Instantly the telegraph and express messengers carried manifold orders to New York and Boston, and filled the wholesale marts of those cities with commotion. The American railways were crowded with extra freight trains pouring into Canada an overflow of teas and sugars, and when the 9th of June arrived, and the banks could not or would not give out a sufficiency of money to pay duties, and the roads being still unrelieved of their unparalleled crush of freight, the customs officers were instructed still to admit those commodities, though the duties were not paid in cash. The people of Canada, from that date, and all through the period of consuming those teas and sugars, if indeed they be yet consumed, contributed the high rates of duty; which had the money gone into the public chest, instead of into the pockets of the importers, would have defrayed the whole expenses of a Military and Naval Militia more formidable and effective than the forces pronounced to be indispensable in the Report of Colonel Lysons. If it be contended that the enormous influx of teas and sugars between the 27th of May and 9th of June, 1862, reduced prices and did not yield the importers the amount of difference between the low and the high duties in addition to their ordinary profits, the injury to the Province remains the same. The people submitted to increased taxation to obtain a revenue for defensive purposes; and that revenue has in one way or another been dissipated to conciliate political faction through the chiefs of the mercantile interest, and the defensive force of the Province is, by inadequacy of number, a public delusion.

Let some member of Assembly who dares to look cabinet ministers and merchant princes in the face, move for a return of all the importations which paid duty between the 27th of May and 10th of June, 1862, including certain cargoes then in the St. Lawrence, and it will be seen how an effective militia might have been organized and paid for, and how consumers of groceries have already paid for such a force.

I revert to the story of the invasion of Canada in 1812.

DECLARATION OF WAR BY AMERICA,

JUNE 18, 1812.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled that war be, and the same is hereby declared to exist between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dependencies thereof and the United States of America and their territories; and that the President of the United States be and is hereby authorized to use the whole land and naval force of the United States, to carry the same into effect; and to issue to private armed vessels of the United States commissions, or letters of marque and general reprisal in such form as he shall think proper, and under the Seal of the United States, against the vessels, goods and effects of the government of the said United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the subjects thereof. Approved by the President, James Madison.

At Boston on the day of the declaration of war, all the ships in port displayed flags half-mast high, in token of mourning. At a city meeting resolutions were passed, stigmatizing the war as unnecessary and ruinous, and leading to a connection with France, destructive of American liberty and independence. In several of the lesser eastern cities similar resolutions were adopted and demonstrations made. And also in the city

of New York, although there the opposition to the war was somewhat modified.

DECLARATION OF WAR BY GREAT BRITAIN,

OCTOBER 13, 1812.

The delay of four months in making this final declaration on the part of the British Government, is explained in the preamble which is here quoted. Britain by removing the alleged grievance of the war party in America hoped to avoid further hostilities; Canada having been invaded and the invasion repelled.

Whereas, in consequence of the information having been received of a Declaration of War by the United States Government against His Majesty, and his subjects, an Order in Council, bearing date the 31st of July last was issued, directing that American ships and goods should be brought in and detained till further orders: And whereas, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, acting in the name of His Majesty, forbore at that time to direct letters of marque and reprisal to be issued against the ships, goods, and citizens of the United States of America under the expectation that the said government would upon the notification of the Order in Council of the 3rd of June last, forthwith repeal and annul the said Declaration of War, and also annul the said letters of marque and reprisal.

And whereas the said government of the United States of America, upon due notification to them of the said Order in Council, of the 23rd of June last, did not think fit to recall the said Declaration of War, and letters of marque and reprisal, but have proceeded to condemn, and have persisted in condemning the ships and property of His Majesty's subjects as prize of war, and have refused to ratify a suspension of arms agreed upon between Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, His Majesty's Governor General of Canada, and General Dearborn, commanding the American forces in the Northern Provinces of the United States, and have directed hostilities to be recommenced in that quarter. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent acting in the name and on behalf of His Majesty, and with the advice of His Majesty's Privy Council, is hereby pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that general reprisals be ordered against the ships, goods, and citizens of the United States of America, and others inhabiting within the territories thereof.— [Here followed the details and technicalities of the declaration.]

PROCLAMATION OF GENERAL HULL.

Head-quarters, Sandwich, 12th July, 1812.

1. Inhabitants of Canada! After thirty years of peace and prosperity the United States have been driven to arms. The injuries and aggressions, the insults and indignities of Great Britain have once more left them no alternative but manly resistance or unconditional submission. The army under my command has invaded your country. The standard of the Union now waves over the territory of Canada. To the peaceable unoffending inhabitants it brings neither danger nor difficulty. I came to find enemies, not to make them. I came to protect not to injure you.

2. Separated by an immense ocean and an extensive wilderness from Great Britain you have no participation in her councils, no interest in her conduct. You have felt her tyranny; you have seen her injustice; but I do not ask you to avenge one or to redress the other. The United States are sufficiently powerful to afford every security consistent with their rights and your expectations. I tender you the invaluable blessing of civil, political and religious liberty, and their necessary results, individual and general prosperity. That liberty which gave decision to our councils in a struggle for independence, and which conducted us safe and triumphantly through the stormy period of the revolution. That liberty which has raised us to an elevated rank among the nations of the world, and which afforded us a greater measure of peace and security, of wealth and improvement than ever fell to the lot of any country.

3. In the name of my country and by the authority of its government, I promise you protection to your persons, property and rights. Remain at your homes; pursue your useful peaceful and customary avocations; raise not your hand against your brother. Many of your fathers fought for the freedom and independence we now enjoy. Being children, therefore, of the same family with us, and heirs to the same heritage, the arrival of an army of friends must be hailed by you with a cordial welcome. You will be emancipated from tyranny and oppression, and restored to the dignified station of freemen. Had I any doubt of eventual success I might ask your assistance, but I do not. I came

prepared for every contingency; I have a force which will look down all opposition. And that force is but the van-guard of a much greater. If, contrary to your own interest and the just expectation of my country, you should take part in the expected contest, you will be considered and treated as enemies, and the horrors and calamities of war will stalk before you.

4. If the barbarous and savage policy of Great Britain be pursued, and the savage be let loose to murder our citizens, and butcher our women and children, this war will be a war of extermination. The first stroke of the tomahawk, the first attempt with the scalping knife, will be the signal of one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner. Instant destruction will be his lot. If the dictates of reason, duty, justice, and humanity cannot prevent the employment of a force which respects no rights and knows no wrong, it will be prevented by a severe and relentless system of retaliation.

5. I doubt not your courage and firmness. I will not doubt your attachment to liberty. The United States offer you peace, liberty and security.

6. Your choice lies between these and war, slavery, and destruction.

7. Choose then, but choose wisely; and may He who knows the justice of our cause, and who holds in his hands the fate of nations, guide you to a result the most compatible with your rights and interests, your peace and happiness.

Signed on behalf of the General,

A. P. HULL,

Adjutant General.

PROCLAMATION OF MAJOR-GENERAL BROCK.

{ Head Quarters, Fort George,
July 22nd, 1812.

1. The unprovoked Declaration of War by the United States against the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and its dependencies, has been followed by the actual invasion of this Province, in a remote frontier of the Western District, by a detachment of the armed forces of the United States.

2. The officer commanding that detachment has thought proper to invite His Majesty's subjects not merely to a quiet and unresisting submission, but insists them with a call to seek voluntarily the protection of his government.

3. Without condescending to notice the epithets bestowed on the administration of His Majesty, in this appeal of the American Commander to the people of Upper Canada, every inhabitant of the Province is desired to seek the confutation of such indecent slander in a review of his own particular circumstances. Where is the Canadian subject who can truly affirm to himself that he has been injured by the government, in his person, his property, or his liberty? Where is to be found in any part of the world, a growth so rapid in prosperity and wealth as this Colony exhibits? Settled not thirty years by a band of veterans, exiled from their former possessions on account of their loyalty not a descendant of those brave people is to be found, who, under the fostering liberality of their sovereign, has not acquired property and means of enjoyment superior to what was possessed by their ancestors.

4. This unqualified prosperity would not have been attained by the utmost liberality of the government, or the industry of the people had not the maritime power of the mother country secured to its colonists a safe access to every market where the products of their labour was in request.

5. The unavoidable and immediate consequences of a separation from Great Britain must be the loss of this inestimable advantage; and what is offered you in exchange? To become a territory of the United States and share with them that exclusion from the ocean which the policy of their government enforces. You are not even flattered with a participation of their boasted independence.

6. It is but too obvious that once estranged from the powerful protection of the United Kingdom, you must be re-annexed to the dominion of France, from which the provinces of Canada were wrested by the arms of Great Britain at a vast expense of blood and treasure, from no other motive than to relieve her ungrateful children, (the thirteen Colonies afterwards the United States,) from the oppressions of a cruel neighbor.

7. This restitution of Canada to the Empire of France was the stipulated reward for the aid afforded to the revolted Colonies, now the United States. The debt is still due, and there can be no doubt that the debt has

been renewed as a consideration for commercial advantages, or rather for an expected relaxation of the tyranny of France over the commercial world. Are you prepared, inhabitants of Canada, to become willing subjects, or rather slaves, to the despot who rules the nations of Europe with a rod of iron? If not, arise in a body, exert your energies, co-operate cordially with the King's regular forces to repel the invader; and do not give cause to your children, when groaning under the apprehension of a foreign master to reproach you with having so easily parted with the richest inheritance of this earth—a participation in the name, character and freedom of Britons!

8. The same spirit of justice that will make every reasonable allowance for the unsuccessful efforts of zeal and loyalty will not fail to punish the defalcation of principle. Every Canadian freeholder is, by deliberate choice, bound by the most solemn oaths to defend the monarchy, as well as his own property; to shrink from that engagement is a treason not to be forgiven. Let no man suppose that, if in this unexpected struggle His Majesty's arms should be compelled to yield to an overwhelming force the province will be eventually abandoned. The endeared relations of the first settlers, the intrinsic value of its commerce and the pretensions of its powerful rival, France, to repossess the Canadas, are pledges that no peace will be re-established between the United States and the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of which the restitution of these provinces does not make the most prominent condition.

Answers to Paragraph 4. of General Hull's audacious Proclamation about Indians.

9. Be not dismayed at the unjustifiable threat of the commander of the enemy's forces to refuse quarter should an Indian appear in the ranks. The brave bands of Aborigines which inhabit this colony were, like His Majesty's other subjects, punished for their zeal and fidelity by the loss of their possessions in the late colonies and rewarded by His Majesty with lands of superior value in this province. The faith of the British government has never yet been violated. The Indians feel that the soil they inherit is to them and their posterity, protected from the base acts so frequently denied to overreach their simplicity. By what new principle are they to be prohibited from defending their property? If their warfare from being different to that of the white people, be more terrific to the enemy, let him retrace his steps; they seek him not; and cannot expect to find women and children in an invading army. But they are men and have equal rights with all other men to defend themselves and their property when invaded, more especially when they find in the enemy's camp a ferocious and mortal foe using the same warfare which the American commander affects to reprobate.

10. This inconsistent and unjustifiable threat of refusing quarter, for such a cause as being found in arms with a brother sufferer, in defence of invaded rights, must be exercised with the certain assurance of retaliation, not only in the limited operations



PORTRAIT OF MR. JENKINS, PURSER OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

of war in this part of the King's dominions, but in every part of the globe; for the national character of Britain is not less distinguished for humanity than strict retributive justice, which will consider the execution of this inhuman threat as deliberate murder, for which every subject of the offending power must make expiation.

ISAAC BROCK, Major General.

WRECK OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

PORTRAIT OF MR. WM. JENKINS THE PURSER.

The first intelligence received of the wreck of the Anglo-Saxon, was by a telegram to Messrs. Edmonstone, Allan & Co., part owners of the Canadian Ocean Steamship Line, and agents for the ships at Montreal. It was sent by Mr. William Jenkins, the Purser. From other sources of information it appears that this officer was fortunate in assisting to save a considerable number of passengers, who by ropes and spars escaped from the deck of the ship to the rocks on the sunken buttresses of which the Anglo-Saxon struck. Having obtained his portrait from Mr. John Bowman, of Hamilton, it has been engraved and is presented in connection with such

particulars of the wreck as have been collected from various sources of information.

The Anglo-Saxon was one of the first built and fastest of the Canadian line of Steamships, and we grieve to say for the Company and for Canada, she is the sixth of them wrecked. She sailed from Liverpool bound for Quebec, on Thursday April 16th, and was approaching the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the eleventh day of the passage, when she struck near Cape Race, on the coast of Newfoundland. It was Monday, the 27th at noon, the weather a dense fog.

The following is the first officer's statement—The Anglo-Saxon experienced strong westerly gales until Saturday, the 25th, 8 p. m., when she fell in with ice and a thick fog. The engines were immediately slowed. At 10 p. m., the ice being so thick and heavy, the engines were stopped altogether, a light breeze from the south forcing the ship ahead about one knot an hour. At 5 a. m., on the 26th, the fog lifted, and the ice having slackened, we set fore top sails and head sails, moving the engines occasionally at a dead slow. At 10.30, a. m. the fog cleared away altogether, and we saw clear water to the W. N. W. from the mast head. We continued our course towards clear water. At 2 p. m. got ship clear of ice and steered N. W.

by W., with full speed, and with all possible sail. A moderate breeze was blowing from the south at this time (noon) lat, 46.57, long, 57.24, by chronometer.

At 10 p. m. breeze freshened and blew strongly from the S. S. E. and a dense fog set in. We took in all sail at 8 a. m. on the 27th, the fog still continued to be dense, and supposing the ship to be 40 miles off Cape Race, we altered her course to the West half north, and stowed engine to half speed, which we supposed would have taken us 17 miles south of Cape Race. At ten minutes past 11 a. m. breakers were reported on starboard beam and Capt. Burgess immediately ordered engines to be reversed at full speed; but before her headway could be stopped she struck flat on the rocks off Clam Cove, about 4 miles north of Cape Race. A heavy sea rolling in drove her quarter on the rocks, carrying away her rudder, stern, post and propeller. Finding that there was no possibility of the ship coming off, order was given to let go both anchors to hold ship on the rocks.

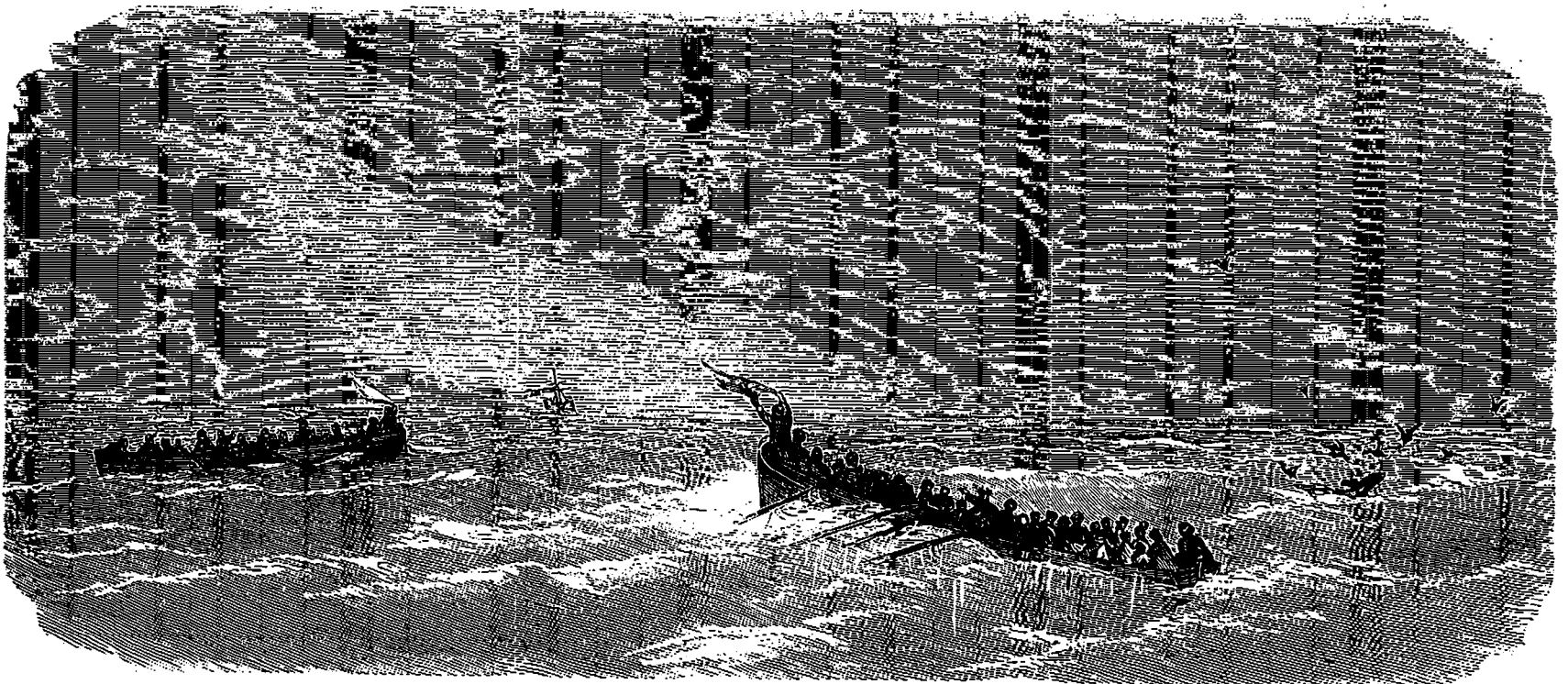
The carpenter was forthwith sent to examine the forepeak, and found it filling fast with water; he also examined fore-head but found no water there. The chief engineer coming up directly afterwards, reported forward stoke hole filling fast; he shifted the valve and blew off steam. The boats were all immediately lowered successfully, except No. 1 and No. 3—the ship was close on the rocks and these could not be got out. Boat No. 2, with some of the crew and passengers commanded by Capt. Crawford, was sent to find a place to land the passengers. Some of the crew being landed on the rocks by means of studding-sail boom with the help of some of the passengers, got a hawser secured to a rock to keep the vessel from lifting out.

We then commenced to land female passengers on the rocks, by means of the fore yard arm. The first class passengers were put into a boat. At about noon the ship's stern swung off from the rocks, and she settled down very fast, listing to port at the same time, and sunk in deep water. The Capt. and a great many passengers were on deck at the time with a part of the crew, and all were lost.

Total saved, 33 cabin passengers, 103 steerage, and 71 of the crew. Total on board 360 passengers, and 85 of a crew, including officers. Total lost, 238.

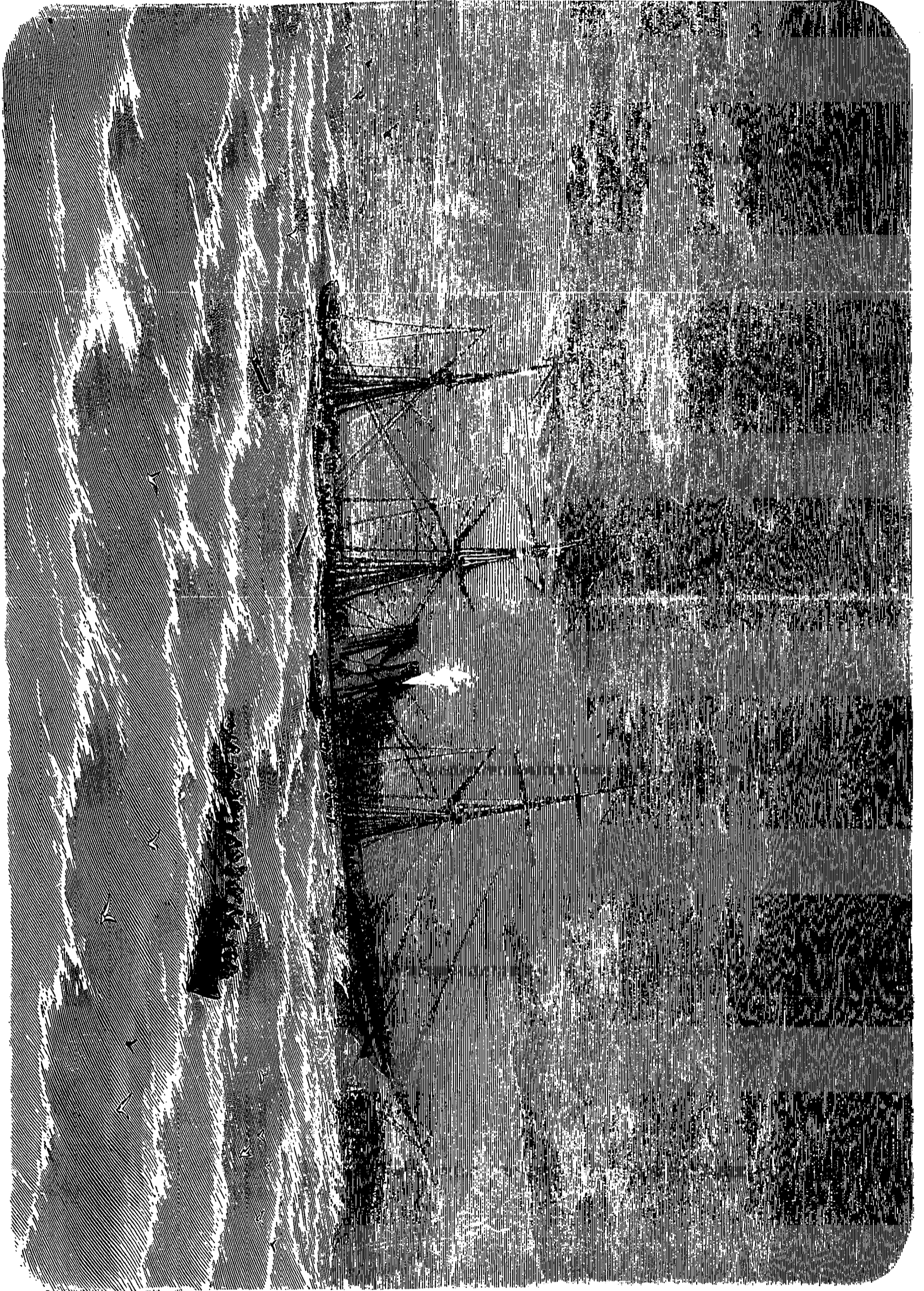
It is said that a large consignment of military clothing for the Volunteer Militia of Canada was on board the Anglo-Saxon, which, with the mails and everything else of the cargo is lost. Consignments of spring and summer goods to several of the leading Canadian merchants were also on board.

The pictorial illustrations of the catastrophe will depict their own sad story. It was a scene of consternation in all; of miserable despair in many of the people left on board the shattered ship as the first boats got away. Then followed the dread apprehension of the boats being lost on the wide ocean. But again there was joy, when two of them, meeting from opposite points, their crowded people descried a steamer approaching to their rescue.



WRECK OF THE ANGLO-SAXON; THE BOATS AT SEA; A STEAMER APPROACHING TO THE RESCUE.

WRECK OF THE ANGLO-SAXON OFF CAPE RACE, APRIL 27, 1863. BOATS LEAVING THE WRECK.



AN OLD CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

One afternoon I was startled in my study by hearing the sound of an axe in the rear of the house. I was wondering who could be there, disturbing the almost Sabbath stillness of the mid-summer day, when Maria, the housemaid, came to inform me that there was a strange man at the wood pile, and to request that I should go and see who it was.

I looked from my window and found an ill-dressed fellow carelessly swinging his axe in the most undecided manner, and with his head down, and his face shaded by the brim of a very bad hat.

There was something in his swaggering air which I thought I recognized, but it was some time before I could realize that in those beggarly habiliments I saw the son of one of our most worthy and respectable citizens. I stepped to the door.

'Martin Lockwood,' said I, 'is it?'

'I suppose it's me,' he replied, giving the axe a reckless flourish with one hand, and striking it into a log. 'I thought I'd cut a little wood for you, by the way of amusement.'

I made no answer, and he stood for a moment looking at any thing but up—reeling the quid in his cheeks, and wiping the sweat from beneath his hat brim—with an evident attempt to keep up the old swaggering manner, while conscious shame was fast mastering him.

'I guess you are a little astonished at seeing me,' he said, after an awkward pause, resuming his hold of the axe handle, and leaning on it.

'Yes, Martin; I am a good deal astonished!'

'I've a way of astonishing folks; I astonish myself a little. I hardly know how I came here, but here I am; if I am not welcome, I'll put off again—the world is wide—I'm bound to live somewhere—a man must live, you know.'

He laughed at first, but his voice grew hard and bitter, and there was a look of wildness and desperation in his eyes, as he proceeded; and I could perceive that the shame which covered him was being shaken, and flung away by rising and swelling passions.

'You are welcome, Martin; come in.'

He flung down the axe, which he had grasped again with a savage recklessness; and followed me, swinging his hat and taking long strides through the hall, with a haughtiness defiant of rags.

'If I had thought you had come to see me, Martin, I should have welcomed you before, you have picked up new fashions in your travels. I am not used to receiving visitors who go to chopping at the wood pile instead of knocking at the door. Sit down. I'll take your hat.'

He sank slouchingly into a chair; but instead of giving me his hat, he scaled it carelessly into one corner of the room.

'I supposed I wouldn't be considered fit to enter a decent man's house,' said he, crossing his legs with an arrogant bend.—'I wouldn't knock and be refused—I've been something of a scamp and a good deal of a fool—I know it as well as anybody.'

'And are you sorrier for it than you are willing any one should think,' said I.

'There is no use being sorry for what can't be helped.'

'Yes there is—great use in it, Martin.—Repentance is the water that helps us to wash clean again when we have been in the mire. To pass over our errors with a reckless and desperate air, as you are endeavouring to do, is to add foolishness to folly.'

'Well, you are right there,' said Martin, frankly, penetrated by the direct truthfulness with which I met him. 'I don't know whether I am exactly sorry, but, I tell you, sir, I am furious when I think what a perfect fool I have been—what a disgrace to myself—what a shame to my folks, who I suppose won't own me again, fool that I am!'

He gnashed his teeth together with an expression of remorse and convulsive pain, which drew me nearer than I could get before. Hardened villainy repels us; but the moment the sinner softens, the moment penitence appears, our sympathies flow out to him, all the deeper and more impulsive for the barrier of 'guilt' which has kept us from him hitherto, but which we now feel breaking away.

'O, Martin!' said I, 'is this indeed you! the boy I used to watch with such interest as you grew up, hoping such great and good things of you?' Oh, Martin, where have you been?'

Pity and tender affection gushed from my heart, and prevented him from taking offense

at anything I might say. And I went on, picturing to him the promise of his boyhood, the love and expectation of his friends, the noble and happy life he might have led, and the darkly contrasting career of vice and wretchedness to which his youth had been abandoned.

His swaggering defiance was all over, and tears of anguish and contrition ran down his sun-burned face.

'I know it all! I know it all!' he said, with stifling sobs. 'I have thought of my home until my heart yearns as if it would break. But I don't dare to go there. I can't bear to have my sisters see me so—it would kill my mother! And my father will never forgive me!'

'Your father is an excellent, kind man,' I said.

'I know that, but he is stern, and when his mind is made up, it is like molting granite to attempt to move him. I wrote to him a few weeks ago, telling him that I was willing to come back. Here is his answer.'

Martin took a letter from a pocket of his thread-bare and tattered coat, and gave it to me to read.

In a hand that trembled with emotion—in words that seemed all alive with the grief of a broken hearted father, yet stern as that father's iron will—the old man had responded to his son's appeal.

Instead of money, he sent him reproaches for the past, and counsel for the future. Instead of inviting him home with a loving welcome, he reminded him of the many and earnest warnings with which he had endeavored to check his son's headlong and ruinous career.

'You have despised these warnings,' said he. 'You have reduced me almost to beggary in my old age. I have sent you to school in vain. I paid twelve hundred dollars to keep you out of jail when in a fit of drunkenness you set fire to Squire Ame's house. I trusted two thousand dollars to you, to set you up in business, on your solemn pledge of fidelity and industry. You squandered every cent of it. I have paid for the carriages you have broken, and for the horses you have ruined by over driving. How have I been rewarded for all this? What encouragement have I now to send you money in your distress? You have forfeited all claims upon me. Never send or come to me again for assistance. You have gone wilfully from my heart and home, and your follies have blocked up the way behind you.'

A few words of solemn entreaty that Martin would by virtuous conduct redeem the past, concluded the inexorable father's letter.

'There doesn't seem to be much chance for me there. But something has driven me back. It isn't my poverty alone, for I could have done something—or I could have starved. I would rather have starved; but I was forced to come—I have walked more than a hundred miles—I have begged all the way—and now what am I here for? I came through the woods and across the woods to your house—for you are the only man I dared to see, and I scarcely dared to see you.'

'Have courage,' I said. 'The hand of Providence is in it. You have been guided; it is for some wise purpose that you have been led here. All will be well, I think.'

I conducted him, humbled and weeping like a child, to a room where he could wash himself and change his dress. I gave him clothes of my own to put on. Then I sent a private message to his mother, who lost no time, but hastened to meet her son. I avoided being present at their interview, but I could not help overhearing the sobs of both behind the closet door.

When the sound of weeping had subsided, I knocked and entered.

Mrs. Lockwood came forward to meet me, with extended arms, her face full of hope and gratitude and tearful entreaty.

'I thank you, I thank you for restoring to me my child!' she exclaimed with a burst of emotion. 'He is changed—don't you see he is changed? He was never so humbled, so softened—his heart never opened to me so before—my Martin, my Martin, he is still my son!'

She returned from me to embrace once more the young man, who now sat with his hands upon his knees, weary, crushed in spirit, heaving deep sighs from his over-burdened heart.

'A true mother will never deny her son,' I answered. 'And, indeed, Martin never needed love and sympathy—perhaps he never deserved them—as he does now.'

'Will his father consent to see him?'

'I do not know. O, I do not know,' wept the poor, trembling mother. 'He has loved him better than any other child we have. But he will never hear his name mentioned now. Sometimes he lies groaning all night, and in his sleep I have seen him start, and cry out as in pain, 'Martin, you will kill me, you will kill me, you will kill your father? he isn't the same man now—he is gloomy and silent—he seems always brooding over some great sorrow, and we can guess what the sorrow is.'

Without designing it, the mother sent daggers to the heart of her son. He burst into a deep cry of agony, and twisted his hands in his hair. I endeavoured to soothe him and prevent his doing violence to himself.

'Let me go. I had better have died than ever to have come back. Why didn't I drown myself in the river, as I was tempted.'

'No more of that,' I said somewhat severely. 'The errors of the past are to be retrieved, not sealed up with the black seal of despair. I promise you, Martin, that if you truly desire and will it, you shall be a man yet, restored to your home and friends, and to your own self-respect. Will you go and tell his father that he is here?'

'O, I dare not!' said Mrs. Lockwood.—'With all his kindness, he is so set against Martin now, it must be broken to him by degrees, and you must do it.'

'I shall send for him then.'

But I was saved the trouble by seeing Mr. Lockwood shortly after pass the house. I hailed him from the door and invited him to enter my study.

He came in—a tall, iron-framed man, slightly bent, with thin grey hair, and wan features, that looked as if they had known affliction, and become reconciled to it.

He sat down in the chair his son had sat in but a short time before. As I watched the expression of his stern, sorrowful face, I thought how strange it was that he could sit there, and think and speak of that son as distant and lost, unconscious that he was even then in the next room, with but a half closed door between them.

Yet Mr. Lockwood must have felt the influence of the drama that was enacting so near him. He seemed to know that I wished to speak with him about Martin.

'I have been told,' said I, 'that your son has written you a letter. Is he coming back?'

'I had a presentiment when I came in, that I was to have my feelings wrung again,' he responded, uneasily moving, and knitting his brows. 'I'd rather not talk on that subject. It causes useless pain.'

'I have heard from your son I said.'

'Ah?' he started, and his grey eye flickered with emotion as he turned its questioning glance upon me. 'He has written to you?'

'I have news of him; I know that he is penitent.'

'He would return to you if you would receive him. A crisis in his life has arrived; his whole future—perhaps a soul's salvation turns upon the event. Would we cast off a brother at such a time? How much less a son?'

'It is useless,' cried the old man, shaken by anger or pain, or both. 'I have tried him; he has failed me in everything? God forgive him—I can't.'

'Has he sinned against you seventy times seven?' I mildly inquired.

'Yes, and more. Yet—yet—'tis not that I don't forgive him—I wish him well—but he is no longer my son; never mention his name to me again.'

He rose with violent emotion, his cane trembled in his grasp, and he hurrying away when I gently detained him.

'Hear one word, and I will never importune you again on this subject. I have seen your son.'

Without speaking he looked at me, strangely pale, and shaking more and more, and suffered himself to be led back to a chair.

'I have seen him, and if I know anything of the human heart, Martin is a changed creature. Not poverty alone, but a realization of his guilt toward you, and a yearning for forgiveness, for a better life, has brought him back. Have we not sinned—have I not, have you not—against our Father, Brother Lockwood?'

'God only knows what a sinner I am!' exclaimed the old man, with his head bowed upon his cane.

'And does God stand out when you return to him, and remind you of your many offences which he refused to forgive? or does He open His merciful arms and tenderly receive you back?'

'No more! No more!' he groaned

aloud. 'I tell you it is needless. You also agonize me. My mind is made up. God's ways are not our ways. I have done all that I can. He will require no more.'

'And you will go home to-night and pray, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us! How will that prayer be answered? Oh, dear, Saviour!' I said, 'how long before we shall receive thy divine lessons, not in our understanding merely, but in our hearts and lives! We preach charity, and live for selfishness. We pray for love, and nourish hatred. We hope to be forgiven while our hearts are hard with stony vindictiveness. Are we utterly self-deceived? Is our religion all a vain show?'

I opened the book and read the page to which my hand instinctively turned. It was the parable of the prodigal son. All the simplicity, beauty, and pathos of that divine story opened to me with a freshness and vividness I had never felt before. My own soul was stirred to its depths; the spirit of all-forgiving love seemed to descend upon us there. I forgot all argument in the absorbing interest of that sweetly convincing, overpowering narrative.

At the close, the old man was sobbing. Other sobs, too, were heard in the adjoining room. I opened the door, and made a sign. Simultaneously mother and son came forward, and threw themselves at the old man's side.

'Here he is, father. Here is Martin, our child, our son!' articulated Mrs. Lockwood, disengaging the father's hand from his cane, and pressing it upon the bowed head of the returned prodigal. The old man wept aloud. It was some time before any one spoke. Then Mr. Lockwood faltered forth—

'Martin—my only son—my child, I forgive you. Oh, may God bless you, and make you His.'

And he embraced him, while his tears showered down like rain on that young man's penitent head.

And that evening the three walked home together; the young man with his father leaning upon his right arm, and they walked so silently through the valley of life; he a devoted son, all his wild strength subdued by manly uprightness and tender, filial affection; they an aged pair, moving calmly and unshrinkingly toward that final goal, those gates of death through which we must all pass.

A MARVELOUS STORY.—I was bred up in the dislike of the marvellous, or the stupidly wonderful, as my uncle called it. I must relate an anecdote in point. Some gentlemen were dining together, and relating their traveling adventures; one of them dealt so much on the marvellous that it induced another to give him a lesson.

'I was once,' said he, 'engaged in a skirmishing party in America; I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me; the horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages, took possession of my mind. I considered for a moment what was to be done; most of us love life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family; I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back, for the country was an open one, I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outrun the others, and the well-known saying of 'divide and conquer,' occurring to me, I slackened my speed, and allowed him to come up; we engaged in mutual fury. I hope none here (bowing to his auditors) will doubt the result; in a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet. In this short space of time, the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels—not from cowardice, I can in truth declare—but with the hope of reaching a neighboring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to the English; this hope, however, I was forced to give up; for, on looking back, I saw one of my pursuers far before the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with; but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than to destroy another of my fellow creatures. I plainly perceived smoke curling up amongst the trees, I redoubled my speed, I prayed to Heaven, I felt assured my prayers would be granted—but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears—I even thought I felt his warm breath—there was no choice—I turned round—'

Here the gentleman, who had related the wonderful stories at first, grew impatient past his endurance, and called out:

'Well, sir, and you killed him, also?'

'No, sir, he killed me.'



CANADIAN AGRICULTURE. SOWING AND HARROWING IN SPRING WHEAT; MAY, 1863.—[SEE PAGES 301 AND 302.]

EOLA.

By CRIPNEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]

At this juncture the old woman made her appearance with the glass of water.

The baronet drank it off, returned her the vessel, and, with a parting glance of involuntary love and admiration in the direction of the little casement, trotted briskly away.

As soon as he was out of sight Eola proceeded, with a beating heart, to open the little note, and to read—with what joy the reader may imagine—the following lines:

‘DEAR YOUNG LADY,—I have heard of your cruel treatment, and unjust detention in your present abode, and, though a stranger to you, cannot help feeling an interest in your fate, and a lively sympathy with your misfortunes. The person who informed me about your unhappy position calls himself “Joe.” He will assist me to rescue you. Be ready to-night, and believe me to be, in all sincerity,

‘A TRUE FRIEND.’

To find herself thus provided, in her hour of greatest need, with a kind friend, as she firmly imagined the writer of the note to be, caused Eola’s grateful heart to bound with delight; and she could not refrain from a hearty shower of tears as her overcharged mind experienced this sudden reaction from pain to pleasure.

She was still pondering over the strange incident, and, in the fulness of her soul, pouring forth all kinds of fond, grateful apostrophes to Joe for his supposed goodness, when Linda summoned her down to tea. But, in spite of all her joy at the prospect of speedy deliverance, Eola, on rising to proceed down stairs, could not blind herself to the fact that she felt very ill. She had not perceived it before moving; now, however, she became sensible of a strange, numb pain at the back of her head; her limbs ached, and felt weak, and her steps were so tottering and uncertain that she had to support herself by the walls on each side of the narrow staircase as she descended, to prevent her from falling.

Frightened, yet not daring to speak of her indisposition, for fear the old woman should volunteer to sit up that night and nurse her,

the young girl drank her tea in nervous silence. But her weakness and languor were too apparent to escape notice from the two females, who, being in the secret of the note and its contents, had expected to see her more than ever hopeful and joyous. Her illness was likewise, visibly, of too painful a nature to have arisen from mere pleasurable excitement.

‘You don’t eat anything, Eola!’ said Linda, at last.

‘I have not such a good appetite to-day as usual,’ returned the young sufferer, as an involuntary twinge of acute pain contracted her fair features. Her head was now aching extremely, and she could with difficulty hold it erect.

At length she was fairly compelled to own that she was not well, and begged leave to go and lie down. Linda accompanied her up stairs, and when she had lain down on the bed, covered her over with a blanket, and left her.

As Eola lay there in the darkness, her throbbing head supported on the hard pillows of the humble couch, and her fever-stricken form shivering, yet burning, while every limb grew more and more powerless and dumb, the poor girl experienced some of the most cruel mental tortures.

She knew that she was going to be very ill—she felt sure of it; and if this happened before the kind stranger had effected her deliverance, what should she do? And as this, and many similar appalling reflections crossed her mind, the hot tears of internal agony coursed silently down her burning cheeks, till the pillow was quite wet with the bitter drops.

Once the old woman came up, and gave her a cooling draught; and after this she fell into a kind of doze, from which she was awakened by the gruff voice of Ralph Leighton and Joe, who had returned to the cottage together, and were conversing with Linda and her mother below stairs.

Eola lay listening to the muffled sound of their voices for a long time, in a half-conscious way; and then there was a movement as if they were about to separate. A minute after, Ralph and Joe came up, and inquired how she felt.

She replied, ‘Better,’ Ralph observed ‘she’d be all right by the morning,’ that

they were all going to bed, and telling her to do the same, wished her good night, and walked away; but Joe lingered a minute, and pretending to advise her about her health, said, in a low voice—

‘Bear up a little longer. Mind, be ready; then he too left the apartment.

Eola tried hard to follow his advice, and ‘bear up;’ but she found it a difficult task. She bathed her head for a long time in cold water, which seemed to relieve it slightly; then she laid down again, and kept applying wet handkerchiefs to her forehead.

As the time dragged slowly by, her excitement increased, and gave an artificial support to her failing strength.

Presently she heard a slight grating noise proceeding from below stairs, and her heart beat so loudly that she could almost hear its throbbings, as the glad thought that deliverance was at hand flashed through her mind, mingled with a faint apprehension that Ralph would also hear the welcome sound, and issue forth to thwart her champion’s purpose. But her anxiety on this point was soon dispelled by the appearance of Joe at her chamber-door. He triumphantly informed her, in a whisper, that the coast was perfectly clear, and that she had nothing to do but to wrap herself up in something very warm, and let him carry her down. There was no light in the room, but the moon was shining brightly through the casement, and Eola, having assumed her bonnet and cloak, consigned her light figure to the arms of Joe, as he insisted upon carrying her; with noiseless step he carried her down stairs, where, at the cottage-door, which Joe professed to have opened with a false key, stood the baronet.

Eola recognised the stranger, and as he advanced to meet her, she held out her hand with a sweet look of gratitude.

‘Oh, sir!’ she faltered, ‘how can I thank you for your generosity?’

‘By making the best use you can of it, my poor child,’ replied Sir George, tenderly.

‘Come lean on my arm,’ he added; ‘you appear ill and weak. A carriage is waiting for us a short distance down the lane, to convey you to a place of safety. Joe will make all secure here.’

Eola placed her hand on the baronet’s arm as he requested, and moved a few paces

onward with him; but the false strength that had in a moment of excitement, superseded her feelings of impending illness, now seemed to fail her all at once. She made a violent effort to fight against the overpowering weakness that was prostrating all her energies; but human nature could not cope with such an assailant; a heavy mist seemed to come over her eyes; the dreadful, numb, throbbing pain in her head became unbearable, and she was obliged to acknowledge herself incapable of proceeding another step.

‘I am so ill!’ she murmured, and her tottering limbs refused longer to support her frame, she fell helplessly forward. But for the baronet’s activity in saving her, she would have been precipitated on the ground.

‘Oh, heavens!’ exclaimed Sir George; ‘what shall I do? She is ill—perhaps dying. This is awful!’ and he looked wildly on her altered countenance.

He was shocked beyond expression at the consequences of his rash plot. He had been told that she was ailing, but not led to believe that her illness was more than a slight cold, or a headache, arising from painful excitement. And there she lay, like a stricken flower, withering on his bosom, while that pale silvery moon, that shone so brightly on her faded loveliness, appeared to the tender-hearted but mistaken man like the reproachful eye of Heaven, looking down to bear witness to his error. The poor girl was not insensible, though utterly powerless, and unable to make a single exertion. She heard the baronet’s words, and attributing the vehemence of his exclamations to the warmth of his pity for her sufferings, endeavored to murmur a few broken sentences of gratitude, which only served to heighten the bitterness of his self-reproach.

In mournful silence he bore her to the carriage, followed by Joe, who was scarcely less shocked at her sinking state than his master.

For a time, after entering the vehicle, Eola was quite conscious of all that was going on around her. She felt the stranger—as she thought him—wrap a large soft rug, made of some thick skins, all round her trembling body before he deposited her on the cushioned seat; she heard him give orders to the coachman to drive very fast, and she tried to collect her scattered faculties sufficiently to inquire of him where they

were going, and if he feared a pursuit; but somehow, when she tried to speak, her lips felt glued together, and a hoarse hollow noise in the throat was all the sound she could utter. She was sensible of the swaying motion of the carriage, as the horses galloped along the uneven roads, urged to their utmost speed by the driver; but gradually external objects and sounds grew indistinct and dream-like, and she fancied she was falling asleep; the only remaining sensation to which she was alive was the dull but horrible pain in her head, and even the consciousness of this was of a very confused and dreamy nature. By the time they had reached their destination she was totally insensible, and a skillful physician, summoned immediately on their arrival by the agonised baronet, informed him that his beautiful grandchild was in a dangerous state of high fever, evidently the consequence of a severe cold, or over-excitement.

CHAPTER LII.

When Eola again returned to consciousness, she found herself the tenant of an elegantly furnished bedroom, abounding in all the luxurious comforts the eye could desire to rest on.

Soft couches, inviting chairs, pretty ottomans, handsome mirrors and well-chosen ornaments met her gaze on all sides.

The bed on which she lay was hung with blue silk (her favorite color) and white lace, festooned in the most elaborate manner, and the snowy pillows were trimmed with frilling of the finest cambric. Her eyes wandered over these objects for a long time without any seeming consciousness in their glance of the reality of the scene on which they rested, but with the dull, vacant expression of one in a dream.

She had, to all appearance, suffered greatly. Her small, classical features and well-chiselled limbs had become visibly sharpened and wasted, and deep blue circles lay in startling distinctness round her mild lovely eyes, telling a tale of suffering not to be mistaken.

She was but the wreck of her former self, yet, in all her faded charms, she was still beautiful, and the sweet expression of deep, calm faith and love that had so strongly marked her innocent features in the days of their healthful loveliness, still illumined her pallid countenance.

Since the night of her pretended rescue all had been a blank to her. Ages might have passed away in the interim, from the confused and indistinct aspect which the occurrences of that night assumed to her fitful memory. It almost seemed as if the grave had intervened between her present life and the past; as if she had passed over in a vision a dark and fearful abyss, that separated her from all she had learned to love and cling to in that dim, far-off time.

As if to test the truth of her being still a creature of mortality—alive, breathing, a thing of flesh and blood—the hapless child feebly raised one little arm to view, upon her pillow. It was wasted and shrunken, and the hand seemed to have diminished to mere infantine proportions. Altogether, the limb felt as if it held an independent existence from the remainder of the body; as though, in fact, it did not belong to it.

In childish amazement she felt her hand, her face, her hair; and drawing one little golden curl languidly through her wasted fingers, gazed upon it with a soft but meaningless smile, that showed how cruelly was prostrated the intellect that had formerly shone out so clear and brilliant in the bright blue eyes of the little gypsy girl.

But that golden tress was the one strong connecting link between her shattered memory and the past.

Slowly, as she drew the bright threads through her wasted fingers, came back the lost powers of remembrance.

The first distinct idea was of a tall, noble-looking, but gentle being, with low winning tones, and loving glances; dark, earnest eyes, and broad, white brow; who had in some bygone time, been wont to play with those glittering locks, while softly whispering of some new, strange feeling, which they shared in mutual gladness.

Was she not betrothed to this high-souled being? Had she not promised to be his bride? Yes, surely it had been so. Then why this singular separation? How this wondrous change?

Gradually it came back to her: the abduction—the cottage—the stranger—the escape—her sudden illness—all were remembered at last. And now reason had resumed its sway, curiosity, surprise, anxiety, and fear became almost insupportable. She began to long for some lucid information concerning her novel position, and the events that had occurred since she left the cottage in neighborhood of Truro:

The apartment in which she lay was partially darkened by the aid of Venetian blinds; but the bright, though heatless rays of a winter sun penetrated through them in several places, giving the azure-coloured furniture a cheerful and gay appearance, that greatly enhanced its beauty.

Drawing aside the silken hangings, the young girl peered round the room in search of some one of whom she might make her anxious inquiries, and as she did so, a cry of surprise proceeded from one of the window recesses, and an old woman, with a good-tempered, pleasing little old-fashioned face, came nimbly forward, and in deep amazement stared at the pretty invalid.

'Lor' bless me! Dear, goodness heart alive! and are ye really come to life agin, my dear young lady?' were her wondering exclamations, when she could find vent for her surprise in words.

'I suppose I have,' returned Eola, with a faint smile; 'but how long have I been ill?'

'Lor', my pretty creetur', ye've bin nearly dead.'

'Yes; but how long?'

'All the time, dear,' was the very lucid response; and then the old nurse, much to the young girl's vexation, returned to her former tone of surprise, and reiterated every one of her first exclamatory sentences, word for word.

'But I must go and tell it to the baronet, to be sure: didn't he give me strict orders to fly to him directly ye opened yer pretty eyes?' she said, all of a sudden. 'Oh! won't he just dance for joy, that's all? Ah, my dear young lady, if ye could only have seen yer dear, fond grandpa, when he's bin hanging over yer pillow, a-crying and raving like a reg'lar lunatic, ye'd a knowed how dearly he worshipped every hair of yer blessed little head.'

'My grandpa! What do you mean?' cried Eola, with a bewildered look; but the good old nurse was already out of the room, and on her way to the baronet, full of the delightful news of his grandchild's restoration to reason.

The truth was, that when the unforeseen calamity of her illness occurred, Sir George had been forced to make a slight alteration in his plans, in order to lull the curiosity of his domestics, who were told that Eola was brought there on account of her indisposition, to have the benefit of the sea air.

As they were informed that she was his grandchild, he was compelled to devise some other way of making the circumstances known to herself, than that which had been originally planned. He therefore purposed, on her return to consciousness, to inform her that the gypsy had done during her illness what he was at first intended to have done in her presence—namely, after finding out her place of refuge, to have turned penitent, confessed his wickedness, and declared her to be the granddaughter of Sir George Shipton, by the daughter of the Spanish gypsy girl.

During the alarming sickness of the poor deceived girl, the baronet had experienced some of the keenest tortures of self-reproach, and had, indeed, raved over the havoc he had wrought, as the nurse said, like a man bereft of his senses.

Therefore it may be imagined with what joy he now heard from the old woman—who was, by-the-by, his country housekeeper—that her young charge was so much better. Requesting the informant to keep within call in a small dressing-room leading off from the invalid's chamber, he entered the latter's presence alone.

CHAPTER LIII.

Eola greeted the appearance of her grandfather with a look of deep gratitude, mingled with surprise; but she timidly refrained from speaking.

He leaned over the bedside, and, taking one of her little washed hands, said—

'My sweet child, I am so glad to see you better. Since you have been ill I have heard strange and joyous tidings.' (Eola trembled, and her pale cheek flushed.) 'The interest I took in you, was not the mere compassion of a stranger, but the mysterious yearnings of nature—the sympathy of kindred.'

He paused for a moment to watch the effect of his words, for he had been warned by the medical attendant against exciting his grandchild too much in her weak state.

The hand he held slightly quivered, and a look of wild amazement gleamed in the brilliant eyes, but she did not appear overpowered, and he continued—

'Yes, dear girl, it is wonderful how things come to light. I, who for long, weary years have lived alone, uncared-for but by mere

acquaintances, in the wide, wide world, have at length found that I have a claim of relationship on one of the best and sweetest of beings. Dear Eola, I am your grandfather.'

'My grandfather?' cried the lovely invalid. 'Oh! sir, it cannot be true—you must be mistaken. I have not a relative in the world, but one,' she added.

These last two words came forth very faintly, and the blush on her cheeks grew deeper.

'No, I am not mistaken, my dear child; it is a reality—to be a pleasing, a most happy one.'

'But how can it be so, sir?'

'Your mother, my darling, was my child. Now do you understand?'

But Eola did not understand for a long time. It seemed to her such a fabulous thing, to be the grandchild of that proud, great man. She could not grasp the idea for a considerable while.

Before the baronet could have time to explain it all to her, the doctor came, and unceremoniously ordered him out of the patient's room, declaring that he was undoing all his work as fast as he did it, by thus agitating the invalid with his conversation. But the worthy professor of medicine, though he was an exceedingly clever man, man, erred in this instance. Unsatisfied anxiety was more detrimental to the beautiful girl's health than even over-excitement. The physician did not know the nature of the discourse that had excited her, or most probably he would have counselled its continuance to the end, instead of prohibiting it altogether.

And so, as soon as he was gone, the baronet, who did know its importance, took the liberty of returning to the young girl's chamber, and of calmly relating to her all her grandmother's history—of course, softening its deepest horrors. That part of the harrowing tale relating to the perpetration of Wingfield's crime, Sir George intended to carry to the grave with him an inviolate secret from all human beings. He then told Eola how the gipsies had known all this from Wingfield, and how Ralph, on finding that the man who had rescued her from him was the father of the girl that had been reared in their tent, and the grandfather of the child he had delivered from her late captivity, had come forward, confessed all, and withdrawn his unjust claim on her.

It would have been difficult to analyse the young girl's feelings on hearing this singular tale. For some minutes after its conclusion she appeared lost in deep reflection. Had she, the little outcast gypsy girl, the stray lamb, the obscure offspring of the tent—had she really a tie of kindred on one human being in the world who was ready to acknowledge it?—who appeared to love and cherish her, too, above every other earthly possession! It was a joyous thought to the lonely girl to feel that she had a natural claim on a fellow-creature, and on one seemingly so good, so generous, and noble as the baronet.

And when he folded her in his arms in a fond, paternal embrace, and soothingly kissed her fair brow, she did not shrink from his caresses; but rested her gentle head upon his bosom in all the warm, confiding willingness of filial love; for he had already won her affections, and inspired her with the deepest gratitude and respect.

And what were the feelings of the high-born admiral as he indulged in this first display of paternal affection—as he took for the first time to his beating heart the little fragile form of his grandchild? Was his delight at thus acknowledging the child of his child, and the tenderness which he already lavished on her, unalloyed by conscientious regrets or social scruples?

It was so.

The baronet was one of those independent, self-reliant, determined individuals, who in a case like the present, where his whole heart was, as it were, on the die, would, supported by his conscience, laugh at social conventionalities, and set at nought the trammels of the world, with a calm contempt defying its right even to question his actions. As a matter of course, Sir George hated his grandchild's origin on her father's side. But for all this, she was none the less a descendant of his own, none the less a treasure on which to lavish all the doting, blind, and too often selfish fondness which, in later years, takes in man's breast the place of earlier and more reasonable affection.

Eola was now, as may be supposed, dying with impatience to speak of him who was uppermost in her thoughts—of her beloved Elwyn. Had Sir George not made his late singular revelations, she would have introduced the subject nearest her heart the first thing, and begged that her lover might be

sent for; but now the duty that she felt she owed to her relative, and a feeling of bashfulness, constrained her to refrain from making this request until she had related to her grandfather all the events leading to her betrothal. Therefore, with a few premonitory sentences, she commenced her artless story, in which she unfolded to the astonished auditor all the wild adventures of her young life, following her escapade from Croydon.

And now the baronet heard from Eola's lips the true version of her love tale; but even after she had told him all—after she had told him in passionate terms, of all Elwyn's deep, fond, sheltering affection—of his brilliant qualities, useful impulses, and disinterested views, even then his stern decree was not revoked. Though half-convinced of his mistake, and at times feeling humiliated at the false position in which he had placed himself, the baronet's heart obstinately cherished its secret prejudices, and vigorously resisted the suggestions of better feelings.

Besides, setting aside all other considerations, Elwyn Esward was a great deal too old to marry his beautiful young grandchild. It might have proved to her a great shield from temptation, to have been united to him when friendless, poverty-stricken, and alone in the world; but now that she was neither of these, and, on the contrary, wealthy and protected, it would be madness to let her have her own foolish way, and bestow herself, in all her first, fresh loveliness, on a man who, for all she knew, might be a little better than a 'roue.' It was very well for a child to talk of his nobility of mind and delicacy of conduct, but how in the world could she, so inexperienced, so totally ignorant of the world's vices, answer for his faith? What could she know or suspect of his private character?—a man who had been pretty well all over Europe—who had lived amid the sensualists of the East, the love-sick denizens of the South, the debaucheries of Paris, and the equally disgraceful, though better-cloaked profligacies of London; and, according to all accounts, too often under the shadow of the demoralising influence of a thorough-bred, systematic libertine, whose example alone, in the baronet's estimation, was sufficient to contaminate the best grounded morality.

No; she might think him all honor and sincerity; but Sir George held a different opinion; and, above all things, the idea of wedding the lovely girl to the near relative of the villain who had destroyed her mother, was to him horrible. He must wear her thoughts from him by every means in his power. She might droop under the disappointment for a time, but her heart was too pliant to break—too young to bend for long. She would thank him for it some day, and look back with aversion at the idea which now gave her so much delight.

At some future day—wedded to a young husband, her equal in age, beauty and sentiment—she would forget that she had ever known such a being as Elwyn Esward.

Of course, it would be necessary to exert a great deal of ingenuity in framing and carrying out his plans, to keep them apart until the time arrived for him to confess his plot. This confession the baronet felt bound to make at some period or another, from a singular scruple of honor, which, though it did not prevent him deceiving his grandchild for a time, would not allow him him to keep up the deception for ever. He knew he would have to stoop to a vast deal that was mean and ungentlemanly; but the result would amply repay him, he felt sure.

Thus reasoned, and argued, and schemed the naturally well-intentioned, but prejudiced man, in defence of a principle that, from the very ardor with which he strove to excuse his error to himself, it was plain he felt to be an improper one.

'And may I write to him again to-night, grandfather?' asked Eola, after receiving a re-assurance from the baronet relative to her fruitless endeavors to communicate with Elwyn; Sir George giving it as his opinion that the letters had miscarried through some negligence in the postal arrangements.

'Yes, my dear, if you feel able, do so by all means,' returned the deceiver; 'but you must not exert yourself to write too much.'

'Will you write, dear grandfather, and give him an account of all that has happened? and I will just inclose a very tiny note of my own.'

'I shall be most happy, my darling, to carry out your wishes, and will lose no time in doing so,' rejoined the baronet; and he soon after quitted the apartment for the ostensible purpose of complying with her wish. Of course, he never did so in reality, and her own eloquent epistle was destroyed in less than half an hour after it was penned.

[To be continued.]

Scrap.

A TAUGHTFUL WIFE.—A friend says he has a dear, loving little wife, and an excellent housekeeper. On her birthday she moved her low rocking chair close to his side. He was reading. She placed her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly towards his coat collar. He felt nice all over. He certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature!—an angel. She moved her hand up and down his coat sleeve. 'Husband,' said she, 'What, my dear?' 'I was just thinking.' 'Was you my love?' 'I was just thinking how nicely this suit of clothes you have on would make a rag carpet.' He says he felt cross all day, the disappointment was so very great.

SENSATIONS ON BEING FIRST KISSED.—An English writer, (a lady) thus embodies her virgin emotions in the words of a timid confessional:—* * * 'The first time she was kissed, she felt like a vase of roses swimming in honey and eau-de-cologne.—She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread by melted rainbows.'

A NEW FASHION.—In marrying thus early and in marrying for love, the Prince has set an example to the young men of England of the upper and middle classes, of whom it is the commonest reproach and grief of young men and maidens that they find a comfort in celibacy which they are too unwilling to renounce. We may now expect that a reasonably early marriage between young people who love each other will now become the fashion instead of the jest, and we are sure that society will be improved and purified by such an innovation as this.—N. Y. PAPER.

NOT PROPER FOR WOMAN TO TWINKLE.—The twinkling of anything bright is owing to its sin-tillation or irregular change of apparent magnitude. Hence to compare the beauty of an unmarried female to 'a twinkling star' is manifestly incorrect.—Arago affirms, that 'in so far as naked-eye observers of the heavens are concerned, scintillations, or twinkling, consists in very rapid fluctuations in the brightness of the stars. These variations are always accompanied by variations of color and secondary effects, which are the immediate consequences of every increase or diminution of brightness; such as considerable alteration in the apparent magnitude of the stars, and in the length of the diverging rays, which appear to issue in different directions from their centres.'—HOME JOURNAL.

AFFLICTIONS.—A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence and the old man was wet to the skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because Providence had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber with levelled gun, aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the rain the gun did not go off, and the merchant giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself, 'How wrong was I not to endure patiently! If the weather had been dry and fair I should not probably have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment, to save my life and preserve my property.' It is thus with a multitude of our afflictions; by causing us slight and short sufferings they preserve us from others far greater and of longer duration.

PRINT IT IN LETTERS OF GOLD.—A father bade his son drive a nail in a certain post whenever he committed a certain fault, and agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In the course of time the post was completely filled with nails. The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretion, and set about reforming himself. One by one the nail was drawn out; the delighted father commended him for his noble, self-denying heroism, in freeing himself from his faults. 'They are all drawn out,' said the parent. 'The boy looked sad, and with a heavy heart he replied, 'True father; but the scars are still there.' Parents who would have their children grow sound and healthy characters must sow the seed at the fireside. Charitable associations can reform the man, and perhaps make a useful member of society; but, alas, the scars are there! The reformed drunkard, gambler, and thief, is only the wreck of the man he once was.

HUMBBUG IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

* But it is not merely in the humblest stratum of society that bad taste in photography finds a ready market. It flourishes abundantly in the middle class. Every street passenger must have noted those portraits of Royal personages with which the shop windows have recently abounded. Probably he has got a round dozen or so of them in his album. He is a loyal man, and wishes to have about him what he considers authentic likenesses of the Sovereign, of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of the other members of the family that reigns over us. Even if he does not care about such matters his wife and daughters do, and the photographs must be had. Besides, they cost only a shilling each, so that for a guinea or two we might almost provide ourselves with illustrations of the whole 'Almanach de Gotha.' The photographic artists of Belgium know where their most numerous customers are to be found; and Brussels supplies England with the means of gratifying her curiosity in this respect. Paterfamilias buys a heap of shilling cartes de visite, and fancies that he has got the veritable effigies of Royalty. He does not know that a vast number of these supposed portraits from the life are 'cooked up' by foreign artists, whose main object is to make everything look pretty and sentimental. The result is often miserably false and bad. Here, for instance, we have lying before us a card which contains portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, issued several weeks before they were married. His Royal Highness sits in a chair, while the Princess stands over the back of the chair, with her hands resting on his shoulders. Pretty, is it not?—sentimental, sweet, and lover-like? Very—only not quite probable, nor in the best taste. That a young lady may have stood in that attitude of tender watching, at the chair of her future husband, is likely enough,—but she would never think of being photographed at so confiding a moment. The lover would certainly object to the artist 'posing' his intended in any such way, and the lady herself would object to it with still greater vehemence. Can Paterfamilias possibly believe that the Prince and Princess allowed themselves to be shown after this fashion to the general gaze? Yet we believe that this particular carte has sold enormously, together with its companion, in which the position of the figures is reversed. Then there is another photograph, representing our widowed Queen contemplating a portrait of the Prince Consort, with the Royal children grouped, in the manner of a tableau, around her; and there is another, still more theatrical, depicting the Queen and the young Princesses wreathing a bust of the departed with festoons of flowers. Within the last few days we have even been introduced in this way to the very death-bed of Prince Albert! The publisher thinks the photograph will be an attractive, though sad memorial; and he is probably well assured of his ground.

It is quite lamentable that any one should believe these fancy pictures to be photographs from life, or real scenes; yet we doubt not that they are generally so accepted.—People are actually so ignorant as to suppose that Her Majesty, who has withdrawn herself from public life ever since her great affliction, would have permitted a photographer for his trading purposes, thus to invade the very privacy of her grief.—London paper, March 28th.

ORIGIN OF SOME FAMILIAR PHRASES.—The term "masterly inactivity" originated with Sir James Mackintosh. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," which everybody who did not suppose it was in the Bible, credited to Sterne, was stolen by him from George Herbert, who translated it from the French of Henry Estienne. "The cup that cheers but not inebriates," was conveyed by Cowper from Bishop Berkeley, in his 'Siris.' Wordsworth's "The child is father to the man," is traced from him to Milton, and from Milton to Sir Thomas More. "Like angels' visits—few and far between," is the offspring of Hook; it is not Thomas Campbell's original thought. Old John Norris (1658) originated it, and after him, Robert Blair, as late as 1745. "There's a gude time coming," is Scott's phrase in "Rob Roy," and the "almighty dollar" is Washington Irving's.

HOW GHOSTS SET FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.—It may interest spirit-rappers to know that an amateur made ghost photographs, some years ago, by placing one figure inside a plate-glass window and a second outside, in such a position that a faint image of the second figure was reflected into the camera from the glass. American 'spirit photographs' are probably made in this way—on purpose; or, perhaps, by some faint possibility, accidentally.

Agricultural.

HOW THEY GRAFT IN TENNESSEE.—The following novel method of grafting, said to be practised in Tennessee, deserves to be generally known. If the grafts take root readily, it is certainly the best mode of grafting. A long smooth shoot or limb is selected, cut from the tree, and a sharp iron wedge driven through the limb, every four or five inches. Upon withdrawing the wedge the graft is inserted, allowing the shaved end to extend an inch or more through; so that when a graft has been inserted in every split, the limb looks like a long stick, with the grafts extending from it at right angles, a shoot of four feet having about twelve grafts. This stick or limb is then buried in the ground, the tops of the grafts only being allowed to come above the surface. Mr. Everett, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, reports that some grafts planted in this way by himself, took root and grew from twelve to thirty-six inches. In the succeeding fall, the limb was taken up and sawed apart between the grafts, thus leaving every graft with a portion of the limb adhering to it in the shape of a cross. These grafts were planted, and the trees grew and thrived well. It is certainly a very cheap and economical style of grafting.—N. Y. Farmer's Club.

PRESERVE THE BIRDS.—The owners of land can have birds, or they can have destructive insects—it depends on them to choose which. If they like vermin on their trees and crops, on the tops, the branches, roots, everywhere, then they will get rid of the birds, of course. But if the pretty, singing, hopping, flying, bright-eyed birds are preferred to cankerworms, curculios, grubs, and all manner of unsightly worms and bugs, why then they must get rid of or punish the boys and men that hurt the one and cause the other to increase, and multiply, and devour. They will even take particular pains to put up boxes and houses for wrens and sparrows, and the like, to live in, and to feed those who stay among us in winter.

FARMING FOR YOUNG MEN.—If a young man wants to engage in a business that will ensure him in middle life the greatest amount of leisure time, there is nothing more sure than farming. If he has an independent turn of mind, let him be a farmer. If he wants to engage in a healthy occupation, let him till the land. In short, if he would be independent, let him get a spot of ground. Keep himself within his means to shun the lawyers; be honest, to have a clear conscience; improve the soil so as to leave the world better than he found it, and then if he cannot live happily and die content, there is no hope for him.

PLANT YOUR PEAS DEEP.—Elihu Burritt, in the Homestead, says that a farmer told him he had plowed a furrow beam deep, then scattered the seed peas at the bottom; after which he turned a deep furrow upon them with his plow, covering them to the depth of about twelve inches. They push their way up through the thick mass of earth very soon, and instead of turning yellow at the bottom and dying after the first gathering, they blossomed and bore until he was tired of picking the pods.

RENOVATING FLOWER BEDS.—If the exhausted beds have a good bottom, we advise removing the top spit, and replacing it with a mixture of virgin earth from an upland mixture, well chopped with old chippy cow-dung, and a good proportion of leaf mould; say, if you can obtain the quantities, equal parts of each of the three ingredients. If you can get the beds empty this winter, the best way will be to take off the top spit, and fork over the subsoil, so as to let the frost and snow penetrate it; then get a good supply of burnt clay, and hotbed dung, and chop them down together in a ridge, and let them be well frozen, and fill up the beds with the mixture early in March, and they will be in admirable condition for planting as soon as they have settled. Chippings of hedges, refuse wood, straw, &c., built up over a hole, and packed round with cakes of old turf, and then burnt, make a capital dressing to dig into the old soil if you cannot well get new material to replace the worn-out stuff. If used chiefly for bedding plants, a compost of leaf-mould, and sandy soil from a common, equal parts, and one-fifth of the whole very old dung, would prove a good mixture. Bedding plants do not require a rich soil so much as a new soil.

TINTS AND FACTS.—Powdered charcoal put about roses and flowers, say half an inch thick on the surface, has a wonderful effect upon the colors of the blossoms, intensifying them immensely, and bringing out new and deeper shades. Yellow flowers are an exception.

Random Gems.

A benevolent physician considers the poor his best patients, for God is the paymaster.

Always be quite as careful in your business transactions of taking credit as of giving it.

Read not books alone, but men; and chiefly be careful to read thyself.

Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.—Colton.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by an infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.—Swift.

Our brains are seventy year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all; he closes the doors, and gives the key into the hands of the angel of Resurrection.—Holmes.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause.—Archbishop Usher.

When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.—Tillotson.

It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation the first thing you consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—Steele.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Washington Irving.

'What is the meaning of the word flattery?' asked a particularly ugly Scotch teacher of a little 'lassie.' 'Gin I wer to say ye wer bonnie,' said the child, 'that would be flattery.' The teacher didn't see it.

HEART WORK.—We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily.—Neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth the effort is not to be done at all.—Sydney Smith.

CARD PLAYING.—To dribble away life in exchanging bits of painted pasteboard round a green table, for the paltry concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly or superannuation. It is like riding on a rocking-horse, where your uttermost exertion never carries you a foot forward; it is a kind of mental treadmill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never rise an inch.—Sir Walter Scott.

THE BODY AVENGED.—By too much sitting the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is Nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite his oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.—Longfellow.

SLEEP.—When I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory, and blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers human thoughts; the food that appeases hunger; the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that warms cold; the cold that moderates heat; and lastly, the general coin that purchases all things; the balance and weight that make the shepherd equal to the king, and the simple to the wise.—Sancho Panza.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.—Girls, do you want to get married, and to get good husbands? If so, cease to act like fools. Don't take pride in saying you never do house-work, never cooked a pair of chickens, never made a bed, and so on. Don't turn up your pretty noses at honest industry; never tell your friends that you are not obliged to work. When you go shopping, never take your mother with you to carry the bundle.

From some cause or other, weddings are very bad for the eyes. The moment the knot is tied, the bride, bride's-maid and two aunts, and a mother, rush into the 'hall bedroom,' and have a 'good cry' for hours together. Why a poor fellow's promise to pay 'a young woman's board bill' should operate thus on the 'finer feelings of our nature,' puzzles us to divine.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 1st May, 1863, \$54,274 19 Corresponding week last year, 47,220 25

Increase, \$7,053 94

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending April 25, 1863, \$73,873 60 Corresponding week, 1862, 65,726 25

Increase, \$ 8,147 35

TORONTO MARKETS.

TORONTO, May 5.

Full wheat on the market this morning was sparingly supplied, selling at 85c to 93c per bush for moderate to good qualities.

Rye nominal at 1c per lb. Barley sold freely at 95c to \$1 per bush. Pease draw from 52c to 56c per bush.

Potatoes in large supply, and are offered by the dealers at 60c to 65c, retail, and 50c to 55c per bush wholesale.

Eggs draw 8c to 13c per dozen. Hay sells readily at \$25 per ton. Straw at \$11 per ton.

Flour very dull; superfine \$3 90; no transactions in other grades.

Notice to Correspondents.

- T. W., Stratford—Supplements sent. D. S., Thorold—Papers forwarded. D.W. P.—See notice in paper sent to your address. P.S., Norwichville—Sketches paid for according to their merit.

Remittances.

- S. H., Welland Port; J. M., London; O. P., Delhi; H. P., Paris; J. McM., Waterdown; T. H. O., Dundas; T. T. M., Aylmer; C. N. H., York; J. F., Galt; P. K., Fergus; R. J. S., Elora; L. M., Scotland; J. G. Dundas; H. M. De L., Cummingsville; A. S. J., Toronto; T. W., Stratford; D. McM., Sarnia.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.—Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

PRINCE WILLIAM OF DENMARK AND THE THRONE OF GREECE.

The interregnum from which the interests of Greece have suffered, and the prolongation of which had given rise almost to a feeling of despondency in the minds of those having her welfare at heart, appears likely to be terminated to the satisfaction of Greece, and of all Europe. We believe that it now rests with the Greeks themselves to reconstitute their Government under a monarch whose constitutional traditions and personal associations and character afford every probability that the new Kingdom of Greece will obtain all that solidity and success to which the inhabitants have for a long time worthily aspired, and of which for months past they have been so zealously endeavoring to lay the foundation. It is understood that Prince William of Denmark, the second son of Prince Christian and brother of the Princess of Wales, is open to an invitation on the part of the Greek people. Upon all considerations it is earnestly to be hoped that he will be the new King. He appears to unite in himself nearly all the qualifications for which the Greeks looked in their endeavors to obtain a King, and which led them in the first instance to elect, with almost unparalleled unanimity, a scion of our own Royal House.

Prince William is in his eighteenth year, an age young enough to allow of his associating himself heart and soul with the country of his adoption, and yet old enough

to obviate the necessity of a regency for a time longer than what is necessary to set the kingdom in order for the new, and we trust prosperous and happy career which lies before it. Of his personal character there are good accounts, and we at least know that he belongs to a family destined to fill a most conspicuous space in the European history of the next generation. Of one member of that family it is enough to say that her personal qualifications caused her to be instantly and heartily adopted by the whole British nation with feelings of affection which may be termed parental. Forming a probable estimate of the whole family from the example before us, the Greeks will have been well rewarded for their long and anxious uncertainty if they obtain Prince William for their King.

Without directly representing any European house so great that jealousy could be excited by the extension of its influence, he is yet the son or brother of the next King of Denmark, the brother of the next Queen of England, and if report be true, probably the next empress of Russia, in the person of the princess Dagmar. With such advantages on his side, we may confidently affirm that he is likely to fulfil all the requirements of the Greek nation, and that his election would be a promising commencement of that new career of progress which all Europe wishes to see entered upon by a country so interesting from its ancient memories and its modern vicissitudes. [The Times says:—'There is another report which, if true, completes the triumph of the Danish family. It is that the Princess Dagmar, who is now in her sixteenth year, is to be affianced to the Czarowitch Nicholas, who is about the same age.']—Globe.

AMERICAN HOTEL.

The subscriber, in returning thanks to his numerous guests for past patronage, would take this opportunity of informing the travelling community that the above House has been refitted this Spring with entire new furniture, in addition to former attractions.

He would further state that the LIVERY BUSINESS recently carried on under the style and firm of RICHARDSON & BRATT, will in future be carried on by the subscriber. Parties wishing Horses and Carriages to hire will please call at the American Hotel, King street west. WM. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. Hamilton, April, 1863.

DONNELLEY & LAWSON, STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

WHITE'S BLOCK, King Street, Hamilton, C. W.

The subscribers would respectfully announce to the public that they have made

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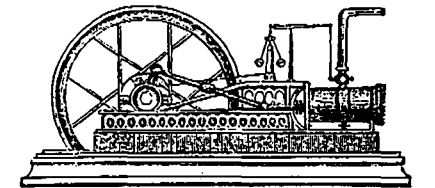


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