

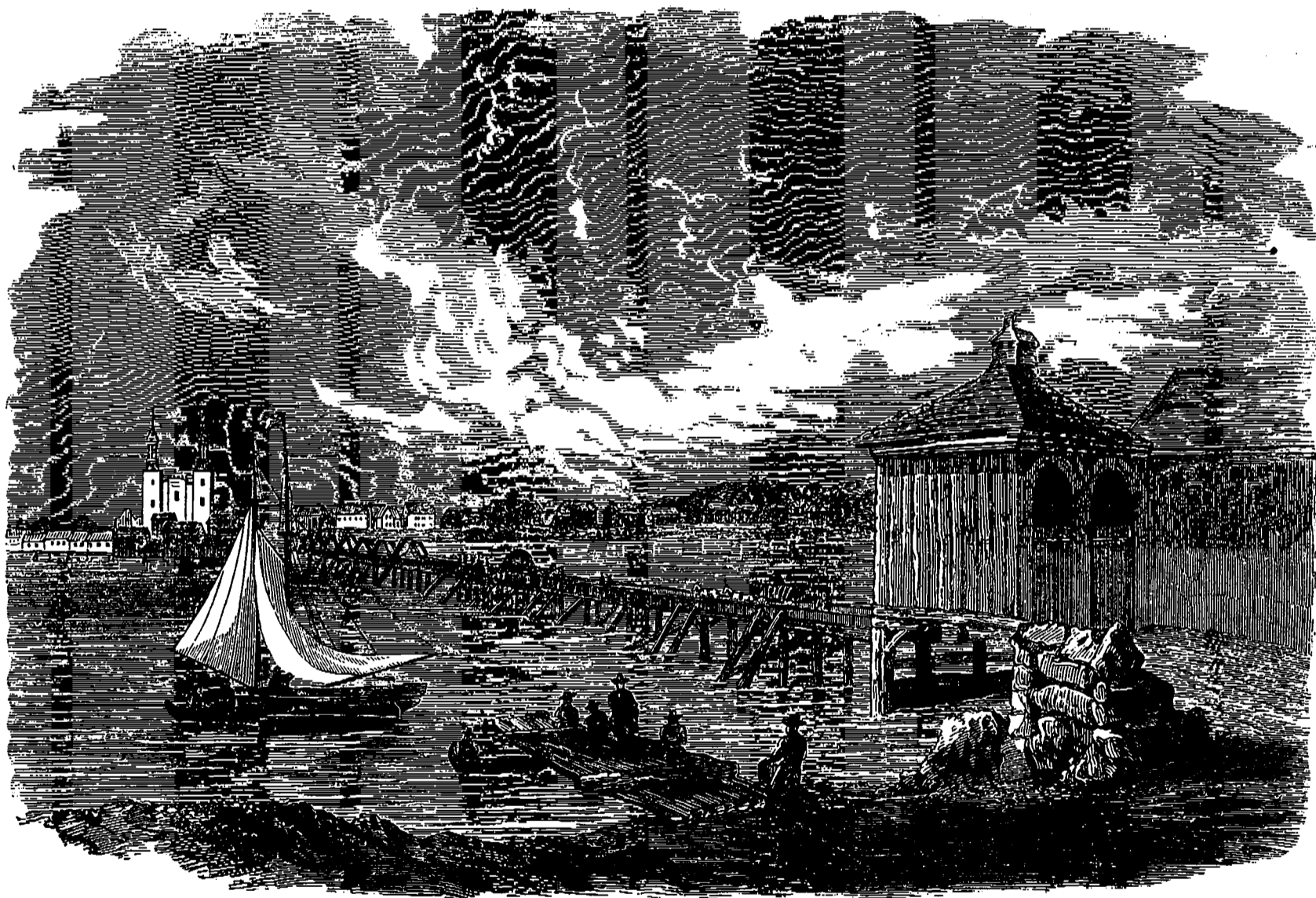
THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

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VIEW OF ST. JOHN, LOWER CANADA; ON THE RICHELIEU RIVER.

ST. JOHN, LOWER CANADA.

We give above a view of the town of St. John, in Lower Canada. St. John lies in the Montreal District, south of the St. Lawrence, in the county of Chambly, and on the left and west bank of the river Richelieu, along which the waters of Lake Champlain flow to meet those of Ontario and the other great lakes of the West. It is about 27 miles south-east from Montreal, about 35 from where Lake Champlain narrows into the Richelieu River, and about 45 from the junction of the latter with the St. Lawrence, at the head of Lake St. Peter. It is connected with the Grand Trunk Railway, and with Montreal, by the railway running north from Rouse's Point. Its manufactures are principally iron castings, leather, and pottery. Population about 2,500.

RANK GIVEN TO A DISTINGUISHED PAINTER.—In a biographical sketch of Horace Vernet, which we find in the London Reader, there is the expressive passage:—"Although Vernet possessed a lofty spirit, conscious of what was due to the throne of art as well as to that of empire, his uprightness was soon appreciated, and places of honor and trust were awarded him. In 1814, the great Emperor created him a chevalier, and in 1825, Charles the Tenth raised him to the rank of an officer of the Legion of Honor. In 1828, he was appointed director of the Academy at Rome, which office he retained for ten years, and at the departure of the French Legation, soon after the revolution of 1830, he acted for a time as *charge d'affaires* at the Roman court. His fame gradually became European, and no one was surprised when Louis Philippe offered to raise him to the peerage, an honor which the painter declined. He was treated with distinction and true appreciation in Russia by the Emperor Nicholas. In 1855, he obtained the grand medal of honor at the Universal Exhibition." Of the death of another great French artist, the correspondent of the Tribune says:—"Yesterday there befell a

great loss to the world of art. Eugene Delacroix is dead, aged sixty-four. He was among the first in all senses, chronologically; and, as colorist, the first of French contemporary painters. In the department of plastic art he corresponded closely enough to Victor Hugo in literature. A romanticist and revolutionist in color and sentiment against the classicism—degenerated by imitators into dry-hardness—of the pre-revolutionary school—of the calm scientific beauty of Poussin and the strained, fulae, neo-classic severity of David.

Hardly did he win his way through the resistance of critics to the enthusiastic triumph which the generation that was young with him thirty years ago secured to him. Honored and full of days and works, he leaves now behind him numberless admired proofs of what were struggles, and are long since victories. It would be curious to studiously follow the parallel in the romanticist revolutionary movement in art, of which he was the foremost chief, and the romanticist revolutionary movement in literature of which Hugo survives as Victor and foremost leader."

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Hamilton, July 1st, 1863.

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

FERGUSON & GREGORY, Proprietors

OUR EMIGRATION POLICY.

We direct attention to the Second Report, dated Sept. 22nd, 1863, of the Committee of the House on Emigration and Colonization, which we give in another column. Among the most noticeable considerations suggested by a perusal of the Report are the following:—

First, that many emigrants, while leaving home with the intention of settling in Canada, do yet prefer to come by way of New York instead of by the St. Lawrence. This goes to encourage American shipping and American railways instead of our own, and is certainly to be regretted on that account alone; while it augments the chances of our losing the emigrants altogether. The advantages of the New York route in point of cheapness at present, and the greater number of vessels making that port their destination, are of no light account in a comparison, and cannot be easily got over. It may fairly be questioned, however, if the higher cost of passage by the St. Lawrence be a necessity either natural or commercial. It is true that our harbours are closed in the winter, while that of New York is open; but as emigration is nearly altogether in the summer, this circumstance makes less difference than might be supposed. Of course those who leave either very late or very early in the season would have to come by New York. We beg here to put a question. Is it not just possible that Quebec and Montreal shippers may have shewn themselves a little too greedy of immediate gain heretofore, thereby through a short-sighted and grasping policy injuring their own interests? The Scriptures admonish us that they who make haste to be rich fall into a snare; and we judge that public opinion will back us in recommending the dictum to the particular consideration of some people in Montreal. We need scarcely add that the fatal consequences of too much haste, of trying to go too fast and to carry too much, have been already sufficiently exemplified in a more tangible form, and in a more literal sense than that just indicated. The high charges and general indifference to emigrants and to emigration of the Canadian Ocean Steamship Company have been so marked as to call forth repeated and energetic remonstrance on the part of individuals. We fear that generally speaking, the St. Lawrence shipping interest labours under the error, doubly reprehensible in the age in which we live, of trusting too much to governmental subsidies and other less obvious forms of protection and discrimination in its favour; and too little to fair commercial enterprise and the proper improvement of advantages naturally and legitimately within its grasp.

The very strange fact is also brought out now, as it has been often before, that although nobody can be found amongst us maintaining that immigration is not desirable from our own point of view, and though everybody makes believe to look upon it as just the thing we want, yet somehow or other, we do not seem to throw ourselves at all

heartily into the work of forwarding and encouraging what we profess so much to desire. Is there not something "very peculiar indeed," in the way in which governmental action in this matter has been frustrated and delayed year after year? During four or five successive sessions of Parliament, and under different Parliaments and different Administrations, the subject of Emigration has been elaborately considered and reported upon by Committees to the House, recommendations based upon reliable information and evidence have been submitted; but yet nothing, or next to nothing, has been done. The reports seem to have been quietly laid aside, probably in some safe place, where they would be in no danger of being lost! Why is this the case, and how does it happen so? will probably be the question asked by plain common sense people, ignorant of the art and mystery of what we call government. Is it the expense principally, that stands in the way? Scarcely the expense alone, we should think, for great as the existing pressure upon our resources undoubtedly is, the profitable return for a little judicious outlay in drawing emigration to our shores is so immediate and so sure, that we must think of something else as the real obstacle. But what is it after all, which so operates, that the thing which everybody wishes to see done, cannot be got done? Can it be that there is some occult influence at work, potent and overmastering as the law of gravitation itself, which perpetually defeats the efforts of the friends of emigration?

Is the passage which appears so open and so easy to the untutored eye, really barred by sunken rocks which render energetic advance impossible? Is there a lion in the path which the general public know not of? What lumbering and unwieldy obstacle is it, which by its mere dead-weight and *vis inertiae* seems to defy all our efforts? Is it merely the dull passive resistance which the time-honoured and traditional routine of officialism almost constantly opposes to the demand for specific improvements, even though the same be backed by the whole force of public opinion?—From what cause, or concatenation of causes, does it happen, that while we all seem so ardently to wish for the filling up of the country by emigration, we appear to be as a people still so slack in pushing the business forward?

These are some of the queries suggested by a perusal of the report. That the report itself does not answer those queries is not to be charged as a fault upon the committee. They may think what they please; but there are some things which it would perhaps be inexpedient for them to say. Our allusion to the fact that such queries are obviously suggested, though not answered, does not imply that we volunteer to supply the omission, if such it can be called. For the present we content ourselves with submitting the questions, leaving our readers to answer them according to their individual convictions in the matter.

As for the interest felt on the subject in the old country, consider the fact stated in the Report, that while at Liverpool last spring, Mr. Buchanan had in two months no less than 1128 letters addressed to him, all from persons desirous to emigrate to Canada. The writers of these letters represent, of course, other and many more individuals than themselves. We commend the report itself and the important subject to which it relates, to the attentive consideration of all who wish well to Canada.

HOW TO RAISE GOOD WHEAT—THE BENEFIT OF A LIBERAL CULTIVATION OF CLOVER.

Mr. Harris, the Editor of the *Genesee Farmer*, delivered lately at Utica, before the Agricultural Society there assembled, an address on 'Wheat culture in Western New York.' The address appears to be marked by good practical common sense, as well as by a scientific acquaintance with the subject discoursed of. It is given in full in the *Genesee Farmer* for October.

Mr. Harris arrives at the conclusion that the liberal cultivation of clover, and its consumption on the farm at home, is the most efficient plan for increasing the production of wheat. Near to cities and seaports, other ways of enriching the soil and keeping up its productive power might be found to answer; but at a distance therefrom, clover recommends itself by actual results as by far the cheapest and most extensively available fertiliser. It is conceded that ammonia, or nitrogen, that component part of ammonia in which all its value as a fertiliser lies, is indispensable to the production of wheat; nay further, that of all the constitu-

ents of wheat, it is the one which needs most frequently and constantly to be renewed. The clover plant possesses this most remarkable and valuable quality, namely:—that it draws and absorbs nitrogen into its substance and composition from the air; an inexhaustible source of gratuitous supply. Peas and beans belong to the same botanical order as clover, and like it, are to be classed as renovating plants. If the clover be either ploughed under, or consumed on the farm and the manure therefrom returned to the soil, the latter is immensely benefited. Ploughing in clover is good; but to pasture it and feed it to stock on the farm is better. Manure from clover hay is four times as rich as that made from straw. Mr. Harris says: 'Raise your own clover seed, and sow it with an unsparring hand. You cannot raise too much clover. It is the grand renovating crop of America.' And again—'Wheat requires a large amount of ammonia; so does barley, oats, timothy grass, &c. They are all cereals. The less we grow of them on wheat land, the less we shall impoverish the soil. On the other hand, clover, peas, beans, turnips, beets, mangel-wurtzel, &c., when grown and consumed on the farm, furnish large quantities of ammonia; and this is just what we want for wheat.' He adds—'we must raise clover in order to enrich our land, but it would be better to eat it on the land with sheep, or make it into hay and return the manure to the soil.'

Every farmer in Canada ought to read and ponder Mr. Harris' address. It may be said that his remarks are made with special reference to Western New York, but this part of the Province, at all events, is so similar in most essential respects to the locality in question, that very nearly the same thing will apply to both. It is unquestionable that our farmers run greatly on timothy, while they neglect clover, as of less value; a most injurious course, if what Mr. Harris says be correct.

Some will be ready to object; but what is the use of raising wheat, to be frozen out and destroyed by the midge? The answer is, that everything that promotes the healthy growth of wheat helps to make it ripen earlier, and so escape the midge. Clover ploughed under makes a heavy crop of wheat, but is supposed to keep it growing rather long, therefore it is better to eat the clover off where it grows, or otherwise consume it and return it to the soil as manure. We commend Mr. Harris' ideas as to the benefit of clover cultivation, to the attentive consideration of our farmers.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for October is now before us. A very neat and tastefully got up periodical, devoted to the interests of the Order. The selections in this number are really good.

THE LOWER CANADA AGRICULTURIST for October is received. It is published in Montreal, under the direction of Mons. M. J. Perrault, M. P. P., a gentleman who has largely devoted himself to the promotion of agricultural improvement. A very ably conducted serial, we should say, and very creditable to Lower Canada. It is published, as of course the circumstances of the Lower Province require, both in French and English.

THE GENESSEE FARMER.—The October number of this excellent agricultural journal is received; and is, in our opinion, of more than usual interest. It contains a full report of the Agricultural discussions at the late New York State Fair at Utica; and the address delivered by Mr. Harris, (Editor of the *Genesee Farmer*), on 'Wheat culture in Western New York.' As the profitable cultivation of wheat is now by all odds the most important, and the most urgent problem now before the agriculturists of Canada, we are safe in saying that everything relating thereto, or which may help towards an intelligent appreciation of the best methods to insure success, is of paramount interest to them, and to all in the Province as well. We give in another column the substance of what Mr. Harris recommends, namely: to raise clover liberally, and consume it on the farm. His ideas on the subject are well worthy the attention of our farmers.

We omitted mentioning in our last that the fine sketches therein copied of the scenery of the Island of Orleans, were from the pencil of Alexander Davie, Esq., of Quebec. —ED. C. I. N.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Somewhat back from the village street,
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its stations in the hall
An ancient time-piece says to all—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who under his cloak
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light,
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
Its echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
His great fires by the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board;
But like the skeleton at the feast,
The warning time-piece never ceased—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time;
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled;
Some are married, some are dead:
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah, when shall they all meet again,
As in the days long since gone by?"
The ancient time-piece makes reply—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here; forever there,
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death, and time shall disappear:
Forever there, but never here!
The horologue of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

EDITOR'S TABLE TALK.

An extraordinary feature of the present time is the briskness of trade and the immense business activity now apparent in the Northern States, while the war is still going on and its burdens increasing. It certainly does look a little odd, and at variance with the preconceived notions of most people, as to what ought to be the result of a state of war. The explanation of the phenomenon, however, is not difficult, after all. The present prosperity, which is undoubtedly far more apparent than real, is due to the fact of an immense war expenditure going on in a part of the country which is not itself the theatre of war. The same thing was witnessed in England during the wars with Buonaparte. And the same disastrous collapse of industry and commerce, consequent on the sudden ceasing of this exceptional expenditure when the war comes to an end, as end it must some time, will certainly follow now in the United States, as did then in England. It were it not such a serious affair to millions of people, it would be amusing to note how the Americans, every man of them sensible that a crash must come, do still hug the delusion, each one by himself, that he will be able to save himself in the general wreck. That which is nearly impossible for all but a few, is confidently anticipated as almost a certainty in his own case by each individual.

HOW TO DRESS WELL.

Dr. Johnson speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well remarked: The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, "that one can never remember what she had on." Delicacy of feeling in a lady will prevent her putting on anything to attract notice; and yet a female of good taste will dress so as to have every part of her dress correspond. Thus while she avoids what is showy and attractive, every thing will be adjusted so as to exhibit symmetry and taste.

P. T. BARNUM, a man who, with all his humbug, has cast his influence on the side of sobriety, is reported as having once said, in a temperance meeting, that as a great showman he would give more for a drunkard that has been prosperous in business than for any other class.

PIONEERS AND LEADERS.

'Old men for counsel, and young men for war.' Never was axiom juster, if the world's history be taken for the test. The blood of youth may be fiery, its tongue quick, and its heart impulsive and passionate; but more than counterbalancing these, are its hopes, its faith, its energy and endurance, which, when experience has ripened and tempered judgment and speech, still spur on to high heroic action. The pioneer men of the world—on the battle-field, in the van of colonization, in the development of art and science, and in the prosecution of the mightiest and most perilous enterprises for the world's weal—have stood on the eastern declivity of life; have begun the march, prosecuted the endeavor, and won their most fadeless laurels, ere the noon of three-score-and-ten was past.

Unfortunately for the peace and true glory of mankind, the land-mark men of history, the men on whom the eyes of the million have rested most admiringly, have been its chief warriors; some of them, indeed, noble as mighty; some founders of great empires and redeemers of nations.—But of the noblest and mightiest, those who began to win glory bravely past the middle of the 'mortal span,' are but an exception to the general rule. Hector and Achilles, Alexander and Sesostris, Hannibal and Cæsar, Washington and Napoleon, and thousands whose names have been a light and terror, trod in young manhood the steep,

'Where fame's proud temple shines afar.'

It has been so from the beginning—it will be so to the end of time. While age sits in weighty deliberation, consulting its fears and doubts, and arguing delay, youth leaps to action. 'Advance!' flames for a motto on its banners, and, scorning cost and sacrifice, it strikes for the imperial goal and purple: often madly, no doubt, and to evil purpose, if not with evil intent, yet mainly with an ardor of patriotism and generosity native to its pulse and blood. Not yet made selfish by the selfishness of the world; nor yet a cold scorner of 'dreams and castles in the air,' amid many phantoms chased with a passionate enthusiasm, it finds the track of mighty, obstinate realities—inventions, discoveries, gray old errors and burning new truths—and conquers them, bringing revolutions upon the world's ideas, and habits, and faiths, forever broadening the field in which humanity strugglingly aspires toward its ideals.

Philosophy, alone, may claim its champions from the ranks of age; but while the Platos found 'Visionary Republics,' and bewilder man with beautiful abstractions, the boy David is slaying the giant Philistine; the Divine child, Jesus is confounding the doctors of law, and rejoicing the world with a practical salvation; a new, real world, with republics in its bosom, rises on the vision of the young Columbus; Galileo is deciphering the mysteries of the external heavens, and brave, buoyant youth, fired by love, chivalry and ambition, is everywhere—like the new-born Hercules—hurling down hydras and chimeras, by daring to fellowship with the new, and to penetrate the unexplored.

Youth, up to the zenith of manhood, is the true life period of nations, as well as men. Up to this point, nations, like men, grow; beyond this, they but exist and decay. Where is the Empire that has conquered or wrought most bravely beyond its prime? Where the man, save small exception, who plucked his brightest wreath from the brow of glory past his prime? It was not Egypt, nor Greece, nor Rome; not Phidias, nor Raffaele, nor Shakespeare. Lofty, beautiful, generous achievement, belongs to the young manhood of men and nations. Youth is curious, fearless, earnest. It seeks to know all, explore all, share all. It must, it can, it will! And so, while age halts, thinking of its infirmities, its aspirations centered in self, youth bounds on, spurred alike by the past and the future, and pioneers the new generations beyond the altars and ashes of the old, to higher goals and to larger triumphs.

WHAT A NEWSPAPER IS, AND IS NOT.

It is very natural to suppose that a man publishes a newspaper to benefit his fellow-man, as it is to believe that great poets sing for the pleasure of singing, and that novelists write for the pleasure of telling stories. The practical comment of experience upon this supposition is very incessant and very amusing, especially in the case of publishers and editors.

There are, probably, not a dozen papers in the country published at a positive loss for the sake of maintaining a principle. And it is a good thing that there are not; for, until a principle and its friends can support an organ, it has not yet really any need of an organ. It should be inculcated orally, and at individual expense.

But when periodicals are established, not as moral or other organs or agents, but simply as business enterprises, then they are to be managed like all other business. You have no more right to expect peculiar generosity or self-sacrifice of the man who undertakes it, than of a man who engages in shoemaking or cotton manufacturing. The object in all the cases is individual advantage. The proprietors, indeed, do not intend to outrage honesty or decency; on the contrary, they may have no doubt that honesty and decency pay; but their motive is not the interests of those two qualities, but their own private and especial advantage.

Among the attractions of the paper, let us suppose, a brief and conspicuous advertising page. We will suppose the rates to be high, because it is the general habit to read well-printed and commanding advertisements. Now the theory is, and it is perfectly just mercantile theory, that the money received for the advertisement is properly and fully balanced by its publication and the notice consequently attracted to the wares. The account is square. Mr. Smith brings the quality of his bug-powder plainly before the public, and Mr. Jones his exquisite edition of "Lalla Rookh."

Now imagine the polite Jones approaching the editor and saying that he has inserted an advertisement of his book, and paid for it, and would like to have an editorial notice? But an editorial notice is the most conspicuous and important of all advertisements; so that the editor can only reply, 'Why should I give you more than Mr. Smith has paid for?' and how long do you suppose I shall keep my other advertisers if I favor two or three, to the exclusion of all? On the other hand, if I gave a notice to all, what is the value of my notice? It is soon seen to be part of the advertisement and my editorial opinion has lost all its importance. If an advertisement in my columns is not worth the money you pay for it, you can, of course cease to pay it at any moment. Also, please to take notice that it is only space in my paper, not my opinions, which are for sale. You may buy the room to announce your splendid edition of 'Lalla Rookh,' but if you wish me to speak of it editorially, how if I chance to think that it is fustian and rubbish, and say so? Or do you purpose to pay me roundly for saying that, upon the whole, Tommy Moore is superior to Milton?"

That is what every editor may justly say to advertisers who wish a 'notice.' He must be impartial, and treat all his friends alike. If, indeed, any works upon an important or interesting subject be issued, he will naturally speak of it in connection with a topic which concerns everybody; but in so doing he will not make his notice of the subject a puff of the publisher of the book.

What is true of books is true of everything else. No sensible editor, of course, will omit to speak of the beautiful bindings (for instance) of beautiful books, if he thinks it to be an affair of real interest, or as showing improvement or unusual excellence; but the point is, that part of his capital as a sagacious editor is a power of just discrimination and a perfect willingness to say No, to everybody who wants his own axe ground, upon the claim that everybody is interested in that particular edge.

CHEMISTRY.

Chemistry is the science *par excellence* of experiment. Other sciences investigate the laws of nature by means of inquiry and induction, but the chemist places himself in the position of nature herself, and strives to obtain the knowledge he seeks by imitating her processes. His workshop is a copy in little of the great laboratory of creation; and we find there, the human insect whose life is but a span, dealing boldly with the elements of the universe, and turning by his art, the wildest fictions of romance into every day facts. The other sciences expand the mind, and enlarge the knowledge; but chemistry in addition devotes herself to the physical service of the human race. She heals their diseases, indicates and prepares their food, adorns their garments, warms, lights and ventilates their dwellings, fertilizes their fields, wafts them with the speed of the wind along the land and sea, flashes their distant messages, like lightning through the air and underneath the waters; and deserting not her votary in the day of calamity, neutralizes his pain, dispels his terror and soothes him in death.—*Chambers.*

THE "SMALL SWEET COURTESIES" OF LIFE;

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody, not not he, because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls "the small sweet courtesies of life," those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others the preference, in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life, and to your sex, their sweetest charms. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of women. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas tree around you, in the same way by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it; and if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you.—*Letters from William West to his Daughter.*

There is scarcely a battle which has been fought in this war to which a parallel cannot be produced from scientific military annals, and so surely do historical events repeat themselves, that no battle can be fought or manoeuvre carried out for which a parallel, more or less close, cannot be found in the chronicles of war. It is this fact which renders it so culpable to place men who have not studied war as a profession at the head of our armies. A genius without study and experience may win a battle. Of this there are examples—not numerous, however. In the majority of instances this unusual result has occurred where civilization has been opposed to partial, semi, or absolute barbarism, or inferiority in one or another respect; as in the case of Alexander, Cæsar, Clive. But no genius, without experience and military education, has ever conducted a successful campaign against good troops under experienced officers. Take an example from another style of contest. A strong, quick, brave, decided man may knock a pugilist 'into a cocked hat' with one or two unexpected blows; but let that pugilist be on his guard, and a thousand to one he tires out and uses up his antagonist by his science.—*N. Y. Times.*

EARLY DISCOVERIES IN AMERICA.

MR RASIN ON THE FIRST EXPEDITIONS OF THE NORTHMEN.

Charles F. Rafn, author of *Antiquitates Americanæ*, prepared the following paper, descriptive of the early discoveries of the Northmen in America. Several disjointed statements of the Northmen's early explorations have been published, but this paper, communicated by Mr. Rafn in order to correct prevalent errors and give still further publicity to important historical facts, is worth preservation:

'The Dane Gardar, of Swedish origin, was the first Northman who discovered Iceland, in 863. Only a few out-places of this country had been visited previously, about 70 years before, by Irish hermits. Eleven years subsequently, or in 873, the Norwegian Ingolf began the colonization of the country, which was completed during a space of 60 years. The colonists, many of whom belonged to the most illustrious and most civilized families in the North, established in Iceland a flourishing Republic. Here, on this distant isle-rock, the Old-Danish or Old-Northern language was preserved unchanged for centuries, and here in the Eddas were treasured those Folk-songs and Folk-myths, and in the Sagas those historical Tales and Legends, which the first settlers had brought with them from their Scandinavian mother-lands. Iceland was therefore the cradle of our historical literature of immense value.

'The situation of the island and the relationship of the colony to foreign countries in its earlier period, compelled its inhabitants to exercise and develop their hereditary maritime skill, and thirst for new discoveries across the great ocean. As early as the year 877 Gunnbiorn saw for the first time the mountainous coast of Greenland. But this land was first visited by Erik the Red, in 983, who three years afterwards, in 986, by means of Icelandic emigrants, established the first colony on its southwestern

shore, where afterwards, in 1124, the Bishop's See of Gardar was founded, which subsisted for upwards of 300 years. The head firths or bays were named after the chiefs of the expedition. Erik the Red settled in Eriks-firth, Einar, Rafn and Ketil in the firths called after them, and Heriulf on Heriulfæus. On a voyage from Iceland to Greenland this same year, (986), Biarne, the son of the latter, was driven far out to sea towards the southwest, and for the first time beheld the coasts of the American lands, afterwards visited and named by his countrymen. In order to examine these countries more narrowly, Leif, the fortunate, son of Erik the Red, undertook a voyage of discovery thither in the year 1000. He landed on the shores described by Biarne, detailed the character of these lands more exactly, and gave them names according to their appearance: Hell-land, (Newfoundland) was so called from its flat stones, Markland, (Nova Scotia) from its woods, and Vineland (New England) from its vines. Here he remained some time, and constructed large houses, called after him Leifabudir (*Leif's Booths*). A German, named Tyrker, who accompanied Leif on this voyage, was the man who found the wild vines, which he recognized from having seen them in his own land, and Leif gave the country its name from this circumstance. Two years afterwards Leif's brother, Thorwald, repaired thither, and in 1003, caused an expedition to be undertaken to the south, along the shore, but he was killed in the summer of 1004 on a voyage northwards, in a skirmish with the natives.

'The most distinguished, however, of all the first American discoverers is Thorfinn Karlsefne, an Islander, whose genealogy is carried back in the Old-Northern annals to Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Scottish and Irish ancestors, some of them of royal blood. In 1006 this chief on a merchant voyage, visited Greenland and there married Gudrid, the widow of Thorstein (son of Erik the Red), who had died the year before in an unsuccessful expedition to

Vineland. Accompanied by his wife, who encouraged him to this voyage, and by a crew of 160 men on board three vessels, he repaired in the spring of 1007 to Vineland, where he remained for three years, and had many communications with the aborigines. Here his wife Gudrid bore him a son, Snorre, who became the founder of an illustrious family in Iceland, which gave the island several of its first bishops. His daughter's son was the celebrated Bishop Thorlak Runolfson, who published the first Christian Code of Iceland. In 1121 Bishop Erik sailed to Vineland from Greenland, doubtless for the purpose of strengthening his countrymen in their Christian faith.

'The notices given by the old Icelandic voyage chroniclers respecting the climate, the soil and the productions of this new country are very characteristic. Nay, we have even a statement of this kind as old as the eleventh century from a writer not a Northman, Arnam of Eremen; he states, on the authority of Svein Estridson, the king of Denmark, a nephew of Canute the Great, that the country got its name from the vine growing wild there. It is a remarkable coincidence in this respect that its English re-discoverers, for the same reason, named the large island which is close off the coast *Martha's Vineyard*. Spontaneously growing wheat (maize or Indian corn,) was also found in this country.

'In the mean time it is the total result of the nautical, geographical and astronomical evidences in the original documents, which places the situation of the countries discovered beyond all doubts. The number of days' sail between the several newly-found lands, the striking description of the coasts, especially the white sand-banks of Nova Scotia and the long beaches and downs of a peculiar appearance on Cape Cod (the Kialarner and Furdstrandir of the Northmen) are not to be mistaken. In addition hereto we have the astronomical remark that the shortest day in Vineland was nine hours long, which fixes the



ISLAND OF ORLEANS.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ISLE OF ORLEANS.

BY N. H. BOWEN, ESQ.

(CONTINUED.)

This part of the Island possesses no little interest, as having been the basis of Wolfe's operations at the capture of Quebec, in 1759; the troops having disembarked at St. Laurent, were marched up to this point and placed under canvas, and sundry redoubts were constructed as shown in the chart accompanying Hawkins' Picture of Quebec.

From this spot Wolfe (fresh from his victory at Louisbourg, Cape Breton,) first looked upon the harbor of Quebec and that frowning citadel, the Gibraltar of America, which he was ordered to besiege. Warburton has drawn such an interesting picture of this incident that I must be allowed to quote it entire:

'Accompanied by the chief engineer, Mr. McKellar, and an escort of light infantry, Wolfe, as soon as he landed, pushed on to the extremity of the Island near Quebec; a magnificent but disheartening scene lay before him. On the summit of the highest eminence over the strait, in the Great River, from whence the basin before him opened, the French flag waved. The crest of the rocky height was crowned with formidable works, redoubted and flanked, every favorable spot above, below, or on the rugged ascent, were batteries bristling with guns. This stronghold formed the right flank of a position, eight miles in extent—the falls and the deep and rapid stream of the Montmorency was the left; the shoals and rocks of the St. Lawrence protected the broad front, and the rich valley of the St. Charles, with the prosperous and beautiful villages of Charlesbourg and Lake Beauport, gave shelter and hospitality in the rear. A crested bank of some height over the Great River marked the main line of defences from east to west, parapets flanked

latitude 41° 24' 10, or just that of the promontories which limit the entrances to Mount Hope Bay, where Leif's booths were built, and in the district around which the old Northmen had their head establishment, which was named by them Hop.

'The Northmen were also acquainted with American land still farther to the South, called by them Hvitrarnaland (the land of the white men) or Irland it mikla (Great Ireland). The exact situation of this country is not stated; it was probably North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. In 1266 some priests at Gardar in Greenland set on foot a voyage of discovery to the Arctic regions of America. An astronomical observation proves that this took place through Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait to the latitude of Wellington's Channel. The last memorandum supplied by the old Icelandic records is a voyage from Greenland to Markland in 1347.'

The French navy has an aggregate strength of 478 ships, carrying 9,718 guns. Of the whole number of vessels, 94 are iron-clad in whole or in part. One hundred and eleven of the number are sailing vessels.

at every favorable spot, aided their natural strength.—Crowding on this embattled bank, swarming in the irregular village streets, and formed in masses on the hills beyond, were 12,000 French and Canadian troops, led by the gallant Montcalm. While Wolfe gazed upon the appalling prospect, a storm gathered over his head, and burst in sudden violence. The teeming rain fell like a veil between him and the beautiful but dangerous shore. Lightning hissed through the air, and a hurricane swept over the river with destructive strength. Transports were driven from their moorings and cast ashore, smaller boats were dashed against each other and swamped, and the vessels of war with difficulty held to their anchors. Silently and thoughtfully the young general retraced his steps to the landing place, his sanguine and sensitive spirit oppressed for a moment with the difficulties of his enterprise, and by the gloomy omen of the heavens. But before he rejoined the army, the weight was flung aside, the elastic spring of his mind had resumed its play, and he entered the camp with head erect and his usual bright and fearless aspect. He did not forget that he received his high command in the confidence that no dangers or difficulties could discourage him.

From hence was projected the first attempt, in July 1759, to storm the Beauport Heights near Montmorency, which proved so disastrous to our troops. A century later, Sept. 1838, the scarlet coats of Her Majesty's troops were again seen on the same plateau. But this time they came in peace. The practice of the Enfield rifle requiring a longer range than could with safety be found on the main land, the military authorities selected the beach on the north of the Island as being admirably adapted for a rifle range. A field on the top of the hill has been leased as a camping ground for the men, and their spotless white tents lend a new charm to the picture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WATCH-MAKING IN GENEVA.

From Frederika Bremer's Life in the Old World.

I was introduced into the watch-maker's work shops by M. Viande, one of the merchants of Geneva, a man of great humanity, and also of rare amiability of disposition and character. I could not have had a better guide, even in regard to the moral inquiries which I wished to make.

We began with the school of pupils, where young girls learn, for a term of three years, to make every part of a watch. After this time, they select that particular part for which they have the most inclination, or in the doing of which they are most expert. The perfected pupil may be sure, on leaving the school, of obtaining immediate employment amongst the watchmakers. Young girls from 18 to 20 years of age appear very healthy and well cared for.—Each one has her own little table, and her own window niche for her work.

The manufacturer of pocket watches is, at the present time, carried on to a great extent at Geneva. An immense number are required for the Chinese market. A well-equipped Chinaman, I have been told, carries a watch on each side of his breast, that he may be able to regulate the one by the other. Wealthy Chinese cover the walls of their rooms with watches. These watches are of a most ornamental character, and have more filagree work about them than those made for Europeans. Long live the Chinese.

At one of the greatest and best conducted manufactories of Geneva, nothing but watch faces are prepared, and elderly well-dressed and well-looking women sat by twenties and thirties, in clean, well-warmed rooms, working upon watch faces.

'Do you not get tired of always doing the same work?' I enquired of some of them.

'Oh, no,' replied they, and showed me that each little dial had to pass through fifty operations before it was finished. This kept the attention awake, and prevented any sense of monotony. They work here from eight o'clock in the morning till six or seven in the evening, and thus earn about fifty francs a month.

'Are you able to lay by anything for old age or in case of sickness?' I enquired from a mother who had worked there with her daughter, side by side, for ten years.

'Oh, no,' they replied. 'We have no longer been able to do that, since provisions have been so dear.'

'Nor yet for a little journey of pleasure or holiday in the summer?'

'We never think of such a thing. We should by that means lose not only our money, but also our time, and possibly our place.'

'Is not such a life as this heavy and void of interest?'

'We have Sundays for rest and refreshment, and the evening for reading, or occupation of another kind. Besides which, we need not during our work, be continually thinking about it.'

They seemed perfectly satisfied. The workwomen who are able to execute certain more difficult parts of the watch get higher wages, and can earn from five to ten francs a day. In the meantime, this great division of labor causes the greater part of the women not to earn much more than their maintenance.

'My grandmother made whole watches,' said an old woman with a sigh, who was sitting at home with her little daughter employed in one single operation in a little cog, for the great manufactory; 'and at that time women were much higher in the work than they are now, and also got higher payment. They were few in number, but extremely dexterous. Now they are innumerable, but their dexterity is employed in nothing—a very crumb.'

And this was true, as far as the old woman was concerned, for the whole of her work consisted in drilling one little hole in a small steel plate, with a little machine, which resembled a tiny spinning-wheel. Her daughter was seated at another little machine, and was merely making a little alteration in the hole her mother had drilled; and six hundred of such holes must be made before they could earn three francs.

The old woman, who came of a race of watch-makers from time immemorial, and whose grandmother had made whole watches, seemed to me, as she sat there, reduced to make one single little hole, a little portion of a watch, like a dethroned watchmaking queen. You saw plainly that her fate grieved her, but she bore it worthily, and with a resignation, acknowledging that numbers now lived by the work, which, in her grandmother's days belonged to a few privileged persons, and made them rich. Her daughters were both agreeable young girls, with fresh courage for life. The one had learned her mother's calling—the other had prepared herself for the occupation of a teacher.

Enamel painting is a kindred class of work, which as well as watch-making, affords a good and safe means of support to a greater part of the female population of Geneva, in more than one class. The work is done at home, or in workshops; many well educated young girls work for the manufactory at their parents' houses, and thus contribute to the prosperity of the family. The little watch making shops, the little worktable, are to be met with in every neighborhood of Geneva. The daughters of the peasants work at these.

I have seen and heard enough of the lives of these female workers, as well in their homes as in their work-shops, to thank God that so great a number of women here are able, by means of a good and expensive branch of industry to provide for themselves and acquire an independence which may lead to great good; and many beautiful examples can be given of these young female workers applying their earnings to the support of their parents, or for the education of their younger sisters, or relatives. For the greater part they seem to become principally the means of the indulgences of vanity, or even of less allowable independence.

The female worker, in the full and highest meaning of her vocation, in the complete fullness of her life, is a character I have not met with here, as I have done in Sweden.

I remember, there little work-table at which is seated a woman, still young, working from early morning till late in the evening—sometimes till late at night—because work is her delight, and her perseverance and power of work are astonishing—her eye continually fixed upon her work, even during conversation, whilst her skilful hand guides the graving tool, and engraves letters, numbers, or tasteful ornaments, on articles of gold or silver—chronometers, pocket watches, rings, etc. But the inner life is not occupied therewith; it gazes clearly around, and comprehends with love, every transaction which tends either to the advantage of the father-land or the honor of humanity. She is near-sighted at her work, but far-sighted as regards the great work in society; her heart beats warmly for his, and the little work-table has a place in its realm. How distinguished a place this is, her numerous friends know, but not she herself—the unpretending artist, the good citizen and friend, the noble worker—Sophie Ahlborn!

THE MORMON FUTURE.—Curious as an inquiry into the future of Mormonism would undoubtedly be, any conclusions on the subject must be conjectural. On the other hand it is plain that in their admirable industrial organization the Mormons have got a remarkably firm hold of one of the strongest elements of social prosperity and stability. A State abounding with industrial labourers, and furnishing ample means of rewarding honest labour, can defy the tide of war, and most other human agencies of destruction. If it be asked what is the likelihood that the intense spirit of labour which has hitherto prevailed in Utah will continue unabated, there are undoubtedly some evil omens. It is remarked that the rising generation is not at all so disposed to labour as their fathers; and we can easily understand that, so far as polygamy influences the community, it must have a most injurious effect upon the upbringing of families. But the tide of emigration is ever pouring in such streams of fresh life from the overcrowded labour markets of the Old World, that even polygamy, which, in any settled community, would make such short work of the moral health, is checked and counteracted in Utah. Nor is there any sign of this tide abating; for as long as the remuneration of the working man in the Old World is so low as to make life a perpetual struggle—as long as the relations of labour and capital, and of the employer and employed, are so uncomfortable, as they often are, so long will crowds of hard-toiled families be readily fascinated by any scheme, whatever its other drawbacks, that opens to industry an ampler reward, and to the workman a higher position. That Mormonism will ultimately sink under the weight of its own corruptions, there cannot, we think, be any reasonable doubt; but how long that consummation will be retarded by the ever-renewing influence of active emigration, is a question to which it seems in vain to attempt a reply.—*North British Review.*

AN EDITOR SOLD.—The editor of an English paper was recently presented with a stone, upon which were carved the following letters. The editor was informed that the stone was taken from an old building, and he was requested to solve the inscription. It read:

FOUR
LETTER
IN
A
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ST—

Eminent men were called in to consult upon the matter, and after an immense amount of time consumed, they were informed that the stone was:

"For cattle to rub their tails against!"

GRAPE, CANISTER AND SHRAPNEL.

An officer of the 14th Massachusetts regiment recently communicated the following article to a Lawrence paper:—Grape consists of nine shot, arranged in three layers, which vary in size according to the calibre of gun; they are held together by two plates of about 1-4 inch less diameter than the calibre of the gun, two rings, a bolt and a nut. The canvas bag arrangement is too old for this war; it is not so simple or durable, and has not been used for years. Canister for a gun, contains twenty-seven small cast iron balls, arranged in four layers, the top of six, the remainder of seven each; for a howitzer it contains forty-eight small iron balls, in four layers of twelve each; for the calibre you will see that the balls for canister are in a thin cylinder, closed at the bottom by a thick cast iron plate or a wooden sabot, and at the top by a sheet iron plate, with a handle attached; the interstices between the balls are closely packed with saw dust, to prevent crowding when the piece is fired. Shrapnel consists of a very thin shell which is filled with musket ball; the interstices are then filled by pouring in melted sulphur; a hole is then bored through the mass of sulphur and bullets to receive the bursting charge. Now to explain the difference between a 'shrapnel' or 'spherical case' and a 'shell.' The destructive force of a shrapnel is what it receives from the charge in the gun, the powder in the shrapnel being only to break the envelope and spread the balls, they still moving forward by force of the impulse they received from the charge in the gun.

A shell is made very much thicker than the envelope of a shrapnel, and is nearly filled with powder, and will do great execution if it explodes on the ground, it having destructive qualities in itself, aside from the discharge of the gun. A shrapnel shell has only half the charge of powder that a shell proper has; thus a 24 pounder shrapnel contains 175 musket balls, six ounces of powder, and weighs 22.75 pounds. A 24 pounder shell has 12 ounces of powder, and weighs 19.75 pounds. A 6 pounder shrapnel has thirty-nine musket balls and 25 ounces of powder.

LIBERIA.

The 'black Republic' of Liberia counts half a million of inhabitants; of whom 16,000 are American born, but of African descent, and the remainder natives of the country.—The government is modelled after that of the United States, but English ideas of matters and things prevail extensively.

Liberia is situated on that part of the coast of Guinea called the Grain Coast, (most fertile in rice,) having for its southern boundary the San Pedro River, 78 miles east of Cape Palmas, and running along the coast to the mouth of the Shebar river, 125 miles north-west of Monrovia; it has about 600 miles of coast line, and extends back about 100 miles on an average, but with the facility of almost indefinite extension into the interior, the natives everywhere manifesting the greatest desire that treaties should be formed with them, so that the limits of the Republic may be extended over all the neighboring districts.

The original settlers landed in Liberia and hoisted the American flag on the 25th of April, 1822, at Cape Mesurado, where Monrovia, the capital, was established, and they continued under the fostering care of the American Colonization Society until the 24th day of August, 1847, 25 years, when they were proclaimed a free and independent State, with the sanction of the parent Society, and were regularly installed as the Republic of Liberia. England and France soon welcomed this small state into the family of nations by making treaties of amity, commerce, and navigation with her.

Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, so named after Mr. Monroe, the fifth President of the United States, a great friend to the settlement of Liberia, is beautifully situated on Cape Mesurado, about 75 feet above the level of the Atlantic Ocean, in 6,19 North latitude, and 11 deg. West longitude, and has a population of about 3,500 souls. Its position is most happy, having by means of the Mesurado and Stockton, and the St. Paul's and the Junk rivers, the greatest facilities for navigable communication with the interior. Besides being the executive, judicial, and legislative seat of government, it is well furnished with schools, churches, missionary establishments, a newspaper called the *Liberia Herald*—dating back to 1826—a college, and other evidences of advancing civilization and refinement.

The revenue of the republic for the year ending the 30th of September, 1861, was \$149,550,11. The expenditure was for same time \$142,831,11.

A portion of the receipts and expenditure arose from the recaptured Africans landed at Liberia, and supported by the Government until they can be placed out to take care of themselves.

The Liberians are under great obligations to the British Government and British people for their kind regards and useful efforts to encourage and aid them in the great task of building up a negro nationality on the coast of savage Guinea. The British Government were the first to acknowledge the independence of Liberia, were the first to present them with a small vessel of war to act as 'Guarda Costa' and so aid in suppressing the slave trade, and have for many years done all in their power to countenance and foster the growth of this youthful state.

WHAT THEY WERE.—Dr. Semann, in his late work on Fiji says: 'Fijians always regarded eating a man as the very acme of revenge, and to this day the greatest insult one can offer is to say to a person—'I will eat you.' In any transaction where the national honor had to be avenged, it was incumbent on the King and principal chiefs, in fact a duty they owed to their exalted station, to avenge the insult offered to the country by eating the perpetrators of it.'

A MODEL SPEECH.—Here is a model speech made by the President of the Northamptonshire, (England,) Farming and Grazing Society, on presenting a prize cup to a young man:—'Now, young man, take that cup; and remember also to plough deep and drink shallow.'

THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

CHAPTER XX.

WHICH TELLS OF ANOTHER SINGULAR MIDNIGHT DREAM, IN CHRISTMAS TIMES.

A genial Christmas Eve, bright and frosty, and merrily blazed the fire in a comfortable kitchen of one of the best houses in a country village.

They were expected home that night, and preparations for the following day's feast were active, being presided over by the housekeeper, Mrs. Muff, a staid, respectable personage, far above the grade of a common servant.

'John,' said Mrs. Muff, 'I'll trouble you to move from there.'

John sat on, without stirring. 'Do you hear?' repeated the housekeeper. 'I want to come to the fire every minute, and how can I do so, with you planted there?'

'What a shame it is!' grumbled John, drawing himself and his chair away, for he was completely under the dominion of Mrs. Muff. 'Whoever heard of cooking a dinner the night afore you want to eat it?—except the pudding.'

'I must put things forward, and do what can be done: there will be too much left for to-morrow, even then, with all the Clavasses dining here. For I don't stop away from morning service on Christmas Day. I never did yet.'

The tiger screwed up his mouth, as if giving vent to a long whistle: taking care that no sound of it reached the ears of Mrs. Muff.

'You can take the Christmas and dress the rooms. Saving enough, mind, for the kitchen. And then, John, you can lay the cloth in the dining-room, and carry in the tea-things.'

'There's lots of time for that,' returned John. 'It has struck eight, and Mr. Castonel's letter said nine. Do as I hid you.'

She was interrupted by the sound of young voices, rising in song, outside.

'There's another set!' cried John, indignantly. 'That makes the third lot we have had here to-night.'

'When they have finished, you may look out and bring me word how many there are,' said Mrs. Muff.

John left the kitchen, his arms full of holly and ivy. Presently he came back.

'There's no less than five of them little devils.'

Mrs. Muff, with a stern reprimand, dived into her pockets, and brought forth five halfpence. 'Give them one apiece, John.'

'If it was me, now, as was missis, instead of you, I should favor 'em with a bucket of water from a up-stairs window,' was John's response, as he ungraciously took the halfpence. 'They'll only go and scold others. Suppose master and missis and the new carriage should just drive up, and find them rascallions a squeaking round the door!'

'Christmas would not be Christmas without its carols,' returned Mrs. Muff. 'I remember, the first winter you were down here, you came on the same errand to old Mr. Winninton's and got a mince-pie and a penny out of me.'

'Ah,' replied John, 'but I was a young donkey then.'

It was just ten when the carriage rolled up to the door. John flew to open it, and Mrs. Muff in her black silk gown and white apron, stood in the hall, drawing on her leather mittens. Frances, Mrs. Castonel, happy and blooming, sprang from the carriage and entered her new home. Mrs. Muff led the way to the dining-room. It looked bright and cheering, with its large fire, its blazing lamp, and well-spread table, half supper, half tea. 'I will go up-stairs first,' said the young bride, 'and take these wraps off.'

Mr. Castonel came in, a slight man of middle height, scarcely yet five-and-thirty, and the tiger followed him. 'Well, John,' said, 'how has Mr. Rice got on with the patients?'

'Pretty well, sir. None of 'em be dead, and some be well. But they have been a grumbling.'

'Grumbling! What about?'

'They say if a doctor gets married, he has no right to go away like other folks, and that this is the third time you have served 'em so. It was gouty old Flockaway said the most. He have had another attack; and he was so cranky Mr. Rice wouldn't go anigh him, and he can't bear Mr. Tuck.'

The surgeon laughed. 'What's coming in for ten, John? Some muffins, sir. And Mrs. Muff says she knows as that will be one of the best tongues you have cut into.'

'Fetch in what there is to come. It is late.'

As the tiger withdrew, Mrs. Castonel entered. Her husband's arms were open to receive her. 'Oh, Gervase,' she exclaimed, 'how kind of you to have every thing in such beautiful order for me!'

'Welcome, a thousand times welcome to your home, my love!' he whispered. 'May it ever appear to you as bright as it does now!'

Loving words; loving manner! But alas! they had been proffered before, with the same apparently earnest sincerity: once to Caroline Hall and again to sweet Ellen Leicester.

'If you don't send in them muffins, ma'am, without further delay, master says he'll know the reason why,' was the tiger's salutation to Mrs. Muff.

She was buttering them, and listening to Hannah's account of the journey, who had attended Mrs. Castonel. She turned to give him the plate, but stopped and started, for the church bells had rung out a joyous peal.

'It cannot be midnight!' she exclaimed.

'Midnight!' sarcastically echoed the tiger. 'It wants a good hour and a half o' that. There's the clock afore you.'

'Then what possesses the bells?'

'Well, you be rightly named,' returned the tiger, 'for you be a mull, a out-and-outer. Them bells is for master and missis; not for Christmas. I know. The ringers is sitting up, and heerd the carriage rattle up the street. Hark, how they are clapping the steam on! They'll think to get a double Christmas-box from master.'

Just before Mr. Castonel went to his room that night, the

bells again struck out. They were ringing-in Christmas. He stood and listened to them, a peculiar expression in his unfathomable eyes, in his passionless face, whose emotions were so completely under control. Was he speculating upon what the next year should bring forth, ere those Christmas bells should again sound? The next year! The clock struck out: he counted its strokes; Twelve! Then he took his candle and went up-stairs. And the bells began again.

'A merry Christmas to you, Frances,' he said as he entered the chamber; 'a merry Christmas, and plenty of them.'

'Thank you,' she laughed. 'I think it must be good luck to have it wished to me the moment it comes in.'

While she was speaking, a loud summons was heard at the house door. It was a messenger for Mr. Castonel from one of his best patients. He hurried out, and Mrs. Castonel composed herself to sleep.

A singular dream visited Mrs. Castonel. She thought she was sporting, in her girlhood's days, in her father's large old garden, with her companions, Caroline Hall and Ellen Leicester. How gay they were, how happy; and for the sense of present happiness was greater than ever Frances had experienced in reality; ay, although she had married where she passionately loved. They were dressed as if for a rejoicing, all in white, but the materials of her own attire appeared to be of surpassing richness. A table, laid out for feasting, was lighted by a lamp; but a lamp that gave a brilliant and unearthly light, overpowering the glare of day. The table and lamp in her own dining-room that night had probably given coloring to this part of her dream. The garden was not exactly like her father's, either; in form alone it bore a resemblance to it; it was more what Frances had sometimes imagined of Eden; flowers, birds, light, and the sensation of joyous gladness, all were to beautiful for earth.

The banquet appeared to be waiting for them, whilst they waited the presence of another. He came; and it was Gervase Castonel. He advanced with a smile for all, and beckoned them to take their places at the table. A fierce jealousy arose in Frances' heart: what business had he to smile upon the others? But, imperceptibly, the others were gone; without Frances having noticed the manner of their departure. The old happiness came back again; the ecstatic sense of bliss in the present; and she put her arm within his, to walk round that lovely garden. Then she remembered her companions, and asked Mr. Castonel where they had gone. He said he would show her; and approaching a door in the hedge, pushed it open. Frances looked out, and the fearful contrast to the lovely spot she had quitted, struck the most terrifying agony to her breast; for, beyond, all was utter darkness. She shrank back with a shudder, but Mr. Castonel, with a fiendish laugh, pushed her through, and a voice called out, 'To your doom! to your doom! If his voice it was much altered. Frances awoke with the horror, but the most heavenly music was sounding in her ears; so heavenly, that it chased away her terror, and she thought herself again in that happy garden.

She half opened her eyes; she was but half awake, and still she heard the strains of that sweet music. Had she gone to sleep, and woke up in heaven? for surely such music was never heard on earth. It was the thought that occurred to her, in her half-conscious state. The music died away in the air, and Frances sat up in bed, and rubbed her eyes, and wondered: and just then Mr. Castonel returned. 'What is it?' she cried, bewildered, 'what is it?'

'The Waits!' replied Mr. Castonel. 'What did you think it was Frances?'

'Only the Waits!' And then, with a rushing fear, came back the dreadful part of her ominous dream; and she broke into sobs, and strove to tell it him.

But these night-terrors pass away with the glare of day; sometimes pass and leave no sign, even in the remembrance.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEREIN THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER FINDS IT PROFITABLE TO BUY A LIVE TIGER.

Mr. Castonel's young footman was going along the street gaily enough, thinking of a neighboring lady's maid, whose corkscrow ringlets and taper waist had struck his fancy, when he felt himself tapped on the shoulder.

He turned, and saw a stranger. It is unnecessary to describe him. He was the same who had once before made his appearance in Elbury, to the great wonder of the wisacres.

John touched his hat. His quick eye took in the manner and bearing of the one before him, and he saw he was a gentleman bred.

'You are Mr. Castonel's servant?' said the other.

'Yes, sir.'

'I want to have some conversation with you. Can you keep a secret?'

John grinned.

'If it's worth my while, sir, I can.'

'Very well. Say nothing to any one about the matter, but call and see me, at the Three Pigeons, to-night, at eight o'clock, and I'll make it worth your while.'

'Very good, sir. Who shall I ask for?'

'Oh—yes—very well—ask for—Mr. Smith.'

'I'll come, sir.'

And they parted.

'That chap,' said John, as he pursued his way 'wants to find out something. May-be I know, and may-be I don't. I saw him before, too. If I aint mistaken I saw him come out of Beech Lodge, once on a time. There's some kind of a lark going on, I'm sure. I might tell master, but I wouldn't make much out of that, I know. Mum's the word, and make what I can.'

Before he went to fulfil his appointment with the stranger he stole up to his chamber in the garret, and from a chink behind the mantel-piece, obtained the slip of paper which he had got from his master's desk. He had an idea it might be useful. Then, after getting permission to spend a couple of hours abroad, he made his way to the Three Pigeons.

'Is there a Mr. Smith staying here?' he asked of the landlord.

'Yes—he left word if any one called, they were to be sent to his room—It's the Blue Parlor, on the first floor. You know the way.'

John found his way there, and on knocking, was admitted. The stranger was there. John stood hat in hand.

'Take that chair, and seat yourself,' said Mr. Smith. John hesitated.

'Be seated,' John obeyed, and the stranger locked the door.

'Now, young man, there is a sovereign. I want to ask a few questions.'

'Yes, sir—thank you, sir.'

'Are you curious about your master's affairs?'

'Me, sir—oh, no sir.'

'You never peer into his drawers, or examine his letters, when he is away?'

John felt his face burn, from the words and under the gaze of the stranger, but he managed to stammer out a denial.

'Don't lie. I have paid you for the truth. Haven't you a letter now that don't belong to you?'

John looked alarmed.

'Don't be frightened. No harm will come to you. Speak out.'

'I haven't any letter, sir—only a bit of an envelope, that—that I picked up. There is nothing on that—only the name of Lady Lavinia.'

'Ha! what do you know of Lady Lavinia?'

'Nothing, sir—only it's on the paper.'

'Let me see it.'

John produced it, as though it were burning his fingers. The strange face brightened as he saw it.

'Where is the rest?' he asked.

'I don't know, sir.'

The stranger produced another sovereign, and laid it on the table before him.

'It's in master's desk, I think.'

'Very good—take the money. There are two other letters like the rest of this. Produce the whole three here, and I'll make those two sovereigns twenty.'

'But, if they're there, sir, they're locked up.'

'Can you pick a lock?'

'No, sir.'

'Your education has been shamefully neglected. Can you take an impression in wax of the key-hole?'

'No sir.'

'Well—I'll show you how. Do that, and I'll have a key made.'

The stranger took some wax, and taught John how to fit the key.

'Now' he said, 'can you do it?'

'I think I can, sir.'

'Very good. Take the key-hole—not of the desk, but of the secretary, and leave it here. Call here, in a week, and you will find a note for you, with a key enclosed. When you bring me the letters, I will give you twenty pounds. Do not fail, or this scrap of paper may give you trouble. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir—I'll do it, sir.'

'Very well; you may go. But first listen.' And he gave John some special instructions.

John slipped off as expeditiously as possible. He was rather frightened, but saw that he was in the stranger's power. To be sure, he might confess all to Mr. Castonel. He was not sure of his treatment in that case, and then—the twenty-pounds. That last weighty argument decided him.

'It's worth trying,' he said.

He did try, and succeeded. The stranger was as good as his word. In a week's time the key was ready.

John watched his time. One day Mr. Castonel was called to visit a patient, at a distance. Mr. Rice was away, so was Mr. Tuck. There was a deal of sickness just then. John slid into the laboratory so soon as his master was gone. It was nearly dark, and he was about to approach the desk, when he heard the footsteps of his master returning. He crouched down behind a couple of boxes, in one corner.

Mr. Castonel glanced around, and went to his desk. The key was in the lock.

'A pretty trick,' said the surgeon. He opened the desk, took out a packet, and went to his secretary. He unlocked this, deposited the papers, and put the key in his pocket. Then he went out, and locked the laboratory door.

John was not much annoyed at that. He could readily shove back the catch from the inside, and he knew he could lock it again, for Mr. Castonel always left the laboratory key on the sill above the door. But time was precious. He opened the secretary, found what he sought, abstracted the letters from their envelopes, and substituted blank sheets of paper therefor, as he had been, directed to do by the stranger. He managed to open the door, found the key where he expected it would be, and locked the laboratory again. It was now dark, and he soon made his way to the Three Pigeons.

The stranger received the stolen letters with a satisfied smile, read them over with apparent satisfaction, and then quietly held them in the flame of the candle till they lighted, threw them on the hearth and watched them until they were entirely consumed.

'There is your money,' he said to John.

The latter pocketed the bribe with all the greater satisfaction that the evidence of his guilt had been destroyed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

REMORSE OF A MURDERER.

'From an obscure aisle in the church, I beheld the solemn service; soon on the field of death the pale stiff corpse lowered into its narrow cell, and hoping to exhaust sorrow's bitter cup, at night, when all mankind hushed its griefs, went back to my friend's final resting-place, lay down upon his silent grave, and watered with my tears the fresh raised hollow mound. In vain! Nor my tears nor my sorrows could avail. No offerings nor penance could purchase me repose. Wherever I went, the beginning of our friendship and its issue still alike arose in view; the fatal spot of blood, still danced before my steps, and the reeking dagger hovered before my aching eyes. In the silent darkness of the night, I saw the pale phantom of my friend stalk round my watchful couch, covered with gore and dust; and even during the unavailing riots of the day, I still beheld the spectre rise over the festive board, glare on me with piteous look, and hand me whatever I attempted to reach. But whatever it presented, seemed blasted by its touch. To my wine it gave the taste of blood, and to my bread the rank flavor of death.—Hops A.—'

The London Review says:—'Every one who knows what lies beneath the surface of continental society, must be aware that the red Republican party is a snake which has been scotched, but not killed.'

ON KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD, AND ON THE WORLD'S GETTING BETTER.

Probably knowledge of the world, in its wisest and healthiest development, is not often exhibited by writers in states of society in which there do not exist at once a tolerant freedom of opinion, if not of institutions—as the former freedom, at least, existed in France even under the old regime—and the polished language which that opinion acquires from the converse of a class raised above the mercantile business of life.

Fine institutions necessarily tend to the wider range and securer privilege of free opinions. The Greek eunatrid or the Roman patrician, who had to court the votes of his plebe, or of his clients, could not fail to acquire a large and liberal acquaintance, not only with the selfish interests, but with the nobler motive-springs of impassioned multitudes, such as is shown in Thucydides or Cicero; and as all knowledge becomes, as it were, atmospheric, and, once admitted into the common air of a place, is generally inhaled; so even poets, aloof from the arena of politicians, caught that generous influence from the very breath they draw in, and express it in their pages. But still the tone of a society refined by aristocratic distinctions, is apparent in the elegance with which the classic writers utter the sentiments popular with the crowd.

But if, in forms of government which exclude free political institutions, though admitting great latitude of literary speech, knowledge of the world is apt to become too narrowed to that of a privileged circle, so, on the other hand, in forms of government so popular as to exclude admitted differences of rank, I know of no writers in whom knowledge of the world is a conspicuous attribute. The United States of America have produced authors remarkable for number and excellence, considering the briefness of period during which the American Republic has existed—remarkable even for national originality, considering the disadvantage of writing in a language appropriated already to enduring masterpieces in the parent State. But while in science and in philosophical discussion, in theology, in poetry, and in prose fiction, democratic America is rich in works which command just admiration, the main fault of her authorship, and indeed of her statesmanship, in dealing with foreign countries, has been the want of that comity—that ineffable urbane wisdom which has its expression in good-breeding, and without which knowledge of the world has the air of a clever attorney in sharp practice. The absence of a fixed and permanent order of refined society, with its smile at the bombast and baldness that captivate the vulgar, seems to lessen the quick perception of genius to the boundaries between good taste and bad; so that, when I read the printed orations of American statesmen, I find a sentence of which a Grecian might have been proud, followed by a tawdry clapnet of which even a Hunt would have been ashamed. The poets of this grand Anglo-Saxon family, escaping from the popular life, and following the muse in the retirement of their groves or their closets, eliminate from their graceful verse knowledge of the world altogether; they often philosophize on man in the abstract, but they neither depict in their drama nor adorn in their lyrics, nor moralize, in their didactic vein, upon the actual world, which the ideal world surrounds with a purer atmosphere, but from which it draws up the particles it incorporates in its rays of light, or the vapors it returns in dews. Shakespeare places alike a Miranda and a Stephano in the enchanted Isle which has Caliban and Ariel for its dwellers; and Horace invokes now a Tyndaris, now a Mæcenas, to the cool of the valley resonant with the pipe of Faunus.

Perhaps, of all American writers, in Washington Irving the polite air of the man of the European world is the most seen; but then, of all American writers, Washington Irving is the one who most sedulously imitated, and most happily caught, the spirit of European writers formed under aristocratic as well as popular influences; of all American writers he is thus the least American. In fact, European life, whether among the ancient, as in Athens or Rome, or among the modern civilized races, struggles perpetually for the political ascendancy of the people, but ever also seeks to preserve a superior social influence to a class in which the sense of honor is an ancestral duty—the observance of polished manners a traditional charge. And if ever, in any one of the great nations of Europe, such a class should wholly disappear, that nation will lose its distinctive European character.

Knowledge of the world, in its widest signification, is the knowledge of civilized humanity; and its artistic expression will be consummate in proportion as its range comprehends what is most general in humanity, and its tone represents what is most refined in civilized manners. By knowledge of the world we mean something more than knowledge of a class, whether the class comprise the idlers of May Fair or the operatives of Manchester. But in the mind of a great artist selecting either May Fair or Manchester for his scene and his characters, there is no demagogue's hatred of idlers, and no coxcomb's contempt of workmen. Both classes represent sections of humanity which go back to the earliest date of human records, and may possibly endure to its last.

I started with saying that knowledge of the world, where the world's condition is not unhealthful, though it may be below the average morality of sages, and must comprehend a survey of error, vice, crime, as well as of truth, virtue, innocence, does not necessarily vitiate the student of it, any more than the study of the human frame vitiates the pathologist. Only where the society to which the range of the observer is confined is thoroughly corrupt would it, almost of necessity, infect the moral health of its philosophical student, whether by acquiescence in its example, as would be the case with natures too yielding and soft, or by scorn and wrath at the example, as would be the case with natures too irascible and severe. For, as I have before said, however justly provoked scorn and wrath may be, no mind can be habitually in a state of scorn and wrath without some deterioration of the qualities essential to virtue. (*Iræ, pessimus consultor.*) It would be difficult to reconcile any notions or theories of human goodness with creeds from which indulgence, charity, tolerance, philanthropy, are excluded as unworthy compromises with human evil.

Now, our world at this epoch, though I do not desire to flatter, is certainly not one which would justify Thales in bidding farwell to it. If we consult history in an unprejudiced, unsuperstitious spirit, I do not think we shall find

that the world, regarded as a whole, has ever been much better than it is now, and in many important respects it has been much worse. I speak more especially of the world in my own country, which at this moment is certainly a more humane, peaceable, orderly, moral, decorous, yet good-natured world, than it ever seems to have been, from the date of the last George up to that of the first William. If I look back to the chronicles of the eighteenth century—nay, if I look back only so far as the year in which I left college—I am startled at the visible improvement. I do not say those rare individuals who stand forth as the landmarks of time were not possibly much greater, and, considering the temptations that begirt them, much better than individuals now-a-days. I honor the reverence to noble tombs too implicitly to believe that any living great man can equal a dead great man. A dead great man is a shined ideal of excellence; a living great man is a struggling fellow-mortal. The one is Hercules assailed from mortal stain when separated from mortal labor, who has ascended from the fire-pile to the Nectar Hall of Olympus; but the other is the Hercules who, if at one time he is valiantly slaying Hydras, and calmly leaving the very Powers of Orcus, is seen at another time the effeminate slave of Omphale, or the frenzied murderer of Iphigenia. But the progress of society has very fallacious milestones in the monuments we erect to apotheosised individuals. Whatever my admiration for Alexander—and, in spite of Mr. Grote, it is intense—Alexander's march through Asia affords me no gleam of intelligence as to the advance of his Macedonian people in the theories of political government or ethical doctrine.

What I see in England, comparing this century with the last—or comparing even the date in which I now write with the date in which I wrote first—is the advancement of numbers, the more general culture of intellect, the milder constructions of law, the greater tenderness to suffering and erring humanity, the more decent respect to domestic sanctities, the more intellectual—not unreasoning—acquiescence in religious truths. And, therefore, looking at the world as reflected in the microcosm of my own country,—through all gradations of society, from the palace to the cottage—and through all sections of opinion, from that of the pulpit to that of a club,—it seems to me that a writer of our day and land, aspiring to fame for knowledge of the world, would view that world not with the abhorrence of Juvenal, not with the despair of venerable Bede, but with an indulgent a charity as that which makes Shakespeare and Goethe so lovably mild and so genially wise. Still the world is the world—and it is not Utopia. Even in our own England, no doubt, there is much that is very bad, and we varnish it over by what in vernacular vulgarity is called 'cant,' while out of England there are many things which revolt our English preconceived opinions.

There is therefore quite enough material left for either Muse, the tragic or the comic—quite enough left for the grave reproof of philosophy, or the light ridicule of satire. But the writer in either of these developments of his natural genius who shall seek to win general and permanent repute for his knowledge of the world we live in, will find that the same greater mildness of manners which would render us shocked at the judgments our courts of law passed on offenders a century ago, would also indispose us to allow to writers the truculent sentences upon human error which then were considered the just denunciation of outraged virtue.

Whether the world be better, as I believe, or worse, as some fond worshippers of the past maintain, it is quite clear that the world does not nowadays think it can be improved by the old-fashioned modes of hanging, and branding, and pillorying, or of scolding and scolding and snubbing, which it so cheerfully accepted as salutary mortifications from the hands and tongues of our ancestors.

And in the writer to whom we accord knowledge of the world in this our day of it, we shall expect to find that large toleration which has grown out of a wisdom more lenient, and that well-bred urbanity of tone which succeeds to the boorishness of vituperation, in proportion as the refinement of intellectual and social culture has become more diffused throughout the various ranks of the public.—*Bulwer, in Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE AUTUMN STEEPLE CHASES.

The Hamilton Autumn Steeple Chase meeting took place on Friday and Saturday of last week, 2nd and 3rd of October. The locality chosen was the course on the other side of the Bay, the same that was used last year.

FIRST DAY—FRIDAY.

The first race to come off was THE GARRISON STEEPLE CHASE, For horses the property of officers quartered in Upper Canada. Three dollars each. Two dollars entrance additional, with \$50 added. Weight, 12 stone. The second horse to save his stake. Two miles. Mr. Swinhoe's R. B., ch g Skirmisher, aged, 12 st, violet body and cap, white hoop—owner. 1 Capt. Lockhart's, R. B., gr g Jabez Dollar, aged, 12 st, black jacket and cap. 2 Major Buller's R. B., ch m Miss Kate, aged, 12 st, pink body, blue sleeves—Mr. Arbutnot, R. B. 3 Mr. Vaughan Williams, R. B., ch g Lancebearer, aged, 12 st, black body, green sleeves—owner. 4 In this race Skirmisher came in first and Miss Kate second. Both Lancebearer and Jabez Dollar fell, and neither of them passed the post. The second race was the RESIDENT'S STEEPLE CHASE.

For horses the property of owners within 30 miles of Hamilton. Three dollars each. Two dollars entrance additional, with \$40 added. Weight—4 years old, 10 st. 12 lbs., 5 years old, 11 st., 8 lbs.; 6 years old and aged, 12 st. The second horse to save his stake. Two miles. Mr. J. Hendrie's b g Doncaster, by Sherry Cobbler, 5 years, 11 st 8 lbs, blue body, black cap—owner. 1 Mr. Swinhoe's, R. B., ch g Skirmisher, aged, 12 st, violet body and cap, white hoop—owner. 2 Mr. Erskine Irving, names, ch g Border Chief, by Sherry Cobbler, 5 years, 11 st 8 lbs., blue body, amber sleeves. 3 Mr. Mullin's ch g George, 5 years, 11 st, 8 lbs, black body, crimson sleeves and cap—Lt. Knollys, R. A. 4 Mr. James White's b h Touchstone, by Lapidist, 4 years, 10 st 12 lbs. 5

Mr. W. Hendrie's ch g Riddleman, (late Prince Patrick) 5 years, 11 st 8 lbs, black body, white cap. 6 l. by Doncaster.

The third and fourth races on the programme—the Welter Steeple Chase, open to all horses, and the Farmer's Steeple Chase, for horses the property of farmers resident within ten miles from Hamilton—did not fill.

SECOND DAY—SATURDAY.

THE WENTWORTH STEEPLE CHASE

Is the first—for horses the property of civilians residing in the Counties of Wentworth, Halton, Brant and Lincoln. Three dollars each. Two dollars additional, with \$10 added. The second horse to save his own stake—Weight 11 st. One and a half miles. The following horses were entered:

- Mr. Mullin's ch g George, 5 years, 11 st 8 lbs., black body, crimson sleeves and cap.
Mr. Judd's b g Charley, aged, 11 st., black and red, with red cap.
Mr. Hamilton's br m, Bessy Bedlam, aged, blue jacket, red sleeves, blue and red cap.
Mr. Jas. White's b h Touchstone, by Lapidist, 4 years, 11 st, violet body, with white hoop.
Mr. W. Hendrie's ch g Riddleman, 5 years, 11 st, black body, white cap.
Mr. Erskine Irving names ch g Border Chief 5 years, 11 st, blue body, amber sleeves.

A fair start was made, but a short distance soon made a scattering. Before the first half mile was made, the rider of Charley fell off, and was afterwards nowhere in the race.—George shied at the hurdles, and finally bolted, so that the competitors were reduced to four. The race was not exciting. All were close together, Bessy Bedlam leading slightly, with the others at her heels. In this position they reached the last hurdle but one, and it seemed as if Bessy was sure of the race, but unfortunately she went down at the hurdle, pitching her rider clear overhead, and the distance to the goal was too short to attempt a renewal of the contest. Riddleman now took the lead about two lengths, and maintained it throughout. Border Chief followed, beating Touchstone about a neck. The race was well contested, notwithstanding only half the field came in to the winning post.

OPEN STEEPLE CHASE,

For all horses. Seven dollars each. Three dollars entrance additional, with \$100 added. Weight, 4 years old, 10 st. 12 lbs.; 5 years old 11 st. 8 lbs.; 6 years old, and aged, 12 st. The second horse to save his stake. Two miles. Six horses were entered for this race, but only four started, Touchstone and Border Chief having been withdrawn. The following are the names of the running horses:

- Mr. J. Hendrie's b g Doncaster, by Sherry Cobbler, 5 years, 11 st. 8 lbs, blue body, black cap—owner.
Mr. Swinhoe's, R. B., ch g Skirmisher, aged, 12 st., violet body and cap, white hoop—owner.
Mr. Vaughan Williams, R. B., ch g Lancebearer, by the Cossack, aged, 12 st, black body, green sleeves—owner.
Mr. A. Smith's br g Brown Dick, aged, 12 st, 7 lbs black, with white sleeves and hoop—owner.

This race was the finest race run during the two days' sport, and the only one in which there was no accident; it was very exciting from the start, from the fact that the pace with which Brown Dick compelled the other competitors to take was so severe that no one expected he would be able to hold good to the end of the race; but in that they were disappointed, though all the horses in the race were old tried veterans. Doncaster was the only one able to keep within distance, and in our judgment Mr. Hendrie may well be proud to own so good a horse as Doncaster. Brown Dick came in first, heading Doncaster about two lengths; Skirmisher third, and Lancebearer last.

CONSOLATION STEEPLE CHASE,

For beaten horses. Post entry. Weight the same as in Resident's race. Two dollars each, with \$20 added. One and a half miles.

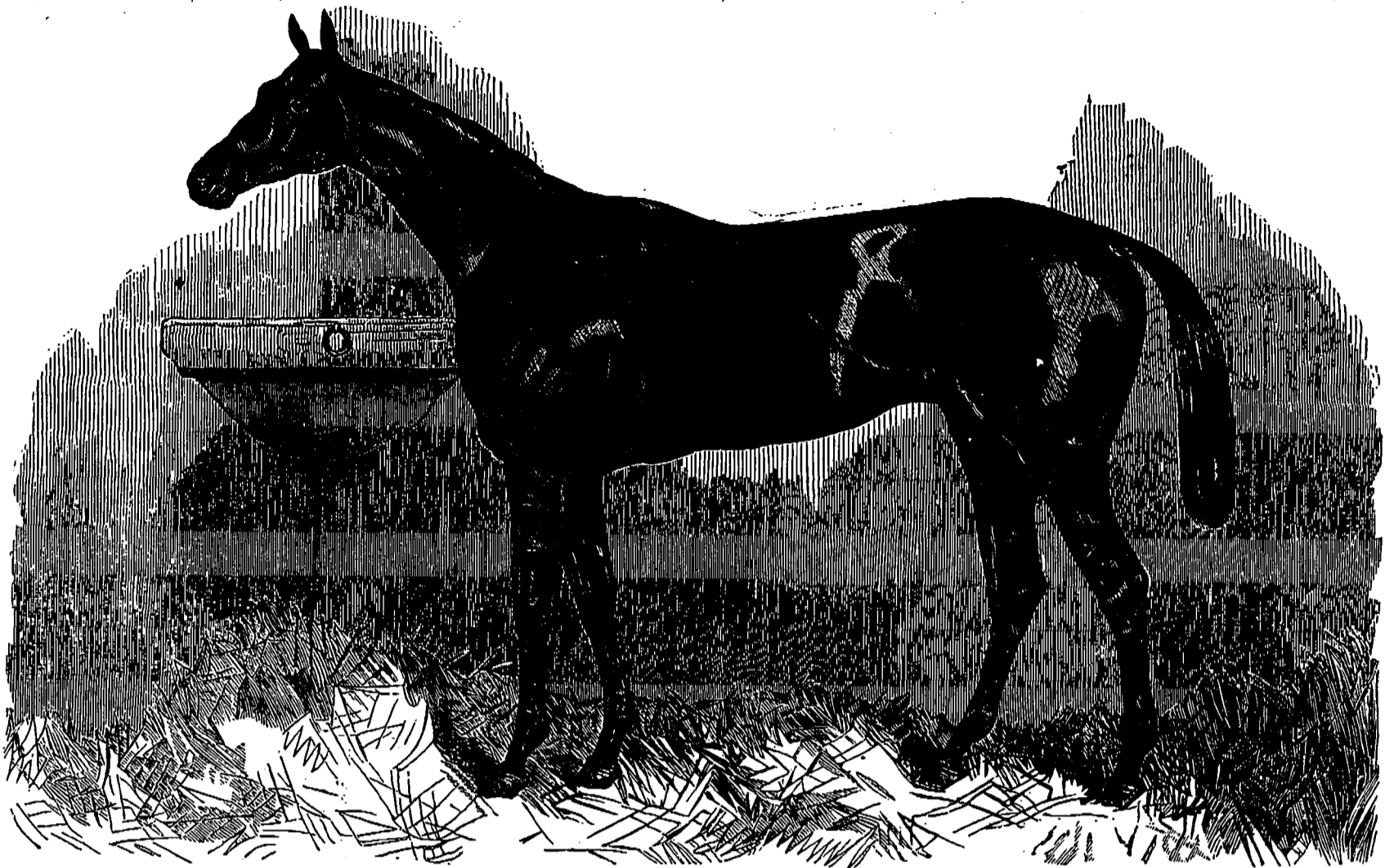
The entries for this race were Major Buller's Miss Kate, Mr. Hamilton's Bessy Bedlam, and Capt. Lockhart's Jabez Dollar. The horses went off well together, and kept so until at the second hurdle Jabez bolted, and was unable to make up his lost ground. The race was therefore between the two others, and a very close and well contested one it was. Bessy Bedlam passed the first half mile first, and this position was maintained until the rider of the former, in his eagerness, passed inside the stake, and had to turn back.—This mischance decided the race. Miss Kate kept on the true course, and Bessy was unable to shorten the huge gap between, and therefore came in second, Jabez being a third.

SCURRY STEEPLE CHASE,

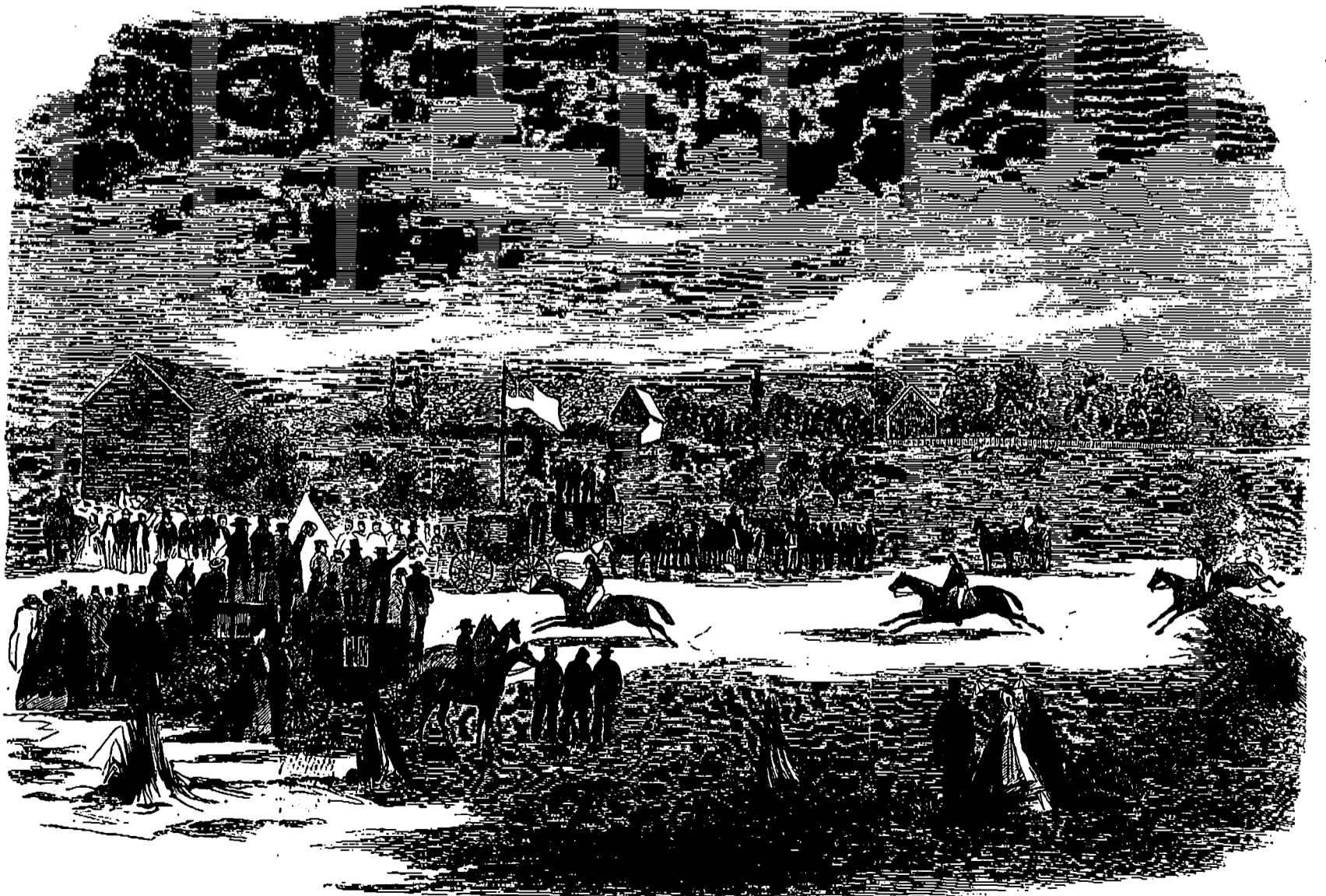
Open to all horses on the ground. Post entry. Two dollars each, with \$10 added. Catch weights. Two miles.

There were four entries for the Scurry—Mr. Wink's Annie Laurie, Mr. Smith's Truckson, Mr. Judd's Charley, and Mr. E. Irving's Border Chief. This race was a good illustration of the uncertainty of steeple chasing. During nearly the whole of the first mile Border Chief kept ahead, Annie Laurie following closely, and the others not far off, until after crossing the 'bank,' when Charley's rider fell, and Border Chief went inside the flag, in consequence of which he had to make a wide sweep and thus lost ground. Annie Laurie then forged a head, followed by Truckson and Charley (the rider of which had regained his seat), Border Chief bringing up the rear. Unfortunately for the latter, just after passing the first mile he came in contact with a buggy, which stood in the way, and threw his rider heavily. He was therefore counted out, The race was now between Annie Laurie and Truckson, Charley being a long way behind. The little mare did her *devoirs* gallantly, and came in winner.

This concluded the two days' sport, and we can say it was heartily enjoyed by all the spectators. Notwithstanding the numerous falls that took place there was no one hurt, and everything went off satisfactorily. The arrangements were excellent, thanks to the gentlemen who had charge of them, and the whole from beginning to end was an entire success.



BROWN DICK.—WINNER OF THE \$150 STAKE.



SCENE AT THE AUTUMN STEEPLE CHASE MEETING, HAMILTON.

We give here a view of White's Block, the most elegant building on the north side of King Street. It is situated about mid-way between James Street and Hughson Street; and being one story higher than those on each side of it, is quite conspicuous among them at a distance. It is the property of John White, Esq., M. P. P. for the neighbouring county of Halton. It was built, we believe, in 1853-4. The front is of fine cut stone, from the mountain along the southern boundary of the city, and shows much beauty of design; being in fact the principal ornament of the side of the street on which it stands. Mr. Melville, now of the firm of Edgar & Melville, was the architect and carpenter. The mason work was done by Messrs. Scarth & Firth.

There are four shops on the street floor, one with two windows and three with one window each. Each window is of six pieces of heavy plate glass, four in front, and two at the side; and cost \$50 each piece. It is a singular circumstance that the glass used for these windows was the third invoice that had been bought for the building. Two separate and complete consignments of plate glass were in the voyage of transportation broken up and rendered useless for the purpose intended. At last Mr. Thos. White, (brother of the proprietor,) went to New York, purchased the glass from an importing house there, and by personal superintendence of every change and transhipment, succeeded in getting it safely laid down on the spot where it was wanted.

The business situation of the shops in this building is good; and there have been but very few changes of tenants in them from the first. The first shop to the east is the large and fashionable dry goods establishment of Mr. Murray, next is Mr. Eastwood's well known book and stationery shop, and next to that the shop of Mr. D. B. McDonald, chemist and druggist. The shop at the western extremity of the block is occupied as an oyster and fruit store, by Mr. J. McCarthy, formerly Taylor and Grannis. The office of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is also in this building; up stairs.

PARTIALITY.—There are some people that must never be blamed; and again there are some that must never be praised. There is a sort of stepmotherish disposition running through all the world. God alone is no respecter of persons. Every one of us is conscious that some people can do to us or to ours, with impunity, things which, were another to attempt them, would anger us in an instant. It is "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated," from generation to generation. In the household, in society, in the business and the literary world, it is all the same. One must be lauded and loved for everything, another for nothing. At home, while the children are little, the disposition is seen—there is a pet and there is a scapegoat in almost every family. Among the grown-up sons and daughters, and brothers and sisters, it is still the same. "What do you mean by such conduct, you wicked Esau?"—"It was not I, but Jacob that did it!"—"Oh! very well. I don't think there is any harm done, after all." This is the way. Sometimes it is the wife, sometimes the husband, that must be blamed. No matter what the favorite does, if a reflecting word is uttered, somebody is angry and ready

for a fight. You must bear anything and everything from the favorite, and never presume to complain—for how can the favorite be wrong? He will not be found so, you may depend on that; and you will yourself meet with the condemnation which you think that he deserves. You will find it your cheapest way to suffer in silence if the favorite has injured you. Life, as well as the household, has its favorites; and it is in vain for any to seek for justice against them. They must not be blamed, nor shamed, nor thwarted; they must be allowed to help themselves to the lion's share of everything.—*Milward.*

A STORY FOR THE MAN IN THE MOON.—There is a story told by the Rev. Josiah Crampton of an eccentric friend, who insisted that the moon was none other than the "Heavenly Jerusalem" destined, according to the literal reading of the Book of Revelation, to come down upon the earth at the last day. On my modestly hinting that the appearance of the moon at present did not seem to resemble the city described in the Apocalypse, he exclaimed loudly and energetically—"No my dear friend; that is the very point—that is the reason why I have come to the conclusion. This side, it is true, is barren, but the Heavenly Jerusalem is on the other side, purposely concealed from us until the time comes."

SIR CHARLES WOOD ON CRINOLINE.—Sir Charles Wood, in proposing the health of the ladies at the Sheffield Cutlers' Feast, sensibly said: "It seems to me that the trade of Sheffield has undergone a great change of late. The town used to be celebrated for weapons of offensive warfare; now it seems to have entirely taken the defensive line. The Mayor does nothing but provide defensive armor for the waists of our ships, and the Master Cutler tells me I don't know how much steel he furnishes for defensive armor for the waists of the ladies. (Laughter.) I suppose that that mode of defensive armor was invented here because the charms of the ladies were irresistible, and the gentlemen were too enterprising to be withstood without some such defence. (Loud laughter, and "Oh, oh.") I entirely agree with all that your worthy neighbor said on this subject, that it is most desirable that those defensive measures should be somewhat diminished. ("Oh, oh.") I don't mean to say they should be rendered less effective for the purpose for which they were invented—(laughter)—but I believe the ladies could be rendered quite as safe and less inconvenient to their neighbors." (Renewed laughter.)

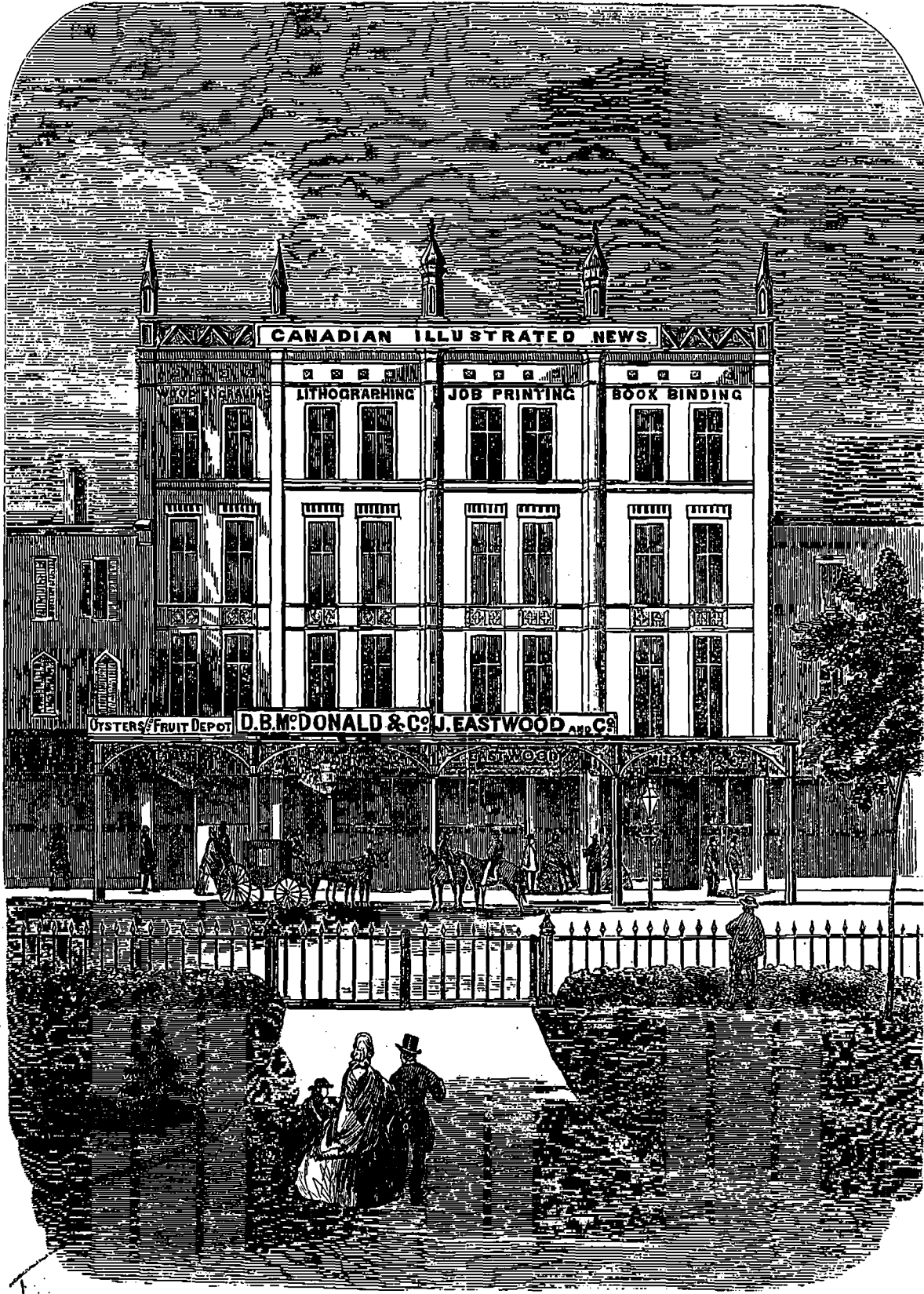
To be poor without being free, is the worst state into which man can fall.

A COMMON FOIBLE.—You don't much mind being only a commonplace man in all other respects, if only there be one respect in which you can fondly believe you are superior to every one else. A very little will suffice. A man is taller than anybody else in town or parish; he has longer hair; he can walk faster; he is the first person who ever crossed the new bridge, when the Queen passed near she bowed to him individually; he was the earliest in the neighborhood who got the perforated postage stamps; he has the swiftest horse in the district; he has the largest cabbages; he has the oldest watch; one Smith spells his name as no other Smith was ever known to do. It is quite wonderful how it is possible for men to find reason for cherishing in their heart a deep seated belief, that in something or other they stand on a higher platform than all the remainder of mankind. Few men live who do not imagine that in some respect they stand alone in the world, or stand first. I have seen people quite proud of the unexamined disease under which they were suffering. It was none of the common maladies that the people round about suffered from. I have known a countrywoman boast, with undisguised elation, that the doctor had more difficulty in pulling her tooth than he ever had before in the case of mortal man. There is not a little country parish in Britain but its population are persuaded that in several respects, and for several reasons, it is quite the most important in the Empire.—[*Frazers Magazine*]

In the middle of the road between Niagara and Queenstown there stands an old oak tree, which possesses considerable historical interest from a tradition connected with it. It is, that in one of his pedestrian excursions to the Falls, the Bard of Erin sat down under its wide spreading branches, and composed the 'Wood

pecker tapping.' It goes by the name of 'Tom Moore's Oak.' It is gradually yielding to the destroyer of all things, has lost all appearance of vitality, and is fast becoming a bare, verdureless ruin.

Courtiers are like jugglers; they confederate with knaves to impose on fools.



WHITE'S BLOCK, KING STREET, HAMILTON.

A NEW PLANET DISCOVERED.—Mr. James C. Watson, of Ann Arbor, Mich., writes to the Detroit Free Press: "I have the pleasure to inform you that I discovered a new planet on the morning of the 15th Sept. Its right ascension is fifty-nine minutes, (time,) and its declination nine degrees and 50 minutes north. The motion indicates that the new planet belongs to the group between Mars and Jupiter. It shines like a star of the tenth magnitude."

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

There is a lonely mill close beside the little hamlet of Udorf, near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hersel and Ursel, on the left bank below Bonn. This mill is said to have been the scene of the following story: It was on a Sunday morning, 'ages ago,' that the miller of this mill, and his whole family, went forth to hear the holy mass at the nearest church, in the village of Hersel. The mill which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant girl named Hannechen, or Jenny, a stout-hearted lass, who had long lived with him in that capacity. An infant child, of an age unfit for church, was left in her charge likewise. The girl was busily employed in preparing dinner for the master and his family, when who should enter all of a sudden but an old sweetheart of hers, named Heinrich Botteler. He was an idle graceless fellow, whom the miller had forbidden his house, but whom Jenny, with amiable perversity of her sex, only liked, perhaps all the better, because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him, and she told him so, too; and although in the midst of her work she not only got him something to eat at once, but also found time to sit down with him and have a gossip, while he dispatched the food she set before him. As he ate, however, he let fall his knife.

'Pick that up, my lass,' said he, in a joking way, to the good-natured girl.

'Nay, Heinrich,' she replied, 'your back should be more supple than mine, for you have less work to make it stiff. I labor all day long, and you do nothing. But, never mind! 'twould go hard with me an' I refused to do more than that for you, had though you be.'

This was spoken half sportively, and half in good earnest, for kind hearted as the girl was, and much as she liked the scape-grace, she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage and approve of idleness and a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her. She stooped down accordingly, to pick up the knife. As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, gripping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming the while.

'Now, lass,' said he, swearing out a bad oath at the same time, 'where is your master's money; I'll have that or your life; so take your choice.'

The terrified girl would fain have parleyed with the ruffian but he would hear nothing she could say.

'Master's money or your life, lass?' was all the answer he vouchsafed to her entreaties and adjurations. 'Choose at once,' was the only alternative he offered her; 'the grave or the gold!'

She saw there was no hope of mercy at his hands; and, as she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the generosity of her gentle sex, she was timid at trifles; a scratch was a subject of fear to her; a drop of blood caused her to faint; any unwonted sound filled her soul with fear in the night. But when her energies were aroused by any adequate cause, she proved, as her sex had never done, that in courage, in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resources in emergency, she far surpassed the bravest and coolest men.

'Well, well, Heinrich,' she said, resignedly, 'what is to be, must be. But if you take the money, I shall even go along with ye. This will be no home for me any more. But ease your gripe of my neck a little—don't squeeze so hard; I can't move, you lug me so tight; and I can't stir, you cannot get the money—that's clear, you know. Besides, timpresses; and if it be done at all, it must be done quickly, as the family will shortly be back from Hersel.'

The ruffian relaxed his gripe, and finally let go his hold. Her reasons were all cogent with his cupidity.

'Come,' she said; 'quick, quick!—no delay: the money is in master's bedroom.'

She tripped up stairs, gaily as a lark; he following closely at her heels. She led the way into her master's bedroom, and pointed out the coffer in which his money was secured.

'Here she said, 'wrench it open at once; and while you are tying the money up, I shall just step upstairs to my own apartment, and get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little savings for the last five years.'

The ruffian was thrown off his guard by her openness and apparent anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists, he deceived himself, when self-deceit was most certain to be his destruction.

'Go, lass,' was all he said; 'but be not long. This job will be done in a twinkling.'

She disappeared at the words. He immediately broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rummaging its contents. As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in the contemplation of his prey, and eagerly occupied in securing it on his person, the brave-hearted girl stole down the stairs on tip-toe. Creeping softly along the passages, she speedily gained the door of the chamber unseen by him and likewise unheard. It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key in the wards and lock him in. This done, she rushed forth to the outer door of the mill, and gave the alarm.

'Fly, fly!' she shrieked to the child, her master's little boy, an infant five years old, the only being within sight or sound of her. 'Fly, fly to thy father! fly on your life! Tell him we shall all be murdered an' he haste not back. Fly, fly!'

The child, who was at play before the door, at once obeyed the energetic command of the brave girl, and sped as fast as his tiny legs could carry him on the road by which he knew his parents would return from the church. Hannechen cheered him onward, and inspired his little heart as he ran.

'Bless thee, boy—bless thee!' she exclaimed, in the gladness of her heart. 'An' master arrives in time, I will offer up a taper on the altar of our blessed lady of Kreuzberg, by Bonn.'

She sat down on the stone bench by the mill door to ease her over-excited spirit; and she wept, as she sat, at the thought of her happy deliverance.

'Thank God!' she ejaculated, 'thank God for this escape. Oh, the deadly villain!—and I so fond of him, too!'

A shrill whistle from the grated window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Heinrich, caught her ear, and made her start at once to her feet.

'Diether! Diether!' she heard him shout, 'catch the child and come hither! I am fast. Come hither. Bring the boy here, and kill the girl!'

She glanced hastily up at the casement from which the imprisoned villain's hand beckoned to some one in the distance, and then looked anxiously after her infant emissary. The little messenger held on his way unharmed, however; and she thought to herself that the alarm was a false one, raised to excite her fear, and overcome her resolution. Just, however, as the child reached a hollow spot in the next field—the channel of a natural drain, then dry with the heats of summer—she saw another ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and, catching him in his arms, hasten toward the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived her danger, and in a moment more she formed her future plan of proceeding.—Retreating into the mill, she double locked and bolted the door—the only apparent entrance to the edifice, every other means of obvious access to the interior being barred by means of strong iron gratings fixed against all the windows, and then took her post at an upper casement, determined to await patiently either her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if it were inevitable.

'Never,' said she to herself, 'never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villains, or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes, by them, while I have life and strength to defend it.'

She had barely time to secure herself within when the ruffian from without, holding the hapless child with one hand and a long, sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks and curses and imprecations of the most dreadful character.

'Confound thee,' he cried, applying the foulest epithets of which the free speaking Teutonic languages are so copious, 'open the door, or I'll break it in on ye.'

'If you can you may,' was all the noble girl replied.

'God is greater than you, and in Him I put my trust.'

'Cut the brat's throat!' roared the imprisoned ruffian above; 'that will bring her to reason.'

Stout hearted as poor Hannechen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered; but it was only for a moment. She saw that her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and she knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that the life of the infant would be spared by her compliance. It was to risk all against nothing. Like a discreet girl, she consequently held fast in her resolve to abide as she was while life remained, or until assistance should reach her.

'An' ye not open the door,' shouted the villain from without, accompanying his words with the vilest abuse and the fiercest imprecations, 'I'll hack this whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife, and then burn the mill over your head. 'Twill be a merry blaze, I trow.'

'I put my trust in God,' replied the dauntless girl; 'never shall ye set your foot within these walls whilst I have life to prevent ye.'

The ruffian laid the infant for a moment on the sward as he sought for combustibles wherewith to execute his latter threat. In this search he espied, perhaps, the only possible clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and the machinery of the mill, and was a point entirely unprotected, for the reason that the simple occupants had never supposed it feasible for any one to seek admission through such a dangerous inlet. Blinded with his discovery, the ruffian returned to the infant, and tying the hands and feet of the child, threw it on the ground even as a butcher will fling a lamb destined for the slaughter, to await his time for slaying. He then stole back to the aperture, by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unseen by the dauntless girl within. In the meanwhile her mind was busied with a thousand cogitations. She clearly perceived that no means would be left untried to effect an entrance, and she knew that on the exclusion of her foe depended her own existence. A thought struck her.

'It is Sunday,' said she to herself; 'the mill never works on the Sabbath; suppose I set the mill a going now? It can be seen afar off; and haply my master, or some of his neighbors, wondering at the sight, may haste hither to know the cause. A lucky thought,' she exclaimed; 'tis God sent it to me.'

No sooner said than done. Being all her life accustomed to mill gear, it was but the work of a moment to set the machinery in motion. A brisk breeze which sprang up, as it were by the special interposition of Providence, at once set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle; the smaller gear turned and creaked and groaned, according as they came into action—the mill was in full operation. It was in that very instant that the ruffian Diether had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall, and getting safely lodged in the interior of the great drum-wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable when he began to be whirled about with its rotation and found that his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from his perilous situation were fruitless. His cries were most appalling; his shrieks were truly fearful; his curses and imprecations were horrible to hear. Hannechen hastened to the spot, and saw him caught like a reptile as he was, in his own trap. It need not be added that she did not liberate him. She knew that he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotary prison; and she knew also, that unless he attempted to escape, there was no danger of his falling out of it, even though he were insensible and inanimate all the while. In the meantime, the wheel went round and round with its steady unceasing motion; and round and round went the ruffian along with it, steady and unceasingly, too. In vain did he promise the stout-hearted girl to work her no harm; in vain did he implore her to take pity on his helpless condition; in vain did he pray to all the powers of heaven, and adjure all the powers of hell to his aid. She would not hear or heed him; and, unheard and unheeded of them likewise, muttering

curse, he was whirled round and round in the untiring wheel, until, at last, feeling and perception failed him and he saw and heard no more. He fell senseless on the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round and round as before; the brave girl not daring to trust in appearances in connection with such a villain, and being, therefore, afraid to suspend the working of the machinery, or stop the mill gear and tackle from running at their full speed.

A loud knocking at the door was shortly after heard, and she hastened thither. It was her master and his family accompanied by several of their neighbors. The unaccustomed appearance of the mill sails in full swing on the Sunday, had, as she anticipated, attracted their attention, and they had hastened home from church for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the phenomenon. The father bore his little boy in his arms; he had cut the cords where-with the child was tied, but he was unable to obtain an account of the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred from the unlighted innocent. Hannechen, in a few words told all; and then the spirit which had sustained her so long any so well while the emergency lasted, forsook her at once as it passed away. She fell senseless into the arms of the miller's eldest son, and was with difficulty recovered. The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged forth from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from his prison. Both were then bound and sent off to Bonn under a strong escort; and, in due course, came under the hands of the executioner.

It was not long till Hannechen became a bride. The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well, but with a passion previously unrequited. They lived thenceforward happily together for many years, and died at a good old age, surrounded by a flourishing family. To the latest hour of her life, this brave-hearted woman would shudder as she told the tale of her danger, and her deliverance.

PIECE WORK.

There is, it appears, a general and growing inclination, all over the country, in favor of the system of 'piece work,' or of allowing each man to earn such wages as his skill and abilities enable him to. In favor of the plan there is much to be said, while in discouragement of it there would seem to be very little ground for objection. In the first workshops of the country the system of piece work is now very generally adopted; and the best conducted and most prosperous establishments are invariably committed to this method of carrying on their business. In proof of this assertion we may point to the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Manufactory, to the Waltham Watch Company, and others we might name, all working by the piece. We presume no one will deny that if the piece work plan will answer in these places, there can be little doubt of its success in other branches of manufacture, which do not require as much care and constant oversight as those above mentioned. It has been asserted in condemnation of allowing operatives to work as fast as they chose, that the quality of the article produced was much inferior to that made by day work. This statement is transparently illogical, when we view the splendid work turned out by the companies enumerated, and bear in mind the competition they are subjected to. In favor of piece work it may be said that the strongest incentives are laid before the workman to exercise all the latent talent and ability he may possess. The factories in this country that produce a standard kind and quality of work, as pistols, sewing machines, &c., have special tools for the accomplishment of their objects, which tools are run by the workmen; possibly they do not accomplish as much as they might; if a certain device was applied on some part they would do double duty. The man in charge sees this, because it is for his interest to: it will increase his wages; the addition is made, sometimes at his own expense, and involving quite an outlay; for the workman is satisfied to give ten, or a hundred dollars, where he knows that he will receive a thousand in return. This is largely to the advantage of all parties—the concern and the artisans—and it is also a direct acquisition to the world of art and science. If any person wishes to inspect model machines—those that approach the nearest to human intelligence—let him visit some of our best conducted manufacturing establishments, and he will see what the system of doing work by the piece tends to encourage and develop.

When a man is hired by the day, he gets his wages, if not notoriously idle, even if he does not accomplish nearly as much as his neighbor; but when he has a stimulant held out before him to double his task, it induces him to strain every nerve to accomplish it. We have heard it asserted that piece work tended to make men dissipated and demoralized, by the large wages they earned; that they neglected their families and became idlers, &c., but this is a very weak argument against the system. Piece work is not intended to force moral convictions upon the workman's mind; if he have not these principles instilled in early youth, he is of little value as a craftsman, either by the piece or by the day. Piece work is an acknowledgment of a man's right to earn all he can; while a certain amount of hire weekly virtually limits his capacities to the sum allowed. Men work by the day pretty much as they choose, whereas if they are awarded contracts in themselves, so to speak, they are more apt to execute them faithfully and quickly. Some branches of manufacture do not admit of the introduction of such a system; while many others, that are not so conducted, would be benefited by its adoption.—*Scientific American.*

The Vocatrix of Morners.—We applaud, says Webster, the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and fairest in all the departments of art in comparison with the great vocation of mothers! They work not upon the canvas that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever and which is to bear throughout its duration the impress of a mother's plastic hand!

SECOND REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON EMIGRATION AND COLONIZATION.

Legislative Assembly, Sept. 22nd, 1863.

The Standing Committee on Emigration and Colonization, beg leave to present the following as their

SECOND REPORT.

In entering on their duties, this Standing Committee, appointed for the first time in the present Parliament, by Order of the House, on the fourth of September, having gone over as a preliminary duty the various suggestions made by their predecessors, the Select Committees which sat in the two last Parliaments, feel compelled to express their regret, that several of those suggestions, though approved by Your Honorable House, have up to this moment been allowed by successive Administrations to lie neglected on your Journals.

Of these, those which at present they consider it most necessary to recall attention to, are:

1. A Permanent Agency in England, recommended in the Reports of April 23rd, 1860, May 17th, 1862, and April 20th 1863. And your Committee recommend that in addition a Permanent Agent on the Continent be also appointed.

2. An Agency during the season at New York, recommended in the Reports of April 23rd, 1860 and April 20th, 1863.

3. The completion of the arrangements for a proper enclosed Landing-place at Quebec, recommended in the Reports of April 23rd, 1860, May 8th, 1862, and May 4th, 1863.

4. Districting the Agencies within the Province, and re-organizing the duties of each Agency.

As to the first named suggestion, the Standing Committee are more and more confirmed in the propriety of all the former recommendations on that head, by the very interesting Report referred to them of Chief Superintendent Buchanan's mission to England, in the spring of the present year. Among other evidences of useful occupations which a Permanent Agent would be sure to find, on the other side of the Atlantic, it is sufficient to mention the fact, that between the 20th of March and the 27th May, a period of two months, Mr. Buchanan, who had barely commenced operations at Liverpool, received 1128 letters from persons desirous to emigrate to this Country.

In support of the second suggestion—a New York Agency during the season—the Committee need only refer to the striking fact, that up to the end of August, there had arrived at Hamilton, Canada West, via the Suspension Bridge, from New York, 12,633 emigrants, or 3,392 less than had arrived to the same date at Quebec. The two main causes determining this diversion of the course of so many of those intending to settle in Canada, from the St. Lawrence to the New York route, are the much lower rates of passage, and the greater number of Trans-Atlantic steamship lines having their termini at New York. As these causes are not likely soon to be overcome by the Canadian route, we once again urge upon your Honorable House the urgent necessity which exists for the appointment, at least before the opening of another year's immigration, of a competent active person to reside during the season at New York, giving gratuitous direction to all comers whose ultimate destination is Canada.

As to the third suggestion in the above series, your Committee regret that the understanding arrived at between the then Administration and the Select Committee of the last session of the last Parliament, has not been fully carried out, as regards an enclosed landing place at Quebec, up to the present date. On the part of the Committee, it was then proposed:—

That a suitable landing place for emigrants, with convenient sheds and wash-houses, should be established in the Port of Quebec.

That the emigrant offices and sheds should be as speedily as possible established in one place, adjoining or in the same place.

That the precincts of such offices and refuge should be isolated from the ordinary commercial landing places in this port, and carefully protected from the runners and others who are always found infesting such landing places.

That a regulation should be established, obliging all masters of passenger ships entering at the Port of Quebec, to land their passengers at one and the same place—the place thus provided isolated and protected, in order to the classification, direction, and proper forwarding, free of imposition, of said passengers.

The following extract from the Minutes of last Sessions Committee, will explain the nature of the understanding then come to.

April 16, 1863.—“The Minister of Agriculture stated, that in consequence of what the Government had done and were doing with regard to the suitable Landing-place at Quebec, he thought it quite unnecessary to bring the subject before the House. He informed the Committee that a contract had been signed for building a shed on the Old Custom House Wharf, which would be fitted up for the accommodation of Emigrants. That an Order in Council would probably appear in the *Gazette* requiring captains to land their passengers at that Wharf, and he thought the object of those resolutions would be fully attained.”

The Committee understand that the Government wharf fronting the Emigration Office, with its floating landing place and sheds, are now nominally devoted to Immigration purposes; but unless the work of isolation, by a proper gateway and porter's lodge be completed, the wharf remains still open to stragglers and runners. It will also be necessary that a proclamation should issue rendering it obligatory on masters of vessels to land their passengers, (unless booked through by some inland route, from their port of departure,) at the landing place so provided, within the hours specified by law; as doubts have arisen whether such proclamation would not conflict with clauses 18 and 19 of the Consolidated Statutes of Canada, Chapter 40, in relation to Immigrants. The Committee have requested their Chairman to cause a short Bill to be laid before your Honorable House, in order to remove all such doubts, and to enable the regulations in relation to the landing place to be hereafter duly enforced.

As to the districting the inland agencies and re-organizing the duties of the agents, the Committee beg to refer to the reports of their predecessors of the Select Committees of 1860, 1861 and 1863, on that subject.

One further recommendation the Committee beg to offer

at present to the Honorable House, which they cannot better introduce than by quoting from the Chief Superintendent's Report of his late visit to England, already referred to:—

“The desire to know more of Canada is almost universal, and all publications referring to the country were read with eagerness. The want however, of a carefully compiled hand-book of Canada is much felt, and I am indebted to the publication of Mr. Hope, of Toronto, Mr. Algar, of London, Mr. Kingston, of Wimborne, the Rev'd. A. Hill, formerly of West Gwillimbury, Canada West, and to Messrs. Rawson and Declair, of Lennoxville, for material assistance in aiding me to deal with all existing deficiencies.”

The Standing Committee are unanimously of opinion that such a hand-book of Canada prepared under the sanction of the Immigration Department, less formidable than a “census report,” but of a more permanent character than a Pamphlet; not overloaded with statistics or technical terms, but tersely, clearly and popularly written, with suitable maps, shaded so as to show the mineral, lumbering, and agricultural regions, and the comparative density or sparseness of population, would be a great boon to the public abroad desirous to obtain information about Canada, and a most acceptable service to this Province.

The whole, nevertheless, humbly submitted.

T. D. McGEER, Chairman.

EUGENIE.

[A very graphic sketch of the French Empress:—

“The difference,” says Bulwer, ‘between talent and genius lies in the heart.’ The heart, therefore, has an intellect of its own, whether the heart directs the head or the head the heart, certain it is that no perfection can be attained, no fruition, (such as makes individual gifts the benefit of thousands,) without both head and heart are equally endowed. Marie Eugenie de Thoba comes to Paris in the early days of the young republic, days brilliant, but more moral than the brilliant days of the Directoire, which preceded another empire, and another Napoleon. We hear of her beauty, the beauty of the mixed Saxon and Spanish races; in coloring, Ossian's fairest visions; in expression, Murillo's soul-radiating pictures. We see her mounted on a swift Arab steed gracefully yielding to every motion, whilst her small, firm hand directs its course, dash through the green alleys of the Bois. The *jeunesse doree* of Paris, follow in her train, and close beside her, then gaining importance from her smile, rides he who in a few short months will be France itself. In the theatre all eyes turn to the box where the fair-haired Spaniard displays her beauty. We meet her in the balls, and her foot is the swiftest; her voice, too, sings the melodies of her country with a charm that fascinates, and French, English, and Spanish, listen to her as she speaks to them, wondering by the purity of her accent which nation shall claim her as its own. We are told she is virtuous, pious; we know she is brilliant and talented. But she has yet to prove whether she has that majestic cord, uniting head and heart, which shall make these great gifts of heaven not means of vanity and triumph, but elements of universal good.

“Times change. The republic, but a breathing place between anarchy and empire, passed away. Louis Napoleon has mounted the throne of his uncle, and by his side is seated, in the place of his mother's mother, Josephine, the young girl who had once been more celebrated than himself. He has held out his sceptre to her, and another Esther sits on a throne. No marriage could be so popular; no marriage so skillfully diplomatic, yet with all this it was a love marriage. The people sympathized with their sovereign; they grew enthusiastic over her gracious beauty, and the city of Paris on the twenty-sixth of January, 1853, voted six hundred thousand francs to purchase a diamond necklace, as a testimony of the love of her capital to the young bride.

“A diamond necklace to a sovereign of France. At this decision many a heart remembered the past and trembled—a diamond necklace to a sovereign of France—a gift fatal as the gifts of the Greeks, bringing with it destruction, confusion and death.

“Years ago, in 1780, a woman as young, as fair, as beloved a sovereign of this same great nation, who to her husband, the descendant of generations of kings, brought an ancestry greater than his own, had offered to her a diamond necklace. It had been selected with great care from out the treasures of the old world; it has been years designing, years in making. It was made for a sovereign—a queen alone could wear it—will Marie Antoinette buy it? The queen sees it, is enraptured with it; her woman's instincts lead her to express her admiration, to try it on, to smile at her own slender throat thus encircled. But she has thrust it away, not without a sigh, and that sigh has given hope; that sigh, a breath, a mere vapor, will turn for this queen into groans of agony. In vain Marie Antoinette refuses the jewel; in vain she exclaims that France is more in want of ships than its queen of necklaces, and irrevocably refuses to see the necklace again; it is known she has admired it; it is known she has clasped it around her neck; it is known that a lightning flash of temptation has passed over, dissolved by a sigh; the watchful attendants all have heard and it is decreed that she shall have it. Then come disgrace, sorrow, intrigue, imprudence, misfortune, misinterpretation, and finally the hatred of a starving people, on the verge of a revolt. The necklace is lost; the queen accused of a deeper crime than of having bought it. The tangled web that envelops this diamond necklace comes before the Parliament, and though sentence is passed on some, yet its decrees leave the public mind unrelieved of the odium it had heaped on the queen. So Marie Antoinette must go down to posterity with this mystery of the diamond necklace unexplained. The axe which severed the head touched not the necklace. Its cold, glittering stones strung around the headless trunk, shine still among the ashes, of whose place of repose, the fierce history of the times has left no record, and all for one moment of temptation; all for one moment of passing vanity.

Not so it is with Eugenie. Not for one instant did the glittering stones dazzle her eyes, albeit they were not so used to diamond necklaces as the daughter of the Cæsars, Marie Antoinette. She saw in the immense sum of money, immense power to relieve countless numbers now and in future ages. Jewelers searched again as they had done in the days of the other queen and the other necklace, all over

the world for diamonds, but in vain; the young empress never even looked at them. She signified to her people her gratitude, deeper gratitude than they could comprehend, for she thanked them in the name of thousands, and accepted not the necklace, but the money commemorating her marriage, and their love, by a thought of holy and intelligent charity.

“The city of Paris left at the disposal of its young fair sovereign six hundred thousand francs, and a few days afterwards the plans of an orphan asylum lay on the table of Eugenie's library, and the diamonds were converted into stone and mortar; a transformation which, strange to say, doubled their value and increased their usefulness ten-fold.

“The Empress called the asylum she had founded after her husband's uncle, the son of Josephine, the brother of Hortense, the adopted child of Napoleon I., the noble and gallant Eugene Beauharnais. The building is situated in Faubourg St. Antoine, at the corner of the Boulevard Mazas, and surrounded by luxuriant grounds and gardens. The house is designed to receive three hundred children, beginning with one hundred, and increasing each year, as the resources of the house increase, at the rate of fifty per year. No particular class is favored by this institution. Misery and misfortune, in the period of life's sunshine—infancy—alone entitle young girls to an entrance here. Most of the young girls are orphans, gathered from the sordid hovels of the purlions of Paris, and the streets. Some, however, are rescued from mothers so debauched and degraded as to have lost even the instincts of maternity. The girls thus received are subjected to a month's residence in a separate part of the building, under the superintendence of a sister of charity, so as to know how far they are fitted to associate with the innocent and pure already in the establishment. The orphans once received in the ‘Maison Eugene Beauharnais’ are fed, clothed, and educated, until the age of twenty-one. Not educated as at St. Denis, to pine for position, riches, and a life of luxury, for which alone they are fitted, but educated to become the wives of mechanics, and useful members of that portion of society without which the upper and refined ranks could not exist. All are taught such trades as are useful and productive: cooking, house-keeping, dress-making, millinery, embroidery, and the art of making lace. The point lace produced at this institution rivals already that of Brussels! At twenty-one, these girls are launched into the world, well provided with clothes, made intelligent beings, industrious, with the capacity for earning their living, and high principles to preserve them through all trials. The superintendence of the establishment is confided entirely to the sisters of charity belonging to the order of St. Vincent de Paul, the founder of the celebrated Faubourg Hospital in Paris.

“The Emperor, proud of his wife's intelligent heart, and touched by the goodness she had displayed, determined to commemorate the sacrifice she had made of a woman's vanity to a holy cause. In the chapel appropriated to the institution, he employed an artist of great repute, M. Barrias, to paint a large fresco recording her good deeds. The Empress is here represented in her bridal-dress, kneeling at the altar, surrounded by a group of orphans, offering to the Virgin above, revealed amid parting clouds, the diamond necklace which she had so nobly transformed into a work that must save so many women from the corruptions and degradations of the world and poverty.

“There have been many legacies bequeathed to this establishment, though it did not commence active operation until 1857.

“The intelligence displayed by the Empress in the arrangements of this institution gives it a superiority over every other of the same kind. It has extended her influence over the most dangerous population—the population of barricades and revolutions (that of the Faubourg St. Antoine) in a way which no act of legislation or of the Emperor could have done.

“In these troubled times, when dynasties pass away and governments crumble in a moment, the heir of Louis Napoleon, the son of Eugenie, will find allies made for him by his mother—allies that will be faithful to him though she may be long dead and forgotten; for not on popular gratitude will he rely—that, like individual memory of past benefits, fades, and is lost; but they will be true to him and to social order for reasons that will endure for all time.

“The Maison Eugene Beauharnais will send forth among the workmen of the Faubourg St. Antoine wives, mothers, and sisters, enlightened by education, strengthened by principle—mothers that bring forth sons that form the strength, power, and glory of a nation.”

The writer of the above eloquent piece of eulogistic narrative apparently leaves his readers under the impression that Marie Antoinette actually used and had possession of the necklace of 1785. This, we believe, is a mistake. The unfortunate Queen never received it at all. It was handed in the presence of the duped Cardinal de Rohan, to a pretended Queen's valet, an accomplice of the swindlers who afterwards disposed of it in parts.

Had Napoleon no eye to effect—that great desideratum with every true Frenchman, in seeking and promoting a contrast between the two Queens, and the two necklaces?

Ed. C. I. N.

SCARCITY OF LABOR IN ENGLAND.—In an article upon this subject, the London *Globe* regrets that the crops have been permitted to rot for want of hands to pick them, and says: “It was not a question of price, for almost any price has been offered to draw hands. As much as two guineas a week have been made, even by women, and that in the purely unskilled labor of hop-picking. The fact is, that during the last few years the Irish harvesters have ceased to come over to England in the numbers they used to come. The poor wretches whose corpses are rotting on the banks of the Potomac and the Rappahannock, and their scarcely less wretched compatriots under arms, have been missed in England, and there are none to supply their places.”

Mrs. Dr. Harriet N. Austin, of Dansville, N. Y., has come out in favor of ladies riding on horseback astride. The present style of riding, she says, is unsafe, ungraceful, unhealthy and unnatural.

WHAT IS WORN.

The style of house and street dresses in fine wool and dark mixed fabrics, which will be fashionable during the present fall and coming winter, is very easy, so far as regards making up. Plain high bodies, and coat-sleeves shaped, but not tight to the arm, are the prevailing mode, and nothing can be neater, or more suitable to the purpose. There are no points in the bodies, unless a little jacket effect is given, and then the depth is accurately conveyed in the pattern, with which, and also with a sleeve pattern, it is indispensable to be provided.

A very pretty effect is communicated by the belt, the color of the dress, or of the trimming, and a handsome clasp of steel, or jet, or gold, which invariably accompanies the dress. Very little of the under-sleeve is visible, and only a very small one is needed, deep linen cuffs being fastened with large sleeve buttons, of a kind to match the clasp of the belt. These, with linen collar and bright narrow neck-tie, complete a very attractive toilette.

HOW TO TRIM SKIRTS.

The trimming of the skirt is still mainly confined to the bottom. Sometimes it consists of a plain band of velvet; others of a very narrow box-plaited quilling, surmounted by a simple, but effective pattern, traced in flat velvet, or braid. Still others are ornamented in figures with velvet or braid upon each breadth, or display a trimming in festoons round the bottom of the skirt, which is continued in check or diamond pattern upon every breadth, nearly to the top of the skirt. The more elaborate styles are of course only intended for expensive fabrics.

The skirt is still worn very long, and the apparent length is increased by the small size of the hoops. Lining is less used than formerly, now that it has reached nearly the price of a handsome dress, and thicker and richer materials are chosen. The skirt is plaited to put on the waist in one treble box-plait at the

back, from this the plaits are single, and laid towards the front in small clusters of three, with very good effect.

A strip of water-proof cloth is almost universally placed now on the inside edge of the skirt to protect it from the mud, which can be washed off from it, the same as from India-rubber.

A Michigan paper says: 'Saginaw is ahead. At the recent New York State Fair, the premium for the best table and course salt went to Saginaw City, Michigan. This is beating the Empire State in one of her most important manufactures.'

MILLINERY.

Bonnets have not altered much in shape, but they are smaller and not quite so high in front; the same style, but moderated. Feathers will form the principal trimmings, but bright colored flowers, or bunches of leaves, will also be in favor for the Fall season.

THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.

The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevices of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Paganini must go somewhere else for honor; for lo! the wind is performing upon a single string. It tries almost anything on earth to see if there is music in it; it persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home and asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree till every leaf thrills with the note in it, and the wind up the river that runs at its base is a sort of murmuring accompaniment! And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars, which love music the most and sung it the first. Then how fondly it haunts old houses; mourning under eaves, singing in the halls, opening the old doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearths.

SIGNIFICANT.—Douglas Jerrold said—'Treason is like diamonds—there is nothing to be made in it by the small trader.'



VISITING DRESS.

Superb robe of violet *moire antique*. Coat of black velvet, with border round the skirt of white rep silk, over which is a volant of black guipure lace, with a fluted beading. Collar and loose cuffs on bishop sleeves to match. Bonnet of violet velvet, with lace ornaments, and flower plums.

If there be a truth in the world everlastingly general, and therefore at all times poetical, it is the absolute futility and hollowness of earthly objects and sensual pleasures,—in fact, that this world is a grand thing if held in reference to another—a miserable thing if not.—*Bulmer.*

that time were pressing, but he ventured to take so much time from them. Mr. Webster, however, directly after was joined by Judge Story, who said that he thought the time had come for Mr. Webster to give the country his views on the Constitution. To this proposition the senator assented. Mr. Gales took up his pencil unaware of this new arrangement, and alike unconscious of the lapse of time under the enchantment of the orator, he continued to write until the close of the speech. But when he came to look at the notes, the magnitude of the task that it would be to write them out appeared so formidable, that he shrunk from it as an impossibility. Soon after Mr. Webster called on Mr. Gales, and requested a report of his speech. 'I have the notes,' said the reporter, 'but I

shall never have time to write them out. This led to some remonstrance and persuasion, but the overworked editor stood firm. At this juncture Mrs. Gales came forward, and offered to undertake the task, saying that she could decipher her husband's shorthand, as she had occasionally done so. She had heard the speech, and the resistless sweep of its argument, and the gorgeous magnificence of its imagery, were yet vivid in her mind. In the course of a week Mr. Gales submitted to Mr. Webster the report of his speech in the handwriting of his wife. Scarcely a word needed to be changed; and soon a set of diamonds costing a thousand dollars, accompanied the rich thanks of the eloquent statesman. Thus was saved to literature the most memorable oration of the American Senate.'

GETTING A FAMILY.—A German named Heoslich, residing five miles west of La Crescent, was married in Portage in November, 1860, to a healthy German girl. The week after they married they moved to Minnesota, on the farm which they now occupy. In August, 1861, Mrs. Heoslich gave birth to three boys, two of whom lived. In June, 1862, she gave birth to three boys and a girl, two of the boys and the girl living. On the fifth of this month she gave birth to two girls and a boy, all of whom were, as late as Tuesday of this week,

alive and well. Ten children in less than three years is pretty good, even for this vicinity. The parents are proud of their success in the family line, and point with pleasure to their company of German infantry. Government cannot afford to draft the head of that family.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

A quiet and witty man combines the qualities of two kinds of champagne—still and sparkling.



MORNING DRESS.

Maize color, braided with violet Russia braid, the waist and skirt in front being in one piece, with a little over jacket pointed in the back, trimmed with a quilling of violet ribbon; the sleeves half flowing and trimmed to match the waist.

The remedy of to-morrow is to late for the evil of to-day.

THE BOOK.

I lent my love a book one day,
 She brought it back, I laid it by;
 'Twas little either had to say—
 She was so strange and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things—
 The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;
 And Time stood still and wreathed his wings
 With rosy links from June to June.

For her what task to dare or do?
 What peril tempt? what hardships bear?
 But with her, ah! she never knew
 My heart, and what was hidden there.

And she with me so cold and coy,
 Seemed like a maid bereft of sense;
 But in a crowd, all life and joy,
 And full of blushing impudence.

She married! well, a woman needs
 A mate, her life and love to share—
 And little cares sprung up like weeds,
 And played around her elbow chair.

And years rolled by, but I, content,
 Trimmed my one lamp, and kept it bright,
 'Till Age's touch my hair besprent
 With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced I took the book,
 Which she had read in days gone by,
 And as I read, such passion shook
 My soul, I needs must curse or cry.

For here and there her love was writ
 In old, half faded pencil signs,
 As if she yielded, bit by bit,
 Her heart, in dots and under-lines.

Ah! silvered fool! too late you look!
 I knew it; let me here record
 This maxim, "Lend no maid a book,
 Unless you read it afterward!"

WEEKLY NEWS SUMMARY.

CANADIAN.

The parish of St. Henedine, county of Dorchester, C. E., was the scene of a terrible calamity, on the night of Sunday the 27th Sept.—A fire occurred, reducing to ashes the house of Theotime Couture, one of the most respectable and esteemed farmers in the place, and destroying in the flames his aged father, his wife, and six children, of ages ranging from twelve years to three months. So distressing an occurrence has seldom indeed to be chronicled.

St. Mary's, Blanchard, C. W., is no longer a village, but a live 'town.' Having now a population of over 3000 souls, it assumes the dignity to which the law entitles it

EUROPEAN.

It is rather ominous that there should be at this time a 'Cuban question' between Spain and the United States. The Madrid *Epoca* says that the King of the Belgians is to arbitrate between these two powers in the matter of the rights of each in what are called the 'Cuban Waters.'

The Scandinavian nations tend strongly to draw together at present. An alliance between Sweden and Denmark is now being formed.

One of Punch's recent pictures, which represents Britannia kneeling and returning thanks for the late abundant harvest, a workman and his wife and family standing by in apparently grateful acquiescence, is significant. Punch is not apt to commit himself to a thing of this kind without making sure of the fact.

The total enrolled strength of volunteers of England is 159,000 men of all ranks; of which 1,360 are cavalry, 2,300 artillery, 2,500 engineers, and 132,000 rifle volunteers.

The Italian government is doing its utmost to encourage the raising of cotton; and with apparently good hopes of success. There is to be an exhibition at Turin in January next, at which samples from various parts of the kingdom are to be shewn and compared with each other, and with the produce of foreign countries.

The numerical strength of the French army, on a 'peace footing,' is stated at 412,000 men and 80,000 horses. What will it be on a 'war footing'? Quite an interesting question that, we should think. Of all countries in the world, France is that in which the army can be most suddenly and immediately increased when wanted. Prussia stands next in this respect.

The news from Europe by the City of London, arrived at New York on Monday last, and the Persia, arrived on Wednesday, is important. The formidable vessels of war now building, and said to be for the Confederate Government, will not be allowed to leave except on proof that they are not so intended. And Mr. Mason has withdrawn from London in disgust, so it is said, at the discourtesy evinced towards him by Earl Russell. Meanwhile the general drift of the news from France goes to shew a strong inclination, and perhaps a settled resolve, on the part of the Emperor, to recognise the Confederate cause, and fairly to commit himself to the support of the Southern cause. As a consequence of all this, England goes up, and France goes down, in the scale of American public opinion. The danger of a war with the States seems less now than at any time for the last two years.

UNITED STATES.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* states that the threatened depopulation of the border counties of Missouri by the Kansas people, in retaliation for the late massacre at Lawrence, is now an accomplished fact. The people were ordered to leave in fifteen days, or risk the consequences. They left, but naturally desire to return, if they dared. Thousands of these unhappy exiles are said to be without homes, without shelter, without bread, almost without clothing; and winter just at hand.

This extreme measure is defended by those engaged in it, not alone on the ground of retaliation for the many wrongs which the free soil men of Kansas have already suffered at the hands of the 'border ruffians' of Missouri; but also because, as they affirm, there can be no safety for Kansas against such outrages as Quantrell's recent bloody raid on Lawrence, till the settlements which harbour the raiders are destroyed. A most fearful state of things certainly exists in that country.

The *New York Times*, which more than any other paper there may

be taken as speaking the sentiments of the government, is actually all but complimentary to England on the subjects of the detention of the war vessels supposed to be for the Confederates, and the withdrawal of Mr. Mason from London. Of these two circumstances, it is more than probable that the former stands to the latter in the relation of cause to effect. The other papers, however, which we have seen, the Herald, the Tribune, and the World, seem both slack and slow to acknowledge that England is really shewing them fair play after all. That the Britisher should be guilty of doing them better justice than the Frenchman, is a fact which fairly staggers some of our neighbours 'over the border.' But a conviction of this fact is not the less surely forcing itself upon them, nevertheless.



OLD GRIMES.

BY ALBERT G. GREENE. 1827.

Old Grimes is dead—that good old man—
 We ne'er shall see him more;
 He wore a single-breasted coat
 That buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
 His feelings all were true;
 His hair was some inclined to gray,
 He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er was heard the voice of pain,
 His breast with pity burned;
 The large round head upon his cane
 From ivory was turned.

Thus ever prompt at pity's call,
 He knew no base design;
 His eyes were dark, and rather small,
 His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
 In friendship he was true;
 His coat had pocket holes behind,
 His pantaloons were blue.

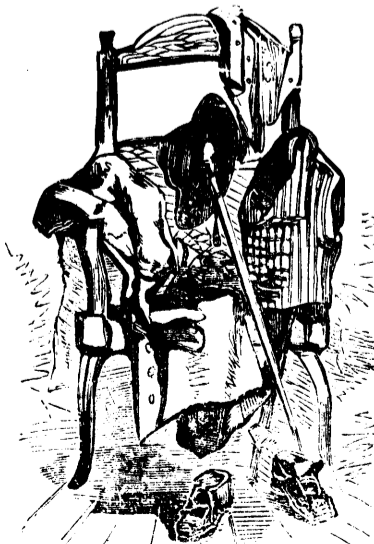
But poor old Grimes is now at rest,
 Nor fears misfortune's frown;
 He had a double-breasted vest,
 The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
 And pay it its desert;
 He had no malice in his mind,
 No ruffle on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse;
 Was sociable and gay;
 He wore not rights and lefts for shoes,
 But changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
 He never brought to view;
 Nor made a noise town-meeting days,
 As many people do.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
 His peaceful moments ran;
 And every body said he was
 A fine old gentleman.



OLD GRIMES' SUIT.

TASTE IN FURNITURE.

In furnishing your house always select articles possessing at least some charm of outline. In book-shelves why not admit a graceful curvature in the wood, a little ornamentation of leaf or twining tendril, which would greatly add to their beauty without materially increasing the price? And how far more rich will be the folds of a cloth if the table covers be round, rather than those square or octagon shapes, which admit no picturesque arrangement either of dishes or drapery. Of course, we do not wish that delicacy of outline should alone be sought; first ascertain that the workmanship of all you purchase is faultless and then allow your good taste to guide you into the magic realms of decoration and ornamentation. Let the legs of your chairs and tables be slightly curved or twisted, your picture frames gracefully moulded, your tumblers chaste in design, your cups and jugs delicate and subdued in coloring, and your dishes and plates attractive to the eye. Study also truthfulness of material. That is to say do not lavish much money upon imitation, loaded with ornament, when a few more pence would purchase the genuine article. If your purse is too narrow to buy reality, do not accent instead a lavishly adorned sham.—*Englishwoman's Journal*.

LAMARTINE'S OPINION OF WOMEN.—Woman, with weaker passions than man, is superior to him in soul. The Gauls attributed to her an additional sense—the divine sense. They were right. Nature has given women two painful heavenly gifts, which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature—compassion and enthusiasm. By compassion they devote themselves; by enthusiasm they exalt themselves. What more does heroism require? They have more heart and more imagination than men. Enthusiasm springs from the imagination, and self sacrifice from the heart. Women are, therefore, naturally more heroic than men. All nations have in their annals some of those miracles of patriotism, of which woman is the instrument in the hand of God. When all is desperate in a national cause, we need not despair while there remains a spark of resistance in a woman's heart, whether she is called Judith, Clelia, Joan of Arc, Victoria Colonna in Italy, or Charlotte Corday in our own day. God forbid that I compare those that I cite! Judith and Charlotte Corday sacrificed themselves, but their sacrifice did not recoil at crime. Their inspiration was heroic, but their inspiration mistook its aim; it took the poignard of the assassin instead of the sword of the hero. Joan of Arc used only the sword of defence; she was not merely inspired by heroism, she was inspired by God.

FEAST OF TABERNACLES.—Adjoining each of the two Jewish Synagogues of this city, there is at the present time a booth formed of boughs decorated with lanterns, in which the Jews daily offer prayer and partake of cake, wine and fruit. This is to celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles, appointed in Lev xxiii, 33 to 44, where the Israelites are commanded to dwell in booths made of boughs for seven days and rejoice before the Lord. This feast is in remembrance of the dwelling in tents in the wilderness, and was also to celebrate the ingathering of the fruits of the earth, for which special thanks are daily given during the feast. These booths were erected on the roofs of the houses, in their courts and in the streets, and were dwelt in. The modern Jews build them in the rooms of their houses, and in the open air, near the Synagogues, and daily visit them. The first and last days of the feast were to be observed as strictly as the Sabbath, but modern Jews observe the first two and the last two days as holy-days. In Numbers xxix, from the 13th verse, directions are given for the daily sacrifices which for this feast were unusually numerous, consisting of burnt offerings, meat offerings, and sin offerings. For these offerings there were required 70 bullocks, 14 rams, 7 goats, and 98 lambs. Among the ceremonies introduced into this feast was that of pouring upon the altar a pitcher of water taken from the pool of Siloam. We have thus briefly noticed a festival, now being observed in our city, which had its origin in Palestine, and which has yearly been observed from the day of its inauguration till the present time.—*Witness 29th Sept.*

DIAMONDS vs. PATRIOTISM.—A writer in the Boston *Transcript* says: If all the diamonds in this country were gathered together, shipped to the States of Europe and disposed of there, the aggregate avails would furnish an enormous sum. If that sum were cast upon the national altar, the national debt would be greatly diminished, if not extinguished altogether. Can we draw so precedent for such a magnificent movement of practical patriotism, from the history of Empires in the hour of their deepest need? Let us see. In Allison's History of Europe, there are some stirring passages, descriptive of the conduct of Prussian women, when their almost exhausted country was about to renew the struggle against Napoleon, after the Moscow campaign. We cite from vol. 9. p. 152. The women universally sent their precious ornaments to the public treasury, and received in return similar bijoux beautifully worked in bronze, bearing the simple inscription, 'I gave gold for iron, 1813.' Not an ornament but those of iron, was to be seen, either in dress or in the shops. Thence have arisen the famous order of the Iron Cross, in Prussia, and the beautiful Berlin bronze ornaments so well known, and so highly prized, in every country of Europe. It must be confessed that chivalry cannot boast of a nobler fountain of honor, nor fashion a more touching memorial of virtue.

WHEN the Hindoo priest is about to baptize an infant, he utters the following beautiful sentiment: "Little baby, thou enterest the world weeping while all around thee smile; contrive so to live that you may depart in smiles while all around you weep."

We have noticed the above, copied into some of our exchanges. The sentiment is a beautiful one; but would it not be worth while to consider, whether *Hindoo Priests* do really baptize infants at all. We were under the impression that the rite of baptism was confined to the Christian church.

—Ed. C. I. N.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

[Daughter of the Great English Novelist.]

CONTINUED.

Can't you fancy poor Sir John leaning against a pile of baggage, smoking a cigar, and looking up wistfully. As he slid past he actually caught the tone of her voice. Like a drowning man who can see in one instant years of his past life flashing before him, Sir John saw Elly—a woman with lines of care in her face,—there, standing in the light of the lamp, with the red streams of sunset beyond, and the night closing in all round about; and then he saw her as he had seen her once—a happy, unconscious girl, brightening, smiling at his coming; as the picture travelled on, a sad girl meeting him in the street by chance—a desperate, almost broken-hearted woman, looking up gravely into his face in the theatre. Puff! puff!—it was all over, she was still smiling before his eyes. One last glimpse of the two, and they had disappeared. He slipped away right out of her existence, and she did not even guess that he had been near. She stood unwitting for an instant, watching the boat as it tossed out to sea, and then said, 'Now we will go home.' A sudden gloom and depression seemed to have come over her. She walked along quite silently, and did not seem to heed the presence of her companion.

CHAPTER V.

Before he went to bed that night Dampier wrote the end of his letter to Prue. He described, rather amusingly, the snubbing in which Sir John had received his advances, the glances of disfavor with which Aunt Jean listened to his advice. 'So this is all the gratitude one gets for interfering in the most sensible manner. If you are as ungrateful, Prue, for this immense long letter, I shall, indeed, have labored in vain. It is one o'clock. Bong! there it went from the tower. Good-night, dear; your beloved brother is going to bed. Love to Miles. Kiss the children all round for their and your affectionate W. D.'

Will Dampier was not in the least like his letter. I know two or three men who are manly enough, who write gentle, gossiping letters like women. He was a big, commonplace young man, straight-minded and tender-hearted, with immense energy, and great good spirits. He believed in himself; indeed, he tried so heartily and conscientiously to do what was right, that he could not help knowing more or less that he was a good fellow. And then he had a happy knack of seeing one side of a question, and having once determined that so and so was the thing to be done, he could do so and so without one doubt or compunction. He belonged to the school of athletic Christianity. I heard some one once say that there are some of that sect who would almost make out cock-fighting to be a religious ceremony. William Dampier did not go so far as this; but he heartily believed that nothing was done with a Christian and manly spirit. He rode across the country, he smoked pipes, he went out shooting, he played billiards and cricket, he rowed up and down the river in his boat, and he was charming with all the grumbling old men and women in his parish. He preached capital sermons—short, brisk, well-considered. He enjoyed life and all its good things with a grateful temper, and made most people happy about him.

One day, Elly began to think what a different creed Will Dampier's was from her step-father's, only she did not put her thoughts into words. It was not her way. Tourneur, with a great heart, set on the greatest truth, feeling the constant presence of those mightier dispensations, cared but little for the affairs of to-day; they seemed to him subordinate, immaterial; they lost all importance from comparison with that awful reality that this man had so vividly realized to himself. To Dampier, it was through the simple language of his daily life that he could best express what good was in him. He saw wisdom and mercy, he saw order and progression, he saw infinite variety and wonder in all natural things, in all life, at all places and hours. By looking at this world, he could best understand and adore the next.

And yet Tourneur's was the loftiest spirit: to him had come a certain knowledge and understanding, of which Dampier had scarce a conception. Dampier, who felt less keenly, could well be more liberal, more forbearing. One of these two told Elly that we were put into the world to live in it, and to be thankful for our creation; to do our duty, and to labor until the night should come when no man can work. The other said, sadly, you are born only to overcome the flesh, to crush it under foot, to turn away from all that you like most, innocent or not. What do I care? Are you an immortal spirit, or are you a clod of earth? Will you suffer that this all-wondrous, all-precious gift should be clogged, and stifled, and choked, and destroyed, may be, by despicable daily concerns? Tourneur himself set an example of what he preached by his devoted, humble, holy self-denying life. And yet Elly turned with a sense of infinite relief to the other creed; she could understand it, sympathize with it, try to do good, though to be good was beyond her frail powers. Already she was learning to be thankful, to be cheerful, to be unselfish, to be keenly penitent for her many shortcomings.

As the time drew near when answer to her note might be expected, Miss Dampier grew anxious and fidgety, dropped her stitches, looked out for the post, and wondered why no letter came. Elly was only a little silent, a little thoughtful. She used to go out by herself and take long walks. One day Will, returning from one of his own peregrinations, came upon her setting on the edge of a cliff staring at the distant coast of France. It lay blue, pale like a dream-country, and glimmered in the horizon. We would believe that there was reality, busy life in all a nest, going on beyond those calm, heavenly-looking hills! Another time his aunt sent him out to look for her, and he found her at the end of the pier, leaning against the chain, and still gazing towards France.

In his rough, friendly manner he said, 'I wish you would look another way sometimes, Miss Gilmour, up or down, or in the glass even. You make me feel very guilty, for to tell the truth I—I advised John—'

'I thought so,' Elly cried, interrupting. 'And you were quite right. I advised him, too,' she said with a smile. 'Don't you think he has taken your advice?'

Will looked down uncomfortably. 'I think so,' he said in a low tone.

And, meanwhile, Miss Dampier was sitting in the window and sunshine, knitting castles in the air.

'Suppose he does not take this as an answer? Suppose Lætitia has found somebody else, suppose the door opens and he comes in, and the sun shines into the room, and then he seizes Elly's hand, and says, 'Though you give me up I will not give up the hope of calling you mine,' and Elly glances up bright, blushing, happy. . . . Suppose Lady Dampier is furious, and dear Tishy makes peace? I should like to see Elizabeth mistress of the dear old house. I think my mother was like her. I don't approve of cousins' marriages. . . . How charming she would look coming along the old gallery.' Look at the old maid in the window building castles in the air through her spectacles. But it is a ridiculous sight; she is only a fat, foolish old woman. All her fancies are but follies flying away with caps and jingling bells—they vanish through the window as the door opens and the young people come in.

'Here is a letter for you the porter gave me in the hall,' said Will as carelessly as he could; Jean saw Elly's eyes busy glancing at the writing.

HOTEL DU RHIN.

'MY DEAR AUNT JEAN:—Many thanks for your note, and the enclosure. My mother and Lætitia are with me, and we shall all go back to Friar's bush on Thursday. Elly's decision is the wisest under the circumstances, and we had better abide by it. Give her my love, Lætitia knows nothing, as my mother has had the grace to be silent.

'Yours affectionately, J. C. D.

'P. S.—You will be good to her, won't you?'

Miss Dampier read the note imperturbably, but while she read there seemed to run through her a cold thrill of disappointment which was so unendurable that after a minute she got up and left the room.

When she came back, Elly said with a sigh, 'Where is he?'

'At Paris,' said Miss Dampier. 'They have saved him all trouble and come to him. He sends you his love, Elly, which is very handsome of him, considering how much it is worth.'

'It has been worth a great deal to me,' said Elly, in her sweet voice. 'It is all over; but I am grateful still, and always shall be. I was very rash; he was very kind. Let me be grateful, dear Aunt Jean, to those who are good to me.' And she kissed the old woman's shrivelled hand.

Miss Gilmour cheered up wonderfully from that time. I am sure that if she had been angry with him, if she had thought herself hardly used, if she had had more of what people call self-respect, less of that sweet humility of nature it would not have been so.

As the short, happy, delightful six weeks which she was to spend with Miss Dampier came to an end, she began to use all her philosophy and good resolves to reconcile herself to going home. Will Dampier was gone. He had only been able to stay a week. They missed him. But still they managed to be very comfortable together. Tea-talk, long walks, long hours on the sands, novels and story-books, idleness and contentment—why couldn't it go on forever? Elly said. Aunt Jean laughed, and said they might as well be a couple of jelly-fish at once: And so the time went by; but one day, just before she went away, Mr. Will appeared again unexpectedly.

Elly was sitting in the sun on the beach, throwing idle stones into the sea. She had put down her novel on the shingle beside her. It was *Deerbrook*, I think—an old favorite of Jean Dampier's. Everybody knows what twelve o'clock is like on a fine day at the sea-side. It means little children, nurses in clean cotton gowns, groups of young ladies scattered here and there; it means a great cheerfulness and tranquility, a delightful glitter, and life and light; happy folks plashing in the water, bathing-dresses drying in the sun, all sorts of aches, pains, troubles, vanishing like mist in its friendly beams. Elly was thinking: 'Yes, how pleasant and nice it is, and how good, how dear Aunt Jean is! Only six months! I will try and spend them better than I ever spent six months before. Eugh! If it was not for Mme. Jacob . . . I really do love my stepfather, and could live happily enough with him.' (Splash.) Suddenly an idea came to Elly—the Pasteur Boulot was the idea. 'Why should not he marry Mme. Jacob? He admires her immensely. Ah! what fun that would be!' (Splash, splash, a couple of stones.) And then tramp, tramp, on the shingle behind her, and a cheery man's voice says, 'Here you are!'

Elly stares up in some surprise, and looks pleased, and attempts to get up, but Will Dampier—he was the man—sits down beside her, opens his umbrella and looks very odd. 'I only came down for the day,' he said, after a little preliminary talk. 'I have been with Aunt Jean; she tells me you are going home to-morrow.'

'Yes,' says Elly, with a sigh; 'but I'm to come back and see her in a little time.'

'I'm glad of that,' says the clergyman. 'What sort of place do you live in at Paris?'

'It is rather a dull place, says Elly, 'I am very fond of my stepfather; besides him, there is Anthony and five young pupils, there is an old French cook, and a cross maid, and my mother, and a horri— a sister of Monsieur Tourneur's, and Tou-Tou, and Lou-Lou, and me.'

'Why, that is quite a little colony,' said Dampier. 'And what will you do when you get back?'

'I must see,' said the girl, smiling. 'Till now I have done nothing at all; but that is stupid work. I shall teach Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou a little, and mind the house if my mother will let me, and learn to cook from Françoise. I have a notion that it may be useful some day or other.'

'Do, by all my means,' said Will; 'it is a capital idea. But as years go on, what do you mean to do? Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou will grow up, and you will have mastered the art of French cookery—'

'How can you ask such things? Elly said, looking out at the sea. 'I cannot tell, or make schemes for the future.'

'Pray forgive me,' said Will, 'for asking such a question; but have you any idea of marrying M. Anthony eventually?'

'He is a dear old fellow,' said Elly, flushing up. 'I am not going to answer any such questions. I am not half good enough for him—that is my answer.'

'But suppose—?'

'Pray don't suppose. I am not going to marry anybody, or to think about such things ever again. Do you imagine that I am not the wiser for all my experience?'

'Are you wise now?' said Will, still in his odd manner. ('Look at that pretty little fishing-smack,' Elly interrupted.) 'Show it,' he went on, never heeding, 'by curing yourself of your fancy for my cousin John; by curing yourself, and becoming some day a really useful personage and member of society.'

Elly stared at him, as well she might. 'Come back to England some day,' he continued, still looking away, 'to your home, to your best vocation in life, to be happy and useful, and well beloved,' he said, with a sweet infection in his voice; 'that is no very hard fate.'

'What are you talking about?' said Elly. 'How can I cure myself? How can I ever forget what is past? I am not going to be discontented, or to be particularly happy at home. I am going to try, to try and do my best.'

'Well, then, do your best to get cured of this hopeless nonsense,' said Mr. William Dampier, 'and turn your thoughts to real good sense, to the real business of life, and to making yourself and others happy, instead of wasting and mauling away the next few best years of your life, regretting and hankering after what is past and unattainable. For some strong minds, who can defy the world, and stand alone without the need of sympathy and sustenance, it is a fine thing to be faithful to a chimera,' he said with a pathetic ring in his voice. 'But, I assure you, infidelity is better still sometimes, more human, more natural, particularly for a confiding and uncertain person like yourself.'

Was he thinking of to-day as he spoke? Was he only thinking of Elly, and preaching only to her?

'You mean I had better marry him?' said Elly, while her eyes filled up with tears, and she knocked one stone against another. 'And yet Aunt Jean says "No!"—that I need not think of it. It seems to me as if I—I had rather jump into the sea at once,' said the girl, dashing the stones away, 'though I love him dearly, dearly, dear old fellow!'

'I did not exactly mean M. Anthony,' said Will, looking round for the first time, and smiling at her tears and his own talk.

Elizabeth was puzzled still. For, in truth, her sad experience had taught her to put but little faith in kindness and implications of kindness—to attach little meaning to the good-nature and admiration a beautiful young woman was certain to meet with on every side. It had not occurred to her that Will, who had done so little, seen her so few times, could be in love with her; when John, for whom she would have died, who said and looked so much, had only been playing with her, and pitying her as if she had been a child; and she said, still with tears, but not caring much—

'I shall never give a different answer. I believe you are right, but I have not the courage to try. I think I could try and be good if I stay as I am; but to be bound and chained to Anthony all the rest of my life—once I thought it possible; but now— You who advise it do not know what it is!'

'But I never advised it,' Will said; you won't understand me. Dear Elizabeth, why won't you see that is of myself that I am speaking?'

Elly felt for moment as if the sea had rushed up suddenly and caught her away on its billows, and then the next moment she found that she was only sitting crying in the sun, on the sands.

'Look here: every day I live, I get worse and worse,' she sobbed. 'I flirt with one person after another—I don't deserve that you should ever speak to me again—I can't try and talk about myself—I do like you, and—and yet I know that the only person I care for really is the one who does not care for me; and if I married you to-morrow, and I saw John coming along the street I should rush away to meet him. I don't want to marry him, and I don't know what I want. But, indeed, I have tried to be good. You are stronger than me, don't be hard upon me.'

'My dear little girl,' said Will, loyally and kindly, 'don't be unhappy, you have not flirted with me. I couldn't be hard upon you if I tried: you are a faithful little soul. Shall I tell you about myself? Once not so very long ago, I liked Tishy almost as well as you like John. There, now, you see that you have done no great harm, and only helped to cheer me up again, and I am sure that you and I will be just as good friends as ever. As for John,' he added, in quite a different tone, 'the sooner you forget all about him the better.'

Will took her hand, which was lying limp on the shingle, said 'Good-by,' took up his umbrella, and walked away.

And so, by some strange arrangement, Elly put away from her a second time the love of a good and honorable man, and turned back impotently to the memory—it was no more—of a dead and buried passion. Was this madness or wisdom? Was this the decree of fate or of folly?

She sat all in a maze, staring at the sea and the wavelets, and in half an hour rushed into the sitting-room, flung her arms round Miss Dampier's neck, and told her all that had happened.

Elly expected, she did not know why, that there would be some great difference when she got back to the old house at Paris. Her heart sank as Clementine, looking just as usual, opened the great door, and stepped forward to help with the box. She went into the courtyard. Those cocks and hens were pecking between the stones, the poplar-trees shivering, Françoise in her blue gown came out of the kitchen: it was like one of the dreams which used to haunt her pillow. This sameness and monotony was terrible. Already in one minute it seemed to her that she had never been away. Her mother and father were out. Mme. Jacob came down stairs with the children to greet her and see her. Ah! they had got new frocks, and were grown—that was some relief. Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou were not more delighted with their little check black-and-white alpaca than Elly was.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sir Charles Lyell has been elected President of the British Association. His last work on the antiquity of man has produced a profound sensation, but it is understood he has by no means succeeded in carrying the learned world generally with him.

THE TWO STREAMS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Behold yon rocky wall—
That, down its sloping sides,
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending as they fall,
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run—
Turned by a pebble's edge—
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun,
Through the cleft mountain ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So, from the heights of Will,
Life's parting stream descends;
And as each moment turns, the slender rill—
The widening torrent, bends.

From the same cradle's side—
From the same mother's knee—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide—
One to the Peaceful Sea.

AGRICULTURAL.

PLOUGHING UNDER CLOVER.—The following remarks, which we find copied in the *Lower Canada Agriculturist* for October, may be advantageously studied by our farmers, in connection with what we have in another column given of the substance of the address delivered lately at Utica, by the editor of the *Genesee Farmer*:—

The principal crop used in this country for green manuring, or for ploughing under, is red clover. This kind of manuring is not practiced to any considerable extent. We are not habituated to waiting long enough for results—we want to see the effect almost directly following the cause; and again we are apt to think, or at least to act, as if we thought it was a loss, not to harvest and preserve every crop the soil will yield. So when we have a fine field of clover, redolent with blossoms and fragrance, the temptation to cut it is too strong to be resisted, although we may still be aware that the soil needs the substance derived from plowing it under.

The plants principally used in Europe for plowing under as green manure, are the spurrey and the white lupine. These are leguminous plants of quick growth, and drawing their substance largely from the air. Of the former, as many as three crops are sometimes turned under in the same season. It thrives best in a damp climate, hence England is well adapted to its growth, and it is used for the purpose of plowing under to assist in restoring and to invigorate sandy lands, and old worn out fields.

We believe that these plants have been cultivated for this purpose with good effect in this country, but probably nothing will answer the purpose so well as clover. The principal reason why the plowing under of clover is so beneficial to the soil, is because of the large per centage of its substance which is taken from the air. It is evident that if a plant was plowed in which drew all, or nearly all its nourishment from the soil, there would be nothing or but little gained, for it would be simply returning the substance to whence it was drawn.

Clover contains, when growing, only about five per cent. of matter taken from the soil, the other ninety-five per cent. having been drawn from the air, and it is said, that what it takes from the soil is drawn up from the sub-soil, by its long roots, from which common plants could not obtain it; therefore, when it is plowed under, it returns to the soil not only the five per cent. which it draws from it but the ninety-five per cent. also, which it has drawn in from the atmosphere through its broad leaves, and which is an actual gain or addition to the soil, and it is also by the decomposition of the clover plant made fit and nourishing food for other plants, as it is rendered capable of being immediately assimilated by the growing plants.—*Maine Farmer*.

TO MAKE CATTLE THRIVE IN WINTER.—There are certain requisites to be constantly observed, namely, the following:

1. To feed regularly, and so as to prevent fretting for expected meals.
2. To give enough, but never over-feed.
3. To feed often, and moderately at a time.
4. To furnish constantly a supply of good water.
5. To shelter from storms.
6. To rub them clean, and give clean litter.
7. To give them a portion of carrots or beets daily.
8. To keep their stables properly ventilated and free from bad air.—*Rural Affairs*.

HORSES NEED AIR AND LIGHT.—If anything can be done to add to the comfort and health of the horse, no animal deserves more to have such an effort made. Our stables should be constructed with special reference to his comfort and health, and to these all other accessories must yield.

Our fathers' and grandfathers' barns were of the wide, old-fashioned sort, with all manner of loop holes and air holes—between the vertical boarding you could put your whole hand. They were originally tight, but when well seasoned, there was light without windows, and the pure air circulated freely; there was perfect ventilation, and yet talk with those men about the necessity of ventilating a stable, and they are ready to prove that they have kept horses all their lives, who did well, worked well, were always in fine health, and spirits, and that a ventilator is only a fancy idea—one of the new-fangled notions of the present generation.

Our stables have been improved in architectural beauty, and in more permanent form of construction; they are pleasing to the eye, tight, proof against the wind and weather, and with solid walls of brick and stone, all of which the poor horse would gladly exchange for the pure, fresh air, of which he is now deprived.

In providing for the necessities of a horse, it would be well to ask ourselves, how we should like to be placed in the same situation. If it is healthy for a man to live day and night in a close, damp cellar or underground apartment, then it is healthy for a horse. If it is healthy for a man to live on the lower floor, in an unventilated apartment, with a manure and root cellar beneath him, whose pestiferous miasmas are penetrating every crack, mingling with the foul air he breathes, and rising still higher, permeating the food he consumes, then it is healthy for a horse. But why argue against barn cellars and ill ventilated apartments—the proof is abundant to all who want it, and he that cannot be convinced, must cease to wonder why his horses have diseases of the skin, the lungs, the eye, etc., or the glanders, the grease, the scratches, and other diseases that are directly traceable to the impure atmosphere, in which he compels them to stand and breathe.

We would, therefore, in the construction of a stable, endeavor to provide against these evils. Build root cellars and other cellars entirely distinct from the barn—at least not directly under the horse stalls; let there be a free circulation of air under the floor, and particularly so through the stable apartments. Ventilate the horse stable through the roof, and entirely independent of the other portions of the barn; let the connection between the horse stable and hay mow be closed tight, except when hay is being delivered. Ventilate the carriage house through the hay mow and roof.

Let your horses' heads be toward the side or end of the barn, and provide the head of each stall with a fair sized window: a horse wants, under all circumstances, whether tired, sick, or well, plenty of light. When there is light and plenty of fresh air, it is a common practice to turn the stalls the other way, and keep the horse somewhat in the dark. A good horseman knows that a horse enjoys light and air as much as he does himself, and we will thrive better on the lee side of a hay stack, than he will in a badly ventilated barn, however comfortable it may be otherwise. It is stated that, if the gases exhaled from a horse's body were confined around him by a gas-tight bag, they would cause his death in twenty-four hours, allowing him at the same time to have his head out and to breathe pure air.

If you want satin-skinned horses, in fine health and spirits, ready at all times to work or to drive, a thorough system of ventilation will be one very important step toward it.

A manure shed should be built outside the stable, and sufficient only to afford protection from wind and rain, with a door connecting with the barn, and running to floor of stable, which should only be open when the stable is being cleaned. The exhalations of the manure heap are then not permitted to return to the stable—nor should any of the gases generated in the stable, be allowed to pass into the carriage room or hay mow.

As a matter of economy, it is just as cheap to build a stable calculated to give a horse the greatest amount of comfort as to build it in any other way. Cellars are handy arrangements, and in the first cost it may be cheaper to put them under the barn, but a few years, experience will show the heaviest balance on the debit side.—*American Agriculturist*.

WINTERING BEES.—The great drawback to successful bee-culture is the loss they sustain in the winter. In all latitudes South of New York city, where the snow seldom falls to last over a day or two, we think the hives may as well remain out upon their stands, as the weather in such climates is not so cold as to do them much injury. Bees, when the hives are prosperous, will stand a few days of very severe cold weather, provided that the sun shines warm enough, once a week to warm the hives, and cause the frost which accumulates frequently at the tops of the combs to melt and run down.

It is a good plan, when hives are left all winter upon their stands, to remove the small boxes in the supers, and fill the upper sections of the hives with fine hay, packed in rather closely. We now refer to any hive that is constructed in two parts, or those that have doors in their backs to allow a set of small boxes to be slid in, in which the bees store their surplus honey. The moisture generated by the bees will ascend through the holes leading to the supers, and become collected in the hay. In the spring it will be found in a wet and slightly mouldy condition, and may be thrown out as waste litter.

Some apiarists bore an inch hole near the tops of their hives, in order to allow the moisture to pass away. We never approved of this plan, as a vast deal of cold air must be constantly circulating up through the hives.

All hives left out upon their stands in winter, should either be raised up to allow a circulation of air beneath them, or once in three or four days, the dead bees around the passage ways should be cleared away, as an accumulation of bees at the entrances in the winter will sometimes become saturated with the melting snow or rain, and close up the passages by freezing, which will smother the bees, when they have no other means of ventilation. A long goose quill is an excellent thing to run into the passages, to remove the dead bees.

We recommend the placing of short pieces of boards, a foot wide, up against the hives, so as to prevent the sun shining into the passage-ways, which always, in mild weather, causes the bees to leave their hives, and many become chilled, on alighting upon buildings, fences, &c., and never return. But more especially is great loss caused, when the ground is covered with snow, and the warm rays of the sun draw forth the bees in large numbers, to become dazzled by the reflection of the sun upon the snow, and fall down and die.—*Rural American*.

BIRDS CONSIDERED INJURIOUS TO THE FARMER.

There is a certain class of birds, which, whenever or wherever they happen to appear, are indiscriminately shot at and murdered. I speak of the Crow, the Blue-Jay, the Owl, and the Hawk.

The character of these birds has been singularly mistaken, for while they are secretly doing good to the farmer, he repays their kind services by killing them.

Let us begin and take them up in regular order, in the way I have set them down, and perhaps I may be able to convince some farmers that instead of their being an injury to the farmer—as he imagines them—they are positively a benefit. Let us begin with

THE CROW.—He, for example, has had great injustice done to him. While he is accused of eating the corn, he is really doing good. When you see him in the corn-field in the spring, scratching vigorously, do not imagine that he is eating the corn. It is not the case. Watch him closely and you will be convinced; he is eating the grub worms. For every blade of corn that he destroys—for when his supply of animal food is shortened, he must live—he kills at least five hundred grubs. This is a positive fact. Now consider which is the best, whether you lose one blade of corn or suffer to live five hundred grub-worms.

THE BLUE JAY.—This bird, from being so unmercifully destroyed has greatly decreased in numbers. How he was put upon the "black list" I don't know. He is the avowed destroyer of grubs—their enemy and ours.

THE OWL.—Strange how this majestic bird was included on the list. "Guardian of the night" as he is, he seldom makes his appearance during the day-time. He frequents barns and old ruins—there to destroy numberless rats and mice. In some parts of Europe he is said to be kept in families, like a cat, and it is said that he equals in patience and excels that animal in alertness.

THE HAWK.—It is an admitted fact that this bird does sometimes trouble hen roosts, but in my opinion the injury done in this manner is more than counter-balanced by the benefit he confers by destroying vermin, such as the weasel, the fox, the racoon, with untold numbers of rats and mice. Very seldom do we find a good thing in this world without its disadvantages. We should remember this when we ruthlessly take the life of the above-mentioned bird.—*Country Gent's man*.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GERMANY—THE AFFAIRS OF THE CONTINENT.

(From the London Watchman, Sept. 9th.)

Her Majesty is on her way home, and is expected to land at Woolwich to-morrow. In Germany the Queen has enjoyed the comfort of seeing her royal daughters in the land of their adoption, and has had interviews with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. The latter Sovereign, still instigated by evil advisers, who think they can make political capital out of the Congress at Frankfurt, has issued a decree dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, which M. von Bismark has found so tenacious of its constitutional rights that he has twice prorogued it before the Budget was passed. The Court electioneering cry is to be—a Prussian, not an Austrian Germany; and the nation is to return the Deputies under the hallucination that the object of the late Congress was to insult and injure Prussia, and to displace her from her rank as a leading Power in Germany and in Europe. Roused by the nefarious conspiracy against the grandeur of their country, the people are to cease to alternate for their own rights and those of their representatives; they are to return a Chamber of Deputies who will pass the Budget with a wet finger, enable the military King to raise to any strength he pleases an army which may be used for the suppression of liberty, and to pass votes of confidence in the Bismark Ministry. If that is the device, it is more like the low and silly trick of a profligate adventurer than the plan of a statesman. The new elections will inform us, what the gagged press of Prussia cannot, whether or not the people are foolish enough to swim, like the smaller sisters of the swan, into M. von Bismark's decoy.

There is an impression that France has leaned more towards a Prussian alliance of late. It is the hearty desire of William I. to be the connecting link between Napoleon III. and Alexander II.; and there is a fickleness about the policy of France which makes her, as the idea may strike her, ready either to draw the sword against or clasp hands with Austria or Russia at brief notice. She has acted in each way towards both those Powers within a few years; alternately fighting and soon afterwards cussing first one and then the other. Like Canning's "Matilda," her impulsiveness makes her say, "A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear an eternal friendship;" but a French eternity in such cases is too often measurable by a very moderate sand-fall in the hour-glass of time. That Austria with England caused her war-chariot to drag heavily when it was got ready against the oppressor of Poland, can have produced only momentary vexation; for the inclination to take up the Polish quarrel appears to have passed away, like other fits and humours of the moody and mutable ruler of France. A great and patriotic work would Francis Joseph have executed if his ability to reform and consolidate the Germanic Confederation had been as great as his intention was good. But Prussia has it in her own power to frustrate the undertaking without ruining herself, as she would do if she was detected intriguing with France to prevent the unity of Germany.

WHAT IS AN ABOLITIONIST?—We find the following definition of the term 'abolitionist' quoted from the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a Richmond publication: "An abolitionist is any man who does not love slavery for its own sake as a Divine institution, who does not worship it as a corner stone of civil liberty, who does not adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permanent Republican government can be created, and who does not in his inmost soul desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth as a means of human reformation second in dignity, importance, and sacredness, only to the Christian religion. He who does not love African slavery with this love is an abolitionist."

