

# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



Vol. I.—No. 9.]

HAMILTON, C.W. JANUARY 10, 1863.

[ \$3 Per ANNUM, in Advance, Single Copies, 6 Cts.

## CANADIAN SCENERY.

The scenery of Upper Canada, with the exception of the great Niagara, and some along the shores of Lake Superior, might be classed under what the poet has described as 'tame and domestic.' There are no mountain chains with their summits clothed with perpetual snow, or around which the 'stormy mists gather,' no valleys adown which the summer rill meanders, or the foaming winter torrent roars. But though we have no lofty peak or wild mountain pass, we have lakes spreading to the sunlight, a surface of oceanic extent, cataracts dwindling into insignificance all the Velinoes and Chausseaus of older continents, and rivers rolling to the ocean with the majesty of seas, forests of mighty magnitude, and fields rich with abundance, crowning the labors of the husbandman. Yet the eye of the Irishman glances in vain over this glorious expanse of woodland scenery for anything to remind him of the lofty peak of Schiehallion, or the ever-changing outline of the Wicklow hills; the Englishman misses the fair range of the Cotswold and the green summit of the

Wrekin, and the Scotsman sighs in vain for the wild passes of the Graupians and the white lofty peak of Ben Nevis. The Lower Province has more of the wild and romantic, more of those charming inland scenes which many have been accustomed to look upon in earlier days. Lake Memphremagog is one of them; its placid surface dotted with islets, and the hills rising from its margin and culminating in the Owl's Head, might compare favorably with some which are better known. A visit to it will amply repay the tourist, whether he travels as a man of science, or only as an admirer of the works of nature.

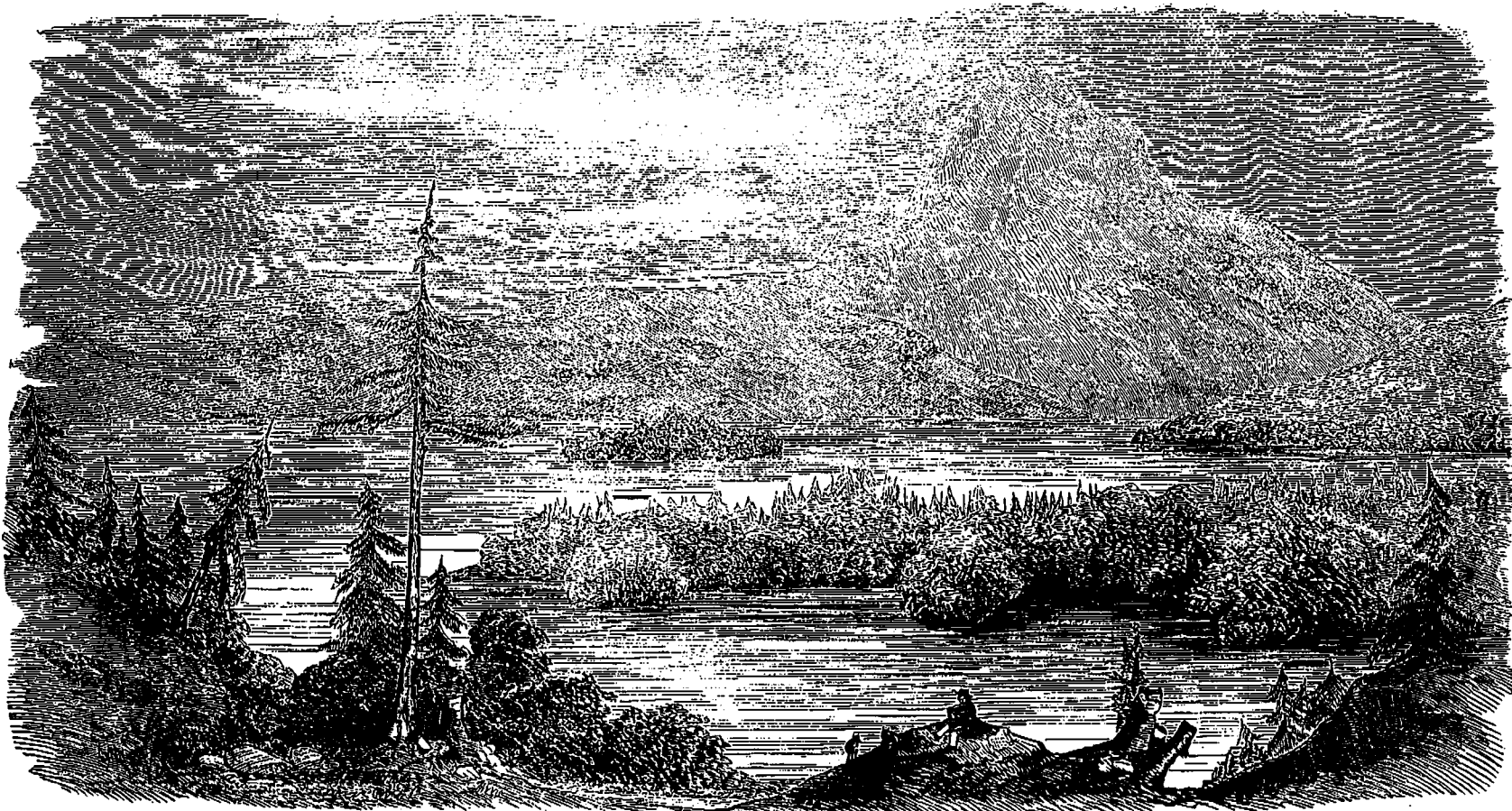
WHAT IS GENIUS.—Genius is the bird that sits and sings and soars as her feelings move her. She rises like the eagle on her heavenward way; she touches the tops of the loftiest crags, and if she comes down to the vales and plains below, it is but to descend gracefully and dip her plumage in the crystal waters of the mountain lake. Genius is the anvil of the dragon, which, uplifted, evokes all earthly and divine things; unlocks all secrets of nature, science, art; which calls,

and is answered; which says, and it is done; which commands, and it stands forth; which makes things of what were not things. But we promised to show not only what this strange and mystic power called genius is, but also what its relations are to talent and to tact; other forces upon which it depends for its best manifestations and most beneficent results.

But what is talent? and what is the connection between it and genius? Talent is a faculty of the mind which enables it to put forth useful effort. 'It comprises general strength of intellect and a peculiar aptitude for being moulded to specific employments.' Such is the definition the learned give us. Talent, too, is the result of training in no such sense as genius is. We would call it an acquisition rather than an endowment. For instance, a man, as the result of years of patience, industry, and faith, may paint a good picture; or carve a statue, or write a poem. By following certain maxims and rules in literature and art, he may acquire an aptitude for certain special kinds of labor. But if he be a painter, he cannot paint like Apelles; he cannot make cherries look so natural that the

birds of heaven shall be deceived, and come and peck at them. Talent in painting, sculpture, architecture, or in any other art, may result in considerable progress and efficiency, may, may lead to respectability on the part of him who exhibits it; but that is all; eminence is impossible to any efforts save those of consummate genius. Nevertheless, talent, as we have said, is not to be despised; nay, it will accomplish what genius itself cannot achieve. Talent is intellect in its vigor and strength, and it is that which rules the world. If it cannot plan cathedrals, it can build them; if it cannot shine as the sun, it can twinkle as a star; and genius herself must look through windows constructed by eye and ear, and head off this homely yet useful power.

A LESSON LEARNED AT HOME.—The Rev. George Heaton, chaplain of Gloucester Gaol, relates that when he was examining a juvenile offender in the Scriptures, he said to him, 'As many as had plagues came to Jesus: what do you mean by plagues?' The lad—mindful, no doubt, of what he had often heard his mother say—replied, 'Children.'



LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

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

The Illustrated News is forwarded to Subscribers by Mail FREE OF POSTAGE.

## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, JANUARY 10, 1863.

### PARTY GOVERNMENT.

GOVERNMENT by party is perhaps the best possible, under present circumstances. But there need be no perhaps about it; for, so far as experience goes, it is the best, and is likely to remain so, until man learns to love self less and the general weal more. It is only, however, when confined within certain limits that we look upon it with a favoring eye, or regard it as an improvement upon the one-man power. Well, what are these limits, and where do they begin and end? The answer is short and easy. They begin and end in the Legislative Halls.—Not beyond that! exclaims some violent party man. "To the victors belong the spoils!" Exactly so, and, that with many, it is feared, is just the sum and substance of their political creed, and unless a healthy moral tone pervades this system, its tendency is to degenerate into a party struggle for office. We are not, indeed, so unselfish as to expect that a government, when it has an office at its disposal will not be inclined to favor those who favor it, but we do maintain that qualification, for the performance of required duties wherever found, ought to be the test in the selections for the filling of public offices, and to keep them dangling as a bait, before the eyes of political partisans, is an injury to the country at large. If then we look so lightly on the claims of the followers of the men in power, belong to whatever party they may, even to their being appointed to a vacant office, how shall we express our dissent, when another has been removed, simply because he happened to entertain somewhat different political notions, to make room for one of the pure orthodox faith. The man who holds, and the government who acts upon the theory of filling all offices with their political friends may be fairly regarded as making the interests of the country subservient to their own. If it could be shown that such a course was absolutely necessary, in order that the affairs of the country, might be conducted with that secrecy and unanimity, which are necessary, in order to the completing and carrying out the measures of the government, we could understand that there was some reason for the change. If the expectations of the friends of either party were restricted to offices, in which the information acquired might be used against the government, there would be less of that violent partisan feeling which is so often seen at election contests. But what does the country gain by substituting one man for another, though both were competent, in the management of its affairs; nothing that we are aware of. The question then returns why make the change, because party interests must have precedence of all others.

There is something noble and independent, something that carries conviction to the mind that a man is in earnest, which is truly refreshing in this age of shams, who, while knowing that he is in the power of his opponents, steadily adheres to his principles, and does his best to advance them, by every legitimate method. Such a character ought rather to beget confidence than distrust, and might safely be relied on, in the performance of his duties to his country, which is surely all that can be reasonably expected of him. But no, he must profess certain political dogmas, ere he can

be accounted worthy; must be known as a friend of the men in power, which may be expressed in that not very elegant, though expressive phrase of 'claw me and I'll claw you.' Such friendship the country can easily dispense with, and be none the loser. It is but a poor excuse to offer, that this rewarding the victorious party with office is carried to a greater extent in some countries than our own. To rest satisfied when we find that we are in advance of some of our neighbors, is a very questionable kind of progress, and as, get as near perfection as possible, is the aim with everything else, so we trust that the larger and better spirit of acting for the good of the country and not for the individual, will more and more pervade our politics.

### AMERICAN WAR.

THE Northern Army it is said have gained a great battle in Tennessee. It was long and bloody, but the South at length withdrew under the cover of night, and left Murfreesboro to be taken possession of by the Federals. There is still some doubt whether the retreat of the Confederates was compulsory or merely a change of their line of operations, at all events, they were not hard pressed, for it is not certainly known where they have gone to, but are supposed to have fallen back upon Fayetteville. Time will tell who has gained the advantage in this severe and long-contested battle.

### BATTLEFIELD OF STONE'S RIVER.

TENNESSEE, JAN. 2.—The terrific battle of Stone's river is not yet decided. It has continued three days with intermissions yesterday and to-day.

After the great battle of Wednesday the enemy persisted in massing upon our right to cut us off from Nashville. Our right was thrown out to Oslennings creek, but on Thursday finding our right too strong they suddenly rushed upon our centre, but were bitterly repulsed by the left of the corps commanded by Thomas and the right of Crittenden's corps.

Later in the day they fiercely assailed the right centre, and were again repulsed. Both sides spent the remainder of the day in sharp skirmishing and manoeuvring for a position.

During that night the enemy appeared to be concentrating again upon our right.—Their commands were distinctly heard in our camps, but suspecting a ruse, Gen. Rosecrans threw Beatty's brigade of Van Cleve's division across the river on our left, with supports, where they rested. About ten o'clock this morning the enemy made another formidable rush at our centre, but were repulsed. At between three and four o'clock this afternoon a tremendous mass of the enemy was suddenly precipitated upon Beatty's brigade, and drove it, after a gallant struggle, clear back across the river. Negley's division, which had always immortalized itself, and its heroic commander, and the faithful division of Jeff. C. Davis were thrown in successively, and the most desperate contest of the battle ensued. Both sides seemed furiously determined to win a victory, and both threw in their artillery, until nearly all the batteries of the two armies were at work. The uproar of the musketry and artillery was of the most furious description. The whole field was soon shrouded in a pall of smoke. Our brave fellows were sadly cut up, but they marched to the assault with unflinching determination. Negley at last ordered his division to charge.—The men pushed forward without faltering, and the enemy gave way. The 78th Penn. charged on the 26th Tenn. and captured its colors. Another rushed upon a battery, drove away the gunners, and seized it for their trophy. A great shout of victory roared along the whole line, and was carried from left to right, through the forests and back again. Gen. Rosecrans, in the midst of the fire and carnage ordered advance of the whole line, and at dark the dense forest blazed with fires of fierce intensity, our lines sweeping forward with wild enthusiasm but darkness made it impossible to press our advantage to a conclusion. Nevertheless the left was fairly established on the east bank of the river.—The centre advanced to the position heretofore held by the enemy, and the right again advanced almost to the line from which it was driven on Wednesday. Thus you perceive the decisive advantage is with us. To-morrow morning, however, the battle will be resumed. We now feel confident of ultimate victory. Our losses, however, have been serious. Since Wednesday morning they amount to about 4,000 killed and wounded, of which 600 were killed. Our loss of prisoners is several thousand, and the enemy on the first day captured about twenty-six guns and disabled six. We captured four from them on

Wednesday. The rebels loss, estimated by themselves, was between 4,000 and 5,000 killed and wounded, including Brigadier General Rains killed. Altogether we have captured about 1,000 prisoners from all the Southern States.

### BATTLE-FIELD OF STONE'S RIVER.

TENNESSEE, JAN. 3.—It rained hard all this day. Both armies suspended hostilities save skirmishing. This evening we battered down a rebel house which concealed sharpshooters, and after short fighting drove the enemy out of a cover from which they damaged us.

Since the above was written the skirmish developed into a bitter fight. General Rousseau, worried by some rebels behind breastworks, sent Col. Beatty, of the 3d Ohio, with his regiment and the 88th Indiana, and they carried the works at the point of the bayonet, capturing many prisoners and holding the works.

All is quiet now, but the enemy is reported evacuating.

On Thursday morning the sun rose through a mass of thick mist and fog, and just as he made his appearance the pickets of the enemy opened a brisk fire upon Palmer's division, which constituted the right wing of General Crittenden's command. A few of our men were wounded, and our pickets manifested some disposition to give way. Two batteries however, moved up to their support, and the cannonade was so brisk that the whole of our forces rushed to arms, expecting an immediate renewal of the battle on a grand scale; but the rebels did not seem disposed to make the fight general; they brought out a battery or two, which attempted to reply to ours, but which were silenced completely in five or six minutes from the time they commenced to fire. Their pickets were also driven back and several prisoners taken, and the sounds of battle, except the occasional dropping of musketry, again ceased. From this time until half-past one in the afternoon, there was no fighting, with the exception of occasional skirmishes between the pickets.

At the last time mentioned, an attack was made upon our right where Daniel McCook's command had been mustered together after the repulse of Wednesday. His men anxious to redeem their character, lay close behind some temporary breastworks of stone and logs, until the rebels were within a few hundred yards of them. Then the opened, and the butternuts reared in confusion in the cedar thickets in which they had been concealed all the morning on Thursday, leaving a number of their dead and wounded in an intervening field. On the centre of our left, where a part of Gen. Sheridan's division was posted, a brisk firing was kept up between the pickets until near night, when the rebels becoming bold, once more advanced in considerable force into an open field. This time our men no longer remained behind their breastworks, but charged upon the enemy, and put them to flight, a single company of the Twenty-seventh Illinois capturing 150 prisoners. A number of shells from some of our batteries quieted the rebels for the remainder of the evening. The fighting on Thursday was at no time on a large scale, amounting really to no more than heavy skirmishing. Both armies seemed inclined to rest after the dreadful contest of the day before.—The weather was cold and clear a part of the day, but during the night there was an ugly drizzling rain, from which our soldiers, without shelter of any kind, suffered severely.

There was nothing of any importance occurring Thursday night; scarcely a shot from either side was heard on Friday morning until nearly nine o'clock. Then a terrible cannonade commenced, and raged for half an hour all along the centre of our line. The enemy's shot and shell flew thick and fast up the railroad and turnpike, and all over the open ground occupied by the centre of our army. One of our batteries was moved to our front and had more than half the horses killed and disabled by the rebel fire; but it soon became evident that the enemy's artillery was inferior to our own, and after Loomis had knocked to pieces a rebel battery of large brass guns, which was situated near the turnpike, directly in front of Murfreesboro, the others hastily drew off, and there was again a lull in the storm. Our loss in this artillery duel was about one hundred killed and wounded. From the reports of rebel prisoners, I am led to believe that the enemy's loss was very considerable. There was nothing more than heavy skirmishing from this until four o'clock P. M.

I returned last night to Nashville, from the battlefield at Murfreesboro, and, after a tedious ride on the cars, during which I was engaged in writing out these despatches, I arrived late this evening at this place. I say I left the field, but not, thank God, until I was able to report a glorious success for the arms of the Union. The battle of Wednesday displayed in a most striking manner the valour of our troops, the earnestness of our officers, and the genius of Gen. Rosecrans; but the result, on the whole, seemed to be against us, and there was a general feeling of despondency throughout our army. On Thursday there was little disposition manifested on either side to renew the battle, and this feeling continued until after the cannonade of Friday morning,

the result of which did much to encourage and inspire our soldiers, and make them ready for the great event that took place in the afternoon of that day. General Van Cleve's division, belonging to General Crittenden's corps, had been thrown across Stone river on Thursday in anticipation of an assault upon our left, similar to that upon the right on Wednesday, or for a purpose which perhaps it is not prudent to intimate. It was posted upon a low eminence, almost overlooking Murfreesboro, and in this situation formed, as indeed it had done before, the extreme left wing of our army. It was about 4 o'clock in the evening, when no one anticipated a renewal of the battle, that the rebels advanced in overwhelming force, under the command of Breckenridge, who seems to have been all day in charge of the right wing of their army, and threw themselves with terrible impetuosity upon Van Cleve's division. This portion of our forces was in command of Colonel Beatty, of the 19th Ohio, Gen. Van Cleve having been wounded on Wednesday. The assault of the enemy was speedily announced to the rest of the army by a dreadful war of artillery and a deafening rattle of musketry. Everybody rushed instantly to arms.

For half an hour the men of Van Cleve's division held their own against five times their number, but finding it impossible to withstand one-third of the entire rebel army began to give ground. Two brigades slowly retired, the enemy following with great determination, until at length our men were pushed into the river, many of them dyeing the water with their blood. The third brigade stood its ground somewhat longer and fought, if possible, more obstinately; still they too were just on the point of giving way, when Negley's division, which was near the centre when the battle began, came rushing up to the rescue, with loud cheers.

The soldiers advanced to the river side, delivered a few terrible volleys, which effectually checked the rebel onset, and then plunged into the stream itself and waded across, all the time pouring their bullets into the face of the foe. An adjacent hill, covered with woods, was just upon the other side of the river, and upon ascending a tolerably steep bank, a fence was reached, which separated the woods from the open ground through which the river runs. Here the rebels attempted to make a stand, and poured a leaden hail into our ranks as they clambered up the river bank; but the soldiers of the Union were no longer to be checked.—They rushed up to the fence, and hurled the enemy away from it at the point of the bayonet. The whole woods then resounded with the roar of battle, our men continuing to drive the enemy steadily before them.—Colonels T. R. Stanley and Miller, commanding brigades, urged forward their men with dauntless courage, and drove the rebels entirely out of the woods and across some cornfields which just lay in front of the last strip of timber which separated our army from Murfreesboro. These cornfields were literally covered with the rebel dead and dying. The enemy had now been driven a mile and a half, and nothing but the coming of night prevented the gallant Negley and his men from pushing into Murfreesboro. I rode over field the at ten o'clock that night. Our forces held undisputed possession of the contested ground.—The slaughter of the enemy was terrible to contemplate. The woods by the river and cornfields, resounded with the groans of the wounded and dying. At least two thousand of the enemy fell in this glorious affair, while our own loss could not have exceeded five hundred. More than a thousand prisoners were left in our hands. Several rebel flags were captured and at least one battery of artillery. When the victory was announced to the rest of the army, their cheers fairly rent the air, and must have spread dismay and terror amongst the rebel hosts.

USE OF TOADS IN AGRICULTURE.—The toad affects gardens as much as the lord of creation. You will find him in a hole in the wall, in the strawberry patch, under the vines, or among the cucumbers. He is not handsome, but serene and dignified as a judge. He executes judgment upon all bugs, worms, snails, and pests of the garden, in the most summary way. See what a capacious maw he has, occupying the whole space from his fore legs to his haunches. He is the very incarnation of stomach, and his gastronomic feats would do credit to an alderman. He is too useful to be without enemies. Man slanders him. He misses a few strawberries from his patch, and lays it to the toad, who stands like a sentinel guarding his treasures. It was the snail who did the mischief before the toad took up his station. Or it was the robin who slyly snapped up the berries, and flew off into the neighboring tree, leaving the poor toad to bear his sins. But you see by the look of his honest face that he is guiltless. Those lustrous eyes are above stealing. One fat bug would give him more pleasure than all the fruit in your garden. Cultivate the friendship of toads, for they take the insects that the birds are apt to overlook. They are as easily domesticated as birds, never sing when you do not want them to, are quiet and unobtrusive, and are profitable pets and fellow-workers. Birch the boy that teases toads.



## A D A.

ADA was the daughter of a powerful rajah, who, in the reign of the Emperor Akbar, dwelt in a superb palace on the banks of the Jumna.

The rajah was proud of his beautiful child, and loved her, as far as his stern nature was susceptible of such a passion. But the duties of his situation and his warlike pursuits called him frequently from her; and much of the dark-eyed Hindoo's time was spent in dreary solitude amid the gardens of her father's palace.

Beautiful as those gardens were, sparkling with gilded pavilions, the air cooled with silver fountains, and rendered fragrant by the odors of every rare plant, still this perpetual solitude wearied her, the society of her female attendants failed to interest her, and as she reclined beneath the pendent branches of a date-tree, she sighed and felt more like a prisoner in a cage, than a princess in the pleasure-garden of her palace.

She had dismissed her attendants, and lay thoughtfully leaning her head upon her hand, when a rustling amid the branches of an orange tree attracted her attention, and she started to her feet in an instant with an exclamation of alarm and surprise, as she distinctly saw among the clustering leaves and blossoms, the bright eyes and dark glowing features of a man.

The branches hastily parted, and a young Mohammedan, rushing forward, knelt before her.

'Who art thou?' she exclaimed. 'Mercy, mercy, I am defenceless—spare me!'

'Mercy,' replied the Moor; 'tis I must crave mercy of you; I am defenceless, fair lady. I am at your feet, and in your power.'

'What brought you here?' she replied. 'Know you not the danger?'

'A danger I have braved too often to heed it for an instant now.'

'Often! What mean you?'

'Daily at this hour, the hour of your solitary rambles, have I entered these gardens—daily have I lurked behind the shrubs that surround your favorite bower—daily have I gazed on you unseen.'

'For what purpose?'

'My purpose! madness—death!'

'Death? to me, who never wronged you—who never injured a human being?'

'To you, lady—no, no—not to you; would not harm you for the world.'

'Death to whom, then?'

'To myself.'

'Why—what brought you here?'

'Accident, or perhaps idle curiosity first brought me here; and I looked on you for the first time; need I say why, daily, after I had once beheld you, I came again?'

'Oh, if you are seen,' cried Ada, 'nothing can save you from my father's rage; you know the barrier—the awful, impassable barrier—that divides your race from mine. Madman, begone!'

The young Moor, whose face and form were such as might have been chosen by a sculptor who wished to represent the perfection of eastern beauty, spoke not, moved not; he continued kneeling before the agitated girl, while his dark, brilliant eyes fixed upon her countenance, seemed eagerly to read its varying expression, that memory might have a store of sweet thoughts to live upon, when the reality should no longer stand before him.

Ada could not bear the earnest gaze of those fond eyes; where was her anger, her indignation at the intrusion of the stranger? Gone! She called not for her attendants; no, she trembled lest they should come.

'I await my doom,' at length muttered the intruder. 'I scorn to fly; my dream of secret love is over; my stolen watchings, so dear, though so hopeless, are at an end; you will call your father's guards, and I shall die.'

'No, no—you shall not die—not if Ada can save you; I will not call them; no, I dread their coming.'

'Then you forgive my boldness?'

'Yes—only begone—save yourself.'

'Shall we meet again?'

'Never!'

'Then I will stay and die; better to die here, at your command, in your presence, than to go hence and linger out a life of hopeless love, never beholding you again.'

Poor Ada had never been before addressed in love's own language. Her hand had been sought by princes and nobles, who, secure in her father's sanction, had addressed her in terms of admiration, but whose looks and accents were cold and spiritless when compared with the ardor of the youthful lover who knelt before her.

'For my sake, if not for your own, go,' she cried.

'Then we shall meet again?'

'Yes, only leave me now; you know not half your peril. To-morrow is the annual festival in honor of Vishnu; I shall be there, and will contrive to speak to you—hark!'

She pointed to the orange-trees. A footstep was heard at a distance. The Moor grasped her hand, pressed it to his lips, and was lost among the orange blossoms just as the chief officer of the rajah entered the bower to inform Ada that her father desired her presence. She cast one anxious glance around her,

breathed more freely when she found that her lover lay unsuspected in his fragrant ambush, and followed by her attendant, returned to the palace. There was no festival in Hindustan so splendid as that celebrated annually in honor of Vishnu in the province over which the rajah governed. The gardens on the banks of the Jumna were splendidly decorated for the occasion, and at noon were filled by crowds of persons, all eager in their various situations either to see or be seen; to pay due reverence to Vishnu, or to be duly revered.

Kettle-drums sounded, golden armor-gilted, downy feathers waved in costly turbans; cavaliers bearing silver battle-axes rode proudly on their prancing milk-white steeds, and princely ladies were borne in glittering palanquins on the backs of elephants.

Ada was there, pale and sad: her stolen mysterious interview with her unknown lover, was so recent, so unexpected, so unlikely to end happily, that she lay on her rose-color cushions, fanned by her favorite slave, without taking the trouble to draw aside the amber curtains of her litter to look upon the festivities which surrounded her.

Toward evening the gardens were illuminated with thousands of many colored lamps; she raised herself and looked around her, but glancing hastily over bright vistas and radiant bowers, her eyes rested on a wide-spreading tree beneath whose overshadowing branches a comparatively dark space remained. She there saw the form of her unknown lover; he was leaning against the tree, with his eyes fixed upon her; she told her slave with assumed levity that she had vowed to gather a cluster of the blossoms of that tree, alone to gather them, and desiring her to await her return, she hastened beneath the canopy formed by its boughs.

Selim was indeed there.

'Speak not,' she earnestly whispered. 'I must not stay for an instant—I dare not listen to you—but mark my words, and if you love me obey them. I do not doubt your love, I do not doubt your constancy, but I shall appear to doubt both when you hear my request.'

'Speak, lady, I will obey you,' said the Moor.

'Go,' whispered Ada, 'buy the swiftest of Arabian steeds, ride him across your plain three times in every day—in the morning, at noon, and in the evening; and every time you ride him, swim the Jumna on his back.'

'Is that all?' said Selim: 'it shall be done.'

'It is all,' replied Ada; 'to prove your love you will I now readily do it, but to prove your constancy, or rather to ensure our safety, it must be done three times every day for the space of one year!'

'A year!'

'Yes, and at the expiration of the year, at this festival, on this very day, if neither courage nor constancy have been wanting, meet me again on this spot. I can wait for no reply—bless you, bless you.'

Ada, with a few leaves of the tree in her trembling hand, hastened back to her palanquin, and Selim again, alone, gazed from his shadowy hiding-place on the gay festival, in which his eyes beheld one form alone. How brief seems the retrospect of one year of happiness! How sad, how interminable, seems the same space of time, in anticipation, when we know that at its close some long looked for bliss will be obtained—some cherished hope realized!

Selim bought a steed, the whitest and the swiftest of the province, and he soon loved it dearly, for it seemed to be a living link connecting him with Ada.

He daily three times traversed the valley and thrice he forded the deep and foaming river; he saw not his love, he received no token from her; but if his eyes did not deceive him, he occasionally saw a female form on the summit of her father's tower, and a snow white scarf was sometimes waved as he speeded rapidly through the valley.

To Ada the year passed slowly, anxiously; often did she repent of her injunction to the Moor, when the sky was dark and stormy, and when the torrents from the mountains had rendered the Jumna impetuous and dangerous.

Then on her knees on the rajah's tower, she would watch for her lover, dreading at one moment lest fear should make him abandon both her and the enterprise, and then praying that he might indeed forsake both, rather than encounter the terrors of that foaming flood! Soon she saw him speeding from the dark forest; he plunged fearlessly into the river; he buffeted with its waves; he gained the opposite shore; again and again she saw him brave the difficulty, again he conquered it, and again it was to be encountered. At length the annual festival arrived, the gardens were adorned with garlands, and resounded with music and gladness; once more, too, Selim stood beneath the shadow of the wide spreading tree.

He saw crowds assemble, but he heeded them not; he heard the crash of cymbals and the measured beat of the kettle drums. The rajah passed near him, with his officers and armed attendants, and those were followed by a troop of damsels; then came Ada the rajah's daughter. She was no longer the trembling, bashful girl he had seen at the last festival. Proudly and self-possessed she walked the queen of the procession, her form

glittering with a kingdom's wealth of diamonds. Selim's heart sunk within him.

'She is changed—she will think no more of me!' he involuntarily exclaimed. But at that moment her dark eye glanced toward his hiding-place.

She spoke to her attendants, and the procession paused as she approached the tree alone, and affected to gather some of its leaves.

'Are you faithful?' said she, in a low tone; 'any, I wrong you by the question; I have seen that you are so; if you have courage, as you have constancy, you are mine, and I am yours—hush—where is your steed?'

Selim held its bridle rein.

'Then in your hands I place my happiness, she added; 'these gems shall be our wealth, and your truth my trust—away! away!'

Selim in an instant bore Ada to the back of his Arabian, and ere the rajah and his attendants were aware she had quitted the cavalcade, swift as the wind he bore her from the gardens.

The pursuit was instantaneous, and uttering curses and indignant reproaches, the rajah and a hundred of his armed followers were soon close at the heels of the fugitives.

'Follow! follow!' cried the foremost, 'we gain upon them, we will tear her from the grasp of the Mohammedan. They approach the river's bank! and turbulent as it now is, after the storm of yesterday, they will either perish in its waters, or we shall seize them on its brink.'

Still they gained upon them; the space between the pursuers and the pursued became smaller and smaller, and the recapture of Ada seemed certain. When lo! to the astonishment of those who followed him, Selim's well-trained steed plunged into the foaming torrent, battled bravely with its waves, bore his burthen safely through them, and bounding up the opposite bank, continued his flight!

The pursuers stood baffled on the river's bank; their horses having been trained to no such feat as that they had just witnessed, it would have been madness to have plunged amid the eddying whirlpools of the swollen Jumna.

Every tale should have its moral. What then will be said of mine, which records the triumph of a disobedient child in a secret, unauthorized attachment? A temporary triumph which so rarely leads to happiness! For this part of my story I have no apology to offer; but from the little history of Selim and Ada, this small grain of moral inference may be extracted: Ladies will do well to try the integrity and prove the constancy of their lovers ere they marry; and lovers should endure trials and delays with fortitude, and thus prove the unchanging truth of their affection.

In Sketches and Incidents we read:—Baxter says of himself, that, before the wars, he preached twice every Sabbath, and once in the week, besides occasional sermons, and several regular evening religious meetings. Two days in the week he catechised the people from house to house, spending an hour with each family. Besides all this, he was forced, by the necessity of the people, to practice physic; and as he never took a penny from any one, he was crowded with patients. In the midst of all these duties, though afflicted with almost all the diseases which man is heir to, he wrote more books than most of us can find time to read. All these men were poor. We find Luther begging the elector for a new coat, and thanking him for a piece of meat; Calvin selling his books to pay his rent; and Baxter was a curate with sixty pounds a year.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.—When I was a young man, there lived in our neighborhood a Presbyterian, who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings.

When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him.

One of his friends, observing him frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his own advantage.

Now, my friends, mark the answer of this Presbyterian:—'God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone, I cannot return to rectify mistakes.'

Think of this, friends, but one journey through the world.—James Simpson.

An advertising chandler at Liverpool modestly says, that 'without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented.'

## Cleanings.

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES AND GLOVES ON.

The following, taken from an American paper, is one of the cleverest essays we have met with for many a day:

When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writers term 'the bracing air of poverty.' My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality, which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching gripe of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, we are told, some would smile, and some to whom they would teach their own experiences would sigh. But let me not disturb the veil of oblivion, which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbor in better circumstances than ourselves, and therefore it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious teeth of time had made in them; and by way of throwing over my equipment a certain savor and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were inclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes—the very ones on which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a dare-devil swagger in his gait, of 'I'm as good as you' leer in his eye, the very whip who threw a stone at a well-dressed horseman, because he was well-dressed; to tear a boy's ruffles because he was clean. As soon as he saw me his eye detected the practical inconsistencies, which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turned me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed with a scornful laugh of derision, 'A patch on both knees and gloves on!'

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling, which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of the immortal 'Tuscan':

'That day I wore my gloves no more.'

But the lesson, thus rudely enforced, sank deep into my mind; and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice and self-discipline and control, but rather by example, instructing them in evil speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think with a sigh, of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a family in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with a glow of happy faces, but

lavishing that which could furnish the hospitality of a whole year, upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the *patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with *no books*, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of the *patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honorably the posts to which they aspire, I recall the *patch on both knees with gloves on.*

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind, and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of their children who are

growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity, that which was sought as a means, insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, "*A patch on both knees and gloves on.*"

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity, when I see fine

ladies be-painted and be-jewelled, cheapening the toils of dress-makers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence; when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of the tables would be to them a feast, I think of the *patch on both knees and gloves on.*

#### MR. CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

It was, we think, a son of the Emerald Isle who declared his belief—very likely having acquired it in a practical manner—that this world was anything but a good place to live in, though not a bad place to die in, if the monuments raised in honor of the departed great could be of any service to them. Such is the way of the world. It can stand calmly by until the grave has closed over all that is mortal of its most gifted sons, and then hastens to make reparation by erecting over their last resting place an acknowledgement of their worth and genius; though while living they were neglected, forgotten, or despised. We would fain avoid this error and rather speak words of encouragement while they may be of service, than write on tablets of stone our glory and our shame.

We will now introduce to those of our readers who have not already made his acquaintance, Mr. CHARLES HEAVYSEGE. Are any of them disposed to ask who is he? a poet we reply, and one of no mean order, though we fear his writings are less known among us than they ought to be. Though not a Canadian by birth he is one by adoption, having been born in England in the year 1816.—His ancestors, both on the paternal and maternal sides of ample means, which, in the last century, from various causes, became somewhat more restricted. He was sent to school at an early age, and received such an education as was at that time common for boys of his condition in life.—He manifested, when very young, a strong predilection for the higher flights of poetry and the drama in parti-



MR. CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

cular, and was always a close observer of men and nature, as well as a never tiring reader, the Bible, Shakespeare and Milton being his favorite books. This last circumstance may in some measure account for his earlier choice of subjects, his first serious attempt at composition being a poem entitled 'The Revolt of Tartarus.' But Milton had been before him in the characters, and the best thing that could befall it, perhaps would be a place in that Limbo of vanities so quaintly described by him in his 'Paradise Lost.' A collection of 'Fifty Sonnets,' might, with a few honorable exceptions, be allowed an everlasting repose in the same remote and abortive region. 'Count Filippo was his next attempt, or the Unequal Marriage,' illustrating the folly, and the wrong of a union between youth and advanced age. A reviewer in the 'New York Albion' thus concludes a lengthy notice of the work. Referring to some previous strictures he continues: 'This is to judge the play by a very high standard it is true; but its merits are so great that it can be gauged by no lower. If it be the work of a young man and he has the genius to create a style of his own, he may become the first dramatic poet of his age.' A brief poem called 'The Flight of Cain,' published in the newspapers, and a dramatic poem in manuscript styled 'Jephthah's Rash Vow,' written quite recently, complete, with one exception, the list of our authors productions. The manuscript poem he has read twice to public audiences in Montreal, when it was received with considerable favor.

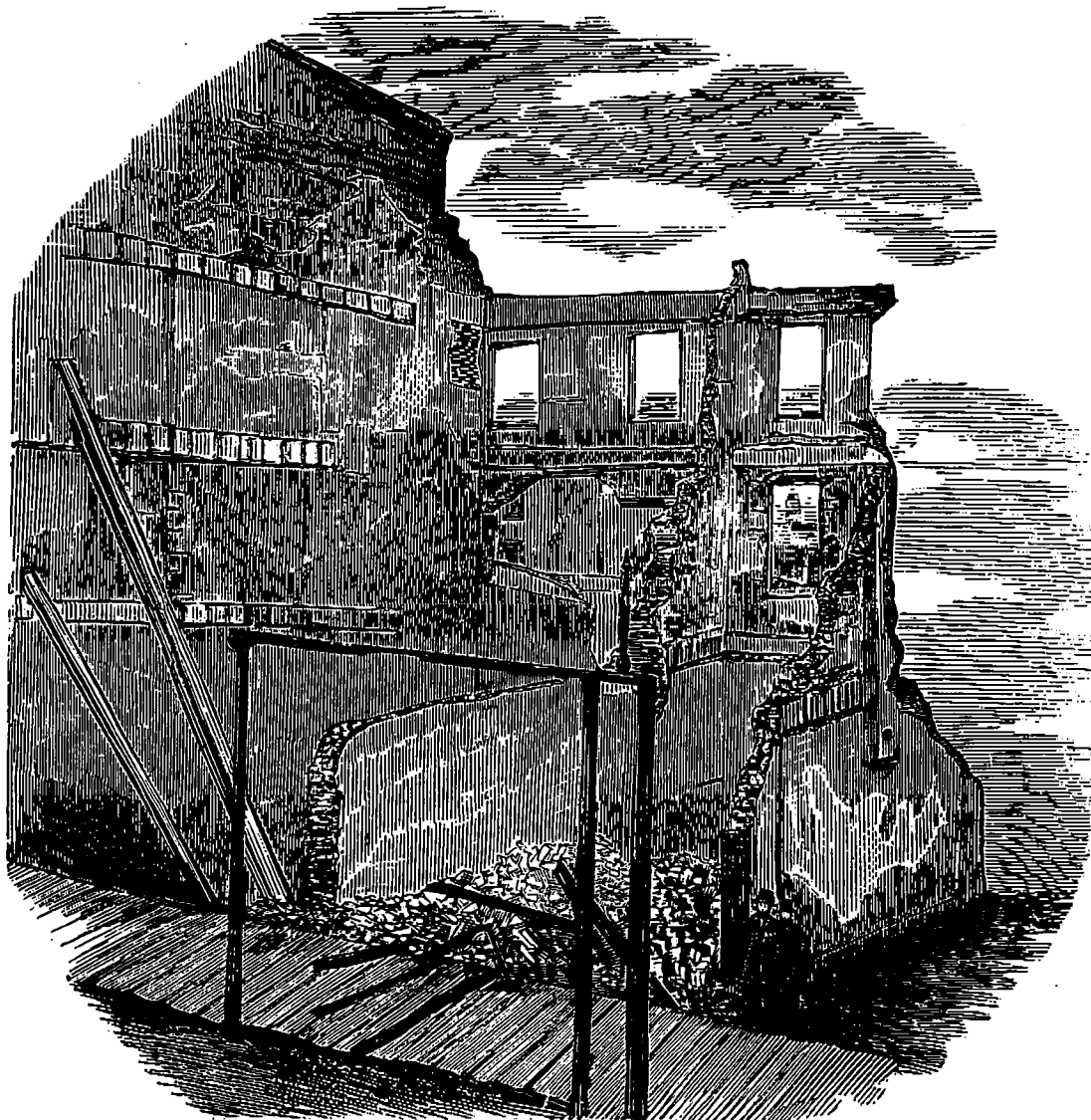
This reader is all that we know of Mr. Charles Heavysege, better known as the author of 'Saul,' a work which we intend soon to notice more at length.

#### FIRE IN LONDON.

On Sabbath evening, the 28th ult., at half-past nine o'clock, Mr. Hammond, the night watchman for the city saw every appearance of fire having commenced in Mr. Baxter's dry goods and grocery establishment. Mr. Baxter had been in bed for about an hour, when he discovered smoke pouring through the floor, which separates the shop from the house, and immediately got out of bed. He tried to gain admittance to the store; but the young man who had the keys and who slept up-stairs, had jumped from the third-story window, and they could not be found.

The fire then commenced with the grocery store of Messrs. Forbes & Co., on the east side, and with Messrs. Shaw & Vernon on the west. It was found impossible to save much from Mr. Baxter's store, and only a small portion of the stock of hardware of Messrs. Shaw & Vernon was saved. During the fire, three explosions were heard, which was caused by three kegs of gunpowder; blowing the roof and floor of the room to pieces. Mr. Baxter is a heavy loser. His stock was worth from \$8,000 to \$9,000, insured at \$8,000. All his household effects were destroyed.

Messrs. Forbes & Co.'s



THE RUINS AFTER THE FIRE IN LONDON. — (From an ambrotype by John Griffiths.)

loss amounted to about \$45,000, insured at \$24,000.

Messrs. Shaw & Vernon's stock, worth about \$20,000, insured, but do not know to what extent.

**THE TOMB OF VIRGIL**—The locality of the grave of many a genius is now lost to the world. Even the tomb of Virgil, near Naples, which has been for so many centuries visited by travellers, and regarded by them with veneration, as having once retained the ashes of the great poet, cannot be pronounced with confidence genuine. It is a small square building with a round roof, and stands on the very brink of a precipice immediately above the entrance to the subterranean tunnel of Posillippo, a beautiful, and we learn, faithful view of which was given in Waugh's Italy. The old entrance to the tomb has been enlarged, and a modern window cut through the wall. The interior is a vaulted cell about twelve feet square, having many small recesses for urns. The urns, if ever any filled these recesses, are now wanting; and with them, of course, the one containing the ashes of the great poet.

**POPULATION OF BRITISH INDIA.**—According to the latest returns, the population of British India is as follows:—Under the Governor-General in Council, 14,165,161; Bengal, 41,898,608; North-West Provinces, 30,110,497; Punjab, 14,794,611; Madras, 23,127,855; Bombay, 11,937,512; making a grand total of 135,634,244 human beings.

## Original Poetry.

## STAR SONNETS.

BY ISIDORE G. AUBIER, MONTREAL.

I.  
O, myriad host of stars, innumerable  
As heavenly mercies on a sin-stained earth,  
Unchanging as the God who gave ye birth,  
Your flashing splendors, indescribable  
As the minutest wonder of His might,  
Or snow-flakes circling in the stormy air:  
Vast as the Infinite One who set ye where  
Your radiance is illimitable.  
Ye are the jewels of eternity!  
Our vision cannot penetrate your rays,  
For all your dazzling glories dim our sight,  
In child-like wonder we can only gaze,  
In reverence cast our narrow glance on ye,  
And feel our littleness, and God's immensity!

II.  
In clustered glories in the depths of Heaven,  
Eternal beacons in a measureless way,  
The glittering gems upon the brow of even,  
Crowning the night with peace and sanctity,  
Your everlasting light, is but a ray  
That emanates from God! who sent ye forth  
Upon your fixed, illimitable path.  
The mystery of your full resplendent light,  
Perchance has been revealed to angels' sight,  
Who praise ye in a loud exultant strain,  
Your great effulgence man doth dimly see,  
And yet ye do not shine on him in vain,  
If in your endless glow he spells eternity,  
And reads his being's immortality!

## A L O N E.

BY FAMELIA S. VINING.

Alone, Alone!—The night is very silent,  
Silent the stars are, and the pallid moon  
Through the unknown sends down no voice, no  
utterance,

To break the hush of midnight's solemn noon.  
I stretch my hands toward the unanswer'd heaven—  
'Tis empty space; no form, no shape is near;—  
I call—no answer to my cry is given  
Powerless my voice falls on Night's leaden ear.

Alone, alone!—I thought the dead were near me—  
The holy dead;—'e'en now, methought I heard  
Low tones whose music long ago did cheer me—  
That shadowy bands the parting branches stirred,  
'Twas but the night wind's mournful sigh above me;  
'Twas but the distant streamlet's drowsy tone;—  
No voice comes back from those who once did love me,  
No white hand beckons,—I am all alone!—

Alone?—no, not alone!—One Sacred Presence  
Fills the far depths, broods round me and above;  
Of Light and Life, the pure eternal Essence,  
Center and Source of everlasting Love,  
In Him I live, and move and have my being;  
My soul's deep yearnings unto him are known;  
On me in pity rests the eye all-seeing;—  
O lonely spirit! thou art not alone.

## Gossip.

## THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

For some reason or other, the practice of giving public lectures, so prevalent in the United States, is anything but popular in Canada; at least not so popular as, when properly conducted, they ought to be.

There are but few cities and towns in New England, and in the Middle and Western States but has its lyceums, or young men's associations, whose principal function consists in getting up a course of lectures during the winter months, and in procuring for this purpose able and distinguished lecturers from abroad. To meet and supply this requirement, some of the foremost men in literature and theology, in the Northern States, hold themselves in readiness, for a consideration, varying from thirty to one hundred dollars per lecture.

Not very long ago, these lectures were considered almost a fixed 'institution' amongst us; hardly a village of even a few hundred inhabitants but had one weekly; but now it seems the practice has generally fallen into disuse. We occasionally hear of a successful lecture or course in Montreal; Toronto is seldom without either; even our cockney friends—we mean of course *wee* London—have enterprise and taste sufficient to try and stem the tide, and prevent them dying out altogether; but here, in Hamilton, it would almost take the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant' to recollect the last winter's course.

Still the question is often asked, here and elsewhere, why cannot we get up a course of lectures? For my part I do not see why we cannot, and why they should not, at the same time prove popular, interesting and profitable. I certainly do not advocate a return to those vague unconnected series of lectures, with which we used sometimes to be favoured; possessing little interest and less practical value, the very remembrance of some of them awakening in our minds, associations of inanity and tediousness, with pompous displays of superficial knowledge. What is wanted—the felt want in many communities besides ours—is a connected series of lectures upon a particular subject, whether it be Theology, Literature, Politics or Philosophy, by men of some original thought, learning and scholarly accomplishments, and I think we will not have to travel out of our own country to find them.

Lectures such as I have indicated, are beneficial; the advantages to be derived from them have been experienced here, and elsewhere. In our day, and amongst all classes, there is doubtless much reading, but, it is feared little good got by it, and I contend that such lectures are required, if for no other purpose than that of directing the reading—especially of the younger portion of the community—by leading them from what is desultory and ephemeral, to what is solid, systematic and permanent; from the dissipating and unsatisfactory gleanings of newspapers, and periodicals to the study of works, which will enrich and exercise their minds, and thereby make them better citizens and better men. I contend further, that such lectures are required in order to supplement the ordinary Sunday teaching of the Pulpit. Every one knows that there are many subjects, occupying the public mind, and influencing it largely for evil, which could not be introduced into an ordinary pulpit discourse, without the hazard of offending and perhaps injuring not a few of the hearers. Hence the parties above any other class in a community, to take hold of this matter are the Clergymen—the public instructors.—Now what is there to hinder the ministers of Hamilton for instance, to deliver during the present winter, a course of lectures on subjects such as Dr. Vaughan so successfully lectured on a few years ago in London. 'The Age and Christianity.' 'The Age in its relation to the truths, as well as to the proofs of Christianity.' Or a series like the following—subjects, such as Coleridge would have loved to compose and lecture on—The origin of evil—The Mosaic writings—The internal and the external evidences, and the political views of Christianity.—How interesting and profitable might a course of lectures on British history be made; or one on early European history—the Fall of the Roman Empire; and the rise and progress of the Christian faith.

I leave this matter, for the present, in the hands of those parties,—whom with all respect and deference,—I have referred to, trusting that ere long the hint may be acted on. I think I am safe in saying that there are hundreds in our city who seldom or never hear a sermon, but who would gladly wait on their ministry on an occasion such as I am speaking of; and who can tell what the result, even of such an instrumentality, might be.

In the meantime our task diverges in another direction; our talk about lectures, naturally leading us to speak of a prince among lecturers.

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The 'gossip' this week in our metropolis—yes, give the Queen City its due, Toronto is our metropolis—has fluctuated between its municipal election and Emerson; for they have had a taste of both during this eventful week. With the former we have nothing to do, farther than to express the hope that all parties are satisfied with the result. The latter personage claims from us something more than a passing mention.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, author, preacher, editor, lecturer; as Carlyle has it, he is 'a noticeable man,' and everything he writes contains suggestive matter, of much thought and earnestness. He has been styled the most original mind America has yet produced; and whether this is the case or not, he has certainly done more than any other American to cause a reaction against the literature of imitation, and European copying, so long the sin of American authors. He has always sought to lead his countrymen to the contemplation of the nature before their eyes, and to substitute for the Paris and London, always present to the writers of his country, Virginia and Massachusetts. 'The soul is not a traveller,' he tells them in one of his essays, 'why seek so far for what is before you. Look in upon yourselves, the life that is in you, feeble though it be, as a spark, is worth more than the splendid dust of distinguished nations.'

Of Emerson's history, I have little to say, that the generality of Canadian readers are not already acquainted with. He is, I believe, a native of the 'old granite state,' was educated for the pulpit, and officiated for some years, in one of the Unitarian churches of Boston. George Gilfillan tells us, on the authority of one of Emerson's hearers, that while Dr. Channing was the most, Emerson was the least popular preacher in Boston; that in fact, he never heard him preach a first-rate sermon, till his last; in which he told his congregation, that he could not conscientiously preach to them any longer. And yet such was the amiability of his disposition, the strictness of his morals, and his attention to the duties of his office, that he became the idol of his congregation.

Emerson was introduced to the British public some eighteen years ago, by the publication, in London, of a volume of his essays, under the editorship of the Sage of Chelsea. They appeared as one of Chapman's series of publications, called the 'Catholic Series,' and I can remember, how much gossip was excited by the singular inapplicability of the title, to writings such as Emerson's. A small volume of his poems—all, I believe, he has ever published—appeared about the same time. Some of them were very beautiful, evincing unmistakable manifestations of a great poetic mind, and were widely copied in the periodicals of the day. The receptions which both essays and poems met with, from the British public, must have been gratifying to the author; the extremes of party met in his praise, Blackwood and the Westminster, strove to outdo each other in belauding him. Since then, he has published a second series of essays; a volume on Representative men, and the work by which he is best known, to the generality of readers, on this side of the line—English Traits. He is now Editor of the Massachusetts Quarterly, and a valued contributor, to the pages of the North American, and the Atlantic Monthly.

Emerson has been compared by not a few of his admirers, to Carlyle, occasionally something to the disadvantage of the latter, and one enthusiastic genius has styled him 'the Byron of America.' The comparison with Carlyle however, is not quite so unfortunate. Emerson is less brilliant, less genial, and endowed with less descriptive and dramatic power; yet I don't know but that he is the better thinker of the two. The great difference between them, in their modes of thought lies in this, that Carlyle inculcates the worship of genius; Emerson denounces all adoration, save that of self. Carlyle is by nature a mental slave, and Emerson the embodiment of self glorification. Four lines, from one of his essays, illustrative of this theory, I must give; and really the comic self-sufficiency of our teacher, is such, that the reader has my forgiveness before hand, even if he takes a hearty laugh when he has perused them. 'If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time, all mankind—for my perception of it, is as much a fact as the sun.'

That Emerson holds and inculcates views and sentiments, inconsistent with those Great Truths which Jesus taught, Paul proclaimed, and Luther preached, every reader of his works, knows as well as I do. In justice however, I must say, that he seldom obtrudes his peculiar theological views on his audiences. I have heard him lecture, more than once, and I cannot recall an objectionable passage in either. Not the less necessary, however, is it for me to state what I have done, even in a few words of 'gossip' about this eminent man. What his creed is, if he has one, is more than I can guess at. Those who have studied well, both him and his system, have pronounced it sheer Pantheism—denying to man an individual soul, free agency, and consequently responsibility—a very Siren's song.

It certainly is anything but cheering to reflect, that so much of the talent, and genius of our day is engaged, with all the skill and subtlety of the present, in weaving into one argument, against Revelation, the worst ingredients of the errors of past ages. Let it be the endeavour of the true friends of humanity, to know the Truth—prepared and ready to maintain and defend it.

## FIRESIDE THOUGHTS.

Pleasant is it after the cares of business to sit dreamily over the fireside, watching the ever changing lights, now dim and anon bright and full of vigor.—How imperceptibly we glide into reveries, images of the past picture themselves on our mental vision, rapidly bearing us from scene to scene.—Childhood, with its hallowed associations becomes again real for us, the tenderness of a mother's love, little incidents of which at the time we had failed to take notice, are revealed to us with a strange and mystic power. Our harsher nature is subdued, we lovingly linger about old forgotten events, and however stern and manful the contest in which we are engaged, we feel that reminiscence has a charm which brings into existence the richer dowries of our nature. Unconscious of the turbulent struggles of the intellect to harmonise reason with our aspirations, we are lulled into the sweetest visions of hope, our faith in good is awakened, and we unresistingly allow it to lead us into the most hallowed and beautiful spots, where jealousies and petty hatreds are not known. Love showers its cheering beams, giving beauty to both light and shade, unclouded by doubt, we see rich harvests mellowing into perfection—no reaper's prune is there. Let us treasure these sacred moments, they are often the blossoms of a life that wages a just and sincere warfare with the ills that beset humanity. They do not remind us of the bitterness of the fight, they are harbingers of the peace that shall follow the stormy conflict between the soul and the body, when the former has said to the latter 'I am not thine, thou art, whether willingly or not, a temple wherein holiness shall dwell.' How little can we know of the severity of the strife, till we have been forced with burning tears of shame, again and again, to see the imperfections of our nature; how often do we flatter ourselves that the flame is burning pure and bright, when it only flickers dimly. Until we have fought the good fight we cannot feel the tranquillising effect of the peaceful vallies, prodigal in all that is beautiful, through which such a contest is sure to lead us.

Cheerless and barren is the life of that man who has not treasured up in a corner of his heart the memory of some fireside scene, where he was surrounded by those he loved, when a serene happiness has spread its benign influence on the circle, mutual confidence penetrating each spirit to the exclusion of meaner cares; it may have been attended with silence, but it is the silence of all discordant thoughts—in such moments our natures interact on each other with perfect harmony, and a feeling of beautiful and refreshing repose steals gently over our spirits.



Happy the man who can recall many such scenes,—they are the sweet lullabies of manhood, and though their notes may lack the tenderness of some loved voice departed hence, they are the most soothing opiates he can use—

'To quiet the restless pulse of care.'

—DERWENT.

#### OUR WINTER SCENE.

In your readings and seeings for a few weeks past, dear reader, have you not had your sense of propriety—of fitness—of harmony—rudely shocked. The season of the year has led you to expect winter, with its blustering winds, its driving sleet and its piercing cold; yet the sun has all the time been showering down his rays with as much warmth and brilliancy as he would if there was no equinox for him to pass and no sleigh-riding for us Northerners to enjoy.

Look up to the hillside, yonder, and see through the fibry branches of the trees, the brown bare ground without a flake of snow to cover its ugly nakedness.

Pass along the street and view that carriage-maker's shop, with its doors flanked by double rows of 'cutters,' looking demure and dull enough—as if half-conscious of their own uselessness—in spite of that brilliant polish on their panels, and the gaudy colours of their

tapestry covering. On to the Hardware store, and here you find the windows festooned with strings of skates, of endless variety of patterns, to be had "on reasonable terms" as the flaming advertisement informs you. Doesn't it look like a rich joke; and you wonder if the confectioner is exhibiting his ice creams. For know ye enlightened foreigners that up to the time of this writing—the beginning of January—there has been no use for skates or only for a day or two in Upper Canada. Our rivers yet flow with a rippling sound. The waves of Old Ontario are still ruffled by the passing breeze. Nay, even the little brook in the ravine there, offends the proprieties by "babbling of green fields" and throwing up its glistening spray in very wantonness of mirth. Our extensive importations of Furs hang by our shop-doors; sad monuments of disappointed commercial hopes. Then look at the matter from a social point of view. You know how our old friend Sandy McFarlane, weeks ago, polished up the 'auld curlin stane, as guid a piece o' granit as ever was howkit oot o' Ailsa Craig,' and how the 'auld stane' has lain in the corner ever since a mere useless piece of lumber. Then to think of the comfortable fur-trimmed cape which Mrs. Gossip purchased as a set off to the Perkins's new bonnets.—

Alas! sighs Mrs. G. it is too bad. Nor is this all; for on opening your latest magazine you find the inevitable 'Christmas story' and your imagination is put to the torture to form a picture of those children of the author's brain hurrying through the dimly lighted streets on Christmas Eve. Their noses red with the piercing blast, and their breath rolling up like great clouds of steam. Why! the scene has no harmony with anything around you.

But this is not exactly what we intended to gossip about. We set out with the purpose of telling you that, following the example of all other Special Artists, our 'Special' must needs try his hand at a winter scene, or 'if not why not,' he said with the severe air of a logician. He would have it out for Christmas. But Christmas had only frozen the duck ponds, and the acute angles of the inlets. He would postpone it until New Year. 'New Year' came, but brought with it sunshine, and almost bursting buds on the lillac bushes, instead of ice and snow.—What was a poor 'special' to do under the circumstances. His brain was swelling with the idea of a 'winter scene,' and reason or none he would have it realized. 'If Jack Frost was not at his usual post, was he—the Special aforesaid—responsible, he would like to know?' And

then he gave his pencil a few vigorous twiches by way of putting the finishing touches to the Cut here presented.

The engraving does not require much explanation. It is a grouping of the various incidents to be seen on any of our bays, during the continuance of good ice. Here are skaters gliding in graceful sweeps, and others not so much so. There is a party deeply absorbed in the 'roaring game' so destructive of broom corn and—what shall we call it—friend Sandy who has charge of that huge basket could tell us. But let us not be too curious. One other point remains to be noticed. You will see two figures of the group in what you will consider a rather serious predicament. On the strength of our good taste we objected to this portion, as offending against artistic rules. Besides we thought it inhuman to make a joke of such a thing. Our artist, with a scratch of his head, replied, that he could offer the same apology for it which Ben Johnson once did for some rather questionable poetry, namely, that it was truth and had actually happened to two of his friends, who in this way, were treated to an involuntary plunge bath. No serious consequences ensued, and an important item was added to the stock of their personal experience.



THE HIGHLAND PIPER.—(FROM A PAINTING BY TAYLER.)

**CONGELATION OF WATER.**—Dr. Robinet has addressed a curious communication on the congelation of water to the Academy of Medicine. It is well known that the blocks of ice formed in the sea yield fresh water by liquefaction. When sea water or any saline dissolution is congealed, the pure water is separated in the form of ice, and there remains a concentrated watery solution of the saline matter. It is thus salt is economically obtained in the north of Europe. To increase the alcoholic strength of wine it may be subjected to artificial cold, whereby the water alone which it con-

tains is congealed and the wine becomes richer in alcohol. By operating in a similar manner on potable water Dr. Robinet has found that it loses nearly all its salts, whether soluble or not. The waters of the lake of the Bois de Boulogne having been subjected to the operation, the small quantity of calcareous and magnesium salts they contained were eliminated. The purity of the water is such that it may be used in many cases instead of distilled water.

**LUCKY DAYS.**—The Anglo-Saxons deemed it highly important that a child should be born

on a lucky day, on which the whole tenor of his life was supposed to depend; for, in their opinion, each day had its peculiar influence upon the destiny of a newly born. Thus, the first day of the moon was preferred above all others for the arrival of the little stranger; for, in they said, 'a child born on that day is sure to live and prosper.' The second day was not so fortunate as the first, as the child born on that day 'would grow fast but not live long.' If he was born on the fourth day of the moon he was destined to become a great politician; if on the tenth, a great traveller;

and if on the twenty-first, a bold marauder. But of all the days of the week on which to be born, Sunday was by far the most lucky, and if it fell on the new moon the child's prosperity was destined to be unbounded. Friday was an unlucky birthday, not only because it was the day of the crucifixion of our Lord the Saviour, but because, according to Anglo-Saxon calculations, Adam ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and was also expelled from Paradise, and died and descended into hell on that day.



CANADIAN WINTER SPORTS.

## Reviews.

## A PEEP INTO THE MAGAZINES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY: Joseph Lyght, bookseller, King-Street, Hamilton.

The success of this admirable periodical is highly creditable not only to the intelligent enterprise of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, but to the literary taste of the American public.

The present number commences the eleventh volume, and contains a rich assortment of the highest literature.

The first article 'Happiest Days,' is from the pen of the gifted lady, whose *nom de plume* is Gail Hamilton, our readers will remember the fine description of an Irish interior and the genial gossip about 'my birds,' which we quoted from her volume of Essays. In this paper the authoress does stout battle against the time-honored belief that the happiest days are those of childhood. We quote:

'Yes, the dreams of youth were dreams, but the waking was more glorious than they. They were only dreams—fitful, flitting, fragmentary visions of the coming day. The shallow joys, the capricious pleasures, the wavering sunshine of infancy have deepened into virtues, graces, heroisms. We have the bold outlook of calm, self-confident courage, the strong fortitude of endurance, the imperial magnificence of self-denial. Our hearts expand with benevolence, our lives broaden with beneficence. We cease our perpetual skirmishing at the outposts, and go inward to the citadel. Down into the secret places of life we descend. Down among the beautiful ones in the cool and quiet shadows, on the sunny summer levels, we walk securely and the hidden fountains are unsealed.

For those people who do nothing, for those to whom Christianity brings no revelation, for those who see no eternity in time, no infinity in life, for those to whom opportunity is but the hand-maid of selfishness, to whom smallness is informed by no greatness, to whom the lowly is never lifted up by indwelling love to the heights of divine performance—for them, indeed, each hurrying year may well be a King of Terrors. To pass out from the flooding light of the morning, to feel all the dewiness drunk up by the thirsty, insatiate, sun, to see the shadows slowly and swiftly gathering, and no starlight to break the gloom, and no home beyond the gloom for the unhoused, startled, shivering soul,—ah! this indeed is terrible. The "confusions of a wasted youth" strew thick confusions of a dreary age. Where youth garners up only such power as beauty or strength may bestow, where youth is but the revel of physical or frivolous delight, where youth aspires only with paltry and ignoble ambitions, where youth presses the wine of life into the cup of variety, there indeed age comes. Age comes a thrice unwelcome guest.'

'But why those who are Christians and not Pagans, who believe that death is not an eternal sleep, who wrest from life its uses and gather from life its beauty—why they should dally along the road, and cling fearfully to the old landmarks, and shrink fearfully from the approaching future, I cannot tell.'

'If this were to be the culmination of your fate, you might indeed take up the wail for your lost youth. But this is only for a moment. The infirmities of age come gradually. Gently we are led down into the valley. Slowly and not without a soft loveliness the shadows lengthen. At the worst these weaknesses are but the stepping stones in the river, passing over which you shall come to immortal vigor, immortal fire, immortal beauty. All along the western sky flames and glows the auroral light of another life. The banner of victory waves right over your dungeon of defeat.'

'Mr. Buckle as a thinker,' will interest that numerous class of mortals whose intellect expends itself in disputes about 'Fixed fate, Free will, Fore knowledge absolute.' But this is by no means its only attraction. It discusses Mr. Buckle's claim to the position assigned him by his friends, with marked ability, endeavoring to shew—and in our opinion does show—that the philosophy of that vigorous thinker is founded on a fallacy.

'Recollections of a Gifted Woman' show that the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'The Marble Faun' has lost none of that terse saxon vigor, that winning grace of style, which fill us with delight when we peruse his charming pages, and none of that seer-like vision

which penetrates the depths of our spiritual nature. The 'Gifted Woman' is Miss Bacon who—our readers will perhaps remember—attempted to prove that Shakespeare was a myth, that the writings attributed to him were the production, not of one man but of several. The glaring absurdity of the position destroyed all interest which might otherwise have been felt in the production of the 'Gifted Woman,' and at once consigned it to obscurity. Her life story, as told by Mr. Hawthorne has all the interest of a romance, and that too, of the most tragic kind.

The long introduction has somewhat the appearance of book-making, but this is amply atoned for by its intrinsic excellence.

'My Friend the Watch,' by George W. Curtis.

In commencing to read this article we thought we had caught the charming author of the 'Lotus Eater' without his hobby horse, but were grievously mistaken. The second page is scarcely finished when he and his personified friend at the end of his fob chain, are in earnest colloquy about the 'war' and the naughtiness of Mother England.

'Benjamin Banneker the Negro Astronomer' is a biographical sketch of a humble negro whose rare attainments attracted the notice of the learned, in both the old world and the new. It is well written, and teaches a lesson, as to the capacity of the negro race, which Americans, above all other people on earth, require to learn.

'Iron Clad Ships and Heavy Ordnance,' belongs to a class of literature which has prodigiously increased of late. It will no doubt be welcome to those interested in the subject.

'A Reply' by Harriet Beecher Stowe, will be noticed hereafter.

There are some other articles which we have not time to analyse.

HARPER FOR JANUARY: Joseph Lyght, Bookseller, Hamilton.

Contains the conclusion of 'Mistress and Maid' by Miss Mulock. Continuations of 'Romola' and the 'Small House at Allington,' with a number of very interesting articles, and beautiful Illustrations.

'Carlyle's Table Talk' should not be missed by any of that author's numerous admirers in Canada. In reading Carlyle's works we are apt to wonder what kind of man he is in private, inflexibly just we can easily conceive him, intensely interesting to those who enjoy his intimacy we can scarcely doubt, but is he the genial companion, the kind hearted sympathising friend? Except in his life of Sterling he does not reveal himself as such. His works, it is true, abound in evidences of the finer qualities of the human hearts—the tenderest pathos—the noblest human love. But these seem to be under the shadow of that fine imperial scorn which he hurls at the 'gigmanities' and 'respectabilities' of the age. So that we sometimes doubt whether he possesses that inter-penetrating sympathy which belongs to the highest form of imagination. The testimony of all who have enjoyed the privilege of his companionship is decisively in his favor on these points. We extract his account of the burning of the manuscript of the 'French Revolution.' It is related by Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher of New York.

'I have heard, in some way, Mr. Carlyle,' said Mr. Milburn, 'about the loss of the manuscript of one of the volumes of your French Revolution. How was it?'

A sad story enough, sir; and one that always makes me shudder to think of. I had finished the second volume of the book called the 'French Revolution a History,' and as it lay in manuscript, a friend desired that he might have the reading of it; and it was committed to his care. He professed himself greatly

delighted with the perusal, and confided it to a friend of his own, who had some curiosity to see it as well. This person sat up, as he said, perusing it far into the wee hours of the morning; and at length recollecting himself, surprised at the flight of time, laid the manuscript carelessly on the library table, and bled to bed. There it lay, a loose heap of rubbish, fit only for the waste paper basket, or for the grate. So Betty the housemaid thought when she came to light the library fire in the morning. Looking round for something suitable for the purpose, and finding nothing better than it, she thrust it into the grate, and applying the match, up the chimney with a sparkle and a roar went the 'French Revolution,' thus ending in smoke and soot, as the great transaction itself did, more than half a century ago.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for January: Joseph Light, Hamilton.

This periodical will in future be known as Frank Leslie's Ladies' Magazine. The present number is richly adorned with fashion plates of every possible kind, plain and colored. A steel plate portrait of Mrs. Geo. B. McClellan, and numerous other illustrations in the best style of the art.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

DALTON'S THEORY OF VAPOUR and its application to the aqueous vapour of the atmosphere, has been investigated by Professor Lamont, of Munich. Dalton's experiments led him to assume certain laws regarding the relation of vapour to the atmosphere.

M. Lamont has examined these laws with a view of showing whether the aqueous vapour forms an atmosphere itself independent of the air, or whether it is mechanically mixed with the air so as merely to increase the volume and weight of the atmosphere as a gas standing in no relation to it. A translation of M. Lamont's paper, embodying an account of a series of experiments, appears in the Philosophical Magazine.

From these experiments he says we are incontestably entitled to conclude that Dalton's theory, in so far as it assumes that the air and the vapour existing in the same space are independent of each other, is totally unfounded; the true view rather is, that the air exerts a pressure upon the vapour, and the vapour upon the air. I hope at a future opportunity to show that the humidity must be regarded as adhering to the molecules of the air, and that the phenomena admit of a simple explanation, by means of a natural hypothesis concerning the expansion of dry and wet molecules. The idea of an atmosphere of vapour subsisting by itself appears to be inadmissible, and the data furnished by the psychrometer can no longer be regarded in any other light than as the expression of local humidity. The Astronomer Royal, Mr. G. B. Airy, says, "as far as observations have enabled me to form an opinion, I assent entirely to the views of Dr. Lamont."

FORMATION OF MUD ON THE NILE.—In the Annales de Chimie are extracts from a letter to M. Dumas, from M. Méhédiin in Egypt, from which we extract a few notes.—In the months of April and May, the Kamsin or wind of the desert, blows for about fifty days on Egypt. The sand it brings with it darkens the sky and covers the earth with a light layer, while that which falls on the Nile, sinks from its weight. In June, calm weather returns, and the north wind begins to blow, gradually becoming more powerful. It should last all summer, as without it, life is difficult in Egypt. From July, first, the Nile at Cairo is seen to rise and change in colour, from greyish green to brownish yellow, and soon to the colour of yellow ochre. M. Méhédiin ascended the Nile in order to observe the agricultural effects of the inundation, and collect specimens of the mud.

About September 10th, the inundation was at its height, and for several days, the valley had the appearance of a long strait, dotted with numerous isles. In October, the water decidedly begins to retire, and layers of mud were deposited on the earth. M. Méhédiin was able to obtain specimens of more than five hundred layers of mud, in Chronological order, for, thanks to the regular annual passage of the Kamsin, bringing with it layers of sand, each year is indicated in characters as clear as those which shew the age of an oak in a horizontal section. The various specimens of water and mud sent to M. Dumas have been analysed by M. E. Willm. The early deposits gave in 100 parts:—Say by fire, (carbonic acid and organic matters,) 0'69; nitrogen, 0'11, silica, (quartz and mica,) 77'20; alumina and peroxide of iron, 11'15; phosphoric acid, 0'65; lime, 1'90; magnesia, 0'20; soda, 0'30; hydrochloric and other matters not treated, (the parts soluble in water,) 1'80.

ARTIFICIAL CAMPHOR is formed by the action of Chloride on the essence of turpentine. To distinguish it from natural Camphor, M.

Dumont recommended as a re-agent the employment of a solution of ammonia or camphor dissolved in alcohol. The alcoholic solution of natural camphor gives only a light precipitate which is dissolved by agitation, while that of artificial camphor gives a large precipitate which will not dissolve. M. Sauerwein thinks this test insufficient, stating that the precipitate formed by artificial camphor in alcohol is more or less in proportion as the solution is more or less concentrated. He says that artificial camphor frequently contains chlorine. The determination of the presence of chlorine in camphor, which is easy, proves that it is artificial.

## THE CLOSING YEAR, 1862.

'Footprints on the sands of time.'—LONGFELLOW.  
'We take no note of time, but by its loss.'—YOUNG.

The year is drawing to a close;  
Its shadows, and sunshine past;  
Its hopes and fears, its joys and woes,  
In Lethe's waves—are sinking fast;  
Fair skies, where clouds do intervene,  
Fill up the page of passing years:  
And human life has ever been,  
Made up of laughter and of tears.  
And through the all revolving year,  
The fatal sisters toil in pain;  
While Atropus, with ruthless shears,  
Still snaps the thread of life in twain.  
And evermore, as night draws nigh,  
The moments fleet the faster too,  
A few short hours, and you and I  
Must look our last on Sixty-two.

On, in the old accustomed track,  
The silent seasons swiftly go;  
Impatient all to call them back,  
The shout of joy, the wail of woe:  
A monarch dies, and nations weep,  
And millions look with troubled stare;  
A pauper sleeps the dreamless sleep,  
With few to know and none to care;  
The one is huddled out of sight,  
In shapeless trench by rude hands thrown,  
The other, rots in state, 'tis right,  
Dust unto dust—earth claims her own.  
Yet evermore the sun rolls on;  
The moon her splendor doth renew;  
So the good or evil we have done  
Are summ'd in the cycle, Sixty-two.

At noon of night, a child is born,  
Hope, smiles to hear his feeble cries;  
Folding his hands, at dawn of morn,  
The Grandsire closes his weary eyes;  
The Sun looks forth in the roseate east  
And hands that are twining the bridal  
wreath  
And baking the bread for the wedding feast;  
May be call'd eve night, to the feast of  
Death;  
In smiles and tears, we trace the path,  
Of a close link'd pair, going hand in hand;  
The Angel of life, and his brother, Death,  
Silently gliding athwart the land,  
Then watch, and work, till the task be done,  
Whatever thy heart designs to do,  
Since the tale of the years, which thy life  
must run  
May be blotted out with sixty two.

The earth is filled—with hate and strife,  
And the measur'd tramp of armed men;  
'Wars, and rumours of wars' are rife,  
And Mars red-ey'd, stalks forth amain:  
Foul distrust, is the lord supreme,  
And the Nations of earth—keep watch  
and ward:  
And bayonets bristle, and sabres gleam,  
And argus-eyed vigilance, stands prepared  
To poise the rifle or clutch the knife,  
Eager and prompt, as the fratricide—  
Gain,  
To unseal the sacred fount of life  
And pour its blood—like the summer's  
rain—  
'The seedtime of wrath that the years have  
known,  
'Like the serpent's teeth' springs up  
anew;  
And the vintage, they garner'd, in sixty-one,  
Has turned to 'apples of Sodom,' in  
sixty-two.

The smell of blood, is everywhere,  
The wolves to the feast are gathering;  
And the vulture high in the tainted air,  
Whetteth his beak, and flappeth his wing:  
Deeds of lust—without a name;  
Maddened revenge, with her frenzied yell  
And tortured souls, and cities in flame,  
Causing tears in heaven, and laughter in  
hell!  
How long, oh! Lord, shall the rifle flash,  
Shed a brother's blood—by a brother's  
hand.  
Oh! Lord, how long, shall the sounding lash;  
And the shriek of the slave, be heard in  
the land:  
Arise in thy might, as in ages gone,  
So plead thy cause, in the earth anew;  
That the tyrant's power, and the bondman's  
groan,  
May perish forever—with sixty-two.





## EOLA.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

## CHAPTER I.

It is a dark, dismal night in November. The wind howls mournfully through the leafless branches of the withered trees; not a star is visible; and a drizzling rain adds to the wretched dreariness of the winter scene.—'Surely no human being would venture abroad on a night like this,' says Luxury, as he revels in the comfort of his soft, easy chair by a blazing fire.

'Misery heeds not external discomforts,' answers Poverty, bending his ragged head to the keen blast. True, oh Poverty! the despairing, grief-bowed soul is oblivious of all save its own sad, crushing weight of woe and bitterness.

We stand before a stately mansion, reared beside the romantic ruins of an ancient abbey and contrasting strangely, in its bright, modern appearance, with the solemn grandeur of the mouldering pile, the once massive walls of which, standing in huge, fantastically-shaped fragments, backed by the giant trees, whose bare arms, stretching wildly forth, are visible at different openings of the ruins, present a singular and ghostly spectacle to the eye of the night-gazer.

All within the handsome dwelling, however seems warmth, and light, and cheerfulness.—Luxuries are not wanting here. One room, in particular, appears to be very brilliantly lighted, and in it the gay young master of this wealthy establishment is entertaining a few of his chosen companions.

Lord Ewald is considered the richest man in shire. He is also free from every kind of control. No parents are living to shackle his pleasures with their wise and irksome counsel, no officious friends presume to dictate to him, no anxious wife interferes with his whims and caprices—all around him are mute, or fawning and subservient.

Let us draw his portrait, as he leans back yonder so gracefully on his cushioned seat.—His brow is white, smooth, and high; the light brown curls that lie negligently about it are luxuriant and glossy, and his bright blue eyes, though somewhat too voluptuous in their expression, are soft and intelligent, and to a casual observer winning and kind. The delicate nostrils slightly curled upper lip, and prominent chin, bespeak fastidiousness and pride, but this unpleasant effect is greatly obviated by the peculiarly fascinating smile that now plays around the entire countenance (it might be most disagreeable were that countenance distorted with anger). A slight moustache decorates the well-formed mouth, but no whiskers are yet visible on the smooth fresh cheeks.

Is this the portrait of a nobleman? In one sense; but Lord Ewald is noble in little more than the name.

Let us return to the exterior of his rich abode, and penetrate the mystery of that dark figure which for more than an hour has hovered near the window of the gaily-illuminated room.

It is the form of a female, surely! But on such a night—at such a time! What can have brought her to this dreary place? And why is she so intently gazing through that stately casement? A portion of the costly hangings are slightly disarranged, and through the aperture thus formed, a good view can be obtained of the interior of the apartment which Lord Ewald and his friends are occupying, unconscious of the pale young face that is ever and anon pressed against the cold glass, and the mournful dark eyes that peer so wistfully in upon the warm, bright scene, in which they luxuriate, while she stands shivering and weeping beneath the wintry sky.

Coldly blows the ruthless blast on her trembling form as the unhappy creature continues her dreary vigil, but she scarcely heeds it: it sweeps round and round her, tossing about her long, dark hair, and piercing through the slight and half theatrical garment which barely covers her; yet still that wan face rests against the chilly glass, and those sad eyes are fixed upon the gaily within.

Oh! what a depth of misery do they bespeak! What a pitiful meaning dwells in their wild lustre! What a tale of suffering and shame do they unfold! And yet what a wealth of yearning tenderness can be traced in their passionate gaze!

Poor young thing! Whatever may have been thy fault, its punishment has quickly followed. She is very beautiful, though worn with pain and sorrow. A princess might envy her slender, graceful figure, and those long black tresses falling from beneath her gipsy hood—how luxuriant and glossy they are! Her hands and feet too are small and well formed, and her skin is soft and spotless as that of the pampered patrician.

She is young to be the victim of so much misery; her ago can scarcely exceed seventeen, but she has lived long enough to feel life a burden, as can be traced in the feverish bitterness with which she more than once exclaims against the hard fate that has overtaken her.

Presently a servant enters the apartment in which is the object of her interest; he observes the carelessly-drawn curtain, and hastens to adjust it properly. Ah! draw it close—shut in all the comfort and the luxury—tend your master carefully—let no cold draught penetrate to his delicate person! What matters it to him or you that without that silken curtain shivers a poor forlorn child, whose young life he has blighted in the bud, and whose once innocent heart he has won from its purity, and immersed in a hopeless abyss of shame and despair!

The girl turns slowly away, and vanishes into the surrounding darkness.

On reaching the ruined abbey, she looks back, lingeringly and irresolute, as one who takes a last farewell of some cherished object.

'He is sitting there in warmth and gladness,' she murmured, gazing through her tears.

'He is surrounded with every comfort that heart could wish for; while I stand here wet with the cold, cold rain, and almost dead with shame and sorrow. Oh! how cruel!—how cruel! Only three months ago he met me

here—almost on this very spot: then I was a careless, light-hearted child, and now,—now—' The broken words died in a succession of bitter sobs, and leaning against a portion of the rough wall, the wretched girl gave way to a passionate burst of grief; her slender form quivered with the violence of her wild sorrow, and all other considerations for a time seemed forgotten in its intensity.

Presently the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon her ear. It seemed to arouse her from her painful paroxysm, for, mastering her sobs, and hastily wiping away her tears, she relinquished her sorrowful attitude, and walked hurriedly forward.

She had not proceeded many steps ere a tall, gipsy-looking man overtook her; she seemed to know him, and half paused as he approached, while a piteous expression of fear passed over her pale features.

'How is this Eola?' he said, almost fiercely, and grasping the shrieking creature's shoulder.

'Why do you steal away from your home to prow about this ghostly place on a night like this? You have been crying too,' he added, sharply, gazing searchingly into her face.

'Oh, Ralph!' she exclaimed, in a frightened tone, and putting up her little hands, in a deprecatory manner. 'Oh, Ralph! do not scold me. I—only came here to tell the fortunes of a servant-maid belonging to the house yonder; and—and—I have been crying a little, because she didn't come as she promised; for you know, Ralph' (and the speaker strove to throw a semblance of truth into her words), 'silver is scarce among us now.'

'You lie, Eola!' fiercely exclaimed her gipsy friend, for such he appeared. 'You did not come here for anything of the sort. You are deceiving me—deceiving us all; and you know it; else what did you want at that window yonder? I've watched you for the last five minutes, while you stood staring in it. Ah! you tremble! Did the servant promise to meet you there?'

'Come, Ralph; you are in a bad temper to-night,' said the poor girl, striving to assume a careless tone and manner. 'You are always trying to tease me. If curiosity did make me look in at those fine gentlemen for a few moments, its nothing to be cross about.'

'And pray did the same curiosity cause you to cry and oh, just now, like a passionate baby? I tell you, Eola, you are playing me false, in some way.'

The gipsy paused; and a half-sad, half-angry expression crossed his dark features, as he gazed on the shivering creature at his side, awaiting evidently some reply in denial of his accusation.

But she spoke not. 'What do you want,' he continued, 'night after night, and day after day, wandering alone among these woods and ruins? You have strangely changed, too, since we came to this place. Oh, Eola! I love you—you know I do. But if I thought you were cheating me, I could kill you where you stand.'

A singular smile for a moment hovered round the girl's mouth. Perhaps she saw nothing so very appalling in the threatened

fate. Perhaps it would have seemed almost welcome to her then.

'I don't deceive you, Ralph,' she said, at length. 'You deceive yourself.'

'How?'

'In thinking I can ever be your wife.'

'What! Are we not engaged to each other? Didn't you long ago promise to marry me?'

'I was a child then, and promised what I didn't understand. I didn't know what love was when I promised to love you.'

Poor Eola! she had touched a dangerous chord then. The gipsy seized her arm roughly.

'You have learnt lately, then!' he cried, savagely; 'at least, your words make out as much. God help the teacher if he crosses my path!'

The girl was silent.

'Am I right?' continued her companion; 'has another taught you how to love? Oh! if it is so, I will be revenged most fearfully! and a gleam of most dreadful passion fired the speaker's black eyes, while his set teeth grated audibly.

'You are silent!' he hissed out; 'and so you are guilty; but, oh! if that sneaking libertine has touched a flower intended for my plucking, let him look to it! I will tear him limb from limb, and throw the pieces to his mastiffs. Speak, Eola! has his baby face and whimpering voice won you for a nine days' plaything? or are you yet to become his victim?'

Eola glanced pitifully up into the face of her interrogator.

'Oh, Ralph!' she murmured; 'don't speak to me in that dreadful way: you terrify me. Indeed, indeed, I know nothing of this man. I am innocent of his love, I assure you.'

The gipsy looked intently in her pale face. Something there evidently touched his pity, for, assuming a gentle tone—

'Well, well,' he said; 'I'll believe you—at least, till I prove you false; but its strange you coming so often to this place. If your heart is with that wicked lord, I advise you to recall it, and place it where you will meet with true love, and not disgrace.'

Oh, Eola! if you have, indeed, been silly enough to fall in love with that man, let me beg of you, for your own sake, as well as mine to think no more of him. He is handsome and rich; but his heart is black as night, and he would ruin you with as little remorse as I would pull a daisy and then throw it away. I am only a poor man, Eola, but I love you dearly, and would even work—work my fingers to the bone—to make you happy, although I am hasty and rough at times to you.'

The gipsy paused for a moment, overcome with some deep emotion.

It was plain that beneath his rough demeanour and harsh tone there was much of real worth and feeling. Whatever might have been his failings, they were venial; and a loving woman might have transformed that rude, wild heart to one of the tenderest sentiments; but, alas! this could not now be.

The young girl began to weep. Her do-

ceived lover's honest avowal of affection cut her to the heart. She felt in that moment some of the worst pangs a human being can endure. She knew how wholly and lovingly that rugged nature had been bound up in her; she knew that its passion, however dimmed by fitful gusts of ill-temper, was changeless and deep as any earthly sentiment could be. That man had loved her and cared for her when she was a helpless child; he had stood between her and many a hard storm, and had ever tried to smooth, as well as he knew how, the rough life they were accustomed to lead.

No wonder that her soul smote her when she reflected on the wrong she had wrought him; but the error was irreparable. Bitter thought! She might weep till her sight grew dim, and her senses reeled; but no tears could ever efface in this world the blot upon her soul—no repentance ever atone for the misery she knew would come upon the being who had loved her.

'Don't cry, Eola,' he said, at length, and gently drawing her to his side. 'Come, wipe away your tears. I will believe your word.'

His kindness was only an additional sting to the unhappy heart of the weeping girl.—She knew how undeserving she was of his confidence.

'Let us go home, Ralph, please,' she said, falteringly.

'Yes, darling,'  
And he bent down and kissed her cheek.

An involuntary shudder convulsed her frame.

'It is cold,' she exclaimed, quickly. 'I am very cold.'

'Let me wrap this round you,' said the gipsy, kindly, taking from his shoulders a warm overcoat, and placing it carefully round the slight figure of the girl.

She could not thank him; her heart seemed bursting; and silently putting her hand through his arm, she allowed him to lead her away.

## CHAPTER II.

They emerged from the ruins, and after traversing the pathway through a small dell adjoining, came to a long, dismal-looking lane, occupied by a few small cottages and some ruinous barns. About half way down the lane were drawn up at the side two perambulatory gipsy houses. Into one of these the man and girl entered.

An elderly female was sitting on a stool before a wood fire, smoking a pipe. Her appearance was unprepossessing in the extreme. An old red handkerchief tied round her head gave her a savage, weird-like aspect. Her face was shrunken and yellow, and the small but piercing black eyes that gleamed from under her shaggy brows wore an expression of cruelty and cunning equally repulsive. Her lips were thin and white, and her sharp hooked nose and projecting chin were in rather close proximity to each other. Altogether, her appearance, as displayed by the dim light of the smouldering fire, was harsh and revolting. Near her, suckling a child, sat a young woman about twenty, who, from her resemblance to Ralph, appeared to be his sister. And such, in fact, was their relationship.

Like her brother, she was tall, finely formed, and handsome; but her beauty was of the true gipsy cast; darker eyes and hair, or browner skin, could hardly have been found. 'So you've found the wanderer, Ralph,' she said, as her brother entered with his trembling companion.

'The cold has not improved her pale complexion,' she added, sarcastically, and raising her dark eyes inquisitively to Eola's face.

'Come, come, Linda, be a little civil, can't you?' expostulated Ralph. 'Eola shall not be always jeered at by you. Make room there, and let her warm herself.'

So saying, he led the young girl to the fire, where she seated herself on the ground between the two women. The elder one eyed her from time to time with a cunning leer, that bespoke some secret feeling of uncharitable satisfaction, while the younger regarded her drooping figure with a glance of mingled envy and contempt.

The fair girl had thrown off her hood and cloak, and her crimson dress lay in graceful folds upon the floor, as with her hands clasped on her knees, and her feet stretched out towards the fire, she sat bending forward, with her long dark hair falling over her face, and her eyes fixed on the glowing ashes, in listless sorrow.

'You look very well in that fancy dress, little un,' said the envious Linda, at last; 'but I should advise you to put it away for next Croydon fair, and put something on more suitable for your present life. The winter is coming on, and dancing girls will be out of fashion. How much have you earned to-day by those dainty feet and legs? Not a paltry sixpence, I'll warrant.'

'I've not been dancing at all,' returned Eola, timidly.

'No! Then what have you been doing? I expected you to return with a pocketful of money after being away so long. I suppose you expect a supper, but those who don't work can't feast on other people's gettings.'

'I am not hungry,' faintly responded the poor child, while the crystal tears began to drop silently on her folded hands.

'Linda, this treatment is shameful!' remonstrated Ralph, indignantly. 'I wonder how you would like to go supperless to bed! And do you work? Doesn't your husband once leave you here for weeks a burden on our hands, while he's scouring the country on his own selfish games?'

'Now do leave off your grumbling,' croaked the old woman, speaking for the first time.

'Eola, child,' she continued, addressing the young girl, 'get yourself something to eat, and go to bed.'

The girl rose obediently, helped herself to a piece of bread and cheese from a small cupboard, and with a half-audible 'good night,' escaped behind the coarse curtain, which was drawn across a corner of the hut, forming the women's bed-chamber.

Ralph soon after quitted the hut, leaving his mother and sister alone.

'Linda,' whispered the old woman, as soon as he had closed the door, bending forward and pointing to the curtain; 'Linda, don't you think that she has appeared very strange of late?'

'Yes, returned the other female in a low tone of voice; 'and I can guess the cause. I told that foolhardy Ralph all along that the baby-faced flirt didn't care a straw for him.—Oh, no! my delicate lady is too much a chip of the old block to care for anything less than a lord or a sir. What's bred in the bone, you know—'

The speaker finished the well-known aphorism, with a wink and a sneering laugh.

'And do you really think it is so?' asked the old woman, ambiguously.

'Do I think so? Of course I do; my eyesight is as good as most people's, was the haughty answer.

'Have you seen her with him?'

'Not lately. I saw them together in the wood beside the abbey one day, and my precious beauty was better engaged than in dancing for him. They were sitting on the trunk of an old tree, my lady's head leaning on his shoulder, and my lord's arm around her waist as lovingly as you please. No wonder she always would wear her fine crimson frock—Dancing! Yes that was a good excuse.'

'But you should have told us of this, Linda.'

'Not I, indeed. Why would I have spoilt their game? Ralph should have taken care of his beauty himself. I have something else to think of besides keeping guard over that piece of frippery.'

'It seems to me, Linda, as if you delighted in the girl's disgrace.'

A disdainful smile curled the handsome woman's lip. Did she triumph in that poor friendless one's shame? Too likely; for she hated her with all the intensity of a jealous, discontented heart.

'What if I do? It is because I don't want Ralph to have her. I never did want him to.'

'But she is a wonderful help to us.'

'Yes; that's all you think of—the money she earns. And you would have your son marry that scapegrace's cast-off doll, for the sake of a few paltry pounds a year.'

'No no, Linda; I would not have him marry her now, for love or money; but if this hadn't happened, I should have liked him to have had her very well. And you are really sure about what you say?'

'Sure? Yes. She fancies she's very clever; but she couldn't throw dust in my eyes.'

'Then Ralph must be told of it, Linda, at once.'

'What need? He'll soon be able to judge for himself.'

'Yes; and in the meantime go and marry her, perhaps. Oh no, Ralph shan't run his head into the fire now his mother knows about it; so I shall tell him as soon as I see him.'

'And knock up a jolly row this time of night! You know what a dence of a temper he's got. He's very likely to go and cut her throat, in his rage.'

'Not he. I know how to manage him, Linda.'

'Yes; you're mighty clever; or think you are.'

And with this dutiful response, the daughter rose to get some food ready for her infant, and the discussion was suspended.

This colloquy was carried on in so low a tone that it did not reach the ears of its unhappy object, who, weary and heart-sick, lay shivering on her comfortable bed.

Eola's history, as far as she herself was concerned, was enveloped in mystery. She had never heard how, when, or under what circumstances she had been born. She had lived with her present protectors as long as she could remember, and she knew no others.

Still she was aware that no ties of relationship existed between them and herself; they had told her this much, but vainly had she attempted to elicit from them further information. From childhood she had been accustomed to obey the elder female, and to add her help, which was not inconsiderable, to the avocations which generally filled the pockets of the tribe. The young girl was universally liked by all their people except Linda and her mother. The former, either from jealousy or some other unknown cause ever treated her with scorn and harshness.—The latter was kinder, but merely from mercenary motives; for Eola's earnings were too

acceptable for the old gipsy to risk their loss, by driving the pretty dancer from among them through actual ill-treatment. Thus when Linda wounded the poor Orphan's feelings by a harsh word, the mother applied a kind one; so that, between the two, Eola was kept in a continual state of perplexity and irresolution.

And even Ralph's behaviour though just and sometimes tender, was of a nature which rather frightened than soothed her; for though he was always her champion in the disputes between herself and his relatives, his temper was so violent and so easily provoked, that the young creature felt his presence generally irksome to her, and experienced in it a sensation very like that of a kitten in the arms of a child, who, while being caressed, dreads lest the next moment it may receive a kick or a blow.

Notwithstanding this, she had suffered herself to be drawn into an engagement with him, and was looked upon by all the tribe as his affianced wife.

A day was even fixed for their wedding, and for months Eola had dreaded that day; now she dreaded it no longer, for she well knew that it could never arrive.

But a deeper shadow hung over her path; a darker event held up its prospective horrors to her shrinking imagination an event the very thought of which caused all other feelings and ideas to shrink into insignificance.

The unhappy girl had scarcely fallen asleep when she was aroused to consciousness by a heavy groan, proceeding from behind the curtain, which caused her to raise her head and listen, when the voice of the aged woman struck her ear, saying—

'Hush, Ralph! don't be a fool; you will wake her.'

The only response to this injunction was another groan, louder and deeper than the first.

Eola listened in breathless silence. At length she heard the deep tone of Ralph Leighton's voice.

'It cannot be true!' he said; 'mother, I can't and won't believe it.'

'I told you long ago that the girl cared nothing for you. She takes after her mother in more ways than one. But if you don't choose to believe me, you can wait and prove for yourself.'

'Linda, Linda, this is terrible! You have no feeling; you cannot understand my love for her.'

'No, nor any body else—such a vain thing as that. I said before what it would all come to. Dancing, forsooth, in short petticoats, before every rich rascal who came across her path! Those things may do in Spain, but they won't do here. And what did her fine mother come to, with her castanets and her crimson skirts?'

'It's no reason because her mother did wrong that she should, Linda. You hate the girl, and you are bitter against her.'

'Just as you like. But have your own way; marry the little wretch by all means, and help her out of the scrape she's got into.'

'Linda, this is no time for jesting. Tell me truly what you suspect.'

'Mother's told you. It's quite true; I could swear to it. I saw in his eye the first time the little fool capered for his amusement in the old ruin, that he marked her for his next toy.'

'Then why did you not prevent it, Linda?'

'I am not Eola's keeper,' was the heartless rejoinder.

'Oh, Linda! Linda!' cried the brother, reproachfully.

'What's the use of 'oh Linda'ing me?' said the cold-hearted creature, contemptuously.

Then followed a long pause, during which the terrified listener distinctly heard the half-suppressed groans that burst forth from her injured lover's burdened breast.

At length he started up; the vehemence of his temper was fast getting the better of his grief, and rage, jealousy, and wounded pride were rapidly effacing all tenderer emotions from his heart.

'Oh! I will have my fill of revenge for this!' he cried, and was making across the floor with hasty strides, bent, in his anger, upon immediate and desperate measures, when Eola heard a movement as if one of the women had thrown herself in his path; and then followed a series of expostulations, threats, and entreaties, mingling with which rose the wail of the little child, awakened from its innocent slumber by the unwonted noise.

Eola shivered, and her teeth rattled with fear. Each word of their conversation had fallen like ice upon her soul, yet she must be still and calm, as if no sound had reached her, or expose herself to the furious passion of Ralph Leighton by proclaiming her wakefulness.

Silence at last succeeded the tumult and confusion, the babe was lulled to its repose, and the excited Ralph calmed into temporary peace by the united efforts of his mother and sister.

'The girl must be one of the seven sleepers to be fast asleep through a row like this,' said the latter, suddenly. 'I expect she's only shamming.'

The mother rose as if to put this supposi-

tion to the test, and as her hobbling footsteps crossed the floor, Eola buried her head in the bed-clothes, and with a powerful effort stilled her agitated frame, while the old woman bent down to listen to her breathing.

'She is sleeping,' muttered the crone, returning to her seat by the fire.

'Her exertions to-day have tired her,' said Linda, with a sneer.

The mother gave her a warning look, motioning to Ralph, who was sitting on a stool near the hearth, with his face hidden in his hands.

'Let's get rid of him,' whispered Linda.

'I'm tired, Ralph,' said the old gipsy, laying her head on her son's shoulder; 'it's getting late. Linda and her little Zerneen are sleepy; won't you go to your bed?'

He looked up.

'You have given me such a good sleeping draught,' he muttered, ironically. 'But I'll not disturb you. To-morrow, I'll wring the truth from Eola. Good night.'

Upon which he quitted the hut and its inmates, and retired to rest. His mother and sister proceeded to do the same, Linda and the infant sharing Eola's couch, and the old woman occupying a mattress on the floor.

In the dead of night, when her companions were buried in profound slumber, the youthful victim of Ewald's passion arose, and after silently attiring herself, emerged from the hut, and walked rapidly away down the long bleak lane, without casting one backward glance to the gipsy-home, whose inhabitants had so long sheltered her, and which she was now quitting, without knowing whether she was going, or how to procure another refuge.

## CHAPTER III.

Great was the surprise and dismay of Linda and her mother when, on awaking the following morning, they found that the young Eola had disappeared. Both drew the same conclusion from this startling event, namely, that she had heard the preceding night's conversation, and had fled from their roof, in order to escape the anger of her incensed lover.

It was long before the two women could make up their minds which should be the bearer of the sad news to the much-dreaded Ralph.

At length, Linda, bolder than her mother, undertook the disagreeable task, and executed it after her own customary abrupt, unfeeling manner.

For a minute the gipsy-lover reeled powerlessly under the blow; then, with compressed lip and flashing eyes, started up the lane in the direction of the mansion, making certain that the girl had fled for protection there.

But on arriving at Lord Ewald's stately residence, he was peremptorily refused admittance; the footman, with an admirable air of second-hand insolence, informing him 'that his master was as yet only in his first sleep, and could not be disturbed by an idle vagabond, such as him,' for which piece of information the magnificent creature received a swinging box on the ears, while the intruder walked boldly through the entry, and collar-necking another unfortunate individual, who was in the discreet act of disappearing up an adjacent staircase, demanded to be shown to his lord's apartment.

'Good heavens!' ejaculated the unlucky footman, endeavoring to twist his neck out of its uncomfortable bondage; 'I say, young fellow, do you mean to strangle me? Ho! ho! down there!' he continued, to some invisible allies of the lower region. 'Here's thieves in the house. Thieves! Fire! Mur—'

A vigorous tightening of the collar brought his exclamations to a premature close.

'You bellowing fool!' cried the gipsy, 'I'm neither a thief nor a murderer; I'm merely asking to see your master.'

'What's the row down there?' now inquired a soft and youthful voice from a corridor above.

And the next minute a slight and elegant but, for his age, manly-looking youth, of about fifteen, habited in a rich and elegant dressing-gown, appeared upon the staircase.

The two lackeys apparently considerably reassured by this expected reinforcement, now commenced an exaggerated account of what had occurred, and before finishing had almost proved Ralph to be a very prince of burglars and murderers, and themselves the most courageous champions extant. But the youth who was doubtless aware from experience of their inventive capabilities, did not seem to place much reliance upon the veracity of their statements.

'Let me hear for myself, if you please, my good fellows,' he said, authoritatively.

It was curious to witness how the two shrank back before the gentle wave of that small delicate hand, and the calm, dignified bending of the noble-featured stripling to whom it belonged, as he turned his bright, blue eyes to the gipsy's face in mute command.

'I have business with Lord Ewald,' said the latter, in reply to the interrogative glance.

'His lordship is sleeping at present, my good man. You may communicate your business to me,' returned the youth.

'I may, but I won't,' was the reply, in a surly tone,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Foreign News.

### THE LOSS OF THE MONITOR.

In conversation with several of the officers and crew of the Monitor, I gather the following narrative of the facts attending the loss of that noble little vessel and so many of her crew.

We left Fortress Monroe on Monday, the 29th of December, in tow of the steamer Rhode Island, with the Passaic in tow of the steamer State of Georgia. We passed Cape Henry Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock, with a smooth sea and light wind. The Passaic was a little way ahead. The weather continued fine until 5 o'clock, Thursday evening, when it commenced to blow from the south-west, with a heavy sea running, and making a clean sweep over all.

At 9<sup>h</sup>, Cape Hatteras bore N. N. E., distant 20 miles. The gale still increased. The vessel labored very heavily, the upper hull coming down upon every sea with fearful violence. Up to this time the Worthington pumps and bilge injectors were entirely competent to keep the vessel free.

At 10 o'clock several heavy seas struck the vessel in succession, when word was sent from the engine-room that the water was gaining on the pumps. Orders were then given to start Adam's centrifugal pump, capable of throwing 3,000 gallons of water per minute. For a while the water appeared to be kept under.

In a short time, however, word was passed from the engine-room that the water was again gaining on the pumps, and was at that time up to the ashpits, in a great measure stopping the draft. The water at this time was standing two feet deep on the ward-room floor.

All hands were then set to work with every bucket at hand to bail. Water, however, kept gaining upon the pumps until within a foot of the fires in the furnaces.

A 'Coston' signal was then flashed, to call the attention of the Rhode Island to our condition. After much delay, consequent upon the heavy sea running, a boat was lowered from the Rhode Island and sent to our assistance. After several trials, she succeeded in getting alongside of us.

The Rhode Island at the same time in going astern caught her launch between her own side and our vessel, crushing the boat badly, and bringing her own counter heavily down upon our side. For a time she could not move her engine, which had caught on the center. She finally started ahead, and the launch, smashed as it was, succeeded in conveying to the steamer thirty of the crew of the Monitor.

After the departure of the launch, those remaining on board worked at the buckets with a will. The gale at this time was raging furiously, the seas making a clean sweep over the top of the turret. The water at this juncture had succeeded in rising up to the gratings of the furnaces, and was gradually extinguishing the fires. The steam in the boilers consequently ran down, and the pumps could not be worked for want of sufficient steam.

At this time three boats were discovered coming toward the vessel. Word was passed that boats were at hand sufficient to take all from the vessel. The Monitor was now sinking. Every pump was stopped, and her deck was under water. Several, in coming off the turret, were swept by the waves to the leeward, and must have perished, as no assistance could be rendered them.

The boats then shoved off from the sinking vessel. Although entreated to come down and get into the boats, several remained standing upon the turret afraid of being swept away from the deck, stupefied with fear. The boats succeeded in reaching the Rhode Island safely, and all in them got on board.

A picked crew, with the gallant officer of the Rhode Island, Mr. Brown, then shoved off in the launch to return to the Monitor. The moon, which up to this time had been throwing some light upon the waves, was shut in by dense masses of black clouds.

At a quarter to one in the morning the Monitor's light disappeared beneath the waves. The Rhode Island then started for the spot where the Monitor was seen to go down. Coston signals were constantly kept burning. A strict look out was kept up on all parts of the vessel, to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the missing boat.

At daylight nothing was seen on the waves, and with heavy hearts we ran around the spot, as nearly as could be judged, where the Monitor had disappeared, until late in the afternoon. Several steamers and other vessels were spoken, to learn if possible the fate of the missing boat, but nothing could be heard.

The survivors reached Fortress Monroe last evening in the Rhode Island. Nothing whatever was saved, except the apparel the officers and crew stood in.

During his visit to Rome the Prince of Wales purchased Mr. Gibson's beautiful group of a nymph and child. He also bought Mr. Laurence Macdonald's female figure of a nymph, and requested Mr. Henry Williams to paint him a picture as a companion to one ordered of Mr. Lehmann.

The Glasgow memorial to the late Prince Consort is to be a statute.

Tobacco is being largely cultivated in Victoria, Australia, and is found to pay very well.

Mr. Marshall Wood has been commissioned to execute a statute of the Queen, to be erected at Montreal.

It is stated that there are 8,000 painters and glaziers walking the streets of London seeking employment.

The body of James Sheridan Knowles was interred in the Necropolis of Glasgow.

A memorial is being prepared in Glasgow, soliciting a pension of £100 a-year for the widow of Sheridan Knowles.

Miss Bremner in her new work on Greece, asserts that the practice of 'pickling' new born infants is prevalent in that country.

A bother of one of the large churches in Glasgow, criticising the sermon of a minister from the country, who had been preaching in the city church, characterised it as 'guid coarse country warl.'

Prince Alfred, on board the St. George, reached Algiers on the 30th November, and received a visit from the Duke of Malakoff after the usual discharge of guns.

Sir Morton Peto, reported to be one of the most religious men in England, is lessee of the railway on which Mace and King travelled to fight for the championship.

Garibaldi is reported to have said some time since, 'I will try once more, and if I do not succeed, then I will retire.' To which he added ominously, 'But I shall succeed.'

On dit that Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell have disagreed relative to the despatch written on Danish affairs; and further, it is advanced that Mr. Gladstone is anything but in good fellowship with his colleague.

The London correspondent of the *Witness* says, it is probable that, when Parliament re-assembles, the Glasgow murder case will be made the subject of Parliamentary investigation.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—A distinguished Physician in Paris announces that a shock of electricity given a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence and restores the sufferer to life.

The *Globe* says that the results of some experiments made in France on iron-plates, has induced the French Government not to proceed with the building of any iron ships beyond those now on the stocks.

GARIBALDI AND AMERICA.—John M'Adam, Esq., sends the following letter of Garibaldi's to the Glasgow papers. The letter is in answer to one sent to the General by Mr. M'Adam to ascertain the truth of the report that he meant to go to America:—"My dear M'Adam—Your letter has given me the greatest pleasure, as I know you are a sincere and honest friend both to myself and to my country. You may be sure that, had I accepted to draw my sword for the United States, it would have been for the abolition of slavery—full, unconditional. I am most thankful to your gallant countrymen for the numerous proofs of sympathy they have given me. I know that no people better than the Scotch sympathise for those who struggle for civil or religious liberty.—Believe me, &c., G. GARIBALDI."

DEATH OF MRS. SKENE OF RUBISLAW.—The *Banffshire Journal*, referring to the death of Mrs. Jane Skene, wife of Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, which took place on the 24th ult., at Oxford, says:—"Deceased was, with her husband, intimate friends of Sir Walter Scott, and took much interest, and occasionally assisted, in his literary labors, the poet owing much of the materials of his 'Quentin Durward' to pen and pencil of the Skenes. They were his friends up to his latest hour. When Scott was in the midst of his difficulties he chronicles in that melancholy diary of his, visits from Mr. and Mrs. Skene as green spots in the day's sore journey. 'Of late,' he journalises, 'Mr. Skene has given himself much to the study of antiquities. His wife, a most excellent person, was tenderly fond of Sophia. They bring so much old fashioned kindness and good humor with them, besides the recollection of other times, that they must always be welcome guests.' Mrs. Skene's name will ever live while 'Marmion' is read. In the introduction to Canto IV., Scott thus refers to her marriage:

'And such a lot, my Skene, was thine  
When thou of late wert doom'd to twine—  
Just when thy bridal hour'd be by—  
The cypress with the myrtle tie.  
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,  
And bless'd the union of his child,  
When love must change its joyous cheer,  
And wipe affection's filial tear.'

The melancholy event here referred to was the death of Sir William Forbes, which occurred shortly after his daughter's marriage to Mr. Skene. Sir William is best known as the biographer, and the friend of Beattie the poet. Mr. Skene survives his wife, and has turned his devotion to antiquities to good account, as he is understood to have nearly ready for issue an important work on the early History of Scotland.'

EGYPTIAN AGRICULTURE.—About twenty years ago, Ibrahim Pasha erected a steam-engine of one hundred horse-power, to take the place of five hundred wheels, which supplied water from the Nile, to market-gardens in the neighbourhood of Beulah. When the natives saw the machinery put together, and where told its object, they pronounced the Governor mad; but when they saw the huge machine belching out columns of water, they at once said the Franks had brought a devil to empty the Nile.

Such is the fertilizing power of the Nile water, that when the Cornish engine, just mentioned, was erected, seven hundred or eight hundred acres of land were brought under cultivation in the immediate vicinity of Cairo, by means of levelling a number of sand-hills and mounds of accumulated rubbish, probably the sites of some former towns or villages. These are now covered with market gardens and sugar-fields; the latter are chiefly for the consumption of the Cairepsa, and when in season, one rarely encounters an Arab on the road who is not engaged in chewing and sucking the sugar-cane; vendors, squatted on the ground, sell it in every part of the town, at the rate of one and two canes a penny. The division of this land into fields and gardens is effected by planting rows of prickly pears, which grow so rapidly, and in such a stalwart manner, as to soon defy entrance, except by the legitimate gateways. In addition to forming a secure fence, the fruit which they bear in abundance, is also sold in the streets and markets of Cairo. In order to form a fruit-garden in Egypt, it is necessary to choose a site above the highest water-mark of the Nile, or to raise the ground above that level, to avoid the water from overflowing, or filtration forcing its way in, and lying about the roots of the fruit-trees, an evil fatal to many.

The management of the date-palm, the citron tribe, vine, fig, melons and water-melons, form the chief occupation of the Arab fruit-gardener. The date-palm is cultivated from one end of Egypt to the other, and is a source of great revenue to the government; it also furnishes abundance of nutritious food for the people, at the moment when gathered ripe from the trees, and afterwards in a pressed and dried state. From Cairo, upwards, the dates are of superior quality, compared with those of Lower Egypt; each tree pays a tax of an Egyptian piaster, (about six cents) to the revenue, and produces its owner, in good seasons, about a dollar, in the shape of fruit and fibre for rope-making; the lower leaves are also used for making crates, seats and bedsteads. The male and female palm are both grown; it is also necessary to have several of the former in every grove and clump of female trees. They are generally planted in the form of suckers, which are produced in abundance at the foot of old trees; where they have neglected to plant male trees, or probably where the latter have died, the growers are obliged to cut spathes of the male blooms, and tie them in the trees near the female flowers, leaving the pollen, which is produced in abundance, to be scattered by the wind.

### THE OPIUM EATER, THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

I remember his coming to Gloucester Palace one stormy night. He remained hour after hour, in vain expectation that the waters would assuage and the hurly-burly cease. There was nothing for it but that our visitor should remain all night. The Professor ordered a room to be prepared for him; and they found each other such good company, that this accidental detention was prolonged, without further difficulty, for the greater part of a year. During this visit, some of his eccentricities did not escape observation. For example, he rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room, at his own hour, not unfrequently turning night into day. His tastes were very simple, though a little troublesome, at least to the servant who prepared his repast. Coffee, boiled rice and milk, and a piece of mutton from the loin, were the materials that invariably formed his diet. The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner; for, had he been addressing a dutchess, he could scarcely have spoken with more deference. He would couch his request in such terms as these: 'Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than in a longitudinal form.' The cook—a Scots-woman—had great reverence for Mr. De Quincey as a man of genius; but after one of these interviews, her patience was pretty well exhausted, and she would say, 'Weel, I never hard the like o' that in a' my days; the bodie has an awsu' sicht o' words. If it had been my ain master that was wanting his dinner, he would ha' ordered a hale tablefu' wi' little mair than a waff o' his haun; and here's a' this claver about a bit mutton nae bigger than a prin. Mr. De Quincey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna kin what he was driving at.' But these little meals were not the only indulgences that, when not properly attended to, brought trou-

ble to Mr. De Quincey. Regularity in doses of opium were even of great consequence. An ounce of laudanum per diem prostrated animal life in the early part of the day. It was no unfrequent sight to find him in his room lying upon the rug in front of the fire, his head resting upon a book, with his arms crossed over his breast, plunged in profound slumber. For several hours he would lie in this state, until the effects of the torpor had passed away. The time when he was most brilliant was generally toward the morning hours; and then, more than once, in order to show him off my father arranged his supper parties, so that sitting till three or four in the morning, he brought Mr. De Quincey to that point at which in charms and power of conversation he was so truly wonderful.

SLEEPING WITH THE MOUTH OPEN.—Bread may almost as well taken into the lungs as cold air and wind into the stomach. The air which enters the lungs is as different from that which enters the nostrils as distilled water is different from the water in an ordinary cistern or a frog-pond. The arresting and purifying process of the nose upon the atmosphere, with its poisonous ingredients passing through it, though less perceptible, is not less distinct nor less important than that of the mouth, which stops cherry-stones and fish-bones from entering the stomach.

### Notice to Correspondents.

B. H., London, received and will be attended to.

E. H., Toronto, received; there is too little in it to make anything of it.

G. G., London, came to late for last week.

A. D., Montreal, will attend to your order.

S. C., Brantford, they were sent along with the others.

B. W. Chatham, it will be sent during the course of next week.

## Commercial.

### GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 2nd Jan.,  
1863 ..... \$ 51,886 03  
Corresponding week of last year, 55,805 19<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

Decrease... \$ 3,919 16<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 27th Dec.,  
1862 ..... \$90,798 49  
Corresponding week last year... 86,442 50

Increase..... \$ 4,355 99

### MONTREAL MARKET.

MONTREAL, Jan. 8, 1862.

Flour firm at \$4 50 @ \$4 55, owing to temporary scarcity. Wheat, peas and corn unchanged. Ashes steady; pots \$6 40; pearls \$6 30. Butter scarcely so firm; 12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>¢ @ 17<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>¢ for fair store packed to choice dairy. Dressed hogs not much arriving, and demand chiefly for well-butchered carcasses for retail sale; good prime and prime mess average will bring \$4; mess average \$4 25 @ \$4 50. Pork must be quoted nominal—nothing doing; mess \$10; prime mess and mess \$8; to force sales less would have to be accepted.

### NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, 1862.

Flour.—Receipts 14,438 barrels; market dull and unchanged; sales 9,000 barrels, at \$5 90 @ \$6 10 of superfine State; \$6 35 @ \$6 50 for extra State; \$6 55 @ \$6 70 for choice do. Canada flour quiet; sales 400 barrels at \$6 50 @ \$6 70 for common; \$6 80 @ \$8 for good to choice extra. Rye flour steady at \$4 60 @ \$5 25.

WHEAT.—Receipts of wheat, none; market quiet and without decided change; sales 35,000 bush at \$1 23 to \$1 34 for Chicago spring; \$1 40 to \$1 43 for amber Iowa; \$1 34 to \$1 38 for Milwaukee club; \$1 45 to \$1 50 for winter red western; \$1 50 to \$1 51 for amber Michigan. Rye quiet at 84¢ to 85¢ for Western; 93¢ to 95¢ for State. Barley scarce and firm at \$1 35 to \$1 55. Receipts of Corn, none; market dull and unchanged; sales 60,000 bushels, at 80¢ to 81<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>¢ for shipping mixed Western. Oats quiet at 68¢ to 71¢ for common to prime.

PROVISIONS.—Pork a shade lower. Beef steady. Dead hogs a shade firmer at 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>¢ to 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>¢.

### LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour steady but not very active. Extra State 24s to 24s 6d. Wheat in good demand and 1d @ 2d per cental dearer for red; White is steady; Red Western 8s 6d @ 9s 8d; Southern 9s 8d @ 9s 10d; White western 10s @ 11; Southern 11s @ 12s per 100 lbs. Corn steady; Mixed 28s @ 28s 6d per 480 lbs; White slow, 31s @ 32s 6d.

PROVISIONS.—Beef and Pork dull at former prices. Bacon in limited demand, and again easier. Lard dull at 28s to 30s. Tallow irregular.



