

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



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 It is a long way to travel back to the origin of a life that has now reached the maturity of over threescore years and ten, a period which covers so large a portion of the short history of this Province. The contrast between the little infant welcomed to the quiet home in Borrowstownness, and the venerable professor, whose portrait we this week present to our readers, is strange and striking.

Mr. John Burns, the father of Dr. Burns, was an officer of his Majesty's Customs, and 'a fine specimen of that sober, solid, fervent and truly patriarchal piety in which the Scottish nation and Scottish church are happily so rich.' The character thus described has not yet become merely historical. May the sons of such sires, whether in Scotland or scattered as they are all over the world, hold fast to the grave wisdom, the sturdy virtue and the heroic faith which distinguished a past generation. Mr. Burns was borne to the grave by his eight sons at the ripe age of eighty-six.

Dr. Robert Burns was born at Borrowstownness, Linlithgowshire, Scotland, in February, 1789. He was one of eight sons, three of whom besides himself became parochial ministers of the Church of Scotland, viz: the Rev. James Burns of Brechin, the Rev. William Burns of Kilsyth, and the Rev. Dr. George Burns of Corstorphine. Connected with the family are nigh a score of ministers, among whom may be mentioned the eloquent Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, married to the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Burns of Brechin, Islay Burns, successor to Mr. McCheyne, of St. Peter's, Dundee, William C. Burns, missionary to China, and well known in Canada, both nephews of Dr. Burns, and his son Robert F. Burns, the amiable and excellent minister of St. Catherines, C.W.

Dr. Burns studied at Edinburgh, and was ordained minister of the Laigh Kirk, Paisley, formerly the parish of the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon, in July 1811. He remained pastor there for nearly thirty-four years, till March 1845, when he removed with his family to Canada. He received the degree of D.D., from the University of Glasgow, was F. R. S. E., and a member of the Antiquarian and other societies. While laboring diligently as a parochial minister, he identified himself with all the public questions which agitated his church and country. With an unwearied industry he gave much of his time to authorship. Among his works may be mentioned an elaborate volume on the *Scottish Poor Laws*, a work on the *Gairloch Heresy*, a volume on *Pluralities*, a *Life of Professor McGill of Glasgow*, and a host of smaller volumes and pamphlets. He edited *Wodrow's Church History*, in four large volumes, and collected the M.S.S. of

Wodrow and other old divines, some of which were published in connexion with the Wodrow Society. He was also for many years Secretary of the Glasgow Colonial Society, which had much to do with the planting of Presbyterianism in Canada. Brief as this sketch is, it will indicate a life of more than usual activity, energy and success, both as a pastor and as a man of letters, extending over a period of more than a quarter of a century.

Knox's Church, Toronto, which he accepted, and whither he removed in 1845. Immediately after his arrival he was elected Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. He remained pastor of Knox's Church till June, 1856, when he was appointed to the Chair in Knox's College, which he still fills. At the meeting of the Synod of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, in June last, he was again elected to the office of Moderator, which, however, he

he comes to the close of a laborious career.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

Some have no other business in the world but to be born that they may be able to die; others float up and down two or three turns, and suddenly disappear, and give their place to others; and they that live upon the face of the waters are in perpetual motion, restless and uneasy, and being crushed with the great drop of a cloud, sink into flatness and a froth—the change not being great, it being hardly possible it should be more than nothing which it was before; others ride longer in the storm, it may be until seven years of vanity be expired, and then, peradventure, the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall into the shades below, into the cover of death and darkness of the grave to hide them. But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chances of a child, of a careless nurse, of drowning in a pail of water, or of being overlaid by a sleepy servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colors are fantastical; and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth and is all the while in a storm, and endures, only because he is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger rain, or crushed by the pressure of a load of indigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill-placed humour; and to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities is as great a miracle as to create him; to preserve him from rushing into nothing, and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally the issues of an Almighty-Power. And therefore the wise men of the world have contended who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short abode.

Homer calls a man a *leaf*—the smallest, the weakest piece of a short-lived, unsteady plant. Pindar calls him *the dream of a shadow*. Another, *the dream of the shadow of smoke*. But James spoke by a more excellent spirit, saying, *Our life is but a vapour*, viz. drawn from the earth by a celestial influence—made of smoke, or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind, moved by the motion of a superior body, without virtue in itself, lifted up on high, or left below, according as it pleases the sun, its foster-father. But it is lighter yet, it is but *appearing*—a fantastic vapour, an apparition, nothing real; it is not so much as a mist, not a matter of a shower, nor substantial enough to make a cloud; for which you cannot have a word that can signify a verier nothing. Man is so vain, so unfix'd, so perishing a creature, that he cannot long last in the scene of fancy;



REV. ROBERT BURNS, D. D.

Early in the year 1844, the late venerable Principal Cunningham and Dr. Burns were deputed by the Free Church of Scotland to visit the Churches in the United States and Canada. These delegates received a most hearty welcome from the American Churches, and the published letters of the late Dr. J. W. Alexander of New York, abundantly testify to the deep impression made by their sermons and addresses. Dr. Burns visited Canada, leaving Principal Cunningham in the United States; this led to his afterwards receiving a call from

declined on the ground of his health and advanced years.

Though Dr. Burns' natural strength is now somewhat impaired, he still retains great vigor both of body and mind. He has taken a leading share in the missionary efforts of the church in Canada, and has been unsparing of himself in his labors among the churches. He is remarkable for the extent of his general knowledge and for the ease and fluency with which he communicates it. We trust that the evening of a life of unwonted energy and activity may be calm and peaceful, as

a man goes off, and is forgotten like the dream of a distracted person. The sum of all is this, that *thou art a man*, than whom there is not in the world any greater instance of heights and declensions, of lights and shadows, of misery and folly, of laughter and tears, of groans and death.—Taylor.

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MUNICIPAL EMBARRASSMENT.

WHEN Mr. Hincks placed in the hands of our municipalities the power of making public improvements by incurring debts to an almost unlimited extent, he probably thought that he had given a great impetus to the prosperity of the Province. The result however, has proved that he but committed that besetting sin of statesmen—the attempt to create capital by Legislative enactment. Had the privileges conferred by the legislation of Mr. Hincks been prudently used, the effect would have been, to some extent beneficial; but when were such privileges prudently used? never since the fall of Adam. Communities appear to be afflicted with an incurable proclivity to rush into debt; the copious aphoristic wisdom which limits the expenditure to the income seems to lose its force by spreading from our domestic to our political economy. The general causes which lead to this are, from the force of circumstances, specially active in Canada. Our population, as a general rule, is composed of those, or their immediate descendants, who have sought our shores for the purpose of making a fortune, hence that intense spirit of money-making which has been noticed by every intelligent traveller who has visited us, and which is so apt to drive us into rash and ruinous speculations. Moreover, at the time when our municipalities first stepped out of their legitimate sphere, to speculate in Railway and other stock, some public improvements, Railways especially, were urgently wanted, and had we stepped when our actual wants were supplied, we would by this time have been amply repaid for any sacrifice they need have cost us; but of course, we didn't stop.

Among the first,—if not, the very first,—public enterprise which received the aid of municipal funds, was the Great Western Railway. In a short time after this road commenced running, it more than realized the most extravagant hopes of its projectors: a dividend of nine per cent was the speedy reward of its enterprising shareholders; here was a mine of wealth developing itself at our door steps, and asking us only to be at the trouble to partake. It was quite clear to every one, that any other Railway would pay nine per cent as well as the Great Western. Municipal orators illustrated this fact by mammoth maps of the *United States*, with their Railways shown in flaming colors. They pointed to these as 'the veins and arteries' which carried the blood to those great centres of commerce, the large cities of the Eastern and Western States and found no difficulty in proving that if we could only secure the same number of these 'arteries' we should enjoy a prosperity equal to that of those favored spots, unfortunately there was no sage observer to suggest that 'arteries' without blood to supply them were, after all, but unprofitable commodities, nor would any one have listened to him if there had. The spirit of speculation was thoroughly awake, individuals Municipalities and Government were all affected with it. The influx of foreign capital made money plentiful, prices went up to a point beyond all former precedent.—Men were deluded with the idea that they were becoming rich, because they could sell their commodities for a greater amount of cash than formerly. In the nature of things this could not last, the

tide soon reached its highest point and then began to recede; the reflux of its wave left many a noble fortune a hopeless wreck, and many Municipalities with liabilities which will severely tax their energies to meet.

Of these the City of Hamilton has been by far the greatest sufferer. Not satisfied with dabbling in unprofitable railway schemes, the 'Ambitious Little City' must needs have a huge system of water works, which will be more than sufficient for the requirements of the place half a century hence. It was satisfactorily proved by 'practical' men that each of these undertakings would immeasurably 'enhance the value of property' and would not cost the city a cent, only the interest would have to be provided for at present and it was quite clear—so the arrangement went—that the undertakings themselves would meet that, and the principal would be paid by future generations, who, receiving the advantages, ought of course to bear a part of the burdens. Recent events have, in rather a rude way dispelled these clyesian visions. The city, for the last few weeks, has stood a fair chance of earning a most unenviable notoriety by the conduct of its civic authorities, in reference to its liabilities. We are glad to know however, that a full investigation has proved that 'we are not so bad as we seem.' We feel quite warranted at least in saying that should the Council take any dishonorable step in this matter—of which we have no apprehension—they will not be supported by the citizens, these have every disposition to deal justly with their creditors to the full extent of their ability.

We shall take an early opportunity of recurring to this subject, when we shall examine some of the alleged causes of municipal indebtedness, together with some of the remedies which have been proposed, and point out what we conceive to be the true one.

NEW SLEEPING CAR.

THE Great Western Railway has just turned out another of those travelling luxuries which are now so prominent a feature in American Railway travelling. Before the introduction of these cars night travelling on our long lines of Railway was rather a serious piece of business, painfully reminding one of that Chinese torture by which the victim was put to death by depriving him of sleep, the painful twistings and posturings of travel-wearied passengers in search of a snooze were decidedly laughable to see, but by no means laughable to experience; the sleeping car has now obviated the necessity of all this, and enables the business man to economize his time, and the travelling community at large to do their journeyings without detriment to their physical systems.

The car which the G. W. R. Co. have just converted into a sleeping car is that which was placed at the disposal of the Prince of Wales during his sojourn in this part of Canada, and so possesses an historic interest for the curious in these matters. Its outside ornamentation has not been altered; its ceiling is perhaps the loftiest of any Railway car in America; its ventilation is provided for by the most improved methods known to the Railway world, having one of Mr. Sharp's excellent ventilators—for the admission of air—at either end, and exhaust ports over each berth, thus securing an abundance of fresh air, without the slightest draft.

The car has accommodation for forty-four passengers, and may be used either as a day or night car. Partitions of solid walnut, beautifully polished, divide the berths into eleven compartments, four berths in each; the beds are spring-stuffed, and covered with moquette, a kind of fabric somewhat new in this quarter, but exceedingly fashionable in England and part of the United States. They are enclosed by damask curtains, which secure complete privacy to the

occupants. Two wash-rooms—one for ladies and the other for gentlemen—at the diagonal corners of the car—afford every facility for morning ablutions; in short, the passenger will find in it every convenience which the best furnished bed-room can supply.

The trucks are especially worthy of notice. They are built upon the compensating double lateral motion principle, first designed by Mr. Sharp for this car, when it was being fitted up for the use of the Prince of Wales, and which reduces the oscillatory motion to a minimum, thus making the travel exceedingly easy and smooth. We cannot speak in terms too high of the taste displayed in every part of the workmanship and design; but the public are already too well acquainted with the work which Mr. Sharp produces to require any comments on this head.

IN answer to a number of communications we have to say that it is our intention to have the *Illustrated News* issued so as to be in the hands of subscribers on Saturday—the date of its publication. To this end we are putting forth every effort, and trust in a week or two, to have accomplished our object.

WE have still a few back numbers which those, desiring them, can obtain through the agent, who furnishes them with the paper, or by sending direct to this office. Hamilton subscribers can obtain back numbers from Mr. Lyght, news agent, corner of King and Hughson streets.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.—In the cotton manufacturing districts of England there was increasing distress, and this distress was claiming more and more the attention of the government and people. The contributions for the suffering working men were unprecedentedly large.

The *London Times* and the *London Daily News* think that subsequent events, including the Democratic success in the Northern States in the recent elections, confirm the wisdom of the British Cabinet in acting as they have done.

The *London Morning Post* says that the question in the view of all the great powers, appears to be simply one of time.

The *London Herald* thinks that nothing could have been more graceful or more opportune than the proposition of the Emperor of France to England, and nothing more churlish or illogical than Earl Russell's reply to that proposal.

The *Herald* asserts that the relations of England and France have assumed an unsatisfactory character, but the *London Globe* ridicules this idea.

The *Liverpool Post* explains that the '290' recently launched, is not for the Confederates, but for the China trade.

The sale of sundry fast coasting steamers, for the purpose of running the blockade, is reported.

A deputation had had an interview with the Duke of Newcastle, on the subject of a route through British territory to the Pacific.

The *Saturday Review* thinks Napoleon has movements on foot which do not appear on the surface of his mediation scheme, and says the express mention of the name of the Confederate States, which they selected for themselves, virtually involves recognition, and the proposal of an armistice implies an opinion that may shortly be altered into language more intelligible than words. The article hints at a probable alliance with the Southern States in connection with the Emperor's designs in Mexico.

FRANCE.—It was rumored in Paris that a plot had been discovered to take the life of the Emperor at the inauguration of the Boulevard Prince Eugene. Extraordinary precautions were being taken to prevent the would-be assassins from carrying out their murderous purpose.

A despatch announcing that an actual attempt had been made on the Emperor's life, made its way over to Germany, which temporarily alarmed the various German powers.

The French project of mediation in American affairs continues to attract considerable attention, and is the theme of much comment.

The Paris journals, with the exception of the *Moniteur*, generally reproach the English Government for holding back from the offer of France, and charge it with discreditable motives.

It is reported that much disappointment exists in France at the course of Russia, as the proposition for mediation was sent to St. Petersburg before it was to London, and the assent of the Russian Government was relied on, and was expected to weigh upon the decision of England.

There were vague rumors that France has sent another note to England in response to Earl Russell's reply.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor of Austria had amnestied all political offenders condemned by recent court martials, as well as such refugees who have already returned to Hungary. He has also ordered the cessation of judicial proceedings now pending for political offences.

ITALY.—The Italian Parliament had re-assembled, but no speech from the throne was made.

The state of siege in the Neapolitan provinces and Sicily was subject to certain conditions.

The accounts from Pisa relative to Garibaldi are cheering.

Garibaldi, in a letter to Wm. Cornell Jewett, pledges himself strongly in favor of the North as an opponent of slavery. He goes for the abolition of slavery before any Constitutional questions.

RUSSIA.—It is settled that forty-two Polish officers of the Russian army have been condemned to run the gauntlet. Even in the days of the Emperor Nicholas, officers of the army were exempt from this disgraceful punishment.

The text of the Russian note refusing the French proposition for mediation, fully bears out the telegraphic summary.

Letters from Warsaw describe the funeral of the lamented Countess Zamoyksi as having all the significance of a political demonstration. The Russian Police and the Cossacks rode among the crowd who attended, striking right and left with their sabres. Many arrests were made.

DENMARK.—The government of Denmark had replied to Earl Russell's note, that the maintenance of a common constitution in Schleswig is a vital question for Denmark, and that Denmark will therefore firmly adhere to the line of conduct prescribed by the constitution. The reply continues:—The acceptance of Earl Russell's proposition would lead to the destruction of the constitutional life of Denmark, and imperil the existence of the monarchy.

GREECE.—The movement in Greece, in favor of placing Prince Alfred of England, upon the throne of that country, was gaining strength.

The great probability of the election of Prince Alfred, of England, to the Greek throne, caused excitement among the foreign ministers.

The country is tranquil.

LIVERPOOL, 22nd—Breadstuffs unchanged and steady. Provisions flat.

THE AMERICAN WAR.—Nothing of special importance has occurred at the seat of war during the week. Burnside is still 'preparing to get ready,' and appears to have a difficult time of it. His soldiers, correspondents say, are sinking in the mud of old Virginia to an unspeakable depth. It seems scarcely possible to believe that he will go into winter quarters without fighting a battle; but there are as yet no definite signs of an approaching conflict.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. H. MONTREAL.—You are right in thinking that any items of local history would be useful to us, so soon as we have collected the necessary information, we intend commencing a topographical history of various localities, accompanied with illustrations.

JAS. C., BROCKVILLE.—Your sketches of scenes of early Canadian life have been received, and will appear in due time.

A. C., BRANTFORD.—Photographs received and accepted.

To our brethren of the Press and a large number of our subscribers and friends we return the most hearty thanks for their friendly criticisms, useful suggestions and generous offers. We think all will admit that we have made very considerable improvements in our illustrations already; but let none suppose that we intend to rest at this point, nor at any point short of that which will put adverse criticism at defiance.

By an unfortunate blunder in our advertising columns, the business of Mr. Backas, of Toronto, was said to have been purchased by Mr. Irving, when it should have been that of Mr. Faulkner. We regret this mistake exceedingly, and would say that Mr. Backas is still to be found at his old stand.

Original Poetry.

MINNIEBEL.

BY FAMELIA S. VINING, WOODSTOCK.

Where the willow weepeth
By a fountain lone,
Where the ivy creepeth
O'er a mossy stone,
With pale flowers above her,
In a quiet dell,
Far from those who love her,
Slumbers Minniebel.

There thy bed I made thee,
By that fountain side,
And in anguish laid thee
Down to rest, my bride!
Tenderest and fairest,
Who thy worth may tell!
Flower of beauty rarest,
Sainly Minniebel.

Weary years have borrowed
From my eye its light,
Time my cheek has furrowed,
And these locks are white;
But my heart will ever
Mid its memories dwell,
Fondly thine forever,
Angel Minniebel!

Gleanings.

HEALTH OF GARIBALDI.

(From the Newcastle Chronicle.)

SIR,—I promised to write and I have been intending to keep my promise ever since I came to Spezzia, but as every one who arrives here in the morning and goes away in the evening writes a statement that contradicts the previous one, I thought I would wait and watch, and inquire, and compare before sending my first letter. The London papers will have given all the reports of the late consultation held on the 29th, and you will have seen the statement drawn up by Pirgoff and Partridge on the 31st. That the ball is in the foot all agree, *where* is still a question. Nelaton, the French doctor, believed that he touched the ball with the probe. Porta, who thrust his fingers into the wound asserts that he did not feel the ball but two splinters forming a sort of cone. This morning the young surgeon who dresses the wound probed with the instrument, and asserts positively that he touched the ball, that it is lodged in the tibia, which is splintered, that the base of the ball is uppermost, and that the point tends towards the outer surface of the foot. This hypothesis is confirmed by the fact that towards the outer maleole there is a hard resisting spot, which is thought to be the point of the ball. This morning Zannetti, one of the celebrated Italian professors, has been telegraphed for; when he arrives I suppose he will probe it again. If he decides that the point touched is the ball, then comes the question of how and when the ball is to be extracted—whether by allowing an abscess to form or by means of an incision. Zannetti's presence will be a great benefit. Garibaldi has faith in him as a surgeon and sympathises with him politically. He will probably urge the removal to Pisa, or to some warm dry climate protected from the winds. Spezzia is certainly the last place for the invalid. Damp and cold, and though I have been here for the last eight days, this is the first day we have seen the sun.

The General lies in a large airy carpeted room with two windows exposed to the south. During the day he remains in a sitting posture reading and writing—the bed sent from England allowing the body to change its position without any inconvenience to the wounded foot. The apparatus for the feet, invented I fancy by Partridge, is the most ingenious I have seen—at the bottom of the bed there is a flat board on which stands a cage; the legs lie in an iron cradle well padded; the foot reaching within an inch of the footboard, which cradle is slung up the centre of the cage by a chain fastened to pulleys, which run up and down. These when the patient moves the cradle only slide, and no offence is given to the wounded member. The dressing is very simple, a peleton is kept in the wound and changed twice a day, a linsed poultice under the ankle, and on the shin *voila tout*. The wound is of a bright red, but looks very healthy, the suppuration is slight and said to be of good quality; the swelling occasioned by rheumatism has almost disappeared from the foot; the knee is still puffy, but every day this affection lessens. The patient suffers scarcely at all during the dressing—he holds up his leg in both hands, is generally merry, and often makes the surgeons and attendants laugh, so that Basso, watchful and alert as a Newfound-

land dog, sometimes calls them to order, lest an unlucky slip should bring grief. To watch the proceedings and to hear Garibaldi give his orders to sling and unslung, &c. reminds one of Garibaldi as he used to stand on the deck of his vessel ordering the manoeuvres for the landing and embarkation of his volunteers? Shall we ever see him stand on one of those decks again? When all goes as well as it can go—when the ball is extracted and the wound healed, how will the leg remain? What will have become of the agility of olden days, the power of being here, there, and everywhere, all in a moment, which was half the secret of his power?—None of the doctors ventured to answer that question; yet it is the one that recurs at every moment as you stand at the bedside of the wounded lion. It is a sad sight any how, one you can never get used to. His face is as bright and serene as ever; the color of the skin is perfect; neither does the eye indicate a trace of illness—the voice too is sonorous and deep as ever; it is the impotence that stifles you as you stand there and contrast what he was with what he is. What he thought of the future no one knows, and I certainly should not like to be the one to ask him.

His heart beats warm to England; all that is English pleases him—he remembers all his Newcastle friends, and returns with affection to the time when he was there with the Commonwealth, and desires to be remembered to all.

I shall write again soon. As for Italian politics, really I must read up the papers ere I can tell you any thing—but with a Ratazzi at the head of affairs, what is there to interest your readers?

JESSIE WHITE MARIO.

Spezzia, Nov. 1862.

INSTRUCTION RIGHTLY GIVEN.—A pleasant incident occurred in a public school some time since. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average age of seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbour's windows, but no clue of the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him.—The case troubled the teacher; and on one of the citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstance, and wished him, in some remarks to the scholars, to advert to the principle involved in the case. The address referred principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports; the principles of recitute and kindness which should govern them every where, even when alone, and when they thought no one was present to observe. The scholars seemed deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visitor had left the school, a little boy arose from his seat, and said, 'Miss L., I batted the ball that broke the window.—Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it, and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it.' There was a death-like silence in the school as the little boy was speaking, and continued for a minute after he had closed. 'But it won't be right for one to pay the whole for the glass,' said another boy, rising in his seat, 'all of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the play; I'll pay my part!' 'And I!' 'And I!' A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

FIGARO relates an amusing story of the London Rothschild. A bill of exchange for a considerable amount, drawn by Anselm Rothschild, at London was presented at the counter of the Bank of England, and refused with the curt reply:—'We discount only our own paper, but not that of private individuals.' 'Ve'y well,' said the offended Nathan, 'I will soon teach you a lesson. Three days after this occurrence, he comes to the Bank with a clerk, and presents a five pound note at the counter, for which, of course, he receives five sovereigns in gold. Carefully inspecting each separate coin, he puts them all into a bag. He then presented another note, and the same manipulation follows until the bag is full, which he hands to the clerk behind him, who gives him another pocket-book, and so the operation continues. This is constantly repeated all day, and what is still worse, nine more of his clerks do precisely the same thing, at the other nine counters of the Bank, keeping the officials exclusively engaged in the redemption of the notes presented by Nathan Rothschild,—the private individual! At last night comes on, and the Bank is closed. Everybody breathes more easily, and treats the affair in the light of a practi-

cal joke. Faces, however, considerably lengthen, when at the beginning of business hours, Rothschild and his nine abettors appear again at the counters, to repeat yesterday's performances. Coolly remarking that he intends to keep this up for three weeks in succession, the matter begins to look rather serious. As all the gold in the vaults would hardly suffice to meet this drain, a notice appeared the next day in the papers, stating, that the Bank of England was quite ready to cash any bills for the house of Rothschild. So Nathan achieved his purpose, and convinced the Bank of England what kind of *private individual* he was.

A SOUTHERN WAY OF CLINCHING AN ARGUMENT.—A few days ago a number of gentlemen, promiscuously thrown together in a railway train proceeding from Liverpool to Manchester, found that one of their number was a native of the Confederate States of America. A conversation very naturally arose upon the struggle now existing in America, and quite as naturally changed to argument about negro slavery. The Confederate gentlemen strongly defended the institution, and attempted to justify it, mainly on scriptural grounds. His chief opponent was a Manchester gentleman, who so roused the anger of the other that it became quite uncontrollable. To the amazement of the rest of the company, the Southerner seized the Manchester gentleman by the throat, and seemed disposed to settle the argument by strangling him. This, of course was not allowed, and they were soon separated. When the American's temper had cooled a little, the Manchester gentleman told him that he appeared to have forgotten that he was not now in a slave state, but in a land where every man was allowed freely to express his opinions, and would be protected whilst so doing by the law. He at the same time stated his intention of giving the other into the custody of a policeman for the assault. Upon this intimation their fellow passengers again interfered, and it was ultimately arranged that the 'belligerent' Southerner should be excused on payment of a sovereign to the fund for the relief of the distress in the manufacturing districts—a penalty which he willingly consented to pay when he saw the consequences to which he had exposed himself by his display of temper.

DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.—Would any one appreciate the extent of the destitution of the manufacturing districts, and from some adequate conception of the need of assistance from afar, let him take the condition of Stockport as a means of enabling himself to accomplish his purpose. There are seventy cotton mills in that town: thirty-six of these are stopped altogether, and there are only seven small concerns, employing 815 hands, which are now in full work. Of a population of 54,000, there are 37,000 who, in a greater or less degree, are dependent on charity for their daily bread, and for every additional want which the advancing winter brings with it. Of the 37,000 only 24,000 are accounted for by the poor-law guardians and the relief authorities—the remainder (observes one of the correspondents of the *Times*) are struggling on still on insufficient wages, or the weekly allowances which still continue to be made at various mills or from their own resources, but certain, sooner or later, to become claimants for aid from one source or other. Of the £11,000 usually spent in weekly wages, not less than £8,000 is now lost altogether. Of the 10,000 ratepayers of the borough, 2,000 have already been excused the payment of rates; and this large proportion will be considerably increased before the next rate is collected. Of the net rateable value of the township (£61,833), the mill-owners are rated at nearly a fifth (£11,966); and the burden of the rates for the next quarter will fall upon them with treble force. Such, in this wintry month of December, is the state of Stockport; and it has its parallel in too many other districts of Lancashire and Cheshire.

THE PATENT COW-MILKER.—We seem quickly to be losing the poetry of rustic life. The mower is no longer required at the scythe, nor the reaper at the sickle; that bent figure at the barn-door swinging to the music of the flail is gone; the whistle of the ploughboy is gradually dying in the distance; and now we are called upon to dismiss the ruddy milk-maid. A machine has been invented for milking cows, and is now on exhibition in the United States' department of the International Exhibition. The teats of the cow just drop into four elastic tubes placed under them, in communication with an exhaust apparatus and a reservoir. The quick movement of two handles creates a vacuum, and the udder is instantaneously

emptied of its contents in four continuous streams. While the operation is distressingly practical, it is very cleanly, and, we believe, agreeable to the cow. The milk is withdrawn at the rate of a gallon a minute. The 'patent' of the cow-milker has been sold to Watkins and Keene, of Birmingham, for £5,000, and a royalty to the original inventors; and it is stated that the firm have already received orders sufficient to cover the expenses of the patent, and that the machine is rapidly being adopted by all the great dairymen throughout the country. A prize medal and honorable mention have been awarded to the patent milking apparatus.

THE BRITISH ARMY.—From a recent official report the following facts are gathered: Scotland is shown to furnish the tallest, and Ireland the shortest men, one of the strongest illustrations being that Irishmen under five feet five inches, are found to be one fourth more numerous than Englishmen or Scotchmen. Formerly, Ireland furnished the largest proportion of the army. Now it is England, the ratio per thousand being in England and Wales, 566, in Ireland 324, in Scotland 407. Scotland gives the most readers, Ireland the fewest, England indemnifying itself by giving the largest proportion of recruits able to write. The rejection of Englishmen is found to be chiefly for weakness of the chest; of Scotchmen for bad teeth, and Irishmen for weak eyes; and it seems that professional men, as students and artists, with shopmen and clerks, are more eligible, by physical qualification, than other servants, husbandmen or mechanics.

TAXES UPON ENJOYMENTS.—In England the tax upon cards and dice produced £13,637 last year; it has been rather a declining tax for the last two years. The tax upon armorial bearings brought in £57,010; ten years ago it produced £70,000. The tax upon hair-powder is constantly falling off; it is now down to £1,116, and we may soon find that all is lost. Race-horses are improving, and produced £6,957 last year. Game certificates and licenses produced £140,984, being some thousands more than ten years ago. Patent medicines, which ten years ago contributed only £37,233 to the revenue, supplied £46,237 last year. Dogs, if they may here be added, were taxed £196,616 last year. The dogs of Ireland enjoy an exemption from taxation, but not for their own merit, for a recent return showed that large numbers of sheep are worried and killed by them.

POISONING.—Of all species of death, the most detestable is that of poisoning, because it can of all others be the least prevented, either by manhood or forethought; and therefore by the Statute 22 Henry III., c. 9, it was made treason, and a more grievous and lingering kind of death was inflicted on the offender than the common law allowed, viz., boiling to death. The Act had its origin in John Stouce, a cook, putting poison into a large pot of broth prepared for the Bishop of Rochester's family and for the poor of the parish. John was ordered to be boiled to death. Lord Colie mentions several instances of persons suffering this punishment, 3 Institutes, 48.

SWEDENBORG AND HIS SPIRITS.—A Swedeborg was crossing the Malabar in company with some ladies, he began, as usual, holding conversations with nobody. 'Why, Mr. Swedeborg, what are you chattering about,' asked one of the party. 'Silence, woman! I am holding conversation with my spirits.' The lady was not shut up in that manner. 'Spirits! Why, how many have you on board the boat?' 'Twelve, madam, who never leave me,' and he angrily turned his back upon the inquirer. The Daikullus (boat-women) exchanged glances. On landing, Swedeborg proffered a coin in payment. 'Thirteen marks, if you please, sir—not one silver less.' 'And why, pray?' demonstrated he. 'Did you not say, sir, that you had twelve spirits on board? Are we poor girls to pull them over for nothing?' The visionary, who feared neither ghost nor devil, paid down the fare demanded sooner than encountered the clatter of two women's tongues.

STEAMERS FOR AUSTRALIA AND THE CONFEDERATE STATES.—Two fine iron steamers, belonging to Leith, which have just been long enough at sea to test them thoroughly, have been sold for foreign service. One is a screw steamer, to be sent out to Australia, and the other is the Britannia, well known in the Newcastle and Leith trade as a fast paddle steamer. She has been bought for a party in the Confederate States of America. Rumour says she is intended for the Government of these States. Being able to steam at eighteen knots an hour, she will have a good chance of running the blockade.—*Scotsman*.

INDIAN WIGWAM.

MAN soon adapts himself to the circumstances by which he is surrounded. In his home in the sunny South, where bounteous nature has left little for him to do, but stretch forth his hands and supply his wants, where no covering is necessary to protect his body from the storms of winter, nor habitation to shelter him from the dews of heaven, he manifests but little of that ingenuity which a more northern latitude, with its less genial skies, calls into active exercise. It is true that this adaptation is imperfect and not of a very progressive character, as is

tough rind. The shape of these huts is made according to the fancy of the proprietor, and gives to their villages a singular appearance. The opening in the top through which the smoke escapes after it has filled the interior serves also to admit the light.

In their hunting expeditions, which often leads them far from home, they have the art of rearing places of shelter in a very short time. Having halted for the night, a few poles are set up, meeting at the top in the form of a cone, and speedily covered with bark, while branches spread within suffice for a mattress on which to rest their weary limbs.

experience—both in England and Canada—and her acknowledged good taste, will, we are certain, give our monthly Fashion Plates a value not inferior to any published in America.

FIG. 1.—Is made in the new color Terry 'Ecorce de Bois,' with bows of the same material across the front, finished at the side with a handsome bow of narrow ribbon of the same color. Blonde border with scarlet flowers tastefully arranged over the front.

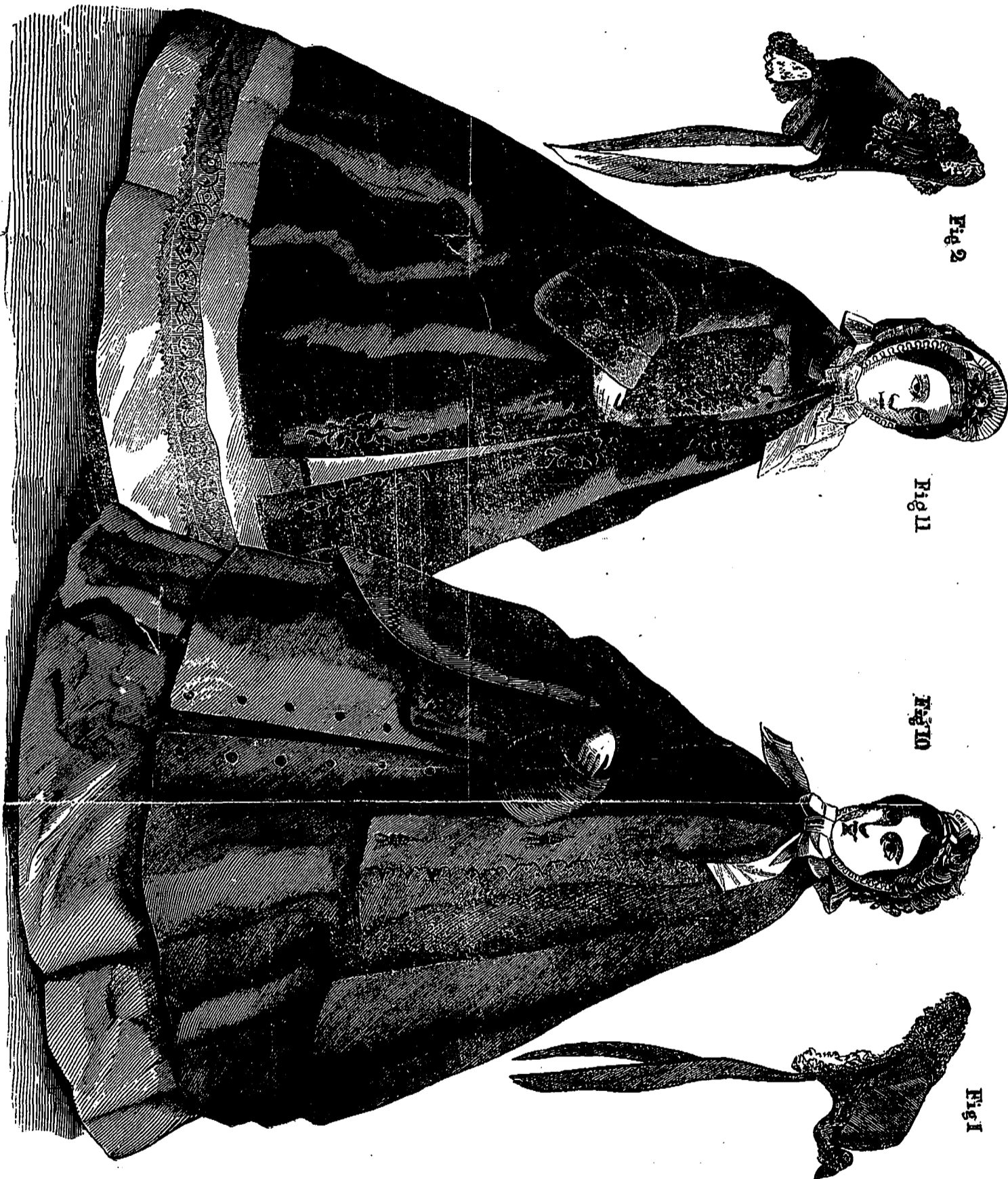
FIG. 2.—Is made of a rich brown velvet trimmed with handsome black lace and flowers to match the velvet. It is

THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRIA.—The City of Copenhagen is preparing to present the young Princess with a reproduction of the celebrated statue of Hebe, by Thorwaldsen. In the provinces a subscription, headed by ladies, has been opened, for the purpose of purchasing, for presentation to the Princess, a porcelain service.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERALSHIP OF INDIA.—The Star says it is reported, on very good authority, that Lord Elgin is about to return to England, not being able to stand the climate of India, and that the Duke of Argyll is to succeed him.

Count de Gasparin, a patron of agricultural improvement in France, has just died, at the age of 79 years.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER. (FROM THE LATEST STYLES IN THE MILLINERY, MANTLE AND FANCY STORE OF J. F. KIDNER, HAMILTON.)



seen from the imperfect structures of the aborigines of this continent, which are similar to those they erected hundreds of years ago.

The engraving in the present number is taken from a photograph of one of these rude buildings, situated near to the Bruce Mines on Lake Superior, where contact with the white man has as yet done little to modify the habits of the natives. The bark of trees, as will be seen, is the chief building material. Having stripped it off, which is done with considerable dexterity, they spread it not unskillfully over a frame work of poles, fastening it to them with strips of

They prefer, notwithstanding, this mode of life and these comfortless abodes, to the settled habits and superior conveniences of their more civilized neighbors.

FASHIONS.

Our first Fashion Plate appears today. The articles have been selected from the establishment of J. F. Kidner, Esq., Hamilton. Mr. or Mrs. Kidner visit Europe twice every year and obtain the latest styles from the most noted marts of Fashion. The Fashions here illustrated may therefore be relied upon by our fair readers. Mrs. Kidner's great

also very pretty, is in the new shade of Drab Terry, with bows of ribbon same color, Blonde Border with rich rose-color French flowers.

FIG. 10.—Is an elegant Mantle made in black cloth, trimmed with a bias fold of black silk or velvet laid on flat, one inch from the edge. It is very pretty in drab cashmere, trimmed in the same way with scarlet knap cloth.

FIG. 11.—Is a Fashionable Paletot made in Seal Skin, Cloth, or Velvet Pile, with various trimmings and guimp buttons.

PLEASANT for Jack Daubs, who imagines that his drawings are rather turner-esque.

First Art Critic.—'I do believe he's a painting the sky.'

Second Ditto.—'Noa, he aint. He's a painting them people.'

Third Ditto.—'Noa, he's a doing sommut out of his head.'

A NEW PHASE OF 'DRAMATIC EFFECT.' A placard posted up throughout the town of Dundee announces the opening of the Theatre Royal 'under the management of Miss Goddard newly decorated and painted!'—Dundee Advertiser.

Gossip.

'MINNIEBEL.'

Next to the pleasure of writing well, is the pleasure of directing the attention of readers to good writing; and this pleasure is now mine. Our Woodstock poetess, whose charming lines on the 'Beech Nut Gatherer,' appeared in No. 2, and were noticed by me in No. 3, has favored us with another of her productions,—a short poem entitled 'Minniebel,' which the lovers of good poetry will find on another page of the present number, and which will remind them of the sweet grace, the exquisite finish, and the surpassing melody of Tennyson. 'Minniebel' may be an inspiration of the great master of English melody, whom I have named, but it is no slavish copy nor servile imitation, but the true utterance of a true poet soul, and is not unworthy to be named in the same breath with the 'Claribel' of the poet-laureate, which is the highest praise that can be bestowed upon it. I know I am but earning the grateful thanks of readers of taste, by directing their attention to this beautiful poem, and promising them, as I am enabled to do, by being in the secrets of the editor's room, another bright gift of imagination, from the same gifted pen, in the next number. I shall give no hint here of its beautifully suggestive name, its touching memories of the past, glad-some or saddening, and its hopeful aspirations, but I may be permitted to hope that it is but the forerunner of other things of beauty from the same source, with which the editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News* may enrich his columns, and delight his numerous readers, scattered over this wide province, and numbering I do not know how many thousands.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The suggestion I made in the first issue of this paper, has been acted upon by its spirited proprietors. The members of the Press Association met in Hamilton last week, under the able presidency of the respected editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*, and Mr. Milne of this city, obtained admirable photographs of them for the *Canadian Illustrated News*. The engraving will be a full page one, and will be executed with the most scrupulous care. Such a number of figures, twenty-two in all, all of which must be faithful portraits, will occupy a great deal of time in engraving, and it may be a few weeks before the block can be got ready for the press.

The portraits are excellent ones, and will possess much interest for Canadian newspaper readers. I have seen almost every representative body of men, lay and cleric, in the province, and I have no hesitation in saying that these editors are as reputable looking a group as any I have looked upon. They need not be ashamed to show their faces anywhere, and the readers of this journal may rest assured that they will soon have the pleasure of looking them in the face.

HEY! PRESTO! CHANGE!

THE MODERN BELISARIUS.—*General McClellan.*—After the first battle of Bull-Run I organized your shattered legions: after the second I saved your menaced Capitol. I sit by the wayside, waiting for justice from the people. Shall I have it?—*Vanity Fair.*

What will McClellan be next? At first he was a 'Young Napoleon,' and very young at that, many people thought and still think. He has remained for a considerable time in this innocent condition of ingenuous and joyous youthfulness, far from the sere and yellow leaf, and rejoicing in all the greenness of the greenest foliage. All at once honest 'Abe' has displaced him from his command, and 'airy fairy' *Vanity* has transformed him into Belisarius.

If these rapid and perplexing transformations go on, the poor man may get puzzled about himself, may want to know who and what he is, and may frantically offer five cents reward for that invaluable information through the columns of the *New York Herald*. May it not appear a fair inference to him that he is the 'Wandering Jew?' He has wandered a good deal, and has had no rest nor peace, passing to and fro, mostly and most expeditiously. Can he be anybody else very interesting, say, for instance, Julius Cæsar, Perkin Warbeck, Cromwell, or General Monk? He can't be Wellington, I suppose? Napoleon was beaten and exiled. Why can't he remain young and Napoleon for evermore, his memory being always kept green in our souls? Why not let him flourish in immortal youth? Why not?

Yesterday, he was 'Young Napoleon'; to-day, he is Belisarius, and to-morrow he will be,—what? President of the American Republic? or a prisoner in Fort Lafayette? Which? What next? and when? We are agape for the next scene in the pantomime.

Enter Belisarius. To him Harlequin, and then!

TO J. R.

Your lines on 'Italia,' are not quite up to our standard, Try again and you may do better. 'Poets are made as well as born,' remember, and there goes to the making of a good one profound thought and laborious study, and wide and varied experience, a generous heart, a liberal mind, a seeing eye, an open hand, and the pen of a careful and exact as well as a ready writer. Have you all these requisites, or, having them, have you the indescribable qualification which no descriptive describes satisfactorily, but which Drayton speaks of as

'That fine madness
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain?'

If you select the lofty vocation of the poet, you must not scorn the severe yoke of poetry which admits of neither haste nor rest. Genius is audacity, untiring industry, and several other hard things to do. Its discipline, to most men, is severer than that of the monks of La Trappe, and its service to the generation, that recognizes not that the light has come into the world, is as thankless as that of a tax-gatherer.

It is open to all men of average capacity and ordinary perseverance to write passable prose, but only a few have been gifted with the power and energy divine, which reveals itself in poetry. Why not set yourself the less difficult task? But if your ambition prompts the loftier way, do not pause to answer this question in words. It will be much better to answer it in the completest way in deeds. To write poetry, as an exercise may be useful in the way of culture to yourself, and it may not be without its uses to others. It may enlighten some darkened mind, humanize some embittered nature, touch some aching heart to ceaseless tears, make glad some desolate soul, charm to good or deter from evil. If it only delight the leisure of a friend, Will not its labor of love be amply repaid? Write poetry then if you will, in spite of the sagest advice, but write it at your peril. Genius has the hardest service, the loftiest duties, the loudest posthumous praise, and the paltriest reward as men count rewards.

'MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY.'

THIS is the title of a work translated from the German by Frederica Rowan, and published by Her Majesty's gracious permission. It is known that the late lamented Prince Albert had made a collection of the choicest passages from great writers on the solemn themes of Death and Eternity, and it would appear that Her Majesty has been pleased to permit selections from them to appear under the title which stands at the head of this article.

The following passages are extracted from a notice of the work which appears in the last number of the *Westminster Review*.—

'The circumstances under which the selections from the "Stunden der Andacht" have been translated, and are now permitted to come before the public, will engage for them the widest perusal and the deepest possible interest. They were "selected for translation by one to whom, in deep and overwhelming sorrow, they have proved a source of comfort and edification." And no more touching evidence could have been given of the full confidence and unreserved affection which unites an exalted mourner with the people at large than the permission so graciously granted by Her Majesty "to publish these selections, originally printed for private circulation only."'

'These pages will be blistered with many tears drawn forth by their own pathos and by the remembrance of what other tears have fallen upon them; the purpose of their publication will be answered if they aid any bereaved ones to submit humbly to the withdrawal of their best blessings by the Allwise Disposer, and to gird themselves up, when the days of mourning shall be ended, for that which yet remains of their own work here below.'

'We shall not set the example of raising any controversy upon the contents of a volume so sacred in its origin as this; yet it will prove a heart-felt satisfaction to many thoughtful and religious persons, that the consolations here suggested under the severest trials of humanity are not derived from priestly absolutions, or from the mysterious influence of sacraments; not from delusive assurances of conversion and election; not from the possession of an objective—orthodox—faith; not from the consciousness of the imputation of vicarious merit; but from the conviction, at once practical and devout, at once chastening and encouraging, that here we are standing in the vestibule of an eternal life, and that from this life into the next men "works do follow them," for good and for ill; they do follow them, mercifully and beneficently in all cases, for so we must think when we humbly reflect on our errors and shortcomings; richly and faithfully we do not doubt, when we remember those who have been sincere and devoted worshippers and servants of the Almighty Father. Their works do follow them there. "For in this world we are but put to school to learn our duty and our lessons; we are but as young plants planted in a nursery, until we come to a convenient size and fitness to be transplanted into another and a higher sphere; we are but as the seeds ripening upon their trees or stalks until they be fully digested and ripe, and then as the seeds drop into the earth and become the seminary of a new plantation, so by death we drop into eternity and become the children of the Resurrection." (Sir Matthew Hale, *Divine Origination of Mankind*.) And they follow them here: "All these were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times. There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes. Their seed shall remain forever, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise." (Eccles. 44, 7-15.)'

This is not the place in which to comment on solemn topics like these, and the only reason for presenting such extracts here is, not to express or suggest opinions on the subjects to which reference is made, but to put our readers in possession of information, which, it is believed, will possess for them the profoundest interest.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

'He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' was the text from which the witty Dean Swift is reported to have preached the telling charity sermon:—'If you like the security, down with the dust.' Are there any good Christians in Canada at this day who need to be reminded of the Dean's fitting text and practical appeal? If there be any such let them lose no time in making so safe an investment. The fund for the relief of the distressed operators in Lancashire, England, affords them an opportunity, which it would be a sin and a shame to

let slip. The story of Lancashire distress is told in every English paper, and repeated in all its sad details in every journal throughout the civilized world. It is the saddest tragedy of our time, the tragedy of another tragedy still nearer home. Thousands of willing workers have been made involuntary idlers, and have been brought to the brink of starvation, from which they can only be saved by the humane efforts of their fellowmen. The Canadian subscription is over \$70,000. The employees of the Great Western Railway have subscribed \$2,090, besides which, many of them have joined in the subscriptions in the cities and towns in which they reside. Generous Americans are dignifying our common humanity, and making their nation and their name dear in many a poor English home by princely benefactions, which will do more to bind America and England in bonds of gracious amity than all the *New York Herald* and the *London Times* can undo.

There is still much to do, the need is urgent, and the hour for help is the present hour. Let those who have not subscribed, subscribe at once, and let those who have given, give yet again, if their means permit. We are having a day of thanksgiving for our bountiful harvest, but the sweetest and truest thanksgiving will be the free offering out of our plenty to our brethren who are breadless. In this hour, of our abundant prosperity and of terrible and measureless calamity to our poor starving brothers, let us not blasphemously dare to mock Omniscience with selfish thanks, but let us remember the grand old text, at once a threat and a promise.

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

EUGENE.

A BOWL OF PUNCH.

EPISCOPAL FRAGMENT.—'Dr. Colenso, Sir, don't talk to me about him,' said a rather worldly prelate to the unworshipful Bishop Punch, 'he ought to be sent to an asylum, Sir. Dr. Tuke ought to have charge of him, and stop his scribbling.' 'Dr. Colenso has already met your Lordship's views,' said Bishop Punch meekly; 'he has been giving up the *Pen to Tuke*.' 'If you can joke on such a subject, Sir,' said his Lordship, turning into his stockbroker's, 'why—'

THE VACANT ARCHBISHOPRIC.—We are requested to publish the following correspondence:—

'Dear Mr. Punch,—Having the valued privilege of consulting you on matters of moment, I write to ask you whether you approve of the appointment by which I have directed Viscount Palmerston to fill up the vacant Archbishopric of York.

'Subject, of course, to your approbation, I have desired his Lordship to nominate Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal.

'Yours (in Exeter Hall)

'SHAFTESBURY, B.M.'

'24 Grosvenor Square W.'

'Dear Bishop Maker,—No, I want Colenso for something else. Order your friend to elevate a young Bishop—Thomson, if you like. I have read his 'Seasons,' which are not bad.

'Ever yours,
'PUNCH.'

'85, Fleet Street, E.C.

TWO ILL-USED VOWELS.

How Ran in Rain-deer should be spelt,
Whether with 'e' or 'a,'
Burnaby, Stewart and Ten Broeck,
The odds will take or lay.

Sure 'tis but fair that A and E
At length should rise to view,
Considering how Turfite swells
Have run on I. O. U.

'QUOIT 'EM DOWN STAIRS.'—Some foolish Greeks are said to have been bothering Garibaldi with an offer of the crown of Greece. He would probably, as *Morose* says in the *Silent Women*, 'answer them not but with his Leg.' And one of his stalwart Secretaries should have imitated him.

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.—Man and wife.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

'He faded, yet so calm and meek,
So gently wan, so sweetly weak.'

The bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock, and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me; the late strife, the hardships of my early life, and a thousand other things, mingling together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting I beheld the surgeon's mate. 'Little Dick, sir, is dying,' he said. At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protege of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nurture; and from the first hour I joined

'He is delirious; but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir;' and as the man spoke we stood by the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling, but he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calmly it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy! Occasionally a light current of wind—oh, how deliciously cool in that pent-up hold! eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as, with his little head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His

you have wished for so long, but there'll be more than one, when your log's out—he spoke with emotion—to mourn over you.'

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around. 'Has he come yet?' he asked, in a low tone of voice.—'Why wont he come?'

'I am here,' said I, taking the little fellow's hand. 'Dont you know me Dick?'

He smiled faintly in my face. Then he said, 'You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude, unless you will take the Bible you'll find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it is all I have.' I burst into tears. He resumed. 'Doctor, I am dying, ain't I,' said the little fellow, 'for my sight grows dim? God bless you, Mr. Danforth.'

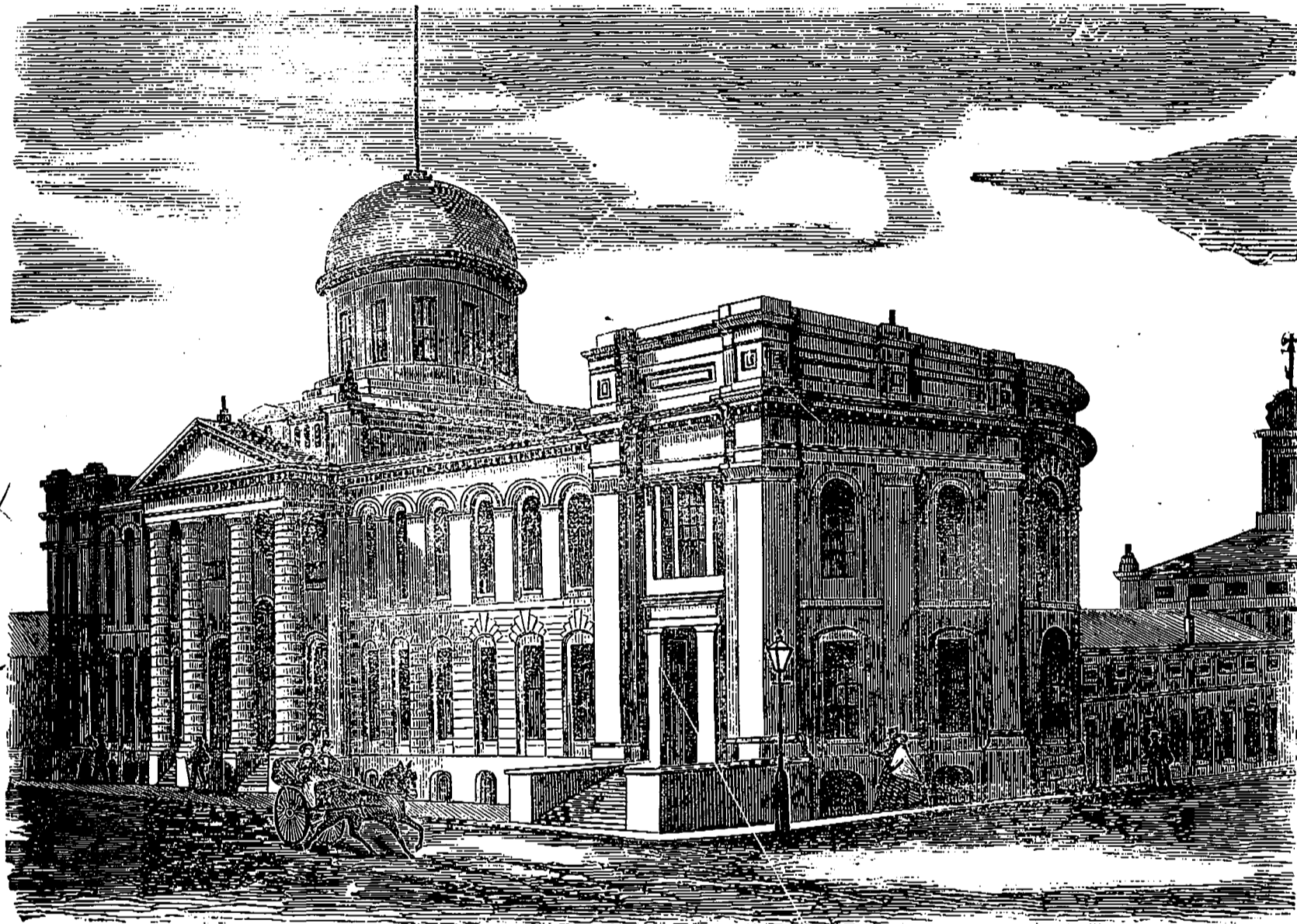
'Can I do nothing for you, Dick?' said I. 'You saved my life; I would coin my own blood to buy yours.'

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

We present to our readers in this number a view of the City Hall, Kingston, a building not surpassed if equalled by any of the kind in the Province. There are several other buildings in the city, which we purpose to illustrate, as opportunity offers, when we shall say something of the growth and prosperity of the city itself.

THE FLOWER GIRL OF THE PONT NEUF.

I was crossing the Pont Neuf at the moment when a porter belonging to the Bank of France, pretty well tired of the weight he carried (it was a bag containing nine thousand francs in silver), stopped to rest himself by leaning against the parapet wall of the bridge; but at the moment he did so, his valuable load, either from awkwardness



CITY HALL, KINGSTON.

the schooner my heart had yearned toward him, for I too once had been friendless and alone in the world. He often talked to me in confidence of his mother, whose memory he regarded with a holy reverence. With the other boys of the ship he had little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often, when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed on him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents. I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his tasks as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me, and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had forgotten to inquire if he was hurt, though at the time I had inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet.—'What! I exclaimed, 'you do not mean it? He is not dying?' 'I fear sir,' said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, 'that he cannot live till morning.'

'And I have been lying idly here!' I exclaimed, with remorse. 'Lead me to him.'

shirt-collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed-clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony. A battle-stained and grey-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes. The surgeon said, 'He is going fast, poor little fellow! Do you see this?' and as he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket, which had lain upon the boy's breast. 'He has seen better days.'

I could not answer, for my heart was full. Here was the being to whom but a few hours before I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow, and yet I had never known of his danger, and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour! They noticed my agitation, and his old friend the seaman that held his head, said sadly, 'Poor little Dick, you'll never see the shore

'I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live; only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother. You will find the name of the place, and all about it in my trunk.'

'Anything—everything, my poor lad,' I answered, chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky far overhead. His mind wandered. 'It is a long long way up there, but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from them! Hark! is that music?' and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening intently for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead. Did he indeed hear angel's voices? God grant it.

GARIBALDI'S CHAPLAIN.—A letter from Naples of the 1st inst., says that Padre Pantano, Garibaldi's chaplain, has been engaged by an English speculator, and was to leave Naples for London on Monday last. He is to recount the life and campaigns of the General to an English audience. He never quitted Garibaldi during his first campaign, and he followed his fortunes till after the affair at Aspromonte.

or carelessness, slipped out of his hands and fell into the Seine, which is very deep just at that spot. Never shall I forget his look of despair. He made a movement as if to jump over; and I believe would have effected his purpose, but for the presence of mind of a girl, a little delicate looking thing of about sixteen, a violet-seller, who clasping her arms around him, cried for help, which in an instant was afforded. Myself and some others seized him; he struggled with us desperately.

'Let me go! let me go!', cried he; 'I am ruined for ever. My wife, my children, what will become of you?'

A multitude of voices were raised at once, some to console, others to enquire; but above the rest were heard the clear and silver tones of the violet-girl:—'My friend, have patience, you have lost nothing.'

'Nothing, said you!'

'No, no; I tell you no. Let some one run for the divers; there is no doubt they will succeed in bringing it up.'

'She is right,' resounded from a number of voices, and from mine among the rest; and in an instant half-a-dozen people ran to fetch the divers. Those who remained exerted themselves as well as they could to solace the poor porter. One brought him a small glass of liqueur; another, a little

brandy; a third, some can de cologne; and four or five presented the grand specific, sugar and water. The little violet-girl had been before all the rest in administering a cordial; and perhaps hers was the most efficacious—a glass of pure water, which she held to his trembling lips and made him swallow. "Drink," she said, "drink it up, it will do you good." Whether it was the water, or the kind and sympathetic manner with which it was offered, that relieved him, I know not; but certainly one of the two had its effect, for his looks grew less wild—he burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and, by degrees, became composed enough to make his acknowledgments to the spectators who had shown such interest in his misfortune. The divers soon came, and one of them descended without loss of time. Never did I witness such anxiety as the search excited; if the fate of every one present had hung upon the success, they could not have testified greater interest in it. He soon reappeared, bringing up—not the bag of silver, but a small iron box. It was instantly broken open, and

interrupted they, with one voice; and one of them added, "Stop a bit, let me talk to my comrades. They stepped aside for a moment; I followed them with my eyes, and saw they listened to their companion with emotion. We are all of a mind," said he, returning with them. "Yes, my friend, if we have been serviceable to you, you have also been the cause of our good fortune; it seems to me that we ought to share with you what God has sent us through your means. My companions think so too, and we are going to divide it into four equal shares."

The porter would have remonstrated, but his voice was drowned by the acclamations of the spectators. "Generous fellows!"—"Much good may it do you!"—"The same luck to you," resounded from every mouth. There was not one present but seemed as happy as if he or she were about to participate in the contents of the box. The money was divided, and, in spite of his excuses, the porter was forced to take his share.

The generous divers went their way; the crowd began to disperse; but the porter

give it to my mother. Oh! how glad will she be to have all that, and still more so when she knows why it has been given me."

The reader will easily believe that my purchase was speedily made; the good girl's purse was something heavier for it; and I had the pleasure of thinking that I had contributed, in a small degree, to reward the goodness of heart which had so unequivocally been displayed by the little nosegay girl of the Pont Neuf.

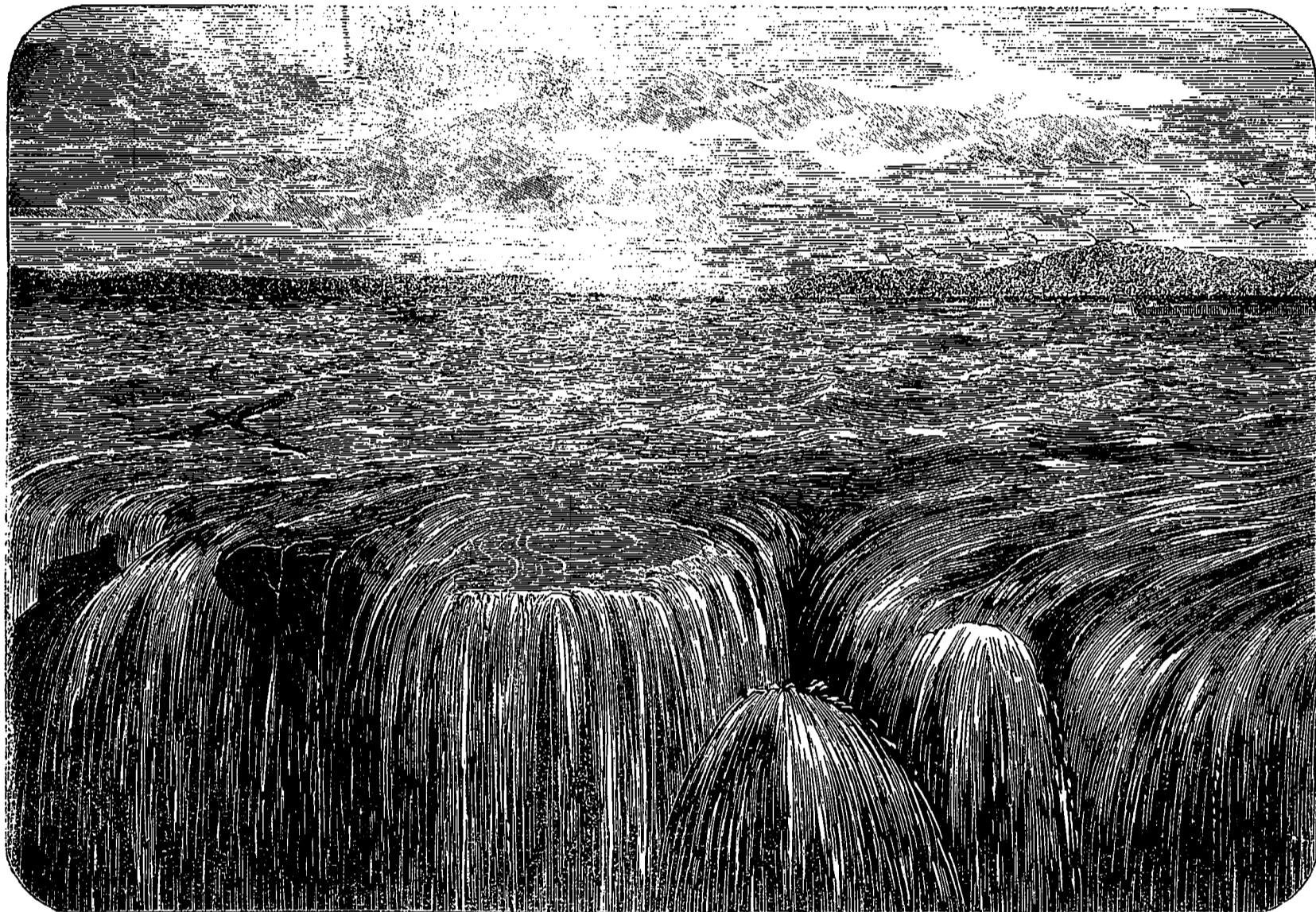
NEW METHOD OF MAKING BUTTER.

This invention is the production of a lady of the name of Whitehead, of Whitehead's Grove, Chelsea, who has for some time past turned her attention to the making of butter by the aid of filtration. The process is effected in the following ingenious and scientific manner. A piece of common calico cloth, two feet square, is spread upon an apparatus formed of a series of upright fibres of bass or broom cut to an even surface. The cream is placed upon the calico, and the contro of

the churn and force it over the piston in readiness to be carried back to the other end of the churn. In this way five pounds of butter can be produced in a churn less than ten inches square; and from an ounce and a half to two ounces or more of butter can be obtained from a quart of cream than can be obtained by the ordinary mode of churning.

One recommendation of the process is, that the butter can be thoroughly washed and pressed in the machine, so that it need never be touched by the hand. The specific gravity of the butter is also greatly increased by it, and consequently the butter will keep as long without any salt in it, as many of our fresh butters do which come to market with a portion of salt in them.

It need hardly be remarked, that the increased weight obtained from every quart of cream by this process will make in the aggregate an increase of many tons in our London market alone; and that the cream obtained from ten cows will yield as much butter to the farmer as he now gets from the cream of eleven cows, independently of the superior



VIEW UP THE RIVER OTTAWA FROM THE NORTH OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

found to be full of twenty franc pieces in gold; they were quickly counted, and found to amount to nearly twelve thousand francs, about four hundred and fifty pounds sterling. There were three divers, who, overjoyed at their good fortune, speedily divided the prize among themselves; and directly afterwards another descended in search of the porter's bag. This time he returned with it in triumph. The poor fellow could scarcely speak when it was put into his hands. On coming to himself he cried with vehemence, "God reward you! You know not what good you have done. I am the father of five children. I was formerly in good circumstances, but a series of misfortunes reduced me to the greatest distress. All that I had left was an irreproachable character, and that procured me my present situation. I have had it but a week. To-day I should, without your help, have lost it. My wife, my children, would have been exposed to all the horrors of want; they would have been deprived of a husband and a father; for never, no never, could I have survived the ruin I had brought upon them! It is you who have saved us all; God will reward you—he alone can." While he thus spoke, he rummaged his pockets, and drew out some francs. "This is all I have, 'tis very little; but tell me where you live, and to-morrow—" "Not a farthing,

still lingered, and I had the curiosity to remain, in order to watch his motions. He approached the little violet-girl. "Ah! my dear," cried he, "what do I not owe you?—But for you it had been all over with me.—My wife, my little ones, must thank you."

"*Ma foi*, it is not worth mentioning.—Would you have had me stand by and see you drown yourself?"

"But your courage, your strength! Could one have expected it from so young a girl?"

"There is no want of strength where there is good will."

"And nobody ever had more of that. Give me six of your bouquets, my dear, my children are so fond of violets, and never have they prized any as they will do these."

She twisted a bit of thread round six of her fairy nosegays, and presented them to him. He deposited them carefully in his bosom, and slipped something into her hand; then, without waiting to hear the acknowledgments which he began to pour forth, took to his heels as if his bag had been made of feathers. The girl looked after him with pleasure sparkling in her eyes.

"What will you take for the rest of your nosegays?" said I, going up to her.

"Whatever you please to give me," cried she, with vivacity; "for that good man's money will burn my pocket till I get home to

the apparatus (which has a hinge joint in it,) is then raised so as to form two inclined planes, which can be so regulated that the cream can rest upon them, without running down to their lower edges. In this position the watery particles of the cream become separated from the fatty ones, in the course of from two to four hours, and the residuum left upon the cloth will consist of a concentrated mass resembling cream cheese, which is quite ready for the churning operation.

One advantage of the arrangement above described is, that the thinnest creams can be used, as the inclined planes can be made to suit the angle of repose of the cream in proportion to its thickness. The amount of filtering surface is about one superficial foot of calico to a quart of cream.

The churn consists of a rectilinear box oscillating upon trunnions and worked by a crank, which gives an alternate motion to a wooden connecting-rod, attached to a presser or piston which goes quite home to the end of the box at each stroke of the crank, and by the action of which the butter-milk is completely pressed out of the cream, and butter is made in less than three minutes. The piston works horizontally, and by the means of a series of inclined corrugated lines at each end of the churn, air cells are formed in the butter which thrust it from the end of

quality of the butter, and of its being produced with certainty in so much shorter a space of time than that occupied by the common mode, and with one tenth of the labor.

NATURAL SCENERY.

THE great valley of the Ottawa is unsurpassed for the variety and grandeur of its natural scenery. It is over a thousand miles in extent, and drains many thousand acres of land of great fertility. Numerous rapids render navigation impossible. Somewhat over thirty miles above Ottawa there is an interruption of three miles of rapids. At the foot of the rapids, the Ottawa divides among islands into numerous channels, presenting a most imposing array of separate falls. Six miles above Ottawa, begin the rapids terminating in the Chaudiere Falls, which though inferior in impressive magnitude to the Falls of Niagara, are perhaps more permanently interesting, as presenting greater variety. The illustration shows the appearance of the river near to the future capitol, urging onward its accumulated waters with great impetuosity.

Reviews.

Artemus Ward, His Book: Hamilton: Eastwood & Co.

Vanity Fair has printed, critics have praised, and newspapers have pilfered the humorous productions of Artemus Ward, whose name is as much the synonym of fun as his pen is prolific of 'goaks.' Over his comic pages Laughter has held both his sides, and, if he is not the first of American humorists, he at least holds a distinguished place amongst his mirth-provoking brethren, and is, in some respects the most, original of them all. He has all the marks of a genuine humorist about him. He is not intensely and irritatingly national, but is as severe to his own people as to the foreigner, and deals good natured blows at friends and foes alike. If, bearing in mind the antecedents of Floyd & Co., he dubs the South 'the Southern Conthie-veracy,' he takes care to express his admiration of 'the masterly advance our troops made on Washington from Bull Run,' and to remind the North that 'the wages of sin is death and postage stamps.' With quiet satire of Yankee shoppiness he advertises his show in season and out of season, and mercilessly exposes the press which praises for advertisements and trades paragraphs for an order for printing placards. We know of nothing more amusing in the whole range of American literature than his genial 'taking off' of learned quotations which nobody understands, of stale quotations which everybody has heard a thousand times, and until the iteration is hateful, of mottoes of most unfitting import, of fashionable philanthropy which walks the streets in silver slippers and pays golden dividends, of 'sensational' novels, of 'moral' tales, of affectations of orators and writers, of utterly preposterous American brag, and of the little great who

— take the rustic murmur of their bourg For the great wave that echoes round the world.

As in part an illustration of this last, we select a passage from the 'Celebration at Baldinsville in honor of the Atlantic Cable':

'Old Tompkins grocery was illuminated with 5 tin lanterns and he follerin Transp-rancy was in the winder—'The Sub-Mer-shine Tellergraph & the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank Road—the 2 grate eventz of the 19th century—may intestines strife never mar their grandjire.' Simpkins shoe shop was all ablaze with kandles and lanterns. A American Eagle was painted onto a flag in a winder—also these words, viz—'The Constitutooshun must be Presarved.' The Skool house was lited up in grate stile and the winders was filld with mottoes among which I noticed the follerin—'Tooth smashed to erth shall rize agin—you can't stop her.' 'The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled.' 'Pro-krastinashun is the thief of Time.' 'Be virtuous & you will be happy.' 'Intemper-ense has cawsed a heap of trouble—shun the Bole,' and the follerin sentiment written by the skool master, who graduated at Hudson Kollige. 'Baldinsville sends greetin to Her Magisty the Queen, and hopes all hard feel-ins which has heretofore previs bin felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parliament, if such there has been, may now be forever wiped from our Es-cutchans. Baldinsville this night rejoices over the gerlorious event which sementz 2 grate nashuns onto one another by means of a clecktric wire under the rowin billers of the Nasty Deep. Quosque Tantrum, a butter. Caterliny, patent nostrum.'

His book is amongst the most comic of comic books we have ever read, and we propose to enrich our columns with some of his 'noncents,' merely premising for the benefit of our readers, that it loses considerably in being detached from the context. The 'amoozin cuss,' known to fame, the *Cleveland Plaindealer* and *Vanity Fair* as 'Artemus Ward,' and to 'ornery cusses' as C. F. Browne, must be read in his entirety to be fully appreciated and heartily enjoyed. It is a duty every man owes to society to keep in good health and good humor, and he may do both if he will only attend to his diet and

read 'Artemus Ward.' Let him cultivate the science of hygiene and the art of laughter, and his body will be as free from disease as his mind from vapors. We give the advice for nothing and throw in a few boluses into the bargain:—

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.

There was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squeent their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their fore-ends; the measles broke out in both famer-ies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to observe, 'How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!' It was a sublime site, in the Spring of the year, to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so they could'n sit 'em, affectionately bilin sape together & aboozin the nabers.

Aitho I hankered intensely arter the object of my affections, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it but my tung would kerwolv-up agin the roof of my mouth & stiek thar, like deth to a deseast Afrikan or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old fashion-ed wheat Flale agin a barn floor.

'Twas a eam still nite in Joon. All nater was lusst and nary zeller disturbed the screen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her father's pastur. We'd bin rompin throw the woods, kullin flows & drivin the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was first painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballusin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luviny round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed, 'Betsy, you're a Gazelle.'

I thought that air war putty fine. I waited to see what effect it would hav upon her.—It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed,

'You're a sheep!'

'Sez I, 'Betsy, I think very muchly of you.'

'I don't b'leve a word you say—so there now cum! with which observashun she lited away from me.

'I wish thar was winders to my Sole,' sed I, 'so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here,' sed I, stikin my buzzum with my fist, 'to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!'

She bowd her head down and comenst clawin the strings to her sun bonnet.

'Ar, could you know the sleepis nites I worry throw with on your account, how viltles has seized to be attractiv to me & how my lims has shrunk up, you would'n dowl me. Gase on this wastin form and these 'ere smnken cheeks?'

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortinly I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close and se-reerly damagin myself generally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite she sed:

'I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you've drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, *Pm in.*'

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immedjity to the parson's, & was made I that very nite.

(Notiss to the Printer: Put some stars here.)

I've parst threw many tryin ordeels sins then, but Betsy Jane has bin troo as steel. By attendin strictly to bizness I've amarsed a handsom Pittance. No man on this foot-stool can rise & git up & say I ever knowinly injered no man or wimumin folks, while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonder-ful colleckshun of livin wild Beasts of Pray, snaix in grate profushun, a endliss variety of life-size wax figgers, & the only traned kangaroo in Ameriky—the most amoozin little cuss ever introjuced to a dis-criminatin public.

HIS ADVICE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

'Albert Edard, I must go, but previs to doin so I will observe that you soot me. Yure a good feller Albert Edard, & tho I'm agin Princes as a general thing, I must say I

like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King try and be as good a man as yure muther has bin! Be just & be Jenerous, espeshully to showmen, who hav alkes bin aboozed sins the case of Noah, who was the first man to go into the Meangery bizness, & of the daily papers of his time air to be be-leeved Noah's colleckshun of livin wild Beasts beet emything ever seen sins, tho I make bold to dowl of his snaks was ahead of mine. Albert Edard, adoo!'

HIS PRINCIPLES.

He axed me what was my prinsepups?

'I haint got emy,' sed I—'not a prinsepup. I'm in the show bizness.'

'Sez Perfesser Peck, 'Mister Ward, I don't know 'bout this biznis. What are your sentiments?'

'Nary a sentiment? sez I.

'Mister Ward, don't your blud bile at the thout that three million and a half of your eulled brethern air a clankin their chains in the South?'

'Sez I, 'not a bile! Let 'em clank!'

There's a artikil in the Constitutooshun of the United States which sez in effect that everybody may think just as he darn pieazes, & them is my sentiments to a hare.

I'm not a politician and my other habits air good.

Feller Sitterzens, I am in the Sheer & Yeller leaf, I shall peg out I of these case. But while I do stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not what the supervizers of Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for one, I shall stand by the Stars & Stripes. Under no circumstances whatsomever will I sesesh.

Let every Stait in the Union sesesh & let Palmeter flags flote thicker nor shirts on Squire Baxter's close line, still will I stiek to the good old flag. The country may go to the devil, but I won't! And next Summer when I start out on my campane with my Show, wherever I pitch my little tent, you shall see floatin proudly from the center pole thereof the American Flag, with nary a star wiped out, nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that has allers flotid thar! & the price of admishun will be the same as it allers was—15 cents, children half price.

HIS 'FORT.'

My Fort is the grate moral show bizness & ritin choice famerly literator for the noospapers. That's what's the matter with me.

'SHAKSPEER'S FORT.'

Shakspeer rote good plase, but he wouldn't hav succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. *He lackt the rekesit fancy and imagginashun.*

That's so!

OLD GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FORT.

Was to not hev emy public man of the present day resemble him to emy alarmin extent. Where bowts can George's ekal be fownd? I ask, & holdly answer no whares, or emy whare else.

MANTLES OF SHAKESPEARE AND WEBSTER.

Shakspeer's mantle fell onto the author of 'The Seven Sisters,' who's goin to hav a spring overcoat made out of it.

Webster is ded now, howsever, and his mantle has probly fallen into the hands of sun dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to be goin round wearin it to any partikler extent, now days.

COLUMBUS.

'It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition. If he had bin a sensible man he'd hav put the moneey in a boss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to intelligent savages, who when they get hold of a good thing knew enuff to keep it, and who wouldn't hav seceded, nor rebelled, nor knocked Liberty in the hed with a slugshot. Columbus wasn't much of a teller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid at home. Chris. ment well, but he put his foot in it when he saled for America.'

WASHINGTON.

G. Washington was about the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-headed, warm-hearted, and stiddy goin man. He never slopt over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters—A.W.] That wasn't George's style. He lived his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human argil in a 3 cornered hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away.

Imagine G. Washington and P. Henry in the character of seseshers! As well fancy John Bunyan and Dr. Watts in spangled tites, doin the trapeze in a one-horse circus!

INTEMPERANCE.

I like your skool houses, your meetin

houses, your enterprize, gunshun, &c., but your favorite Beveridge I disgust. I allude to New England Rum. It is wuss nor the kern whisky of Injanny, which eats threw stone jugs & will turn the stummuck of the most shiftless Hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Bote, but tuther day I warrid down some of your Rum. The first glass induced me to sware like a infooriated trooper. On takin the second glass I was seessed with a desire to break winders, & arter imbin the third glass I knockt a small boy down, pick his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildly commenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last Tail. Its drefull stuff, a sort of liewid literin; gut up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tears men's inards all to peaces and makes their noses blossom as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hyeny with a fire brand tied to his tale, and while you air about it you will do a first rate thing for yourself and everybody about you by shunin all all kinds of intoxicatin beekers. You don't need 'em no mor'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin about the trouble and sufferin they cause. But unless your inards air cast iron, avoid New Englan's favorite Beveridge.

My friends, I'm dun. I tear myself away from you with tears in my eyes & a pleasant odor of Onyins about my close. In the langwidge of Mister Catterline to the Rum-mins, I go, but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, peple of Wethersfield. Be virtuous & you'll be happy!

THE AFRICAN.

Feller Sitterzens, the African may be Our Brother. Several highly respectyble gentlemen, and sum talentid females tell us so, & fur argyment's sake I mite be injooiced to grant it, tho' I don't believe it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't sevral of our brothers & all our fast wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather, and our grate grandfather, and our Aunt in the country.—Seacely. & yit numeris persons would have us think so. It's troo he runs Congress & sevral other public grosserys, but then he ain't everybody & everybody else likewise. [Notiss to bizness man of 'Vanity Fair': Extry charg for this last remark. It's a goak.—A.W.]

But we've got the Afrikan, or ruther he's got us, & now what air we goin to do about it? He's a oful noonsance. Praps he isn't to blame fur it. Praps he was creatid fur sum wise purpuss, like the measles and New Englan Rum, but its mity hard to see it.—At any rate he's no good here, & as I staid to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he cooden't go off sonwhares quietly by hisself, whare he cood wear red wiskits & speckled neck-ties, & grutterly his ambishun in variis interestin wase, without havin a eternal fuss kiek up about him.

Praps I'm bearin down too hard upon Cuffy. Cum to think on it, I am. He wouldn't be sich a infernal noonsance if white peple would let him alone. He mite indeed be interestin. And now I think of it, why can't the white peple let him alone. What's the good of continerly stirrin him up with a ten-foot pole? He isn't the sweetest kind of Performery when in a natrat strait.

THE OPERA.

But Miss Patty order sing in the English tung. As she kin do so as well as she kin in Italian why under the Sun dont she do it? What cents is there in singin words nobody dont understan when words we do understan is jest as handy? Why peple will versiderusly appiawd turin langwidge is a mistery. It reminds me of a man I onct knew. He sed he knockt the bottum out of his pork Barril, & the pork fell out, but the Brine dident move a inch. It staid in the Barril. He sed this was a Mistery, but it wasn't misterior than is this thing I'm speakin of.

THE 'IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.'

The American Eagle has lived too sumptuously of late—his stummick becom foul, and he's takin a sifte emetic. That's all.

PHILANTHROPY.

Oberlin is a grate plase. The College opens with a prayer and then the New York Tribune is read. A kolleckshun is then taken up to buy overcoats with red horn buttons onto them for the indignat cultured peple of Kanady.

ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S SUBJECTS.

The world continues to revolve round on her own axeltree onct in every 24 hours, 'subject to the Constitution of the United States,' and is a very pleasant place of residence.

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION.—No one does it so regularly, so effectually, so perseveringly, so punctually, as the Tax-gatherer. The fellow seems to have quite a call for the business.

From Bentley.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

The afternoon of a hot June day was drawing towards evening, and the great world of London—for it was the height of the season, were beginning to think of dinner. In a well furnished dressing-room, the windows being open for air, and the blinds drawn down to exclude the sun, stood a lady, whose maid was giving the last touch to her rich attire. It was Lady Sarah Hope.

'What bracelets, my lady?' asked the maid, taking a small bunch of keys from her pocket.

'None now: it is so very hot. Alice,' added Lady Sarah, turning to a young lady, who was leaning back on a sofa, 'have them ready displayed for me when I come up, and I will decide then.'

'I have them ready, Lady Sarah,' returned Miss Seaton.

'If you will be so kind. Hughes, give the key to Miss Seaton.'

Lady Sarah left the room, and the maid, Hughes, began taking one of the small keys of the ring. 'I have got leave to go out, miss, she explained, and am going directly. My mother is not well, and wants to see me.

room.'

Lady Frances Chenevix turned away to fly down the stairs; her light, rounded form, her elastic step, all telling of health and enjoyment, presented a marked contrast to that of Alice Seaton. Alice's face was indeed strangely beautiful, almost too refined and delicate for the wear and tear of common life, but her figure was weak and stooping, and her gait feeble. Of exceedingly good family, she had been suddenly thrown from her natural position of wealth and comfort to comparative poverty, and had found refuge as 'companion' to Lady Sarah Hope.

Colonel Hope was a thin, spare man, with sharp brown eyes and sharp features; looking so shrunk and short, that he must have been smuggled into the army under height, unless he had since been growing downwards. No stranger could have believed him at ease in his circumstances, any more than that they would have believed him a colonel who had seen hard service in India, for his clothes were frequently thread-bare. A black ribbon supplied the place of a gold chain, as guard to his watch, and a blue tin-looking thing of a galvanized ring did duty for any other ring on his finger. Yet he was rich; of fabulous riches, people said;

day. Another diamond bracelet was there, but it was not so beautiful or so costly as this. When her task was done, Miss Seaton passed into the front drawing-room, and threw up one of its large windows. Still there was no air in the room.

As she stood at it, a handsome young man, tall and powerful, who was walking on the opposite side of the street, caught her eye. He nodded, hesitated, and then crossed the street as if to enter.

'It is Gerard!' uttered Alice, under her breath. 'Can he be coming here?' She walked away from the window hastily, and sat down by the bedecked table in the other room.

'Just as I supposed!' exclaimed Gerard Hope, entering, and advancing to Alice with stealthy steps. 'When I saw you at the window, the thought struck me that you were alone here, and they at dinner. Thomas happened to be airing himself at the door, so I crossed, and asked him, and came up. How are you, Alice?'

'Have you come to dinner?' inquired Alice, speaking at random, and angry at her own agitation.

'I come to dinner?' repeated Mr. Hope, 'Why, you know they'd as soon sit down with the hangman.'

Alice Seaton laughed. 'Do you think I am likely to know?'

'I wish it was mine.'

'What should you do with it?' laughed Alice.

'Spout it.'

'I do not understand,' returned Alice.

'I beg your pardon, Alice. I was thinking of the colloquial lingo familiarly applied to such transactions, instead of to whom I was talking. I meant raise money upon it.'

'O Mr. Hope!'

'Alice, that's twice you have called me 'Mr. Hope.' I thought I was 'Gerard' to you before I went away.'

'Time has elapsed since, and you seem like a stranger again,' returned Alice, a flush rising to her sensitive face. 'But you spoke of raising money: I hope you are not in temporary embarrassment.'

'A jolly good thing for me if it turns out only temporary,' he rejoined. 'Look at my position? Debts hanging over my head—for you may be sure, Alice, all young men, with a limited allowance and large expectations, contract them—and thrust out of my uncle's home with the loose cash I had in my pocket, and my clothes sent after me.'



HOME OF THE RED MAN, NEAR THE BRUCE MINES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.) SEE PAGE 49.

'This is the key, miss.'

As Miss Seaton took it, Lady Sarah re-appeared at the door. 'Alice, you may as well bring the jewel-box down to the back drawing-room. I shall not care to come up here after dinner; we shall be late as it is.'

'What's that about a jewel-box?' inquired a pretty looking girl, who had come from another apartment.

'Lady Sarah wishes me to bring her bracelets down to the drawing-room, that she may choose which to put on. It was too hot to dine in them, she said.'

'Are you not coming in to dinner to-day, Alice?'

'No. I walked out, and it has tired me, as usual. I have had some tea instead.'

'I would not be you for all the world, Alice! To possess so little capability of enjoying life.'

'Yet if you were as I am, weak in health and strength, your lot would have been so soothed to you, that you would not repine at or regret it.'

'You mean I should be content,' laughed the young lady. Well, there is nothing like contentment, the sages tell us. One of my detestable school-room copies used to be, 'Contentment is happiness.'

'I can hear the dinner being taken in,' said Alice: 'you will be late in the drawing-

room, but he was of a close disposition, especially as regarded his personal outlay. In his home and to his wife he was liberal. They had been married several years, but had no children, and his large property was not entailed: it was believed that his nephew, Gerard Hope, would inherit it, but some dispute had recently occurred, and Gerard had been turned from the house. Lady Frances Chenevix, the sister of Lady Sarah, but considerably younger, had been paying them an eight months' visit in the country, and had now come up to town with them.

Alice Seaton lay on the sofa for half an hour, and then, taking the bracelet box in her hands, descended to the drawing-rooms. It was intensely hot, a sultry breathless heat, and Alice threw open the back-window, which in truth made it hotter, for the sun gleamed right athwart the leads which stretched themselves beyond the window over the out-buildings at the back of the row of houses.

She sat down near this back-window, and began to put out some of the bracelets on the table before it. They were rare and rich: of plain gold, of silver, of pearl, of precious stones. One of them was of gold links studded with diamonds; it was very valuable, and had been the present of Colonel Hope to his wife on her recent birth-

'Indeed, I know nothing about it. I was in hopes you and the Colonel might be reconciled. Why did you come in?' Thomas will tell.'

'No, he won't. I told him not. Alice, the idea of your never coming up till June! Some whim of Lady Sarah's, I suppose. Two or three times a week for the last month have I been marching past this house, wondering when it was going to show signs of life. Is Frances here still?'

'Oh! yes; she is going to remain some time.'

'To make up for—Alice, was it not a shame to turn me out?'

'I was extremely sorry for what happened, Mr. Hope, but I knew nothing of the details. Lady Sarah said you had displeased the Colonel, and after that she never mentioned your name.'

'What a show of smart things you have got here, Alice! Are you going to set up a bazar?'

'They are Lady Sarah's bracelets.'

'So they are, I see! This is a gem,' added Mr. Hope, taking up the fine diamond bracelet already mentioned. 'I don't remember this one.'

'It is new. The Colonel has just given it to her.'

'What did it cost?'

'Has the Colonel stopped your allowance?'

Mr. Hope laid down the bracelet from whence he had taken it, before he replied.

'He stopped it then: and I have not had a shilling since, except from my own resources. I first went upon tick; then I disposed of my watch and chain and all my other little matters of value; and now I am upon tick again.'

'Upon what?' uttered Alice.

'You don't understand these free terms, Alice,' he said, looking fondly at her; 'and I hope you may never have occasion. Frances would: she has lived in their atmosphere.'

'Yes, I know what an embarrassed man the Earl is, if you allude to that. But I am grieved to hear about yourself. Is the Colonel implacable? What was the cause of the quarrel?'

'You know I was to be his heir. Even if children had come to him, he had undertaken amply to provide for me. Last Christmas he suddenly sent for me. Then the plot came out. They had fixed upon a wife for me, and I was to hold myself in readiness to marry her at any given moment.'

'Who was it?' inquired Alice in a low tone, as she bent her head over the bracelets.

'Never mind,' laughed Mr. Hope, 'it wasn't you. I said I would not have her,

and they both, he and Lady Sarah, pulled me and my want of taste to pieces, and assured me I was a monster of ingratitude. It provoked me into confessing that I liked somebody else better, and the Colonel turned me out."

Alice looked her sorrow, but she did not express it.

"And since then I have been having a fight with my creditors, putting them off with fair words and promises. But they have grown incredulous, and it has come to dodging. In favor of my uncle, and his acknowledged heir, they would have given me unlimited time and credit, but the breach is known, and it makes all the difference. With the value of that at my disposal—nodding at the bracelet—"I should stop some pressing personal trifles, and go on again for a while. So you see, Alice, a diamond bracelet may be of use, even to a gentleman, should some genial fortune drop such into his hands."

"I sympathize with you very much," said Alice, "and I wish I had it in my power to aid you."

"Thank you for your kind wishes; I know they are genuine. When my uncle sees the name of Gerard Hope figuring in the insolvent list, or amongst the outlaws, he—Hark! can they be coming up from dinner?"

"Scarcely yet," said Alice, starting up simultaneously with himself, and listening.

"But they will not sit long to-day, because they are going to the opera. Gerard, they must not find you here."

"And get you turned out as well as myself! No, not if I can help it. Alice!"—suddenly laying his hands upon her shoulders, and gazing down into her eyes—"do you know who it was I had learnt to love, instead of—of the other?"

She gasped for breath, and her color went and came. "No—no; do not tell me, Gerard."

"Why, no; I had better not, under present circumstances, but when the good time comes—for all their high-roped indignation must and will blow over—then I will; and here's the pledge of it." He bent his head, took one long earnest kiss from her lips, and was gone.

Agitated almost to sickness, trembling and confused, Alice stole to look after him, terrified lest he might not escape unseen. She crept partly down the stairs, so as to obtain sight of the hall-door, and make sure that he got out in safety. As he drew it open, there stood a lady just about to knock. She said something to him, and he waved his hand towards the staircase. Alice saw that the visitor was her sister, a lady well married and moving in the fashionable world. She met her, and took her into the front drawing-room.

"I cannot stay to sit down, Alice; I must make haste back to dress, for I am engaged to three or four places to-night. Neither do I wish to horrify Lady Sarah with a visit at this untoward hour. I had a request to make to you, and thought to catch you before you went in to dinner."

"They are alone, and are dining earlier than usual. I was too tired to appear. What can I do for you?"

"In one word—I am in pressing need for a little money. Can you lend it me?"

"I wish I could," returned Alice; "I am so very sorry. I sent all I had to poor mamma the day before we came to town. It was only twenty-five pounds."

"That would have been of no use to me: I want more. I thought if you had been miserly up your salary, you might have had a hundred pounds, or so, by you."

Alice shook her head. "I should be a long while saving up a hundred pounds, even if dear mamma had no wants. But I send to her what I can spare. Do not be in such a hurry," continued Alice, as her sister was moving to the door. "At least, wait one minute while I fetch you a letter I received from mamma this morning, in answer to mine. You will like to read it, for it is full of news about the old place. You can take it home with you."

Alice left her sister standing in the room, and went up stairs. But she was more than one minute away, she was three or four, for she could not at first lay her hand upon the letter. When she returned, her sister advanced to her from the back drawing-room, the folding-doors between the two rooms being, as before, wide open.

"What a fine collection of bracelets, Alice!" she exclaimed, as she took the letter. "Are they spread out for show?"

"No," laughed Alice; "Lady Sarah is going to the opera, and will be in a hurry when she comes up from dinner. She asked me to bring them all down, as she had not decided which to wear."

"I like to dress before dinner on my opera nights."

"Oh! so of course does Lady Sarah," returned Alice, as her sister descended the stairs, "but she said it was too hot to dine in bracelets."

"It is fearfully hot. Good-by, Alice. Don't ring; I will let myself out."

Alice returned to the front room and looked out from the window, wondering whether her sister had come in her carriage. No. A trifling evening breeze was arising and beginning to move the curtains about. Gentle as it was, it was grateful, and Alice sat down in it. In a very few minutes the ladies came up from dinner.

"Have you the bracelets, Alice? Oh! I see."

Lady Sarah went into the back room as she spoke, and stood before the table, looking at the bracelets. Alice rose to follow her, when Lady Frances Chenevix caught her by the arm, and began to speak in a covert whisper.

"Who was that at the door just now? It was a visitor's knock. Do you know, Alice, every hour since we came to town, I have fancied Gerard might be calling. In the country he could not get to us, but here—Was it Gerard?"

"It—it was my sister," carelessly answered Alice. It was not a true answer, for her sister had not knocked, and she did not know who had. But it was the readiest that rose to her lips, and she wished to escape the questioning.

"Only your sister," sighed Frances, turning to the window with a gesture of disappointment.

"Which have you put on?" inquired Alice, going towards Lady Sarah.

"These loose fancy things; they are the coolest. I really am so hot: the soup was that favorite soup of the Colonel's, all capscums and cayenne, and the wine was hot; there had been a mistake about the ice. Hill trusted to the new man, and he did not understand it; it was all hot together. What the house will be to-night, I dread to think of."

Lady Sarah, whilst she spoke, had been putting the bracelets into the jewel-box, with very little care.

"I had better put them straight," remarked Alice, when she reached the table.

"Do not trouble," returned Lady Sarah, shutting down the lid. "You are looking flushed and feverish, Alice; you were wrong to walk so far to-day; Hughes will set them to rights to-morrow morning; they will do till then. Lock them up, and take possession of the key."

Alice did as she was bid. She locked the case and put the key in her pocket. "Here is the carriage," exclaimed Lady Frances. "Are we to wait for Coffee?"

"Coffee in this heat!" retorted Lady Sarah, "it would be adding fuel to fire. We will have some tea when we return. Alice, you must make tea for the Colonel; he will not come out without it. He thinks this weather just what it ought to be; rather cold, if any thing."

Alice had taken the bracelet-box in her hands as Lady Sarah spoke, and when they departed carried it up stairs to its place in Lady Sarah's bed-room. The Colonel speedily rose from table, for his wife had laid her commands on him to join them early. Alice helped him to his tea, and as soon as he was gone she went up stairs to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. Tired as she was, and exhausted in frame, sleep would not come to her. She was living over again her interview with Gerard Hope. She could not, in her conscious heart, affect to misunderstand his implied meaning—that she had been the cause of his rejecting the union proposed to him. It diffused a strange rapture within her, and though she had not perhaps been wholly blind and unconscious during the period of Gerard's stay with them, she now kept repeating the words, "Can it be? can it be?"

It certainly was so. Love plays strange pranks. There was Gerard Hope, heir to the fabulous wealth, consciously proud of his handsome person, his herculean strength, his towering form, called home and planted down by the side of a pretty and noble lady, on purpose that he might fall in love with her—Lady Frances Chenevix. And yet, the well-laid project failed: failed because there happened to be another at that young lady's side, a sad, quiet feeble-framed girl, whose very weakness may have seemed to others to place her beyond the pale of man's love. But love thrives by contrasts, and it was the feeble girl who won the love of the strong man.

Yes, the knowledge diffused a strange rapture within her, as she lay there that

night, and she may be excused if, for a brief period, she gave rage to the sweet fantasies it conjured up. For a brief period only: too soon the depressing consciousness returned to her, that these thoughts of earthly happiness must be subdued, for she with her confirmed ailments and conspicuous weakness, must never hope to marry, as did other women. She had long known—her mother had prepared her for it—that one so afflicted and frail as she, whose tenure of existence was likely to be short, ought not to become a wife, and it had been her earnest hope to pass through life unloving and unloved. She had striven to arm herself against the danger, against being thrown into the perils of temptation. Alas! it had come insidiously upon her; all her care had been set at naught; and she knew that she loved Gerard Hope with a deep and fervent love. "It is but another cross," another burden to surmount and subdue, and I will set myself, from this night, to the task. I have been a coward, skirking from self-examination; but now that Gerard has spoken out, I can deceive myself no longer. I wish he had spoken more freely, that I might have told him it was useless."

It was only towards morning that Alice dropped asleep: the consequence was, that long after her usual hour for rising, she was still sleeping. The opening of her door, by some one awoke her: it was Lady Sarah's maid.

"Why, miss! are you not up! Well, I never! I wanted the key of the jewel-box, but I'd have waited if I had known."

"What do you say you want?" returned Alice, whose ideas were confused, as is often the case on being suddenly awakened.

"The key of the bracelet-box, if you please."

"The key?" repeated Alice. "Oh! I remember," she added, her recollection returning to her. "Be at the trouble, will you, Hughes, to take it out of my pocket: it is on that chair, under my clothes."

The servant came to the pocket, and speedily found the key. "Are you worse than usual, miss, this morning," asked she, "or have you overslept yourself?"

"I have overslept myself. Is it late?"

"Between nine and ten. My lady is up, and at breakfast with master and Lady Frances."

Alice rose the instant the maid had left the room, and made haste to dress, vexed with herself for sleeping so long. She was nearly ready when Hughes came in again.

"If ever I saw such a confusion as that jewel-case was in!" cried she, in as pert and grumbling a tone as she dared to use. "The bracelets were thrown together without law or order—just as if they had been so much glass and tinsel from the Lowther Arcade."

"It was Lady Sarah did it," replied Alice. "I would have put them straight, but she said leave it for you. I thought she might prefer you should do it, so did not press it."

"Of course her ladyship is aware there's nobody but myself knows how they are placed in it," returned Hughes, consequentially. "I could go to that, or to the other jewel-box, in the dark, miss, and take out any one thing my lady wanted, without disturbing the rest."

"I have observed that you have the gift of order," remarked Alice, with a smile. "It is very useful to those who possess it, and saves them from trouble and confusion."

"So it do, miss," said Hughes. "But I came to ask you for the diamond bracelet."

"The diamond bracelet!" echoed Alice. "What diamond bracelet? What do you mean?"

"It is not in the box, miss."

"The diamond bracelets are both in the box," rejoined Alice.

"The old one is there; not the new one. I thought you might have taken it out to show some one, or to look at, yourself, miss, for I am sure it is a sight for pleasant eyes."

"I can assure you that it is in the case," said Alice. "All are there except what Lady Sarah had on. You must have overlooked it."

"I must be a great donkey if I have," grumbled the girl. "It must be at the very bottom, amongst the cotton," she soliloquised, as she returned to Lady Sarah's apartments, "and I have just got to take every individual article out to get to it. This comes of giving up one's keys to other folks."

Alice hastened down, begging pardon for her late appearance. It was readily accorded. Alice's office in the house was nearly a sinecure: when she had first entered upon it, Lady Sarah was ill, and required some one to sit with and read to her, but now that she was well again, Alice had little to do.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Alice was called from the room. Hughes stood outside.

"Miss," said she, with a long face, "the diamond bracelet is not in the box. I thought I could not be mistaken."

"But it must be in the box," said Alice.

"But it is not," persisted Hughes, emphasizing the negative; "can't you believe me, miss? What's gone with it?"

Alice Seaton looked at Hughes with a puzzled, dreamy look. She was thinking matters over. It soon cleared again.

"Then Lady Sarah must have kept it out when she put in the rest. It was she who returned them to the case; I did not. Perhaps she wore it last night."

"No miss, that she didn't. She wore only those two—"

"I saw what she had on," interrupted Alice. "But she might also have put on the other, without my noticing. Then she must have kept it out for some other purpose. I will ask her. Wait here an instant, Hughes; for of course you will like to be at a certainty."

"That's cool," thought Hughes, as Alice went into the breakfast-room, and the Colonel came out of it with his newspaper. "I should have said it was somebody else would like to be at a certainty, instead of me. Thank goodness it was not in my charge, last night, if any thing dreadful has come to pass. Miss Seaton has left the key about that's what she has done, and it is hard to say who has not been at it: I knew the box had been ransacked over."

"Lady Sarah," said Alice, "did you wear your new diamond bracelet last night?"

"No."

"Then did you put it into the box with the others?"

"No," languidly repeated Lady Sarah, attaching no importance to the question.

"After you had chosen the bracelets you wished to wear, you put the others into the box yourself," explained Alice. "Did you put in the new one, the diamond, or keep it out?"

"The diamond was not there."

Alice stood confounded. "It was on the table at the back of all, Lady Sarah," she presently said; "next the window."

"I tell you, Alice, it was not there. I do not know that I should have worn it, if it had been; but I certainly looked for it. Not seeing it, I supposed you had not put it out, and did not care sufficiently to ask for it."

Alice felt it a mesh of perplexity; curious thoughts, and very unpleasing ones, were beginning to come over her. "But, Lady Sarah, the bracelet was indeed there when you went to the table," she urged. "I put it there."

"I can assure you that you labor under a mistake, as to its being there when I came up from dinner," answered Lady Sarah. "Why do you ask?"

"Hughes has come to say it is not in the case. She is outside, waiting."

"Outside now? Hughes," called out her ladyship; and Hughes came in.

"What's this about my bracelet?"

"I don't know, my lady. The bracelet is not in its place, so I asked Miss Seaton. She thought your ladyship might have kept it out yesterday evening."

"I never touched it nor saw it," said Lady Sarah.

"Then we have had thieves at work," decided Hughes.

"It must be in the box, Hughes," spoke up Alice. "I laid it out on the table, and it is impossible that thieves—as you phrase it—could have come there."

"Oh! yes it is in the box, no doubt," said her ladyship, somewhat crossly, for she disliked to be troubled, especially in hot weather. "You have not searched properly, Hughes."

"My lady," answered Hughes, "I can trust my hands and I can trust my eyes, and they have all four been into every hole and crevice of the box."

Lady Frances Chenevix laid down the *Morning Post*, and advanced, "Is the bracelet really lost?"

"It cannot be lost," returned Lady Sarah. "You are sure you put it out, Alice?"

"I am quite sure of that. It was lying first in the case, and—"

"Yes, it was," interrupted Hughes. "That was its place."

"And was consequently the first that I took out," continued Alice. "I put it on the table; and the others round it, nearer to me. Why is a proof that it lay there—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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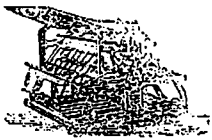
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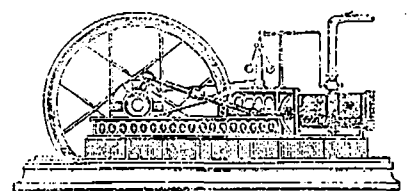
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