

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



Vol. I.—No. 10.]

HAMILTON, C.W. JANUARY 17, 1863.

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



RIGHT REV. G. J. MOUNTAIN, D. D., D. C. L.

The Late Bishop of Quebec.

On the first page will be found a portrait of the Venerable Bishop of Quebec, who has just passed away from amongst us, after a long and diligent life spent in the service of his Divine Master, and in the promotion of the best interests of his adopted country. We are indebted for the following sketch of his long and interesting career, to our able contemporary the *Montreal Gazette*.

Born in 1789, in Norwich, England, the year in which the first French Revolution commenced, he was aged 74. Thus, with him too, yet another link is broken, connecting the present with the past generation of men, and a past order of human things. His life, from his youth up, was spent in the sacred calling of the service of his Divine Master, to whom he has gone to render his last account of the important stewardship committed to his charge. It is well known that he did the duties of his high calling, laboriously and conscientiously, with the single view to promote the service of God, and to save the souls of men. We do not write these merely as words of course on the occasion of the death of a Bishop,—of whom no man had aught that was ill to say, and whose fair name was never sullied by the breath of dishonor,—but from an intimate conviction of their truth, from some opportunity of personal observation, and from opinions of men who are the best able to give them. He was, moreover, as a man possessed of ability, added to conscientious earnestness and ripe scholarship; and he was eminently a Christian gentleman. Probably there are not many of our Canadian readers to whom his tall, and of late years, somewhat stooping form is not well known, and few to whom it can be altogether indifferent that that earthly presence has forever passed from our midst. His name will live in the memory and in the history of the English Church in Canada, intimately coupled as it is with its early career; and his memory will live in many hearts. Our instincts might prevent our uttering in public these words descriptive of the character of the departed Bishop, for fear that they might be interpreted by some into even seeming adulation, but we do think it is a journalist's duty to record the good that men who have held important trusts have done. And it is particularly well in a time like this,—when the strife of men in the pursuit of wealth, of politics, of faction, of ambition,—has become so bitter, and often so little scrupulous, to dwell upon the character and example of a Christian gentleman. Even as a simple question of political consideration, there is much in such kind of influence which checks and tones our modern civilization, with its wonderfully active development, just, as the best authors on the early civilization of Europe show us, there was in building it up.

It scarcely falls within the province of the editor of a daily paper to write the life of Bishop Mountain, and we have not, besides, the necessary materials; but from what we know and have been able to gather we may state a few particulars, for the principal dates of which we are indebted to Mr. Morgan's book. We believe he came to this country with his father, the first Bishop of the English Church in Canada, when a boy, but was afterwards sent home to be educated for the Church as we have already stated.—He studied at Cambridge and graduated at Trinity College, in 1810; was ordained Deacon in 1812; and Priest in 1813. He served after his ordination in the Cathedral at Quebec. Was appointed Rector of Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1814; and in 1817 Rector of Quebec and Bishop's official. In 1821 he was appointed Archdeacon, and in 1825 was deputed to go to England on Church business. After his return he was made Examining Chaplain to Bishop Stewart. He again went to England on matters connected with the Clergy Reserves in 1835, and while there, he was

in 1836, consecrated Bishop of Montreal. His diocese at the time really comprised the whole of Lower Canada, Bishop Stewart retaining only Upper Canada; and, shortly afterwards, he really had for a time both Provinces under his charge, for Bishop Stewart became ill and retired. His diocese therefore stretched from Labrador to the Red River Settlement; and he had this extended charge till 1839, when the present Bishop of Toronto, who is now full of years, was appointed. He afterwards had the whole of Lower Canada for a diocese, as Bishop of Quebec and Montreal, till 1850, when the present Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan was appointed. He travelled much when travelling was not so easy as at present. At the age of 72 he visited Labrador in pursuance of his duties, which is a feat that is worthy of particular mention. In 1844 he went to the Red River settlement; and in 1853, he went to England to meet the Bishop of Australia and confer on the subject of synodical action in Colonial Churches, on which occasion he received the Degree of D. C. L. at Oxford. 'He is well and deservedly remembered by many for the active part he took in ministering to the fever-stricken emigrants at Gross Isle, in 1849, where he served, taking the place of his son, (Rev. A. W. Mountain) as also during the fearful time of cholera in 1832-34. To him disease had no terrors, no dangers. In the administration of his holy office he was regardless of all things save his duty.' 'Bishop Mountain is also the founder of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and of the Church Society organizations, for the completion of which he had to labor long and faithfully. He has spent a large portion of his income in behalf of our Canadian Church, and in relieving the distressed. When the Metropolitan See of Canada was offered to him a short time since, he respectfully declined the honor, he was advanced in years and he would not accept the office when he could not perform the duties appertaining to it.' Bishop Mountain had not the gift of oratory in the sense of being a popular preacher; but no man of education could listen to his sermons and fail to feel that they were the production of an earnest and scholarly mind; and they always commanded respect and attention. He did not depend for success on any meretricious display. We remember reading some years ago a volume of poems which he published.—The impression which it made upon us was that it contained some fine thoughts, well expressed; but that his Lordship could scarcely put in a title for enduring fame, as a poet. With him, as with the Duke of Wellington in another sphere, the well performance of the duties of his calling, was the guiding principle of his life.

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HAMILTON, JANUARY 17, 1863.

THE SOUTHERN PRESS ON ENGLAND.

In social life it is by no means an unfrequent thing to meet with a man whose unreasonable temper requires that his friends should participate in all his quarrels—should summarily cast off any one who may have injured him, or with whom he has had any difference, resulting in estrangement.

The Northern and the Southern States at the present time, are striking types of this individual. The hatred with which they regard each other is so intense, as

to admit of no middle ground for either themselves or their neighbours to stand upon. Neutrality in their quarrel is enmity, a word of advice or of criticism is a flagrant crime.

Thus for the last eighteen months, we poor Britishers have been exposed to the melo-dramatic fury of the Union press, for alleged sympathy with the South; and now a portion of the Confederate press is braying with assinine loudness over our sympathy with the North, bespattering us with copious showers of filth from its exhaustless reservoirs of that article. Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell are two 'cold-blooded old mummies,' we are told, comparable to nothing human except 'Billy Seward,' whose tools they are. England has no desire to see this war stopped, until 'both parties are hopelessly ruined'; she has stood like an inhuman spectator of a street fight, 'patting both parties on the back,' and much more in the same elegant strain.

Now what on earth do you mean Mr. Chivalry? In what way has England patted you on the back? was it she who organized the Knights of the Golden Circle, broke up the Charleston Convention, or battered down the walls of Fort Sumter? or did she advise you to do it. For these works you waited for no patting on the back, and these were the immediate causes of your present trouble. These were the first fruits of the evil seed which our fathers planted and you failed to uproot, the first pulsations of returning life to the viper you had cherished. You are now reaping the fulness of the terrible harvest, and writhing under the pain of the inevitable sting. But this is the work of your own hands.

Like the goat of old,—friend—you have fallen into a pit, but England had no hand in your fall, and is under no moral obligation to lift you out, at the risk of tumbling in herself.

We mourn over your infatuation—over the unhappy strife which desolates your home, and defaces the beauty of your smiling fields. We have reason to mourn over them. They have brought home to us with fearful force the fact, that, every stroke of human suffering 'radiates in pulsations of unmerited pain'. But we acknowledge no responsibility in the matter. It is emphatically untrue that we either patted you on the back or held you by the coat tails, and we would have but acted the fool if we had.

If the influence of our national voice would bring you a return of peace, the word would quickly be spoken, but you well know that it would not. We might of course lessen your sufferings by taking a larger share of them upon ourselves; we might secure victory to you, at the expense of our own blood and treasure. Apart from the question of international morality involved, what inducement do you hold out, that should lead us to do so? You point to the justice of your cause. Perhaps, Sir, you are not at present competent to give a disinterested opinion on that point. 'The Stars and Bars' floating in triumph over the sunny South, securing you the right to 'wallop' your 'niggers' under your own vine and fig tree; may be a splendid conception, a magnificent ideal, for a chivalrous nation to cherish. It awakes however no responsive thrill in British bosoms.

Whatever sympathy you have had from us has been owing mainly to the abuse we have received from your blustering Northern brother. Your cause, with that black corner stone which you esteem such an ornament, excites no enthusiasm with us.

To conclude, Sir, if you must have slavery to keep you in idleness, and Resolutions to relieve the tediousness of an idle life; you need not be surprised if the world leaves you to profit by the stern teachings of experience.

The receipt of 100 barrels of Flour from the people of Elora to the suffering poor of Lancashire, is gladly acknowledged by the English papers.

ALTAR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HAMILTON—NEWLY ERECTED.

This beautiful Altar, which has just been completed, was designed and executed by M. Zepher Perrault, of Montreal, and is a worthy monument of that gentleman's mechanical skill and artistic talents.

The Altar is 48 feet high and 20 feet wide. It is of the Gothic order of architecture. The front is elaborately carved and finished in white, tipped with gold leaf, the statue in the centre is that of the Virgin Mary and child.

The sides are finished in oak, and support statues of the twelve apostles in plaster. To the left may be seen the Bishop's Throne, surmounted by a richly carved canopy, immediately opposite this is a beautiful niche, in which is placed a group representing the Holy Family, surmounted by the scene of the crucifixion, which our engraving does not show. It is useless however for us to go into detail, as our excellent engraving will speak for itself.

We speak but the opinion of the best judges when we say that this altar is not surpassed, if equalled, by any thing of the kind in British North America. We hope that the Architect will earn by it, that wide-spread reputation which his eminent talents deserve.

PROFESSOR SIDDONS.—In spite of the bad weather, this gentleman and his promising young daughter have drawn audiences to our pretty and commodious 'Good Templars' Hall.' Mr. Siddons has also been giving some hints and lectures on 'Elocution' to our newly formed Literary Association. We predict great things for Miss Siddons, if she studies diligently. She has a fine voice, quickness of apprehension, and most chaste humor.

HOME ITEMS.

Messrs. Howland and Sicotte came passengers by the *Africa*, which arrived at Halifax on Friday morning.

The difficulty between Mr. George T. Cary and the Lessees of the *Mercury*, has been amicably settled, and that journal is now in their hands. It will make its appearance this morning, and continue to be published as a daily from henceforth.

The inhabitants of Galt have sent off, as the first instalment of their contributions to the Lancashire Relief Fund, two hundred barrels of Flour, which they will deliver to the Committee at Manchester free of expense. The rest of the contributions will immediately follow.

ARCTIC BIRDS BELOW QUEBEC.—A letter from Rimouski informs the *Canadian* that the lower St. Lawrence has been visited lately by an extraordinary affluence of birds,—ducks, wild geese and other game. They were left undisturbed, on account of the sportsmen being scarce in that region. They took their departure further south at the approach of the December snow-storms. They have been succeeded by an unprecedented influx of Arctic birds, seldom, if ever, seen in the Province. These are white partridges and white owls. The former are now as abundant at Rimouski, Ste. Fraise, St. Fabien du Bic, &c., as pigeons are in the spring. They keep together in large flocks and are easily approached and killed. The white owls are the terror of the smaller birds, which have disappeared at their approach. The farmers have set traps for them, and destroyed a great number. The people think that this extraordinary arrival of Arctic birds forbodes a severe winter.

A young girl of the delicate variety fainted the other day when told that gun-barrels were often exhibited without breeches.

Profound silence in a public assemblage has been thus neatly described; 'One might have heard the stealing of a pocket-handkerchief.'

A beggar-woman, when questioned if she were not an Irish woman, dropped a courtesy, and added, 'Sure I am, yer honor, and have been ever since I was a child.'

THE PROFESSOR'S ADVENTURE.

Between eight and ten years ago, I engaged in a long vacation campaign among the Alps of Savoy. I was alone. My object was not amusement but study. I occupy a Professor's Chair, and I was engaged in the collection of materials for a work on the Flora of the high Alps; and, to this end, travelled chiefly on foot. My route lay far from the beaten paths and passes. I often journeyed for days through regions where there were neither inns or villages. I often wandered from dawn till dusk, among sterile steeps unknown even to the herdsmen of the upper pastures, and untrodden save by the chamois and the hunter. I thought myself fortunate, at those times, it towards evening, I succeeded in steering my way down to the nearest chalet, were, in company with a half-savage mountaineer and a herd of milk goats, I might find the shelter of a rafted roof, and a supper of black bread and whey.

On one particular evening I had gone further than usual, in pursuit of the *Senecio uniflorus*: a rare plant which I had hitherto believed indigenous to the southern valleys of Monte-Rosa, but of which I here succeeded in finding one or two indifferent specimens. It was a wild and barren district, difficult to distinguish with any degree of precision on the map; but lying among the upper defiles of the Val de Bugnes, between the Mount Pleurour and the Grand Combin. On the waste of rock-strewn moss to which I had clined, there was no sign of human habitation. Above me lay the great ice-fields of Corbassière, surmounted by the silver summits of the Graffenière and Combin. To my left, the sun was going down rapidly behind a forest of smaller peaks, the highest of which, as well as I could judge from Osterwald's map, was the Mont Blanc de Cheillon. In ten minutes more, those peaks would be crimson; in one short half hour, it would be night.

To be benighted on an Alpine plateau towards the latter end of September is not a desirable position. I knew it by recent experience, and had no wish to repeat the experiment. I therefore began retracing my route as rapidly as I could, descending in a north-westerly direction, and keeping a sharp lookout for any chalet that might offer a shelter for the night. Pushing forward thus, I found myself presently at the head of a little verdant ravine, channelled, as it were, in the face of the plateau. I hesitated. It seemed, through the gathering darkness, as if I could discern vague traces of a path trampled here and there in the deep grass. It also seemed as if the ravine trended down towards the upper pastures which were my destination. By following it I could scarcely go wrong. Were there grass, there are generally cattle and a chalet; and I might possibly find a nearer resting place than I had anticipated. At all events, I resolved to try it.

The ravine proved shorter than I had expected, and instead of leading immediately downward, opened upon a second plateau, through which a well-worn footway struck off abruptly to the left. Pursuing this footway with what speed I might, I came, in the course of a few more minutes, to a sudden slope, at the bottom of which, in a basin almost surrounded by gigantic limestone cliffs, lay a small dark lake, a few fields, and a chalet. The roscents had by this time come and gone, and the snow had put on that ghostly grey which precedes the dark. Before I could descend the slope, skirt the lake, and mount the little eminence on which the house stood, sheltered by its background of rocks, it was already night, and the stars were in the sky.

I went up to the door, and knocked; no one answered. I opened the door; all was dark. I paused—held my breath—listened—fancied I could distinguish a low sound, as of some one breathing. I knocked again. My second knock was followed by a quick noise, like the pushing back of a chair, and man's voice said hoarsely:

'Who is there?'

'A traveller,' I replied, 'seeking shelter for the night.'

A heavy footstep crossed the floor, a sharp flash shot through the darkness, and I saw by the flickering of tinder, a man's face bending over a lantern. Having lighted it, he said, with scarce a glance towards the door, 'Enter, traveller,' and went back to his stool beside the empty hearth.

I entered. The chalet was of a better sort than those usually found at so great an altitude, consisting of a dairy and houseplace, with a loft overhead. A table with three or four wooden stools occupied the centre of the room. The rafters were hung with bunches of dried herbs, and long strings of Indian corn. A clock ticked in a corner; a kind of rude pallet upon trestles stood in a recess beside the fireplace; and through a lattice, at the furthest end, I could hear the cows feeding in the outhouse beyond.

Somewhat perplexed by the manner of my reception, I unstrapped my knapsack and specimen-box, took possession of the nearest stool, and asked if I could have supper?

My host looked up, with the air of a man intent on other things. I repeated the inquiry.

'Yes,' he said, wearily; 'you can eat, traveller.'

With this, he crossed to the other side of the hearth, stooped over a dark object which until now I had not observed, crouched in the corner, and uttered a word or two of unintelligible patois. The object moved; lifted up a white bewildered woman's face; and rose slowly from the floor. The herdsman pointed to the table, and went back to his stool and his former attitude. The woman, after pausing helplessly, as if in the effort to remember something, went out into the dairy, came back with a brown loaf and a pan of milk, and set them before me on the table.

As long as I live, I shall never forget the expression of that woman's face. She was young, and very pretty; but her beauty seemed turned to stone. Every feature bore the seal of an unspeakable terror. Every gesture was mechanical. In the lines that furrowed her brow, there was a haggardness more terrible than the haggardness of age. In the locking of her lips, there was an anguish beyond the utterance of words. Though she served me, I do not think she saw me. There was no recognition in her eyes; no apparent consciousness of any object or circumstance external to the secret of her own despair. All this, I noticed during the brief moments in which she brought me my supper. That done, she crept away, abjectly, into the same dark corner, and sank down again: a mere huddled heap of clothing.

As for her husband, there was something unnatural in the singular immobility of his attitude. There he sat, his body bent forward, his chin resting on his palms, his eyes staring fixedly at the blackened hearth, and not even the involuntary quiver of a nerve to show that he lived and breathed. I could not determine his age, analyse and observe his features as I might. He looked old enough to be fifty, and young enough to be forty; and was a fine muscular mountaineer, with that grave cast of countenance which is peculiar to the Valaisan peasant.

I could not eat. The keenness of my mountain appetite was gone. I sat, as if fascinated in the presence of this strange pair; observing both, and, apparently, by both as much forgotten as if I had never crossed their threshold. We remained thus, by the dim light of the lantern and the monotonous ticking of the clock, for some forty minutes or more: all profoundly silent. Sometimes the woman stirred, as if in pain; sometimes the cows struck their horn against the manger in the outhouse. The herdsman alone sat motionless, like a man cast in bronze. At length the clock struck nine. I had by this time become so nervous that I almost dreaded to hear my own voice interrupt the silence. However, I pushed my plate noisily aside, and said, with as much show of ease as I could muster:

'Have you any place, friend, in which I can sleep to-night?'

He shifted his position uneasily, and without looking round, replied in the same form of words as before:

'Yes; you can sleep, traveller.'

'Where? In the loft above?'

He nodded affirmatively, took the lantern from the table, and turned towards the dairy. As we passed, the light streamed for a moment over the crouching figure in the corner.

'Is your wife ill?' I asked, pausing and looking back.

His eyes met mine for the first time, and a shudder passed over his body.

'Yes,' he said, with an effort. 'She is ill.'

I was about to ask what ailed her, but something in his face arrested the question on my lips. I know not to this hour what that something was. I could not define it; I cannot describe it now; but I hope I may never see it in a living face again.

I followed him to the foot of a ladder at the further end of the dairy.

'Up there,' he said; placed the lantern in my hand and strode heavily back into the darkness.

I went up, and found myself in a long low granary, stored with corn sacks, hay, onions, rock-salt, cheeses, and farming implements.—In one corner, were the usual luxuries of a mattress, a rug, and a three-legged stool.—My first care was to make a systematic inspection of the loft and all that it contained; my next, to open a little unglazed lattice with a sliding shutter, just opposite my bed. The night was brilliant, and a stream of fresh air and moonlight poured in. Oppressed by a strange undefined sense of trouble, I extinguished the lantern, and stood looking out upon the solemn peaks and glaciers. Their solitude seemed to me more than usually awful; their silence more than usually profound. I could not help associating them, in some vague way, with the mystery in the house. I perplexed myself with all kinds of wild conjectures as to what the nature of that mystery might be. The woman's face haunted me like an evil dream. Again and again I went from the lattice to the ladder, and from the ladder back to the lattice, vainly listening for any sound in the rooms below. A long time went by thus, until at length, overpowered by the fatigue of the day, I stretched myself on the mattress, took my knapsack for a pillow, and fell fast asleep.

I can guess neither how long my sleep lasted, nor from what cause I awoke. I only know that my sleep was dreamless and profound; and that I started from it suddenly,

unaccountably, trembling in every nerve, and possessed by an overwhelming sense of danger.

Danger! Danger of what kind? From whom? From whence? I looked round—I was alone, and the quiet moon was shining in as serenely as when I fell asleep. I listened—all was as still as when I fell asleep. I got up, walked to and fro, reasoned with myself, all in vain. I could not stay the beatings of my heart. I could not master the horror that oppressed my brain. I felt that I dared not lie down again; that I must get out of the house somehow, and at once; that to stay would be death; that the instinct by which I was governed must at all costs be obeyed.

I could not bear it. Resolved to escape, or, at all events, to die bravely, I strapped on my knapsack, armed myself with my iron-headed alpenstock, took my large clasp-knife between my teeth, and began cautiously and noiselessly, to descend the ladder. When I was about half way down, the alpenstock, which I had been keeping studiously clear of the ladder, encountered some dairy vessel, and sent it, clattering, to the ground. Caution after this, was useless. I sprang forward, reached the outer room at a bound, and found it, to my amazement, deserted, with the door wide open and the moonlight streaming in.—Suspecting a trap, my first impulse was to stand still, with my back against the wall, prepared for a desperate defence. All was silent. I could only hear the ticking of the clock, and the heavy beating of my own heart. The pallet was empty. The bread and milk were still standing where I had left them on the table. The herdsman's tools occupied the same spot by the desolate hearth. But he and his wife were gone—gone in the dead of night—leaving me, a stranger in the sole occupation of their home.

While I was yet irresolute whether to go or stay, and while I was yet wondering at the strangeness of my position, I heard, or fancied I heard, something—something that might have been the wind, save that there was no air stirring—something that might have been the wailing of a human voice. I held my breath—heard it again—followed it, as it died away. . . . I had not far to go. A line of light gleaming under the door of a shed at the back of the chalet, and a cry bitterer and more piercing than any I had yet heard, guided me direct to the spot.

I looked in—recoiled, giddy with horror—went back, as if fascinated; and so stood for some moments, unable to move, to think, to do anything but stare helplessly upon the scene before me. To this day, I cannot recall it without something of the same sickening sensation.

Inside the hut, by the light of a pine-torch thrust into an iron sconce against the wall; I saw the herdsman kneeling by the body of his wife; grieving over her like another Othello; kissing her white lips, wiping blood-stains from her yellow hair, raving out inarticulate cries of passionate remorse, and calling down all the curses of Heaven upon his own head, and that of some other man who had brought this crime upon him! I understood it all now—all the mystery, all the terror, all the despair. She had sinned against him, and he had slain her. She was quite dead. The very knife, with its hideous testimony fresh upon the blade, lay near the door.

I turned and fled—blindly, wildly, like a man with blood-hounds on his track; now, stumbling over stones; now, torn by briars; now, pausing a moment to take breath; now, rushing forward faster than before; now, battling up-hill with straining lungs and trembling limbs; now, staggering across a level space; now, making for the higher ground again, and casting never a glance behind! At length I reached a bare plateau above the line of vegetation, where I dropped exhausted. Here I lay for a long time, beaten and stupified, until the intense cold of approaching dawn forced upon me the necessity of action. I rose, and looked round on a scene no feature of which was familiar to me. The very snow-peaks, though I knew they must be the same, looked unlike the peaks of yesterday. The very glaciers, seen from a different point of view, assumed new forms, as if on purpose to baffle me. Thus perplexed, I had no resource but to climb the nearest height from which it was probable that a general view might be obtained. I did so, just as the last belt of purple mist turned golden in the east, and the sun rose.

A superb panorama lay stretched before me, peak beyond peak, glacier beyond glacier, valley and pine forest and pasture slope, all flushed and palpitating in the crimson vapours of the dawn. Here and there, I could trace the foam of a waterfall, or the silver thread of a torrent; here and there, the canopy of faint blue smoke that wavered upward from some haulet among the hills. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a little lake—a sullen pool—lying in the shade of an amphitheatre of rocks some eight hundred feet below. Until that moment, the night and its terrors appeared to have passed away like a wicked vision; but now the very sky seemed darkened above me. Yes—there it all lay at my feet. Yonder was the path by which I had descended from the plateau, and, lower still, the accursed chalet, with its background of rugged cliff and over-hanging precipice. Well might they lie in shadow! Well might the sunlight refuse

to touch the ripples of that lake with gold, and to light up the windows of that house with an illumination direct from heaven!

Thus standing, thus looking down, I became aware of a strange sound—a sound singularly distinct, but far away—a sound sharper and hollower than the fall of an avalanche, and unlike anything that I remembered to have heard. While I was yet asking myself what it could be, or whence it came, I saw a considerable fragment of rock detach itself from one of the heights overhanging the lake, bound rapidly from ledge to ledge, and fall, with a heavy plash, into the water below. It was followed by a cloud of dust and prolonged reverberation, like the rolling of distant thunder. Next moment, a dark fissure sprang into sight all down the face of the precipice—the fissure became a chasm—the whole cliff wavered before my eyes—wavered, parted, sent up a cataract of earth and stones—and slid slowly, down, down, down into the valley.

Deafened by the crash, and blinded by the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and anticipated instant destruction. The echoes, however, died away, and were succeeded by solemn silence. The plateau on which I stood, remained firm and unshaken. I looked up. The sun was shining as serenely, the landscape sleeping as peacefully, as before. Nothing was changed, save that a wide white scar now defaced the one side of the great limestone basin below, and a ghastly mound of ruin filled the valley at its foot. Beneath that mountain lay buried all record of the crime to which I had been an unwilling witness. The very mountains had come down and covered it—nature had obliterated it from the face of the Alpine solitude. Lake and chalet, victim and executioner, had disappeared for ever, and the place thereof knew then no more.

TOM MOORE NOBODY.—In 'Lady Morgan's Memoirs' we thus read:—'From her early childhood her path had been beset by lovers of every quality and degree. First amongst these was that wayward boy of promise, the vain and selfish poet, Thomas Dermody. 'Who,' writes this young minstrel to Miss Owenson's father, in 1801, 'who is the Mr. Moore Sydney mentions? He is nobody here, I assure you, of eminence.' Sydney (Sydney Owenson, subsequently Lady Morgan) seems to have reproached him for the small account he made of Moore; for in the same letter, he writes:—'You are mistaken if you imagine I have not the highest respect for your friend Moore.' There is an after-mention of Moore, when she is married and living in London:—'I had a little dinner got up in a hurry for Moore yesterday. It was got up thus:—I threw up my windows and asked the inmates of the cabs and carriages of my friends as they passed the windows, and sent out some penny posters, and lighted up my rooms. Moore was absolutely astounded when he saw my party! He sang some of his most beautiful songs in his most delightful manner, without stopping; some of them twice over, and all of them as if every word was applicable to the people around him. Many of his old friends were around him. I said 'If you stay a day or two longer, I'll do better this time.' 'No, no,' he said; 'never again can such a thing be done. This is one of the few happy accidents which occur rarely; besides I don't want to efface the impression even by something better.' I never saw him more natural or agreeable. He praised Murray to the skies, and said he was pained in his conduct to authors. Moore disliked me in my youth; he told me at Florence that he thought Byron did not wish to know me, and did wish to know Morgan.'

TANNIC ACID IN TEA.—Tannic acid, or tannin is a peculiar acid, which is found principally in every species of oak, especially in the bark, and in gall nuts. It derives its name from its property of combining with the skins of animals, and converting them into leather, or tanning them. It is found in tea, and Dr. Lankester thus speaks of its effects: 'Tea must contain a very considerable quantity at least two or three grains, of this substance in every cup of the first brewing. It cannot be supposed but that the effect of the agent is very considerable. Two most remarkable points of its action are its effects upon the food in the stomach and its effects as an astringent. I have so often seen dyspepsia removed by persons giving up the practice of taking tea at breakfast, that I have no doubt that the tannic acid of the tea renders the food taken with it more difficult of digestion. Of course, this would only occur in the case of persons in whom the digestive function was already impaired. Such persons may frequently take tea with advantage on an empty stomach.'

NEO SUITER thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes to having them darned: 'a hole,' said he, 'may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty.'

A young barrister, being reproached by his opponent for his extreme youth, said,—'It is true that I am young, but my learned friend will find in the course of this trial that I read old books.'

BOWMANVILLE CABINET FACTORY.

The Bowmanville cabinet factory is situated in the town of Bowmanville, county of Durham, and was started by the present proprietors about eighteen months since, and already ranks as one of the best in the Province. All kinds of cabinet furniture are made at the establishment, from the cheaper to the higher class.

The firm have been honored by making a large quantity of furniture for the residence of N. G. Reynolds, Esq., Trafalgar Castle, Whitby. As also the counters and fittings to the Ontario Banks in Toronto.

Their principle business however, is in the manufacture of cane-seat chairs, which have hitherto been imported in large quantities, from the United States; they make a greater variety of this class of goods than is made elsewhere in Canada, and fully compete with the American manufactures; their prices for this class of goods are as low as they are sold for in the United States, thereby saving the import duty of 20 per cent to the dealers who buy from this firm. There is on an average, seventy hands employed in this factory, a portion of whom are girls, who have been introduced to plait the cane in the chair seats and backs. The girls work at their own houses, the work being sent out to them, and brought back when finished.

The proprietors themselves being practical working men, the works are carried on under their own immediate supervision, and the system of labour is such that all the hands employed work to advantage. In the chair department each man has his part to do; a chair having to pass through six different hands before being completed. In the three story building the wood work is done, the first floor being devoted to cutting out the stuff, &c., here are found planers, turning lathes, saws of various kinds, &c.

On the second floor the cabinet work is made. The third floor is used solely for making cane seat chairs; here a great variety of machinery is employed to great advantage, all of which is of the

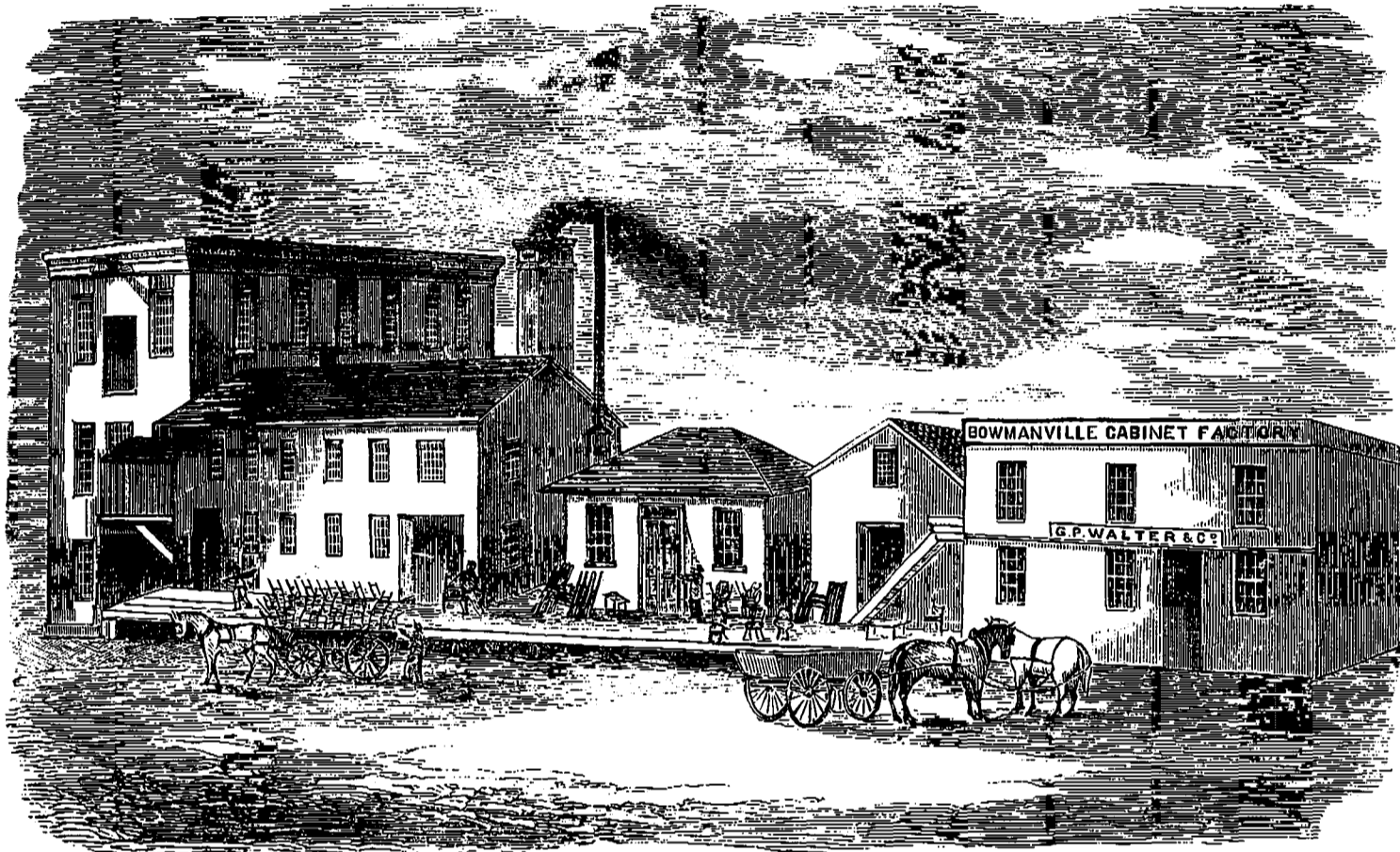
best description. All chairs before leaving this room are stamped with the name of the firm.

The machinery is driven by steam power, the rooms, dry house, glue pots, &c., being heated by the exhaust steam from the engine.

The two story building is used for finishing and chair painting. The other buildings are used as store-house office, &c., &c.

By special arrangement with the Grand Trunk Railway Company, they are enabled to send their goods at a low rate of freight.

As we like to see our Canadian Manufactures encouraged we would recommend any furniture dealer about purchasing goods to try G. P. Walter & Co.



CABINET FACTORY OF G. P. WALTER, BOWMANVILLE.

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

There was a low comedian familiarly called Dick Hoskins, whom I occasionally encountered at several small country theatres, in the North of England, and who was an inveterate and practical joker on the stage. He was always very well behaved with me, but when he came in contact with a tragedian for whose talents he entertained a contempt, or whose person and manners displeased him, woe to the unhappy subject of his fun. All his tragedy was turned into farce when Dick was in the humorous vein. Thus: he played gravedigger one night at, I think, the Rochdale theatre, in Lancashire, to the *Hamlet* of Mr. C—, a most solemn and mysterious tragedian of the cloak and dagger school.

This gentleman's tragedy was, in Dick's eye, much more intensely comic than his own broadest strokes of farce; accordingly Dick held no terms with it, and showed the unfortunate object of his mirth no quarter on the stage. When, therefore, *Hamlet* approached the grave to hold his dialogue with Dick, in it, the latter began his antics, and extemporised all sorts of absurd interpolations in the text, which he spoke in his own broad Lancashire dialect. There was not a good house and Dick allowed himself full license. Mr. C— scowled fearfully, but Dick was unabashed. At last Dick put a climax on his audacity, 'topped the infinite of insult.'

The theatre was built on the site of an old dissenting chapel, which had formerly stood there, in which a preacher named Banks held forth, and in the small graveyard attached in which, the doctor—for he was popularly dubbed Dr. Banks—had been buried twenty years before; and his name was familiar yet. So, after answering *Hamlet's* question:

'How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?'

Dick proceeded in due course to illustrate his answer by Yorrick's skull, and taking it up, he said, in the words of the text:

'Now, here's a skull that hath lain in the

earth three and twenty years. Whose do you think it was?'

'Nay, I know not,' replied *Hamlet*, in his sepulchral tragedy tone.

'This skull, sir,' said Dick, pursuing the text thus far, and then making a sudden and almost unlooked-for alteration; 'this was Dr. Banks' skull.' And the word skull he pronounced like bull.

Of course the house was in an uproar of laughter and confusion. The victimized tragedian stamped and fumed about the stage, as well he might, exclaiming:

'Yorick's sir; Yorick's!'

'No,' said Dick, coolly, when the tumult had subsided, taking up another one and resumming the text; 'this is Yorick's skull, the king's jester; but—going off again—'to other's Dr. Banks' as I told you!'

This was too much—this was the last straw on the tragedian's back. He jumped into the grave, seized the (very) low comedian by the throat, and a fearful contest, never before—or since, I hope—introduced into the play, ensued, in which Dick bravely held his own, and succeeded, at length, in overpowering, in a double sense, the worsted tragedian, whom he held down in the grave with one hand, while he flourished 'Dr. Banks' skull in triumph above his head.

The curtain dropped, amidst roars and shrieks of laughter, in which King Queen, monks and courtiers—who, in the vain hope of arresting the row, had been sent off with *Ophelia's* empty coffin—were compelled to join, forming a *tableau* which finished the play for the night.

Some 'Stupids bantering a fat companion remarked that, if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. 'I suspect I am,' said he, 'from the way you asses nibble at me.'

SOMEbody, who writes more truthfully than poetically, says: 'An angel without money is not thought so much of now-a-days as a *devil* with a bag full of guineas.'

Lady Morgan, in her recently published 'Memoirs,' edited by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, gives a letter of Lady Caroline Lamb's, in which that unfortunate lady tells her sad story:—

LADY CAROLINE LAMB'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'My history, if you ever care and like to read it, is this:—My mother, having boys, wished ardently for a girl; and I, who evidently ought to have been a soldier, was found a naughty girl—forward, talking like Richard the Third. I was a trouble, not a pleasure, all my childhood; for which reason, after my return from Italy, where I was from the age of four until nine, I was ordered by the late Dr. Warre neither to learn anything nor to see any one, for fear the violent passions and strange whims they found in me should lead to madness; of which, however, he assured every one there were no symptoms. I differ; but the end was, that until fifteen I learned nothing. My instinct—for we all have instincts—was for music. In it I delighted; I cried when it was pathetic, and did all that Dryden's ode made Alexander do. Of course I was not allowed to follow it up. My angel mother's ill health prevented my living at home. My kind aunt Devonshire took me; the present Duke loved me better than himself, and every one paid me those compliments shown to children who are precious to their parents, and I made verses, which they all thought beautiful. For myself, I preferred washing a dog, or polishing a piece of Derbyshire spar, or breaking in a horse, to any accomplishment in this world. Drawing-room (shall I say with drawing-room, as they now say!) looking-glasses, finery, or dress company forever were my abhorrence. I was, I am, religious; I was loving, (I) but I was, and am, unkind. I fell in love when only twelve years old, with a friend of Charles Fox—a friend of liberty, whose poems I had read, whose self I had never seen, and when I did see him at thirteen, could I change! No; I was more attached than

ever. William Lamb was beautiful, and far the cleverest person then about, and the most daring in his opinions, in his love of liberty and independence. He thought of me but as a child yet he liked me much; afterward he offered to marry me, and I refused him because of my temper, which was too violent. He, however, asked twice, and was not refused the second time; and the reason was that I adored him. I had three children; two died; my only child is afflicted; it is the will of God. I have wandered from right, and been punished. I have suffered what you can hardly believe; I have lost my mother, whose gentleness and good sense guided me. I have received more kindness than I can ever repay. I have suffered also, but I deserved it. My powers of mind and of body are gone; I am like the shade of what I was. To write was once my resource and pleasure; but since the only eyes that ever admired my most poor and humble productions are closed, wherefore should I indulge the propensity! God bless you, I write from my heart. You are one like me, who, perhaps, have not taken the right road. I am on my death-bed. Say I might have died by a diamond; I die now by a brickbat. But remember, the only noble fellow I ever met with is William Lamb. He is to me what Shore was to Jane Shore. I saw it once; I am as grateful, but as unhappy. Pray excuse the sorrows this sad, strange letter will cause you. Could you be in time, I would be glad to see you. To you alone would I give up Byron's letters—much else, but all like the note you have. Pray excuse this, being not written as clearly as you can write. I speak as I hope you do—from the heart.

LEFT HANDED COMPLIMENT.—When Mr. White-side finished his five hours oration on Kars, Lord Palmerston replied that the honorable gentleman's speech was highly creditable to his physical powers.

LAWYERS' mouths are like turnpike gates—never opened except for pay.

Gossip.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

ONE evening, long ago, I sat by the fire-side, smoking. Gradually, under the influence of that sovereign of the realms of reverie—tobacco, I shook off all remembrance of the cares of life, let my thoughts wander at their own free will, and saw other objects than those, which in these sordid days are continually before the eyes of most men; who, like him, who seeks for the precious ore in the dark mine, see only—earth and gold. I found myself—I suppose because the eve sacred to her memory approaches—thinking about St. Agnes, that brave Roman virgin, who, in the cruel times of Dioclesian, suffered martyrdom for her faith; and of the harmless superstition, no longer believed that fair maidens would dream pleasantly, and in their dreams would see the lucky men who were to be their husbands, by going to bed fasting.

'On sweet St. Agnes night.'

The rich music of Keats's gorgeous poem echoed in my memory—Keats, whose opulent imagination teemed with glorious imagery—a Fortunatus purse of poetic gold—the unfolded bud of whose genius (alas! nipped untimely by the frosts of death) gave promise of a flower, the splendor of whose beauty would have rivalled the perfect rose of song that flowered at Stratford upon Avon.

No poem in English Literature is more faultless in structure, in treatment, more complete in all that constitutes poetic excellence than 'the Eve of St. Agnes,' whose jewel-like lustre no blemish dims,

'A gem of purest ray serene,'

No artist ever painted with the glowing colors of romance a picture more rich or rare—no imagination ever embodied its thoughts with symbolisms more fitting or exquisite. It is

'A perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no erude surfeit reigns.'

I hate to mar its perfect beauty by quotation, but I will extract a few verses to awaken its slumbering echoes in the readers remembrance:—

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died;
She clos'd the door, she panteth all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
Nor utter'd syllable, or "Wo betide!"
But to her heart her heart was voluble
Paining with eloquence her batny side:
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die heart-stiffed in her doll.

A casement high and triple-arch'd thro' was,
All garlanded with carved imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger-moth's deep damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gales on Madeline's fair breast.
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint;
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Sawo visions for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint—
She knelt so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees
In fancy fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppy warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her swoothed limbs, and soul, fatigued away,
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal, where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

A RASCALLY bachelor asks, 'What is the most difficult operation a surgeon can perform? To take the jaw out of a woman.'

MILITARY CONCERTS FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES.

Are we never to hear the last of these Military Concerts for religious purposes? Is the time never to come, when we can walk our streets, without having our sense of propriety shocked, by flaming posters, pasted up at every corner, intimating 'that by special permission of Lord A. Russell, the splendid band of the Rifles' will perform on Monday, or Friday evening—no, by the way, these are Theatre nights—on Wednesday evening, on behalf of the funds, of the Church of St. Worldliness, in Doubting Lane, &c., &c.

That these, or similar question, have formed the burden of no small amount of gossip, in the street, and by the fire-side, during this blessed winter—or spring, if you choose to call it such, reader, for really it has, as yet, been about as much the one as the other—I can bear my unqualified testimony. And truly, when we reflect what an anomaly in our social manners, such exhibitions as Concerts, Soirees, and Bazaars, for the benefit of wealthy Christian congregations are, and thus present themselves to many right-thinking people, the wonder is, that simple gossip has not ere now given place to indignant remonstrance.

Religious liberality, according to our modern notions, is the most uncompromising of all the virtues. It looks only to the end, and troubles itself not about the means. To raise contributions, it will assume the form of master of the ceremonies, of a trombone player, of a dispenser of insipid tea and tasteless coffee, of a retailer of trifling nick-nacks. What matters it, so the result is a plate-full of money. Now, I would be one of the last persons to hamper its proceedings, when the end in view is considered. If the contributions of our congregations, for the support of their pastors—for it in reality comes to this—can only be levied under cover of a Military Concert, or a fancy fair, it is better that they should be so obtained than not at all. But here the question will arise, are not our Churches, without the adoption of such means, able to support with vigour and efficiency, those Gospel ordinances, which they are associated together, to maintain and promote? and the conviction will force itself on simple-minded people outside, that all such means are but flimsy pretexts to shift what too many of our Church members consider 'a burden'—but which, in reality, they should glory, in considering a duty and a privilege—upon other shoulders than their own; and this conviction will pass into an opinion, more or less fixed, as to the moral and spiritual condition of a congregation, which requires the phillip of a musical performance to rouse its benevolent sensibilities into active play.

I assert, what I suppose will be generally conceded, that there is not one of our sixteen or seventeen Hamilton Churches, but what is self-sustaining, or if not, could with very little exertion be made so; and at the same time, with the exercise of a very little zeal, and self-denial, could be made far more efficient for good, than the best of them have ever been. If this is the case then, why all those extraneous methods of supporting religion, in place of the free will, liberal offerings of an earnest and enlightened people? Why all these exertions of Church wardens, deacons, and class-leaders, to supplement, by outside movements, the revenues of their respective Churches? Why this round of Military Concerts for their benefit—which have but lately ceased, and are now to all appearance to be resumed again—all well enough, and good in their way, but very questionable, to say the least of them, under the circumstances. Alas! the old conviction will come back, with the verdict; either our Churches have never realized the full extent of their privileges, and what is required of them; or our Church managers know nothing, and care as little, about the duties they have under-

taken to perform. This last idea I throw out in passing. There may be 'something in it.' 'Oh for a good despot in our Church' I once heard a good man exclaim, when every thing, through bad management, had got to 'sixes and sevens,' and in the circumstances I fully sympathized with him in his desire. Such men are always at a premium. The trouble with despots generally is, not that they are despots, but that they are *bad* despots; and I verily believe, that the sorest need, in our day, in more departments of life than the Church, are good despots—men with large heavenly souls, wise and faithful, fearless of man, in the fear of God.

Now, in these remarks, which more in sorrow than in anger, I have thought it necessary to make, upon what I consider a great evil, I would wish to exclude all notion of the faintest reprehension against those parties who have furnished the means for these entertainments. The performers are deserving of all praise. They have done their part, and done it well. The excellent Nobleman, by whose 'special permission' they have been held, has doubtless but followed the bent of his benevolent inclinations, and at the same time evinced his shrewdness, by the just appreciation which he has formed of the liberal impulses of the people; among whom for a time his lot is cast. But when we turn from the performers to the audiences, and from them to those churches, for whose relief they are assembled, I confess, that for one, my feelings are not unmixed with shame and indignation. Has it really come to this, in an enterprising and prosperous community like ours, that large and wealthy congregations, cannot of their own free will, contribute of their abundance, the miserable pittance that suffices to keep their church machinery in a healthy and prosperous condition; but must invoke the aid of those, who, perhaps but for a few months, may be sojourning amongst us? Are the influences of a Divine faith so little felt, by men who profess to be the disciples of its Great Founder, that its principles fail altogether in their efficacy, when they attempt to put them into practice; and who, while they consider no effort too great to make, and no privation too much to endure, in order that their temporal welfare may be increased; consider at the same time, the smallest effort and the most trifling privation, a 'burden' when their spiritual good is in question.

The truth is, the conduct of not a few of our modern church members, would lead one to believe, that they consider the giving, and not the withholding of their means for religious purposes,—a sin; and will, I think, bear me out in asserting, that such parties, if they happened to have lived some eighteen hundred years ago, and had been cognizant of a certain memorable incident in the history of the early Christian Church, would doubtless have blamed Ananias and Sapphira,—not certainly, for laying but *part* of their substance at the Apostles feet, for the furtherance of a great end; but for being so 'precious soft' as to give any at all, for such a purpose.

Liberality we are told, is a good thing. Liberality in secret, we have the best of all evidence for saying, is much better. To deprive ourselves of a necessary, or even of a luxury, or a pleasure for the sake of our fellow men, adds salt and savour, to a liberal act. The deduction from these first principles of Christian ethics, I leave to the consideration of the members of those churches in Hamilton, to whom our citizens have been indebted, for such exhibitions, as 'Military Concerts for religious purposes.'

A minister the other day asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church.

'I dont know,' she replied 'unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whisky in the pew.'

A poet asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, 'An Ode to sleep.' The latter replied, 'You have done so much justice to the subject, that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight.'

T II A T!

CONSIDERED PERSONALLY AND RELATIVELY.

By HORACE MAYHEW.

Of all words in the English language, there is not one, perhaps, that conveys so much meaning in so small a space as THAT!

If Mr. Jones is spoken of as 'that Mr. Jones,' we know at once what sort of a person Jones must be.

This *That*-ing people is a species of verbal tarring and feathering, in which ladies especially delight in exposing those persons who are not favorites with them. We have seen bottles carefully labelled 'Poison.' Now, we always fancy, when we hear 'That' stuck in front of a person's name, that it is meant to convey a similar warning. It seems to say, 'You had better not have anything to do with such a person, my dear; he is a dangerous, good-for-nothing, poisonous character;' and, too frequently the person so labelled is Groat, studiously put aside, for fear of the fatal consequences. A lady would as soon think of placing a bottle of prussic acid on the mantle-piece of her nursery as admitting to her table a gentleman whose name had elicited, on being pronounced, an unanimous female ejaculation of 'That!' 'What, my dear, you don't mean to say it is that Mr. Jones?' And poor Jones from that moment might as well have hung round his neck a monster placard, intimating in large terrifying letters to the sex in general that they had better 'BEWARE!' The *That* is a second baptism, by which a man so christened is almost as well known as by his original name—it is an adhesive label fixed to the bodily trunk he carries about with him, which no after-reformation can possibly wash off.

What indignant meaning is stamped into that simple prefix! It falls on the ear with the sharp sound of an angry lady's heel. It is the double concentrated essence of contempt. What man can hold his head up in ladies' society after having been publicly condemned at a tea-table as a 'That.' He is henceforth excommunicated—many a good fellow having been tossed out of a comfortable drawing-room by no less a Bull than *That!* What does it not convey! All the evil qualities lie, like serpents in a nest, coiled up in it; and, unless you are fond of nurturing serpents at your hearth, you had better not admit such a man to your fireside. A man may be a bankrupt, a three remanded insolvent, a fashionable duellist or swindler, a member of the Agape-mone, a convinced Syncretic, an irreclaimable flirt, a bigoted electrobiologist, anything you like that is bad or foolish, but if once he has been pronounced (and what pronoun, pray, can possibly make a man's character more pronounced?) to be *That* Mr. So-and-So, there is no chance, no social whitewash, that will enable him to compound for his debts, and allow him to start a clean man, and contract fresh ones. 'Let no such man (we fancy we hear a chorus of married ladies exclaiming) raise his hand to our door-knocker! Let not the hat of such a man be seen hung up in our hall! Let not our mahogany ever be dirtied with the muddy feet of such a man! When he calls, mind we are not at home! If he leaves his card, remember, Jane, you throw it into the fire!'

It is so far lucky that ladies (and this *that* is especially a lady's word) have not the writing of history. To express the depravity or immorality of a king, they would not use such plain words as 'bad' or 'wicked,' or '*fainéant*,' or 'tyrant,' or '*bête*' or any such mild historical epithet. It would be changed into '*That* Louis XI.,' and George the Fourth would no longer figure as 'The First Gentleman of Europe,' but would have his white satin coat-tails remorselessly cut down into '*That* George the Fourth.'

It is equally fortunate that the inditing of epitaphs is not confided to their fair stenographic fingers. What volumes they would condense into a single word! How the truth would shine, as from a diamond, out of the facts of one small, polished, hard-grained, appropriate epithet. For instance, what a deal of explanation it would save if we were to read on a tombstone—

'HERE LIES *THAT* BLUE BEARD!'

or if the tablet of a vault was to tell us in plain unambiguous language, that underneath it were buried 'the remains of *That* Mr. Jones.'

Do the persons, who are contemptuously christened *That*, form a separate race by themselves? Is one *That* worse than another? or are they all dyed in the same black vat of iniquity? We think not. We are of opinion that there are distinct shades of *That* badness. Doubtlessly, the *nuances* of matrimonial criminals vary in female estimation as much as the colors of Berlin wool; and the same qualities, which would draw a most repelling portrait of a domestic Traitor in one house, would serve to elaborate a very pretty full-length of a social Hero in another. What would pass as Imperial black in Bloomsbury, would probably be taken as French white in Belgravia!

But, after all, the man who is generally called *That* has no real color of his own. He shines only with a borrowed light. He is merely the mirror that reflects the hue (and cry) of the husband.

It has been said by a great moralist, that it

may be taken as a general law that every husband has an intimate friend, who is made answerable for his little peccadilloes—some one who is kept as a convenient block on which the accused *marri* chalks up his white sins. It is the fate of this friend to be used as a private bank, on which the husband takes the liberty of drawing, according to his necessities, for so many imaginary glasses of brandy and water—for so many cigars, and for that 'other glass of grog,' which is always the cause of his stopping out so late. All these, and many other good-natured debts of sociality, are put down to the friend's account. It can easily be imagined how quickly this account must accumulate, and how terrific the settlement must be when the day of reckoning comes—worse than any washing-day, when Love formerly (in the days when washing was done more at home than it is, fortunately, now) stood trembling by the edge of the tub, in a state of chilly trepidation lest his torch should fall into it, and be extinguished by the soap-suds.

'It is a stern Mede and Persian law in all married circles,' says the same great moralist, 'that no husband can do any wrong;' or, supposing he is accidentally capable of such a thing, the wrong has invariably been done at the instigation of some one else. It is always some wretch who has led him into it, some designing crafty villain who has worked upon his poor unsophisticated nature, and pulled him headlong into the temptation, against his resisting will. It is well known that no husband ever rushed into harm of his own accord, he was invariably pushed or dragged into it; and it is equally well known no husband ever fell yet, but it was sure to be some cloven hoof

that had tripped him up. This cloven hoof generally belongs to the leg of the friend who rejoices in the wife's denunciations, in the the preface and perfidious cognomen of *That!*

Though these tripping friends may differ in different degrees of blackness, still there are characteristics that stand out upon them like glaring patches of color, and by which you generally can recognize them.

Suppose we pin all these characteristics on to the back of one person, and as one person's name is as good as another when you want a Terrible Example, suppose we take Jones. The reader is, of course, fully aware it is *that* Mr. Jones; and he must also recollect that all the sins of all the Joneses, who have ever sinned in a similar way to himself, are now heaped upon his wretched Jonesian head.

Mr. Jones is, invariably, a good-natured, social, attractive, easy, indifferent, spring-butterfly fellow. To listen to the representations of the husbands, it is impossible to resist him; meet him where they will, they must follow him; and once in his society, it is impossible to leave it. Hence, when the husband returns home late, and murmurs out as his excuse that he has 'been with Jones,' it is no wonder that the poor wife, who has been sitting up in her shawl, shivering over a scanty handful of fire, should give vent to her indignation, and declare 'she has no patience with *that* Mr. Jones.'

Mr. Jones smokes—smokes to that horrible excess, that he quite taints the clothes of every one who has been sitting in the same room with him. It is but natural, therefore, when the husband has been carrying all over the house an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke—'so strong, you might smell it a mile off'—that the

wife should give way a little to her resentment, and inveigh bitterly against *that* Mr. Jones. N. B. Husbands never smoke.

Mr. Jones is always giving breakfast luncheons, dinner parties, and supper parties. It is extraordinary the number of clubs of which he is a member. No excursion into the country is complete without Jones. He is never absent from a single race. A picnic party cannot be organized, unless Jones was at the head of it. He seems to be the god-father at every christening—the bridegroom at every wedding. He cannot, surely, have any business to attend to; his only business must be pleasure. He is about everywhere. If the husband steps out to buy some postage-stamps—and is absent for a couple of hours—'it's very strange, he met Jones at the post-office.' At Ramsgate, Scarborough, the Isle of Man, Boulogne, up the Rhine, down the Danube, 'who of all persons in the world, should he run against, but Jones.' If he was to go to the top of the Great Pyramid, he would, doubtless, tumble on Jones. Jones is ubiquitous—for if a letter comes in a strange hand-writing from Vienna, or the Shetland Islands, it is from Jones—and yet if the husband goes to the Opera the same evening, 'it's the most surprising thing, to be sure, there was that fellow Jones, again.' He is as universal as the influenza—a social epidemic that penetrates everywhere, and which every husband runs the risk of catching, the moment he moves away from home. Can you be surprised, therefore, at the poor neglected wife at home growing absurdly jealous of the superior attractions of this invisible rival, who is always crossing her path, or at her mildly exclaiming at last, previous to her bursting into

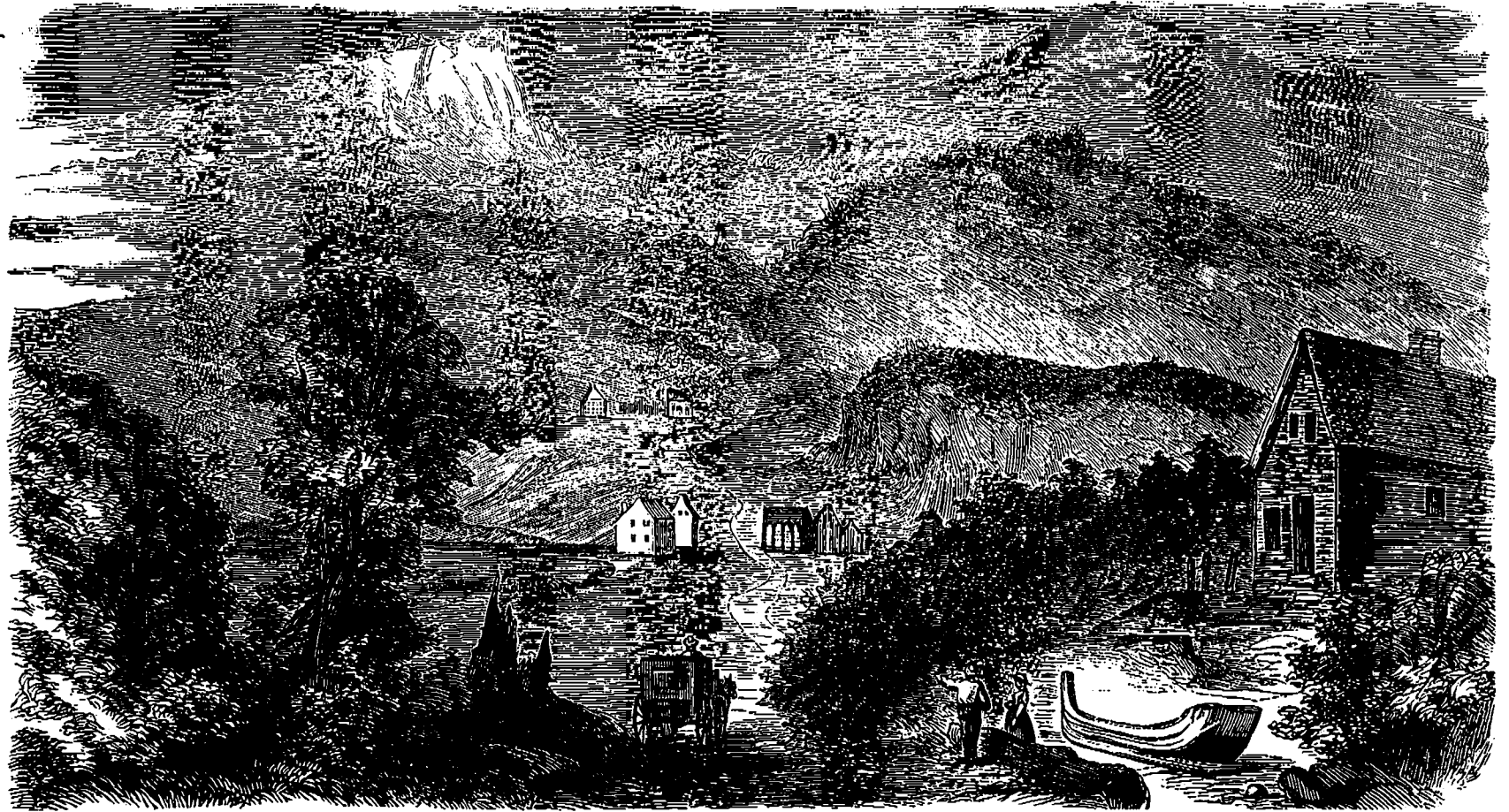
tears, 'I wonder, my dear, you do not go and live altogether with *that* Mr. Jones.'

Mr. Jones is mostly invisible. He has too much good sense to call—he is fully, painfully aware he is not a general favorite with the ladies. It is true he called once, but the lady of the house had a sick head-ache, and was sorry she could not see him. She confessed, however, secretly to a friend who was with her in the bedroom at the time—that she 'would eat her head off sooner than go down and see *that* Mr. Jones.' The husband, however, assures her she is quite mistaken—she is laboring under some strange delusion with regard to his friend—that she wouldn't speak of him in that way if she knew him—that he only requires to be known to be fully appreciated; but, somehow, he never brings him to the house again.

Perhaps it is well for Jones that the wife does not encounter him; for she is always wishing that 'she could see *that* Mr. Jones and wouldn't she just give him a bit of her mind;' and we know that when ladies talk about giving a 'bit' of their mind, that it generally amounts to a large piece, or rather a large breakage of the piece.

Mr. Jones is single. This accounts, of course, for his treachery. No husband would behave to another person's husband in that way. How ardently, and how often, has not the poor, suffering, abused wife, prayed and wished to goodness that *that* wretch—that *that* Mr. Jones would get married, and then, perhaps, he wouldn't be taking her husband out so much!

Mr. Jones's way of living is, naturally, rather expensive. Dinners eat up a deal of money in the course of the year, and little



PASS OF BOLTON, EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

parties to Richmond, Bushy Park, Epping Forest, &c., are not given exactly on the salary of a government clerk. His purse, however, does not enjoy the same vigorous constitution as the wretch's body. The consequence, therefore, is, that whenever the wife wants some money, the regret is always made, that 'he has just lent all he had to poor Jones—it's very tantalising, why didn't she speak a little sooner?' This regret occurs so often, that at length the wife cannot help saying, with the sharpness of needles, 'it's very strange, you can always find money for *that* Mr. Jones, but whenever I want some, you never have any.'

Mr. Jones's address is a mystery. It is in some chambers, in some Inn, somewhere near the Temple, in the neighborhood of Holborn, but the wife cannot recollect where. Once, when her husband had been absent all night, she started to see if she could find it out, but came back sore at heart, quite disappointed. On her return, she found her husband at home quite sprightly—he had been up in a balloon with Jones—had been carried away some fifty miles into the country—landed in a swamp—and it was very provoking to be sure—there were no means of coming up to town that night. The trip would have been delightful, if it hadn't rained. However, Jones never was so brilliant—he doesn't know what he should have done without him.

Occasionally Mr. Jones exceeds himself,—and if there is a loud knocking in the middle of the night, it is because—'please Mr. Jones's compliments—but he wishes to know if master would mind stepping down to Vine Street to bail him.'

Jones's correspondence is very extensive. Whenever a *mignon* little letter arrives, almost small enough to be put into a pill box, it is always from Jones—and the contents of it are generally of that sweet nature, that the husband is obliged to retire up to the window-pane to read it. 'It is strange (says the wife, swallowing a cup of hot tea, but forgetting the heat of it in that of her own rage), exceedingly strange, that you and *that* Mr. Jones should have so many secrets.'

Jones has quite a school-girl's appetite for amusements. He is positively voracious, and will bite at and swallow almost anything. How often has the husband left his warm fire-side of an evening to go and meet Jones at the play! He'll not be late—but he is—and it is the fault of that stupid Jones—he would stop and see the ballet.

Can you wonder, therefore at the strange antipathy created in a wife's breast against this unknown disturber of the peace and comfort of her family? or at her breaking out, each time he crosses her household arrangements, into some loud anathema against *that* Mr. Jones, and fairly wishing at times that he

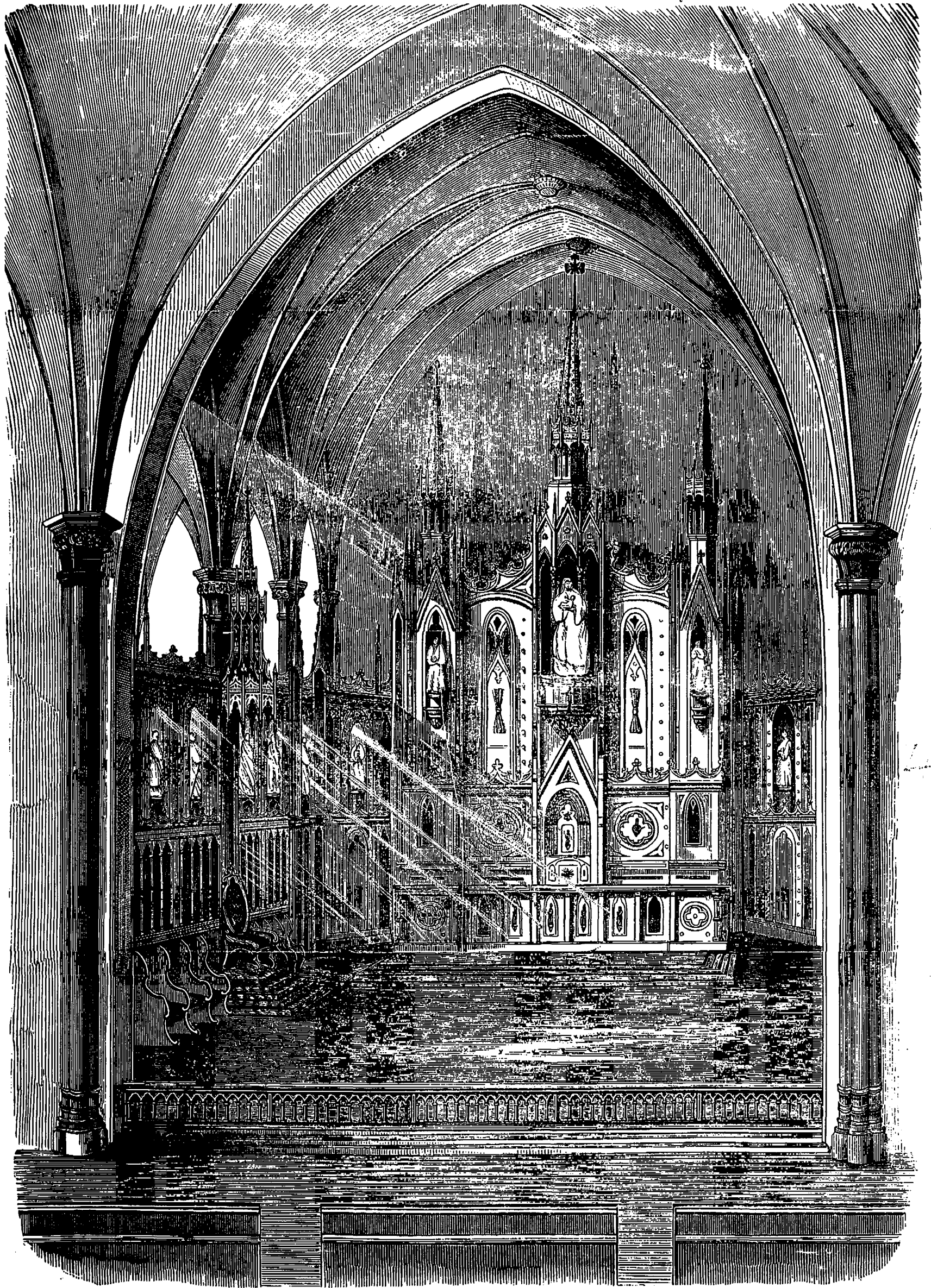
was dead! Who, pray, would have sufficient weakness to bear uncomplainingly, without a pinch of the lip, without a stamp of the foot, constant inroads of a secret foe like this? a foe that is always waiting round the corner, apparently, to pounce upon your husband, and to seduce him far away from home. Patient Griselda, herself, would rise at last in rebellion against such ceaseless, worrying attacks.

But there are some disbelieving minds, who do not hesitate to say that Mr. Jones has no corporeal being—no address at all in this world, no *locus standi* whatever. They declare he has no thick, clumsy fingers to write pretty notes with—no drunken body to be locked up all night. They maintain he is entirely a myth, that never existed anywhere but in the husband's own imagination, and that he is kept away as a convenient stalking horse, that he can always order round to the door as often as he wishes to go out, or upon whose back he can leap to carry him home safe, whenever it happens to be rather late. They, moreover, very plainly insinuate, that if the wife would only have the courage to invite her invisible enemy to the house, the fallacy of his deceitful existence would very soon explode, and the ghost that so long had haunted her house, would very quickly be laid, never to persecute her again.

We cannot for a moment credit these scan-

dalous fabrications, or lend ourselves weakly to any supposition carrying so much absurdity on the face of it, that there are to be found husbands who would be basely guilty of such fraudulent practices. It's against all sense—against all probability. On the contrary, we firmly believe, that in every house there exists a Mr. Jones of some kind or other—and, further, that this monster, by his bearishness, his brutal aggressions, and unceasing provocations, his filthy tricks, tobacco and stratagems, freely deserves from the ladies of the establishment his inglorious designation of *that* Mr. Jones.

ORIGIN OF SILK WEAVING.—According to Chinese historians, the cultivation of silk was practised 4000 years ago. They assert that 2688 years before the Christian era, an emperor, having a dim notion that the silkworm might be turned to a commercial account, commanded his wife to devote her attention to the matter. As no doubt it was a matter of life and death to the poor lady, she secretly sought the advice and assistance of the scientific men of the period, and the result was that she was enabled to lay at the feet of her husband, the King, the first shred of woven silk the world ever saw. The Chinese historian goes on to say, that his majesty was so delighted that he at once raised his wife to the rank of a divinity, under the style and title of the Spirit of the Silkworm and Mulberry Tree



ALTAR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HAMILTON, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY M. ZEPHER PERRAULT. [See p. 110.]

Reviews.

PARISH PAPERS.—By Norman McLeod, D. D., author of 'Wee Davie,' 'The Gold Thread,' &c. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Hamilton: D. McLellan.

Dr. Norman McLeod is well known as one of the most popular preachers in Scotland. These papers differ from the other volumes of the same author which have come under our notice. We miss the vividness and variety that distinguish some of his lighter works; yet this is more than made up for by the clearness with which his arguments are stated. They all have the stamp of the author's genius; ease and simplicity without sinking into common-place, and animation without verging into extravagance. Their subjects are various, speculative, dogmatic and practical. There are three main divisions of the book.—THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIANITY; THOUGHTS UPON THE FINAL JUDGMENT; THOUGHTS UPON FUTURE LIFE; to which are added a number of discussions on practical questions of great interest.

The design of the first series of papers is to unfold the nature of christianity, and to state some of the internal evidences of its Divinity, especially as these are connected with the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ. The authenticity and truth of the gospels are clearly brought out, and the accusations and misrepresentations of unbelievers refuted. There is no disposition to shun the most thorough investigation. The author evidently feels that the more fully christianity is investigated, the more perfect are the proofs of its Divinity; and the more clearly appears the injustice of the imputations of infidels and groundlessness of the doubts of writers. Dr. McLeod conducts his argument with fairness. He never attempts to support his views by exaggeration, or to conceal and evade real difficulties. He reverts to no rash assertions or misstatements of poets, but with calmness, impartiality and fairness, states and illustrates his argument. In this respect he presents a most honorable contrast to the rationalistic writers of our day, who, with the zeal of eager enemies, exhaust their ingenuity in detecting error and multiplying difficulties, professing to receive christianity itself, they undertake by their own beau ideal of God and man to determine what were the objects of Christ's mission, and the events of his life, without reference to the inspiration of the gospels. Our author is like a man at noon-day walking in the garden of God surrounded by proofs of His presence and wisdom and love, as contrasted with men who are groping their way in darkness and amid pitfalls through a maze of thorns. We commend these thoughts on christianity, and especially the chapter entitled 'What can we believe if we do not thus believe in Jesus,' to young men, who are in any degree cultivated. They are excellently suited to sharpen the intellect, and quicken attention to the greatest of all subjects, and present a vast array of considerations in few words, which demonstrates the truth of christianity.

Of the practical papers, we may mention one as truly characteristic of the author, entitled 'The Mystery of Sorrow.' From the narrative of the sickness, death and resurrection of Lazarus, he not only illustrates the sympathy and power of Jesus, but presents these consolations to the afflicted, which spring from the consideration of an all-cheering Providence, and the assurance which the Lord has given that the chastenings of His hands are assigned to His people for wise and gracious purposes, and are to issue in their final redemption. The serenity and calmness of believers should rise to a greatness and sublimity in some measure proportioned to the basis on which they rest.

The one grand lesson which the narrative teaches us is, *never in our darkest hour to lose confidence in the love of*

Christ towards us, as if He had forgotten to be generous, and either could not or would not help us. Banish the sinful thought. 'Beware lest there should be in any of you the evil heart of unbelief.' For such unbelief is the greatest calamity which can befall us. It is, verily, 'sorrow's crown of sorrow.' Let us rather 'hold fast our confidence, which is a great reward.'

Amidst all darkness, perplexity, and apparent confusion, remember the certainties which abide unmoved, and 'shine aloft as stars.' It is certain that 'all things work together for the good of those that love God,' that 'thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose soul is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee,' and that 'nothing can separate us from the love of Christ,' (his love to us). It is certain that our Christian dead are in his presence, and that no one knows them or loves them as that Saviour does, who made them with His own hands, and redeemed with his own blood. It is certain that if we are believers in Christ, we are still united to those departed ones, in labour, in worship, in love, in hope, in joy; for 'whether we wake or sleep, we live together with Him.' It is certain that if we 'are Christ's' 'all things are ours, whether life or death, things present or things to come.'

Thoughts such as these rushing directly from the heart and intellect, and winged by a bold and graceful fancy, wait the reader above the storms and darkness that invest him here, into the realms of unclouded bliss, of undisturbed repose.

The volume is dedicated 'to the parishoners of Loudon, Dalkeith and the Barony,' but we are sure that it will prove very acceptable not only to the numerous friends of the author and to those who have enjoyed his parochial ministry, but to all who delight in sound sense and fresh and vigorous thinking. It is not a volume of common places, but one in which the truths of the gospel are presented with great clearness and fidelity, and which abounds in high thoughts, and leaves the reader with a feeling of the importance, greatness, and beauty of Divine things. Sometimes the perorations rise to that loftiness and fervor which alone merit the title of true eloquence. We commend this volume as well entitled to a large circulation in Canada.

DERWENT CONWAY.

FAMILY HERALD.—Mr. Lyght has sent us the December number of this periodical. It contains much interesting family reading, in fiction, science, practical matters, useful receipts, statistics, &c. An article on 'Our Colonies' deserves to be read, as showing that on this subject Englishmen's pens have a curious propensity to 'go it blind.'

COOKERY FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.—An experiment, on a large scale, has been made in Glasgow, to introduce a system of 'cookery for the million.' The headquarters are situated in Jamaica street, where there is accommodation to feed 400 persons at one time, besides which there are about a dozen branch establishments planted in the most populous and central districts of the city. At either of these houses a working man can dine sumptuously for a few pence; indeed, much more cheaply than he could ordinarily do at home. The provisions are made up in pennyworths, and all of the very best quality. These eating-houses are intended to be self-supporting, so that none should be deterred from frequenting them under the idea that they are thereby accepting of charity. There are also separate rooms for females, and reading-rooms, furnished with papers and periodicals, to which the public are admitted free of charge. Penny tickets are issued, and the holders, on presenting them at any of the branch establishments, receive provisions equivalent to their value, which they are required to carry home for use. This 'Great Western Cooking Depot' has been most extensively patronized by the working classes, as may be inferred from the fact that 80,000 rations are distributed from it every week. When it is borne in mind that the science of cookery is but little understood, and less practiced, among the lower orders, and that, in manufacturing towns especially, working in the mill, and so unable, even if competent, to attend to cooking victuals for their husbands, the immense utility of such establishments, where everything is 'done' on the most approved principles, must be evident to every-body.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CAUSE OF BOILING IN LIQUIDS.—A scientific journal gives the following explanation of the phenomenon of boiling.—Ebullition is produced when the globules come in contact with a solid. If, drawn by the currents which heating inevitably occasions, they strike against the sides of the vessel, there is suddenly formed a bubble of vapor; the globule becomes rather smaller, is projected violently from the point at which it produced this kind of explosion, and then continues floating in the medium. If, when the temperature is above 115° or 120°, a globule is touched with a glass or metal rod, an explosion is produced at the point of contact, a bubble of vapor is disengaged, and the globule rebounds, as though the solid point exercised a sudden repulsion over it. But all solids are not equally efficacious in producing this change of state; glass or metal rods sometimes fail, but a slender wooden or charcoal stick always incites an immediate and tumultuous ebullition in the middle of the overheated globules. If a few drops of water are dropped into linseed oil, heated to 105° or 110° in a porcelain capsule, they fall slowly to the bottom of the vessel. The instant they reach it, vapor is formed suddenly; the slightly diminished drop of water rebounds, then falls again, causing another disengagement of vapor; again it rises, and so on. The drops of water, while floating in the oil, before touching the bottom of the vessel, undergo no perceptible evaporation; it is only on their contact with a solid that there is a sudden production of a bubble of vapor.

ELASTICITY OF IRON.—A simple illustration will serve to show two facts connected with iron: the first is its elasticity, and the second the power exerted by pressure of the hand of any person. Make a hoop of one-inch square bar iron about the size of the brim of a man's hat. Let the inside of the hoop be made quite smooth and true. Such a hoop being examined, it would appear that the power even of a horse could in no way alter its shape or form, provided the strain be put to it fairly and equably. Now make a rod of iron of the thickness of a lead pencil, that shall exactly fit the diameter of the inside of the hoop, so that, when placed in the hoop, it will not fall out, unless the hoop be altered in shape. If, acting in a similar way, we take a child's wooden hoop, with a stick across it in the centre, and then press it at the sides opposite to that of the cross-stick, the hoop will assume an oval shape, and, of course, the cross-stick will fall out. Just so does the iron hoop described act. When any one presses it, the rod falls out; showing clearly the elasticity of the iron. The hoop will become oval-shaped with a very little pressure, no greater than that which can be exerted by a young girl.

TEETH SET ON EDGE.—All acid foods, drinks, medicines, and tooth-washes and powders, are very injurious to the teeth. If a tooth is put in cider, vinegar, lemon-juice, or tartaric acid, in a few hours the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed by the finger-nail as if it were chalk. Most people have experienced what is commonly called teeth set on edge. The explanation of it is, the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so far softened the enamel of the tooth that the least pressure is felt by the exceedingly small nerves which pervade the thin membrane connecting the enamel and the bony part of the tooth. Such an effect cannot be produced without injuring the enamel. True, it will become hard again, when the acid has been removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg-shell that has been softened in this way becomes hard again by being put in the water. When the effect of sour fruit on the teeth subsides, they feel as well as ever, but they are not as well. And the oftener it is repeated, the sooner the disastrous consequences will be manifested.

A MAGNETIC PHENOMENON.—A notice has appeared in a foreign journal of certain very remarkable magnetic phenomena which were observed in Russia. It appears that while making a survey with pendulum experiments in the neighborhood of Moscow, the officers employed were surprised by finding a marked inclination of the pendulum towards the city. With a view to obtain data for comparison, the observation was repeated at another station some miles distant, and afterwards at others, until an entire sweep had been made round the region, as it may be called, of the ancient capital of Muscovy. But in every instance the result was the same—an attraction, so to speak, of the pendulum towards the city as to a focus. The result is so anomalous, that mathematicians are at a loss to account for it; and it is partly in the hope of eliciting further information that we publish these particulars. We should like to know at what distance from Moscow the observations were made. Geologists might then be questioned as to the nature of the strata within the circumambulated area. Meanwhile this focal attraction remains a very curious subject of speculation.—*Athenaeum.*

POSITION IN SLEEPING.—It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aiding

in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back-bone compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial the sleep is disturbed; and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty the arrest is more decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us, and sends on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, trembling, or perspiration, or feeling exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation; and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger. But when we are not able to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice—when the tumbling building crushes us—what then? That is death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning, 'That they are as well as they ever were the day before,' and often it is added, 'and ate heartier than common!' This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know, with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

NOVEL APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY.—Recently electricity has been applied in an ingenious manner, to extract poisonous metals, such as mercury, lead, &c., from the human body.—To effect this the patient is placed up to his neck in slightly acidulated water, in a zinc bath, isolated by gutta-percha, and being isolated himself from the sides of the bath by gutta-percha seat. Holding in one hand the positive pole of the battery, gold, silver, mercury, &c., flow from the pores of the body, and fix themselves on the sides of the bath, which constitutes the negative pole. These experiments were tried in New York, and communicated to the Academy of Medicine at Paris, by M.M. Vergne and Poey. A patient that had taken mercury fifteen years before the experiment had a considerable quantity of that metal extracted from his body in this electric bath.

THE GREATEST LIVING GIANT.—A London paper thus describes him:—'Thyszkiewiesky, the Polish Nimrod, lately passed through Paris. This hunter might be as celebrated as Jules Gerard were he so desirous of celebrity as to sit down and write his life, or were he not afflicted with his jaw-breaking name, which is as much a non-conductor of sympathy as the name of any American town or city, or even of any Prussian deputy or statesman. His stature is so colossal that were he to exhibit himself as a giant in the provincial towns he would make as much money as the proprietor of the sagacious elephant, who used annually to make his appearance at Greenwich fair. He is, however, unlike the common run of very tall men—admirably proportioned, and possesses great muscular power. Although yet a young man, he has (at least so says Viscount de Bagueville) killed ninety-eight bears, and hopes in twelve months' time to kill the hundredth. He relates his adventures inimitably, but thinks nothing of his exploits, which he takes as a matter of course. A Frenchman a short time ago asked him in the most serious manner whether he was afraid of the bears, or the bears of him, but added that he supposed the latter. One must in writing of this Pole make use of the pronoun 'he' to a degree that is next door to perplexing; for to write his name more than once in a newspaper letter would be to tax too severely the patience of your readers as well as of your correspondent. This slayer of wild beasts has just inherited a large fortune by the death of an uncle who was accidentally killed when hunting in Lithuania.'

MR. MAYALL has received orders for 100,000 photographs of the Princess Alexandra.

E O L A .

BY ORIPNEY GREY.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

The boy blushed at this insolent retort, and for a moment his hand was clenched in anger; but with a powerful effort, wonderful in one so young, to curb his rising passion, he endeavored to answer calmly.

'I assure you that Lord Eswald has not long retired to rest, and he cannot attend to you just now.'

'But he must and shall attend to me, if I have to go and see him in his very bed-chamber,' replied the gipsy, in an undaunted tone. 'So stand aside, boy, and let me pass, unless you want to test the strength of my arms.'

'Insolent man!' cried the graceful youth, colouring to the temples, with pardonable indignation. 'If it were not that you seem half-mad with some unfortunate excitement, I would teach you better manners than thus to insult your superiors.'

'Ha! ha! laughed the gipsy, derisively. 'Oh, yes; you have come of a brave stock, good youth, but recollect that you are speaking to a man. I am not in the habit of fighting with beardless boys. This is what I meant by trying my strength.'

CHAPTER IV.

'You have not taken away that poor fellows' sweet heart, have you, Percy?' asked Elwyn Eswald, as he sat with his cousin at their late breakfast, some few hours after the gipsy's visit to the mansion.

The nobleman looked up from his coffee-cup, with a scornful smile at the other's simplicity.

'What if I had?' he said carelessly.

'What! Why it would be a shameful wrong,' cried the frank-spoken boy, his youthful brow flushing with indignation at the thought. 'But you would not do such a thing, surely Percy?'

'Fish, Elwyn! You should have been a Methodist parson,' was the ungracious response. 'You are like a mamby-pamby girl, rather than a boy of fifteen.—Why, hang it! I knew almost as much at your age as I do now.'

'No doubt, cousin; considering how you knocked about, you ought to have known something,' retorted the lad, who was spirited despite his easy manners.

'Knocked about! Yes; and it's done me good,' said Lord Eswald, determinedly. 'It does every fellow good to knock about a little.'

'That's according to your way of thinking, Percy. I must say I can't see the force of your reasoning.'

'No, my precious milk-sop; and it strikes me you never will. The sooner you go back to your tops and marbles, and your Latin grammar, the better. I shall never make a man of you, I can see.'

The boy smiled slightly, and bent his head over his plate, that the nobleman might not detect it.

'You see, Percy, I'm not so precocious as you were,' he said, after a short pause.

'No; but you're a deuced deal more impudent, Master Elwyn; and if you don't treat me with a trifle more respect, I'll send you off to finish your holiday with your gouty old guardian, in that tumbledown barn of his, in Sussex.'

'Oh, it's a very nice place, Percy, when the young baxters are at home, to keep me company; but I don't care about being there, you know, when there are no fellows near about one's own age to associate with. Of course, it's not half such a jolly place as this. I could amuse myself here for years, I believe, without getting tired of it. Won't it just be fine here in the Easter holidays?'

'A gentle hint that you would like to spend them here—eh, Elwyn?'

'Oh, no; I didn't mean to hint anything. That's not my way, Percy. If I wanted to come, I should just ask you in plain English to invite me.'

'You may come if you like, and rule the

roost, if you don't mind dispensing with my company. I'm going to town at Easter. I'm getting sick of this already.'

'I don't suppose the governor will let me come again yet awhile. Besides, I shouldn't feel comfortable alone. But fancy your being tired of the abbey!'

'You appear to think it a wonderful place? Don't! I only wish it was mine.'

A disagreeable smile played round the handsome mouth of Lord Eswald, as he thought—'No doubt you do, and the title as well; but I'll balk you, my young gentleman.'

It was plain that whatever were the circumstances which brought these two cousins together, the friendship was extremely one-sided. But Elwyn Eswald had grown so accustomed to the heartless indifference of the nobleman to others, that he did not notice it particularly as regarded himself, and did not perceive, as any third person would have done, that Lord Eswald really disliked him.

He was without a relation in the world save that scapegrace cousin—fatherless and motherless—and perhaps this caused the regard he felt for Eswald; for in spite of the cold and occasionally uncourteous treatment he received from his cousin, Elwyn was at this period very much attached to him.

Elwyn was the only child of Lord Eswald's paternal uncle, a good, but unfortunate man, who, having contracted a marriage with one far beneath him in everything but purity of heart and goodness of character, had been exiled from his father's roof, with all the remorselessness and unpitying rigour of a shallow minded and prejudiced person, whose only law was ambition, and whose ruling passion pride.

For years the discarded son had lived a

he had lost and suffered through his father's cruelty! None could recall to him the departed soul of his young wife, nor to the unfortunate man the health and strength his misfortunes had so totally shattered. Still he felt thankful that, although he himself were not suffered to benefit by the reparation his father strove to make, his darling child, at least would not, at his death, be left in the world unprovided for.

He did not long survive his father; and thus, at a very tender age, the little Elwyn was left an orphan, under the care of a gentleman who had been a friend of his father's and who had been appointed by the latter as his guardian. Until he was twelve years old he never saw his cousin Percy who had been educated principally in Germany, and when in England was always with his parents, whose gay inclinations led them to spend the greater portion of their life in London; so that Elwyn (whose protectors were good, rational people, though rather old fashioned,) residing in the country, had no opportunity of meeting his aristocratic relatives.

Boy-like, however, Elwyn had cherished all along a strong desire to see his cousin Percy. He had pictured him a handsome, daring, free-hearted boy, all generosity and goodness, and dwelt upon the picture till it seemed almost a reality.

But at length came the long-wished for opportunity of meeting this wondrous cousin. His father was suddenly deprived of life by being thrown from his horse while hunting, and Percy was called home immediately to his widowed mother.

After this melancholy occurrence, Lady Eswald retired with her son to Eswald Abbey their country seat Percy, who had inherited

protector for a young lad. Elwyn's father was not aware of this failing on the good gentleman's part when, in accordance with the wish of the boy's grandfather, he selected him as his guardian.

On receiving the invitation from the abbey, Elwyn was in ecstasies, and loudly importuned his guardian to allow him to accept it.

The latter certainly felt a few scruples at first about doing so. He knew the late Lord Eswald did not bear a very high character; but, not having mixed much in society, he was not fully acquainted with that nobleman's worthlessness. He did not know the present bearer of the title personally, and, though slightly imbued with the common notion that vice is hereditary, he had no good cause to think Percy any other than a reputable member of the community; at any rate, he considered him too young to be dangerous; and, after a little more reflection, consented that Elwyn should pay the desired visit.

Certainly, there seemed very little fear of the boy being contaminated by any one.—Though young, his principles were already so firmly fixed, and his nature so thoroughly good and pure, that evil example would not easily have undermined them.

Elwyn knew that his cousin was several years older than himself, but was not prepared to meet the exquisitely-dressed, self-sufficient personage, who was presented to him on his arrival at the abbey as 'Lord Eswald.' The reality was so unlike what he had pictured, instead of a laughing, good-humoured lad bounding forward to welcome him, a handsome, haughty, stripling, of about eighteen, met him on the threshold, favored him with a stare of lordly assurance, and then, holding out the tips of his fingers, said he was 'deuced

glad to see him, for it was confoundedly dull there.'

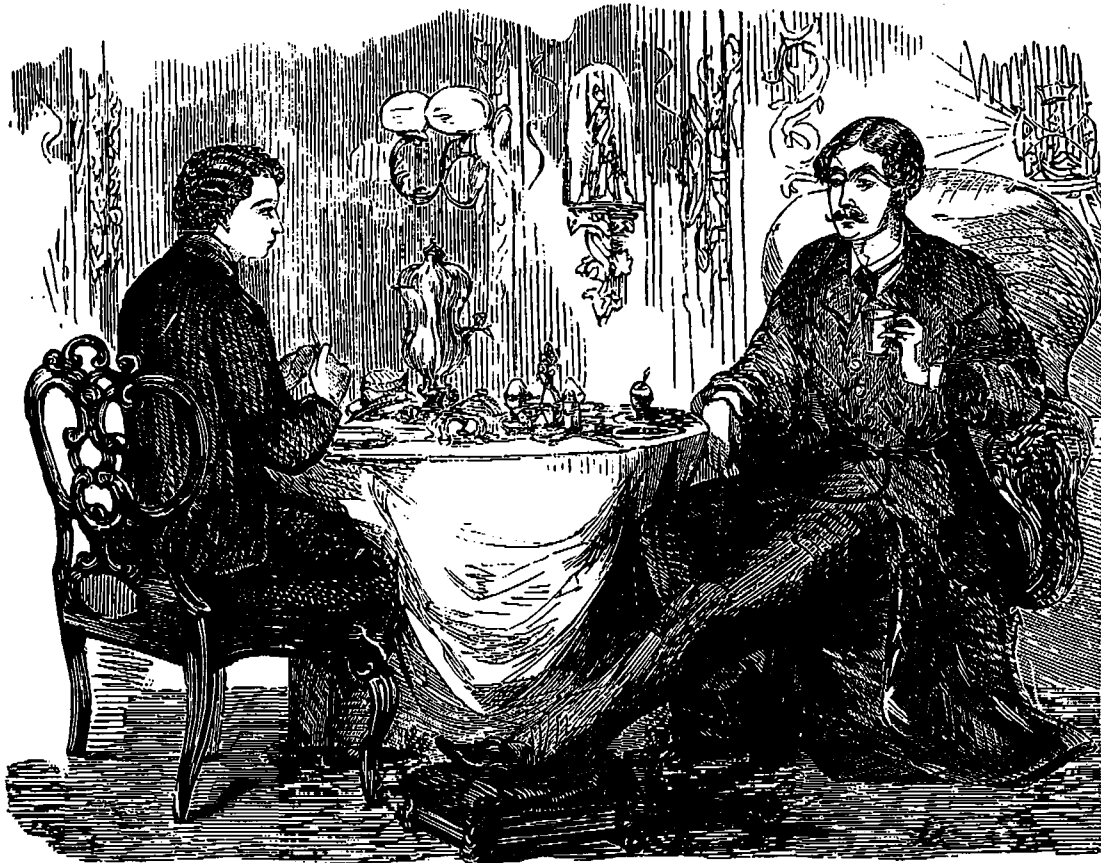
Such was Elwyn's first greeting from his cousin. What his first impression was he could not define himself. It was a sort of disappointed feeling, mingled with a certain degree of admiration for his fascinating kinsman's external charms, a boyish scorn for his precocity, and yet a secret leaning towards him that was unaccountable. The visit passed off without the occurrence of any particular event tending to fix Elwyn's impressions of his cousin's real character. One day he thought him a 'jolly sort of a fellow,' the next, perhaps, he seemed decidedly the contrary; but still, through all, the boy could not help cherishing the singular fancy he had first entertained for him. Percy's opinion of his young relative was of a kind that might have been expected from a being like him, and quite in keeping with the rest of his character. He considered him a 'milk-sop,' but

thought that eventually 'something might be done with him.'

Elwyn did not visit his cousin again till about a year prior to the opening of our story, when upon Lady Eswald's death, Percy was left the sole master of himself and the immense property of the Eswalds.

At the period at which our story opened, Elwyn was studying at Harrow, and was having a holiday before the usual vacation, on account of a recent illness, for which his medical attendant had ordered him change of air. Part of those holidays he was spending with Percy at the abbey, the latter having invited him, not from any courtesy or affection but merely because his restless, aimless disposition constantly hankered after some description of society, and he could not always succeed in getting his gay acquaintances from town to share the hospitality of his country house, nor was it quite convenient just then for him to go to London, as there were some alterations and improvements in progress at the abbey mansion which required his personal supervision.

Elwyn, although he could not blind himself to his kinsman's glaring faults, always endeavored to view him in the best possible light, and still preserved towards him a sincere regard. Perhaps this singular penchant was attributable to that wondrous fascination which Percy ever contrived to throw around his presence, and which afterwards lured so



THE COUSINS.

stranger in a strange land, toiling, with a broken spirit but unabated zeal, against a multiplicity of trials and hardships that might have shaken the strongest heart, his only consolation and support being his fair young wife, and their loved and only child. But one by one his resources failed him; Fortune seemed to have turned her face completely from him. Poverty, sickness, and ultimately death, came upon his hearth; and when the gentle but calumniated being, for whom he had borne years of exile, and braved a father's curse, lay beneath a foreign soil—when his hands could no longer procure the necessities of life for his innocent offspring—when his cup of bitterness had become so full, that he felt no after-trouble could increase his misery, then the pride that had sustained him gave way, and the dying, despairing man, thinking only of his child, once more sought his native land and his father's roof.

Here also had time wrought great changes. The once haughty parent was brought low. He lay upon a sick bed, sorrowing, humbled and repentant.

He had long since experienced pangs of remorse for the shameful abandonment of his younger son, and gladly welcomed his return. He lived long enough to make all the reparation he could for the error of which he had been guilty, and which had so embittered the latter years of his life; but what reparation could atone to the injured one for all that

from neither of his parents any sentiments to be proud of, was unkind enough to rebel against his mother's wish for retirement, exclaiming against what he most undutifully styled 'her unreasonable whim,' in no very mild terms.

Like all foolish mothers who spoil their children in infancy, Lady Eswald received no forbearance or obedience from her son now he had reached his youth, and more especially now he had attained a title. He was master now; she would henceforth be a cipher; and the haughty woman actually wept with vexation when she felt how impotent would be her attempts to rule that wild evil-disposed spirit.

At last a sort of compromise was come to between them relative to the desired adjournment to the country.

His lordship would go if her ladyship would consent to entertain two or three of his friends for a few weeks. This she agreed to do, and they forthwith proceeded to the abbey. In the list of guests invited to stay with the newly-fledged lord was included his cousin Elwyn.

Now Elwyn's guardian, though a very good man in the main, was rather inclined to be careless in the most important considerations of life. He would not have neglected his young charge's interests in a worldly point of view on any account; but he was too free-and-easy in sentiment, and apt to view too leniently the follies of youth to be a very eligible

many poor victims to their downfall. Percy in his heart felt a thorough contempt for his cousins forbearance and affection. Moreover, he was selfish enough to consider him in the light of an interloper—one who had wronged him by abstracting an iota of his lion's share of the world's goods; and yet another cause lurked in his tainted breast for his unnatural antipathy to his good-hearted young relative. Elwyn was the next heir to the title and estates in the event of Percy dying without male issue; and the latter, measuring by his own base heart the secret feeling of another's attributed to his cousin the meanness of harbouring an anxiety for his death, construed Elwyn's kindness and affection into cunning and hypocrisy, and was always thinking how gloriously he should frustrate his hopes.

He frequently told the boy he should never marry, so as to raise his expectations, as he thought, still higher, and used secretly to think how delightful it would be to astonish the expectant heir some day by taking to him a wife.

He might have spared himself a great deal of trouble, for it did not enter into Elwyn's head to anticipate for a moment the probable succession to the title: he never dreamed of such a thing.

No heart could have been more sincere, no mind less covetous, no soul more truthful and unreserved than Elwyn Eswald's.

CHAPTER V.

On a sultry day in the summer following the flight of the gipsy girl, Eola, from the Leighton, a young and delicate looking female, with an infant in her arms, was slowly making her way along the Mitcham road. She paused very frequently, and rested on the green bank skirting the dusty footpath, as if unable to proceed any further; then, with a desperate firmness, and clasping the babe closer to her bosom, she would rise, and hurry onward at a rapid pace, till sheer exhaustion compelled her again to stop, when she would cast one long, earnest glance down the sunny road, another of wild despair and anxiety at her senseless burden, and finally sink again on the grassy bank.

In this way she had proceeded a considerable distance on her weary journey, when the child began a low, piteous wailing, which seemed to touch the tenderest chord of the poor mother's heart and agonize her frame, for staying her faltering steps, she leaned against a stile by the road-side, and with a helpless though wistful glance at the path she could no longer pursue, she moaned out—

'It's useless, useless trying! I cannot walk another step. Oh, Heavens! and must I die thus and leave my little one, to perish on the public road.'

And the unhappy girl burst into a flood of tears, which fell like rain upon the soft cheek of her tiny babe, who, as if in sympathy with its wretched parent, wailed more piteously than ever.

'You are hungry my pretty one, and I have nothing to give you!' wept the poor girl; and as if to prove the veracity of her sad avowal, she pressed her babe to the bosom whence it had hitherto been accustomed to derive its support, but which now, alas! mocked the tiny mouth that eagerly but vainly sought to draw from it some nourishment.

At this juncture a stout old farmer passed by. His attention being attracted by the melancholy sounds of weeping, he stared at the mournful pair in great surprise, evidently struck by the extraordinary beauty of the youthful mother, who, in spite of the ravages which poverty and sorrow had worked in her once faultless features, was still lovely enough to excite the admiration and pity of the good-natured man.

His rough but kind face raised a hope in the young girl's heart. She sprang forward with the energy of despair, and held up her child, saying—

'Oh, sir! for the love of God—of Him who never intended his creatures to perish from want—give me something for my baby. See it is dying.'

And she turned to the man its puny little face, which was, in fact, literally fading away.

The farmer looked from the girl to the infant, and from the infant to the girl, as if weighing something of importance in his honest mind, and then he said—

'Are you its mother?'

'Yes, yes!' cried the young creature, with an impatient gesture.

'And its father?' was the next enquiry.

The girl blushed deeply, then drawing back with a reproachful glance, she exclaimed—

'Oh, sir! I ask you for nourishment to save the life of my little one, which is fast dying out, and you stand asking me questions while it is perishing in my arms. Oh, God! are all men heartless?'

With this bitter exclamation, the wretched creature was turning away, when the old man grasped her shoulder.

'Forgive me, child—forgive me!' he said, kindly, 'I did not think your case was so urgent as this. Why, I believe you are dying yourself. How pale you look! But my house is close handy, and you shall soon have something to eat, trust me. There, there, my

poor girl; give me the bawling, and lean on my arm. I will see to you.'

And the kind old fellow tenderly took the child from its parent's sinking arms, and supported her steps to a neat and pretty house, standing a little back from the high road, and surrounded with fields and orchards.

A good-looking young woman, whom the farmer addressed as his daughter, met them on the threshold. She manifested great surprise on perceiving her worthy father's burthen, and the fragile form that hung upon his arm; but he prevented her pending exclamations, by bidding her go directly to prepare a cup of warm milk for the infant, and some refreshments for its starving parent, which order the girl immediately obeyed; while the farmer carefully deposited the infant in an adjoining parlour, and placed the trembling mother by its side.

The wretched creature passionately pressed his brown hand to her lips in a mute blessing for his hospitality; and when relinquished, it was wet with tears of grateful joy.

'Poor, poor child!' thought the good man, looking anxiously on her pallid countenance; 'how young to be the victim of such bitter grief!'

His daughter now appeared with the requisite refreshments. The wanderer eagerly stretched forth her thin hand for the milk destined for her infant's meal, but, at a gesture from the farmer, the daughter took the little one from her arms, and motioned to the girl to attend to her own wants, commenced feeding it herself with a tenderness and care that did credit to her woman's heart.

The half-famished child sucked in its genial draught eagerly, but its parent could only swallow a few morsels of dry bread and a little wine; and even that appeared to be accomplished with much difficulty. In vain the kind-hearted people urged her to eat; she thanked them fervently; but nature had been exhausted too long to regain its faculties at once; and they were obliged to be consoled for the want of appetite in the mother, by the fair progress made by the little babe.

When the meal was over, the girl appeared very eager to be gone; and though the farmer earnestly pressed her to rest a little longer, she seemed so desirous to take her departure, that he soon ceased to oppose it.

'I have not much further to go,' she said, 'and I am so anxious to reach my friends for her sake,' and she pointed to the child, whose tiny face was now beaming with contentment.

'Blessings—blessings on you!' she continued, fervently. 'Oh! you do not know how an act of kindness sinks into the wretched heart! how long it is remembered! May God, who put in your hearts the kind feelings you have this day shown, always keep you in his mercy and protection.'

And so saying, the wanderer turned from the hospitable roof, and continued her journey.

About a mile from Croydon, on the Mitcham Road, are four lanes, called the Cross Roads.

Down one of these the youthful female turned; and after proceeding in a straight direction for about a quarter of a mile, she struck across a meadow on the left side, leading to a small copse.

Beside this copse were pitched several tents, and near them in various groups were gathered a number of gipsies, some of whom were engaged in cooking over a camp-fire; others (the men chiefly) were lying on the grass smoking, and round them a numerous family of ragged, dark-eyed urchins gambolled in the sunshine.

As she approached the tents the young girl walked slower, and a crimson flush dyed her pale face. Once or twice she paused and looked back, as if meditating a retrograde movement; then a glance at the infant on her breast seemed to inspire her with fresh courage, and she continued her course. Suddenly a thought appeared to strike her. She stopped, looked around, and retreating toward a hedge on her left hand, crept through it, and continued her walk along a road adjoining, till reaching a narrow lane, down which she turned, she entered the adjacent copse, and approached the encampment from the opposite and less exposed side.

As she neared the back of one of the tents, a tall stalwart man crossed her path. She uttered a wild shriek, and fell grovelling at his feet. He stepped back a pace or two, as if in horror, then sprang forward and raised her.

'Eola!' he ejaculated, holding her at arm's length, and gazing terror-struck in her death-like face.

She turned her sad dark eyes humbly and supplicatingly up to his, a wild shudder convulsed her attenuated frame, and a fearful change came over her wasted features.

'I have come back to die,' she whispered hoarsely. 'Oh, Ralph!'—and the name came forth with a bitter moan of shame and anguish—'in this dying moment will you take pity on the lost one?'

'I will—I will—I do!' said the gipsy, in an agitated tone, and with a fond but mournful look of pity at that once beautiful face. 'Oh, Eola! Eola! if you had not left me—had not deceived me—this would never have been!'

'Ralph, the past will not come back; but oh! have mercy on my babe! I have no other friend on earth.' She pointed, with a wild,

appealing gesture to her infant, who lay upon the soft grass at their feet; then suddenly a purple shade seemed to pass over her face, and she shudderingly closed her eyes.

'Oh, Heavens! she is dying!' cried Ralph, bending wildly over her powerless form. 'Eola, Eola!—one word, for pity's sake! Who—who was it?'

He bent his ear almost close to her lips to catch the reply. A convulsive twitching of the muscles around the mouth, a faint quiver of the eyelids, and like a low sigh came forth the accursed name—'Eswald!'

It was the last effort of exhausted nature: one more convulsive motion of the mouth, one strong electric quiver through the entire body, and life had fled forever. The gipsy still clasped her in his arms.

His hot, scalding tears were falling thick and fast upon her face, and old memories came crowding on his mind. The extraordinary sounds had drawn several of the tribe to the spot. Foremost among them came an old woman and a young one, leading between them a little child.

The old woman picked up the infant, who had now begun to cry, and advanced towards her son and his sad burthen.

Ralph told her that the girl was dead, and softly laid the corpse upon the turf, kneeling beside it.

The hag glanced unfeelingly at the lifeless countenance, and turning to the younger woman, said—

'She's managed to bring her blessed brat here. It's a pity she didn't live to take it back again, for go it shall. We have quite enough to do to keep our own, without being burdened with another hussy's love-child.'

The man rose from beside the dead body, and sternly confronted the heartless speaker. 'What is it you are saying, mother?' he asked, with a reproachful scowl.

'Oh,' responded the daughter, pointing to the babe, 'we were only wondering whether it would be best to send Eswald his precious child, or cut the matter shorter by dispatching it to its mother.'

'Shame, Linda!' cried the gipsy. 'Are you a mother yourself, and speak in this heartless way? Give me the little one,' he continued, taking it from the withered arm of the old woman. 'I'll teach you your duty. She has done wrong, and she has suffered. Let punishment fall where due, but the innocent child shan't suffer for its parent's fault. I will protect it.'

'Silly fool!' exclaimed Linda, turning scornfully away. 'I only hope he'll be able to feed it.'

CHAPTER VI.

Twelve long years have rolled their steady course since the events related in the previous chapter took place. Few changes are visible among the tenants of the tent excepting those which Time always leaves behind, in his ceaseless flight.

It is a bright day in September.

Two children are gathering blackberries in a pleasant lane, near the borders of—shire. One is a dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty, of some thirteen years, the other a lovely little blue-eyed creature, of about twelve, with hair like threads of gold. Though both engaged in the same task, and apparently both of the same family, they do not seem on very friendly terms with each other. A continual grumbling is kept up as they fill their baskets. When one fixes her eyes on a well-covered branch of the purple fruit, the other is sure to forestall her in gathering it, or purloin her other berries while she plucks it; and then the brewing storm bursts forth, and rages for a few minutes furiously. But in each tempest the dark-eyed child is generally the first to begin and the last to leave off.

The attire of these little disputants is of a strange and fanciful character; and though rather soiled, and torn in several places, is not unbecoming to their pretty, graceful forms.

Each wears a scarlet frock, reaching just below the knee, a black velvet jacket, and a small straw hat trimmed with scarlet ribbons, beneath which long glossy ringlets fall almost to the waist.

Suddenly one of them (the darker one) throws down her basket, and climbs, with the agility of a cat, to the top of a high gate, leading into an adjacent field.

'I hear horses coming, I am sure,' she cries, gazing along the lane. 'Yes, here comes two gentlemen. Put down your basket, Oly, and let's see if we can't get something out of them.'

'No, I shan't,' returned the other, with a defiant look. 'I was told to gather blackberries, and I'll gather blackberries, and won't do nothing else.'

'Then I'll tell old granny of you,' said the elder, with a threatening gesture.

'And I'll tell who stole the apples,' retorted the younger.

The dark-haired girl shook her fist vigorously; the fair-haired one gave back a look of defiance—a challenge which, though mute, seemed perfectly intelligible to both.

But now the two horsemen approached, and the quarrel was suspended. The elder child sprang erect on the top bar of the gate, and, clapping her hands, shouted—

'Gents, I will sing you a pretty song for sixpence.'

This frank offer appeared to afford the gentlemen much amusement; and its singularity, combined with the extraordinary ease with which the little speaker kept her footing on the dangerous ledge, caused them to stop and look at her, when she repeated her proposal.

'I should think, by your appearance, you could also dance,' remarked one of them, leaning forward, and patting her sun-burnt cheek. 'Oh! that I can. I will dance you a horn-pipe on your horse's back, if you like.'

And suiting the action to the word, the daring child leaped from the gate on to the animal's neck, while the astonished rider spasmodically clutched at her short skirt, to prevent her falling; but of that there seemed little fear, for the light figure balanced itself on the slippery stand with the ease of a butterfly.

'Why, you're as active as a little monkey,' cried the rider.

'Oh! you might be a trifle more polite, sir, and say a little *faigy*,' returned the bold girl, putting; and she sprang to the ground as if in anger.

The other horseman, who had gazed on this strange scene with the listless air of a man to whom nothing earth could produce would appear wonderful or interesting, now said, 'Oh, she's one of those strolling fair people Elwyn; they can do anything but say their prayers.'

The little madcap threw him a withering glance.

'I can do *that*, too, when I choose,' she said. 'But, sir, assuming a coaxing tone, 'I'd rather dance or sing for you.'

'Hum! But where's your band?'

'Here's my music,' holding up a pair of castanets.

'Shall I do it on your horse's back?'

'On his head, if you like.'

'You are very obliging.'

'You are making fun of me, I know you are. But get off your horse, and let me begin my dance.'

The gentleman was about to comply, when his companion exclaimed—

'Surely, Percy, you would not be so foolish as to suffer that child to risk her neck in that absurd manner.'

But the girl sprang to his side, and whispered—

'Let me do it, I'm not going to dance. I'm only going to serve him a trick.'

'The obliging gentleman,' who was in the act of dismounting, did not notice this aside, and his friend, evidently not averse to a little bit of mischief, did not warn him of the young dancer's mischievous design but coolly awaited its result.

'Just give me a lift, sir' said the forward young lady, and putting out her foot with the utmost *sang froid*.

Lord Eswald, for it was he, was about to catch her up by the waist, and put her on the saddle, but she pushed aside his hands with a frown, and drew back.

'That's not the way, sir. I've rode at the circus, and they never put a lady on so.'

'Oh, if you've ridden at a circus, young lady, of course you know all about it,' said the nobleman, satirically; and he condescended to mount her as she desired.

But instead of placing herself in a dancing posture, she gathered up the reins with quite a masterly hand, sank lightly down, *a la Turk*, and giving the animal a smart kick with her tiny foot, and a jerk of the bridle, urged him into a canter, and was half way down the lane ere the astonished nobleman could guess her intention. At the same moment a clear silvery laugh struck his ear, and turning round, he perceived the lovely blue-eyed Eola perched on the gate, just where he had first seen her counterpart.

The two gentlemen gazed on the second apparition in mute surprise.

'Hal! hal! laughed the pretty child, pointing with her slender forefinger to the retreating equestrian. 'How silly you were to trust your horse with Zerny! See, she is at the bottom of the lane! Ah, I knew Zerny would only play you a trick, after all her fine promises.'

The speaker descended from her perch, and placing herself before the nobleman, offered to dance for his amusement till her sister came back; evidently thinking that her services would be a fair recompense for the wilful Zerny's caprice.

And as she stood before him, her fair head thrown back, and one little foot advanced, as if about to commence the promised evolutions, Elwyn thought her the prettiest picture of childish coquetry his eye had ever beheld. But Eswald continued to gaze on her with the listless, indifferent expression of a man whose imagination has been feasted to satiety with every description of feminine loveliness, and who had ceased to regard it with the slightest degree of interest.

'Is she not a beautiful little creature' whispered Elwyn, with deep enthusiasm.

'Bah, Elwyn!' responded the worn out *roue*. 'You see a Helen in each girl you meet, as Goethe says. For my part, I like the dark-eyed houri better.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

'I don't remember having seen you before,' as the lawyer said to his conscience.

OUR COLONIES.—From the Board of Trade issue three large volumes of statistic tables relative respectively to the United Kingdom, to foreign countries, and to the colonies. The annual volumes relating to the British colonies and possessions has made its appearance within the last few days. It states the area of these possessions to be no less than 3,319,649 square miles, or nearly 30 times the area of the United Kingdom. Of this vast dominion 933,722 square miles are in India, 1,587,434 in Australia, and 523,162 in N. America.

The population, according to the latest returns, was 144,490,761, or five times the population of the United Kingdom. Of this number 135,634,244 are the estimated population of British India. Where the progress of population can be traced it is very remarkable. Excluding India from consideration, it will be found that in the colonies in the temperate climates, and settled by Europeans—that is to say, in British North America, Australia, and South Africa—the population in 1838 was but 1,575,616, and 20 years afterwards it had more than trebled itself, and was 4,920,790. In the tropical colonies and colonies with small European populations—the West Indies, West Coast of Africa, Ceylon, Mauritius, Hongkong, St. Helena, Bermuda—the population in 1838 was 2,233,906, and 20 years afterwards it had not near doubled itself, being only 3,227,851.

The imports into the former class of colonies £8,801,415 in 1838, had been more than quadrupled 20 years afterwards; in the latter class, as a whole, they were not doubled.—The exports from the former class of colonies increased nearly sixfold in the twenty years, in the latter only 20 per cent., the progress of Ceylon and Mauritius being to a great extent counter-balanced by the falling off on the part of the West Indies. In the year 1800, to which the present volume especially relates, the imports of merchandise and treasure into British India amounted to £40,622,103, and the exports thence to £28,889,210; the North American colonies had imports of the value of £11,985,155, and sent out exports amounting to £10,993,722; the West Indies, imports, £5,339,528, exports, £5,696,485; Australia, imports, £27,780,449, exports, £21,982,286; Ceylon, imports, £3,551,239, exports, 2,550,586; Mauritius, imports, £2,769,209, exports, £2,259,640; the Cape, imports, £2,865,902, exports, £2,080,398.

Revenue and expenditure stood as follows in 1860:—India, revenue, £39,705,822, expenditure, £44,622,269; North American Colonies, revenue, £8,466,717, expenditure, 7,995,747; West Indies, revenue, £1,005,085, expenditure £1,085,085; Australia, revenue, 6,053,246, expenditure, £5,773,290; Ceylon, revenue, £767,101, expenditure, £705,440; Mauritius, revenue, £553,419, expenditure, £500,854; the Cape, revenue, £742,741, expenditure, £729,690. The revenue of India and the colonies (including New Zealand, from which the returns are imperfect) amounted in 1860 to £57,933,314, and the expenditure to £62,013,411. The public debt of India in 1860 was £98,107,460; of Canada, £12,144,264; of the West Indies, £1,578,026; of New South Wales, £3,830,230; of Victoria, £5,118,100; of South Australia, £870,100.—*London Times.*

WELCOME WINTER.—Some of the older and frosty-headed ones think we shall have an 'open winter'; they go by the signs and tokens which we more worldly, but less wise, people pass by as not worth the trouble of noticing. So far as alleviation of the wants of the poor ones are concerned, it would certainly be desirable to have a short winter and a mild one; but so far as the seasonableness of things goes, and the routine of snows and blows and freezings and thaws and good fires and long starlit nights enters into the account, we sincerely say—let the old times continue even as they have run on until this day.

There are joys in winter which summer does not have to bestow. First secure comfortable housing, warm and glowing fires, huge wood-piles and coal-heaps, and cellars full of the bounties which nature has been pouring into the lap of the husbandman, and then, with health in the body and spirit, snap your fingers at the approach of all the 'wolves' that may happen to pass along the highway. It is undeniable, that the heart makes honey only as it feels a sense of protection and provision for the body. If we shiver and go hungry, it is of no use to talk about keeping the spirits in tune; one could more easily make bricks in the olden time without straw.

The house claims one's attention for a good share of the time now, and will do so until the steams go up from the earth again in the spring. What silent pleasures dwell at the hearth, which only those who sit apart there by themselves came to know! How delightful are the rainy and snowy days, when one is snugly housed from the pitiless storms, and can look at them through the panes, feeling secure against their intrusion! As winter slowly wears on, with its long evenings, its fireside pleasures, its sleighing excursions, its cheerful social visits, and its untold sources of improvement, what solid satisfaction dwells in the mind that can look around and feel that nothing in all the world beside could be one-half so desirable as this! It is when we recall the long line of pleasant winters already past, that we heartily go forward to this one and greet it with a sincere welcome.

Foreign Items.

ANOTHER swift Clyde steamer, the Vulcan, has been sold to the Confederates.

PARLIAMENT is expected to meet for business on Thursday, the 5th of February.

THE Bengal Chamber of Commerce have transmitted the handsome total of £11,000 in aid of the distressed.

ON Friday, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales sat for the first time as President of the Duchy of Cornwall.

A volume of poetry by Mrs. Ellis Fitz Simon, daughter of Daniel O'Connell, is promised to the public.

OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA IN INDIA.—The cholera has broken out in her Majesty's 93rd Regiment, Sutherland Highlanders. Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, Major Middleton, Ensign Drysdale, and Assistant-Surgeon Hope have died of the disease.

THE subscription for a monument to Cavour has reached half a million francs, and a pillar at Turin, after the model of Trajan's column, is in contemplation.

INDIAN advices mention that the progress of cholera among the troops at Peshawur has been arrested, that the mortality among the officers of the 42nd Highlanders has been great, and that the Commander-in-Chief has been prostrated by sun-stroke.

ADVICES from Lisbon state that the four iron plated British frigates Warrior, Black Prince, Resistance and Defence had, during the recent heavy weather, all proved themselves to be in possession of weatherly qualities beyond expectation.

PRINCE ALFRED, it is said, is to be transferred from the St. George to the Raccoon, which vessel is to be immediately commissioned for sea, to convey the Prince on a lengthened cruise, believed to be to the colonies of Australia. The Prince of Leiningen is expected to take command of the Raccoon.

THE Yelverton marriage case had been brought to a conclusion, in Edinburgh, the decision being in favor of Mrs. Yelverton. Lords Churchill and Deas were of opinion that the marriage was established according to the laws of Scotland. The Lord President delivered an opinion opposed to the other judges.

CURIOS ADDRESS.—A letter, bearing the following address was last week received at the Post Office, Portpatrick:—'From Ireland to Scotland care of Ebihal Wilson dry Lodger portpatrick to the Boys Sister that lodged with you that played the Fiddle from Ireland. To be left at the Corner House till called for.'

THE ex-King of Greece was no fool after all. He has had sufficient thought to save a nice amount of money, and to have removed it out of Greece into a very secure country. It is said that he exported yearly no less a sum than £200,000, which was intended for the purpose of improvement in his kingdom.—

THE SISTERS OF Mrs. M'LACHLAN.—Ann M'Intosh, one of the sisters of Mrs. M'Lachlan, has written the following letter to the *Glasgow Herald*:—"I take the trouble of writing these few lines to inform you that I want no subscriptions gathered for me, and I advise you for your own sake not to publish my name in your *Herald* again."

THE BLAKELY GUN.—The *Herald* published a letter from Captain Blakely, stating that although three different foreign nations have now adopted his 500-pounder gun for the armament of their ships, he has not succeeded in his repeated endeavors since 1860 to get one tried by the English government, notwithstanding his offer to pay the expenses entirely if not successful.

VICTOR HUGO is in the habit of receiving a number of children belonging to the poorest classes of society, to whom he administers bodily comforts in the shape of a good dinner, and mental alimentation in the form of useful knowledge. Once a week these destitute children are found in the bosom of his family, himself, his wife and children assisting in teaching them the elements of reading and writing.—

LOSS OF LIFE IN COLLIERIES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—During the ten years ending December 31, 1860, it is officially recorded that 9,000 lives were lost in collieries in Great Britain, and 605,151,940 tons of coal raised; so that on the average one person was killed for every 66,573 tons, and there was an annual slaughter of 909 persons. Of accidents which are not fatal no general summary has yet been presented; but it is well known that there is a frightful amount of maiming from slight hurts to actual crippling for life.

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES TO MR. EDWARD ROSS.—On Thursday the prizes won during the term were presented, on the lawn of King's College, Cambridge. The Hon. Mrs. Neville presented Mr. Edward Ross with the Trinity Challenge Cup, value at 70 guineas; after which Mr. Baker presented him with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales' Challenge Cup, valued at 100 guineas. As Lieutenant Ross stepped out of the ranks to receive the honorable awards the band struck up, 'See the Conquering Hero comes.'

DEATH OF A CONTEMPORARY OF BURNS.—The obituary of the *Wigtownshire Free Press* contains the announcement of the death of Mrs. Creighton, another of the contemporaries of the poet Burns, who are now fast disappearing. Mrs. Creighton, in her youthful days, resided in the parish of Mauchline, and of course had often seen the poet. She had a perfect recollection of the day upon which the poet was united to his 'bonnie Jean,' and remembered seeing 'the young folk,' coming to take breakfast in her father's house on a morning betwixt the marriage and 'kirking' day. She had a faint recollection of the kind of dress the 'young guidwife' wore on that occasion.

MURDER OF AN ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICER AND FIFTEEN SEAMEN.—A private letter received at Plymouth reports the murder of an officer and fifteen seamen on the coast of Arabia. They had been detached from her Majesty's steam gun vessel Penguin, for the purpose of watching slave vessels. Falling short of provisions, the crews of two of the boats landed, by invitation of the natives, and were murdered.—Nothing was known of the fate of the remainder in the other boat. Lieutenant Hardy obtained possession of twenty of those principally concerned in the murder, who were to be hung. None of the bodies of the Englishmen had been discovered.

AN ELEGANT EPISTLE.—An American paper publishes the following note:—Mister Edatur. Jem bange, we are sorry to stait, has deseided. He departed this Life last mundy. Jem was generally considered a good feller. He died at the age of 23 years old. He went 4th without any struggle; and sich is Life. Tu Day we are as pepper grass, mighty smart, tu Murrer we are cut down as a cowcumber of the ground. Jem kept a nice stoar, which his wife now waits on. His virechews was numerous to behold. Many is the thing we bought at his grocery, and we are happy to state to the admirin world that he never cheeted, especially in the wate of mackrel, which was nice and sweet, and his surviving wife is the same wa. We never knew him to put sand in his sugar, tho he had a big sand bar in front of his hous; nor water in his Lickuria, tho the Ohio river runs past his dore. Pece to his remains; He leves a wife, 8 children, a cow, 4 horses, a growcery stoar, and quadrupets to mourn his loss; but in the langwidge of the poit his loss is there gane.

ROYAL RELICS.—In Ashburnham church, Sussex, are preserved the shirt, stained with some drops of blood, in which Charles I. suffered; his watch, which he gave at the place of execution to Mr. John Ashburnham; his white silk knit drawers; and the sheet which was thrown over his body. These relics were bequeathed, in 1743, by Bertram Ashburnham Esq., to the clerk of the parish, and his successors, for ever.

ORIGIN OF SPINSTER.—Formerly it was a custom, that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters, a name they still retain in all deeds and law proceedings.

INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.—The *estrapade* was an instrument invented under the reign of Francis I., to torture the protestants, whom it raised and lowered into the flames, in order to prolong their sufferings. One of these infernal machines, situated at the end of the Rue de l'Estrapade, was used for the punishment of soldiers. Their hands being tied behind them, they were raised to a considerable height, and then suddenly lowered, but not to the ground, so that the jerk dislocated their arms. This horrible mode of punishment was not abolished in France till the reign of Louis XV. It is still practised at Rome!

HEALTH AND HARDY HABITS.—I had begun betimes and by degrees (he writes) to habituate myself to temperance and exercise, which hardened the constitution to such a pitch that neither wet nor cold had any effect upon me. On setting out upon my weekly pedestrian 'flights' upon the Tyne, I never looked out to see whether it was a good day or a bad one; the worst that ever fell from the skies never deterred me from undertaking my journey. On setting out I always waded through the first pool I met with, and had sometimes the river to wade at the far end. I never changed my clothes, however they might be soaked with wet or stiffened by the frost, on my returning home at night, till I went to bed. I had inured myself to this hardship by always sleeping with my windows open, by which a thorough air as well as the snow, blew through my room. In this way I lay down, rolled in a blanket, upon a mattress as hard as I could make it. Notwithstanding this mode of treating myself, I never had any ailment even in the shape of a cold, while I continued to live in this way.—*Memoir of Thomas Bewick.*

ANECDOTE.—During a combat of lions, at which Francis I. was present, a lady having dropped her glove, said to De Lorges—'If you would have me believe that you love me as much as you swear to me every day, go and pick up my glove.' De Lorges picked it up, in the midst of the ferocious animals, and upon returning, threw it in the lady's face; and, notwithstanding all her protestations and entreaties, would never see her more.

BOOKS.—So very valuable were books a few centuries ago, that in the year 1471, when Louis XI, of France wanted to borrow the works of the Arabian physician, Rhasis, from the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, he was compelled to deposit, by way of pledge, a large quantity of valuable plate, and was also obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as security in a deed, by which he was bound to return it under a very considerable penalty. About the commencement of the fourteenth century there was only four classics in the Royal Library at Paris; there was one copy of Cicero, Ovid, Lucan and Boethius. So late as the reign of Henry VI. it is ordered, by one of the statutes of St. Mary's, Oxford, 'That no scholars shall occupy a book in that library above one hour at most.'

Notice to Correspondents.
 P. S. W., Woodstok, received.
 J. W., Toronto, received.
 A. D., Quebec, such sketches we will give engravings of with pleasure.
 R. J., London, received.
 G. P. W., Bowmanville, to late for this number.

Commercial.
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
 Traffic for week ending 9th Jan., 1863 \$ 63,924 17½
 Corresponding week of last year, 62,121 89½
 Increase... \$ 1,802 28
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
 Traffic for week ending 3rd Jan., 1863 \$95,146 75
 Corresponding week last year... 92,293 77
 Increase..... \$ 2,852 98

MONTREAL MARKET.
 MONTREAL, Jan. 15, 1863.
FLOUR.—Firm, No. 1 Superfine, \$4 50.
WHEAT.—Steady, U. C. Spring, ex cars in demand at 93c @ 94c; U. C. White \$1 05 @ \$1 08, ex cars and store.
PEAS.—70c to 72½c per 66 lbs. None offering.
CORN.—In demand. Mixed Western 54c @ 55c.
OATMEAL.—\$4 50 per brl. 200 lbs.
OATS.—42½c to 45c per 40 lbs.
ASHES.—In good demand, Pots at \$6 35 @ 6 40; Pearls at \$6 30.
PORK.—Mess, \$10 to \$10 50; Prime and Prime Mess, \$8. Nominal.
DRESSED HOGS.—Of 150 to 200 lbs. \$4 00; 200 lbs and over, \$4 00 @ 4 50. Good demand.
BUTTER.—Fair demand; store packed, 13c @ 14c; Dairy, 14c to 16c.

NEW YORK MARKETS.
 New York, Jan. 15, 1863.
FLOUR.—Receipts 11,635 barrels—Market unsettled and 5c to 10c better; sales 10,000 at \$6 30 to \$6 60 for super State and Western; \$6 75 to \$6 95 for Extra State; \$6 95 to \$7 10 for choice do; \$6 80 to \$7 15 for common to medium Extra Western; \$7 25 to \$7 35 for common to good shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio. Canada Flour 5c to 10c better; sales 600 bbls.
WHEAT.—Receipts 333 bus—Market irregular, unsettled and 1c to 2c better; sales 40,000 bus \$1 30 to \$1 39 for Chic Spring; \$1 50 to \$1 46 for Mill Club; \$1 47 to \$1 49 for amber Iowa; \$1 52 to \$1 55 for winter red Western; \$1 56 to \$1 57 for amber Michigan.
RYE.—nominal.
BARLEY.—Nominal at \$1 40 to \$1 60.
CORN.—Receipts 1,450 bus—Market quiet and about 1c better; sales 40,000 bus at 84c to 85c for shipping mixed Western.
OATS.—Firm at 72c to 75c.
PORK.—Firm. Beef quiet.
DRESSED HOGS.—A shade lower at 5½c to 6c.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.
 Breadstuffs quiet, but firm. There has been no regular market since Tuesday.
 Richardson Spence & Co., quote flour firm, but inactive. Wheat firm with small sales.—Corn quiet. Provisions very dull. Various circulars report beef heavy. Pork has a downward tendency. Bacon down, with a decline of 1s. Lard easier.

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WOOD CUTS,

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Twenty-Five to Fifty Per Cent Less! Than the usual prices charged in the Province. Make arrangements with us to send our special Artist to sketch, or send ambrotype or sketch of whatever is to be engraved, and state size required, and we will quote price at once.

H. BROWN & Co., Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, C. W.

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TERMS, for one year, sent by mail..... \$3.00 for six months, " " " " " " " " 1.50

Single Copies, 6 cts., to be had from the News dealers. Payments strictly in advance. Any person sending the names of TEN Subscribers, with the money, will receive a copy for one year.

Rates of Advertising. Ten Cents per Line first insertion, each subsequent insertion, eight cents per line. All letters, concerning any business whatsoever, in connection with the paper or the office, must be addressed to "The Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton."

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