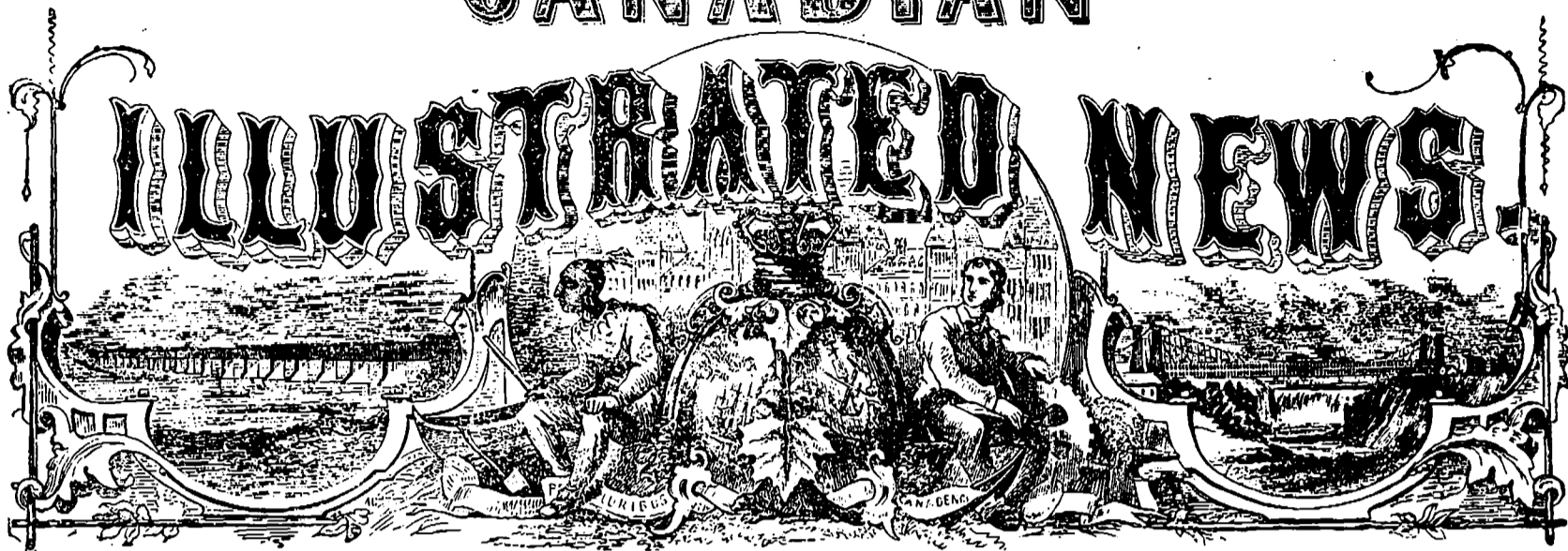


# CANADIAN



Vol. III—No. 7.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, JANUARY, 16, 1864.

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## HON. J. YOUNG, OF MONTREAL.

The Honourable Mr. Young was born at Ayr, in Scotland, in 1811. He left school at the age of thirteen, and for eighteen months kept school in a country parish near Ayr. He arrived in Montreal in 1826, and during nine years was clerk with Messrs. John Tar- rance & Co., and of this firm he became a partner in 1835, at Quebec, where he remained for five years, during three of which he did business on his own account.

It was during his residence here in 1837 that he first took part in any public matters. He, with others, became satisfied that there would be an attempt at rebellion against the government, and was instrumental in having a memorial presented to the then Governor-General, Earl Gosford, pointing out the danger, and petitioning that corps of volunteers might be enrolled. This the Governor-General refused to do at the time, but promised that the memorialists would be called on to support the government if their assistance should be required. In about three weeks after, this became necessary. Mr. Young got command of a company in a regiment of



HON. JOHN YOUNG, MONTREAL.

light infantry, which was made up in twenty-four hours, and was the first to receive arms. During the winter the Quebec Light Infantry did regular duty in keeping night guard on the citadel.

In 1840 he returned to Montreal, joining Harrison Stephens in business. It was part of his duty to travel every winter in Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, &c., and it was by the experience thus acquired, and the intimate knowledge of the various routes to the seaboard for interior productions, that Mr. Young became so thoroughly acquainted with the great advantages of the St. Lawrence and other routes to the ocean.

Mr. Young's first public act in Montreal was to oppose the expenditure in feasting of a large sum of money raised to celebrate the birth of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He recommended that the money should be applied in the purchase of three hundred acres of land near the city, where an asylum for the poor could be secured, and to connect it by name with the occasion. But although his motion was carried, it was afterwards re-considered, and an adverse decision adopted.

See page 109.

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H. GREGORY & Co.

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1863.

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THE CANADIAN

Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, JANUARY 16, 1864.

H. GREGORY & Co. Proprietors.

THIS JOURNAL.

The Christmas and New Year's holidays having deranged some of the agencies relied on for the preparation of the number of this paper intended for January 15, the issue for that day was postponed for one week. This misadventure was not without loss; time has been gained to make new arrangements which have been fully in progress for the improvement of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS in all its departments; one of the chief relations being its earlier despatch in the week by mail and agencies, to reach the distant subscribers, if possible, not later than the day of its date. But the proprietors are engaged in bringing to maturity arrangements of a more important nature. These comprehend plans to elevate this journal as nearly to perfection in the quality of its engravings and of literary matter as a large investment of money, and the appliances of art can accomplish.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is established, despite the difficulties numerous, various, complicated, costly, inseparable from the first or second year of such a journal, in a young and sparsely peopled country where pictorial literature had not before been a native production, this is a permanent member in the family of newspapers. It is the recognized medium by which Canada the Province, pictorially illustrates to Britain the Empire, the natural scenery, so grand, so beautiful: the lakes, rivers, rapids, falls, mountains, and forests; the cities, monuments and most remarkable public buildings; the person lineaments and biographies of eminent persons; the products of agriculture, manufactures, and of mining. It is the pictorial representative of a vast territory, which invites new settlers in any number from any nation, so as they come to be industrious and good citizens.

The proprietors promise a paper for 1864, which shall be greatly in advance of that issued in 1863, both in quality and variety of illustrations. But that of 1863, which we presume to say, was so good as to justify them in asking present subscribers to give their friendly services in obtaining for the NEWS a wider circulation. A moderate amount of effort on the part of each reader who is inspired with good

will to this enterprise, and with sentiments of pride in the good name and intellectual reputation of Canada, might result in one, or two, or three thousand being added to the circulation. Each additional copy, each score, hundred, or thousand sold, is an augmentation of power in the proprietors to increase the number of artists and engravers, and to produce a healthy literature, which is native product of the Land of Promise in which we live. It is almost like magic when the mail arrives with news and communications of new subscribers. And having said so much, and reminding it may be further remarked that there are at present a gently required from our subscribers, and especially from agents who distribute the paper and collect payments.

It is intended to produce a good literary journal in which a healthy morality will be jealously cherished; in which partizan politics will be avoided; the intellectual dignity, the moral purity, the safety of the province, and its conservation as an integral portion of the British Empire, only to be in the form of political dispositions. The superior quality of the paper now used in printing the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is an advantage which in union with the good nature of its contents, suggests that it is the family newspaper which especially claims to be preserved and read in every home for its reference. It may not read of the wars and battles of a distant age, but so much of the history of such countries as will give it the interest of a useful history when preserved and read will be considered.

THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

At the present moment no living individual fills so large a space in the world's eye as the Emperor of the French. He is truly the observed of all observers. In this respect he comes well up to his avowed exemplar, a man who much more truly than Charles XII. of Sweden, may be spoken of as having "left a name" which the world greets with awe. This Napoleon III. should ever make us deep, or as wholly forget an important part of the history of the time as the first Napoleon did at the end of his brief, but generally expected reign in the same way, he would not do better by premature to look upon him as a man whose work is done. That he is a man, it is all possible, to do a something more extraordinary than anything he has yet done, something which may well eclipse in grand importance a victory that the first Napoleon actually achieved, is believed by those who profess to know him best. If he be known at all to any one, Europe meanwhile awaits with suspense and anxiety his next move, whatever that is to be. Rightly or wrongly, it is believed by almost every one that he holds the fate of the civilized world in his hands. The idea may be on the whole a large exaggeration of the truth; but the bare fact of its prevalence in men's minds counts for a great deal in any calculation that may be made.

But granting that Louis Napoleon's real importance as a power in himself, (or, at rather as the power that moves France) be very much exaggerated, which would not a large deduction must be made from the popular estimate, enough still remains to make him what he really is, or far the most influential man of the age, whether for good or for evil. One most important fact which the replies of the leading European Powers to his recent invitation have made apparent is none other than this, namely - that they are all to some extent afraid of him and of what he may do. Without implying that they fear him in war, though even that might be affirmed of some of them without going very wide of the truth, it may at least be said that they fear to meet him in council. And now comes the question, they; for there are good grounds for the belief that a Congress assembled at Paris to decide the fate of Europe would be so managed by the unseen hand of the Emperor in all its operations, that it would do little else than register 'Napoleonic ideas.' The smaller States, which had everything to gain and nothing to lose, eagerly accepted, but the Great Powers, those that had more to fear for than to hope for, decided to commit their interests to the chances of the proposed Congress. It had to them the appearance of a year of European peace, which Napoleon would have the power of separating and relieving the powers against each other, if it would be the case for about what result he

The declining of the invitation to the Congress by Great Britain, Austria, and Russia, and in effect by Prussia also, is the first decisive public sign of an inclination among these Powers, or any two or three of them, to combine against the nephew, as in former times they did against the uncle. The circumstance is one of the gravest importance; and marks an era in the Imperial career of Napoleon the Third. We may almost guess what Napoleon the First would have done in the premises. He would most probably have put them all at defiance, and have pursued his schemes regardless of any combination that might be formed. But common report attributes to the Bonaparte of our time an amount of patient and politic craft of which the impetuous spirit of the first Emperor suffered him to give but comparatively few examples in his conduct. The main fact worth noting in this connection is the disposition shewn by some of the Powers to combine in a manner against the diplomacy of the Third Napoleon, as they did fifty or sixty years ago against the arms of the First. They appear now to be in almost as much dread of the one as they once were of the other. The terrors of a diplomatic Congress at Paris almost count those of a possible Jena or Austerlitz.

What, it may be asked, is the actual position and mode of management of Louis Napoleon, which gives him the command of advantage over all the other Sovereigns of the Continent of Europe which he now undoubtedly enjoys? As regards the first, it may be answered that his advantage of position lies in his being at the head of a brave and excitable military nation, easily moved and managed by the will of one man, if that man be one who is equal to the task. If it be objected that this last qualification to the proposition makes it sound rather like a truism, we reply, that no man, however able, were he Caesar, Cromwell, and Napoleon in one, could exercise in Great Britain the sway which the present Emperor does in France. Positively the people of England cannot be handled by any one mortal man as those of France formerly were by Napoleon the First, and now are by Napoleon the Third. Concerning the second point, his system of management, his great strength and advantage here lies in his constantly taking the initiative, or being allowed to take it, whichever you please. Amongst his European competitors he is like a card-player, who either takes or has given to him the chance of playing first, of leading out, as it were; and of naming the particular suit that is to be trumps in the game. We may go further with the illustration, which is not a bad one, after all, of the facts of the existing situation, and say that he has also the privilege of naming the particular game which is to be played, and that after the cards have been dealt. The "nephew of my uncle" sits at the head of the diplomatic card-table, and to him the eyes of all the players are turned, each one repeating the question, "What is trumps (this time; is it spades, clubs, hearts, or diamonds?" Is it to be diplomacy and negotiation with tangible and durable results, the same without any result, a great war and a battle of Gog and Magog, or a general disarmament and the millennium? It would be folly to deny that in him, more than in any other living man, lies the power, whenever he chooses to use it, of initiating whichever of these may suit him best. This power of initiating and dictating what is to be the movement of the time, of setting the ball in motion in almost any direction he may choose, and his system of using that power, is what gives him that great and incalculable advantage over all other European potentates which he now most undoubtedly possesses.

Louis Napoleon's position of authority in the world's affairs is to a certainty threatened now by two great dangers - the one internal and the other external. The first is the reviving spirit of the Republic in France; the second is a possible combination against him of a majority of the Great Powers. Can he evade these dangers, can he turn their force aside so that it shall not be expended against himself; or is he destined to rush upon his own destruction, and to shatter his hitherto victorious weapons against something too hard for either him or them. These are questions which are among us, perhaps not even Napoleon himself can answer. His antecedents would rather incline him to the opinion that he will adopt in the main the more cautious and politic course; yielding whe



MEMOIR OF CHARLES LEGGE, ESQ., CIVIL ENGINEER,  
MONTREAL.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

In other columns of this day's issue is a memoir of the Hon. John Young of Montreal. Had I been its writer I might have been led through love of a theme so congenial as the useful, the good, the true, the resolute in enterprise, to delate on the personal qualities, and public services of Mr. Young at much greater length. But in treating of public utilities as promoted by private enterprise, which in a 'History of the Industrial Progress of Canada' I trust to do at an early date, that eminent merchant and citizen will again pass under review.

I have already in this journal written of Canadian Engineers, with most of whom, and others not yet noticed, Mr. Young has had intimate relations in suggesting and sustaining their efforts to originate Provincial improvements under clouds of public discouragement. Mr. Charles Legge falls to be noticed at present.

'A Glance at the Victoria Bridge, and the Men who built it,' a work of singular interest, published by Mr. John Lovell of Montreal, price only fifty cents, was written by Mr. Legge. It is lucid, graphic, eloquent, but through the modesty which is hand-maiden to genius, it is defective in almost entirely omitting the services rendered by its writer in the construction of that matchless work. The quality of those services has been, for this sketch, obtained from other records of information.

Charles Legge was born September 29th, 1829, at Gananoque, County of Leeds, Canada West, and received his early education under the Rev. Alexander McLean and other teachers at the village academy. In 1846 he entered the Queen's University at Kingston, and during the summer vacation engaged on a trigonometrical survey of the north shore of Lake Huron, which was conducted for the Canadian Government by Alexander Vidal, Esq., of Port Sarnia, returning in the autumn to the University. A letter from Mr. Vidal certified thus: 'His acquiescence to my wishes and sincere endeavours to assist me in my work, deserved and have obtained my warmest approbation, and have secured my high esteem.' The Rev. James Williamson, L. L. D., Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering in Queen's University, wrote of Mr. Legge, July, 1847: 'I fervently trust our best hopes may be realized, and that our University may have cause to be proud of having numbered him among her sons.'

From an early age Charles Legge was destined for the profession of a Civil Engineer in consequence of the predilection shown for mechanics, a quality of mind inherited from his father, who is yet living, and is a mechanic of the highest order. He was articled as an engineer pupil to Samuel Keefer, Esq., the present Deputy Commissioner of Public Works, then Chief Engineer of the Welland Canal.

On the appointment of that gentleman to the office of Chief Engineer of Public Works, the pupil followed his professional teacher from the Welland Canal to Montreal, and in succeeding years applied himself with great industry and zeal to acquiring a thorough knowledge of the mysteries of his future profession. He succeeded in this so well that in the year 1852, the Honourable John Young, then

Chief Commissioner of Public Works, with a keen perception of the youthful Mr. Legge's talents and industry, appointed him superintending engineer of the St. Lawrence Canals, in which position he gave the greatest satisfaction. In the succeeding year he was promoted to the charge of the Junction Canal, then in course of construction. That was a position better suited for exercising the young engineer's talents than the one he last occupied. He remained directing the construction of the Junction Canal, and they who have minutely examined it from Iroquois Village to the highest lock on the St. Lawrence opposite Frazer's Island, six miles below Prescott, as I did, and noted the nature of the work at the Galouse Rapids, the stupendous locks, and the great water-power furnished from the canal to the Canada Starch Company, know how perfect the engineering has been. He remained there until in compliance with the urgent request of his late chief, he

as the quarries of Lake Champlain and Mile End, nearly one hundred miles apart, both of which had to be frequently visited and the work there going on examined and measured.

Throughout the five busy years thus employed Mr. Legge commanded the unqualified confidence of Messrs. Ross and Hodges, as well as of every contractor, mechanic and labourer under his charge, as was evinced by the numerous costly gifts bestowed on him at the completion of the work by both employers and employed when bidding each other farewell.

Before the completion of the Victoria Bridge a project had been mooted by Messrs Hodges and Ross for building a tubular bridge over the Niagara River, a short distance below the Falls. The great engineering difficulty in carrying out the scheme was the scaffolding on which to erect the

land piers. A design was submitted to the two eminent engineers by Mr. Legge and met with their most cordial approval. For boldness of design, strength, rigidity, and lightness, united with ease of construction it stands unrivalled, and if the young engineer had achieved but this alone, it would have placed him high among the clever men of his profession. The proprietors of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS hope ere long to give their readers a view of this grand mechanical structure, which at no distant day will receive a material embodiment.

The following copies of letters testify how highly the two chief engineers of the Victoria Bridge esteemed Mr. Legge.

From James Hodges, Esq., Principal Agent for the firm of Messrs. Peto and Betts, Contractors for building the Victoria Bridge.—  
"Montreal, 12th January, 1860. Mr. Chas. Legge has been employed on the works of the Victoria Bridge as Assistant Engineer for nearly five years and by his unwearied perseverance and attention to his duties has always given me great satisfaction. I can with great confidence recommend

him as a very practical man—competent to take charge of any engineering work."

Mr. Ross, chief Engineer to the Grand Trunk Railway Company wrote thus:

"Mr. Charles Legge has been engaged for the last five years, as superintendant upon the works of the Victoria Bridge, in the construction of coffer dams, building the diers, and erecting the tubes, in which capacity his attention to his duties, has rendered him a most efficient assistant, trustworthy and correct. His long practical experience will qualify him for the construction of engineering works of any extent."

The great work however, with which Mr. Legge's name is destined to be most intimately linked, is the celebrated Hydraulic Docks at Montreal—a gigantic work truly, and one which when carried out will give Montreal facilities for manufacturing, with warehouse, railway and dock accommodation such as no other city in the world can equal or even approach, and will place her far in advance of all others in commercial prosperity. For many years past the leading merchants of the commercial metropolis, headed by the Honourable John Young, have been strenuously exerting themselves to obtain more extensive facilities for commer-



CHARLES LEGGE, ESQ., CIVIL ENGINEER, MONTREAL.

resigned his position in the Government service, and joined Mr. Keefer on the Grand Trunk Railway, to which that gentleman had been appointed. There he was employed in the location of the line between Kingston and Brockville.

On the completion of that work, and at the commencement of active field operations his valuable services were at once secured by Mr. Hodges on the part of the contractors who appointed him to the Cornwall District of the railway, where he remained until the opening of the line from Montreal to Kingston. At that time owing to the completion of the work a great reduction of the staff was made. Young Legge expected to go with the rest, when to his surprise and gratification he was telegraphed for to Montreal to receive the appointment of superintending engineer of the south half of the Victoria Bridge, then about being commenced.

The confidence displayed by Mr. Hodges in the appointment of this young Canadian engineer, at the time scarcely twenty-five years of age, to this highly important post was not misplaced; he knew his man and put that man in the right place. The work thus entrusted to him was driven on with the utmost rapidity, and unparalleled success. Nearly fifteen hundred men, embracing mechanics of all classes were under his control, as well



cial and manufacturing objects, and in furtherance of this design have at various times employed a rather large number of eminent Canadian and American engineers to furnish plans by which this object could be achieved.

Early in the year 1861, a large committee of wealthy and influential merchants was organized with the indefatigable Hon. John Young as chairman, with the view of another attempt being made. On this occasion native talent was called in. Mr. Young's old protege in the Public Works Department, Mr. Legge, was appointed to draw up the plans.

A preliminary report describing the nature, extent, and mode of accomplishing the work is before me, from which in some future issue of this paper extracts will be made— suffice it now to observe that by the most eminent American and foreign engineers Mr. Legge's scheme of Hydraulic Docks stands unrivaled in ancient or modern times.

Mr. Legge has also prepared a Dock scheme for the Mill proprietors at the foot of the Lachine Canal, accompanied by elaborate plans and estimates with a very able report. The entire cost, I understand is about one million of dollars, but the land reclaimed and adapted for warehouses, each provided with railway, cart, and ocean-ship connections, will sell for more than the entire cost.

Many other extensive works have also owed their origin to this gentleman, to one of which we may refer hereafter, a magnificent park scheme at Montreal, on the site of the Priest's Farm.

Mr. Legge for some years past has been consulting engineer for several of the most extensive Hydraulic companies in the Province and is regarded as one of the first hydraulic authorities on the continent. He is yet a young man but has attained by his own unaided efforts a name of which he and his native country may justly be proud.

THE NEW CONFEDERATE ENVOY TO FRANCE.

Mr. Superville, who has arrived in Paris in the character of "Special Envoy from the Confederate States," is a Frenchman by birth, and was formerly an advocate in the South of France. He has been living in Texas for the last seventeen years, and is now a naturalized American.

A Methodist minister in Kansas, living on a small salary, was greatly troubled to get his quarterly instalment. He at last told the non-paying trustees he must have his money, as he was suffering for the necessaries of life.

THE CIRCASSIAN BRAVES.—All attempts on the part of the Russians to conquer or coerce the brave Circassian mountaineers have signally failed. An encounter has recently taken place, in which a Russian column was worsted by the Shapsuls—a tribe of Circassians for whose annihilation three columns of Russian infantry and cavalry have been sent out.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

THE NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

On the second page the reader may have perused the article headed 'This Journal.' The new arrangements indicated there have not come to maturity so soon as was expected when that portion of the paper was completed for press.

Owing to the great portion of the reading matter in this Number having been in type for two weeks, the small part of it relating to news may seem out of date, and unfortunately that could not be remedied.

The good nature of that sensible majority of subscribers who are not ravens croaking on the wayside stumps, but are on their farms, in their stores, or offices, all less or more pioneers as we are, struggling in the onward, upward, march of progressive Canada, working hopefully as they struggle, overcoming obstacles and ever moving on, these the stout hearts and the true will understand how to be generous in their criticism.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND ITEMS.

Sir William Armstrong has fairly beaten the Lords of the Admiralty in the latest recorded trial of strength between them. The contest between the two 'Powers' has now been going on for some time; but appearances indicate that the knight of the big gun has carried the day at last.

It appears rather anomalous that a county Registrar, (in cases where a city and the county in which it is separated for Registration purposes,) though he may, and almost must, have his office in the city, is yet compelled to reside in the county.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

EDITED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE ONTARIO CHESS CLUB, OF HAMILTON.

Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Illustrated Canadian News.

PROBLEM No. 11.

Correct solutions received from J. T. and G. G., St. Catharines; T. P. B., Seaforth; Alma, Brantford; and A. H., Barrie.

PROBLEM No. 12.

Correct solutions sent by G. G., St. Catharines; Alma, Brantford; A. H., Barrie; and Eook, Cobourg.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 11.

- White. 1. B to Q Kt 5. 2. Q to R B 5 (ch). 3. B to Q 7, mate. (If he play otherwise the Q mates.) (a) 1. 2. Q takes P (ch). 3. Q to K Kt 7 or Q to Q 7, mate. (b) If Black plays 1. K to Q 3, then follow 2. Q to KB 7, &c. If 1. K to Q sq, then White moves 2. Q takes P, and mates next move.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 12.

- White. 1. Q to QR 7. 2. R to K 6. 3. Q or B mates. Black. Anything. SOLUTION TO ENIGMA No. 1. White. 1. Q to K 7. 2. Q to Q B 5, mate. (a) 1. 2. Kt to Q Kt 6, mate. (b) 1. 2. Kt to Q Kt 4, mate. (c) 1. 2. Q takes Kt mate. (d) 1. 2. B to KB 3, mate. Black. 1. K takes Kt or (a) (b) (c) (d) B takes Kt Kt to KB 4 Kt to K 3 Kt to Q 6 or B 7

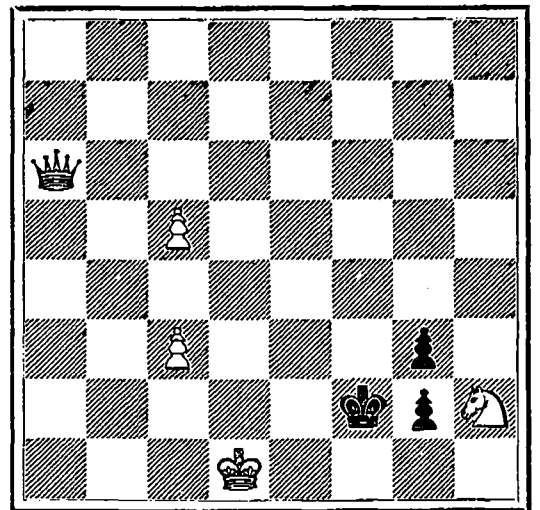
SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 2.

- White. 1. Q to Q 7. 2. Q to Kt 5, mate. (a) 1. 2. Q to B 5, mate. (b) 1. 2. Q takes Q, mate. (c) 1. 2. Q to QB 5, mate. 1. 2. R takes Q and mates. Black. K to B 5 or (a) (b) (c) K to K 5 Q takes R Kt to B 5 If any other move.

PROBLEM No. 12.

BY R. B. WORMALD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 3.

BY THE REV. MR. BOLTON

- White pieces: K Kt 3, Q 4, Q 5, KR 4, KB 4, K 6. Black pieces: K Kt 3, Q Kt 5, KR 2, KR 3, KB 4, Q 7. White to play and mate in three moves.

Game recently played between two of the members of the Egmondville Chess Club.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

- White—Dr. S. 1. P to K 4. 2. K Kt to B 3. 3. K Kt takes P. 4. K Kt takes BP (a). 5. B to Q B 4 (ch). 6. B to Q Kt 3. 7. P to Q 3. 8. Castles (b). 9. P to K B 4. 10. P to Q B 4. 11. B P takes P. 12. P to K 5. 13. P takes B. 14. Kt to Q B 3. 15. P to Q 4. 16. Kt takes P. 17. R takes R (ch). 18. B takes Kt. 19. Q to K B 3 (d). 20. B takes Q. 21. B to K B 4. 22. R to Q B sq. 23. R to Q B 7. 24. R takes P. 25. B to K 5. 26. R to K Kt 7 (ch). Black—Mr. G. J. 1. P to K 4. 2. K Kt to B 3. 3. P to Q 3. 4. K takes Kt. 5. P to Q 4. 6. Q to K sq. 7. P to B 3. 8. K to B 3. 9. R to K sq. 10. K to Kt sq. 11. P takes P. 12. B takes P (c). 13. Q takes P. 14. K to R sq. 15. Q to Q 3. 16. Kt takes Kt. 17. Q takes R. 18. Kt to Q 2. 19. Q takes Q. 20. P to Q R 4. 21. K to Kt sq. 22. Kt to Q Kt 3. 23. B to K 3. 24. Kt to Q 4. 25. P to K Kt 3.

And Black resigns.

[a] This move is the invention of Mr. Cochrane, and leads to many interesting positions.

[b] Staunton, in his remarks upon this opening, says: "The peculiarity of the Cochrane attack is not perhaps understood. If White attempt in it to set up any very fierce assault upon the Black King he will assuredly fail; and in this respect the opening differs from most others where a Piece is sacrificed. The proper course here appears to be for White to bring out his Pieces, Castle on the Queen's side, (this is very essential,) and then push on rapidly with the King's wing Pawns; these Black can stem only with his Pieces, and the exposed position of his King will prevent his arranging any counter-attack. Mr. Cochrane usually Castles on the King's side when conducting this attack; but this I consider an error, because in advancing his King's side Pawns—in which consists his chief strength—White exposes his own King; whereas on the Queen's side he is perfectly safe."

[c] Black appears to have fully contemplated this sacrifice, which seems a very judicious one, for these Pawns threaten to become formidable auxiliaries in the attack.

[d] Compelling an exchange of Queens, if Black wishes to avoid further loss; and in either case leaving White with a winning position.



night in fear and remorse, now one feeling, now the other predominating. At length she took her candle and went to bed.

In the darkness she found courage to address her husband, but he did not answer. It was awful to be at enmity with any one through the long dark hours of the night. Who knew what might happen before morning? Her heart became very pitiful. She bent over her husband, kissed him, letting her tears fall on his cheek, and praying that if her words had pained him, he might soon be enabled to forget them. She was willing to bear any punishment for her passion, if only she could be free from the dreadful thought that she had made another unhappy.

When the morning came, Walter did not scold his wife; and when, with tears in her eyes, she told him how sorry she was for what she had said, he answered with a cold civility which frightened her more than oaths would have done. 'Pray, do not apologise for your frankness; I am always glad to know what people think of me. Henceforth you and I understand each other better than we have hitherto done. It is one of the duties of marriage to be a good example in morals, so we will have no secrets, if you please. We will behave towards each other as we have always done, though of course we cannot be sure to know that our marriage has been a failure.'

Lucy did not answer; her tears and her woe-like died within her, as she gazed on her husband's cold smile. In a few days' time she had almost forgotten the pain she did at the moment. With a sinking heart, but without one word of remonstrance, she fell into her husband's arms. When any one was present, he addressed her with as many terms of endearment, and paid her as much attention as he had ever done. There was indeed a shade of difference in his manner, which was felt keenly by his wife, but which passed unperceived by others. Lucy on her side did her best to meet his wishes and to answer him in her old manner. When they were alone he never spoke to her, and if she said any thing to him, he would answer her remark with a bow, or short civil assent, which would effectually silence her. If depressed by his silent presence she retired to the solitude of her own room, he was sure to send for her with a loving message. At first she ran to him with joyful alacrity, hoping that at length she was to be scolded and forgiven, but he always addressed her in the same words; 'If you sit so much alone, the servants will begin to suspect the truth; and you should remember, that however unsuited we are to each other, it is still our duty to set an example of domestic felicity.' The last two words were always pronounced with a peculiarly aggravating sneer; and Lucy could not avoid feeling that her husband was not merely unforgiving, but also cruel and vindictive, and that he derived a cat-like enjoyment from the sight of her misery.

How long can this last? she would think, as she wearily lay down at night, and wearily rose in the morning. She smiled sadly as she remembered how Ethel, the sulky member of her family, had once kept up a quarrel for five hours and had gone to bed refusing to bid Lucy good-night. But at that time, Lucy had a superstitious feeling about putting out the candle before she was at peace with all the world, and had sought Ethel in her own room, where she was only too glad of a second offer of reconciliation, and the sisters had fallen asleep in each other's arms. 'I am wiser now, thought poor Lucy, with a sigh; I have quite got over all such superstitious fancies.'

Sometimes, when leaning on her husband's arm and listening to his words of endearment, she would feel as though it would be a relief to her if she might stand in the market-place, and proclaim aloud to all the world her sins, her sorrows, and her hypocrisy; but perhaps she deceived herself, perhaps she needed neither her husband's taunting commands nor any sense of duty to prevent her exposing her domestic unhappiness.

She tried to coax Walter into forgiving her, she waited on him at breakfast, and looked pleadingly into his face, as she brought him his cup of coffee, and whatever he liked best, and lighted his cigar. He invariably answered her with the same triumphant smile, that said as plainly as words could do; 'So madam, I have taught you to beg for the love which you once despised! To which Lucy's soft eyes would reply; 'If I am a beggar, will you not pity me?'

One day, when Walter was engaged in his magisterial duties—for this most exemplary husband was also a most exemplary magistrate—Lucy was indulging herself in a good sob on the drawing-room sofa, when she heard approaching steps in the hall; she started up; her eyes were red and her braids had tumbled down; she hastily concealed herself behind a curtain that was close to the back drawing-room door, intending to escape as soon as the visitors were in the front room. But the handle of the door having broken, it was locked on the outside with a key, so that she was forced to remain where she was. Walter and a brother-magistrate stood for some time on the rug conversing about the events of the morning.

'I thought, Mr Mordant, you were a little too hard upon that John Rawdon.'

'What I too hard upon the brute who beat his wife. I tell you what, Sir Henry—I only wish that I could have given him another month, and a good flogging into the bargain; and if he had had the latter part of the dose, he might have thanked his stars that magistrates don't execute their own sentences.'

Walter spoke warmly. He believed that he would not himself have struck a woman under any circumstances; and he could feel genuine indignation against faults he had no inclination to commit.

Lucy, as she listened behind her curtain, was sure that her husband was saying what he really felt.

'Oh! she thought, surely, he is too good to be always angry with me. He will forgive me some day, and let me love him once more; and oh! how dearly I could love him now.'

The two men continued to discuss John Rawdon's sentence, unconscious of their listener; and Lucy leaned forward, eagerly listening to every word. She was too excited to think whether, if her husband had known of her presence he would have spoken exactly as he had done. Every sentence he uttered was to her as a sentence of life and death; and drowning men feel that they have a right to every boat they can catch hold of. Walter uttered so many

generous sentiments, that Lucy's heart beat high with hope; and she could almost fancy that as he spoke, he was thinking of her, not of John Rawdon's wife; and that as soon Sir Henry had left, he would come of his own accord, to tell her of his forgiveness; when Sir Henry said, 'you argue as if I were an advocate for wife-beating; I'm no such thing; I only said that this particular man had great excuses for what he did. He was mad with passion at the time, and even you will allow that he had some cause for being in a passion. And nobody in the court could have been seeing that his sorrow and shame for what he had done were genuine.'

'I don't think passion ought to be considered an excuse for anything. People have no right to put themselves into such a passion that they don't know what they are doing. Lucy's heart sank within her. (As for the brute's sorrow and shame,' continued the speaker, warming with his subject, 'I don't care that—snapping his fingers—whether they were genuine or not. As a married man, you ought to be ashamed of speaking on behalf of such a wretch. It is only when I think of a great heavy wife like this being used upon a woman, and then of my debating into Lucy, it is as much as I can do, to maintain the law, to prevent her kicking the law overboard, and plunging into the yellow myself.'

'Well, well, but husbands will always get their deserts from you. But you should remember that, though of course you would never commit a crime of which you were not guilty, you would never forgive a husband who had done you wrong—dream or forewarning what he was going to do, as you are so anxious for his errand.'

'The very least he could do, if I could so much as say, "I as to strike a woman, there's nothing I shouldn't be obliged to forgive her.'

Lucy, silently weeping behind the curtain, could hardly resist entreating him to inflame John Rawdon. Her heart warmed towards her husband at every word he uttered.

She did not reflect whether his actions were consistent with his professions, whether he ought not to have been ashamed to allude to her as he had done, or to be called a good husband. Separated from her own family, not only by distance, but also by the secret of her married life, and starving for love and sympathy, her husband needed to be no hero in order to appear one to her.

Lucy looked forward with anxious hope to her next meeting with Walter. She had never before seen so kind a countenance which she would have given up as a lost cause should he do so. Her husband's temper had been so bad in her pocket, she had almost lost all hope of it, and had been waiting for a chance of opportunity of striking it. In the defender of John Rawdon could have seen in Lucy's eyes the stings and humiliations which he would have been sure to have made of her success. He would have been sure to have taken with one spark of generosity, could have done so, by addressing a little creature, Lucy looked up into her husband's face, but there was no change done in it or in his manner. She took her seat on the sofa and kissed him. 'Walter, dear Walter, forgive me, I beg, what was the use of asking you to forgive me?—I never had a claim for you; but it is my work—your hair—you don't like to wear it; I had better burn it.'

'By no means. By making it was a very good thought, but it does not seem to me that you are not doing it, would you like the servants to see it? I will write to-day or to-morrow to the milliner, and order a hundred pounds worth of hair.'

'O Walter, what a brute to say that! You don't know how miserable I am.'

'It has been an unfortunate marriage for both of us; but you have no reason to complain. Since you think so much of me, you probably married me for my money, and that I never grieve you.'

'Oh! you don't—you don't believe that. Don't you remember what a simple child I was when you married me? I never thought about your being rich or poor; I hardly knew what a good marriage would be. She felt on her knees, still holding his unfeeling hand in hers. 'Judge me by the three years of my married life—not by that one hour. Some devil's just possessed my mind—it was not I who spoke. I know how foolish my words were; may do as my punishment, but don't you forgive me, Walter, please—because you are killing me.'

'A pretty confession that I'm being against you, and I would have thought you to deserve more than to be called Sir Henry. I am afraid, though, you would find it a little difficult to bring a charge of this kind.'

'I will never tell to any living creature what you wish to keep secret. But, Walter, you don't know me—I am sure you are too good to mean it, but—there are different ways of being cruel. Yet I have no right to complain; I have been very foolish and wicked; I think I could be wiser and better now—I know how how precious your love is.'

'Ay,' he sneered, 'I dare say you are fonder of me now, it is very true that women are like spaniels.'

She felt his taunt pass unheeded. 'Try and love me a little,' she pleaded. 'Not as you used to do—but at least give me some hope; surely all our life is not to be like this. O Walter, think what a home this will be for your child, if it has; has never injured you don't make me wish to die at its birth.'

He ground his teeth as he snatched his hand from hers. 'Is all my life to be sacrificed to children? Isn't it enough that the first must deprive me of a woman I loved; and the second bore me with the excesses of a woman—intended.'

That was Lucy's last attempt at reconciliation. She resigned herself as well as she could to her lot, and did only know what she suffered. With many weary peace attempts, she looked forward to her husband's next meeting. She could expect no kisses now, but she could expect attention more delicate than doctor or nurse ever think of; the remembrance of such she did indeed receive, but only reminded her more painfully of the absence of the reality. She did not know whether it would be better to be a child that she should live, or die; or whether it would be better to wish to die—than to die. She thought that the best thing that could happen to her would be to die; but death preceded by sufficient warning for her to receive her husband's pardon, and to give him hers, and to commit her little one to a piteous father's love.

But Lucy did not die, and when her little daughter was placed in her arms, she felt thankful that her life had been spared. Many tears, indeed, fell on the unconscious infant—tears caused by the memory of its brother's death, of its father's lost love, and by forebodings of its own doubtful future. Yet, in spite of her tears, Lucy was not so miserable as she had been; she had now some one to love, and she felt that her love would suffice to make the little creature happy for many years. The baby brought back to the mother her old blessing of hope, and Lucy trusted that before it was old enough to be affected by the domestic unhappiness of its parents, it would be the cause of their reconciliation. The wife was not now too valuable to be allowed to perform a mother's duties, and she hastened to get well, in order that she might have the child to herself. It may be, that she was not the less anxious to be free of the doctor's presence, because, if he had not forgotten, that she was ignorant of how her boy had died; she might perhaps still have retained her husband's love, and contrasted it with the present, the period before she had lost it appeared to her as a more beautiful dream of happiness. Ere baby was born, Lucy had learned that it would never be a comfort to her and mother. Every week they became more and more separated from each other. She was more and more in the way in which Walter treated his child, she was now hated and feared herself. Long-suffering Lucy had no more to do; she ceased to look forward to a future of conjugal love; her feelings became blunted; she thought contemptuously at remarks at which she would once have wept; she became a proficient in the art of sarcasm, and soon derived a kind of bitter enjoyment in making her great wife under cutting compliments. He was so much in her in repute, he had recourse to oaths. At first, she shrank; but she soon became so cautious that she would go on reading her book whilst he swore at her; and yet, if you had seen her in her nursery, you would have thought her the same gentle loving woman she had always been. Her husband was her evil her child her good genius. She was a totally different woman when under the influence of the one, from what she was when under the influence of the other.

One day, when the child woke, and stretched out its little arms for its mother, a something in its look made Lucy start back with an expression of horror; she fell on a chair, and covered her face with her hands. 'God help me, she muttered, 'do I hate him?' She returned almost instantly to the cradle, and taking the child in her arms, embraced it with the vehemence of her caresses. That evening, Walter did not need to swear; the tears came into his eyes when he told her of his intention to go to Ems for a couple of months on account of his health, and she hardly inquired if she was to accompany him. 'No indeed, he answered savagely. 'It is absence from home—from the home that you have made for me—not the waters of Ems that I want.' Although his answer gave her a momentary pang, it was a relief to her to know that she was to be left behind. She hoped that she should be able to feel steadily towards him when he was away, and thought that perhaps a two months separation might change his hatred into indifference, so that, on his return, there might be some between them. She did her best to please him during the few days that he remained at home, and thought of many excuses to add to his comfort during his residence at Ems. When she bade him farewell at the station, she pressed his hand, and kissed him more warmly than she had done for many a day; and just as the guard was taking her baggage, she said to him that it would be many weeks before she could see him again—she leaned on the carriage window to bid him good-bye once more. He hastily put his hand to push her back, but not roughly, and as the train dashed past, he looked to see if she were safe. The last thing he did, she repeated to herself very often in the course of that day, and with increased tenderness in the year that was to take care of me.'

Although Walter had said nothing about writing, Lucy knew that he had not much regard for appearance; she wrote, and she would have how it would express itself towards her, but she never received a letter. He travelled without stopping as far as home; from that place she had a telegram, informing her that the boiler of the steamer had exploded, killing and wounding many of the passengers—her husband dangerously, and that he entreated her to hasten to him, that he might bless her and his child before he died. She lost not a moment in complying with her sick husband's wish, and for the first time since her marriage she had a blessing money is, for it was the only family wedding station-coach while life was so bitter to the dear one. She had no time to think until she was in the train, and then she hardly knew whether she were going on a journey of joy or sorrow. If Walter's life were doubtful his love was sure. 'And if he lives,' she would think—and oh! I feel such a strong presentiment that he will live—then this accident will unite us once more to each other and now, I am older, more prudent, I shall never offend him again.' Trembling and hoping, Lucy ran into the hotel with her baby in her arms. 'Were not too late? Were Mr Mordant's wife and child? The landlord took her into a private room, and before explaining his mistake, tried to excuse it. But Lucy had no patience, just then, to listen to a slow German's prim English; so she never knew how, after that dreadful accident, one after another, the dead and the wounded travellers were carried into that nearest hotel—and how, in the confusion and agitation of the moment, the landlord had sent her the wrong message—she did not know that Mr Mordant was already dead when brought to the hotel. She interrupted every attempt at explanation, and entreated to be taken to her husband; and so, because they had made her understand that he was no longer living, she led her to him. Somebody took the carriage out of her arms, and then they left her alone with her husband. Walter's dark, brilliant eyes were closed, and his little hands, and yet, never in all his life had he been more handsome than he did now; for a violent wind had blown over the face of the corpse, as firmly as the hand of a sculptor might have stamped on his marble likeness; the marble eyes were the only noble, characteristic of the man—except Lucy knelt down by the side of the bed, and kissed his forehead in hers. All his faults, all his past unhappiness, came then to her; she only remembered how, the last time she had seen that dear hand, it had been used





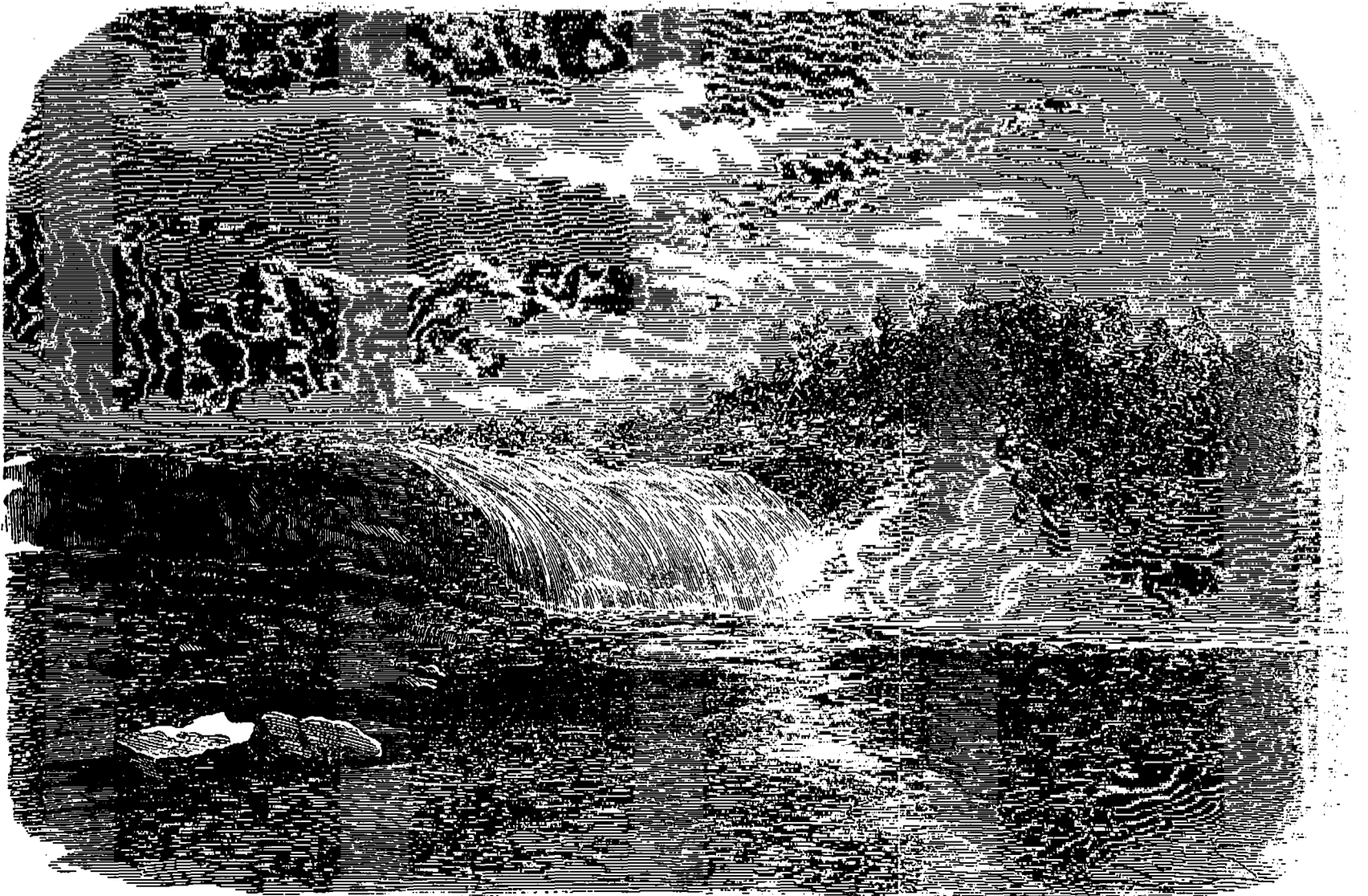
VIEW ABOVE THE FALLS OF SHAWENEGAN.

## VIEW OF THE FALLS OF SHAWENEGAN.

The magnificent Falls of Shawenegan are situated on the river St. Maurice, Lower Canada, about twenty-one miles from the city of Three Rivers, and are perhaps the finest falls in this country, Niagara alone excepted. The river above the falls is nearly half a mile wide, and the whole body of water rushes over a ledge of

rock not more than thirty yards across, into a tremendous chasm below of unknown depth, through which it boils and leaps with immense velocity into a wide and open bay. The total height of the falls is about one hundred and forty feet, and the great body of water even in the summer season of the year renders it at all times a wild and magnificent scene. Immediately above the falls the river is divided by a large

island, densely covered with pines, round which the water finds its way to the fall through two channels. The view we have selected is taken from a rock at the top of the falls looking up the eastern or right hand channel, and the white foam of the falling water, contrasted with the deep green of the pines and broken here, and there by jutting points of rocks, form a most beautiful little bit of river scenery,



GRAND MERE FALLS, RIVER ST. MAURICE, LOWER CANADA



## SLEIGHS ON THE SNOW.

Sled, Sledge, Sleigh; these may be taken as varieties of the one generic term for a carriage that slides on frozen snow or ice. The Sleigh is in turn the parent word for many varieties of vehicle. That in the Engraving is the "Single Cutter." It is called single because it has but one seat, for two persons. The "Trotting" or "Racing Cutter," has but one seat perched like a crow's nest on which the sporting Jehu elevates himself, gives rein to the fast horse and goes over the ice at a marvellous rate of speed.

The "Double Cutter" is built on runners similar in shape to those of the "Single" in the engraving, but somewhat prolonged.

The 'Portland Cutter' is the newest and prettiest. It is

rounded and shallow, and seems to float or fly. The 'Family Sleigh' has its runners prolonged so as to have three seats to hold six or seven persons.

There is also a pretty cutter seated for two grown persons with a seat for children at their feet which may be removed when not required.

The 'Business Sleigh' has two seats to hold four persons; but in this the hind seat may be removed and luggage or packages of goods put in its place. The 'Jumper' is seated for two but is formed to carry market goods behind the seat if greater or less quantity as may be required. It is only painted whereas all the rest are elegantly lined with bright colored cloths.

The 'Cariole' is the Lower Canadian Vehicle which resembles the Upper Canada 'Double Cutter.' It is less or more elegant according to the taste or means of those who

delight in the luxury of coursing over the snow, with buffalo robes flying behind. The British officers in the garrison cities especially the high aristocracy of the Rifle Brigade at Hamilton, have this year come out in grand style with garlands on the heads of the horses, and the rich and costly robes of fur trailing on the snow behind.

The single cutters have usually one horse, but may have two; the larger family sleighs have always two. Lately the shafts have been made to shift a few inches towards either side that the runners of the cutter may avoid ruts on the track if necessary.

The 'Bob Sleigh' is chiefly used for heavy loads. It has two pairs of runners, each pair capable of turning independent of the other.



THE CANADA CUTTER ON THE SNOW.

## GRAND MERE FALLS, RIVER ST. MAURICE, LOWER CANADA

The river St. Maurice, the fourth Canadian stream in point of size, rises amongst a series of lakes, swamps and morasses in the desolate and almost unknown regions south of Hudson's Bay, and comprised in the Hudson's Bay Territory, and after a wild and torturous course of several hundred miles, flows into the St. Lawrence by three mouths at the town of Three Rivers, half-way between Montreal and Quebec. It is a wild and dangerous stream, almost entirely unnavigable except for canoes, being broken every few miles by a series of falls and rapids, many of which are extremely picturesque, and some of them finer than anything this country can show, the "mighty Niagara" only excepted.

The St. Maurice drains an immense district of country, and its waters, owing probably to their origin amongst the swamps and morasses of the north, are of a deep brown or turf color, whence it is called the black river by the *habitués* on its banks, and being subject to sudden floods, is much dreaded at certain seasons by those who have business upon it. There is no settlement whatever on its banks, except in the neighborhood of Three Rivers, and for a few miles up its western side; but a very large lumbering trade is carried on upon it, affording employment to a number of hands, the whole country being one immense pine forest.

We give on page 104 a view of the Grand Mere Falls, so called from a curious rock resembling in shape an old woman's head, which stands up just above one of the *chutes*. They are situated thirty-five miles from Three Rivers; and consist of two *chutes* or falls, each about sixty feet high, divided by an island, on which may be seen a large timber slide, erected by government, to facilitate the passage of the logs down stream. The view from the upper side of the falls is very fine, the river opening out into a wide and beautiful bay, fringed with pines and dotted with rocks and sandbars. These Falls have acquired a melancholy interest, from the fact of Sir Edmund Head's only son having been drowned whilst bathing in a pool immediately above the left hand or western *chute* during an excursion up the river; an event which will be generally recollected in the Province.

The view which we give is from a photograph by Mr. R. W. Anderson, King Street East, Toronto; to whom we are also indebted for the above description thereof. It is one of a series of views of the St. Maurice River scenery, photographed and published by Mr. Anderson.

Recent advices from Richmond state that early in the war, and until a very late date, drawings of projectiles adopted by the Northern Government, were regularly received at Richmond and the manufacture of them in many cases commenced.

A white deer is not so great a curiosity as our far west contemporaries think. In the spring of 1862 several of them were seen in the Ottawa valley, upon the Gatineau river, and one, a doe, was caught and presented to the Hon. J. Hamilton, Hawksbury, who has it now in his grounds there, among his other deer. It is somewhat larger than the others, and is a very beautiful creature.—*Quebec Mercury*.

**KING DRAWING THE STAKES.**—On Wednesday, King received from the stakeholder his check for £1,990, a sum of £1 having been deducted for the expenses and services of the referee. The railway company received one-half of the ticket money taken, about £2,000 in all, so that there will be £1,000 to be equally divided between the men. Heenan has not appeared at any place of public resort since his defeat, and the prevalent opinion is that he will not show for a considerable period. King, it is said, has entered into a theatrical engagement; he is to be paid £50 per week for a nightly appearance in fighting costume.—*London Star Dec 18*.

**WHAT SCIENCE SAVES IN MINING.**—It is well established that but a fraction of gold can be saved by the fixtures and arrangements in the crushing mills hitherto used at the mines, a large portion being swept off and lost in the tailings (chaff or refuse); this portion is found by assay at the works of the Colorado Gold Mining Company to have on an average sixty-five per cent, and it is now a well established fact, verified by successful experiments, that when these 'tailings' are worked over in the Desulphurising and Amalgamating apparatus (machines and fixtures recently invented and which have just been put in operation by the company above mentioned) nearly all the gold contained in the ore can be saved.

Selected Poetry.

THE MINIATURE.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

William was holding in his hand  
The likeness of his wife--  
Fresh as if touched by fairy wand,  
With beauty, grace and life.  
He almost thought it spoke--he gazed  
Upon the treasure still:  
Absorbed, delighted and amazed,  
He viewed the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane;  
'Tis drawn to nature true:  
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,  
It is so much like you."  
"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"  
"Why, no--my love," said he:  
"Then, William, it is very clear,  
'Tis not at all like me."

RACHEL RAY.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE BREWERY.

There were during the summer months four Dorcas afternoons held weekly in Baslehurst, at all of which Mrs. Prime presided. It was her custom to start soon after dinner, so as to reach the working-room before three o'clock, and there she would remain till nine, or as long as the daylight remained. The meeting was held in a sitting-room belonging to Miss Pucker, for the use of which the institution paid some moderate rent. The other ladies, all belonging to Baslehurst, were accustomed to go home to tea in the middle of their labours; but, as Mrs. Prime could not do this because of the distance, she remained with Miss Pucker, paying for such refreshment as she needed. In this way there came to be a great friendship between Mrs. Prime and Miss Pucker; or rather, Mrs. Prime thus obtained the services of a most obedient minister.

Rachel had on various occasions gone with her sister to the Dorcas meetings, and once or twice had remained at Miss Pucker's house, drinking tea there. But this she greatly disliked. She was aware, when she did so, that her sister paid for her, and she thought that Dorothea showed by her behavior that she was mistress of the entertainment. And then Rachel greatly disliked Miss Pucker. She disliked that lady's squint, she disliked the tone of her voice, she disliked her subservience to Mrs. Prime, and she especially disliked the vehemence of her objection to young men. When Rachel had last left Miss Pucker's room she had resolved that she would never again drink tea there. She had not said to herself positively that she would attend no more of the Dorcas meetings; but as regarded their summer arrangement, this resolve against the tea-drinking amounted almost to the same thing.

It was on this account, I protest, and by no means on account of that young man from the brewery, that Rachel had with determination opposed her sister's request on this special Saturday. And the refusal had been made in an unaccustomed manner, owing to the request also having been pressed with unusual vigor.

"Rachel, I particularly wish it, and I think that you ought to come," Dorothea had said.

"I had rather not come, Dolly."

"That means," continued Mrs. Prime, "that you prefer your pleasure to your duty; that you boldly declare yourself determined to neglect that which you know you ought to do."

"I don't know any such thing," said Rachel.

"If you think of it you will know it," said Mrs. Prime.

"At any rate, I don't mean to go to Miss Pucker's this afternoon." Then Rachel left the room.

It was immediately after this conversation that Mrs. Prime uttered to Mrs. Ray that terrible hint about the young man; and at the same time uttered another hint by which she strove to impress upon her mother that Rachel ought to be kept in subordination; in fact that power should not belong to Rachel of choosing whether she would or would not go to Dorcas meetings. In all such matters, according to Dorothea's view of the case, Rachel should do as she was bidden. But, then, how was Rachel to be made to do as she was bidden? How was her sister to enforce her attendance? Obedience in this world depends as frequently on the weakness of him who is governed as on the strength of him who governs. That man who was going to the left is ordered by you with some voice of command to go to the right. When he hesitates, you put more command in your eyes, and then he obeys. Mrs. Prime had tried this, but Rachel had not turned to the right. When Mrs. Prime applied for aid to their mother, it was a sign that power of command was going from herself. After dinner the elder sister made another little futile attempt, and then, when she had again failed, she tramped off with her basket.

Mrs. Ray and Rachel were left sitting at the open window, looking out upon the mignonette. It was now in July, when the summer sun is at the hottest, and in those southern parts of Devonshire the summer sun in July is very hot. The lanes are low and narrow, and not a breath of air stirs through them. The ground rises in hills on all sides, so that every spot is a sheltered nook. The rich red earth drinks in the heat and holds it, and no breezes come up from the southern torpid sea. Of all counties in England, Devonshire is the fairest to the eye; but, having known it in its summer glory, I must confess that those southern regions are not fitted for much noontide summer walking.

"I'm afraid she'll find it very hot with that big basket," said Mrs. Ray, after a short pause. It must not be supposed that either she or Rachel were idle because they remained at home. They both had their needles in their hands, and Rachel was at work, not on that colored frock of her own which had roused her sister's suspicion, but on needful aid to her mother's Sunday gown.

"She might have left it in Baslehurst if she liked," said Rachel, "or I would of carried it for her as far as the bridge, only that she was so angry with me when she went."

"I don't think she was exactly angry, Rachel."

"Oh, but she was, mamma--very angry. I know by her way of flinging out of the house."

"I think she was angry because you would not go with her."

"But I don't like going there, mamma. I don't like that Miss Pucker. I can't go without staying to tea, and I don't like drinking there." Then there was a little pause. "You don't want me to go, do you, mamma? How would the china get down here? and you can't like having your tea alone."

"No, I don't like that at all," said Mrs. Ray. But the kindly thought of what she was saying. Her mind was away working on the subject of that young man. She felt that it was her duty to say something to Rachel, and yet she did not know what to say. Was she to quote Miss Pucker? It went, moreover, sorely against the grain with her to disturb the comfort of that poor, unhappy woman by any disagreeable allusion. "The world is not her home, but it is than those hours in which she had been alone with her, in which Rachel tended her and soothed her. No word had been said on a subject so wise and full of vanity, but Mrs. Ray knew that her evening meal would be brought in at half-past five in the shape of a little feast--a feast which would not be spread if Mrs. Prime had remained at home. At five o'clock Rachel would slip away and make hot toast, and would run over the green to Emma and Stuart's wife for a little thick cream, and there would be a butter cake and so there would be a feast. Rachel was excellent at the preparation of such banquets, knowing how to cast the tempt into a good drawing humor, and being very clever in little comforts; and she would hover about her mother in a way very delightful to that lady, making the widow feel for the time that there was a gleam of sunshine in the valley of tribulation. All that must be over this afternoon if she spoke of Miss Pucker and the young man. Yes, and must be over for many an afternoon to come? If there was to be distrust between her and Rachel, what would life be worth to her?"

But yet there was her duty! As she sat there looking out into the garden, indistinct ideas of what were a mother's duties to her child lay heavy on her mind--ideas which were very indistinct, but which were not on that account the less powerful in their operation. She knew that it behooved her to sacrifice every thing to her child's welfare, but she did not know what special sacrifice she was at this moment called upon to make. Would it be well that she should leave this matter altogether in the hands of Mrs. Prime, and thus, as it were, abdicate her own authority? Mrs. Prime would undertake such a task with much more skill and power of language than she could use. But then would this be fair to Rachel, and would Rachel obey her sister? Any explicit direction from herself--if only she could bring herself to give any--Rachel would, she thought, obey. In this way she resolved that she would break the ice and do her duty.

"Are you going into Baslehurst this evening, dear?" she said.

"Yes, mamma; I shall walk in after tea; that is, if you don't want me. I told the Miss Tappitts I would meet them."

"No, I shan't want you. But Rachel--"

"Well, mamma."

Mrs. Ray did not know how to do it. The matter was surrounded with difficulties. How was she to begin, so as to introduce the subject of the young man without shocking her child and showing an amount of distrust that she did not feel? "Do you like those Miss Tappitts?" she said.

"Yes, in a way. They are very good-natured, and one likes to know somebody. I think they are nicer than Miss Pucker."

"Oh yes; I never did like Miss Pucker myself. But Rachel--"

"What is it, mamma? I know you've something to say, and you don't like to say it. Dolly has been telling me about me, and you want to learn me, only you haven't got the heart. Isn't that it, mamma?" Then she put down her work, and, coming close up to her mother, knelt before her and looked up in her face. "You want to scold me, and you haven't got the heart to do it."

"My darling, my darling," said the mother, stroking her child's soft, smooth hair, "I don't want to scold you; I never want to scold you. I hate scolding any-body."

"I know you do, mamma."

"But they have told me something which has frightened me."

"They? Who are they?"

"Your sister told me, and Miss Pucker told her."

"Oh Miss Pucker! What business has Miss Pucker with me? If she is to come between us all our happiness will be over. Then Rachel rose from her knees and began to look angry, whereupon her mother was more frightened than ever. "But let me hear it, mamma. I've no doubt it is something very awful."

Mrs. Ray looked at her daughter with beseeching eyes as though praying to be forgiven for having introduced a subject so disagreeable. "Dorothea says that on Wednesday evening you were walking under the church-yard elms with--that young man from the brewery."

At any rate, every thing had been said now. The extent of the demerit with which Rachel was to be charged had been made known to her in the very plainest terms. Mrs. Ray, as she uttered the terrible words, turned first pale and then red--pale with fear and red with shame. As soon as she had spoken from the subject the words unsaid. Her dislike to Miss Pucker increased almost to hatred. She felt bitterly even towards her own eldest daughter. She looked intently into Rachel's face, unconsciously constricting into their true meaning those lines which formed themselves on the girl's brow and over her eyes.

"Well, mamma, and what else?" said Rachel.

"Dorothea thinks that perhaps you are going into Baslehurst to meet him again."

"And suppose I am?"

"From the time in which this question was asked, it was clear to Mrs. Ray that she was expected to answer it; and yet what answer could she make?"

It had never occurred to her that her child would take upon herself to defend such conduct as that imputed to her or that any question would be raised as to the propriety or

impropriety of the proceeding. She was by no means prepared to show why it was so very terrible and iniquitous. She regarded it as a sin--known to be a sin generally--as is stealing or lying. Suppose I am going to walk with him again what then?"

"Oh Rachel who is he? I don't know his name. I didn't believe it when Dorothea told me, only as she did tell me I thought I ought to mention it. Oh dear oh dear! I hope there is nothing wrong. You were always so good; I can't believe any thing wrong of you."

"No, mamma, don't. Don't think evil of me."

"I never did, my darling."

"I am not going into Baslehurst to walk with Mr. Rowen for I suppose it is him you mean."

"I don't know, my dear; I never heard the young man's name."

"It is Mr. Rowen. I did walk with him along the church-yard path when that woman with her sharp squinting eyes saw me. He does belong to the brewery. He is related in some way to the Tappitts, and was a nephew of old Mrs. Bungall's. He is there as a clerk, they say he is to be a partner, only I don't think he ever will for he quarrels with Mr. Tappitt."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Ray.

An hour, at any rate, you know as much about him as I do; only this, that he went to Exeter this morning, and does not come back till Monday, so that it is impossible that I should meet him in Baslehurst this evening; and it was very unkind of Dolly to say so--very unkind indeed."

Then Rachel gave way and began to cry.

It certainly did seem to Mrs. Ray that Rachel knew a good deal about Mr. Rowan. She knew of his kith and kin; she knew of his prospects, and what was like to mar his prospects; and she knew also of his immediate proceedings, whereabouts and intentions. Mrs. Ray did not logically draw any conclusion from these premises, but she became uncomfortably assured that there did exist a considerable intimacy between Mr. Rowan and her daughter. And how had it come to pass that this had been allowed to form itself without any knowledge on her part? Miss Pucker might be odious and disagreeable; Mrs. Ray was inclined to think the lady in question was very odious and disagreeable; but must it not be admitted that her little story about that young man had proved itself to be true?

"I never will go to those nasty rag meetings any more."

"Oh, Rachel, don't speak in that way."

"But I won't. I will never put my foot in that woman's room again. They talk nothing but scandal all the time they are there, and speak any ill they can of the poor young girls whom they talk about. If you don't mind my knowing Mr. Rowan, what is it to them?"

But this was assuming a great deal. Mrs. Ray was by no means prepared to say that she did not object to her daughter's acquaintance with Mr. Rowan. "But I don't know any thing about him my dear. I never heard his name before."

"No mamma, you never did; and I know very little of him; so little that there has been nothing to tell--at least next to nothing. I don't want to have any secrets from you, mamma."

"But, Rachel, he isn't, is he--? I mean there isn't any thing particular between him and you? How was it you were walking with him alone?"

"I wasn't walking with him alone--at least only for a little way. He had been out with his cousins, and we had all been together, and when they went in, of course I was obliged to come home. I couldn't help his coming along the church-yard path with me. And what if he did, mamma? he couldn't bite me."

"But, my dear--"

"Oh, mamma, don't be afraid of me." Then she came across and again knelt at her mother's feet. "If you trust me, I'll tell you every thing."

Upon hearing this assurance, Mrs. Ray of course promised Rachel that she would trust her, and expected in return to be told every thing then, at the moment; but she perceived that her daughter did not mean to tell her any thing further at that time. Rachel, when she had received her mother's promise, embraced her warmly, caressing her and petting her as was her custom, and then, after a while, she resumed her work. Mrs. Ray was delighted to have the evil thing over, but she could not but feel that the conversation had not terminated as it should have done.

Soon after that the hour arrived for their little feast, and Rachel went about her work just as merrily and kindly as though there had been no words about the young man. She went across for the cream and staid gossiping for some minutes with Mrs. Start. Then she bustled about the kitchen making the tea and toasting the bread. She had never been more anxious to make every thing comfortable for her mother, and never more eager in her coaxing way of doing honor to the good things which she had prepared; but, through it all, her mother was aware that every thing was not right; there was something in Rachel's voice which betrayed inward uneasiness; something in the vivacity of her movements that was not quite true to her usual nature. Mrs. Ray felt that it was so, and could not therefore be altogether at her ease. She pretended to enjoy herself, but Rachel knew that her joy was not real. Nothing further, however, was said, either regarding that evening's walk into Baslehurst, or touching that other walk as to which Miss Pucker's tale had been told. Mrs. Ray had done as much as her courage enabled her to attempt on that occasion.

When the tea-drinking was over, and the cups and spoons had been tidily put away, Rachel prepared herself for her walk. She had been very careful that nothing should be hurried, that there should be no apparent anxiety on her part to leave her mother quickly. And even when all was done, she would not go without some assurance of her mother's good will. "If you have any wish that I should stay, mamma, I don't care in the least about going."

"No, my dear, I don't want you to stay at all."

"Your dress is finished."

"Thank you, my dear; you have been very good."

TO BE CONTINUED.





earthly creature, a beautiful fairy thing—lovely, but unearthly.

'Why dare you not?'

'Why dare we not? Why, 'cause along of this, she be in league with—no Christian can say what.'

Thunder Roots; Pig's Bread; you who were never in Wiltshire may desire to know why a truffle is called a Thunder Root. Or, perchance you do not know what a truffle is.

The truffle is a tuberous root, in size like a walnut, in color a brownish black, and its skin dotted with warts. In aspect it looks to be a shabby potato. Yet when it has been carried to London, and has passed through the hands of the cook whose vocation is one of the high arts, the fragrant truffle becomes a dainty relish, even to appetites uncomforably familiar with luxuries. In its first handling in Wiltshire it engages the industry of the poor in remote rural places aided by trained dogs, occasionally by learned pigs.

The truffle is a native of England, but is more plentifully found in warmer countries within temperate latitudes. It has its birth and growth unseen under the earth, at a depth of from six to twelve inches, and inclines to the vicinity of beech trees. It is discovered only by its odour which resembles the mushroom. Pigs find it more readily than dogs, but they are voracious and incline to eat all they discover. The dog being more tractable, is preferred for truffle hunting. Where swine were used to find this root it was called Pig Bread. It is more poetically named Thunder Root, from its odour ascending freely out of the earth when electricity abounds in the air. It is most abundant in July, August and September in England, though found there all the year round.

Human beings, by force of necessity have been educated in the organ of smell to find the hidden places of the truffle.

The woman called Marjory, or Mother Garth, came to the vicinity of Tranmere, and trained pigs to find and point to the hidden truffles. But the regular hunters set their dogs on the pigs and worried them, one after another, to death.

Marjory Garth disappeared for a season, and on return from the north, as she said, brought with her two children—the eldest about two years old; the youngest not one year. These, she said, were her grandsons and granddaughter, the children of her son, a soldier in the army of India. She took them to keep, she added, because their mother was dead. That far, and no further, did the woman tell the story of the children. The boy was oldest. In her keeping, he became a cripple in one knee, and was injured also in the spine, which gave the poor little thing the shape of a small tiny hunchback, not unlovely to look upon, but painfully touching to the hearts of the very few who, except truffle hunters, by rare chance, did look upon him.

He was trained, through hunger, to creep among the beech trees, and smell the earth for truffles, generally on the lower edges of South Dean Wood. Near to that locality, Marjory Garth had made a dwelling in one of the excavated caverns in the rocks of chalk under the face of the hill. When the male child, whom she named Yed, or Yeddy, had become as apt at finding truffles by scenting the ground as any dog, the beautiful baby girl accompanied him, urged to the task by hunger at first, but drawn to it by imitation, and by the carresses and tender solicitude of the boy. The old woman said the girl's name was Essaline.

At the time when the men were talking near the Beech Wood, and foretelling a storm before midnight, because Old Marjory was creeping on the outskirts of the copse covers, smelling the earth for 'Thunder Roots,' the children were respectively twelve and eleven years of age. The boy possessed a rare natural intelligence. His features wore an expression of mature thoughtfulness, and his crippled form gave him an impressive quaintness, confirming in the rustic mind of Tranmere borough, the belief that Yeddy Essel—such was his name—was allied in origin and daily life to something mystic and supernatural.

Of Essaline, it may only now be said, that she had grown taller than the boy, and was surpassingly lovely, and spiritual in her beauty; for which she also obtained supernatural honours, as being sister or daughter to the elfin children of fairyland.

They were each clothed in scarlet cloaks and hoods, in summer the girl in a green spencer, miniatures of Mother Marjory. As they grew out of infancy, and followed the pursuit of smelling for 'Thunder Roots' from love of it, they hunted and dug them up in eagerness and ecstasy whenever there was a dismal night of thunder, lightning, and rain. Mother Marjory then petted and fondled them. After their sixth and seventh years, she made them joyously happy, in the possession of Jack and Jemmy, two fast trotting ponies, which were procured, at a handsome price, in the New Forest. It was indeed a singular sight to see the two children, in their scarlet cloaks and hoods, mounted, early in the morning, galloping over the Downs, glancing through the openings in the Beech Woods, and the hazel coppices, and disappearing in the cavern, ponies and all, in obedience to Marjory's sounding horn, whenever a stranger or a truffle hunter from Tranmere, approached so near as to speak.

In the dead hours of the night, gamekeepers and assistant watchers, when looking to see that Tranmere truffle hunters were not transformed to poachers, would meet the woman whom they believed to be an evil hag, accompanied by the boy, who to them was a hob-goblin, and by the girl, who was believed to be near of kin to the elfin of Elflaud, if not one of them. And gamekeepers, watchers, lurchers, poachers, and Tranmere truffle-hunters, all gave the full path, or a wider footway, to the mysterious Mother Marjory and her children of the night.

When it was known that they were abroad scenting for thunder roots, no gamekeeper, or poacher, or pot walloper from Tranmere, cared to be in the way to meet them.

Were these Marjory Garth's own grand-children, as she at first alleged?

It may be as convenient on this page as on any other, to indicate who the boy was.

In Grosvenor Square, London, in a sumptuous mansion, lived the family of an eminent statesman—the Earl of Tranmere—who owned large estates in Ireland. On the day of a grand military review in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, the Earl and his Countess being then on a visit to the Lord Lieutenant at the Vice Regal Lodge, the nursemaid walked out with a child, two years old, their only son and heir.

She became familiar with an elderly, lady-like personage, who fondled the child as they stood by the thorn trees. Ellen O'More, the unthinking maiden, left the boy with the stranger while she ran to look at the grand charge of cavalry, and the hurrying, whirling, galloping artillery, through some opening in the lines of carriages which were crowded near by. She saw the boy no more. She wept, she ran, she screamed, she prayed to heaven, she searched, but in vain. He was not found.

That child is the truffle-hunter, trained by Marjory, and dwelling with her and the beautiful Essaline in the cave which has become to them a palace, in the excavation under the hill.

(To be Continued.)

#### GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES—AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

Gettysburg was made immortal, and Lee escaped, not without tremendous losses, yet with the larger part of his army, and with much booty, that perhaps compensated his own loss in *materiel*. He was beaten, on a field of his own choosing, and with numbers in his favour; and his previous victories, and the almost uniform success that had attended his earlier movements, made his Pennsylvania reverses all the more grave in the estimation of foreigners. Immediately after news was sent abroad of his defeat and retreat, tidings came to us, and soon were spread over the world, that the rebels had experienced the most terrible disaster in the Southwest, whereby the so-called Confederacy had been cut in two. These facts gave pause to those intentions of acknowledgment which had undoubtedly been entertained in European courts and cabinets; and nothing afterward occurred, down to the day of Chikamauga, which was calculated to effect a change in the minds of the rulers of the Old World. But when intelligence of Chikamauga reached Europe, England had taken a position so determinedly hostile to intervention in any of its many forms and stages, that even a much greater disaster than that could have produced no evil to our cause abroad. For it is to be remembered that the whole business of intervention has lain from the beginning in the bosom of England, and that, if she had chosen to act against us in force, she could have done so with the strongest hope of success, if merely our humiliation, or even our destruction, had been her object, and without any immediate danger threatening herself as the consequence of her hostile action. The French Government, not France, or any considerable portion of the French people, has been ready to interfere in behalf of the rebels for more than two years, and would have entered upon the process of intervention long since, if it had not been held back by the obstinate refusal of England to unite with her in that pro-slavery crusade which, it is with regret we say it, the French Emperor had so much at heart; and without the aid and assistance of England, the ruler of France could not and durst not move an inch against us. Not the least, nor least strange, of the changes of this mutable world is to be seen in the circumstance that France should be restrained from undoing the work of the Bourbons and of Napoleon I. by England's firm opposition to the wishes and purposes of Napoleon III. The Bourbon policy, as well in Spain as in France, brought about the early overthrow of England's rule over the territories of the old United States; and the first Napoleon sold Louisiana to us for a song, because he was convinced that by so doing he should aid to build up a formidable naval rival of England. The man who seeks to undo all this, to destroy what Bourbon and Bonaparte sacrificed so much to effect, is the heir to Bonaparte, and the expounder and illustrator of Napoleon's ideas; and the power that places herself resolutely across his path, and will not join in his plot to erase us from the list of nations is—England! In a romance, such a state of things would be pronounced too absurd for invention; but in this every-day world it is nothing but a common-place incident, extraordinary as it may seem at the first thought that is bestowed upon it.

That England governs France in this matter of intervention in our quarrel is clear enough, as also are the reasons why Paris will not move to the aid of the Rebels unless London shall keep even step with her. France asked England to unite with her in an offer of mediation, which would have been an armed mediation, had England fallen into the Gallic trap, but which amounted to nothing when it proceeded from France alone. England withdrew from the Mexican business as soon as she saw that France was bent upon a course that might lead to trouble with the United States, and left her to create a throne in that country. As soon as England put the broad arrow upon the rams of that eminent pastoral character, Laird of Birkenhead, France withdrew the permission which she had formally bestowed upon MM. Arman and Vorney to build four powerful steamships for the Rebels at Nantes and Bordeaux. France would acknowledge the Confederacy to-day, and send a Minister to Richmond, and Consuls to Mobile, and Galveston, and Wilmington, if England would but agree to be to her against us what Spain was to her for us in the days of our Revolution. But England will not join with her ancient enemy to effect the ruin of a country of the existence of which she should be proud, seeing that it is her own creation.

In assuming a strictly impartial position, England follows

a sense of interest, which is proper and praiseworthy. She cannot, supposing her to be wise, be desirous of our destruction; for, that accomplished, she would be more open than ever to a French attack. Let Napoleon III. accomplish those European purposes to which his mind is now directed, and he would be impelled to quarrel with England by a variety of considerations, should this Republic be broken up into half a dozen feeble and quarrelsome confederacies. But with the United States in existence, and powerful enough to command respect, he would not dare to seek the overthrow of the British Empire. We could not permit him to head a crusade for England's annihilation, no matter what might be our feeling toward the mother-land. A just regard for our own interests would impel us to side with her, should she be placed in serious danger. Such was, substantially, President Jefferson's opinion sixty years ago, when the first Napoleon was so bent upon the conquest of England; and we think that his views are applicable to the existing circumstances of the world. Where should we have been now, if England had quarrelled with and been conquered by Napoleon III.? We must distinguish between the English nation and Englishmen,—between the English Government, which has, perhaps, borne itself as favourably toward us as it could, and that English aristocracy which has, as a rule, exhibited so strong a desire to have us extinguished, even while it has repeatedly refused to take steps preparatory to war; and the two countries should be persuaded to understand that neither can perish without the life of the other being placed in great danger. The best answer to be made to the wordy attacks of Englishmen is to be found in success. That answer would be complete; and if it cannot be made, what will it signify to us what will be said of us by foreigners? The bitterest attacks can never disturb the dead.

One cause of the change of England's course toward us is to be found in our change of moral position. The President's Emancipation Proclamation went into effect on the first of January, 1863; and from that time the anti-slavery people of England have been on our side; and their influence is great, and bears upon the supporters of the Palmerston Ministry with peculiar force. Had our Government persisted in the pro-slavery policy which it favoured down to the autumn of 1862, it is not at all unlikely that the English intervention party would have been strong enough to compel their country to go with France in her mediation scheme,—and the step from mediation to intervention would have been but a short one; but the commitment of the North to anti-slavery views, and the union of their cause with that of emancipation, threw the English Abolitionists, men who largely represent England's moral worth, on our side. The Proclamation, therefore, even if it could be proved that it had not led to the liberation of one slave, has been of immense service to us, and the President deserves the thanks of every loyal American for having issued it. He threw a shell into the foreign Secession camp, the explosion of which was fatal to that "cordial understanding" that was to have operated for our annihilation.

RUSSIAN PREPARATION FOR WAR—A recent number of the Times gives conspicuous position to a column headed "Russian Preparations for War." Details are given of the works for strengthening Cronstadt and closing the back passage to St. Petersburg. Infernal machines are being constructed for other channels. A submarine boat to attach cylinders of power to vessels is being made. The government expected to have sixteen iron-clad vessels ready by the first of June next year, and they are erecting an armor-plate mill. Enormous exertions are being made to obtain a requisite quantity of guns, with suitable ammunition, for all the forts, earthworks, and ships. And it will perhaps be found that the Russians have really got ahead of England in guns and shot. A dozen factories are at work, and in a few weeks another Elswick will commence to produce solid cast-steel guns. The land artillery are adopting steel guns, large supplies of saltpetre have been purchased, and a second armor-plate mill is proposed. These gun-works, and large supplies of teak, two years' supply of coal for the fleet, and the extra sums voted on account of the war expenditure during the last months, amount to about 55,000,000 of roubles above the ordinary expenditure—say £9,000,000 sterling—and a further sum is demanded immediately of £6,000,000 sterling. This expenditure does not include the extra sums laid out in clothing and general commissariat stores. Flour has been very largely bought for delivery in February, and for those places to which the ordinary route is by water in spring, extra prices are being paid for winter delivery.

WHAT PEACE WOULD DO.—According to statistics lately published, it appears that Europe maintains under arms in time of peace, 3,815,417 men, at an expense of \$700,000,000, without taking into account the pay of the naval forces, or the sums expended in keeping up fortresses, arsenals, or navy yards. Let this enormous mass of armed men be reduced one-half, and a sufficient sum would be economized to cover in a very few years the whole surface of the continent with a net work of railroads, and to provide a primary school for every commune. Nearly two millions of men who are condemned to idleness, and its fatal consequences in a garrison life, would be restored to the arts of peace and trained to habits of industry and self-reliance.

An English paper says the only remarkable feature about the recent prize fight was that a Republican was beaten by a King!

A passenger having hired a boat to take him across a rather rough stream, asked the boatman if anybody was ever lost there, 'Nivvir,' replied Pat; 'me brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day.'

Mr George Augustus Sala, known as editor, author, and correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, is now staying at the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal. We believe he intends to write sketches of B. N. America.



In 1844 Mr. Young was called on to act as returning officer at the Montreal general election. Party spirit at that time ran very high, and the elections throughout the country were remarkable for the violence of those who were for or against the policy pursued by Lord Metcalfe. In Montreal, this was especially the case, and it became necessary to take the most active means to prevent the destruction of property and bloodshed. It was ascertained that on the morning of the election, which lasted two days, there were upwards of four thousand armed strangers in the city from various parts of the country, intent on taking part in the election. The troops were called out, and a great number of persons sent to prison. By the most energetic efforts on the part of Mr. Young, and in consequence of his admirable arrangements public peace was preserved, and the election terminated without loss of life. For these services Mr. Young received the thanks of the Colonial Secretary and of the commanders of the forces in Canada, Sir Richard Jackson, and Sir James Hope.

In 1846 he was instrumental in organizing a free trade association in Montreal, of which he became president. This association published the "Canadian Economist" during a period of sixteen months; and this publication did much to reconcile the opponents of the mother country in inaugurating free trade, and withdrawing the protection, which the products of Canada had previously enjoyed in her market.

In the same year Mr. Young took part in the discussion then going on as to whether the government had adopted a correct policy in making a new channel through Lake St. Peter, instead of deepening and improving the natural channel. He went down to the lake, and with pilots spent some days in sounding the various channels, and reported against the government plan in making a channel. He advised the immediate abandonment of all that had been done, and the necessity of commencing the improvement of the natural channel. The whole work was abandoned by order of Parliament. Mr. Young did not, however, cease to urge on the government and his fellow citizens the importance of the improvement of the lake and the river between Quebec and Montreal; and on being appointed a harbor commissioner in 1849, he at once suggested to his colleagues a plan by which the improvement of the lake and river could be accomplished. This plan was submitted to the government, and an act passed to enable the commissioners to carry it into effect. The plan was found to work; the commissioners obtained the necessary funds on the security of the harbor trust, which has been so managed by Mr. Young as chairman, that its bonds has always been at a premium, while the channel for navigation has been deepened from eleven feet to eighteen feet throughout, with a breadth of three hundred feet in the lake. The work is now progressing so as to secure a depth of twenty feet, the importance of which to the port of Montreal and the Province in general, it would be difficult to estimate.

He also suggested the propriety and justice of the government assuming the costs of this work, and for several years persistently urged this principle, and was at last successful.

In 1845 he took part in originating and urging forward the construction of the railway to Portland, so as to connect the St. Lawrence with the Atlantic; and he also suggested the propriety of the construction of a railway from Montreal to the west—obtained several surveys of the road to Kingston; and, in connection with others, procured a charter for prosecuting the work. He became president of the road, and agreed with the engineers that the best route for the same was some ten or fifteen miles back from the St. Lawrence, so as to secure the shortest line; and, at the same time, the best position to connect with the Ottawa. Mr. Young's fellow citizens were so satisfied with his exertions, that they presented him with a handsome testimonial of their esteem.

It was about this time too that Mr. Young suggested and advocated the necessity of a bridge across the St. Lawrence. He advanced the necessary funds to Mr. T. C. Keefer for his survey and plan of that work, and urged its importance on every occasion, suggesting that its construction should be the basis of the Kingston and Montreal Railway Company, waiving the rights of their charter in favor of the Grand Trunk Company, the proposal was adopted, and the present Victoria Bridge is erected on the site surveyed by Mr. Keefer.

In 1846 Mr. Young suggested that a canal, to connect the St. Lawrence with Lake Champlain, should be constructed; and he declared that unless this was done the Canadian canals would fail, when opened in 1849, to attract to the St. Lawrence route any considerable portion of the interior trade. The government had this canal route surveyed by different engineers, all of whom strongly advised its construction. The various Boards of Trade also urged on the government its importance; but it has not yet been begun, although the fact of the St. Lawrence route being able to attract only about seven

per cent. of the interior trade, while ninety three per cent. flows through the Erie canal, might seem to afford sufficient evidence of the necessity for the construction of such a canal.

In 1851 Mr. Young was asked to join the Hincks and Morin administration, as Chief Commissioner of Public Works, and was elected to represent the city of Montreal, though his election was opposed on the ground of his free trade opinions, his advocacy of the Coughnawaga canal, and of the importance of constructing the Halifax railroad. As soon as the elections were over, he with Mr. Hincks, and the Honorable Mr. Tache, proceeded to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to advocate the railway to Halifax, but differed from some of the deputation as to the line surveyed by the Imperial Government, and thus suggested that it should pass over the St. John river to St. John, and thence to Halifax.

In the same year Mr. Young recommended to the government the necessity of establishing a Canadian line of Ocean Steamers for the St. Lawrence, and boldly advised that, to secure their being immediately established, a subsidy should be paid by Canada alone. Tenders were invited for establishing a fortnightly line to Portland; and after much difficulty, Mr. Young's colleagues consented to grant nineteen thousand pounds per annum, provided five thousand pounds additional was secured by Mr. Young otherwise. This he succeeded in obtaining from the Atlantic and St. Lawrence and St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway Companies; and the line was commenced. The beneficial results of which to the country are too well known to require notice.

As commissioner of public works he examined a great number of pilots and shipmasters as to the merits of the route through the straits of Belleisle, and concerning the improvements necessary on the lower St. Lawrence. In his Public Works Report of 1851, he advised the immediate construction of various light houses, most of which have since been built, and insurance has been reduced more than one-half in consequence. Mr. Young, while commissioner, suggested and opened up the various water powers at Ottawa city, and recommended that a Minister of Agriculture should be a member of the Executive Council. He differed from Mr. Hincks on the plan by which the railways of the country should be constructed, and was in favor of waiting to ascertain whether it was possible to obtain the Imperial Government's security, by which means money for the construction of the whole road from Windsor to Halifax could be obtained at a very low rate of interest. This plan was overruled, and a private company obtained a charter from Parliament, under the style of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. Mr. Young opposed the demand for government aid towards this undertaking, to the amount of four thousand pounds sterling per mile, and this sum was in consequence of his opposition reduced to three thousand pounds per mile.

The government having determined on charging a higher rate on American vessels passing through the Welland canal, than on Canadian vessels, Mr. Young resigned his office of Commissioner of Public Works, and became instrumental in preventing these differential tolls against American shipping.

Mr. Young also originated the idea of having Canada represented in the Exhibition of All Nations in London in 1851, and organized the committees throughout the Province to carry it into effect. Again in Parliament he carried a motion to have Canada represented at the Industrial Exhibition in Paris. Those exhibitions, all will admit, did more to bring Canada creditably before the notice of the world than any thing before or since.

In 1854 Mr. Young was again returned member for Montreal, having been mainly supported by the mercantile interest. He was an active member of the committee of public accounts, while Wm. L. McKenzie acted as chairman. In 1855 he again was on that committee, and acted as its chairman, and made numerous suggestions on the erroneous system of keeping the public accounts, most of which have since been adopted.

Mr. Young declined to come forward again to represent Montreal at the election of 1857 in consequence of ill health; but he has not ceased to take an active part in every public measure affecting the public interest of the city where he resides.

Mr. Young's advocacy of the proposition for docks at Montreal and for making available the enormous water power of the river St. Lawrence, by the fall of its water from the Lachine Rapids has been constant, and although very much opposed yet there has been a great change in public feeling as to the importance of the works (vast as they appear) to the interest of the Province, and especially of Montreal. It is evident, however, that the rapid extension of the interior trade will, sooner than is expected, fully justify Mr. Young in so strongly advocating improvements upon which the future trade of the St. Lawrence depends.

It was owing to Mr. Young's exertions that the limits of the harbor of Montreal were extended; and he has been unremitting in aiding the extension of the river and harbor accommodations in all directions.

Mr. Young was chairman of the committee of citizens who so successfully entertained the Prince of Wales on his visit to Canada.

**LORD PALMERSTON AND THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION**—The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says—"I have been told of a saying of Lord Palmerston, that nobody in England had ever taken the trouble to master that most perplexing of all subjects but himself, and that he was certain he understood it once, though he would not answer for his ever being able to understand it again."

It is said that the Richmond papers systematically under-quoted prices. Flour quoted at \$75 per lb. actually sells at \$125, and other things in proportion.

## News Summary.

There are 10,000 Confederate prisoners at the camp at Point Lookout, Md.

Archbishop Hughes, of New York, died on Saturday last, the 2nd instant.

It is now reported that the Emperor Napoleon is casting about for some one else in place of the Archduke.

Four cases of freezing to death are recorded as having occurred in Toronto, and two in Hamilton, during the recent severe "cold spell."

It is said that Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days," reported the prize-fight for the *London Times*.

Sir William Armstrong is making a 1,000-pounder gun for the English Government, the cost of which will be probably about £10,000.

The Bombay mails show that the trouble with the hill tribes in India has assumed alarming proportions. The British troops had lost heavily.

John Morrissey and another ox-prize fighter have had a fight in settling their bets on the recent prize-fight. Morrissey is much marked.

An amiable young woman is in prison in London for getting her mother's life handsomely insured, and then poisoning the old lady with arsenic.

A respectably attired man committed suicide in London the other day by throwing himself under the wheels of a cart laden with four or five tons of iron.

Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Douglas, Lord Lyons, and Secretary Welles were all in one shop, in Washington, the day before Christmas, buying presents.

King and Heenan had appeared before the Magistrate for breaking the peace by fighting a prize-fight, and were bound over to appear at the next quarter sessions.

A proclamation in the *Canada Gazette*, further prorogues Parliament from the 20th December, to the 4th of February, and not then to meet for the despatch of business.

The famous trotting mare California Damsel, recently purchased by Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, for \$11,000, as a present for his bride, has died from the bursting of a blood vessel.

A New York baker made a loaf of bread eleven feet long, two inches wide, and ten inches thick, as a thanksgiving present for a charitable institution for children. It comprised a whole barrel of flour, and weighed 200 pounds.

A restless, dissatisfied feeling prevails in France, and the more turbulent of the people are clamoring for war, but for the attainment of what object, or with what European power no one appears to understand.

A revolutionary manifesto had been placarded in the principal towns in Hungary, announcing the establishment of a National Committee to maintain the independence of Hungary. The Committee is to assume the direction of affairs under Kossuth.

The Austrian government were taking great precautions against this revolutionary movement, but it was asserted, nevertheless, that general agitation prevailed with regard to it.

The subscription books for the capital stock of the monster National Bank in New York closed on the 17th inst., the whole amount of five millions having been taken by about two hundred individuals and firms.

During the last three months 10,500 horses have been purchased in Chicago for the American Government; of these 7,430 were sent to Washington. The price paid in Chicago was \$120, and the expenses of transportation to Washington were \$14.

The storm which recently swept over England with such disastrous results, also occasioned great destruction of property at Havre and the adjoining portions of the French coast. Life was sacrificed by the falling of buildings, and the violence of the gale led to many shipping casualties.

The Sheriff of Arthabaska, Mr. Quesnel, has commenced an action of damages against Noel Hebert, Esq., late M.P.P. for Megantic, for \$20,000, in consequence of correspondence which Mr. Hebert caused to be published in the *Defrichour*, in which the official character of Mr. Quesnel was attacked.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Times* insinuates that the Archduke Maximilian is not likely to accept the Crown of Mexico. He stipulates for the recognition of his monarchy by the American Government among other conditions, and this recognition, it is stated, has been emphatically declined at Washington.

The opinion is freely expressed in England that the prosecution in the Crawley court-martial has broken down, and that the Colonel will come out triumphant. It is said that he has instituted a case for libel against Mr. Higgins for an article he contributed on "The Mbow Scandal" to the *Cornhill Magazine*, under the now famous initials of "J.O."

The *London Globe* takes a favorable view of the Rebel prospects, arguing that the retreat of Meade, and the inability of Grant to follow Bragg, is reassuring for the Rebel cause.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* thinks it is a decided proof of weakness, on the part of the Southern leaders, that no attempt was made to strike Meade's columns as they retired to their old position. As regards the Federals, the same journal remarks: "They want a General. A little generalship—a great attack—and Meade's army must have either overtopped, or turned, or beaten their antagonists, and Richmond might have been the prize."

Last week a woman and her two children had a very narrow escape for their lives on the track of the Welland Railway. She, in company with her children, the oldest of which is only about six, was walking on the track between St. Catharines and Sibletown, and while in the act of crossing a cattle guard saw an approaching train. She saw at once that it would be impossible to escape being run over by the train by either going forward or turning back, and jumping into the guard, told her children to follow, which they did; and she held them in her arms above the water until the train had passed.

We learn by telegraph that on New Year's day "four colored men of genteel exterior, and with the manners of gentlemen, joined in the throng that crowded the Executive mansion, and were presented to the President of the United States." The *Washington Chronicle* says of this circumstance: "Years ago had any colored man presented himself at the White House, at the President's levee, seeking an introduction to the chief magistrate of the nation, he would in all probability have been roughly handled for his impudence."





I am about to describe an establishment which cost the proprietors one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in its construction, and upon which they pay the Government of Canada a tax of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a-year for permission to work it. It is the distillery of Messrs. Gooderham & Worts, at Toronto, Canada West.—Ed. CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Certainly the world in its early stages never saw, as the New World in this age had not before seen, any distillery more perfect, and but few, if any, equal in a respect to that of Gooderham & Worts, Toronto.—Ed.

**TORONTO**  
**CITY STEAM MILLS DISTILLER**  
GOODERHAM & WORTS, PROPRIETORS.  
HAMILTON AGENCY

JOHN PARK begs to call the attention of the Whiskies manufacturer at the above establishment which for strength, purity, and flavor are unequalled anything made in this country. They are well known and in great demand throughout the whole of Canada being shipped in large quantities to Liverpool, and London, England, where they are much approved.

Grocers, Wine Merchants and Dealers generally, should lose no time in giving them a trial. There are many instances of storekeepers doubling their sale in a very short time by introducing these celebrated whiskies.

The trade can only be supplied through men at the spot, where all orders will be promptly attended to.  
JOHN PARK,  
Hughson, corner King street.  
Hamilton, 19th Aug., 1863.

**BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL,**  
GEORGE GORDON, PROPRIETOR  
Bridgewater Street,  
CHIPPAWA, C. W.  
Good stabling attached to the premises.

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W. M. ORR, Agent,  
Carlisle P. O., C. W.  
P.S.—Works of any kind will be promptly forwarded on addressing me at Carlisle post office, C. W.

**DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP**  
NOTICE is hereby given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between William A. Ferguson and myself, as Publishers of the "Canadian Illustrated News," is this day dissolved by mutual consent, by the retirement of the said William A. Ferguson from the firm; and I hereby give notice, further, that all debts due to the late firm are to be paid to me, and that I will settle all claims against it.  
HARDY GREGORY.  
HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1863.

IN reference to the above, the Subscribers beg to intimate that the publication of the "Canadian Illustrated News," and the business connected therewith, will be continued by them, under the name and style of  
H. GREGORY & Co.  
HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1863.

**\$40 A MONTH, expenses paid.**  
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**MARSDEN & PHILIPS** beg to inform the public that they are manufacturing the above in design quite new, in Hamilton; and workmanship equal to any in Canada, and at prices never before offered in Upper Canada.  
Old frames re-gilded and made equal to new.  
Mantle Mirrors 30 in. by 40 in. size of glass.—French or British plate, richly gilt with best gold leaf, and carved wood ornaments, much superior to composition for \$30.  
Manufactory, Lester's Block, James Street, Show Rooms, James Street, between King and Main street, near Officers' Quarters. Manufacturers of the washable gilt moulding.  
Country orders punctually attended to.  
October, 1863. c22

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IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,  
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All letters concerning business in connection with the paper or the office should be addressed to "The Canadian Illustrated News," Hamilton.  
No unpaid letters taken out of the Post Office.  
H. CHLOGLY & Co.

**W. BISHOP, Proprietor.** Omniplex to and from Station. Charges moderate  
Woodstock, Nov. 19, 1863. 6-11

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**WOOD ENGRAVING,**

**BOOK & JOB PRINTING,**

**BOOK BINDING,**

&c. &c. &c.

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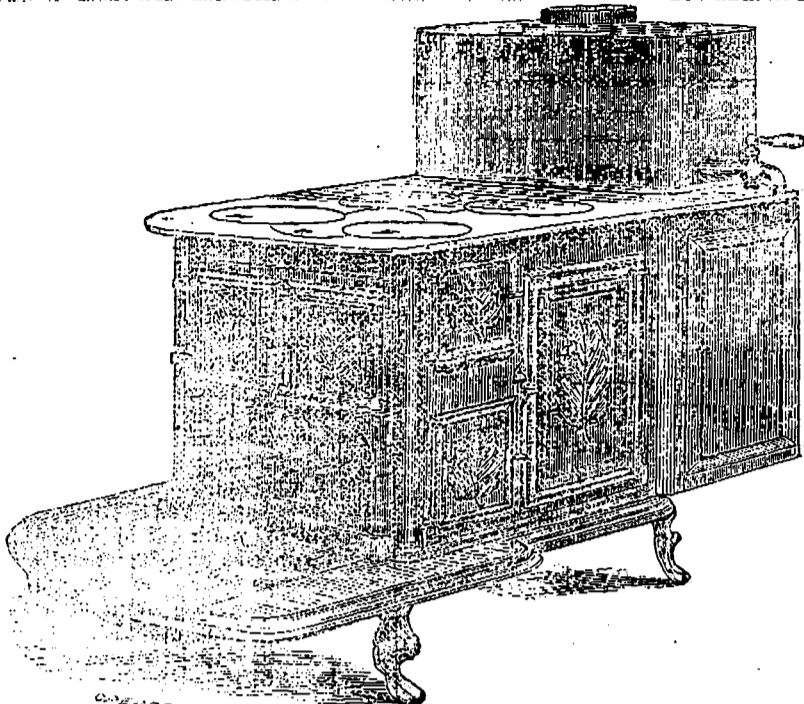
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Office in White's Block, King street.  
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A large quantity of Furniture on hand and manufactured to order.



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**THE "CANADA" COOK STOVE,** FOR COAL OR WOOD, an original and patented Stove, got up especially for the City Trade: the most economical and efficient Cook Stove in the Market: it completely takes the place of, and surpasses the other flat-top stoves now in general use. The "Canada" is the best finished and most durable stove of the day. The "Canada" combines every advantage for cooking over a stove. The "Canada" will Bake, Broil, Roast, Boil, and in a single operation, the operation of cooking at the same time, in the most perfect manner and with the greatest economy in fuel. The "Canada" is neat and substantial in appearance, and operates with success every time.

**The Canada is Warranted.**

TORONTO, November, 1863.

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**B. SMITH,** Bay Street, corner of Market Street. Terms for the lower branches, \$5.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month, 25 cents weekly. For the higher branches, and extra attention, \$1.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month, 25 cents weekly.  
N.B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1, 1864. All parties entering before that time will be charged at the lower rates.  
Private lessons given if required, at 50 cents per lesson.  
October 21, 1863. c22

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FIRST-CLASS CARTRIDGE-MAKING equal to any in Upper Canada, 25.00 per dozen.  
Private Residences, Churches and Public Buildings Photographed in any part of the country.  
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All Orders sent from the country, copied for the same, and promptly returned at a very moderate charge.  
Toronto, May 30, 1863.

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Is published every evening at the Office, corner of Hughson and King Streets, by the Proprietors, C. E. STEWART & Co.,

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Published every Friday morning, and mailed to subscribers by the earliest mails, contains a large quantity of reading matter, embracing the news of the day, interesting tales, poetry, editorials on popular subjects, facts in agriculture, &c.

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Any person sending five subscribers, with the cash, will receive one copy free.

All communications must be pre-paid, and addressed,  
C. E. STEWART & Co.  
Proprietors Evening Times, Hamilton, C. W.  
October 22, 1863. 18

**McLECHERAN & BALLOU,**  
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**PAPER-HANGERS, GLAZIERS,**  
**PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS,**  
**GILDERS, &c.**

Manufacturers of Druggists and Brewers' SNOW CARDS ON GLASS, BOOK PLATES, BLOCK LETTERS, &c.  
NORTH-SIDE JOHN ST. 3RD DOOR FROM KING  
HAMILTON, C. W.

**ESTABLISHED 1818.**  
**SAVAGE & LYMAN,**  
Manufacturers and Importers of  
**WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY**  
AND SILVER WARE,  
Athenal Block, Acme Line Street,  
MONTREAL.  
Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Cases, Cases, Dressing Cases, Papier-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c.  
Montreal, January 21, 1863.

**M. & R. YOUNG,**  
PLUMBERS  
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Gas Fixtures, Brass Work,  
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Importers of Coal Oil Lamps, and sole agents for the English Patent  
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Rock Oil delivered at any place in the City.  
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Agent for TORONTO STEAM DYE WORKS, Steam for Bleaching and Embroidering.

**INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,**  
HAMILTON, C. W.

**WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor**  
THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King Street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation and conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province. His long experience in the business of hotel keeping will, he trusts, secure to him a share of that patronage which he has enjoyed for so many years.  
The location of the International Hotel—situated in the centre of the business portion of the city—is of itself a flattering recommendation, and in conjunction with other more substantial advantages which the Proprietor has introduced, will earn for this Hotel, the subscriber hopes, the favor and good will of the business community.

The large dining-room of the Hotel—one of the most commodious rooms in the city—will still be open for Dinner Parties, Concerts, and other social entertainments. The sample rooms, for commercial travellers, are by far the best in the city.

In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive **LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT,** where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration.

The International Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Caledonia, Port Dover, Dundas, Guelph and other places.  
An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, connecting with trains east and west.

**W. M. RICHARDSON,**  
Proprietor.  
Hamilton, July 21, 1863. 13

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 8TH JAN., 1864.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries, etc.) and Amount (\$17,176 34, 23,193 14, etc.).

JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, HAMILTON, Jan. 9, 1864.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 2ND, 1864.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock, etc.) and Amount (\$26,351 72, 5,700 00, etc.).

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 16th, 1863.

Large table listing various commodities (Beef, Pork, Bacon, Lard, etc.) with prices in columns.

PETROLEUM.

Table listing petroleum products (American Crude, Canadian, etc.) and their prices.

There are more sorrows of women than of men, just as in heaven there are more eclipses of the moon than the sun.

It was Punch who said so felicitously that while men only want (modest dogs) all they can get, the women want all they can't get.

A country editor, praising a successful politician, called him one of the cleverest fellows that ever lifted a hat to a lady, or a boot to a blackguard.

A keeper of a saloon advertising his establishment, concludes thus. Those of my patrons who may desire it, can be sent home on a wheelbarrow gratis.

Impertinence often passes for wit among the vulgar. A rural editor, having published a long article on 'bogs,' a rival paper unbraided him for obtruding his family matters upon the public.

'Bobby, what does your father do for a living?' 'He's a philanthropist, sir,' 'Ah what?' 'A phi-lan-thro-pist, sir, he collects money for Central Africa, and builds houses out of the proceeds.'

A chap down in Connecticut, after the passage of the conscription act, got married to evade the draft. He says now if he can get a divorce he will enlist, as if he must fight, he would rather fight for his country.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE AT DOG LAKE.—In the stagnation of local sensation in town, our 'special' at Dog Lake comes to our relief with a thrilling narrative:—On the morning of New Year's day our usually quiet neighborhood was thrown into a high state of excitement by the determined effort of a young man to commit suicide. Completely disrobing himself, he mounted a shed and expressed his inflexible design to freeze himself to death. A large concourse of influential inhabitants repaired to the scene anxious to avert the execution of the rash intention; his venerable mother, with loving anxiety depicted in her countenance, implored tenderly 'Do Jakey, come down!' while his grey-haired sire, with the welling emotion of affection, cried out, Jake, you blasted fool come down out of that! But still the unfortunate youth stood immovable, awaiting in calm composure the slow and excruciating process of congelation, while the despairing multitude rushed madly to and fro in devising inducements to win the maddened youth to reason. At last in the ingenuity of a mother's love the rescue was accomplished. Returning home she had hastily prepared a batch of dough-nuts dough-nuts be it known, were the particular failing of infatuated young man. Immediately his eyes rested upon the steaming tray, all other sentiments were

subdued in the one great passion of his existence—the rigidity of his features relaxed to an idiotic smile. Quickly clambering down the shed he tenderly embraced the old lady, jocularly slapped the old gentleman upon the shoulder and started joyfully home, meanwhile munching one of the coveted dainties, and the multitude rent the air with shouts of joy at the happy deliverance.—British American.

If there is a heaven on earth, it is on a soft couch by your fireside, your wife on one side, and a smiling baby on the other, a clear conscience, and a knowledge that you are out of debt, and don't fear the sheriff.

A soft headed, conceited fellow asked a young lady at a table d'hote to come and sit by him, which she gravely refused excusing herself on account of it being cholera season,

'Cholera season?' said he; 'why—what—oh—pray—come, sit down by me.'

'Not now—can't possibly do so,' said the young lady; 'father told me when I left home not to touch, taste, or have anything to do with any green thing at my meals.'

Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office was a house of correction.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

THE GENUINE

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

The Best and Cheapest Machines in the world, at New York City Prices.

The undersigned having the General Agency for the sale of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, take great pleasure in informing the public of Canada that they have opened offices in Toronto, at No. 34, King Street East, and in the city of Hamilton, on the corner of King and Hughson streets, where they will keep on hand, at all times, a full assortment of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, and will sell the same, at the same prices, as at the manufactory in New York, thus bringing the machines, which have proved themselves, after a test of fifteen years, to be the best, and most reliable machines in every respect, that has ever been made within the reach of all. The Genuine Singer Machines are celebrated for being more simple to operate, less liable to get out of order, do better and a greater range of work, break less needles, and more durable than any other.

The celebrity of the Genuine Singer Machines, and the reputation which they have acquired over all others, for superiority, has led certain manufacturers of Sewing Machines, in Canada, to make a bogus imitation of the Singer No. 2 Machines, and which are palmed off upon the public for Singer Machines, but in value, when compared with the Genuine Singer Imperial No. 2 Machines, stand in about the same position as bogus coin does to genuine gold.

Look out for impostors, and dealers in bogus machines, who will not only tell you the bogus are quite equal to the Genuine, but superior, and that it is your duty to buy Home Manufacturers. But if you want a Machine that will prove truly reliable, and really worth what you pay for it, buy the Genuine Singer, and you will not be disappointed.

The Genuine Singer, Letter A Machine is the best Machine made for family use.

The Genuine Singer, Imperial No. 2, is the best Machine made for shoemaking, &c.

The Genuine Singer, No. 2, is the best Machine made for tailoring.

The Genuine Singer, No. 3, is the best Machine made for harness makers and carriage trimmers.

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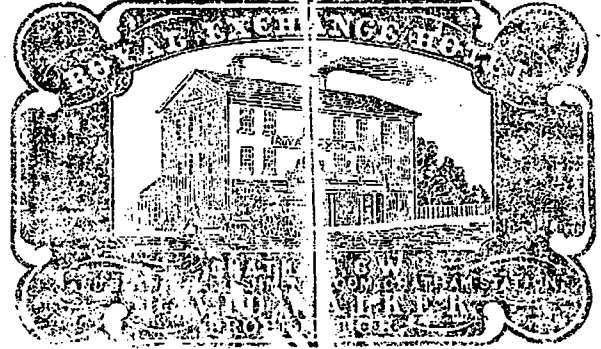
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