

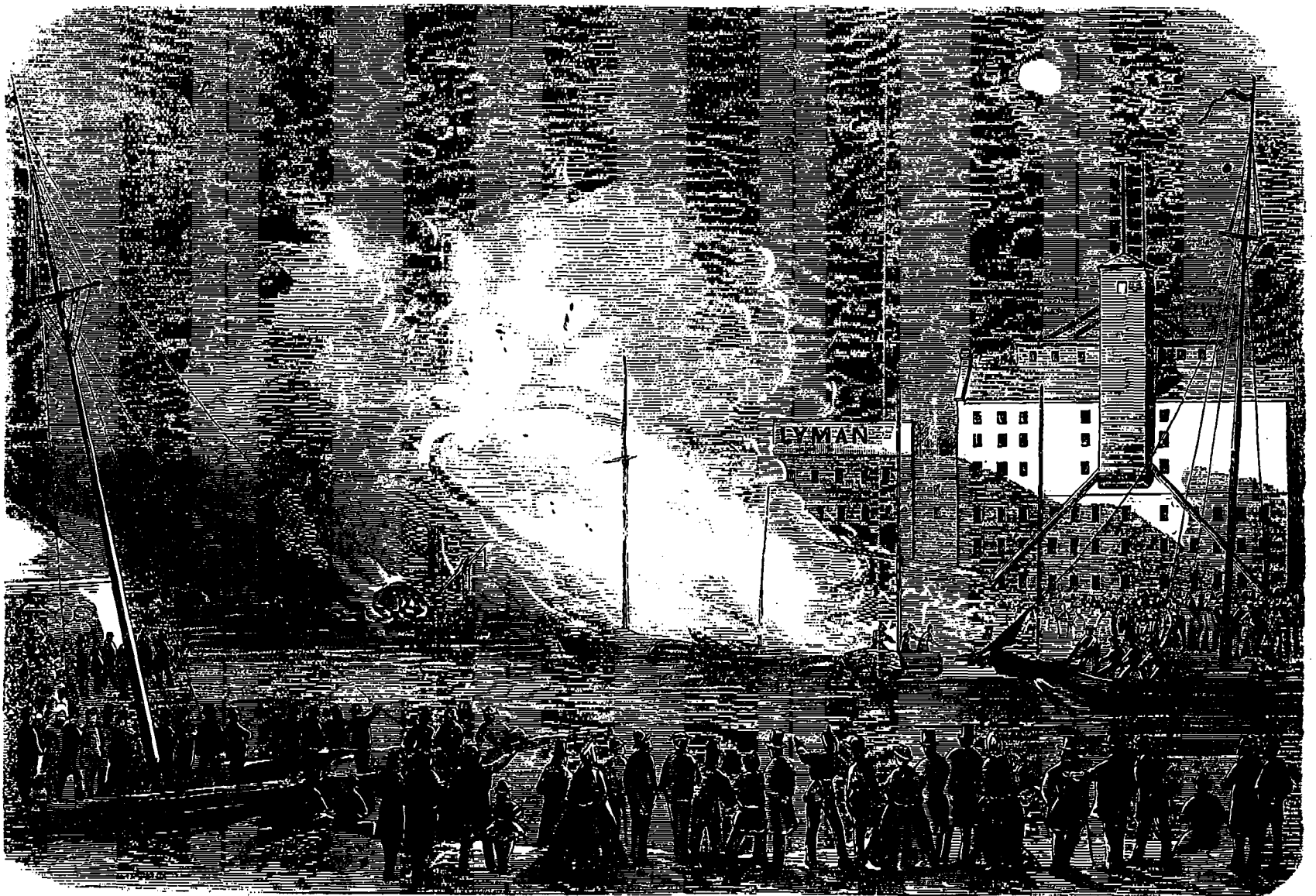
THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



Vol. II—No. 6.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1863.

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FIRE AT MONTREAL ON THE NIGHT OF THE 1ST OF JUNE, 1863. (SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS BY A SPECIAL ARTIST.)

THE FIRE AT MONTREAL. ON THE BANKS OF THE LACHINE CANAL.

On the night of Monday, 1st June, an alarming fire occurred on the western side of the city. The streets were soon thronged with people anxiously hurrying to the scene of conflagration, which was near Point St. Charles, on the canal. The spectacle was awfully grand. The whole shipping on the canal seemed to be on fire, while from the side of the canal burst forth immense flames, surrounded by huge volumes of the blackest smoke, which eclipsed the brilliant moon. One of the blazing ships tore from her moor-

ings, and drifted down the lurid waters, threatening to carry destruction to all the vessels on the canal and buildings around. The thousands of spectators fled from the side where no vessels were, where the firemen deluged it, and it soon fell in pieces. The fire originated in a coal oil shed of Mr. McLennan, near which was a pile of barrels of coal (about 400 tons) belonging to Mr. Copeland. The coal oil, (about 3,000 barrels,) the piles of wood, and the steamer and two barges, were one mass of glowing fire, and all were destroyed. The steamer was an old one, belonging to Mr. Dickinson's

Ottawa line. The immense mills of Messrs. Gould had a very narrow escape, the flames often touching the walls. By the great force of the wind blowing towards the river, the flames were carried upwards and in one direction, just a few yards west of the buildings, where vast quantities of grain were stored. Had this block taken fire, all the vessels in the canal would have been destroyed, as there would have been no time to take them through the locks into the river.

All the parties are insured, except the owner of the coals, part of which was saved by the exertions of the firemen. The fire was got under by next morning.

Messrs. Lyman & Clare's oil manufactory had a narrow escape, part of the roof having taken fire.

On ascertaining the foregoing facts the proprietor of the Canadian Illustrated News promptly ordered one of his agents at Montreal to employ an artist to give a pictorial sketch of the scene. This was done, but not soon enough for our issue of last week. It is now engraved and printed, as seen on this page.

From our personal recollection of the locality we think it is a faithful, as artistically it is a vivid representation of that perilous outbreak of fire.

LOSS OF THE NORWEGIAN.

It is with consternation and with sorrow inexpressible, that we announce the loss of another of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company's vessels. The reader's notice is directed to one of the centre pages for an illustration sketched from facts specially forwarded to the Canadian Illustrated News. The following was the telegram first received:

ASPY BAY, C. B., June 14,
via SACKVILLE, June 17.

To ALLANS, RAE & Co., Quebec:—The steamer Norwegian was wrecked this morning at 7 o'clock, in a thick fog, on the centre of Paul's Island, about a mile and a quarter eastward of North East light. She had on board 56 cabin and 271 steerage passengers, all of whom, together with the crew and mails, have been saved. A large portion of the baggage has also been landed. The steamer, when I left, at one o'clock in the afternoon, was all but on her beam ends, portside uppermost, and well on to the rocks.

The forepeak and forward compartment have several feet of water in them. The main and aft wards are quite dry. Captain McMaster was not certain whether she could be got off or not. He requests that a steamer be sent down at once to the wreck with assistance.

Passengers were being conveyed, when I left, to the Government Humane Society's house, a short distance westward of the light-house.

Mr. Campbell, Governor of the island, is lending all his assistance. Not being certain as to the casual help vessels passing may give, immediate assistance is urgently looked for.

I will return to-morrow for an answer.
(Signed,) JOHN WALLACE, Purser.

ANOTHER DESPATCH.

ASPY BAY, June 15,
via Sackville, June 17.

To Messrs. Allan & Co.—I went down to the wreck to-day and just returned. A gale was blowing from eastward, and could not land.

Saw the passengers about the Governor's house, and some tents on the rocks close to the steamer, which was shifting and well on her beam ends.

The telegraph line is not working, owing to a heavy thunder-storm, and only part of the first message is sent. Must return by daybreak to-morrow. Send immediate assistance.
(Signed) J. WALLACE.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, JUNE 20, 1863.

RESOURCES AND TAXATION.

THE staple argument at the elections, now nearly concluded, has been on both sides—'Retrenchment' and 'Economy.' That is at all times, and has been in all countries, a popular cry. Retrenchment of unnecessary expenditure is at once expedient, and in political ethics a public virtue. But economy may mean something else than retrenchment. In its narrower and common acceptation it signifies careful solicitude not to allow expenditure to exceed income. As applicable to individuals, it often means parsimony, and may degenerate to avarice. In the larger and general sense, as a political axiom, it includes the development of public wealth, which is the source of public revenue, as well as the prudent limitation of expenditure. Indeed, a truly prudent expenditure means the preservation of the Province, and the development of its vast natural resources.

The debt of the Province of Canada is, in its legal aspects, of two kinds, municipal and provincial; but as an element in public economy, the municipal and provincial debts are as one; they were incurred in developing public wealth. That there may have been some ill-judged schemes promoted and some misappropriation of money are probable results of that self-government, which, though the best for a new country that has yet been discovered in political experiments, is far from being a government of self-denial and purity of motive and of action.

But the complaint of mis-appropriated money is not always, and in the case of Canada, is not often justly made. They who obtained contracts to build canals, or railroads, or portions of these, were each

competitors with many others. The successful contractors are accused of plundering the public, when in fact it is only the unsuccessful competitors who feel aggrieved. The Province is responsible for a very considerable debt, but that, unlike the national debt of Great Britain, of France, or of Austria, has not been incurred in military and naval armaments, which though preserving the several nationalities, and adding to their power and dignity—conditions which are absolutely requisite to nations, and not to be overlooked in the Province of Canada with impunity, are and have been issues of expenditure not directly and palpably reproductive. The debt of Canada has been incurred for works which almost instantly became reproductive; which for several years have been and are in this year, 1863, yielding bountiful returns to the public wealth of the Province, in a ratio of profit upon outlay, unequalled in the industrial history of any nation, or Province of a nation upon the face of the earth, so far as history or research has given to living man a record.

The person who is now Editor of this journal (Alexander Somerville,) has devoted many years of observation and research to topics related to public wealth, and in the British Parliament has been frequently cited as an authority. He has investigated the resources of Canada and the frontier United States minutely during the last four years, and being under no party obligations in this journal to fetter the expression of convictions which he believes to be founded on truth, that assertion is deliberately made as wholly within the truth.

The debt of Canada has been contracted for plank roads, gravel roads, railroads, harbors, lighthouses, canals, and the like, which represent Public Economy both in its narrowest and largest sense. To the farmer and merchant those works effect an economic saving in time, and of seasons in the time of bringing out of the earth and distributing produce to its markets; a saving of time and cost in personal locomotion; a diminution of uncertainty, almost an extinction of delay in the matter of payments. These great internal works to facilitate transport and the concomitant adjuncts of banking and reciprocal interchange of products with the United States, have superseded low prices and long credits by ready money; ensuring a price at ready money equal to cent per cent for wheat and cattle beyond what the price was before the Provincial debt was contracted.

The trade of the country, consisting of imports and exports, in 1858, was \$52½ millions.

Imports and exports, in 1862, it was \$79½ millions, being an increase of 50 per cent.

At his election in Sherbrooke Mr. Galt who was Finance Minister in the Cartier Macdonald administration, said: They had been censured for removing the canal tolls in 1859. All the tolls of the canals in 1859, were \$92,000

The tolls had in fact never been totally removed, but only 10 per cent was collected for expenses.—This 10 per cent in 1862 yielded a sum of \$8,000

\$4,000

The effect of the reduction of tolls said Mr. Galt, had been to triple and quadruple the quantity of wheat, flour and other vegetable productions transported by these canals and very largely to increase the foreign trade of the country.

TONS.
The sea-going trade in 1859 was 128,000
" " " " 1861 " 160,000
" " " " 1862 " 192,000

being an increase of 50 per cent. on 1859.

The detractors of the late government at the last election called the public debt \$70,000,000. Now they make it \$85,000,000.

The total liabilities of the Province are, \$72,000,000
It has assets to be deducted, 10,000,000

Making the liabilities of the Province, \$62,000,000

Of this, \$30,000,000 are equal to terminable annuities. This sum borrowed at 6 per cent. per annum, is now only paying 5½ per

cent. interest. The ½ per cent. is paying off the \$30,000,000 in 45 years.

The cost of interest on the public debt was, in 1858, \$1.34 per head.
1861, 1.31 " "
1862, 1.27 " "

The total amount of taxation was in, 1858, \$3.95 per head.
1861, 3.71 " "
1862, 3.67 " "

Mr. Galt's inference that the increase of traffic through the canals is due to the reduction of tolls, should be qualified by the fact that larger shipments of American Western produce, went down the canals of Canada in 1861, and 1862, than in previous years, owing to the Mississippi being closed by the operations of war. But he did not rest a defence of his colleagues and their predecessors who contracted public debt for the public benefit, on the reduction of tollage on canals. While deprecating the course which some Canadians, greatly too many, take in running down the credit and resources of the country, he affirmed that the debt of the Province had been well incurred. It was incurred for public improvements, for the construction of valuable canals and railroads; for a comprehensive system of education; for the removal of the long-standing causes of religious animosities in Upper Canada, and for getting rid, rid forever, of the feudal tenures in the Lower Province.

EDITOR'S NOTICES.

Literary contributions, likely to be inserted, have been received from Dollwa; G. W. Johnson, and W. A. But who is W. A.? Why send a statement of matters of fact about the Merchant's Rifles at Toronto, and not give the name of the writer? The poetical contribution of J. J. R. and that from Stamford are inadmissible. In both, the piety may be good, at least the sentiment is amiable; but the verses are wholly destitute of that ideality which is poetry. Many persons can appreciate the poetry of others who cannot express it in words themselves; but they who cannot feel the poetic sensation of mind themselves, cannot convey it to others. They may versify, but to be a rhymster is not to be a poet.

CHESTERFIELD.—The Editor is sorry to say anything to offend you or any human being. By natural disposition, and by the interests of this paper, he is alike disposed to be pleased at the happiness of others. But if a literary contribution is so faulty that it cannot be printed, he must either make no remark or say why it is rejected. The writers who voluntarily send contributions to this office must expect to see them made the subject of remark. The Editor gave the rejected article to be returned to you at the address formerly given. Perhaps it is in the post office there? If you choose to send another, it will be candidly but generously treated. We do not read to discover faults but to find beauties. But if, as in the last, we have to scramble through barren difficulties, and find no flower nor green spot, and at last be asked to go over it again and amend inaccuracies, there is no inducement to do so. The article was not only faulty in such mistakes as giving the population of Quebec to Montreal, and omitting the latter, but was feeble in language and cloudy in idea. Your opinions, too, were second-hand, and not correct though borrowed. As an instance, you said, 'for although George the Third was a tyrant,' &c. In the effort to preserve the unity of the British Empire, at the time of the American revolution, George the Third was not a tyrant. The American statesmen of this day, whose forefathers revolted then, are not tyrants, but patriots, in their efforts to suppress rebellion and preserve the unity of the American nation. George the Third was never a tyrant in any sense.

NATURE AND ART.—The phrase 'A mouth beautifully chiselled'; or, 'Eyebrows beautifully pencilled' is a misuse of words and semblances, giving an inversion of the logical order of ideas and of things. If these had met our notice for the first time in the well written tale, 'The Cross of Pride,' they would have been passed over as inadvertencies, which doubtless they are in Mrs. Noel's

case. But such phrases have occurred in the writings of English and American authors who now stand nearly if not quite on the Corinthian capitals of literature. The inversion has its birth in the literary slang of the studios of artists and in the Picture exhibitions. There, artists are supreme; nature and things natural, including language and literature, are with them secondary creations. The sculptor has chiselled the features of his statue beautifully. But when the worshipper of the sculptor sees the lovely woman whom the statue represents, he forgets the order of things and of ideas, and speaks of her as if she had been imitated from the statue and chiselled beautifully. In the matter of 'pencilled eyebrows' the offence is worse; it conveys an idea of disgust. It suggests the dyeing of hair. The woman who paints her face, or dyes her hair, is not a true woman. The man who dyes whiskers or moustache is not far from being a coward. If Canada were invaded we would not trust the loyalty or courage of any officer or other man, who had ever dyed his hair or whiskers.

PAMELA S. VIKING.—Why is this daughter of inspiration silent? When the present Editor assumed the literary care of this paper Miss Viking's lines, 'Lillian Lee,' were found lying amongst other manuscripts as a jewel in the ashes. On inquiry he ascertained that it had been long in the office neglected. If that oversight of others led to the silence of Miss Viking's muse, so far as relates to this paper, it is a misfortune for which we are truly sorry. No other poetry, so sweet, so tender, so genuine has been born of ideality in this Canada, as the various pieces of Miss Viking bear witness. A copy of the paper is sent regularly by mail.

The Editor directs attention to the following exposition of Double Majority:

DOUBLE MAJORITY.—In April, 1859, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald having in the House of Assembly given notice of a motion respecting the principle of a Parliamentary Double Majority, Mr. Buchanan placed on the Notice Book this amendment, intended to affirm the principle and also define the mode of converting the principle into legislative practice.

'That our highly prized constitutional principle of Responsible Government has become in practice an instrument of the greatest legislative tyranny, and of the most flagrant Executive injustice. Members of this House, although representatives of large majorities of their constituencies, and although also coinciding in sentiment with a majority of the whole people in their section of the Province, as expressed through their representatives, being practically deprived of all influence in the legislation of the Province, and of all influence over the patronage and other acts of the Executive Government in their respective localities: That until the principle of Representation by Population, without regard to a dividing line between Upper and Lower Canada, receives the sanction of the double majority, or of a majority of the representatives both of Upper and of Lower Canada, it is imperative to the well-working of Responsible Government that the Double Majority principle should be in practical operation so far, that if, on a vote of want of confidence (of which a week's notice shall have been given) there is found a majority of the whole members from either section (or thirty-three members from either section of the Province) against the Government, it will be the duty of the Ministers representing such section in the Cabinet to resign their offices, as no longer representing the public opinion of such section of the Province.'

ISAAC BUCHANAN.

Publisher's Notices.

H. M. M., Drummondville—Your paper has been sent from No. 1, Vol. II. Enquire at Post Office.

Mr. Notman, Montreal—The photographs received; accept our thanks.

H. S. S., Cavendish, P. E. Island—The paper will be sent to your address; you may find means of paying for it by an order on some person or bank in Canada.

Remittances.

L. M., Scotland; J. B., Goderich; T. S. M., Aylmer; P. King, Fergus; T. R. Montreal; J. E. K., Streetsville; W. L. C. & Co. St. Catharines; T. W. C., St. Catharines; Dr. C., Harrison; Rev. J. D. Richmond Hill; P. K. Drummondville; W. W. Stamford; P. U. M., Port Robinson; S. B., Welland.

Reviews.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

BY ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

SECOND NOTICE.

When the war was concluded, and the surviving troops were returned home to receive medals of honor from the hand of Her Majesty the Queen, both Houses of Parliament were still debating the question of, why Britain had gone to war with Russia, and why she had gone to war imperfectly prepared; the commissariat department disorganized; land transport department not created; medical department defective? In the House of Lords the Foreign Secretary of State, the Earl of Clarendon, said they had not originally intended to engage Russia in hostilities; 'Britain had drifted into war.' That was the phrase 'drifted into war.'

By all the lessons which history teaches; by all the analogies of circumstance; by the similitude of persons and events in 1863 and in 1812—the prudence of some, reprehensible unbelief of the majority; by the logical sequences of things standing apart from history on their own present conditions, Great Britain is, in 1863, drifting into war with the Federal United States; and Canada without military organization worthy of the name, is drifting into the same 'Long Soo' rapids of destiny. We may be piloted through. But there is no sign of precautions for safety as yet.

A few passages are selected from Mr. Kinglake's book, which have in 1863, an ominous meaning for such as have ears to hear and judgment to understand:

CONCERNING ENGLISH TEMPER.

Welcome or unwelcome the truth must be told. A huge obstacle to the maintenance of peace in Europe was raised up by the temper of the English people. In public, men still used forms of expression implying that they would be content for England to lead a quiet life among the nations, and they still clasped expectations of peace amongst their hopes, and declared in joyous tones that the prospects of war were gloomy and painful; but these phrases were the time-honored canticles of a doctrine already discarded, and they who used them did not mean to deceive their neighbors, and did not deceive themselves. The English desired war; and perhaps it ought to be acknowledged that there were many to whom war, for the sake of war, was no longer a hateful thought. Either the people had changed, or else there was hollowness in some of the professions which orators had made in their name.

Distinct from the martial ardor already kindled in England, there had sprung up amongst the people an almost romantic craving for warlike adventure, and this feeling was not slow to reach the Cabinet. Now, without severance from the German powers there could plainly be little prospect of adventure; for, besides that the German monarchs desired to free the Principalities with as little resort to hostilities as might be compatible with the attainment of the end, it was almost certain that the policy of keeping up the perfect union and co-operation of the four powers would prevent war by its overwhelming force. Like the power of the law, it would operate like coercion, and not by clangor of arms. This was a merit, but it was a merit fatal to its reception in England.

LORD RAGLAN'S PECULIARITIES.

When Lord Raglan was appointed to the command, he was sixty-six years old. But although there were intervals when a sudden relaxation of the muscles of the face used to show the impress of time, those moments were few; and, in general, his well-braced features, his wakeful attention, his uncommon swiftness of thought, his upright, manly carriage, and his easy seat on horse-back, made him look the same as a man in the strong mid-season of life.

He had one peculiarity which, although it went near to being a foible, was likely to give smoothness to his relations with the French. Beyond and apart from a just contempt for mere display, he had a strange hatred of the outward signs and tokens of military energy. Versed of old in real war, he knew that the clatter of a General, briskly galloping hither and thither with staff and orderlies, did not of necessity imply any momentous resolve; that the aids-de-camp, swiftly shot off by a word, like arrows from a bow, were no sure signs of despatch or decisive action. And because such outward signs might mean little, he shrank from them more than was right. He would have liked, if it had been possible, that he and his army should have glided unnoticed from the banks

of the Thames, to their position in the battle-field. It was certain, therefore, that although a French general would be sure to find himself checked in any really hurtful attempt to encroach upon the just station of the British army, yet that if, as was not unnatural, he should evince a desire for personal prominence, he would find no rival in Lord Raglan until he reached the enemy's presence.

In our former notice, Canadian Illustrated News, May 23, 1863, some extracts were given of the conduct of the Foot Guards, 7th Fusiliers, and one or two other English and Irish regiments in the battle of Alma. Here is Mr. Kinglake's word pictures of the Highlander regiments of

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S BRIGADE.

The Ninety-Third, in the Crimea, was never quite like other regiments, for it chanced that it had received into its ranks a large proportion of those men of eager spirit who had petitioned to be exchanged from regiments left at home to regiments engaged in the war. The exceeding fire and vehemence, and the ever-ready energies of the battalion, made it an instrument of great might, if only it could be duly held in, but gave it a tendency to be headstrong in its desire to hurl itself upon the enemy.

In a minute, this fiery Ninety-Third came storming over the crest, and, having now at last an enemy's column before it, it seemed to be almost mad with warlike joy. Its formation, of course, was disturbed by the haste and vehemence of the onset; and Campbell saw that, unless the regiment could be halted and a little calmed down, it would go on rushing forward in disordered fury, at the risk of shattering itself against the strength of the hard, square-built column which was solemnly coming to meet it. But he who could halt his men on the bank of a cool stream when they were rushing down to quench the rage of their thirst, was able to quiet them in the midst of their warlike fury. Sir Colin got the regiment to halt and dress its ranks. By this time it was under the fire of the approaching column.

But, moreover, the Highlanders being men of great stature, and in strange garb, their plumes being tall, and the view of them being broken and distorted by the wreathes of the smoke, and there being, too, an ominous silence in their ranks, there were men among the Russians who began to conceive a vague terror—the terror of things unearthly: and some, say they, imagined that they were charged by horsemen strange, silent, monstrous, bestriding giant chargers. The columns were falling into that plight—we have twice before seen it this day—that its officers were moving hither and thither with their drawn swords, were commanding, were imploring, were threatening, nay, even were laying hands on their soldiery, and striving to hold them fast in their places.—This struggle is the last stage but one in the agony of a body of good infantry massed in close column. Unless help should come from elsewhere, the three columns would have to give way. But help came. From the high ground on our left another heavy column—the column composed of the two right Soudal battalions—was seen coming down. It moved straight at the flank of the Ninety-third.

But some witchcraft, the doomed men might fancy, was causing the earth to bear giants. Above the crest or swell of ground on the left rear of the Ninety-third, yet another array of the tall, bending plumes began to rise up in a long, ceaseless line, stretching far into the east, and presently, in all the grace and beauty that marks a Highland regiment when it springs up the side of a hill, the Seventy-ninth came bounding forward. Without a halt, or with only the halt that was needed for dressing the ranks, it sprang at the flank of the right Soudal column, and caught it in its sin—caught it daring to march across the front of a battalion advancing in line. Wrapped in the fire thus poured upon its flank, the hapless column could not march, could not live. It broke and began to fall back in great confusion; and the left Soudal column being almost at the same time overthrown by the Ninety-third, and the two columns which had engaged the 'Black Watch' being now in full retreat, the spurs of the hill and the winding dale beyond became thronged with the enemy's disordered masses.

NOTES ON PERIODICALS.

NEW YORK ALBION.—This is an English family newspaper published at New York. Its summary of English news, its glimpses of new books, its original poetical fragments, are always welcome and refreshing. It criticises American military strategy and

government too severely, and as we, who have personally and practically learned the operations of war, think, undeservedly. If British military history were read in all its details with both eyes open, the mental and the visual eye, the present military operations in America should, with our own, serve as a terrible caution in the matter of provoking antagonisms which may end in war. The first four years of Britain's great conflict with France, beginning in 1793, yielded no military victory. The first fifteen years yielded on land only four victories, two of them questionable; and all those terrible years were distempered with frequent disaster, had generalship and British national impatience. The first four years after those barren fifteen, were 1809, 1810, 1811 and 1812, when Wellington commanded in Portugal and Spain. The events there did not raise him above the censure—undeservedly, recklessly given, yet the unsparing censure of a large parliamentary party, almost a majority, who again and again made motions in both houses accusing him of incompetence and demanding his recall. In the short, but terrible Crimean war of 1854 and 1855, did not Executive Ministers and ignorant popular opinion censure Generals and Admirals? Most unjustly, wrongfully, we admit, yet censured they were, and some of them cruelly dishonored. What naval commander in the Baltic or Famine, in that war made a reputation that survives? Two military Commanders-in-Chief are still living but are never heard of. A subordinate is Commander-in-Chief, but his position is an accident. The Generals did not fail, the Admirals did not fail, but circumstances were opposed to them all which were as insuperable as fate.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—This is a New York Literary and Domestic paper, which is always fresh and agreeable. It is either the best, or one of the very few best, of American periodicals.

THE GENESSEE FARMER and the CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST have come to hand. Both are good and worthy of a wide and generous patronage.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—This Monthly has the two-fold charm of readable literature and good illustrations. The Harpers supply Canada so largely with original American, and with reprinted English literature, that they might think it to their interest—it self-interest ever enters the mind of such as they, to spare Canada the infliction of mis-written history, which ordinary readers cannot always correct for themselves. In the Number for June, the article on 'The Players and the Puritans' treats of the licentiousness of much of the old English Drama in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. The Puritans condemned Stage Plays in the whole, because some—too many were indecent. Harper's writer anathematizes the dramatic immoralities of such as Dryden and Wycherly, as suitable only to the 'grossness of the English mind.' He forgets that whatsoever was good, whatsoever lovely in the lives of the Puritans was also English: And that though small bands of the more adventurous of the Puritans went forth upon the world, and with much worldly wisdom founded the New England colonies, the far larger Puritan and Non-Conformist social element continued in Britain. But they whose religious lives and purer morals discredited from the infelicities of the stage in the British Islands, were not all dissenters from the Established Church. Many Protestant churchmen, and all Roman Catholics objected to the dramatic impurities of the stage, as well as Puritan Non-Conformists. The stage is now as pure in England as in America, and something more. Whatever it is in the States, English authors and actors assisted to make it what it is.

We have this week put our hand into 'Harper's Drawer' and taken a niceful.—After looking them over, the following are selected as best, which, with a poetical fragment from the Albion we reproduce, as:

Pretty; and Pretty Good.

HELOISE.

Tall and stately, with an air of solemn sweetness
Veiling passion in her spirit deep and still,
Marble-moulded, with a certain fine completeness,
Eyes that half revealed, nor all betrayed, the will;
Shall I meet her walking in the golden meadows,
Shall I hear her singing through the summer trees,
Shall I see her lying in the morning shadows,
By the dazling May bloom and the humming bee?
Or, like Beatrice, in the poet's vision,
From some dreamy world of light above the skies;
Shall these eyes behold her in the life of stasis,
Standing at the open gate of Paradise?
Never more! No barren hope of after meeting
Strikes a halo of eadn glory round her head;
Sorrow, sorrow to the pulses that are beating,
But immutably blessed, are the dead!

So they dug her grave and in a shroud they wound her,
And she went full weary to her last long rest,
With her brown hair like an amber cloud around her,
And the white hands meekly folded on her breast.
Is she dreaming, is she dreaming of her lover?
Is she dreaming of the bright world overhead?
Does she hear the summer breezes pause above her,
Singing wild Æolian anthems to the dead?
Does she hear the chill rain in the winter twilight?
And the wild wind scattering the dead leaves in scorn?
Does she listen to the iron hail at midnight?
And the wild birds screaming to the lurid morn?

No—she sleeps the last sleep of the broken-hearted.
By the solemn waters of the lone sea-shore.
There are violets on the graves of the departed;
But the passion-flower is dead for evermore!

H. R.

The music of these exquisite lines was marred in the Albion by the discordant rhyming of 'scorn,' and 'dawn.' If there must be rhymes, is not 'morn' the word? Certainly 'dawn' is not a rhyme to 'scorn,' except perhaps, as a vernacular on the Thames.—Ed. C. I. N.

THE HANDFUL FROM HARPER'S DRAWER.

— I have a brother—a wee, little chap—who sometimes says things we think very odd. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother, and said, 'Oh, mother, I'm full of glory! There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it!'

— GENERAL ROSENCRANS was reviewing the lamented Brigadier-General Nelson's old division. He took unusual interest in that band of veterans, who so long and so nobly had defended their country. He rode along between the ranks, talking to the men and inquiring into their individual wants. Some wanted shoes, some blankets, some an increase of rations, etc. Finally the General stopped in front of an Irishman, apparently well pleased with his soldierly appearance: 'Well, Pat,' says the General, 'and what do you want?'

'A furlo, please your honor!' answered Pat.

'You'll do, Pat!' said the General, as he rode away laughing.

— The hero of the following exploit is a son of ex-Commodore T—, now of the rebel navy. The son is loyal:

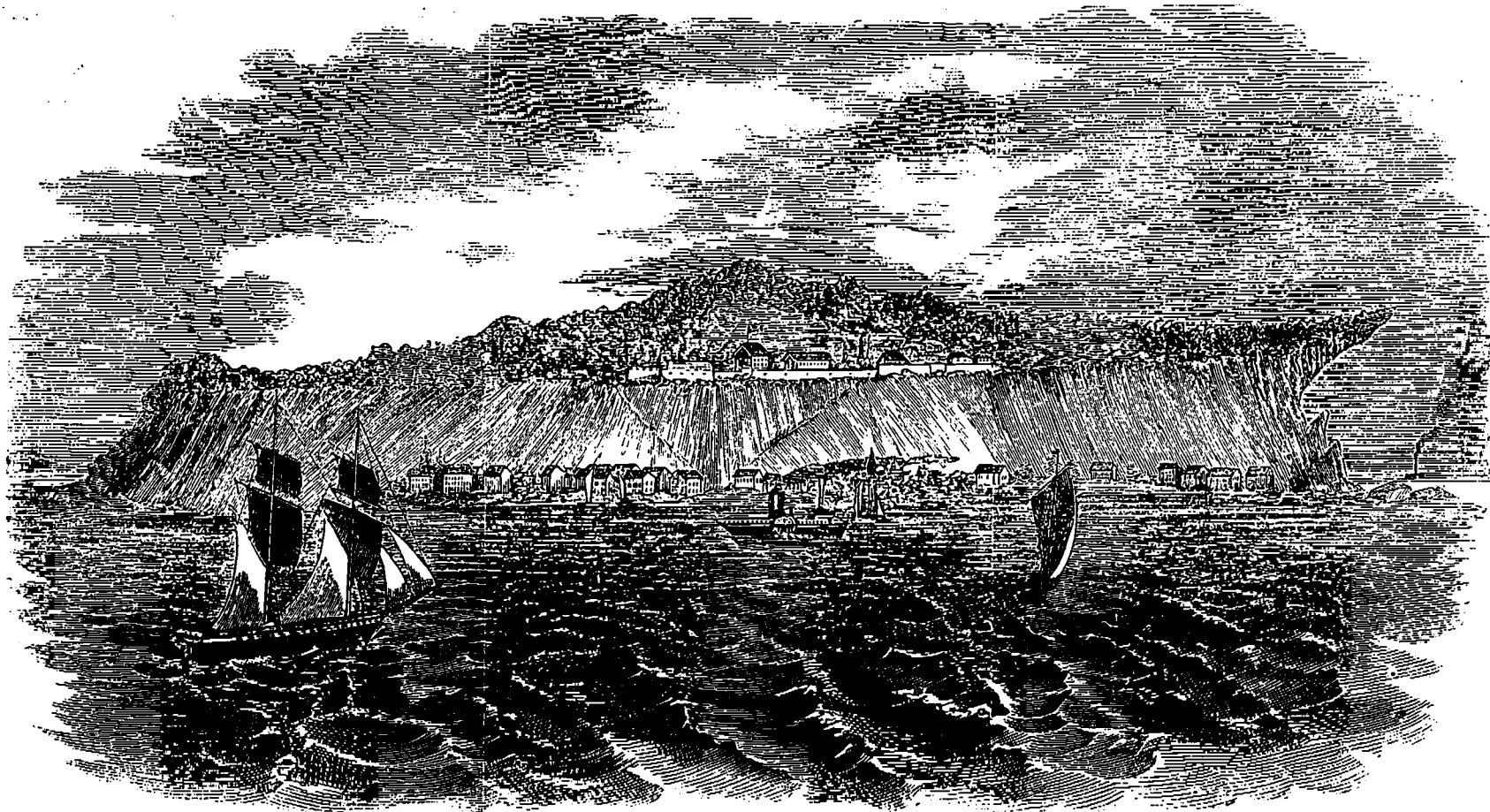
— While ex-Commodore T— was stationed at Sackett's Harbor, New York, young T— had a fine opportunity of indulging his passion for fishing and hunting. He was called a very eccentric fellow, and was considerably addicted to the 'ardent.' One day young T— came in from the Bay (Black River) in his row-boat, having been out duck-hunting, in a decidedly happy state, and informed the crowd of by-standers on the wharf that he had lost his gun overboard while out in the bay. The gun was a very fine double-barreled one. Many expressions of sympathy were offered him of course, by his friends, whom he effectually silenced by saying with the greatest gravity and an air of self-gratulation, 'Oh, gentlemen, the gun's not lost. I had the presence of mind to cut a notch in the gunwale of the boat just where the gun fell overboard,' and pointing proudly to a large, bright notch which, sure enough, was there, he added: 'Now get us some grappling-irons and a rope, and we'll go out and get it!' It is needless to say that that crowd laughed some, and that young T— never heard the last of his notch and presence of mind.

— Here is an epitaph which I do not remember seeing in print, of one 'Mathew Tolup,' a stone-mason, who on commencing life was very poor, but by prudence, industry, and economy managed to get money enough together to purchase a piece of ground rich in stone. In due time he built him a nice house from the material which was abundant on his premises. As old age crept upon him he thought of where his body should rest; and in the rear of his house he built a vault, and caused a statue of himself to be placed upon it, with one hand pointing to the house. The inscription read thus:

'Here lies Mathew Tolup.
Who made you stones role up;
And when God took his Sole up,
His body filled the hole up.'

— STEVE WILSON was the most self-important young man in my neighborhood. Though recommending others to volunteer, he could not be prevailed upon to enlist until fear of the draft drove him to it. It runs in the Wilson family to be dark-skinned, and Steve is decidedly the nearest to black of all. I received a letter from a little girl of fourteen which thus mentions Steve:

'Steve Wilson wrote home that he was not going to fight by the side of a nigger. I don't know why it is, unless he is afraid if he gets mixed up with them he won't be known?'



VIEW OF MAKINAW ISLAND; GIBALTER OF THE UPPER LAKES.

— WHILE the Army of the Potomac was making its way into Virginia, a party of soldiers, hungry and fierce, had just reached a rail fence, tied their horses, and pitched their officer's tent, when four pigs incautiously approached the camp. The men, on noticing them, immediately decided on their capture. They stationed two parties, one at each end of a V in the fence, with rails to complete the other two sides of a square; two men were then sent to scatter corn before the pigs and lead them along inside the V, when the square was finished and the pigs penned. A cavalry officer, whose men had attempted their destruction with their sabres, came up and said to me, 'Ah! the pen is still mightier than the sword!'

— Two years ago (writes a correspondent) at the spring term of the District Court at Topeka, Kansas, Judge Rush Elmore presiding, a witness was called upon the stand. After being sworn, the counsel for the defence said to the witness—a tall, green specimen, and somewhat embarrassed—

'Now, Sir, stand up and tell your story like a preacher.'

'No, Sir!' roared the Judge; 'none of that; I want you to tell the truth!'

Just imagine the sheriff, deputies, and bailiffs trying to keep 'order' and silence.'

— An amusing thing occurred in the Twenty-fourth Ohio. A few days since a soldier, in passing to the lower part of the encampment, saw two others from his company making a rude coffin. He inquired who it was for.

'John Bunce,' said the other.

'Why,' replied he, 'John is not dead yet. It is too bad to make a man's coffin when you don't know if he is going to die or not.'

'Don't trouble yourself,' replied the other; 'Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, and I guess he knows what he gave him.'

— PASSING along one of our thoroughfares a few days since we met a poor soldier, who had lost one of his limbs in battle, slowly walking on his crutches. A friend meeting him, cried.

'I say, Jim, how is it that you went away with two legs and came back with three?'

'Oh, bedad, I made fifty per cent, on it!' was the reply.

— The California Second is now stationed at Fort Lyon, awaiting orders for the States—or America, as the boys say. The officer in command of the fort has an exquisite daughter, who occasionally attends her father at review. She has a peculiar pronunciation, which was more common in peaceful times. Wishing to see the boys perform the double quick, she says, 'Pa, please make them twot.' Accordingly the old gentleman made the boys twot for the benefit of the fair one—and they twoted!

— This is very good, and very like Pat:

In one of the hospitals in the vicinity of Washington a newly-arrived patient, by the name of Pat, a veritable son of the Emerald Isle, complained of being quite deaf. The next morning after his arrival the physician, while going his regular rounds prescribing for the different patients in his ward, approached Pat, who was at the time whistling a tune called the 'Irish Washer-woman.' The Doctor accosted him with, 'What is the matter with you?' but Pat didn't seem to hear, and continued whistling. The Doctor, a little bewildered at his impudence, exclaimed, rather sharply, 'How long have you been in hospital?' Pat said nothing, but made more music than ever. The Doctor by this time began to 'smell a mice,' and screamed out at the top of his voice, 'Where did you come from?—what hospital were you in before you came here?'—but it had not the least impression on Pat, who still continued to whistle. The Doctor, after reading Pat's name on his card at the head of his bed, asked, 'Pat, don't you want to go home on a furlough?'

Pat's eyes glistened for a moment, when he exclaimed, 'Yes, that's what's the matter!'

About a week after Patrick received a thirty days' furlough.

— LITTLE NANNIE, four years old, made her appearance in the breakfast-room one morning unwashed and unkempt, and no arguments could induce her to complete her toilet. Her mother expatiated on the enormity of such conduct, and forbade her coming to the table; but I gravely remarked that it wasn't of any consequence about Nannie being clean. 'Kittens and nice little girls washed their faces, but pigs never did. It was just as well.' Nannie listened 'with meek, attentive face,' but with eyes that did not express perfect complacency, to this porcine suggestion; took the plate which her mother handed her, carried it to a corner, placed it on a chair, and breakfasted in an expeditious manner. Then catching up her sun-bonnet, she hurried to the outside door, remarking, as she reached it, 'Now I guess I'll go out and root a little while!'

— AN accomplished practitioner of law in Jacksonville, Illinois, having occasion to file in the Circuit Court a legal paper in behalf of himself and partner, affixed to the firm signature the Latin term 'per se'—thus: 'Doe & Stokes, per se.' His partner suggested that the term meant 'by himself,' and that, as it was in the singular number, it was not appropriate to accompany a firm signature. Not at all at a loss for the correct term, he changed the signature, and the records there show a paper signed, 'Doe & Stokes, per 2 c's!'

— If any one doubts that the highest honor and integrity resides in the bosom of a Dutch baker, the following adventure of Mr. Kloptenfussen will be a very useful study. A neighboring family recently sent to Mr. K.'s bakehouse a rabbit smothered in onions, to be cooked for the Sunday dinner; but while this mess stood on a low shelf, awaiting its turn in the oven, Mrs. Kloptenfussen's tomcat (whose inherent knavishness of disposition no virtuous examples could counteract) slipped in and devoured the rabbit entirely. To remedy such a loss, or to punish such a crime, would have seemed difficult to most people; but Mr. Kloptenfussen accomplished both objects at once, and in the most complete and admirable manner. Though the cat was a great favorite in the family, and of much use as a rat-ter, his Roman-like master put him to death, skinned and properly prepared him, and substituted him for the rabbit in such a satisfactory manner that the people to whom the dinner belonged ate it with great relish, not suspecting that any change had been made in the ingredients. Here was an unparalleled triumph of equity!—the robber being made to take the place of the stolen article, and full reparation being made to the party robbed, without any of those vexatious delays which usually attend the administration of justice.

— IN Genesee we have a defunct Mutual Insurance Company, still drawing its slimy length along, and the dread of many who gave their premium notes to the same in its days of prosperity. One of its former secretaries was a popular stump speaker. During the campaign of 1844, while addressing a large audience—and among the number was Newt S——, a most worthy man and clever wag—the speaker coming to the question of a protective tariff, and while annihilating its opponents, was interrupted by Newt S——with the remark that, if not objectionable, he would like to propound an interrogatory.

'Most certainly not,' the speaker replied; 'it will afford me great pleasure to answer, my good friend.'

'Well, Squire, will you please to inform me the difference between a high, and a very high Protective Tariff and the Genesee Mutual?'

In this locality the question and its effect will be long remembered.

— THAT is no worse than the Mayor of one of our cities, who, on the first day of his being in office, was asked by the clerk to sign his initials (which were P. P.) to a document.

'My vernitials,' said he; 'what is them?' The Clerk replied, 'only write two P's.' He took the pen and wrote, 'Too peze,' and it is on the record to this day.

HISTORICAL AND CURRENT EVENTS, 1812 AND 1863.

In the issues of the Canadian Illustrated News, dated 9th and 16th of May, 1863, official records of the State of New York, and of other States as published in the year 1811 and 1812, were quoted as evidence that the war against Great Britain was not popular in the Eastern and Northern States in 1812; that, on the contrary, it was a 'Democrat' war, and the invasion of Canada a Southern slave-holder's enterprise; the design of the South in driving the Northern and Eastern States into hostilities with Great Britain, having then been the conquest of Canada, that no spot should remain upon the American continent free to the black man, who might escape from bondage. The Orders in Council, to which Great Britain had been compelled to resort through the secret intrigues of the President and Cabinet at Washington, with Napoleon Bonaparte, these had been revoked; and it was known in America many months before war was declared that they would be revoked. In the Eastern and Northern States those Orders in Council were never deemed a sufficient cause of war, (as to what they were, see C. I. N., No. 24, Vol. I.)

We resume quotations from the report of Congress on American Lake and River Fortifications. The last paragraph of the Report to which we reached on the 16th of May, No. 1, Vol. 2, of this journal, was No. 19, treating of the Maumee river and inland waters of Toledo in the State of Ohio. That was pointed to by United States Engineers and by the Committee of Congress as one of the places suited alike by nature and by railroad lines of communication, for the site of some of the dock-yards and arsenals required for Lake Erie. Here is another on that lake.

GREAT NAVAL HARBOUR FOR LAKE ERIE.

20.—The harbour of Erie (Presque Isle Bay, State of Pennsylvania, on Lake Erie) presents high claims to consideration as an important position in our system of lake defences. In regard to this point, J. I. Albert, Colonel of Topographical Engineers, in a Report to the Secretary of War, says:—'This extremely fine harbour, one of the most valuable on the lake, in reference to military and naval advantages, the only harbour in fact on the lake in which a fleet can be assembled, and where it can be completely protected against weather or an enemy, is also one of the points of connection between the commerce of the Atlantic and the Western States, and the lakes, by means of canals and railroads already made, or in the course of construction, in the State of Pennsylvania.'

And G. W. Williams, Captain of Topographical Engineers, in his Report to the Chief

Engineer, speaking of this harbour, says:—"It seems to fulfil, to a greater extent, certain requisite conditions (as a site for a naval rendezvous) than any other upon the lake. Its comparatively central position would enable it with facility to extend its succour promptly to any point on the lake. The ease with which it might be entered, under any circumstances of wind, by the plan projected for its improvement, its facilities of intercourse with the most densely populated parts of the country, and above all, its remarkable conformation as a convenient and secure harbour, characterize it as a site for a naval rendezvous of the highest order."

"Thus its freedom from ice at the earliest opening of spring, enabling vessels to enter upon active duties while yet they would be icebound at the lower end of the lake—its land locked area containing about six square miles of good anchorage, with a depth averaging twenty feet—the interposition of Presque Isle as a guarantee from hostile surprise; its comparatively central position, are its peculiar advantages and indicate it as a point that cannot be too highly appreciated by the general government."

NAVAL DEPOTS AND NATIONAL FOUNDRY FOR THE UPPER LAKES.

21.—The second proposition, in regard to the defences of the Northern frontier, is the establishment of a national foundry on the upper lakes and naval depots. Attention has already been called to the superiority of the American lake marine over that of Canada on the upper lakes. In 1861, the number of American vessels, of all descriptions, on the upper lakes, was 1,166; of Canadian, 326. Our superiority was 830. Our superiority in tonnage was 238,126 tons. Our superiority in sailors 10,911. This superiority, without arms, is unavailing, and would only invite attack. The immense merchant marine, unarméd, would furnish rich prizes to British gun-boats. Great Britain has been collecting an abundance of the best guns in Canada. The lakes are utterly without arms; what few there were, having been taken to the Mississippi. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that means of arming these vessels and the fortifications to be constructed, should be furnished at the earliest possible period. Fortunately we have all the materials for the manufacture of arms and ordnance of the best quality at command, and skilled mechanics and artisans, so that, with proper action of the Government, the work of making heavy guns may be immediately begun. We insert the following extract from the report of Messrs. Morris, of the navy, and Totten, of the army, on this point:

"Nearly all the steam vessels, and many sailing vessels, could be very soon prepared to carry heavy guns, and some of them could carry several without inconvenience. If, therefore, the Government shall make deposits of ordnance and ordnance stores, at convenient posts, and be prepared to officer and man the vessels which they could purchase, the naval control of these important lakes may be considered secure against any attack."

In this connexion the Committee desire to call the attention of Congress to the fact that such is the nation's need of ordnance, that we are told by very high authority that it will require three years with all the means, public and private, now at the command of the Government, to furnish the ordnance necessary to arm the fortifications now constructed, or in the process of construction. The Committee therefore recommend the immediate establishment of a foundry on the upper lakes. This foundry should be located at Chicago. Some of the reasons why, in our judgment, it should be located there are as follow:

Chicago is the great centre of the region to be supplied with arms. Its facilities for cheap and rapid distribution are unequalled. She has direct water communication by lake and canal, and river, with every portion of the West. Thirteen great trunk railways radiate from her as a common centre, with more than six thousand miles of railway, and upon these railroads, centring at Chicago, the Government can obtain sixteen thousand cars for transportation. Chicago is conceded one of the greatest railway centres on the continent. She can obtain, by cheap and convenient water connexion, the best ores and metals for guns, and especially the inexhaustible ores of Lake Superior, which it should be the policy of the Government to develop. With the best materials at command, with an abundant supply of labour, and mechanical skill, Chicago in the judgment of the Committee, combines more advantages for the location than any other point.

In regard to the manufactory of ordnance as of primary importance to the defence of the Northern frontier, the Committee call the attention of Congress to the following

remarks from General Totten:—"The great superiority of our steam and other merchant vessels, on the upper lakes, (including Lake Erie,) any portion of which may be promptly converted into war vessels, greatly simplifies defensive arrangements on the shores of these lakes. But that this superiority may be assured with the requisite promptitude, before these means have been surprised and destroyed by the earlier readiness of an enemy, there should be at hand, actually stored and kept in perfect condition, all the means for converting these large and swift steamers, &c., into vessels of war—that is to say, all the armament and its supplies. Moreover, if for want of adequate protection of this nature, the towns and cities had to resort to local defences, these, in many instances, could only be made sufficient at great expense."

The rapid advance in the prosperity of the British Provinces, and more especially of the United States, since the close of the war of 1812, furnish a striking illustration of the blessings of peace. (Congress Report.) The population of the United States in 1815 was 8,353,338. In 1860 it was 31,148,571. The Western States of Indiana, Missouri, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Kansas, have been admitted into the Union since that period. The North-western States today, including Ohio, have a population of 9,073,055. They have sprung into existence and developed the proportions of an empire since the war of 1812 closed in 1815.

MAKINAW ISLAND.

THE GIBRALTAR OF THE WEST.

The name of this island is said to signify a great turtle, to which it has a fancied resemblance when viewed from a distance.—Before some of the overhanging cliffs fell it may have borne a closer likeness to the form of the turtle than at any time within the knowledge of white men. Mr. Schoolcraft, who wrote of it in 1823 says:

Mikenok and not Mackenok is, the name for a tortoise. The term, as pronounced by the Indians, is Michinamockinokong, signifying place of the Great Michinamockinocks, or rock-spirits. Of this word, Mich is from Michau (adjective-animate,) great. The term mackinok, in the Algonquin mythology, denotes in the singular, a species of spirits, called turtle spirits, or large fairies, who are thought to frequent its mysterious cliffs and glens. The plural of this word, which is an animate plural, is ong, which is the ordinary form of all nouns ending in the vowel o. When the French came to write this, they cast away the Indian local in ong, changed the sound of n to l, and gave the force mack and nack, to mok and nok. The vowel e, after the first syllable, is merely a connective in the Indian, and which is represented in the French orthography in this word by i. The ordinary interpretation of great turtle is, therefore, not widely amiss; but in its true meaning, the term enters more deeply into the Indian mythology than is conjectured. The island was deemed, in a peculiar sense, the residence of spirits during all its earlier ages. Its cliffs, and dense and dark groves of maples, beech and iron-wood, cast fearful shadows; and it was landed on by them in fearfulness, and regarded far and near as the Sacred Island. Its apex is, indeed, the true Indian Olympus of the tribes, whose superstitions and mythology peopled it by gods, or monitos.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of this island. It is a mass of calcareous rock, rising from the bed of Lake Huron, and reaching an elevation of more than three hundred feet above the water. The waters around are purity itself. Some of its cliffs shoot up perpendicularly, and tower in pinnacles like ruinous Gothic steeples. It is cavernous in some places; and in these caverns, the ancient Indians, like those of India, have placed their dead. Portions of the beach are level, and adapted to landing from boats and canoes. The harbor, at its south end, is a little gem. Vessels anchor in it, and find good holding. The little old-fashioned French town nestles around it in a very primitive style. The fort frowns above it, like another Alhambra, its white walls gleaming in the sun. The whole area of the island is one labyrinth of curious little glens and valleys. Old green fields appear, in some spots, which have been formerly cultivated by the Indians. In some of these there are circles of gathered-up stones, as if the Druids themselves had dwelt here. The soil, though rough, is fertile, being the comminuted materials of broken-down limestones. The island was formerly covered with a dense growth of rock-maples, oaks, ironwood and other hard-wood species, and there are still parts of this ancient forest left, but all the southern limits of it exhibit a young growth. There are walks and wind-

ing paths among its little hills, and precipices of the most romantic character. And whenever the visitor gets on eminences overlooking the lake, he is transported with sublime views of a most illimitable and magnificent water prospect. If the poetic muses are ever to have a new Parnassus in America, they should inevitably fix on Michilimackinac. Hygeia, too, should place her temple here, for it has one of the purest, driest, clearest and most healthful atmospheres.

We remained encamped upon this lovely island six days, while awaiting the arrival of supplies and provisions for the journey, or their being prepared for transportation by hand over the northern portages. Meats, bread, Indian corn and flour, had to be put in kegs or stout linen bags.

The traders and old citizens said so much about the difficulties and toils of these northern portages that we did not know but what we, ourselves, were to be put in bags; but we escaped that process. This delay gave us the opportunity of more closely examining the island. It is about three and a half miles long, two in its greatest width, and nine in circumference. The site, of Fort Holmes, the apex, is three hundred and twelve feet above the lake. The eastern margin consists of precipitous cliffs, which, in many places, overhang the water, and furnish a picturesque rocky fringe, as it were, to the elevated plain. The whole rock formation is calcareous. It exhibits the effects of a powerful diluvial action at early periods, as well as the continued influence of elemental action, still at work. Large portions of the cliffs have been precipitated upon the beach, where the process of degradation has been carried on by the waves. A most striking instance of such precipitations is to be witnessed at the eastern cliff, called Robinson's Folly, which fell, by its own gravitation, within the period of tradition. The formation, at this point, formerly overhung the beach, commanding a fine view of the lake and islands in all directions, in consequence of which it was occupied with a summer-house, by the officers of the British garrison, after the abandonment of the old peninsular fort, about 1780.

The mineralogical features of the island are not without interest. I examined the large fragments of debris, which are still prominent, and which exhibit comparatively fresh fractures. The rock contains a portion of sparry matter, which is arranged in reticulae, filled with white carbonate of lime, in such a state of loose disintegration that the weather soon converts it to the condition of agarie mineral.—These reticulae are commonly in the slate of calcspar, crystallized in minute crystals. The stratum on which this loose formation rests is compact and firm, and agrees in structure with the encrinal limestone of Drummond Island and the Manitoline chain. But the vesicular stratum, which may be one hundred and ten or twenty feet thick, has been deposited in such a condition that it has not had, in some localities, firmness enough permanently to sustain itself. The consequence is, that the table-land has caved in, and exhibits singular depressions, or grass-covered, cup-shaped cavities, which have no visible outlet for the rain-water that falls in them, unless it percolates through the shelly strata. Portions of it, subject to this structure, have passed off, during changing seasons, by frosts and carried away by rains, creating that castellated appearance of pinnacles, which gives so much peculiarity to the rocky outlines of the island.

The Arched Rock is an isolated mass of self-sustaining rock on the eastern facade of cliffs; it offers one of those coincidences of geological degradation in which the firmer texture of the silicious and calcareous portions of it have, thus far, resisted decomposition. Its explanation, is, however, simple: The apex of this geological monument is on a level, or nearly so, with the Fort Holmes summit. While the diluvial action, of which the whole island gives striking proofs, carried away the rest of the reticulated or magnesian limestone, the singular point, having a firmer texture, resisted its power, and remains to tell the visitor who gazes at it, that waters have once held dominion over the highest part of the island.

Before dismissing the subject of the geological phenomena of this island, it may be observed that it is covered with the erratic block or drift stratum. Primitive or crystalline pebbles and boulders are found, but not plentifully, on the surface. They are observed, however, on the highest summit, and upon the lower plain; one of the best localities of these boulders, exists on the depressed ground, leading north, in the approach to Dougman's Farm, where there is a remarkable accumulation of blocks of granite and hornblende drift boulders. The principal drift of the island consists of

smooth, small, calcareous pebbles, and at deeper positions, angular fragments of limestone. Sandstone boulders are not rare.—Over the plain leading from the fort north by way of the Skull Rock, are spread extensive beds of finely comminuted calcareous gravel, the particles of which often not exceeding the size of a buck-shot, which makes one of the most solid and compact natural macadamized roads of which it is possible to conceive. Carriage wheels on it run as smoothly, but far more solid, than they could over a plank floor. This formation appears to be the diluvial residuum or ultimate wash, which arranged itself agreeably to the laws of its own gravitation, on the recession of the watery element, to which its communication is clearly due. It would be worth transportation, in boxes, for graveling ornamental garden walks. The soil of the island is highly charged with the calcareous element, and, however barren in appearance, is favourable to vegetation.—Potatoes have been known to be raised in pure beds of small limestone pebbles, where the seed potatoes had been merely covered in a slight way, to shield them from the sun, until they had taken root.

The historical reminiscences connected with this island are of an interesting character. It appears from concurrent testimony that the old town on the peninsula of the main land, three miles distant, was settled about 1671, which was seven years before the building of Fort Niagara. In that year Father Marquette, a French missionary, prevailed on a party of Hurons to locate themselves at that spot, and it was therefore the first point of settlement made northwest of Fort Frontenac, on Lake Ontario. It was probably first garrisoned by La Salle, in 1678, and continued to be the seat of the fur trade, and in many respects, the metropolis of the extreme northwest, during the whole period of French domination in the Canadas. After the fall of Quebec, in 1759, it passed by treaty to the British government.

The massacre of the British garrison on the mainland of the Michigan peninsula, (see Canadian Illustrated News of June 13,) sealed the fate of the old fort and the town on the peninsula. The British afterwards took possession of the island, which had served to give name to the peninsular fort. The town was gradually removed, by pulling down the buildings, and transporting the timber to the island, till there was not a building or fixture left; and the site is now as silent and deserted as if it had never been the scene of an active and resident population.

The Island of Michilimackinac appears to have been occupied first as a military position by the British, about 1780, say some seven years after the massacre of the garrison of the old peninsular fort of the same name.

Wherever Michilimackinac is mentioned in the missionary letters or history of this period, it is the ancient fort, on the apex of the Michigan peninsula, that is alluded to.

The present town is pleasantly situated around a little bay that affords good clay anchorage and a protection from west and north winds. It has a very antique and foreign look, and most of the inhabitants are, indeed, of the Canadian type of the French. The French language is chiefly spoken. It consists of about one hundred and fifty houses and some four hundred and fifty permanent inhabitants.

It is the seat of justice for the most northerly county of Michigan. According to the observation of Lieutenant Evelith, the island lies in north latitude 45 deg. 54 min., which is only twenty-three minutes north of Montreal, as stated by Professor Silliman. It is in west longitude 7 deg. 10 minutes from Washington.

Colonel Croghan's attempt to take the island, during the late war, was most unfortunate. He failed from a double spirit of dissension in his own forces, being at odds with the commanding officer of the fleet, and at sword's points with his second in command, Major Holmes. After entering the St. Mary's and taking and burning the old post of St. Joseph's, where nobody resisted, instead of sailing direct to Makinaw, a marauding expedition was sent up this river to St. Mary's, and when the fleet and troops finally reached Mackinaw, instead of landing at the town, under the panic of the inhabitants, it sailed about for several days. In the mean time the island filled with Indians from the surrounding shores.

Fort Mackinaw is eligibly situated on a cliff overlooking the town and harbor, and is garrisoned by a company of artillery.—The ruin of Fort Holmes, formerly Fort George, occupies the apex of the island, and has been dismantled since the British evacuated it in 1815.

The foregoing passages quoted from the

Report of the United States Surveying Expedition of 1821 and '22, possess a historical interest. The mainland of Michigan was still a territory, most of it forest, a wilderness, and marsh. It is now a great and populous State. It was ceded by Britain to the United States by the treaty of 1787 and the island garrisoned by that power in 1790. Says the Surveyor's Report of 1822:

'It happened that the British authorities on the island of St. Joseph, got intelligence of the declaration of war, in 1812, through Canada, before the American commander at Mackinaw heard of it. Mustering their forces with such volunteers, militia, and Indians as could be hastily got together, they proceeded in boats to the back of the island, where they secretly landed at night with some artillery, and by daylight the next morning got the latter in place on the summit of Fort Holmes, which completely commanded the lower fort, when they sent a summons of surrender, which Capt. Hanks, the American commanding officer, had no option but to obey.

'Colonel Croghan, the hero of Sandusky, attempted to regain possession of it, in 1814, with a competent force, and after several demonstrations of his fleet about the island, by which time was lost and panic in the enemy allayed, he landed on the northern part of it, which is depressed, and his army marched through thick woods, most favorable for the operations of the Indians, to the open grounds of Dousemann's Farm, where the army was met by Colonel McDonnell, who was eligibly posted on an eminence with but few regular troops, but a heavy force of Indian auxiliaries and the village militia. Major Holmes, who gallantly led the attack, swinging his sword, was killed at a critical moment, and the troops retreated before Colonel Croghan could reach the field with a reinforcement. Thus ended this affair.

'This strait of Makinaw,' said the committee of Congress in 1862, in language bearing a terrible significance to Canada—'this strait constitutes the door to Lake Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, with an aggregate population of nearly five millions. The great granary of the Union has its depots on the borders of this lake. The lake can be defended by adequate fortifications at the straits of Makinaw, about three miles wide. Fortifications at the straits of Makinaw close the opening or

entrance into this great inland sea. When the vast interests thus secured are considered, it is obvious that Lake Michigan and all its shores and cities should be defended on the threshold at Makinaw.'

And again they emphasise their recommendation thus: 'The importance of having a great inland sea like Lake Michigan converted into a secure harbor, where fleets and navies may be gathered in security, where may be collected magazines of arms and munitions and provisions, can scarcely be exaggerated.

'Lake Michigan, entirely within our own territory, and inaccessible by water by any foreign enemy; except through a narrow strait or entrance, is a position of immense importance, and the policy of closing its entrance is too obvious to need illustration. It must be made the Gibraltar of the Lakes!

'As to the stronger works, says General Totten of the United States Military Engineers. 'I consider one at Makinaw to be indispensable. This will be the principle watching point of the Upper Lakes. Here war steamers will call to refresh, to communicate with each other, to find shelter, to lie in wait.'

Yes, Canada, there will your enemy lie in wait; but you are not helpless, if you will help yourself.

LOSS OF THE NORWEGIAN.

On page 62, we have printed the telegram received on Wednesday, announcing the loss of this ship. Here we can only repeat the expression of deep sorrow that the Ocean Steamship Company should have once again sustained such a loss. The pictorial illustration was sketched from special information, furnished to the proprietor of the Canadian Illustrated News and drawn, and engraved by his artistic staff for the present issue of the paper.

The island of St. Paul lies north east of Cape Breton, and is the first land seen on a summer passage direct from Britain to Quebec.

It was on Sunday morning, June 14th, that the Norwegian, during a fog, went ashore. Her Commander, Captain McMaster, is Admiral of the Company's fleet, and is undoubtedly a first-rate seaman. The following are the instructions furnished to Captains of that line; this was to Capt. Burgess:

'70 GREAT CLYDE STREET, }
GLASGOW, 8th July, 1861.

'DEAR SIR:—We propose appointing you to the command of the Steamship North American; and we do so under the conviction, and on the understanding that you will devote yourself assiduously to the important duties which will hereafter devolve upon you.

'Having had long experience in the situation of first officer on board the Company's steamers, you must be convinced of the great necessity of using the utmost caution in navigating the vessels. We wish you to attend particularly to this in your new position in command of the North American.

'Whenever danger is apprehended, the safest course, generally, is to stop the engines; and the officer in charge should have it impressed upon him to adopt this course at once, when danger is imminent, without waiting to consult his superior officer.

'When you meet with fog or ice, or when, owing to the darkness of the weather, there is any risk in proceeding, the safest course is to lay-to till day-light, or until the weather clears up.

'The lead should be used frequently, and the utmost care exercised when you are in any doubt as to your position. In going out or coming in the North Channel, if the weather be at all dark or hazy, it is our wish that you should keep outside of Rathlin Island, instead of passing through the sound.

'It is of course satisfactory to us when quick and safe passages are made; but you will bear in mind that it is of far more importance to make a safe voyage, even although it should take a day or two more to do it, rather than to run any risk whatever to make a speedy passage.

'You will see that every attention is paid to the comfort of passengers, both in cabin and steerage.

'It will be your duty to maintain proper discipline on board in every department, and to see that the ship is kept tidy and in good order.

(Signed) JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN,
Agents in Glasgow for the
Montreal Steamship Company.'

The Norwegian is the Seventh ship of that line which has been lost in six years.—The unhappy events have occurred in the following order:

STEAMSHIPS.	LOST IN
Canadian, [No. 1],	1857
Indian,	1859
Hungarian,	1860
Canadian, [No. 2],	1861
North Briton,	1861
Anglo-Saxon, April 27,	1863
Norwegian, June 14,	1863

ECCLESIASTICAL MEETINGS IN CANADA, 1863.

The annual meetings of the various Churches have occurred in June this year in the following order:

June 2d—The Synod of the Canada Presbyterian Church, at Hamilton.

June 3d—The Wesleyan Methodist Conference, at Quebec.

June 4th—The Synod of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland, at Montreal.

June 4th—Bay of Quinte Conference, of the Canadian Methodist Episcopal Church, at Iroquois, Canada West.

June 9th—Church of England Synod, of the Diocese of Toronto, in that city.

June 10th.—Congregational Union of Canada, at Montreal.

June 16th—Church of England Synod, of the Diocese of Montreal, in the Cathedral of that city.

June 30th—Church of England Synod, of the Diocese of Ontario, is to meet at Brockville.

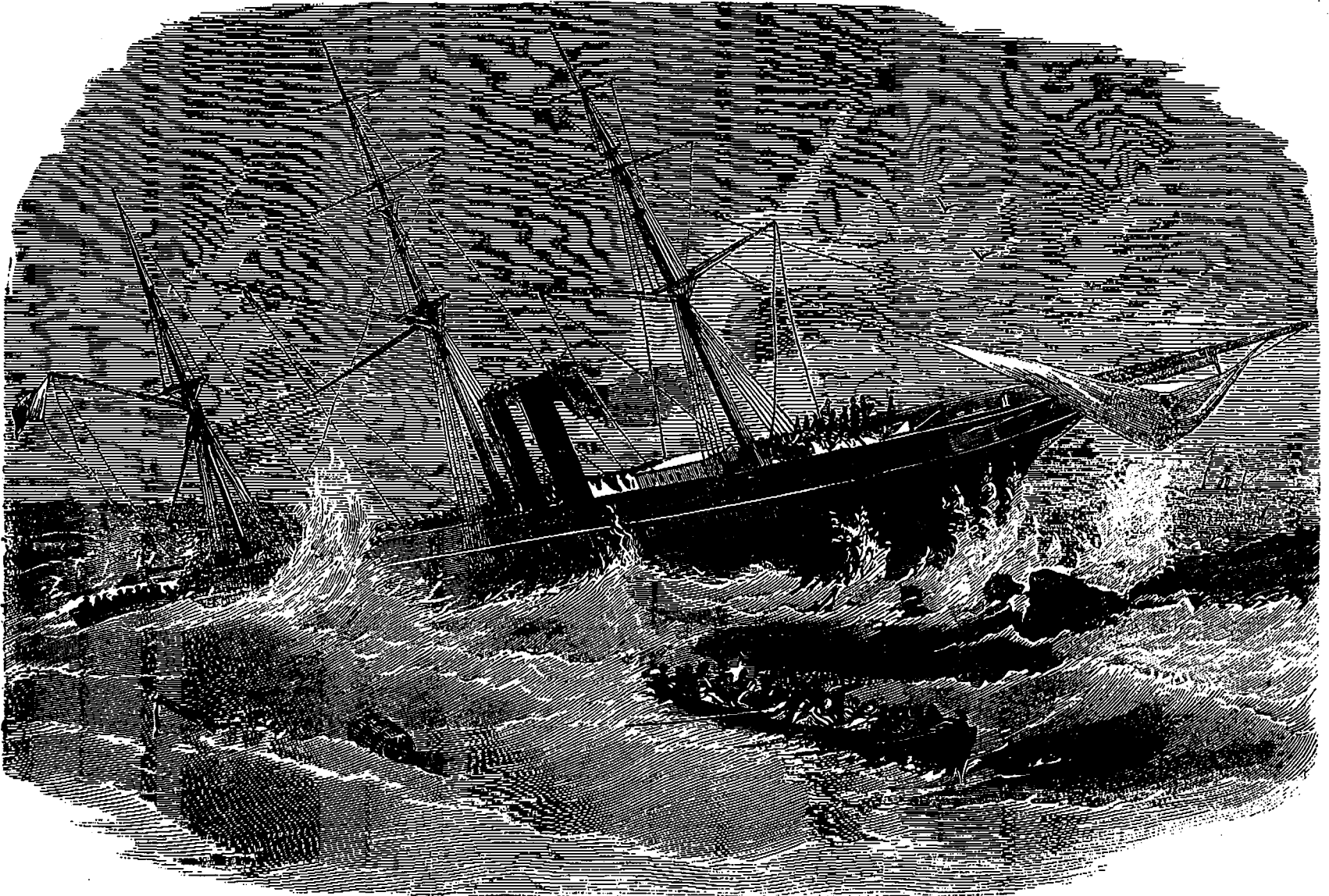
Other Church Synods will be placed on record, and the portraits of the Bishops or presiding clergy of all, will be in turn engraved and published in the Canadian Illustrated News.

The Synod of the Canada Presbyterian Church met at Hamilton, June 2d, 1863.

The Rev. Robert Ure, of Goderich, retiring Moderator, preached before the Synod; and the Rev. James Dick, of Richmond Hill, was appointed Moderator, or presiding officer of Synod for the present year.

MEMOIR OF THE MODERATOR.

The Reverend James Dick was born on the 18th of September, 1808, in the parish of Maybole, Ayrshire, Scotland, at a place about six miles south-west of the birth place of the poet, Robert Burns. A grand mission is that of the true poet! Amidst gloom and dreary toil he bursts into song, as spring into flowers, and leaves mankind to sing behind him evermore; and to carry the sparks of his genius into other lands, there



STEAMSHIP NORWEGIAN, ASHORE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. PAUL, NEAR CAPE BRETON, JUNE 14, 1863.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. SEE PAGES 62 AND 66.

to kindle anew the joys of song, and keep alive the memory of his native country. And in those distant lands, men of whatever station in life, of whatever pursuit, seem to be so much the richer, if they can make a landmark in their lives by reference to the date or place where the true poet was born.

Nor need the christian missionary or placed minister, shrink from comparison with the poet. It is the thing of utterance, the spiritual ideality, which lives. It is the spiritual light of hope, of joy attained, of transcendent joys to be attained, that is the life of christianity. In Robert Burns the man was dross, the poet ethereal. In the Ecclesiastical Synods, they who do not want to know the dross of the churches, had better not go in to listen.

In his youth Mr. Dick lived and was educated in the rudiments of learning near 'Allo-way's auld haunted Kirk,' and on the 'Banks and braes o' bonny Doon.' He received his early education at the schools of the town of Girvan, and in 1826 and 1827 attended Ayr academy, an institution which has been of much advantage to the youth of Ayrshire. His first session at the university of Glasgow, was that of 1829-30. Having passed through the regular course of study there, he attended the usual term of years at the Theological Hall, and was licensed as a Preacher by the Presbytery of Kilmarnock in the end of 1833.

In 1841, Mr. Dick left Scotland for Canada, and was first settled as a Minister in Emily. During the last fourteen years he has been minister of the Congregation assembling for worship at the village of Richmond Hill, in the townships of Markham and Vaughan, county of York, sixteen miles north of Toronto.

BUSINESS OF THE SYNOD.

On Wednesday, 3d June, the early part of the sitting was spent in devotional exercises, and the remainder in appointing committees, and going through other items of routine. The afternoon was spent in discussing an overture from the Presbytery of Cobourg, upon getting a 'Book of Forms of Process,'—which elicited rather a lively discussion. An overture for a General Assembly sent down to Presbyteries last year, was taken up. The overture was lost and the subject again sent down to Presbyteries. The evening sederunt was occupied in hearing and discussing the report of the Reverend, John McTavish, on the 'State of Religion in the Church.'

The Rev. T. M. Geikie, Delegate from the 'Congregational Union of Canada,' delivered a very eloquent and impressive address on Christian Union. Reverend R. F. Burns, Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, read an elaborate and excellent report of the operations of the Presbyterian Churches in the Red River and Vancouver Island, in which much valuable intelligence touching the missions of the Irish General Assembly, as also the Churches in the Lower Provinces, was brought before the Synod.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon, from Nova Scotia, brother of the late Mr. Gordon, who was murdered by the cannibals at Eromanga—a native of Prince Edward's Island, who is about to proceed as a missionary to New Hebrides, to take the place of his late brother, who fell in the field—delivered an excellent and eloquent address, which was loudly applauded.

The Rev. James Nesbit, formerly of Oakville, now the missionary of the Canada Presbyterian Church to the Red River, addressed the meeting at length upon the state of religion among the Indians on Red River.

One of the most interesting subjects before the Synod was the admission of Father Chiniqui. After a full and careful inquiry, he was admitted a minister of the Canada Presbyterian Church.

FIREMEN IN CANADA.

THE TRUMPET OF A CHIEF ENGINEER.

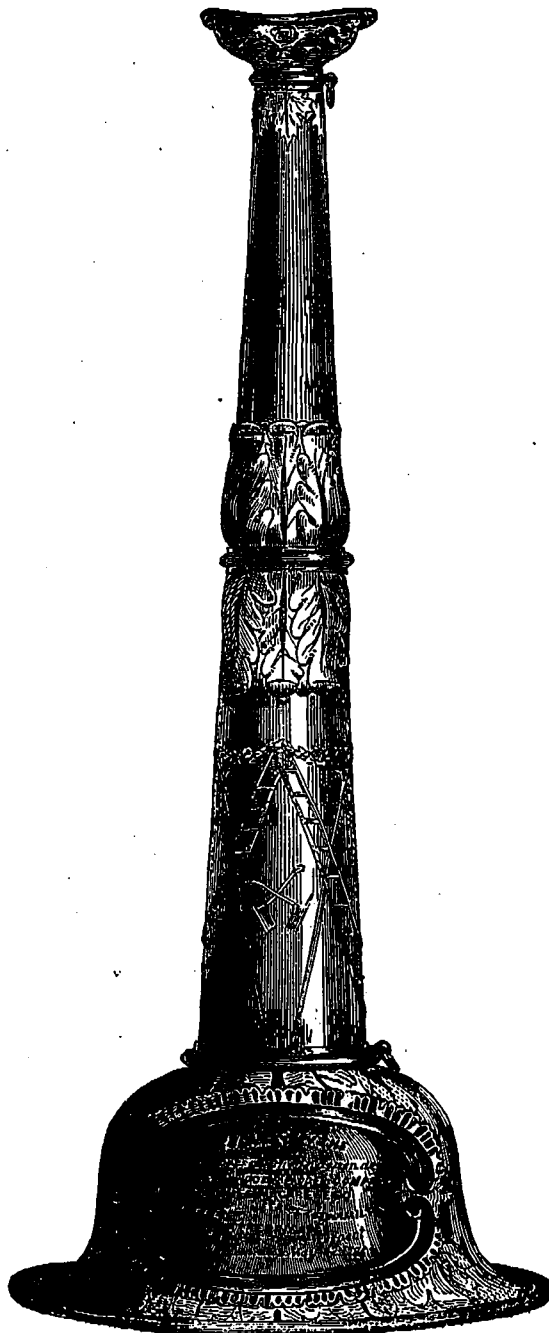
The Fireman's Trumpet of which a figure has been engraved, and is here printed, has a two-fold interest. First it is a specimen of local manufacture, having been made by Mr. James Belling, of the city of Hamilton. It bears this inscription:

'Presented by the members of the Independent Union Hook and Ladder Company, to James Macabe, Esq., Chief Engineer of the Hamilton Fire Brigade; as a token of their respect. Hamilton, May 22, 1863.'

In its second aspect, that trumpet introduces to notice one of the domestic institutions of Canada. Brigades of firemen and fire engines are known in all populous towns, in nearly all countries, which have emerged out of barbarism. But in the cities of Europe where buildings are of stone, or brick, massive and substantial, the most that can be done to suppress fires within them is



REV. JAMES DICK, MODERATOR OF THE SYNOD OF THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, 1863.



SILVER SPEAKING TRUMPET, PRESENTED TO JAMES MACABE, ESQ., CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE HAMILTON FIRE BRIGADE.

to deluge the burning structures with water, and by pouring water on adjoining buildings, prevent, or feebly attempt to prevent, the extension of the conflagration.

In the cities of Canada, until recent years, the houses were chiefly frames of timber, boarded outside and plastered within. A considerable portion of every city and nearly the whole of the smaller towns and villages are still constructed of timber. Fire engines to throw water in large volume have been constructed to a degree of power and scientific excellence, almost marvellous to the stranger who sees them for the first time.

In Toronto, where the water-works are still defective, the fire engines are hurriedly drawn to the locality of a fire and worked by steam; fifteen or twenty minutes sufficing to get steam up and engines to work. In the cities of Quebec, Montreal and Hamilton, the water-works are on a scale of magnitude sufficient to give a high-pressure supply for the extinction of fires without the aid of engines.

In Hamilton there are still outlying sections of the city in which the main pipes have not been laid. When fires occur there or in rural places beyond, to which assistance may be called, the fire engines in use before 1860, are wheeled rapidly to the scene.—But where the mains are laid, the Hose Company attach the long flexible tubes to the hydrants, and volumes of water are instantly obtained, spouting far higher than the loftiest buildings. There are in Hamilton three Engine Companies, one Hose Company, and one Hook and Ladder Company, each of fifty men.

The Hook and Ladder Company direct their energy and science to the rescue of life first; to the cutting of apertures if desirable to introduce the hose, but chiefly in the case of wooden buildings, to cutting out, or pulling down erections to obtain an interval beyond which the fire is not to spread.

I have seen that operation dextrously accomplished at Quebec, and have been there witness to its neglect, because of some quarrel or jealousy between the fire companies. At Montreal the whole department is under a permanent Chief, Mr. Alexander Bertram, in whom are combined the indispensable qualities of instant perception, prompt judgment, firmness, energy. In 1855, Mr. Alfred Perry of Montreal was in France as Canadian commissioner to the Universal Exhibition, held in that year at Paris. A fire occurred in Paris that attracted the presence of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Mr. Perry was in the crowd. He had been a member of a Hook and Ladder Company in Montreal.—With a prescient impulse like instinct, but which was energy and judgment, he mounted to a perilous position on a roof, and with others who followed, cut out an interval that resulted in arresting the fire. The Emperor inquired who he was, and learning that he came from Canada, praised him and the country, and presented him with a medal.

Mr. James Macabe of Hamilton, in all requisites of a Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, is second to no man living. Young; yet sufficiently matured to have had seven years of experience in the Hook and Ladder Company, of which he had been elected Captain, he is energetic, cool, personally daring, in the face of difficulty clear of judgment, prompt in his decision, and inflexibly firm. His word of command requires instant obedience, and he is obeyed. He is by profession a coach-builder, and is by birth, I believe, an Irishman.

When a chief Engineer is required, the fire companies submit three names to the City Council. On the occasion of Mr. Macabe's election they submitted three, as required by law, but were unanimous in placing him first. The members of the Hook and Ladder Company, of which he had been Captain, elected Mr. Attwood his successor. It fell to that active and efficient officer to present the Chief Engineer with the trumpet on behalf of that Company; which was done on the 22d of May, at Colvin's Hotel. Space does not here admit of the speeches delivered on the occasion; but the general sentiment was congratulation at the good brotherhood prevailing in the Fire Brigade, and satisfaction that they had a Chief so well esteemed and so reliable, as Mr. Macabe; to which that gentleman characteristically replied, that he would rather face the fiercest fire he ever saw, than rise to make a speech.

They were also congratulated on the increasing success of many local manufactures; and that Mr. Belling had made the silver trumpet; whereas, heretofore such articles had been obtained only by sending to some city in the United States. And as a historian of the Industrial Progress of Canada, I also humbly congratulate Hamilton City on the progress of its manufactures. ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

Columns for the Young.

THE SQUIRREL AND HIS FRIENDS.

The first three items are quoted from the Genesee Farmer.

A FEW days ago, I saw a beautiful red squirrel come out of his winter's nest, and run up to the top of the tree to get a breath of fresh air; and have a look at his neighbors. His eyes were bright, and his coat was shining, and he looked as if the nuts and apples he had laid up for the season were likely to hold out. Now, all the children in the city love squirrels; there is not one whose eyes would not brighten at this little friend of theirs and mine. And yet the first boy who saw him began pelting him with snow-balls; you would have thought he was a rebel, and yet I am sure he was true to the striped flag. Children are very apt to tease and torment all these beautiful wild creatures, but they cannot tell why they do it. I would like to offer a prize for a boy who never threw a stone at a chipmunk, but I am afraid it would be difficult to find him. You all like the funny rogue, but you have a strange way of showing it. Why don't you teach him to be glad to see you, and make him feel, when you gather around him, that he is only among friends?

He is a good deal like you in many respects. He is fond of play, but I never heard of his trying to frighten children, as he easily might, and he knows they are always frightening him. He loves nuts and apples, but he gathers them himself, and picks them away very carefully, and isn't apt to eat too many. He will not touch the corn till it is ripe, and then if the farmer neglects to gather it, he meets him in the field some bright morning, and says, 'Neighbor Two legs, winter is coming. Isn't it about time to get this crop under cover?' Indeed the worst fault that you can find with him is that he sometimes destroys eggs and young birds, but he is not half as much to blame as boys who do the same. He takes them because he is hungry, and you only take them just for fun, forgetting that every bird loves her little ones just as well as you love the baby in the cradle. I have lately read of a boy who had the charge of cows and horses, and was so cruel to them that they trembled when they saw him coming. I wish all my young readers would make pets of the animals they know, until every creature, whether wild or tame, would learn to regard them as playmates and friends.

— THE ECHO.—A little boy knew nothing about echo; but one day he cried out as he jumped about in the grass, 'Ho! Ho-o-p!' and immediately from a little wall close at hand, he heard, 'Ho! Ho-o-p!' Astonished, he called out, 'Who are you?' The voice at once answered, 'Who are you?' 'You're a stupid little fool!' cried the boy, beginning to be angry. 'Stupid little fool!' came back from the wall. The boy grew enraged, and in his passion shouted all manner of abusive names; the wall gave them all faithfully back again. Then the child searched all over for the mocking boy, that he might take vengeance on him; but no creature could be found but a harmless pussy hunting sparrows.

Indignant and surprised, the child ran home, and complained bitterly how a wicked boy, hidden somewhere behind the old wall, had been calling him hard names.

'There,' said his mother, 'you have betrayed yourself. You heard only your own words reflected from the wall, as you have seen your own face, sometimes, reflected from a glass. If you had given kind tones and friendly words, kind tones and friendly words would have returned to you again. And so it always is; the conduct of others is but the echo of our own. If we treat others kindly and considerately, they will treat us kindly and considerately in return; but if we are rough and rude to them, we must expect nothing more ourselves.'

THE MOUSE THAT GRUMBLED.

— A LITTLE mouse once found fault with its supper. It wanted what it could not have. 'My child,' said its old mother, 'your supper is better than many little mice get; many little mice get nothing.' This did not make it any better pleased or more thankful. 'It did not care whether other little mice went hungry or not,' it said; 'for its part it wanted cheese; and because it could not have it, it ran up into a corner of the hole, turned its back, and pouted. Ah, I'm afraid there are other naughty children who do just so.

'Can't I go and get some myself?' cried the foolish little mouse. 'My child,' said the patient mother, 'you know not the traps that are set in our way. Have you forgotten that terrible enemy of our race, the great yellow cat that ate up your cousins? Re-

member how well you are off, and let well enough alone, before you leave our snug hole for the uncertainties of life on the premises. We are near enough to the granary to satisfy every reasonable want, and here's your fine play ground among the rafters.' More good words were said, and she then left the little mouse to its own reflections, while she went out for a short walk under the burdock leaves.

No sooner was her back turned than out came the little mouse from the corner, let itself down the hole, and scampered in the direction of the pantry. On its way it met a dashing young rat, and asked his advice. 'Nothing dare, nothing have,' said the rat. That advice pleased the little mouse, and it marched boldly on—it knew where, for it had often heard the old rats describe it.

At length it reached a secret opening in the pantry, and found it—stopped up! How angry the little mouse was; while the savoring smells that came through the walls only aggravated it the more. Heedless of danger, it began to gnaw, gnaw, gnaw, without stopping to listen. A rich nibble and a belly full were all it thought of. At last it contrived to squeeze in, as tickled as could be, and laughing in its sleeve at its cautious old mother. In this state of mind, just round a siskin, a couple of glassy eyes, a huge mouth, and monstrous whiskers confronted it. A terrible fright seized its whole body. Where to go and what to do, it knew not; but it took to its legs, got out of a door, then ran again, the yellow cat at its heels. Did she catch it? Some time after she was seen licking her chops, but she kept dark, answering no questions.

Its mother came in from her walk under the burdock leaves, and never saw her mouse again. 'Ah, it is a sorry sign when children find fault with what is set before them,' she said and sighed.

FUN OF ANIMALS.—The following interesting paragraph, from a work entitled, 'Passions of Animals,' shows that man is not the only creature that enjoys amusement: Many small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in an eccentric manner, and throws somersets. The Americans call it the 'mad bird,' on account of these things. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood into the air, endeavors to catch them again, and pretends to avoid them as if afraid. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water, with outstretched neck and flappy wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in a sham battle, or a trial of strength, by testing their horns together and pushing for the mastery.

Young lambs collect together on the little hillocks and eminences in pastures, racing and sporting with each other in the most interesting manner. Birds of the pie kind, like monkeys, are full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story told of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air throwing them in a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried 'carruck!' triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for its amusement.

— KITTIE possessed in great perfection that power common to genius and childhood—the power of generalization.

In her three years' experience of life she had seen nothing more formidable than a large dog, whose barking filled her timid soul with terror; and when for the first time she listened observingly to a heavy thunder-storm, she sat trembling and crying, saying only, by way of gentle remonstrance, 'Too bad, how-wow!—too bad!'

On one occasion, being somewhat loudly and harshly reproved by her father for an unusually startling piece of mischief, she ran sobbing to her mother, who was in another room in blissful ignorance of all that had happened, and who tenderly asked, 'What ails my Kittie?' Sobbing still, she answered, 'Papa how-wow at me!'

— They arrest folks here for hurrahing for Jeff Davis sometimes. An Irishman who had enough 'mountain dew' on board to make him noisy, was perambulating the streets the other day, asserting his independence of all the Governments in the world. He exclaimed, 'It's meself that's a rebel from the South!'—(just then he espied an officer a few yards from him, and he finished the sentence)—of Ireland, he jehers!

ENIGMAS AND PUZZLES.

THE Editor declines inserting the solution to some of the enigmas that have been printed in this paper, because the answers involve the names and residence of persons who may be offended if they were printed. For the same reason others of a like kind are omitted.

If the names of the persons who are the subject of enigmatical mystery and discovery are real, the enigmists take an unwarrantable liberty with those persons. For instance, here is a specimen from Will of Brampton. The answer given by the writer is: 'My whole is the name and place of residence of a young lady, who wishes the correspondence of some intelligent young gentleman, with a view to matrimony.' Will must be a weak minded boy to write such nonsense, and expect to see the name and residence of any young lady bandied about in this family newspaper.

We have a rival to Will of Brampton, in Will of Hamilton, thus:

ENIGMA for the Canadian Illustrated News.

My 39, 8, 25, 6, 12 was first manufactured in England in 1437.

My 11, 15, 36, 5, 32, 37 is ignominious.

My 16, 9, 14, 35, 28, 17, 1 was the founder of a religion.

My 2, 24, 38, 8, 37, 14 is man's greatest blessing.

My 4, 40, 3 is the type of diligence.

My 29, 10, 34 is an island west of Inverness.

My 20, 25, 30 is every lady's requisite.

My 27, 22, 18, 13 is a part of one of the celestial bodies.

My 21, 33, 31, 33, 19, 8, 22, 25 is a perfume.

My 23, 41, 26, 7 is a coin.

My whole is a quotation from Burns.

WILLIE OF HAMILTON.

Adam R. sends the following biographical enigma:

I am composed of twenty-nine letters.

My 19, 20, 22, 3, 2, 29, 26, 4, 23 is the name of a celebrated French orator and historian.

"4, 11, 18, 8, 6, 4 is the name of an illustrious English seaman.

"23, 25, 27, 13, 29 is the name of a German musician.

"22, 20, 12, 10, 6, 4 is the name of a distinguished American officer.

"22, 7, 18, 29, 28, 4 is the name of a celebrated English poet.

"22, 23, 6, 2, 14 is the name of a celebrated Irish poet.

"9, 6, 9, 11 is the name of an illustrious English poet.

"22, 23, 29, 20, 8, 29, 3, 8, 7, 6 is the name of an illustrious Italian poet.

"9, 20, 12, 26, 4, 7 is the name of an eminent Italian poet.

"5, 11, 8, 20, 13, 28, 29, 10 is the name of an eminent Italian author.

"1, 6, 8, 5, 6, 18, 6 is the name of a distinguished Italian writer.

"8, 3, 4, 4, 3, 27, 20, 13, 17, 21, 8 is the name of an eminent Italian poet.

"3, 2, 7, 6, 8, 29, 28 is the name of an illustrious Italian poet.

"22, 28, 19, 26, 23, 12, 11 is the name of an eminent French comic writer.

"22, 6, 4, 29, 20, 17, 24, 4, 14, is the name of a celebrated French writer.

"9, 3, 8, 5, 3, 18 is the name of a celebrated divine.

"2, 3, 5, 7, 4, 11 is the name of an illustrious French poet.

"1, 11, 4, 23, 19, 6, 4 is the name of an eminent French writer.

"12, 6, 25, 8, 8, 11, 3, 16 is the name of an eminent French poet.

"2, 23, 18, 19, 17, 4 is the name of a celebrated ancient historian.

"3, 18, 7, 8, 6, 4 is the name of an eminent historian.

"24, 2, 28, 29, 23 is the name of an eminent Grecian historian.

"8, 5, 6, 29, 29 is the name of a celebrated Scotch historian and novelist.

"whole is the name of a distinguished orator and writer.

ADAM ———
Hamilton, C.W.

HAROLD'S PEZZLES.—Harold sent one from Waterdown three weeks ago. He said:

In the last number I see a sailor's puzzle. I have another version of it. It was reported to have taken place under similar circumstances. The key is in poetry of nearly the same quality; it runs thus:—

Place 2 before 1 and 3 before 5,

Here's 2 and there's 2,

And 1 to be left alive;

This 1 and that 1 and 3 to be cast

One and twice 2.

And Jack is the last.

Plant 9 apple-trees in 10 rows and have 3 in each row.

A CIPHERS CIPHER.—The following was written by Professor Whewell, at the request of a young lady:—

U 0 a 0, but I 0 U;

O 0 no 0, but O. 0 me:

O let not my 0 a 0 go,

But give 0 0 I 0 U so:

Thus de-ciphered:—

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you;

O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me:

O let not my sigh for a cipher go,

But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so.

WONDERFUL things are words—half spirit, half sense, so flexible, so various in their power! The poet can body forth to the fancy or to the imaginative faculty in words almost everything the sculptor or the painter can in form and color, and a great deal that form and color cannot embody. What painter could give adequate form to the picture that Shakespeare in words puts before the mind's eye?

THE CROSS OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL,

Of Kingston, Canada West, author of the "Abbey of Rathmore," etc.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

THE renewed tenderness of Sir Reginald's manner had not the desired effect of soothing the irritated feelings of Ellinor. The wound her pride had received was not to be so easily healed. The storm of indignation could not be so rapidly quelled. Pride was the strongest feeling of her nature, and that dominant passion had been twice deeply wounded since her arrival at Ravenscliff. Her love for Sir Reginald received a sudden check, chilled by the icy breath of unkindness. The first harsh words from those we love, with what strange power to wound do they sink into the soul! They may be forgotten for a time yet will they again and again recur, and in a proud resentful nature like Ellinor's, the remembrance of them never dies.

Lady Vivyan's love for her husband never had much depth. Her acquaintance with him was too short; her knowledge of his character too imperfect, to produce any strong attachment. Pride, more than any other feeling had influenced her acceptance of his hand. She had mistaken admiration of his personal attractions for love; and her own gratified vanity had aided in the deception.

Poor Ellinor! too soon had the storm of passion which her husband's insulting words aroused, swept away the veil from her eyes and shewn her the true state of her feelings! Already did the Cross of Pride weigh heavily on the beautiful shoulders that bare it. Already did she feel the piercing of the thorns with which ambition had wreathed her brow. Why had she not been content to move in a more humble sphere? why had she despised the happiness which a marriage with the devoted Travers would have ensured?

Soon was the change in Ellinor's feelings apparent in her altered manner towards Sir Reginald. Unfortunately he had not sufficient discernment to perceive the true cause of her estrangement. He never imagined that the few words spoken in a moment of irritation, and soon forgotten, could have the baneful effect of crushing within his wife's heart, that love which seemed to fill it. But he knew not the terrible pride of Ellinor's nature, nor the deep resentment she was capable of cherishing. The suspicion which Lady Esdaile's remarks had awakened, relative to Count Altenburg daily gained ground; and his heart was a prey to the torturing passion which the Countess had called into being.

Time fled on, but brought no change in the feelings of Lady Vivyan. A gloom seemed to have fallen on Ravenscliff. The Cross of Pride had slung its chilling shadow within its ancient walls, extinguishing the light of happiness in more than one heart. The enmity of Lady Esdaile towards her parvenue niece, time seemed only to increase. The coldness of her manner never warmed. She was studiously polite; but her frigid attentions were received by Ellinor with haughty nonchalance.

With Lady Philippa her intercourse was pleasant. Her ladyship had an object in conciliating Ellinor. She was unwilling to resign the advantages which a residence with her procured, especially as Lady Esdaile had no house in town, and Sir Reginald's mansion in — Square would be a desirable abode during the approaching London winter.

For some time after their arrival at Ra-

venscliff, the Baronet and his guest were enabled to enjoy the exciting pleasures of the chase; but when the rainy English winter set in, they were often confined for days to the house, and thrown upon their own resources for amusement. The billiard-room was a constant resort on such occasions. Chess was also frequently resorted to as a pleasant means of passing the morning. Ellinor was an accomplished chess-player. Count Altenberg was the only one whose skill in this beautiful game equalled her own, and they often played for hours. Sir Reginald seated by, an interested spectator apparently watching the moves, but in reality keeping a jealous surveillance over the players.

In their deportment towards each other there really was not much to keep alive suspicion; and were it not for the artful insinuations of the Countess of Esdaile, it would never have arisen in the mind of the Baronet. But there it now was, and although an unwelcome guest causing many hours' of suffering, still he was powerless to exclude it from the secret chamber into which it had stealthily crept.

Count Altenberg had detected the 'green-eyed monster' hovering near his host; and in his presence his manner was guarded, every word studied, and that passion which he certainly did feel for Lady Vivyan carefully concealed.

As to Ellinor, she had nothing to conceal; her manner was always the same, natural and pleasing; for her feelings towards her guest had undoubtedly changed. His chivalrous devotion to herself seen in those many nameless attentions, which to a careless observer mean nothing, had contributed to produce this change. Ellinor learned to like, where she had formerly felt only indifference. Still, there was no warmer feeling in her heart. There was much in Count Altenberg to call forth the admiration, but nothing to win the love of a pure-minded woman. Although Ellinor's heart was estranged from her husband, although pride had turned aside the current of her love from its natural channel, uprearing a mighty barrier to prevent its return, still no other image was allowed to en throne itself in the inner chamber of that estranged heart; even the image of the regretted Travers was carefully excluded and every thought of him promptly subdued.

It is true Ellinor had not been religiously educated. The mere forms of religion she had only been taught to observe. Its precepts had not been carefully instilled into her mind in childhood. Its vital principles her heart had never yet experienced. Still the light of religion's truth though burning dimly in her soul, was sufficient to show her that to cherish affection for any one now, but him who had a legitimate claim to it, was a sin.

As another means of spending the morning, when bad weather confined them to the house, Lady Vivyan studied German with Count Altenberg. That was a source of infinite gratification to him, as it afforded many opportunities of enjoying uninterruptedly her society, while it caused intense annoyance to Sir Reginald. He tried to induce Lady Philippa to profit by the Count's instruction, and take lessons with Ellinor in the German language. She would willingly have complied, but was secretly prevented by Lady Esdaile. The wily Countess perceiving with inward pleasure, that the seed she had planted was already shooting out its piercing roots, anticipated much evil from Ellinor's being thrown so much into the society of the Count, and secretly desired Lady Philippa to absent herself from the library during the hours devoted to study.—She hoped that the noble foreigner would teach his pupil something less difficult to learn than his native tongue.

Often Sir Reginald, unable to control his jealous feelings, would remain in the library ostensibly engaged with a book, but furtively watching from the recess of a window, half hid by its crimson drapery, the foreign Count and his beautiful pupil.

One day after the lesson was ended, Lady Vivyan was reading again with interest some beautiful passage from Goethe, which had occupied her time during the morning, and Count Altenberg had accompanied Lady Philippa to the billiard-room, when the angry tones of Sir Reginald's voice broke abruptly on her ear. She was not aware of his being in the library, and she looked up with surprise.

'I wish you would give up this study; it engrosses too much time.'

With a silvery laugh Ellinor repeated her husband's words—

'Engrosses too much time! It is precisely for this reason I give it my attention; it is a pleasant way of whiling away time during these gloomy days when the frequent

rain confines me to the house.'

'And you really have no other inducement?'

There was bitter sarcasm in Sir Reginald's tones.

'None, except to acquire a better knowledge of German.'

'And you really do not enjoy those hours of study spent in the Count's fascinating society?' said Sir Reginald, with a mocking smile.

For the first time Ellinor detected the shadow of the demon which haunted the Baronet; and with the perversity of an unrenowned nature, she replied, with a provoking smile:

'Assuredly I do enjoy them excessively: Count Altenberg is so captivating!'

'Lady Vivyan, I insist on your giving up this study!'

There was suppressed rage in Sir Reginald's tones.

'Et pourquoi?' asked Ellinor, with proud carelessness.

'It is sufficient reason that I wish it: my will must be obeyed.'

Ellinor laughed scornfully: 'I obey no will but my own, Sir Reginald.'

'And you speak thus to me, Lady Vivyan! I, whose love at such a sacrifice, raised you to your present position!'

A dark expression broke over Ellinor's face, shrouding, as with a storm-cloud, its radiant beauty.

'Your love,' she retorted, contemptuously; 'of what value is it, since it cannot shield its object from such insulting remarks?'

'Yet, I do love you, passionately, Ellinor; forgive me, if in my frenzied anger I wound by my remarks; but why will you persevere in a line of conduct of which I disapprove?'

'My conduct is irreproachable, Sir Reginald,' observed Ellinor, haughtily; 'trust me; I shall never forget what is due to my own dignity.' And her flashing eye boldly met her husband's.

Her look reassured him. There was truthfulness in the clear depths of her dark eye. Still he felt he had every thing to dread from her estrangement, and from the many fascinations of the Count.

'Then, to please me, you will not resign the pleasure of studying German with such a captivating master,' he observed with a forced smile.

'No; I should die of ennui were I to comply.'

'Then Count Altenberg's visit soon ends!'

muttered the Baronet fiercely.

'Has the demon of jealousy deprived you of common sense? Your conduct is really absurd. The expulsion of your guest from Ravenscliff will be a most amusing topic of conversation in the fashionable circles. Can you bear the world's dread laugh, Sir Reginald?'

There was a mocking sarcasm in Lady Vivyan's tones. In her turn she delighted to wound; such is the evil propensity of our fallen nature!

'Tell me, Ellinor,' said the Baronet, suddenly breaking a short silence; 'do you love Count Altenberg?'

Lady Vivyan regarded her husband with an amused look, while a clear musical laugh broke unpleasantly upon his ear.

'What a query for a wife to answer! Are you really in your senses, Sir Reginald?'

It did, indeed, seem as if the green-eyed monster which had taken possession of the Baronet had, for the time, bereft him of common sense. But is not anger, or jealousy, or any dominant passion a kind of insanity?'

'Yes; I may as well know the worst,' he replied, moodily.

'And, if like a dutiful wife, I should answer this strange question, would you put implicit faith in my reply?'

'Yes, I rely upon your truthfulness.'

'Thank you for so much justice. Then, know my most gracious lord, that I do not love the foreign Count. Admire, and like him I do, exceedingly. He interests and amuses me; and is the only one in this gloomy mansion whose conversation affords me pleasure. Therefore I do request that after this most candid confession, you will not allow your absurd jealousy to deprive me of the enjoyment I feel in his company.'

Ellinor spoke with affected gravity; but there was a sarcastic smile playing around her chiseled mouth, which showed she enjoyed the pain her words gave Sir Reginald. She discovered that his happiness was in her power, and yielding to the evil influence of revenge, she determined to keep alive in his heart the spirit of jealousy.

This confession, as Ellinor termed it, had not the effect of exorcising the demon which troubled the Baronet. It was with mingled rage and pain that he heard her express

such a decided preference for their guest.—Humiliation too, at having exposed himself to his wife's ridicule, mingled its drop in his cup of bitterness.

A long silence ensued. Ellinor returned to the perusal of Goethe while her husband paced the room in gloomy reflection. Again and again her assertion, that she did not love Count Altenberg, flashed a gleam of comfort to his troubled mind, but failed to fasten conviction there, for the painful thought continually suggested itself, that where there were such admiration and preference, love must be hovering near, though yet unrecognized.

And then, if Ellinor did not love the Count, what was the cause of her cruel estrangement? How often had Sir Reginald asked himself this question without being able to answer it satisfactorily. But now, as the recollection of her remark, that his love could not shield her from insult flashed upon his mind, a new light broke suddenly upon the subject. Ellinor's estrangement was owing to his own unkindness; to the harsh and slighting words into which his haughty and passionate temper occasionally betrayed him.

The evil might, then, be remedied by unvarying kindness. He might win back the love he had lost. Hope once more sprung up in the heart of Sir Reginald, throwing its halo of brightness around the future. Alas, he did not know how difficult it is to win back an estranged heart, especially where the nature is so intensely proud and resentful.

'If you find Ravenscliff so dull, Ellinor, we can easily enliven it,' remarked Sir Reginald, suddenly breaking the silence, as a new idea occurred to him.

Lady Vivyan looked up inquiringly.

'We can fill the house with company; and now, as Christmas is approaching, gather around us a gay party to share in its festivities.'

A new interest grew into Ellinor's face.

'That would be delightful; I should like to see gay faces filling with sunshine this gloomy mansion.'

'Lady Esdaile suggested the idea this morning. She drew out a list of the persons she wished invited.'

Impolitic Sir Reginald! why did you mention the haughty Countess? It was then, to gratify her, rather than afford amusement to herself. So thought Ellinor, and the look of interest and pleasure instantly vanished.

'You and the countess, are at liberty to invite whatever guests you please'; she coldly replied, resuming the perusal of her book.

At this moment, a servant entered with a letter for Lady Vivyan. She perused it with subdued chagrin. It was from Mrs. Harcourt; she was particularly anxious to visit her daughter's princely home; and expressed no limited surprise that she had not yet received an invitation. Nothing could be farther from Ellinor's intentions than to invite the Colonel's lady to Ravenscliff.—She well knew what a sensation she would produce in that aristocratic abode. Her vulgarity and ignorance would be in such glaring contrast to the high-bred refinement of its other inmates. Still, with her usual perversity Ellinor determined to propose sending her an invitation, and if Sir Reginald objected as she imagined he would, she would make that a cause for increasing coldness towards him. Thus, was the haughty Lady Vivyan immolating her domestic happiness on the altar of pride.

'That letter is from Mrs. Harcourt, I presume,' said Sir Reginald, approaching as she finished reading it.

'Yes, mamma is very desirous to see me, after so long an absence. As we are to have visitors at Christmas, would it not be well to include her in the number?'

'Is it really your wish to do so?' asked the Baronet with a look of incredulity.

'That is rather a singular question,' was her evasive reply. 'But if you have the slightest objection, I do not urge it, she haughtily added.

'Forgive me, Ellinor; but really I cannot comply with your wishes in this matter; Mrs. Harcourt's retired life has not fitted her to move in the higher circles of society. Believe me, it is to spare you as well as myself much mortification, I decline inviting her to Ravenscliff.'

The rich, indignant crimson mantled on the face of Lady Vivyan, and her eyes flashed a haughty resentment on her husband. He felt pained at wounding her feelings; and was attempting some farther explanation, but she turned coldly from him, and swept out of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

E O L A .

BY GRIFEX GRAY.

[CONTINUED.]

'Your roses are drooping sadly, Eola,' put in Sir George, quietly. 'I don't think you have given them a drop of water for the last three days.'

Eola blushed. She had neglected her garden terribly, lately.

Well, you know, grandpa, I have been so much engaged for the last few days,' she rejoined, with a side glance at Beresford.—'Look what rides, and drives, and sails we have. I've scarcely had a quiet half hour all this week till now—have I, Mr. Beresford?'

'No; I think I must defend Miss Shipton there Sir George,' remarked their guest, with a calm smile.

'We have been staunch votaries of pleasure, lately, and Miss Shipton's roses have suffered accordingly, you see.'

'Not those on her cheek, I observe,' said the baronet, slyly casting his eyes at his grandchild's blushing face.

'No, it is ball-room and concert practice which accomplishes that sort of work,' returned Beresford. 'Rising at six o'clock, an hour's walk or ride before breakfast, a sail on the lake afterwards—'

'There, we don't want the programme of Dmorian amusements. Mr. Beresford,' cried Eola, interrupting him with a smile. 'While I am listening to your lectures my flowers are dying; so, good-bye for a little while.'

'But you will allow me to come and carry your watering-pot,' said Beresford, intercepting her as she was leaving the apartment.

'Certainly, if you wish it.'

And Eola, having fetched her garden hat and shawl, sallied forth to her little flower-garden with the guest, the latter carrying the watering-pot.

The small patch of ground that Eola called hers, and which she cultivated herself, was situated just opposite the drawing-room windows; and so, as the baronet sat in his easy chair, he had an excellent view of the two gardeners.

'What a noble looking fellow Beresford is!' thought he, as he watched the pair crossing the lawn. 'How well he looks beside Eola! I never saw a couple match better. She is so pretty and delicate; he so tall, manly, and strong. It's a pity he's not just a little bit younger; but he doesn't look near so old as he says he is. It was rather foolish of me to mention that other fellow's age again to-day. Of course the young puss had the laugh of me there.'

After watering the flowers Beresford and his charming companion walked away together towards a little dell at the back of the park, where they were lost to the baronet's sight; and here they rambled up and down a long time, talking little, but doubtless thinking more, and listening to the warbling of the birds in the trees above.

Presently they stopped, and seated themselves on the projecting root of an old oak tree, to watch the beautiful sunset.

Whether it was the hour, the scene, or the position, that acted as a mystic charm on their minds to draw them into such lover-like proximity to each other, we leave to those who have had experience of evening rambles and twilight sittings by some rippling stream, with beauty and melody around, and beauty and sweeter melody by their side, to guess.

Oh, Eola! Art thou treacherous and inconstant? And is thy first love, then, really forgotten?—the first fair affection of thy bright young soul sped for ever? Are woman's vows truly 'traced in sand?'

It is an unkind assertion of the author who wrote the words, and certainly too sweeping; moreover, the sentiment preceding it, 'All must love thee who behold thee,' proves that he was too much inclined to view woman as woman views the world. She frequently calls it cold, cruel, harsh, deceiving, hollow &c. yet how delighted she often is with the gilded trumpery she affects to despise.

The shades of evening were deepening in the valleys, though a bright halo of sunlight still encircled the hill-tops, when Eola proposed to her companion to return to the house.

'Dear me, how late it must be getting!' she cried, starting suddenly to her feet. 'I had not observed how dark it was becoming. Coffee will be prepared, and how surprised grandpa will be at our staying out like this. I shall hardly be able to meet him.'

'Never mind, darling,' said her companion, softly. 'Our masks will be thrown aside

to-morrow, and then farewell to deception for ever."

"I shall be so glad," murmured the young girl.

A tender kiss was the only response.

"Heydey!" exclaimed a voice almost close beside them. Eola shrieked, bounded from Beresford's arms; and while the latter stood as if petrified with astonishment, the boughs of some thick hazel plants just behind him were dashed aside, and Sir George Shipton stood before them.

He had become rather impatient at being left alone so long, and surprised at their prolonged stay, had sallied out quite unsuspectingly in search of them. He knew they had gone to the dell, and so bent his steps thither, attracted by the sound of their voices to the exact spot where they happened to be. He had gained it unnoticed, just in time to witness the tender climax of their conversation.

For quite a minute the three remained gazing at each other in ludicrous bewilderment and silence. Eola was, in her desperation, weighing the feasibility of a retreat. Beresford, confused and perplexed, but not entirely thrown off his guard, was considering what he should say first; and the baronet, looking extremely uncomfortable and out of place, was just thinking how awkwardly they were all situated.

Beresford was the first to break the embarrassing silence; while the young girl, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry, and feeling very hysterical, re-seated herself at the foot of the tree, and hid her face in her hands.

"You seem surprised, Sir George," said Beresford, with a perceptible quiver in his voice.

"I am surprised," was the emphatic rejoinder.

"Doubtless, you are also displeased."

"I think I have been slightly deceived."

"You have."

"You confess it?"

"I do."

"And you, Eola" (the baronet walked towards his grandchild, and touched her gently on the shoulder); "do you plead guilty to the same charge?"

"Oh, dear, yes—no—that is—yes," stammered the poor girl, scarcely knowing how to reply. "I want to go home," she added, rising, and pulling her hat very low over her face. "I am getting chilly here. Do let me go home."

"Very well, dear," said her grandfather, in a slightly colder tone than that in which he usually addressed her. "Take my arm. Perhaps you, Mr. Beresford, will favour me by continuing the conversation in my private study?"

"Certainly, if you would rather, Sir George," rejoined Beresford, frankly; "but I would prefer to discuss it in the presence of your grand-daughter."

"As you will," returned the baronet; and the trio continued their walk towards the mansion, in a most unpleasant and irksome silence.

When they reached the drawing room, Eola tore off her hat, and threw herself down on an ottoman, as far from the windows as she could contrive to station herself. The lamps were not yet lighted, the twilight was getting still fainter, and the room was in partial shadow. The baronet seated himself in his own chair, and Beresford continued standing by the window.

"You consider you have been deceived, Sir George," said the latter hurriedly, in the tone of a man who knows he has something unpleasant to do, and wishes to get it done as quickly as possible. "I admit that you have, to a certain extent; but I deny that it was any dishonourable motive that prompted the departure on my part from sincerity. Had your accidental discovery of our affection not taken place this evening, Eola and I purposed, as early as to-morrow morning, to have made you acquainted with the secret. Its confession is now forestalled, but may as well be made perfectly plain. I love your grandchild, Sir George, as ardently truthfully, and unchangingly as any human being has in his power to love; and I can safely answer that her affection is fully equal to my own. But let her speak for that, herself."

Beresford moved towards Eola, and taking her by the hand—

"Come, darling," he said, in a tremulous whisper, "the moment has arrived; be firm." And tenderly drawing her arm through his, he led her, to the astonished baronet.

"Is this true, Eola?" inquired the latter, peering through the gloom at her tearful face; for she had been weeping from absolute fright.

"Yes, grandfather," was all the response she could bring her trembling lips to utter.

"But why have you kept it from me so long, my dear?" asked Sir George, with all his former fondness of voice and manner; for the sight of tears, on that lately laughing countenance, was more than his doating heart could withstand.

"I—I don't know, grandfather," said the girl, faintly. "I was afraid—I mean I was sorry—"

"Well, well, don't distress yourself, so much about it. I suppose you were bashful; and you, Mr. Beresford, were influenced in your silence by this little simpleton, I presume?"

"I will not tell a lie, Sir George," returned his guest, in a firm voice; "I was not."

"Then by what were you influenced?" exclaimed the baronet, impatiently. "The rest of your conduct has been so straight forward that you must have had a powerful reason for the duplicity that has been enacted in this affair."

"I had a powerful reason," returned Beresford, with unbroken composure; "and if you will lend me your attention for a few moments, it shall be explained."

"Eola and I, of our own free will, are here to discard a mask we have worn for some time. The duplicity you complain of would never have been practised by either of us, had you not, in the first place set us the example. We have only met stratagem by stratagem, and invention by invention.—I could have gained your grandchild's hand, had I asked it of you, without confessing any part of our secret; but that I would not have done for worlds."

"I have won your good opinion, your friendship and esteem; have been honoured as your guest, and received at your hands all the cordiality of a true friend, under the title of Raymond Beresford. But I must claim the hand and heart of my long-beloved and already affianced bride, under no other name than that which of right belongs to me, and which I am proud to say I never disgraced; that name is 'Elwyn Eswald!'"

CHAPTER LXVI

Had an earthquake opened at the baronet's feet when Elwyn Eswald declared his real name, he could scarcely have looked more intensely surprised and horrified than on hearing those simple words. He started at the utterer through its faint, grey twilight, till his eyes felt as if bursting from their sockets, while a fit of trembling convulsed his frame from head to foot. For several moments he appeared too agitated to speak, but at length the epithet 'Impostor!' escaped from his blanched lips.

"No, grandfather," firmly cried Eola, creeping closer to her lover, and blushing with indignation at such a taunt being levelled against one so good and true. "No," she reiterated, "he is neither an impostor nor a heartless deceiver." And the last word came forth with a marked emphasis.

"Ah! I have well deserved your taunts, Eola, have I not? Oh, yes! the poor doating grandfather richly merits this return for his blind affection."

At any other moment Eola's gentle heart would have melted at such a reproach, but even her yielding nature was aroused to retaliation by the injustice of such a display of resentment from one who was more in a position to crave forgiveness than to grant it.

Beresford, or rather Elwyn, had not as yet spoken since declaring his name, but with arms crossed firmly on his breast, and half holding his breath in his anxiety to watch the baronet's motions, he stood leaning against the window-sash in silence.

"Grandfather," said the young girl, "it is wrong of you to talk thus to Elwyn and me. It is you who have done the greater wrong, and ask your own heart whose conduct is most blameable?"

"False-hearted girl!" exclaimed the baronet, turning from his grandchild, and covering his face with his hands. "I did not think that the child I was idolising would have proved such a viper."

"Wie, Sir George!" cried Elwyn, as the girl cowered back in utter dismay at this cruel and undeserved reproach. "Vent your rage on me as much as you please, but Eola shall not be thus shamefully accused while I am standing by her side."

"Foiled by my own weapons," muttered the baronet to himself, swaying to and fro on his seat, and unheeding Elwyn's speech. "Fool, fool, to be gulled by a mere child!" he added aloud.

"Dear, dear grandfather, do not talk so; you will break my heart," sobbed Eola, drawing close to the baronet's chair. "Perhaps we did wrong to deceive you, but let it be all forgotten now; and she softly laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Come, Sir George," said Elwyn, in his usual frank tone; "shake off this prejudice, and these unworthy scruples, and be yourself again. You know you are in the wrong, and see how you are wounding your grand-daughter's feelings."

The baronet maintained a moody silence, and continued to rock backwards and forwards in his chair in the deepest agitation, while his grandchild stood by in a bewildered manner, not knowing what to do or say.

"Eola," cried Sir George, at last, raising himself erect on his seat, while his eyes flashed perceptibly, even through the gloom that now environed the apartment; "Eola, you know your mother's wrongs—you know the treatment she received from your father. Would you marry to bear his name?"

"Not his, grandfather. I marry Elwyn Eswald."

"And you are quite prepared to keep your vow?"

"I am."

"Then bear my determination. Consider yourself no longer in any way related to me, and—"

"O grandfather! grandfather!" cried Eola, wildly clasping his neck, and putting her hand over his mouth to keep back the dreaded words. "Oh I pray, pray don't say such things—you frighten me!"

"Really, Sir George, you must not agitate your grand-daughter thus," said Elwyn, indignantly. "Wait and reflect, and suspend further conversation until you have calmly weighed your decision. A moment of anger is not a season in which to make solemn vows."

"You will allow me to be the best judge of my own mind, I suppose, Mr. Eswald," rejoined the baronet, with cold indifference. "If this foolish girl is weak enough to be twirled round your finger, I must beg you to understand that Sir George Shipton possesses a will of his own."

"Yes, and a very dogmatical one," thought Elwyn. "But listen to me calmly for two or three moments, Sir George," he said, aloud. "Perhaps I did wrong to deceive you, but I wished to show you the utter emptiness and injustice of prejudice, and to win, under an assumed name, your favorable opinion, which I fear would never have been accorded to me under my own. Thus far in extenuation of my venial error. I will now leave you awhile alone with your grandchild. If her influence cannot overcome your unworthy scruples, nothing will."

And taking up his hat, Elwyn left the room, and strolled out in the grounds.

"Little one," murmured the baronet, when they were left alone, putting forth his hand, and drawing the weeping girl to a footstool before him, "I have been very harsh to you."

Elwyn's manly words and straightforward manner had not failed to produce their effect, for before he left him, the baronet was too ashamed to acknowledge it then. He wished that his softened feelings should be ascribed to the influence of his grand-daughter.

Eola looked up through her tears in surprise at his altered tone, scarcely believing that she heard aright.

"My little pet," continued Sir George, caressingly passing his hand over her fair head, "I was in an uncontrollable temper when I spoke so unkindly to you; I did not know what I was saying."

"Then you did not mean to cast me off?" said the young girl, joyously.

"I might have done so in a fit of rage, my child, but I should soon have revoked my words. Oh, no, I could not lose you—my only treasure."

Eola felt a tear drop on her forehead; the baronet was weeping. He had never until now known how tenaciously his soul clung to the love of that simple child, and remorse for words that he knew could never be unspoken.

"O, Eola! I would give much could I but recall those foolish words," he said, as the tender-hearted girl clung to his neck, and strove to show by her silent embraces how readily she forgave his harshness—the first and last she ever received at his hands.

"Dear, dear grandfather, think no more of it," she cried; "I shall not. But—"

She paused abruptly, half afraid to mention her lover's name.

"I know what you are going to say, my darling," said the baronet, hastily; "you would speak of HIM. I know I have wronged him—I know he is a noble fellow—I feel that I could become deeply attached to him; but—"

"But what, grandfather?"

"That name! It jars on my feelings every time I hear it. I have associated it so long

with everything that is bad and worthless that the dislike to its sound, seems to have become a part of my nature."

"But, grandfather, you like Elwyn?"

"Yes, very much—I am bound to own it."

"And you love me, don't you?"

"You need not ask the question."

"Then, for my sake, try to overcome this prejudice. What is a name, grandfather? Oh, it is unworthy your noble heart to cherish such a feeling—and against facts, too."

"Well, for your sake, Eola, I will strive to overcome it."

At this moment Elwyn re-entered the apartment, and gazed anxiously at the two occupants.

The moon was up, and shining brightly into the room, revealing plainly the countenances of each as they sat at the window, Eola on the footstool.

"May I tell him, grandfather, that you forgive us?" whispered the latter to the admiral, as Elwyn advanced towards him.

"Yes, darling. I will leave you to tell him alone," said the baronet, rising.

He was too agitated to speak himself just then; moreover, a feeling of shame still prevented him. But he held out his hand to Elwyn, who cordially grasped it; then, motioning for Eola to come to his side, the baronet took her hand, and putting it in that of her lover, hurried silently from the chamber.

Elwyn seated himself by the side of his betrothed, while she told him what had passed between the baronet and herself during his absence from the apartment.

And there they sat together for a long time in the moonlight, all in all to each other, fondly dreaming of the happy future now spread out to their view in cloudless radiance.

Presently the lamps were lighted, and the baronet returned to the drawing-room. He was calm and collected now. He had been thinking, in the solitude of his chamber, over the late strange events, and striving, with good effect, to keep down the feeling that had excited his repugnance to the name of his true-hearted guest.

It was impossible for a generally well disposed man as the baronet was to withstand long the claims of justice and reason.

He was, on certain points, it is true, obstinate and shortsighted; but his heart was good in the main, and there was one point on which it was, even to a weakness, susceptible—his all-absorbing devotion to his grandchild.

One by one, before this powerful ally, his more unworthy sentiments wavered and broke down, till all were gone; and he now entered the lovers' presence with the full consciousness that he meant to do right and act justly.

"Am I forgiven, Mr. Eswald?" he asked, earnestly, once more seizing his guest's hand.

"Wholly—willingly, Sir George. But we also have much to be pardoned for," glancing, smilingly at Eola.

"Nay, it is I who have been the culprit all along. But they say 'All's well that ends well,' so I may hope for the realisation of the proverb in my case."

"Now, I am curious to know how all this came about; so, Eola, you little demure puss, come and tell me all about it."

And, with Eola on his knee, and Elwyn sitting opposite in an easy chair, Sir George prepared to listen to the tale.

Then followed a long explanation, Elwyn and Eola sharing it between them, one beginning when the other broke down.

Joe had released them from their promise of silence as regarded his part in the transaction, on condition that all should end satisfactorily for all parties. "In case things turned out dark," as Joe phrased it, his name was not to be 'logged' in.

It appeared that, after meeting Joe according to appointment at the hotel in Truro, and learning from him all the particulars of Eola's abduction and the baronet's plans, Elwyn had awaited their removal to Totnes. There he happened to have some friends living, and had there had frequent interviews with Eola, while her grandfather was supposed to be in Italy. He told his friends that she was a young lady whom he had long loved in secret unknown to the baronet, who for some reason at which he could only guess, disliked him, although they were not personally known to each other; and fancying that a secret engagement existed between him and his grandchild, had contrived to separate them, intending to keep them apart, either by stratagem or force, if possible, for ever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Agriculture.

CULTURE OF FLAX.

We continue the remarks on this subject, from No. 4, Vol. 2, of The Canadian Illustrated News.

SOIL AND ROTATION.—By attention and careful cultivation, good flax may be grown on various soils; but, some are much better adapted for it than others. The best is a sound, dry, deep loam, with a clay subsoil. It is very desirable that the land should be dry, as, when it is saturated with either underground or surface water, good flax cannot be expected.

Some persons have the impression that the richest soil that can be obtained is the most appropriate, and would produce tall, heavy flax. But this is not the case, for where the soil is too rich the fibre is not of a good formation, and the stalks grow woody and coarse; whereas, on dry loam, with clay subsoil, the coating and fibre grows finer, and more in proportion to the woody part, and renders the flax more valuable.

Flax should not be sown in valleys, if other places can be obtained. When sown in valleys it inclines to grow rapidly, and the stalks lean across each other; and where they come in contact that part becomes rusty and readily gives way when dressing, which renders the flax of little value.

It is of importance not to grow flax, or indeed any crop, too often upon the same space of ground. An excellent crop of flax is generally obtained after wheat and of wheat after flax. A regular system of rotation in cropping is strongly recommended, as the surest method of preserving the land in good heart, and of securing abundant crops.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.—One of the points of the greatest importance in the culture of flax is, by thorough draining where the land is wet and by careful and repeated cleansing of the land from weeds, to place it in the finest, deepest, and cleanest state. After wheat, one ploughing will suffice on light friable soil, but two is more efficient, and on stubborn soils three may be found necessary. The second ploughing should be given late in November, that the soil may be exposed to the ameliorating influence of the winter's frost. As no crop requires a more thorough and minute pulverization of the soil than flax, it is indispensably necessary to have it exposed to the winter frost, by which it is crumbled down finely. In spring this fine winter surface must be harrowed, and in order to consolidate it, it is of advantage to roll it. When the soil is not a heavy clay, it is better to use the cultivator than the plough in spring, in order to avoid as much as possible the turning down of the fine surface mould, which is so necessary for the flax seeds. After harrowing and before sowing, care should be taken to collect weeds of all kinds.

SOWING.—It is of importance to procure good, clean seed, sifted clean of all weeds which will save a great deal of after trouble when the seed is growing. Sow about two bushels of seed to the acre, or even a little more. It is better to sow too thick than too thin, as with thick sowing the stem grows tall and straight, and the fibre, is found greatly superior in fineness and length to that produced from thin sown flax, which grows coarse and branches out, producing much seed, but a very inferior quality of fibre, and a small weight of straw to the acre, whereas when sown thick a much greater yield will be secured. After sowing, cover with a seed harrow, going twice over it—once up and down, and once across, as this makes it more equally spread, and avoids the small drills made by the teeth of the harrow. Finish with the roller, which will leave the seed covered about an inch—the proper depth. Rolling the ground after a shower, when the plant is about an inch above ground, is advisable, care being taken not to roll when the ground is so wet that the earth adheres to the roller.

Flax seed, to insure a good crop, should be sown on a quiet day, and should not be permitted to be blown by the wind, which will not leave the seed equally distributed on the ground.

In this country flax should be sown any time between the 25th of April and the 10th of May. It is recommended to sow, if possible, about the 10th of May. For fine fibres early sowing is necessary. Vegetation is more rapid in the latter part of the season, but for fine fibres there is nothing like steady growth.

WEEDING.—If care has been paid to cleaning the seed and soil, few weeds will appear; but if there be any, they ought to be carefully pulled. As the price to be paid for the flax must be regulated by the quality, it will be to the advantage of the farmer to pay particular attention to keeping it clean of weeds.

PULLING.—The time when flax should be pulled is when the seeds are beginning to change from a green to a pale brown colour, and the stalk to become yellow for about two-thirds of its height from the ground.

It is most essential to take time and care to keep the flax even, like a brush, at the root ends. This increases the value to the manufacturer, and of course to the grower, who will be amply repaid by an extra price for his additional trouble. It is of great importance to pull the flax before it is fully ripe. Every day it is allowed to stand after it is ripe, it loses in weight and in value. After the flax is pulled, it should be set in two rows, the seed ends up, inclined to each other, and meeting at the top. When it has stood for three or four days, it should be fully dry (weather being favorable), and may then be put up in small sheaves, and placed out for rotting, either by steeping, or by exposure to dew.

ONIONS.—According to the London Gardener's Magazine, charred rubbish and sand are capital materials for surfacing onion beds, as they keep the bulbs dry and warm while their roots are revelling in the rich soil below. Moisture at the base of the bulb for any length of time is most injurious to the onion; on the other hand, a dry heat at the surface is very beneficial, and it is the sun-heat alone which renders the Spanish onions so superior to the English in flavor and beauty of the bulbs. The hotter the season or the climate, the sweeter is the flavor of the onions; and the colder the season or the climate, the more pungent. Onions grown in the north of Europe are many degrees more fiery than those grown in the south. The hoe should never be used among onions. It does a deal of mischief, and if any onion is once loosened in the soil, it never makes much growth afterwards. So, too, the bulbs should never be earthed up; they should stand wholly above ground, and have good depth of soil to root in. Sand, salt and soot are good top dressings for an onion bed, to be put on at least a week before sowing. The same writer recommends gas lime and deep trenching as the best preventives of the onion maggot.

CULTIVATION OF TOBACCO.

They who are interested in the culture of tobacco may find information of the first preparations for the crop in the Canadian Illustrated News of May 30, as grown in Connecticut, United States. And we may inform them, that tobacco grown near Dundas, west end of Lake Ontario in 1862, met with a ready market in Canada; and the price far exceeding any profit ever derived from Canadian soil for any other product.

The tobacco will not grow much until it is loosed, as the ground becomes hard and must be well stirred to give the root a chance to start. We use Nourse, Mason & Co's horse hoe for cultivation between the rows. There is an advantage in setting the plants on a ridge, for they are not so apt to be covered with dirt by the horse hoe, or by a heavy shower. We generally hoe as we can, but rarely more than three times, unless the ground is very weedy, which should not be the case in good farming.

The cost of production varies greatly with the seasons as when we have a dry season we have to water the plants and cover them with a little cot, to prevent the sun from scorching them. The past season was very favorable, there having been so much damp weather about setting time that we did not cover or water a plant on $\frac{1}{4}$ acres.

After the tobacco is set the labor is about double what it is on corn. I have never made an exact calculation of the expense of raising tobacco; but for myself I can say I would rather take care of an acre of tobacco than two acres of corn. The land which will produce 2,000 pounds per acre of tobacco, will not produce over 70 bushels of shelled corn, which shows a large difference in favour of the tobacco.

About the middle of August the tobacco is in blossom. We then go over the field and break off the tops, taking off about 4 or 6 leaves with the top, according to the size of the plant.

In about a week a sucker starts at the junction of each leaf with the stalk. These must be taken off before cutting, as if left on it is very inconvenient to handle the tobacco.

We generally begin cutting about the 10th of September, for by that time most of it is ripe, and if it stands after it is fully ripe, it will often rust. The rust is in spots on the leaf, and injures the quality.

We commence cutting in the morning after the dew is off, and let it lay for a while to wilt, being careful not to let it lay long enough to get sunburnt. After being wilted enough to handle without breaking the leaves, it is placed in a cart or waggon and drawn to the curing house, which is generally a shed or rough building, which may be

shut up close or opened to let in air. The best buildings are about 24 to 36 feet wide, and as long as convenience may dictate—36 feet allowing of three 12 feet rails across the building. We hang from 26 to 47 plants on a rail, according to size.

The but of the stalk is placed against the rail and the twine passed around it, the twine being on top of the rail between every two plants, as they are placed on alternate sides. The rails are about 20 inches apart, allowing room for a good circulation of air which is absolutely necessary, as without it the tobacco will sweat on the poles, and is lost.

In about six weeks or two months the tobacco is sufficiently cured to strip. After it is well cured the first damp day we open every door and window to let in the air, for it is necessary to have it damp to keep it from breaking.

When it is taken from the poles it is placed in a pile, a double tier, the tips lapping about 6 inches or 1 foot, butts evenly laid and closely packed to prevent drying.

If not damp, it may lay for several days without injury, but it requires close watching to prevent it from heating. We divide it after stripping into three kinds: called wrappers, seconds and fillers. The wrappers are the choicest leaves, the seconds have many imperfect leaves and bring about half the price of wrappers, the fillers are the poorest leaves and bring about one-third the price of wrappers. When the leaves are put together and a leaf coiled around the butts which makes a band. As a general thing the more particular, in assorting, the better price we get. I have seen a really nice lot of tobacco sold for a small price for want of care in assorting.

I think we have averaged fifteen cents a pound for wrappers, seven and a-half cents for seconds, and five cents for fillers during the seven years we raised tobacco, and the weight would average 1,500 pounds per acre, though we have raised 2,200 pounds on one acre, and sold it for twenty cents per pound for the first quality.

In such a yield as the above there would not be over 500 pounds the first and second qualities both together. After stripping, it is evenly packed in piles, (keeping the various qualities separate, of course,) butts out and tips lapping a very little, three or four inches perhaps. We do not case it, but sell to dealers who do. The case is made of merchantable soft pine boards, and is about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet long by 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ wide and 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ deep. About 100 lbs of tobacco are put in each case, by means of a screw. In a few days after casing, the sweating process commences. During some stages a person not acquainted with it, were he to examine the tobacco, would say it was worthless, being perfectly soft and apparently rotten. I have often seen the outside of the case so hot as to draw the pitch from knots in the boards.

The tobacco must go through this process before it is manufactured. To give it the necessary finish. This year we shall probably get a higher price than ever before. I have already heard of 25 cents per pound being offered for all three qualities.

Commercial.

It is probable that most readers of this journal, who are immediately interested in ascertaining the prices of farm produce in the local and export markets of Canada and of New York, obtain their information through the daily papers before they see this. The object we have more particularly in view, when inserting market reports, which are several days old, is to preserve them as items of current history. This journal is preserved by many subscribers, and in course of time will be very generally bound in volumes. Daily papers are not preserved in that manner if at all. Also, the Canadian Illustrated News is sent by mail to Europe in larger number than any other paper published in Canada; that is an additional reason for inserting one or two of the Canadian Market Reports with those of New York.

We select the latest down to the time of preparing to print. But this being an illustrated paper other circumstances than latest news govern the time of the week selected for printing.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto, June 15.

Fall wheat not so brisk, and about 2c easier, at 88c to 96c per bushel. Spring wheat also lower at 80c to 83c per bushel for good samples. Rye nominal, at 56c to 60c per bushel, or about 1c per pound. Bar-

ley very dull, selling at 55c to 60c per bushel. Oats in moderate supply, at 45c to 46c per bushel. Pease sold at 56c per bushel on the street, and 56c to 58c per bushel by the ear load, with fair enquiry. Potatoes in large supply, selling at 30c to 50c per bushel retail, and 20c to 35c per bushel, at wholesale. Apples sell readily at \$2 00 to \$3 00 per barrel. Fresh butter 13c to 16c per pound. Good dairy packed butter draws 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c per pound. Eggs sell at 9c to 14c per doz. Chickens sold at 40c to 50c per pair. Ducks scarce at 60c per pair. Hay sells at \$15 to \$16 per ton for best. Straw, \$8 per ton for the best. Hides, per cwt., \$5. Calf skins, 8c to 9c per pound. Sheepskins, \$1, 50 to \$2, 00 each. Wool in light supply, selling at 30c to 37c per pound. Pelts, 30c each. Lambskins, 50c each. Beef, 1st class \$5 50 to \$6 per cwt., 2nd class \$4 to \$4 50 per cwt., and 3rd class \$3 50 to \$4 per cwt. Flour dull and unchanged; Superfine, \$3 90; Fancy, none offering; Extra, at \$1 25 to \$1 30; double-extra at \$1 75 per barrel.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 15.

FLOUR.—Receipts 35,126 barrels; market 10c better on the low grades; sales 9,800 barrels at \$1 70 to \$5 10 for superfine State; \$5 60 to \$5 80 for extra State; \$5 90 to \$6 05 for choice do; \$4 65 to \$5 10 for superfine Western; \$5 60 to \$6 10 for common to good shipping brands extra R. H. Ohio. Canadian flour 10c better. sales 600 barrels at \$5 60 to \$5 91 for common extra, and \$5 95 to \$7 60 for good to choice extra. Rye flour steady at \$3 50 to \$5 10.

GRAIN.—Wheat.—Receipts 189,269 bushels; market 2c better; sales 80,000 bushels at \$1 20 to \$1 40 for Chicago spring; \$1 40 to \$1 42 for Milwaukee club; \$1 44 to \$1 47 for amber Iowa; \$1 48 to \$1 53 for winter red Western; \$1 54 to \$1 56 for amber Michigan. Rye firmer at \$1 to 1 04. Barley dull and nominal. Receipts of corn 84, 883 bushels; market 1c to 2c better; sales 70,000 bushels at 75c to 80c for shipping Western mixed; and 74c to 77 for Eastern. Oats 1c better, at 74c to 81 $\frac{1}{2}$ c for Canada, Western and State, closing with scarcely so much firmness.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 12th June, 1863, - - - - - \$43,656 50 $\frac{1}{2}$
Corresponding week last year. 42,743 23
Increase, - - - - - \$ 913 27 $\frac{1}{2}$

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending June 6, 1863. - - - - - \$80,183 02
Corresponding week, 1862. - - - - - 62,852 71
Increase, - - - - - \$17,330 31

NORTHERN RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Traffic receipts for the week ending June 6th, 1863:—
Total receipts for week - - - \$8,965 58
Corresponding week, 1862 - - - 9,574 15
Decrease - - - - - \$608 57

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

MRS. JOHN E. MURPHY would respectfully inform her friends and the public, that she is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for instruction on the Piano Forte, at her residence, Mulberry street, between Park and MacNab. References given if required.
Hamilton, June 20th, 1863. 6

ELLIS' HOTEL.

NIAGARA FALLS, - - - CANADA SIDE,
NEXT DOOR TO BARNETT'S MUSEUM,
Board, - - - - - \$1.00 per Day.
Meals at all hours. Carriages in attendance at the door. Good stabling. W. F. ELLIS, PROPRIETOR.

JOSEPH LYGT, DEALER IN

PAPER HANGINGS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines, &c.
CORNER KING AND HUGHSON STREETS,
HAMILTON, C.W.

Agents for TORONTO STEAM DYE WORKS. Stamping for Binding and Embroidering.

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

R. W. ANDERSON,
 (FROM NOTMAN'S MONTREAL)
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,
 45 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W.
 FIRST-CLASS Cartes-de-visite, equal to any in Upper
 Canada, \$3.00 per dozen.
 Private Residences, Churches and Public Buildings
 Photographed in any part of the country.
 Rooms, First Floor.

Old likenesses sent from the country, copied
 for the Album, and promptly returned at a very moder-
 ate charge.
 TORONTO, May 30, 1863.

H. & R. YOUNG,
 PLUMBERS
 Gas Filters and Bell Hangers,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
 Gas Fixtures, Brass Work,
 GAS & STEAM FITTINGS,
 Importers of Coal Oil Lamps, and
 sole agents for the English Patent
 FUMIVORE COAL OIL LAMP.
 Rock Oil delivered at any place in
 the City.
 KING STREET WEST,
 Opposite American Hotel.

JAMES REID,
CABINET MAKER,
 AND
 UPHOLSTERER,
 King St. West, HAMILTON, C. W.
 A large quantity of Furniture on hand and manufac-
 tured to order.

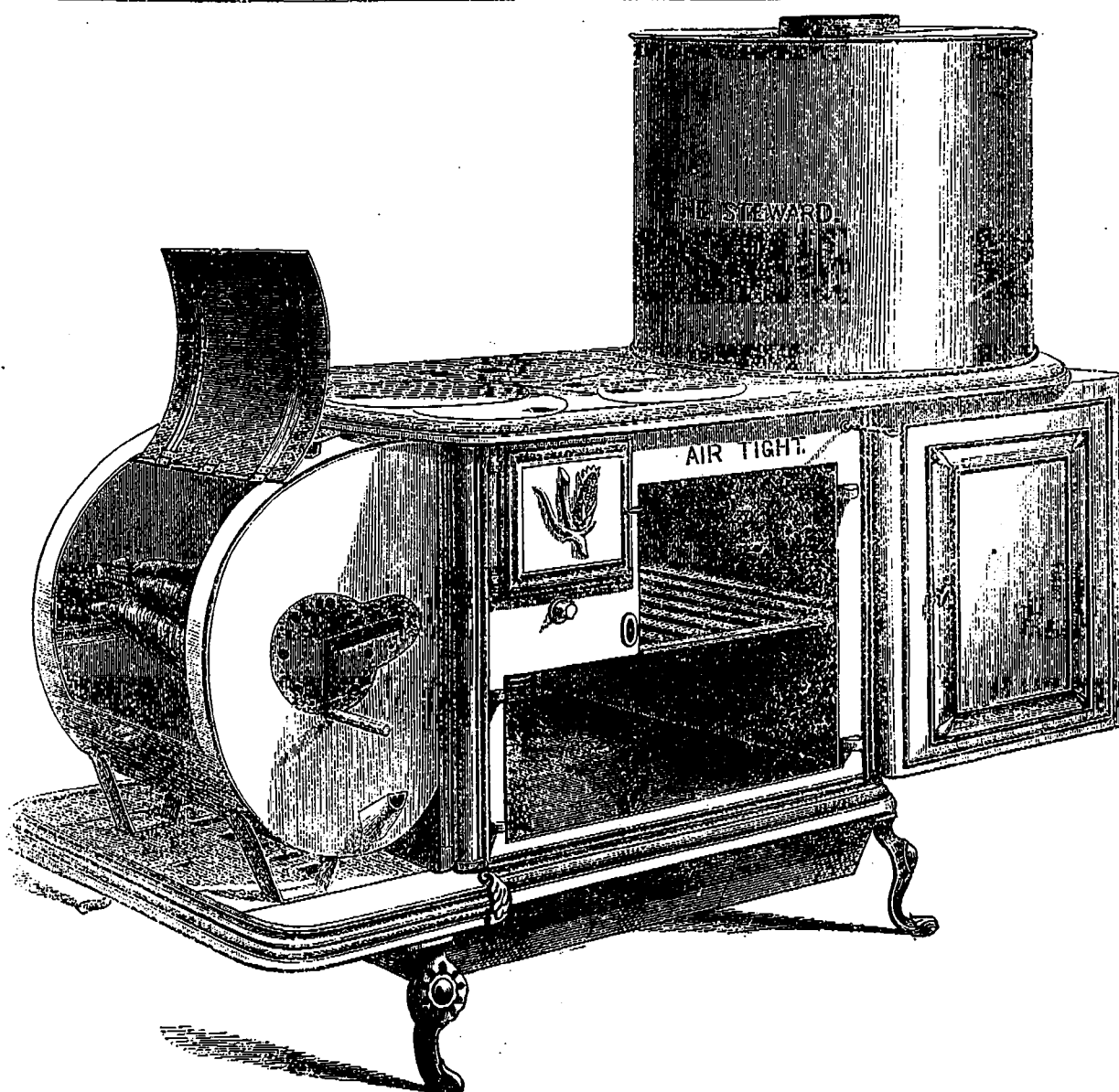
McELCHERAN & BALLOU,
 HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTERS, GLAZIERS,
 PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS,
 GILDERS, &c.
 Manufacturers of Druggists' and Brewers'
SHOW CARDS ON GLASS,
 DOOR PLATES,
 BLOCK LETTERS, &c.
 NORTH SIDE JOHN ST., 3RD DOOR FROM KING.
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A. S. IRVING,
 GENERAL DEALER IN
 Books, Newspapers, Stationery and Pictures,
 No. 19, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.
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 New York Dailies received by early Trains every
 Morning, and Mailed or Delivered to any part of the
 City or Country for 25 Cents per week or \$10 per year
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JOHN GREGORY & CO.,
 WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
 KEROSENE, PENNSYLVANIA AND CANADIAN
COAL OILS
 LAMPS, WICKS, SHADES, CHIMNEYS, &c. &c.
 No. 35, St. Francis Xavier Street,
 MONTREAL.

AMERICAN HOTEL.
 The subscriber, in returning thanks to his numerous
 guests for past patronage, would take this opportunity
 of informing the travelling community that the above
 House has been refitted this Spring with entire new
 furniture, in addition to former attractions.
 He would further state that the
LIVERY BUSINESS
 recently carried on under the style and firm of RICH-
 ARDSON & BRATT, will in future be carried on by
 the subscriber. Parties wishing Horses and Carriages
 to hire will please call at the American Hotel, King
 street west.
 WM. RICHARDSON,
 Proprietor.
 Hamilton, April, 1863.

DONNELLEY & LAWSON,
STEAM JOB PRINTERS,
 WHITE'S BLOCK,
 King Street, Hamilton, C. W.
 The subscribers would respectfully announce to the
 public that they have made
EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS
 To their Establishment, having now in running order
 one of
TAYLOR'S STEAM PRESSES,
A GORDON BILL-HEAD PRESS,
A FRANKLIN CARD PRESS,
A TAYLOR POSTER PRESS,
 By which they are enabled to execute every des-
 cription of Job Work,
PROMPTLY AND AT LOW PRICES!
 RULING, ENGRAVING, BOOKBINDING, &c. All
 orders by Mail punctually attended to.
DONNELLEY & LAWSON.



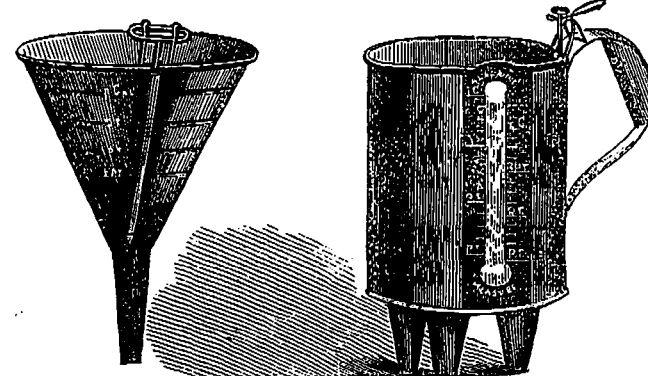
J. G. BEARD & SONS,
CANADIAN STOVE WORKS
 OFFICE, 118, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W.

DURING the past few months a considerable impetus has been given to the trade in Stoves by the opening of the new manufactory of J. G. Beard & Sons, corner of Queen and Victoria streets, a manufactory that produces so far the most perfect and variety of production the largest in Prov. N. Y., the chief depot of the Stove trade in the United States. Messrs. Beard have now in their catalog some of the best articles of their kind in the country, and all the machinery required for the casting of Stoves is of the very best description. They are therefore enabled to turn out superior articles, which for style and finish are unsurpassed by the productions of any similar manufactory in the Province. The stoves are all smooth, polished and beautifully finished. The specimens shown at the Exhibition held in Toronto last year were very much admired. They were not a whit better, however, than those that can be seen any day at their sale-rooms on King street, for the Messrs. Beard have received the workmanship on all shall be equally good. The "Steward" Cooking Stove which they now manufacture is an article of which they are justly proud. It possesses many merits, not the least of which is a good deal of work with a small quantity of fuel, a consideration of all householders in view of the present high price of coal and wood. We know of no better place to refer those who require really good stoves than to the establishment of this enterprising firm.

TORONTO, May 30, 1863.

THE TWO LEADING HOUSES
 IN
HAMILTON & TORONTO!
 NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS
 IN
Clothing, Dry Goods and Millinery,
At LAWSON'S!
 Immense Stocks and at Unequaled Low Prices.
LAWSON, BROS. & CO.,
 Corner King and James Streets, Hamilton, C. W.
LAWSON & CO.,
 No. 96 King Street East, Toronto, C. W.
 Wanted, a first-class Milliner.
 22-3m

IF YOU WANT A FIRST-RATE
 AS WELL AS A CHEAP ARTICLE
 IN BOOTS AND SHOES, FOR SPRING,
 GO TO
WM. SERVOS'
NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
 48 King Street, Hamilton.
 Two doors East of Wood & Leggat's and three doors
 West of McGivern & Co.'s
 WM. SERVOS begs to inform his numerous friends and
 the public generally that he has just received a choice
 selection of
Boots and Shoes for the Spring Trade
 Selected from the most eminent manufacturers in the
 Province, as they have all been purchased for Cash, he
 is determined to
SELL AT THE LOWEST REMUNERATING PROFITS.
 And flatters himself he CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD
 by any House in Hamilton. His stock is all new, and
 the greatest attention has been paid in selecting the
 Newest and most Fashionable styles.
 Work of every description made to order, on the
 shortest notice, and entire satisfaction guaranteed, or
 the money returned. One trial is earnestly solicited.
 WM. SERVOS.
 Hamilton, May, 1863. 26



BROOKES' FUNNEL MEASURE.
 The engravings show an ingenious apparatus for measuring Liquids, lately patented by Mr. THOMAS BROOKES.
 Fig. 1, on right, is a gallon measure with three legs, two being portable, the third forming the spout; a piece of glass with figures on either side shows the quantity of liquid contained, while the small handle at the top, by being pressed, opens a valve at the bottom which allows it to pass through.
 Fig. 2, on left, is the same kind of apparatus, the valve being opened by pulling the handle. By this contrivance the merchant may possess a Measure and Funnel combined which will save him considerable expense and no end of trouble and annoyance.
 The articles may be obtained from Mr. THOMAS BROOKES, 27 King street, Toronto, and from his authorized Agents.
 Toronto, May 30, 1863.

JOHN M'INTYRE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
 AND
OUTFITTER.
 GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER.
 Perfect fit and entire satisfaction warranted.
 The Latest Patterns of French, English and
 German Cloths always on hand.
Hughson St., Opposite Times Office.
HAMILTON, C. W.

ESTABLISHED 1815.
SAVAGE & LYMAN,
 Manufacturers and Importers of
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
 AND SILVER WARE,
 Cathedral Block, Notre Dame Street,
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 Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Canes,
 Furs, Dressing Cases, Papier-Mache and Military
 Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c.
 Montreal, January 24, 1863.