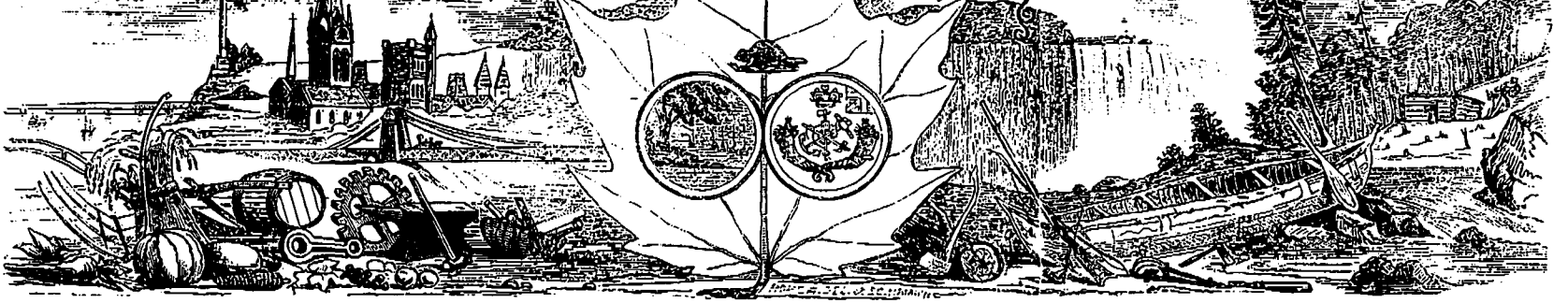


THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,



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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

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MEMOIR OF THE
HON. ANTOINE AIMI DORION,
ATTORNEY GENERAL, LOWER CANADA.

[The particular notice of readers in Upper Canada is solicited to this Memoir, which we have received from a French gentleman resident in the Lower Province. Its author has expressed regret that he had not obtained some one to write it who is better acquainted with the English language than himself. None could have written it better: the narrative flows easily, and the glimpses into the interior of personal and party history are clear and instructive.]

In the old constituted states of Europe we find numerous families which are almost enfeoffed either in the army, the diplomacy, or some public functions of their country, and generation after generation, history shows them in a centenary frame which looks like a natural patrimony. In this new world and especially in this part of our continent (Canada) such a spectacle could scarcely be yet obtained; the fast life of our times, the new horizons springing every day to our amazed eyes, the succession and rapid discoveries of man and of the elements of nature, every thing contributes to inspire the youth and mature age with the idea that they may build new roads for themselves and for their offspring, and few sink of retracing the steps of their forefathers. And we find this general rule broken, in some instances, a trace the transmission of family vocations to us, at has been called family compacts, of which no one desires to have more than a fading recollection.

The subject of this short notice, the Hon. Antoine Aimi Dorion seems to belong to the substantial old stock of Europe, from which the best of the Colonists, of every origin, derive their primordial existence. Mr. Dorion is the son of the late P. A. Dorion, Esq., who represented the County of Champlain, in the two last parliaments of the Lower Canada Legislature, and grand-son of the late P. Bureau, Esq., who represented the county of St. Maurice, in the same Legislature. He is the brother of the member for the united counties of Drummond and Arthabaska, J.B.E. Dorion, Esquire.

Born at Ste. Anne de la Perade, near Three Rivers, on the 17th January, 1818,

Mr. Dorion, after his course of studies in the College of Nicolet, removed to Montreal, where he was admitted to the bar in the year 1842. In 1848, he was married to the eldest of three daughters of Dr. Trestler, all remarkable for the most precious qualities of women. As it unfortunately befalls to the best gifts of God, Mrs. Dorion had an early and quite a sudden death, after having given four children to her husband. Every one still remembers the general affliction created in the society of Montreal by that unexpected event, which was marked by the occurrence as unusual as it was well appreciated, of a Catholic Priest delivering an

oration on the tomb of a woman, in the presence of an unprecedentedly large assembly of mourners.

Mr. Dorion was elected three times Barrister (President) of the Montreal bar.—His first election as such was unquestionably the highest testimonial that could be given of the consideration in which he stood in the brotherhood of the long robe, being then very young in years, comparatively with this grave situation. In Lower Canada a member of the bar unites in his person the different vocations of Barrister, Advocate, Attorney, Solicitor and Proctor. Mr. Dorion acquired very early the reputation of being well versed

in the different branches of his profession. Learned in the principles of Law, his advice was from the beginning as eagerly sought for, as his clear and unvarnished elocution was relied upon, and although he is still a young man, he is looked upon as one of the Nestors of the Montreal bar. From his first start, he worked to realise the unquestionable doctrine that if reputation begins by talent, morality alone can consolidate it.

A conventional meeting of the liberals of Montreal having put him forward as a candidate for the city, at the general election of 1854, he was returned by the highest vote given to the six candidates in the field, as was also the case in the general election in 1857.

His public career has been marked with the same success as his professional life. As we all know, the leaders of parties are not created by formal elections. The tacit consent of political friends and the self-ordination of the meritorious, are the two indispensable elements to constitute the chiefs of parties.

What has been deridingly called the Rouge party, was first formed in 1848.—It would be difficult to delineate its embryo, but as far as it can be done, we might attribute its origin to two or three causes. Three or four years before, the youth of Montreal, and it is more proper to say, the youth of the whole Lower Province, were gathered for the first time into association. Until 1844, there never was, in any part of Lower Canada any occasion for the young men of French origin to meet as a class and to compare with each other, as to aptitudes for thinking, writing or speaking. The pulpit, the bar and the hustings were the only tribunes known, and they were in the exclusive enjoyment of the grown up men. In 1844 the Institute Canadian was founded, and similar institutions spread over every town and village like a train. Freedom of thought, of speech, of reading was the fundamental franchises conquered for the benefit of all men over 17 years of age. At first the members of this newly born literary world, could exhibit but very poor specimens of literature, as was to be expected. Their tribune was but rusticum rostrum. But three or four years had been sufficient to develop the latent talent of a score of young men, who scarcely suspected that they were quite equal to the most reputed men of the



HON. ANTOINE AIMI DORION, ATTORNEY GENERAL, LOWER CANADA.

pulpit, the bar or the hustings. After having conquered the privilege of reading and speaking, and learned how to use it, they aspired to speak out of the walls of their drill-room and they entered in the fourth estate. None of those who founded *L'Avenir*, suspected what this title was, and the reason why it was, in profound dislike with the Catholic authorities. *L'Avenir* was the name of a philosophical paper established under the Restoration of the Bourbons by Laménais and Lacordaire. Its liberal tendencies having been condemned by the Pope, Lacordaire submitted to the decree, but Laménais died without retracting anything. Ignorant of the antecedents of the name, some of the young men of the institute started a small quarto sheet under that name. This was about 1847, J. B. E. Dorion, Esq., now member for Drummond and Arthabaska was the principal mover, in this enterprise, as he had been one of the most energetic founders of the institute. All those who could write, rushed into that scanty door of publicity and as an exploding steam, the ideas so long compressed in their mind aspiring to invade the social, philosophical and political arenas, this small sheet gradually extended its size to the extreme limits of the paper manufacturing establishments of the continent. In the meantime, the overthrow of the Orleans Family in February, 1845, and the expansion of democratic ideas that immediately followed, came upon the young French Canada as oil thrown upon blazing.

The political leaders since the Union, had received from public opinion a despotic or uncontrolled direction: and it was looked on in certain quarters, as a kind of revolution, when they heard this nucleus of a party uttering some doubts about the soundness of the upperhand direction. These young men were all independent, some very few by fortune, all by the tendencies of their mind, and they were maintained in that condition of freedom by their close and intimate personal connections. They wanted to reform everything and to make up for time lost by themselves and their predecessors. Just about the same time, Hon. L. J. Papineau returned into public life, by his election as the member for the county of St. Maurice. The jealousy with which he was treated by the Hon. M. Lafontaine then leader of the Lower Canada dominant party, enlisted for him the sympathies of the young Canada, who opened their organ to him and accepted him as their flag-bearer. But Mr. Papineau, notwithstanding his large mind and his power as an orator, had been out of the country since the operation of the Union Act, and he had lived too long under a system where opposition was the normal and unchangeable condition of a party, to know how to make use of the exuberant activity of the Young Canada, who were already older than their leader in the manoeuvring of the new state of things created by the Union.

Without consulting any one but themselves the editors of *L'Avenir*, who were twelve or fifteen in number, issued a programme of numerous reforms, some of which would be of questionable usefulness, but the programme was very substantial as a whole. Mr. Papineau was too isolated, in the Parliament of 1848, to attempt any move. In 1851, two or three members joined him in his Parliamentary opposition, but the work of the new or Rouge party was actively continued out of the Legislature, and in 1854, the success of that outside-door work was manifested by the election of 15 or 18 members of the new school, amongst whom was the Hon. A. A. Dorion.

Mr. Dorion had no participation in the erection of the platform of *L'Avenir*, but he was in every way qualified to take in hand the reins which could guide his younger friends to a path of practical usefulness. With an humble and persuasive mode of practising firmness, he succeeded immediately in collecting in his hands the varied elements of strength diffused among the unorganized but well-wishing youth of Montreal, and from his first appearance in the House, he was the tacitly elected and self-ordained leader of the so-called Rouge party.

His first act of leadership showed clearly that he understood well the relative position of parties. The Speaker of the previous Parliament, the Hon. J. S. McDonald, as we all recollect, had answered the dissolution address of the Governor General by a merited rebuke about the irregularity, if not the unconstitutionality of dissolving the House, for the convenience of the Ministry, rather than that of the community. At the opening of the new Parliament (1854) there was a strong party, especially in Upper Canada, for re-electing the Hon. J. S. McDonald, as a mark of approbation for his manly

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)

OUR AGENTS.

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, JUNE 13, 1863.

A HUNDRED YEARS, AND TO-DAY.

POLITICAL thinkers in June, 1863, have a centenary before them pointing the finger of philosophy to the events which befel an English military garrison in the backwoods of America on the 4th of June, 1763. The New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginian colonies of Great Britain had been through many years disturbed in their ocean coasting trade, invaded and plundered by the French colonists of Acadia, now called Nova Scotia; and of New France, the territory which is now called Canada, Ohio, Michigan, and the great West and North-west. And the American colonists had invaded and plundered the French in turn or before their turn. It was to protect the settlers of Massachusetts and others on the American seaboard that Great Britain captured Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and the fortress of Quebec. American writers, unmindful of that historical truth, revile the mother country of their ancestors as 'ever aggressive, and ever insolent on this continent,' (Harpers Monthly Magazine for May, 1863,) whereas the aggressors were their own forefathers.

When Quebec was formally ceded to Britain by France in 1763, the Indian Chiefs who had been associated with the French Canadians in harassing the back settlements of New York and Pennsylvania, were informed of that change in the governmental relations of white men. They did not acquiesce in the change. The American British colonists had been their enemies. They desired to be faithful to their former friends.

Pontiac arose in the North West. In him, with the physical prowess and cruel instincts of an Indian Chief, were united the prompt strategy of Napoleon, or of Wellington, with the patriotism of William Tell, or of Sir William Wallace. He resolved to expel British Americans from Indian territory. He united the tribes which had been before hostile. He compelled the French to supply his warriors on the Detroit river with provisions, but like a modern statesman, issued tokens of indebtedness, the birch bark bonds of an Indian National Debt. When General Bradstreet marched out of Pennsylvania for the relief of Fort Maumec, near to which the modern city of Toledo, in the State of Ohio, has arisen in marvellous growth and prosperity, Pontiac sent him this missive—'I stand in the path!'

On the mainland of the Michigan peninsula stood the log Fort Makinaw, opposite to the island, in the Michigan strait, on which the American government is in 1863, constructing the 'Gibraltar of the West,' to ensure the military and naval dominion of the Lakes, as the recent committee of Congress phrases it. The attack on Fort Makinaw was entrusted by Pontiac to Minnawana, a Chippewa Chief. The birthday of the young and popular King, George the Third, was the 4th of June, and was appointed to be celebrated joyously; and for that occasion the game of La Crosse was appointed to be played by the Chippewas and Sacs.

They played for a stake, given by the British-American commander; but for a higher stake known only to themselves. Many soldiers of the garrison, and the commanding officer came without the pickets to witness the sport. In their feeling of security they left the gates open. In the heat of sport the ball was thrown within. In the intensity of the contest to possess the ball, the contending Indians rushed within the enclosure; where, raising the war-whoop, the game of La Crosse ended, and indiscriminate slaughter of the unguarded military garrison began, and closed with its destruction.

At Fort Detroit, where now stands the beautiful city of that name, Pontiac commanded in person, but was foiled.

But it is not a hundred years that gives the measurement between the patriotic barbarism of the Indian and the barbarism of our civilization. Thirty years have seen the sites of the flourishing western cities a wilderness. It is hardly twenty years since the main lines of railway penetrated the western forests and prairies; and now, thirteen railroads connect the populous western States with the Lake and River shipping at the great city of Chicago; five railroads centre in Detroit, seven at Toledo, and all that are Western and Eastern, and Midland, connect with the Lake and inland canal traffic at Buffalo. The whole of these are intimately related to Canada; and the through lines of this Province are in intimate union with the roads and rivers and canals of the United States. Nine millions of population have built towns and cities, and reclaimed the hunting grounds of Pontiac, which remained wastes with only an occasional village or fort upon their frontier so lately as the time of the war of Eighteen-twelve. Since then too, Upper Canada has been peopled, reclaimed from waste, and its cities, canals, and railroads built. The adjuncts of the industrial sciences in both countries—the wealth that legitimately rewards enterprise and industry, the civilization that is twin offspring with Christianity—all are, what? Within the compass of one day's crimes of Liverpool and Glasgow Alabama shipbuilders, and their piratical crews, with the possible indiscretion of an Admiral or Secretary of State; within one day's events of being hurled back a hundred years—far beyond the barbarism of Pontiac! plunged into a savagery of demoniac war, compared with which the campaign of Pontiac was a mild civilization.

'I stand on the path' was the missive sent with his embassy to the invaders of his inheritance. He sought not to provoke them to battle. Philosophically he bade them not come.

Canada, this day, in the face of the angry United States, has not the practical philosophy to organize, and be ready with the caution—'I stand on the path.' By a section of her newspaper press she has chosen the course of first making and exasperating an enemy; then, at leisure talking, but only talking of organizing a defensive force. And the other section of the press helps to make an effective organization impossible.

Except Mr. Holton, the Minister of Finance at Montreal, who has been defeated, no candidate in these elections now in progress, has made a military and naval organization for the defence of the Province a subject of leading remark in their addresses. Every political straw or feather affecting the balance of parties and the feathering of political nests, has been magnified to a vital issue. But this vital issue, shall the people of Canada defend their country, their property, wives, families, lives and political existence, or be subjugated to the dominion of military America? That has been diminished to nothing, or to a hustings jest.

Remittances.

I. W., Ayr; E. O., Brockville; R. W., Norwood; R. G. S., Elora; T. W., Stratford; T. M., Peterboro; W. A. McC., Pt. Burwell; A. S. I., Toronto; I. H. M., Pt. Dalhousie.

BRITISH WORKING MEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News.

SIR,—An article in your paper respecting the position of British subjects in the United States has come under my notice, which is so entirely contrary to fact and my own experience, that I feel bound, as one who has met with nothing but the most friendly and courteous treatment, to do what I can to contradict it. I am, Sir, a British subject, resident in Detroit since 1858. Coming here an entire stranger, I am now generally known throughout the community and equally well known to be a British subject. My profession causes me to mix daily with all classes, from the highest to the lowest, and I have yet to meet with an instance of discourtesy, much less of insult on any ground of non-citizenship. At the time of the recent draft, my name was placed on the roll as a resident, and in common with that of hundreds of others, struck off on a simple personal affidavit, costing only the trouble of attending at the proper office. A young relative of mine, also a British subject, who had voluntarily enlisted, greatly against the wishes of his friends, was discharged immediately without difficulty, or use of any influence, or any application, I being held by United States law, his guardian, in the absence of his own friends. Such is my own experience, and I declare myself ignorant of a single instance to the contrary, or of the social persecution of which you speak. The statements in relation to the difficulty of obtaining employment are equally contrary to fact, nor could they be more so. Every kind of business is embarrassed only for want of the hands to do it. Common day laborers are not to be had for less than \$1½ to \$1¾ a day, and skilled mechanics average twice that amount. I have never known my own business as an Architect so active, and can vouch that the largest employers refuse to sign any time contracts from the uncertainty of obtaining the necessary labor, and in a business of a totally different character, in which I am interested the same difficulty meets us at every turn. These and other like facts I am prepared to substantiate, if called on, to any extent, and your readers will make their own deductions, if, as I take for granted, your sense of fairness induces you to publish this letter.

GORDON W. LLOYD.

Detroit, Mich. June 3rd, 1863.

Mr. Lloyd gives references to his personal respectability which are quite unnecessary; nor need they be commented on, but to say that one whom he names as connected with this office is not. No person named Siddons has been or is connected with the *Canadian Illustrated News*.

We willingly publish the foregoing letter, and doubt not that its author writes as he believes the facts to be around him. We also know the courtesy of many citizens of Detroit. By our Great Western Railway, and Grand Trunk, and by Lake and River shipping the Province of Canada is intimately related to Detroit and Michigan, and all the West in commercial fortunes.—We did not call in question the courtesy or conduct of the master employers in the United States. Our statement was, that working men, if British subjects refusing to run the hazard of the draft, or join the American Army, are socially persecuted by Americans associates, and driven from the country. They arrive in Canada by hundreds every week, and some daily.

Publisher's Notices.

J. W., Ayr—The numbers are sent as you request.

J. R., Caledonia—An answer is sent by mail.

R. I. S., Elora—A statement is sent by mail.

R. W., Norwood—Your order has been received; the papers are sent; receive our thanks.

H. A., Montreal—Your order is received; the papers will be sent regularly.

H. M., Cummingsville—Your order is received; the papers are sent, commencing with the number you mention.

O. P., Delhi—Back Nos. sent.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Mr. Dorion, Attorney General for Lower Canada, has been defeated at Montreal. He will probably be elected for Hochelaga. The memoir of his political life, inserted in this issue, is suggestive. Its great length, with other unexpected matter pressing on limited space, has caused articles which are in type to be postponed. Enigma writers will see their contributions in print next week.

THE CROSS OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL,
Of Kingston, Canada West, author of the "Abbeys of
Rathmore," etc.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER IV.

In one of the maritime counties of England, bordering on Wales, stood Ravenscliff, the ancestral home of Sir Reginald Vivyan. It was a noble pile of ancient architecture, occupying a bold and picturesque situation on the summit of a verdant acclivity which sloped gradually to meet the wooded plain below, except on one side where it descended precipitously towards the sea, whose waters—shut in by two lines of savage rocks—formed a deep bay laving its base. The mansion itself was an imposing structure suiting well its romantic locality. It was built of dark free-stone, the facade elaborately carved; the whole weather-stained, ivy-covered, and in some few places touched by the mouldering hand of time. Aged trees of picturesque form sheltered it from the wild sea-gusts which often swept up from the ocean, but could not shut out the solemn, ceaseless booming of the waves as they broke upon the shore below.

After spending the honey-moon wandering amid the sublime scenery of Switzerland and some successive months visiting a few of the principal cities of Europe, Sir Reginald Vivyan returned to his native land bringing his beautiful bride to the home of his ancestors. Sir Reginald had purposely delayed visiting Ravenscliff. He deemed it expedient to allow his plebeian wife to have the advantages of some months' residence on the Continent that her intercourse with people of fashion might make her familiar with the usages of society, and give her that air of high breeding which can only be attained by mixing in the fashionable world.

The Baronet's purpose had been attained. Lady Vivyan's already polished manners had acquired that peculiar refinement which her husband deemed indispensable. Now, but not before could he present her to his aristocratic relatives, and introduce her as the mistress of Ravenscliff.

It was a fine afternoon in the end of October when Sir Reginald and Lady Vivyan were expected home. Frost had already nipped the beauties of vegetation, and the keen blasts of autumn had thinned the leaves of the trees. Still, through their sparse foliage, on the damp ground beneath, streamed the bright sunshine, the more welcome, because of its short-lived glory, for even now the short autumnal course of the day god was nearing its close.

Along the high road from C— many eyes were directed, the tenantry having assembled to welcome Sir Reginald and his bride to his ancestral home. As the shadows began to lengthen on the green-sward, a traveling barouche was seen mounting the brow of a neighboring hill. A simultaneous shout rose from the assembled crowd, and one among them was instantly despatched to the house to tell Lady Esdaile, the Baronet's aunt, that the travelers were in sight. It was with mingled pride and pleasure that Sir Reginald Vivyan drove through the long line of tenantry waiting to receive him, and courteously returned their salutations. As their warm expressions of welcome filled the air he glanced towards Ellinor and saw by her countenance that she shared the elation of his feeling.

'In my country,' she observed, with a gay smile, 'the tenantry would be more demonstrative: they would relieve those jaded greys of their burden and draw us in triumph the rest of the way.'

'John Bull does not possess that exuberance of feeling which characterizes your wild country-men Ellinor. Here they manage things more quietly.'

The carriage had now entered the noble avenue of beech and elm leading up to the house, and as the ascent was rather trying for the tired horses, they proceeded slowly, allowing Lady Vivyan time to admire the high cultivation of the grounds, and the imposing appearance of her new home, as its antique walls peeped through the mass of foliage overshadowing them.

In the carriage with Sir Reginald and Lady Vivyan was a gentleman of foreign appearance, not young but handsome, and possessing that grave intellectual expression and distinguished air, which are often so imposing. He was a German Count whom the Baronet had met at Vienna and invited to spend the winter at Ravenscliff. As the carriage approached the house the servants were seen living the front entrance, and Ellinor's eye as it wandered over the building, detected two aristocratic faces peering from behind the drapery of a window.

'The Countess and Lady Philippa await you and Lady Vivyan in the library,' was the observation of a liveried menial to Sir Reginald, as the travelers entered the hall.

The reception which Sir Reginald's noble relatives gave his parvenue wife was studiously polite—nothing more. A bitter feeling crept into Ellinor's heart, and a haughty expression flashed from her brilliant eyes and curled her chiselled lip, as with graceful self-possession she returned these frigid attentions. At a glance both mother and daughter saw that their new relative's haughtiness equalled their own. Towards Count Altenberg the ice of their manner thawed. Lady Esdaile had known him formerly in Paris, and she and Lady Philippa were glad of this addition to their family circle.

Lady Esdaile was still a fine looking woman, though past the meridian of life. Her tall figure and stately presence suited well her noble contour of features. Pride was the characteristic of this lady; pride of rank, pride of birth and of a long line of noble ancestry, and this unchristian principle sat enthroned on her high forehead and looked out from the depths of her cold grey eye. Her daughter, Lady Philippa Lincoln, was the counterpart of herself, in character I mean, for she wanted her mother's beauty. Her features were irregular and their expression inanimate. Her only attraction was a pure English complexion. Yet she had an air of fashion, and like her mother, that proud bearing, indicative of the character of both ladies. The interview in the library was soon terminated by the ringing of the dinner-bell, and the party retired to dress.

The suite of rooms which Lady Vivyan was to occupy was in a wing of the building commanding a view of the sea. They were spacious, and furnished with modern taste and elegance. The coup d'œil was very pleasing and Ellinor stood for some minutes expressing her admiration.

'You had better ring for your maid and attend to the business of the toilet, or you will be late for dinner,' observed Sir Reginald; 'Lady Esdaile is very precise in all the household arrangements; she is displeased when dinner is kept waiting.'

'Is Lady Esdaile to be mistress here?' asked Ellinor, with a slight elevation of her pencilled brows, expressive of surprise.

'Certainly not, what an absurd question!'

There was irritation in the Baronet's tones.

'One would suppose so from your remark; it implied as much.'

'Lady Esdaile has been mistress here since my mother's death, and has fulfilled the duties of a mother to me; I regard her as such and I wish, nay I require, that all due deference be paid to her Ladyship. Her feelings and wishes must be regarded, even her prejudices must be borne with, and, by conciliatory means if possible, overcome. By her reception I perceive that her prejudices against you are very strong. My marriage, which she deems a mis-alliance—pardon me for using the word—has deeply wounded her pride. The pride of noble birth and the prejudices of rank are not easily overcome, unless where passion holds undisputed sway. Now, I desire earnestly that you would try to win Lady Esdaile's regard, and prove to her that you were worthy of the sacrifice I made to obtain your hand.'

The entrance of Lady Vivyan's maid now gave the Baronet an excuse to leave the room, which he did very willingly, for he perceived by the expression of Ellinor's face that his strange remarks had raised a tempest in her soul. Strange words they were, indeed, for Sir Reginald to utter! With what deep power to wound did they fall upon the ear of the haughty Lady Vivyan. Her husband's return to his palace-home and his mingling again with his proud relatives, had evidently developed a latent dissatisfaction at his marriage; and caused him to experience a vain regret that she whom he had selected to be mistress of that home was not by birth suited to her elevated position.

What a dark foreshadowing of coming events gathered round the deeply wounded Ellinor. Was it surprising that, in this first moment of bitterness experienced since her marriage, should suddenly flash upon her, the remembrance of Captain Travers, and the question present itself to her mind, had she acted wisely in preferring to him one who was capable of wounding her feelings so carelessly as Sir Reginald had just done. His pointed and unkind remarks tore away the veil from her eyes and showed her a glimpse of his true character. How deficient was his nature in that generous kindness which prompts us to observe a tender consideration for the feelings of others—a virtue so essential to render the intercourse of persons pleasant!

Those cruel words! his marriage a mis-alliance—the sacrifice he had made! how could Sir Reginald utter them! how could he wound so poignantly? had he suddenly ceased to love her? It must be so! And as this conviction forced itself upon her mind, a feeling of desolation filled the heart of the young wife.

With a weary listlessness she submitted to have her maid perform the business of the toilet. Silent and unhappy she sat buried in bitter reflection, the vision of happiness in the married life—so long dwelt upon—rapidly fading away from her mental view. At last, casting her eye on the mirror, she started to see the impression the last half-hour's painful revery had left upon her features. Pride, that ruling principle of her character, came to her aid. She swept back the tide of sorrow with a strong will. A deep spirit of resentment towards her husband took the place of sadder and more tender feelings. Soon, the strange beauty of excitement effaced the traces of troubled thought, and arrayed in rich and elegant costume she never looked more beautiful.

It was some time after the ringing of the second dinner-bell when she descended to the drawing-room, for she purposely delayed making her appearance, in order to annoy both Sir Reginald and Lady Esdaile.

The Baronet observed the eye of the Countess follow with a momentary expression of admiration the queenly form of his beautiful wife, as with more than her usual stateliness she swept into the apartment. Lady Esdaile felt no little surprise that her parvenue niece should really possess not only rare beauty, but that distinguished air, which, in her exclusiveness, she supposed could only belong to the aristocracy. Sir Reginald perceived by the expression of Ellinor's haughty eye, that she was still displeased. He saw by the proud resentment it flashed upon him that the storm he had raised had not yet subsided. He blamed himself for allowing the irritation he felt at his aunt's cold reception of Ellinor to make him unkind to her, but there was no time now to endeavor to heal the wound his insulting remarks had made.

Dinner was immediately announced on the appearance of Lady Vivyan, and Sir Reginald offered his arm to Lady Esdaile. Count Altenberg led Lady Vivyan to the dining-room; and a young officer from C—, who formed one of the party, followed with Lady Philippa Lincoln.

On entering the dining-room Lady Esdaile, who was conversing earnestly with her nephew, in a moment of forgetfulness, made a movement towards the head of the table—her usual place for many years; but Sir Reginald drew her gently back, allowing Count Altenberg to lead Ellinor to that seat of honor. At this moment Lady Esdaile met Lady Vivyan's dark expressive eyes, and the look of triumph, of haughty defiance which she saw there, caused a feeling of hatred to spring up in the heart of the proud Countess.

During dinner the conversation turned upon topics of local interest which Lady Vivyan did not understand. She therefore allowed Count Altenberg to engage her in an animated discussion on the merits of two celebrated singers they had heard at Vienna. Count Altenberg possessed a cultivated mind, and brilliancy of imagination, which gave a peculiar charm to his conversation. He spoke the English language well, but with a foreign accent. His manner towards ladies possessed much of that deference which marked the chivalrous knights of the olden time.

Yet with all these attractions he had not hitherto been able to win the favor of Lady Vivyan. She had formed rather a harsh judgment of his character. She always treated him with politeness, but with a cold formality. To-night, however, her manner lost much of its iciness. In her present state of wounded feeling, with the remembrance of Sir Reginald's slighting words preying upon her mind, the respectful attentions of the noble foreigner were peculiarly gratifying. Anxious to create an effect on Sir Reginald's proud relatives, Ellinor exerted all her conversational powers, which were naturally good, and which had become really brilliant from her habits of thought and observation during her recent intercourse with the fashionable world. More than once the Countess and Lady Philippa paused to listen to her glowing remarks and the brilliant wit which occasionally flashed forth. Both Sir Reginald and Lady Vivyan noticed this, the former with gratification, the latter with pride, exulting in the thought that she would convince these narrow-minded exclusives that intellect of a high order as well as beauty and refinement, were not confined to the elite circles of fashion.

When the ladies retired to the drawing-

room Lady Philippa Lincoln, who possessed sufficient discernment to see that Lady Vivyan's haughty nature would brook no supercilious airs from her husband's relatives, courteously requested her to favor them with some music, adding that Reginald had spoken rapturously of her proficiency in that accomplishment.

Surprised at her altered manner, but having sufficient tact to receive her assumed cordiality graciously, Ellinor complied and seated herself at the harp, which was her favorite instrument. For a moment she paused to consider what she should play, then, in her excited mood selecting one of the wild, plaintive airs of her native country, she poured forth her troubled feelings in notes of touching pathos. Her voice was fine, possessing no ordinary compass, and it had been well cultivated during her residence on the Continent. Soon a volume of rich melody filled the apartment, rolling away through the halls and galleries; the clear, thrilling notes penetrating to the dining-room and compelling the listeners there to abandon the worship of Bacchus, to pour out their homage at the shrine of the fascinating singer.

On entering the drawing-room Sir Reginald advanced towards the fire-place, where Lady Esdaile, buried in a luxurious fauteuil, was watching from half-closed eyes with no tender feelings, the beautiful plebeian who had come to usurp the place she had so long graced in the home of her ancestors; for Ravenscliff had been the abode of her youth, and since her early widowhood she had resided there at the request of her brother, Sir Reginald's father.

To any bride whom her nephew might have brought to Ravenscliff the Countess would not have given a cordial welcome, but when his bride belonged to a rank so inferior to her own, was it surprising that the proud, selfish woman should experience towards her no common enmity, a feeling which Ellinor's haughty demeanor served to augment. There was, besides, another cause for Lady Esdaile's displeasure at her nephew's marriage. Her hope for many years had been to form an alliance between him and Lady Philippa. The princely fortune of the Baronet prompted this wish, the circumstances of the Countess being comparatively poor. On the death of her husband, his estate being entailed had gone to the next heir, leaving her and Lady Philippa only a limited income. From this they had suffered no inconvenience whilst they continued to reside at Ravenscliff; but now, the time seemed not far distant when this desirable residence must be given up. Such was the train of thought which occupied the mind of Lady Esdaile when Sir Reginald joined her.

'Lady Vivyan is really a charming singer,' she observed, 'How fortunate that she is one so well calculated to grace the exalted station to which you have raised her.'

'Ellinor would adorn any station in the realm,' said the Baronet proudly.

'She is certainly a beautiful creature; what a pity she is not of gentle blood! Pardon me my dear Reginald; but you know how strong my prejudices are against all mis-alliances. I did hope that the pure blood of the Vivyans would never mingle with that of a plebeian race.'

A dark expression broke over the Baronet's face.

'I have to request, Lady Esdaile, that you will not again allude to the subject of my marriage. In this matter I had a right to judge for myself.'

A pause followed this haughty remark. 'Count Altenberg admires your beautiful wife vastly,' continued Lady Esdaile, breaking a silence which both found embarrassing.

'That is not to be wondered at,' was the Baronet's cold reply.

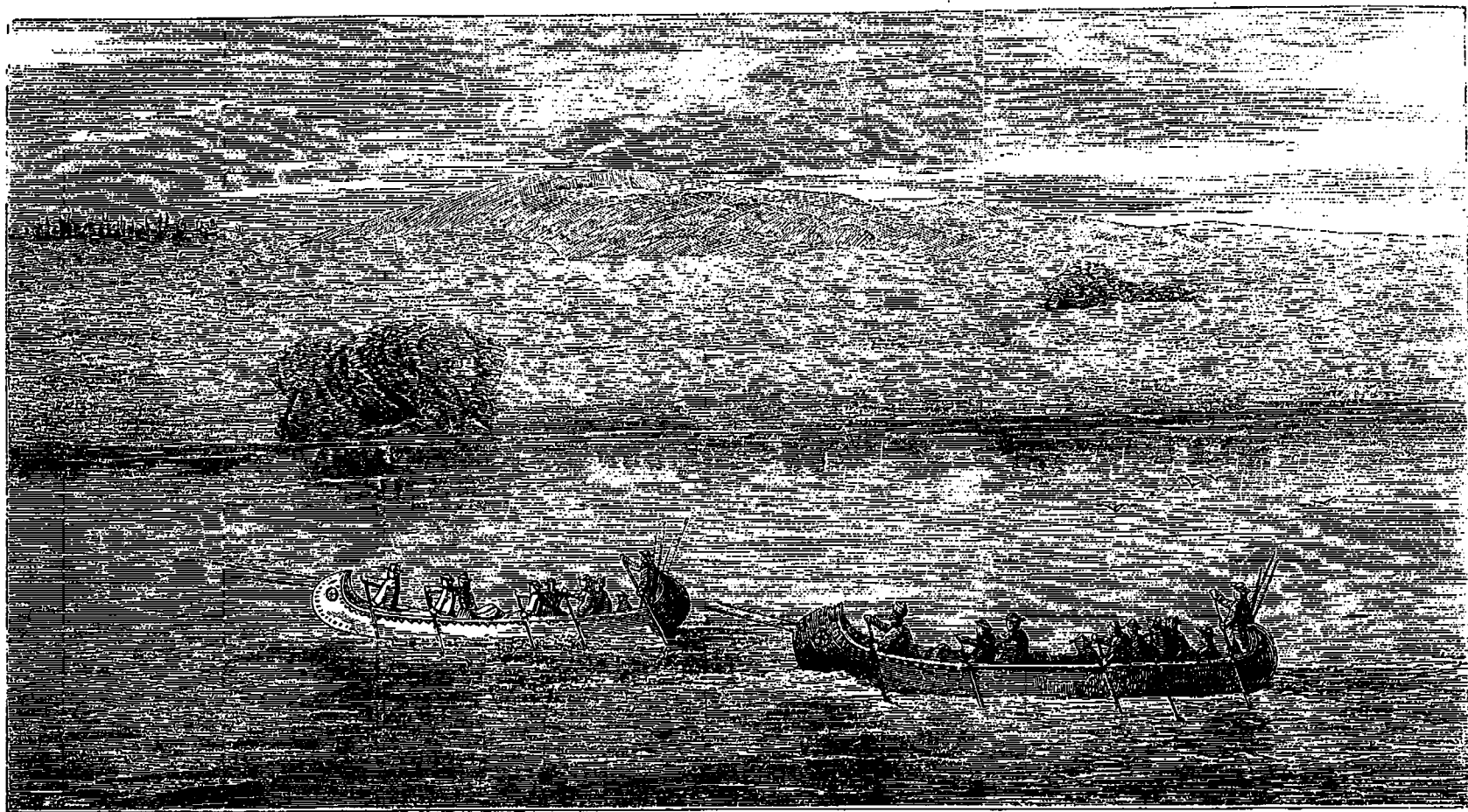
Lady Esdaile felt piqued at her nephew's manner, and her next remark was uttered in a spirit of revenge.

'Lady Vivyan seems immensely gratified by his admiration; her attention was given exclusively to him at dinner; but that is not surprising, his manners are so fascinating.'

'There you are quite mistaken,' broke in Sir Reginald, eagerly; 'he is no favorite with Ellinor; she expressed much reluctance to his accompanying us to Ravenscliff.'

'Her Ladyship's feelings must have changed since,' said the Countess with a sneer; 'I should not like to think dissimulation formed a part of her character; but observe her for a moment. Assuredly her manner towards the Count shows no dislike. See, the pleased smile which plays over her face as he bends over the harp and speaks in his low insinuating accents.'

Sir Reginald experienced an acute pang as these invidious remarks met his ear. A



ANCIENT WATER MARGINS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR. SKETCHED BY MAJOR SETON, 1862.

painful suspicion rolled in upon his mind; and the germ of jealousy was planted in his heart which was destined to take deep root there and send out many shoots to lacerate it through life. He could not forbear seeing the change in Ellinor's deportment towards Count Altenberg; her reserve had vanished and she conversed with him with evident pleasure. The under-current of her feelings he could not perceive. He did not understand that it was in her deep resentment towards him that she allowed herself to be pleased with the attentions of another.

'Do, pray, beg Lady Vivyan to sing no more of those Irish melodies; I must say her musical taste is very unfashionable,' observed Lady Esdaile, abruptly breaking in upon the moody silence of the Baronet.

The next moment he stood at Ellinor's side.

'Can you not play some operatic music? These wild airs so full of sadness strike unpleasantly upon our ears. Lady Esdaile declares they jar upon her nerves.'

There was rudeness in his manner as well as in the remark; but jealousy had flung its upas shade over Sir Reginald, and the amiability of his character drooped beneath the baneful influence.

Lady Vivyan stopped suddenly; and the crimson of resentment rose to her brow. Sir Reginald had often listened with pleasure to these exquisite songs of Erin's immortal bard; but now, because they did not please Lady Esdaile, she must not be allowed to play them. With a strong effort she subdued the storm of passion which thrilled her frame, and rose from the harp, cold, proud, and apparently unmoved.

The quick eye of Count Altenberg observed the wound which her husband's remark caused her.

'My dear Sir Reginald, how can you display such bad taste?' he asked in his blandest tones. 'Those melodies of Erin breathe the very soul of music! their thrilling notes, so sweet, so mournful, move the listener to the very depths of his being!'

'Lady Vivyan has communicated to you some of her own enthusiasm on the subject,' coldly observed the Baronet. Then turning to Ellinor he begged her to play some selections from Rossini on the piano.

'To gratify Lady Esdaile's fastidious taste?' she asked with a mocking air.—'Even her prejudices against my national music must be respected,' she added in a voice meant only for her husband's ear.

'If you would learn to conciliate 'Ellinor,' he said in a softened tone, 'all her prejudices would soon be overcome.'

A bitter reply rose to Ellinor's lips; for she felt in no conciliating mood; but she

checked it as Count Altenberg addressed her.

Taking from the music-stand some of Beethoven's beautiful waltzes, he requested her to play them, observing that Beethoven was his favorite composer. She immediately complied, unmindful of the previous request of Sir Reginald, and seating herself at the piano, which was a splendid instrument sent from London a short time before her arrival at Ravenscliff, she played for some time in a masterly style; her brilliant execution showing off its exquisite tones to advantage. Sir Reginald's pride was gratified by the admiration she excited. Gradually his momentary irritation vanished; and he crushed the painful suspicion which his aunt's invidious remarks had called forth.—Again was his heart drawn out in tenderness towards his beautiful wife, and he determined that for the future no unkindness on his part should wound her feelings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHORES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

PYRAMID AT MONTREAL AT THE RUPTURE OF THE ICE IN 1863.

We publish two pictorial illustrations of the mechanical conditions of a changing and changed surface of country; one on page 52 before the reader's eye; the other on page 55. Though vastly remote the one from the other in point of time, and though a distance of fifteen hundred miles lie between the places depicted; and the season of that at Lake Superior is the heat of summer, while the season of the other is the last week of winter—winter packing up and departing to the eternity of the great Atlantic ocean, though there be those diversities of place and time, the ancient and the present conditions of change are closely related. We shall often have the freshly recurring delight of retracing and connecting them. The scenery of the lakes and of the rivers flowing into and out of them will never be exhausted in these pages. We, the writing individual Editor, the Artists, the Engravers, may change, all will sooner or later depart, when the great ice-shove shall come and carry us to the gulf of the ocean of eternity; but we believe in firmest secular faith that the Canadian Illustrated News will expand and continuously flourish as long as the Lakes shall last, the Rivers run, and the Races on their shores shall live and multiply. There will always be natural scenery, varieties of changing industry, and incidents in past and current history to yield in rich profusion, pictures of beauty and narratives of instructive interest. Let us

for the present revert to Lake Superior.

Mr. Henry P. Schoolcraft, in connection with General Lewis Cass, of Detroit, explored the North-eastern sources of the Mississippi in 1820 and 1822, and was afterwards the resident United States Agent at the Falls of St. Mary, the Sault Ste Marie river, which connects the lakes of Superior and Huron. He gave vivid descriptions of the scenery of the North-western regions in his reports to the American Secretary-of-War, the late Mr. J. C. Calhoun, and these were printed by Congress. Here is one of his word pictures of the

SCENERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

Few portions of America can vie in scenic attractions with this interior sea. Its size alone gives it all the elements of grandeur; but these have been heightened by the mountain masses which nature has piled along its shores. In some places, these masses consist of vast walls, of coarse gray, or drab-colored sandstone, placed horizontally, until they have attained many hundred feet in height above the water. The action of such an immense liquid area, forced against these crumbling walls by tempests, has caused wide and deep arches to be worn into the solid structure, at their base, into which the billows roll, with a noise resembling low-pealing thunder. By this means, large areas of the impending mass are at length undermined and precipitated into the lake, leaving the split and rent parts, from which they have separated, standing like huge mis-shapen turrets and battlements. Such is the varied coast, called the Pictured Rocks.

At other points of the coast, volcanic forces have operated, lifting up these level strata into positions nearly vertical, and leaving them to stand, like the leaves of a vast open book. At the same time, the volcanic rocks sent up from below, have risen in high mountains, with ancient gaping craters. Such is the condition of the disturbed stratification at the Porcupine Mountains.

The basin and bed of this lake act like a vast geological mortar, in which the masses of broken and fallen stones are whirled about and ground down, till all the softer ones, such as the sand stones, are brought into the state of pure yellow sand. This sand is driven ashore by the waves, where it is shoved up in long wreaths, and dried by the sun. The winds now take it up, and spread it inland, or pile it immediately along the coast, where it presents itself in mountain masses. Such are the great sand dunes of the Grande Sables.

There are yet other theatres of action for this sublime mass of inland waters, where the lake has manifested, perhaps, still more strongly, its abrasive powers. The whole

force of its waters, under the impulse of a northwest tempest, is directed against prominent portions of the shore, which consist of black and hard volcanic rocks. Solid as these are, the waves have found an entrance in veins of spar, or minerals of softer texture, and have thus been led on their devastating course inland, tearing up large fields of amygdaloid, or other rock; or, left portions of them standing in rugged knobs, or promontories. Such are the east and west coasts of the great peninsula of Keweenaw, which have recently become the theatre of mining operations.

When the visitor to these remote and boundless waters comes to see this wide and varied scene of complicated geological disturbances and scenic magnificence, he is absorbed in wonder and astonishment. The eye, once introduced to this panorama of waters, is never done looking and admiring. Scene after scene, cliff after cliff, island after island, and vista after vista are presented. One day's scenes of the traveller are but the prelude to another; and when weeks and even months, have been spent in picturesque rambles along its shores, he has only to ascend some of its streams, and go inland a few miles, to find falls, and cascades, and cataracts of the most beautiful or magnificent character. Go where he will, there is something to attract him. Beneath his feet are pebbles of agates; the water is of the most crystalline purity. The sky is filled, at sunset with the most gorgeous piles of clouds. The air itself is of the purest and most inspiring kind. To visit such a scene is to draw health from its purest sources, and while the eye revels in intellectual delights, the soul is filled with the loveliest symbols of God, and the most striking evidences of his creative power.

EARLY EXPLORERS.

The existence of copper in the region of Lake Superior appears to have been known to the earliest travellers and voyagers.

As early as 1689, the Baron La Hontan, in concluding a description of Lake Superior, adds: 'That, upon it, we also find copper mines, the metal of which is so fine and plentiful that there is not a seventh part lost from the ore.'—New Voyages to North America, London, 1703.

In 1721, Charlevoix passed through the lakes on his way to the Gulf of Mexico, and did not allow the mineralogy of the country to escape him. He said:

'Large pieces of copper are found in some places on its banks (Lake Superior,) and around some of the islands, which are still the objects of a superstitious worship among the Indians. They look upon them with veneration, as if they were the presents of those gods who dwell under the waters.'

They collect their smallest fragments, which they carefully preserve, without, however, making any use of them. They say that formerly a huge rock of this metal was to be seen elevated a considerable height above the surface of the water, and, as it has now disappeared, they pretend that the gods have carried it elsewhere; but there is great reason to believe that, in process of time, the waves of the lake have covered it entirely with sand and lime. And it is certain that in several places pretty large quantities of this metal have been discovered without being obliged to dig very deep. During the course of my first voyage to this country, I was acquainted with one of our order (Jesuits) who had been formerly a goldsmith, and who, while he was at the mission of Sault de Ste. Marie used to search for this metal, and made candlesticks, crosses, and censers of it, for this copper is often to be met with almost entirely pure.—Journal of a Voyage to North America.

In 1766, Captain Carver procured several pieces of native copper on the shores of Lake Superior, or on the Chippewa and St. Croix Rivers, which are noticed in his travels, without much precision, however, as to locality, &c. He did not visit the southern shores of Lake Superior, east of the entrance of the Brule, or Goddard's River, but states that virgin copper is found on the Ontonagon. Of the north and north-eastern shores, he remarks: 'That he observed that many of the small islands were covered with copper ore, which appeared like beds of coppers, of which many tons lay in a small space.'—Three Years' Travels, &c.

In 1771 (four years before the breaking out of the American Revolution), a considerable body of native copper was dug out of the alluvial earth on the banks of the Ontonagon River by two adventurers of the names of Henry and Bostwick, and, together with a lump of silver ore of eight pounds' weight, it was transported to Montreal, and from thence shipped to England, where the silver ore was deposited in the British Museum, after an analysis had been made of a portion of it, by which it was determined to contain sixty per cent. of silver.

These individuals were members of a company which had been formed in England for the purpose of working the copper mines of Lake Superior. The Duke of Gloucester, Sir William Johnson, and other gentlemen of rank were members of this company. They built a vessel at Point aux Pins, six miles above the Sault Ste. Marie, to facilitate their operations on the lake. A considerable sum of money was expended in explorations and digging. Isle Maripéan and the Ontonagon were the principal scenes of their search. They found silver, in a detached form, at Point Iroquois, fifteen miles above the present site of Fort Brady.

'Hence,' observes Henry, 'we coasted westward, but found nothing till we reached the Ontonagon, where, besides the detached masses of copper formerly mentioned, we saw much of the same metal embedded in stone.'

MOUNTAINS AND LAKES.

A FAMILIAR EXPOSITION BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

If the Scotch or Irish do not often make oatmeal porridge in Canada, neither have forgotten the process. The English or American people who never saw the porridge pot boiling, may have seen meat pies in process of baking; fruit tarts or custards. When the oatmeal in the pot has thickened the boiling water, the hot steam throws up bubbles; which while the porridge is thin, subside. But when it thickens they remain, and emit hissing jets of steam. Those jets of steam are volcanoes formed on the same principle as Mount Hecla, Mount Vesuvius, or the grander burning mountains of the Andes in South America. When the liquid spurts up through those volcanoes of the domestic pot, the scalding squirts fly out and remain and cool where they fall. Those falling on the hearth-stone, or the hob, or as far as the middle of the kitchen floor, would, when seen by a person who never observed porridge in process of boiling—the pot from whence they issued having probably disappeared, puzzle him in the same way that granite boulders, found lying on plains of country, or beside lakes and rivers, far away from granite mountains, puzzle geologists as to how they were conveyed to places of which they are not the native products.

When the pot and its contents cool, the elevated pimples of the porridge, if it were sufficiently thickened, remain and harden.—These are to the contents of the pot as mountains are to the whole crust of the globe.—Sometimes the prominent morsels in the pot or in the pie, or custard, subside and leave a shallow spot on the surface. Lake Superior and other lakes fill such spots on the face of the earth's surface at this day.—

The place of Lake Superior was once a volcanic mountain, throwing out splinters of boiling granite. These cooled, and became boulders. Their presence in places remote from granitic mountains, lead geologists, who never made oatmeal porridge on a large scale or any scale, never for the harvest sheeners as I assisted to do when a youth, to form conjectures all erroneous about modes of transit. For want of any feasible transporting force the very learned geologists suggest the unfeasible glacier theory, and satisfy themselves that the granite boulders rolled from the sides of mountains upon planes of ice; were embedded in ice and with it transported to where they are now found.

And where are they found? On the plains of Australia, India, Africa and in every country of Europe. They lay where I herded the cows when a boy, far from any granite mountain, but near to where the stratified sandstone rocks bore proofs of having been ruptured by upshooting masses of boiling metal and gravel which had mingled together, cooled and become a conglomerated rock. That was seen abundantly in my native parish of Oldhamstocks, on the shore of the German ocean, at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, and at the sections exposed in ravines, through our Lammemoor Hills, the ravines being other ruptures of a more recent date. All were traceable across the south of Scotland to the Solway Firth in Cumberland.

In Central Canada, between the Ottawa river and the St. Lawrence, from Brockville to a point nearly as far west as Kingston, the boiling granite when thrown out was cooled in water and rounded smoothly. The Lake of the Thousand Islands wears upon its beautiful bosom, not one thousand, but eighteen hundred of the granite islands, or fragments of the old stratified rocks formed as ocean floors and fractured by the newer upheaving, boiling granite; which in Central Canada and in New York State, opposite, is seen overlapping the stratified rock. The boiled yolk of a fractured egg overlying the shell, or the sugary juice of a fruit tart overlying the crust through which it has issued, are instances of the same process.

The dry bed of the ancient course of the St. Lawrence, around the north side of the rock of Quebec, is studded with granite boulders; and geologists beholding them weary their brains to account for the direction in which the drift ice came that carried them there; and to account for the magnitude of that ice and of the flood that bore it and its loads of mighty boulders to those depositories. But their greatest difficulty of all is to find the mountain always large enough, always far enough north, always supplied with its ready-made rounded boulders to load the ice-bergs in the spring and summer. The ice-berg theory of transportation fails from utter inadequacy, as well as through evident impossibility.

When the mountain stood where Lake Superior now is, its nether fires discharged hot molten granite upon surfaces where the cooled masses may still be seen. The nether fires discharged also molten copper, and possibly gold, and sprinkled it in narrow veins. But there came a time when the profound caverns yielded under the superincumbent weight of the upheaved mountain. Into the abyssal cavities out of which the mass had arisen it plunged down, its summit and peaks sinking until they were two thousand feet below the outer rim, which in parts remained vertical and standing. And so have other mountains gone down in other lakes after vomiting out boulders. The cavity of three, four, and five hundred miles wide filled with the water, which is now Lake Superior. The first long-enduring margin of the lake was about two hundred feet higher than the present level, and a thousand feet below the highest edges of the rim. Then the water, in the time of some other convulsion, fell seventy or eighty feet, leaving its former beach delineated like a terrace on the slope. There, during ages, it remained until the second in this series of convulsions shook the region, and the water escaped through the Falls of St. Mary, or by some other gateway from the ancient caves out of which the molten mountain had been first evolved. And then was the second line of water-worn beach left visibly distinct on the sloping sides of the vast basin as was the first. And yet another mighty shake, and the waters forsook their third margin, to settle where they are now, in the summer of 1863, seen washing out another wave-worn beach.

It is those successive beaches which form the three rounded terraces, as seen in the pictorial illustration on page 52.

The pyramid of ice seen depicted on page 55, forms in most years, though not every year in the St. Lawrence abreast of the city of Montreal near to St. Helen's Island, on which are the almost impregnable Forts

commanding and defending the city. The river is about two miles wide, above the island, but is there divided into two branches, that nearest the city being the deepest and most impetuous. This branch is about half a mile wide at top of the island, narrowing below. Between the city and the island it forms a wedge. There is a long stretch of many miles of solid ice behind the point of the wedge. From above the city and bridge, floating masses of ice come down the river and are stopped so long as the wedge remains immovable. The rolling current sweeps underneath and carries masses of ice with it under the solid, which by mechanical force rend the upper portions of the obdurate wedge and raise them. Other masses go under and raise the accumulated pieces. And yet again other floating masses are forced under by the stream, until they by hydraulic pressure elevate the pile still higher.

On a limited scale we see a mountain of ice forming by pressure from below, each additional layer being added to the pyramid under the foundation, not to its top, and each forcing the whole mass to a greater altitude, fifty, sixty, seventy or eighty feet, but the whole, by excessive weight sinking at times and disappearing like the volcanic mountain which once occupied the vortex of Lake Superior. Or if the nether arching of the fabric be substantial, the pile remains until the obdurate wedge between St. Helen's Island and Montreal yields to sheer force and rives, cracks, rends and roars and gives way. But before that release is effected the gullet under the solid ice may be partially closed. Then, with but little warning the mighty river spreads into the lower levels of the city of Montreal, two or three feet, and as in the spring of 1861 to six and eight feet deep. The rats ascend from lowest to highest apartments of wholesale stores and houses in hundreds or thousands. In Grifintown, pigs were drowned in 1861, in large numbers. Horses when turned loose swam towards the higher streets, but horned cattle lost their instinct of escape, if they ever had any.

It was Sunday night at seven o'clock when the water rose largely. During the afternoon, by rails on the wharf and the stone coping I observed it rise an inch between one and two; six inches between three and four; and from four o'clock to half-past it rose ten inches. It again subsided about ten inches until after five. About six it had risen slowly twelve inches above its mark at five; and within fifteen minutes of time, just after dark, which was then about seven o'clock the mighty flood rose seven feet. The down flowing ice had then been packed more firmly than before underneath that which formed, the obdurate wedge between the city and the island.

I was then a lodger in one of the streets near the Custom House. Our first intimation of the sudden rise within doors, was the irruption of many hundreds of rats travelling up the banisters of the stairs, and taking possession of chairs and tables and an open piano forte on the second floor. The invasion of the troubled rats, and sudden screams of maids in the kitchen; their flight upstairs; candles or lamps upset as rats took possession of the piano forte and squeaked to its discordant replies, these were the signs of the flood within. The lamps in the street shining feebly over the waters of blackness; masses of ice, floating inward from the river and upward through the street, these showed by their glimmer how deep the water was above the centres of the thoroughfares. The centres were then several feet above the sidewalk where the trodden snow was cut away.

Few people ventured to escape out in the darkness, knowing that they might plunge into the spaces where the street accumulations of snow had been removed. In the morning, boats and canoes plied on the lower thoroughfares. At eleven I ventured to wade by way of a back street, up to the waist, and floundered into deeps where the snow had been dug out, to the loudly expressed delight of crowds of Franco-Canadian carters, who themselves, with their sleighs and carioles were displaced from their usual stand.

The water subsided during the Monday night. The accumulated ice still arriving from above, still lifting up the pyramid, and at last, by irresistible force bursting over the barrier wedge. In the course of a few days that also disappeared.

MR. KEEFER ON THE ICE FLOW AT MONTREAL.

I quote the following from a report on the preliminary surveys made by Mr. T. C. Keefer, previous to the building of the Victoria Railroad Bridge. He says:

In examining the local phenomena of the river at this place, Mr. Keefer went into the

subject at length, from which the following theory was deduced. The destructive effects of the ice are incident to the elevation of the river, and the sudden slipping of some of the ice dams formed during the season of the flow. This led him to the consideration of the localities and mode of formation of these obstacles, and whether any means could be devised for overcoming or guarding against their future occurrence. After starting with the fact that the ice first takes in Lake St. Peter, fifty miles below the city, at a point under the junction of the main branch of the Ottawa, and several other large rivers, he shows that the ice lodging on the shoals at the entrance to the lake causes an elevation of the water between that place and Point-aux-Trembles, near the city, seldom higher than five feet above the ordinary summer level, while at the same time in the harbor of Montreal, but a short distance farther up, it ranges from fifteen to twenty-five feet above the same datum. The causes leading to this great difference could not be attributed to any action of the ice below, and must therefore arise from circumstances governing its formation and movements above Montreal.

In tracing this result to its origin, Mr. Keefer arrived at the conclusion that the large area of water between Montreal and Lake St. Francis, remaining open after other portions of the river were closed, furnished the fields whence the supplies of ice were obtained for forming the dam at Montreal. Thus Lake St. Francis, from its comparatively still and deep water, closes early and arrests the ice coming down the St. Lawrence from Prescott, causing the river to flush back to Cornwall. Now, did the comparatively shallow Lake St. Louis, with its strong current, close before, or at the same time with its neighbour above, it would in turn arrest the ice escaping from the lake, and prevent it descending the Lachine rapids to Montreal, together with the large amount of bondage-ice formed on its own bays and shores, frequently broken up by winds and waves before the lake is entirely closed up, and probably lessen the inundation at Montreal fifty per cent. In fact this result is demonstrated during any winter which sets in with uninterrupted severity, closing the lake early, causing less time and opportunity for the ice to become detached from the shore, and followed by a diminished rise at Montreal. But if on the other hand the early part of the winter be mild or changeable, and accompanied by much wind, the bondage-ice may be broken off repeatedly by the swell, and a large amount is furnished for the dam at St. Helen's island, thus explaining the apparent anomaly of greater inundations in 'open' winters and less in severe ones.

A second fruitful source of supply is the large basin existing at Laprairie, a few miles above Montreal, which remains open until its depth is increased about ten feet by the ice-dam below. Its extensive shoals and margins are converted into fruitful nurseries of bondage ice, constantly augmented by fragments brought down from above, so that when liberated by the rising of the waters or action of the winds, large fields of strong clear ice are sent down as extensive contributions to the fund below. From this Mr. Keefer draws the inference, that if the bondage-ice can be retained *in situ* and the taking over of the Laprairie bay expedited, a very large proportion of the supply furnished for the dams would be cut off and their extent correspondingly diminished, which duty he proposed to accomplish by the solid approaches from either side of the river, thus converting them into a source of protection, rather than as many would suppose of danger, from any anticipated rise of the water which might follow their construction.

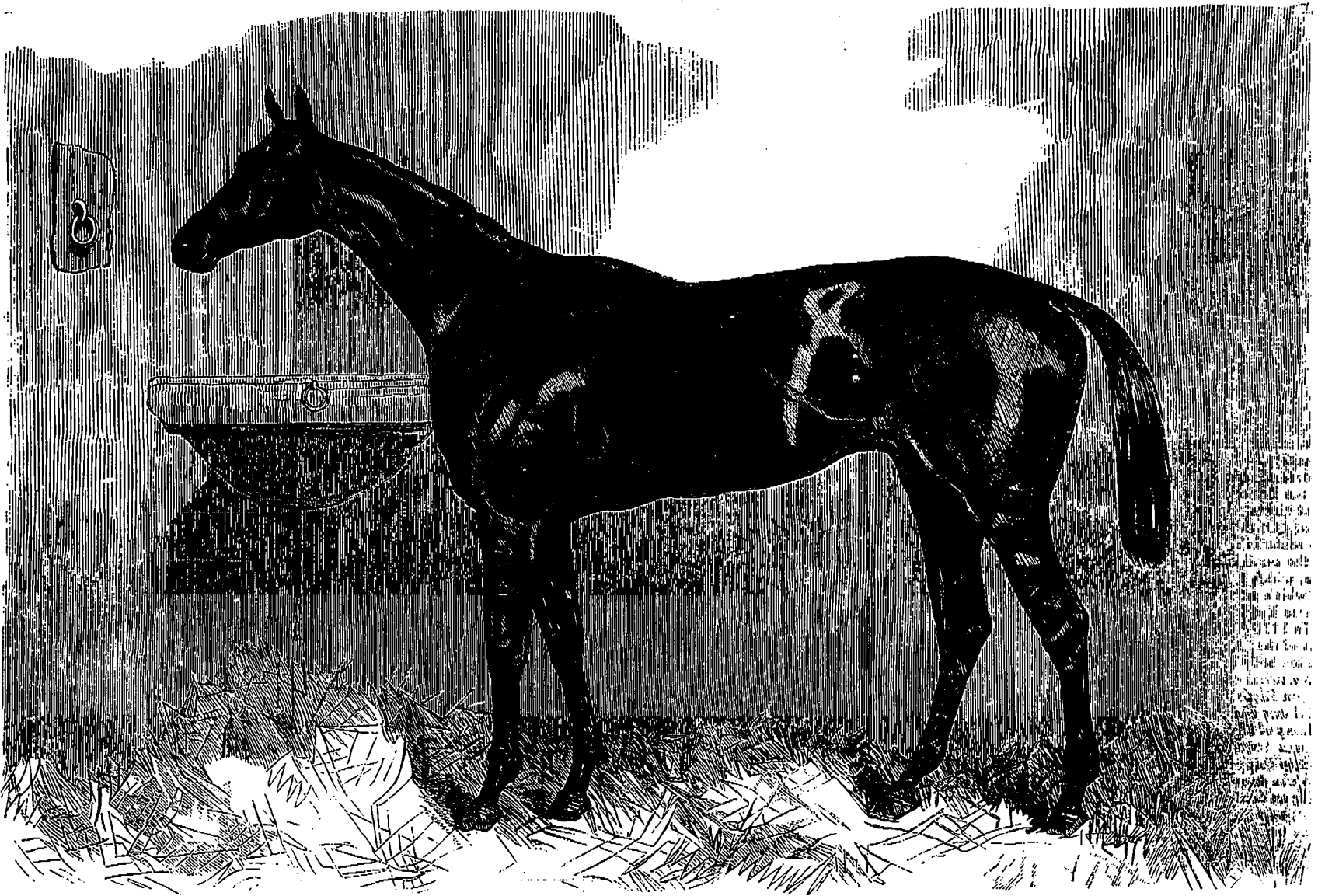
That last remark refers to Mr. Keefer's plan of solid approaches to the great St. Lawrence bridge, as the plans were designed by him, and afterwards adopted in most of their material parts by Mr. Stephenson and the builders. See Number of Canadian Illustrated News for first week in July.

HORSES IN ENGLAND:

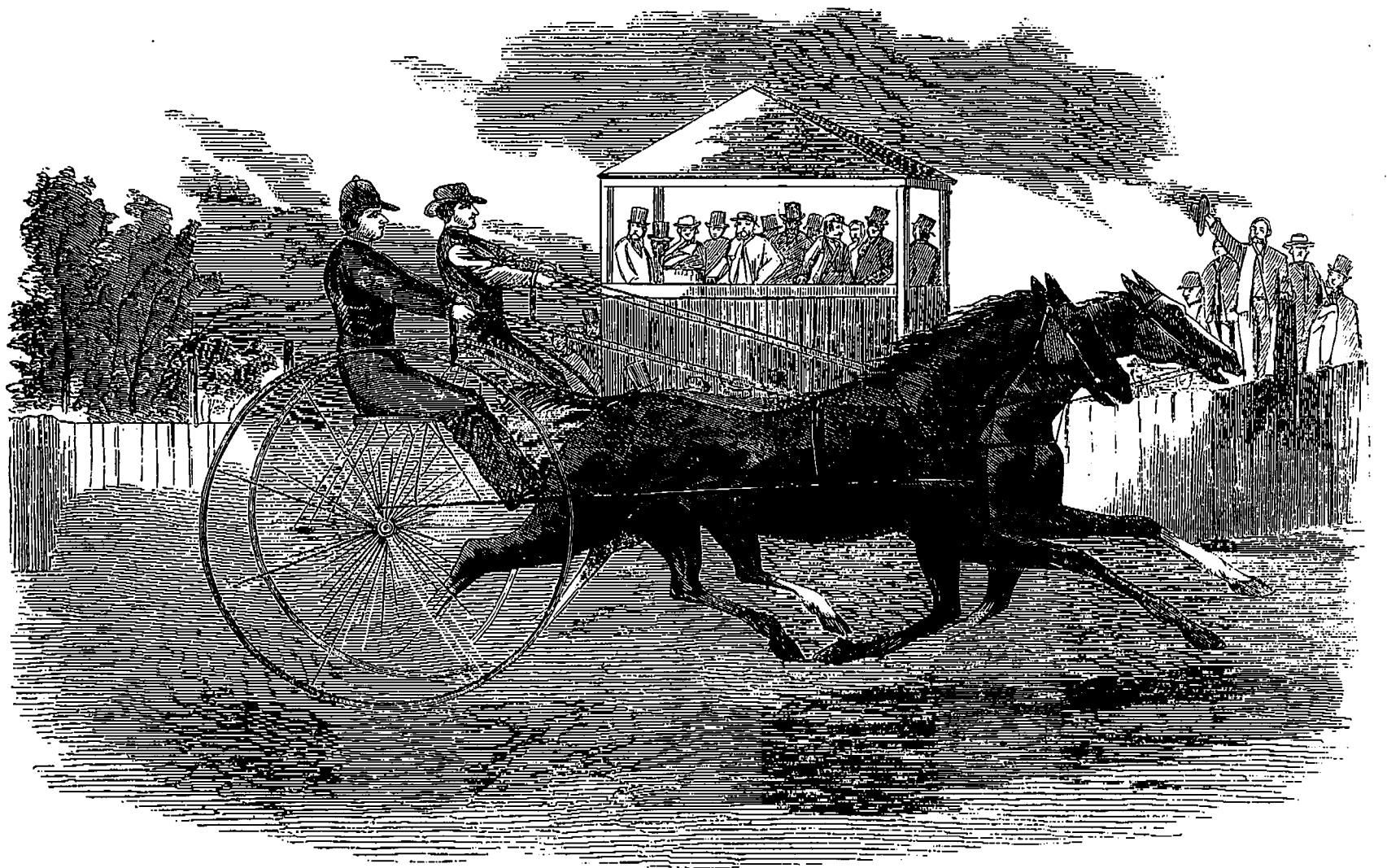
HORSES IN CANADA.

To improve the breed of sheep; to improve the breed of hogs; to improve the breed of horned cattle; to improve the breed of horses: these are propositions for farmers of Canada. But to improve them to what? and to do it how? and for what practical and profitable object? These are supplementary propositions: the last embracing them all.

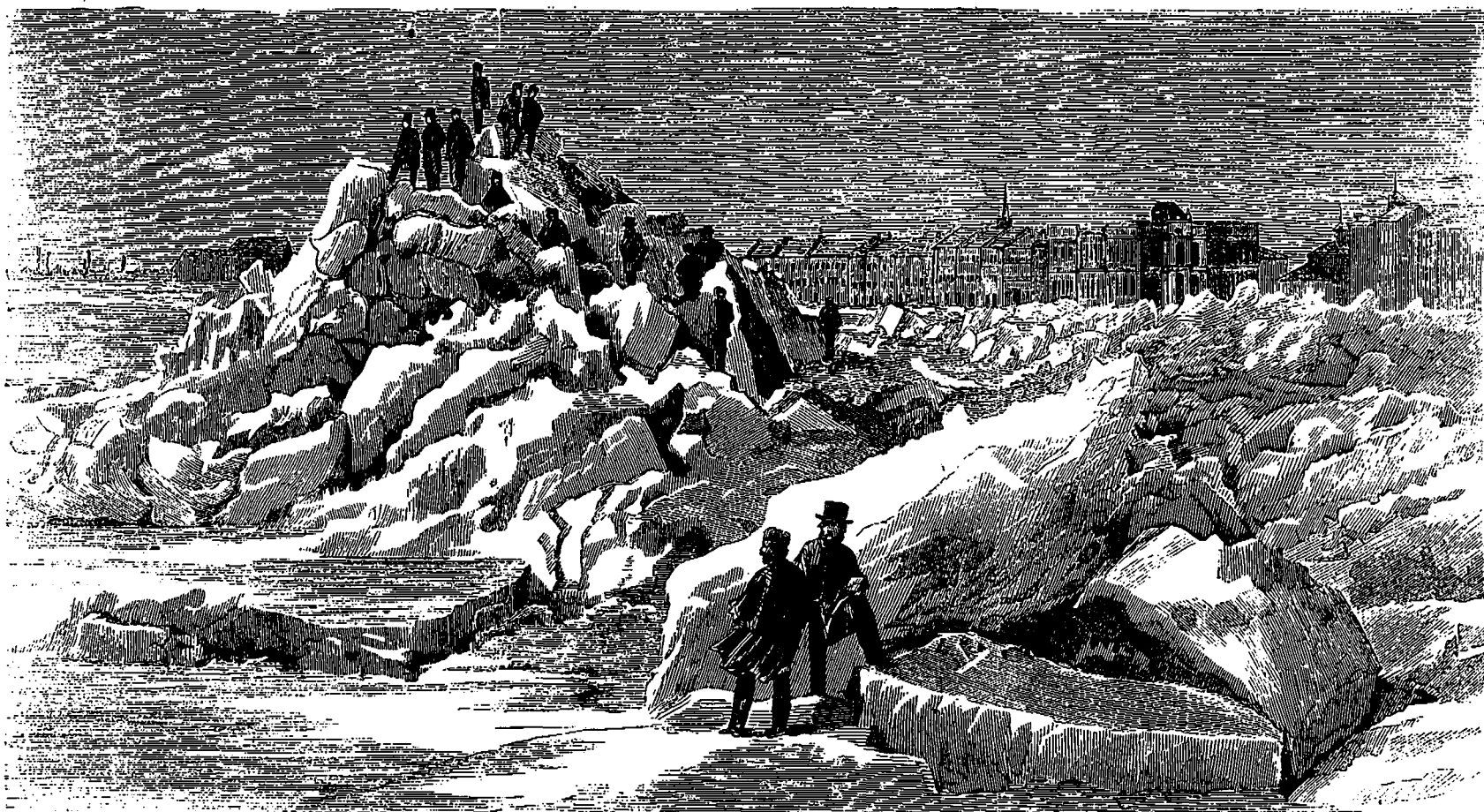
The purposes for which horses are to be used should determine the manner of bringing together the representative animals of the best pedigrees in the hope of obtaining the highest degrees of strength, or speed, or speed and endurance combined. The prices



PORTRAIT OF MACCARONI, WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEA STAKES, AND THE DERBY, APRIL AND MAY, 1863.



GRAND MATCH AT ST. CATHARINES, JUNE 4, 1863. TOWBOY AND OAKLEY TROTting TO HARNESS.



SCENERY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. THE ICE PYRAMID AT MONTREAL, 1863. [SEE PAGE 53.]

at which young horses may probably be sold three or four or five years hence, are the incentives and guides to breeding in 1863, or 1864. Let us briefly glance at recent events in England, and at St. Catharines in Canada.

Epsom is a small town fifteen miles south of London, and the 'Downs,' a hilly table land on which the races are run and South Down sheep are fed, is a section of the chalk range. Horse races were run at Epsom two hundred years ago. But it was not until about 1780, that the Earl of Derby, grandfather of the present Earl, established the great race which bears his name, and has ever since been run annually on a Wednesday in May. That Earl of Derby instituted the Oaks also, a race which is run on the Friday after the Derby day, exclusively by three year old fillies. It was named, in connection with the sporting residence of Lord Derby, The Oaks, which he once occupied near Epsom.

Newmarket, on the borders of Cambridge and Norfolk counties, is also celebrated for its racing events. There, in April of this year, the three year old colt, Maccaroni won the great race for the two thousand guinea stakes. He has since won the Derby at Epsom. The favorite there, was a colt named Lord Clifden; bearing all the substantial, the beautiful, the exquisite points of a racer, whereas Maccaroni, as described in the London journals, is not a handsome horse, and hardly like a first class racer until he is actually bounding, shooting along in the neck and neck struggle. Then, they say, his muscle, his nerves, his form, his action, seem to give expression to something almost spiritual.

In the county of Chester is Eaton Hall the principal seat of the Marquis of Westminster, whose family, the Grosvenors, came to England with the Norman Conqueror.—There, Maccaroni was bred, as also the colt Saccharometer, who ran second to him for the two thousand guineas; both are the offspring of Sweetmeat.

Near to Eaton, is Hooton Hall, an ancient seat of a branch of the Stanleys, who also came in at the Conquest, but by the misfortunes of the amiable Mr. Massey Stanley, is now the property of Mr. Naylor, nephew of a successful Liverpool merchant.—Like some other men connected with trade, and attending to its routine, such as Mr. James Merry, the eminent iron-master of Glasgow, who employs about seven thousand people, keeps race-horses and won the Derby and seventy thousand pounds two years ago with Thornbury; like him and others in trade, Mr. Naylor engages in the excitement and hazards of the turf. He purchased Maccaroni from the Marquis of Westminster, and backed him in betting against all comers. His winnings, it is said, are not second to the enormous pocketful obtained by Thornbury for Mr. Merry.

The picture on page 54 is faithfully reproduced from a portrait of Maccaroni which, in England, has been admitted to be a perfect likeness. The Derby was run on a wet course, on a rainy day, when good wind and strength, as well as the fiery, nervous qualities which go for speed, were requisite.

The other picture on that page represents the great Trotting Match to harness which came off at St. Catharines, Canada West, on the 4th of the present month. It was thus described in the Journal of that town:

TROTTING RACE AT ST. CATHARINES.

This match, made last winter, between Jake Oakley, of Buffalo, and Towboy of this town, and which has excited great attention, came off yesterday, over the Riding Park here. It is one of two matches between the same horses, the other one to be trotted for at Buffalo on the 18th inst.

The attendance on the course was large, several of the fair sex appearing in the assemblage.

Among the betting men Towboy was the favorite, two to one, which was taken freely by the backers of Oakley, who believed that notwithstanding his age, he could win. A very large amount of money changed hands on the result. On drawing for position, Oakley obtained the pole. Mr. Thomas Cregan of Albany, handled the ribbons for Oakley, and by his superior driving and substantial qualities recommended himself to the favorable consideration of our people. Of course Mr. Thomas Brown did the amiable for Towboy. The two are indispensable in life, and we would not be surprised if both retired from the busy scene at the same time. The race was mile heats, three to five, in harness.

FIRST HEAT.—After one false start, the horses got off well together, Oakley slightly in advance, but after passing the quarter pole he broke, and Towboy took the lead about half a length. This position did not suit the old horse, who became excited, made a slight run, passed to the lead, and made the half mile in 1.17½, with Towboy on his wheel, and bidding fair to pass when he went up and lost three or four lengths. On the home stretch he made a glorious break for the lead, but it was no go and Oakley obtained the heat in 2.37½ by about two lengths, Mr. Brown protesting against the running done by the ancient animal. The judges, however, decided in Oakley's favor, and immense cheering greeted the result.

SECOND HEAT.—For this heat a most beautiful start was obtained, Towboy showing by his lungs that he meant work, and he did, for at the turn he took the pole from Oakley, opening a gap of at least six lengths, and worked splendidly until passing the half-mile, when he made a bad break, losing all his advantage, and giving Oakley the lead.

Brown got him in order again in a short time, and on the home stretch he 'put in' and won the heat by a length. Time: 2.37½. Immense cheering now emanated from the backers of Towboy.

Oakley was now withdrawn, and Towboy took the next two heats in 2.33 and 2.40, which gave him the race and the money.

Match \$500, mile heats, best 3 in 5 to harness.

Mr. Morgan's Jake Oakley, . . . 1 2 0 0

Mr. Brown's Towboy, . . . 2 1 1 1

Time: 2.37½; 2.37½; 2.43; 2.40.

With that record of 'Trotting to harness' at St. Catharines we return to the winner of the Derby in England.

PEDIGREE, PERFORMANCES, DESCRIPTION, AND ENGAGEMENTS OF MACCARONI.

PEDIGREE.—Maccaroni, bred by Lord Westmister, is by Sweetmeat out of Jocose (by Pantaloon out of Bantien).

PERFORMANCES.—1862: At Newmarket H. carrying 122lb. was beaten three quarters of a length for a two year old Sweepstakes, won by Automaton, 1863: At Newmarket Craven Meeting, carrying 115lb, won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, R. M. in a canter by three lengths beating c by Barbatus out of Senorita, 117lb, Valentine, 117lb, c by King Tom out of Giraffe, 122lb, Gratitude, 112lb, and Le Marechal, 122lb. At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, carrying 122lb, won the Two thousand Guineas Stakes, R. M., beating by three parts of a length Saccharometer (second), King of the Vale (third), a length from the second, Count Cavour, Rapid Rhone, Clarion, Hospodar, Blue Mantle, and Melrose.

DESCRIPTION.—Maccaroni is a rich bay horse, with black legs. His head is a little plain though, with his style of holding it up, and a bright eye, it is not so observable.—He has a good strong neck, oblique shoulders, plenty of depth of girth, great ribs, good back and loins, very wide hips, but a little thin quartered. He has good arms and knees, and stands well upon his legs.—He measures about 15 hands 2½ inches, and has no white about him excepting a star in the forehead.

ENGAGEMENTS.—At York August Meeting, in the York Cup. At Goodwood, in the Drawing Room Stakes.

Thirty-one horses ran, the Earl of St. Vincent's brown colt, Lord Clifden, being first favorite, and as many persons thought, the first to pass the winning post; Maccaroni, says 'Bell's Life,' winning only by the 'shortest of heads.' The Earl of Glasgow's Rapid Rhone was third; and Captain De Lane's, Blue Mantle, fourth. Amongst the eminent owners of other horses which ran, the attractive names were Lord Palmerston. His horse was Baldwin, a chestnut colt. Count Henckel, with St. Giles; Count Bathany, with Tambour-Major; and Count Lagrange, with two horses, represented the

foreign element. The Earl of Durham ran one; the Baron Rothschild one; the Earl of Glasgow three; Lord Strathmore, Lord Stamford, Lord Bateman, Sir Frederick Johnston, Mr. Bowes of Teesdale, the breeder of more winners than any other man in England, each ran one. That of Mr. Bowes was Early Purl, by Chanticleer. We subjoin a few items of information about the starting and the race. Fifteen minutes were consumed before getting the horses to the starting post; and forty minutes more, with thirty-two false starts before they finally got off. No such difficulty in starting is on record. Tambour-Major remained at the post, refusing to go. The last of all in the race was Aggressor, half brother to Maccaroni, and the property of the same owner. Bright Cloud, also half brother to the winner swerved in the middle of the race, and brought down another half brother, Saccharometer. Fantastic coming next, bounded over the prostrate animal, but 'nosed' the turf on landing, and threw his jockey, Custance on to his neck, but he regained the saddle unhurt. Those mishaps were unusual in a Derby race.

The distance was one mile and a half; colts carrying 122 lbs; fillies 117 lbs. Time in which the race was run, two minutes fifty-and-a-half seconds. Net value of the stakes, £7,000; 255 subscribers; the second receiving £100 out of the stakes.

Maccaroni is the sixth winner of the Guineas who has also won the Derby, his predecessors having been Smolensko in 1813, Cadlan in 1823, Bay Middleton in 1836, Cotherstone in 1843, and West Australian in 1853. It is consequently, ten years since this double event has been achieved, with an inter-regnum of just another ten previously; but only last year the Marquis won the Two Thousand and ran second for the Derby; in 1861 Diopantus won the Two Thousand and ran second for the Derby; in 1860 The Wizard won the Two Thousand and ran second for the Derby; in 1859 the Promised Land won the Two Thousand, and ran fourth for the Derby; in 1856 Fazzoletto was first at Newmarket, and fourth at Epsom; in 1855 Lord of the Isles first and third; and 1854, The Hermit first for the Two Thousand and third for the Derby.

It is further, nineteen years since a Newmarket horse won the Derby, and twenty-seven years since a Newmarket horse won the Two Thousand and the Derby.—Turning from the horse to his able jockey, this is the third of the great races in succession which the Jockey, Challoner has won right off—the Oaks last year for Mr. Naylor on Feu de Joie, the St. Leger of last year on the Marquis, and now the Derby on Maccaroni. He previously won the Leger in 1861 on Caller Ou, and three of these four races by short heads, after some wonderful exhibitions of quiet, patient, and fine riding

ELECTION OF
ISAAC BUCHANAN, ESQ.,
FOR THE CITY OF HAMILTON.

This journal being in its distinctive features, literary, historical, pictorial and general rather than political and local, we can only treat of such subjects as admit of pictorial illustration, or of events which are as large and general as the Province and interests of all Canada. A local election and its speeches would hardly as such, come within our scope unless as incidental to the current history of the Province. We devote a long space this week to a biography of Mr. Doiron, which accompany his portrait, because, though not elected as one of the members for Montreal, he is the representative man of his party in Lower Canada.—He is a fact in current history.

In our issue of the week before last, No. 3, of Volume II., an unusual space was devoted to a memoir of Mr. Isaac Buchanan, not as having been member for Hamilton, but as a leading merchant and representative man of the Province. He was re-elected member for the city on Monday the 8th instant. The debt which at present depresses the city of Hamilton, though local in origin and operation, is general in celebrity. It is more than local, more than Provincial and Colonial. It involves the credit of the Province in the financial markets of the Empire.

The unanimous re-election of Mr. Buchanan is intimately related to the conditions of settling that civic debt; and to the debt as affecting Provincial credit. We therefore insert his speech of Monday, and a paragraph elsewhere from his speech at the election of 1861, as an appropriate continuation of that remarkable life-history which occupied these pages so largely on the 30th of May.

The nomination of a candidate to represent the city of Hamilton in the Legislative Assembly, took place on Monday, at eleven o'clock, in the Market Square. Dr. Craigie was Returning Officer.

The Writ having been read, Mr. John Smith advanced and proposed Isaac Buchanan, Esq., as a fit and proper person to represent the city in Parliament. The nomination was seconded by William Lawson, Esq.

The returning officer asked if there were any other candidates, but none other being proposed, he declared Mr. Buchanan elected by acclamation.

Mr. Buchanan, on rising to speak, was received with cheers. He said he felt that the citizens of Hamilton had done their duty. Their unanimous election of him showed that there was no personality in the matter, and that there was no party feeling evinced. He cared little about party, and had requested his old proposers, Mr. Stinson and Alexander Carpenter, to nominate him, but that duty was done by others. He was not a party man, but he believed in giving the present government a fair trial, and would support those who went for retrenchment.—(Loud Cheers.) He cared little for the office and had tried to discover some one better able than himself to serve the city; any person who could do better for the city in its difficulties he would go for—but he had found no one. For the interest of the city was the great thing at present. He would put it in this way. Suppose the city should be invaded by an enemy, would anybody be found quarreling about politics? At present our party quarrels were only about machinery of government, about the mode of doing, rather than about the thing to be effected. In like manner he thought it would be indecent and unbecoming at this time to quarrel about trifles. But he considered it of the greatest value that they had endorsed his address which had been written with reference only to what ought to be the public sentiment. Much misapprehension existed as to the intentions of the city, but the fact was they were acting for the benefit of the whole creditors and not for the few. They did not wish one creditor to get more than another. (Hear, hear.) But it was not the acts of the Council alone, but the general policy pursued, which protected the creditors. If an assessment of 75 or 100 cents in the dollar were struck by the advice of the creditors, it would not be collected, and the debentures could be worth little.—The city assessment was now only \$500,000—formerly it was \$1,000,000—and depend upon it, out of a forced assessment of 100 cents only 50 cents would be collected.—After paying the whole of 6 per cent. interest up to the 31st December, 1861, the lowest rate of interest offered by the city is 3 per cent. for the past two years and the coming five years; afterwards, there is 4 per cent. for five years; and 5 per cent. for

another five years, with 6 per cent. thereafter. As the principal remains unimpaired, this is much more than the bondholders could get through the Sheriff. In collecting through the Sheriff, something like 50 per cent. would be lost. In the best of times there is a loss of fully 10 per cent. in collecting, and at present an ordinary assessment could not be collected under a loss of much less than 10 per cent. An extraordinary assessment of say 50 cents in the dollar could not be collected at all from more than one-half of the citizens, unless it were only one great effort, the citizens, knowing that by meeting this, through borrowing or otherwise, they would get a certain settlement, with a moderate rate for the future. And if the Sheriff attempted to levy more from all, so that the good payers might make up for the bad, the former would refuse the assessment as illegal, and replevin in their property when seized. For instance, his firm would have to pay perhaps \$3,000 and if more were asked, they would not pay it, but would replevin.

He felt proud of Hamilton; and people in England labored under the error that the property of the rich could be taken to pay the city's whole debt; and our present position has for years stopped all building. He would illustrate this by an argument. Suppose you corner lot was worth £1000 and £60 rent and the tax as much more. He believed, therefore, that put buildings on it worth £10,000 and the tax would be for £11,000. The moment we got a settlement of the city's difficulties, prosperity would again return to Hamilton.—(Cheers.) He would allude to the fact that perhaps the creditors were not altogether to blame for the erroneous idea which prevailed. The Council, by their first proposition on the 24th June last, offering only five per cent interest, had prejudiced them, but this had been corrected by the proposal of the Council dated December last, offering six per cent. which had redeemed the error. He believed we would get a settlement of the debt, and he had better means of knowing that than any other man. He was happy to say that the agents of the bondholders in England, Messrs. Galt and Cameron, joined by Thomas C. Street, Esq., and himself, are about to send off a joint representation to the creditors to the foregoing effect, recommending them to petition in favor of the Bill. When the people show that they are willing to pay all that they are able the creditors will be satisfied. He felt proud that the creditors at home must, after today's result of the election, be convinced we would do everything in our power, and when we had the confidence of our creditors and some definite arrangement come to, the city would once more prosper, and take a standing second to none in the Province. He thought the creditors could be induced to accept the terms proposed, as they would see that it was clearly their interest to do so. If he did not think that he was the best man to get them to do so, he would not be there. All seemed to agree that he was the best type of payment to be found in Hamilton; and that to repudiate him would be to repudiate payment.

Much was now said about Representation by Population. The men who advocated Rep by Pop, and such like questions, were merely agitators, and thought nothing of the benevolent results to be produced. All politics and political measures should have for their aim the working classes, and in this respect we should have the same advantages offered as are offered by the United States. He did not go against Representation by Population, but he regretted that such constitutional questions should be perpetuated, as they crushed out the only vital question, the question of Canadian labor, from the hustings. Representation by Population is only the form, but the Double Majority is the substance. A government should not stand a day unless it had a majority from both sections of the Province. But we should quit all party names, we should sink them, and the great point of all legislation should be increased employment for Canadians. He wanted to see this colony have all the advantages of the United States, with as few as possible of its disadvantages. This is true loyalty to Britain. There was no practical patriotism in such men as Bright, Cobden, Gladstone, and Milner Gibson, and these other British members of Parliament who would not give this Colony all the privileges of a free country. So far as their influence can effect this, they will lose the Colonies to the Empire; for Free Trade is the contrary principle to that of Empire. On the matters of defences there was nothing to fear, though certainly we ought to be in possession of the machinery of defence. But war with the States—if ever there is war—will be a war of gunboats, and there could be no fear of the result. Canadians would

do their duty as the electors of Hamilton had done their duty to-day. He would call for three cheers for the Queen, which were heartily given; then three were in turn given for Mr. Buchanan; and thanks were voted to Dr. Craigie. And the election terminated.

NOTE.—We insert the foregoing as the reporters have given it, but reserve our opinions; the last paragraph involves a question overshadowing all others. How to defend Canada by a Military and Naval organization, which when wanted—if wanted, shall not not be a disorderly multitude.

TOWN OF ST. CATHARINES.

Canada East has three cities. Canada West five cities. Villages grow out of townships. Towns out of villages, and when a town has ten thousand inhabitants it may, by Royal proclamation become a city. The towns which, by the census of January, 1861, stand nearest their civic promotion, are Belleville, near the Bay of Quinte, north east of Lake Ontario, then having 6,277 inhabitants; Brantford, on the Grand River, thirty miles westerly of Lake Ontario, 6,251; and St. Catharines, on the Welland canal, twelve miles from the Niagara frontier, 6,284. The latter has increased to 8,000, or over, since 1860. It has also become, or is about to be, the county town of Lincoln. We have a Historical Memoir in preparation, including amongst several things the Hamilton family, a female member of which founded the town, and gave name to St. Catharines. It will be published in the Canadian Illustrated News in connection with the largest and best series of pictorial illustrations which was ever issued from the press in Canada; equal to anything published by English or American pictorial newspapers; and which, with a supplement, without any advance in price, will we expect, form our Number for first week of July. The subjoined sketch reached us too late for publication last week:—

The town of St. Catharines. This fine town, the largest in Canada, or in America perhaps, is built almost entirely on the east bank of the Welland Canal; distant from Lake Ontario about three miles; from Old Niagara town twelve miles, and about the same distance from the Falls of Niagara. The population is mixed, being principally composed of blacks and whites; the residue are of all shades of colour; from that of pie crust to ginger bread tint. The religious complexion is quite as varied, but more subject to uncertainty from a habit of whitewashing. The town is of a very ancient date. It must be at least forty years ago that the woods began to be cleared off the present site. The ceremony of naming the town is lost in the traditions of the past. One account is that a lady of high rank, having builded a castle (shanty) on the lofty and romantic bank of the twelve mile creek, gave her name to the town—of course it would only be village at that time. How would the worthy dame stare if she could see now, the changes that have swept over her earth! The gardens, the saloons, the dry-goods shops, the race-course; (and other courses) the immense Hotels, and some not immense by any means; its wealthy population, its mills and manufactories driven by a water power, the resources of which are almost unlimited. This, indeed is the chief distinction between St. Catharines and the greater number of towns elsewhere, the motive power which may be drawn from the waters of the canal, and which will render it at no distant day the Manchester of Canada West.

It is to be regretted when the livelier habit of description, that is, the mere featural (a word I make myself) of any person or place is so seldom connected with the necessary statistical exactness which enhances the value of all such local notices. My habit is to assure the reader, that it would smash up this article, if I should attempt to go into how much the market clerk collected, how many dozen of eggs were sold in 1862; and how the great quantity of eggs, eaten in

the egg state was productive of a great falling off in the number of chickens, in the chicken state. Neither can I tell how many vessels passed through the Welland Canal last year, nor the tonnage thereof, all of which are, or ought to be, written somewhere else.—Pass on.

St. Catharines is a watering-place. The mineral waters, for baths and drinking; the excellent Hotel accommodations; the brass band; the slightly aristocratic air of the active and religious shopkeepers and professionals; the picturesque beauties of the canal with Locks Nos. 2, 3 and 4; the easy access to railway, post office, tonsorial, devotional, literary and canteen arrangements; the faultless exhibitions of millinery, male and female, that delight the cultivated beholder, and the occasional passing of a beauteous vision in silk, render this saintly burgh a place of more than common distinction. Not so much for these deceptive appearances in light drapery, for, thanks to a bountiful Providence, whether festooned in silk or calico such beauteous visions are seen everywhere; and the impoetical know they are not all mirage. The skyward aspect of the town, as seen from above, i.e. the observatory on the summit of the Welland House, is charming. It is one dense mass of roof and leafy interval. And at the moment of my writing when the blossoms are on every fruit tree, in these almost tropical heats of afternoon, erret the fashionables have ventured the pink and lily of their complexion in the contamination of heat and dust, the appearance of St. Catharines is beautiful indeed. The churches are numerous, and in excellent condition. I count one, two, three, four, five, six; attended by the dominant Anglo-Saxon; and two, a methodist and baptist, where the curly-headed children of Ham do mostly congregate. It would be invidious to mention names, and, as, besides considerate reticence is sometimes the signal of most profound judgment, I will merely observe that in some of these the services are conducted with much ability. But notwithstanding the high moral and religious tone, and missionary exertions of the benevolent, St. Catharines, like other ancient towns, contains, if I may speak geologically, a substratum of depravity and vice. Like other old communities, it has its dark as well as its bright side. The Police Court is never opened unless some miscreant is under trial; and the active and astute constabulary are always to be found somewhere. The Police Force consists of a captain, and one lieutenant; both of whom I have not a doubt will be promoted on the first vacancy. Wo, and alas for the Ethiopian who has been hooking a sheep, or plundering the desks of an academy. Chief Montgomery is down upon him like destiny, and, almost invariably an intelligent jury gives him a free pass to Kingston. Another low practice entertained in this place, to some extent, is cock-fighting, and this occasions frequent breaches of the eighth commandment. Here we find gentlemen who can train two senseless birds to mangle and slay each other, and actually enjoy the spectacle; whose tender susceptibilities are shocked at the reflection, that all efforts of gospel teaching, and moral example are powerless against the propensity to steal game cocks. But we are all in the habit of having our feelings hurt by some particular sins of our neighbors; while our own are mere freaks, mere innocent pastime.

St. Catharines possesses few antiquities and no celebrities, saving those beautiful optical delusions of which I spoke before. Of the antiquities, one is the mineral spring which supplies the baths and tonics for the invalid. The fattening qualities of this water are almost beyond belief, as mine host Stephenson, an oleaginous miracle, *on dit*, declares he never drinks anything else, and eats almost nothing. I may assure you, however, that it has a most atrocious taste. There are three weakly newspapers published in the town, and, from two of the offices dailies are issued. As is usual among the querulous tribe, we have a duel of three every week, in which the squib and fire-cracker war is terrific. While writing this moment, an idea has struck me (an accident which occurs to very few) that the legislature should do something about editors. Physicians, lawyers, and professors of science generally require a reliable legal testimonial that they are competent men. Why not demand the same guarantee from public journalists? But perhaps the brackish water of the artesian well affects our people injuriously. *N'importe*. With all these drawbacks it would be difficult for the unembarrassed traveller to find a pleasanter resting-place than St. Catharines. If I had time I could write a book; but I have not time, and besides, I cordially agree with your earnest ejaculation—Heaven forbid.

NEWS FROM CARIBOO.

The Weekly British Colonist of Victoria, Vancouver Island, a well-edited, well-printed newspaper comes to the office of the Canadian Illustrated News regularly. We have the issue of April 28. The Indians are committing murders on white people, and are being hunted by officers of justice. The Nanaimo coal field, in combination with mineral products, promise a grand future for the Island and its Pacific commerce.

The Colonist says:—Quite a mining excitement was created in town yesterday, by the arrival of Mr. Poole, superintendent of the copper mines, worked by the Queen Charlotte Copper Mining Company. Nothing was heard for some time but congratulations of the lucky shareholders, and an anxiety to purchase stock in the company. Originally there were thirty shares in the company. Subsequently it was divided into three hundred shares. A large amount of money has been expended in prospecting; but until the arrival of Mr. Poole nothing like a regular vein had been struck. [We presume this is the Mr. Poole who prospected for mineral treasures in year of Perth, Central Canada, in 1860, and found Mica abundantly. We trust the people of Vancouver will have more good sense to appreciate Mr. Poole than some had at Perth.] This is the first successful attempt in this country to prospect copper veins, low enough down to get out merchantable ore fit for market; and we have no doubt but it fairly inaugurates the opening of copper mining in these colonies, from which we anticipate the best results.

The latest from Cariboo is dated April 7th, and is as follows:

IMMENSE YIELD OF GOLD.

Mr. William Griffin arrived on Tuesday. He left Williams Creek on the 7th of April. Weather mild; about two or three feet of snow; several showers of rain before he left. Miners were in good health and spirits. There was plenty of work; wages from \$10 to \$16 per day. No idle men on the Creek except those who would not work. Flour was \$1 per lb.; bacon \$1 30 and 1 50; beans 60 cents and no demand. No demand for rice; coffee \$2 75; tea \$3 50; sugar \$1 50, very little on hand; candles \$2 50; beef 40 and 50 cents; mutton 40 cents. Packing was 60 cents per pound from Forks of Quesnelle to Williams Creek, with toboggans on the snow. Some men made as high as \$35 per day, packing a distance of about sixty miles. The trail was good, occupying a day and a half in crossing it without a load.

All the claims at work were doing very well.

Black Jack claim paid 223 ounces the day Mr. Griffin left. On Tuesday, March 31st, they cleared up in 16 hours the sum of 285 oz., or \$4560; on April 18th took out 260 oz., or \$4160; in April 2nd, ten hours work, 301 oz., or \$4816.

Loring & Diller took out on April 1st, 73 lbs. gold dust; one bucket yielded 143 ozs. and two dollars. It had paid with ten men drifting from Feb. 28 to April 21, \$167,000. The entire sum taken out of the claim since it was opened is \$173,000. All this was taken out of a drift 40 feet long by 12 feet wide. The claim is valued at \$100,000 a share. There are three shares in it.

Cameron Company are doing very well and took out 200 ounces on April 6th. The highest amount they had taken out was 400 ounces in a day.

Barker Company in seven hours' washing took out 88 ounces, the first day's washing since the 29th January. They had worked most part of the winter; and washed out up to the 19th of January the sum of \$137,000. From that time on they could not wash owing to the scarcity of water. A portion of the company were drifting since January 19, and now have a huge pile of pay dirt ready to wash as soon as a sufficient quantity of water can be obtained; the balance of the company sunk two shafts, in one of which \$27 prospect to the pan was found. The gold found in the new shaft was of a much finer quality than was found in the original one.

Other claims return similar reports. The following are incidents in the city life of successful gold diggers.

BUYING A CLAIM.—On mail night, while a crowd was collected at the Post Office awaiting turn, the following amusing incident occurred. A gentleman arriving rather late, and finding himself at a hopeless distance from the window, cried out, 'Who'll sell his chance?' 'I will,' said a voice from the front rank. 'What will you take?' asked the speculator, 'Ten dollars?' was the reply. 'No, that's too much, I'll give you four bits though,' said the buyer. Negotiations were entered into and concluded. The

seller pocketed his half-dollar, and exchanged places with the purchaser of the 'claim,' who considered himself fully recompensed by the saving of time he had effected.

SWEET, IF NOT NICE.—The other evening a Carabooite walked into a chemist's shop in this city, accompanied by two friends, and asked for some bottles of scent. The chemist stared, but produced a dozen samples for selection. The miner examined one, and on learning what it was called, directed the chemist to open it; when this was done, he took a sniff, and turning to one of his friends poured the whole of the contents over his person. Another was called for and distributed in like manner over his other companion; and, having paid this tribute to friendship, he anointed himself with a third. This operation concluded, he inquired the cost of his purchases, threw down a five dollar gold piece, and stalked proudly out of the shop, disdaining to accept the change.

THE HEALTH OF THE QUEEN.

Latest mails from England bring intelligence that Her Majesty is emerging from her sorrowful seclusion. She has publicly visited the new Military Hospital on Southampton water, the foundation stone of which was laid by herself and the Prince Consort, seven years ago. A London newspaper which some in Canada call Lord Palmerston's organ, but which we inform all whom it may concern, is no representative of his lordship, for Lord Palmerston has no organs; no ministry in Britain have at any time newspapers attached to them in the sordid sense of Canadian Ministerial journals; that London paper has announced, that Her Majesty will seek, and has for a long time sought to wean herself from the retreat to which grief had driven her, and will gradually re-appear amongst her subjects, unchanged towards them in feeling and affection; all the Queen requires in order to resume her public duties is 'time.'

ISAAC BUCHANAN, ESQUIRE, M.P.P., TO HIS CO-MEMBERS OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT IN MAY, 1860.—I shall feel greatly obliged by members sending these circulars to their different localities, as this success in manufacturing in one place in Canada may easily be realized in every other—thus gradually furnishing a home market for the variety of agricultural products which render it possible profitably to attempt a rotation of crops—and thus gradually (in the only way it can be done) rendering Canada independent of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States; on the continuance of which the material prosperity of this Province is at present more totally dependent than is consistent with the security of our Political or National independence. I take the liberty of soliciting the attention of Members to this very important matter, from my having opportunities possessed by few of them of knowing the extent of the actual distress now existing in the Province, in consequence of the scarcity of money and employment, and of the paralysis creeping over its energies, from the feeling that neither the Government nor the Opposition recognize our own People's Employment to be the first question in politics, and that to which all others ought to give way. But if, as I believe, more than three-fourths of both Houses of Parliament, and as large a portion of the present, as well as of the late, Government, recognize the above great truth, and see Employment for the People to be the great object of our politics, why cannot we get it constitutionally declared?

EOLA.

By CRIPNEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]

'But, Ralph,' said his parent, in a low tone, rising and approaching him, 'has she anything to do with its death?'

Cautiously as the inquiry was uttered, Zerneen overheard it.

'No, no!' she almost screamed, grasping the old woman's arm, and looking earnestly in her face. 'I did not murder her—no one murdered her. She died on that dark road as I was taking her to see Percy; but I did not know when she died. She was alive when we went to her father's wedding.'

Again the croak asked Ralph to explain what the poor girl was raving about, but she received only a sharp reproof for her mistimed curiosity; and, grumbling at the slight to her maternal dignity, she set about preparing something for Zerneen to eat, while Ralph proceeded to carry out his intentions respecting the dead child.

'O, let me say good-bye to baby,' entreated the unhappy mother, stretching forth

her thin white hand in a supplicating attitude.

Unable to resist the poor creature's appeal, the gipsy turned, and held to her, her dead infant.

She softly uncovered its face—gently as a happier mother might have raised the covering from some little rosy sleeper—and, in spite of its ghastliness and icy rigidity, kissed its cold brow; then sinking back on the humble couch, gave vent to a passionate fit of weeping.

Surely a pitying Providence sent those genial tears to the unfortunate child of misery! Surely a kindly spirit had left its own bright sphere to shed a merciful shower on a withered, stricken, dying flower!

CHAPTER LXIV.

When Ralph returned to his lodging, his aged mother met him at the door with such a terror-struck countenance, that he feared some catastrophe had happened in his absence.

'What has happened, mother? She is not gone, is she?' he asked, hurrying into the room.

'Not gone, but going fast,' was the sad response.

Ralph hastened to the bedside of the dying girl.

It was too true; she was fast verging towards the borders of another world; the faint spark of life, that cruelty, wickedness, and suffering had as yet failed to extinguish entirely, was almost out.

But, happily, it burned with the light of reason. Even on the threshold of the valley of the shadow of death, that poor stricken soul was, by a gracious Power, allowed to regain its original strength, and to make a last prayer to that great tribunal whither it was hastening in hopeful consciousness.

With streaming eyes, the strong, sinful man stood by the death-bed of the youthful sufferer. He was old in the follies of life, stained with crime, and hardened with many years of guilt and misery; but still he was human; and the sight of that wreck of loveliness, that blighted flower, so ruthlessly cut down in the morning of life, aroused in his breast long-smothered feelings of days gone by—of repentance and regret for many a dark deed that had helped to render his own heart black and bitter.

Slowly and painfully, and in short, broken sentences, the poor girl was enabled to relate the chief incidents of her mournful history to her uncle and grandmother, both of whom she now recognized. She did not remember distinctly all the circumstances that had occurred during the period of her insanity, but of the chief events she was quite cognizant. In her mournful recital, she palliated and excused as much as possible Edward's baseness and cruelty; severely blaming herself for her foolish vanity, she had led her to fall so easily into the snare laid for her, and humbly repenting of the weakness that had so wonderfully misled her. She was now fast sinking, but, by a violent effort, raised herself on her pillow, and feebly grasped the gipsy's hand.

'You must promise me not to injure him,' she said, earnestly fixing her dark eyes on his determined countenance.

But the purpose of half a lifetime was not to be dispelled from that hardened soul thus easily.

'Zerneen, I dare not promise, for I should perjure myself.'

'No, uncle; it is a wicked oath, and you are not bound to keep it. Oh, do say that you will give up this dreadful idea of vengeance! do not refuse your unhappy Zerneen her last request.'

Here the exhausted creature fell back, and a thick film came gradually over her large dark eyes.

The old woman supported her head, and carefully wiped the cold perspiration from her clammy forehead.

'She is going, Ralph,' said the gipsy woman, turning to her son. 'Poor Linda! it's a good thing she went before.'

At the mention of her mother's name the dying girl's lips moved as if in earnest prayer.

She had learned from her grandmother that her mother was dead, for the first use the poor girl had made of her restored reason was to inquire after her callous parents. Linda had caught a rheumatic fever, almost immediately after leaving Turro, and had been dead now nearly three weeks; the widowed husband was off somewhere on one of his vagabond pursuits, and had taken his children with him.

When Ralph perceived that his unfortunate niece was so near her end, a deep struggle between conflicting feelings agitated his powerful frame.

It was hard to give up in a moment the

great ruling idea of years, and that too when it had just received fresh vigor from another outrage; but it was harder still to resist the dying prayer of the poor girl before him.

There is something in death that tends to quell and soften the fiercest thoughts. Thus it was with Ralph. No arguments, no entreaties, no persuasion, would have had half the influence, coming from a being replete with life and energy, of the few broken appeals uttered by the fragile, faded child of misery.

'Zerneen,' he whispered, bending low over the sufferer.

She put her cold, wasted hand, as if to feel for the speaker she could no longer see.

Ralph softly clasped it in his, and while a tear, that he could not restrain, fell warm upon it, he said, in a low, altered tone—

'Zerneen, I will promise it for your sake.'

A faint pressure of the hand from the emaciated fingers of the poor girl was the only acknowledgment she could make, while a gentle smile—the farewell beam of a departing spirit—flitted across her face. A feeble motion of the lips, as if in prayer, a short, convulsive shudder, and the suffering soul was loosened from its earthly bondage for ever.

CHAPTER LXV.

'Oh, grandfather! how could you do it? How could you so cruelly ruin all my hopes—all my happiness?'

And the speaker, a beautiful young girl, of barely seventeen, flung her light form on a chair, and burying her face in her lace-bordered handkerchief, wept violently.

The person she addressed in such plaintive terms—an elderly gentleman, of haughty demeanour and commanding stature, with a handsome, aristocratic countenance—approached her side, and placing his arm around her trembling figure, endeavoured to raise and soothe her; but she pushed him indignantly away, and with frantic sobs reiterated her reproaches.

'My pet, do pray listen to my explanations—'

'No, grandfather,' interrupted the 'pet,' angrily; 'you have forfeited your honor, broken your faith, and I will not listen to any more of your deceptive words.'

The old gentleman looked very gloomy at this cascade of accusations. He would have warmly resented one-third of them, if offered by a man; but that little fiery piece of delicate womanhood he must allow to insult his honour and trample on his pride with the greatest impunity. He might fret, and fume, and boil with indignation, but he was powerless to check that precious five feet of female humanity, who so unshrinkingly uttered what the boldest of the opposite sex would scarcely have presumed to say.

Four months have elapsed since we bade good-bye to the couple here introduced, whom the reader will doubtless recognise as Sir George Shipton, and our ci-devant gipsy friend, Eola Leighton.

Since we lost sight of her she has undergone some transformation in form, manner, and name.

She is now quite two inches taller in stature (and prides herself not a little on her increased height), very much gayer in demeanour, is in the enjoyment of exquisite health, and bears the new cognomen of 'Eola Shipton,' as the acknowledged granddaughter and heiress of the wealthy admiral.

The spot in which we find them is a beautiful and romantic summer residence, recently purchased by the baronet, and situated in the most delightful part of Devonshire, whither they have removed from Totnes to enjoy the summer months on their own property.

It was a lovely day in June, and Eola and her doting grand-parent were occupying a shady, pleasant, old-fashioned drawing-room, fronting a well kept garden, laid out in the most fantastically-shaped flower beds, intersected with neat pebbled walks, ornamented with charming fountains, and backed by an extensive view of vale and woodland delightful to the gaze.

The admiral, since their departure from St. Ives and removal to Totnes, had been considerably surprised, and not less enraptured, by the very decided change in the spirits of his grandchild.

He had noticed it for the first time on his return from the supposed journey to Italy.

Eola, whom he had left a weak and sickly captive in her invalid chamber, met him on his arrival home in the drawing-room smiling, animated, and almost restored to her pristine bloom. At first he ascribed this change to some new hope of restoration to her lover, and dreaded to unfold the specious tale he had invented about Elwyn, for fear of seeing the young girl relapse suddenly into her former melancholy.

At length he found courage to utter it. It

was to the effect that all his inquiries, after Mr. Elwyn in Nice were of no avail; he found he had gone from there, no one knew whither; but it was clearly evident that he had not returned to England with his cousin.

But, to the baronet's amazement, Eola neither cried in agony nor fainted in helpless despair. She buried her face in her handkerchief for a few seconds, and with a quiet, resigned expression, that would have done credit to a martyr, said, in accents of subdued sorrow—

"Then, grandpa, he must have deserted me; and if so, I must be resigned. I would not wish to claim his hand if his heart were no longer mine. For the future let us not mention the subject; time may perhaps aid me to recover myself."

The baronet was now fully confirmed in his opinion about her attachment to Elwyn, for, he thought, had it been real love, she could never thus coolly resign herself to relinquish it.

He therefore believed that in separating her from Elwyn he had done the best thing to promote her health and felicity; and, by the happy results attending his scheme, he felt more than ever convinced of its value.

Eola now never alluded by any chance to Elwyn; she never seemed to think of writing to the Jamesons, as Sir George had dreaded she would. Her whole heart seemed centred in the circle of pleasure in which she and her grandfather now moved, and all her thoughts appeared bent on the enjoyment of the numerous plans devised by the baronet for her pastime. There was scarcely a fete, or a review, or a flower-show that took place within a circle of twenty miles of their residence, at which the baronet and his beautiful grandchild did not appear.

In fact, Eola, to all appearance, had glided into the other extreme of feeling, for she seemed in a perfect flutter of merriment from morning till night. Her cheeks became a very home of roses, and her eyes glistened with pleasure.

She teased her fond grand-parent incessantly with her wild caprices, and seemed to think it the proper thing to make him join in every species of childish fun, meanwhile regarding him with a look of playful mischief, to which, in his exuberant joy at her altered demeanour, he was perfectly blind.

But there were fitful moments when towards her grandfather the young girl's voice and manner would assume, even in their joyousness, an expression of thoughtful regret, that showed there yet remained in her bosom a secret cause for annoyance, in spite of all her light-hearted happiness. But this expression never lasted long, and was generally succeeded by a quiet smile of mischievous satisfaction.

Sir George had delayed telling his darling the truth as to the means he had taken to accomplish her happiness, until the day on which the scene of our chapter occurred.

It was not to him, by any means, a pleasing task to make a clean breast of a discreditable proceeding; but his sense of honour constrained him sooner or later to do it; and on no account would he have had Eola learn it from other lips than his own. He had not entertained a doubt of his ability to procure her forgiveness for the deception he had practised upon her.

And thus we find him brought to the bar. But this confession, or explanation, as the baronet mildly termed it, was intended to be the prelude to another subject near his heart or it might have been delayed still longer.

To be plain there was a gentleman in the case, and one who he had every reason to believe was, in his grandchild's eye, not an unfavoured personage; indeed, he had had some proof to the contrary; and it was this gentleman's suit that he was about to urge.

We spoke of the fair Eola as manifesting extreme sorrow and anger on hearing her grandfather's confession. This had rather taken him by surprise, such passionate grief not being anticipated by him from the gentle girl who still, notwithstanding all her new-found vivacity, was usually as winning and docile in temperament as ever.

In vain he entreated to be heard. She would not even allow him to speak for some time, but lay with her face buried in the cushions of her easy chair, waving him off with her hand, and apparently sobbing and trembling with emotion.

But we will take the liberty of peeping under that filmy web of a handkerchief.

Is it possible that Eola is laughing? Yes, actually laughing! and her apparent sobs are the irrepressible breaking out of smothered merriment, while her trembling proceeds from the same cause.

And there she is, convulsed with laughter behind that sheltering handkerchief, while the admiral stands at a respectful distance,

begging to be heard and forgiven, and saying, in his anxiety, all sorts of ridiculous things, that redouble the mischievous maiden's mirth.

"Now, my own precious darling," he begins, in a humble tone.

"Don't call me a darling ever again, grandfather," exclaims the young creature, interrupting his meek expostulation; "at least" (with very marked emphasis) "not your darling."

"But my sweetest Eola—"

"Don't, grandpa! I shall never be your Eola entirely again. I wonder you can talk to me so, (sob), 'after deceiving me' (sob) in the manner you have. Oh! grandpa" (great agitation).

"My child, you will break my heart." "You are trying your hardest to make mine burst" (violent sob); "cruel, unfeeling grandpa! Oh, dear! after all the—the love—I—have—shown—you" (succession of smothered sighs).

"But dearest Eola, I had no idea that your hopes still lay in that quarter. You have not mentioned Mr. Elwyn's name for months and I concluded, from your altered manner, your liveliness, improved health, and so on, that you had quite recovered from that absurd feeling. How was it possible I could dream otherwise, when my birdie has let me take her out and about like the veriest little butterfly in the world?"

"Oh, grandfather" (reproachfully); "and do you suppose that a woman" (the baronet could not avoid elevating his eyebrows, and giving vent to an ejaculatory "ahem" on hearing that high-sounding substantive applied to the childish girl before him); "do you suppose that a woman, simply because she is lively, careless, and full of fun" (a half sob), "and because she laughs, plays, sings, goes to fetes, flower-shows, and pic-nics, and always carries with her a merry smile—do you suppose that, merely because she does all this, she has forgotten a dear and lost lover?" (A violent trembling agitates the questioner.)

"Well," humbly ventured to remark the admiral, not a little struck by the extreme simplicity of the question, "I should think it probable that she has. Of course, I am not a good judge of your sex, but, but, I—aw—I must say I shouldn't think the lady had a very great regard for her lost lover, under the delightful circumstances you name."

Eola bounded from her seat. Her eyes were a trifle red, but she had heroically wiped away the tears. It did not cost her much trouble to do so.

"Then, sir," she cried, slightly stamping her little foot, "for once you are mistaken. A woman never forgets."

"Not when she laughs, plays, sings, goes to fetes, flower-shows, and pic-nics, and always carries with her a merry smile?" ironically inquired the baronet, getting a little bolder on finding his pet had partially recovered from her paroxysm of grief.

"Grandpa, you are most ungenerous to taunt me so," said the young girl, pointing, and averting her head to conceal the lurking smile she could not repress. "I tell you, a woman never forgets a man she has once loved, as I loved Elwyn."

Notwithstanding the part she was acting, there was a tremor of real, deep feeling in this lightly-uttered avowal that spoke of tenderness not to be belied.

"Eola," said the baronet, "you cannot mean that you still cherish that ridiculous notion of wishing to marry an ugly, penniless man, old enough to be your father?"

"Mr. Elwyn is neither old, ugly, nor penniless."

"Certainly, you never took the pains of describing to me his personal appearance; but from what you have said of his pale face, dark hair, and mournful eyes, I shouldn't think him much of a beauty to look at. Then his income! it would about buy you bread-and-cheese."

"One could buy a great deal of bread-and-cheese with eight hundred a-year."

"And then his age! Thirty-three?"

"Well, grandpa?" "Well, child, it's simply preposterous to talk about it. The idea of a girl—a mere baby, I may say—marrying a man of that age! But," and the baronet placed his arm fondly round her neck, "you have put aside all those silly ideas now, haven't you?"

The girl shook her head with a doubtful smile.

"Well, well, darling, let us drop the subject," suggested her grandfather, cheerfully. "I know you see, though you will not own it, the folly of reverting to that bygone whim. Of course, it was very gallant to hear how you had been deceived, but that was the

chief grievance, wasn't it? Now you'll forgive poor old grandfather?"

Eola could not resist this appeal. Spite of all his faults, she dearly loved her doating grandsire.

Flinging her arms round his neck, she kissed him lovingly on both cheeks, and laid her pretty head caressingly on his shoulder.

"Dear, darling girl," cried the delighted admiral, hugging her slight form in a most alarming manner.

"And now, my pet, I have a few more remarks to make relative to yourself, and then I will not trouble you further. I wish, dear Eola, to ask you seriously, what are your feelings towards our present guest, Raymond Beresford?"

"My feelings, grandfather?" And the question was accompanied by a slight blush.

"Yes; you entertain some, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"But I mean, you do not merely flirt with him without entertaining some deeper sentiment?"

"Oh, I like him very well."

"Very much, I should think, from the way you treat him; and if not, I wish you did."

"Why, grandpa?"

"Because he's a good, high-minded, noble fellow; and a gentleman, every inch of him. Ah, Eola, I'd tell you a secret, only I am afraid of annoying you again."

"Oh, pray, grandpa, don't be afraid of that. I can control my temper, I hope."

"Well, Beresford is in love with you."

"With me?"

"Yes; you must have seen it long ago yourself, and it is wrong of you to flirt with him, Eola."

"I flirt, grandpa!"

"Well, not exactly flirt, but you are very friendly with him."

"I ought to be with my grandfather's guests."

"But tell me, truly, darling, have you no deeper feeling than mere friendship for him?"

"What if I had, grandpa?"

"Why, I should be very pleased; for, as I have said before, he is a noble-hearted man, and after my own heart."

"And thirty-three!"

A clear, ringing laugh broke from the lips of the young satirist, and she clapped her little hands, in provoking irony, in the baronet's face; but a moment after her arms were round his neck again in a soft caress.

"Don't let us talk any more about him now," she said, coaxingly. "I'll tell you all some day. But, hark!" she added, as the sound of approaching footsteps was heard; "here he comes; so we must leave off."

She had scarcely finished speaking when the gentleman in question entered the apartment, and advanced to where the baronet and his grandchild were standing.

"I have come to see if you would like to go for a ride with me this morning," he said, addressing the former in a familiar tone of polite courtesy.

"Well, no; I can't go this morning," returned Sir George; "but perhaps little birdie here would like a ride," he added, glancing fondly at Eola, who blushed and cast down her eyes.

"If Miss Shipton will favor me with her company," said Mr. Beresford, "I shall feel very happy."

"Will you go, darling?" inquired Sir George.

"Oh, yes; I shall be pleased to do so," returned Eola, in a joyous voice, which, however, she was evidently desirous of subduing.

"Very well; I will ring and order the horses," said the baronet; "and you go and dress, my dear."

"Directly, grandpa. Mind, the grey pony for me;" and Eola tripped lightly from the room.

In less than a quarter of an hour she returned, attired in a grey riding habit, and one of the smartest of coquettish little hats.

The horses were waiting, and Sir George accompanied his granddaughter to the door, where Beresford, who had been seeing to the proper equipment of Eola's favorite pony, met them.

The baronet himself assisted the young girl to mount, and Beresford diligently busied himself in adjusting her stirrup.

"What a fortunate being I am," cried Eola, laughing, "to have such devoted attendants!"

Beresford looked up in her face for a moment; their eyes met—only in a lightning glance; but it spoke volumes.

"It is a service any one might envy," he murmured, in a tone of suppressed emotion.

The young girl did not reply; but gaily kissing her hand to her grandfather, gathered up her reins, and proceeded slowly onward, leaving her escort to follow.

The baronet watched the light figure of the fair rider, as the two equestrians cantered down the avenue leading through the noble park, with a deep thrill of pride and affection. Her bright golden ringlets, borne gently backwards on the faint summer breeze, and glittering and dancing in the summer sun; the graceful fluttering of her short grey habit, the elegant waving motion of the brilliant green plume ornamenting her tiny straw hat, and the ease with which she seemed to float rather than ride along the winding path, made her appear as pretty a picture as one could desire to view.

So thought Raymond Beresford.

At the park gates she turned round to see if her grandfather was still at the door; there he was, just discernible through the trees, and Eola waved an adieu with her handkerchief.

"Bless her little heart!" said the baronet, as he sauntered to his library; "I wish she cared more about Beresford."

CHAPTER LXV.

The individual introduced in the preceding chapter as Raymond Beresford, was a gentleman whom the baronet and his grandchild had met at the house of some mutual friends at Totnes, where he was staying for a few weeks on a visit.

He was an English gentleman of good birth, and a moderately handsome income; and had ingratiated himself, as we have seen, into the good opinion of the admiral to no small extent.

He was by no means undeserving of the encomiums lavished on him by Sir George, for they did but justice to qualities which in themselves, apart from external recommendations, won the hearts of all who came in sufficiently close contact with the owner to become familiar with his sterling virtue.

But, beyond his mental charms, Raymond Beresford was endowed by nature with great external attractions, and few could have found fault with the polished manners and winning features of a man so most unostentatiously agreeable, and totally void of vanity and arrogance.

His age might have been about thirty, or perhaps a year or two more; but, without trying to ape the juvenile, he had a way of making himself appear much younger than he really was—a kind of graceful yieldingness to those who were his juniors in years, that made him loved by the young, as well as admired by the old. Sir George liked him from the first hour of their acquaintance; in fact he was quite charmed with his new friend, and had been very pleased to observe that Eola shared his good opinion of him.

Raymond Beresford, to judge from his demeanour, was by no means insensible to the loveliness and winning simplicity of the young heiress, into whose congenial society he was thus so opportunely thrown; indeed, his reverential attention, lover-like anxiety, and ill-concealed partiality for her, had led many to the conclusion that he was really tenderly attached to her.

The young girl herself they found more difficult to read. She was evidently not insensible to the devotion shown her by Beresford; she appeared to admire his judgment, listen to his conversation, yield to his opinions, and show an anxiety for his company that could only have emanated from feelings of very powerful regard.

Yet, notwithstanding these symptoms of embryo affection, there was ever a constraint in her tone and manner when he was present—a timidity almost approximating to terror—lest she should say or do anything that could be construed into a tenderness which she was evidently desirous to conceal. She could converse with him before two or three persons on any subject, but without that freedom and girlish thoughtlessness which characterized her discourse with others, and with a hesitation that seemed to weigh every word before uttering it, lest she should commit herself; while there was a restraint in her manner and an embarrassment in her accent that were sometimes almost painful.

On quitting Totnes to proceed to Dunorlan Park, the baronet's new estate, Sir George had given Beresford an invitation to spend a few days with him on his way back to London, which invitation Beresford had accepted; but so delighted was the baronet with the society of his guest, that the few days had now extended to a few weeks, and still Sir George pressed him to prolong his visit.

We will now return to the day of the events related in the foregoing chapter.

It was evening. The pleasant trio forming the home circle of Dunorlan Park had just finished dinner, and the baronet was seated in his large arm chair by the open casement of the drawing-room. Beresford and Eola were loitering over the piano.

"I shall go and water my flowers," said the latter, suddenly. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

protest against the untimely and ill-advised dissolution of the previous Parliament.—Mr. Dorion and his friends were as sensible as any Upper Canadian members of the meritorious deed of the late Speaker, but they saw that the principle of alternating the appointment of the Speaker in the two sections, would be stronger than the claim of gratitude and that they would open the new Parliament by a defeat of their party if they voted for Mr. McDonald. Mr. Dorion persisted in proposing the Hon. Mr. Sicotte in opposition both to the Ministerial candidate, the Hon. Mr. Cartier and to the Hon. J. S. McDonald, and in reality the Hon. Mr. Sicotte was elected, while Mr. McDonald would certainly have been defeated, if he had been the only opposition candidate.

However, this first success on the part of the liberal portion of the opposition, was rendered ineffectual by the coalition of the Ministry with the conservative section of the Upper Canada representation, and legislation went on hobblingly until 1857, when a crisis was near at hand. The House had become of so difficult management that a new combination or coalition was necessary to avert that crisis.

There is as much conservatism in Lower Canada as in Upper Canada, if not more—in fact but not in name. Toryism or Conservatism by name is so distasteful in Lower Canada that no one could meet a constituency under such color, without looking for a wanton defeat.

The alliance of the open and declared Conservatives of Upper Canada, with the really Conservatives but so-called, and more case Liberals of Lower Canada has enriched the political dictionary of the denomination of Liberal-Conservatives, which, in common parlance, means yes and no.

Toryism or Conservatism does not necessarily imply the idea that improvement is denied in lumine; neither does Liberalism impress the necessity of searching for changes and convulsions. Every one understands what each word means: Conservatism means an implied confidence in what exists and a distrust of any change; Liberalism means an implied confidence that everything that exists is susceptible of improvement and a welcome to any proposition of reform. But these contrary dispositions cannot exist in the same head or party; and there exists a moral necessity of an honest denomination of parties.

It is contrary to the laws of nature and of conscientious purpose to try to make one of two irreconcilable ideas.

The trial of this unnatural conciliation was still pending in 1857, when the Hon. Mr. Sicotte was offered a seat in the Executive government with power to offer the same to the Hon. Mr. Dorion. No man has a reception so emollient and amiable, for any kind of extraordinary propositions as Mr. Dorion, although the first word of it may have opened the whole ground of his ready opposition and refusal. Mr. Sicotte argued probably that his accession to power with Mr. Dorion would have the effect of giving a liberal impulse to the executive government; that the political name of the Ministerial party was of no consequence, their united influence being strong enough to realize reform. Mr. Dorion probably pointed out that the tendencies of the Lower Canadian section of the Ministry, although professedly liberal, were in effect radically conservative, and their accession to power would have no other result than to spoil the liberal party, as they would stand in a minority; that the Upper Canadian section being exclusively conservative, their position in the Ministry would be totally submerged; and finally that party being a necessity for the good working of the government, it would be a high treason of party traditions to unite with the enemies of their allies.

None could convince the other of the soundness of their respective views. Mr. Sicotte accepted an office in the government and Mr. Dorion remained in the Opposition.

The Hon. Mr. Sicotte was not long before acknowledging that he had taken a wrong track; and the experience of his short stay in the coalition Ministry should not be lost for the benefit of the country and the dignity of its public men.

Since the Union, we have had several men, both in Upper and in Lower Canada, whose accession to power was sought for to cover, under the purity of their past, the misdeeds of used up chisellers.

The Hon. Mr. Sicotte seized the first favorable opportunity for declining to serve any longer as a screen for the disreputable policy, in which he was engaged, contrary to Mr. Dorion's advice, and he withdrew from the government.

One of Mr. Dorion's arguments to prevent Mr. Sicotte from entering in the government

in 1857, must have been the decayed condition of the ministerial craft and the certitude of bringing soon, by a united action, on the part of the Opposition, the public affairs of the country in the hands of the liberal party.

So well founded was that anticipation, that Mr. Sicotte had scarcely gone back to his seat in the Opposition, when a Ministerial crash ensued, forcing the Governor General to appeal to the leaders of the Opposition, Messrs. Brown and Dorion, to form a new Administration.

Coalitions being naturally built on the equilibrium of intrigues, there is no cause for admiring the fecundity of coalition leaders, in conceiving, planning and executing dodges, which are the essential elements of their life.

The House of Assembly, then, recently formed under the auspices of the Coalition, was well known by the leaders of parties and by the Governor General, to be hostile to Mr. Brown personally, and it was expected that by calling on Mr. Brown, to form an Administration, one of two results would follow: either Mr. Brown would not succeed in finding colleagues and forming a Ministry, or in case of success on his part, a vote of want of confidence in his Administration could easily be obtained from the House.—In the former case, the Governor General was justified by constitutional rule in calling back the defeated leaders of the coalition, to constitute a Ministry; in the latter, the Constitution imperiously obliged the Governor General to grant a general election to the new Administration.

The records of the time, August 1858, clearly show that there was an understanding between the Governor General and the coalition leaders, to violate the Constitution, if there was no other means of placing the coalition in power.

Mr. Brown succeeded in forming a government composed of select men, in all the branches of the public service; the Hon. Mr. Dorion assuming the office of Commissioner of Crown Lands.

But while his colleagues and himself were taking their oath of office, the plot, in which Sir Edmund Head had accepted the principal character, was effectually played off.

A vote of want of confidence was simultaneously proposed in the Legislative Council and in the House, when none of the Ministers could have a word to say, nor a vote to give, and the vote was hurriedly carried.

The Governor General denied to the Ministry the constitutional right of appealing to the people, and they were bound to resign and go back to their respective constituencies for re-election.

The coalition leaders were called back by the Governor General: but there stood an important break in the revolving of the wheel.

By the 20th Vict. Ch. 22, entitled 'An Act further to secure the independence of Parliament,' it was enacted that any person accepting an office of emolument from the Crown, would vacate his seat in the Assembly or in the Legislative Council, if an elected member, and could neither sit nor vote in either house until re-elected, when the office was that of a Minister of the Crown.

This was very pre-emptory; but there was another clause in the same act, which provided for a change of offices between members of the same Ministry, and which had never been contemplated to apply to ministers who had effectually withdrawn from the Administration of public affairs, and had been replaced by other ministers, sworn in and gazetted as such. That clause, (the 7th,) stated that whenever any person holding the before mentioned offices (those of Cabinet Ministers) and being at the same time a member of the Assembly, shall resign his office and within one month thereafter accept any one of the said offices, he shall not thereby vacate his seat.

This 7th clause, very innocent in itself, opened to the troubled souls a nice way of extricating themselves skillfully, if not legally. They returned into the government, each taking another office, so as to claim the exemption from re-election, and all of them with the exception of the Hon. Mr. Sicotte and the Hon. J. Ross, exchanged their respective offices, to resume their former situation, and all that within a few hours. Both on resuming and on exchanging office, they respectively took the oath prescribed by law to any person undertaking to fulfil faithfully the duties of a public office.

The Judges of Upper Canada have decided that this was legal if not moral. Be it so. A little parliamentary manual, printed in Quebec, records as follows the Ministerial

migrations of 1858, for the coalition leaders: Hon. J. A. Macdonald, Q. C. (Kingston,) Attorney General for Upper Canada, from 11th September 1854, to 1st August 1858, when as Premier, he and his colleagues resigned; held the office of Postmaster General on the 6th August of same year; was again Attorney General for Upper Canada from 7th August 1858 to 21st May 1862.

Hon. G. E. Cartier, Q. C. (Montreal,) Attorney General for Lower Canada, from May 1856 to 1st August 1858, when he resigned office with government; appointed Inspector General on the 6th August 1858, and again Attorney General for Lower Canada 7th August 1858, an office which he held until 21st May 1862.

All this may be childish and immoral, but it is legal and governmental. Our children will have their opinion about it, but it is useless for the forefathers to discuss it.

A French poet speaks of men, who, despite of glory, prefer living two days in the world than a thousand years in history.—This is, it appears, the legal and governmental view of the case.

The re-election of all the members of the Brown-Dorion Government was a palpable evidence of what would have been the result of general elections, if they had been granted.

Mr. Dorion had always represented the city of Montreal, to the great displeasure of those who had spent large sums of money to contest his seat. The electoral returns showing that a portion of the city was more accessible than the rest to bribery, but that the effects of corruption were neutralized by the other sections of the constituency, a plan was concocted to divide the city in three distinct constituencies, so as to leave corruptiondom in its autonomy.

This being done, the mighty Premier, the Hon. Mr. Cartier, who was virtually expelled from his old seat, the county of Vercheries, naturally became a candidate for the new constituency Montreal East, in opposition to the Hon. Mr. Dorion at the general election of 1861.

At the general election of 1857, Mr. Cartier and Mr. Rose, being candidates for Montreal, went round all the public offices commencing at the work houses of the Grand Trunk at Point St. Charles, congregating the officers, engineers, workmen and laborers and enjoining them to vote for the ministerial ticket, and this under the eyes of the Chief officers of each department.

In 1861, when Mr. Cartier offered himself to the Electors of Montreal East, the same cabal was resorted to with increased dictation. The guardsmen and turnkeys of the goal, the Custom-House officers, the Post office clerks, were not only enjoined to vote, but taken out of their duty and forced to work outside and bring votes to the poll. Contractors to the Ottawa buildings, jobbers from the four cardinal points, were seen moving in streets and houses where they had never been before, purchasing votes and ticketing and forwarding the purchased goods in vehicles emblazoned in ministerial cypher. The Seigniorial Commissioners subscribed money, and among them, an invalid who had done no other business but taking his salary, since three years, looking as if taken from the grave, stood at a street corner, as the statue of the commander and directing carters [that is hackney carriage drivers with voters] as a dying general would do at the end of a decisive struggle.

Mr. Cartier was elected by a majority of 251

The Hon. Mr. Dorion after seven years of an active parliamentary career, spent in a constant opposition to the ruling power, retired into private life, although several seats yet open to election, were offered to him.

One year had scarcely elapsed when the triumph so dearly bought by the coalition government ended in their defeat on the Militia Bill.

Every one still recollects how the coalition was accomplished in 1854. The Hon. Mr. Hincks vexed at the defection of his own party, excluded them from the government by calling upon the Conservative portion of the opposition to replace him and some of his friends in the government.

By the retention of office by one or two of his party and by whitewashing the shortcomings of his predecessors, Mr. Hincks saved the pieces of the wreck and turned his eyes towards the truly dominating power of our pretended self government.

The metropolitan financiers of the Province who imagined that Mr. Hincks had served them well, procured for him a petty governorship in the West Indies, and the coalition was left to live its natural life, which could not be of long duration.

In May 1862, the coalition having exhausted the public treasury, the credit of the country, and the patronage of the Crown, could no longer keep in bondage the covetous hangers-on who had approved of every kind of extravagance, for due consideration—and when the recognized leaders of the opposition (M. A. Brown and Dorion) were out of the House, the coalition fell under the condemnation of their ordinary supporters.

The Hon. J. S. McDonald was called upon by the Governor General, and Mr. McDonald in connection with the Hon. Mr. Sicotte, succeeded in forming a liberal cabinet, in which the Hon. Mr. Dorion accepted the office of Provincial Secretary. Mr. Dorion being then out of the House, several members offered their constituencies to give him a seat in Parliament, among whom was Mr. Faulkner, the member from Hochelaga, whose seat Mr. Dorion accepted. His election was made by acclamation.

In the estate of the late government (Cartier-McDonald) the new cabinet found many onerous legacies, amongst which were an empty treasury, a crowd of superfluous and useless employes, public works imprudently left as a prey to plunderers.

However these were foreseen and could be remedied, though with difficulty. At different times, we had heard of an intercolonial railroad projected between the lower end of the Grand Trunk line at River du Loup, and the city of Halifax in Nova Scotia, but no one knew that the Cartier-McDonald government were in active correspondence with the Lower Provinces to bring that scheme into realization, pledging the Province, without ever thinking of consulting Parliament.

In September, 1862, delegates from these provinces arrived in Quebec, in accordance to appointment made with the fallen ministers of Canada. A meeting took place and certain terms were agreed upon, both by our executive Council and by the delegation. According to those terms, Canada would have to spend, at the least estimation \$16,000,000 for her share of the road.

Considering the delapidated state of our finances, the permanent burden that the management of the road would impose upon our resources, the uselessness of the road, in a commercial point of view, and the imperious necessity of retrenching, to avoid direct taxation, Mr. Dorion could not accept any share of the responsibility of the measure and resigned his seat in the Cabinet.

In May 1863, the government which was formed a year previous was defeated, in the House, by a majority of five; the Lower Canada section of the Cabinet resigned: the House was prorogued and finally dissolved, and general elections ordered.

The Hon. J. S. McDonald as premier, applied to Mr. Dorion to reconstruct the Lower Canada section of the government. Mr. Dorion assuming the office of Attorney General for Lower Canada, reorganized his section on a thoroughly liberal basis.

We have now reached our own times and the only remark by which we propose to close this biography is this: the party strifes may inspire different feelings upon the public and private character of Mr. Dorion; but there are two or three leading features of it, upon which there can be but one opinion. His disinterestedness, his devotion to public interest, and his urbanity are beyond all controversy.

These qualities are not perhaps the necessary elements of success for statesmen, since we have seen the contrary deficiencies ruling us for many years,—but they will command the respect of all parties and the veneration of history.

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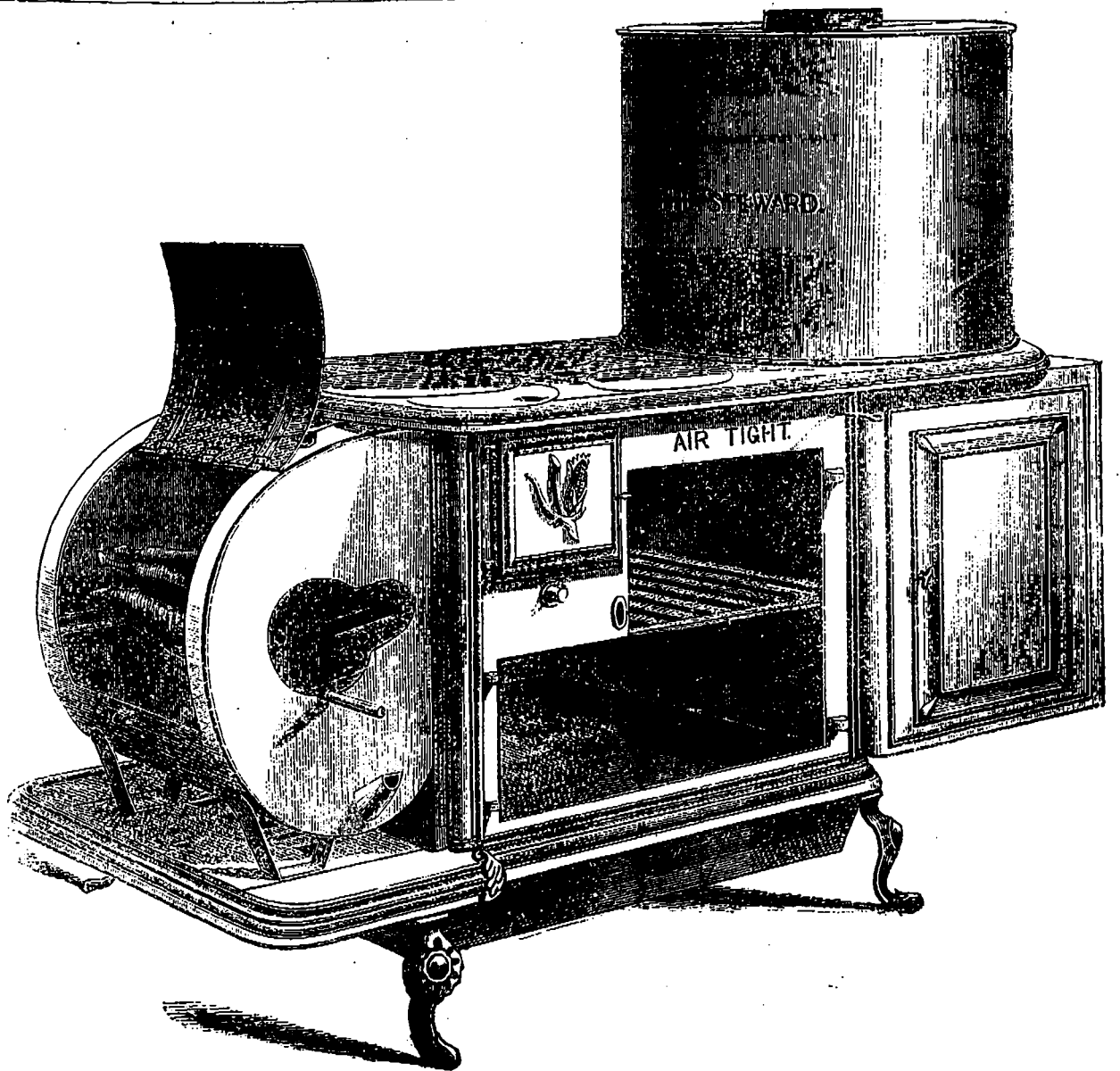
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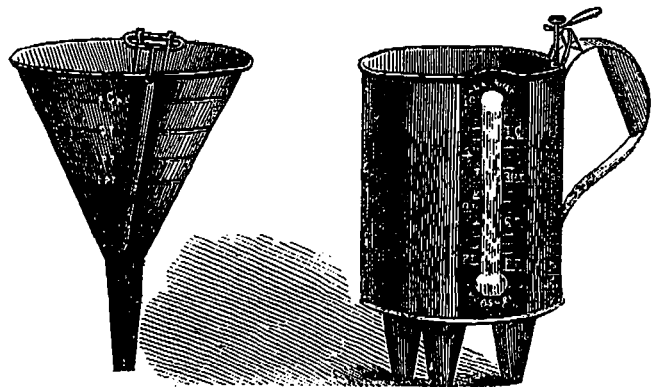
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