

# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 14, 1863.

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## 'THE WHISPER.'

We give on this page an engraving, copied from a painting by Mr. Sant, which was shown at the great International Exhibition in London. The picture tells its own story pretty plainly. The attitudes and expressions of the little maidens are very natural, and, with the title, suggestive; but as these—we trust we may be permitted to say—have been faithfully preserved by our draughtsman and engraver, we will leave the reader to speculate upon whom these pretty little ladies have apparently caught sight of or expect, and the nature of the seemingly mischievous and naughty confidence 'whispered' in what is, probably, their place of concealment.

**IMMENSE STOCK OF ARMS.**—Since the war began, the United States armory at Springfield has received extensive additions. New buildings have been erected and old ones enlarged, and now about two thousand eight hundred men are employed in the various departments.—The accumulation of guns in the arsenal now amounts to one hundred and thirty-three thousand. The total is increased daily by about nine hundred pieces, although the manufacture of barrels averages nearly one thousand a day, and is diminished by orders from the government at irregular intervals, the issues during the last fortnight amounting to fourteen thousand, while the previous fortnight there were none. About forty thousand, however, are kept boxed, subject to call at any time.



"THE WHISPER."—FROM A PAINTING BY MR. SANT.

**CONCENTRATED FOOD.**—At a factory in Portland, Me., nearly one thousand bushels of potatoes are 'concentrated' for the army every day. All the water is absorbed, leaving about five pounds of nutriment from the sixty pounds which a bushel of potatoes averages, and this concentration is ground up, giving it the appearance of Indian meal. It is cooked by returning the water to it in a boiling state, and keeping it hot from ten to fifteen minutes, when it swells like starch and assumes the appearance of potatoes prepared for the table.

**CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**—The Quebec Mercury, speaking of the annual meeting of this company at Hamilton, on the 27th ultimo, says:—The report which was read upon the occasion is far too lengthy to give in detail; but we gather the following information from it, with reference to the business of the company during the past year, which seems to be of a satisfactory nature: That 304 new assurances, for the sum of \$400,166, have been effected. At the 30th of April, the company enjoyed an annual premium income on its policies of \$101,731. The claims by death, during the year, amounted to \$31,300, being \$20,000 less than was calculated on. The rate of interest on investment has increased, having exceeded six per cent; and on the 30th April a dividend of five per cent to the shareholders was declared. These favorable facts speak highly in favor of the management of the Institution.

To excel in anything valuable is great, but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater.

THREE may keep counsel if two be away.

## NOTICE.

Inventors, Engineers, Manufacturing Mechanics, or any other persons, intending to apply for patents, can obtain all requisite information, and have mechanical drawings made at the office of the Canadian Illustrated News.

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H. GREGORY &amp; Co.

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1863.

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The Canadian Illustrated News is forwarded to subscribers by mail, free of postage.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Mr. Alexander Somerville, lately Editor of this paper, has had no connection therewith for the last two months, and is not authorized to act in any manner on our behalf.

H. GREGORY &amp; Co.

Hamilton, October 31st, 1863.

A. S. IRVING, Bookseller and News Dealer, No. 19 King Street West, Toronto, is the exclusive Wholesale Agent in the Provinces for the "Canadian Illustrated News," and all orders are in future to be addressed to him only.

## THE CANADIAN

## Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

H. GREGORY &amp; Co. Proprietors.

## THE OCEAN SUPREMACY OF ENGLAND.

Those who are oppressed with fears that old Britannia will soon cease to rule the waves may yet take comfort. Some of those French iron-clads, of which we have heard so much, lately attempted to board old Neptune in his den, at a time when the trident-sceptred monarch was in no very gentle mood. He very quickly gave the adventurous Frenchmen to understand that they had not yet fully learned to make themselves 'at home' on his rather dangerous domains. We are told that the iron-clad fleet, however useful in all likelihood as a home squadron, were proved 'utterly unfit for service in a heavy sea'; and that even 'in a fresh breeze they rolled and pitched about most terrifically.' It appears by all accounts that their crews had good reason to congratulate themselves on having regained the soil of 'la belle France' at last, after such a rough handling from the ancient autocrat of the briny deep. We do not forget that the Warrior and others of our own iron-clad fleet did not on trial turn out all that was expected; but they comported themselves with far more dignity and self-possession than the Frenchmen, for all that. The behaviour of the two fleets respectively amid the dangers of the deep was almost as different as that between a clown and a courtier would be at an assembly of 'rank and fashion.' Although accomplished enough in other respects, the French have not yet fully learned to 'make their manners' in Neptune's court.

Do any of our readers recollect the time, a year or two ago, when the English Channel fleet rode out triumphantly a tremendous gale, without, as we were informed, 'the loss of a spar,' while the French fleet was on the same occasion compelled ignominiously to seek refuge in harbour? The difference in the two cases just mentioned may have been to some extent in the ships, but we may safely assume that it was still more in the men. And this last is a sort of difference more likely to continue, nay, to intensify even, than to be diminished or done away with.

Let us, however, give credit where credit is due, to our 'brave allies,' as we are sincerely happy in being able to call them; in most affairs perhaps, but the Mexican business, in which our Government very properly refused to follow the lead of Louis Napoleon. It is undeniable that in what we sometimes looked upon as minor military matters, matters which have nevertheless, an immense deal to do with the fate and fortunes of an army, we have much to learn from the French. This fact, as we find it, seems

to be in great part the result of certain peculiarities in our national and social characteristics, not at all likely to be speedily effaced, but which have meanwhile some powerful compensating adjuncts with them, in even a purely military point of view. But if the French claim, as they are certainly not without some very strong reasons for doing, that they are the "first military nation on the globe," we may claim for our own country that it is still supreme on the ocean. No matter who has the ships, it is we who have the sailors. It will do us no harm to recollect, meanwhile, that we have a very strong and likely rival, the one most worthy of our attention in this respect, in our own kindred nation, the United States of North America. Even of the Americans it is safe to say, however, that appearances indicate very much the prevalence among them of the military spirit and of military aptitudes, far more than of naval. It is almost certain that they will never, as a nation, show such a decided speciality for the sea and for seamanship, as will put them along-side of England in this respect. Not but that there are good sailors among the Yankees, as good as stand anywhere, either on quarter-deck or in the fore-castle, but then, the nation as such, has too much of the inland and westward-going disposition in it, as a part of its character, to be so pronounced, so strong in its sea ward tendencies, as England is and has for long time been. It is conceded by Americans of wise observation and philosophic insight, that their people have not the real English taste for the salt water; which goes so far to account for the ocean supremacy of Britain. Except along a narrow strip of the coast of New England, the American people are all for the land and not for the sea. They had great captains and naval heroes fifty and sixty years ago; but like Washington himself, they were in reality more Englishmen than Americans. The whole American nation has very much changed since those days; whether for the better or for the worse is not our present business to enquire. But it is as certain as anything of the kind can be, that naval superiority is not nearly so distinguishing an American characteristic as it is an English one. The fate of American ocean steamers, the frequently damaged cargoes of their ocean clipper, (built as these latter have too often been; that speed was only obtained at the sacrifice of strength and seaworthiness) and the naval experiences of the war, all testify that young America does not quite come up to old England in the great business of seamanship in all its branches. Still, let us remember that our cousins are a pushing, go-ahead people, and that we cannot by any means afford to sleep and drowse over the matter, as Secretary Welles is, perhaps unjustly, represented to be in the habit of doing. England is ahead now, to be sure; but she must continue to keep working ahead all the time, if she is to maintain the relative position which she now enjoys.

## RECENT MILITIA ORDERS.

We give on another page, (341.) copies of Militia Circular and Orders recently issued from head quarters. We hope it will be promptly admitted by men of all parties, not only that the defence of the country and the military training of our people are things that *must* be attended to, but that as a matter of fact they actually *are so*. It is plain that the work has to be done under the auspices of some Government, either Reform, Conservative, or Coalition; and if it were to be put off till we should have a Government that would suit all parties, it would never be done at all. Both Ministerialists and Oppositionists are in a manner under bonds to assist the Government in all that it does to develop and to educate the military strength of the Province; the former, because it is their leaders who have at present the power and the responsibilities of office; and the latter, because a patriotic zeal for British connection and the defence of the country is claimed by them as a special merit. Of the justice or injustice of that claim we say nothing, for we are doing our best to maintain between the two parties a course as nearly neutral as can be both assigned on paper and carried out in practice. Meanwhile a sort of national feeling, a desire for the credit of our Province, makes us wish to see a loyal and patriotic spirit predominant amongst us all generally, how much soever opposing parties may differ as to who has the greater share of it. And when we say that by the circumstances of the time, both our two great political parties are strongly impelled, even on party considerations, to forward the work

referred to; we are gratified in being able to add, that whether from good will or impulsion, or whatever you may choose to call it, the work itself goes bravely on. So that we may hope ere long to be fully prepared and able to do our duty; should we be called upon to do it, as brave and competent soldiers and freemen. We say soldiers and free men; for, however desirous we may be live to at peace with all men, the world is so far yet from being converted to the principles and practice which the millenium is some day destined to exhibit, that the nation and the people who are none of the former, are not likely long to maintain the privileges and the status of the latter.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

VOICES FROM THE HEARTH. A COLLECTION OF VERSES, BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL: JOHN LOVELL. NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.

With unmingled pleasure we welcome Mr. Ascher's appearance among the honored few, who are planting the seeds of a poetical literature for Canada. The laborers in this field are but few, and these few, we fear, but inadequately appreciated. The names of Heavysedge, McLaughlin, Sangster, and Miss Vining, deserve to be far more widely known than they are at present. Carried off by the wild frenzy of an endless hunt after dollars, we have little time to admire the beauties of poetry; and but little to spare for the encouragement of our poets. Poetry nevertheless is as much an element of healthy national life as commerce or manufactures. The ideal in our nature craves for nutriment as well as the real, not so clamorously perhaps, yet with a force which cannot be safely disregarded.

The volume before us is the production not only of a highly poetical, but of a highly cultured mind. One that has read extensively and thought deeply. The poems are for the most part of the contemplative kind, with no prominent excellencies rising high above the surrounding level, and with no serious defects to mar their simple beauty. They are the quiet landscape with rounded hill tops, clothed with the richness of summer foliage, fringing the margin of unruffled lakelets. Not the huge mountain, with frowning cliffs, yawning chasms, and rushing cataracts.

But while contemplative, they are neither dreamy in philosophy nor maudlin in sentiment: their tone on the contrary is vigorous and notably healthy.

To the assistance of his genius, Mr. Ascher has brought the most praise-worthy painstaking and care, and as a consequence an almost faultless taste pervades his little volume. There are indeed a few lines—and they are but few—which are somewhat faulty in measure; but their faultiness is so obvious that we prefer believing that they have escaped the poet's attention, rather than that they have received his deliberate approval.

In order to establish a reputation it seems necessary, in those days, that a poet should produce at least one long poem, somewhat in the form of a novel. We do not regret, notwithstanding, that Mr. Ascher has not attempted anything of this kind. Nor do we believe that anything he may yet accomplish, in this department of his art, will give more genuine pleasure to his readers than do those little gems which chiefly compose his present volume:

We do not speak thus from a belief that his genius is incapable of these more pretentious efforts. There is indeed most gratifying evidence to the contrary, as the following extract will show. It is from his "Pygmalion." Let the reader say whether it has not the ring of a genuine epic.

"The golden sunbeams warmed with heavens glow,  
Can never give what God can only give;  
No passionate look can make the marble breathe;  
No human ardor kindles stone to life;  
The summer rains and fervid heats, in rain  
On a desert, sterile waste of sand,  
Which cannot yield a blade of living green—  
Man fashions stone.—but God bestows the soul.  
Art coldly smiles, the spirit warmly speaks,  
And imperfections taint—which clings to man,  
The mildew on his narrow heart and mind.  
Mingles with all his deeds and mars their worth  
The soul alone imparts their loveliness."

Among the best of Mr. Ascher's productions to our taste are 'Weaving,' 'False' 'The Fisherman's Watch,' 'Drink,' 'Pygmalion' and 'Short Days.' The last named first made its appearance in this journal. We shall not mar the finished beauty of these pieces by making extracts. We hope indeed that all our readers will make their acquaintance from the work itself, not alone because it is a Canadian production, but because the 'Voices from the Hearth' are voices of genuine poetry, and deserve to be read for their own intrinsic excellence.

## EDITORIAL NOTES AND ITEMS.

'It never rains but it pours.' The old saying is now being verified in Canada. Since the news of the Chaudiere gold diggings first astonished the natives here, further discoveries of metalliferous treasures have been announced in rapid succession. According to what we hear, a considerable part of Canada is underlaid with such treasures of iron, copper, lead, antimony, &c., as will suffice to make the country rich shortly. Let us hear no more lamentations about 'the alarming state of our financial affairs,' or disputes whether the Provincial debt amounts to eighty millions of dollars, as some say, or to only fifty, as others maintain. For in all probability we have in the country enough of a 'metallic base' of some sort or other, to square it all up very easily. The chances are that the holders of Canada bonds will dread chiefly the contingency of our insisting upon paying them off summarily, both principal and interest. We will have them bothering us most determinedly, like too assiduous shopmen, wanting very much to know if 'there is anything else they can do for us?'

We have strongly-stated predictions of an uncommonly severe winter from the weather-prophets of the North-western States, based chiefly on the indications given by squirrels, musk-rats, birds, fishes, &c. No doubt there is much truth, after all, in the popular idea of the instinct of what the coming season is to be, which many animals seem to act upon. It is beyond doubt that from Canada to the Rocky Mountains, bears have lately shewn themselves in unusual numbers, near to the homes and haunts of men.—Whether the presence of their Mongolian-Tartar cousins in New York at this time has anything to do with the circumstance, we shall not attempt to say. We hope the pro-Russian sympathies of our neighbors over the border will not be hurt, because we are compelled, in defence of our live chattel property, to take vengeance on Bruin when detected in the act of carrying off our fat pigs.

At a recent match at draughts, between the Toronto and Scarborough clubs, of 36 games, no less than 28 were drawn. Of the eight finished games, Scarborough won six and Toronto two. The Scarborough players were Messrs. Muir, Jacques, and Fleming; and those for Toronto Messrs. Rooney, Jeffreys, and Gordon. The 'Herd Laddie' is 'around,' without doubt.

LATELY a man named Joseph Moore was brought before the Mayor of St. Catharines, charged with obtaining goods on false pretences from a Montreal firm. But it having appeared that Moore had been forcibly kidnapped on the other side, in Rochester, whither he had fled to escape consequences, his immediate discharge was insisted upon and obtained according to law. It should be recollected that it is only for a few very serious crimes that an escaped criminal or defaulter can be followed and legally captured and transferred, either from the States to Canada, or vice versa.

THE *Globe* had recently an article, by no means uncalled for either, on the duties of magistrates. Commenting upon it, the *Kingston Whig* says:—

'We refer our readers to an article from the *Globe* in today's issue. Magistrates are very much in the habit of committing two serious errors, if one of them can be called an error, not a crime. They omit to return their convictions in time to the Clerk of the Peace, (sometimes altogether,) and they occasionally charge more fees than they are entitled to. For each of these offences, they are subject to a penalty of \$80 and costs of suit. Let our subscribers cut out this article from the *Globe* and lay it by, and when they have reason to suspect any impropriety on the part of a greedy or neglectful magistrate, let them refer to it.'

## EMIGRATION—LECTURES BY A CANADIAN ON THE SUBJECT "AT HOME."

We beg to draw the attention of our readers on both sides of the Atlantic, (for we believe we have quite a few on the other side as well as on this,) to the following, which we find in the *Quebec Mercury* of the 3rd inst. :—

'The poet-artist, Dr. J. Haynes, of this city, intends to leave for Europe in a few days, for the purpose of lecturing in the large cities of Great Britain and Ireland on the above subject. Dr. Haynes bears with him flattering credentials from the Governor General and the Administration, endorsing his efforts to induce emigrants to locate in this country, which, we doubt not, will meet with the success they merit. His movements will be chronicled by the press of this city in the shape of correspondence from the gentleman himself.'

A LAWYER driving through a town, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep straight on for some time, then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few moments, she would show him the way. 'Well,' he said, 'bad company is better than none. Make haste.' After jogging on five or six miles, the gentleman asked if he had not come to the road he must take. 'Oh, yes!' said she, 'we have passed it two or three miles back; but I thought that bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me.'

## HALLOWEEN IN CANADA, 1863.

Composed and spoken by the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee at the Halloween Festival, in the Crystal Palace, Montreal, on the evening of Friday, October 30th, 1863.

I.  
The Bard who sleeps in Dumfries clay,  
Were he but to the fore to-day,  
What think you would he sing or say  
Of our now-found Canadian way  
Of keeping Halloween?

II.  
Ah! did we hear upon the stair  
The ploughman tread that shook Lord Daer,  
The President would yield his chair,  
And honour (over Member, Mayor.)  
The Bard of Hallowe'en.

III.  
Mothinks I catch them, ringing clear  
The accents that knew never fear,  
Saying "I joy to see you here,—  
"And still to Scottish hearts be dear,  
"The rites of Hallowe'en.

IV.  
"Whene'er they meet on any shore,  
"Whatever sky may arch them o'er,  
"Still may they honour more and more  
"The names their fearless fathers bore,  
"And like them, Hallowe'en.

V.  
"I care not for the outward form,  
"Tis the heart's core that's true and warm,  
"Abides the glow that makes the storm,  
"And so—God guard you all from harm  
"Till next year's Hallowe'en."

Halloween was celebrated with great eclat in the Crystal Palace, Montreal, on the night of Friday, the 30th October, twenty-four hours in advance, in order to give good scope of time for the affair, without trenching on the Sabbath day. The celebration was under the auspices of the Caledonian Society. The speaking was principally by the Hon. Mr. Ferrier and Mr. McGee; the latter of whom was, as we may suppose, the "great gun" of the evening. He recited a few verses of his own, composed for the occasion, those, namely, which we have given above. The entertainment was for the benefit of the St. Andrew's Home and Ladies' Benevolent Society, and over 2,000 people were present.

The *Globe's* Montreal correspondent says:—

"The night of roving sports in "Auld Scotia" is yearly observed by the Scotch in this city with some public entertainment. The Caledonian Society has special charge of this night, and the St. Andrew's Society of that of the Patron Saint. This Hallowe'en the former Society got up a concert in the "Crystal Palace," bringing two singers from New York, besides organizing local talent, such as a military band, pipers and Glee Club of the Scots Fusiliers. But the great attraction was the sports, "doukin apples," snapping at the apples, &c. A platform was erected in the centre of the hall, on which were half-a-dozen of tubs full of water. The "Dongall brigade" (the *Witless*-selling boys) was there in strong force, and went at the sport with great glee. The audience roared when, in snapping at the apples, an unlucky boy caught the candle in his mouth instead. This sport was followed by walking on a pole from one end to the other, and there blowing out a candle lying on the ground. The difficulty was to keep on the pole and bend down to do this. Numerous were the efforts made, and only two were successful. The speakers were to have been the Honorable George Brown, J. A. Macdonald, and D'Arcy McGee; but the two former were unavoidably absent."

## IMPRESSIONS ON THE RETINA AFTER DEATH.

A GREAT deal of unprofitable discussion has been spent on this subject, and we think the fallacy of it well set forth in the following paragraph cut from the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*. If the story of the ox is 'true,' then we may look at a fish's eye and see a hook therein, or at a chicken's, and discover the fatal axe that chopped off its head, and so on through an unending list of absurdities:—

'An English photographer, Mr. Warner, lately took a photograph of the eyes of an ox a few hours after death, and on examining the impression through the microscope, distinctly perceived on the retina the exact delineation of the stone with which the slaughter house was paved, being the last object which affected the vision of the animal on bending down its head to receive the fatal blow. The consequence deduced from this very apocryphal story is, that if the eyes of a murdered man be photographed a few hours after death, the likeness of the murderer will be found on the retina, that being the last object he could have seen during the death struggle. Without entering upon the judicial value of evidence thus obtained, we will simply state the reasons which we consider sufficient to cast a doubt upon the whole thing. If, a few hours after death, the retina retain the picture of the object from which it receives its last impression, we must suppose the retina to possess the property, not only of receiving photographs like sensitized collodion, but also of fixing them, which in photography requires a liquid different from that which renders the surface sensitive. Now, hitherto, the retina has not been found to possess any such properties, one of which, it must be kept in mind, is the direct contrary of the other. If in the living subject the retina only receives a momentary impression, how can by what physiological process can it, in the dead subject, retain an impression for several hours after death? In the present state of our knowledge there is nothing to warrant such a supposition.'

## A LIEUT. GOVERNOR ON THE TRAMP.

From the St. John, N. B. Freeman

A few evenings since, three men on foot, roughly clad and carrying knapsacks on their backs, arrived at the door of a small country inn in King's county, just as darkness was closing in. They requested that some food might be prepared for them, as they had travelled far and eaten nothing since starting, but were told by the mistress that she was not

going to cook 'for the likes of them' at that hour of the evening.—The strangers offered to cook their own supper if admitted to the kitchen, but this also was refused them. At length, however, perceiving the men to be sober and civil, the good lady somewhat relented, allowed the wayfarers some tea and 'fixings,' and provided them with sleeping accommodation.

The next morning an agricultural show was held in the vicinity. The three pedestrians attended the show, and it then transpired that one of them was the Lieut. Governor, a second the Adjutant General, and a third a young gentleman from Fredericton—a son, we believe, of Chief Justice Carter. The party were 'en route' from Albert county to St. John on foot, His Excellency having taken this mode of coming into closer communication with the people of the districts through which he passed. His Excellency made a short speech to the assembled agriculturists, and then left them not quite certain whether they had received a visit from the Governor, or were victims of a hoax. The apologies of the inn-keeper may readily be imagined. We understand His Excellency has occupied about ten days in this tour, and traversed a distance of about 150 miles, lodging at country inns and farm houses, and carrying a pack, as did his companions.

## FRENCH CRITICISM ON THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

The Paris *Moniteur*, after giving a four column history of the battle of Chickamauga, which is somewhat colored in favour of the Confederates, closes with the following criticism:

'Why was General Bragg incapable of following up his advantages? Why did he remain on the ground on which he had gained the battle, and allow General Rosecrans to reorganize his army? The results of this battle prove once more the inferiority of American Generals as tacticians. We see during the battle, that there was too much heaviness in getting into position, too little use made of cavalry, and too great recklessness in attempting to execute movements while men were under fire. There was, also, too much hesitation. Aside from these faults, which proceed from defects of instruction in the Generals, the Americans have once more given proof of the most brilliant valor, and of real progress in other particulars. But of the sure and rapid movements of *la grande guerre* they are still ignorant, and that is the reason why American victories remain so sterile of results.'

## THE ORIGINAL EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

In response to a personal application, on behalf of the ladies, made by Hon. I. N. Arnold, during a recent visit to Washington, President Lincoln has sent to the ladies of the Sanitary Fair, now in progress in Chicago, the original manuscript draft of the Emancipation proclamation. It was received this morning, and is accompanied by the following letter:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, )  
Washington, Oct. 26, 1863. }

To the Ladies having in charge the North-western Fair for the Sanitary Commission, Chicago, Illinois:—

According to the request made in your behalf, the original draft of the Emancipation proclamation is herewith inclosed. The formal words at the top, and the conclusion, except the signature, you perceive, are not in my handwriting. They were written at the State Department, by whom I know not. The printed part was cut from a copy of the preliminary proclamation, and pasted on, merely to save writing.

I had some desire to retain the paper, but if it shall contribute to the relief or comfort of the soldiers, that will be better.

Your obedient servant,  
A. LINCOLN.

The proclamation will be on exhibition during the Fair, and sold for the benefit of the soldiers. We learn that the Chicago Historical Society is now making up a large fund, with the design of purchasing it for the archives of that institution.

EARTHQUAKE SCENES.—'When I reached the ruins of the Cathedral, men and women were already working at those parts where appearances indicated the possibility of most speedily reaching bodies. The largest group was collected round a chapel, a small portion of which was upheld by the peculiar way in which a beam had fallen. Women were sobbing, and men were listening anxiously at a small opening where a window had formerly been. Faint groans issued from it, and I could hear a voice—that of a girl, I thought, but it turned out to be one of the choristers—asking piteously for help and deliverance. Then a low but deep bass voice, doubtless that of the priest who was officiating at the time of the calamity, uttered the well known words, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit for they rest from their labors.' As these words came forth, those outside burst into a passion of tears, which was soon choked, in order that they might hear if the voice spoke. There were some deep groans, apparently wrung from the speaker by intense pain, and then the same voice spoke in a calm and even tone, as though addressing a congregation, 'For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God.' Silence followed for some minutes, and then a deep voice came forth which was so low that only I and a few others near the hole could hear it. 'Father into Thy hands I commit my spirit,' and with the utterance of those words of faith and prayer the spirit must have left the tortured body, for not a sound was heard after this, except the piteous prayer of a child.—*All the Year Round*.

**DEATH OF A MISER.**—An old gentleman named Blamire was found dead in his room in Adam Street, London, lately. His history is an extraordinary one. He was a barrister by profession, and possessed of considerable property. For the last twenty years, however, he has occupied three rooms in Adam Street, and never allowed any one but himself to enter them. For the last twelve months he has never been out of the house. His housekeeper took his meals to the door of his room on a tray, and left them there. Last Wednesday he did not take them in; and, not hearing anything of him for the next two days the housekeeper called in the police, who broke open the door. Mr. Blamire was then discovered in an arm-chair dead, and his body fast decomposing. There was no bed or bedding in the rooms; but a great quantity of newspapers, books, paintings, and valuables of different kinds were strewed about. Death, the medical man said, had been caused by low fever, accelerated by neglect, and the jury at the inquest on the body returned a verdict accordingly.

When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon a rich grocer. The great man addressing him said, 'I suppose, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?' 'No, I don't,' said Abernethy, 'I want a pennyworth of figs; come, look sharp and wrap them up. I want to be off.'

#### JOHN G. WITTE, ESQ.

The above named gentleman, to whom reference is made in another column, in connection with his extensive business as an importer of Hardware and Fancy goods, is a native of Lubbeck in Germany. He is now about thirty-three years of age, and emigrated to New York, his present place of residence, and the headquarters of his extensive business about thirteen years ago. About a year after his arrival in America Mr. Witte went into business on his own account, and it says much for his skill, energy, and tact, that his connections already extend from Cuba to the Hudson Bay Company's territory.

Mr. Witte is well known and highly respected by the mercantile community, both of Canada and the United States, and he cannot but be proud of the name he has earned amongst our merchants as one of the most honorable business men that visits them.

HABITS influence the character pretty much as under-currents influence a vessel: and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes, or retard our progress, their effect is not the less important because imperceptible.

POETRY and consumption are the most flattering of diseases.

It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant of greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—Addison.

**A PRETTY FANCY.**—When day begins to go up to heaven at night, it does not spread a pair of wings and fly aloft like a bird, but it just climbs softly up on a ladder. It sets its red sandal on the shrub you have watered these three days, lest it should perish with thirst: then it steps to the tree it sat under, and thence to the ridge of the roof. From the ridge to the chimney; and from the chimney to the tall elm and from the elm to the tall church spire, and then to the threshold of heaven, and thus you can see it go as though it walked upon red roses.—Taylor.

In the cars from St. Louis to Chicago the other day the conductor shook a passenger to awake him into a sense of delivering his ticket. The man was dead, and cold—Disease of the heart.

**About Doctors.**—Dr. Fordyce sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient, when he was more than 'half seas over,' and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered: 'Drunk, by Jove!' Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed; and just as he was thinking what explanation he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand. 'She too well knew,' said the letter, 'that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter secret, in consideration of the enclosed'—a hundred pound bank-note.

**KING CHARLES THE SIMPLE AND HIS FOOL.**—This good fellow's influence was so great that Charles, King of France, once remarked to him he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased with the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a king. 'Oh, content enough,' was the reply, 'but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool.' It was this fool who once tried his master's nerve by rushing into the room, one morning, with the exclamation, 'Oh, sire, such news! four thousand men have arisen in the city!' 'What!' cried the startled king: 'with what intention have they risen?' 'Well,' said Jean, placing his finger upon his nose, 'probably with the intention of lying down at bed time.'



PORTRAIT OF MR. JOHN G. WITTE—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 336.

**HEALTH IN A BALLOON-CAR.**—A correspondent who sends from London an interesting account of a recent private balloon ascent says:—Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell both say that in the highest altitudes the lungs get a far wider inflation, and Mr. Glaisher says he feels on these occasions, and for a long time afterwards, a healthy expansion of the lungs, and a throwing back of the shoulder blades, a vast number of the air cells in the exterior portion of the lungs being inflated that ordinary respiration in the lower and denser atmosphere here rarely calls into activity. Some eminent physiologists have expressed a decided opinion of the healthful influence of balloon ascensions to a rare atmosphere, particularly in its direct effect on the lungs. Professor Arey says he believes most people would lengthen their lives by an occasional balloon ascension to an altitude of three or four miles. Perhaps ere long we shall have aerostatic doctors for persons threatened with consumption or chest complaints. In this connection it is an interesting fact that in a place like New Orleans, during the prevalence of yellow fever, every person escapes the epidemic who lives only fifty feet above the surface of the ground. Perhaps some great pneumatic breathing ma-

**A DUEL.**—Two Parisian actresses had a quarrel the other day. They fought and one was wounded. The guardians of the Bois de Vincennes found these dames satisfying their honor in the approved style with cold steel, and did not secure the weapons before blood was actually drawn. The surprising part of the affair is that the quarrel did not arise from love, jealousy, or even professional etiquette; the two 'princesses of the foot-lights' had got to words, and from words to sharper weapons even, on the subject of Russia and Poland. The only harm that came of this sanguinary affair, was that M<sup>lle</sup> H— had to play the same evening at the theatre with a bit of black sticking-plaster, too large for a patch, on her pretty right cheek.

The effects of narcotic poisons seem to be destroyed by pouring cold water on the face and head. A girl, accidentally poisoned in England with laudanum, had had all the usual remedies administered without effect; when cold water was applied, however, she breathed more easily and bled from the nose. The treatment with water being suspended, she relapsed into coma; being resumed she again rallied and in 60 hours was completely recovered.

In pursuance of a recent order of the Secretary of War, all the female copyists employed in that department have been discharged. Regular male clerks will be employed in their places.

**FAILURE OF FRENCH IRON CLADS.**—It now appears that England has nothing to fear from the iron-clad squadron of France, which recently sailed from Cherbourg with a view to test the sea-going qualities of the ships. They have experienced some very rough weather, and it has been ascertained that, however useful they may prove as a 'home squadron,' they are utterly unfit for service in a heavy sea. Even in a fresh breeze the vessels are reported as rolling most terrifically, so that the sailors could not keep their feet, and it was found impossible to open the port-holes for action.—The commission of inquiry have come to an unfavorable conclusion respecting them, but before publishing their final report another trial is to be granted the vessels in the Bay of Biscay.

**CONVERSATION.**—Surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there well be anything more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

**WOMEN AND PLEASURE.** Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to flowers; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, it deteriorates, and destroys.

Some steam elephant with a long proboscis, will be invented, that will elevate its huge trunk two hundred or four hundred feet in the air, suck down the pure atmosphere, and by means of the same mechanical force ventilate and vivify hospitals, sanitariums, institutions of learning, hotels, and even whole blocks of houses or entire cities, thus driving the 'fiend of fever' or mephitic exhalations far away from the abodes of men. I positively believe this will be done at no distant day, and before long I will give you some devious and practical ideas on the subject.

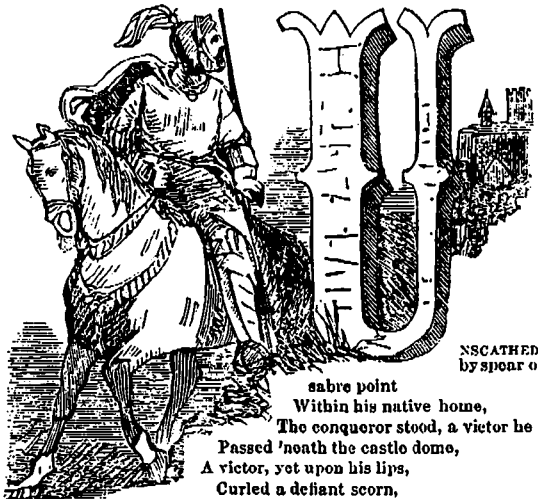
**LIFE AND EXISTENCE.**—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and to drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all these, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be.—Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

The sugar and corn crops of Cuba promise to yield but little this year. Cause—want of rain.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## LORD HAROLD'S FAREWELL.

A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.



sabre point  
Within his native home,  
The conqueror stood, a victor he  
Passed 'neath the castle dome,  
A victor, yet upon his lips,  
Curled a defiant scorn,  
A glance of pride flashed round the halls  
Where their young lord was born.

He loosed the helmet from his brow,  
The vizor from his face,  
Unclassed the sword that oftentimes  
Gave the vain Moslem chase.  
A moment and a deep drawn sigh,  
Heaved the undaunted breast.  
A moment, and a mournful tone  
Broke the unscenly rest.

This is my welcome home, I've fought where many brave hearts  
quailed;

I've followed in the fierce crusade, when gallant leaders failed,  
I've bound the red cross on my breast and the sword upon my side;  
And a maiden's name my guerdon was in the ghastly conflict's tide;  
I followed where the glancing spears led toward the rising sun,  
I planted England's colours thrice on the fields of Ascalon,  
With the honours of a Christian Knight, with the palm-branch in  
my hand,

I left the camp, the field, the war, to seek to my native land.

I saw my serfs return to-day, to their cottage homes with gloe,  
And in my inmost heart I dreamt such joy awaited me;  
A hundred voices cheered me on as I bade them all good bye,  
And they blessed me as I rode away to seek my native sky,  
I saw fond arms and rosy lips, wait father, lover, son;  
I saw the joyous feast out-spread for the victory was won;  
They brought home trophies from the field where each did well his  
part,  
And Lord Harold brings home but his sword, false hopes, a broken  
heart.

Mother, farewell, where'er I go on sea or mountain wild  
I never can forget that once I was your dearest child,  
But with the pleasant men's now must steal the pang of shame,  
For treachery and deceit must weave with a mother's honored name,  
I know the game of snaring hearts is a favorite one to play,  
That courtly dames and maidens fair, are on the watch for prey,  
Ah yes I've been on guard myself in court and camp and plain,  
Little dreaming of the poisoned hook baited in Castlemaine.

Father, my father, look on me, nay do not touch my hand,  
Take back my share of shining gold, take back my flowery land,  
Yes gaze once more, upon my face remember Harry's brow,  
You have gazed as 'neath my coffin lid, you have but one child now,  
Of that son you should be proud my sire, for he hath fairly gained  
The prizes at the Tournament when a hundred steeds were roined;  
Nor is this all that he has won, he wears a rose wit' pride,  
And who will dare arraign the Earl, if he stole his brother's bride.

Bride of the Earl of Castlemaine, ah raise that sweet fair face,  
Thou hast looked on me in other hours nor shrunk from my embrace.  
Those long fair curls are braided down as if in classic rest,  
Are they mourning for the one that sleeps on my unperjured breast.  
Thou wert wont to haste with deer-like feet, bright eyes and joyous  
brow,

If thou gavest me then a sister's love, come meet thy brother now:  
The fairest flower of this fair isle blooms in this old domain,  
And the truest heart beats in the breast of the Countess Castlemaine.

Out from the lofty, castle gates,  
A prancing war-horse strode,  
On toward the bright stars in the east,  
A knight in armor rode,  
But long the reaper passed him by.—  
Ah, it is often so,  
That they who ask to be removed,  
Will be the last to go,  
There stands a green knoll by the sea,  
And tradition tells of one,  
Whose memory charged with deeds of love,  
Sloeps 'neath its cross of stone,  
For stalwart arms the symbol placed  
Over their leader brave,  
And children's hands wreathed early flowers  
Over Lord Harold's grave.

HARRIETT ANNIE.

HAMILTON, Nov. 4th, 1863.

PREDICTIONS OF A SEVERE WINTER.—The *La Crosse Democrat* observes:—People in Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, may look out for the hardest winter seen for many years. There will be more cold days—the mercury will run lower, and the snow will be deeper than before since '57. This is the first fall since the winter of '57 that the brook trout have commenced leaving the small creeks for deep holes as early as September, and the first season since then that the muskrats have double-walled their little hillock homes. These and certain other infallible signs known to the sportsman and hunter indicate a winter of unusual severity.

## CIRCULAR TO BRIGADE MAJORS.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Quebec, 2nd November, 1863.

Sir,—I am desired by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief to acquaint you that, so soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed, the School of Instruction for candidates for commissions in the 'service' battalions of militia authorized by section 52 of the Militia Act of last session, will be opened for the reception of such candidates under the following regulations:—

1. All officers under the age 45 years, at present holding commissions in the 'non-service' (Sedentary,) Militia, are eligible as candidates for commissions in the 'service' militia; but candidates are not confined to persons now holding such commissions.

2. All candidates for commissions in the 'service' militia, will be required before appointment, to obtain a certificate, as hereinafter mentioned, from one of the commandants of the school of instruction; and no person shall be appointed or promoted to the rank of field officer in the 'service' militia who shall not have obtained a 'first class' certificate.

3. A 'first class' certificate shall be given to those candidates who shall have proved themselves, to the satisfaction of the commandant of the school of instruction, able to drill and handle a battalion in the field, and who shall have acquired a competent acquaintance with the internal economy of a battalion.

4. A 'second class' certificate shall be given to those candidates who shall have proved themselves able to command a company at battalion drill, and to drill a company at 'company's drill.'

5. No certificate of either class shall be given to any candidate who is not himself perfectly drilled as a private soldier.

9. No candidate shall be permitted to remain at the school for a longer period than three calendar months from the date of his entry.

7. The actual travelling expenses of all candidates in coming to, and returning to their homes from, the school, shall be paid.

8. All candidates on obtaining a 'second class' certificate all be paid the sum of fifty dollars, and on obtaining a 'first class' certificate, the further sum of fifty dollars in addition.

9. All candidates for commissions, while attending the school, shall be considered for all purposes of drill and discipline to be attached to the regiment which shall constitute the school of instruction; and it shall be competent to the Commander-in-Chief, on a representation from the Commandant, to dismiss any candidate from the school for misconduct or other sufficient cause.

10. Candidates for commissions, while attending the school, shall not be members of the mess of the regiment which constitutes the school.

I am desired to request that you will make known these regulations to the officers of the 'non-service' (sedentary,) militia and others within your district, who may be desirous to become candidates for commissions in the 'service' militia, and to return to me a list of such candidates as may offer themselves to you, in order that their names may be submitted to His Excellency for selection; to attend the school of instruction.

You will particularly draw the attention of candidates to the fact that no fixed period of attendance at the school of instruction is required in order to enable candidates to qualify for either class of certificate.

What is insisted upon is knowledge, however acquired, of the drill and economy of a company for a 'second class,'—of that of a battalion for a 'first class,' certificate.

If candidates shall have acquired, before they come to the school of instruction, a knowledge of company's drill, they may be able in a very short time, after their entrance at the school, to entitle themselves to a 'second class' certificate, with the attendant gratuity of \$50, and may then devote the larger portion of their time at the school to the acquisition of the knowledge necessary, in order to obtain a 'first class' certificate, with the further additional gratuity of \$50, and eligibility for the rank of field officer in the 'service' militia.

His Excellency trusts that candidates for commissions will avail themselves, before they shall be summoned to attend the school of instruction, of the opportunities of perfecting themselves in company's drill which are afforded by the drill associations and drill instructors through the Province, and thus enable themselves and the public service to reap the largest possible amount of benefit from the institution of the schools of instruction.

The period of three months is fixed as the limit beyond which no candidate shall be allowed to remain at the school; because that length of time is sufficient, in the opinion of competent authorities, to enable a person of average ability to acquire the amount of knowledge demanded.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,  
W. POWELL, Lieut. Col.,  
Dy. Adj. Gen. Militia.

## VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

HEADQUARTERS, QUEBEC, 6th November, 1863.

## GENERAL ORDERS.

No 1.—In future no person shall be appointed or promoted to the rank of field officer of volunteers until he shall have satisfied the Board of Examiners to be appointed by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, under the provisions of section 37 of the Volunteer Militia act of last ses-

sion of Parliament, of his competence to command a battalion at battalion drill in the field, and shall have obtained from such Board of Examiners a certificate to that effect.

No. 2.—No person shall be appointed or promoted to the rank of captain, lieutenant, or ensign of volunteers, until he shall have satisfied the Board of Examiners that he is able to command a company at battalion drill, and to drill a company at company's drill, and shall have received from the Board of Examiners a certificate to that effect.

By command of His Excellency the Right Honourable the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief.

A. DE SALABERRY, Lt.-Col.,  
Dy. Adj.-Gen. of Militia, L. C.  
WALKER POWELL, Lt.-Col.,  
Dy. Adj.-Gen. of Militia, U. C.

From an article in the *Globe* of Tuesday last we clip the following brief resume of the provisions of the above Circular and Orders:

A general order, for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for the opening of a military school, has just been issued from headquarters at Quebec. From this circular it appears that two classes of certificates have been decided upon. A 'first class' will be given to those candidates for commission, who, after passing an examination before a commandant of the school, shall have proved themselves 'able to drill and handle a battalion in the field, and who shall have acquired a competent acquaintance with the internal economy of a battalion.' A 'second class' will be given to those candidates 'who shall have proved themselves able to command a company at battalion drill, and to drill a company at company drill.' It is not made incumbent upon any man to gain more knowledge than will enable him to handle a company; but unless he can drill a battalion, he will not be competent to obtain a field officer's commission. No candidate will be allowed to remain in the school for more than three months; for it is justly considered that the person who cannot qualify himself in that time to take both degrees is scarcely possessed of the average amount of brains. Neither is it incumbent upon any man to stay the whole of the three months. If his previous acquaintance with military matters will enable him to do so, he may at once prove his competence, and earn his certificates.

The pecuniary assistance offered is upon a most liberal scale. For each certificate a gratuity of \$50 is offered, and the actual travelling expenses to and from the school will be paid. Thus, even though a cadet stay the whole three months, and take a certificate in both degrees, he will be paid at the rate of nearly \$8.50 per week, a sum abundantly sufficient to meet all legitimate expenses. But the offer is even more liberal than appears upon this view. Intending candidates are urged by His Excellency to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the drill instructors now distributed throughout the province, to perfect themselves in company drill before going to the school.—They may do this, obtain the \$50 the first week, it may be the first day they present themselves, and another \$50 a month, or less, afterwards. 'No fixed period of attendance is required.'

A second circular issued requires the Brigade Majors to make it known that for the future no man will be commissioned to the active force, unless, by passing an examination before a Board, he first proves his competency in the same way as the candidates for commissions in the service militia. Of course, such an one will be quite competent to gain the requisite knowledge at the military school.

At an agrarian meeting in New York about twenty years ago, a gentleman of property obtained a hearing and forcibly argued this point. Addressing a sailor near him, who had been prominent in the proceedings, he asked:—

'What would you have me to do with my money?'

'Divide it equally among us all,' replied Jack.

'That would give us about \$10 each, and to-morrow I should have \$9.50 of mine left, while yours would be all gone. What then?'

'Shiver my timbers!' exclaimed the sailor, in perplexity.

'Why—then divide again!'

The Philadelphia Age asks, if seventy five thousand officials were required to produce sixty thousand conscripts from the last draft, how many will it take to get 'three hundred thousand more?'

Advices from the coast of Iceland state that the catch of codfish has been mere abundant this year than has ever been remembered, and the quality of the fish equals the best.

A Polish refugee, uninvited probably to the Astor House banquet, sends to the *New York World* the following:—

Quaff the red wine! Midst raging war,  
We must not from such contact shrink;  
Let courage drive her bloody car,  
And freemen with the Cossack drink!  
Who whispers 'Poland?' Strike him down!  
Her bleeding sons and all such themes,  
Her dying throes, her old renown,  
Are contraband—are madmen's dreams!

Quaff the rich wine on Stetson's board—  
In Warsaw's streets its crimson hue  
Is rivalled by the life-stream poured.  
When Ta tar steel strikes heroes low,  
Thou graudest, o dest and of wrong,  
From Moscow unto China's wall,  
Ap la d the toast, the speech, the song,  
At Op yke's, Gould's, or Wetmore's call!  
Oct, 13, 1863.

A FARMER ploughing in the Southern part of Illinois, was recently attacked by a panther. The ferocious animal sprung first upon his horse, and soon leaving that, leaped upon the man and injured him severely. He was finally driven off to adjacent woods, and was hunted and killed on the following day. This was down near Cairo, not far from a large tract of woodland and swamp, in which carnivorous wild animals and beasts of chase are still found.





**MR. JOHN G. WITTE'S EUROPEAN SAMPLE ROOM**

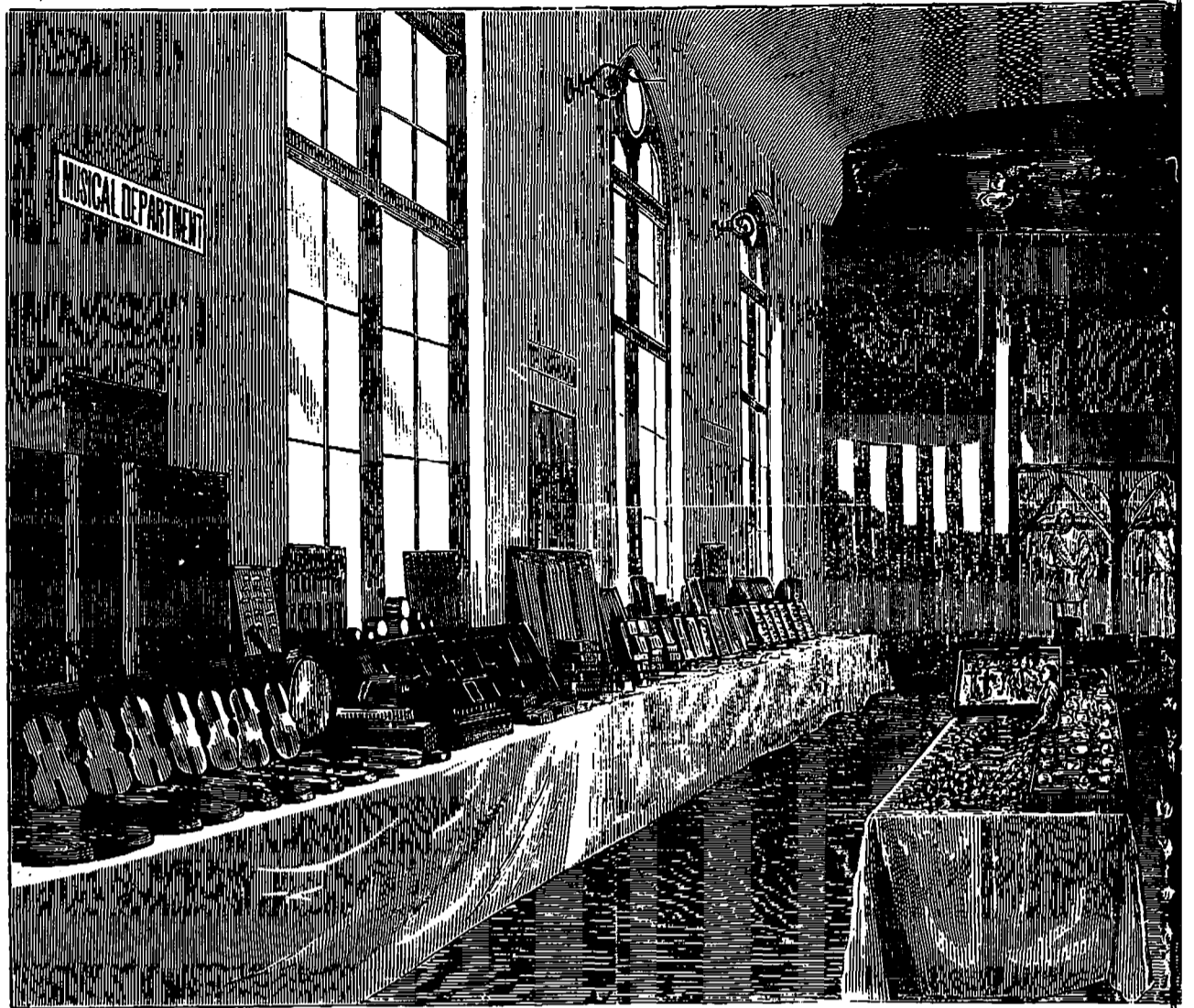
We were invited the other day by one of our city merchants to accompany him to the Royal Hotel for the purpose of being introduced to the above named gentleman, and of inspecting his assortment of French and German hardware and fancy goods. We found the large ladies' parlor of the hotel—minus its usual furniture—converted, for the time being, into a huge 'curiosity shop.' Five long tables ran the whole length of the room, covered with samples of hardware, cutlery, toys, and every conceivable article in the fancy goods line, needed by fancy goods dealers, stationers, druggists, &c., all so tastefully arranged, that dealers in any particular branch of business saw at a glance what he required, and what suited his trade.

We certainly were surprised both at the extent and variety of the patterns before us, numbering, we were informed, upwards of 20,000 different articles. We question if there is such another extensive assortment of samples on the Continent.

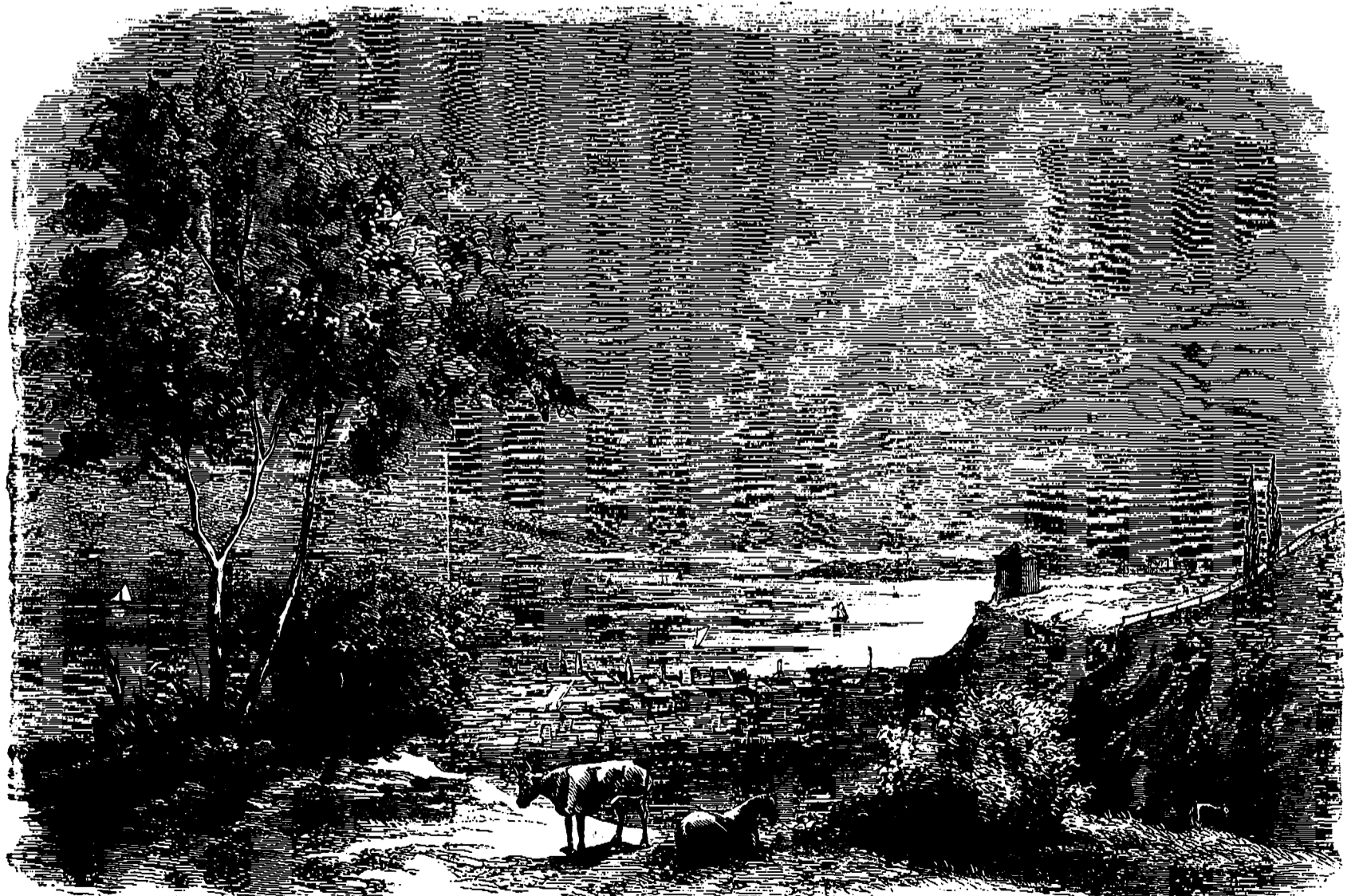
Mr. Witte, we learn, acts as agent for about forty different European manufacturers, and represents, amongst others, the old and well known house of John E. Bleckmann, manufacturer of hardware, cutlery, swords, &c., at Rousdorf, Solingen, and Neukirchen, in Germany.

We were furnished by a friend with a photographic view of Mr. Witte's sample room in Montreal, which we have had engraved, and we think we need not apologise to our readers for occupying a page of our paper to-day with a representation of it. Mr. Witte's many friends amongst our mercantile readers will at least be gratified by a sight of it. On account of the variety and extent of the articles displayed, it is of course difficult to recognise them all, but it will serve to give our readers some idea of this extensive establishment.

Mr. Witte, we may add, introduces every season every novelty produced in the various places of manufacture, so that his patrons here are kept as well posted as if they personally visited Europe. With one article in his present assortment we were particularly pleased, and obtained his permission to take a sketch of it; an engraving of it will be found on another page. It is a Lamp for the Nursery, combining in itself the qualities both of a Lamp and a Cooking Stove, on a small and

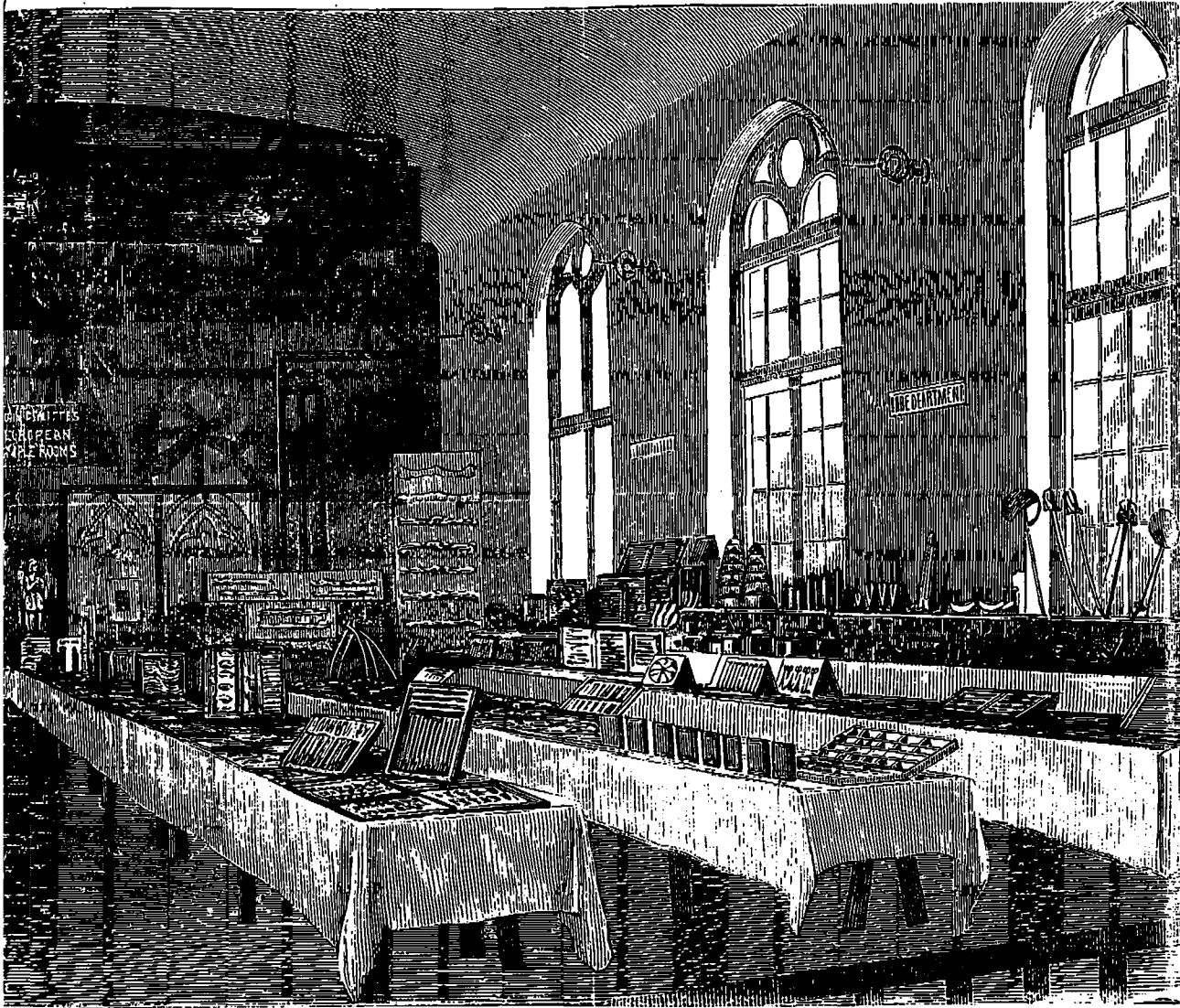


JOHN G. WITTE'S



VIEW FROM THE MONUMENTAL FIELD, QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALEX. DURIE.





OPEN SAMPLE ROOM.

economical scale. Such an article is decidedly a desideratum, and will at once commend itself both for its utility and economy to every *Paterfamilias* in our community.

Mr. Witte, we learn, has arranged with Messrs. Young & Bro., John street, to act as his agents for the sale of this article. They are now prepared to take orders for it.

**TRIBUTE TO ROSECRANS.**—The disgracing of Gen. Rosecrans is likely to prove a terrible blunder. The *Richmond Examiner* of the 27th has a long article on Rosecrans, saying that Lincoln removed him from command because he was the most dangerous man to us in the army, and put two fools in his place. Rosecrans, thus retired, is unquestionably the greatest captain the Yankee nation has yet produced. His performances in the field are too fresh in the memory of every reader to necessitate recapitulation.

For a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered under-sleeves would be considered indelicately dirty; but to drag the pavement with her skirts seems to be very genteel.

Few ladies are so modest as to be unwilling to sit in the lap of ease and luxury.

Why is the sun like a good loaf?—Because its light when it rises.

Why is a blackleg like a young lamb?—Because they both gamble, (or gambol,) on the green.

Good diet makes healthy children; and the South Sea Islanders think healthy children make good diet.

Vice.—Old age has deformities enough of its own; do not add to it the deformity of vice.

OPINIONS founded on prejudice are always sustained with the greatest violence.

DEATH and the sun have this in common—few can gaze at them steadily.

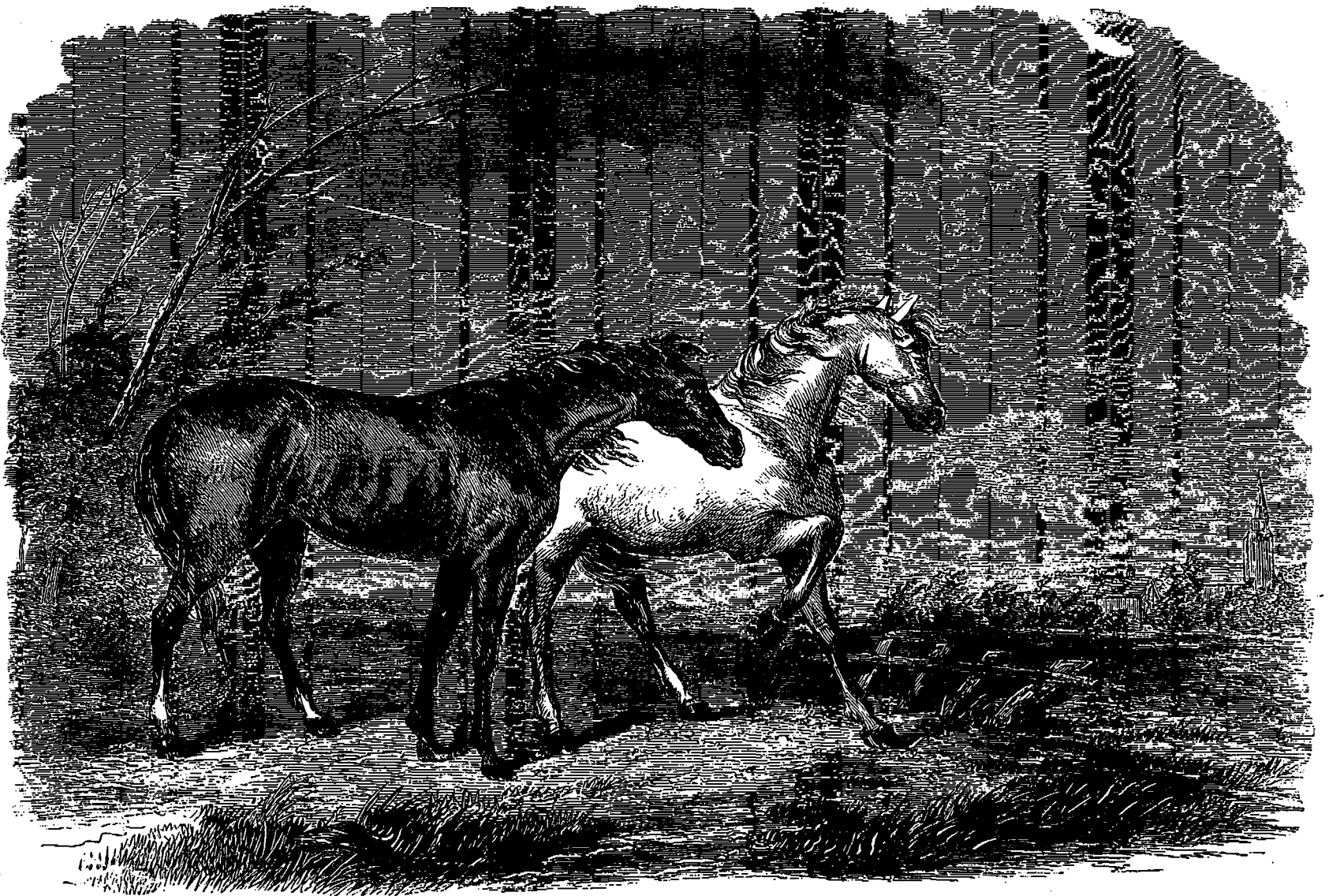
FIRE and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler.

THE Bible is a window in this prison of hope, through which we look into eternity.

EVIL WORKS.—Every base occupation makes one sharp in that one practice, and dull in every other.

THE vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

NEXT to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.



"HORSES IN A STORM."—FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY MR. HARDY GREGORY.

## THE THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. CASTONEL, AND AN ELAUCIRCEMENT, WHICH IS ONLY CLEAR TO THE TWO.

Mr. Castonel sat alone that evening, lost in reflection. His musings were apparently not very pleasant, if the changes that came over his countenance were any indication. At length he rose to go out. As he did so he heard a foot-step in the hall, which he supposed to be that of John.

'Come in,' he said, 'I want you here.'

'And you have me here,' said a voice, sincerely.

The surgeon started in some surprise, for confronting him, just inside the door, stood Mr. Smith, or whatever else he might be named, the stranger who had lodged at the Three Pigeons.

'Oh you are here,' said Mr. Castonel, in a tone of bitterness. 'You have left America, and undertaken to meddle in my affairs. Rather bold, I fancy.'

'I know of no reason why I should not come from America, if I think proper; and as to meddling in affairs of yours, they are likely to be public affairs very shortly. I am only anticipating events a little.'

'You impudent scoundrel!' And the surgeon's face grew livid as he spoke.

'You know of no reason why you should not come from America! I know of a reason why you should take a longer voyage, and at her Majesty's expense.'

'You are mistaken.'

'Am I? I have the check itself. Will your impudence lie down the fixed signature? Bah! Sir Richard! The penniless baronet will be the felon baronet, if I but say the word.'

'You are dreaming, man. I do not understand you. Check! What check? There is no check! That is like your story about those letters of mine, found in Lady Lavinia's possession. You frightened her with that absurd story long enough. There never were any letters.'

'Indeed! Let her or you provoke me too much, and I will produce them to your confusion, and her shame.'

'Not if you can help it. Your allowance from the duke would stop them, eh? But you have no such letters—you never had them.'

'We shall see.'

'No doubt we shall. But you will have to be quick about it. The officer of justice will interfere with your movements otherwise.'

Mr. Castonel laughed.

'Oh, you refer to the gossip of Ebury,' said he. 'The professional jealousy of James Ailsa, and the wounded pride of his wife's family, are at the bottom of the foul and false charge.'

'And the mother of your child.'

'Pooh!'

'I have traced all that out, man. There is not a circumstance which I have not noted. If you have done it, and I believe you have, you cannot well escape.'

'I defy you.'

'So be it; but if that fails, there is the big—'

'Bah!' interrupted the surgeon, 'they are all dead. In short, Sir Richard, your talking is absurd. You are in my power, and so is she.'

'On the contrary you are in mine. I called to give you fair warning. To-morrow will test the truth of my words, and yours.'

The stranger glided out, leaving Mr. Castonel in a rage, almost speechless. At length he said—

'We will see!'

He took a light and went to the laboratory, locked the door after him. An examination of the secretary followed. He drew out the three envelopes. The moment he saw them, he laughed sarcastically.

'So, Sir Richards, he cried, 'you defy me, do you? More shame to you' for she will suffer—her name, her family—you are right. But not about the forgery—not about the forgery.'

He was removing one of the envelopes as he spoke the last words; and then took out what appeared to be a letter. As he opened it, he found it to be a sheet of paper entirely blank; without writing of any kind on it. Astonished beyond words, he hastily opened the others. The enclosures of each were similar.

The surgeon sank into a chair, and engaged in thought. 'She is out of my reach,' he said at length. 'Now, if he has got the check by the same means, he had reason to defy me. But her evidence must be out of the way, somehow.'

He mused again.

'Can I cajole her? If not, then—'

He obtained a packet from one of the drawers, which he thrust in his vest pocket. The enclosures, with their blank contents, were replaced; and then the surgeon pursued his first intention, and left the house.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEREIN THE FOX IS RUN TO EARTH AT LAST.

A small, better class of cottage, built in the form of a lodge and so called stood alone amidst trees which nearly surrounded it, a whole grove off hem, thick, and high, and lofty. Had the trees possessed human ears, they might have detected sounds, late that night, inside the cottage; unusual sounds; of dispute, and the commotion, and then distress; and afterwards the outer door was flung open, and a woman-servant sprang out of it with a smothered shriek, took her way at top speed towards the village and rang a loud peal at the lodgings of Mr. Rice. That gentleman was just on the point of stepping into bed. He turned to the window, opened it, and looked out in his night-shirt.

'It's here, isn't it, that Mr. Castonel's partner lives?' a woman breathlessly uttered.

'That's near enough. Yes. What's wanted?'

'Oh—I did not know you in the hurry, sir. Please to come this instant to Mr. Castonel. There's not a moment to lose.'

'To Mr. Castonel? Where?'

'He is down at Beech Lodge. Make haste, sir or he may be dead before you come.'

'He dead! Mr. Castonel! What in the world is the matter with him?'

'Poison, I believe: please to bring your remedies for it.'

'Here—' for she was striding away—'what description of poison?'

'I can't tell. You had better homo and see, sir, instead of wasting time.'

Full of consternation and alarm, Mr. Rice thrust on a pair of trousers over his night-shirt, and a coat, and came out that way, without a waistcoat or neck-tie. He rang at Mr. Castonel's.

'Law bless us!' cried John in his surprise, as he flung open the door, 'I didn't expect you, sir; I thought it was Mr. Rice sitting up for him.'

Mr. Rice vouchsafed no answer, he was too hurried. He collected what he wanted from the surgery, and turned to the door again.

'Do you know any thing of master, sir, whether he ain't coming home?' demanded the tiger, looking with curiosity at the signs of Mr. Rice's toilet, and his as hasty movements.

'Your master is ill. He has been taken ill at the Beech Lodge. Where's Ralph?'

'He's gone to bed, sir.'

'Call him up to mind the house, and you come after me down there. You may be useful.'

Away sped Mr. Rice again. Just before he turned off to the fields, he met Mr. and Mrs. Ailsa, near to the gate of their own house. They were walking home from the Hall.

'What's the matter?' cried Mr. Ailsa.

'I can't wait to tell you,' was Mr. Rice's hurried answer, without arresting his steps. 'I fear Castonel has destroyed himself. One of those women has been up to me from Beech Lodge. He is there.'

'I will go with you, I may be of service,' eagerly cried Mr. Ailsa. 'How many more tragedies are we to have? Mary, my dear, can you run in alone?'

'Oh yes, yes, James, lose no time.'

The two women—the young and handsome lady, about whom so much mystery had existed and the woman-servant—were standing outside the lodge, looking out for Mr. Rice, when the surgeons approached.

'You are too late.'

'They did not know which spoke, they pressed on, in-doors. Mr. Rice half turned his head at a noise behind him. It was the tiger galloping down. In the small sitting-room, stretched on the floor, between the table and the fire-place, was Mr. Castonel. Dead.'

The servant followed them into the room. Not so her mistress.

'Too true,' uttered Mr. Rice, 'he has committed suicide. What this?'

He was looking on the table. A decanter of wine and two glasses were there. One of the glasses was full, the other had been emptied. The woman was sobbing violently, and seemed to have lost all idea of caution or self-control.

'I can't say I ever liked him,' she said, 'but it's horrible to see a man, well one minute, and the next die before one's eyes.'

'What has led to this?' inquired Mr. Rice.

He came here about eight o'clock and he had a violent quarrel with my mistress. I heard bits of it here and there.'

'Well?'

'It grew very bitter, and my mistress at length flew into a state of frenzy, and came to the door and called me in, that I might be a witness to her words, she said. I had never seen her in such a state before, nor any body else, and she knelt down and swore a solemn oath that things should go on in the way they had been going on no longer, and that she would declare the truth to the world, and force him to acknowledge it, be the consequences what they might.'

'That calmed Mr. Castonel; though for the matter of that he had not been so violent, but I think his cold sneers provoked her. He looked at her with a curious expression, and sat down on the sofa and seemed to be thinking. Then he told me to get the wine and some wine-glasses, and—'

'What are you saying?' interrupted a calm voice, and the mistress of the Lodge appeared. 'Any information necessary for these gentlemen I can give myself.'

The servant shrank from the room, and began talking to John in the kitchen. The lady confronted the surgeons, keeping the table between herself and the body.

'Can you do nothing for me?'

'Nothing, I grieve to say,' replied Mr. Ailsa, speaking with involuntary respect, in spite of his prejudices. 'Whatever may have been that lady's history, she had the bearing and manners of a refined gentleman.'

'He must have been dead a quarter of an hour,' added Mr. Rice. 'Did he wilfully poison himself?'

'No, was the lady's calm answer.'

Mr. Rice paused, probably in surprise. 'Then could it have been taken in mistake?'

'Neither that. I gave it him.'

'They both stood staring at her. Was she to be believed?—so quiet, so collected, so lovely looking! How were they to act? An indistinct idea of having her secured ran through Mr. Rice's mind. But he did not know how to set about it, or whether he would be justified.'

'I will give you an outline of the circumstances,' she proceeded. 'He—'

'Madam,' interrupted James Ailsa, 'it—I beg your pardon—but it may be my duty to caution you not to criminate yourself.'

A proud smile of self-possession, one full of meaning arose to her lips. 'I wish to tell you,' she answered.

'May it not be well to reserve it for the coroner's inquest?'

'No. I should be an ineligible witness for him in any court of law.'

'Why ineligible for him?' involuntarily inquired Mr. Rice.

'Either for or against him. My testimony would not be taken.'

Her words to them were as riddles; and they waited in silence.

'He came down here to-night and we quarrelled. No matter what the quarrel was about: it was such as we had never had before. He calmed down, apparently. I knew that the more smiling he was without, the more tempestuous he was within. I stood here. Here,' she added, a glance to the mantel-piece, but still not looking at what lay beneath her, and placing her elbow on the shelf and her hand before her eyes, 'I stood in this way. He was pouring out some wine he had asked for, and I watched his movements in the glass, through my fingers. I did not intentionally watch him: my thoughts were far away, and I suspected nothing. Suddenly I saw him slip something from a paper

into one of the glasses; I felt sure I saw him; but I had my senses about me, and I took no notice whatever, only drew away and sat down in this chair. He handed me the glass, the glass, mind, saying the wisest plan would be to forget our dispute for to-night, for he must be going, and we could discuss the matter at issue another time. I took the glass from him, raised it to my lips, as if to drink, and then, as though by a sudden impulse, put it on the table without tasting it. 'If I am to drink this wine,' I said, 'I must eat a biscuit first. Reach them.'

The lady paused for a moment and her hearers waited with breathless interest.

He knew where they were kept—in that closet, she added, pointing with her finger to a closet opposite the fireplace, and the two medical men glanced at it. 'He opened the door and stepped inside, it is rather deep and came forth with the biscuits. But in that moment I had changed the glasses. I took a biscuit, began slowly to eat it, and he drank up his wine. In a few minutes he shrieked out convulsively. I sent for aid, ran out, and hid myself amidst the trees, for I was afraid of him. When my servant came back, we went in together, but I think the poison had then done its work. It must have been subtle and deadly.'

Mr. Ailsa took up the empty glass, and, with Mr. Rice examined the few drops left at the bottom. Not at first did they detect the nature of the poison; it was indeed rare and subtle, leaving where it should be imbibed, but little trace after death.

'She says master's dead,' sobbed John, as the gentleman went out. 'It can't be true.'

'Too true, John,' answered Mr. Rice.

'Sir, did he poison himself, as she says? Did he do it on purpose?'

'No. He drank a glass of wine, and there was poison in it. He did not know it.'

'Oh, my poor master!'

Full of excitement as Ebury had been—and had cause to be—on several previous occasions, it was nothing compared with what rose with the following morning. Mr. Castonel dead! Mr. Castonel poisoned! John ostentatiously closed all the windows of the house and sat himself outside on the door-step, forgetting dignity in grief, to answer the mass of inquirers. It was Mr. Ailsa who carried the news to Mr. Chavasse.

'Is not this a confirmation of our fears?' exclaimed the latter.

'I fear it looks very like it.'

'Oh, it is horrible!' groaned Mr. Chavasse. 'Three young and happy girls to have been foully—'

'Nay, nay,' interrupted James Ailsa. 'Nothing is proved.'

'And never will be now,' replied poor Mr. Chavasse. 'It is a mercy for the doctor that he went beforehand.'

Before the day was over fresh news had gone out to Ebury—that Mr. Chavasse meant not to pursue the investigation he had contemplated. Where was the use? he argued, since the guilty man—if he was guilty—was gone. Where, indeed? echoed a few judicious friends. But Ebury in general considered itself very shabbily used, and has hardly got over the disappointment to this day.

An inquest however there was to be, over Mr. Rice if not Mrs. Castonel, and Ebury's curiosity concentrated itself upon that event. Some gossip told by the parish beadle fanned the flame. When he had gone down to serve the two summonses at the Lodge, and required the name of the lady, she had replied 'Castonel.'

'Then it is a relative of his, after all!' quoth the village.

'And we have been judging so harshly of her and of him!'

'I think I shall call and have a card, when it's all over, and I am about again,' said Mrs. Major Acre. 'That is, if she stops here.'

The 'dummy drawer' was examined previous to the inquest and found to contain exactly what Mr. Castonel had said, a phial of hartshorn and some magnesia. 'Which of course he was putting there,' was Dame Vaughan's comment, 'when little Tuck caught him on the steps.' The drawer had evidently possessed a secret spring, which had been recently wrenched away and was gone.

The day appointed for the inquest dawned, and those who were connected with it, and those who were not, flocked up to the 'Hardwick Arms.' The strange lady was called in her turn, and the coroner demanded her name.

'Lavinia Castonel. I presume my evidence will be dispensed with, when I sit to who I am. A wife cannot give evidence in matters that touch upon her husband.'

The room stared. 'A coroner's court is an exception,' called out a voice, which was drowned by the coroner's 'hush.'

'Lavinia Castonel,' said he. 'Any relation to the late Mr. Castonel?'

'His wife.'

A rising hum—a shock—almost a shriek. Squire Hardwick interrupted it, surprised out of his magisterial etiquette of silence in another's court.

'It is impossible you can be his wife. You are stating what is not true.'

'Mr. Castonel's wife,' she calmly repeated. 'His widow now.'

Great confusion arose, and the coroner was powerless at first to repress it.

Possibly he had his curiosity like the rest. Everybody was asking questions: one rose high.

'Had she married him since the death of the last Mrs. Castonel?'

'No, she had not,' she replied. 'She had married him before he first came to Ebury.'

Higher rose the confusion. 'Then if she was his wife, what was the position of the unhappy young ladies to whom he had given his name?'

'The inquirers might settle that as they pleased,' she carelessly answered. 'It was no business of hers. She was his lawful wife.'

Nothing more, touching this, could be got out of her. She would afford no further explanation, no confirmation of her assertion, or any details. But her calm, equable manner carried a conviction of its truth to half the court. The coroner took her evidence relating to the death of Mr. Castonel; it was exactly what she had told the two medical men; and the maid-servant, so far as she was able, confirmed it. That, at any rate, was truth. The jury believed it, and their verdict was to the effect that Gervase Castonel had met his death—

her hands, and that she was justified in what she had done, having acted in self-defence.

So that was the ending of Mr. Castonel and his doings in Ebury; and a very unsatisfactory ending it was, in every sense of the word. The lady and the maid left the place the day subsequent to the inquest, and that was the ending of them. Numerous tales and rumors went abroad; as rumors always do. One said the money to establish Mr. Castonel had been hers, not his, and that she dared not publicly avow herself to be a wife or it would be lost to her; another, that he had forced her to submit to his apparent marriages under threats, for that he held some dreadful secret of hers in his power, and she feared to gainsay him; another, ———. But why pursue these reports? Nobody could tell whence they originated, or if they were true or false. The whole affair remains a miserable mystery to Ebury, and probably ever will do so; and its exasperated curiosity has never been able to ascertain whether the three ill-fated young ladies did, or did not, die an unnatural death.

Mr. Castonel was buried in the churchyard by their side, and it took the bandle and four subordinates an hour and a half to clear it of the mob, afterwards. And Mr. Ailsa quietly dropped into his old practice, and took on Mr. Rice and Mr. Tuck and John, for he found there would be work for all. And to the latter's extreme discomposure, he found Mrs. Muff was to be taken on too, and would rule him as of old. And since Ebury subsided into tranquillity, it has become a matter of 'good taste' there, never to breathe the name of Gervase Castonel.

But though Ebury as a village never knew the mystery, or the full solution of it, Mr. Chavasse always maintained that Gervase Castonel and George Briggs were the same— which was true enough, probably; for, on inquiry, it was found that the name of George's relative was Castonel—that was on record; but there it stopped. The only circumstance throwing any light on affairs, and that very little, was detailed in a letter from Mr. Chavasse's eldest son, who had gone to America. He had been in Ebury often during Mr. Castonel's residence there, and on one occasion had seen the lady who lived at Beech Lodge.

'I met a gentleman and lady the other evening,' he wrote, 'in society, by the name of Graham—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Graham. They both assured me they never had been in Ebury, though they are English, beyond doubt. The lady is like that mysterious woman at Beech Lodge; well, if she hadn't faced me down so calmly, I should say she was the same. In fact, I still think she is. I don't know him. I never saw him before. The only thing peculiar about him was a scar across his left wrist, which I noticed once as he raised his hand in conversation.'

But what does it all matter? The three young wives are dead, the babe is dead, the surgeon is dead. Till the last day we shall never probably know, though we may suspect.— After all, he might have been a very innocent and injured man—the victim of his false wife and her cunning lover—this Gervase Castonel, surgeon.

THE END.

### THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

(From the Westminster Review.)

The remainder of the history of the Mexican conquest has to be written hereafter. Whether the Archduke Maximilian will accept the throne, what consideration France will receive for it, and how long France is to occupy the country, if it be not indeed all made known before these pages are transferred to print. One fact is obvious, that whatever be the name of the gentleman who is permitted to sit on the Mexican throne, the country of which he is styled the sovereign will be a French military province. Even Marshal Forey does not pretend that the Mexican Empire would outlive by one day the recall of the French troops. But whatever be the fate of that oddly-founded Empire, the moral of the proceedings by which it was called into existence remains the same. It seems hardly necessary for us to point that moral. We have given faithfully, and from the best sources, the history of the Mexican conquest; compressed indeed, but accurate, and chapter by chapter. We have shown that it was from the beginning a planned and deliberate conquest, developed and realized by the aid of the most unscrupulous deceit, the most unblushing treachery. To that considerable number of persons in this country who tacitly hold the opinion that any powerful Sovereign is perfectly justified in invading, devastating, and subjugating a foreign country because he thinks it is badly governed, and believes he could govern it better, we have only to say that even that plea—the plea of Alexander, and Caesar, and Napoleon I.—does not avail Napoleon III. for the latter expressly disclaimed, from the opening to the *éclaircissement* of his project, any intention to interfere in Mexican affairs. At every step of the progress he made a new protest of non-intervention, and pledged himself solemnly that he was actually believed. In fact, he repeated in Mexico with equal success the policy of the Paris *coup d'état*. By vowing up to the last moment that he meant to adhere to a certain pledge, he succeeded to the last moment in deceiving those who might have marred his plans had they known that the pledge was already and deliberately broken.

We have previously intimated a belief that this conquest of Mexico, odious—as it is in principle and in means, has yet its prospect of advantage to the conquered country and to the world. In the first place it may give a breathing time to a disorganized country, and secure an interval of enforced tranquillity during which resources may be developed and political character strengthened. No doubt the French police *regime*, whatever Sovereign may enjoy the benefit of it, will secure something like order in the country, will make the rights of property more respected and the principle of life more sacred. All this is something to be taken into account on the side of compensation. We are not indeed inclined to admire what it is the fashion to call 'strong government,' or to believe that a people can be drilled and drazenoned into a capacity for self-rule. But Mexico unhappily wants rest, rest at any price: as a fe-

vered man needs repose although it be procured by the agency of the opiate, or as one in a delirious moment may require the coercion of the straight waistcoat. The invasion too may teach Mexico a sharp and stern lesson, and may serve as a warning to other nations. The blind disunion and discord, the absence of that patriotic feeling which inspires forbearance, have been the main cause of the fall of the Mexican Republic. It may be added too that the lesson will perhaps do good to another Republic as well. The United States will no doubt feel the intrusion of France to be an insult and a menace. But their disunion has helped to bring it about, and their conduct has tended to deprive them of the world's sympathy. The occupation of Mexico is the extinction of the Monroe doctrine. That doctrine, it must be owned, is both absurd and arrogant in theory and in practice. A State going to war to support such a principle would be guilty of a political crime and blunder still greater than the conquest of Mexico itself involves. We have heard it well observed that for the Federal Government to go to war in sustenance of the Monroe doctrine would in essential principle be to pursue the same course as that which the European States followed so blindly and disastrously when they invaded France to destroy her revolutionary Republic. In either case the object is the same—not to repel an attack, not even to avert a certain danger, but to oppose a danger which is ideal, problematical, merely constructive. The sooner America entirely abandons the fantastic Monroe doctrine the better. Any real and imminent danger the Federal Republic can always repel, but it only provokes and originates peril to itself by arrogantly attempting to lay down great political laws for the future which are to apply not to its own conduct but to that of its neighbors. Let it be remembered, too, that America's own hands are not clean of Mexican plunder and blood. The conduct of the United States towards its neighbor was quite as lawless as that of France, if perhaps somewhat less treacherous. Should we be reminded that the wrongs done by America to Mexico were entirely the offspring of Southern policy, we cannot help remembering how one of the noblest and wisest of Americans, Dr. Channing, inveighed against the apathy and composure with which the Free States regarded those iniquitous acts. If, therefore, the Federal Government of America should now feel that its dignity is wounded, that its strength is menaced by the conduct of France in Mexico, it should remember that the rebuke is not wholly unmerited, and should accept it as a lesson and a warning for the future. It is the destiny of arrogance and aggression in politics to beget arrogance and aggression, and the world in general is little disposed to sympathize with the sufferings of the engineer hoist by his own petard.

But while we thus acknowledge that the subjugation of Mexico cannot be wholly unproductive of good, and has not been wholly undeserved, we need hardly repeat that the conduct of the French Government is in no wise extenuated by these considerations. We cannot enter into the exultation with which the 'monied classes,' as they are called in London, and their organs, have received the news of the French success; an exultation which frankly disavows all regard for the political and moral aspects of the case, and openly professes to consider only its own pecuniary interests. There is something amusing in the *revelation* of the *Times*, which has boldly championed the Mexican conquest all through, that 'the consideration that France has used objectionable native instruments—one of them an avowed felon of the meanest kind, and another so notorious for savage cruelty that his mere name had become a terror—although it may increase the satisfaction that England has not taken any share in the affair, can in no way modify the question as regards the Mexicans themselves.' Certainly, this consideration does in some way 'modify the question' as regards the French Government, and adds one other stain to the many which rest upon its honor, its good faith, its humanity, its decency, in connection with the conquest of Mexico. The Emperor Napoleon is said to have declared that the Mexican invasion would be the greatest event of his reign. Perhaps it may prove so. In one sense the invasion of Russia may be pronounced the greatest event in the reign of the elder Napoleon. Certainly, if unprincipled aggression, carried out by the aid of almost unparalleled treachery could bode ultimate evil to the policy which planned it, we might expect to find Mexico prove the Moscow of the Second Empire.

### STANDARDS OF MEASUREMENT.

'Mamma, how tall was that great giant of whom papa was telling us?' said Harry, who after standing with his back to the door, a pencil in one hand and a ruler in the other was busily engaged in examining some marks which he had made on the panel.

'He was nearly seven feet high, I believe,' replied Mrs. Prince without raising her eye from her work.

'And how tall do you think I am?' said the little boy, with a look of conscious pride.

'You? I should say about four feet, my dear.'

'I am eight feet high?' cried Harry, with exultation.

'Impossible?'

'I have just measured myself, mamma.'

'You have measured wrong.'

'O, I have been very careful; see, here is the mark for each foot up the door—one, two, four, six, eight.'

'But what is your standard measure, Harry?' said his mother with a smile.

This pretty little ruler that I made for myself,' cried the child, exhibiting his pasteboard measure, neatly marked with divisions for the inches, but only half the proper length! 'You see, dear mamma, that I am taller than the giant!'

Little Harry is not the only one who makes his own standard of measurement.

THE BEST THING OUT.—Out of debt.

THE WORST THING OUT.—Out of temper.

### SELECTED POETRY.

#### IDLE FANCIES.

'Tis the witching hour of twilight,  
Flitting shadows fall around,  
While the perfumed breath of flowers  
Rise like incense from the ground,  
Here I sit at open casement,  
While the freshly stirring breeze  
Gathers notes of rarest sweetness  
As it floats on through the trees.

Cease, my heart, thy troubled beating,  
Tune thy song to happier lays;  
Hushed be thoughts of vain repining,  
Dwell upon the brighter days;  
When the stream of life flowed gently  
Through the happy isle of youth,  
And my spirits, light and bounding,  
Knew of naught but love and truth.

Scenes forgotten rise before me,  
At the touch of memory's lyre;  
Hopes and fears again hold me,  
Now a phantom, then quick retire.  
For unto my wakened fancy,  
Dearest forms now meet my view,  
And with flying steps I hasten  
To embrace warm and true.

Quickly speed the golden hours,  
Dance they by on fleeting feet:  
Birds are singing choral anthems,  
Which the joyous warbler repeat;  
All the air is filled with music,  
And the flowers dance in glee—  
All uniting in the gladness  
That comes floating by—to me.

Brightest stars peep from the azure,  
Smiling welcome to their queen,  
Who, on rose-tinged clouds, comes sailing,  
To add beauty to the scene;  
When a swallow wildly flitting,  
Flies against my window-pane,  
Brings me back from realms elysian,  
To my work-day world again.—NELLIE.

—Home Journal.

#### FOR THE CHILDREN.

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

'Can't I go and get some myself?' cried the foolish little mouse. 'My child, said the patient mother, 'you know not the traps that are set in our way. Have you forgot the terrible enemy of our race, the great black cat that ate up your cousins? Remember how well you are off, and let well enough alone, before you leave our snug hole for the uncertainties of life on the premises. We are near enough the granary to satisfy every reasonable want, and there's your fine play ground among the rafters.' More good words were said, and she then left the little mouse to its own reflections, while she went out for a short walk under the burdock leaves.

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

At length it reached a secret opening into the pantry, and found it—stopped up! How angry the little mouse was, while the savory smells that came through the walls only aggravated it the more. Heedless of danger, it began to gnaw, gnaw, gnaw, gnaw, without stopping to listen. A rich nibble and a bellyfull were all it thought of. At last it contrived to squeeze in as tickled as could be, and laughing in its sleeve at its cautious old mother. In this state of mind, just rounding a firkin, a couple of glassy eyes, a huge mouth, and a monstrous pair of whiskers confronted it.

A terrible fright seized its whole body. Where to go and what to do, it knew no; but it took to its legs, got out of a door, then hid, then ran again, the yellow cat at its heels. Did she catch it? Some time after, she was seen ticking her chops; but she kept dark, answering no questions.

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

A FRENCH STORY.—Spiridon, in his last letter from Paris to the Boston Gazette, writes:—'Although the Grand Hotel has been open only a few months, it has seen the suicide of one of the most beautiful *lorettes* of Paris—a girl of scarce five-and-twenty. She loved and her love was not returned. She lived in the Grand Hotel, (many *lorettes* do live there.) She sent a message to the loved one that she would wait for him until one o'clock A.M., and that if he came not then, she would be a corpse. The chimney-piece clock struck the hour, he was not there to hear it, Mlle de Hure took a bit of paper, lighted it at the gas jet, and applied it to her princely lace dress. In an instant she was a mass of flames. She lingered a few days and died.'



### AUTUMN LEAVES.

INANIMATE nature, in all its various forms—how eloquent is its language! Poetic imaginations have in all ages accorded to flowers a language of their own—shall it be said that the leaves of the forest trees have none? Have the leaves, think you, nothing to tell of their mission on earth? of what they are here for, and of their part in the great Creator's plan of material existence? a part more void and more important, perhaps, than most of us have been thoughtful enough to conceive. Unless, indeed, those few who take pleasure in the contemplation of the matchless design and mysterious workings of nature's power.

Who can assert that the age of miracles has passed, when we look at those of every day life. Have you counted the leaves upon a single tree; they are many thousands. Think for a moment of the power which brought them into life, and which causes their decay; that the same power made the trees of the countless forests, covering vast tracts of the earth's surface, and that each leaf in that array of countless millions is in itself an intricate and wonderful piece of creative workmanship.

Are not the leaves fashioned and created, like all else in nature, in their spring, their summer, and their fall—for the material benefits they afford, and the moral they inculcate for the good of mankind? Are not these then miracles multiplied by the million? We witness them daily and hourly, and for succeeding years; yet how many heed them not! The most careless passer-by might have some passing thoughts about these leaves in autumn as he sees them (having fulfilled their destiny,) whirling about in hurrying eddies in the autumn winds which are chanting their requiem. These passing thoughts would naturally suggest another thought; that this great creation must have been made for some end and aim. Do not these leaves minister to our senses, our joy, and gratification. They delight the eye with their beauty; how they sparkle after the freshening shower! how softly they murmur in the summer breeze! How grateful to the eye to turn from the glare of the noon-day sun to the soft, subduing, ever-varying shades of green. And do they not minister to our material wants? They give shade to man and beast, and protect the fresh streamlet from the scorching heat, and in their fall they renew the earth's fecundity. For ages past leaves have been the great fertilizers that have prepared the gracious earth to reward the industry of the pioneers in the forests of the western world; and by enriching the soil have contributed their share in supplying food to millions of human beings across the seas. There are yet far off fertile valleys where these great fertilizers are still at work. They are in fact the manna in the modern wilderness, waiting to supply the wants of the advancing civilization of a modern exodus.—But before parting with them for a season, we must not forget to be their faithful chroniclers in all things, and to pay a just tribute to their beauty. If you have studied the book of nature, and scanned its many pages, beautiful in all, and turned from leaf to leaf, you have found that not the least beautiful are the leaves of autumn. Have you ever looked, reader, on a Canadian forest, when the first frosts of an early fall have touched the brilliant green, and watched the changing hues, till the eye almost ached in taking in the full extent of the gorgeous coloring of the landscape? If the

hand of art attempted the illustration, it would be pronounced by those who have not witnessed the phenomenon as exceeding nature, but as the romance of real life exceeds that of fiction, so do these wonderfully beautiful combinations of coloring in autumnal forests exceed the finished touches of the most accomplished attempts of art.

But those leaves speak to us of other things; we have written of their uses and of their beauties—they teach us to look from Nature up to Nature's God—they remind us of our mortality. In all climes, and among all nations, autumn leaves bring calm and hallowed thoughts. The short Siberian summer, and the lengthened tropical one, in their due time, like the life of human beings, with its short or lengthened span, comes to a close, when fading nature sinks to rest and passes to decay; and teach alike the same truths and the same moral. But the beauty of these autumn leaves reminds us too of the most sublime and the most beautiful in our own human nature and being. Those who have ever looked upon the form of some much loved one, when the soul has fled its tenement, and watched the changes in the human face under those circumstances, will have seen that it assumes the youth and purity of early days, and a momentary radiance which, must we not think, could not

exist, but to herald it into a brighter world, immediately before its final change; and that change reminding you that it is but the tenement of a departed soul. Our autumn leaves assume their wondrous brilliancy before decay, a type of our own mortality; but are not these beautiful leaves types, also, of a sure hope of another spring and another summer, when from the same essence they shall bloom again? The winds of Autumn are now scattering them far and wide, and the snows of winter will cover them, but we shall see them in the Summer, and in many summers again, robed in their beauty.

NEMO.

Toronto, 31st October, 1863.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAMLET ON.—This house was reopened Saturday night last by the enterprising Lessee and Manager, Mr. William Richardson, with a reinforcement of the best dramatic talent, and further additions of splendid and really effective scenery. Miss Levi, Mr. Marble, and Mr. Forbes, with others of the old company, still form part of the new. In the company at now constituted, the leading parts are taken by Miss Emma Cushman and Mr. Charles Warwick, the latter of whom is stage Manager under the new arrangement.

Miss Cushman is unquestionably an actress of great power—of great tragic power, we should say, to indicate more exactly what we mean. She is largely endowed with that mental and vital energy which is indispensable for the representation of passion. It has been said, indeed, that she is in the habit of expending this energy too freely, without sufficient discrimination as to the different requirements of various parts and passages. She would undoubtedly produce a better effect by speaking rather more *quietly* at times; with a judicious use of the *suaviter in modo* when that is required. She has earnestness enough in her general manner and expression of countenance to enable her to speak low and softly without fear of failing to impress. It is well to recollect, that wherever genuine power of action is present, its too lavish use may be checked by careful training and culture. Art may here come to the aid of nature with the best possible effect. But if what nature has given be *minus* or negative, instead of *plus* or positive, then indeed will art be sorely troubled to supply the deficiency. We must take care to observe, meanwhile, that we have as yet seen her in but two characters, viz., Mrs. Haller, in 'The Stranger,' and Mary Woodward, in the 'Maniac Lover.' What we now write will be in type before Miss C. has appeared, (We insert it evening,) in one great character, to which we *expect* she will be able to do ample justice: that of Lucretia Borgia in the historical drama of that name.

Mr. Warwick is certainly a very able and finished actor. We admired him very much as the 'Stranger;' but this is not praise enough for his personation of Michael Earle, the 'Maniac Lover.' That was an effort most certainly, and a splendid and successful one, we must add. The best tribute which we can pay to Mr. Warwick's representation of this character, is to state the simple fact, that it impressed us more than anything else we have seen on the same boards, during this season, at all events.

Mr. Daly may congratulate himself on the success with which he takes the audience with him, in his personations of humorous and eccentric character. Mr. Richardson

certainly deserves credit for his enterprize and energy displayed as Lessee and Manager. We had almost omitted to notice one thing, which was really very well done, namely, the gloomy thunderstorm scene, in 'Michael Earle,' which was, indeed, highly creditable to Mr. Granger.

In the above remarks we have referred to the new actors amongst us only. We may add that Miss Levi is visibly improving, and has no lack of admirers.

Of some of the company, we are compelled to say that there is plenty of *room* in their case, for improvement; especially in the proper pronunciation and intelligent use of words.

Since the above was in type, we have witnessed the tragedy of 'Lucretia Borgia,' as it was given at the Theatre on Wednesday night. We have but time and space to say that Miss Cushman fairly took the laurel wreath, by sheer force of merit and power. To portray in one and the same character that combination of deep calculating subtlety and irrepressible explosive passion, of which Lucretia Borgia is the acknowledged historical and dramatic type, is an achievement for which nothing short of genuine ability will avail. Any attempt of a mere pretender in this part would be as futile as the efforts of an infant to wield the club of Hercules. All who saw Miss Cushman's rendition of it on Wednesday night, will say that she brought vividly before them a character which has but few parallels either in history or in fiction. We hope that the piece may shortly be repeated, to give those who have not yet witnessed Miss Cushman's performance, in a part which just suits her, an opportunity of seeing what she can do.

### "HORSES IN A STORM."

The engraving on page 337 of 'Horses in a Storm,' is from an oil painting by Mr. Hardy Gregory, the senior proprietor of this journal. The startled and terrified look of one of the animals, and the cowering, shelter-seeking attitude of the other, are very well expressed in the picture. Speaking of that awfully dark and stormy night on which Tam O'Shanter encountered the witches of Alloway Kirk, Burns says:

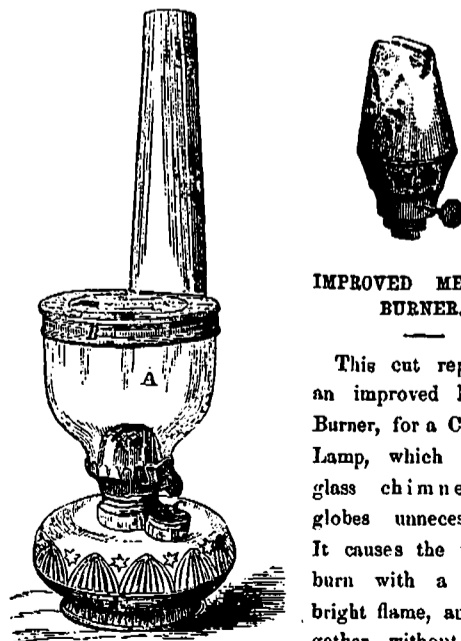
'That night, a child might understand,  
The devil had business on his hand.'

Meaning, of course, that the conflict of the elements was so terrific that but the minimum of intelligence was required to admit of being fearfully impressed by the scene. The lower animals, without the gift of reason, though not altogether destitute of something approaching to intelligence in its nature, frequently display extreme sensibility as to storms and convulsions of nature. In this picture, the poor animals, left unsheltered on the 'blasted heath,' seem to feel their desolate and unprotected situation.

LECTURES BY MR. LOVERIDGE, IN THE TEMPLARS' HALL.—We have been requested to intimate that Mr. E. F. Loveridge of Texas will deliver lectures in the Templars' Hall, John Street, on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday next, the 16th and 17th inst., commencing at eight o'clock precisely. Admission for gentlemen, 25 cents each. Ladies free. The following are the subjects announced:

MONDAY EVENING.—The Moral Causes and Social Consequences of the American Civil War; as delivered by him to crowded houses throughout Canada West.

TUESDAY EVENING.—Mexico and Her Marvels; with recitations of Edgar A. Poe's 'Raven,' and the widely published poem of 'The Marble God.'—See small bills.



IMPROVED METALLIC BURNER.

This cut represents an improved Metallic Burner, for a Coal Oil Lamp, which renders glass chimneys or globes unnecessary.—It causes the wick to burn with a clear bright flame, and altogether without smoke.

COMBINED LAMP AND STOVE.  
SEE PAGE 336.

WEEKLY NEWS SUMMARY.

CANADIAN.

Thomas Taylor, a workman in Wallbridge's Foundry, Belleville, was married on the 19th ult. to a young woman named Elizabeth McVoney. On the 27th he was arrested for bigamy, it having been ascertained that he had a wife and three children in England. He at first admitted the offence, but afterwards denied that he had a "lawful wife."

Lately a soldier of the Fusileer Guards brutally assaulted a young woman in Montreal, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. Having laid her information in the proper quarter, some of the men were paraded before her with their bear-skin caps on. She could not identify the man in that guise; but when the men were ordered to put on their usual checked Scotch caps, she pointed him out at once. He was charged at first with assault only, but it having appeared that he was amenable to a graver charge still than that, he was committed for trial before the Upper Court.

Some short time ago, \$10,000 worth of United States bonds were stolen in Cincinnati. On the day that Cincinnati was in a state of excitement about the Morgan raid, and nearly the whole population was out of doors, Mr. Johnston's room, in the Broadway Hotel, of that city, was entered in broad day-light, his trunk opened with a "kumby," and the bonds, ten in number, for \$1,000 each, abstracted. A man named Connors has been arrested near Montreal on the charge of being a party concerned in the business. The American authorities claim the extradition of the prisoner, on the ground that the offence was actually a "robbery" coming within the limits of the existing treaty.

Last week thirty-two students presented themselves for examination for admission up on the books of the Law Society, and out of this number only nineteen were successful.

A religious temperance meeting is held in the Temperance Hall, Toronto, every Sunday afternoon.

Stoves made of soapstone have been introduced at Quebec; they are said to throw out a mellow and more uniform heat than iron. The material of which they are made is abundant in the County of Hastings.

The Three Rivers Inquirer is credibly informed that pearls of a fine water have been lately found in a brook near Somerset, Arthabaska, and that a resident of the locality has already disposed of a quantity sufficient to enable him to pay for his land. The same journal adds that antimony was discovered near Des Gros, on the St. Maurice, but no effort has yet been made to turn it to advantage.

The Government have advertised the Provincial tug steamers Queen Victoria and Napoleon III. for sale. They will soon find purchasers, as they are powerful boats, and very fast sailers. They were too costly and expensive for the service for which they were built.

The King of Norway and Sweden has conferred the order of St. O. of an Baron Alfred Falkenberg, who is Consul General in British North America for His Majesty's dominions. Mr. Falkenberg belongs to the firm of Falkenberg & McBlain of Quebec.

The Huron College, London, C. W., will be formally opened on the first day of December, prox., under the Presidency of the Bishop of Huron, and the Principalship of the Venerable Archdeacon Helmut.

On Monday the 2nd instant, Mr. Thomas Redmond, Port Hope, fell from the wharf into the water, and was drowned.

On Wednesday the 4th instant, the Hon. Mr. Carline was thrown from his carriage, near Montgomery's Hotel, London township, and had his arm dislocated.

The Canadian *Lancet* complains at considerable length of the ignorance of Latin evinced by the greater part of the medical aspirants at McGill College, and adds that many of them possess very little knowledge of any language whatever.

Connors, the man arrested in Montreal for the Cincinnati robbery of United States bonds, has been finally discharged after a hearing of his case before Mr. Boomor, in Toronto.

The Kingston *Whig* says:—"We regret to say that desertion from the garrison of Kingston is more prevalent than it should be. Fourteen soldiers have deserted their colours within a very short time. Eight men from the 47th regiment, and six men from the Royal Artillery, mostly young soldiers."

The official emigration returns show the number of emigrants arrived here this year to have been 1,263 cabin and 17,521 steerage. Last year the number was 1,962 cabin and 19,396 steerage. The decrease is accounted for by a decline in the Norwegian emigration of about 4,000, as compared with last year. The emigration from the United Kingdom and Germany has increased this year.

The largest nugget of gold yet found in the Chaudiere region was discovered on Saturday the 31st October, near the River Gilbert, by a man named Visaloux; it weighed two pounds.

Lately, a 500 lb. bear was shot by Mr. John Largo, of the township of Amarauth, within a few rods of his own house. Bruin, who was just commencing to breakfast on "live pork," counts now as the third of his species shot by Mr. Largo within a fortnight back.

On Monday the 2nd instant, two women of ill-fame while intoxicated went to sleep near a fire they had made in the woods not far from the village of Escott. During the night the clothes of one of them named Brass caught fire, and the next morning her dead body was found about twenty feet distant, where she had crawled in the agony of death. The clothing of the wretched woman was burned completely off.

A young man named John Scott, for some years employed as clerk in Thornton's drug store, Dundas, committed suicide on Tuesday evening, the 3rd instant, by swallowing twenty grains of morphia. The deceased was about twenty-seven years of age, a Scotchman by birth, and a brother of the editor of the *Paris Star*. He had been for some time labouring under a depression of spirits, caused by close confinement, deep study, and disappointment in love. His untimely death is deeply regretted by many well-wishers in Dundas and Paris.

The *Globe* of Monday last says:—"Great care is taken at the theatre not to sell tickets to disorderly characters, but on Saturday evening some rowdies, having been refused tickets, entered without paying. They were promptly ejected by the constable in charge, but on going outside they set upon him, and handled him rather roughly, getting away before he could procure assistance."

A letter received from Contlecock, E. T., says that gold has been discovered in the western part of that township, and promises to equal the Chaudiere findings. Copper, the yellow sulphuret, is being discovered in a great many places in Barford and Horsford.

EUROPEAN.

A Guarantee Fund of £10,000 has been subscribed in Ireland for an Exhibition in Dublin, to commence in May and continue open for several months next year. The Exhibition will be limited to Irish manufactures, but machinery from Scotland and England will be received, for the proper and efficient display of which ample power will be provided, together with room well and suitably laid out. There will also be a department assigned to the fine arts.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Morning Post* asserts that France has no intention of recognizing the Confederacy.

Mr. Mason, the Confederate envoy, has, it is reported, returned to London on some business connected with the seizure of the rains in the Morsey.

In the *Seotaman* we find the following notification which will doubtless interest some of our readers:—"At the Church of the Holy Trinity, Pitlochrie, Perthshire, on the 21st instant. (October,) by the Rev. J. S. Robertson, Captain N. W. Massey, son of the late Hon. George Massey, to Georgina, daughter of the late J. G. McTavish, Esq., of Montreal, Canada."

Henry Ward Beecher was entertained at a farewell breakfast in Manchester, on the 21th. Thanks were voted to him for his various addresses, and congratulatory speeches were interchanged.

It is semi-officially announced that the Princess of Wales may be expected to become a mother in March next.

The *Monitor* gives a report of the reception by Napoleon of the Mexican deputation. He does not in any way allude to the Archduke Maximilian.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* thinks it doubtful that the French Chambers will accede to the guarantees demanded by the Archduke, viz:—the integrity of the new empire and a loan.

It is stated that Austria and Prussia have agreed to decline the arbitration of England in the conflict with Denmark, regarding it as of a purely German character.

Private telegrams from Calcutta, of late dates, report an excited market for cotton goods.

Marshal Niel goes to Russia on an extraordinary mission regarding Poland.

The *Morning Post* says the Federals must be aware that any serious reverse just now would leave neutrals no alternative but to recognize the South.

The King of Denmark, in a speech, said if he was overpowered by Germany, he would proclaim a Danish republic.

The last number of the London *Canadian News* formally contradicts the rumor that the Hon. John Rose was about to be appointed Governor of New Brunswick.

UNITED STATES.

The war debt of North Carolina is being rapidly extinguished by the proceeds of the privateers which are making regular trips daily into Wilmington.

The reported capture of Fort Sumter is another Philadelphia hoax.

The New York Post has the following significant paragraph: From New Orleans we learn that the overland expedition to Texas had returned, and that the army has now set out in another direction. According to the reports a part of the forces only are to go to Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, where their arrival will be hailed with joy by multitudes of loyal Texans, and where a small force will suffice to put a stop to an immense contraband trade.

An agent of the Confederate Government arrived at Mexico on the 9th via Brownsville, with instructions, it was supposed, to make a treaty between the regency of Mexico and the Confederates.

A Government officer in a high position in Washington, received a pencil note from a Union prisoner in Richmond, saying that the rebel authorities have at length altogether stopped the very small ration heretofore allowed to our starving soldiers in their prisons. The excuse alleged is that they have ceased to be able to furnish their own soldiers with meat.

A minister of a church in the town of Georgia, Vermont, having acquired unenviable reputation of being in the habit of kicking and whipping his wife, was notified by some of the young men of the town, of the alternative of leaving the place, or of having a conveyance furnished him from the nearest rail-fence. His case was recently brought before the association of Franklin county, before which, we understand, he asserted his right, as the patriarchal head of the family, to whip his wife, but expressed penitence for the extent to which he had exercised it. The association found him guilty of the offences charged, and recommended him to abate the scandal on the cause of religion by abandoning not only his "patriarchal" practices, but also the pulpit which he disgraced.

There have been riots and murders in the coal territory in Pennsylvania. On the night of Thursday, November 5th, Mr. Smith, coal operator at Yorktown, Carbon county, was murdered in the most brutal manner in his house, in the presence of his family, by a gang of Irish outlaws known as "Buckshots." Mr. Smith was a loyal and highly respected gentleman, and was suspected of giving certain information to the Deputy Provost Marshal, by which the latter, with the military, under Capt. Yates, was enabled to arrest some drafted men. No Union man's life is safe in Jewsville, Yorktown, Delorsaine, Beaver Meadows, and other mines of the middle coal fields. Seven or eight murders were committed there within the last few weeks. A force of military has been in that vicinity some time, enforcing the draft and arresting deserters. Mr. Smith, who was killed, had incurred the hatred of the Irish miners, by his opposition to their secret organization, which had for its object the exclusion of all the workmen of other countries. A Welshman was recently found dead in the mines, having been shot. It is supposed that Smith was shot while travelling from the mines to Jewsville.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.

What many a man calls conscience is only a wholesome fear of the constable.

Virtue dwells not upon the tip of the tongue, but in the temple of a purified heart.

Be not discouraged; stand upright, and you will be sure to have the whole earth at your feet.

"My heart is thine," as the cabbage said to the cook-maid.

A PORTRAIT of Brigade Major Moffat, of London, C. W., with letterpress to accompany it, will appear in our next.

THE letterpress description, which should have accompanied the 'View from the Monumental Field, Quebec,' on page 336, not having come to hand, will have to be given in a future number, we hope in our next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—G. W. J., Binbrook: Your manuscripts received, thanks, some of them will appear next week. Those which we do not use will be preserved as you request.

THE POEM by F. V. O. in our next.

THE 'Hermit of the Rock,' by Mrs. J. Sadler of New York, and 'A new Monetary Theory,' by Thomas Galbraith, Port Hope, C. W., have been received, and will be noticed in our next.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Epictetus, one of the ancient Stoics, was inspired to utter this most noble sentiment:—"The sun does not stay to be implored to impart his heat and light. By his example, do all the good thou canst, without staying till it be asked of thee."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

Correct solutions to Problem No. 5 received from "G. G." St. Catharines; "Teacher," Queenston; and "A. H." Barrie.

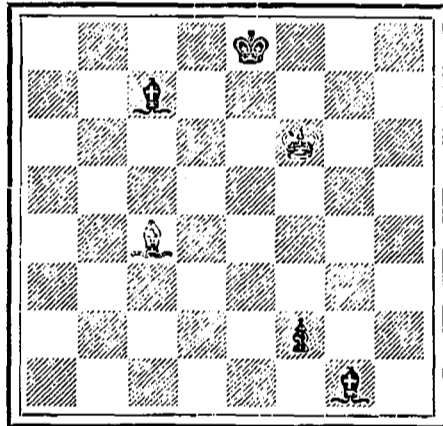
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 4.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q Kt takes K P	P to Q 6, or (a)
2. B to K 3	P to K R 3
3. B to K B 2	P takes B
4. P to K Kt 4, mate.	
(a) 1.	P to K R 3
2. B to K B 6	P to Q 6
3. Kt to K R 2	P takes Kt
4. P to K Kt 4, mate	

PROBLEM No. 5.

This highly instructive position is from the work on End Games, by Messrs. Horwitz and Kling.

BLACK.



WHITE. White having the move, to win.

GAME BETWEEN MESSRS. MORPHY AND P. DEACON.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

BLACK (Mr. M)	WHITE (Mr. D)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Q B 4	3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes Kt P
5. P to Q B 3	5. B to K R
6. P to Q 4	6. P takes P
7. Castles	7. Kt to K B 3
8. B to Q R 3	8. P to Q 3
9. P to K 5	9. Kt to K Kt 5
10. K P takes P	10. Q B P takes P
11. K to K sq (ch)	11. Kt to K 2
12. Q takes Q P	12. B to Q Kt 3
13. Q takes K Kt P	13. B takes K B P (ch)
14. K to B sq	14. R to K B sq
15. Q Kt to Q 2	15. B takes R
16. R takes B	16. Q to Q Kt 3 (a)
17. Q Kt to K 4	17. B to K B 4
18. Q Kt to K B 6 (ch)	18. Kt takes Kt
19. Q takes Kt	19. B to K 3
20. B takes B (b)	20. P takes B
21. Q takes K P	21. Q to Q Kt 4 (ch) (c)
22. K to Kt sq	22. Q to Q 2
23. Q takes Q P (d)	23. Q takes Q
24. B takes Q	24. R to R B 2
25. Kt to K Kt 5	25. R to K Kt 2
26. Kt to K 6	26. K to Q 2
27. Kt takes R	27. R takes B
28. R to K 6 (ch)	28. K to Q 2
29. R to K R 6	29. R to Q B sq (e)
30. R takes K R P	30. R takes P
31. Kt to K B 5	31. K to K 3
32. Kt takes Kt	32. R to Q B 2
33. Kt to K Kt 6	

And White surrounds.

- (a) Hoping for an opportunity of Castling on the Queen's side.
- (b) Had he played Kt to K's 5, White would have Castled.
- (c) R to K B 2, would have been better play. White played thus, however, with a view to the variation indicated in the next note.
- (d) If 23 takes Q P, Q takes Q, R to Q B 2, K to Q 2.
- (e) And White has escaped from his difficulties.
- (f) Played under the misconception that he could give up the Kt, and regain the piece by bringing the Rook to Q B 2. Play as he may, however, his game could not be retrieved.

From McMillan's Magazine.

## BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence.  
And trim their words for pay;  
In pleasant sunshine of pretence  
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact: though clouds of night  
Down on thy watch-tower stoop;  
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight  
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem.  
In shelter to abide,  
We were not made to sit and dream:  
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about.  
Cry not 'The way is plain';  
His path within for thine without  
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word,  
Into thy spirit burned,  
Is better than the whole, half heard,  
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,  
Set not the bushel down;  
The smallest spark may send his beam  
O'er hamlet tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him on safety bent,  
Who creeps to age from youth,  
Failing to grasp his life's intent  
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought.  
And as thy thought, thy speech;  
What thou hast not by thy suffering bought  
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock;  
The foes are on the sand;  
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock  
Scatters their shifting strand;

While each wild gust the mist shall clear  
We now see darkly through,  
And justified at last appear  
The true, in Him that's True.

## AUSTRALIAN ARISTOCRACY.

There are, of course, many persons in Melbourne who occupy their natural positions such as they would occupy in any part of the world, the members of the professions, for instance, and others, who have the voice which they have a right to exercise in the administration of public affairs. But on the other hand, there are the crowds of diggers and successful adventurers of all kinds, who form a little aristocracy of their own, and who have bullied and brought their way into prominent positions. Until a few months ago every man had a vote, and any man who could get votes enough could enter Parliament. The consequence was, the Legislative became swarmed with ruffianism, and government was rendered impossible. In order to put a check upon the popular exuberance, the present Parliament has just passed a law compelling nothing less than a property qualification on the part of the candidate, and an education test on the part of the vote.

The property qualification merely means the deposit of small sums of money, sufficient to act as a check on the imagination of the casual costermonger or the promiscuous loafer. The educational test simply provides that the voter shall be able to write his name. There are some other provisions, such as the enforcement of certain residence in a place before voting, and the change altogether is expected to be of a very salutary character. The 'educational test' alone, it is said, will disfranchise thousands of persons who will not take the trouble to qualify for the register. At present many of the conditions of society are sufficiently startling to a stranger.

The owners of many of the handsomest houses and equipages in Melbourne, are men belonging to the lowest class, who have made their fortunes at the diggings; while some scions of great families in England, and men who have honors at Universities, are found driving cabs, serving in the police or following in the profession of tavern-waiters. *All the Year Round.*

**DEATH OF MRS. TROLLOPE.**—The death of this famous American traveller and popular authoress, is announced by the last advices from England. Frances Trollope was born in Hampshire, about the year 1780, and was not far from eighty-four years of age at the time of her death. She was a daughter of a clergyman of the Established Church named Milton; was married to Anthony Trollope, a member of a distinguished family, in 1809, and in 1829 came to the United States, where she remained for the space of three years. Upon her return to England, she was thrown upon the world at more than fifty years of age, with a husband too ill to support her, and children still so young as to be dependent on her exertions. Under these circumstances, she commenced her literary career, which continued with unabated activity until a few years since, when age and infirmities compelled her to retire from public view. Her works, with the exception of several books of travels, are in the department of fiction, and have gained a very considerable popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. "She was thoroughly original," says an English writer, "was rich in life-experiences, painted boldly, broadly, rapidly, forcibly—some thought a little coarsely, but ever with the hand of a true and fearless artist." Mrs. Trollope died in Florence, where she had resided for several of the last years of her life. Her two surviving sons, Thomas Adolphus and Anthony, possess a highly respectable reputation in English literature.

## THE ITALIAN PEOPLE.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, writing to the *Independent* from Milan, says:

I have been agreeably disappointed in the common people of Italy. Something is to be subtracted from my favorable impressions on account of the contrast between them and that most wretched of populations, the laboring classes of Southern Switzerland. I was sick at heart at the condition of this people. The women are beasts of burden. The men are overworked. The very children seem prematurely old. I saw women at work in the fields even in France; but it was harvest work. In Switzerland I found them digging over dung heaps, collecting manure in the woods, packing it in baskets on their back, to the fields. I saw girls of thirteen and fourteen at work with teams of bulls, which they were driving; and in one case I saw a woman working at a cart harnessed with an ox! Aged people had neither dignity nor serenity. It affected my spirits. I dreaded to look upon a comely young maiden, for I perceived the hideous change that was to come upon her when she should hobble about a skinny and eyesore old hag, unfit to labor, but forced to it by the inexorable tyranny of poverty! When, then, I had crossed into Italy, I was as one in a new world. The common people seemed happy. They laughed and chatted; they returned your greeting with good-natured kindness. If there is not a grand future for Northern Italy, it will be because education and liberty are withheld from them. But they are a noble stock. Their brains are large, and their heads well organized. They have grand bodies, strong and well developed. I have not in all my travels seen a common people of such promise as these Italian people. And I am informed that facts do not belie these favorable appearances. I am bound to say, also, that I have been agreeably disappointed in the appearance of the monks and priests in Roman Catholic countries. As a general rule they have appeared to be clear-faced, intelligent and sincere men. Only once or twice did we meet the legendary type of monk—round, fat, and worldly. In Switzerland and in Northern Italy, the general impression produced upon me by the priests has been highly favorable to them.

## A CITY IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The resident population of Virginia, Nevada Territory, on the first of July was estimated at fifteen thousand, the daily average number of transient visitors being as many more. Main St., which is the Broadway and Wall St. of that city, to some three-quarters of a mile in length, is crowded with people of every grade and description; a large proportion being elegantly dressed males and females.

The buildings on Main Street are mostly brick; the first story iron, open in front. This gives a light, cheerful appearance to the street especially in the night time when brilliantly lighted with gas. Many of the buildings in this city are provided with vaults and salamanders; all the four and five story brick and iron front fire-proof buildings now going up have one or both of these indispensable features. Some of the streets are so blocked up with lumber, brick and mortar, that teams are at times unable to get along; common laborers get from \$4 to \$5 a day, without board. The city supports four daily newspapers, a theatre, opera-house, several churches, and any number of melodions and negro minstrels; to say nothing of the institutions already enumerated above.

No one who has been here can form an idea of the amount of treasure to be seen in passing through Main St. At Wells & Fargo's banking house and express office it is not uncommon to see tons of 'silver bricks' wheeled in and out in the course of an hour. These 'bricks' in shape resemble the ordinary fire-brick, but are much larger, and from nine hundred and eighty-five to nine hundred and ninety per cent fineness, which is ten to fifteen per cent less than pure silver—averaging some eighteen hundred dollars each. The eight drafts sold frequently amount to a hundred thousand dollars a day. Sums of twenty dollars and upwards are usually paid in twenty dollar pieces. No paper currency there, or in any of the mining towns west of the Rocky Mountains—Salt Lake City being the only place where paper circulates for money. So much for a city less than six years old.

## THE GREAT BULL OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Far away from the din of the battle-field or the debate of the Legislative chamber, amidst the battles of the 'bulls and bears,' hardly less exciting, is required in several respects greater talent than either the field or the forum. In the Stock Exchange of New York during the great green-back inflation that has, and is now being produced by the immense paper issues of the government, there has stepped forth from the common walks of life the most remarkable man that the Stock Exchange has ever produced. It is only since the summer of 1862 he commenced as a stock operator, with a very small amount of money, or, as the profession term it, 'margin,' and to-day his wealth is told in millions, and his name is known over the country. We mean, of course, John M. Tobin. In the great whirlpool of the Stock Exchange that has ruined its thousands, he has out-rod the storm, and by his strong will and indomitable energy made circumstances bend to his purposes. In person he is tall and slender, dresses plainly, with the exception of a magnificent diamond ring, his face is shaved clean, is pale and thin, his eye is a brilliant black. If met in the street he would not be noticed particularly from the multitude.

But let us follow him into the Stock Exchange rooms. He walks in quietly, has little or no conversation with those around him—in fact, not speaking unless spoken to. He takes a seat. It's a great day. There has been a panic in the first morning board. The 'Bears' have been offering immense quantities of stocks at the decline. Prices are tumbling down. Many of the 'small fry' have been ruined. Every one has been trying to sell, and few want to buy. In vain timid and weak holders endeavor to extricate themselves, not knowing when bottom would be reached.

'Margins' have been swept away like the dew. The President's hammer comes down—Eric is off the call and Hudson is called. This is Tobin's favorite stock, and has fallen 11 per cent already at the morning's board. Tobin rises from his seat. Now he is a fit subject for an artist. Could his expression be conveyed to canvass, it would render the artist immortal. He raises one hand; the diamond flashes, but not more than his eyes, for they are lit up and flash out defiance. Every muscle of his face now stands forth, and he is the picture of energy and unflinching resolution.

All eyes are directed towards him. At one bid he offers to take ten thousand shares at a rise of five per cent over the previous price! The 'bears' feel alarmed, and the 'bulls' break through all order, and cheers greet the great Tobin. Soon the 'bears' gather courage by clubbing together, accept his offer, and buy one million of dollars of stock in a minute! In a moment all is excitement. In rush the hundreds of 'small fry,' to buy the stock that has Tobin at the helm. In vain the President's hammer falls. All want some of *that* stock; and where all was fear and alarm before is now confidence. The market goes up one or two per cent on the call, over Tobin's bid. When all are through, Tobin again rises. He is in repose, the excitement of the face is gone—he is 'master of the situation.' What! he is not going to bid for more stock? Yes! at the closing price he offers to take 'any part of the capital stock of the company,' but none there will dare sell him any more. He has the stock cornered, and when his time comes, that stock will go up thirty or forty per cent, and at the expense of the 'Bears.'

## THE SEIZURE OF THE CONFEDERATE RAMS—LETTER FROM 'HISTORICUS.'

A letter of 'Historicus' in the *Times* on the seizure of the Confederate rams, exhibits at least the usual vigor of that writer, stimulated by his satisfaction at the concurrence in his views indicated by the act of the Government. *Historicus* says:—

'To my mind there is and there can be but one question in this case, and that is, were these vessels destined for the Confederate Government? If they were, there can be no manner of doubt that they are equipped, furnished, and armed in defiance of the English statute.'

Upon the question of destination, he cites the last year's intercepted letters of the Confederate authorities, and especially one from Mr. Mallory to Mr. Mason, containing the following sentence:—

'Mr. Saunders has, as you are aware, contracted with this department for the construction in England of six iron-clad steamers, combining the capacities of the freighting and the fighting ships in a manner which will enable them to force the blockade of our ports.'

The point of policy is put by the writer as follows:—  
'It is said that to restrict the construction and sale of vessels of this description is to fetter the liberty of trade and to injure our commercial prosperity. This reasoning reminds me of the celebrated example of political economy which was given by the Dutch garrison who sold to their besiegers over night the bullets which were to be hurled at them on the morrow. It has generally been considered that the Hollanders in this instance carried the commercial spirit to an extremity verging on imprudence. But the Dutch garrison will remain to posterity a model of sagacity compared to that English Government which should encourage in neutral States the belief that it is part of their duty or their right to compensate the deficiencies of an inferior maritime belligerent against his more powerful antagonist. That, indeed, would be to sell at too cheap a price to the nations who may one day be our foes, a fatal weapon which will be used against ourselves with deadly effect.'

'It is incredible to me how some persons contrive to forget or to shut their eyes to the fact, that in any future war in which we may be engaged we shall occupy at sea the position in which the Federals and not that in which the Confederates stand; and that, consequently, the special favors they are so eager to show to the Confederate cause, are so many blows levelled at the future interests of Great Britain. Our best chance of victory and safety will consist in the superiority of our naval resources, and the fact that we can build three iron-clads to one which any other single nation can produce. Are we, then, to be the first nation in the world to lay down the principle and establish the precedent by which our foes will be at liberty to supply from the resources of neutrals the deficiencies by which alone we can hope to triumph—to teach, in fact, that the first duty of neutrality is to accomplish a judicious maritime 'handicap'? What is this but to authorize, by our example, the neutrals of the world to club together their petty means in order to equalize our adversaries with ourselves? I thank God that the English Government are determined to be no parties to such an egregious folly.'

**THE FRIGATE 'NIAGARA.'**—The *Boston Commercial Bulletin* says of the *Niagara*: 'This splendid vessel is now at anchor in the stream and looks well; but she is altogether too deep as she draws nearly 26 feet of water,—two feet more than the *Great Eastern* and one foot more than the famous British iron-clad *Warrior*. Her main deck ports do not seem to be more than five feet from the water, and consequently; in a scaway, could not be opened with safety to us her best battery. We have heard that she has not room enough to contain more than two and a half months' stores for her crew, in consequence of the blunders of those sages in Washington, who designed the alterations in her. She was so deep when she had all the stores on board that some of her coal had to be taken out to lighten her. We have heard that she is bound to the Mediterranean, where she will be of as much use as if she was lying where she is—perhaps less, for here she might be used to protect the city. In the Mediterranean we require swift sloops of war and a gun-boat or two, not a ship like the *Niagara*.'

'Ah, Jemmy,' said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, 'you did not run fast enough.' 'Ye, I did,' said Jemmy. 'I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough.'

## BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The prophet, Brigham Young, was born at Wittingham, Vermont, on the first of June, 1801; he was consequently, in 1860, fifty-nine years of age. He looks about forty-five. *La celibitate civilitate*; I had expected to see a venerable-looking old man. Scarcely a gray thread appears in his hair, which is parted on the side, light-colored, rather thick, and reaches below the ears with a half-curl. He formerly wore it long, after the western style; now it is cut level with the earlobes. The forehead is somewhat narrow, the eyebrows are thin, the eyes between gray and blue, with a calm, composed and somewhat reserved expression; a slight droop in the left lid made me think that he had suffered from paralysis. I afterwards heard that the ptosis is the result of a neuralgia which has long tormented him. The nose, which is fine and somewhat sharp-pointed, is bent a little to the left. The lips are close, like the New-Englanders; and the teeth, especially those of the under jaw, are imperfect. The cheeks are rather fleshy, and the line between the nose and the mouth is broken. The chin shaven, except under the jaw, where the beard is allowed to grow. The hands are well-made, and not disfigured by rings; the figure is somewhat large, broad-shouldered, and stooping a little when standing.

The prophet's dress was neat and plain as a Quaker's, all gray homespun, except the cravat and waistcoat. His coat was of antique cut, and like the pantaloons, baggy, and the buttons were black. A neck-tie of dark-silk, with a large bow, was loosely passed round a starched collar, which turned down of its own accord. The waistcoat was of black satin—once an article of almost national dress—single-breasted, and buttoned nearly to the neck, and a plain gold chain passed into the pocket. The boots were Wellingtons, apparently of American make.

Altogether, the prophet's appearance was that of a fine gentleman farmer in New England—a fact, such as he is; his father was an agriculturist and Revolutionary soldier, who settled "down east." He is a well-preserved man—a fact which some attribute to his habit of sleeping, as the citizen Proudhon so strongly advises, in solitude. His manner is at once affable and impressive, simple and courteous. His want of pretension contrasts favorably with certain pseudo-prophets that I have seen, each and every of whom holds himself to be a "*Logos*," without other claim save a semi-manual self-esteem. He shows no signs of dogmatism, bigotry, or fanaticism, and never once entered—with me, at least—upon the subject of religion. He impresses a stranger with a certain sense of power; his followers are, of course, wholly fascinated by his superior strength of brain. It is commonly said there is only one chief in Great Salt Lake City, and that is "Brigham." His temper is even and placid; his manner is cold—in fact, like his face, somewhat bloodless. But he is neither morose nor methodistic; and where occasion requires, he can use all the weapons of ridicule to direful effect, and "speak a bit of his mind" in a style which no one forgets. He often reproves his erring followers in purposely violent language, making the terrors of a scolding the punishment, in lieu of hanging, for a stolen horse or cow. His powers of observation are intuitively strong, and his friends declare him to be gifted with an excellent memory, and a perfect judgment of character. If he dislikes a stranger at the first interview, he never sees him again. Of his temperance and sobriety there is but one opinion. His life is ascetic; his favorite food is baked potatoes, with a little butter-milk, and his drink, water; he disapproves, as do all strict Mormons, of spirituous liquors, and never touches anything stronger than a glass of tannin lager-bier; moreover, he abstains from tobacco. Mr. Hyde (an apostate Mormon) has accused him of habitual intemperance; he is, as his appearance shows, rather disposed to abstinence than the reverse.

Of his education I cannot speak. "Men, not books; deeds, not words," has ever been his motto. He probably has, as Randolph said of Johnston, "a mind uncorrupted by books." In the only discourse which I heard him deliver, he pronounced impetus, impetuis. Yet he converses with ease and correctness, has neither snuffle nor pompousness, and speaks as an authority upon certain subjects, such as agriculture and stock-breeding. He assumes no airs of extra sanctimoniousness, and has the plain, simple manner of honesty. His followers deem him an angel of light; his foes: a goblin damned; he is, I presume, neither one nor the other. I cannot pronounce about his scrupulousness. All the world over, the sincerest religious belief and the practice of devotion are sometimes compatible, not only with the most terrible crimes; for mankind mostly believes that, "if est avec le ciel des accommodements." He has been called hypocrite, swindler, forger, murderer. No one looks it less. The best authorities—from those who accuse Mr. Joseph Smith of the most heartless deception, to those who believe that he began as an impostor and ended as a prophet—find in Mr. Brigham Young "an earnest, obstinate, egotistic enthusiasm, fanned by persecution, and inflamed by bloodshed." He is the St. Paul of the New Dispensation. True and sincere, he gave point and energy and consistency to the somewhat disjointed, turbulent, and unforseeing fanaticism of Mr. Joseph Smith; and if he has not been able to create, he has shown himself great in controlling circumstances.

Finally, there is a total absence of pretension in his manner, and he has been so long used to power that he cares nothing for its display. The arts by which he rules the heterogeneous mass of conflicting elements are indomitable will, profound secrecy, and uncommon astuteness.—*Captain Barton.*

The Quebec Daily News of Oct. 29th says:—After the keen and piercing frost of the last two or three days, the weather moderated yesterday, and the day was pleasant and agreeable. Our Indian summer has not yet visited us.

THE ENGLISH GRAIN CROPS.—The London *Daily News* states that owing to the large increase in the yield, the harvest is estimated to be worth £20,000,000 to £20,000,000 more than that of last year, and their will consequently be no necessity for the importation of large supplies of breadstuffs from abroad.

THE Grand Temple of the Independent Order of Good Templars held their Annual Session in Toronto on Tuesday last, the 3rd of November, and following days.

## ABUSE OF EXHILARATING GAS IN SURGERY.

Messrs. Editors,—During the past year public attention has been frequently called to the properties of the protoxide of nitrogen or 'laughing gas,' and many persons have been subjected to its influence, without being aware of its dangerous properties. Scientific men have been silent all this time; its uses were chiefly confined to persons for public amusement. But it is time to interfere, when it is recommended for and used in surgical operations. The properties of this gas have been known since 1776, and those who now proclaim it to be a new anesthetic agent, capable of taking the place of ether, impose upon the public, as a work was written upon this very subject in 1847. It is known that atmospheric air supports animal life from the oxygen contained in it, and the essential functions of respiration can be carried on in an atmosphere of protoxide of nitrogen, but a prolonged use of this gas will give rise to disturbances of the system sufficient to produce death. Plants introduced into vessels filled with this gas faded in about three days, and they soon afterwards died. Its effects upon insects, annelids, mollusca, amphibia, birds, and mammals, were examined by Sir Humphrey Davy, and on all of these it acts as a positive poison. It produces peculiar changes in their blood and organs, terminating in death; and when forced into the veins of animals it disorganizes the nervous system, according to Nysten.—Dr. Pereira says respecting it—

'I have administered this gas to more than one hundred persons, and have observed that after the respiration of it for a few seconds, it causes frequent and deep respirations, the color of the lips and the whole face become blue, temporary delirium is produced, and an indisposition to part with the inhaling tube. The sensations are pleasing; the delirium manifests itself in different persons: I have known it to produce stupor, singing in the ears, giddiness, tingling sensations in the hands and feet, &c.'

Professor Silliman mentions a case in which the effects of the gas produced a complete perversion of the sense of taste for eight weeks; and A. S. Taylor states that some serious after effects upon the brain have been produced by its inhalation. I could cite the opinions and experiences of many other authorities upon this subject, all coming to the same conclusion, that the effects of this gas are dangerous. It was known in 1847 that it produced insensibility to pain when used as an anesthetic agent. It appears unsafe to employ it in surgery even for such small operations as teeth. It cannot, therefore, be recommended as a substitute for ether as an anesthetic agent, although a new agent, as harmless and as effective as ether, without possessing its strong odor, is very desirable.—*Professor H. Dussauce in Scientific American.*

## ADVICE GRATIS TO THE SLOW-COACH FAMILY.

Don't take a newspaper; don't read one of any kind. If you hear persons discussing this or that great battle, ask stupidly what it all means. Emulate Rip Van Winkle; steep your senses in moral and mental oblivion, and pay no attention to what is passing around you; in this way you may save two or three dollars—the price of a paper—and lose \$500 or \$5,000 by not being informed about markets, supply and demand, and a thousand other things as essential to an enterprising man as light and air. If you have children, don't take any paper for them; tell them 'book learnin' ain't no 'count.' Let them tumble in the highway unwashed, uncombed, and in rags and tatters. If they don't graduate in the State Prison it will be through no fault of yours. If you are a farmer, plow, sow, and reap as your stupid old father did before you; scoff at agricultural papers, and sneer and deride at progress of all kinds; then if you do not succeed in making other people think that they are all wrong, and that you alone are sagacious, it must be that the world is curiously awry and needs reforming badly. The sooner you undertake it the better. By not reading papers you will succeed, if a farmer, in having the finest crop of knotty, wormy apples that can be found; potatoes that would take the prize at any fair for rot; cabbages that are all leaves and no head; turnips destroyed in the shoot by worms; hay mouldy and musty, because you despised barometers and cut it just as the mercury was falling; corn half a crop, because you exhausted the land with it for years and starved nature to such a pitch that she had nothing to yield in return; all these calamities and many more will befall you because you don't keep pace with the times. You call it 'hard luck,' but men of common sense call your course by a name you never heard of—stupidity; that's more 'book learnin'.

A man that does not take a paper of some kind or another in this time of the world must expect to be a prey to all sorts of swindlers, a victim to bad management, and out of spirits, out of pocket, temper, money, credit; in short everything under the sun that tends to make life bearable. The newspaper is the great educator of the people after all; so let us then exclaim 'The Press forever.'—*Scientific American.*

## THE GREAT ORGAN.

A very full and interesting account is given in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of the great organ which will soon be completed in the Boston Music Hall. It is stated that this great organ is 'a choir of nearly six thousand vocal throats.' Its largest wind pipes are thirty-two feet in length, and they are so wide that a man can crawl through; while at the same time the finest tubes are as small as a baby's whistle. It contains several distinct systems of pipes, capable of being played alone or in connection with one another, by four manuals or keyboards. Those systems are called the solo organ, and the piano and forte pedal organ. It is stated that in absolute power and compass this instrument ranks among the four greatest of the kind ever built, and in the perfection of its parts and its whole arrangement it challenges comparison with any other in the world. The wood of which it is constructed is beautiful black walnut covered with carved figures in relief. A richly ornamented central arch contains the key-boards and stops, and the pediment above is surmounted by a bust of Johann Sebastian Bach. Behind this rises the lofty central division containing pipes; and crowning it is a beautiful statue of St. Cecilia holding her lyre. On each side of her is a griffin sitting as a guardian. The centre is connected by harp shaped compartments filled with pipes to the two grand towers at the sides, each containing three colossal pipes. These towers are stately, and produce

a commanding effect. This organ is placed upon a low platform; its whole height is sixty feet, its breadth forty feet, and depth twenty-four. It is a majestic, beautiful, and wonderful piece of art, and before it stands Crawford's beautiful bronze statue of Beethoven. The Boston Music Hall is of ample dimensions to give play to the waves of harmony that will proceed from this majestic instrument. It is one hundred and thirty feet in length, seventy-eight in breadth, and sixty-five in height. Its dimensions are all multiples of the number thirteen, the length being ten, the breadth six, and the height five times this number. This is in accordance with Scott Russell's recommendation, and has been explained by the fact that vibrating solids divide into harmonic lengths separated by nodal points of rests, and these last are equally distributed at aliquot parts of its whole length. This Hall is therefore a great sounding board constructed according to the principles of acoustics. Boston is indebted to the President—Dr. J. Baxter Upham—of the Music Hall Association for this great instrument. It was built at Ludwigsburg, Germany, by Mr. Walcker; the architectural frame, with its elegant carvings, was completed in New York, by Mr. Herter; the most important figures being executed at Stuttgart, Germany. This instrument will be one of the great attractions of the city of Boston, creditable to the musical taste and cultivated feelings of her citizens.

## DON'T ROCK THE BABY.

If all the ultimate consequences of one's acts are to be laid to his charge, the man who invented rocking cradles for children rests under a fearful load of responsibility. The downright murder of tens of thousands of infants, and the weakened brains of hundreds of thousands of adults, are undoubted results of his invention. To rock a child in a cradle, or to swing him in a crib, amounts to just this: the rapid motion disturbs the natural flow of the blood, and produces stupor or drowsiness. Can any one suppose for a moment that such an operation is a healthy one? Every one knows the dizzy and often sickening effect of moving rapidly in a swing; yet wherein does this differ from the motion a child receives when rocked in a cradle. It is equivalent to lying in a ship berth during a violent storm, and that sickens nine people out of ten. A very gentle, slow motion may sometimes be soothing, though always of doubtful expediency; but to move a cradle as rapidly as a swing of a pendulum three feet long—that is, once in a second—is positive cruelty. We always feel like grasping and staying the arm of the mother or nurse who, to secure quietude, swings the cradle or crib with a rapidity equal to that of a pendulum a foot long. If any mother is disposed to laugh at our suggestions, or consider them whimsical, we beg her to have a bed or cot hung on cords, then lie down in it herself, and have some one swing it with the same rapidity that she allows the cradle to be rocked. What she will experience in both head and stomach is just what the infant experiences.

We insist that the rocking of children is a useless habit. If not accustomed to rocking, they will go to sleep quite as well when lying quietly as when shaken in a cradle. If they do not there is trouble from sickness or hunger, or more likely from an overwhelmed stomach; and though the rocking may produce a temporary stupor, the trouble is made worse thereafter by the unnatural means taken to produce quiet for the time being.

## GARIBALDI ON POLISH AFFAIRS.

GENERAL GARIBALDI has written the following letter to M. Lombard, a French writer who has just published an 'Historical Sketch of Poland':—

CAPRIERA, Sept. 14, 1863.

MY DEAR LOMBARD—

I have read with great pleasure your advice to the brave Poles. You must only count on themselves and on honest men like yourself. The revolting cynicism shown in this holy cause is a living shame to diplomacy. While rivers of blood are flowing, their Excellencies amuse Europe with their notes. It is truly sad in these so-called days of social progress, to find no government which will protest against this slaughter—which will say to the Czar, "Cease your career of murder; spare these men, these women, these infant victims who do not belong to you," and then put itself at the head of its people to support the demand. Such a government would in truth be the image of divinity on earth, and all the liberal of the world would kneel at its feet to pray it to enlist them in its ranks. You, in the meantime, apostle of free words, hold up to execration Mourvieu and those who reward his atrocious services. I thank you.

Your devoted,  
GARIBALDI.

A PLAIN but massive monument is about to be erected in Hartley churchyard over the graves of the sufferers by the Hartley calamity. The names of the 204 men and boys who lost their lives so terribly will be inscribed on it.

THE SCHOOL IN THE HOUSE.—Every family is a school. All its members are teachers, all are scholars. Without textbooks all study, and by instinct all learn. Looks, smiles, frowns, caresses, reproaches, shrugs, words, deeds, make up daily household lessons, from which each learner derives, first, impressions; next, convictions; and then character. What the school in the house should be, may oftentimes be best known by noticing what it is not. If domestic courtesy, and family politeness, and mutual forbearance, and considerable patience, and helpful love, are not in the house, there will be in their stead, rudeness and selfishness, and impatience and strife. These last are scorpions whose deadly venom is sure destruction of domestic peace, concord and happiness. Christian parents, you are teachers at home! Let your children learn what practical piety is, from the benignity of your tempers and the blamelessness of your examples.

BLACK and grizzly bears are very thick now in the cultivated valleys of the Utah territory. They have come down from the mountains determined to avail themselves of whatever they can find in the provision line.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 6TH NOV., 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Category (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries, etc.) and Amount (\$23,149 15, \$3,530 68, etc.).

Increase.....\$107 14

JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton, 30th Oct. 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 31ST, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Category (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock, etc.) and Amount (\$23,995 03, 2,800 00, etc.).

Total.....\$90,816 74

Decrease.....\$3,400 82

JOSEPH HICKSON, Chief Accountant.

MONTREAL, Nov. 6th, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT. LIVERPOOL, Oct. 17th, 1863.

Table with 3 columns: Commodity (Beef, Pork, Mutton, etc.), Unit (per tierce, per barrel, etc.), and Price (e.g., 76 0 a 82 0).

PETROLEUM.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity (American Crude, Canadian, etc.) and Price (£18 u 19, £10 a 11, etc.).

SELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL.

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Hamilton, July 27, 1863.

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

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

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