

# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



Vol. I.—No. 8.]

HAMILTON, C.W. JANUARY 3, 1863.

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



WHAT DOES IT SAY?

## L I F E .

Metaphors are many which warn men of the shortness of life and of illimitable eternity. The pulpit, too, gives forth its warning notes, and poets have made it the subject for some of their best productions. How finely has LONGFELLOW, in his 'Psalm of Life,' expressed his conviction that life is an earnest reality; something that terminates not here; but stretches away into the vast and unknown future,—

'Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not the goal;  
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'  
Was not spoken of the soul.'

The painter has also portrayed the course of human life, through its various stages, from youth to old age; and, like the revolving year, its extremities have more in common than any other period of existence. The one feels that his race is run, his frame enfeebled and his mind unstrung. He looks back upon the past and finds it compassed round with trials and disappointments; and but few of the sunny spots with which his youthful fancy adorned the future. He now sees that it is impossible for it to be otherwise, and has no desire to again tread the rugged path of life. Youth looks on the future with very different feelings, but it is the future of its own imaginings, and has little in common with its stern realities. Ardent in spirit and big with hope, it feels able to overcome every opposing obstacle, if any such there be, and realize in the future its youthful dream. Has it been deceived? Has a promised happiness, when about to become permanent, receded at the touch? Has the heart felt a pang of sorrow? Has the eye been dimmed by tears? Hope still points the way, and thus enticed, continues to chase imaginary and unsubstantial forms. Such is life, and such has most experienced it to be.

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### EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

The time has at length arrived for the much-belauded and much-abused Proclamation of President Lincoln to come into operation. How far the author of it may have the power to enforce its provisions, and what will be the effect of it if he have, are questions which have excited much discussion; but not more than their vast importance merits.

The Slavery question, which now confronts the people of the United States, is one of the most frightful problems which ever a nation was called upon to solve, and may well appal the stoutest courage and baffle the profoundest wisdom.

Conscientiously to unclasp at once the fetters of four millions of human beings, whose lives have been spent in slavery—whose moral natures have been imbruted by bondage and neglect—whose chief motives of conduct have been the avoidance of the lash, and a desire to escape from their hard lot—requires a more exalted faith in the ultimate triumph of justice than is usually to be met with now a days.

On the other hand it must be clear to every man of unperverted feelings, and moderate intelligence, that slavery is an abnormal state, one that must be abolished some day; either by peaceful regulation or in the turmoil of war, where many a huge iniquity has perished before. Moreover, that its evils accumulate—alike as to its present influence and ultimate extinction—with the increasing

number of the enslaved and the magnitude of the interests involved.

Numberless are the plans which have been suggested for the peaceful abolition of slavery, but a pre-requisite of all these has been the consent of the slaveholder, and this there seems not the remotest prospect of obtaining. For, while every other part of the world has been advancing in liberal sentiments; the South has become more and more devoted to the 'peculiar institution.' The language in which Southerners now defend slavery, is very different in tone from that used by the framers of the Constitution, with regard to it. At the time of the adoption of that instrument, nearly all the great men of America—and in those days she did produce great men—were abolitionists. Washington though a slaveholder declared that his vote should not be wanting, for emancipation. Jefferson proposed that slavery should be excluded from any territory, to be subsequently acquired by the Union, and Madison succeeded in excluding the word 'Slave' from the Constitution. Compelled to yield their opinions to conflicting interests, these men yet thought they were but sanctioning a temporary evil, which in a few years would work its own cure, as it had already done in some of the more Northern States. It was then universally believed that slavery depended for its existence on the slave trade, and even the slaveholders only required that this should not be abolished for twenty years. How different are the sentiments of the South now! The system which was apologetically advocated then, is now boldly proclaimed by them to be of divine origin. Belief in Slavery, then timid and hesitating, has risen to the strength of a religious creed. Not a creed of the nineteenth century, liberal and enlightened, but of the seventeenth, cruel, vindictive and intolerant. The pulpit, the press and all the energies of the National brain are compelled to do it homage. It sets its tyrant foot on every influence which crosses its path. It brooks no expostulation, or silences them with 'tar and feathers.' It permits no examination of its claims, or answers with violence and outrage.

Of the deteriorated sentiments of the South on the question of slavery the most abundant proofs are at hand. Take for instance the celebrated Richmond speech of Mr. Stevens, Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, and unquestionably the ablest thinker in the Southern Cabinet.

After finding fault with Jefferson and the men of his day for their half-heartedness in the cause of Slavery, Mr. Stevens said:

'Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas: its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truth, that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and moral condition. (Applause.) This our new government is the first, in the history of the world, based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth.'

But more convincing proofs than either speeches or writings furnish, are to be found in a code of slave laws, the most inflexibly barbarous—the most systematically oppressive—that ever disgraced the Statutes of any nation. The helots of Sparta and the slaves of Rome may have been subjected to more personal cruelty by their masters, than those of the South, but the laws of those pagan times did not shut the Slave out from all hope of freedom, nor deprive him of the benefits which a humane master could confer. The laws of the South do. A southern slaveholder may be desirous of doing everything in his power to improve the condition of his Slaves, but legal difficulties meet him at every point. If he attempts to educate them, he is subject to a heavy fine.

In Georgia, North Carolina and Mississippi, he cannot allow them to go at large, nor to trade on their own account, not even to cultivate a patch of ground, nor accumulate stock of any kind. In

South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi, a master cannot emancipate a Slave, without obtaining an act of the Legislature in each case.

It is impossible to conceive that a people who can approve such sentiments, and sanction such laws, will ever take any step toward Emancipation, or will ever quietly submit to it. Emancipation then must come from without if it come at all.

For our own part we must confess that the only interest we take in the present war, relates to the Slavery question.

Throwing this question aside, there is little in either side of the contest to enlist the sympathies of Canadians. But in this question we are vitally interested, alike from the dictates of humanity and of self-defence. Slavery is chronic war, ready to burst into a conflagration at any time, and who can answer for that conflagration always being confined to the place of its origin. We are by no means sanguine of the potency of President Lincoln's Proclamation; nevertheless we welcome it as a step towards a solution of this formidable question.

### TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE SISTER PROVINCES.

It is our earnest desire to make our journal a welcome visitor in every part of British North America. We look forward with confidence to a day when all the Provinces included under this name shall be politically one. But while the tendency of affairs is indubitably in this direction, it cannot be denied that they are at present in a state of isolation from each other, which is greatly to be regretted. The public mind of Canada is comparatively unacquainted with the natural resources and manufacturing and commercial industry of the sister Provinces. We know far less of the affairs of our neighbors of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, than we do of those of the United States; yet we form part, with them, of the same great Empire, our loyalty is given to the same sovereign, and, geographically, we lie contiguous to each other. It is highly desirable then that our relations should be more intimate, our sympathy stronger and our interest in each other's welfare more family like. To this end the "Illustrated News" will be in part devoted; and we respectfully solicit the assistance of our friends in the other Provinces. This can best be rendered by sending us photographs and sketches for illustration in our pages, together with descriptions or other matter connected with them. We shall at all times prefer photographs, but sketches will be welcome when their accuracy can be relied on. The subjects of which we most particularly desire illustrations, both of pen and pencil, are, natural scenery, public buildings, portraits of public men, mining, the fisheries, &c.

### 'THE GOOD TEMPLAR.'

We have received the first number of this new periodical. It is to be published weekly, at Woodstock, C. W., and is edited by Messrs. McWhinnie and Ferguson. As its name implies, it will be devoted chiefly to the cause of Temperance. It contains four pages of excellent reading matter, especially interesting to members of Temperance organizations; but by no means uninteresting to the general reader. The paper is good, and its typography decidedly creditable. It is furnished at the low price of one dollar per annum. It is evidently in hands who are thoroughly capable of conducting it. We earnestly wish our new confrere the most abundant success.

Our readers will, we trust, excuse our late appearance this week. The holidays, together with some other arrangements we have been forced to make have caused the delay; but for the future we shall endeavour to have the paper in their hands earlier.

## Foreign News.

An eccentric British admirer of Garibaldi is alleged to have offered £1,000 for the ball taken out of the Great Liberator's wound.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has given instructions to the clergy under his jurisdiction to preach sermons on the first Sunday in Advent, in aid of the fund for the relief of the distress in the north.

GRONOR LEADBODY & Co. have offered a reward of £1,000 for the discovery of the parties who have stolen £50,000 from the Bank of America.

The number of students enrolled in Glasgow University is 1262, being the greatest number who have attended during any one session for the last thirty years.

On Monday, Mrs. Thorneycroft submitted to the Queen the design for a colossal equestrian statue of the Prince Consort to be erected at Liverpool.

At Windsor, on Wednesday, her Majesty planted an oak in memorial of the Prince Consort. Her Majesty's health and spirits have much improved.

The Eagle steamer, which left the Clyde on Confederate account some days ago, sailed from Belfast on Sunday for Nassau, N.P. She had undergone repairs at the patent slip on Queen's Island previous to her departure.

LORD RADSTOCK mentioned, at a meeting held in London last week, that seventy of the little shoeblacks had contributed £7 for the distressed, and that one of them had given 16s., or 1s. in the pound, on the capital which he had saved. The statement was received with loud cheers.

THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.—There are now 370,000 requiring aid from the unions or the Relief Committee, and the average aid is about 1s. 4d. per head per week; the numbers are daily increasing, and the allowance is manifestly too small especially in winter. Assume then, that in a few weeks the distressed operatives in Lancashire and the adjacent district, amount to 500,000 and that an allowance of 2s. per head is made, the sum of £50,000 per week will be required.

The Greek community of Liverpool met on Monday evening, to determine, as far as they could, the choice of a sovereign for their country; and, as was anticipated, the lot fell on Prince Alfred. The Prince was unanimously selected, and the speeches delivered at the meeting were no less complimentary to British institutions, than they were to the ability and earnestness of the speakers. The opinion which swayed the meeting was, that a prince brought up under a strict constitutional rule would value the liberties of those over whom he was called to govern.

In what other part of England are we to look for benevolence like that of Sir Elkannah Armitage; who, ever since his mills were closed has fed and clothed his 1,200 work-people, and intends to do so? Or like that of the Fieldens, of Todmorden, and their contribution of £300 a-week? Or like that of the gentleman mentioned in the Times of last Thursday, who is incurring a loss of £50,000 rather than let his hands go without work, and yet is abused because he has given nothing to the 'Relief Fund'?

MORE CLYDE STEAMERS FOR THE SOUTH.—The fine paddle steamer Havlock, 360 tons register, was to sail on Saturday night for Nassau. On Tuesday, Mr. Laurie launched a fine screw steamer of 600 tons, named the Georgiana, from his yard at Whiteinch, and immediately laid down the keel of a similar vessel, On Friday, Messrs. Barclay & Curle, Stoboross, launched a 250 ton screw steamer, which is now getting in her engines at Greenock. All these vessels are destined for the Confederate Government.

The Edinburgh Workmen's Houses Improvement Company is engaged in the erection of two rows of houses at Dumbiedykes, generally of three stories high, entering by common stairs and galleries. The front row consists of 70 houses, the second of 62—in all, 132 houses. All the houses contain three rooms, and are supplied with modern sanitary appliances, coal-bunkers, presses, and gas, and most of them have a large store closet in the lobby, or a scullery. The name which has been suggested for these houses is 'Prince Albert Buildings.'

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A FRENCH SOLDIER.—A soldier was tried the other day at Bordeaux for not having been drawn for the conscription. In defence it was stated that he had been in California since he was nineteen years old. He was returning on board the Golden Gate, and when the fire broke out he took all his money, fastened it in a belt round his waist, and leaped into the sea. A drowning woman near, however, implored him to save her child. He was a good swimmer, but he could not reach the shore with his money—about £8,000 in gold—and the child together. So he unfastened his belt, cast away the money, and got safe to land with the child. The prisoner was acquitted by the tribunal.

## Gleanings.

### OUTLINE OF A PITMAN'S SERMON.

[I can only give a brief outline of the sermon, and a portion of one head, by way of illustration of Peter Joblin's genius. I Anglicize and make plain the style and verbiage, and I omit the use of sacred names.]

"Now, my brethren," said the preacher, "you know well enough that the Psalmist here refers to the *pit of affliction*, a 'low pit' indeed, as everybody finds out when they come to the bottom of it. As there are pits of various depths in this part of the country, so there are pits of affliction of various depths; some only a few fathoms, out of which a man may scramble somehow; but there are others deeper, and some dreadful deep; and there's some called the *lowest pits*. In these there are troubles on every side, and none to deliver. Why, some of you have been in a pit of affliction as low down as Hetton's great upcast-shaft; and you never got out of it either till you cried aloud to Heaven for help, and confessed who it was that laid you down that lowest pit. Ah, it was awful deep and awful dark! But now, *secondly*, there's the *pit of sin*. I call that the *lowest pit*. A man can't fall deeper, and every one falls down such a pit often and often. Why, there was Adam, who walked upright—what must he do, but one day, while he is listening to his wife's chafing (seducing) talk, over and down into the pit he goes, and drags she after him, and they never stops till they get down to the bottom, bang!—yes, down to the bottom, bang!

"Well, now, to apply this idea to you, I'll go bail there's many of you down at the bottom of the pit now, at this moment. Yes, clean as you are in your Sunday clothes, you're at the bottom of the pit, at the bottom, bang! and black with sins! Well, and some of you know it—you can't see the light of heaven—you know you're in the dark, and ne'er a low (light), and ne'er a rope, and ne'er a bait (food), and ne'er a can of tea or coffee, and no Davy (Davy-lamp), and nothing to make you happy! Don't you want to get up? (Audible assent by groans and "amens!") Well, I'll tell you the history of one man's getting up from this lowest pit. I know it well, for I helped him up. It was one Joseph Renwick, known to some of you dear saints, and a right-walking man he is now.

"Well, one day I was walking along at bank (the edge of a pit or brink), and I heard a terrible moaning and crying down pit, and I looked over and cried out, 'Anybody there?'

"Yes," says a voice from the bottom. "Who is it?" says I. "Why, it is I, Joe Renwick. O, Mr. Jobling, do help me up and out! I have been here so long, and I be so miserable!"

"Well, Joe," says I, 'there's but one way of getting you up, and that's by the *gospel-rope*! If I send it down will you lay hold of it?'

"Ay, that will I, Mr. Jobling! O, dear Mr. Peter, do send down the rope! O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?'

"Well, Joe, if you will promise to lay hold of the rope, with all your might, and cling to nothing else, why, look out! here goes with the rope!"

"So, brethren, I let down the *gospel-rope* over the windlass; and a beautiful strong rope it is, six strands to every flat (alluding to the flat ropes in use in coal-pits), and every strand as strong as steel; then, after a while, I cried, 'Now, Joe, has't got rope?'

"Ay, ay, Master Peter," says he, 'I got 'im! Draw, draw! wind, wind!'

"Now, Joe," says I, 'mind you do not lay hold of anything else, and don't attempt to bring anything up with you; cling to the rope, and don't load it with

any more weight than yourself and your sins!'

"So I began to wind, and felt Joe at end of rope heavy enough, with all his sins; but up he is coming, and soon he would have been up to bank, when, all of a twinkling, slack comes the rope, and no Joe!

"Why, Joe!" I cried, 'where are you?'

"Down again, Master Peter!" says he; 'down again! bang at bottom!'

"How's that, Joe!'

"Don't know, Peter; but I think my sins be too many for rope to bear up.'

"No, no, Joe. Try again man!"

"So I let down rope again, and Joe takes it, and I winds up, and all is coming up right, till again, all in a gunpowder twinkle, down falls Joe, and up comes rope like an empty cowe (coal-basket).

"What! *Joe Renwick* down again?'

"Yes, Master Peter! It's no use. I see my sins be too many and too heavy; I shall never be saved.'

"Well, but, Joe, tell us truth—down and up truth; hasn't thee been bringing up some things with thee, some things which I told thee to leave behind?'

"Why, Master Peter, you see, I was just bringing up a few things of my own, only a few!'

"Ah, Joe, there it is! You were bringing up *your own works of merit*!—Ah, Joe, *gospel-rope* cannot bear them! why, your own works is as heavy as lead! I knew you wanted to make them like Jeremiah's clouts when he was drawn up out of pit. But, Joe, all our own righteousness is as filthy rags—rotten rags, too; and they won't hold, and they won't do! Your own works, Joe, is heavier than you are! Now, Joe, try once more, without anything but yourself.'

"So I lets *gospel-rope* down again, and I feels Joe grab at 'im; and I winds and draws—heavy and taught comes rope—and I feel Joe hanging on and as heavy as a ton of Hetton seam-coals. But I winds and winds, and now he's near to bank! [Here Peter Joblin leaned over the pulpit, and suited his manipulations to his description, drawing up visibly laboriously. Breathless suspense marks the congregation, and agonizing anxiety as Joe is made by Peter to come near to bank!] Now, brethren, one or two more winds and up comes Joe safe to bank, and out of loop (a loop of the rope (he jumps and stands at bank, and falls down on his knees and thanks God for his salvation by the *gospel-rope*!)" Loud cries all around of "Glory to Joe Renwick!" "Glory and praise for the *gospel-rope*!" "Amen!" "Glory for Joe and praise for Peter!"

"Thirdly and lastly, brethren, having shewn you something of the pit of affliction and the pit of sin, I turn to the pit of perdition. Ah! that is the lowest pit. Anybody laid there is regular done up. It's no use o' calling to banksman there, 'banksman, aboy, pull up!' No, no; once there always there. O, brethren, that is the worst and the wildest, and the darksomest pit that ever a man see'd. No towy there; no good high main ways; no trams (railways); no ponies; no galloways; no sleek mares to help you do the work. No, do it all yourselves. And precious heavy and drowthy work too! Why, any of you putters, and half-marrows, and foals (all persons who push or draw the coal-wagons underground) have easy work of it here to what you will have down that pit. Oh, I wish I could make you afeard on it! Only just think!—never come up; never stop work; never have a moment for a bit of bait; never sit down a bit; never stand upright; never a draught of cool air; never nothing that you like! (Great sensation.)

"And what's worse than all this, the *pit always a-fire*! (Jobling rakes and thumps) pit always a-fire! Not a chance of dowsing them flames; all flame, all furnace! Why, look half a minute to-morrow morning at furnace at bottom of Hetton-shaft, and see it roaring and rush-

ing, and bellowing, and blazing; and just fancy whole pit like this, and no water, no sump, no shaft. This is the pit of perdition. And I won't say how many of you is going to it. I sees some of you looking at me as if you'd say, 'Don't believe you, Peter!' But I can only tell you it's true as you are there and I am here. (Uncontrollable emotion.) Yes, I know what I'm a-saying, and where you're a-going—a-going as fast as a rattling, banging train of coal-wagons down the incline—ay, and faster too; and some of you will be there afore next year, or perhaps next pay-day, or next Sunday.

"Well, but here's the *gospel-rope*; lay hold on 'im; that will draw you up out pit of sin, and then you'll never fall into pit of perdition. And as to pit of affliction, why, that's nothing to 'tother two, though it feels deep enough when a body's in it, as I know well enough, for I be in it now, having buried my second daughter, Nancy, last month. Dear little angel as she was! with eyes as black as a coal, cheeks as brown as a berry, hair as fine as silk, and in other particulars for all the world like her father, as they say! Well, she's gone, (sobs and tears amongst the women,) and her mother's going stark crazy about her, and greeting (crying) all night. And the worst on it is, the doctor's bill and the coffin-carpenter's bill is n't paid yet, and I'm sure I know no more where money's to come from than you do. Ah, I might well say, '*Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit.*' But, as I was saying, the *gospel-rope* is the blessed, strong, long, saving rope. Let's all lay hold on 'im, and he'll draw us up, not only out of all the three pits to bank, but a vast higher than bank, right up, not over the pulleys, (pulleys of the winding-engine over the pit, a common accident,) not over the pulleys, brethren, to break our necks, but right straight through up to the skies, straight through the clouds, right up to heaven! Never come down again; ne'er another pit there; no more work, no hewing, or putting, or marrowing, or fadling. All work done then; all enjoyment to begin, to end nevermore, forever and forever, and as much longer as you can think on!

"Well, it's all along of the *gospel-rope*. Then, I say, just to finish up, cling to *gospel-rope*; put your foot in loop, wind your arms round it, hold on tight for your life; kick down all your own works, your few things and your many things, your lumber and your cumber—kick them down pit, and never heed swinging about, but hold on, and I'll go bail, you and I will be wound up at last! As for me, sooner the better; I want to go to my Nancy! I'm ready now! Well, dear brethren, bless you! bless you! Amen.—Please to take notice there will be a collection at the doors."

"Oh, sir," said Mat. Simpson's wife, on coming out, to me, "wasn't he beautiful about the rope? and didn't he talk pretty of Nancy?'

"Hush, missus," said Matthew. "Well, sir, I'm afraid our Peter aint fine enough for you. He aint none of your Greek and Latin parsons; he's one of God's calling!"

I leave the reader to judge of Peter Jobling's genius. I find I must leave my notes of the schools to another time.

### JOHN DEAN AND MISS BOKER.

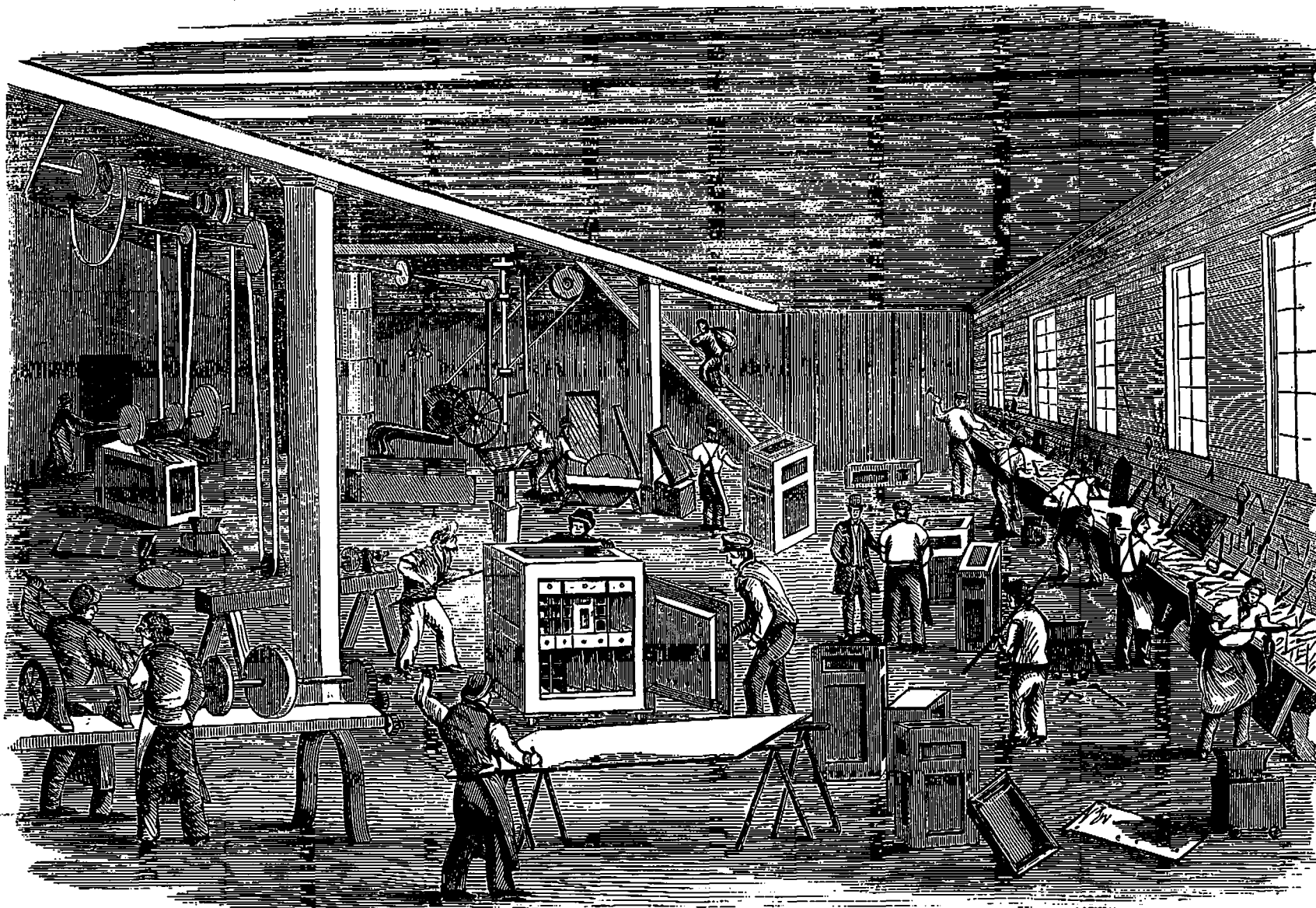
A few years ago the marriage of Miss Boker, of New York, with her father's coachman, John Dean, set all the scandalmongers of Gotham in a fever. The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* thus continues the "strange eventful story." "After the marriage, the couple, notwithstanding their different 'bringing up,' lived happy enough together, in a small cottage over in Williamsburg. The husband obtained an office in the custom-house, and saved money enough to open a public house, at the foot of Grand Street, Williamsburg. But alas! for John Dean, he could not keep a hotel. It is said 'he was his own best customer,' and, as a

natural result, he commenced treating his wife badly. In a short while all their money was spent, and with poverty coming in at the door, love, as usual, flew out of the window. John beat and abused his wife, but all this she put up with, until starvation stared her in the face, when she was compelled to ask admission in the alms-house. The petition was granted, and the beautiful, elegant and accomplished belle of the Fifth Avenue—a few years ago—is now the associate of beggars and paupers."

### BETTER BUILD OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

In a remarkably practical and well written article by Dr. R. T. Trall, published in the 'Hygienic Teacher,' he discusses the comparative 'vital stamina' of the two countries thus sensibly:—"The better vital development of the English, particularly of the women and children, has long been a subject of remark with travellers; and we have been in the habit of alluding to this subject in our lectures on the health and diseases of women. Hence, when the opportunity presented, we could not help studying this subject with much interest. We trace the great difference which exists in this respect—and it is even greater than we had supposed—to two sources, the greater amount of sleep and the more exposure to the fresh air. English mothers expose themselves and their children to the air often and freely as a matter of habit, while American mothers exclude themselves and their children from the fresh air as much as possible. On the cars, on the boats, in the omnibuses, in the hotels, everywhere, we noticed the almost universal attention paid to ventilation. Nowhere, did we see an Englishwoman shut a window for fear her baby would 'catch its death of cold,' and none of the babies seemed to have colds. All that we noticed seemed to be remarkably good-natured. It is almost impossible to travel on a train in America where there are several young children, without hearing continually the cry of distress from some of them. But we heard nothing of this kind in England. We do not absolutely know, from actual observation and experience, that an English baby ever does cry, or can. English women are generally less irritable, less morbidly nervous, than American women, for the reason already assigned—more rest, more sleep, more quiet—and this circumstance, of course, has no small influence on the organization and temper of their offspring. And we think this view of the matter is fully confirmed by a comparison of the waists of American women. The effect of early and abundant exposure to and exercise in the open air, is to promote free breathing, enlarge the capacity of the respiratory apparatus, develop the vital organs, expand the chest, and enlarge the waist. And the vital resources of any woman, or any man, or any animal, other circumstances being equal, may be measured by the dimensions of the lower part of the thorax. The English woman, as a general rule, will out-measure the American several inches. This rule is well exemplified in the German women, who exercise much from early childhood in the open air, and who do not lace their vital organs out of all symmetrical proportions to the rest of the body. On board the *Bavaria* were half a hundred women and girls from Germany, not one of whom had not a round, full, well-developed chest, so much so, perhaps, as to be regarded as decidedly ungenteel, by the wasp-waisted fashionables of upper ten-ness in new-York. Another circumstance that tells in favor of better digestion and more enduring vitality with the English is, a habit of eating more slowly. So far as diet itself is concerned, there is not very much to choose. But the American people eat almost as soon as out of bed in the morning, swallow their food with very imperfect mastication, and then hurry to business, all of which tends to a precocity of brain and muscular activity, with the inevitable consequence of early decline."





INTERIOR VIEW OF THE SAFE MANUFACTORY OF MESSRS. TAYLOR, TORONTO.—[See Page 95.]

**THE SUNKEN ROAD AT WATERLOO.**—An odd numerical coincidence, twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first and six on the second—with musket to shoulder and eye upon their sights, waiting calm, silent and immovable. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them; they listened to the rising of this tide of men; they heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of the sabres, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence, then suddenly a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crests, with casques, trumpets and standards, and three thousand faces with grey mustache, crying 'Vive l'Empereur!' All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake. All at once,

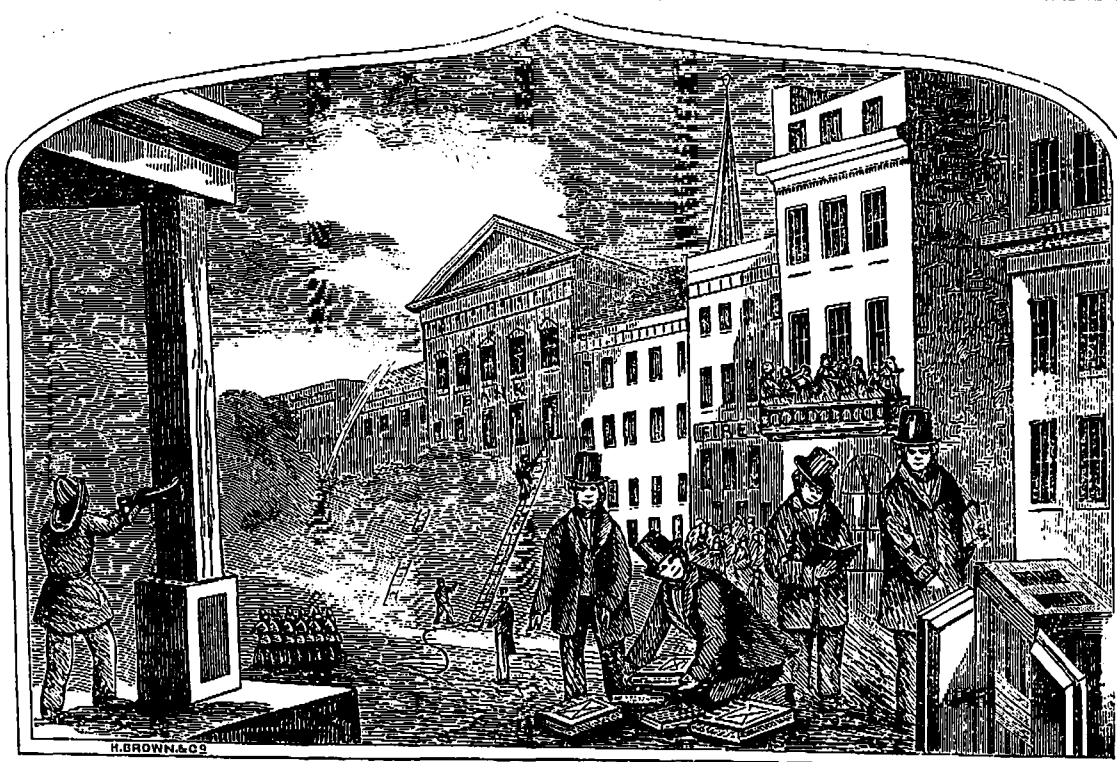
tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English—a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment: there was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope; the second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders, no power to retreat—the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English, crushed the French; the inexorable could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rode in together, pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and when the grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on.

Almost a third of the Dubois brigade sank into this abyss.

**A NARROW ESCAPE FROM BEGGARY.**—One of the Russian nobles—a man of wealth, but fearfully devoted to gambling—endured in one night both the agony and exultation which form the leading incidents in a gamster's life. Many years ago, this nobleman was well-known in the fashionable circles of London and Paris. He lost his money, his houses, his lands, his jewels, and even the very carriage which brought him to the gambling-house, and afterwards the horses that were attached to the carriage; and, incredible as it appears, he recovered the whole of his losses by staking the harness of his horses. Finding that fortune had taken this friendly turn in his favor, he instantly left off play; and as a memento of his marvellous escape from beggary, he caused the harness to be placed under a glass case, and to stand in the most conspicuous part of his drawing-room at Moscow. Amidst the thousands that are overwhelmed by the infatuation of gambling, it is pleasing

sometimes to meet with instances in which men by a vigorous effort have roused themselves to a sense of their peril; and, by the firmness arising out of the threatened desolation of their affairs, have saved themselves at the twelfth hour. An English peer had unfortunately given himself up to this fearful vice, and one night—or, more correctly speaking, one morning—after a fearful run of illfortune, he refused to play any longer; and, hastening to his home, he set about taking an estimate of his affairs. The result was that he discovered that after the payment of his enormous losses there would be some thousands of pounds available. He resolved to place himself out of the way of temptation; therefore the moment bankers and others opened for business, he hastened into the city, and before his return he had secured, by means of the residue of his property, an annuity of £1,000 for the remainder of his life. Having secured his annual income, which kept him from poverty, he made a vow never again to play, and faithfully kept his word.

**FORESTS OF THE CASCADES.**—To have started with dawn in a proud and exhilarating recollection all the day long. The most godlike impersonality men know is the sun. To him the body should pay its maternal devotions, its ardent, worshipful greetings, when he comes, the joy of the world; then is the soul elated to loftier energies, and nerved to sustain its own visions of glories transcending the spheres where the sun reigns sublime. Tame and inarticulate is the harmony of a day that has not known the delicious preludes of dawn. For the sun, the godlike, does not come hastily blundering in upon the scene. Nor does he bounce forth upon the arena of his action, like a circus clown. Much beautiful labor of love is done by earth and sky, preparing a pageant where their Lord shall enter.—



TRIUMPH OF MESSRS. TAYLOR'S SAFE.

Slowly, like the growth of any feeling, grand, masterful, and abiding, nature's power of comprehending the coming blessing develops. First, up in the colorless ranges of night there is a feeling of quiver and life, broader than the narrow twinkle of stars—a tender lucency, not light, but rather a sense of the departing darkness. Then a gray glimmer, like the sheen of filed silver, trembles upward from the black horizon. Gray deepens to violet. Clouds flush and blaze. The sky grows azure. The pageant thickens. Beams dart up. The world shines golden. The sun comes forth to cheer, to bless, to vivify.

The clergyman of a small living in Yorkshire, on one occasion, received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and, meeting them 12 months after at a social gathering, took up their baby, and exclaimed, 'I believe I have a mortgage on this child.' Baby's papa, rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a sovereign.

## Original Poetry.

UNKNOWN.

BY PAMELIA S. VINING, WOODSTOCK.

You have marked the lonely river,  
On whose waveless bosom lay  
Some deep mountain shadow ever,  
Dark'ning e'en the ripples play;—  
Did you deem it had no murmur  
Of soft music though unheard?—  
Deep beneath the placid surface  
That the waters never stirred?

You have marked the quiet forest  
Where the moonbeams slept by night,  
And the elm and drooping willow  
Sorrowed in the misty light;  
Did you deem those depths so silent  
Held no fount of tender song  
That awoke to hallowed strains  
As the hushed hours swept along?

And the heart hath much of music  
Deep within its chambers lone,  
Very passionate and tender,  
Never shaped to human tone;—  
Deem not that its depth are silent,  
Though thou ne'er hast stooped to hear;  
Haply, even thence, some music  
Flouts to the All-Hearing ear.

## Gossip.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WE do not know that we can more appropriately resume our 'Gossip' in this number, or more fully gratify our own inclinations, than by heartily wishing all the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, a Happy New Year! This is the season of good wishes, of kindly thoughts, of musical greetings; and most sincerely do we tender to each and all of them, as our best and brightest wish,—'Many Happy Returns of the Season.'

We cannot but congratulate ourselves, in passing, on the fact that the number of our readers, have, week by week, increased to such an extent, that we can already count up more than any other Newspaper in Canada, with perhaps two, or at the utmost, three, exceptions. But it is not our province to discuss business matters in our 'gossip' page, and we will therefore content ourselves, with expressing the hope, that a (discerning public,) will so encourage our efforts, in making the 'Illustrated,' what it ought to be, that the circle, to whom, in the beginning of 1864, we may be privileged to send our friendly greeting; shall have so widened and increased; that every township, and every hamlet in our country will be embraced in it.

Now when the old year is drawing his last breath, and the new born one is joyously beginning life, the beautiful lines of Tennyson in 'In Memoriam,' chime their rich music in many memories.

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE NEW YEAR.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO, is already 'numbered with the years before the flood.' Its character has been written in letters of blood. It has left its impress, in ruined hopes, desolated homes, broken hearts, and famine-stricken forms; it will be remembered as long as the present generation exists.

Its successor has but just greeted us—buoyant as young life, sanguine as young hopes—a singular destiny awaits it. 1862 has not been a year of conclusions; everything has been let loose, and unhinged; and to 1863, has been left the labor of settling—what it can.

Born of war and famine—child of troubled parents—the New-Year cannot but have a strange and eventful history. Some portion of its destiny is written in the past; how large a portion *unwritten*, is awaited with anxious expectancy, and bated breath by nations and princes; is indicated by the millions of men, in both Continents, lying on their arms, or engaged in deadly conflict,—by the feverish uncertainty pervading the minds of statesmen, and the gloomy forebodings of the wise and thoughtful in many lands,—by the nations longing and thirsting for peace, as they never did before; yet striving to outdo each other, in the mighty armies they are creating; and in the magnitude of their preparations for the coming strife.

Retribution always follows crime, but seldom so rapid with nations as with individuals. The past demands a day of reckoning; and for ought that you or I can tell reader; before we see the end of the year, that has but dawned, the retributions stored up for them by the misdeeds of a long train of their predecessors, may be visited upon the present generation of peoples and governments.

All things betoken the near approach of a fearful crisis in human affairs. We cannot see how human wisdom, or human foresight can prevent it. It is the necessary result of the past, it may be the indispensable condition of the future. We pretend not to prophesy; living as we are, in the midst of vicissitudes more fleeting and transient than the phenomena of a northern sky, it hardly becomes us, even to speculate. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to the signs of the times. Here, a nation of twenty millions, in arms; a people to whom the art of war was unknown, involved in all its horrors,—brother thirsting for his brother's blood,—leading politicians proclaiming their intense hatred of the government, which they themselves created; and foremost statesmen heading outbreaks of discontent. There, the people of a mighty continent, feverish and excited,—reeling from side to side with an uncontrollable impulse,—Kings distrustful, and Nations fearful of one another,—confidence between rulers and people, and between man and man destroyed; and that confidence transferred to the sword—an echo sufficient to fill a nation with panic; a voice, as faint, sufficient to still it for a time, into security again,—one Nation alone, with the beacon light of liberty and loyalty, pure and piercing, held aloft; elevated above the rising tempest, and visible through the darkening night. And so the universal confusion becomes worse confounded. It is as though the creative behests of the Almighty, which, at the beginning, constituted order the law of the Universe, had been countermanded; for verily chaos has come again, with the Spirit of Evil triumphant. When will the Spirit of God move again upon the face of the waters, dispel the vengeance from these dark, brooding clouds, and cause a new world to spring up, consecrated to happiness, peace and love.

Thus, the new born year greets the nations. What, friend are its greetings to us. You and I find the world as we are born to it; we leave it as we help to

make it. The year just begun, will surely be to us, as we have partly helped to make it, by what we did, or did not in the past. Work was done in those years to be finished; work undone to be supplied—*now*.

The summer is past; autumn is gone; winter shrouds the earth with its mantle; and man's day for work is shorter; yet, the ear of an informed faith can hear the grass growing, listen to the melody of the winds, blowing over the blossoms of future spring; and in the dim distance, too far for distinct interpretation, can discern the voices of happier generations.

SERMONS.

Anything, but Canadian politics, form the theme of our 'gossip,' with that we must positively be excused from intermeddling. Men and books; morals and manners; the street talk, and the table talk, of young and old, are within our scope; and, this being the case, we cannot see why sermons, forming, as they do, the subject for so much gossip elsewhere, should not be introduced into ours likewise.

In another part of our present number will be found an outline of a sermon—taken from an English periodical—by the Rev. Peter Jobbling, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or some way in its neighbourhood, to whom we now beg to introduce our readers. Peter, it may be premised, was formerly a pitman, in an extensive colliery, but his preaching talent having been discovered, he was translated from the pit to the pulpit—albeit without Episcopal ordination. None the worse of that we think, for we dare to assert, there is not a Bishop in England, who could preach with as much acceptance to Peter's congregation, as he does himself. Peter is a successful preacher, of that we have no doubt; and the secret,—alas! that it should be such a secret,—lies in his earnestness and zeal; in his piety and simplicity. For an illustration of his genius, the reader is referred to the sermon alluded to, or rather to our brief outline of it, his text being taken from Ps. lxxxviii, 6. 'Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit.'

Peter's sermon is suggestive. It contains food for reflection. And this brings us to the point of our 'gossip' Sermons in general—what they are, and what they ought to be.

The age we are told is a religious age. It may be so, but the evidence that it is a christian age, is anything but satisfactory. Men do not, indeed, in our day, teach christianity as if it was fictitious,—they rather extol it; substituting at the same time, a christianity of their own, in place of it. Infidelity is no longer loud-tongued and ribald; it finds refuge in the cloudy mysteries of a transcendental philosophy. What has now to be contended with, is not an active but a passive unbelief,—not the hostility, but the unconcerned indifference of the masses, and one of the great questions of our time, is, how that indifference may be overcome, and how society is to be educated, to a perception of those Great Truths, which alone can elevate the character of a people, and make them understand the true dignity, and high destinies of humanity. Into this question we do not at present enter; we can but glance at facts as they are placed before us. And the one that presents itself to our notice, is, that christianity in its present forms, or rather disguises, has ceased to a great extent, to be considered a solitary, divine thing,—the one thing needful. It has come down to, or below the level of the other influences which sway our age. The oracular power which once dwelt in the Pulpit, has departed from it; and those who occupy it, have, for the most part become a timid apologetic class,—consulting, not commanding, the taste of their audiences. The thunders of the pulpit have died away, and sermons are now criticized, not obeyed. A modern Paul may preach, but Felix instead of trembling,—yawns, if he does not slumber outright. John Howe, we are told, could preach six hours,

to unwearied throats; not many years ago, Edward Irving could protract his speech to midnight; but now, and amongst us, a sermon of forty minutes, even from eloquent lips, is thought sufficiently exhaustive, both of the subject, and the audience,—while, in the capital of Scotland,—that land of great theologians, and noble preachers,—periodicals of standing and position, advocate a monthly, instead of a weekly sermon.

This is but one of the symptoms of our spiritual disease; and reflecting men can but ask for the cause and the remedy. To indicate the one, is to point out the other.

Now it may as well be confessed at once, plainly and simply, that it is not Neologians, Panteists, or Rationalists, who have caused this dead weight of indifference; and taught men that the Bible is an old oriental document, with which modern civilization has nothing to do. The churches and professing christians of our day have done that most effectually for them. 'We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen,' when we assert, that the miserable inconsistencies,—the jealousies,—the worldliness,—and the want of earnestness, characteristic of the bulk of the professing christians of our day,—ministers as well as people, have done more to place stumbling-blocks in the way of earnest, thoughtful men, and more to hinder the progress of the religion of the Prince of Peace,—has furnished harder arguments for infidelity,—and proved more sure extinguishers of the good, produced through the instrumentality of those faithful to their profession, and principles, than all the exertions and influences of the Hume's and Paine's of the past; or of the Newman's or Colenso's, of the present.

Earnestness and singleness of purpose, as far as human pursuits are concerned, is the characteristic of our day, and shall they be wanting, where, above all else, they are most required and looked for?

ENNUI.

This is a French word, but it has been deservedly naturalized, because it expresses a source of trouble from which those who speak the English language are unfortunately not exempt. The complaint has been described by Pascal in the following words:—'One feels an insupportable annoyance in living with himself, and thinking of himself—hence, all his care is to forget himself, and let this short and precious life flow on without reflection.' Ennui is a domestic fiend, as troublesome as the demon of Frankenstein. It is the curse of the gentleman loafer, and is born of idleness and want of occupation. Like other kinds of misery it drives men into bad company, causes them to seek extraordinary excitement to induce forgetfulness, and makes them associate with gamblers, wine-bibbers and blackguards. A French gentleman, laboring under this affliction, when a beggar told him he was suffering from hunger, answered,

'Happy rascal, how I envy you!'

'Ennui,' it is said by an English writer, 'drove Alexander the Great to India, and poverty has often sent a vast number of persons to the same place, which, in both instances, has produced a great deal of bloodshed and robbery—and so far, things are pretty much on the square.'

Who ever knew poverty to offer a reward for the discovery of new pleasures? Was poverty ever reduced to kill flies?—or (coming nearer home), did poverty ever make a man walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, or ride one hundred and fifty miles, walk twenty, and kill forty brace of birds, all within the narrow space of one natural day?

The wood-sawyer, who earns the wherewithal to live by severing gigantic logs into portable fragments, may be weary when night comes, but one thing is certain, he is not troubled with ennui; he eats his frugal supper, and lies down on his humble bed to enjoy a dreamless and refreshing sleep, while the monarch or the courtier tosses on his bed of down, racking his brain to discover what he shall do to-morrow.

Crowned heads are famous for suffering ennui, and though they do not probably appreciate the remedy, a popular revolution is a real god-send to them. What a luxury for a stupid and sleep consumed king, whose hours hang listlessly on his hands, to be roused in the middle of the night or gray of morning by the sharp rattle of musketry before his palace gates, and to be forced to escape by the back stairs, and climb over a garden wall, and risk breaking his neck to save his head! A popular revolution is a *sovereign* remedy for royal ennui!



## HON. GEORGE BROWN.

To view impartially the acts of a prominent public man, while he is still taking an active part in political affairs, is perhaps an impossibility. Nay, we doubt much, whether any of those who acted with him, or those who opposed him, are qualified for the undertaking. Man is the creature of influences as well as the creature of circumstances, and he cannot flee the one, or retard the operations of the other. We at least lay no claim to such isolation, and will therefore simply content ourselves with the relation of a few facts in the stirring life of the eminent individual who forms the subject of this brief sketch; and whose portrait we this week present to our readers. The less necessary is it for us to do more; since his public life is so familiar to all who have given the least attention to Canadian public affairs.

The Hon. George Brown was born in Edinburgh, the Capital of Scotland, in the year 1821, and educated in the celebrated High School of that city. The incidents in his early career we need not stay to narrate. In the year 1839, his father, the late Mr. Peter Brown, accompanied by his eldest son George, and the other members of his family, emigrated to America and took up his residence in the city of New York. Being a man of considerable talent, energy, and general information, he at once embarked in literary pursuits; his first undertaking being the publication of a weekly newspaper called the *British Chronicle*, designed to advocate British interests in the United States.

In the year 1843, shortly after the celebrated disruption in the Presbyterian Church, he was invited by the Leaders of the Free Church party to come to Canada and conduct a paper advocating the principles of that body. He accordingly removed to Toronto, and commenced the publication of the *Banner* newspaper. He soon perceived, however, that a newspaper more purely political was needed in the interest of the Reform Party, of which he was an earnest and energetic supporter. In the Spring of the following year, therefore, *THE GLOBE*, now the most influential and widely circulated daily paper in British America, was established. It appeared at first as a weekly edition, about half the size of the present sheet. It had not a few difficulties and competitors to contend against. The *Colonist*, *Patriot*, and *Herald* had been established for some time, enjoyed large circulations, and were pos-

essed of great influence; but one by one they have dropped out of existence in the struggle for popularity; and the *Globe* has been left without a rival in circulation and in influence; the only approach to it being that of the *LEADER*, a newspaper conducted with similar enterprise and talent.

The subject of our notice at once took a leading part in conducting and editing the paper; and it is but little to say that to his untiring, energy and ability, it owes whatever of value and influence it now commands.

In 1851 the representation in Parliament of the County of Haldimand became vacant, owing to the death of its then re-

presentative, Mr. D. Thompson, and Mr. G. Brown was invited by a number of his friends and admirers to contest the Constituency, which, however, after a severe struggle he failed to secure. That he was not successful need not be wondered at, when we reflect, that his opponent was none other than the celebrated Wm. Lyon Mackenzie. In the fall of the same year Mr. Brown was elected M. P. P. for the County of Kent, and continued to represent that Constituency until the general election of 1854; when he was elected for the neighboring County of Lambton. He soon took a prominent position in the House; into the business and debates of which he threw himself, with that wonderful energy and talent that characterises him in all his undertakings, and he speedily became a power in Parliament, and in the country. To show the manner in which he was appreciated by his fellow citizens, he was—at the general Parliamentary election of 1857—returned by two of our foremost constituencies,—the City of Toronto and the County of Oxford, for the former of which he chose to sit. In July of the year following, on the resignation of the McDonald-Cartier Ministry, the Governor General, Sir E. Head, invited Mr.

City of Toronto in Parliament until the general election of 1861, when, owing to a variety of combinations and circumstances, which must be fresh in the minds of our readers, he was defeated.

Previous to the last election, he was seized with a severe and dangerous illness, which obliged him for months to abstain from all business. This illness was doubtless caused by his untiring exertions in public affairs, and perhaps, it was well for him that his defeat in Toronto, when he could at the same time have obtained his choice of seats for various western constituencies, enabled him to retire for a time from public life. In order that his health, which during the previous winter had been improving slowly, might be fully restored, he sailed in the Spring of last year on a six month's tour to Britain and the Continent, and while in his native Scotland met with his estimable lady, the partner, we trust, of his future joys and triumphs, and to whom, doubtless, he owed some of that enthusiastic welcome with which his many friends greeted him on his return to Toronto a few days ago. Mr. Brown's great characteristic is the wonderful energy and determination with which he conducts whatever he attempts; his industry is equally great, and all who have heard him speak on any of the exciting topics of the day, could not but be struck with the impassioned earnestness pervading all he said and did. His eloquence is not generally considered to be of the highest order, but what it lacks in refinement, it makes up in power, and few there are, who, having listened to him either in the 'House' or on 'the Stump'; but upon whom he has left this impression; there stands a man, who, if he lives, is destined to make his mark, not only on his own age, but upon posterity.

LEFT HANDED COMPLIMENT. — When Mr. Whiteside finished his five hours oration on Kars, Lord Palmerston replied that the hon. gentleman's speech was highly creditable to his physical power.



THE HONORABLE GEORGE BROWN.

presentative, Mr. D. Thompson, and Mr. G. Brown was invited by a number of his friends and admirers to contest the Constituency, which, however, after a severe struggle he failed to secure. That he was not successful need not be wondered at, when we reflect, that his opponent was none other than the celebrated Wm. Lyon Mackenzie. In the fall of the same year Mr. Brown was elected M. P. P. for the County of Kent, and continued to represent that Constituency until the general election of 1854; when he was elected for the neighboring County

Brown to form a government. He had but little difficulty in bringing together a Ministry composed of men of undoubted talent, and who, it was generally thought, would have commanded the confidence of the country, but Parliament then sitting thought otherwise, and passed a vote of want of confidence in them, before they had been in office over two days, or had an opportunity of maturing their measures, which, of course, led to the immediate resignation of Mr. Brown and his Ministry.

Mr. Brown continued to represent the

The *Shipping Gazette* says the *Ariadne* has been ordered to join Admiral Milne's squadron at Bermuda. This movement looks like a concentration of the disposal force of Milne's squadron in the localities in which the recently reported outrages on British shipping by Federal cruisers have been perpetrated with a knowledge that there is no force at hand capable of protecting British vessels. The *Gazette* thinks that even Wilkes will hardly venture upon further violation of neutral territory.

A new and interesting tale, with illustrations, will be commenced in our next number.

## THE RECEPTION.

The reception given to the Hon. George Brown, on his return from a visit to his native land, would, had the weather not proved unpropitious, been an imposing affair. That he is respected by a large and influential portion of the citizens of Toronto, there can be no doubt, nor is this feeling confined to those among whom he resides, but extends over a large portion of the Upper Province.

Any man who takes an active and decided part in politics, is sure to have enemies as well as friends; and it is pleasing to observe that on the present occasion, this line of demarkation was thrown aside, and with many it was the man, rather than the politician, to whom they did honor. A number of the Hon. gentleman's friends went to Hamilton, to meet him, and returned with him by special train, provided by the Committee who had the management of matters. On arriving at Toronto, he was welcomed by a large number of friends; and the usual formula of address and reply having been got through, Mr. Brown took his seat in a carriage, drawn by four horses, and was accompanied by the Hon. Mr.

McMaster, Hon. Mr. McMurrich, and Mr. Henderson.

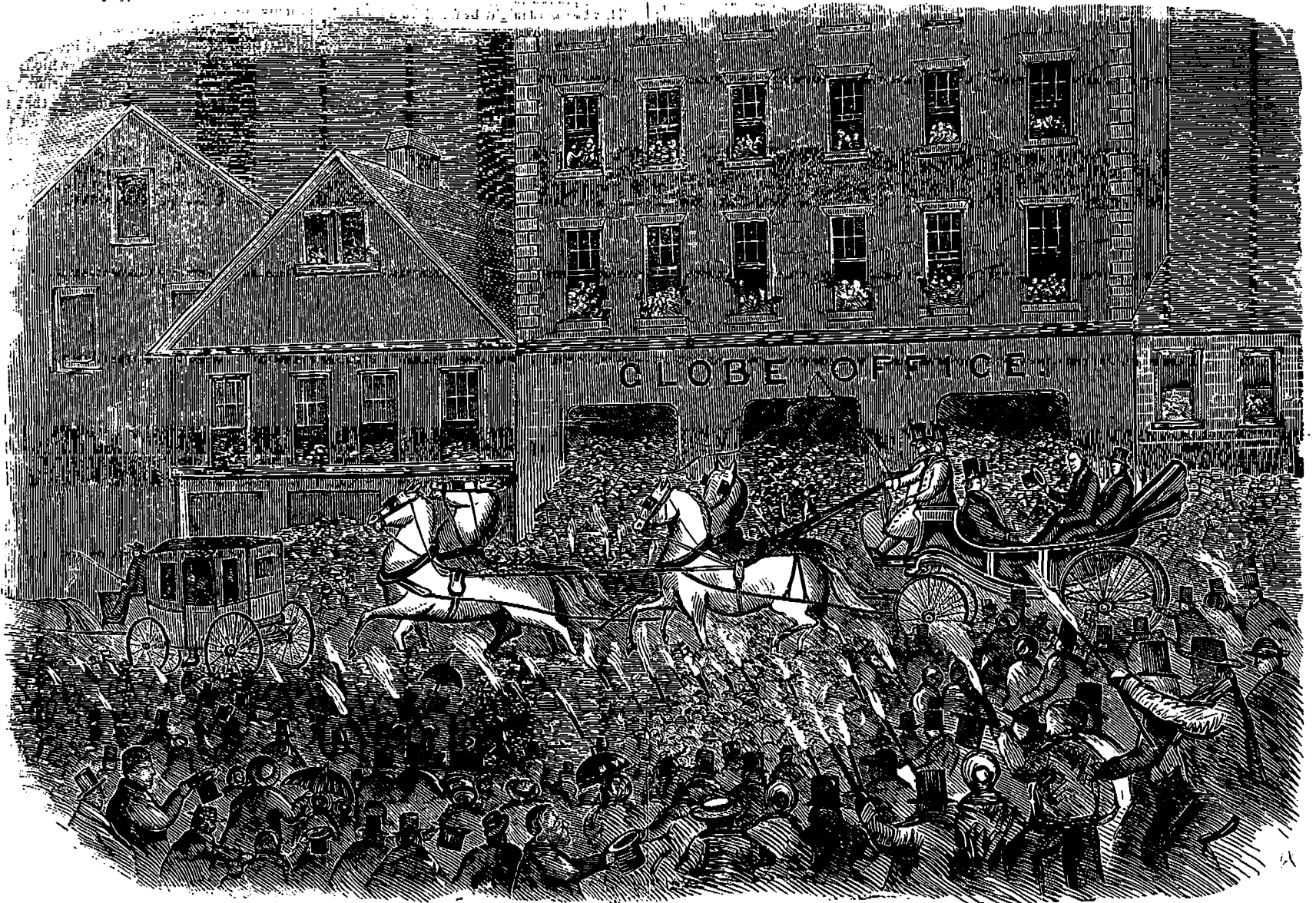
He was conducted in this manner to his residence, and having again addressed those assembled, withdrew.

## THE ALABAMA.

The most intense excitement was created in the city and throughout the country on Sunday last, by the publication of the news that the Confederate man-of-war or privateer Alabama had made her appearance in American waters, off the east end of Cuba, and had there captured the California steamship Ariel. The Ariel left New York bound for Panama on the 5th of December, and on the 7th, a report was brought to her captain, 'steam-war-ship in sight!' The vessel was then four miles off, and had the Federal flag flying. Captain Jones, of the Ariel, being suspicious of the craft, put on all steam, thinking to run away; but the suspicious cruiser immediately fired a blank shot, to which Jones paid no attention, and in a minute after she hoisted the Confederate flag, and bang! bang! went two shots over the Ariel—one a 100-pounder steel-pointed missile,

which did no damage, and the other a round, common fuse shell, struck the foremast above the hurricane deck, cutting nearly its size from the mast. There were 140 United States officers and marines on board, who had been drawn up on the deck of the Ariel, with their arms, prepared for resistance; but the character of the craft having been ascertained, and her great speed and heavy armament being known, and the futility of defence being clearly apparent, the marines were disarmed and ordered below, and the Stars and Stripes came down, and the steamship surrendered. An officer from the Alabama armed with pistols and cutlasses, then stepped aboard, and assured the frightened passengers that they were all personally safe. Some ten thousand dollars mostly in Treasury notes were taken from the vessel, and the marines and officers were paroled. The intention of Captain Semmes, the commander of the privateer, was to land the passengers and burn the ship, but on being remonstrated with, that the passengers would suffer severely, he agreed to take a ransom bond of \$228,000 for the vessel and cargo, the bond to be paid six months after the independence of the

Southern Confederacy. The ship was then allowed to proceed on her voyage to Panama, and she has since returned to New York. All on board spoke in the highest terms of the chivalry, generosity and courtesy of Captain Semmes, and the praises of the bold rover of the high seas are in everybody's mouth. He made a great mistake, however, in not first seizing a ship returning from instead of one going to Panama, as it is the former that carry the California gold eastward. Even while he was engaged with the Ariel, a steamship for New York from Panama, passed near his track with about a million dollars in gold on board. It is probable that he will not have a chance to do this in future, as powerful men-of-war are now to be furnished as convoys for the treasure-bearing ships. Captain Semmes, during the last six months, must have captured on the high seas not less than forty Northern vessels, but his last exploit is the greatest. He has nearly destroyed the Northern carrying trade between here and Europe, and he bids fair to destroy it in the western waters. The Alabama was built in England, and his crew is composed mainly of English sailors.—[*American Journal*.



TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE HON. GEORGE BROWN, BY THE CITIZENS OF TORONTO.

ARE YOU A LADY?—The term lady is an abbreviation of the Saxon word 'Leofday,' which means bread-giver. The 'lady of the manor' was accustomed once a week to move among the poor as an alms-giver, enriching their tables, and bearing away their blessings. She moved in queenly beauty, and to her queenly robe clung the children of the lowly, looking at her as if their little eyes could never be satisfied with seeing—

'Their little hearts could never utter  
How well they loved her bread and butter.

But they loved her smiling face more. They needed not that any tell them how priceless is a smile. It was May-day with them whenever she came among them with smiles and bread, and always

May-day with her, for the smiling poor loved her, and crowned her queen of all the year. Reader, are you a lady? Are you a queen among the poor? Do the children of the poor put a crown on your head? Do they make your hair gleam with gems, or is it burning with diamonds that the fingers of the poor never set there? Do the poor man's children cling to your gown, and find a protecting shadow in its folds? Are your jewels the grateful hearts of the poor? If they are, then they will never lose their lustre, but shine brighter and brighter the longer you wear them. I would rather have one grateful tear from a famished child I had fed than all the jewels that glisten on a queen's brow. I would rather carry light and joy to one deso-

late home than call the kingdoms of the world my own.

A CHEERFUL HEART.—I once heard a young lady say to an individual, 'Your countenance to me is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look.' A merry or cheerful countenance was always one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have should escape

out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. That is not religion. Religion maketh the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passes quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit we may come to the end of our journey in peace.



## REVIEWS.

LEAVES FROM THE BACKWOODS.—Montreal: John Lovell; Hamilton: Wm. Brown & Co.

Not dead and sear, but green and bright, are these poetic leaves from the Backwoods. We welcome them, with befitting honor, as a valuable contribution to our Canadian Literature, yet only in its infancy, but yearly evincing signs of growth. Though there is no name on the title page, it needs but little critical acumen to discern, that the minstrel who so sweetly sings these forest lays, belongs to what we are wont to call the gentler sex. Shy and modest in her muse—she does not strive to soar into the higher regions of Poetry, but seeks rather to emulate those humbler bards, whose

—Songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Sometimes her hand touches a harp of tender strings, and evokes a loftier music, but simple and heartfelt beauty, feminine delicacy of thought, true and tender pathos, and

"A sweet attractive kind of grace"

are the prevailing characteristics of her melodies.

There is nothing morbid or unhealthy in her verse, for unlike many modern aspirants for poetic honors, she has left untasted that spring of bitterness, "that Marah that was never dry," whose foul waters mingled with the pure stream of song that gushed from the heart of Byron; neither has the glittering mysticism of that wrong-headed, but vigorous genius Pestus Bailey, sent her wandering into the empyrean to warble metaphysics with the angels. She does not imitate the spasmodic school, who violently endeavor to take us by storm with frantic epithets, wild, incoherent, isolated thoughts, and wilder imagery. She strives not to

—"fling a poem, like a comet out,  
Far splendoring the sleepy realms of night,"

but hopes rather to win her way into our hearts, and make them glad with soft strains of soothing music—

"Music that gentler on the spirit lies  
Than tired eyelids on tired eyes."

But without further preface, we will cull a few of the most beautifully formed and brightest colored of the "Leaves" which our Backwoods poetess sends us, and we are certain that our readers will not think that we have said ought that is extravagant in praise of them.

Here is the opening passage of "Ianthe":

"Ianthe, golden haired I  
Bright Hebe, in the glory and the bloom  
Of her immortal youth, was not more fair  
Thou than, O loveliest! when the slender  
boughs

Bent o'er thee, with their light leaves to caress  
Thy long bright tresses—when upon the hill  
Thy song resounded, and the joyous birds  
Stopped their sweet warblings, but to learn of  
thee.

The river, when thy white and glancing feet,  
Pressed its smooth pebbles, played around thy  
form

In brightest eddies, with a murmuring song,  
Such as young mothers sing above their babes,  
But now, we miss thee on the mountain slopes,  
And in the hamlets, and beside the stream;  
Fairest and best beloved! return, return!  
So sang they in the valleys where they dwell,  
The white-browed daughters of that sunny  
isle—

And Echo sadly gave the burden back,  
Echo alone—and sighed, "Return, return!"  
But never more, beside the forest shade,  
Of rocky bench, at evening's calmest hour,  
They railed thy form, Ianthe, brightest maid!  
Or caught the silvery murmurs of thy song."

The poem is a story of the antique time. The people dwelling on a Grecian isle have incurred the wrath of the Gods. "Costliest sacrifices and choicest gifts" fail to appease the offended Deities, but suddenly out of the dark cloud that overshadows the sacred grove, the priest hears a voice, commanding him to cast from the rocks into the hungry sea a

stainless offering, for only such will "win the Gods to mercy."

Ianthe, the only daughter of the aged priest, beautiful and innocent, willingly offers herself for sacrifice. The description of her death, (we speak advisedly) is worthy of the hand that wrote "The Idyls of the King."

"At last the hour was come. Upon the rock,  
White robed and crowned with flowers Ianthe  
stood;

Pale, with a glowing lustre in her eyes  
Undimmed by fear or weeping. By her side,  
Her father, wholly calm, except that still  
His longing, loving gaze would follow her,  
And toll the sickening anguish of his soul;  
But yet he faltered not, and, as the sun  
Went slowly downward to the glittering sea,  
Glittering at rest far distant, slowly dropped  
His eyes one moment on the billows near,  
Then bade the maidens clustered round com-  
mence

Their dedicating hymn. The strain arose  
Softly and tremulous, and then sunk again,  
And rose once more, and would have quickly  
ceased

In tears and bursting sobs, but that one voice  
Rose clear, and full, and sweet, and led them  
on;

Thine, bright Ianthe! Then the prayer was  
said,

And, mid an instant's pause of breathless pain,  
She sprang, as springs the sea bird, from the  
height,

And the dark waters hid her evermore."

Reader—no mere writer of *vers de societe*, no poetaster could have penned these lines, for they gleam all over with "The light that never was on sea or land."

Few educated men and women, it is to be hoped, are as insensible to the poetry of nature as Wordsworth's Peter Bell.

"A yellow primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

The various aspects which the universe presents to our vision, are suggestive to most minds of thoughts both grave and gay—the darker scenes filling the heart with sadness, and the brighter and lovelier ones making it glow with pleasure unalloyed, but only the poets finer eye can detect the hidden and lurking charms of earth, and sea, and sky, and his pen picture them anew in colors light and sombre—he alone can catch the delicate and evanescent tones of the manifold music of this "bright and breathing world," and crystalize them in words of befitting beauty.

The following extracts will show that the authoress of "The Leaves" does not lack this exquisite gift of genius.

"Look at these flowers; our English flowers  
are fair,  
And their familiar faces stir our hearts,  
But these are different;—See, this one has  
leaves

Like the white water-lily, fragile, pure  
And shattered by a touch;—a crimson stain  
Is on each petal, as some wounded heart  
Had shed its lifeblood o'er the snowy cup,  
And dyed it thus forever."

The memory of a joyous Spring time  
that has passed away, recalls to her mind  
how its glowing life

"Brightened the sunlight and more fair  
Painted each blossom, filled the air  
With many a varying strain;

Woodsongs the quivering leaves that thrill,  
Chords that the hush of midnight fill,  
Tones from the falling of the rill,  
The dropping of the rain."

Here is a picture of a cottage home:

"There's a tree by the garden gate,  
Where the birds sing all day long.  
And a seat, where they often wait  
When the tranquil eve grows late  
For the nightingales' lovelier song,  
And beyond, a meadow slopes gently away,  
Where they hear the laugh of the children at  
play."

We will conclude our excerpts by quoting a Ballad, which that sweet singer, for whom Germany now mourns, would not have disdained to own, so simple is its beauty, so touching its pathos.

## A BALLAD

"Mother open the door,  
The wind blows chilly and bleak;  
Mother I open the door,  
For I'm growing faint and weak."  
Up she rose from the fire,  
Rose up from her lonely watch,  
Quickly she went to the door,  
And quickly lifted the latch.

Out she looked on the night,  
The wind blew bitter and shrill,  
But nothing there could she see,  
And the voice she had heard was still;  
Back, with a heavy sigh,  
She went to her fireside seat;  
But the voice was there once more,  
And the sound of childish feet.

She leaned her over the bed,  
Her lips were parched and blue,  
The eyes of the dying were open wide  
And she saw that he heard it too.  
His eyes were open wide  
With a ghastly look of dread,  
And when she had watched him a moment's  
space,  
She turned away from the dead!

She opened the door again  
And looked out through the tempest wild,  
And she thought she saw, at the forest side,  
The form of a little child.  
With a cry of anguish and fear,  
She rushed to where it stood,  
But its garments were gleaming farther on  
In the darkness of the wood.

Still, she followed it fast,  
And still, it fitted before,  
Until she thought her weary limbs  
Would bear her on no more;  
Still as the night wore on,  
She followed the flying shade,  
Till she came to an old stone carved cross,  
And there knelt down and prayed.

There with a breaking heart,  
She prayed to be cleansed within;  
That her mind might be freed from its deadly  
chain,  
And her soul be washed from sin.  
She prayed till the light was faint  
In the east, when a slumber stole  
Over her weary senses,  
Soothing her guilty soul.

The trees were dripping above her,  
The skies were stormy and wild,  
But she saw nought in her slumber,  
Save the form of a little child.  
The child stood close beside her,  
And spoke in accents low,  
Not like the tones of terror,  
That haunted her, hours ago.

"Mother, here in the forest  
You left me to starve and die,  
And here, where my bones are bleaching,  
Your lifeless corpse must lie;  
But now, the gates of Heaven  
May open to let you in,  
For true and hearty repentance  
Has washed away your sin."

Up rose the sun in his glory  
And lighted the forest glade,  
And shone on the old stone cross,  
Where the woman's form was laid;  
The grass grew high around her  
Heavy with dew and rain,  
But she lay wrapped in a slumber  
That never knew waking again.

Initial efforts, like the drama of "Saul," and these lyrics from the backwoods, lead us to hope that one day we will be as proud of our Canadian Literature as we now are of our Canadian Land.

AGE OF THE PYRAMIDS.—Mahomoud Bey, the Astronomer of the Viceroy of Egypt, has just published a work on this subject, in which he has considered the exact position of these remarkable monuments in relation to the star Sirius.

He finds that this star when it passes the meridian of Gizeh, shines exactly on the southern front of the Pyramids; and, by calculating the change of position of this star through a series of centuries, he has arrived at the conclusion that 3,300 years before the Christian era the rays of Sirius when it culminated would be exactly perpendicular to the southern face of these Pyramids, incline 52.5 degrees to the north horizon. According to the principles of astrology, the powder of a star is at its maximum of action when its rays fall perpendicular on the object it is thought to influence. Thus, supposing that the Pyramids have been erected 5,000 years, it appears that their faces have been given the inclination of 52 degrees, in order to receive the rays of the most beautiful star of our hemisphere, consecrated to the god Sothis, the celestial dog and judge of the dead. M. Radaw (who reports these details in the *Cosmos*) states, in addition, that the Pyramids, being tombs, would naturally be placed under the patronage of Sothis, (the same as the great Hermes, Cynocephalus, Joth and Anubis,) whose symbol is a pyramid ac-

companied by a star and a crescent. The date, 3,300 B. C., as that of the foundation of the Pyramids agrees with the calculation of Bunsen, according to which Cheops reigned in the thirty-fourth century, B. C.; and with the Arab tradition, which represents them as having been built three or four centuries before the deluge, which happened in the year 3,716 before the hegira.

THE CAMBRIAN, HURONIAN AND LAURENTIAN FORMATIONS, are the oldest known to geologists. In a paper read at the last meeting of the Geological Society, (England,) Dr. J. J. Bigsby gives some observations on them, pointing out the very local distribution of the Cambrian, its mineralogical and stratigraphical character, the scarcity of its fossils, its conformable upward passage into the Silurian, and its absence in America and northern Europe. In the second part of his paper, Dr. Bigsby described the Huronian of Canada, the Azoic rocks of the southern shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and the second Azoic group of Norway, all of which are considered by Dr. Bigsby to belong to the same period. He then stated that the Huronian formation, and its equivalents agree in being unconformable to the Silurian, and conformable to the Laurentian. It contains many beds of lime-stone, and a large quantity of copper ore, and in the total absence of fossils; in all of which respects they differ from the Cambrian. He therefore came to the conclusion that the Cambrian and Huronian are distinct formations, and that the latter is very much the older.

THE WATER-PROOF POROUS CLOTH.—Several inquiries have been made lately, respecting the mode of preparing cloth to render it water-proof and yet maintain its porosity. Close water-proof cloth fabrics, such as glazed oil-cloth, india-rubber, and gutta-percha cloth are completely water-proof, but do not permit perspiration and the exhaled gases from the skin to pass through them, because they are air-tight as well as water-tight. Persons who wear air-tight garments soon become faint, if they are undergoing severe exercise, such as that to which soldiers are exposed when on march. A porous water-proof cloth, therefore, is the best for outer garments during wet weather, for those whose duties or labor cause them to perspire freely. The best way for preparing such cloth is by the process adopted for the tunics of the French soldiers, during the Crimean war. It is as follows:—Take 2½ lbs. of alum and dissolve them in 10 gallons of boiling water; then in a separate vessel dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in 10 gals. of boiling water, and mix the two solutions. The cloth is now well handled in this liquid until every part of it is penetrated; then it is squeezed and dried in the air or in a warm apartment, then washed in cold water and dried again, when it is fit for use. If necessary, the cloth may be dipped in the liquid and dried twice before being washed. The liquor appears curdled, when the alum and lead solutions are mixed together. This is the result of double decomposition, the sulphate of lead which is an insoluble salt being formed. The sulphate of lead is taken up in the pores of the cloth, and it is unaffected by rains, or moisture, and yet it does not render the cloth air-tight. Such cloth is also partially non-inflammable. A solution of alum, itself, will render cloth, prepared as described, partially water-proof, but it is not so good as the sulphate of lead.—Such cloth—cotton or woolen—sheds rain like the feathers on the back of a duck.

IRON-CLAD MEN.—It has been suggested to us, in view of the improvements which are daily carried out in iron-clad ships and batteries, that the same principle might be applied to their crews, or to infantry in the field. Some steps have already been made in this direction, and life-preserving vests have been sold, we believe, in great numbers; why, then, can we not shroud the human body so that it will be perfectly protected against rifle balls at least, and yet, at the same time, preserve its elasticity and activity unimpaired? The force of a bullet, stopped in mid career, would doubtless make the iron or steel-clad recipient wink, if it did not entirely destroy his center of gravity, but we think most of all our sharpshooters would gladly exchange the possibility of being stunned or even stricken senseless for a time, for a time, for the certainty of being killed outright without such protection. The ancient men-at-arms and Knight Templars wore suits of mail, but they weighed down both horse and rider and had to be abandoned. Let some ingenious person invent a complete personal protection, and he will assuredly reap his reward.



THE WALLED LAKE.

The wonderful Walled Lake is situated in the central part of Wright County, Iowa. The shape of the lake is oval. It is about two miles in length and one wide, in the widest part, comprising an area of some two thousand acres. The wall inclosing this area is over six miles in length, and is built or composed of stones varying in size from boulders of two tons weight down to small pebbles, and is intermixed with earth. The top of the wall is uniform in height above the water in all parts, which makes its height to vary on the land side according to the unevenness of the country, from two to twelve feet in height. In the highest part the wall measures from ten to twelve feet thick at the base, and from four to six at the top, inclining each way, outward and inward. There is no outlet, but the lake frequently rises and flows over the top of the wall. The lake at the deepest part is about ten feet in depth, and abounds with large and fine fish, such as pike, pickerel, bass, perch, &c. The water is clear as crystal, and there is no bubbling or agitation to indicate

any large springs or feeders. Wild fowl of all kinds are plenty upon its bosom. At the north end are two small groves of about ten acres each, no timber being near. It has the appearance of having been walled up by human hands, and looks like a huge fortress, yet there are no rocks in that vicinity for miles around. There are no visible signs of the lake being the result of volcanic action, the bed being perfectly smooth and the border of regular form. The lake is seventeen miles from Boon river on the west, eight miles from Iowa on the east, and about one hundred miles from Cedar Rapids. It is one of the greatest wonders of the West, and has already been visited by hundreds of curiosity seekers.

A CUNNING TARTAR.—I had rather a narrow escape; I was sitting on my horse looking at a Tartar, a remarkably powerful man, stretched in death apparently at my feet; beside him lay a spear decorated with a very handsome flag; and, as it happened, being quite unarmed (as no one expected when we marched in the morning that there was to be a fight,) I contemplated arming myself for the remainder of the day with the lance of the prostrate enemy. But just as I was in the act of dismounting, my right foot out of the

stirrup, the dead Tartar stretched out his hand seized the lance, and with one movement sprang to his feet; unarmed, I lost no time in placing three or four horses' length between myself and the Tartar, and it is difficult to say which of the two was more afraid, for the Tartar bolted for a village as fast as he could run. He was unwounded; having been simply unhorsed in the charge. He feigned death; but, imagining, no doubt, that I was dismounting to dispatch him (having discovered the feint) he determined to fight for it; whereas I, having nothing to fight with (and very glad I am I had no weapon), and seeing a dead man as I imagined, come to life, thought that a quick retreat was just the thing for the occasion.

The poor fellow, however, was not destined, to survive, another officer rode at him and shot him in the back with a revolver; he fell, and the officer drew his sword, but the undaunted Tartar sprang to his feet, unhorsed the officer with his lance, and again fled; but a sower of Probyn's (orderly to Colonel McKenzie) gave him the fatal thrust.

'I'm awful civil to that orderly of mine,' said my friend, Colonel McKenzie to me. 'I have a great respect for the man since I saw the way he polished off that Tartar; he's the last man in the army I'd like to quarrel with; I've a great respect for him, I assure ye.'

ENGLAND.—The newspaper comments on American affairs are generally of an unimportant character.

FRANCE.—There are again rumors in Paris of unfavorable news from Mexico, and urgent calls for reinforcements, which it is said will be sent under the device of establishing a reserve at Martinique.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has gone to Rome, it is rumored, in the name of the Emperor, to explain to the Pope the Emperor's views, with a view to the concessions necessary on the part of the Pontifical Government.

ITALY.—In a duel between Garibaldi's eldest son and Colonel Pallevicina, who captured Garibaldi—the young man is said to have received a mortal wound in the side, and the Colonel was seriously hurt.

A general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was held in London on the 12th inst. Hon. James Snarr Wortley presided, and stated the terms on which it was proposed to raise £600,000 new capital, as already published. He announced that within three days £25,000 had, on response to the circulars, been subscribed. A resolution was carried to raise the new capital in shares of £5 each for laying a new cable. The meeting was regarded as the most encouraging and successful. The *Daily News*, *Star*, and other journals warmly advocate the claims of the Company. The *Times* says, notification is advertised, that the new undertaking for laying the cable has been formed with continental support, and will shortly be introduced.



MESSRS. J. & J. TAYLOR'S SAFE.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

(Concluded.)

'You will readily conceive the night-mare this has been to me,' panted Alice, for her emotion was great. 'The bracelet was under my charge, and it disappeared in this extraordinary way. All the trouble that it has been productive of to me, I am not at liberty to tell you, but it has certainly shortened my life.'

'You look very ill,' observed Lady Livingstone, with sympathy.

'I am worse than I look. I am going into the grave rapidly. Others, less sensitive, or with stronger bodily health, might have battled successfully with the distress and annoyance; I could not. I shall die in greater peace if this unhappy affair can be cleared. Should it prove to be the same bracelet, we may be able to trace out how it was lost.'

Lady Livingstone left the room and returned

with the diamond bracelet. She held it out to Miss Seaton, and the color rushed into Alice's poor wan face at the gleam of the diamonds; she believed she recognized them.

'But stay,' she said, drawing back her hand as she was about to touch it: 'do not give it me just yet. If it be the one we lost, the letters S. H. are scratched irregularly on the back of the middle clasp. Perhaps you will first look if they are there, Lady Livingstone.'

'Lady Livingstone turned the bracelet, glanced at the spot indicated, and then silently handed it to Sir Jasper. The latter smiled.

'Sure enough here's something—I can't see distinctly without my glasses. What is it Lady Livingstone?'

'The letters S. H., as Miss Seaton describes: I can not deny it.'

'Deny it! no, my lady, what for should we deny it? If we are in possession of another's bracelet, lost by fraud, and if the discovery will set this young lady's mind at ease, I don't think either you or I shall be the one to deny it. Examine it yourself, ma'am,' added he giving it to Alice.

She turned it about, she put it on her arm, her eyes lighting with the eagerness of conviction. 'It is certainly the same bracelet,' she affirmed; 'I could be sure of it, I think, without proof, but Lady Sarah's initials are there, as she describes to have scratched them.'

'It is not beyond the range of possibility that initials may have been scratched on this bracelet without its being the same,' observed Lady Livingstone.

'I think it must be the same,' mused Sir Jasper. 'It looks suspicious.'

'Lady Frances Chenavix understood you to say you bought this of Messrs. Garrard,' resumed Miss Seaton.

Lady Livingstone felt rather foolish. 'What I said was, that Messrs. Garrard were my jewelers. The fact is, I do not know exactly where this was bought; but I did not consider myself called upon to proclaim that fact to a young lady who was a stranger to me, and in answer to questions I thought verging on impertinance.'

'Her anxiety scarcely less than my own, may have rendered her abrupt,' replied Alice,

by way of apology for Lady Frances. 'Our hope is not so much to regain the bracelet, as to penetrate the mystery of its disappearance. Can you not let me know where you did buy it?'

'I can,' interposed Sir Jasper: 'there's no disgrace in having bought it where I did. I got it at a pawnbroker's.'

Alice's heart beat violently. A pawnbroker's—what dreaded discovery was at hand?

'I was one day at the east end of London, walking past, when I saw a topaz-and-amethyst cross in a pawnbroker's window. I thought it would be a pretty ornament for my wife, and I went in and asked to look at it. In talking about jewelry with the master, he reached out this diamond bracelet, and told me that would be a present worth making. Now I know my lady's head had been running on a diamond bracelet, and I was tempted to ask what was the lowest figure he would put it at. He said it was the most valuable article of the sort he had had for a long while, the diamonds of the first water, worth four hundred guineas of anybody's money, but that being second-hand, he could part with it for

two hundred and fifty. And I bought it. There's where I got the bracelet ma'am."

"That was just the money Colonel Hope gave for it new, at Garrard's," said Alice. "Two hundred and fifty guineas."

Sir Jasper stared at her: and then broke forth with a comical attempt at rage, for he was one of the best-tempered men in the world.

"The old wretch of a Jew! Sold it to me at second-hand price, as he called it, for the identical sum it cost new! Why, he ought to be prosecuted for usury."

"It is just as I tell you, Sir Jasper," grumbled his lady: you will go to these low, second-hand dealers, who always cheat were they can, instead of to a regular jeweler; and nine times out of ten you get taken in."

"But your having bought it of this pawnbroker does not bring me any nearer the knowing how he procured it," observed Miss Seaton.

"I shall go to him this very day and ascertain," returned Sir Jasper. "Trades-people may not sell stolen bracelets with impunity."

Easier said than done. The dealer protested his ignorance and innocence, and declared he had bought it in the regular course of business, at one of the pawnbroker's periodical sales. And the man spoke truth, and the detectives were again applied to.

## II.

In an obscure room of a low and dilapidated lodging-house, in a low and dilapidated neighborhood, there sat a man one evening in the coming twilight; a towering gaunt skeleton, whose remarkably long arms and legs looked little less than skin and bone. The arms were fully exposed to view, since their owner, though he possessed and wore a waistcoat, dispensed with the use of a shirt. An article, once a coat, lay on the floor, to be donned at will—if it could be got into for the holes. The man sat on the floor in a corner, his head finding a resting-place against the wall, and he had dropped into a light sleep, but if ever famine was depicted in a face, it was in his. Unwashed, unshaven, with matted hair and feverish lips; the cheeks were hollow, the nostrils white and pinched, and the skin around the mouth had a blue tinge. Some one tried and shook the door; it aroused him, and he started up, but only to cower in a bending attitude and listen.

"I hear you," cried a voice. "How are you to-night, Joe? Open the door."

The voice was not one he knew; not one that might be responded to.

"Do you call this politeness, Joe Nicholls? If you don't open the door, I shall take the liberty of opening it for myself, which will put you to the trouble of mending the fastenings afterwards."

"Who are you?" cried Nicholls, reading determination in the voice. "I'm gone to bed, and I can't admit folks to-night."

"Gone to bed at eight o'clock?"

"Yes: I'm ill."

"I'll give you one minute, and then I come in. You will open it if you wish to save trouble."

Nicholls yielded to his fate, and opened the door.

The gentleman—he looked like one—cast his keen eyes round the room. There was not a vestige of furniture in it; nothing but the bare, dirty walls, from which the mortar crumbled, and the bare, dirty boards.

"What did you mean by saying you were gone to bed, eh?"

"So I was. I was asleep there," pointing to the corner, "and that's my bed. What do you want?" added Nicholls, peering at the stranger's face in the gloom of the evening, but seeing it imperfectly, for his hat was drawn low over it.

"A little talk with you. That last sweep-stake you put into—"

The man lifted his face, and burst forth with such eagerness, that the stranger could only arrest his own words, and listen.

"It was a swindle from beginning to end. I had scraped together the ten shillings to put in it; and I drew the right horse, and was shuffled out of the gains, and I have never had my dues, not a farthing of 'em. Since then I've been ill, and I can't get about to better myself. Are you come, sir, to make it right?"

"Some—the stranger coughed—"friends of mine were in it also," said he, "and they lost their money."

"Every body lost it; the getters-up bolted with all they had drawn within their fingers. Have they been took, do you know?"

"All in good time; they have left their trail. So you have been ill, have you?"

"Ill! Just take a sight at me! There's an arm for a big man."

He stretched out his naked arm for inspection: it appeared as if a touch would snap it. The stranger laid his hand upon its fingers, and his other hand appeared to be stealing furtively towards his own pocket. "I should say this looks like starvation Joe."

"Som'at nigh akin to it."

A pause of unsuspecting, and the handcuffs were clapped on the astonished man. He started up with an oath.

"No need to make a noise, Nicholls," said the detective, with a careless air. "I have got two men waiting outside."

"I swear I wasn't in the plate robbery," passionately uttered the man. "I knew of it, but I didn't join 'em, and I never had the worth of

as much as a salt-spoon, after it was melted down. And they call me a coward, and they leave me here to starve and die! I swear I wasn't in it."

"We'll talk of the plate robbery another time," said the officer, as he raised his hat; "you have got those bracelets on, my man, for another sort of bracelet. A diamond one. Don't you remember me?"

The prisoner's mouth fell. "I thought that was over and done with, all this time—I don't know what you mean," he added, correcting himself.

"No," said the officer it's just beginning. The bracelet is found and has been traced to you. You were a clever fellow, and I had my doubts of you at the time; I thought you were too clever to go on long."

"I should be ashamed to play the sneak and catch a fellow in this way. Why couldn't you come openly, in your proper clothes? not come playing the spy in the garb of a friendly civilian!" "My men are in their proper clothes," returned the equable officer, "and you will have the pleasure of their escort presently. I came because they did not know you, and I did."

"Three officers to take a single man, and he a skeleton!" uttered Nicholls, with a vast show of indignation.

"Ay; but you were powerful once, and ferocious too. The skeleton aspect is a recent one."

"And all for nothing. I don't know about any bracelet."

"Don't trouble yourself about inventions, Nicholls. Your friend is safe in our hands, and has made a full confession."

"What friend?" asked Nicholls too eagerly.

"The lady you got to dispose of it for you to the Jew."

Nicholls was startled to inattention. "She hasn't split, has she?"

"Every particular she knew or guessed at. Split to save herself."

"Then there's no faith in woman."

"There never was yet," returned the officer.

"If they are not at the top and bottom of every mischief, Joe, they are sure to be in the middle. Is this your coat?" touching it gingerly.

"She's a disgrace to the female sex, she is," raved Nicholls, disregarding the question as to his coat. "But it's a relief, now I'm took, it's a weight off my mind; I was always an expecting of it, and I shall get food in the Old Bailey, at any rate."

"Ah!" said the officer, "you were in good service as a respectable servant; you had better have stuck to your duties."

"The temptation was so great," observed the man, who had evidently abandoned all idea of denial; and now that he had done so, was ready to be voluble with remembrances and particulars.

"Don't say anything to me," said the officer. "It will be used against you."

"It came all along of my long legs," cried Nicholls, ignoring the friendly injunction, and proceeding to enlarge on the feat he had performed. "I have never had a happy hour since; I was second footman there, and a good place I had; and I have wished thousands of times, that the bracelet had been in a sea of molten fire. Our folks had took a house in the neighbourhood of Ascot for the race week, and they had left me at home to take care of the kitchen-maid and another inferior or two, taking the rest of the servants with them. I had to clean the winders afore they returned, and I had druv it off till the Tuesday evening, and out I got on the balcony, to begin with the back drawing-room—"

"What do you say you got out on?"

"The balcony. The thing with the green rails round it, what encloses the winders. While I was a leaning over the rails afore I begun, I heered something like click—click, a going on in the fellow room at the next door, which was Colonel Hope's. It was like as if something light was being laid on a table, and presently I heered two voices begin to talk, a lady's and a gentleman's, and I listened—"

"No good ever comes of listening, Joe," interrupted the officer.

"I didn't listen for the sake of listening, but it was awful hot, a standing out there in the sun, and listening was better than working. I didn't want to hear, neither, for I was thinking of my own concerns, and what a fool I was to have idled away my time all day till the sun came on to the back winders. Bit by bit, I heered what they were talking of—that it was jewels they had got there, and that one was worth two hundred guineas. Thinks I, if that was mine, I'd do no more work. After a while, I heered them go out of their room, and I thought I'd have a look at the rich things, and I stepped over slanting-ways on to the little ledge running along the houses, holding on by our balcony, and then I passed my hands along the wall till I got hold of their balcony—but one with ordinary legs and arms couldn't have done it. You couldn't, sir."

"Perhaps not," remarked the officer.

"There wasn't fur to fall, if I had fell, only on to the kitchen leads under; but I didn't fall, and I raised myself on their balcony, and looked in. My! what a show it was! stunning jewels, all laid out there; so close that if I had put my hand inside, it must have struck all among 'em; and the fiend prompted me take one. I didn't stop to look; I didn't

stop to think; the one that twinkled the brightest and had the most stones in it was the nearest to me, and I clutched it, and slipped it into my footman's undress jacket, and stepped back again."

"And got safe into your balcony?"

"Yes; but I didn't clean the winder that night. I was upset like, by what I had done, and I think, if I could have put it back again, I should; but there was no opportunity. I wrapped it up in my winder leather, and then in a sheet of paper, and then I put it up the chimney in one of the spare bedrooms. I was up the next morning afore five, and I cleaned my winders. I'd no trouble to awake myself, for I had never slept. The same day, towards evening you called, sir, and asked me some questions—whether we had seen any one on the leads at the back, and such like. I said as master was just come home from Ascot, would you be pleased to speak to him."

"Ah!" again remarked the officer, "you were a clever fellow that day. But if my suspicions had not been strongly directed to another quarter, I might have looked you up more sharply."

"I kep' it by me for a month or two and then I gave warning to leave. I thought I'd have my fling, and I became acquainted with her—that lady—and somehow she wormed out of me that I had got it, and I let her dispose of it for me, for she said she knew how do it without danger."

"What did you get for it?"

The skeleton shook his head. "Thirty-four pound, and I had counted on a hundred and fifty. She took a oath she had not helped herself to a sixpence."

"Oaths are plentiful with the genius," remarked the detective.

"She stood to it she hadn't, and she stopped and helped me to spend it. After that was done, she went over to stop with some body else who was in luck; and I have tried to go on, and I can't: honesty or dishonesty it seems all one, nothing prospers, and I'm naked and famishing—and I wish I was dying."

"Evil courses never do prosper, Nicholls," said the officer, as he called in the policeman, and consigned the gentleman to their care.

So Gerard Grant was innocent!

"But how was it you skillful detectives could not be on this man's scent?" asked Colonel Hope of the officer, when he heard the tale.

"Colonel, I was thrown off it. Your positive belief in your nephew's guilt infected me, and appearances were very strong against him. Miss Seaton also helped to throw me off: she said, if you remember, that she did not leave the room; but it now appears that she did leave it when your nephew did, though only for a few moments. Those few moments sufficed to do the job."

"It's strange she could not tell the exact truth," growled the Colonel.

"She probably thought she was exact enough, since she only remained outside the door, and could answer for it that no one entered by it. She forgot the window. I thought of the window the instant the loss was mentioned to me, but Miss Seaton's assertion that she never had the window out of her view, prevented my dwelling on it. I did go to the next door, and saw this very fellow who committed the robbery, but his manner was sufficiently satisfactory. He talked too freely; I did not like that; but I found he had been in the same service fifteen months: and as I must repeat, I laid the guilt to another."

"It is a confoundedly unpleasant affair for me," cried the Colonel; "I have published my nephew's disgrace and guilt all over London."

"It is more unpleasant for him, Colonel," was the rejoinder of the officer.

"And I have kept him short of money, and suffered him to be sued for debt; and I have let him go and live amongst the runaway scamps over the water, and not hindered his engaging himself as a merchant's clerk: and in short, I have played up the very deuce with him."

"But reparation is doubtless in your own heart and hands, Colonel."

"I don't know that, sir," testily concluded the Colonel.

## III.

Once more Gerard Hope entered his uncle's house; not as an interloper, stealing into it in secret, but as an honored guest, to whom reparation was due, and must be made. Alice Seaton leaned back in her invalid chair, a joyous flush on her wasted cheek, and a joyous happiness in her eye. Still the shadow of coming death was there, and Mr. Hope was shocked to see her—more shocked and startled than he had expected, or chose to express.

"O Alice what has done this?"

"That," she answered, pointing to the bracelet, which, returned to its true owner, lay on the table. "I should not have lived many years; of that I am convinced; but I might have lived a little longer than I now shall. It has been the cause of misery to many, and Lady Sarah says she shall never regard it but as an ill-starred trinket, or wear it with any pleasure."

"But Alice, why should you have suffered it thus to affect you?" he remonstrated. "You knew your own innocence, and you say you

believed and trusted in mine: what did you fear?"

"I will tell you Gerard," she resumed, a deeper hectic rising to her cheeks. "I could not have confessed my fear, even in dying; it was too distressing, too terrible; but now that it is all clear, I will tell it. I believed my sister had taken the bracelet."

He uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"I have believed it all along. She had called to see me that night, and was for a minute or two, in the room alone with the bracelets: I knew she, at that time, was short of money, and I feared she had been tempted to take it—just as this unfortunate servant man was tempted. O Gerard! the dread of it has been upon me night and day, preying upon my fears, weighing down my spirits, wearing away my health and my life. And I had to bear it all in silence: it is that dreadful silence which has killed me."

"Alice, this must have been a morbid fear!"

"Not so—if you knew all. But now that I have told you, let us not revert to it again: it is at an end, and I am very thankful. That it should so end, has been my prayer and hope; not quite the only hope," she added, looking up at him with a sunny smile; "I have had another."

"What is it? You look as if it were connected with me."

"So it is. Ah! Gerard! can you not guess it?"

"No," he answered, in a stifled voice, "I can only guess that you are lost to me."

"Lost to all here. Have you forgotten our brief conversation the night you went into exile? I told you then there was one far more worthy of you than I could ever have been."

"None will ever be half so worthy: or—I will say it, Alice, in spite of your warning hand—half so loved."

"Gerard," she continued, sinking her voice, "she has waited for you."

"Nonsense," he rejoined.

"She has. I have watched, and seen, and I know it; and I tell it you under secrecy: when she is your wife, not before, you may tell her that I saw it and said it. She is a lovable and attractive girl, and she does not and will not marry: you are the cause."

"My darling—"

"Stay, Gerard," she gravely interrupted; "those words of endearment are not for me. Give them to her: can you deny that you love her?"

"Perhaps I do—in a degree. Next to yourself—"

"Put me out of your thoughts while we speak. If I were—where I so soon shall be, would she not be dearer to you than any one on earth? would you not be well pleased to make her your wife?"

"Yes, I might be."

"That is enough, Gerard. Frances, come hither."

The conversation had been carried on in a whisper, and Lady Frances Chenevix came towards them from a distant window. Alice took her hand: she also held Gerard's.

"I thought you were talking secrets," said Lady Frances, "so kept away."

"As we were," answered Alice. "Frances, what can we do to keep him amongst us? Do you know what Colonel Hope has told him?"

"No. What?"

"That though he shall be reinstated in favor as to money matters, he shall not be in his affection or in the house, unless he prove sorry for his rebellion by retracting it. The rebellion, you know, at the first outbreak, when Gerard was expelled the house—before that unlucky bracelet was ever bought. I think he is sorry for it: you must help him to be more so."

"Fanny," said Gerard, while her eyelids drooped, and the damask mantled in her cheek, deeper than Alice's hectic, "will you help me?"

"As if I could make out head or tail of what you two are discussing!" cried she, by way of helping herself out of her confusion, as she attempted to turn away; but Gerard caught her to his side and detained her.

"Fanny—will you drive me again from the house?"

She lifted her eyes, twinkling with a little spice of mischief: "I did not drive you before."

"In a manner, yes," he laughed. "Do you know what did drive me?"

"She had known it at the time: and Gerard read it in her conscious face."

"I see it all," he murmured, drawing her closer to him; you have been far kinder to me than I deserved. Fanny, let me try and repay you for it."

Frances endeavoured to look dignified, but it would not do, and she was obliged to brush away the tears of happiness that struggled to her eyes. Alice caught their hands together and held them between her own, with a mental aspiration for their life's future happiness. Some time back she could not have breathed it in so fervent a spirit: but—as she had said—the present world and its hopes had closed to her.

"But you know, Gerard," cried Lady Frances, in a saucy tone, "if you ever do help yourself to a bracelet in reality, you must not expect me to go to prison with you."

"Yes I shall," answered he, far more saucily: "a wife must follow the fortunes of her husband."

CANADIAN MANUFACTURES.

To chronicle the progress of our Home Industry is at all times a pleasing task. By its careful development can our country alone become great; affording as it does a variety of employment for different tastes and scope for the exercise of ingenuity. The manufacture of safes, is a branch of industry that is now carried on pretty extensively in the Province. In 1855, Messrs. J. & J. Taylor commenced their construction in Toronto. They had previously acquired large experience in this branch of business

from being seven years in the safe manufacturing establishment of S. C. Herring, New York. They now give constant employment to twenty men and turn out on an average from twenty to twenty five safes every month. Their safes are to be found in the Government offices, in the principal banking establishments, in many commercial houses in both Provinces, and a number have even found their way into the Western States; but the war tariff is now operating against business in that direction. Several of their safes have been put to the severest test. For hours, during a conflagration,

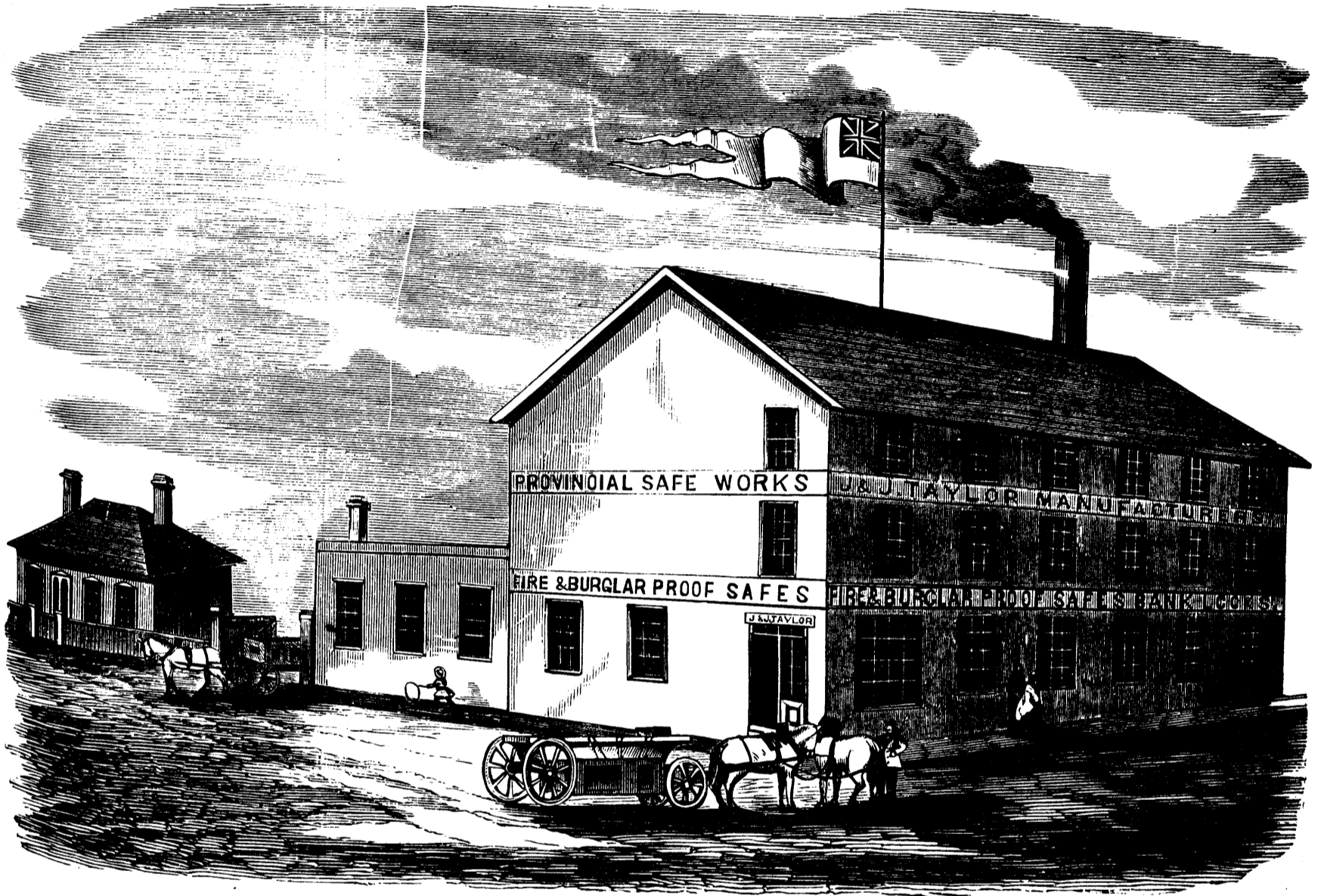
they have been seen red hot, and yet, when opened, their contents have been taken out uninjured.

Another consideration in their favor is, that, while they are equal, if not superior, to any safe that is manufactured, they are twenty per cent. cheaper.

The Messrs. Taylor have reduced their business to a system. Everything is carried on under their own supervision, and machinery made on the most approved principle is used in their establishment. On the first and second floors of their three story building are a large number of turning-lathes, drilling-ma-

chines, pinching and shearing machines, doing the work of very many men and driven by a powerful steam engine. The third floor is used as a cabinet shop, where the interior of the safes are fitted up. In the rear of the main building are the paint and black-smiths' shops, the filing and engine-room.

There is happily now no necessity to plead for the support of home manufactures. The people, as a whole, are alive to their necessity, and know there will always be sufficient competition among manufacturers within the Province, to prevent any undue advantage being taken.



THE SAFE MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT OF MESSRS. J. & J. TAYLOR, TORONTO.

**STATISTICS OF INSANITY.**—By the table of statistics in the last report of Dr. Kirkbride, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Asylum for the Insane, that out of 1992 male patients who have been received in that institution since its opening in 1851, the larger proportion have come from the ranks of the farmers, merchants and laborers. The exact figures are as follows: Farmers 267, merchants 191, laborers 152. A similar proportion is observable among the female patients; for out of a total of 1761 women in the asylum, 255 were wives and daughters of farmers, 200 wives and daughters of merchants, and 124 wives and daughters of laborers.

This large percentage shows that professional men are less subject to insanity than those who have more physical exercise and less tension of the brain than they. Of lawyers, there were in the Pennsylvania Asylum but 34 out of 1992 patients, of clergymen but 25, of artists 17, and of physicians 39. Among the students, however, 66 out of 1992 were insane.

Eighteen printers were admitted to the Asylum in twenty years, together with one hair-dresser, one potter, one author, one waiter, six batters, eight confectioners, twenty-nine planers, and forty-six seamen. The whole number of males and females admitted was 3753, and the greatest number of cases were caused, first, by ill-health of various kinds, next by intemperance, third by mental anxiety, fourth by grief, and fifth by loss of prosperity. From these five causes, 1414 out of 3753 persons became insane. Dr. Kirkbride says, 'Periods of great political excitement, the thousand sources of mental anxiety, and the casualties incident to a state of war, sudden pecuniary re-

verses, and undreamed of changes in the condition of families, hardly ever fail to increase the amount of mental disease in a community, while, unfortunately, the same causes render too many less able than ever to meet the expenses and losses invariably incident to such a form of illness.'

**PANDORA'S BOX.**—Pandora, according to the heathen mythology, was the first female created. She was formed of clay, by Vulcan, at the request of Jupiter. As soon as endowed with life all the gods are said have vied with each other in presenting her with gifts. She received beauty and the art of pleasing from Venus, the power of captivating from the Graces; Apollo taught her how to sing, Mercury instructed her in eloquence, and Minerva endowed her with wisdom. Hence she was called Pandora, from the Greek words *pan*, all, and *doron*, gift, intimating that she was all gifted. Jupiter finally presented her with a box, filled with innumerable evils, which she was desired to give to the man who married her. She was then conducted by Mercury to Prometheus; he, suspicious of deceit, would not accept the present; but his brother, Epimetheus, less prudent, married her. He having accepted and opened the box, there issued from it a multitude of evils and distempers, which speedily dispersed themselves all over the earth, and have never since ceased to afflict all mankind. He shut the box again in haste, but all was gone. Hope alone, which Jupiter had compassionately inclosed in his unhappy gift, had not time to escape, and consequently remained as the one consolation of wretched mortals. This has given rise to the expression, "Hope lies at the bottom."

Notice to Correspondents.

J. S., Elora, received with thanks.  
A. J., Niagara, your terms are satisfactory;  
D. C., Brampton, will be noticed in our next.  
S. M., Montreal, received.  
D. L., London, we have sent to enquire about it.  
A. S., Goderich, the paper was sent last week.

Commercial.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.**  
Traffic for week ending 26th Dec.,  
1862 ..... \$ 51,661 35½  
Corresponding week of last year, 50,729 46  
Increase... \$ 931 89½

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**  
Traffic for week ending 20th Dec.,  
1862 ..... \$ 94,283 18  
Corresponding week last year... 104,048 50  
Decrease..... \$ 9,765 32

**MONTREAL MARKET.**  
Our market for breadstuffs continues quiet.  
FLOUR.—Inactive. No. 1, superfine, \$4 45 @ \$4 50. Fancy \$4 60 @ 4 65.  
WHEAT.—Unchanged; U. C. Spring, ex cars 92c. @ 94c., and U. C. White, ex-cars and store \$1 05 @ \$1 08.

PEAS.—70c. @ 72½c. per 66 lbs.  
CORN.—Mixed Western in demand for local consumption, at 52½c. per 56 lbs. Held 55c.  
OATMEAL.—\$4 50 @ \$4 60 per brl. 200 lbs.  
OATS.—42½c. @ 45c. per 40 lbs  
ASHES.—Pots dull at \$6 25 @ \$6 40; Pearls in demand, at \$6 40 @ \$6 46.  
PORK.—Mess, \$10 @ \$10 50; Prime and Prime Mess, \$8. Nominal.  
Dressed Hogs—\$3 75 @ \$4 25.  
Butter Less demand; fair to choice, 13 cts. @ 17 cts.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

**FLOUR.**—Receipts 5,801 brls; Market a shade firmer and quiet; sales 9,000 brls. at \$5 80 @ \$5 95 super State; \$6 10 @ \$6 25 for extra State; \$5 80 @ \$5 90 for super Western; \$6 20 @ 6 45 for common to medium extra Western; \$6 75 @ \$6 80 for common to good shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio. Canada flour a shade better; sales 600 barrels at \$6 25 @ 6 40 for common; \$6 50 @ \$8 00 for good to choice extra. Rye flour steady, at \$4 50 @ \$5 50.  
**WHEAT.**—Receipts none—market quiet and a shade firmer; sales 30,000 bushels at \$1 20 @ \$1 31 for Chicago Spring.  
Rye quit at 85c. for Western; 93c. @ 95c. for State.  
BARLEY scarce and firmer; sales 7,000 bushels. Eastern at \$1 49.  
CORN.—Receipts none.  
OATS unchanged at 68c. @ 71c. for common to prime.  
PORK steady. Beef unchanged.  
Dressed Hogs a shade lower at 5½c. @ 5¼c.



