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## SIR WILLIAM LOGAN.

This page presents a portrait of a very eminent person, whose official position as director of the Geological Survey of Canada, is second to the avocations of no public servant in the Province; possibly it may exceed any or all the services of other public men put together. The geology of the province involves its future character in all the phases of industrial, social and national development. This gentleman is a F. R. G. S. (Fellow of the Royal Geological Society) and F. R. S. (Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts.)

For this memoir we are indebted to Mr. Morgan's book, entitled—'Sketches of celebrated Canadians, and of Persons connected with Canada.' In early numbers we shall introduce a series of descriptive articles on the geology of Canada, which may give Canadian readers a better idea of the land they live in, than they have acquired elsewhere. Mr. Morgan says:

Sir William Logan, the eminent and distinguished geologist, and one of the most scientific men that Canada can boast of having produced, is a Canadian bred and born. He first saw the light in Montreal in 1798. He pursued his studies at the High School, Edinburgh, Scotland, and graduated at the University of that city. In 1818 he entered the mercantile office of his uncle, Mr. Hart Logan, of London, and after a time became a partner in the firm. After returning to Canada for a short time, where his attention was drawn to the geological characteristics of this country, he again crossed the Atlantic in 1829 and took up his residence in Swansea, South Wales, as manager of copper smelting and coal mining operations, in which his uncle was interested; but

he left this situation soon after the death of the latter in 1838. During his seven year's residence in South Wales, Mr. Logan devoted himself to the study of the coal field of that region; and his minute and accurate maps and sections were adopted by the ordinance geological survey, and published by the government, under Sir Henry de la Beche's superintendence. He was the first to demonstrate that the stratum of under clay, as it was called, which always underlies coal beds, was the soil in which the coal vegetation grew. In 1842 Sir William visited the coal fields of Pennsylvania and Nova Scotia; and communicated several valuable memoirs

on the subject to the Geological Society of London. At this time he began an examination of the older palaeozoic rocks of Canada; and the celebrated geological survey of Canada having been commenced, he was appointed and still continues at its head, a trust which sufficiently indicates the high opinion entertained of his great abilities and attainments by the government. This preference is, however, nothing more than he is entitled to, considering the immense sacrifice which he has made: to remain in, and confine his studies to, a country endeared to him by all the ties of birth and station. It is a well known fact that he has refused sev-

eral offers from other governments for his services, including India, where a princely fortune is to be made by the geologist. In the course of his investigations upon the rocks of the Eastern Townships, which are the continuation of those of New England, Sir William has shown that, so far from being, as had been supposed, primitive azoic rocks, they are altered and crystallized palaeozoic strata; a fact, which, although suspected, had not hitherto been demonstrated, and which is the key to the geology of North-Eastern America. He found the rocks which form the Laurentid and Adirondac mountains, previously regarded as un-

servants of the public to survey and make discoveries at the public cost, and reserve to themselves the right to judge whether announcement of localities containing mineral treasures should be publicly made. As we understood Sir William Logan on that occasion, he thought that to inform the public where auriferous deposits were situated, of which he showed various specimens, would be detrimental to the well-being of the Province; that farmers would desert agriculture, mechanics and clerks their workshops and offices, to crowd into the auriferous regions in search of gold. We believe the Provincial government approved of concealment.

stratified, to be disturbed and altered sedimentary deposits of vast thickness, equal perhaps to all the hitherto known stratified rocks of the earth's crust. In 1851 Sir William represented Canada at the Great Exhibition in London; and had charge of the Canadian geological collection which had been made by himself or under his immediate direction. It was exhibited with great skill and judgment, displaying to the best advantages the mineral resources of Canada. The labor of arranging the specimens was very great, and so enthusiastic was he that frequently he sallied out at eight or ten in the morning, and would work for twelve hours without waiting to take refreshment.— He had the satisfaction of knowing that his countrymen appreciated his services. Medals in profusion were allotted to Canada, and the Royal Society of London elected Mr. Logan a fellow, the highest attainable British scientific distinction. He was also a commissioner from Canada at the Industrial Exhibition at Paris in 1855, when he received from the imperial commission the grand gold medal of honor, and was created a knight of the Legion of Honor. He received the honor of knighthood from the Queen's hands, in 1856; and in the same year was awarded by the geological Society, of which he has long been a member, the Wollaston Palladium medal, for his pre-eminent services in geology.

NOTE ABOUT GOLD BEARING ROCKS.—Two years ago we visited the Geological Museum at Montreal, which has been collected by Sir William Logan and assistants. The events of the passing day recall to mind what then elicited remark: that it is hardly within the optional discretion of the



SIR WILLIAM E. LOGAN, DIRECTOR OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA.

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## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, AUGUST 1, 1863.

**'WELL-BRED PEOPLE.'****WHAT THEY ARE DOING FOR CANADA.**

'Because some well-bred people among us, should have seen fit to extend to Mr. C. L. Vallandigham the usual courtesies of society, the Toronto Globe is very indignant.' So says a 'well-bred' western newspaper.—And again:

'Had our lion hunters feasted and feted Mr. Frederick Douglass, or some other distinguished Ethiopian, it would have been all right. But a copperhead! a sympathizer with slavery! fie, fie, how could you, Miss Flora McFlimsey?'

Were the question narrowed to that of hospitality to a distinguished stranger, or political exile, or other refugee fleeing his country, the measure and quality of the hospitality might be settled between the 'well-bred' Brantford Courier, from which these words are quoted, and such journals as the Toronto Globe. May the day lie far out of the course of time when the British Empire in any portion of its soil, under any fashion of its laws, shall not be in a position to afford hospitable protection to distinguished exiles, or humblest refugees of whatever country, clime, or colour of skin.

'Well-bred people' at Brantford have been accused of accepting, or of offering to accept blood-money to send negroes back to slavery out of this sanctuary of British freedom. The righteous laws of the Province and of Great Britain forbade them. If there were in Canada newspapers or men so basely sordid as to seek a price for the expulsion of even such a refugee as Mr. Vallandigham, traitor to his country and enemy to our well-being though he be, the presence of such recreant subjects of the illustrious Queen of a free people would be an offence against the laws of Britain. But, both in law and practice, Great Britain restrains refugees from conspiring against the lawful government of the country from whence they may have fled. Dr. Bernard was put on his trial in London in April, 1853, for complicity in the conspiracy against the Emperor of the French—Louis Napoleon. And though acquitted by the accidents of the jury box and the inflammatory harangue of Edwin James, himself a refugee in America since, nobody doubted the question of fact. The verdict of acquittal was against law, but it accorded with the momentary impulse of the multitude. The 'French Colonels' then addressed the Emperor for permission to land in England and 'hunt the conspirators in their London dens.' Then it was that the British spirit was aroused, which brought forth the volunteers in all

that gallantry of magnitude which, with wooden walls and iron-clads, and the fortifications reared from century to century, extended from year to year, the naval majesty with its mighty armaments and military organization, which, combining present efficiency with illimitable expansion, makes it tolerably safe for the British people to look France, or any other nation, in the face and say, come if you dare.

But that majestic reality of present strength and of ultimate resource, which gives the British Islands safety, and confers on safety the attitude of dignity, is absent in Canada, except that portion of it comprised in the natural spirit of the people. That is present and might be available, so far as two-and-a-half millions of persons could withstand the inroads of twenty millions, on a defenceless frontier. That frontier is a thousand miles in a straight line; but including the American lake and river harbors and navigable creeks, from which hostile scourges of war might issue forth upon the similar shores of Canada—the frontier is a defenceless water margin of two thousand miles. And the proposed extension of settlements along the boundary line of the great North-west, which ought to be hailed as the progress of civilization, together with the discovery of golden deposits in that territory, supposed to be such as will carry westward a tidal wave of population; these will add to the exposed frontier fifteen hundred miles more.

Good fortune to Canada seems to be worse luck. The auriferous discoveries which should lead to strength and wealth, indicate weakness and the hazard of all that is worthy of preservation.

The 'well-bred people among us' do much more than extend hospitality to the ex-member of Congress, Vallandigham, who uttered speeches of vehement enmity against Great Britain, and made hostile motions of defiance when the Imperial government in December, 1861, demanded the surrender of Slidell and Mason. They do more than offend the law and practice of Great Britain in conferring the honours of festivity at Montreal, and carrying in a special train, as they might a Prince of the Royal Family, the man who was guilty of treason to his own lawful government, after declaiming to the American Democracy against Great Britain that he and they might kindle the fires of war in Canada. All that might be pardoned though in execrable bad taste; but the offence, committed in the face of the United States, lies in this, that Vallandigham comes avowedly to Canada to profane its soil, sacred to freedom as we thought it, neutral as its people ought to be by the Queen's proclamation, with his conspiracies against the national government of the country with which Britain is at peace, and in relation to which it is the interest of Canada to abstain from provocatives to war.

The 'well-bred people among us' are not alone conferring on the stranger the courtesies of hospitality, despicable though their foolery in so doing may be, they are involving in their hospitality the life, property, and honour of every inhabitant of Canada. Not one of them had a right to extend such hospitality on such terms. To caress this man who comes purposely to conspire on the Niagara frontier against the government of the country lying half an hour's walk beyond his present residence, is not within the rights and privileges of any person or social sections of the Canadian people. It is a great public offence. The events which may ensue give that which might have been only a fault, the dimensions of crime.

We have in past numbers of this paper shown what extensive but silent preparations the American government is making on the shores of the western lakes, from fortifying Makinaw Island at the confluence of Lakes Michigan and Huron, where it stands already the 'Gibraltar of the West,' all down their

own shores to Lake Champlain. We printed the Report of the Committee of Congress, showing what fortifications were recommended; and from personal observation assert them to be in process of erection. Canada engages herself only on new provocatives to war. Ministerial papers, the Toronto Globe leading them, assert that the call for volunteers has been successful; that there are thirty thousand now 'organized.' They are not organized. There are not thirty thousand. Three times that number would not be a success. Even such as are now associated for company drill are not paid. They are kept at the cost of enthusiastic officers. That is not the fault of the present ministry, but partly of the factious Opposition, led by Mr. John A. Macdonald and Mr. Cartier, who by a stretch of parliamentary privilege bordering on treason, stopped the supplies that would have paid the militia so far as yet embodied. But we are constrained to publish, on a higher authority than any ministerial or opposition newspaper, that the volunteers are far from what is claimed for them, though particular companies and occasionally a battalion may be seen well drilled.

At the end of June, 1863, an officer in Her Majesty's service, whose position gives him the means of knowing the truth, overall the Province, as his professional attainments and experience enable him to judge accurately, wrote thus:

'What has been as yet done is worse than nothing. No amount of drill will produce organization, without some farther systematic arrangement; and scattering good arms recklessly about the Province will never produce an efficient body of men, without organization.'

More might be cited from the same high authority, but we refrain; because at present the fault does not attach to the Minister, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald; and we should exceedingly regret if anything entrusted to us by the high authority referred to, should have the effect of embarrassing the Sandfield Macdonald Ministry in forming or carrying out larger plans of militia organization.

If it be impracticable in the face of contending political factions to organize a defensive force, as we sorrowfully confess a really efficient system of Lake and River and Land defences seems to be, the outrage on the prudent neutrality of the Province is all the more reprehensible on the part of those 'well-bred people among us' who are now toying with American treason and involving all Canada, hazarding the very existence of the small body of British troops now in the Province, by their infatuated misconduct.

We repeat, that courtesy and hospitality to Vallandigham on such terms was not theirs to give. They have no title, social nor political, to entertain, aid and abet the conspiring enemy of the government of that country which is already enraged against Canada, and which Canada is not yet in a condition to resist.

Our City Member at Hamilton told on the hustings at the late election that, 'the Province would rise as one man.' Yes, it might rise; but it would be a mob. The more fiery and zealous the uprising multitude the more uncommandable would it be. The rural mass levies, while called to defend distant cities or towns, their organization impracticable with the enemy thundering from his land and lake batteries, would be told of their undefended homesteads laid in ashes; barns plundered; pastures cleared of cattle; women and children fleeing to the wilderness distracted, or dying dishonoured, murdered, on the cinders of the homes in which they now live happily, and might continue to live in happy safety but for such as you, the 'well bred people among us.'

At the head of Lake Ontario, in Burlington Bay, and at Dundas, ample facilities capable of defence, offer for the construction of naval yards and arsenals, without which the rams-of-war to be launched there, the Ontario lake towns, and especially Toronto, cannot be defended.

But the Hamilton Spectator grovels over its lost sinecure,—the emigrant agency and the twelve hundred dollars a-year. The Toronto Globe persuades the wealthy, athletic yeomen of Canada West, that they are stricken with decrepitude and poverty, and

cannot afford to defend their country; while, in the absence of defences, and of military or naval organization, the 'well-bred people among us' are diligent, persistent in provoking the irrepressible hostility of the enemy, which awaits but a favorable time to cross the frontier at fifty places of attack, and cover the lakes with steam-power scourges of war.

NOTICE.—Several letters and contributions await decision. These and Enigma writers will be attended to in next issue.

**THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.**

(From the London Globe.)

The new Company has purchased for £1,500,000 the rights, whatever they may be, of the old Hudson's Bay Company over the territories wherein the latter has held undisputed sway. The capital of the new firm is fixed at £2,000,000 and the stock will be issued in certificates at £20 each. The territory thus transferred amounts to no less than 896,000,000 of acres. Although the greater part is a desert of snow, there is a southern range of land suitable for colonization, watered by 1,100 miles of navigable lakes and rivers, and rich in mines of coal, lead, and iron. It is this portion of the ceded territory which the new projectors promise to use as the basis for a new policy.

They intend to keep the desert of snow a desert still, and to trade in furs just as actively as ever in that Northern waste where colonization is impossible. But the less rigorous clime, which marches with the frontier of the United States, will be thrown open for settlement and they will carry through it a great mail route and the electric telegraph. It has been proved over and over again that between Canada and British Columbia there is room for a flourishing state or states. It has been shown, both by Englishmen and Americans of experience, that the best line for an Atlantic and Pacific railroad is through the country north of the United States frontier. On one side is Canada and its sister colonies, on the other British Columbia, with Vancouver's Island, for a portal to the Eastern world. The advantage of connecting those two by a broad belt of settlement has never been disputed. It is assumed that the governments of Canada, British Columbia, and Vancouver's Island will readily co-operate to insure the success of plans which promise to give them almost a new place in the world and new relations with the great currents of trade. Nor will the Imperial Government be backward in aiding any really solid schemes for the development of a region hitherto neglected and kept as a sort of preserve on an almost boundless scale.

The Imperial Government, it is announced, is prepared to grant portions of Crown land for the purpose of making the telegraph line. The Governor of the new Company is Sir Edmund Head, who knows well the political and colonial side of the question; and among the Directors are several gentlemen of high standing, who ought to be able to appreciate its commercial soundness. Undoubtedly it would be well, at a time when so vast a change is proposed, when new and important lines of communication are to be opened, and new colonies to be settled, to ascertain the exact nature of the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company. The recent discussion of the subject did not determine any of the large issues then raised. Who can tell us what those rights are? The claims are big enough but do they rest on legal foundation? It is all the more desirable to define these rights on this occasion, because as the land is to be settled questions of jurisdiction must arise, and to prevent endless disputes some understanding must be come to beforehand.

The Duke of Newcastle stated that arrangements must be entered into with the Colonial Office for the settlement of the country. Unless the legality of the transfer now made is decided, and unless the status of the Company in relation to the imperial and colonial Government and to the territory over which it exercises dominion be defined, it is not easy to say how the Colonial Office will escape from vexatious, and it may be serious quarrels with the new Company, whose shares, be it remembered, will be in the market, and whose constituents may be anybody, hailing from anywhere, owning any allegiance.

The Duke of Newcastle has promised to consult the law officers on the legality of the transaction, which re-constitutes the Company, and no doubt some steps will be taken to define its rights as lord of the manor of the North Pole. At all events, care should be taken that nothing is done to affect in any way the absolute sovereignty of the Crown, and the just control of Parliament over the region which has been transferred, and part of which is to be offered to emigrants for settlement.

## Poetry.

## THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth,  
The impulse of a wordless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth;  
The longings after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The striving after better hopes,—  
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
A brother in his need,  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour  
That proves a friend indeed,—  
The plea for mercy safely breathed,  
When justice threatens high,  
The sorrow of a contrite heart—  
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,  
The pressure of a kiss,  
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,  
That make up love's first bliss;  
If with a firm unchanging faith,  
And holy trusts and high,  
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—  
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,  
That wounded as it fell;  
The chilling want of sympathy,  
We feel, but never tell.  
The hard repulse, that chills the heart  
Whose hopes were bounding high,  
In an unflinching record kept—  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand  
Must find some work to do;  
Lose not a chance to waken love—  
Be firm, and just, and true,  
So shall a light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel voices say to thee—  
These things shall never die.

## STATISTICS OF THE WORLD.

[The following is inserted here as approximately, not absolutely correct. The number of religions being set down as 1,000 looks like the haphazard of loose conversation, and we know that the facts as to religions cannot be known. As to births and deaths occurring 'mostly in the night,' the cause is to be found in the flow and ebb of the magnetic currents round the earth.—Deaths seem to occur mostly at the ebb, one to two o'clock, A. M., and at the same hours P. M., or at the flow of the magnetic current when it is much excited, say at nine to ten o'clock A. M., and from six to seven o'clock P. M., in the British Islands. The variations from these hours in the case of different individuals, whether in giving birth or in yielding up the principle of life—the soul, is probably ruled by what we call the temperament, of each personal constitution; and that again, is affected by the 'conjunction of the planets' as the astrologers termed it, which is probably true; for the 'conjunction of the planets' means the causes of flux and reflux, and of the disturbances of the magnetic currents.

The hours of birth and death, correspond to the times of conception, and then the temperament of the future being begins.—From limited observation in Canada we think the magnetic influences on births and deaths are the same, at Quebec, or nearly as in Britain.—Ed. C. I. N.]

The earth is inhabited by 1,288,000,000 of inhabitants, namely, 369,000,000 of the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 of the Mongolian race; 190,000,000 of the Ethiopian; 1,000,000 of the American Indian; and 200,000,000 of the Malay races. All these respectively speak 3,064 languages, and profess 1,000 different religions. The amount of deaths per annum is 333,333,333, or 91,954 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute, or 1 per second, so that at every pulsation of our heart a human being dies. This loss is compensated by an equal number of births. The average duration of life throughout the globe is 33 years. One-fourth of its population dies before the seventh year, and one-half before the seventeenth. Out of 10,000 persons, only one reaches his hundredth year; only one in 500 his eightieth, and only one in 100 his sixty-fifth year. Married people live longer than unmarried; and a tall man is likely to live longer than a short one. Until the fiftieth year women have a better chance of life than men, but beyond that period the chances are equal. Sixty-five persons out of 1,000 marry. The

months of June and December are those in which marriages are most frequent. Children born in spring are generally stronger than those born in other seasons. Births and deaths chiefly occur at night. The number of men able to bear arms is but one-eighth of the population. The nature of the profession exercises a great influence on longevity. Thus, out of 100 of each of the following professions, the number of those who attain their seventieth year, is—among clergymen, 42; agriculturists, 40; traders and manufacturers, 33; soldiers, 32; clerks, 32; lawyers, 29; artists, 28; professors, 27; and physicians, 24; so that those who study the art of prolonging the lives of others, are most likely to die early, probably on account of the effluvia to which they are constantly exposed. There are in the world 335,000,000 of Christians, 5,000,000 of Jews, 600,000,000 professing some of the Asiatic religions, 160,000,000 of Mohammedans, and 200,000,000 of Pagans. Of the Christians, 170,000,000 profess the Catholic, 76,000,000 the Greek, and 80,000,000 the Protestant creeds.

PROFESSOR HIND publishes the following table, showing the progress of Upper Canada in the decade, ending 1861:—

	1851.	1861.
Population, Upper Canada.	952,004	1,396,091
Occupiers of land.	99,906	131,953
Wheat—bushels.	12,622,250	21,620,425
Barley.	625,462	2,861,962
Oats.	11,391,867	21,320,574
Potatoes.	4,932,185	15,325,920
Turnips.	3,110,318	18,206,969
Flax or hemp.	69,690	1,225,394
Bulls, oxen or steers.	192,140	299,605
Milch cows.	297,070	451,704
Horses.	201,670	377,671

## THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

Daughter of the great English Novelist.

## CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile, M. Tourneur was taking Elizabeth gently to task. Elizabeth was pouting her red lips and sulking, and looking at him defiantly from under her drooped eyelids; and all the time Anthony Tourneur sat admiring her, with his eyes wide open, and his great mouth open too. He was a big young man, with immense hands and feet, without any manner to speak of, and with thick hair growing violently upon end. There was a certain distinction about his father which he had not inherited. Young Frenchmen of this class are often singularly rough and unpolished in their early youth; they tone down with time, however, as they see more of men and of women. Anthony had never known much of either till now; for his young companions at the Protestant college were rough cubs like himself; as for woman, his mother was dead (she had been an Englishwoman, and died when he was ten years old,) and old Francoise, the cuisiniere, at home, was almost the only woman he knew. His father was more used to the world and its ways: he fancied he scorned them all, and yet the pomps and vanities and the pride of life had a horrible attraction for this quiet pasteur. He was humble and ambitious; he was tender-hearted, and hard-hearted, and narrow minded.—Though stern to himself, he was weak to others, and yet feebly resolute when he met with opposition. He was not a great man; his qualities neutralized one another, but he had a great reputation. The Oratoire was crowded on the days when he was expected to preach; his classes were thronged, his pamphlets went through three or four editions. Popularity delighted him. His manner had a great charm, his voice was sweet, his words well chosen; his head was a fine melancholy head, his dark eyes flashed when he was excited. Women especially admired and respected Stephen Tourneur.

Mrs. Gilmour was like another person when she was in his presence. Look at her to-night, with her smooth black hair, and her gray silk gown, and her white hands busied pouring out his tea. See how she is appealing to him, deferentially listening to his talk. I cannot write his talk down here. Certain allusions can have no place in a little story like this one, and yet they were allusions so frequently in his thoughts and in his mouth that it was almost unconsciously that he used them. He and his brethren like him have learnt to look at this life from a loftier point of view than Elly Gilmour and worldlings like her, who feel that to-day they are in the world and of it, not of their own will, indeed—though they are glad that they are here—but waiting a further dispensation. Tourneur, and those like him, look at this life only in comparison with the next, as though they had already passed beyond, and had but little concern with the things of to-day. They speak chiefly of sacred subjects: they have put aside our common talk, and thought, and career. They have put them away, and yet they are men and

women after all. And Stephen Tourneur, among the rest, was a soft-hearted man.—To-night, as indeed often before, he was full of sympathy for the poor mother who had spoken of her grief and care for her daughter, of her loneliness. He understood her need; her want of an adviser, of a friend whom she could reverence and defer to.—How meekly she listened to his words, with what kindling interest she heard him speak of what was in his heart always, with what gentleness she attended to his wants. How womanly she was, how much more pleasant than the English, Scotch, Irish old maids who were in the habit of coming to consult him in their various needs and troubles. He had never known her so tender, so gentle as to night. Even Elly, sulking, and beating the tattoo with her satin shoes, thought that her mother's manner was very strange. How could any of the people sitting round that little tea-table guess at the passion of hopelessness, of rage, of despair, of envy, that was gnawing at the elder woman's heart at the mad, desperate determination she was making? And yet every now and then she said odd, imploring things—she seemed to be crying wildly for sympathy—she spoke of other peoples' troubles with a startling earnestness.

De Vaux, who arrived about nine o'clock, and asked for a 'soupon de the,' and put in six lumps of sugar, and so managed to swallow the mixture, went away at ten, without one idea of the tragedy with which he had been spending his evening—a tragical farce, a comedy—I know not what to call it.

Elly was full of her own fancies; Monsieur Tourneur was making up his mind; Anthony's whole head was rustling with pink silk or dizzy with those downcast, bright, bewildering blue eyes of Elly's, and he sat stupidly counting the little bows on her skirt, or watching the glitter of the rings on her finger, and wishing that she would not look so cross when he spoke to her. She had brightened up considerably while De Vaux was there; but now, in truth, her mind was travelling away, and she was picturing to herself the Dampiers at their tea-table—Tishy, pale and listless, over her feeble cups; Lady Dampier, with her fair hair and her hook nose, lying on the sofa; and John in the arm-chair by the fire, cutting dry jokes at his aunt. Elly's spirits had travelled away like a ghost, and it was only her body that was left sitting in the little gaudy drawing-room; and, though she did not know it, there was another ghost sitting alongside with hers. Strangely enough, the people of whom she was thinking were assembled together very much as she imagined them to be. Did they guess at the two pale phantoms that were hovering about them? Somehow or other, Miss Dampier, over her knitting, was still muttering, 'Poor child!' to the click of her needles; and John Dampier was haunted by the woman in red, and by a certain look in Elly's eyes, which he had seen yesterday when he found her under the tree.

Meanwhile, at the other side of Paris, the other little company was assembled round the fire; and Mrs. Gilmour, with her two hands folded tightly together, was looking at M. Tourneur with her great soft eyes, and saying, 'The woman was never yet born who could stand alone, who did not look for some earthly counsellor and friend to point out the road to better things—to help her along the narrow thorny way. Wounded, and bruised, and weary, it is hard, hard for us to follow our lonely path.' She spoke with a pathetic passion, so that Elizabeth could not think what had come to her. Mrs. Gilmour was generally quite capable of standing, and going, and coming, without any assistance whatever. In her father's time, Elly could remember that there was not the slightest need for his interference in any of their arrangements. But the mother was evidently in earnest to-night, and the daughter quite bewildered. Later in the evening, after Monsieur de Vaux was gone, Mrs. Gilmour got up from her chair and flung open the window of the balcony. All the stars of heaven shone splendidly over the city. A great, silent, wonderful night had gathered round about them unawares; a great calm had come after the noise and business of the careful day. Caroline Gilmour stepped out with a gasping sigh, and stood looking upwards; they could see her grey figure dimly against the darkness. Monsieur Tourneur remained sitting by the fire, with his eyes cast down and his hands folded. Presently he too rose and walked slowly across the room, and stepped out upon the balcony; and Elizabeth and Anthony remained behind, staring vacantly at one another. Elizabeth was yawning and wondering when they would go.

'You are sleepy, miss,' said young Tourneur, in his French-English.

Elly yawned in a very unmistakable language, and showed all her even white teeth:—'I always get sleepy when I have been cross, Mr. Anthony. I have been cross ever since three o'clock to-day, and now it is long past ten, and time for us all to go to bed; don't you think so?'

'I am waiting for my father,' said the young man. 'He watches late at night, but we are all sent off at ten.'

'We?'—you and old Francoise?'

'I and the young Christians who live in our house, and study with my father and read under his direction. There are five all from the south, who are, like me, preparing to be ministers of the gospel.'

Another great wide yawn from Elly.

'Do you think your father will stop much longer—if so, I shall go to bed. Oh, dear me! and with a sigh she let her head fall back upon the soft cushioned chair, and then, somehow, her eyes shut very softly, so as not to wake her, and her hands fell loosely, and a little quiet dream came, something of a garden and peace, and green trees, and Miss Dampier knitting in the sunlinc. Click, click, click, she heard the needles, but it was only the clock ticking on the mantel-piece. Anthony was almost afraid to breathe, for fear he should wake her. It seemed to him very strange to be sitting by this smouldering fire, with the stars burning outside, while through the open window the voices of the two people talking on the balcony came to him in a low murmuring sound. And there opposite him Elly asleep, breathing so softly, and looking so wonderfully pretty in her slumbers. Do you not know the peculiar peaceful feeling which comes to any one sitting alone by a sleeping person? I cannot tell which of the two was for a few minutes the most tranquil and happy.

Elly was still dreaming her quiet, peaceful dreams, still sitting with Miss Dampier in her garden, under a chestnut-tree, with Dampier coming towards them, when suddenly some voice whispered 'Elizabeth' in her ear, and she awoke with a start of chill surprise. It was not Anthony who had called her, it was only fancy; but as she woke he said—

'Ah! I was just going to wake you.'

What had come to him. He seemed to have awakened too—to have come to himself suddenly. One word which had reached him—he had very big sharp ears—one word distinctly uttered amid the confused murmur on the balcony, brought another word of old Francoise's to his mind. And then in a minute—he could not tell how it was—it was all clear to him. Already he was beginning to learn the ways of the world. Elly saw him blush up, saw his eyes light with intelligence, and his ears grew very red; and then he sat up straight in his chair, and looked at her in a quick, uncertain sort of way. 'You would not allow it,' said he, suddenly, staring at her fixedly with his great flashing eyes. 'I never thought of such a thing till this minute. Who ever would?'

'Thought of what? What are you talking about?' said Elly, startled.

'Ah! that is it.' And then he turned his head impatiently: 'How stupid you must have been. What can have put such a thing into his head and hers. Ah, it is so strange, I don't know what to think or to say;' and he sank back in his chair. But, somehow or other, the idea which had occurred to him was not nearly so disagreeable as he would have expected it to be. The notion of some other companionship besides that of the five young men from the south, instead of shocking him, filled him with a vague, delightful excitement. 'Ah! then she would come and live with us in that pink dress,' he thought. And meanwhile Elizabeth turned very pale, and she too began dimly to see what he was thinking of, only she could not be quite sure. 'Is it that I am to marry him?' she thought; 'they cannot be plotting that.'

'What is it, M. Anthony?' said she, very fierce. 'Is it—they do not think that I would ever—ever dream—or think of marrying you?' She was quite pale now, and her eyes were glowing.

Anthony shook his head again. 'I know that,' said he; 'it is not you or me.'

'What do you dare to imply?' she cried, more and more fiercely. 'You can't mean—you would never endure, never suffer that—that—' The words failed on her lips.

'I should like to have you for a sister, Miss Elizabeth,' said he, looking down; 'it is so triste at home.'

Elly half started from her chair, put up her white hands, scarce knowing what she did, and then suddenly cried out, 'Mother! mother!' in a loud shrill, thrilling voice, which brought Mrs. Gilmour back into the room. And Monsieur Tourneur came too. Not one of them spoke for a minute. Eliza



beth's horror-stricken face frightened the pasteur, who felt as if he was in a dream, who had let himself drift along with the feeling of the moment, who did not know even now if he had done right or wrong, if he had been carried away by mere earthly impulse and regard for his own happiness, or if he had been led and directed to a worthy helpmeet, to a Christian companion, to one who had the means and the power to help him in his labors. Ah, surely, surely he had done well, he thought, for himself, and for those who depended on him. It was not without a certain dignity at last, and nobleness of manner, that he took Miss Gilmore's hand, and said,—

'You called your mother just now, Elizabeth; here she is. Dear woman, she has consented to be my best earthly friend and companion, to share my hard labors; to share a life poor and arduous, and full of care, and despised perhaps by the world; but rich in eternal hope, blessed by prayer, and consecrated by a Christian's faith.' He was a little man, but he seemed to grow tall as he spoke. His eyes kindled, his face lightened with enthusiasm. Elizabeth could not help seeing this, even while she stood shivering with indignation and sick at heart. As for Anthony, he got up, and came to his father and took both his hands, and then suddenly flung his arms around his neck. Elizabeth found words at last:

'You can suffer this?' she said to Anthony. 'You have no feelings, then, of decey, of fitness, of memory for the dead. You, mamma, can degrade yourself by a second marriage? Oh! for shame, for shame!' and she burst into passionate tears, and flung herself down on a chair. Monsieur Tournour was not used to be thwarted, to be reproved; he got very pale, he pushed Anthony gently aside, and went up to her. 'Elizabeth,' said he, 'is this the conduct of a devoted daughter; are these the words of good-will and of peace, with which your mother should be greeted by her children? I had hoped that you would look upon me as a friend. If you could see my heart, you would know how ready I am, how gladly I would love you as my own child, and he held out his hand. Elly Gilmore dashed it away.

'Go,' she said; 'you have made me wretched; I hate your life and your ways, and your sermons, and we shall all be miserable, every one of us; I know well enough it is for her money you marry her. Oh, go away out of my sight.' Tournour had felt doubts. Elizabeth's taunts and opposition reassured him and strengthened him in his purpose. This is only human nature, as well as pasteur nature in particular. If every thing had gone smoothly, very likely he would have found out a snare of the devil in it, and broken it off, not caring what grief and suffering he caused to himself in so doing. Now that the girl's words brought a flush into his pale face and made him to wince with pain, he felt justified, nay, impelled to go on—to be firm. And now he stood up like a gentleman, and spoke:

'And if I want your mother's money, is it hers, is it mine, was it given to me or to her to spend for our own use? Was it not lent, will not an account be demanded hereafter? Unhappy child! where have you found already such sordid thoughts, such unworthy suspicions? Where is your Christian charity?'

'I never made any pretence of having any,' cried Elizabeth, stamping her foot and tossing her fair mane. 'You talk and talk about it, and about the will of heaven, and suit yourselves, and break my heart, and look up quite scandalized, and forgive me for my wickedness. But I had rather be as wicked as I am than as good as you.'

'Allons, taisez-vous, Mademoiselle Elizabeth!' said Anthony, who had taken his part, or my father will not marry your mother, and then you will be in the wrong, and have made everybody unhappy. It is very, very sad and melancholy in our house; be kind and come and make us happy. If I am not angry why should you mind; but see here, I will not give my consent unless you do, and I know my father will do nothing against my wishes and yours.'

Poor Elizabeth looked up, and then she saw that her mother was crying too; Caroline had had a hard day's work. No wonder she was fairly harassed and worn out. Elizabeth herself began to be as bewildered, as puzzled, as the rest. She put her hand wearily to her head. She did not feel angry any more, but very tired and sad. 'How can I say I think it right when I think it wrong? It is not me you want to marry, M. Tournour; mamma is old enough to decide. What need you care for what a silly girl like me says or thinks? Good night, mamma; I am tired and must go to bed. Good night, Monsieur Tournour. Good night, M. Anthony. Oh, dear! sighed Elizabeth, as she

went out of the room with her head hanging, and with pale cheeks and dim eyes. You could hardly have believed it was the triumphant young beauty of an hour ago. But it had always been so with this impetuous, sensitive Elizabeth, she sniggered, as she enjoyed more keenly than anybody else I ever knew; she put her whole heart into her life without any reserve, and then, when failure and disappointment came, she had no more heart left to endure with.

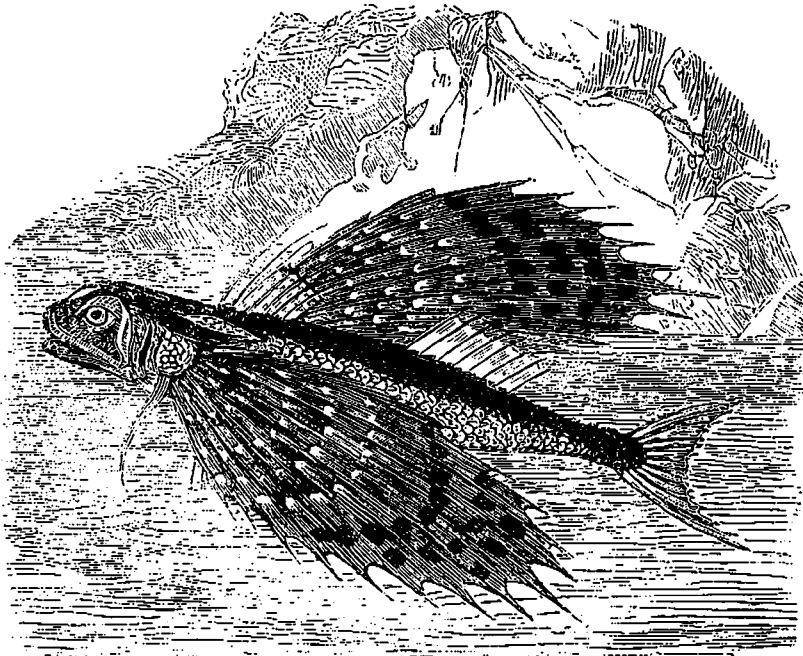
I am sure it was with a humble spirit that Tournour that night, before he left, implored a benediction on himself and on those who were about to belong to him. He went away at eleven o'clock with Anthony, walking home through the dark, long streets to his house, which was near one of the gates of the city. And Caroline sat until the candles went out, till the fire had smouldered away, till the chill night breezes swept round the room, and then went stupefied to bed, saying to herself, 'Now he will learn that others do not despise me, and I—I will lead a good life.'

## CHAPTER III.

A low, one storied house standing opposite a hospital, built on a hilly street, with a great white porte-cochere closed and barred, and then a garden wall; nine or ten windows only a foot from the ground, all blinded and shuttered in a row; a brass plate on the door with Stephen Tournour engraved thereon, and grass and chickweed growing between the stones and against the white walls of the

poor Elizabeth yawned since that first night when M. Tournour came to tea? With what distaste she set herself to live her new life I cannot attempt to tell you. It bored her, and wearied and displeased her, and she made no secret of her displeasure, you may be certain. But what annoyed her most of all, what seemed to her so inconceivable that she could never understand or credit it, was the extraordinary change which had come over her mother. Mme. Tournour was like Mrs. Gilmour in many things, but so different in others that Elly could hardly believe her to be the same woman. The secret of it all was a love of power and admiration, purchased no matter at what sacrifice, which had always been the hidden motive of Caroline's life. Now she found that by dressing in black, by looking prim, by attending endless charitable meetings, prayer meetings, religious meetings, by influencing M. Tournour, who was himself a man in authority, she could cut of the food her soul longed for. 'There was a man once who did not care for me, he despised me,' she used to think sometimes; 'he liked that silly child of mine better; he shall hear of me one day.'

Lady Dampier was a very strong partisan of the French Protestant Church. Mme. Tournour used to hope that she would come to Paris again and carry home with her the fame of her virtues, and her influence, and her conversation; and in the meanwhile the weary round of poor Elly's daily existence went on. To-day, for two lonesome hours she stood leaning at that window, with the



FLYING FISH.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

house. Passing under the archway, you came into a grass-grown courtyard; through an iron grating you see a little desolate garden with wall flowers and stocks, and tall yellow weeds all flowering together, and fruit-trees running wild against the wall. On one side there are some empty stables, with chickens pecking in the sun. The house is built in two long low wings; it has a dreary moated-grange sort of look; and see, standing at one of the upper windows, is not that Elizabeth looking out? An old woman in a blue gown and a white coil is pumping water at the pump; some miserable canaries are piping shrilly out of green cages; the old woman clacks away with her sabots echoing over the stones; the canaries cease their piping, and then nobody else comes. There are two or three tall poplar-trees growing along the wall, which shiver plaintively; a few clouds drift by, and a very distant faint sound of military music comes borne on the wind.

'Ah, how dull it is to be here! Ah, how I hate it, how I hate them all!' Elizabeth is saying to herself: 'there is some music; all the Champs Elysees are crowded with people; the soldiers are marching along with glistening bayonets and flags flying. Not one of them thinks that in a dismal house not very far away there is anybody so unhappy as I am. This day year—it breaks my heart to think of it—I was nineteen; to-day I am twenty, and I feel a hundred. Oh, what a sin and shame it is to condemn me to this hateful life. Oh, what wicked people these good people are. Oh, how dull, oh, how stupid, oh, how prosy, oh, how I wish I was dead, and they were dead, and it was all over!'

How many weary yawns, I wonder, had

along the uncarpeted passage, came the big-nailed boots of the pupils; and then at the dining-room door there was Clementine in a yellow gown—much smarter and trimmer than Elizabeth's blue cotton—carrying a great, long loaf of sour bread.

Madame Tournour was already at her post, standing at the head of the table, ladling out the cabbage soup, with the pieces of bread floating in every plate. M. Tournour was eating his dinner quickly; he had to examine a class for confirmation at six, and there was a prayer-meeting at seven. The other prim lady sat opposite to him with her portion before her. There was a small tablecloth, streaked with blue, and not over clean; hunches of bread by every plate, and iron knives and forks. Each person said grace to himself as he came and took his place. Only Elizabeth flung herself down in a chair, looked at the soup, made a face, and sent it away untasted.

'Elizabeth, ma fille, vous ne mangez pas,' said M. Tournour, kindly.

'I can't swallow it!' said Elizabeth.

'When there are so many poor people starving in the streets, you do not I suppose, expect us to sympathize with such pampered fancies?' said the prim lady.

Although the sisters-in-law were apparently very good friends, there was a sort of race of virtue always being run between them, and just now Elly's shortcomings were a thorn in her mother's side, so skilfully were they wielded by Mrs. Jacob. Lou-lou and Tou-tou, otherwise Louise and Therese, her daughters, were such good, stupid, obedient, uninteresting little girls, that there was really not a word to say against them in retort; and all that Elly's mother could do, was to be even more severe, more uncompromising than Madame Jacob herself. And now she said,—

'Nonsense, Elizabeth; you must really eat your dinner. Clementine, bring back Miss Elizabeth's plate.'

M. Tournour looked up—he thought the soup very good himself, but he could not bear to see anybody distressed. 'Go and fetch the bouillie quickly, Clementine. Why should Elizabeth take what she does not like? Rose,' said he to his sister, 'do you remember how our poor mother used to make us breakfast off—porridge, I think she called it—and what a bad taste it had, and how we used to cry.'

'We never ungratefully objected to good soup,' said Rose. 'I make a point of never giving in to Lou-Lou and Tou-Tou when they have their fancies. I care more for the welfare of their souls than for pampering their bodies.'

'And I only care for my body,' Elly cried. 'Mamma, I like porridge, will you have some for me?'

'Ah! hush, hush! Elizabeth. You do not think what you say, my poor child,' said Tournour. 'What is mere eating and drinking, what is food, what is raiment, but dust and rottenness? You only care for your body!—for that mass of corruption. Ah, do not say such things, even in jest. Remember that for every idle word—'

'And is there to be no account for spiteful words?' interrupted Elizabeth, looking at Mrs. Jacob.

Monsieur Tournour put down the glass of wine he was raising to his lips, and with sad, reproachful glances, looked at the unruly step-daughter. Madame Jacob, shaking with indignation, cast her eyes up and opened her mouth, and Elizabeth began to pout her red lips. One minute and the storm would have burst, when Anthony upset a jug of water at his elbow, and the stream trickled down and down the table-cloth. These troubled waters restored peace for the moment. Poor Tournour was able to finish his meal, in a puddle truly, but also in silence. Mrs. Jacob, who had received a large portion of the water in her lap, retired to change her dress; the young Christians sniggered over their plates, and Anthony went on eating his dinner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend.—When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who never have loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

## THE FLYING FISH.

The common flying fish belongs to the genus *Exocoetus*. That figured on the preceding page is the *Trigla Volitans*, as classed by Linnaeus.

Beginning with the order it is termed Acanthopterygii; the family is Loricati. Generic characters—head flattened, large and long, and rising suddenly from the muzzle, which is very short; inferior angle of the pre-operculum furnished with an elongated strong spine; operculum without spine; mouth small; jaws furnished with masses of minute and conical teeth; branchiostegous rays six in number; some of the anterior rays of the dorsal fin free; subpectoral rays numerous, very long and connected by a membrane; ventral fins with four rays; body covered with hard casinated scales.

The fishes of this genus are classed with the gunards; they may, however, be distinguished from the true gunards by the greater size of the pectoral fins. By means of these large fins, the length of which is almost equal to that of the body of the animal, these fishes are enabled to sustain themselves in the air for several seconds, which they often do to escape from their enemies when pursued. So say the writers on natural history; so the sailors have said; so wrote Captain Basil Hall. But we do not think the power to take that flying leap is given to these creatures only to secure their safety.

## Canadian Fragments.

**AN OLD TRICK.**—Last week a squad of Gipsies were encamped near this town. Among them was an elderly female, who professed great ability at 'tolling fortunes' and enjoyed a certain popularity in that line. This ancient dame undertook to pry into the future of a widow in this town, of course making it necessary to use money. The woman gave her all she had, some \$31 or \$32, which the gipsy apparently tied up in a brown paper parcel, telling her not to disturb it for a certain number of days. The credulous woman did as she was told, and the time having expired one day during the present week, she opened the parcel, and found—brown paper. At daylight in the morning she started for the gipsy camp, only to find that the birds had flown, having left the night previous. 'Fools and their money are soon parted.' This was a fool; perhaps she's wiser now.—St. Catharines Journal.

**STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.**—A barn belonging to Messrs. Peter and Edward Wisner, on the 6th Concession of Brantford, was last week struck by lightning, and, together with its contents, entirely destroyed. The barn contained at the time, besides various farming implements, 50 bushels of wheat, 50 do. peas, 100 do. oats, 30 do. barley, 3 pigs, 1 cradle, 1 new set of harness, worth \$20, 1 cutting box, and \$35 worth of dried pork. There was an insurance on the barn and contents of \$700. This is a warning to all farmers who have not taken the precaution to insure, to go and do so at once. Had the Messrs. Wisner not been prudent men in this respect, their loss would have been very serious.—Brant Expositor.

A correspondent of the Montreal Gazette sends the following extract from a New Brunswick paper, the Woodstock Sentinel, which states that among some gipsies in that place there was 'a little girl of delicate features and fair skin, who attracted a large amount of sympathy. She betrayed an evident antipathy to the company she was in—seemed distressed—was continually crying for her Ma, who, she said lived in Montreal, and was to all appearance badly used.' Our correspondent requests us to draw the attention of the citizens to this statement.

**STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.**—During the thunder storm of Monday evening last, the house of Mr. John Thrasher, in rear of 4th concession of Thurlow, was struck by lightning and considerably damaged. The lightning struck the gable end of the house, stripping off the clapping from the top to the ground, and tearing off the plastering inside. Mrs. Thrasher was so stunned by the shock as to be insensible for some time, and it was supposed dangerously injured. We understand, however, that she is rapidly recovering.—Bellville Intelligencer July 17.

**SEX-STROKE.**—During the late heated term a farm laborer in Zorra, and an unknown man in Montreal, are stated to have died suddenly from the effects of sun-stroke.

**THE RIDEAU CANAL.**—George H. Perry, Esq., C. E., has been commissioned by the government to inquire into the condition of the Rideau Canal, and generally into all matters connected with the management of this important public work.

The U. C. Journal of Arts states that whilst in 1851, Upper Canada only raised 69,620 lbs. of flax and hemp, the production

had increased in 1861 to 1,225,934 lbs.—The quantity of linen manufactured in 1851 was 11,711 yards. In 1861 it was 37,655 yards.

**JUDICIAL CHANGES.**—Chief Justice McLean has resigned the office of Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, and will assume the duties of president of the Court of Error and Appeal. Mr. Justice Richards has accepted the office vacated by Chief Justice Draper; and the Hon. John Wilson, of London, has been appointed to the vacancy.

Lower Canada has returned to this parliament, eighteen members of British origin. Out of these, two only, are supporters of the present Ministry, and the remaining sixteen belong to the opposition.

Mr. Dougall of Windsor, brother of John Dougall, Esq., of Montreal, is said to be a candidate for the representation of the St. Clair Division, vacant by the elevation of Mr. Wilson to the bench.

**THE COST OF BEING A PUBLIC MAN.**—Mr. Flint has been returned for the Trent Division in opposition to Mr. Gover. The Hon. Sidney Smith was the late representative of the Division, and, at the recent nomination, took farewell of his former constituents.—He said he went into public life worth £59,000, and he left it unable to qualify as a Legislative Councillor!

**SICKNESS.**—There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart and brings it back to feelings of infancy.

## MENTAL EXERCISES.

The Enigma of Fidelis is omitted as requested in his second letter. His solution of Calvin's is correct. Let writers of these exercises take care not to make free with the names of persons who may be offended. We prefer to have such as that of J. J. M. The letter of a Montreal friend, signed Birmingham, was not acknowledged when received; we ask pardon; but it is now too late to insert it. Is Birmingham a true son of the 'Hardware Village'?

R. S., of Canfield, sends the following two items; but should have written on one side of the paper only:

## ENIGMA.

- I am composed of 23 letters.  
My 9, 15, 21, 10, 28, 19 is an island in one of the five oceans.  
" 14, 18, 7 is the name of an exotic plant.  
" 6, 8, 5, 9, 4 caused the death of some of England's best men and the loss of millions of dollars.  
" 4, 2, 5 is one of the exports of North Carolina.  
" 2, 6, 15 is of no value; yet the Queen could not sit upon the throne without the aid of it.  
" 13, 12, 3 is the cause of all vegetation.  
" 1, 4, 8, 2, 5, 7 is the land of great curiosities.  
" 15, 7, 6, 8 is a blessing that few know how to appreciate.  
" 10, 12, 23, 17 has caused the ruination of thousands, both male and female.  
" 22, 2, 15 has caused the ruination of thousands, and the making of thousands.  
" 5, 28, 6, 18, 10 is the name of a person who lived many ages ago.

My whole, when put together, is the name of a paper, if patronized as it richly deserves, will soon become second to none on the continent.

## ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A merchant died leaving his four sons a fortune of \$28,885, to be so divided and put out at interest at 6 per cent., that when they became respectively 21 years of age each part should amount to equal sums, their ages being 15, 11, 7, and 6 years. The work to be given in full.

L. W. W., of Fenwick, and others, have solved Calvin's Enigma. The Welland house at St. Catharines is a good, large, and fashionable Hotel; but beyond this we shall not advertise it by inserting more of these replies. The proprietor can better afford to pay for advertisements than we to print gratis.

HAMILTON, 27th JULY, 1863.

Editor Canadian Illustrated News.

DEAR SIR,—The following is the solution of the Enigma contributed by J. J. M. in your edition of Saturday last. It is contained in the book of Proverbs, 11th chapter, 24th verse, and is: 'There is that seat-

ureth, and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.'

I remain, yours &c.,  
ARTHUR.

D. K. of Grimsby writes:

To the Editor Canadian Illustrated News.

DEAR SIR,—I have solved the Geographical Enigma in your last week's paper being a quotation from the 'Lady of the Lake' and find it to be:

'Poor Blanche, thy wrongs are dearly paid,  
Yet with thy foe must die or live,  
The praise that faith and valor give.'

D. K. also sends correct solutions to the Enigmas of Willie of Brampton and Calvin.

## THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

The transfer of the Hudson's Bay Territory from the old company to a new company may indicate a great and early expansion of the Province of Canada. We reserve our opinions for the all-sufficient reason that in the absence of detailed information none can at present be formed with safety.

The speech of His Grace the Secretary of State for the Colonies commands attention, and it is here submitted as affording the latest official information:—

The Duke of Newcastle moved the second reading of the British Columbia Boundaries bill. In the course of his remarks on the motion his Grace said, the greatest impediment to the future of the colony was a want of communication with the outer world. The communication with England by San Francisco and Panama was circuitous and difficult, but communication with Canada and the east of North America was absolutely precluded. In the course of the discussion last year he had said that he had every reason to hope that he should be able this year to state to the House that arrangements had been made to complete the communication between the colony and the east of British North America; and he thought he could now inform their lordships that such arrangements would be carried out. He had desired a gentleman of great experience, knowledge and energy, who was constantly travelling between Canada and this country, to inquire whether it would be possible to effect a communication across the continent. This gentleman—Mr. Watkin, had returned with considerable information, and he had suggested to him to place himself in communication with persons in the commercial world who might be willing to undertake the carrying out of such communication. He had put himself in communication with Mr. Baring and others, and he believed they had arrived at the conclusion that if arrangements could be made with the Hudson's Bay Company, the undertaking that those important communications might be made certain guarantees were to be given by Canada on the one hand, and British Columbia and Vancouver's Island on the other.

No Bill on the subject had as yet passed through the Canadian Parliament, because the Canadian Legislature had been in something like a state of abeyance during the last year, and lately it had been dissolved; but the guarantee had been sanctioned by the Canadian Government, and there was very little doubt that it would receive the sanction of the Legislature. If it did not—which he by no means apprehended—of course the whole thing would fall to the ground. A similar guarantee would be asked from British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, and he had the assurance of the Government that this colony was in a position to give such a guarantee. A complete intercolonial railway system had long been looked forward to by those interested in our North American Province, and he hoped none of their lordships would be disposed to undervalue its immense importance. It would be impossible to overrate the importance to this country of an interoceanic railway between the Atlantic and the Pacific. By such a communication and the electric telegraph as great a revolution would be effected in the commerce of the world as had been brought about by the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope. It was unnecessary to point out to their lordships of what importance it would be in case of war on the other side of the Atlantic. On every ground the subject was well worthy of that attentive consideration which he was sure it would receive at the hands of their lordships. (Hear hear) There was another matter on which he wished to say a few words. Some eight or nine days ago it was stated in a portion of the press that the Hudson's Bay Company had sold their property. That statement was not altogether accurate, and certainly it

was premature, for he had been informed within two hours before he came down to the House that the whole arrangement had only been completed that afternoon. He had not received any official communication on the subject, but some of the gentlemen concerned had been kind enough to inform him of the facts. He had stated on a former occasion that the Hudson's Bay Company had expressed a wish to sell. Certain parties in the city had, in the first instance, entered into communication with them for the purpose either of purchasing or obtaining permission for a transit through the company's possessions. After some negotiations, the alternative for permission for a transit was agreed upon. That conclusion having been arrived at, he did not know what it was that raised the whole question of sale again; but some fortnight or three weeks ago fresh negotiations were opened. Parties in the city proposed to the Hudson's Bay Company to give them, by way of purchase, a sum of £1,500,000. What had appeared in the papers was that the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company had been transferred to the Intercolonial Financial Association. What had taken place was this:—The Hudson's Bay Company very prudently required that the money should be paid down, and that the whole sum of £1,500,000 should be ready on a given day, which he believed was yesterday. Of course the intending purchasers could not carry out that transaction in the course of a week, and they therefore applied to the Intercolonial Financial Association to assist them. The association agreed to do so, and the money either had been paid, or would be ready on a day arranged upon. The report that they intended to become the proprietors of the shares of the Hudson's Bay Company originated, no doubt, out of this negotiation; but to do so was, he believed, quite foreign to the principle on which the association carried on their business, as in such transactions they occupied only an intermediate position. A prospectus would be issued to-morrow morning, and the shares would be thrown upon the market, to be taken up in the ordinary way upon the formation of the company. These shares would not remain in the hands of the association, but would pass to the proprietors as if they had bought their shares direct from the Hudson's Bay Company. Of course, the company would only enjoy the rights which those shares carried and no more. They would, in fact, be a continuation of the company, but their efforts would be directed to the promotion of the settlement of the country, the development of the postal and transit communication being one of the objects to which they could apply themselves. Of course the old Governor and his colleagues, having sold their shares, ceased to be the governing body of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a new council, consisting of most responsible persons, had been formed that afternoon. Among them were two of the committees of the old company, with one of whom, Mr. Colville, he had had much personal communication, and could speak in the highest terms as a man of business and good sense. There were also seven or eight most influential and responsible people, and the name of the Governor, Sir Edmund Head, who had been elected to-day, would be a guarantee of the new company, for no one would believe that he had entered into this undertaking for mere speculative purposes, or that the company would be conducted solely with the view of screwing the last penny out of this territory. While the council as practical men of business, would be bound to promote the interests of the shareholders, he was sure that he would be actuated by statesmanlike views. No negotiation with the Colonial office had taken place, and, as this was a mere ordinary transfer, no leave on their part was necessary. But arrangements must be entered into with the Colonial office for the settlement of the country, and at some future time it would be no doubt his duty to inform their lordships what these arrangements were. With regard to the present Bill, the act of 1858 had prescribed certain limits to the colony of British Columbia which were amply sufficient at that time. But since then very large gold districts have been discovered north of that boundary, and it was necessary to have some laws there and a magistrate to enforce them. It was now proposed, therefore, to add that district to the colony of British Columbia. Another object was to continue the existing Act to the close of the year as a matter of precaution, though the moment the order in Council was promulgated, the old form of government would cease, and the new one would come into force.

[In addition to what is foreshadowed in the Duke of Newcastle's Speech we direct attention to pages 124 and 143.]

## TO ALL CANADA.

A Grand Rifle Shooting Match will take place at Hamilton, C. W., in September, 1863. This, in the number, variety, and value, of the prizes, and in the eminence of the marksmen who are expected to contend for them, will equal any Rifle Shooting Match of Great Britain, or the world, and will surpass all hitherto known on the American continent.

As soon as an amount of money sufficient for the object has been guaranteed, the subscribers will be called together to make the necessary arrangements for carrying out the match.

DEATH OF HON. ANDREW JEFFREY,  
MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

We are truly sorry to record the death of this gentleman. He died at Cobourg, July 27, 1863. Mr. Jeffrey was born at Riseley, near Duns, in Berwickshire, Scotland, where his family and ancestors resided, engaged generation after generation in honourable toil. They were mechanics whose fame was more than local. 'The Blacksmiths of Riseley,' or the 'Jeffreys of Riseley Smiddy,' so the place was locally pronounced, were remarkable in all their relations for mechanical skill, physical strength, generous, open-hearted nature, and a high, severe moral probity. He who writes these words had heard of the Jeffreys when a child; and knew one of the Jeffreys of Chirnside, who had the reputation of being 'able to do more with a file than (some other noted rival) could do with all the hammers and tools in the smiddy.'

The Hon. Andrew Jeffrey came to Canada 36 years ago, and for a time worked as a blacksmith. Then he purchased land, and united agriculture with mercantile trade, and rose to be a merchant and landowner of opulence. In 1860 he was elected a member of the Legislative Council of Canada for the Newcastle Division; his good name being his commendation. He was claimed by what is termed the 'Reform' party, but if he was a partizan it was in a form so mild, and his moral and commercial reputation stood so high, that the 'other party' either



1.—MERINO SHEEP, BRED IN SAXONY.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

approved or did not oppose him. We hope to publish a portrait of this much esteemed gentleman in the next, or in an early number of the Canadian Illustrated News.

MERINO SHEEP AND THEIR  
BREEDERS.

Columella was the first breeder of Merino sheep, whose name survives in history. Joseph Rymal, Esq., M.P.P., for the southern Division of the county of Wentworth, Canada West, is one of the most enterprising and successful of the time and country we live in.

Who was Columella? He was the agent in Spain of Claudius Felix, who listened and trembled at the words of Paul the Apostle. It was in the reign of Claudius that the southern parts of Britain were subjugated to the Romans.

From Columella in Spain, to Mr. Rymal of Wentworth, Mr. Stone of Guelph, Mr.

Christie of Dumfries, Mr. Brown of Bothwell, (Hon. George Brown of Globe newspaper,) and the many other eminent sheep breeders of Canada, is a stretch of about eighteen hundred and nine years; but in all that time the Merino sheep has been more or less an object of care to those whose interests and tastes lay in the direction of producing fine wool. The Hon. Andrew Jeffrey of Cobourg, whose death is intimated in this column, should also be named as one who gave practical and scientific direction to the breeding of domestic animals, in connection with the systematic operations of agriculture.

Columella has left it on record that his uncle, who lived in Bœtica (now the Province of Estremadura in Spain) procured some wild African rams at Cadiz, of a coarse fleece but of an admirable colour. He put them with fine woolled ewes, and the male progeny being again put with Tarentine ewes, the offspring with their descendants united the colour of the sire with the dam's softness of fleece. Others imitated what he did, and thus the purest white was commu-

nicated to the black or parti coloured native flocks which according to Pliny were common in Spain. From Sierra Merino, (Merino mountains) on which the flocks subsequently pastured, the name now attaching to them has been derived.

The attention paid to sheep by the ancients in order to obtain a very fine fleece went so far as to cover the animal with an artificial skin. This rendered them exceedingly tender in constitution. The transition from that state of feebleness to the hardness of the Merino which thrives in almost any climate, was effected by cross breeding. Strabo records that the change from the delicate and finely fleeced sheep of Italy took place in the reign of Tib. ins, A. D. 11 to 37. Fine rams were then sold in Spain for a talent, a thousand dollars of Canada money, or fifteen hundred of American money of 1862-63.

When the Roman Empire was over-run and nearly all traces of civilization swept away, the Tarentine stock in Greece and Italy being very tender and requiring the greatest care became extinct. But the regenerated stock, the Merino, being able to live in the mountains survived the conquest of Spain by the Goths and Vandals; and from these Merinos are descended the flocks of Saxony and others, which supply so many of the manufactories of fine cloth in Europe.

And now the breed is naturalized in Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and New Zealand, and is, though not largely, yet partially introduced into Canada. We have made a casual remark on the front page about the professional geologists of this Province, by concurrence of the government, concealing the knowledge of the places where deposits of gold were probably to be found. In Australia the same inexcusable short-sightedness prevailed, the owners of flocks and herds who occasionally picked up surface gold concealing the ore lest an influx of population might rush into the country and disturb the solitude devoted to sheep. But the ships which now carry out emigrants and manufactures in all the varieties of kinds and qualities, bring to the British market Australian wool in far greater quantities than could have been purchased had ships gone out for it empty, no cargoes being exchangeable to keep in motion the currents of trade.

And so in Canada would it have been, had the golden deposits been revealed, which are said to be a secret hidden with Sir William Logan and a few others. The population might have risen to two or three times what it now is; the importing merchants would have grown in number; the cities expanded with the growth of commerce; agriculture would have had a better domestic market; and Canada might have had a mint, which indeed it should have whether the auriferous treasures turn out so richly as expected or not.



2.—TWO MERINO RAMS, SOLD WITH ANOTHER FOR \$3000.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



Reverting to sheep. Care was early taken in Spain that the improved breed should not mix with the coarse natives. The government took sheep breeding interests into its own hands and established courts having jurisdiction over all questions relating to sheep, wool, shepherds, and pastures. It was not for the sake of mutton, for to this day the flesh of sheep is accounted a very inferior and undesirable food in Spain. Flocks are prized only for their wool.

Sweden early imported Merinos and greatly improved some of her sheep. In Germany the first improvement of native flocks by Merinos took place in Saxony, that was so comparatively recent as ninety-eight years ago. Spain has now no sheep equal to the stock in Germany. Saxony wool is sold at a higher price in England than Spanish.—The breed was introduced to England in 1787, but did not attract much notice until long after. The carcass was found to be unprofitable for mutton, a result which may possibly affect the extension of the breed in Canada.

Engraving No. 1 is the portrait of a celebrated Merino ram, imported from France into Vermont by Mr. George Campbell, and Mr. Chamberlain of Red Hook, Duchess Co. Some of its progeny have now reached Canada. The forthcoming Provincial Exhibition at Kingston will develop their qualities in comparison with others bred in Europe from sheep brought direct from Saxony.

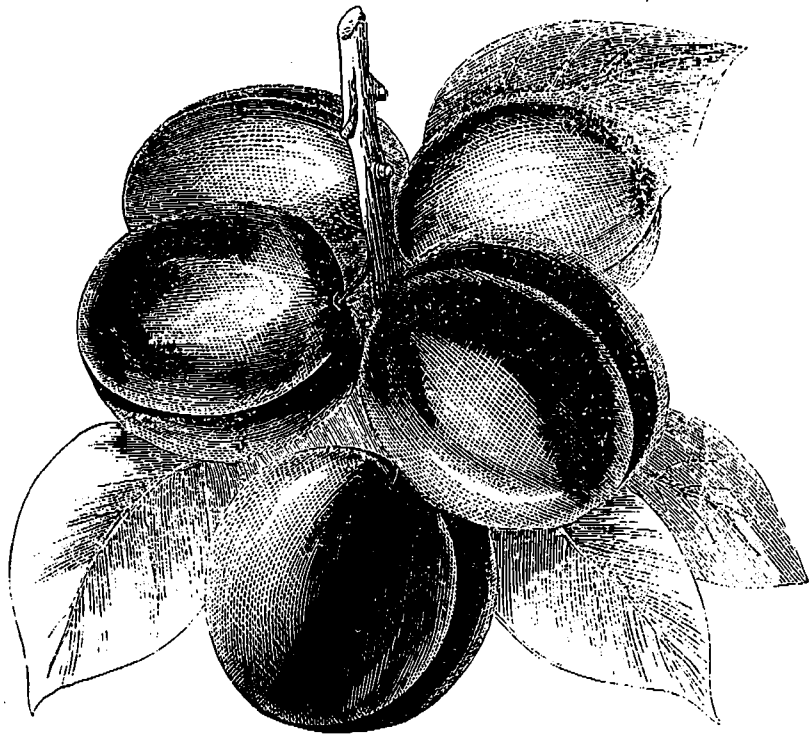
Engraving No. 2 gives two portraits of Merino sheep lately bred in Saxony.—Every year, newer and better specimens are brought to this Province, either from the States or from Europe, and soon the quality of Canadian wool may become a speciality to be proud of.

#### NANKIN SHEEP.

I have recently noticed a request in your paper by J. B. S. of Montpelier, Vt., for information respecting 'Chinese Sheep,' their weight, quality of mutton, hardness as compared with other breeds, their wool, the number of lambs at birth, &c. As I first introduced the Nankin sheep into this country perhaps a few remarks about them may be interesting to sheep and wool-growers.

I shall go back to the commencement, when I only had three sheep of this breed, and none other of any kind.—They had then just arrived from Nankin, China. These three were ewes from which I had in twenty months, a clear increase of more than seventy, and raised them. I am aware that this statement will not be generally credited, and I will endeavor to make it plainer by further explanation.

These three ewes were all large with horns when I took them from the ship, and in a month or less each one had three lambs, making twelve, old and young. Then, as I had no buck at first I was compelled to wait four and a half months for a young buck; and in nine months both old and young were coming in—the old ewes with three lambs each, and of the old sheep, one had three lambs, one four, and the other had five lambs—the latter sheep raising the whole five, and grew to be large sheep, breeding twice a year. At this



PLUMS, (LAWRECE FAVOURITE)

SKETCHED FROM THE FRUIT FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

rate, it will not be difficult to understand how I raised seventy sheep in twenty months. If we had taken the proper care of them, 80 or 90 might have been raised in that time, as quite a number died from the want of care, having no suitable stables, nor were they separated as they ought to have been. I then sold the whole flock to R. L. Pell, Esq., of Esopus, Ulster county, N.Y., except one ewe, and from it I have since raised a large flock.

The live weight of bucks is from 175 to 200 lbs., and the ewes proportionately heavy. The quality of the mutton is the finest I ever saw, being entirely free from the

strong taste common with other breeds of sheep. The wool is coarse and long. They are easy keepers, and do not jump fences—a low stone wall is sufficient to turn them.—They are quite hardy, and stand our northern winters equal to any sheep I ever saw. Their great recommendation lies in the quality and quantity of mutton that can be produced in a short time. I have also made some valuable experiments in crossing Nankin with other breeds, which I will give you if desired.—Theodore Smith in Country Gentleman.

#### SHEEP AS FERTILIZERS.

John E. Traver, of Duchess County, N. Y., writes to the American Agriculturist: 'I keep a flock of thirty sheep which have had the range of an eight acre lot. The soil of this was thin, as it was situated at some distance from the barn yard, and had received no manure from that source. In the summer of 1858 the dogs got among my sheep and frightened them so they would not go on the back side of the lot, unless it was to feed for a short time, and they lay wholly on the one side of the field. I planted it with corn after it had lain two years. The side of the lot where the sheep had rested, gave a good yield, and the worms did not trouble it throughout the season. Where the sheep did not lay, but only fed, the worms made sad havoc, and the corn was poor. The out-crop following showed the same difference. On the rye I did not see so much inequality. My opinion is that if we keep more sheep, our crops will not be so much infested with worms.'

#### THE THIBET BULL.

The vast country lying on the confines of Russia and China, part of which is known as Thibet, contains animals supposed to have undergone less change since the six days of creation than any other on earth. Such a bull as that shown in the engraving was that which Adam named. It is supposed that the Lost Tribes of Israel, came through that country and peopling portions of America, introduced the arts of building, the remnants of which are seen in different parts of the continent to this day. This ethnological theory, or guess, or matter of fact, admits Israelites and their heathen women to have degenerated to Red Indians; while the ancient breed of the bulls they imported have improved to bisons and buffaloes.

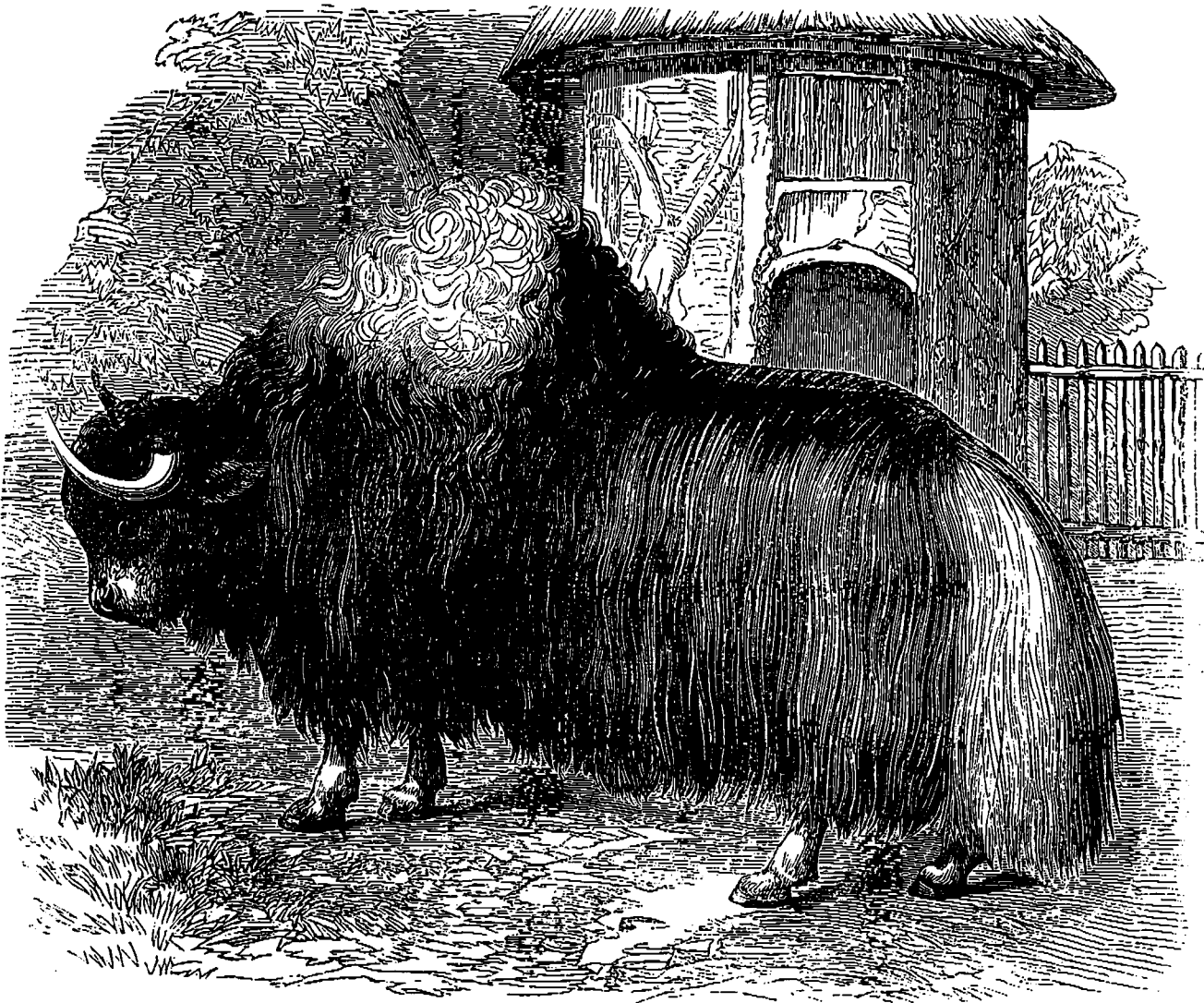
These bulls being driven into China and bred there leads to their being named Chinese bulls, by captains of commerce who purchase them as curiosities at the outports when loading cargoes of tea. The French Consul at Shanghai has sent some to France.

He states that they are a very hardy animal, and will thrive in almost any climate. These animals possess very long hair, and tails like the common horse. In Thibet, and other eastern countries, their tails are fashioned into beautiful military

standards. The cows give delicious milk, and the flesh is of excellent quality.—They are very docile, and exceedingly strong.—They can be trained to bear burthens, or draw cars like common oxen. They eat vegetables of all descriptions, and other fodder.—The breed, it is hoped, will be extended to France. The acquisition of such a variety of animals will be important to the agricultural world.

We present the portrait as a curiosity rather than as that of a domestic animal of utility.

At the Royal Agricultural Society's Show of 1862, three Merino rams bred by Mr. Steiger of Meissen, in Saxony, were purchased for £600, by Mr. J. C. Lloyd, of New South Wales. Mr Steiger's breeding establishment was founded in 1806 from the most valuable pure Merino blood, and his object has been to combine fine long wool on a large carcass with good fattening qualities.



THIBET BULL; A VERY ANCIENT BREED.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

## N'GEE'S HISTORY OF IRELAND.

We have not seen this book, but finding passages from it floating about in American and some Canadian newspapers, we reprint one in order to place with it a few words of explanation about the helter-skelter retreat of the 'Regulars' from Castlebar in 1798, when the west of Ireland was invaded by the French under General Humbert.

The 'British' regiment which gave way, and took the lead in running, was the 5th Light Dragoons. Its name and number were thenceforth obliterated from the British army, and its place remained a blank in the Army List until the period of the Crimean war, only eight years ago; so sensitive is the British mind to dishonor. But the crime of these Dragoons was not cowardice. They were not 'British.' They were Irish Dragoons; and the crime was treason.

Eight years ago, the Duke of Wollington being dead, as most others were who remembered and could never forgive the 'Castlebar Races' of 1798, Her Majesty Queen Victoria in compliment to the well-approved loyalty of Ireland in her reign, restored the name and number of the regiment to the army. With that preliminary statement we give the narrative.—Ed. C.I.N.

## FRENCH INVASION—1798.

When, therefore, three French frigates cast anchor in Killala Bay, on the 22nd of August, they did not find the country wholly unprepared, though far from being as ripe for revolt as they expected. These ships had on board 1,000 men, with arms for 1,000 more, under command of General Humbert who had taken on himself in the state of anarchy which then prevailed in France, to sail from La Rochele, with his handful of men, in aid of the insurrection. With Humbert were Mathew Tone and Bartholomew Teeling; and immediately on his arrival he was joined by Messrs. McDonnell, Moore, Bellew, Barrett, O'Dowd, and O'Donnell of Mayo, Blake of Galway, Plunkett of Roscommon, and a few other influential gentlemen of that Province—almost all Catholics. Three days were spent at Killala, which was easily taken, in landing stores, enrolling recruits, and sending out parties of observation.

On the 4th. (Sunday) Humbert entered Balina without resistance, and on the same night set out for Castlebar, the county town. By this time intelligence of his landing was spread over the whole country, and both Lord Lake and General Hutchinson had advanced to Castlebar, where they had from 2,000 to 3,000 men under their command. The place could be reached only by two routes from the north-west by the Foxford road, or a long deserted mountain road which led over the pass of Barnagee, within sight of the town. Humbert, accustomed to the long marches and difficult country of La Vendee, chose the unfrequented and therefore unguarded route, and to the consternation of the British Generals descended through the pass of Barnagee, soon after sunrise, on the morning of Monday, August 27th. His force consisted of 900 French bayonets, and between 2,000 and 3,000 new recruits; the action, which commenced at 7 o'clock, was short, sharp and decisive; the yeomanry and regulars broke and fled, some of them never drawing rein till they reached Tuam, while others carried their fears and their falsehoods as far as Athlone—more than sixty miles from the scene of action.

In this engagement, still remembered as 'the races,' the royalists confessed to the loss killed, wounded, or prisoners, of 18 officers and about 350 men, while the French commander estimated the killed alone at 600. Fourteen British guns and five stand of colors were also taken. A hot pursuit was continued for some distance by the native troops under Mathew Tone, Teeling, and the Mayo officers; but Lord Roden's famous corps of 'Fox Hunters,' covered the retreat and checked the pursuers at French Hill. Immediately after the battle a Provisional Government was established at Castlebar, with Mr. Moore, of Moore Hall, as President; proclamations addressed to the inhabitants at large, commissions to raise men, and 'assignats' payable by the future Irish Republic, were issued in its name.

Meanwhile, the whole of the royalist forces were now in movement toward the capital at Mayo, as they had been toward Vinegar Hill two months before. Sir John Moore and General Hunter marched from Wexford towards the Shannon. General Taylor with 2,500 men advanced from Sligo towards Castlebar: Colonel Maxwell was ordered from Enniskillen to assume command at Sligo; General Nugent from Lisburn occupied Enniskillen and the Viceroy, leaving Dublin in person, advanced rapidly

through the midland counties to Kilbeggan, and ordered Lord Lake and General Hutchinson, with such of their command as could be depended on, to assume the aggressive from the direction of Tuam. Thus Humbert and his allies found themselves surrounded on all sides—their retreat cut off by sea, for their frigates had returned to France immediately on their landing; three thousand men against not less than thirty thousand, with at least as many more in reserve, ready to be called into action at a day's notice.

The French General determined if possible to reach the mountains of Leitrim, and open communications with Ulster, and the northern coast, upon which he hoped soon to see succor arrive from France. With this object he marched from Castlebar to Cooloney, (thirty-five miles,) in one day; here he sustained a check from Colonel Vereker's militia, which necessitated a change of route; turning aside, he passed rapidly through Etomahaine, Manor-Hamilton, and Ballintra, making for Granard from which accounts of a formidable popular outbreak had just reached him. In three days and a half he had marched 110 miles, flinging half his guns into the rivers that he crossed, lest they should fall into the hands of his pursuers. At Ballinamuck, county Longford, on the borders of Leitrim, he found himself fairly surrounded, on the morning of the 8th of September; and here he prepared to make a last desperate stand. The end could not be doubtful, the numbers against him being ten to one; after an action of half an hour's duration, two hundred of the French having thrown down their arms, the remainder surrendered as prisoners of war. For the rebels no terms were thought of, and the full vengeance of the victors was reserved for them. Mr. Blake, who had formerly been a British officer, was executed on the field; Mathew Tone and Teeling were executed within the week in Dublin; Mr. Moore, President of the Provisional Government, was sentenced to banishment by the clemency of Lord Cornwallis, but died on ship-board; ninety of the Longford and Kilkenny militia who had joined the French were hanged and the country generally given up to pillage and massacre.

## INVASION SKETCHED.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL PLAYFAIR, LATE M.P.P. FOR THE COUNTY OF LANARK, CENTRAL CANADA.

A letter has been published in the Porth Standard, written by a gentleman who was a British volunteer in 1806. A few of its passages are selected for the perusal of readers who may not see the local paper. We differ from Colonel Playfair, at least from his political party, that while as intensely British in sentiment as any man breathing, the present writer is not alone the adherent of monarchical institutions, but has been for many years the philosophical and literary exponent of their superiority as practically worked out in Britain over any republicanism whatsoever. And more; the writer has never at any time held sympathy for rebellion in other nations, far less complicity with rebels, to be excusable.

If there be readers who care to think on this subject, let them ponder on the extract from the history of Ireland, which precedes this. Great Britain suppressed rebellion in Ireland by all the power of her arms and force of her laws. In doing that she did righteously. But four-fifths of the Irish people had deeper grievances and better excuses for revolt in 1797-98, than any Southern State of America had to take up arms against the lawful government of the United States in 1861.

We hold it to be utterly indefensible and subversive of all conservative principle that any reasonable person, or political section of a nation in which stability, freedom, and honor are at once the basis, the body and apex of the political fabric, as in Great Britain, should take side with rebels anywhere; lest of all in a country where the insurgents had liberty of speech, liberty of the press, and exercised a controlling power in the executive government greatly in excess of that to which their numerical proportions gave them a title, as was the case in America.

It is because we, proprietors and editor

of the Canadian Illustrated News, are British to the inmost impulse of the soul, and conservative, not in the sense of wrangling partizans, but conservative in the loftier sense of reforming, when reform is requisite, striving to advance, to enlarge, to elevate Canada as a Province, and to preserve the Province as an integral part of the British empire, that we have pronounced antagonism to the nationality of the United States during their great struggle with rebellion, to be at once an error in political ethics and impolitic. It has been to Canada not alone imprudent but politically prodigal and suicidal. We let Colonel Playfair speak in the following quotations, but do not adopt any of his conclusions, except that which is general; namely, that Canada is drifting into the vortex of a terrible crisis, out of which she can only emerge through a baptism of devastation and blood:—

## WHAT COLONEL PLAYFAIR SAYS.

The dispute between the Northern and the Southern States settled, and the former declare war against Great Britain,—then thousands would rush to their standard without a bounty to serve in a war with Canada. The enemies of England have for years been emigrating to the United States, and they would rejoice at the opportunity afforded of depriving her of any of her colonies. They have twice attempted to take Canada; and the large army which they have, and the volunteers that would join them, give them an opportunity such as they never had before. The tone of their press and the audacity of their naval officers look much like another effort to pick a quarrel, and then pounce upon Canada, as an antidote to the public mind for the loss of the South. To capture Canada, and escape the retribution which the British fleet would most likely inflict on their seaboard and commerce, would be a most profitable speculation; and let me remind my readers that it would not be the first time they have attempted to take Quebec, nor would it be the first guns which were planted on the South shore to capture it. Again: we have one thousand miles of frontier, and between one and two hundred millions of dollars invested in public works contiguous to the lines, such as the Grand Trunk Railway, Great Western Railway, Welland Canals, St. Lawrence Canals, &c. &c., the whole of which could be materially injured or rendered useless, by small bands of invaders, in a brief period.

I will here quote a sentence from the Report of Major Robinson, R. E., on the Quebec and Halifax Railway. This distinguished officer says:—Their (the United States) railway communication will enable them to select their own time and points of attack, and will impose upon the British the necessity of being prepared at all points to meet them.'

## VOLUNTEERS ARE NOT ORGANIZED.

How far we are prepared to meet them I leave my readers to judge. We have some ten or twelve thousand British regulars scattered between Quebec and London; some Volunteer corps; a number of Independent companies, which deserve great praise for their zeal; a few drill sergeants, sent round to the various companies they have been formed to teach them company drill; and Brigade-Majors to go round to inspect them, who express their satisfaction, and compliment them on their martial appearance and the progress they have made—then make their exit, well pleased, and report their efficiency, &c. &c., and, as Falstaff says, 'so ends my catechism.' The Volunteers are pleased, and feel proud of their position; the public are pleased when they read of their efficiency in the public journals; and the government are pleased with themselves for the progress they are making in raising a volunteer force. But what a disadvantage these praiseworthy and patriotic young men would labor under if an invasion took place and they were called out to meet the enemy? They must act as light troops, in extended order; and the moment the engagement commenced, the officers would find that they had lost all control over the men because they could not with their voice drown the report of some thousands of small arms. They might see an advantage to be taken, and they could not communicate it to the men; they may see a battery unlimbering, and could not warn them to lay down, advance, or retreat, etc.

## SPY-GLASSES AND BUGLERS WANTED.

In this extensive country there is a great deal of detachment duty, and no officer, whatever his rank may be, should be without

a spy-glass: nor if he commands a regiment, a company, or a detachment, without a bugler at his back. The late Col. Drummond, 104th regiment, who was blown up when leading the storming column at Fort Erie, was so much impressed with the necessity of a bugle that he had one strapped by his side in case his bugler might be killed. A bugler should be sent with the drill-sergeant, as recommended in my former letter—one that could assist in position and squad drill. Target practice and bugle sounds are the two most essential things for the Volunteers to learn, and without a thorough knowledge of the latter, what an unmanageable mass would a number of independent companies be in action with an incessant roar of small arms! and to make their situation more conspicuous, most of them are to be dressed in scarlet.

## ON SCARLET UNIFORMS.

A sense of duty to my country compels me for once in a long life, notwithstanding the general order, to lay aside the taciturnity of a soldier, and venture to give my opinion, founded on experience as an officer in the regular service in the war of 1812.—Much as I admire scarlet for our regular army, when they can meet a bold enemy in the open field and fight a battle of manoeuvre in European style, yet I am well persuaded in fighting the Americans, the more the regulars themselves can hide their red coats in action, the less will be the list of killed and wounded, especially among the officers. In one action, the 104th in red coats had every third man killed or wounded, with a large proportion of officers. The Voltigeurs in dark gray had only five per cent.

Very similar was the 49th at Christler's Farm; and I publicly appeal to Col. Sewell who commands the Active Force in Quebec and was then a captain of the 49th, if I am not correct. He will tell that they had eleven officers killed or wounded out of eighteen, and ten out of the eleven had on their scarlet coats. The American advance was taken by regulars who had thrown off their red coats, and fought in their fatigue jackets. And how much worse is scarlet for the militia, which, from want of knowledge and practice, must act as skirmishers, and fight battles of position only—the very nature of which points out the necessity for dark clothing. The militia, last war, with few exceptions, fought in their homespun, the same as the Prussian youth at the battle of Lutzen—which called forth the admiration of Napoleon I., and Marshal Ney. Scarlet clothing and battles of position are incompatible. Only think for a moment of our youth standing up in a scarlet coat as a target for a quick-sighted rifleman lying in the grass or in a corn field dressed in pea green with a telescope or revolving rifle! Battles of position, dark clothing, breech-loading rifles, men lying on their bellies, is the way for the militia to receive the enemy. If this mode is adopted, the mortality will be small in comparison to the present system. If the Adjutant-General had brought out dark clothing, bugles, spy-glasses, and revolvers for the officers, they would be better prepared to defend their country.

But to conclude. We should not shut our eyes against possibilities. It is quite possible for the Americans, if they declare war, to invade Canada with three or four hundred thousand men, and commence hostilities, like in last war immediately after the Declaration; which they did to my own knowledge. It is quite possible for them to send 100,000 to invade Upper Canada, and, by stepping over in small parties, not where the troops are, but where they are not, (in any strength) destroying the lines of communication between Upper and Lower Canada by blowing up the locks, tearing up the railway, and intimidating the large cities, so that they may keep back any help that might be sent to the defence of the real point of attack; at the same time send by rail 200,000 with a siege train to Richmond (Grand Trunk Railway); 150,000 conveyed by that railway to form an entrenched camp on the heights opposite Quebec, leaving 50,000 to guard the railway and keep open this communication, while 50,000 artizans would be making a military highway from the dividing line to the camp. Our South Shore Railway seems as if built on purpose to facilitate an attack on Quebec. All this is possible, and it may come upon us like a clap of thunder. The Belvedere man-of-war had her poop knocked in and was driven into Halifax by the United States' fleet, twenty-four hours before it was known that the United States had declared war; and now that they have a censor over the press, they may take the same advantage.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
A. W. PLAYFAIR.  
Bathurst, 17th July, 1863.



## NOTES ON BRAMBLES.

Brambles, the fruit which in England and America is termed blackberry; in Scotland humberberry; and in parts of England humberkyte, and scaldberry, is in the Latin language and in botany named *Rubus*. It belongs to the natural order Rosaceae, and is therefore a distant relation of the strawberry, and a vast family of berry-growing plants.—See Canadian Illustrated News Vol. 11 No. 9—July 11th.

One hundred and forty-seven species have been numbered in some dictionaries of botany; but the plant has been more interesting to botanists than to practical gardeners, only a very few kinds have been cultivated for their fruit.

*Rubus Idæus* (from Mt. Ida in Greece) is the common raspberry, a native of all countries seemingly, and most abundantly scattered through Canada. On the morning of last Saturday, July 25th, Hamilton market was visited by red Indian women carrying pitchers of the native raspberries for sale.

*Rubus suberectus*, upright bramble, is a native of Britain, and grows on boggy heaths by the side of streams, chiefly in mountainous districts of the North.

*Rubus micranthus*, small flowered bramble, is a native of Nepal in the West Indies. It grows erect, bearing fruit at eight or nine feet, but its shoots grow twenty feet high; flowers red, berries black.

*Rubus occidentalis*, the western bramble, is a native of Canada, of all North America and the West Indies. It was introduced to Britain in 1696. It has umbellate flowers and fruit like the raspberry, but black. It grows to the height of four or five feet.

*Rubus cœsius*, gray bramble or dewberry, is one of the long trailing species. It is a native of Europe and the North of Asia, growing in woods and hedges. Many of the species described by botanists may be referred to this.

*Rubus spectabilis*, showy bramble, is a native of the banks of the Columbia River (British Columbia). Its fruit is dark yellow, acid and astringent. It was introduced to England by Mr. Douglass in 1822, and has been cultivated since for its medical properties.

*Rubus fruticosus*, shrubby bramble, or common blackberry, is one of the common species of the genus. This is the common berry gathered by children. When eaten immoderately it causes eruptions on the skin; and is hence called scaldberry, in addition to many other names. An inferior wine is made from it, and it has been distilled. Thatchers and makers of beehives use its long stalks to sew together the straw with which they work. Its fruit and leaves are employed in the arts for coloring and dyeing.

*Rubus arcticus* is a native of the northern regions of Canada and of Europe. It grows only about six inches high; but its fruit is highly prized.

*Rubus chamaemorus*, or cloudberry, has a stem without prickles. It grows in great abundance in the Scottish Highlands; and under the name of roebuck berries, or knot berries; its fruit is gathered in large quantities by the inhabitants of those remote districts. This plant does not grow more than nine inches high.

*Rubus odoratus*, or sweet scented bramble is a native of Canada and the Alleghany mountains. It grows to the height of four or five feet; has an upright stem with large showy red flowers and red fruit. Another American genus is *Rubus Nutkams*, or Nootka Sound bramble. It has white flowers and large red berries.

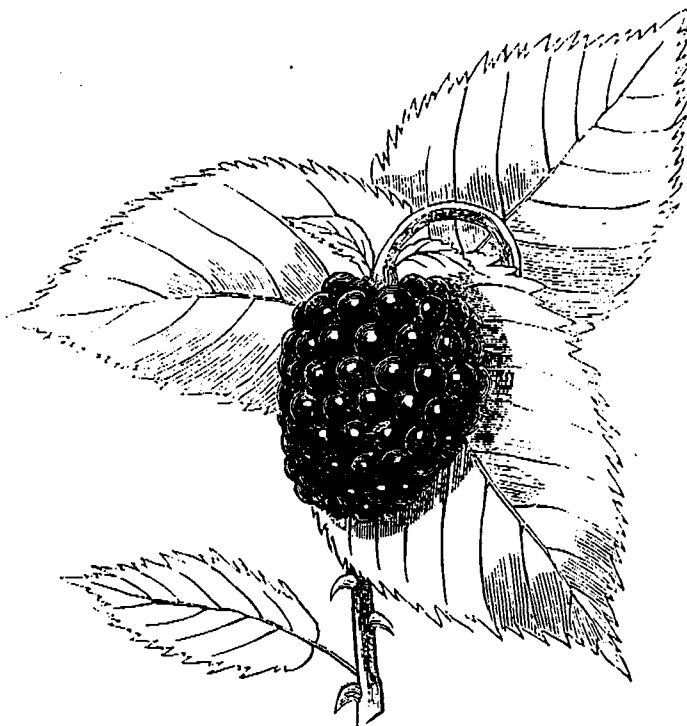
**THE LAWTON BLACKBERRY.**—Our engraving is a drawing from nature of the leaf and fruit of this valuable variety of the blackberry, which might be elevated to at least an equality with any of the productions of the fruit garden. Its history may be given in the following extracts from the official report of the proceedings of the Farmer's Club of the American Institute, in the city of New York, August 2nd, 1853.

A splendid specimen of the blackberry was presented to the Society by William Lawton, Esq., of New Rochelle. Many of the berries were from three to four inches in circumference, and a large basket of them were partaken of by the members of the Club. Mr. Lawton named the fruit the 'New Rochelle Blackberry,' but the Club changed its name to the 'Lawton Blackberry,' and tendered to him the thanks of the Association, the following paper having been read previously by Mr. Lawton.

'This blackberry—to which I have before called the attention of the Club—has been cultivated in small quantities for several years in New Rochelle, Westchester county, where I now reside. I have not been able

to ascertain who first discovered the plant, and brought it into garden culture, but am informed it was found on the road side, and from thence introduced into the neighboring gardens. As it came to me without any name to distinguish it from the 'Wild Bramble,' I beg leave to introduce it to the notice of the Club as the 'New Rochelle Blackberry,' and, at the same time present as a specimen a few quarts of the fruit, gathered this morning, precisely as they came from the bushes, without being selected. I have examined many works with a view to ascertain if there ever has been any improvement on the well known wild varieties, but without success.

The 'Double Flowering,' 'Dwarf,' or 'Dewberry,' 'American Upright,' and the 'White Fruited,' are all that are named.—The Dewberry is the first to ripen, and the best flavored fruit. The White Fruited seems to be cultivated as a novelty more than for the fruit. The 'New Rochelle Blackberry' sends up annually large and vigorous shoots with lateral branches, all of which, under common cultivation, will be crowded with fine fruit, a portion of which ripens daily in most seasons for six weeks, commencing about the middle of July.—They are perfectly hardy, always thrifty and productive, and I have not found them liable to blight or injury by insects. Except that they are perfectly hardy and need no protection in winter, the cultivation may be the same as the Antwerp raspberry; but to produce berries of the largest size they should have a heavy damp soil and shade.



ROCHELLE BLACKBERRY; RUBUS LAWTONIA.

The editor of the Working Farmer observes:

'The blackberry is among the most healthful of our small fruits, and from the ease with which it may be propagated, and the ready market for its products, we cannot doubt that the variety now offered to the public will be eagerly sought for. We understand the price of full-sized plants to be \$10 per dozen.'

That is, or was the New York price; but we observe from the catalogue of Messrs. Bruce & Mearry, of Hamilton, C.W., that the New Rochelle or Lawton Blackberry plants are furnished at twenty-five cents each, or \$2 per dozen, which they recommend as bearing very large fruit and as being most productive. They have also the Improved High Bush Blackberry, prolific and very hardy; the price the same.

**Handful from the Basket.**

Did you ever try to catch the fleeting, impalpable efforts of the mind, when the brain was active, but the body weary, and the head perhaps heavy? Stoddard has embalmed the idea:

Birds are singing round my window,  
'Tunes the sweetest ever heard.  
And I hang my cage there daily,  
But I never catch a bird.  
So with thoughts my brain is peopled,  
And they sing there all day long;  
But they will not fold their pinions  
In the little cage of song.

A man may be ever so poor, he may be ever so unfortunate, but he need never be hard up for candles so long as he makes light of his sufferings.

A dandy, smoking a cigar, having entered a menagerie, the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, 'lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits.'

**A DIFFERENCE.**—The servant of a Prussian officer one day met a cory, who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master. 'O, excellently,' answered the servant; 'we live on very friendly terms. Every morning we beat each other's coats the only difference is, he takes his off to be beaten and I keep my coat on.'

'I am surprised, wife, at your ignorance,' said a pompous fellow. 'Have you never seen any books at all?'—'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'in a number of cases.'

Why is a kiss like a sermon? Because it requires two heads and an application.

'What is the meaning of backbiter?' asked a parson at a Sabbath-school examination. This was a puzzle. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said, 'Perhaps it be a flea.'

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this, and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother.

remitting exertion; and what Lord Bacon says of silence, that it is the rest of the soul, and refreshes invention, is here more generally applicable: and it is in the silence and calm of retreat that all our powers, natural and moral, are refreshed and invigorated, and made prompt for further service. Like our mother earth, we require respite at certain intervals, lest by being over-wrought we become impoverished and unproductive.

**MUTTON AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.**—The American Agriculturist says:—'We mean to repeat a thousand times, or at least till what we say has some effect upon our countrymen, that a pound of lean, tender, juicy mutton, can be produced for half the cost of the same quantity of pork; that it is infinitely healthier food, especially in the summer season, and those who eat it become more muscular, and can do more work with greater ease to themselves than those who eat fat pork. We know nothing more delicious than smoked mutton hams, of the South-Down breed of sheep. Venison itself is not superior.'

We increase in wealth by lessening our desires.

Pride may climb high, but its fall will be the greater.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.—Sir Philip Sidney.

It is easy for a woman to be self-denying; it is hard for her to be just.

Ten poor men can sleep tranquilly upon a mat; but two kings cannot live at ease in a quarter of the world. [Nor a self-governed people live at peace with half a continent to 'squat' on.] Ed. C.T.N.

Good libraries are the shrines where all the relics of the ancient heroes, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and repose.

How fortunate beyond all others is the man, who, in order to adjust himself to his fate, is not obliged to cast away his whole preceding life.—Goethe.

**A PHILOSOPHER.**—On the statue erected in Salford, England, to the memory of Joseph Brotherton, Esq., are inscribed the following words, uttered by him in the House of Commons, of which he was for many years a member: 'My riches consist not in the extent of my possessions, but in the fewness of my wants.' [We knew Joseph Brotherton well, during some of the best years of his life. A more amiable being never lived; but it was not as a philosopher he served Salford. He obtained for it parliamentary representation, by the Reform bill of 1832, and became its first member.]

Love is a morning stream whose memory gilds the day.

Water is the best drink. Exercise and pure air the best medicines.

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility, is like striking a harpsichord with your fists.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

Let not a man trust in his victory over his nature too far, for nature will lie buried a great time, and revive upon the occasion of temptation.

Do unto another as thou wouldst be dealt with thyself. Thou only needest this law alone; it is the foundation and principle of all the rest.

All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as drunkenness.—Lord Bacon.

I think no child is well taught, that is not taught to breast trouble, and does not feel a sort of ardor and fervor for the battle of life.—H. W. Beecher.

**WAY OF LIFE.**—Many people labor to make the narrow way wider. They may dig a path into the broad way, but the way of life must remain a narrow way to the end.

**NOBLE CONSISTENCY.**—When Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said: 'When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood.'

It's a melancholy consideration, indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was in the land of the living—'No; but I am almost there.'

## Poetry.

## BEFORE THE RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn  
A spirit, on slender ropes of mist,  
Was lowering its golden buckets down  
Into the vapory amethyst:

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—  
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,  
Dipping the jewels out of the sea  
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed  
The white of their leaves, the amber grain  
Shrank in the wind—and the lightning now  
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

## AFTER THE RAIN.

The rain has ceased, and in my room  
The sunshine pours an airy flood,  
And on the church's dizzy vane  
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,  
Artfully carved, gray and high,  
And dormer, facing westward, looks  
Upon the village like an eye.

And now it glimmers in the sun,  
A globe of gold, a disc, a speck;  
And in the bell's s is a dove  
With purple ripples on her neck.

## I WISH TO BE ALONE.

BY SAMUEL BARBER.

I wish to be alone; I know not why,  
But still I wish to be alone to sigh,  
Perchance to weep, to shed the silent tear,  
And let the heart overflow when none are near.

I wish to be alone; the chords that twine  
My heart are like the tendrils of a vine  
Which have been torn by some rude passer-by,  
And left upon the stem to droop and die.

I wish to be alone; I cannot tell  
How this dark mantle o'er my spirit fell,  
But this I know, a shadowy veil is thrown  
Around me, and I wish to be alone.

I wish to be alone; and there to feel  
A calm and melancholy pleasure steal  
Upon the senses, like a softened light  
Reflected through the curtains of the night.

I wish to be alone; and for awhile  
Forget the heedless world's delusive smile;  
Seek shelter from the storms that here intrude,  
And find a sweet relief in solitude.

Home Journal.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

## THE RIVALS.

BY EMMIE MANSFIELD.

'Now, Will, do not be absurd, you know  
I do not care for Mr. Hunter.

'How am I to know that Nellie, when  
you show such a decided preference for his  
company as you did last evening? Why you  
only danced with me once, and then it was a  
stow, jerking quadrille that you knew I did  
not care for!

'Oh, well, that was your own fault for  
you only asked me once.'

'Because I could not get the opportunity  
to do so oftener, Nellie. Just as I would  
be crossing the room to ask you, some im-  
pertinent coxcomb would step up, whom  
you would not refuse, though you must have  
seen me coming, and I had to seek another  
partner.'

'Indeed,' said Nellie with a toss of her  
pretty little head, while a saucy look flashed  
from her dark eyes, and the rose-tint on her  
fair cheek deepened, 'and did you think that  
I was going to wait all the evening, for your  
lordship to present yourself, while I did not  
know but you were flirting with Miss Dan-  
vers or some other equally captivating young  
lady, and while scores of handsome young  
gentlemen were dying for the honor of my  
hand?'

And having delivered this defiant little  
speech, Miss Nellie St. Clare flung herself  
down upon a sofa which stood near the win-  
dow, by which she had been standing, and  
settled her pretty mouth into a most decided  
pout. She certainly looked charming, for it  
was not an ugly pout. It only looked as if  
some mischievous, perverse little spite was  
lurking around the corners of the full, red  
lips, and made them look the more kissable.  
So thought her companion, a handsome  
young fellow of twenty-two, who inwardly  
determined to banish his jealousy, and try  
if he could not persuade her into forgiveness  
and a kiss. He therefore approached her  
and sitting down beside her took her hand,  
attempted to raise it to his lips, but she  
snatched it from him, and made a spring  
at his moustache, which she missed however,  
but which did not prevent her from exclaim-  
ing.

'There sir, you had better try to do that

again and I'll pull your moustache till you'll  
howl for an hour!'

'Oh! Nellie,' said he, 'how can you act  
so? Have you no more—'

'No, sir, I have no more sense than to  
act in the way I have done, and as you must  
find it disagreeable to be in the company of  
such a nonsensical person, allow me to bid  
you good evening; so saying, she arose and  
swept from the room with an air that would  
have done honor to a duchess.

Will Ashley brushed away the sunny  
brown hair from his high white forehead,  
and a look of painful perplexity was in his  
dark blue eyes as he sat lost in thought  
where Nellie had left him. He could not  
help smiling at her laughable attack on his  
imperial, and the manner in which she had  
finished his sentence, far different from what  
he had intended, but he felt pained at the  
turn affairs had taken, and was at a loss to  
know what course to pursue in order to be  
assured whether Nellie's heart was really his  
or not. She was a lively, laughing, impul-  
sive, pretty girl, and he had loved her since  
their first meeting. They had been engaged  
for a few weeks, and had been so happy  
since, that it seemed almost like a beautiful  
dream, too blissful to be realized. Moonlight  
walks, rides and sails on the bay, besides  
quiet evenings at home which were perhaps  
even more delightful, for Nellie played and  
sang with exquisite taste, and Ashley often  
mingled his rich tones with hers in perfect  
harmony, but not in more delightful harmony  
than that which existed between their hearts.  
So thought Ashley and he was perfectly  
happy believing that Nellie loved him, and  
longing for the time when he could call her  
his own, when suddenly a third person  
appeared upon the scene, and seemed in a  
fair way to dispel all his bright visions.

This gentleman, Mr. Paul Hunter was not  
a rival to be sneered at for the young ladies,  
one and all, gave it as their opinion that he  
was the handsomest man ever seen in Ham-  
ilton, and many were the caps set for him,  
but he disregarded them all and seemed to  
have eyes for none but Nellie St. Clare.—  
He engrossed a great deal of her time, which  
had previously been spent in Ashley's com-  
pany. He was always her companion in  
walks and rides now, instead of her affianced  
lover; and at parties Nellie danced with him  
oftener than with any other gentleman. In  
fact Ashley had rarely ever been alone with  
her since Hunter's arrival. Occasionally, he  
would call at her home and find her alone,  
but just as he would be about to broach the  
subject of their estrangement either Mr.  
Hunter would quietly step in, or Nellie would  
suddenly remember some duty which must  
be performed immediately, and would there-  
fore oblige her to dispense with his company.  
Thus affairs had gone on to the time at  
which our story opens.

Nellie and Will had passed the preceding  
evening at a social party, and Mr. Hunter's  
attentions to Nellie had been very marked,  
while she seemed perfectly indifferent to  
poor Will, who was almost beside himself  
with jealousy. He determined to seek her  
early the next morning, and know from her  
own lips whether she had ceased to love him  
or not. He called accordingly and found  
Nellie alone, looking prettier than ever, in  
a delicate airy looking dress of some thin  
material. It fitted her lovely figure perfect-  
ly, and Will longed to put his arm around  
her tiny waist, and cool his heated cheek  
against her soft glossy hair, but he dared  
not. He fancied he saw the old look for a  
moment in her eyes as he entered, but she  
was immediately so cool and self-possessed  
that he thought he must have been deceived,  
and plunged boldly into the matter at once,  
accusing her of having transferred her love  
to Mr. Hunter.

Their conversation was written at the  
commencement of this story, and we have  
seen how Nelly quitted the room, highly in-  
dignant, leaving poor Will in no enviable  
state of mind; but at last a bright idea  
seemed to occur to him. Nellie had spoken  
of his flirting with Miss Danvers, a beautiful  
belle and coquette—perhaps she was jealous  
and retaliating on him by making him feel  
the disturbing presence of the green-eyed  
monster. It was true that he had been fre-  
quently in Miss Danvers' society, but he had  
never even thought of flirting with her, for  
he despised coquetry and admired nothing  
more than a guileless, unsophisticated heart,  
and a frank, open manner. These he had  
found in Nellie, together with a charming  
fresh beauty; and these combined excellen-  
cies of both mind and person, captivated his  
heart, and caused him to bestow the deep,  
devoted, first love of his manhood upon her.

But to return to the train of Ashley's  
thoughts; he remembered that once during  
a call with a friend, upon Miss Danvers, she  
had rallied him upon his well-known attach-  
ment to Miss St. Clare, and he detected at

the time an unpleasant gleam in her eyes  
which annoyed him somewhat, but which he  
had forgotten. It recurred to his mind now,  
however, and he felt almost convinced that  
she was the cause of Nellie's altered man-  
ner to himself. He was confirmed in this  
by remembering being joked by a friend, in  
fact, the very friend who had called with  
him on Miss Danvers, on her apparent  
jealousy of Miss St. Clare. He determined  
therefore to sift the affair at once, for what-  
ever he might think, blinded by jealousy,  
still in his calm, reasoning moments he felt  
that Nellie was too good and true to change  
her love so easily, for he knew that she had  
loved him once. These thoughts had passed  
rapidly through his mind, and feeling some-  
what cheered by them he arose and left the  
house. Sleep did not visit his eyes that  
night, as indeed it had almost become a  
stranger to him. He did not decide on any  
course of action, but there was to be a pic-  
nic the next day, to which he had received  
an invitation. He doubted not that Nellie  
would be there with her invariable attend-  
ant, and that Miss Danvers would go too.—  
He determined therefore to watch, and see  
if he could not find some clue to the mys-  
tery.

The morrow dawned bright and clear, and  
at the appointed hour of meeting Ashley  
made his way to the pic-nic grounds at Oak-  
lands. Miss Danvers was there all grace  
and smiles, and espying Will approaching,  
she hastened towards him and extending her  
pretty hand exclaimed—

'Ah! good afternoon, Mr. Ashley, but  
what—alone—where is the fair Nellie? Or,  
is she bestowing her gracious smiles on some  
more favored suitor.'

'Indeed, I cannot say,' replied Will,  
smiling quietly, 'but suppose you bestow  
your smile on me for a short time, and let  
us take a walk beneath those beautiful  
trees.'

Miss Danvers assented gaily, and they  
walked on for a short distance, when by a  
sudden turning in the path, they came upon  
Nellie and Mr. Hunter. Nellie turned dead-  
ly pale when she saw them, and Ashley's  
face flushed, but turning quickly to Miss  
Danvers, he observed her casting a scornful  
look of triumph upon Nellie. He saw at  
once her unwomanly spirit, and it created  
such a feeling of abhorrence towards her,  
that he could scarcely control his feelings  
sufficiently to walk along in silence. After  
they had passed Miss Danvers remarked—

'Miss St. Clare does not appear to be as  
happy as one might expect, with such a  
handsome and devoted attendant. Perhaps  
it was really a case of love with her, not-  
withstanding what people say, and, maybe  
she is pining secretly for her old admirer!'

She glanced searchingly at Will's face as  
she said this, but he remarked quite  
calmly—

'Perhaps, Miss Danvers, you regret be-  
ing the cause of Miss St. Clare losing her  
old admirer.'

He turned a penetrating glance upon her  
which, together with his words, brought the  
color to her face, but she drew herself up  
and haughtily replied—

'Enough, Mr. Ashley. I will not subject  
myself to any more such insults,' with which  
she turned away, and Will pursued his walk  
alone. He did not perceive in his agitation  
that he was taking a circular path, but soon  
hearing the sound of voices at a little dis-  
tance, he walked on and came in sight of  
those he had heard. But it was a sight that  
almost made his heart cease to pulsate. On  
a rustic seat, beneath the branches of a wide-  
spreading oak sat Nellie and Mr. Hunter.—  
His arm was around her, and though the  
traces of tears were upon her cheeks, she  
was looking up in his face with such a look  
of trusting affection that Ashley felt as if his  
veins had turned to ice. One bound forward,  
and he reached them, and stood before them  
regarding Nellie with a stern look.

She turned away from him, and hiding her  
face in her hands, burst into tears; Ashley's  
face was perfectly rigid as he said—

'So, Miss St. Clare, you, whom I have  
looked upon almost as an angel, on whom I  
poured out my whole love, and believed that  
I received yours in return, here I find you,  
another occupying the position which you  
led me to believe belonged to me alone.—  
This is woman's love, and woman's faith-  
fulness!'

Hunter rose to his feet as Ashley spoke,  
and regarding him with a stern, cold gaze,  
he sarcastically replied—

'And you, sir, you are an instance of man's  
love and man's faithfulness! You won a  
true, trusting woman's heart, solely for your  
own amusement, and were at the same time  
paying your addresses to an heiress and  
belle. How dare you then address suchlan-

guage to the innocent girl you have wrong-  
ed?'

Will never flinched before the gaze which  
he met, for he knew his own innocence, and  
he therefore replied quietly—

'May I ask who is your authority for this  
story?'

'Certainly, sir, the lady herself, the beau-  
tiful heiress, Miss Isabel Danvers.'

'Ah, I thought as much,' replied Will;  
'I suppose you thought yourself bound to  
believe the word of a lady, but it was an in-  
famous falsehood. I am willing to confront  
her, and in my presence she will not dare to  
repeat such language, for I believe it to be a  
wicked scheme to destroy our happiness;  
but,' continued he, turning pale as Paul  
Hunter pressed the weeping girl at his side  
endearingly to him, 'I believe that Miss  
Danvers has been the cause of Nellie's be-  
lieving me false to her; but how did Nellie  
get on such intimate terms with another  
man and allow him to act towards her as I  
have myself seen, if she still loved me?'

Nellie raised her dark eyes shining with  
tears, and exclaimed—

'Oh! Will, forgive the deception; but I  
wished to prove if you really loved me, as  
Isabel Danvers taunted me that you did not,  
but loved her instead. I am convinced now  
that you do, and that that story of Isabel's  
was an invention of her own to separate us,  
for I have heard since of her once boasting  
that she could and would win you from me;  
but thank God she has not succeeded! Will,  
forgive me for doubting your truth, and al-  
low me to introduce to you my brother, Paul  
Hunter St. Clare who has been traveling in  
Europe for several years, and has lately re-  
turned to Canada and to his native city,  
Hamilton. He dropped his last name with  
a view to surprise his friends after residing  
some time amongst them, for he is so chang-  
ed that he was sure of not being recognized.  
It was also very convenient for me, for he  
could be your rival, and I knew that if you  
loved me, you would not rest without an ex-  
planation.'

As Nellie finished speaking, Will sprang  
forward and clasped her to his heart, ex-  
claiming—

'Then you are once more my own—my  
own darling, beautiful love! Say that you  
are, dearest, and let me once more hear from  
your sweet lips the assurance that you love  
me as well as ever.'

'I do indeed, dear Will,' whispered the  
blushing girl, hiding her face on his shoul-  
der, but soon raising it with a mirthful look  
in her sparkling brown eyes, she exclaimed,  
archly—

'But, Will, what about the pic-nic? We  
had better join the rest, or Miss Isabel will  
be getting anxious about your absence.'

'You delightful little rogue,' said Will,  
bending down and pressing a kiss on her soft  
cheek, while his dark blue eyes beamed with  
unutterable love and tenderness, 'I'll make  
you regret every day of your life the misery  
you have caused me; I will love you so much  
that you will wonder how you could ever have  
doubted me; in fact, Nellie, I shall make  
such a good husband that I doubt if you will  
ever have cause to 'pull my moustache till  
I'll howl for an hour!'

'Perhaps I had better not wait for a chance  
but do it now, Will,' said Nellie, blushing at  
the remembrance of her wild action.

'Well, dearest, I am content, if you will  
only kiss me too, for I would endure almost  
anything from you for the sake of one of  
those delightful —.'

'Oh! there, Will, we have talked non-  
sense long enough. Where are your man-  
ners, sir, that you have not acknowledged  
the introduction to my brother?'

'Excuse me, Mr. St. Clare,' said Ashley,  
gracefully extending his hand, 'but I was  
so delighted at the return of the happiness  
which I had feared was lost to me forever,  
that I could think of nothing else.'

Mr. St. Clare answered in the same strain,  
and they conversed pleasantly for awhile, and  
soon came in sight of the rest of the pic-nic-  
ers. The day passed pleasantly to all par-  
ties except Isabel Danvers, whose rage at  
finding that her schemes were frustrated,  
and falsehood discovered, knew no bounds.  
She left the city the next day on a visit to a  
friend, and some time afterwards her mar-  
riage appeared in the paper. Nothing oc-  
curred after that to mar Nellie's and Will's  
happiness, but I do believe that if the whole  
city had combined to calumniate them to  
each other, neither would have listened for  
a moment, for they had the most perfect  
faith in each other. Nellie soon after be-  
came Mrs. Ashley, and often afterwards when  
visited by her brother, she would tease Will  
about him, laughingly demanding if he was  
not jealous of Mr. Hunter. THE END.

Agricultural.

WHEAT SHOW—INVITATION TO CANADA.

A great International Wheat Show will be held at Rochester, N. Y., September 8th, 9th, and 10th, under the auspices of the Munroe County Agricultural Society.

Table listing wheat prizes: For the best 20 bushels White Winter Wheat \$150 00, For the second best 75 00, For the best 20 bushels Red Winter 100 00, etc.

Competitors for these prizes will furnish samples of the wheat in the ear with the straw attached (say 50 ears of wheat and straw), also to furnish a written statement of the nature of the soil on which the wheat grew, method of cultivation, time of sowing, quantity of wheat sown, manures (if any used) and mode and time of application; also the time of ripening and harvesting, and the yield per acre, with such other particulars as may be deemed of practical importance; also, the name by which it is known in the locality where it was grown.

The wheat must be one variety, pure and unmixed. The prize to be awarded to the actual grower of the wheat, and the wheat which takes a prize is to become the property of the Society.

It is hoped that farmers in all sections of the U. S. and Canada, who have good samples of wheat, will compete for these prizes. We have never yet had a good Wheat Show in the United States. It is highly important that the wheat growers of the country should meet together and compare samples of wheat raised in different sections.

A NEW DESCRIPTION OF WHEAT.—J. Bates, Esq., of Smith's Falls, last week, showed us a sample of a very superior-looking kind of wheat, which has lately been introduced into this Province. The berry is very fine; and the seed from which it was produced was procured from the North shore of Lake Huron,—rather a high latitude.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—A few showers fell in this neighborhood during the past week; and the weather generally, has been dark and gloomy. Yesterday was clear, with a temperature exceedingly low for the season.

SENSELESS WEIGHTS AND MADDENING MEASURES.—A gallon isn't a gallon. It's a wine gallon, or one of three different sorts, or a ale gallon, or a corn gallon, or a gallon of oil; and the gallon of oil means 7 1/2 lbs., for train oil, and 8 lbs. for some other oils.

Until very lately, the prospect of the approaching harvest was considered more encouraging than has been known for several years. The season has been all that could be desired in facilitating the growth of every description of crop, but it was probably equally favorable for the production of destructive insects.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN THE NORTH-WEST.

We displace some of the usual matter of this page to make room for what the Toronto papers term an important discovery. And important it is, if true. The subject is commented on in connection with the memoir of Sir William Logan, the Geologist, on page 133.

From the Globe of 24th July.

We have to communicate to our readers to-day intelligence which, if fully established by further examination and inquiry, will add new life to the zeal of Nor'-western adventurers, and hasten the opening up of the territory at a rate which will outrun the anticipations of the most sanguine.

We understand that Governor Dallas washed gold with his own hands at Fort Edmonton on the Saskatchewan, and in further proof of the existence of the precious metal, we may add that large numbers of the Selkirk people have gone west to enter upon regular mining operations.

THE CONSCRIPTION AND A FOREIGN WAR.

To the following statement that the conscription is being enforced by the Federal Administration in view of the contingency of a foreign war, the New York Herald gives all the prominence that can be derived from double leaded type in a conspicuous portion in the paper.

It will be seen by the statement of our correspondent in Washington, published in another column, that the reasons for the present draft of three hundred thousand men may have a different complexion from what is supposed; that, in fact, the government are satisfied that conscripts are not needed to put down the rebellion, now that the armies of General Meade, General Grant, General Rosecrans and General Banks have obtained such signal victories over the rebels at various points.

THE CRICKET WEEK AT TORONTO.

CANADA WEST V. CANADA EAST.

Written specially for the Canadian Illustrated News.

This match was commenced at the Toronto Cricket ground on Monday, July 20th. Weather cloudy and dull. The East won the toss and sent the West to the wickets. McDougall and Kinahan went in first to the bowling of Pemberton and Osborne Smith, the former a very fast and the latter a medium pace bowler.

The play here stopped in consequence of the heavy rain, and was resumed the next morning. The innings of the West finished for 137. Young bringing out his ball, having scored 30 obtained by very careful play. The East lost no time in going to the wickets. Captain Phillips and Bacon began, but soon fell to Draper's bowling.

Table of cricket scores for Canada West vs Canada East, First Innings. Includes names like C. H. Kinahan, A. W. McDougall, Lord A. P. Cecil, etc.

Table of cricket scores for Canada West vs Canada East, Second Innings. Includes names like Captain Phillips, G. Bacon, C. Todd, etc.

Umpires.—Mr. J. O. Howard and Lieutenant T. R. Parr, Rifle Brigade.

MILITARY OF MONTREAL AND HAMILTON V. FIFTEEN ALL COMERS.

This match was commenced at Toronto after the East and West match, and after a most exciting struggle ended in favor of the Fifteen by one wicket. Captain Hogge, Lord A. Cecil, Parsons and Young, distinguished themselves in the batting department.

Table of cricket scores for Military of Montreal and Hamilton vs Fifteen All Comers, First Innings. Includes names like Captain Tryon, Rifle Brigade, Lord A. Cecil, etc.

Table of cricket scores for Military of Montreal and Hamilton vs Fifteen All Comers, Second Innings. Includes names like A. W. McDougall, B. Parsons, etc.

Umpires.—Mr. J. O. Howard and Mudie.

CRICKET AT HAMILTON.

FIRST BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE V. CAPTAIN NORTHEY'S ELEVEN.

This match was played July 27 and 28, on the Hamilton ground, and ended in favor of the Rifle Brigade.

Table of cricket scores for First Battalion Rifle Brigade vs Captain Northey's Eleven, First Innings. Includes names like A. W. Patten, A. H. Montgomery, etc.

Table of cricket scores for First Battalion Rifle Brigade vs Captain Northey's Eleven, Second Innings. Includes names like Captain Beresford, J. Young, etc.

Umpires.—Mr. J. O. Howard and Mudie.



Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 24TH JULY, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries) and Amount (\$19,016 30, 19,214 25, 1,317 1 1/2).

Corresponding week last year. \$39,547 69 1/2, 40,309 91 1/2

Decrease. \$ 842 22. JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT, OFFICE, Hamilton, 25th July, 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 18TH, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount (\$33,572 41, 2,800 00, 41,842 51).

Total. \$78,214 92. Corresponding week, 1862. 68,583 50

Increase. \$9,631 42. JOSEPH ELLIOTT.

MONTREAL, July 23rd, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT. LIVERPOOL, July 11, 1863.

Large table listing various commodities (Beef, Pork, Bacon, etc.) and their prices in multiple columns.

PETROLEUM

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

HEAF.—We have had a fair, but not very demand this week. PORK is a slow sale at about previous quotations.

Our Corn (Grain) Market droops under the influence of the fine forcing weather the past few days, and all articles are dull, with rates in favor of buyers.

Remittances.

J. W., Mount Healy; C. F., R. B., P. L., G. W., Mrs. C. K., J. F., Mrs. D., Mrs. Captain W. A., Port Dover; J. F., Five Bridges; W. M., Waterford; J. W., Ayr; I. W. C., Vittoria; I. A. T., Norwichville; A. S. I., Toronto; Dr. P. Bradford; W. H., A. R., E. F., P. E. T., Vittoria; Miss D., London; C. B., Simcoe; H. C., Berlin; G. J. D., E. A. McN., Newcastle; J. W. C., Port Rowan; W. M., W. B., J. T., Forestville; W. J. D., W. B., J. McD., Mrs. J. McC., Mrs. E. McD., M. N., S. Mc., St. Williams; W. R., London.

GRAND EXCURSION TO QUEENSTON.

In aid of the Trustees of the GOOD TEMPLARS' HALL, John Street.



HAMILTON TEMPLE, No. 2, Independent Order of Good Templars, by the kind permission of Captain Dunlop, have secured the use of the splendid

STEAMER EMPRESS,

FOR AN EXCURSION,

ON MONDAY AUG. 3, 1863

A Splendid String Band will be in attendance. TICKETS—Gents, \$1; Ladies, 50 cents, to be had at Behnap's Temperance Hotel, and at the stores of C. H. VanNorman & Co., James Street, Lawson, Brother & Co., King Street, Thos. Lees, John Street, Joseph Lyght, King Street, T. White's Music Store, King Street West, R. Mathison, Times Office, and of the Committee and Members of the Temple.

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S. T. HAMMOND, Chairman.

The Steamer will leave McNab Street Wharf at Seven o'clock, a.m.; Returning will leave Queenston at half-past Six p.m.

Refreshments on board the Boat. JULY 25th, 1863.

NATIONAL HOTEL, DRUMMONDVILLE, NIAGARA FALLS, C. W.

The above establishment has been lately renovated throughout, and is a very desirable Hotel for tourists, wishing to stay a few days at the Falls, being within five minutes walk thereof.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brands, always kept in the bar, and the larder furnished with the best market affords. Board \$1.00 per day, Drummondville, June 30th, 1863.

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Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, C. W.

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Work of every description made to order, on the shortest notice, and entire satisfaction guaranteed, or the money returned. One trial is earnestly solicited. W. M. SERVOS. Hamilton, May, 1863.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

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

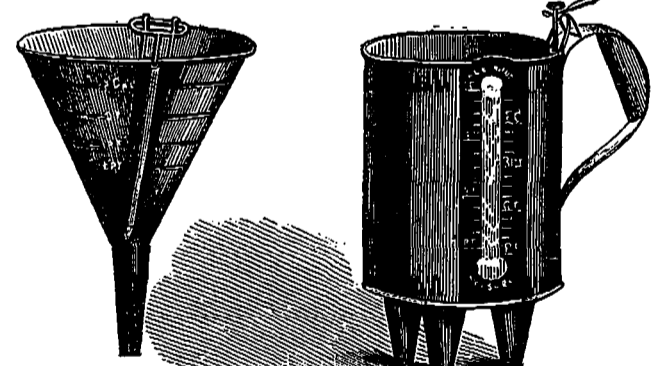
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BROOKES' FUNNEL MEASURE.

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

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AMERICAN HOTEL.

The subscriber, in returning thanks to his numerous guests for past patronage, would take this opportunity of informing the travelling community that the above House has been refitted this Spring with entire new furniture, in addition to former attractions. He would further state that the

LIVERY BUSINESS

recently carried on under the style and firm of RICHARDSON & BRATT, will in future be carried on by the subscriber. Parties wishing Horses and Carriages to hire will please call at the American Hotel, King street west. W. M. RICHARDSON, Proprietor.

Hamilton, April, 1863.

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