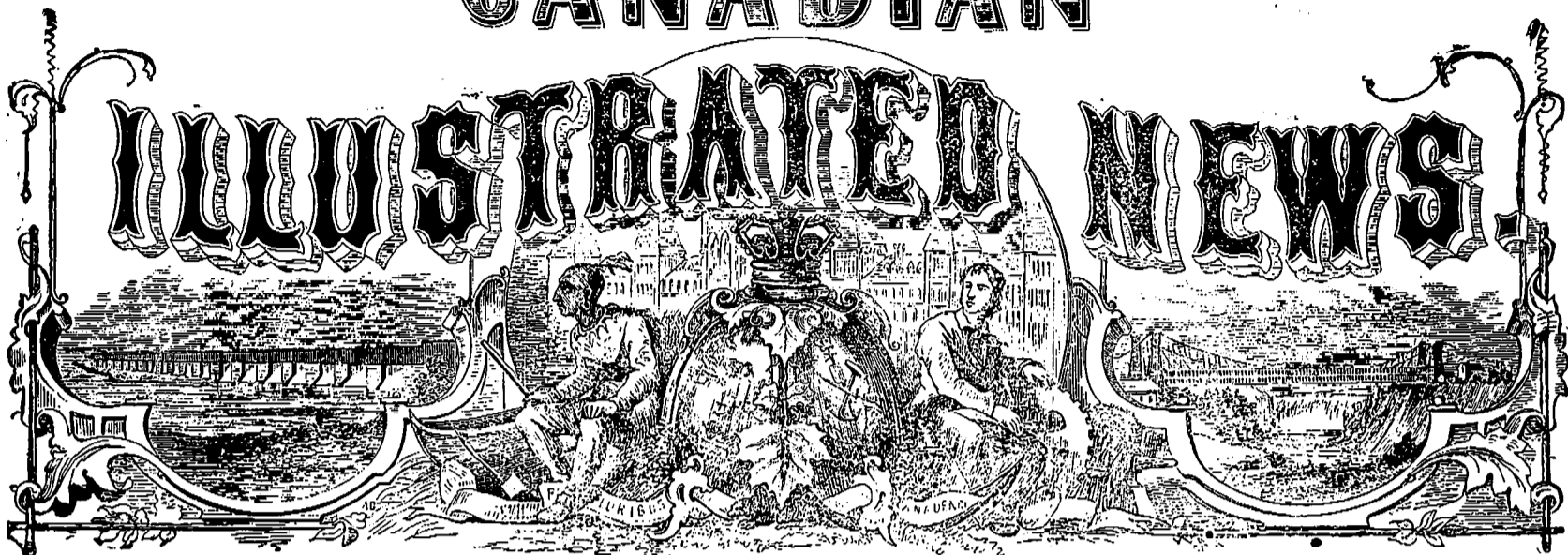


CANADIAN



Vol. III—No. 5.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 26, 1863.

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ROSALIND AND CELIA.

The engraving on this page is from a copy taken from a picture by Miss Edwards, a British lady artist. It is illustrative of the fourth scene in the third act of "As You Like It," in which Rosalind, disguised ever since her flight from the court of the usurping Duke Frederick in man's attire, discourses to Celia of her love for Orlando.— Poor Rosalind is at this juncture in a world of uncertainty and doubt, as to whether the gay cavalier at all truly reciprocates her love; and Celia gives her but cold comfort meanwhile, commenting upon Orlando's constancy as something little to be depended on. Sympathizing young ladies might almost weep for Rosalind, (the sweetest, perhaps, of all Shakespeare's characters,) in this rather affecting scene; were it not for the knowledge of the happy end to all her troubles at the close of the piece.

Japanese criminals are allowed to employ substitutes to undergo their punishments—so says Sir Rutherford Alcock.

A Sad Loss.—An old lady was telling her grandchildren about some trouble in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was nae great thing of a head, to be sure," said the good lady, "but it was a sad loss to him."

A portrait of Brigade-Major Jackson of Brockville will appear in our next.



"ROSALIND AND CELIA."—From a Painting by Miss Edwards.

A characteristic letter from Mr. Ruskin has appeared, in which that eminent critic excuses himself from attending an art meeting in Liverpool, because he is so shocked at the condition of Polish affairs. He says that a country "which will not fight for its ideas, is not likely to have any worth painting."

Parson Brownlow is in a little trouble; some charitable people at Boston intrusted goods to him to distribute to the Union poor at Nashville; the parson voted himself the poor, and appropriated the goods.

A woman's mission, as the word goes, is to make home happy; and man's to find the means wherewith she may do it. Woman's work should be, as woman was herself, the completion of all labor. From her must those final touches and culminating graces which make a dinner of herbs a pleasant banquet, and a cottage starred over with jessamine a place of contentment.

HOW TO SAVE A DROWNING PERSON.—It may not be generally known that when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and the shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggles he may make will only assist in keeping his head above water for an hour. If seized by any other part of the body the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and perhaps, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

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H. GREGORY & Co.

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1863.

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THE CANADIAN

Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, DECEMBER 26, 1863.

H. GREGORY & Co. Proprietors.

TO OUR READERS, ONE AND ALL.—We hope you have already enjoyed a good old-fashioned Merry Christmas; and we do most cordially wish you a happy New Year. Show the youngsters our picture of Santa Claus and his surroundings, from a design by our own Artist, Mr. G. A. Binkert, which appears on our centre page this week.

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES IN ENGLAND.

From a long, able, and interesting article in the last "London Quarterly Review," we make extracts on another page of our present number, which may serve to give our readers here some idea of the Co-operative industrial system recently inaugurated in England, which bids fair to attain ere long, an extent and influence far beyond the expectations of its original founders. That much ignorance and misapprehension prevail in England with reference to Canada is frequently and truly enough remarked. But it is also true, that a little better and more accurate acquaintance with the facts of the day in England would be desirable on the part of Canadians. To be sure most of us here, especially those who were born on the other side of the great ocean, and who remember the spot in the "old country" from which we came, think we know all about England, or Ireland, or Scotland, as the case may be, and that we do not require any telling. It may be remarked, however, how much we all are, unconsciously perhaps, the subjects of a certain tendency, very powerfully and constantly operative upon us, strong to carry us along with it, and yet so subtle that we scarcely know of our being carried. The tendency to which we refer, is that in virtue of which we are so apt to think of England, not as it is, but as it was. It is particularly to be observed in native Canadians of the "old settler" variety, with whom traditions of the past, (as far as England is concerned, though perhaps in no other respect whatever,) stand largely in lieu of accurate acquaintance with the present. Take almost any native Canadian who can fairly be regarded as a proper type or specimen of the mass of the people, and draw from him what you can of his ideas of England and the English. In a

vast majority of cases you will find that the England which rises up before his mental vision at the mention of the word, is not the England of Queen Victoria's reign. It is most likely something very different in many respects, the England of the time of George the Third, when the "Fourth of June" was kept as the national holiday—the old Provincial "training day," as it was called in Canada. To say that the people of the Province are ignorant or uninformed of the immense and sweeping changes of the last thirty years or so, would be literally incorrect. But it is certain that in the case of but very few here amongst us is the bare knowledge of these changes as matters of fact, accompanied by an appropriate realization in the mind of their effect and significance. And if this be true of political changes, which are heralded abroad as if on the four winds of heaven, much more is it true of those comparatively quiet and silent social changes, at once the result and the evidences of genuine progress among the toiling millions of our mother country. The truth is, that both Canada and England, (speaking of the people of each as a whole,) are sorely in need of light and knowledge concerning each other. After all, it is scarcely doubtful that the advantage in this respect lies with Canada; and we opine there are but few who are equally and well acquainted with matters on both sides of the sea, who will not pronounce that England is better known in Canada than Canada is in England; a fact nowise difficult of explanation, when we consider how many old country people there are here, and how few Canadians there. Both departments of knowledge require very much to be cultivated—the one here, and the other there—as is sufficiently obvious. As to which of the two the Canadian journalist is more particularly called upon to address himself to, the question may be said to carry its own answer with it. It is to Canadians mainly that he speaks; and his proper task is to elucidate whatever is most specially needful for them to know. Not the mere dissemination of knowledge, simply as such, but the diligent cultivation of that sort which is most noticeably wanting, should be his principal aim. Towards the making up of that which is, in mathematical language, the complement or other part yet lacking to complete a symmetrical whole, should his energies be directed. Believing, as we do, that a proper acquaintance with the mother country and its people, their ways and works, is a much needed complement to the existing and rather incomplete sum of popular knowledge here, we shall endeavor to make this journal an efficient vehicle of information for the people of Canada concerning England. And in accordance with the "principle of selection" just recommended, we shall make our contributions to the general sum, as much as possible complementary to what others than ourselves are mostly furnishing. What they appear to us to omit, we shall chiefly endeavor to supply.

A great social change, of which the Co-operative industrial system, described in the *London Quarterly*, is but a very small part,—to a certain extent an *outside indication* merely,—has been for some time progressing, almost unheeded, among the "skilled artisans," as they are sometimes called, of England. The change itself may be said to consist in a better and sounder appreciation, on the part of the workmen, of the true means by which they may legitimately better their condition. Thirty years ago, and even only twenty years ago, they were largely actuated by the conviction that political power and privileges were to be sought as the sure and only cure for all the evils of toil and poverty together; of hard work and little pay. That they should have erred in their first attempt to comprehend the exigencies of a complicated national, social, and political situation, which was really a new one, not only to themselves, but to the world, need not be wondered at. It is scarcely to be imputed to them as a fault, that they failed to understand that which puzzled the wisest heads and the best educated minds in the three kingdoms. What marvel that plain, hard-working men should blunder, when noblemen and gentlemen, Cabinet Ministers and professed political economists, ran full tilt against each other with contradictory solutions of the most perplexing problems, and incompatible remedies for acknowledged evils. But mark the result. After many errors, and many blunders, they begin now to get on the right path, by

dint of the stern lessons of experience operating on that hard, sound common sense, which is what we may call a bottom characteristic of the British workman. Not without sacrifice, however, was this attained. It took two—yes, we may say it took three generations to learn the lesson. But it has been learned at last, on the part of numbers already, and is now efficiently learned by numbers more in every succeeding year. That lesson is, that not by political changes, so much as by an individual, moral, social change amongst themselves, is their condition in life to be improved. The spread of this conviction amongst them is the true explanation of the apparent indifference of the masses to what is called Parliamentary Reform; an indifference wondered at by some, who think to find the life and history of a nation wholly in speeches of honourable members, and articles in "leading journals." Of the real force and tangible results of this conviction, let the large amounts accumulated in the Savings' Banks previous to the cotton famine, the general good behaviour evinced under that calamity, and the success of the prosperous, even wealthy, co-operative societies, of which the *Quarterly* tells us, bear witness. The importance of the existence and operation of these societies can hardly be over-rated. Their importance does not so much lie in the mere numbers or accumulations of their members,—though these are rapidly enough increasing,—but in the fact of the growing ability and competence in the management of their own affairs, of working men; of an increasing internal, moral and social force, of which the societies are but an outward and visible sign. Here is the real vital point in the whole matter, which most deserves to be considered. Not so much what the societies are, as what their existence and prosperity shew the men themselves to be, is the feature in the case, which may and will most strongly impress itself upon the mind of the moralist, the philanthropist, and the statesman.

The elaborate consideration and hearty approval of the Working Men's Co-Operative Societies, by the leading organ of Conservative and aristocratic opinion in England, is something worthy of more than a passing notice. To be sure, the *Quarterly* is careful to inform its readers that its present attitude is quite in accordance with what it maintained in former days; and that it never confounded honest working societies with bands of communistic swindlers. It even takes comfort, and perhaps on good grounds too, from the anticipation expressed by it, that the people will become more and more Conservative in politics, as they rise in social standing and increase in property and wealth. Very clearly does the *Quarterly* perceive that the rise of large numbers of working men to a certain degree of pecuniary independence, must be followed by the attainment of actual *bona fide* power in the State; not the sham which is sometimes conceded as a blind merely, but the thing itself. Seeing before him a certain something which cannot be evaded or turned back, the Conservative reviewer neither shrinks from it as dangerous, nor denounces it as impracticable. He boldly accepts it, not as inevitable merely, but even desirable. A Conservatism of the People, a vision brighter, we venture to say, than most of his party in England have for a long time indulged in, looms up before him as the sure result of the upward social movement which he so heartily encourages. When working men come to be shareholders in the capital stock of the country they will cease to be radicals and revolutionists. So charmed is he with these anticipations, that he fairly feasts his eyes upon the delightful prospect. Mean while, it is perhaps safe to say, that to the majority of the working men themselves, the *Quarterly* will appear rather in the light of a new convert than of an old friend. But let this be as it may, the introduction and successful operation of that little heaven which shall yet go far to lighten the whole mass of British society, may be looked upon as a most remarkable fact, and confirmed by authority that, in this case at least, need not be questioned.

A great and palpable fact has been proved, namely, that there are in England hard-headed working men, who are capable of transacting their own business, and of managing the same, even on a tolerably large scale, with ability and discretion. That they will in due time proceed to take a hand in affairs of more public importance need not be doubted; though every one must in the meantime commend them for beginning at the right end first. And all true

friends of the Empire must rejoice at the promise of internal vital strength peeping out and asserting its renovating and preservative influence in society. The foolish and hackneyed simile of the youth and old age of nations as of individuals, has already run a long course of mischievous absurdity. It is founded on a fallacy that has its strength in men's imagination far more than in their reason. Is not the meaning generally attached to the terms of "an old nation" and "a young nation," really of the most shadowy and deceptive kind? What is a nation but a congeries of individuals, who are in every generation born young to a certainty? Let us not be misled by the mere sound of words. Such a thing as national decay has been too often witnessed to be denied as unreal. But in the decline and fall of a nation, the people, the masses that is, sink down in apathy and demoralization. We see the working men of England slowly but surely rising to social influence and political power. And by what means? By abandoning themselves to the frenzy of revolution and the madness of apes with torches in their hands over barrels of gunpowder? No, by none of these; but by dint of hard work and good conduct, and a determination to be men in deed as well as in name. Can power in the State be withheld from such men? Not long, we should judge. And is a nation of such men weak before foreigners? We trow not. Let the Volunteer Rifle movement, and the indubitable moral and social rise of the British Workman give the lie to such libellous sheets as the *New York Herald*, a journal which every other day or two repeats the wearisome fallacy that the nation is old and effete; while, to a certainty, the people themselves, the bone and sinew of the nation, are sound at heart, and giving proofs of vigorous internal health. Among the people, the signs now visible are certainly not those of a decline and fall, but rather those of rise and progress. More than upon any other one thing, do we build our hopes of the stability of the British Empire on the ascertained fact of the steadily improving moral qualities of the people. And right glad are we to avail ourselves of the strong and ably given testimony, on this particular point, of such an excellent authority as the *Conservative London Quarterly Review*.

THE ACACIA, a Volume of Poems, by HARRIET ANNIE Hamilton; For sale at the Book Stores.

This is a very neat and well got up little volume; by an authoress already most favourably known to lovers of that rather scarce article so far, good Canadian poetry. All Harriet Annie's poetry reads pleasantly; and without those rough breaks and jolts, both in sound and in sense, which are so often the literary death of inferior compositions. And some poems of hers there are, which will bear reading over again and again; a very good test of poetic merit. The *Acacia* would make a very fitting Christmas or New Year's present for those who can appreciate good poetry; and the price, 50 cents, puts it almost within the reach of all.

THE TEMPERANCE MONUMENT, POINT LEVI.

The Temperance Monument, Point Levi, stands on an eminence near the Parish Church of St. Joseph; it commemorates a Temperance jubilee held by the inhabitants of that place. The Temperance movement among the French Canadians is unaccompanied by the ostentation that characterizes British teetotalism, there are no lodges, signs nor pass-words, no stately edifices wherein to speechify, its worshipful masters are the Parish Priests, its homes the simple hearts of the peasantry. One of the most striking objects in the Lower Canadian farm-house is a large black Temperance Cross hanging against the white-washed wall of the living room. The monument is constructed of wood, but is strongly built, and likely to last for many years to come—the column and part of the base is *sanded* to imitate sand stone. The cross and mouldings are gilt, and the entire structure is surrounded by a red railing and is connected with the road beneath by a flight of about one hundred steps.

The view from this place is very extensive and beautiful, embracing a space of about thirty miles of the most romantic of Canadian scenery, nor is it wanting in historical reminiscence. Gen. Wolfe erected a battery near this place much to the discomfort of the worthy inhabitants of "ye ancient and honorable city," but the chief source of notoriety with which it is connected, is the execution of a sentence of martial law during the administration of General Murray. One hundred years ago, (1763,) the bones of a murderess swung in irons from this very spot—her name was Josephine Corriveau,—her victims were two men, her husbands. How long the cage containing her remains terrified the poor farmers of Point Levi does not appear, but some years ago it was disinterred from the burial ground of the parish, it contained a thigh bone, and was purchased by Barnum and exhibited in Quebec. We believe that it may still be seen at his Museum in New York.

Original Poetry.

A SIMPLE STORY.

BY ALICE PLACINE.

I am sitting in the moonlight
At my little cottage door,
And I gaze upon the waters bright,
As the waves break on the shore,
Then I hear familiar voices
In the low dash of the sea,
At their tones my soul rejoices
For they bring the past to me.

I can think upon it calmly now,
That past, so full of tears!
And meet with an unruffled brow,
The ghosts of by-gone years.
Little think my gay young kindred
While they laugh at old Aunt Jane,
That her peaceful life had trials once
So full of grief and pain.

We lived but for each other,
I and my sister Clair,
For the dying words of my mother
Comfided her to my care.
"Guard your younger sister, Jane,"
Said her voice, so weak and mild,
While with bitter sobs of pain
She embraced her faithful child.

Our mother died, years fled away,
My sister grew so fair,
Heaven's sunbeams seemed to nestle
In the curls of her golden hair!
Our days sped calmly on their way,
We had no trouble seen,
Till I was twenty years of age,
And Clair was just eighteen.

One day we had a letter
From our mother's oldest friend,
She asked us to come to the city
A month or more to spend.
My sister Clair refused to go,—
I urged her to relent,
But still she firmly answered, no;
But, alas, for me! I went.

For a time I was strange and lonely.
'Mid the merry party there;
And of all the crowd, one only
Seemed to read my care.
He was the son of our hostess,
And would kindly listen to me
When I talked of my fair young sister,
And our cottage by the sea.

We walked and rode together—
He was always by my side—
At last one day, one happy day,
He asked me to be his bride!
Need I say how much I loved him!
Why, though years have passed away,
The hot blood rushed to my pallid cheek
When I heard his name to-day.

In the Autumn we wore to marry,
'T was just two months till then,
Oh, how proud I was of Harry!
I thought him the best of men.
And when he would call me pretty
I would cry with merry glee,
"Wait till you see my sister!"
Alas, alas, for me!

We went to our home together,
To our cottage on the shore.
It was calm, sweet summer weather,
The sea had hushed its roar.
With what joy I clasped dear Clair
Close in my arms again,
Presenting to him my sister
With a pride that was free from pain.

From that hour he grew to love her!
But though, alas! 't was plain,—
Too late did I discover
That truth so full of pain.
I felt that my sister's manner
Grew cold and strange to me;
And I oft pondered upon it,
Thinking what the cause might be.

'T was the close of a lovely day,
The last we should spend at home;
On the morn we were to marry,
And then set out for home.
My sister at the piano
Was playing a sweet old air,
Harry was standing by her,
His arm upon her chair.

A heavy feeling of sadness
Seemed to weigh upon my breast,—
My soul was lost to gladness
And was filled with wild unrest.
I said, "Harry, I feel so restless,
"I am going to walk by the sea;"
"T is well," he replied, "I will join you soon,"
Clair, play Von Werber's Waltz for me!

I slowly walked by the water,
And gazed on the rippling tide.
With thoughts of the happy morrow
That would make me Harry's bride!
At length I grew weary of waiting,
And returned to my cottage again;
But the sight that met my astonished eyes
Seemed to burn into my brain!

On his knee before my sister,
As he has often knelt to me,
Was Harry, was my lover!
Clair's face I could not see,
One hand was on the piano
Which sent forth a gentle tone—
The other all unresistingly
Was clasped in Harry's own!

In the distance the sparkling water
And the harvest moon above,
I, I was the only shadow
In that picture of light and love!
For I heard him say he had loved her
Since that first, that fatal day,
When the brightness of her beauty
Drove all thoughts of me away.

And I stood by and listened
As though I were turned to stone—
With one hand upon my burning lips,
To repress the bitter moan.
Then I rushed back to the sandy shore,
And knelt by the quiet sea,
And prayed to my mother in heaven once more
To look down in pity on me!

At length, when courage returned to my heart,
I sought my dear sister Clair,
When I took her hand I felt her start
As I gazed on that face so fair.
"Answer me, Clair, do you love this man?"
"Nay, nay, you need not speak,
"I read my answer in your eye,
And on your burning cheek!"

"In Heaven's name be happy then,
I yield his heart to you,
And may your lives be free from pain—
Such grief as I've gone through!
To-morrow was my wedding day,
(Peace, peace, unquiet heart!)
To-morrow Clair shall be a bride!
Then, sister dear, we part.

Can I tell you of that morrow,
So full of tears and care,
When with heart-breaking sorrow
I bade adieu to Clair?
For I thought we should be parted
From each other ever more—
And felt almost broken-hearted
As their vessel left the shore.

Then months passed slowly on their way
In my quiet lonely home,
'Till with the faithful post one day
Came a letter from distant Rome.
It told me he, the loved one,
Had died upon the sea,
And my sister, with an orphan child,
Was coming back to me.

She came, but ah! alas, how changed!
No longer the blooming Clair,
Her cheeks were wan and faded,
Shreds of silver in her hair!
With mingled joy and anguish
She wept upon my breast,
The wounded dove had flown once more
To its old protecting nest!

And now we live together
In this cottage by the sea;
My little niece—Ah, here she comes
To call me in to tea.
"Ah ha! So I have found you!
Mother thought that you were here,
Why, what's that sparkling on your cheek?
Oh, Aunt Jane! a tear?"

She takes me, wondering, by the hand
To lead me to the door;
And I turn to look at the moonlit waves
As they break upon the shore—
For to me there is always beauty
In the calm and sparkling sea,
It tells me of my duty—
It speaks of Eternity!

A TUNNEL UNDER LAKE MICHIGAN. The people of Chicago are engaged in the discussion of an interesting plan of engineering—the construction of a tunnel under Lake Michigan, for the purpose of securing a supply of better water than they can get nearer to the shore. The proposed tunnel is to be two miles in length, extending from the shore directly under the lake, perpendicular to the shore. It is to be five feet clear in diameter, walled with brick and cement eight inches thick. The bottom of the shore end of the tunnel to be sixty-six feet below the level of the lake, and to descend at the rate of two feet per mile to the further end. There are to be four shafts opening from the tunnel to the world above—one on land, one in the lake at the further end, and two at intermediate points in the lake. These shafts in the lake are to consist of cast-iron cylinders, and to be protected by hollow pentagonal cribs. Bids for executing this tremendous work were opened last week. They ranged from \$239,548 to \$1,059,000. The contract had not yet been given out. It is to be completed in two years.

TRAVELLING IN A CIRCLE.—The Archbishop of Dublin tells us of a horseman, who, having lost his way, made a complete circuit; when the first round had been finished, seeing the marks of a horse's hoofs, and never dreaming that they were those of his own beast, he rejoiced and said,—
'This at least shows me that I am in a beaten way,' and with the conclusion of every round the marks increased till he was certain he must be in some well frequented thoroughfare, and approaching a populous town, but he was all the while riding after his horse's tail, and deceived by the trag of his error.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

BY W. G. B., MONTREAL.

One of the greatest attractions of Canada in winter is to be found in our series of out-door sports and amusements, which delight young and old in Canada alike, from the first snow fall with frost to the final thaw. And they are all of that energetic character which makes one feel he is living; of that character which circulates the blood in a healthy glow, and gives a zest to our duties as well as our amusements. What is it infuses pluck and stamina into boys, but their out-of-door sports, and what is there better to harden the body and brighten the mind than these glorious winter sports of ours, which we don't half appreciate. If people enjoyed their moment recreations more, there would be far less vice in the world, and a good deal more manly energy and self-dependence. Sports are the very cream of life, and life, at the best is a milk and water affair without them. I often wonder how tolerably healthy people, who are not actually too ill or used up to enjoy sports—I often wonder how such people manage to survive during winter without joining in a single one of its pleasures, I suppose they "just manage" to survive, and no more. I thoroughly

shoes of the red-men. The troops garrisoned in Canada are allowed so many pairs to each company, and are drilled upon them. The Victoria Rifles of Montreal initiated the idea of volunteers manœuvring upon them, last winter, at the great sham battle, when the Vics scaled the summit of Mount Royal—every man on snow-shoes. I think Montreal is the great centre of snow-shoes. The races every winter, and the many clubs, give an attraction to the sport, and any favourable night, you may see the snow shoes making tracks up the summit of our mountain, or tramping along Sherbrook Street. The clubs meet at the head of Union Avenue, at the foot of the Mountain, and precisely at the hour appointed off they start in Indian file at a good long steady pace. The novice will find learning to snow-shoe, a not very pleasant thing, but it's not half as bad as learning to skate. The snow gathers upon his shoes, and the shoes keep tripping him up occasionally, and then down he goes on his face up to the shoulders in the snow,—often head foremost too. The learner should get an experienced snow-shoer to show him how to fasten on his shoes properly. He may make the toe-straps tight, or leave them too loose, or may project too much of his toes, in which case he cannot help tripping.

They may whistle—they may scream;
But gently dipping, slightly tipping
Snow-shoes leave behind the steam!
Chorus—Tramp! tramp, &c.

It is a very fine thing to hear thirty or forty strong hearty voices making our mountain echo with this splendid chorus.

And then, perhaps, we form an escort for the dear girls who love snow-shoeing and us; and then we have the most glorious sport, as any one can tell you who has had the pleasure of following or leading half-a-dozen jolly, healthy girls on the Indian snow-shoe. And I've seen many a one of the rougher sex actually tired out in a tramp with lady snow-shoers. I will close this brief article on snow-shoeing with the following song, which, I hope, may be acceptable.

SNOW-SHOEING WITH THE GIRLS.

BY W. G. B., MONTREAL.

Hurrah! for frosty winter nights,
The old moon shining clear,
When ev'ry gallant snow-shoer's out,
On snow-shoes with his dear;
Where Cupid scatters darts at hearts,
The tide of pleasure whirls.



A SNOW-SHOEING SCENE IN CANADA.—From a Sketch by our own Artist.

despise, and would very much like to kick, your drawing-room apologies for manhood, who have little more life and energy when awake than when asleep; your ninnies who think strapping on their snow-shoes or skates, a confounded bore; and actually using them, one of the greatest penances they can possibly perform. And it is these very nondescript specimens of humanity, who, when they have overcome their antipathies and more particularly their affectation, really experience the greatest pleasure in what they previously thought a great infliction on human nature.

And now, dear reader, I will endeavour to give you a brief description of the four great amusements of our Canadian winter.—1 Snow-shoeing, 2 Toboganing, 3 Sleighing, 4 Skating.

SNOW-SHOEING.

It is not necessary to give the majority of your readers any description of what the snow-shoe is like. I think the accompanying sketch (on page 68) will enlighten others.

Snow-shoeing is one of the greatest sports of Canada, especially of the Lower Province, where the snow is usually heavier and more lasting than in Upper. What we have made a sport was originated as a necessity; this may be said to be true with the most of our winter amusements. The snow-shoe, invented by the Indian, has always been a necessary possession of his, as well as of the backwoodsman and farmer; and now, you can scarcely find a house in Canada that cannot boast of at least one pair of the snow-

shoes on a long tramp. There they are in Indian file, and you can sometimes hear them a long way off, as they join in the fine words—I can't say fine *air*—of the Canadian Snow-Shoe Tramp, which our snow-shoers have to thank Mr. Alfred Bailey for.

"Up! up! the morn is beaming,
Through the forest gleams the sun;
Rouse ye sleepers, time for dreaming
When our daily work is done!
Bind the snow-shoe fast with thongs, too,
See that all is right and sure;
Naught's amiss to, all's a bliss to
The brave young nor'-west voyager!

Chorus—Tramp! tramp! on snow-shoes tramping.
All the day we marching go,
Till at night by fires encamping.
We find couches 'mid the snow!

Oh, how can men find pleasure
In the city dull and drear?
Life's a freedom, life's a treasure,
While we all enjoy it here.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha!
See the novice down once more!
Pull him out, so; lift him up, so;
Many's the fall he's had before.

Chorus—Tramp, tramp, &c.

Men may talk of steam and railroads,
But too well our comrades know
We can't beat the fastest engines
In a night tramp on the snow!
They may puff sir—they may blow sir—

Oh! what delight, of moonlight nights
Snow-shoeing with the girls!

Chorus—For we toss and roll each other in the snow-drifts, snow drifts,
As we gaily tramp together o'er the snow.

There is Master Tom, the wicked rogue,
Is keeping step with Kate,
And as you watch them, you may say,
They'll not go home "at eight."
There's Bob thrown headlong in the drift,
For pulling Sophie's curls.
He thinks that this is not amiss,
Snow-shoeing with the girls!

Chorus—For we toss, &c.

"Come near," says G. to Mary D.
"A secret for your ear"—
G. kisses her, and in the snow
Is toss'd by Mary dear.
And as they both together roll,
'Mid rich snow-cover'd curls,
Jack doesn't miss a snow-drift kiss.
Snow-shoeing with the girls!

Chorus—For we toss, &c.

How beautifully they all stop out
When tramping o'er the snow,
We gallantly keep up the time,
And o'er Mount Royal go!
Away! say we, with parties, balls,
And maidens "duck'd in pearls,"
In preference we would rather be
Snow-shoeing with the girls!

Chorus—For we toss, &c.

Then you who wish to lead a life,
Exempt from many a woe,
Just buckle on your snow-shoes,
And tramp it o'er the snow;
And if you have a heart to lose,
And lose where pleasure whirls,
Let sorrow fly, and come and try
Snow-shoeing with the girls!

Chorus—For we toss and roll each other in the snow-drifts, snow-drifts!

As we gaily tramp together o'er the snow!

Selected Poetry.

THE TWINE TWISTER.

[The following rather twisted piece of poetry we clip from the Essex Record, published at Windsor, C. W. The writer signs himself "J. Weaver," and dates from "Vine Farm, Petite Cote."]

When the twister a twisting will twist him a twine:
For the twisting his twist he three times doth untwine:
But, if one of the twines of the twist both untwine,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twine.
Untwisting the twine that untwisteth between,
He twists with his twister the two in a twine.
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he hath twined in twain,
The twain, that in twisting before on the twine
As twines were untwisted, he now doth untwine,
Twist the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twisting his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

A SPELL OF THE PAST.

I see a memory of the past
Before me;
I feel a dream that could not last
Steal o'er me.
It comes to me in happy hours
Of gladness,
And brings a thought of withered flowers
And sadness.
Oh! ever near me this sweet spell
Will hover,
Telling of hopes I once loved well,
Now over;
'T will go where I go far along
Time's river;
'T will linger round me like a song
Forever.

"ITALIA."

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES IN ENGLAND.

From the London Quarterly Review.

The real working men's associations may be said to have had their origin in the Leeds Corn-mill and the society called the Equitable Pioneers at Rochdale. The great success of the latter body, and the fact that nearly all the co-operative stores, now so numerous over the kingdom, have been modelled more or less after it, will justify us in giving its history in some detail.

In the year 1844 a few poor flannel weavers of Rochdale, belonging to the numerous class of workmen who were dissatisfied with their lot, after casting about amongst various schemes for amending it—as Owenism, Chartism, &c.—at last thought that if they were unable to devise any mode of increasing their income they might at any rate economise their expenditure. They knew that the prices charged at the shops where they dealt were greatly in excess of what the goods might be bought for wholesale with ready money. The numerous shopkeepers, they were aware, had each to pay rent, rates, taxes, expenses of advertising, and to obtain a living profit from a small aggregate of returns. They saw also that the tradesman gave long trust to most of his customers, thus making bad debts; and that as his own capital was but slender, he was obliged to take credit from his wholesale dealers, and therefore was not able to buy in the cheapest market. The shrewd northern intellects of these weavers perceived, therefore, that if they had self-denial enough to eschew credit, and put by something weekly out of their slender wages, until they had accumulated a small capital to begin with, they might supply themselves on much better terms than by dealing at the shops.

It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that these men were actuated merely by the desire of cheapening their consumption. They belonged to the thoughtful, earnest portion of the working classes, who, however they may for the time be led astray by false lights, are sure in the end to find the true road. They are of the stuff of which our Arkwrights, Hargreaves, and Stephenson are made. They had that, without which we believe no social improvement was ever effected, a strong moral feeling—a deep conviction of the rightfulness and weightiness of their cause. They had been Owenites, and had much of the philanthropic benevolence of their amiable though sadly-mistaken leader. The best part of Owen's doctrine was a strong objection to the credit system of dealing; and to this principle these worthy weavers clung tena-

ciously. Again, several of them had a conscientious scruple about taking an oath, so that they would have been at the mercy of any dishonest debtor who chose to drive them into court for their due. Some of them, indeed, had a tenderness with respect to suing, and would rather lose money than go to law to recover it. They therefore determined neither to take nor to give credit; and from this resolution they have never swerved. Most fortunate for them was this determination, for in the hands of men so ignorant of business as they were at starting, credit would have been a most dangerous edge-tool. But the necessity of paying at once for all that they bought kept them out of speculation; and to this their coming safely through many perilous conjunctures may be attributed.

Meetings were held to form a store association, at which let us record the names of James Daley, Charles Howarth, James Smithers, John Hill, and John Kent, as taking an active part. With the straight-forwardness and honesty which characterized all their proceedings the promoters placed themselves within the control of the law, enrolling the concern under the Provident Societies' Acts then in force.

With the simplicity which often accompanies great earnestness of character, these honest men believed that they were to regenerate society altogether, putting forth their views in language which would have been almost ludicrous were it not that the actual results, though not, indeed, fulfilling the whole of the programme, have been so great and beneficent.

The *modus operandi* by which this grand scheme was to be launched was the contribution of two-pence a-week by each of the twenty-eight (afterwards increased to forty) promoters. The payment was subsequently raised to three-pence, and the collection was continued until £18 had been gathered, when a small shop was taken in a back street called Toad Lane—a corruption of 't' Ode (the Old) Lane—at a rent of £10 per annum. William Cooper—then a mere youth—was appointed cashier, the benefit of whose able and faithful management the concern still enjoys; and Samuel Ashworth undertook the duties of salesman, which, however, were at first but light, since, after fitting up the shop, only some £14 remained wherewith to purchase goods, indeed; a neighboring tradesman said, in derision, that he could wheel away the whole stock in trade in a barrow. But the worthy pioneers had more serious discouragement to bear than ridicule. Their ignorance of the trade they had taken up, and the slenderness of their capital, prevented them from obtaining their goods either of the best quality or at the lowest prices. And thus the more lukewarm of the members were discouraged, and began to discontinue dealing at the store.

This unfaithfulness in dealing—so to speak—is the most constant subject of complaint of co-operative store associations in their earlier days, many of the members and their wives being unwilling to make the temporary sacrifice of going a somewhat longer distance to effect their purchases, or of putting up occasionally with goods not of the best quality, which must sometimes be supplied, owing to the mischances necessarily occurring before the committee has acquired experience in the business. As the meeting the expenses and making a devisable profit depend upon the amount of sales, dealing constantly at the stores is naturally looked upon as the duty of an earnest member. When a concern has passed through its early difficulties, and has become prosperous, interest and duty go so clearly together that the complaints cease. In the Rochdale Store the evil was so severely felt that a proposal was once made to pay out those members who did not deal regularly, which, however, was rejected on the ground that it would interfere with the freedom of action of the associates.

And here we would mention a very important principle introduced by the Rochdale Association*—the division of the profits among purchasers—which was originally proposed by Mr. Charles Howarth, one of the founders. In all previous concerns of the kind the profits appear to have been divided among the members in proportion to the shares each held in the concern, but the Rochdale Pioneers determined that, after paying a fixed per centage upon the capital, and setting aside a sufficient amount for a reserve fund, the remainder—the profits properly so called—should be divided among the customers rateably on the amount of their purchase. And, assuming that the capital is well secured (and that the members think so is proved by the fact that the Association, except in its earliest years, has always had a redundancy, rather than a deficiency of capital), this is clearly the just mode, the real co-operation. A number of persons associate to enable themselves to buy goods on more advantageous terms than they could do separately. As there are outgoings to be met, in the shape of working expenses, loss from goods spoiling, deterioration of stock, &c.,

* It is alleged that a co-operative society in Scotland adopted this plan at an earlier period; but, at any rate, it was an independent discovery in Rochdale, whence it has spread over the country.

it is necessary to sell at an advance upon the cost price; and, to be on the safe side, this advance should be sufficient to cover the maximum of out-goings.—Under these circumstances it is clear that, as a general rule, there will be a surplus at the end of the quarter, and after a fair interest has been paid to the owners of the capital, this surplus evidently belongs to those whose purchases have produced it. It is, indeed, simply restoring to them the excess of what they had paid on an estimate of outgoings over what has proved to be the actual amount. The ordinary course is to charge the prices usual in the shops of the town, supplying, however—what these establishments do not always afford—a genuine article of good quality, and in full weight or measure.

In 1850 a Corn-mill society was formed in Rochdale in imitation of the one alluded to before which had been for some years in successful working at Leeds, its object being to buy and grind corn, and distribute it on principles similar to the Rochdale Store. The new enterprise was set on foot chiefly by members of the Equitable Pioneers' Society, which concern invested upwards of £400 in the mill. In its earlier days, owing to some mishaps and errors, this undertaking caused a serious loss.

The failure of the Rochdale Savings Bank had greatly stimulated the practice of investing in the Pioneers Society; but now a notion got abroad that the latter was so implicated in the mill as to be unsafe, and a run upon it was the consequence. The straightforward directors placed the cashier behind the counter with orders to pay each demand as it was made. One man who held £24 came to give notice to withdraw £16; the remainder being willing to risk to avoid pressing too hardly, as he thought, upon the concern. Though much surprised at being asked to 'take brass' at once, as the regular notice was waived, he carried the money home, where he kept it in a stocking-foot for eighteen months, and then replaced it in the Society. A woman demanded her money with much determination, but when it was offered her, seeing that all was safe, she declined to take it. Another woman, however, who held the (for her) very large amount of £40, generously refused to withdraw it. When advised to do so on the ground that the store would break, she answered that she never had a shilling in hand before she became a member, adding, 'If it does, it will break with its own; all has been saved out of my profits—all I have it has given me.'

Such conduct, it will be well understood, soon allayed the panic; and upon its becoming known that £2,000 belonging to the Pioneers remained in its bankers' hands untouched, the commercial reputation of the Society rose to a higher pitch than ever.

The incidents of this panic showed the great advantage of the ready money principles upon which the Pioneers had acted. Had they launched out into credit transactions they could not have met the run, and much difficulty and loss of reputation must have occurred, and the Society might even have been broken up.

The corn-mill (which, having been placed under the able management of Mr. Greenwood, one of the Pioneers, had become very prosperous) turned out a perfectly pure flour; but this article did not produce so white a bread as the ordinary alum mixed flour to which the Rochdale people were accustomed. The well known prejudice among the lower classes in this country, against bread which has any color, caused so great an outcry, that the co-operators were for a while obliged to yield, and adulterate (avowedly) with alum; but this was so opposed to their love of the genuine in everything, that they soon began to discuss the matter with their customers, and at last persuaded them that it was wiser to eat what was wholesome for the stomach than what was merely pleasing to the eye; so that pure flour was taken into favor, and has become the taste of the people of Rochdale. The hired mill in which the business was begun has long been dispensed with, the Society having erected a noble building fitted with machinery of the best and newest construction, which grinds nearly 1700 sacks of flour, meal, &c., per week. In addition to the Rochdale store with its branches, the mill supplies the co-operative shops of the towns and villages for many miles around.

In 1856 an association was formed in Rochdale for the purpose of manufacturing cotton; as may be supposed, the leading spirits were of those who had been instrumental in founding the store and the corn-mill; and the Pioneers' Society invested a large portion of its superabundant capital in this undertaking. The manufacture was at first carried out in shops hired in different parts of the town; but within four years from their starting the co-operators had built a new mill of their own—a large, substantial, and very handsome structure of red brick in the outskirts of Rochdale, standing upon land taken upon a nine hundred and ninety-nine years' lease. They have been their own architects, employing professional aid only to prepare the requisite drawings, and engaging a stone mason as clerk of the works. The edifice contains all the modern improvements, and is superior to most of its kind in height of rooms and provisions for ventilation. It has cost upwards of £40,000, every farthing of which was paid before it was opened, which was early in 1856. Before this time, however, the foundations were dug for another mill, which has been completed, though, owing to the present depression in trade, it has not yet been fitted with machinery; but it seems probable that this will be done ere long.

TOO GOOD A HUSBAND.

Mr Mill was a good, easy sort of man; his favorite proverbs were; 'Everything happens for the best,' and, 'Never meet troubles half-way.' When his wife presented him with five daughters in succession, and then ceased her biennial gift, his calm temper never deserted him. At each of the five disappointments, he endeavoured to console his less easily-contented spouse, by reminding her that sons often gave their parents an immense deal of trouble, and that one might yet come; and when it was no longer possible to hope for the latter consolation, he dwelt only the more frequently on the former. He could not convince Mrs Mill that her having no son was a blessing, but he did in time that 'What can't be cured must be endured; and being of an affectionate disposition, she became at length quite contented and happy in her nursery of little females.

But when the little girls grew up into young maidens, and the young maidens bid fair to become old ones, the wife's anxious and the husband's easy temper were continually meeting in opposition. The lady would urge that it was the duty of parents to think of the happiness as well as of the health and provision of their children, and that the latter had no right to bring girls into the world and then to bury them alive. The gentleman would counsel his wife 'not to meet troubles half-way,' and remind her that the girls were not old maids yet, and perhaps they never would be; and that if they were, she might feel quite sure that everything had happened for the best; after which he would return to his garden, and so stop further discussion.

Although there appeared to be every probability that the mother's foreboding would come true, yet it did not. The Rev. Henry Balford, aged thirty-two, with a living worth five hundred a year, was, during a visit to his cousin, the rector of the parish, introduced to Miss Mill, aged twenty-eight; and feeling the want of a wife, and thinking that she would make him a comfortable one, he courted, proposed, and was in due time married to her. Mrs Mill had been too long desirous of a son-in-law, and Mr Mill was of too easy a temper, to feel much anxiety about Mary's future happiness; and, indeed, there was no just cause why they should. The bridegroom was a respectable, good-tempered, domestic man; the bride a sensible, well-meaning woman. Both intended to do their duty, and neither expected a wedding to turn earth into a paradise.

Very often a son-in-law, like a misfortune, does not come single. Mr Balford brought his half-brother, Walter Morant, to the wedding breakfast, in the character of bridesman. The brothers were near neighbours, and had always been much together; and Mrs Mill had been informed that Walter Morant was not pleased with Henry Balford for marrying, and so providing himself with a better companion than a brother. This report somewhat prejudiced the Mill family against Walter; and when first they saw him—though they could not deny that he was, both in face and figure, one of the handsomest men they had ever seen, yet they could, and did complain that he evidently knew too well how very handsome he was. A few days after the wedding, however, he took possession of the rector's now vacant spare room, and soon caused all ill-natured rumours to be forgotten. He was courteous to all, but to none so courteous as to Lucy, the youngest Miss Mill; and, in short, one of the first letters the Balfords received after their return from their wedding-trip, informed them that Walter and Lucy were going to follow their good example, and get married.

Mr Morant was pronounced by all his future relations to be not only handsome, but also clever and fascinating. Of his love for Lucy they could not possibly entertain any doubt, for he was a man who might have had his pick amongst the ladies, and his income equalled the whole of Lucy's fortune. The elder brother was delighted at the prospect of the marriage, and in his congratulatory letter to Mrs Mill, cried Walter up to the skies. The letter was shewn to Mr Morant, who said, with one of his most amiable smiles: 'I'm afraid dear old Hal is rather a partial judge of me; and since I gave him his living, he thinks he owes me gratitude as well as love. But what I was to do with it if I did not give it to my own brother, Mrs Mill, because, though we had different fathers, we had the same mother and the same nursery.' This fresh proof of the mutual affection of the brothers seemed to Mrs Mill a good omen of the future happiness of her two daughters. Every day Walter became more and more popular, and every one thought Lucy a very lucky girl. Lucy, for her part, often wondered why so handsome and so clever a man should wish to be her husband. She looked at herself in the glass, and was forced to acknowledge that her appearance as a woman was very far inferior to his as a man; and, in other respects, she did not even dream of comparing herself to him. Still standing before the glass, she shook her head, and thus addressed herself: 'Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy! I wish you would not make quite so sure of pleasing your future lord and master. Suppose it were the fashion for gentlemen to advertise their daughters as they do their horses, what could your papa say for you? You're a young woman, aged twenty—so far good; you have a fair skin, red cheeks, and a good head of hair. I really can't think of anything else in your favour. Now, who but a fool would take a horse merely because it was bay with black points, and had a long tail?' She sighed. 'You used to think that if you had but little wit in your head, you had some in your fingers, and could take the portrait of every one you saw; but that was a delusion, for when you tried to take Walter's portrait, you drew an ugly instead of a handsome man, and when you shewed him your caricature of his face, you made him more nearly angry than you ever saw him before; so tear up your drawing-paper, you silly little thing, and forget that you ever had a pencil in your hand.'

Lucy had not quite done justice to herself, for she had very pleasing manners, and a very pleasing face, and was, besides, of a true, hopeful, loving nature. The beauty was not perhaps the less attractive to others, because she herself was wholly unconscious of it. It was the effect of her features, and, there, was not reflected in her dressing-glass.

When the young couple were married, all the women exclaimed: 'What a magnificent bridegroom!' and all the men: 'If the sweet little bride did not become a good wife, it certainly was not the fault of her family; for before going to church, both father and mother had lectured her on her conjugal duties, and each of her sisters, as she gave the last kiss before marriage, had assured her that it was impossible she could do enough to deserve such a husband. At the break-

fast, Mr Mill cautioned the bridegroom against spoiling his wife, and said that he had but one fear in giving him his daughter, and that was, that he would make her too good a husband. Not one could bid Lucy, the pet of the house, farewell without a tear, and all said that they did not know how they could have borne the parting if she had not been certain to be happy. How anxiously the bride's first letters were expected! And one after the other told the same tale, only in different words. 'Walter hasn't taken papa's advice; he is spoiling me dreadfully.' 'Walter makes so much of me, that I am getting unbearable conceited.' 'It is a good thing that I am going to live near Mary, for I sadly want a little pulling down.' As Lucy's family read her letters, they needed no portrait to remind them of their darling; they who had known her all her life, saw the writer in every word she wrote.

'My dearest Lucy, where have you been? I have been pacing up and down this room for the last hour, almost mad with anxiety on your account.'

'But I left word with James where I had gone.'

'And do you think such a message as you left could prevent me feeling anxious? If you imagine that my knowing that you were walking along damp roads, and then sitting in a close little room, by the side of a woman—who, for aught you know, may be sickening of a fever—can keep my mind at rest, you little know how I love you.'

'Dear Walter, God has given me so good a husband, so many blessings, I feel I must do something for those to whom He has given less.'

'My love, the kindness of your heart misleads you; such duties belong to old maids who have no husbands to take care of.'

Lucy was silent for an instant, feeling rebuked, then looking up she answered meekly: 'Certainly, it was not worth while to give you pain, Walter, for all the good that I have done; but I thought that you intended to be busy all the morning, and so would not miss me.'

'My head is so bad that I could not get on with my accounts, so I put them away and came to propose a ride; but I found that you had gone out by yourself, and now, of course, you are too tired to go out with me.'

'Indeed, I am not. I will be ready in twenty minutes. There is such a pleasant breeze. It is just the day to ride off a headache. Is it very bad, poor Walter?' and she put her little hand on his forehead, which was not very hot. 'To think that I should have neglected you for the sake of old Jones!'

'Well I won't be jealous for this once,' he replied, giving her a kiss. 'But you are sure that you are not tired?'

'If I were, the very best way to rest after a walk is to take a ride.' And just as the horses were brought to the door, she returned, buttoning her glove, laughing, and out of breath.

Nowhere did Lucy appear to less advantage than on horseback. She was neither a practised nor a courageous rider. The dark dress did not become her, and she was not only an ungraceful, but a helpless-looking rider. 'Try and get more into your saddle, and—but I'm afraid you will never make a good horsewoman, Lucy. I can't understand any one being stupid at riding; it came natural to me.'

'I'm shamefully stupid,' sighed Lucy, vainly trying to follow directions. 'I ought to be able to learn with such a good teacher, and it looks so easy, and she glanced admiringly at her husband.'

'Well, well,' he answered good-humouredly; 'Rome was not built in a day, and there is no saying what perseverance may accomplish.'

Walter might well be fond of riding; the saddle was his throne, there he looked a king, and a right royal one. To see him ride to hounds was one of the grandest sights of the field. His equestrian feats were the talk and wonder of the county.

'Here comes your sister, Lucy. I should know her a mile off by her legs.'

'It is impossible to walk along these muddy roads with long dresses; and, as a clergyman's wife, she is obliged to visit a good deal amongst the poor.'

'My darling, do not fancy that I am finding fault with Mary. Any sister of yours, my sweet Lucy, would be free from my censure, let her be what she would.' Then, after a moment's silence, he continued, laughing: 'By Jove, what good substantial understanders they are. And they are so fair a sample of the rest of the woman, both in mind and body, useful—but not ornamental. No, certainly poor old Hal has not a refined taste in women.'

Lucy's lips quivered, and a mist came before her eyes, but she drove back her tears with a smile, and resolutely forced herself to ignore that Walter knew that Mary was her favorite sister. The relations greeted each other very cordially, and before leaving, Mary, who had looked once or twice rather intently at Lucy, said kindly: 'What makes you look so pale? Are you unwell, or only tired?'

'Neither one nor the other,' said Walter, answering somewhat warmly for his wife. 'She is pale because she has passed the morning in a little, close room. The instant she came home I saw that she wanted fresh air, and so brought her out for a ride. I did not tell you, my love, he continued, turning to his wife, 'that you were looking ill, because I know how nervous you are; and therefore although I always observe your looks, I never remark upon them.' Then once more addressing his sister-in-law, he said: 'I think, Mary, you may safely venture to leave Lucy to her husband's care.'

As Mary walked home, she resolved in future to do so, and reproached herself not a little for having remarked upon Lucy's pale cheeks, and for having suggested the visit to Mrs Jones. The former error had entirely sprung from thoughtlessness. Perceiving that her sister was paler than usual, she had naturally but imprudently, considering Walter's peculiar character, inquired after her health. The latter error was more blameworthy, although it was kindly meant. Forgetting that when women are once married, they are better without the interference of their own family, and thinking that Lucy would be happier with something to do, Mary had tried to find her employment. Mary's regrets were followed by self-congratulations. She was glad that her sister should be so great a lady, and should have so doting a husband, for, whatever might be Walter's faults, his extraordinary love for his wife was remarked by every one; but she felt that she herself, with such a husband, and such a lazy life as Lucy's, would be thoroughly

miserable, and so she contentedly passed her brother-in-law's grand mansion, and gazed fondly on the little parsonage, in which, consulting and working together, she and Henry always loved and helped each other.

'Your sister has made you look three shades paler than you did by her foolish remark. You are so delicate, my sweet Lucy, that it is impossible for a robust woman like Mary to understand how much care you need. I have some business to do in Kailsbrook, but I will put that off till tomorrow, in hopes that a gallop across Ranley Park will bring a little colour into your cheeks.' If the longer ride did not succeed in bringing the colour into Lucy's cheeks, it did in making her wish Mary's interference further, for turf-riding seemed to the little coward even more perilous than road-riding; and if she had been left to choose her own horse, she would have given the preference to one that was broken-winded, and thereby physically incapable of a gallop.

Very guilty did poor Lucy feel when, after dinner, she found the grapes dancing with the biscuits, and hoping to the last that it was a false alarm—sat on her chair until, utterly unconscious, she fell forward on the table. When she opened her eyes, she was lying on a sofa, and Walter was kneeling by her side. Some servants were in a corner of the room, ready to obey their master's orders, but were not allowed to come near her couch. Before she had time to speak, her husband gently placed his finger on her lips, and, smiling, shook his head. Lucy was quite willing to be silent, and she lay in that delicious, dreamy weakness which sometimes follows a faint, gazing on his handsome form and face, and musing on his love and presence of mind. The servants were now dismissed, and, after a while, the invalid was permitted to have a pillow and to speak. She was soon well enough to be lectured, or rather to hear Mary's conduct blamed, for it was very seldom, indeed, that Walter considered Lucy herself responsible for any wrong she had done. All the time that he was expressing the most extravagant love for herself. She was 'his treasure,' 'his sweet wife,' 'his idol.' If she attempted to defend Mary, the defence was considered a fresh proof of her own goodness and of her sister's impudence. Subdued, at length, by so adoring a husband, she suffered Mary's interference to be blamed without further remonstrance. And now Lucy began to feel very uncomfortable lying on the sofa; she half rose. Walter was by her side instantly. His darling must keep her head down; even at the cost of opposing her wishes, he must take care of his treasure. And grateful for so much love, Lucy obeyed, feeling all the time what a relief it would be to sit up for five minutes, or to walk across the room, or, above all, to go to bed. She did so long to get off her dress. She glanced at the clock; it still wanted two hours of bedtime. She never could lie two more hours—one hundred and twenty minutes—on that sofa. She began to fidget. Walter was by her side like lightning. 'My love, do you feel faint again?'

'Oh no I'm not at all faint, only a little restless.'

'Ah, but, Lucy darling, you must not exert yourself; and then, with the fondest of smiles, 'you must lie quiet for my sake.'

So Lucy lay quiet, with the exception of a sly stretch whenever her husband's eyes averted; but that was not often; and from time to time she glanced furtively at the clock, and unfastened a hook, and longed more and more to go to bed. She was very often on the point of doing so, but refrained for fear of paining Walter. 'It is so good to me, she thought, 'so anxious to anticipate all my wishes, that if I say I should like to go to bed, he will reproach himself for the next month, because he did not guess my feelings, and himself suggest my retiring. And when at length the two weary hours were ended, and Walter took her fondly in his arms, and carried her up stairs as easily as she could have carried a doll, she congratulated herself again and again on her patience; and she felt proud of her husband's love and strength, and proud too, that for once, she had by her patient endurance been able to make some return for his love, even though he must never know that she had done so.

Lucy sat alone smiling over an open book, which chanced to be turned upside down. Feeling, at length, that it was utterly impossible to read, she put it past, and fetched a tiny piece of work. She succeeded rather better with her hemming than she had done with her reading for, every now and then, she made some half-a-dozen very neat stitches. But after such an exertion she would hold out the funny piece of calico, g'eat over it, laugh at it, and even kiss it—may, once she took it in her arms and hugged it, swaying herself backwards and forwards as she did so; whilst so doing, the sound of a step on the stairs recalled her to her senses, and she hastily hid her work, yet not as though she were ashamed of her occupation, but only anxious to conceal it. How I do wish the grand-jury would get through its business! she said to herself. 'If Walter does not come home soon, he will find me in a strait-waistcoat. I can't keep my secret and my reason much longer. I wonder if there would be any harm in telling Mary! No, I had better not. Walter might feel slighted, and Mary would scold me.' She picked a flower to pieces somewhat sadly. All women, I suppose, have to make some sacrifices when they marry, though all have not to go hundreds of miles from their father and mother; and worse still, to be settled near their favourite sister, and to be told by her, as Mary told me: 'Now that we are married, it is better that we should not be much together, nor love each other too much.' She looked up, caught sight of her husband's portrait, and smiled. My marriage is worth more sacrifices than I have made, for are not you the best of husbands; and will you not be—she approached the picture, and crossing her hands, gazed at it as a Catholic might gaze at the image of a favourite saint—will you not be the father of my child?'

Long before Lucy had seen Walter, she had often secretly hoped that a lover would some day come, but the lover of her fancy was very different from the one who had actually arrived. Both the home and the husband, she had pictured to herself, were undoubtedly inferior to those which she had obtained; and yet, perhaps, they were more fitted to satisfy her. Walter was so generous, that she had everything which money could procure; only one luxury—perhaps the greatest—was denied to her, the luxury of making some return for all she received—but that was impossible; her husband made her understand that he could gratify his own desires as well as hers, and he was not pleased if she did

more than feel grateful. She was the envy of every woman in the neighbourhood, and sometimes she would envy a poor woman making a shirt for her husband, or dining off dry bread and saving a piece of cold meat for the master. But now she had no cause to envy any one; now she really was—what hitherto she had only been declaring to others and trying to persuade herself—she really was the happiest little woman in the world. She walked about her house and grounds, and admired their splendour more than she had ever done before. My boy will be born to a fine inheritance, she thought; and what a happy childhood his will be—so happy, that it must make him a good man. Look which way he will, he will see only beautiful scenery, and kind loving faces. Little helpless one! I will pay back all that I owe to the father by my care of the son. Ah, baby; it will be many years before you will be able to do without me. How many hours' work, how many sleepless nights do you mean to cost me, you little saucy rogue? Then she tried to think more seriously of the great trust she was about to receive, but her nature was so hopeful that she could not believe that her son would be other than a healthy, merry boy, and a noble gentleman. She walked through the villages, fell into interesting conversations with the young mothers, and informed herself respecting boys' games. She did not take much notice of little girls, for somehow it had not occurred to her that her baby might be of that sex. From that tiresome grand-jury, Walter never would come home. She must amuse herself in some way. Since that unfortunate attempt to take her lover's portrait, she had not used her pencil. Walter had a very retentive memory, and so sensitive a nature, that it was some months after his marriage before he forgot the mortifying failure. Now however she determined to present him with a second picture, which must give far more pleasure than the last could possibly have given pain. In the dining-room hung a portrait of himself, taken at five years old; she drew a younger resemblance of this face, put a cap round it, and clapped her hands with glee, as she thought of the pretty way she had fancied of telling her husband of the great joy that awaited him. A letter arrived from Walter, the most lover-like of letters, informing her that he should return on the morrow, and desiring her to try and be as sensible as her sister, and remain comfortably at home until he arrived. Impossible to obey; Lucy was waiting at the station half an hour before the train arrived. I couldn't help coming, dear Walter! she exclaimed, as she cuddled up to him, not perceiving that her husband was surrounded by his friends, and that the eyes of half the passengers were staring at her.

'Then you deserve to be well scolded,' he answered fondly, 'for not taking more care of yourself than to come out so late in the evening, and without your bonnet, too.'

She put her hand up to her neck. 'O dear! I forgot; but never mind. The sight of you has sent such a happy glow over me, that I am sure I shan't take cold.'

Lucy looked round, blushed, and hastened away. I have a little present for you, she said, as soon as they were alone. Does joy ever take away your appetite? because if it does, I won't give you my present till after you have dined. But then, without waiting for an answer, she drew it from her pocket. 'It is of no use, Walter, I can't keep it any longer.'

The moon was shining so brightly that it was light enough for him to see the picture—light enough for her to see her husband's face. His expression changed instantly. 'What nonsense is this, Lucy? What do you mean?'

'It is not nonsense, Walter; it is true. It is—at least I hope it will be—the portrait of your son.'

'Oh! confound it! What a bore! I hate a lot of brats squalling about a house.' Lucy was dumfounded, and after a few minutes' silence, he said reproachfully: 'It was not my return then which made you look so pleased? My love alone cannot satisfy you, you want children also?'

He waited for a reply, and at length Lucy stammered, 'I thought you would have been pleased. Of course, it is a little Walter I want. I shall be teasing your old nurse to know if it is like what you were at its age. And I love you even more than I did before, and I am sure you will be fond of it, as soon as it has come.' His brow gradually smoothed, but he was still a gloomy-looking man when he went to dress for dinner. However, before he took his seat at the table, he had recovered his usual cheerfulness and good temper. He was more attentive than usual to Lucy, and insisted upon her lying on a sofa to take her dessert, because she looked tired; and, after the servant had left the room he soon convinced her that his annoyance at the news she had told him was entirely owing to his anxiety on her account. Her spirits rallied, and she went to bed, hoping still that in giving him a son she should make him some return for all he had done for her. She was too excited to sleep, and she lay awake wondering why she should always feel so painfully obliged to her husband; her parents, her sisters, had loved her, but she had never the same feeling towards them. 'It must be,' she thought, 'because he loves me so much more than any one else ever did.'

It was late in the evening when Walter returned from his tenants' dinner, and, as he looked up at his house, he saw that the lower rooms were dark, and that lights were burning in his wife's room. The housekeeper opened the door before he rang the bell; he looked in her face, and knew that he was already a father and still a husband. 'I'm glad it's over,' he thought to himself; 'I hope Lucy will soon be strong enough to do without a doctor.' He hated doctors; he had rarely felt the need of them for himself, and he liked to be the master of every one he came near. It required no little effort on his part to be commonly civil and obedient to them; but that effort he always made—he was not a rude man. He shook his housekeeper's hand: 'Thanks, Mrs. Carr, for the good wishes you feel too sincerely to tell.' Then he walked softly up stairs, and obtained permission to enter his wife's room. She had anxiously expected him for the last hour; and the sound of his footsteps had brought a pinky tinge to her cheek. The little baby was nestling to her side. Walter did not notice the child, but took Lucy's hand in his, and stooped fondly over her; 'Now, I am too happy,' she murmured. He started, half frightened. There was something in the expression of her face, in her words, in the sound of her voice, which told of more than earthly joy—a joy that was beyond his comprehension. 'I too was frightened, dear Walter, just at first,' she whispered; 'but God, who has given him to us, will help us to watch over him. I feel no fear now.'

'How lovely you look, Lucy,' he answered; 'you remind me of one of Perugini's virgins.'

He cuddled up to her, Walter. 'Is it not wonderful that he should love me already?'

The father glanced at his child—the little intruder, who appeared to come between him and his wife. My darling, it has not even sense to know you?'

'He loves me by instinct.' Her voice was very low; she was so weak that she was already wearied, and as she spoke she unconsciously looked beseechingly at her husband. Impossible to misunderstand the appeal in the young mother's soft eyes. 'Don't explain away my faith,' they said. 'It may be silly, but it makes me so happy; leave it to me for a little while.'

'It loves warmth by instinct, my sweet Lucy. If it were placed in the same bed with our old cook, it would cuddle up to her just as it cuddles up to you.' Then the nurse having remarked that her lady looked tired, he kissed his wife very tenderly, and, at her request, smiled at and kissed his little son, and then left her for the night. Walter disliked dining alone, but he would far rather have been alone than in the society of his natural enemy, the doctor; for, ever, as the latter's society was not to be avoided, he was far too polite to shew that it was unwelcome. And pray, doctor, when do you intend to introduce my young?—he couldn't for the life of him remember whether it was a boy or a girl—the baby to its foster-mother?'

The doctor had not expected such a person would be wanted. He thought that both mother and child would do quite as well, if not better, without than with her. But the husband was resolute; he had so long, and so attentively studied his wife's constitution, that although on all other points, he would defer to Dr. Lisle, on that one point he must be allowed to follow the dictates of his own judgment. The doctor at length promised to find a nurse, provided he were allowed to choose his own time for introduction; and he further promised to return Lucy to her husband's care within a month, if he were allowed to have despotic authority over her for the next fortnight. To both conditions Walter gladly agreed, and he went to bed longing for the day when he should once more be master of his house and his wife; and his child should be safely stowed away in its nursery. But he had to wait longer for that day than he expected. Lucy proceeded favourably until she was told that she must give up a mother's first bribe. 'He won't love—he won't even know me,' and she clasped her hands, and the tears came into her eyes as she looked piteously at the doctor.

He glanced at the husband, who was standing on the other side of the bed. There was no expression of pity on his handsome face. The doctor had promised, and he was a man of his word, so he told the necessary lie, but his heart smote him as he did so. 'It will be better for your child.'

There was a long silence. Lucy's lids concealed her eyes, but once after another the tears slid from beneath them, and rolled slowly down her cheeks, and her pale lips quivered spasmodically. Walter's beautifully-formed mouth shut tighter and tighter. Hitherto, the child had merely been a nuisance, giving him much trouble, interfering with his comfort; he had only wished to free himself from its presence, as he would have wished to free himself from the presence of any other bore. But now he began to consider it in the light of a rival, and to hate it. It irritated his sensitive vanity, to be obliged to call in the assistance of another man, to enable him to govern his wife; and yet, he could not himself take the child from her. He was fond of his own, and other men's admiration, and he felt that this little wretch of a baby was already placing him in an odious position; odious in his own opinion in the opinion of the doctor, nay, perhaps, in the latter were a father, in the opinion of the whole neighbourhood. The doctor knew that he had made a foolish promise, but he was too weak-minded a man not to fulfil it, so he kept saying to himself: 'I have gone too far now to recede,' but he cursed his folly for having ever made such a promise.

'Can't I do anything to make myself stronger? I feel more appetite—I'm sure I could take anything you tell me.'

The doctor shook his head. If he had only had one more grain of decision, or five more minutes to think, he would have yielded to his patient. Lucy smiled very sweetly through her tears, and gave her hand to the doctor. 'Thank you,' she said gently, 'for finding my baby a better nurse.'

The child threw as well as ever, but not so the mother. Her sad thoughts prevented her gaining strength. Was it always to be the same? Was the well of love in her heart to be always useless to its objects, and only a yearning pain to its possessor? Would it be the same with her son as with her husband? Would the utmost she could ever do for either be to do nothing? She never for one instant suspected that the doctor had acted under Walter's directions; she would as soon have thought of suspecting her husband of murder, as of what he had done. It was for his sake that she struggled against her weakness, and low spirits. It was for his sake that she so often smiled when she would fain have cried. For a few hours Lucy lay between life and death, and during those hours Walter felt—perhaps for the only time in his life—remorse. He never afterwards forgot what he had suffered; it strengthened his hatred to his son, then—to his wife, hereafter; but when the doctor first told him that all danger was past, he was a fonder husband than he had ever been before. He was the chief, the best nurse in the sick-room. He would allow no one to feed Lucy, or to give her medicine but himself. The doctors declared that his care had as much to do with her recovery as their skill. He even sacrificed his will to hers, and would carry the little baby to her to kiss. She had so lately freed him from the consequence of an error, which might have appeared to him to have been almost a crime; and so sweetly, helplessly so grateful to him for all his love and care, that he could not feel jealous over her just then.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARRYING OLD MEN.—Wycherley, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bedside, and having taken her hand in a very solemn manner, said, he had but one request to make of her and that was, that she would never marry an old man again.

SEALING A CONTRACT.

When Overtop placed the one hundred and fifty dollars in the white hand of the school mistress, she looked at him with gratitude and admiration, which more than repaid him. Not only this, but she asked him, with not a particle of hesitation, how much his fee was.

'Feel exclaimed Overtop, a little nettled at the implied insult. (Young lawyers are apt to be.) 'Nothing, Miss Pillbody, decidedly nothing.'

'But I prefer to pay you, Mr. Overtop. Why should you work for me for nothing, when I am not willing to do the same thing for Mrs. Cudgion? 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' she added, laughing. I set that adage in a copy book to-night.'

'But I won't take anything,' said Overtop, no longer nettled, but charmed to perceive this exhibition of good sense in a young lady.

'But I insist that you shall' continued Miss Pillbody pleasantly. 'Tell me, now, how much it is?'

Overtop was standing within two feet of the school-mistress, and her soft, dim eyes were beaming right into his. We leave psychologists to settle the phenomenon as they will; but the fact was, that each saw love in the eyes of the other. Overtop, in his bachelor musings, had thought over a hundred odd methods of putting the question. At this critical moment in the history of two hearts, a new form of the proposition occurred to him, so original and eccentric, that he determined to propound it at once.

He took Miss Pillbody's hand in his, before she knew it. She blushed, and would have withdrawn it; but he retained the hand with a gentle pressure.

'My dear Miss Pillbody,' said Overtop, I will take five dollars from you on one condition, and no other. Will you grant it?'

The schoolmistress, not knowing what she was saying, said 'Yes.'

'The condition is, that I shall buy an engagement ring, and put it on this dear hand.'

Miss Pillbody blushed, and cast down her gentle eyes. The sagacious young lawyer, interpreting these signs as a full consent, stole his arm around her waist, and sealed the contract in a way all unknown to Chitty.—From the *New Novel of Round the Block*.

THE NEW CAPITAL OF INDIA.

We learn from late English papers, that the seat of Government is about to be removed from Calcutta to Poona, during part of the year at least. It is said the Bombay Government is already commencing to erect a palace at the latter place for Lord Elgin and the vice-regal court, and, that at the end of next year, the Supreme Government will inhabit it. Great interest will thus attach to this city, which affords a strong natural contrast to Calcutta. The "Palace-City," as Calcutta is called, lies low, and is surrounded by tropical foliage, on the banks of a yellow-flooded river; while Poona, the chief city of the Deccan, is situated 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, in the elevated plateau of the Ghauts, decked with the trees of semi-temperate climates, and surrounded by mountains of trap-rock truncated at the summits.

For years, Bombay has been making the most rapid strides towards rivalling Calcutta in opulence and energy. It has outgrown the island on which it was founded, and is now virtually the Capital of India, and must soon be recognised as such. Poona—only a hundred miles away—has become a sort of inland Brighton, and is upon the line of railway which will soon connect Bombay with Madras, Calcutta, Cawnpore, Agra, Delhi, and even the cities of the Punjab.

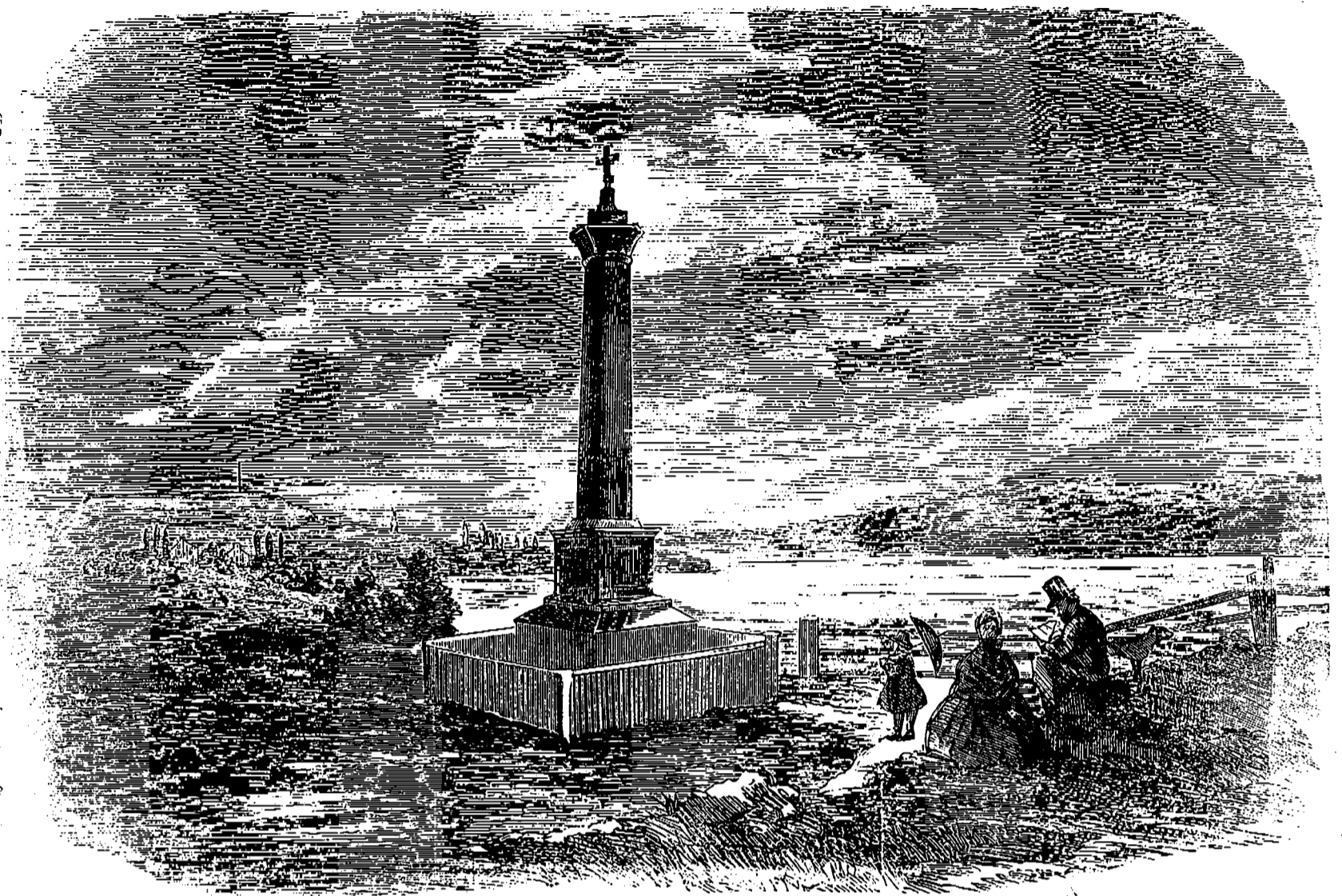
It is near for news from England, and near for dispatches (hither, and, besides, is in the midst of the great cotton-growing country of India. Future Viceroys may well watch this cotton-crop; for this new and most important revolution of commerce has already diverted thirty-six millions of gold from the pockets of Southerners to those of Hindoos. One—we might almost say, the—great advantage of Poona, is the salubrity of its situation. The railway which takes you inland passes through the extreme heat of the tropics; but once at the Syhadree range, you mount, by the finest engineering work in the world, the great stone staircase, and are at once in the healthy uplands of the sturdy Mahratta nation.

The difference in climate has had its undoubted effects on the character of this fine people. From the rich and fruitful plains of the plateau, they gathered strength to break the Mahometan power. On the steep and sun-baked hills of this boundless expanse, their leaders, like young eagles, learned to use their pinions and their talons. The village songs and stories are full of the names and wild exploits of the chiefs of the hills; and, under the shadow of these hills is the vast city they founded,—the Poona of Peshwar,—the Florence of India, for fine air, for Oriental learning, and for restless ambition and intrigue. The population are not like the timid Bengalese, but are manly and independent peasants. In this favored city, 20,000 Europeans might be quartered without a higher mortality than prevails at Chatham or Aldershot.

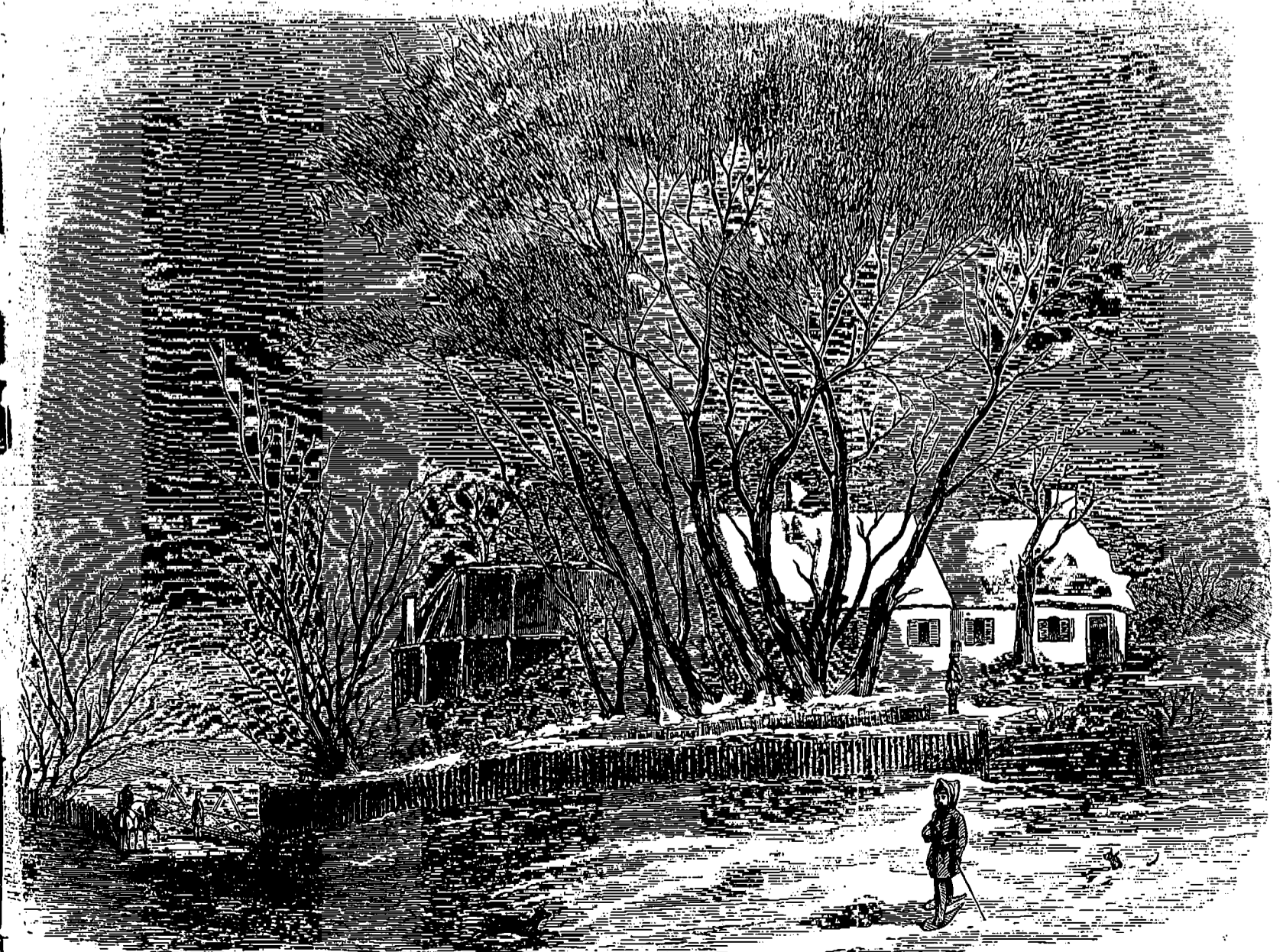
As for Calcutta, the fate of a deserted capital is hers. We can scarcely conceive of a fact like the disappearance of London, or even its reduction to a third-rate town; but two hundred years after the transference of its dignity elsewhere,—if that were possible,—there would not much left of our stupendous metropolis. There are signs that we are witnessing the commencement of some such decline in the Capital of the East.—Yet such a city as Calcutta—situated as it is, at the embouchure of the greatest and richest river in India—can never be less than a most important spot. It may descend to be the Venice of Hindostan, but hardly lower than that, unless, indeed, the Muttah mouth of the Gauges silt up like the others, in which case its importance would disappear.—Witness.

WORLD NOT DO NOW.—An English Act, passed in 1700, enacts that 'all women, of whatever rank, profession, or decree, who shall, after this Act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's subjects, by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage shall be null and void.'





TEMPERANCE MONUMENT, POINT LEVI, OPPOSITE QUEBEC—From a sketch by A. Durie.



GENERAL ARNOLD'S HEAD-QUARTERS, IN 1775, NEAR QUEBEC—From a sketch by A. Durie.

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND OF READING.

No. 1.

THE TALBOT SETTLEMENT, CANADA WEST.

On Friday, December 11th, 1863, an assembly of Pioneer Settlers met at London, Canada West, exchanged congratulations, related incidents of early struggles in the primeval forests, dined together, or listened to practised orators, if unequal to oratory in their own persons.

After dinner, a portrait was handed from one guest to another, which gave rise to remarks of present interest and of olden recollection. It was a likeness of the late Colonel Thomas Talbot, of the Talbot Settlement, on Lake Erie, which will be published in an early number of this journal.

If reversing the wheels of time on that delightfully convenient line of transit, the imagination, we may transpose ourselves to a summer day in 1793, the memory of an aged boatman named Fleming guiding us. Near to where is now the western corner of the Court House in London, was a prominent tree. Governor Simcoe, with his secretary, Mr. Thomas Talbot, and a few companions, had penetrated westward from Niagara Village, his seat of government, and from Kettle Creek, on Lake Erie (now Port Stanley), he travelled inland, guided by Indians, to the "Forks of the Thames." From thence by canoe, he descended to Lake St. Clair, and returned—having found no opening except the lake in that unbroken forest of gigantic black walnut, white oak, and the other grand hardwood trees which manifested the rare fertility of their native soil.

The Governor, pointing to the prominent tree just spoken of, said: "This will be the chief military depot of the West, and the seat of a District. From this spot I will have a line for a road, run as straight as the crow can fly, to the head of the Little Lake." That road was made, and to this day is called the "Governor's Road." The "Little Lake" was Burlington Bay, an inlet from Lake Ontario. At the head of that inlet, and at the eastern end of the Governor's Road, stands the town of Dundas; and on the southern shore, the city of Hamilton.

To introduce the personal memoir of Colonel Talbot, we may go back a few years beyond 1793. If to 1787, and to Dublin, we may see a grand vice-regal ball at the Castle. When the ball is over, Mrs. Theobald, a widow of fascinating beauty, is conducted by the Lord Lieutenant to her sedan chair, to be carried home. Two young gentlemen—one in his eighteenth year, the other in his sixteenth—aide-de-camps to his Excellency, push the ordinary chairmen aside, and, in their gallantry, put the suspending yoke upon their shoulders, place themselves between the poles of the chair, and accompanied by other young gentlemen bearing torches, they, in silk stockings and dancing pumps, three cornered hats and feathers, carry the fair widow home through mud and drenching rain. Who are the two military youths whose gallantry has yoked them in the sedan chair?

The one who is aged sixteen is "Tom Talbot," fourth son of Richard Talbot, Esq., of Malahide, near Dublin—a descendant of that Talbot whose name was a battle-cry in the olden wars between England and France, at the time of Henry V. and Henry VI. And the other was Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington.

Mr. Talbot came to Canada as lieutenant in the 24th foot, which regiment he joined at Quebec in 1790. He became Captain and Major in the year 1793. In 1791 he was private secretary to General Simcoe, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. General Simcoe had, as Lieutenant-Colonel, commanded a cavalry regiment of American loyalists, called the Queen's Rangers. His military journal, published only in 1844, but written during the revolutionary war, which closed with the independence of the United States, may be read with curious interest in presence of another revolutionary war, vaster in proportions, and more terrible in its sanguinary combats, fought in main part on the river banks and mountain sides, described by General Simcoe.

War having been declared between Great Britain and the revolutionary Republic of France, in 1793, regiments were recalled from the colonies to strengthen the British army in Holland. Major Talbot quitted Canada in 1794, and proceeded to Holland about the same time as his former companion, Major Arthur Wellesley. The latter obtained, in the following year, the Lieutenant-Colonelcy and command of the 33rd foot, and in 1796, Major Talbot obtained the same promotion, with command of the 5th regiment of foot.

The results of the several campaigns in Holland, from 1794 to 1800, were not satisfactory to the British nation. In the years of the short peace of Amiens, 1801 and 1802, Colonel Talbot retired from the army, and applied, through General Simcoe, to the Colonial Secretary, Lord Hobart, for a grant of land in the forests of Upper Canada on which to found a settlement. The correspondence has now a historical value.

GENERAL SIMCOE TO LORD HOBART.

SOMERSET STREET, Portman Square, }
11th February, 1803. }

MY LORD,—In consequence of Mr. Talbot having acquainted me that Mr. Sullivan, on his presenting a request for a grant of land in the Province of Upper Canada, had intimated it would be proper I should inform your lordship of Mr. Talbot's especial services, I took the earliest opportunity of waiting upon your lordship; and in consequence of the interview which I had the honour to hold with you yeste day, I obey your lordship's commands in detailing Mr. Talbot's views, and the nature of his claims, to the protection of His Majesty's government.

On my arrival in Canada, to carry out the constitution which had been granted that colony, Mr. Talbot accompanied me, as my private and confidential secretary, into Upper Canada. He remained in my family four years, when he was recalled home as Major of the 5th regiment, then ordered to Flanders. During that period, he not only conducted many details and important duties, incidental to the original establishment of a colony, in matters of internal regulation, to my entire satisfaction, but was employed in the most confidential measures necessary to preserve that country in peace, without violating, on the one hand, the relations or amity with the United States; and, on the other, alienating the affection of the Indian nations, at that period in open war with them.

In this very critical situation, I principally made use of Mr. Talbot for the most confidential intercourse with the several Indian tribes, and occasionally with His Majesty's Minister at Philadelphia,—these duties, without any salary or emolument, he executed to my perfect satisfaction.

I consider these circumstances, my Lord, as authorizing me, in general terms, to recommend Mr. Talbot to your consideration and protection. Mr. Talbot's specific application, which I beg leave to support to the utmost of my power, consists of two points.

The first is the grant of five thousand acres of land, as a field officer, actually and *bona fide* meaning to settle in the Province, for the purpose of establishing himself therein. The King's bounty having been extended to the officers who had served during the American War, in grants to a similar extent, exclusive of an allotment of land for every individual which their families might consist of, it was judged expedient by myself, Mr. Chief Justice Osborne, and other confidential officers of the crown in that colony, to extend the provision of five thousand acres to any field officer of character who *bona fide* should become settled therein, it being obvious that it was for His Majesty's interest that a loyal set of European gentlemen should, as speedily as possible, be obtained, to take the lead in the several districts.

This principle, my Lord, was acted upon at the time of my departure from the country, and should I to this moment have remained in the government thereof, I could have seen no reason whatever for departing from it. In consequence, had Mr. Talbot been totally unknown to me, except by his character and the high rank he had borne in the King's service, I should have thought him a most eligible acquisition to that Province; and on this public ground, without hesitation, have granted him five thousand acres, on the same principles that had been laid down and acted upon. This is the first part of Mr. Talbot's request.

The second request of Mr. Talbot is, that these five thousand acres may be granted in the Township of Yarmouth, in the County of Norfolk, on Lake Erie, and that the remainder of that Township may be reserved for such a period as may be desirable to Government, for the purpose of his settling it, on the following specific plan, namely: That two hundred acres shall be allotted to him for every family he shall establish thereon; fifty acres thereof to be granted to each family in perpetuity, and the remaining hundred and fifty acres of each lot to become his property for the expense and trouble of collecting them.

Mr. Sullivan, in a conversation, had suggested to Mr. Talbot the possibility of procuring settlers in this country, but many reasons oppose themselves to that idea, in which I have the honour of perfectly agreeing with your Lordship; but, should it be practicable to turn the tide of emigration (which Government cannot prevent from taking place to the United States), ultimately to rest in the Province, I beg to consider it as an object of the greatest national importance, and that it will speedily fulfil the idea with which I undertook the administration of that government, under my Lord Grenville's auspices, of elevating this valuable part of His Majesty's dominions from the degrading situation of a petty factory, to be a powerful support and protection to the British Empire. In some instances, such a plan, in the infancy of the Government, had great success, as I had the honour of pointing out to your Lordship; and Mr. Talbot, from habit, observation, and nature, in my judgement, is perfectly well suited to give it a wider extent.

His plan is to introduce himself amongst a large body of Welsh and Scotch families who arrived at New York in the summer of 1801, and who have temporarily fixed themselves in the interior of that State, many of whom are already disgusted with the dissolute principles of the people there and feel a strong inclination to return under the Government of England, but do not possess the means of purchasing land, or of paying the fees demanded by the Province on grants.

It remains only for me to add, that Mr. Talbot having been very successful in the cultivation of hemp, on proper principles, and to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other settler in the Province, is induced to prefer the distant Township of Yarmouth, as the soil is well adapted to the growth of that valuable commodity. It is his object to extend this cultivation through the whole Township, and, by precept and example, to enforce principles of loyalty, obedience, and industry, amongst those with whom he will be surrounded. I cannot but hope that your Lordship will be struck with the manhood, of one whose situation cannot be unknown to your Lordship, after having, with great credit, arrived at the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, has preferred the incessant and active employment which he has undertaken, and that under your Lordship's patronage, may lead to the highest public advantage. On this public ground, abstracted from my personal attention and regard for him, I hope that your Lordship will give direction to the Lieutenant-Governor, or person administering the Government of Upper Canada, that the prayer of his petition be immediately granted; and I further entreat, from your Lordship's goodness and benevolence, that Mr. Talbot may have the honour of being the bearer of your Lordship's dispatches on this subject, as he has for some time taken his passage on board of a vessel that will sail, without fail, on Tuesday next, for New York."

The grant of land thus solicited was made. Colonel Talbot took possession, and lived fifty years in the midst of a population remarkable for their successful industry, and loyalty to British institutions. He died February —, 1853, in the 82nd year of his age. The Duke of Wellington died September 14th, 1852, aged 83. I shall return to the history of the Talbot Settlement, and to the prosperous country, of which the lovely young city of London is the centre, in future issues of this journal.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

ARNOLD'S EXPEDITION, 1776.

Our sketch, page 73 represents the house used by the American General Arnold, as his head-quarters during the siege of Quebec in 1775; it is pleasantly situated on the banks of the St. Charles, at a short distance from the city. The trees in front of this building are among the oldest in the vicinity, but notwithstanding the laudable exertions made for their preservation by the present owner, P. Lavois, Esq., they are fast falling into decay.

The following extracts relative to Arnold's expedition, are from Hawkin's Picture of Quebec.

"This expedition was headed by Colonel Arnold, an officer in the service of Congress; who with two regiments amounting to about eleven hundred men, left Boston about the middle of September, and undertook to penetrate through the wilderness to Pointe Levi, by means of the Rivers Kennebec and Chaudiere.

"The spirit of enterprise evinced in this bold design, and the patience, hardihood and perseverance of the new raised forces employed in the execution, will forever distinguish this expedition in the history of offensive operations. A handful of men ascending the course of a rapid river, and conveying arms, ammunition, baggage, and provisions through an almost trackless wild—bent upon a most uncertain purpose—can scarcely be considered, however, a regular operation of war. It was rather a desperate attempt suited to the temper of the fearless men engaged in it, the character of the times, and of the scenes which were about to be acted on the American Continent.

"On the 22nd September, Arnold embarked on the Kennebec river in 200 batteaux; and notwithstanding all natural impediments—the ascent of a rapid stream interrupted by frequent *portages* through thick woods and swamps—in spite of frequent accidents—the desertion of one-third of the number—they at length arrived at the head of the Chaudiere River, having crossed the ridge of land which separates the waters falling into the St. Lawrence from those which run into the sea. They now reached Lake Megantic, and following the course of the Chaudiere River, their difficulties and privations, which had been so great on one occasion as to compel them to kill their dogs for sustenance, were speedily at an end. After passing thirty-two days in the wilderness, they arrived on the 4th of November at the first settlement, called *Sertigan*, twenty-five leagues from Quebec, where they obtained all kinds of provisions. On the 9th Colonel Arnold arrived at Pointe Levi where he remained twenty-four hours before it was known at Quebec; and whence it was extremely fortunate that all the small craft and canoes had been removed by order of the officer commanding the garrison. On the 13th, late in the evening they embarked in thirty-four canoes and very early in the morning of the 14th, he succeeded in landing 500 men at Wolfe's Cove without being discovered from the *Lizard* and *Hunter* ships of war. The first operation was to take possession of what had been General Murray's house on the Saint Roy road, and of the General Hospital. They also placed guards upon all the roads, in order to prevent the garrison from obtaining supplies from the country. The small force of Arnold prevented any attempt being made towards the reduction of the fortress until after the arrival of Montgomery from Montreal, who took command on the 1st of December, and established his head-quarters at Holland House. Arnold is said to have occupied the house near Scott's bridge, lately inhabited by the Honorable Mr. Justice Kerr. (See sketch.)

But we will not tire our readers with the account given of the siege, suffice it to say, that in the attack on the city, Arnold, who led the forlorn hope, was struck on the knee by a musket ball which disabled him from further action; he was carried to the General Hospital—his gallant followers still maintained the attack with undiminished courage. The division commanded by Arnold were the last to surrender—they were brought prisoners to the Upper Town; the officers were confined in the Seminary.

THE LORIMER'S DAUGHTER

CHAPTER III.

The Princess Margaret had already entered Scotland at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and journeyed toward Edinburgh; taking as the stages in her progress the famous fortress of East Castle, the Church of Lamberton, one of the dependencies of the wealthy and influential Priory of Coldingham—the Church of Haddington, distinguished, both by its situation and architecture, by the title of the Lamp of Lothian—at which two stages, as there was not sufficient accommodation, the princess and her train were entertained in pavilions erected for the purpose; and, finally, the Castle of Dalkeith, then in the possession of the Earl of Morton. Here it was resolved that her royal highness should enjoy some repose, as well as recreation, before proceeding to the capital, which was only a few miles distant, and which she resolved to enter on the 7th day of August, and after visiting the city, take up her abode at Holyrood, prior to her marriage on the day following. On her arrival at the Castle of Dalkeith, the king hastened thither to pay his respects to his future queen. He was accompanied by a train of noblemen, all gallantly attired, and mounted on fine chargers. The king was himself habited in crimson velvet, richly embroidered with cloth-of-gold; and across his back was hung his lyre, an instrument in playing which he evinced no inconsiderable taste and skill. He visited the princess every day during her sojourn at Dalkeith, where she arrived on the 2d of August; and while his dexterity in feats of horsemanship excited the admiration of his English guests, his skill in playing on the clavicorde and the lute no less delighted his bride, who, as an old chronicler states, had great pleasure for to here him.

Meantime, neither cost nor labor was spared in the preparations for the progress to Holyrood. The king, who loved magnificence and display, was not likely to permit any deficiency in the pomp and circumstance requisite on an occasion so remarkable. He was too much beloved by his subjects also to find it a matter of difficulty to exhibit a degree of grandeur worthy of the alliance about to be completed.

Early in the morning of the 6th of August the Marchmont herald and his pursuivant, habited in their singular official costume, dashed through the city gate, and pulled up their spirited horses at the shop of our burly friend, Walter Turnbull, the lorimer. The herald, who was in evident haste, threw himself from his horse, and entered the house, remained for about ten minutes with the armorer, and then took his departure toward the castle, urging his steed up the street as rapidly as its already extremely crowded condition rendered possible.

He had no sooner disappeared than Walter Turnbull, who had dutifully attended so important a personage to the door, hastily entered his shop or armory, and passing into the inner apartment, stood before his daughter, who was busily occupied in some arrangements for the morning repast.

'Alice, my hair,' said the armorer, with troubled expression of face, 'the king's highness has sent me a message by the Marchmont herald which is passing strange.'

'Father!' exclaimed Alice, with an expression of surprise, which, if not real, was not unsuccessfully imitated; and then she added, in a satisfied tone, 'More armor doubtless, father; I am glad—'

'It is no ancient armor, Alice,' interrupted her father, 'but thee, that the herald came. Gude forefend that evil come not o' it!'

'Me!' exclaimed Alice, with great apparent astonishment.

'Ay, Alice thee, even thee,' returned her father. 'But, in sooth, time presses, and I maun tell thee, my bairn. Weel, ye ken, that on the morn the princess will mak' her progress into the city, and his highness the king is minded till amuse the royal lady on the way frae the Castle o' Dalkeith.'

'I have heard of the purpose of our gracious king, father,' said Alice.

'What? about yourself, Alice?' asked the armorer, in great astonishment.

'About the purpose to amuse the princess by the way,' replied the maiden, quietly; 'but—'

'But—but—hear me, Alice!' said the armorer, with some irritation of manner. 'Beside the hunting o' one stag, his highness maun ha'e one romance o' chivalry. There's to be a young damsel, wha's to be run awa' wi', and then rescued by one knight, and carried awa' agin till a place o' safety, ye ken; and this is to be enacted as one play and meikle to the delectation o' the princess, doubtless; but, Alice the strange pair o' the story is, that the king will ha'e it that yourself's to be the distressed damsel!'

'The distressed damsel!' cried Alice, in well-feigned surprise; 'me the distressed damsel! I'll be nothing of the kind; me, indeed!'

'But ye ken,' argued the lorimer, 'it's no like as if ony ordinary body was axing; it's the king himself, ye see, lassie; ay, an' the king'll ha'e to be obeyit, come what may o' it.'

Alice now appeared more attentive; and her father proceeded to explain to her the details of the arrangement, of which the herald had hastily informed him. He informed her that the king having resolved to amuse the English princess as much as possible, would have Alice, as one of the prettiest girls in the city—for he had seen her often—personate one of the principal characters in the little romance to be performed. She was required, he told her, to personate a lady passing through the country on a journey, accompanied by one or two other damsels; that at a certain part of the road she and her companions should be set upon by some pretended robbers, who should appear to run off with them into the forest, and that, as they were so carrying them away, a knight-errant whose duty it was to rescue distressed ladies, should pursue the ravishers, and snatch the captives out of their hands, and carry them away in safety to the presence of the princess. He further informed her, that the whole pageant would doubtless be of much grandeur, and that he himself would take care to be at hand, although, as for any aid, it would be all unnece-

sary, inasmuch as the whole affair was a mere dramatic representation, for the amusement and solace of the royal lady so soon to be Queen of Scotland.

Alice had innumerable scruples to be overcome, although, not at her father's, she had, in her own little dormitory, been busily engaged in selecting some apparel befitting the part she had resolved to take in the simple drama to be performed. This, however, for some wise reasons of her own, she did not think it requisite to mention to the armorer, whose prejudices and suspicions, if once awakened, might, she justly supposed, prove fatal to her lover's project, whatever it might be; and of the nature of that project she could not help having a certain vague suspicion, which originated a smile on her dimpled cheek, and set her heart beating, she knew not wherefore. So unwilling did she seem to engage in the affair, that her father afraid of giving offense to his royal patron, at length consented to the entreaty she had made at once to the proposal. At last, lest she should carry her opposition too far, and so defeat her own secret wishes, she, with apparent reluctance, consented to the request preferred to her, and set about making her arrangements for the following day's exhibition.

CHAPTER IV.

The 7th day of August dawned propitiously for the great pageant which the Scottish capital was to witness; and the most ardent admirer of pomp and display could have desired no finer weather. As the sun arose in the heavens, they became covered here and there with fleecy clouds, floating high in the atmosphere, and, by causing alternate sunshine and shadow as they swept slowly on before a soft westerly breeze, adding greatly to the beauty of the scene. At that period of our national history, a great portion of the fine country lying between Edinburgh and the Castle of Dalkeith was almost entirely covered with woods, in the fastnesses of which lurked the wild bear and the wolf, and through whose glades roamed the fierce breed of white cattle peculiar to the ancient forests of Caledonia, as well as numerous herds of deer, now found in a wild state only in the thinly-peopled districts of the Highlands. These primitive forests, planted by nature's own hand, still reached within a short distance of the capital itself, and the quaint description of Balenden, in reference to the state of the country in general, and the immediate vicinity of the Castle of Edinburgh in particular, was still in a great measure applicable to it at the era of our story. "At this time,"—we quote the exact words of the old writer, and his strange old-world spelling—"at this time all the boundries of Scotland wer full of woddis, besouris, and meddis. For the contrie was more full of bestial than any production of corays. And about this castell was one grei forest full of martis, hyndis, toddis, and sickle manner of beistes." What a contrast with the present age, in which these gloomy forests have been changed into richly cultivated fields, extending many miles in every direction!

On the eventful day we are now referring to, these ancient forests exhibited much of that variety of tint which in autumn adds so vastly to the charms of woodland scenery, while the soft west wind, blowing on the hills of Pentland, the sunny aspect of the day, the bright stream of the Esk—unobscured by dye-works—which flowed on beneath the "Lion's Den," as Marston's stronghold was called, were all circumstances which augured well for the day's pageant.

Early in the morning a gallant company had assembled around the walls of the old fortress which then occupied the site of the modern mansion of the Dukes of Buccleuch. There were numerous persons of rank present—the Earl of Surrey, and many of the English nobility; the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Durham, the Abbot of Holyrood, the Prior of Coldingham, and other persons of distinction in the Church of Scotland as well as that of England. They were all richly habited, and some, as if anticipating the tournament which was to be held, were clad in magnificent suits of armor, among whom were the Earl of Surrey and the Prior of Coldingham. Each of these, and other distinguished persons present, had his own immediate retainers and servants around him; in addition to whom was a fine company of English soldiers, on magnificent chargers, and clad in complete suits of steel. The banners of England and Scotland waved from the turrets of the fortress and from the ranks of the soldiers below, and the whole scene was animated and cheerful in the highest degree. No sooner had all the company assembled, than the Princess Margaret, accompanied by the Countess of Surrey, and a large number of noble ladies, issued from the gate. The royal bride was richly arrayed. Her gown was of cloth-of-gold, with a purple of black velvet, and she wore a collar or necklace of pearls and precious stones. Having entered her litter, the procession formed, and proceeded toward the city, moving from the gate of the castle, past the Collegiate Church, and thence over the ancient bridge across the Esk, from which the narrow road led, through the wooded country, towards the capital. As the gay company passed on, the woods echoed the sounds of the trumpets, which ever and anon announced the joyous character of the procession by bursts of martial melody.

Not long after the bridal procession quitted the Castle of Dalkeith, the king issued from Holyrood, and accompanied by a large retinue of noblemen, took his way to meet his royal bride. His majesty rode a magnificent bar charger, covered with trappings of gold. He was himself habited in a manner befitting the joyous occasion. His jacket, according to the account still extant, was of cloth-of-gold, his doublet of violet-colored satin, his hose of scarlet, and his shirt was embroidered with pearls. The king, accompanied by his gay retinue, rode rapidly forward, "reunintz," as the quaint annalist says "as he wolde renne after the hayre." On meeting the princess, which he did about half way, he alighted from his horse, and having gallantly saluted his fair bride, invited her to sit behind him on his steed. This was an arrangement, however, to which the

stead, accustomed to carry double, could not be brought to submit, and the king at length found it necessary to mount the princess's own palfrey, when the princess with much good-humor, took her seat behind him, and the cavalcade resumed their march. After journeying about a mile further, they arrived at the higher grounds about two miles to the south of the capital, from which a fine view of the castle and city could be obtained. Here a pavilion had been erected in a meadow sloping gently toward a brook, and surrounded with trees, where some refreshment had been prepared. Here a stag, which had been taken for the purpose, was let loose, and as it fled down an opening in the wood, several well-mounted huntsmen, sounding their bugles, started in pursuit, with their hounds, the course they took being such that, in the position in which the royal pair stood, the hunt could be witnessed distinctly for a considerable time.

The king and the princess stood for some time in front of the pavilion, enjoying the loveliness of the scenery, when the attention of the latter was attracted by an unexpected incident.

About a hundred yards from the front of the royal pavilion was an opening into the forest, and as the princess gazed after the distant hunt, three figures emerged from among the trees as if to pursue their way toward that point. They were young girls, tastefully habited as shepherdesses. They stopped for an instant as if startled by the sight of the gay company in whose vicinity they had suddenly found themselves, and then hastened, as if in terror, across the little plain, toward the path leading into the woods. The princess had already noticed them, and was in the act of pointing them out to the king, when several horsemen, clad in armor dashed from among the trees, with the evident purpose of seizing upon the terrified fugitives. Two of them escaped among the trees, pursued by the horsemen, the third was made prisoner, and after much resistance, the captor raised her before him on the saddle, and putting spurs to his horse, dashed across the plain.

'By my halidome!' exclaimed the king, 'the knave will run away with the damsel before our eyes!' Herbert Seton, brave knights and gentlemen, to the rescue—to the rescue!

The summons had been scarcely uttered when half-dozen horsemen leaped into their saddles to pursue the ravisher. A cavalier, however, had already started on the gallant enterprise. He was mounted on a superb black horse, and clad in armor, with his spear in rest; he dashed after the fugitive, and closed with him, almost before another horseman had joined in the pursuit. A loud acclamation from the bystanders expressed their satisfaction, and the strange horseman still bearing the apparently fainting figure of the shepherdess, finding he could not escape, turned his horse, and having recrossed the plain, and arrived opposite the royal pavilion, wheeled round and confronted his pursuers.

At this moment, a herald galloped in front of the king's tent, and, having sounded his bugle, declared it to be his highness's pleasure that a combat should take place, and that the victor should be entitled to carry off the shepherdess, of whom his majesty would in the mean time take charge. This announcement appears to give great satisfaction to all parties. The damsel who was the object of the contest was permitted to descend from her captor's charger, and she was led with all deference to the royal pavilion. The king had already explained to the princess, who had at first been somewhat alarmed as well as surprised, that what she witnessed was but a simple dramatic representation of a romance of chivalry. She therefore entered with great spirit into the amusement, and was prepared to receive the maiden with great kindness and courtesy.

'A right fair and gentle damsel!' she said to the king, as the maiden, whom the reader will recognize as Alice Turnbull, was conducted to her presence; an encomium in which his majesty might readily have joined, as the armorer's daughter drew near, in her picturesque costume, her face radiant with blushes, and her hair, in rich profusion, clustering over her shoulders. 'Maiden,' said the princess, addressing Alice, who stood before her, 'thou hast acted passing well! Thou art of the band of players, it seemeth; although I remember not to have seen thee heretofore.'

'May it please your grace,' said Alice, with a low curtsey, 'I am not of the band of players. I only came hither at my father's desire.'

'Verily, then, fair maiden,' added the princess, with a kind smile, 'thou hast all the more merit.'

While the princess continued to address herself with great affability to Alice, with whose modest demeanor and good sense she was much pleased, the heralds were busily occupied, under the king's direction, in making preparations for the encounter which was about to take place. The centre part of the little plain in front of the royal pavilion was cleared in a few minutes, and the spectators, some on horseback, others on foot, including a considerable number of persons from the city, were all arranged in a circle of about two hundred yards in diameter. The combatants were placed one at each side. They were completely armed, but their weapons were such as were used only on the occasion of a tournament, it being a mere trial of skill, without any purpose of inflicting injury. While the preliminaries were being arranged, the king mounted his charger, and amused himself by galloping round the lists, accompanied by Lord Surrey and the Prior of Coldingham. As he did so, his eye fell on the burly figure of Walter Turnbull, who stood in the crowd by the side of his friend Leonard Logy, a greatly interested spectator, and as may be presumed, both from his own calling and habits as well as from the singular part he had been unwillingly compelled to permit his daughter to act on the occasion. The king immediately beckoned to the armorer, who entered the lists, cup in hand, and his majesty, riding apart from the crowd, addressed him:

'Good Walter,' he said, with a smile, 'thou art an obedient and loyal subject, as well as a right skilful lorimer. And what thinkest thou of these two knights?'

'May it please your highness,' answered Walter Turnbull, 'their visors being closed, I ken not wha they be; but they be baith stalwart chiefs, I wot, and ought to do battle weel.'

'He of the black charger wears thy own armor, Walter,' added the king; and as he is the champion of thy fair child, methinks he will prove not unworthy of his cause.'

'Tis but a play,' added the lorimer, 'an it please your

highness; and to me it is of sma' concernment which o' the twa win the fight.

'Nay,' said the king, laughing, 'nay, good Wattie, what is begun in jest often endeth in earnest. What if one of the knights should claim the fair damsel as his own?' Walter Turnbull was silent. 'Ah!' continued the king, archly, 'I forgot! Didst thou not resolve never to wed thy daughter, save to some wild Borderer like thyself, eh?'

The armorer was struck dumb with astonishment; he could not conceive how the king had heard of his expressions, and, in the utmost confusion, he vainly endeavored to say something in explanation.

'Kings have long ears, as well as long hands, good Wattie,' said the kind monarch, with a laugh; 'but haste thee! See, yonder is Mistress Alice hard by the pavilion. Hie thee to thy daughter; we will have speech of thee anon.'

Every thing had now been arranged to the satisfaction of the heralds, who, with sound of trumpet, proclaimed that the combat was about to commence, reciting at the same time the cause of the quarrel thus about to be brought to the test of battle. His majesty retired to the front of his pavilion, where the princess was seated, as the Queen of the Tournament, surrounded by a brilliant company of 'noble lords and ladies gay.' The two horsemen were objects of high interest to all the spectators, not only because their names and rank were unknown, save to a few, but on account of their personal qualifications, and the martial skill they were understood to possess. The cavalier who had carried off the fair Alice was clad in a shining suit of steel, and wore on his morion a plume of black feathers; the champion of the damsel likewise wore a suit of steel armor, but it was much richer than that of his adversary being inlaid with gold, his plume was white, and his face figure as well as the extraordinary ease with which he managed his magnificent black charger, raised the expectations of the crowd to the highest pitch, and, notwithstanding the noble bearing of his opponent, and the beauty of the bay steed he nestrade, made him the favorite.

The ceremonials practiced on the occasion either of a tournament or of an equestrian combat of a serious character, are sufficiently known to render a minute description unnecessary. Let it suffice to say, that the combatants, having paid the homage to the princess, who had been enthroned, as already stated, as the 'Queen of Love and Beauty,' took their stations at opposite extremities of the arena prepared for them, and awaited the signal of attack. The instant it was given, they dashed forward at full speed, with their lances in rest, and met in the centre of the lists. Both knights had their weapons shivered by the force of the encounter, and the black horse was thrown upon his haunches. The riders nevertheless maintained their seats, exhibiting equally admirable skill in horsemanship. They again careered round the lists, and, taking their positions as before, were supplied with new spears, when the trumpet once more sounded, and they rushed forward to the encounter. The result was very different on this occasion from what it had previously been: the knight on the black horse, with wonderfuladroitness, evaded the spear of his adversary, which had been aimed at his breast, while his own lance took effect on his opponent's throat and hurled him in an instant from the saddle. The knight of the white plume instantly threw himself from his charger, and, drawing his sword, stood over the prostrate body of his foe, who lay insensible on the greensward. Placing his foot upon the breast of the antagonist, he called on him to yield, and, no reply being returned, the battle was declared at an end, and the champion saluted with loud acclamations as the victor. The fallen knight was found to be merely stunned by the shock he had sustained, and the conqueror, amidst the plaudits of the spectators, drew near the throne of the Princess Margaret, as if to claim the prize.

'Fairly fought, by St Andrew!' exclaimed King James, 'and fairly won! May it please your majesty,' he added, addressing the princess in her character of the Queen of Love and Beauty, 'this valiant champion hath fairly sustained the cause of the distressed damsel. It remains to be considered whether he be not fully entitled to carry off his prize.'

'Damsel,' said the princess, addressing Alice, with a smile, 'thou hearest what his highness hath spoken; what sayest thou to this victorious champion of thine?'

Alice, however, could not for worlds have uttered a sentence, overpowered as she was by a conflict of emotions. The king perceived her agitation, and gallantly came to the rescue.

'Walter Turnbull,' said he, addressing the armorer, who stood uncovered beside his daughter, 'our fair young friend can not reply to the critical inquiry that hath been put, canst thou not find a tongue, man? What sayest thou? Shall this gallant youth carry off the fair prize his sword hath so well won?'

'An it please your highnesses,' replied the lorimer, 'the youth is brave; he is a good lance; I warrant me there is no better horseman among the borderers. Please your highness, though we have peace, I would my child had a gallant arm and a brave heart to shield her in the hour of peril! Yet I know not the youth; and to my Alice he is alike unknown. We are pleased, my liege, to have obeyed the command given us; we will now wend our way homewards.'

'Nay, nay, good Wattie,' responded the good-humored monarch, 'thou mayest not leave our presence quite so fast, unless, indeed thy fair daughter refuse to be her gallant champion's prize. But he must raise his vizor that she may discover whether she hath ever before seen her deliverer. Come hither, gallant cavalier,' said the king: 'down on thy knees, and receive the reward of valor.'

The champion approached the king, and knelt on the grass. His majesty drew his rapier, and struck him on the shoulder, with the exclamation, 'Arise, Sir Gilbert Lynton!'

Language can not describe the amazement of the armorer as he heard these words, and beheld the countenance of Gilbert Lynton, who raised his vizor as he sprung from the ground to make his obsequance to the king and the princess.

Neither is it possible to depict the varied expressions of poor Alice's countenance as the pallor by which it had been overspread gave way to the roseate blush of love and modesty.

'Now fair Mistress Alice,' said the king, 'it but remains for thee to speak. Is this gallant knight to despair, or is he to possess what his spear hath so fairly earned?' Alice made no reply, and the king continued. 'Walter Turnbull, Sir Gilbert loves thy fair daughter, and, if I err not, he does not love in vain. With thy leave, we will make them happy. Thy wish is fulfilled. We have presented him with a fair domain on thy favorite Borders, where his sword will not discredit his prince's favour, and now we will give him a bride, for on this happy day we would that some of our subjects were as happy as their prince.'

As he concluded, the kind-hearted king took Alice's hand and placed it in that of Sir Gilbert Lynton's; and the honest armorer, with tears in his eyes, expressed his hearty concurrence, by shaking his future son-in-law by the hand. 'Man,' he said, 'Sir Gilbert, ye ha'e done weel. For gie my doubts—ye'll do credit to our Borders yet, ay, an' ye shall ha'e the best suit o' Milan armor I can get ye.'

Our tale is told. The following day the king's marriage took place with great pomp in the chapel of Holyrood Abbey. The august ceremony was performed by the Arch-bishop of Glasgow, and on the same evening Sir Gilbert Lynton and the lovely Alice Turnbull were united at the king's request by the Prior of Coldingham.

From such scenes of national joy and domestic happiness it is painful to turn to the events which quickly succeeded. A few years more, and James IV., who, although rash and impetuous, was brave, noble, and magnanimous, led his army into England, where on the field of battle he met the gallant Earl of Surrey, so recently his friend and guest in Scotland. Among the many brave and devoted men who followed their chivalrous prince to Flodden, were Sir Gilbert Lynton and Walter Turnbull, the former: they never returned from that fatal plain; they fell near their sovereign, fighting side by side with the Prior of Coldingham, and they are among the brave.

'Whom plature by
In Scotland mortuus as 'wede away.'

SWITZERLAND.

A delightful day's ride is that from Lucerne to Interlaken. Our route was long the margin of Lake Lucerne through the pastoral valley of Sarne—luxuriant, well cultivated and sunny—where the purple tinted snow peaks of the Jungfrau chain peep over to startle the traveller with their contrasts. Here commences the pass of the Brunig—a carriage road lately completed, whose substantial walls of masonry, solid guards of stone, smooth macadamized track, evenly paved gutters, though over a mountain nearly 4000 feet high, put to shame the best of our city streets. At its summit one of the loveliest scenes of the Swiss mountain passes opens to view—the beautiful sheltered valley of Hasle, with the gray waters of the river Aar winding their way through its centre to Lake Brienz and in the background the silvery summits of the Wetterhorn, Elger and Faulhorn, and more near Meyringen and the cascade of Heichenlack. An hour's sail across Lake Brienz and we are at Interlaken, the favorite summer resort of Americans and English.

On the borders of the 'soft rushing Aar' in the Bernese Oberland lies Interlaken, a connecting link between Lakes Brienz and Thun, just where the level meadow spreads to the width of two miles or more, and is covered with orchards and avenues of huge walnut trees, bright fields and clusters of white houses—an emerald set in garnets and rubies with a circle of opals and pearls about the whole. The mountains of the inner chain which encircle the rich meadow are green and wooded to their summits, while between the gaps of the circle are the snowy opalescent tips of the Monk, the Silverhorn and 'the Jungfrau veiled since eternity,' their hues changing in the sun like those of a fine opal, clear, but not transparent, silver and purple and gold mingling together with inimitable effect. Who that has seen these sunlit snowpeaks of the Alps will not recall this appearance, in a measure hazy and unreal in the distance, but yet definite and brilliant.

One of the most interesting of the many excursions from Interlaken is that to the valley of Grindewald, a rich green glen, warm and sunny, where between the ragged sides of the Elger, the Schreckhorn and the Wetterhorn, the highest of the Bernese Alps, 'whose sermons are avalanches,' extend into close proximity with cultivated fields the two glaciers of Grindewald. A strange sight in the middle of August—these immense unyielding masses of ice thus edged with green pastures.

A few hours by steamer across one of the loveliest of the Swiss lakes, Lake Thun—thence by rail, brings us to Bern, the Swiss Capital, a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, located in one of the finest agricultural regions of Switzerland, as well as one abounding in noble natural scenery. Noticeable peculiarity of this city are the sewers, or rather canals of fresh running water from the river Aar, which about three quarters encircle the town, that are conveyed through the centres of the streets, generally open to the view, while in the same line are the street lamp posts. I might devote a whole letter to Bern—its municipal bears—its well kept hotel, the Berner Hof—its bountiful supply of fountains—its tasteful, pleasant environs and especially to the festivities and gayeties of the first Sunday of our visit there, a sort of national anniversary.

In Lausanne, our chamber at Hotel Gibbon, overlooked the garden where Gibbon, as he himself says, 'on the night of 27th June, 1787, between the hours of 11 and 12 wrote the last line of the last page' of his world-famous history; and it commanded also a view of the incomparable landscape—Lake Leman.

'Blue as a sapphire stone, and richly set
With chateaux, villages and village spires,
Orchards and vineyards, Alps and Alpine snows.'

It is a city of 18,000 inhabitants, built on the rugged ravine furrowed sides of Mount Jorat—a location scarcely equalled for picturesque effect—its unevenness recalling to mind the city of Edinburgh.

From Villeneuve, at the head of Lake Leman to Geneva, a distance of 54 miles, a steamer bears the traveller through a region of almost classic interest. Byron has made a vivid and noble picture of Lake Leman, and given it a local habitation in the imagination of thousands who have never seen it; Leman, placid and clear as crystal, breathing a living fragrance from its shore, and again in storm and darkness when

'From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.'

Rousseau makes its shores the site of his Nouvelle Heloise—the home of his Julia, his Claire and his St. Preux. Voltaire glories in it as 'the first of lakes,' and our own Cooper, in his Headsman of Bern, has described in the most effective manner the grandeur and terror of a storm among its mountains and waters—the first profound and ominous stillness—the terrific rushing and wheeling of the clouds among the Alps, and then the view of the lake at sunset as the day disappears, a picture with all the glowing colors, and wonderful detail and minuteness of one of Claude's landscapes. On the southern or Savoy side of the lake, extending to the very water's edge in an almost unbroken line from the gorge where the Rhone dashes into the lake all the way to Geneva; at the other extremity, where it makes its exit, is a sublime boundary of rocks, while beyond them in the intervals, the snowy peaks and needles of the Alps shoot up into the clouds. On the other shore, the mountains fall back in gentle slopes, and for the whole length of the lake afford a succession of picturesque towns and villas, and luxuriant fields and vineyards. Villeneuve, and near by the renowned castle of Chillon, where in the 16th century Bonneval, a political prisoner, for whose romantic story Byron has wrought a perpetuity of fame, paced away so many hours of darkness; Clarens, whose

'Sound and sense and sight of sweetness.'

Rousseau has so sentimentally mingled in his 'Heloise,' and Montreux and Vevey, all famous the world over for the charm of their scenery—cluster together at the north-eastern extremity within an hour and a half's sail of each other by steamer.

As we approached Geneva the clouds opened and disclosed the summit of it. Blanc, resplendent with the glory of departing day, soaring into the sky far away above the point where we had long looked to see it; and soon after at the moment of our landing, the city and lake, with the hills that wall its sides, where sombre and dark in the shades of evening, while the summits and whole upper air and sky were bathed in most gorgeous splendour by the rays of the sun, which had fallen behind the range—a sight by which travellers on the Alpine lakes at close of day are so often attracted.

Geneva has a fame on our side of the Atlantic as the city of watches and jewelry, as well as from the remarkable beauty of its location. The thrift, industry and commercial shrewdness of its present population give it note perhaps as extensive as the deeds and thoughts of the great men who have lived and died in it. Here John Calvin died. The home where he lived in 1564, we found occupied by Catholic Sisters of Charity. One might suppose that the ghost of the stern preacher, who pursued during his life with such severity every difference of religious belief, would revisit his old home with righteous indignation at its occupation by the representatives of a sect whom he denounced so zealously. The simple letters J. C. mark his grave in the cemetery. Not far from Calvin's house is the house where that strange philosopher, 'wild Rousseau,' first saw the light, and one of the most attractive spots about the city is the little island bearing his name in the centre of the river, conspicuous with its tall poplars and the bronze monument of his memory. In the environs of the city is Ferney, 20 years the residence of Voltaire and 'Maison Deodate,' the house where Milton sojourned, and where Byron wrote Manfred, and the famed 3d Canto of Childe Harold; and the touching history of Josephine gives the villa occupied by her after her divorce a living interest. John Knox, Madame de Stael, Sismondi, passed a portion of their lives here. Sir Humphrey Davy lies buried in the cemetery here, and D'Aubigne, whose history of the Reformation has won for him a name on our side the water, still lives and preaches here.

An English lady, Miss Hale, is about to erect a convent on her estate at Canterbury. The site marked out for the enterprise is thirty acres in extent, and an architect is engaged upon the plans. The cost will be over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Miss Hale has for some time been in a French Convent.

—HOW TO CURE BLUSHING.—Blushing results from extreme sensitiveness, and may generally be traced to a highly nervous organization, not sufficiently denuded by contact with the world. Get about, mix in society, assert your independence, stimulate your organ of self-esteem, and; in addition, have plenty of fresh air, exercise, and cold water, and you will soon get the better of the affection.

TEMPERATE SMOKING.—When William Penn remonstrated with his friend James Richards against his intemperate smoking, James said he smoked only once before breakfast and once after; once before dinner and once after; once before supper and once after, and once before going to bed. 'Well, James,' said Penn, 'what does thee call intemperate smoking?' James replied, 'When I smoke two pipes at once.'

—HOW TO MAKE A HUSBAND DIE EASY.—The husband of a buxom wife, near Exeter, England, had long been dying, and at length one of the clergymen of the parish, making one of his daily visits, found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving her account of her spouse's last moments, told him her poor dear man kept groaning, and groaning, but could not die. 'At last, she said, "I recollected that I had got a new piece of tape in the drawer, and so I took some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and, poor dear, he went off like a lamb."

A FRAGMENT.

In foro conscientie.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEBECH.

I listen, but I hear no sounds;
My thoughts are far away.
To me the lights are dull and dead;
I hear no music play.

The soft-voiced flute and deep bassoon
Make harmony complete;
But what are mellow sounds to me?
I hear my wild heart beat.

Sweet flowers in the marble hall
Give out their honey breath:
But I am crushing in my hand
A red-rose bud to death.

I smile, and dance, or even sing,
Can it be all a dream?
And is the woman's nature sunk
Into the thing I seem?

The wine is blood, the jests are bold;
Men are but shadows here,
And every woman's smile to me
But glassos o'er a snoor.

I see a form, I hear a voice—
Its tones are low and sad:
Drown it, ye viols and bassoons,
Or it will drive me mad!

Poor heart! I know I sold your throbs,
Yet do not beat so fast.
One offered love, and one much gold—
O God! I chose the last!

But I am punished. All my hopes,
So sweet, forever fled,
And doomed, like ghosts, to walk apart
In places for the dead.

O years! leap back, and let me stand
In my gay girlhood free;
Or, sea, roll o'er the reeking land,
And swallow it and me!

[New York Home Journal.]

WILD MUSIC.

A tune that keeps no earthly time or measure,
Rising and falling at the wind's wild pleasure;
Now quick in haste, now slow in languid leisure.

But always very musically sweet,
And always sad. No little childish feet
To its soft cadence dance along the street;

No little childish voice breaks into singing,
By a glad impulse like a wild bird flinging
An echo to the sound the wind is bringing.

Rather the child, although scarcely knowing why,
Hearing this music, passes slowly by,
And breathes its fear and wonder in a sigh.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND ITEMS.

The "Canada Gazette" contains a notice to the effect, that in accordance with an order in Council, dated 19th Nov., 1863, all deposits of public moneys throughout the Province, on and after the 1st January, 1864, must be paid into the Bank of Montreal or its agencies.

The appointment of Sir John Lawrence to the important post of Governor General of India, is confirmed as a fact. But up to the time of sending this column to press, the report of Lord Elgin's death (as far as definite intelligence received here is concerned) can only be looked upon as highly probable, yet not absolutely certain.

The report is since confirmed. Lord Elgin died on Nov. 20th.

An exchange says that "bogus half-dollars are in vogue in Kingston." The literal truth of the statement is rather questionable, we should think.

The complaints of the American papers are loud and long about the tremendous cost and inefficient performance of the "Monitors," as they are called. Some declare them to be fully as dangerous to friends as to foes, to the crews on board of them as to the enemy they are to fight. The fatality attending the loss of the Weebawken, which went down at once like a shot, and "sank like lead in the mighty waters," is much commented upon.

The breech-loading Armstrong gun is denounced in England as a failure. At the bombardment of Kagosima, in Japan, lately, it was found that the vent piece of the breech flew out, and lead in strips and pieces was blown from the gun—not towards the enemy, but amongst the gunners. Great loss of life and limb is said to have occurred in this way.—The Army and Navy Gazette says that the gun is, after this experience, inadmissible for use on board ship, though it may be made to serve on stone walls and on land.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley is about to publish "A History of England for Boys." Goldsmith has had a long reign in this department; but the friends of the able and

fluent apostle of "muscular Christianity" are confident that the historian of this century will succeed in the attempt to dethrone him of the last.

A recent European paragraph says that Fould's financial statement shows that accumulated deficits now reach to 972,000,000*fr.*, and a loan of 300,000,000*fr.* is proposed. Mexican expenses, it is added, during the year, will reach 210,000,000*fr.* Rather an unsatisfactory feature in the French budget, and one which the *Times* takes particular note of, is the large amount of the floating or unfunded debt. Taking the burdensome and peculiarly *unmanageable* character of a large floating national debt into account, the London financiers argue that if Fould and his Imperial master allow the large amount spoken of (equal to about £40,000,000 sterling) to remain unfunded, it is because they are unable to effect its transfer to the category of funded or more permanent debt. The gravity of the circumstance will be better appreciated if we reflect on the fact stated by the *Times*, that the unfunded debt of England is but £16,000,000, and that its reaching the magnitude of £20,000,000, would be regarded as an intolerable instance of incapacity and mismanagement on the part of the government. Doubtless the financial aspect of the "European Question" is not the least weighty of the considerations which move the mind of that remarkable man—extraordinary both in character and in circumstances—whose secret determinations are by many looked upon as equivalent almost to a record in advance of what must surely come to pass.

A recent circular of Messrs. Neill, Brothers & Co., of London and Manchester, gives warning of a cotton crisis as something certain to occur ere another year be past. The opinion is given that the present extremely high price of cotton is artificial and unwarranted by the facts of the case; and that a collapse among those who hold it for a rise is inevitable ere long. A fact of such importance to the commercial world, and which has before now been urged upon the attention of the country, is reiterated in this circular, viz.: that whereas the American States virtually took manufactured goods in exchange for their cotton, the barbarous or semi-barbarous peoples from whom England is now purchasing, take little else than the precious metals. The difference to the industry of England is so important to be long without visible effect on the same, in all its branches. In all human probability, cotton is destined to fall plumb down from its present pinnacle height of price; and the circular but draws attention to what, in the judgment of reflecting men, must be considered as very near at hand. The failure of the American supply has created a vacuum; and other textile materials, as well as cotton itself from other sources, are forced forward by an immense pressure to fill up the void. That violent and unnaturally extended oscillations in particular departments of trade and commerce, are apt to be quickly compensated by corresponding departures from the normal state of things in the opposite direction, is no new doctrine; and the cheapness of cotton may ere long furnish as much matter for remark as its present dearth.

Toronto is at present remarkable as a city of "crown's quest law," with an extreme paucity of definitely ascertained fact for the result. Four inquests going on at about one and the same time, are too much of that sort of thing even for Toronto, we should say.

TO OUR GUELPH PATRONS.—Some time ago, Mr. Anglim succeeded to the business formerly carried on by Mr. Miller, who had acted as our agent in Guelph, to the satisfaction, we believe, of our readers in that place as well as ourselves. Mr. Anglim, for what reason we know not, plants himself in an obstructive attitude between us and our Guelph readers, and refuses to take the News from us, or to supply it to them. We expect to survive even the crushing effects of his displeasure. We are sorry for the inconvenience to which those of our Guelph readers who have been in the habit of getting the paper from the bookstore have been already subjected, by Mr. Anglim's capricious development of the faculty of obstructiveness. We are pleased, however, to inform them, that as there is a strong probability of Mr. Miller's shortly resuming business in their town, they will be likely soon to find the *Illustrated News* regularly on his counter as before.

A. S. IRVING, King Street, Toronto (a little east from Yonge Street), has on hand a large and varied assortment of Albums, Diaries for 1864, Books suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents, and everything in that line. What he has is of the newest, and in the very fashion of the time.

News Summary.

CANADIAN.

The *Globe* has advices from a correspondent at Southampton of a shipwreck on Lake Huron. Between Southampton and Cape Hurd a considerable quantity of stuff has come ashore, such as flour, cranberries, &c. Mr. Donald Macaulay, of Southampton, and his brother, being out in their boat, picked up a cannon, in eight feet water, weighing 4,900*lbs.* They found also two pails, with "Illinois" marked on them. Quantities of various kinds of furniture have also come ashore, and the supposition of course is, that some sailing vessel or steamer has been wrecked in the late gales. The brothers Macaulay having proceeded some distance up the lake shore, a violent gale came on one night at twelve o'clock, and they went down with lights to the shore to secure their boat, when they heard shoutings from the lake. They made all sorts of signals to those from whom the sounds proceeded, to come ashore, but without effect, and the Macaulay's accordingly made their way out through the broken ice with their boat, until they found an Indian boat upset, and clinging to it three men, a woman and three children, who were on the verge of perishing. The sea was rolling over them, and none of them were able to stand on their feet when they were taken into Macaulay's boat. They lost their boat and its cargo, and before getting to shore the Macaulay's lost their boat also, which was dashed against the rock and went down. They got safely on shore the selves, however, along with the Indians whom they had rescued from a watery grave.

It appears from statements in several French Canadian papers, that the steady and continuous drain upon the rural population of Lower Canada has commenced to assume alarming proportions. The *Journal de St. Hyacinthe*, in a recent issue, alludes to the fact of a very large number of active young men leaving that town and the surrounding parishes, in order to obtain, in the United States, a market for their labor.

The *S. Catharines Constitutional* says, that T. C. Street, Esq., M. P. P., for Wolland, has given the princely sum of £2,000 towards the endowment of Huron College.

The London *Prototyp* says:—"We believe we are correct in stating that Mr. Sheriff Glass has received peremptory orders from Quebec to collect the amount for which London is indebted to the Municipal Loan Fund for the years 1859 and 1860. It will be remembered that the writ to collect this amount was placed in the Sheriff's hands as far back as January, 1852. The amount due for the two years, as our readers know, is \$49,359.90. To collect this sum it will require a special rate, including the cost of collection, of nearly twenty cents in the dollar. Add this to the ordinary civic rate of nineteen cents in the dollar, and we have a total of thirty-nine cents in the dollar staring our tax payers in the face. This is the mildest view of the affair. It is well known that the store-keepers on our principal streets already pay taxes, including special rates, as high as twenty-four cents on the dollar. This, added to the special rate to be levied by the Sheriff, would involve a present burden of 44c on the dollar! And then there is the further debt due to the Loan Fund for the years 1861, 1862 and 1863 to be provided for—demanding an additional special rate of at least twenty-five cents on the dollar on the last year's assessment—to say nothing of the vista of taxation the future opens to us."

EUROPEAN.

Fears are entertained that the Atlantic Cable will not be laid next year, as it had been intended it should be, as the many experiments on the different plans in the construction of the cable have consumed much time, and are likely to consume a great deal more before they are done with. It will therefore be impossible for Messrs. Glass, Elliott & Co., the contractors, to complete the whole cable in season to lay it in the summer of next year, and as it can only be laid in the summer, that portion of the work will probably not be laid until the summer of 1865.

The Emperor has made M. Renan a present of one hundred thousand francs, as a mark of the supreme satisfaction he derived from his "Vie de Jesus."

It is said that the Prince of Wales is smoking very far too much for his constitution, that he is seldom without a weed in his mouth, and that the leader in the *Times* on the subject, talking about a "German standard of manners," &c., is said to be leveled entirely at his Royal Highness, who just previously had been smoking a cigar as big as a bowsprit round the Zoological Gardens, a spot where tobacco is strictly tabooed.

The bombardment of Kagosima appears to have given great dissatisfaction in England. Mr. Crawshaw, Mayor of Gatoshead, at a recent civic banquet, declined to propose the toast of the army and navy, on the ground of the late proceedings in Japan.

The Bank of England advanced its rate of interest on Wednesday the 2nd instant, to 7, and on Thursday to 8 per cent, causing much depression in the funds.

The "Vanderbilt" was at Port Lewis, Mauritius, October 5th.

It is reported that the two rains on the Clyde for the rebels were sold to Russia.

Austria and Prussia have agreed to abide by the treaty of 1852 as regards the Crown of Denmark.

Great Britain will advise Denmark to make concessions, and thereby remove all anger and hostilities.

Denmark will regard the entrance of Federal troops into Holstein as a declaration of war. The Federal Diet, however, is not yet determined to carry out the coercive measure.

It is reported an undoubted rain was lately launched at Hull, with steam up, and immediately put to sea with aundry Southern looking gontalouen.

It is also reported that there is danger of complications between France and America, owing to California and Sonora supplying the Mexicans with arms.

There is a doubtful rumour of the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of the Colonies, on account of ill health, and that Earl Clarendon is to succeed him.

The Pope of Rome had received a deputation from the Confederates, who presented letters from Jeff. Davis. It is believed that the reception had no official character, and that the letter was merely complimentary.

A great storm of three days had proved most disastrous to England, both at sea and on land. The damage to property was most extensive, and the coast was strown with wrecks. At Holyhead four bodies floated into the harbour.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

In order to afford our correspondents more time for the examination of Problems, we shall in future insert the solutions once a fortnight, instead of weekly, as heretofore.

TEACHER, Queenston.—We meet your suggestions half-way: to do more would, we believe, be less satisfactory to the majority of those who take any interest in the matter.

ALMA, Brantford.—The best works to consult are Staunton's 'Hand-book' and 'Chess Praxis.'

CHESS PLAYER, Hamilton.—1st. It is impossible to decide. If you do not play 'touch and move,' it is better not to play at all. 2d. The German 'Handbuch,' so far as we can learn, has never been translated into English.

Correct solutions to Problem No. 10 received from "Teacher," Queenston, "J.T." St. Catharines, "Alma," Brantford, and "A.H." Barrie.

The Brantford Chess Club forwarded correct solutions to Problems Nos. 8 and 9, which through inadvertence, were omitted to be noticed previously.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 10.

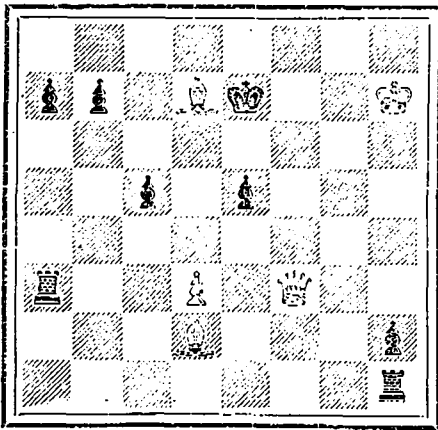
- White. 1. Kt to Q B 5 (ch) 2. Kt at K B 6 to Q 7 (ch) 3. Kt Mates Black. K to K 4 or (a) R takes Kt K to Q 2 (dis ch) K to K 4

PROBLEM No. 11.

BY G. M.

Prize Problem in the Cambridge Tourney, 1890.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

Two move Problems are said to be very much in vogue in England at present. One of the neatest and most difficult we have ever seen is by a Canadian amateur. We give the position as an Enigma.

ENIGMA No. 1.

BY G. G., ST. CATHERINES.



White to play and Mate in two moves.

A finely fought partie between Mr. Anderssen and Mr. A. De Riviere.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

- White—Mr. De R. 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Q B 4 4. Kt to K Kt 5 5. P takes P 6. P to Q 3 7. Kt to K B 3 8. P to Q Kt 4 9. P takes Kt 10. B to Q 2 11. Q Kt takes B 12. Kt to K 5 13. P to K B 4 14. Q Kt to K B 3 15. K to K 2 16. Q R to Q Kt sq (b) 17. Q R to Q Kt 3 18. Q to Q R sq (e) 19. P to K Kt 4 20. Q R takes K P 21. P takes P 22. K R to K Kt sq 23. Q R takes Kt 24. R takes K Kt P (ch) 25. K R to Q B 5 (dis ch) 26. K R takes Q 27. Q Kt to K 4 28. Q Kt to Q 3 29. K to Q 2 30. Q to Q 4 (a) 31. K to Q B 3 32. Q to Q 7 (ch) 33. Kt to K B 4 (ch) 34. Kt takes Q R 35. Q to Q 8 (ch) 36. Q to K B 8 (ch) 37. Q to K 7 (ch) 38. Q takes Q B P 39. K to Q 2 Black—Mr. A. 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. Kt to K B 3 4. P to Q 4 5. Q Kt to Q R 4 6. P to K R 3 7. B to Q 2 8. Q Kt takes B 9. B takes P (ch) 10. B takes P (ch) 11. P to K 5 12. Q to K 2 13. P to K 6 (a) 14. Q to Q Kt 5 (ch) 15. B to K B 4 16. Q to Q R 4 17. Kt to K 5 18. Castles K R 19. B to Q B sq 20. P to K B 4 (d) 21. B takes P 22. Q R to K sq (e) 23. B takes R 24. K takes B (f) 25. K to R 2 26. K R takes P 27. K R to K B 4 28. B takes Q P (dis ch) 29. B to K B 5 30. Q R to K 7 (ch) 31. K R takes Kt 32. K to K 3 33. K to P 2 34. B takes Kt 35. K to B 4 36. K to K 5 37. K to K B 6 38. P to Q Kt 3

And Black resigns, his adversary's last move, rendering it impossible for the Black to be saved.

(a) He might have taken the Pawn in passing, but without any apparent advantage.

- (b) This gains White invaluable time. (c) An all-important step, the full force of which, however, is not apparent at the moment. (d) An ill-judged move, enabling the opponent to bring his Queen and King's Rook into immediate co-operation against the King's stronghold. (e) Kt to K B 3 would have proved a better defence. (f) His only play to avert immediate mate. (g) The sacrifice of the Kt, which appears to have been made under a misconception that he would at once gain a Rook in return by checking at Q 7, might have proved serious to White had the adverse King been less exposed.

A CHAPTER ON HAIR.

The Merchants Magazine collects some curious and interesting facts about hair as an article of traffic. It will astonish most persons to learn the extent to which the hair trade is carried on—to be told, for instance, that the London hair merchants alone import annually no less than five tons. The supply does not depend upon chance clippings. There is a regular hair harvest which can confidently be looked forward to at a particular time; and as there are different markets for black tea and green tea, pale brandy and brown brandy, so there is a light-haired market distinct from the dark-haired.

WHERE THE LIGHT HAIR COMES FROM.

The light hair is exclusively a German production. It is collected by the agents of a Dutch company who visit England yearly for orders. Until about fifty years ago, light hair was esteemed above all others. One peculiar golden tint was so supremely prized, that the dealers only produced it to favorite customers, to whom it was sold at eight shillings an ounce, or nearly double the price of silver.

LIGHT HAIR IN POETRY AND ART.

The rich and silk-like texture of this treasured article had its attractions for poets and artists as well as traders. "Shakespeare especially," says one of our authorities, "seems to have delighted in golden hair." "Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece," as Basso describes Portia in the "Merchant of Venice." Again, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Julia says of Sylvia and herself: "Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow." Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate women.

A similar partiality for this color, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets, old Homer himself for one; and the best painters have seized, with the same instinct, upon golden tresses. A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery, beginning with those glorious studies of heads, the highest ideal of female beauty by such an idealist as Correggio, and with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens—there is not a single black-haired female head among them.

DARK BROWN NOW IN FASHION.

But all this has passed away; the dark brown hair of France now rules the market. It is the opinion of those who have the best right to offer one on such a subject, that the color of the hair of the English people has deepened in tint within the last fifty years, and that this change is owing to the more frequent intermarriages, since the Napoleonic wars, with nations nearer to the sunny south. Whether dark or light, however, the hair purchased by the dealer is so closely scrutinized, that he can discriminate between German and the French article by the smell alone; nay, he even claims the power, "when his nose is in," of distinguishing accurately between the English, the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scotch commodities. The French dealers are said to be able to detect the difference between the hair "raised" in two districts of central France, not many miles apart, by tokens so light as would baffle the most learned of our naturalists and physiologists. The same is true of the fur of foxes and other animals; an expert will tell at a glance in what part of the country the fox was caught.

WHERE BLACK HAIR IS OBTAINED.

Black hair is imported chiefly from Brittany and the south of France, where it is annually collected by the agents of a few wholesale Parisian houses. The average crops—we scorn the imputation of a pun—harvested by these firms amount yearly to upwards of two hundred thousand pounds weight. The price paid for each head of hair ranges from one to five francs, according to its weight and beauty; the former seldom rising above a pound, and seldom falling below twelve ounces. The itinerant dealers are always provided with an extensive assortment of ribbons, silks, laces, haberdashery, and cheap jewelry of various kinds, with which they make their purchase as frequently as with money. They attend all the fairs and merry-makings within their circuit, and the singularity and novelty of their operations are wont to strike travelers more than anything else which meets their notice.

SHEDDING THE GIRLS.

"In various parts of the motley crowd," says one who had stopped to stare his fill at one of the Breton fairs, "there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant girls," who, seem, indeed, to bring the article to market as regularly as peas or cabbage. "They have particularly fine hair," he continues, "and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent. But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls shorn, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men, some women. By the side of the dealers was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown." As far as personal beauty is concerned, the girls do not lose much by losing their hair; for it is the fashion in Brittany to wear a close cap, which entirely prevents any part of the chevelure from being seen, and of course is totally concealed the want of it. The hair thus obtained is transmitted to the wholesale houses, by whom it is dressed,

sorted, and sold to the hair-workers in the chief towns, at about ten francs per pound. The portion of the crop most suitable for perukes is purchased by a particular class of persons, by whom it is cleaned, curled, prepared to a certain stage, and sold at the perukeiers at a greatly advanced price—it may be forty, or it may be eighty francs per pound. Choice heads of hair, like choice old pictures, or choice old china, have, however, no limit to the price they may occasionally command.

FAIR HAIR AND DARK HAIR.

A writer in the Anthropological Review argues that fair-haired women are getting rarer in England than they were formerly, and that this change is the result of "conjugal selection," the men having a decided preference for dark hair. Mrs. Somerville remarked upon this fact some years ago, in her valuable work on "Physical Geography." She was of opinion that fair hair was then much less common among her countrymen and countrywomen than she remembered in her youth.

Dr. John Beddoe took the pains to collect some statistics on this subject. He gives particular respecting the color of the hair and the social condition of 737 women who have come under his observation, in his capacity of physician to the British Royal Infirmary. Of these 737 women the hair of 22 was "red," that of 95 was "fair," that 240 was "brown," and that of 336 was "dark-brown," and that of 33 was "black." Reckoning all the "red," the "fair," and the "brown" as "fair," and only the "dark-brown" and the "black" as "dark," the respective totals were thus nearly equal, being 367 "fair" and 369 "dark." Of the 367 fair-haired women, however, 32 per cent. were single, while of the 369 dark-haired women only 21.5 per cent. were single. It would thus appear that a greater proportion of fair-haired than of dark-haired women "live and die unmarried and without off-spring," and that the increasing prevalence of dark hair in England is due to what—slightly varying the phrase which Dr. Darwin has rendered so familiar—Dr. Beddoe calls "conjugal selection." It should be noted, too, that Dr. Beddoe's figures establish not only that, speaking generally, a dark-haired woman has (at least in the west of England) a much better chance of getting married than a fair-haired woman—the proportion of fair-haired women who fail to find husbands being to that of dark-haired women who similarly fail as three to two—but also that, among dark-haired women themselves the chances of marriage are in proportion to the degree of the darkness of the hair. Thus, of the women with dark-brown hair who came under his observation, 22 per cent. were single, while of the women with black hair only 18 per cent. were so. Dr. Beddoe adds some reasons for supposing that dark hair has been on the increase in England from as far back as the Norman conquest (since which the French and English have mixed to a very considerable extent.)

It has been noticed that dark hair is more common in the Eastern and Middle States of America than in the West, and it is the prevailing color in our Southern States, especially in Louisiana and Mississippi, in which the French element is conspicuous. It is the same in Cuba, which is peopled by the Spanish. In some of the Northern States, where the Swedes, Norwegians, German, and Irish are numerous, fair or light hair prevails, and corresponds with the more exquisite, susceptible, and emotional dispositions found in connection therewith.

THE PANORAMA OF AFRICA.

"But how the dence," asked Matthew Maltboy, "are you, or anybody else, going to paint what has not been discovered?" "Tiffles could hardly suppress a smile at the simplicity of the question. "Why," said he "that's easy enough. Don't all the geographers tell us that the interior of Africa is made up, so far as known, of alternate deserts and jungles, like the patches on a coverlet? Very well. I conform to this general principle of the continent. I put half of the canvas in desert, and the rest in jungle, and I can't be far out of the way. Take the idea?"

"Perfectly," said Matthew Maltboy; "but if you have nothing but alternate deserts and jungles, it strikes me your panorama will be a little monotonous. Perhaps I am wrong." (Maltboy always offered suggestions timidly.)

"I have thought of that, and guarded against it. I shall fill the jungles with animated life—elephants, lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, giraffes, zebras, crocodiles, boa constrictors, and other specimens of natural history indigenous to that delightful region."

"Good!" cried Overtop; "and if you will take a hint from me, you will show your elephants in the act of being caught by natives, or engaged in combats with each other; your lions fighting your tigers or your rhinoceroses; your hippopotamuses engaged in death struggles with your crocodiles; and your boa constrictors gobbling down your natives—or, if that is objectionable on the score of humanity, your monkeys."

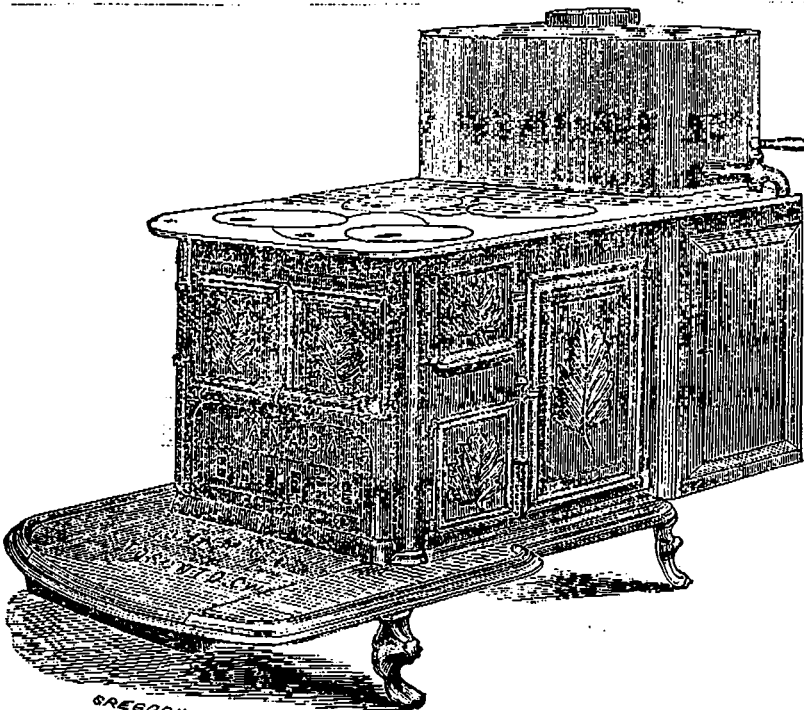
"Thank you for the hint; but the expense and the necessity of completing the panorama at an early day, put it out of the question. To paint accurate representations of these animals engaged in their innocent sports, would occupy the time of a first-class artist for months, and cost an enormous sum."

"Ah, I see, interrupted Overtop, who liked to show that he snatched the meaning; "you will put your animals in recumbent attitudes—sleeping, perhaps, in the depth of jungles, shaded from the fierce rays of the equatorial sun."

"You have guessed it, said Tiffles, with a broad smile. "Most of them will be just there—out of sight. The others will be suggested rather than introduced. Elephants will be signified by their trunks appearing above the tops of the dense overgrowth. Lions, tigers, and other quadrupeds, by the tips of their tails. A boa constrictor will be expressed by a head, a coil, and a bit of tail showing at intervals. The one horn of the rhinoceros will always tell where he is. I shall have two small lakes (they are scarce in Africa) for my hippopotamuses and crocodiles. If they exhibit only small portions of their heads above the surface, that is not my fault. It is the nature of the beasts, you know."

"Ha ha! That is what I call Art concealing Art," said Overtop.

Many men's praying and swearing are pretty much the same: when they pray they think no good, and when they swear they think no harm.



GREGORY & CO.

JOHN MCGEE.

THE "CANADA COOK STOVE," FOR COAL OR WOOD, an original and Patented Stove, got up especially for the City Trade; the most economical and efficient Cook Stove in the Market; it completely takes the place of, and supercedes the other flat-top stoves now in general use. The "Canada" is the best finished and most durable Stove of the day. The "Canada" combines every advantage for cooking ever offered to a stove. The "Canada" will Bake, Broil, Roast Fry, Toast, and prepare every other operation of Cooking at the same time, in the most perfect manner and with the greatest economy in fuel. The "Canada" is neat and substantial in appearance, and operates with success every time.

The Canada is Warranted.

TORONTO, November, 1863.

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Manufacturers and Importers of
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MONTREAL.

Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Canes, Fans, Dressing Cases, Paper-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c.
Montreal, January 24, 1863.



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FUMIVORE COAL OIL LAMP.
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Opposite American Hotel.

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HAMILTON, C.W.

Agent for TORONTO STEAM DYE WORKS, Steam
for Braiding and Embroidering.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
HAMILTON, C. W.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor
THIS subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King Street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation and conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province. His long experience in the business of hotel keeping will, he trusts, secure to him a share of that patronage which he has enjoyed for so many years.
The locality of the International Hotel—situated in the centre of the business portion of the city—is of itself a flattering recommendation, and in conjunction with other more substantial advantages which the Proprietor has introduced, will earn for this Hotel, the subscriber hopes, the favor and good will of the business community.

The large dining-room of the Hotel—one of the most commodious rooms in the city—will still be open for Dinner Parties, Concerts, and other social entertainments. His sample rooms, for commercial travellers, are by far the best in the city.

In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive
LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT,
where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration.

The International Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Caledonia, Port Dover, Dundas, Guelph and other places.

An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, connecting with trains east and west.

WM. RICHARDSON,
Proprietor.
Hamilton, July 27, 1863.

ELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL.

J. B. SMITH, Bay Street, corner of
Market Street. Terms for the lower branches, \$3.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month, 25 cents weekly. For the higher branches and extra attention, \$4.00 per quarter, \$1.50 per month, 37 1/2 cents weekly.

N. B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1st, 1864. All pupils entering before that time will be charged the lower rates.
Private lessons given if required, at 50 cents per lesson.
October 24, 1863.

R. W. ANDERSON,
(FROM NOYMAN'S MONTREAL)

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,
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FIRST-CLASS Carte-de-vision equal to any in Upper Canada, \$3.00 per dozen.
Private Residences, Churches and Public Buildings—Photographed in any part of the country.
Rooms, FIRST FLOOR.

Oil-pictures sent from the country, copied for the Album, and promptly returned at a very moderate charge.
Toronto, May 30, 1863.

THE EVENING "TIMES"

Is published every evening at the Office, corner of
Hughson and King Streets, by the Proprietors,
C. E. STEWART & Co.,

Price, \$5.00 per annum, in advance. Ten cents payable weekly to the carriers.

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Favorable arrangements made with parties advertising by the year.

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Published every Friday morning, and mailed to subscribers by the earliest mails, contains a large quantity of reading matter, embracing the news of the day, interesting tales, poetry, editorials on popular subjects, facts in agriculture, &c.

TERMS.—One dollar per annum in advance, or \$1.50 if not so paid.

Any person sending five subscribers, with the cash, will receive one copy Free.

All communications must be pre-paid, and addressed,
C. E. STEWART & Co.
Proprietors Evening Times,
Hamilton, C.W.
October 22, 1863.

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HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTERS, GLAZIERS
PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS,
GILDERS, &c.

Manufacturers of Druggists' and Brewers' **SHOW CARDS ON GLASS,**
DOOR PLATES,
BLOCK LETTERS, &
NORTH SIDE JOHN ST., 3RD DOOR FROM KING
HAMILTON, C. W.

W. BISHOP, Proprietor, Omnibus
to and from Station. Charges moderate
Woodstock, Nov. 19, 1863. 6-11

LITHOGRAPHING,

WOOD ENGRAVING,

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

BOOK BINDING,

&c. &c. &c.

THE PUBLISHERS of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS announce to the public that they are now in a position to execute

WOOD ENGRAVINGS

Of every description, such as Portraits, Illustrations for Books, cuts of Manufactories, Buildings, Machinery, &c. in a style not to be surpassed in the world. They have in their employ the first designers and engravers of the day; and the facilities at their command enable them to turn out work of a very superior description. Engraved Bill-Heads, Cheques, Society Seals, &c., also engraved in a workmanlike manner.

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They are also prepared to fill orders at short notice for Portraits, Maps, Plans, Views of Buildings, Drawings of Machinery, Illuminated Designs, Show Cards, Title Pages, Diplomas, Certificates, Cheques, Notes, Drafts, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Business and Visiting Cards, Tables of every description, for Brewers, Druggists, Tobacco Manufacturers, &c., &c., &c.

JOB PRINTING.

Having made extensive additions to the establishment, they have now in running order one of Taylor's Presses, a Gordon Bill Head Press, a Franklin Card Press, a Taylor Postor Press; also, one of the largest and most complete Cylinder Book Presses to be found in Canada, manufactured by Campbell, by which they are enabled to execute every description of Book and Job Printing promptly and at low prices.

BOOK BINDING

In all its Branches neatly and promptly executed, and at prices that defy competition. Each of the departments of the Establishment is under the superintendence of thorough and reliable workmen.
Office in White's Block, King street.
Hamilton, Nov. 1863.

JAMES REID,
CABINET MAKER

AND

UPHOLSTERER,

King St. West, HAMILTON, C. W.
A large quantity of Furniture on hand and manufactured to order.



I am about to describe an establishment which cost the proprietors one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in its construction, and upon which they pay the Government of Canada a tax of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for permission to work it. It is the distillery of Messrs. Gooderham & Wors, at Toronto, Canada. W. BISHOP—ED. CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Not only the world in its early stages never saw, as the New World in this age had not before seen, any distillery more perfect, and but few, if any, equal in all respects to that of Gooderham & Wors, Toronto, 1863.

TORONTO

CITY STEAM MILLS DISTILLER
GOODERHAM & WORS, PROPRIETORS.

HAMILTON AGENCY

JOHN PARK begs to call the attention of the public to his Whiskies manufactured at the above establishment, which of strength, purity, and flavor are unequalled anything made in this country. They are well known and in great demand throughout the whole of Canada. Shipped in a great variety of bottles, and London, England, where they are highly approved.

Grocers, Wine Merchants and Dealers generally, should lose no time in giving them a trial. They are in my instances of stor-keepers doubling their stock in a very short time by introducing these celebrated whiskies.

The trade can only be supplied through me at the spot, where all orders will be promptly attended to.
JOHN PARK,
Hughson, corner King street.

Hamilton, 19th Aug., 1863.

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GEORGE GORDON, PROPRIETOR
Bridgewater Street,
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Good stabling attached to the premises.

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.

EDITED BY GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA aided by a numerous select corps of writers in all branches of Science, Art and Literature, published by D. Appleton and Co., in 16 Vol. royal octavo, double columns. This work is just completed.

The New American Cyclopaedia presents a panoramic view of all human knowledge as it exists at the present moment. It embraces and popularizes every subject that can be thought of. In its successive volumes is contained an inexhaustible fund of accurate and practical information on Art and Science, in all their branches, including Mechanics, Mathematics, Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology; on Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures; on Law, Medicine and Theology; on Biography and History, Geography and Ethology; on Political Economy, the Trades, Inventions, Politics, the Things of Common Life, and General Literature. Sent only to subscribers.
W. M. ORR, Agent.
Carleton P. O. C. W.

P.S.—Works of any kind will be promptly forwarded in addressing me at Carleton post office, C. W.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

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

HARDY GREGORY.

HAMILTON, Oct. her 22, 1863.

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

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1863.

\$40 A MONTH, expenses paid.—
For particulars, address (with stamp.)
HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass. 24-131

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MARSDEN & PHILIPS beg to inform the public that they are manufacturing the above in designs quite new, in Hamilton; and workmanship equal to any in Canada, and at prices never before offered in Upper Canada.
Old frames re-gilded and made equal to new.
Mantle Mirrors 30 in. by 40 in. size of glass.—French or British plate, richly gilt with best gold leaf, and carved wood ornaments, much superior to composition for \$30.
Manufactory, Lester's Block, James Street, Show Rooms, James Street, between King and Main street, near Officers' Quarters. Manufacturers of the washable gilt moulding.
Country orders punctually attended to.
Oct. her, 1863. c22

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TERMS, for one year, sent by mail.....\$3 00
" " six months..... 1 75
Single copies, 7 cents, to be had from News dealers.
Payment strictly in advance.

Any person sending the names of ten subscribers with the money, will receive a copy for one year.

Rates of Advertising.
Ten cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion eight cents per line.
All letters concerning business in connection with the paper in the office should be addressed to "The Canadian Illustrated News," Hamilton.
No unpaid advertisements taken out of the Post Office.
H. GREGORY & Co.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 18TH DEC., 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries, Corresponding Week of last year) and Amount (\$18,957 94, 33,173 49, 2,192 28, \$54,323 71, 61,962 70).

Decrease. \$638 99

JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, HAMILTON. Dec. 19, 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING Dec. 12TH, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Corresponding week, 1862) and Amount (\$27,827 49, 6,660 00, 105,901 14, \$842.98).

JOSEPH HICKSON.

MONTREAL, Dec. 18, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

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

Table of market prices for various goods including Beef, Prime mutton, P. rk., Bacon, Hams, Lard, Midling, Inferior and Grose, Ch. ese, Butter, Grease, Tallow, Wheat, Canadian, American, French, Flour, and Western Canal.

PETROLEUM.

Table of petroleum prices for American Crude, Canadian, American Refiner, Canadian, Spirits of Petroleum or Benzine, and Lubricating.

ENGLAND'S DEAD FOR 1863.—England has seldom lost in one year so many eminent men as she already has in 1863. The list includes the Marquises of Lansdowne and Normanby, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Mulready the painter, Sir Cresswell Cresswell, Lord Clyde, Mr. Beriah Botfield the biographer, Mr. Elward Ellice, the Archbishop of Dublin, and Lord Lyndhurst, Lansdowne, Lewis, Clyde, Whately and Lyndhurst are five whose places, we fear, will not soon be filled.

Mr. Spurgeon has had to remonstrate with the young ladies of his chapel, for tainting away so often.

A stylishly dressed young lady recently testified before a Court in Paris that she was well paid for fainting away at the theatre, out of pure emotion, at the tragical moment pointed out beforehand by the author of the play.

The prognostications of Admiral Fitzroy with regard to the weather are not only generally credited by scientific men in the French ports, but they are acknowledged to be of immense advantage. A gale was recently experienced on the coast of St. Nazaire of which due notice had been given, and much valuable property was thus saved, by the detention of vessels which would otherwise have put to sea.



PROFESSOR McALLISTER, the renowned and incomparable Magician, is now "exhibiting" through Canada. He has proved himself to be in advance of all competitors in the prestidigitating line. Of one thing especially we wish to speak: The feat of "the Elements" which he performs, is one of the most marvellous of apparently supernatural things. He throws the handkerchief over his arm, and immediately produces from beneath it a flaming globe of fire, the flames mounting a foot in height. The same process with the handkerchief, without moving from his position, and another flaming globe is brought forth. The handkerchief again, and a glass vase full of water appears, and still another. But the crowning feat is, that while no one has been near him, and after all these unexpected things have been brought forth from this square yard of silk texture, he seizes the handkerchief by the centre, and holding it towards the audience, miraculously drops half a dozen live doves, chickens, rabbits, &c., and the spectator is obliged to believe in the supernatural, or that the Professor, through some innocuous or psychologic means has made the eyes of the audience to be a false medium for such belief. The feat is one more surprising than any we have ever seen, and in this the Professor distances all rivalry or competition.

JOHN GREGORY & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN KEROSENE, PENNSYLVANIA AND CANADIAN COAL OILS. LAMPS, WICKS, SHADES, CHIMNEYS, &c. &c. No. 35, St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL.

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

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

WOOD ENGRAVING, At considerable trouble and expense, we have succeeded in securing the services of some of the BEST ENGRAVERS

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than the usual Prices charged in the Province. Make arrangements with us to send a Special Artist to sketch; or send ambrotype or sketch of whatever is to be engraved, stating size required, and we will quote price at once.

GREGORY & CO. Canadian Illustrated News. Hamilton, C. W.

N. B.—Care must be taken to address all communications to the Office of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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The Best and Cheapest Machines in the world, at New York City Prices.

The undersigned having the General Agency for the sale of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, take great pleasure in informing the public of Canada that they have opened offices in Toronto, at No. 34, King Street East, and in the city of Hamilton, on the corner of King and Hughson streets, where they will keep on hand, at all times, a full assortment of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, and will sell the same, at the same prices, as at the manufactory in New York, thus bringing the machines, which have proved themselves, after a test of fifteen years, to be the best, and most reliable machines in every respect, that has ever been made within the reach of all. The Genuine Singer Machines are celebrated for being more simple to operate, less liable to get out of order, do better and a greater range of work, break less needles, and more durable than any other.

The celebrity of the Genuine Singer Machines, and the reputation which they have acquired over all others, for superiority, has led certain manufacturers of Sewing Machines, in Canada, to make a bogus imitation of the Singer No. 2 Machines, and which are palmed off upon the public for Singer Machines, but in value, when compared with the Genuine Singer Imperial No. 2 Machines, stand in about the same position as bogus coin does to genuine gold.

Look out for impostors, and dealers in bogus machines, who will not only tell you the bogus are quite equal to the Genuine, but superior, and that it is your duty to buy Home Manufacturers. But if you want a Machine that will prove truly reliable, and really worth what you pay for it, buy the Genuine Singer, and you will not be disappointed.

The Genuine Singer, Letter A Machine is the best Machine made for family use.

The Genuine Singer, Imperial No. 2, is the best Machine made for shoemaking, &c.

The Genuine Singer, No. 2, is the best Machine made for tailoring.

The Genuine Singer, No. 3, is the best Machine made for harness makers and carriage trimmers.

All orders accompanied by the cash, addressed to either of our offices, Toronto or Hamilton, will be promptly attended to, and Machine carefully packed and sent, with printed instructions to any part of the Province, according to the directions.

Clergymen supplied at reduced prices.

Machine Oil, Needles, Thread, Silk, &c in stock.

Wax thread Machines, always on hand.

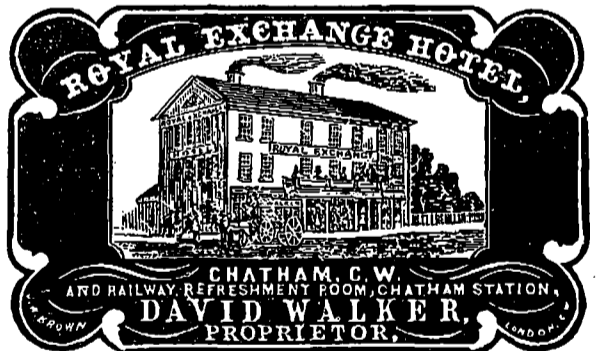
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FOLTS & RICHARDSON. N.B.—Beware of all Chain Stitch or Crooked needle Machines, if you wish to avoid trouble and annoyance. Buy the Genuine Singer, straight needle Machine, which make the interlocked stitch, and with the date of six different patents stamped on plate, and you will have a Machine which will give satisfaction. F. & R.

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