

# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



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HON. LUTHER H. HOLTON,  
MINISTER OF FINANCE.

THE absence of a personal memoir is a disappointment in presenting Mr. Holton's portrait. It was expected through a friend, but has not arrived in time. As the new Minister of Finance, who has taken office in the reconstructed Cabinet of Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, Mr. Holton's address to the electors of Montreal possesses matter of public interest. It is here subjoined. Mr. Holton is a Montreal merchant and financier. He was a member of the Brown-Dorion Cabinet, which by an unconstitutional shuffling of political cards in August, 1858, was permitted to hold office only two days.

Montreal city is, for electoral purposes, divided into west, centre, and east. Mr. D'Arcy McGee was member for the west, in last parliament, and Mr. Cartier—formerly Lower Canadian Premier—represented the east, where he is now opposed by Mr. Dorion, the new Attorney-General, whose portrait and biography we have now in hand. Mr. Rose, who like the other two, is a lawyer, represented the centre division, in which merchants and bankers chiefly have their places of business. Mr. Holton, as a merchant and Minister of Finance, has opposed him. He addressed the electors, thus:

GENTLEMEN,—His Excellency, the Governor General, having been pleased to appoint me Minister of Finance, an office the duties of which can only be appropriately performed by a member of the Legislature, I have resolved, on the advice of many among you, to invite you, as forming the portion of my late Constituency—whose interests are most closely identified with commerce, and are consequently, most liable to be affected by the fiscal policy of the Government—to provide me with the parliamentary position, which is essen-

tial to the retention of my present office.

Beset as the finances of the Province are known to be with formidable, though, I trust, not with insuperable difficulties, I need hardly assure you that the office I hold was neither sought nor desired by me; on the contrary, I would have gladly declined it if I could have reconciled that course with my sense of public duty; but since in obedience as I believe to a plain call of duty, I have accepted the momentous charge confided to me by the representative of our Sovereign, I return to claim the support and co-operation of this great, commercial community in an

earnest attempt, by means of a sound system of taxation on the one hand, and of economy and retrenchment on the other, to restore the equilibrium between the annual income and the annual expenditure of the Province.

In considering the financial requirements of the country, two things must be kept distinctly in view; we must not suffer our public credit to be impaired, and we must discharge manfully our obligations to the Empire with respect to the public defences. For the accomplishment of these indispensable objects, additional taxation must be resorted to. How this additional taxation must be

levied without bearing oppressively or unequally on particular branches of industry, or on particular classes of consumers, is the problem to be solved, and to the solution of which I propose, if honored with your confidence, to devote, with unceasing energy, such humble abilities as I possess.

I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

L. H. HOLTON.

Montreal, May 19, 1863.

At a meeting of electors the Hon. John Young, an eminent merchant, said he thought it of the greatest importance to the interests of Montreal that Mr. Holton should represent the Central Division of the city. He had great respect for lawyers and their talents, but the interests of a commercial city should be represented by a commercial man. He had knowledge of no other man—having been his colleague for years in the representation of the city—so capable of fulfilling the duties of Finance Minister, as Mr. Holton. Certainly none among our members was more fit to represent us. He desired to say nothing against Mr. Rose, but he thought it the duty of every man who has a regard for the interests of Montreal to vote for Mr. Holton. Mr. Young then retired, amid cries for Mr. Holton, which were responded to by the appearance on the platform of that gentleman.

Mr. Holton, in reference to his having resigned his seat in the Legislative Council to which he had been shortly before elected, said he was a poor canvasser for himself. He had no taste for electioneering. The position in which he found himself was not of his own seeking, and it was with great reluctance he had accepted the post assigned to him. His experience of administrative responsibilities and struggles had



HON. LUTHER H. HOLTON, MINISTER OF FINANCE.

not increased his desire to again assume their direction. He had been elected to Parliament, in which he held a position that was honorable and satisfactory to himself; but his present situation in relation to the Government required the surrender of the position. The crisis, by which he was placed in his present position, he was not responsible for. The branch of Parliament in which he occupied a seat had no direct agency in bringing it about. Soon after the crisis had taken place, overtures were made to him to accept office. He resisted the urgent wishes of many of his friends to accept a post in the Government, and after a good deal of negotiation, this issue was clearly put to him. He was asked:

'Will you help to organize a Government; will you run the gauntlet of a Parliamentary election; will you relinquish your present position of comparative ease and comfort; or will you render the formation of a Government impossible, and thus permit the direction of the policy of the country to pass into the hands of the former administration, by whom the country was reduced to its present condition?'

Rather than assume the responsibility of such a result he consented to accept the post he now holds. He felt that the commercial policy which he with other friends, (among whom were Mr. Young, Mr. Dorion, and Mr. Galt, when that gentleman was acting with him in Opposition,) had in former years advocated, could not be carried out if he declined, and rather than that this policy should fail he would surrender his position in the Legislative Council—among the Lords of Canada. (Cheers.)

#### NOTICE.

The public will please beware of a smooth-faced young man calling himself T. Dodd, as we understand from letters in our possession, that he has been canvassing for the 'Canadian Illustrated News.' Dodd canvassed a few days for us in Toronto, and not liking the gentleman's manner of doing business we discharged him. Without our knowledge or consent he has taken money from people in the country, representing himself sometimes as an agent, and at other times proprietor of the 'Canadian Illustrated News.'

#### NOTICE TO CANVASSERS.

ALL parties heretofore canvassing for the *Canadian Illustrated News*, will please call at the office and settle up. The public are cautioned against subscribing, or paying money to any one for said paper, unless the name of the party soliciting such subscription appear in the paper as Agent, or have the written authority of the undersigned that he is a properly authorized Agent.

W. A. FERGUSON.

Hamilton, April 7th, 1863.

#### OUR AGENTS.

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## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, JUNE 6, 1863.

### THE GENERAL ELECTION, WHAT SHOULD IT ACCOMPLISH?

THE General Election of Members of the House of Assembly, resulting from the non-confidence vote of 8th of May, absorbs public attention in the first week of June, and disturbs the industrial business of the Province. If any great principle of Constitutional Government, or very important measure of practical legislation were at issue, the disturbance of the people's industry would be excusable, the public excitement would be at once necessary and wholesome. There are such principles, and might be such measures, but none of them are raised to prominence in this electoral contest.

Let us inform persons who are imperfectly acquainted with Canada, that in this Province the office-holders, compared with the two and-a-half millions of inhabitants, are greatly more numerous than in an old

nation settled and consolidated. This is a necessity unavoidable. The executive institutions of this country are inseparable from constitutional freedom, and a high standard of civilization, imitated as that is from France in part, from Great Britain largely, and from the United States also largely. Those executive institutions are as numerous and various as they would require to be were the population five times larger than it is. Hence the excessive number of office-holders.

Then, again, there being no social class which by custom supplies, as in old countries, many of the public offices with incumbents; and no army, navy, nor other national establishment to absorb the younger members of families which have risen to opulence by useful industry, but who are too ambitious or affluent to go into the backwoods to hew out new property and livelihood for themselves; and again, as the constitution both in theory and practice, and society in practice as well as in social theory, assigns equal political privileges to all men, the applicants to fill any of the public situations which are scattered over fifteen hundred miles of territory, are largely in excess of what is seen in Great Britain.—Like Republican America, self-governing Canada is one vast, seething mass of office-seekers. A vacancy in a rural post-office in Upper Canada, a few months ago, attracted nine hundred and sixty applicants.

Party tactics are healthful in their ultimate result; one party checks the other.—But a higher law than policy determines that question, and makes party legislation and party government a necessity in the moral nature of man. From the minutest atoms of matter, to the solar-planetary systems and the transcendent systems of the Universe which embody the solar-planetary, all motion, or government of motion, results from the laws of attraction and repulsion inherent in matter.

As in physical, so is it in moral nature. By whatever grotesque appellative man may designate his political circles, and antagonisms, however foolish or wise may be their various aims and operations, as Tories and Whigs in Great Britain; Democrats and Republicans in the United States of America; Rouges and Blues in Lower Canada; Clear Grits and Corruptionists in Canada West, they are all logical products of moral nature, all cohering, repelling and attracting by laws as true as the operating forces of the planetary bodies in their smaller circles, and in the transcendent orbits which embrace all the smaller circles in the Universe. They are all indispensable to progression and moral vitality.

A true conservative philosophy, which humbly we hope to represent in the literature of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, rises above them all; appropriates their antagonisms, their impelling and vitalizing forces, and uses all as products of natural laws, to assist in accelerating the progress of mankind from a lower and ruder, to a higher and more refined condition of self-government, called freedom and civilization.

But though the formation and opposition of parties be natural, and to the political constitution of a free country necessary and healthful, they have their obliquities and immoralities; and at times, positive iniquities. The questions which should at present overshadow all others in Canada are: How to people the vast territories still lying wild; how to concentrate a denser population in the districts already peopled; how to keep the peace with our nearest national neighbor—the United States; but before, and above all these, how to defend the Province now that a section of the newspaper press in this country, and the atrocious brotherhood of Alabama builders, and Liverpool pirate adventurers have made alliance with Southern rebels, and exasperated the Federal Americans to an angry hostility

against Britain, and especially against Canada. These should be the issues: they are not.

At the present elections such interests as are implied in nine hundred and sixty applicants having last year sought one post-master's place in a rural township of Canada West, overcome, and in the scramble push off the track all such higher issues as military defences. The government now in office having the privilege to give such a post-master's emoluments to one person in one political set of nine hundred and sixty applicants; or another government to be in office, if its party can succeed at the elections, to have the privilege of giving that post-master's emoluments to some other one in another set of nine hundred and sixty applicants—these are the issues now before the people of Canada at the general election.

In both political parties we might name Statesmen to whom the honor and safety of the country are paramount questions, their personal interests trifles, except perhaps their indulgence of ambition. And in the general mass of the industrial population there is a true, a strong heart of patriotism. But neither the high-minded Statesmen nor the honestly working multitude of the people, regulate political agitation and rule elections. Lofly patriotism and honest industry are alike subjected to political tricksters loose in principle, needy, shifty, or undisguisedly selfish.

How to people the Province is a simple problem not difficult of solution. A letter recently included in the official reports of emigration agents, points to the same conclusion as we propounded in this page of our last week's issue.

An Irishman corresponding with the government agent at Liverpool looks at the question at the right end, which is, not alone how to induce emigrants to come, but to ascertain in what manner and to what extent the government and people of Canada will employ them, or settle them on land when they do come? That is the problem demanding practical and immediate solution. Mr. Dennis Brennan writes in these words:

'Cork, March 14th, 1863.

A. C. BUCHANAN, Esq., Liverpool:

Dear Sir:—I am this evening in receipt of yours of yesterday, and shall get the article inserted in the *Cork Examiner*, the most influential journal in the South of Ireland. As to changing the emigrant from the United States to Canada, the matter rests entirely with yourself. Use your influence to get the promised Line for Canada started 'regularly' every fortnight from this port, and when you can assure the people 'officially' that employment can be obtained in Canada, I have no doubt whatever, that in a very short time you will HALVE the emigration with the United States. At present there is no facility for passengers getting to any port but New York, and the people must leave this country.

Emigration offices and agencies are not useless; but it may be affirmed as a cardinal truth, that to populate Canada is to make it attractive by providing allotments of land, food, implements of work, and seed to sow, to be paid for on easy terms; the primal condition being that the land shall become the settler's freehold at the end of five years. The hesitating family will be drawn by those inducements, while by persuasion alone they would not come hither. On the contrary, if sensible persons, they will remain in the old country, rather than scramble in Canada for a bare existence, on the verge of starvation for one half of the year.

In these remarks nothing is said that will ultimately restrain the inflowing current of the coming population. Our object is to urge those who may wield executive power after the General Election to make provision for the coming emigrants of 1864, letting it be widely and timously known during the current year. Then will Canada begin to be peopled. Then will Emigration be a branch of Economic Science.

#### EDITORIAL NOTICES.

MANCHESTER SCHOOL.—Although concurring with Mr. Buchanan in his expositions of the currency question, we find it necessary to dissent from his remarks about the Manchester School and Free Trade. Free Trade in grain had become an absolute necessity in Britain, in order to provide a home market for the domestic products of an improved system of agriculture, by extending the foreign market for manufactures. The Corn Laws had not been the protection, but the bane of agriculture.—We shall amicably discuss this part of Mr. Buchanan's Economic theories on another occasion. Nor do we assent to his remarks on the English Church occupying so much of the time of the British Parliament. It has for many years become a habit of Radicals or Dissenters, several times every session, to assail the Church. Hence the occupation of the public time in debating its privileges and rights. And may Heaven avert the time when the Church of England, and the Church of Scotland too, might not defend and preserve their institutions.

Dellwa's lively sketch is inserted; but the haste and inaccuracy of his penmanship causes much trouble and uncertainty.—Though saying this, we thank him heartily. After another sketch we might the more clearly judge how to answer his query.

'The Indian Legend.' The young Poet who is introduced to Canadian literature in this number will be heard of in still sweeter, grander songs, else we greatly err in estimating his quality. His second piece, 'Unwritten Music,' is not so musical as that just printed. At a personal interview, the defective cadences, and one or two other objections might be suggestively spoken of. Not having read the poems before last week the present Editor was unacquainted with their beauty and melody of rhythm. There are one or two defects in the flow of the Legend, but they rather enhance its charms than mar its music. We found it necessary to break the poem into paragraphs, which in all cases all authors should do for their own compositions.

Mr. W., Niagara Falls. Some verses bearing your name led us a year ago to exclaim, 'Niagara Falls has at least one Poet.' Why do you send an imperfect fragment and bid us make corrections? We have no time; and if we had nothing else to do, it is undesirable to change an author's words or sentiments. You write the whole sketch in one paragraph; that is wrong. You do not tell the reader where Chippawa harbor is. We might supply that, but cannot supply your omission in not saying where the steamer came from with the Prince of Wales on board. We shall send you a private letter saying what you might do for us in the matter of Niagara Falls literature. Send your address.

'Will,' of Hamilton; 'Will,' of Brampton; 'Adam,' 'Harold' of Waterdown, and other Enigma writers will see their pieces next week.

Mr. B. of St. Catharines, has sent a lively, readable sketch. It will be printed with some historical matter about St. Catharines. We thank Mr. B. Write again when at leisure.

Mr. —, of Montreal. The memoir and portrait of Mr. Dorion are received. Accept thanks for your courtesy. The portrait is now under the engraver's hand.

#### Publisher's Notices.

I. C. K., Beamsville.—Let us know by mail the name of the agent whom you paid and gave the papers to.

C. G. S., Orono.—The price to subscribers is six cents; single copies seven cents. No agent gets a free copy at the terms you mention.

H. N. C., Waterdown.—Back numbers sent.

Dr. W. C. S., Dereham.—Back numbers sent. We cannot supply you with No. 2.

J. W. T., Ottawa City.—Back Nos. sent.

W. W., Millbrook.—We have sent the paper from the number requested.

#### Remittances.

J. E. B., Thorold; W. C. S., Dereham; J. B., Goderich; W. L. C. & Co., St. Catharines; J. H., Kingston; R. L., Bowmanville; J. H. C., St. Catharines; D. H. C. Smithville; I. C. K., Beamsville; C. L. H., York; J. S. Ingersoll; A. S. J., Toronto; G. J. B. & Sons, Toronto; Rev. R. W., Drummondville.

TORONTO IN HONOR OF THE  
QUEEN.

Gradually shade by shade vanishes as murky night yields to the irresistible god of day, who rising gorgeous from his variegated couch in the east imparts his life-giving rays on the 'Queen city of the West.'

The day kept in honor of Britain's sovereign's birthday has dawned bright and glorious, and the announcement was made by that same thundering voice which so often has asserted Britain's honor, Britain's rights; but which now, devoid of the carnage and din of war, commemorates a happy event—the forty-fourth birthday of our honored, revered Victoria. And who, on looking forth o'er Canada's peaceful land, witnessing her prosperity, and more, her quiet happiness, but is saddened at the thought that some time we must forget that day which makes May the most coveted of months to loyal and sympathising subjects of England's widowed Queen. Long may that ever joyful day bring the assurances of safety it now brings, dispensing all the blessings it now yields to us as a people—though subject to ourselves. Who, although generally using our abilities in intestine political strife, still when the moment shall come, (if it is thus decreed) for unanimity and for action, I think we will not be found divided or backward, but as one mighty arm united, strike—strike to conquer or die—both for 'England, home and beauty,' and for Canada, 'her fairest, brightest gem,' our happy homes and honored institutions—the firesides of our fathers and the birthright of our sons.

But to return. Unwilling morpheus, the drowsy divinity, was forced to yield to the strange fancy that most of the Torontonians had taken, which was the laudable intention of seeing the sun rise once more, that is, taking for granted that they had seen it two or three times previously in their lives. Therefore by six, if the streets were not prepossessingly gay they were at least extremely lively; for between the old men at the fort and the young juveniles around home, there was one continued, incessant, increasing, repeated continuation of reports, reverberations of every conceivable sound, and in every conceivable direction. And thus things continued till about nine o'clock, when the crowd began to centre in the Model School grounds to witness the presentation of the mace to the 'Queen's Own.'

This was the most pleasing and happy sight of the day; or, perchance I with others may have thought so, because the mind was then craving excitement, not surfeited as was the case in the latter part of the day; or more likely, the great beauty of which Torontonians truthfully boast, was then fresh in its loveliness, simple in its grandeur, and the nice fixings (ladies pardon me) that had cost so many a sigh and thought, were then new and fresh from the milliners.

Be what it may, the 'Model School ground at ten o'clock presented a gay happy, even grand appearance. The prospect itself was well worthy the admiration it received, for on no side could the eye rest upon a defect, that which was not massive by art was grand by nature. On two sides, Church and Gerard streets, the beautiful foliage of spring bordered the block, on the west a lofty row of houses, and on the south the Model and Normal School, and the gardens of the latter, from which a delicious flavor was wafted among the expectant citizens.—This ground is well known as the handsomest in the city, and when filled by Toronto's loveliness, and Valiant Volunteers it became imaginable not describable. A little before ten the 2nd battalion formed in line, having previously gone through some movements very creditably. They are a fine body of men and although they are as yet only playing at soldiers, still their looks speak much more than mere bravado; and should it not be honored by a gift from those whom every manly feeling commands us to protect, and given in the presence of those 'nearest and dearest?' Therefore knowing them I think it will be the happiest moment of those volunteers' career, with only one exception. That will be when knowing in the flush of victory that the trust for which they fought so well is safe.

The Grand Review was more solemn and real—the red coats of the Thirtieth and bayonets glittering in the sun, told of many a blood-battle-field; recalled many a partially forgotten reminiscence of some young aspirant for the laurels of the grim god of war, who died smiling as the fleecy attendants of death twined them around his pallid brow, a willing sacrifice for England's fame,

for England's name. Vesey's battery spoke of many a devoted Russian now sleeping his last long sleep on the memorable plains of the Crimea, where English, French, Turk and Russian now mingle and moulder in the 'Crimean Soldier's Grave.'

After the Review the afternoon was spent by different persons in different ways—picnics, boating, pleasure-gardening, concerts, the theatre, &c., &c., till the shades of evening fell over a tired, dusty, weary, hungry multitude; who, to see them weeding their way home, you would say, had not the slightest intention of coming out again this night.

But don't anticipate such a compliance with the rules of Nature. Torontonians, old and young, rich and poor, beautiful and no, they are all beautiful, (if I may use the term,) 'went in on their muscle;' they must see the last scene enacted, which was the May Festival got up under the guidance of Mrs. W. Stevenson, who was very successful in having an audience able rightly to appreciate the style of the entertainment. The character of the May Queen was well sustained by Mrs. S., and in fact all were as near perfection as possibly could be attained. A really enchanting scene, the coronation; but when was youth blushing at its own loveliness not so? It was a happy ending to a happy day, and appeared to dispense an agreeable quietness, dying into rest, to those hours that at times had been wild with excitement. And as I have been a partaker therein, pardon this brief sketch's faults, while I resign it to you, reader, and myself to the soothing arms of Morpheus. DELLWA.

## THE CROSS OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL,  
Of Kingston, Canada West, author of the "Abbey of  
Rathmore," &c.

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER III.

An election ball was the next thing which engaged the attention of the inhabitants of B—. It was to be given at de Burg House, and the preparations for it were on a magnificent scale. Every one was on the 'qui vive' about it; dress-makers and milliners were in constant requisition; and more than one fair girl looked forward to the honor of opening the ball with the gallant Colonel, or dancing with his handsome friend, Sir Reginald Vivyan. The ball-night at length arrived; the festivities were to commence at seven o'clock; for people in the middle ranks of life did not then keep such fashionably late hours as they do now. The carriage which was to convey Mrs. Harcourt and her daughter to de Burg House was at the door; and the Colonel's lady giving a last look in the mirror to see that all her arrangements were complete, proceeded to Miss Harcourt's room. She had just finished her toilet and it was with a feeling of exultation that Mrs. Harcourt's eyes rested on her daughter as she stood before her arranged in her ball costume. It was made of some light expensive material, the color suiting admirably with her transparent complexion. Her rich masses of dark hair were plaited into several braids behind and formed into a crown, wreathed with pearls, on the top of her finely-shaped head. In front it was allowed to fall in soft luxuriant ringlets, looped back, to show the snowy forehead, with strings of the same glittering gems.

'I never saw you look so well, Ellinor; your dress is really grand; but I think, my dear, if you wore a white ostrich plume drooping on one side, it would be quite an improvement.'

'I do not think so, mamma; the pearls are sufficient ornament.'

'Well, please yourself, my dear; I know your taste never agrees with mine. I hope, however, that my style of dress to-night will please you. Miss Smyth told me that black velvet was much worn at the Vice-regal balls, and my head-dress of crimson and gold she thought magnificent.'

'It would look better without that yellow and green feather, the contrast is too striking.'

'That is just the reason I choose it. I like something showy.'

Ellinor did not dispute the point. She knew it would be quite useless to try to improve her mother's vulgar taste in dress.

'Mrs. Ormsby was at Mrs. Smyth's the day I ordered my velvet dress; I saw her casting a longing eye on it. She never wore a velvet dress in her life; for you know they are miserably poor, although they have the pride of Lucifer. I do wonder what she and her daughter Belinda will wear at the ball to-night.'

'Miss Ormsby will look well in any dress.

At the last Assize ball, robed in white muslin, she was one of the most attractive girls in the room.'

'I cannot see what there is to admire in her for my part, I hate the whole family.'

Mrs. Harcourt did not add the reason why the Ormsbys had always treated her with supercilious condescension, and had formerly opposed her reception into society, an insult which the Colonel's lady never forgave.

'I should not wonder, my dear,' continued Mrs. Harcourt, 'if Sir Reginald would propose to you to-night; you look so remarkably beautiful, you must play your cards well, Ellinor; a baronet does not visit B— every day.'

'What an absurd idea! Sir Reginald will not offer me his hand on so short an acquaintance. He is almost a stranger.'

'No matter for that; does not every one say that he has fallen desperately in love with you. If it was not the case would he have risked his own life to save yours the other day? Answer me that my dear,' and Mrs. Harcourt's yellow and green plume nodded impressively.

'He only did what any brave man would have done,' was Ellinor's quiet answer.

'I am not so sure of that; there were many brave enough men about you and none stirred to face the mad plunging animal, except Sir Reginald. Miss Smyth told me all about it. She was looking from her window, and she also said that, from that moment she could foretell the lot that was in store for the beautiful Miss Harcourt, but it was only what her grace and beauty deserved.'

'Miss Smyth will add a few more pounds to the bill, to pay for all that flattery,' observed Ellinor, smiling.

An ivory time-piece now struck seven.

'It is time to go, Ellinor; I wonder what keeps Captain Travers, he is always so punctual,' observed Mrs. Harcourt impatiently.

'Captain Travers has been in waiting in the drawing-room nearly half an hour; but why did you allow him to be our escort, mamma? I do not wish him to be seen with us so much in public; it is giving him too much encouragement.'

'Yes, I know; but I had a motive in allowing him to attend us to the ball to-night. I wanted to play him off against your noble admirer. There is nothing like exciting a man's jealousy; it brings him to the point.'

'Play him off!' repeated Ellinor indignantly; 'I despise such mean artifices. I do not need it,' she added, with a proud glance at her mirror.

Pride was an ingredient in Ellinor Harcourt's nature; in fact it was the one great evil which marred the beauty of her character. She inherited it from both parents, and the foolish training of her ambitious mother had served to strengthen rather than subdue it. To form a good alliance was the one thing most desirable in Mrs. Harcourt's opinion; and this had been instilled into her daughter's mind from childhood. In consequence of which, Ellinor had hitherto rejected suitors that other girls would have considered eligible.

Among her many admirers Captain Travers was the only one who pleased her fastidious taste. Him she would not refuse, if he only possessed the rank and wealth she had been taught to consider indispensable; but he was poor. An alliance with him was not to be thought of, and the proud girl dismissed the subject from her thoughts, but not without a sigh of keen regret. As a friend, an agreeable companion, he had been allowed to visit at the house. It never seemed to occur to her that the kindness with which he was treated might create false expectations in his mind; or that coldness would have been a greater favor, as it would have crushed hope within his heart. Now, however, fearing that his attentions to her might lead Sir Reginald Vivyan to suppose there was any attachment on her part she determined to alter her manner towards him and no longer allow him the pleasant familiar intercourse he had hitherto enjoyed.

During his half-hour's waiting in the drawing-room, Captain Travers had employed himself admiring a miniature of Miss Harcourt. On hearing her steps descending the stairs, he hastily put it into his pocket, whether inadvertently or with design, I cannot determine. Probably he felt that soon his visits to Miss Harcourt must cease—such presentiments are not uncommon, and he could not resist the temptation to possess himself of Ellinor's likeness to console him when debared the happiness of seeing her. It was with rather a bewildered air he advanced to meet Mrs. Harcourt and Ellinor, for the latter looked so resplendent in her

ball costume that she burst upon his dazzled eye like some bright vision. Mrs. Harcourt saw the effect Ellinor produced, and she anticipated with triumph the éclat that must attend her appearance in the ball-room.

Owing to the number of vehicles of every description which crowded the street in which de Burg House was situated, it was some minutes before Mrs. Colonel Harcourt's carriage was allowed to approach the entrance. Leaving the lady to bear the delay as quietly as her impatience would permit, we shall precede her party into that aristocratic mansion, blazing with lights, and ascending the broad staircase, enter that noble suite of rooms thrown open for the reception of company, and now filling fast with a motley throng.

From rich vases floated the odor of many flowers rendering the heated atmosphere heavy with fragrance, while from the ball-room came the music of a military band filling the apartments with its exhilarating melody. Near the entrance-door of the reception-room stood Sir Reginald Vivyan, looking for one face of matchless beauty, among the many arrivals, while he listened with a half absent air to the conversation of one of Colonel de Burg's political friends, who was exerting himself to amuse him by humorous remarks on the various guests as they entered.

Dr. Connolly was a retired military surgeon, and for a long time a resident in B—. Being a cynical character, with some wit, his remarks were amusing if not edifying.

'Mrs. Macdonough, and the three Miss Macdonoughs!' he repeated, as a stout overdressed lady entered, followed by some pretty, timid-looking girls, who seemed trying to screen themselves from observation behind the ample folds of their mother's crimson satin dress.

'And following close behind, comes the rival sister with her graces—the Crawleys of Court Crawley! The latter have the advantage over the Macdonoughs, for a Portarlington boarding-school has given a certain air of fashion to the three Crawleys, which their home-bred cousins lack. What a moving mass of velvet and feathers and jewelry that Mrs. Crawley is! and the costume of the daughters is ultra-fashionable. By George, if the old grand-father, Barney Gallagher, could look from his grave, he wouldn't know his own flesh and blood. It was the old man who made the money for them, or managed to get it somehow during the rebellion. That was a time when many became suddenly rich, Sir Reginald! Barney had only two daughters, and when he was on his death-bed Mrs. Crawley contrived to possess herself of the greatest part of his wealth, leaving the minor portion to Mrs. Macdonough, and hence arose the jealousy between the sisters which exists between their families to this day.'

'Who is that lovely girl now entering?' asked the Baronet.

'That is the pretty Miss Ormsby; and there is her supercilious mamma; so ridiculous with her studied airs and graces. Observe her mincing step, and the way in which she holds her head, as proudly erect as if she were a drum-major.'

'Miss Ormsby is the prettiest girl I have seen in B—, except'—Sir Reginald hesitated before he added—Miss Harcourt.

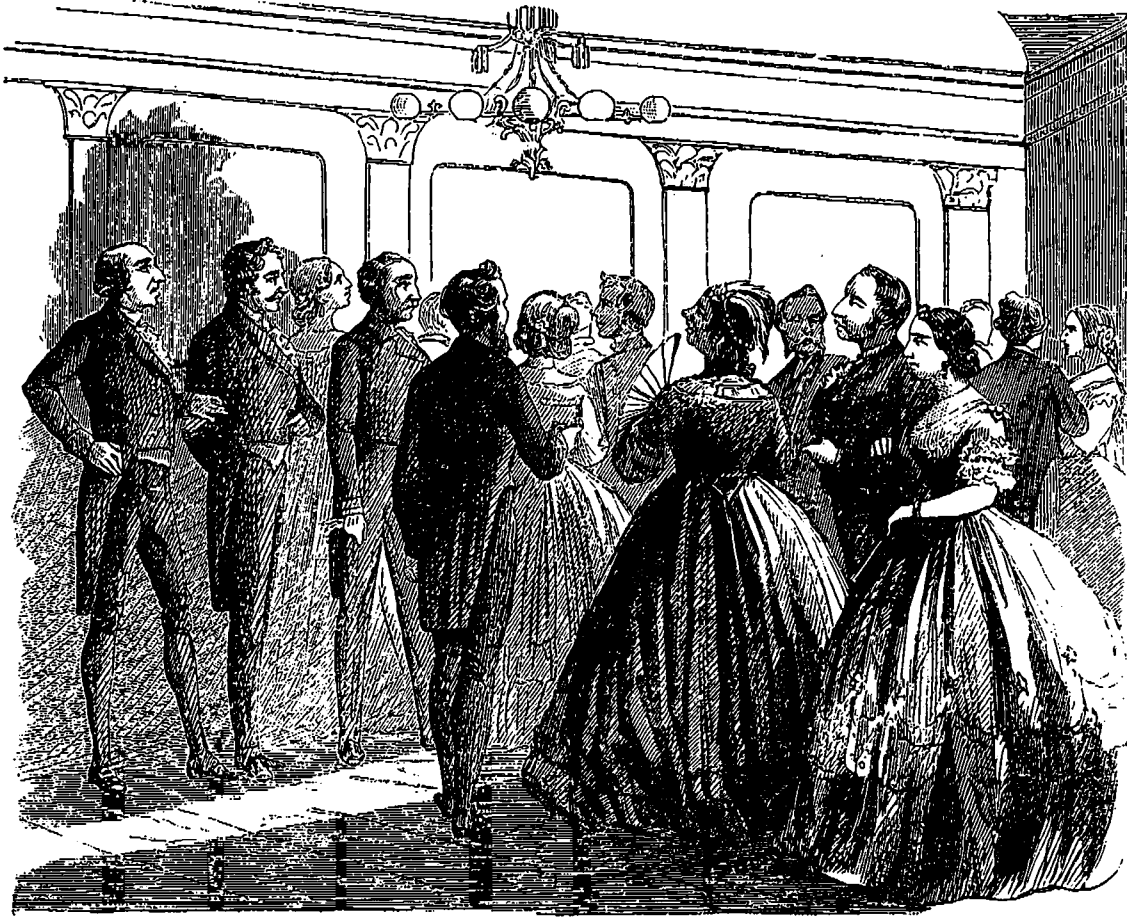
'Oh, Miss Harcourt is peerless!' exclaimed the old Doctor with enthusiasm. 'What a pity she has such low connections. And, by George, here they come, the whole tribe—father and all.'

At this moment a family party, conspicuous for vulgarity in dress and appearance, were seen entering the room. The father in a red wig shading a rubicund visage—indicative of too great devotion to Bacchus—led the van, but seemed ill at ease. His dress was rather 'outré,' a blue coat with brass buttons, and yellow velvet nether garments fastened at the knee with large steel buckles, showing the contour of the stout but well-shaped leg in black silk stockings. Following close behind came his better half and some half-dozen daughters, all dressed gaudily in faded second-hand finery.

'Can these be Miss Harcourt's relatives?' Sir Reginald asked as his horrified gaze followed the vulgar group.

'Yes, that is Billy Morgan and his family, old Joe Morgan's son. The manufacture of snuff and tobacco is not such a prosperous business now as in his father's time. The revenue officers are more on the alert and smuggling is not so profitable. In consequence of this, Red Billy, as he is called, has lately turned his hand to something else and now deals in peltry. Faugh! it does seem that the odor from the tan-pits has followed him to this festive scene! I wonder what brings him here to-night; but such people must be tolerated at an election ball.'

'Is there any intercourse between Mrs.



DOCTOR CONOLLY DESCRIBES THE COMPANY TO SIR REGINALD.

Harcourt and her brother's family?"

'None at all. The Colonel's lady quite ignores such vulgar connections. By George, she will be little pleased to see them on the field before her, when she makes her entree.'

A short silence ensued. The baronet's gaze followed the plebeian Morgans, and his ancestral pride revolted from a connection with such a set. His love for Ellinor received a momentary check at the sight of her low-bred relatives.

Two Juno-like ladies now entered the reception-room.

'Oh, here are the two Miss Boyds, handsome and well-dressed, but too masculine to be attractive. I do not admire them I must confess. They come of a bad stock, their father is a confounded old rogue who dare not show his face out of his own house, except on Sunday. The son, a chip off the old block, prospering in the world by all kinds of chicanery, has been blessed, by some egregious mistake of destiny, with an amiable and lovely wife. Look! there she is, that sad-looking woman with the soft brown tresses shading her sweet face! That handsome, spirited-looking girl with her is her sister. What a pity that young Boyd did not get her for a wife, she would have broken his head before the end of the honeymoon, instead of which, the smooth-tongued fellow is now breaking the gentler sister's heart. But such is the common lot of those who venture within the pale of matrimony—paired, but not matched! Hymen gives so many blanks in the marriage lottery that I have always been afraid to try my luck.'

A fine-looking woman richly dressed who was conversing familiarly with Colonel de Burg, now drew Sir Reginald's attention.

'That is Miss Honor Blake, one of the Blakes of Galway. Would you believe it, Sir Reginald, that lady is over sixty, and yet her face is fair and free from wrinkles, her hair is abundant and jet black, positively, not a line of silver has yet made its appearance. She must certainly have some elixir for preserving youth; for my part I cannot ward off the withering attacks of time; but Miss Honor seems invulnerable. She is a positive enigma.'

A person in rather outre costume was now heard accosting Colonel de Burg in broad Hibernian accents.

'Who is this new arrival, Dr. Connolly, his appearance is strikingly unique?'

'He is a real specimen of an Irish squire, Sir Reginald—quite an original in his way. His name is Reilly. He is a farmer, though a would-be gentleman. A great fox-hunter too—he keeps an excellent pack, and by inducing the fox-hunting gentry to join

him in their favorite sport, he manages to ferret himself into society. By George, he gives good dinners and excellent 'claret,' as he calls it, although the style in which the feast is served calls forth irrepressible bursts of laughter from the guests. Reilly takes it all in good part, fancying they are amused at his wit, and invites them to help themselves, supposing that it is the polite way of acting the host. That genteel-looking young man now being introduced to the Colonel, is Reilly's son. He says he is making a gentleman of Larry, and that he expects to see him a counsellor before he dies. The young man is now an attorney and doing well. That pretty piece of affection and frivolity curtseying to Colonel de Burg, in the 'minuet de la cour' style, is Larry's wife, the daughter of a fashionable milliner from Dublin.'

The latter remark of Dr. Connolly was lost upon Sir Reginald. At this moment Mrs. Colonel Harcourt's stout figure and nodding yellow and green plume appeared in the door-way, and close behind, leaning on the arm of Captain Travers, the Baronet espied the being for whose entrance he had been watching during the last hour.

'Glittering in pearls and costly array' Ellinor Harcourt had never seemed so irresistible in the eyes of her noble admirer. How potent is the spell with which beauty enthral's mankind! In the witchery of Ellinor's many fascinations, the pride of ancestry, of rank, of wealth, all was forgotten, even Red Billy Morgan himself and that horrid tribe! and Sir Reginald found himself drawn a willing captive to his idol's feet, bending in lowly homage at her beautiful shrine.

The dancing was now about to commence, and Colonel de Burg looked round previously to selecting a partner. It was a moment of no little anxiety. Almost every fair one in that crowded room coveted the honor of opening the ball with the handsome member elect. Many a young heart leaped at this important moment. Many a bright eye followed the Colonel's movements as he stepped forward.

He approached the pretty Belinda Ormsby and requested the honor of her hand. Her supercilious mamma cast a glance of triumph at Mrs. Harcourt, as her daughter moved towards the ball-room leaning on the arm of the gallant member. The next moment that glance was returned with interest by the Colonel's lady, as the beautiful Ellinor followed with the English Baronet.

The hours sped on. Neither Mrs. Harcourt nor Ellinor enjoyed the ball as much as they had expected. The unlooked-for appearance of Red Billy and his satellites marred their happiness for the evening.—

They felt in a constant fever of anxiety lest their plebeian relatives should presume to address them and thus force themselves on the notice of Sir Reginald Vivyan. Frequently did the nervous glance of Ellinor detect Uncle Billy hovering near. Once he was evidently approaching to address her. With what shrinking horror did the proud girl watch his movements. Verily there are many thorns in the chaplet which encircles the brow of pride!

But there was one who came to the rescue, one who had been, like Red Billy himself, hovering near, as if drawn irresistibly within the sphere of her attractions.— Captain Travers had lived long enough in B— to have learned the relationship between the vulgar Morgans and the elegant Miss Harcourt. He saw Uncle Billy's meditated attack and in a moment he was at his side accosting him in his blindest accents, and then engaging him in conversation, he insensibly drew him into the card-room, where he contrived to find him a place at one of the tables, and there the old man remained a fixture the rest of the evening. What a relief to the proud Ellinor, and what a feeling of gratitude welled up in her heart towards her poor, but devoted lover!

The election ball passed, and Mrs. Harcourt's expectations that Sir Reginald Vivyan would make her daughter an offer of his hand, were disappointed, although his attentions had been very marked. Two weeks glided away and still Sir Reginald did not propose. The Colonel's lady was becoming quite impatient. Mrs. Ormsby was heard to declare that the Baronet's attentions meant nothing; those aristocratic young men often amused themselves with such interesting flirtations.

This was repeated to Mrs. Harcourt and Ellinor. The latter heard the remark with a smile of contempt. Her mother bristled with indignation; but the words of angry retort which she was about to fling back at Mrs. Ormsby, were checked by the appearance of Sir Reginald himself, who came to beg a private interview with Miss Harcourt. Half an hour afterwards the mutual friend of Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Ormsby entered the drawing-room of the latter to make the startling announcement that Ellinor Harcourt was going to be married to Sir Reginald Vivyan.

The news created more envy than surprise. Every one was on the qui vive about the wedding. The trousseau of the bride elect was ordered from Dublin. Mrs. Harcourt spared no expense to give eclat to the affair.

Ellinor Harcourt's wedding-day at length arrived. Crowds thronged the Church to witness the ceremony and catch a view of the youthful bride, who, in her gorgeous costume of white satin, Brussels lace and

rare gems, looked dazzlingly beautiful. After a splendid dejeuner, Sir Reginald and Lady Vivyan left B— for the Continent, the happy Ellinor carrying with her but one sorrowful reminiscence of her wedding-day, and that was the remembrance of Captain Travers' face as it met her gaze for a moment when she turned from the altar a bride. He was standing near, half hid behind a pillar, gazing at her with a look of such deep despairing grief that the pulsations of her heart ceased for a moment. She had never before realized the depth of the young officer's love for her. It was a passion such as time itself cannot eradicate. Ellinor felt that in rejecting Captain Travers, she had given up the love of a noble and generous heart. Would Sir Reginald Vivyan's fully compensate for such a sacrifice. Time must answer that question.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**STRANGE IF TRUE.**—The good people of Oakhill, says a correspondent of the Lindsay Canadian Post, were startled on Monday evening last by the sad intelligence that a child of Mrs. Fitzsimons was lost in the woods, having started to go to the sugar bush to her grandmother, who was boiling sap. Several parties started at once to search for her, but darkness soon put an end to their labors and left the desolate mother to mourn over the unprotected situation of her child; and the absence of her husband, who was in Lindsay as a juror, added to her troubles. The whole neighborhood turned out the next morning and searched diligently until evening, when they returned, tired and disheartened. It was then suggested that some one should go and see Mr. A. W. Brown, of Rosedale, and request him to put one of his subjects in a clairvoyant state, and see if he could point out the whereabouts of the child. A young man was sent for at once, but it was not until Wednesday morning that the subject could be found. When Mr. Brown succeeded in putting him into a suitable state, without telling him for what purpose he was wanted, strange to say, he accurately described the child, her leaving home and going to the next house, leaving there and going in a northwest direction, the tree at which she stopped on Monday night, where they would find traces of her travelling in a small circle on Tuesday, and said she was then alive (Wednesday morning) and sitting on a log. He further stated that several parties were then searching for her, but they were going away from her. When asked if she would leave where she then was, he said: "No, she could not travel, as her feet were sore." The young man then returned, and in company with three others went direct to where she was, and found her in the exact place described. She was without food from Monday morning until Wednesday evening, was out under the rain Monday night, and in the snow to her knees on Tuesday. There was a sharp frost on Tuesday night, and although only eight years old, delicate and very small of her age, she is still alive and doing well. Neither Mr. Brown nor his subject ever saw the child or the locality where she was lost.

**A GHOST!**—Considerable excitement has been produced lately in London by the exhibition at the Polytechnic of a real ghost. It stood out plainly and well defined, each feature distinct. It walked about, moved its every limb with ease and grace, rolled its eyes and showed its teeth. But yet was so impalpable that the 'ghost raiser' could walk through it. A patent having been taken out by the inventor, a correspondent writes to the Times, describing the manner in which the illusion is produced. He says:

'It is nothing more than the reflected image of a brightly illuminated object, living or dead, from the surface of a flat piece of glass. The lights are lowered, and the spectators are in comparative darkness. The curtain is drawn and discloses a dimly illuminated chamber called a study, and there you behold the student, a living man, walking to and fro. This person is actually behind a large sheet of plate glass, not larger, indeed, than is to be seen in many a shop window. The object to be ghostified is concealed in front of the glass, and is brilliantly illuminated by the well known lime light. In accordance with the law of optics the image of the object is reflected from the glass as it is in reality in front of it; and they, owing to the obscurity of the chamber, are unable to detect the source of the illusion.'

The manager of one of the large theatres (probably Charles Kean,) has purchased the right to use the ghost on the stage.

As the earth is but a point compared to the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys.

## Poetry.

(ORIGINAL.)

For the Canadian Illustrated News.

### AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY G. W. JOHNSON.

Tell me not of newest fashions,  
Newest songs and books and stories,  
Newest theories in science,  
Newest gems of thought embodied,  
Sparkling words of wit and wisdom,  
That have scarcely cooled since uttered.

Let me hide from prying vision,  
In some old neglected garret,  
Filled with ancient books and stories,  
Filled with manuscripts whose writers  
Long have passed and been forgotten.

Let me hear in fairy fables,  
How they conquered mighty giants;  
That I still may love to hear them.  
Give me back the days of childhood;  
Or at least, the spell that bound me,  
Bind again, for life is childhood,  
We are children growing older.

Let me hear the tales and stories,  
Ballads, songs, and wild traditions,  
And Canadian, Indian legends,  
Which are woven with our history;  
How they hunted in the forest,  
When they did, as nature taught them,  
Careless, as of smile, of censure.

Deem it not an idle fancy;  
Let it not appear a puzzle;  
That the song which first I sing you,  
Is about my native country.

Gather shells beside the ocean,  
Listen to the tales they tell you;  
In their mimic ocean voices  
They will sing the sea forever.  
Gather reeds and river-rushes,  
When the gentle winds are blowing,  
They will pipe you river-music.  
Gather laurels from the mountain,  
Fir and balsam from the forest;  
When, without, the tempest howleth,  
Listen to their mimic voices,  
While they sing a mimic tempest.  
If you cannot bribe the flowers,  
Neither can you bribe the spirit,  
To forget its land and nation;  
To forget the tones of childhood—  
In the spirit's penetralia.  
Where the tones of childhood linger,  
There are chambers—there are echoes  
That will ring them out forever.

Should you ask me where I heard it,  
Heard this little simple story,  
Heard this song of Canadansis,  
I would answer, by the river,  
In the forest, on the mountain,  
Heard it, when the night-winds waken,  
Heard it in the ocean's murmur,  
Heard it by the big-sea-waters,  
Heard it from a thousand voices  
In the thunders of Niagara.  
Should you ask me where it happened,  
This would be, my only answer,  
At the home of Canadansis.  
Should you ask me how it happened  
I would answer, read his story:

#### SONG OF COMA CANADANSIS.

Lights of many days and summers  
On the wings of time have faded,  
Since the hunter of the mountain  
And the hunter of the valley  
Lived in peace, and feared no evil;  
When the beaver and the otter  
Built their homes beside the river,  
Lived and played among the waters;  
When the deer in herds around us,  
White gazelles, that left the mountains,  
Chose our children for their playmates;  
When the year was always summer,  
And the chilly winds of winter  
Had not yet been breathed upon us;  
And the sunshine always lingered,  
Till the full-orb'd moon, ascending  
Joined the twilight on so closely,  
That the eye could scarce discover,  
When the light of day had faded;  
And the gentle zephyrs, blowing  
O'er the mighty big-sea-water,  
Wafted tones and spirit voices  
From the land, no mortal knoweth;  
And the sky was hanging downward,  
That the hand might almost touch it.  
On the sacred Manitoulin,  
Island in the big-sea-water,  
Manitou, the mighty spirit,  
Placed a white deer, sacra cervina—  
Cerva white as foam of ocean,  
When the tempest winds are raging,  
Years rolled on and still it lingered,  
Garboiled in its home of flowers.  
Coronora, from the southland,  
From a nation that we hated,

Came by night to Manitoulin—  
Island in the big-sea-water,  
Killed the white deer, sacra cervina,  
Then departed for the mountains.

All at once the big-sea-water,  
Boiled and foamed and dashed in fury,  
Manitou, Great Spirit, heard it.  
First he set the sky on fire  
With his winged forked lightnings;  
Then the night grew dark and dismal,  
And a voice from out the darkness  
Spake as loud as loudest thunder,  
When it roars among the mountains.

Wicked people, I have kept you  
Many thousand years in pleasure;  
All I asked, that you should render,  
Was the white deer, sacra cervina,  
Should be free to roam the meadows,  
And should dwell among the flowers.  
But my wishes were not heeded,  
Therefore, I will smile no longer,  
I will frown, and clouds shall gather  
Over all the face of nature,  
And the balmy winds of summer  
Shall be changed to dreary winter;  
(For till then the winds of winter  
Had not blown on Manitoulin)  
That your children may remember,  
That their fathers once were happy,  
That the land was as a garden,  
As it might have bloomed, forever.  
When the summer is declining,  
And the sun has wandered southward,  
I will give the Indian summer,  
Such as used to smile upon you.  
When the Indian summer cometh  
Pleasant-scented myrrh and cedar  
From the forest and the mountain,  
Ye shall gather, burn before me.  
Ye shall bring your fairest maidens,  
And the fairest of the number  
Ye shall place upon the waters;  
Place upon the big-sea-water,  
In a white canoe shall place her;  
I will guide her, I will take her  
To the land of happy spirits—  
To the blooming fields Elysian.

Then the mighty big-sea-water  
Ceased to roll, and stilled its thunder,  
And the day began to brighten,  
But alas! the winds of winter,  
Cold and cruelly were blowing,  
And the sky had risen higher,  
And the deer and birds and heavens  
Sought the forest when they saw us.  
Manitou had planted thistles,  
Planted thorns and bitter apples,  
Poison mellons by the river,  
Sent the hungry wolf and panther  
Sent disease and death among us.

Coronora, hated stranger,  
Sought the mountain and the wildwood,  
Hungered, thirsted, in the forest,  
Wandered up and down the forest,  
Many miles from Manitoulin.  
For the sound of rushing water  
Lured him far, and called him farther,  
Till at last an open desert  
Spread itself away before him,  
Spread itself behind, beside him.  
Far he wandered, weak, and weary,  
In a desert land enchanted,  
Over rocks, and reeds and rushes,  
Tangled thorns, and briar bushes;  
Not a single blossom blowing,  
Not a single river flowing,  
But a noon-tide heat is glowing,  
And the sun in anger shining,  
Burns into the brain a fever:  
All the ground is parched and arid,  
And the thirsty one is cheated,  
By the sound of many waters,  
For this desert land, enchanted,  
By the singing sands is haunted,  
And the singing sands can mimic  
Anything the heart desires:  
If you're famishing for water,  
They will sing it; if you follow,  
Straightway, they will sing of waters  
In a different direction;  
If the noon-tide heat oppress you,  
And you fain would feel the breezes  
Sweetly fan your fevered temples,  
Quick as thought, you hear a murmur,  
As of gentle zephyrs blowing;  
Follow thither, and it changes.  
'Tis the singing sands that mock you,  
With their sounds of empty meaning;  
Do you hunger? berry bushes,  
Covered thick with luscious berries,  
At the wayside, seem to flourish;  
If you turn aside to pluck them,  
They will vanish as a shadow,  
Or appear a little onward;  
Follow thither, they retire.

Thus the hunger, famished pilgrim,  
Never guessing of deception  
Follows the enchanted berries,

Till the gloom of night surrounds him;  
Grasping after golden apples,  
That are very fair and lovely,  
But when taken in the fingers,  
Suddenly are turned to ashes.

Thus the hated Coronora  
Wandered up and down the desert,  
Mocked and bruised in hidden pit-falls.  
Till at last his strength forsook him,  
And his spirit, too, forsook him,  
But the singing sands were present,  
Lured his spirit to the regions  
Of perpetual gloom and sorrow.

On the mighty big-sea-water,  
On the Manitoulin island,  
Lived Oranta, mighty hunter,  
Laughed and never thought of sorrow.  
Every body loved his daughter—  
Daughter to the great Oranta—  
Lena fairer than the flowers,  
That she used to train in summer.  
Great Oranta danced the war dance,  
Made a feast to all the warriors.  
I had seen the gentle Lena,  
Saw her at her father's wigwam,  
Where I won the heart of Lena:  
And Oranta smiled upon us,  
For he knew we loved each other.

Oh how sad the summer ended,  
For my darling one was chosen;  
All our hearts were full of sorrow,  
But the white canoe was painted,  
And our Lena placed within it;  
Out upon the big-sea-water,  
Rode the white canoe and maiden;  
Not a paddle moved about it,  
Scarcely did it kiss the waters,  
To the right hand never turned it,  
To the left hand never turned it,  
But it swiftly hurried onward;  
To the sunny southland rode it,  
Till away upon the waters,  
As a speck upon the ocean,  
In the mighty distance seemed it.  
Manitou was watching for it,  
Ere the Indian summer faded.  
Great Oranta had departed  
To the happy land of spirits.  
Many days and nights I waited,  
Many weary years I waited,  
But the white canoe and maiden  
Never came across the waters,  
Back across the big-sea-water,  
To the heart of Canadansis.

You have heard it, you have read it,  
Read this strange and wild tradition;  
Judge it at your heart's dictation,  
Not with cold and cruel censure.  
It's as my father told it,  
As his father's father told it,  
Told this ancient, Indian legend,  
Told of Coma Canadansis.

Binbrook, April 8th, 1863.

SOME things come by odd names. The most uncommon quality in a man is called 'common sense;' a paper half a mile long is a 'brief,' and a melancholy ditty, devoid of sense or meaning is called a 'glee.'

'SAY, Pete Johnson, is swords 'bolished in the army?'  
'Ob course dey isn't, Snowball; what makes you ax setch a stoopid question, you ignomant niggah?'  
'O! nuffin, only I heard todder day dat five thousand sogers was goin' to take the field with Sickles.'

I was once standing by the grave of my departed children, under a brilliant sun and cloudless sky, when suddenly a light shadow passed over the green turf. Looking up for the cause, I beheld a snow-white gull winging her lofty flight through the air. The thought immediately struck me—thus it is with the dear objects of my mournful remembrance. Here, indeed, lies the shadow, but above is the living principle.—MORAVIAN MISSIONARY IN LABRADOR.

It was customary years ago to publish from the pulpit, in Connecticut, bans of matrimony. On one occasion an old man rose and said, 'I forbid the bans.' On being asked to state his objections, he replied, 'I had reserved Dinah Curtis for myself.' The objection was not deemed 'good.'

Mrs. SMILES says the reason children are so bad this generation is owing to the wearing of the gaiter shoes, instead of the old fashioned slippers. Mothers find it too much trouble to untie gaiters to whip children, so they go unpunished: but when she was a child the way the slipper used to do its duty was a caution!

## Pretty; and Pretty Good.

'I burn my soul away,'  
So spake the Rose, and smiled; 'within my cup,  
All day the sunbeams full in flame—all day  
They drink my sweetness up!'

'I sigh my soul away,'  
The Lilly said; 'all night the moonbeams pale  
Steal round and round me, whispering in their play  
An all too tender tale!'

'I give my soul away,'  
The Violet said; 'the west wind wanders on,  
The north wind comes; I know not what they say,  
And yet my soul is gone!'

Oh, Poet, burn away.  
Thy fervent soul I fond Lover, at the left,  
Of thee thou lovest, sigh! Dear Christian, pray,  
And let the world be sweet!

LET your promises be sincere, and so prudently considered as not to exceed the reach of your ability; he who promises more than he can perform is false to himself: he who does not perform what he has promised is false to his friends.

A DIAMOND is a diamond, though you put it on the finger of a beggar—only that on the finger of a beggar nobody would believe it a diamond. Does not mendicant genius every day offer the precious jewel in its head for sale, and yet, because the holder is mendicant, does not the world believe the jewel to be of no value? Men have died with jewels in their brains, and not until the men were dead were the gems owned to be true water.—JERROLD.

DURING a marriage ceremony performed by one of the dissenting ministers of the Elgin Presbytery lately, the bride was sobbing immoderately while the knot was being tied. 'What's the matter, my young woman?' asked the official. 'Oh, sir,' replied the bride, 'it's because it's forever!' 'No, no,' rejoined the minister, 'that's a mistake—a great mistake, it's not forever. Death puts an end to the engagement.' On hearing this the bride dried up her tears and was consoled.

RAINY WEATHER, at the end of May, and in first week of June, 1863, is verified as follows, by whom we cannot tell:—

We got our summer pantaloons  
A week ago, on Monday,  
And we have never had a chance  
To wear them on a Sunday.

It's time for all the pleasant things;  
For walking, riding, training;  
But there is nothing in the world  
But raining, raining, raining.

The weather-cock has rusted out,  
The blue sky is forgotten,  
The earth is a saturated sponge,  
And vegetation's rotten.

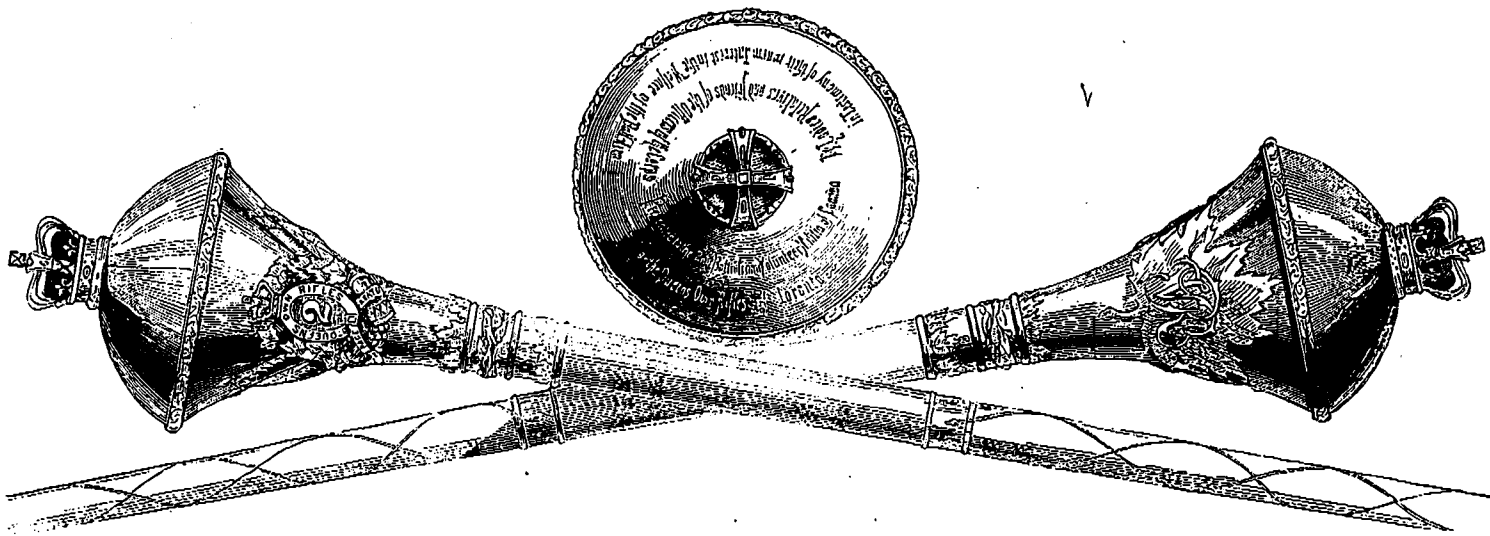
We hate to see the darkest side,  
We hate to be complaining;  
But hang us if our temper stands  
This raining, raining, raining.

I HAVE sat upon the seashore and waited for its gradual approaches, and have seen its dancing waves and white surf, and admired that he who measured it with His hand had given to it such life and motion; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and well nigh swept me from firmest footing. So I have seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of inviting pleasure, till it has detained his eye and imprisoned his feet and swelled upon his soul, and swept him to a swift destruction.—BASIL MONTAGUE.

A SCOTCH proprietor seeing an old gardener of his establishment with a very old patched, though not ragged, coat, made some passing remark on his condition. 'It's a vera guid coat,' said the honest old man. 'I canna agree with you there,' said his lordship. 'Ay, it's just a vera guid coat; it covers a contented spirit and a body that owes no man anything, and that's mair than mony a man can say o' their coat.'

A YOUNG man who applied at a recruiting station for enlistment was asked if he could sleep on the point of a bayonet, when he promptly replied by saying he could do it, as he had often slept on a pint of whisky, and the kind they used where he came from would kill farther than any shooting-iron he ever saw.

AT Bristol, England, a tavern-keeper, uniting business with patriotism, hung out a banner, on the Prince's marriage day, inscribed:—'A sandwich and a glass of beer for 3d. Bless them both.'



SILVER HEAD, IN THREE VIEWS, OF THE REGIMENTAL BATON OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give two pictures on this page. The subject is referred to by the writer signing himself Dellwa, on page 39; and in the following extracts from the Toronto papers:

THE PRESENTATION AT TORONTO.

The first noticeable event of the day was the presentation of the mace, already described in our columns, to the 'Queen's Own Battalion,' at the Normal School grounds. The men assembled in full force, and there was a large congregation of spectators to witness the proceedings. The presentation was made on behalf of the ladies, by Mrs. Draper, wife of the Chief Justice, in terms highly complimentary to the battalion.—Lieut. Col. Durie replied as follows: 'With much gratification I accept, on behalf of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto, the very handsome baton with which you have

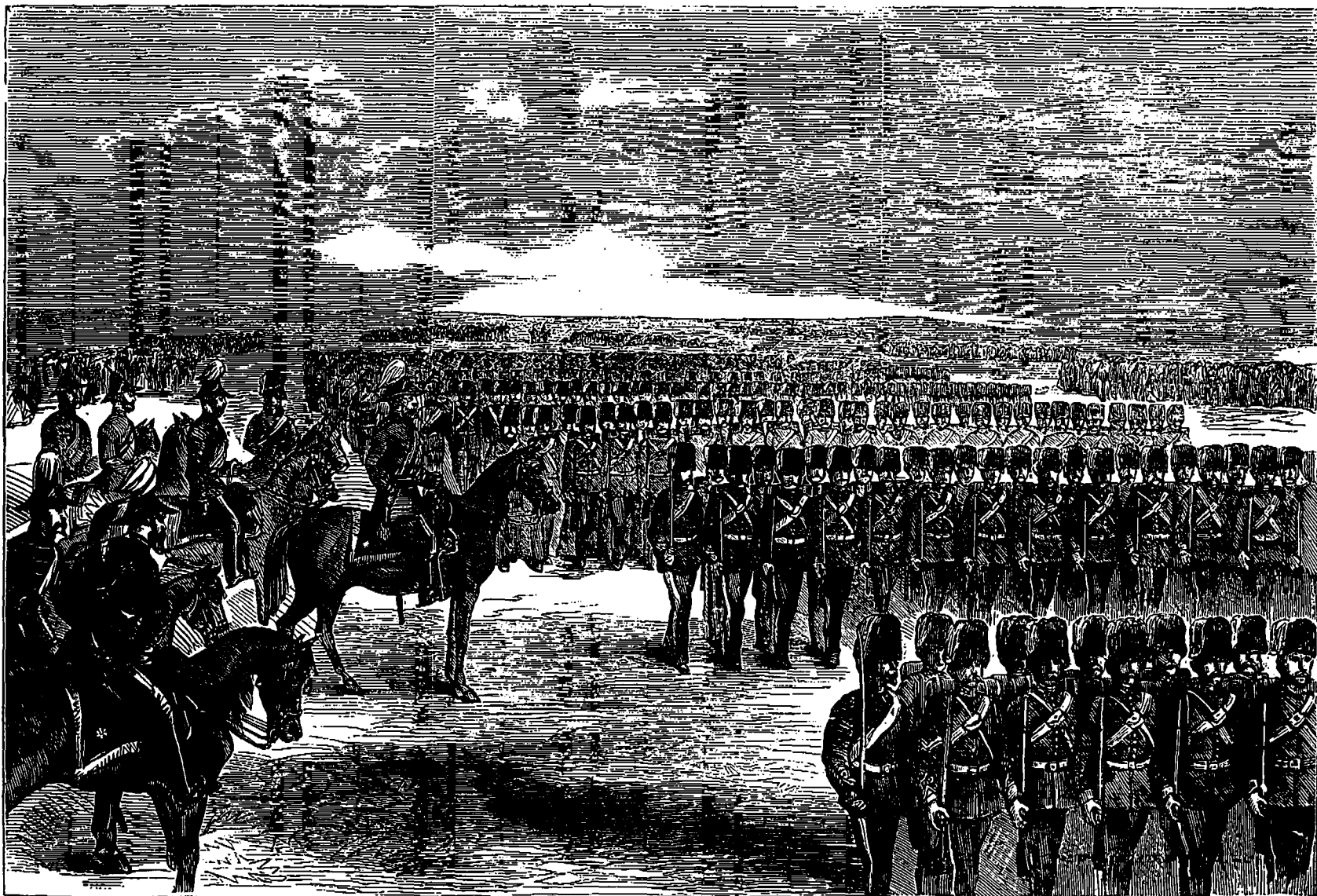
presented us. Pray accept our warmest thanks not only for this token of your regard but for the very kind interest evinced on this occasion. Let me assure you that I speak the feelings of all the members of the corps; and if we wanted any incentive to discharge our duty, in addition to our loyalty to our Queen and country, we should find it in the approving smiles of those who have favored us with this mark of their esteem, and have graced this occasion by their presence.' Cheers were then given for the ladies, and for Her Majesty the Queen, and the battalion marched off to the review ground, whither they were followed by a very large crowd.

THE REVIEW AT TORONTO.

The review of the troops in conjunction with the volunteers, was a complete success. There must have been nearly ten thousand persons present, and the number of carriages with their fair occupants and whiskered cavaliers, as well as those of their attendants, minus the hirsute appendages, who lined the field, contributed to enhance the piquancy

of the scene. At half-past eleven, the 2nd Battalion or 'Queen's Own' joined the regulars, consisting of the 30th Regiment under the command of Major Atcherley, and the Field Battery, R. A., Major Vesey commanding. The Volunteers were composed of the following corps, besides the 'Queen's Own,' namely: the Naval Brigade, College Cadets, Volunteer Field Battery, and a troop of Volunteer Cavalry. A number of the officers of the 10th Royals, in undress uniform, were present, by invitation from Colonel Durie, of the 'Queen's,' but were unable to bring their regiment into the field in consequence of their not having as yet received their uniforms from England. The ground was well kept by the Military Train and the Royal Canadian Rifles, under the command of Captain Clarke. About half-past eleven the whole force was formed in line to receive the general, who shortly afterwards made his appearance accompanied by a brilliant staff, among whom were the following officers: Colonel Mountain, R. A., Captain Torrence, Brigade Major McDonald, Lieutenant Colonel Robinson, R. E., and Cap-

tain Moorsom, aide-de-camp. The General and staff rode along in front of the ranks. The 'feu-de-joie' was fired punctually at noon, in accordance with the Brigade orders for the day. The time kept by the several corps was good, and it was particularly noticeable that in this respect the volunteers were fully up to the regulars. After the 'feu-de-joie' the General took up his position at the flag-staff, and the whole force marched past in slow and quick time at quarter distance column. And then they formed into line, saluted the General, marched past in columns in close order, and presented arms. The officers commanding the battalions and corps were then called to the front, when General Napier expressed himself very much gratified with the soldier-like appearance of the men, and the manner in which the movements were performed.—With regard to the regular troops he remarked that they always did well. To Colonel Durie he observed that he was particularly pleased with the appearance of the 'Queen's,' and complimented him on the high state of efficiency into which he had



HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL REVIEWING THE TROOPS AT QUEBEC, MAY 25, 1863:

brought the battalion, and further remarked that the precision and steadiness with which the evolutions were executed was highly creditable. He concluded by requesting Colonel Durie to express his gratification to the men.

The 'Naval Brigade,' under the command of Captain McMaster, elicited universal admiration. The easy and graceful manner in which they took part in the review was worthy of the gallant sons of Neptune, and their share in the 'feu-de-joie' was really excellent. No. 2 Merchants turned out in strength sufficient to form two companies. Major Denison's York Company were the only cavalry corps on the ground. The appointments and discipline of the Volunteer Field Battery were up to the mark. After the general salute the force formed into four deep, and were marched off to their respective barracks and armouries accompanied by their bands.

No. 1 company, commanded by Captain John McDonald, dined at Johnstone's half-way house, and spent together a very convivial evening, in accordance with their custom for the past seven years.

#### GRAND MILITARY REVIEW AT QUEBEC BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

No holiday has ever been more generally observed in Quebec than was Monday 25th of May, 1863, as the forty-third anniversary of the birthday of our beloved Sovereign. The weather could not have been more propitious for the celebration, and out-door amusements were in universal favor. Business was wholly suspended, and the good people of all classes seemed bent upon testifying their loyalty by thorough devotion to pleasure. In the city, the shops and counting-houses were all closed, and the most casual observers would have seen that the day was one of unanimous rejoicing. The royal standard floated from the Citadel flag-staff from sunrise, and at the Parliament House, the Government House, the City Hall, and other places, the British ensign was hoisted during the day. The different Consuls also displayed their colors, many of the shipping were decked with bunting, and the Cathedral bells chimed merrily at inter-

vals. The few persons who remained in town had the salutes at noon from the government schooner La Canadienne, to remind them of the military display that was taking place on the Plains of Abram. This was the great attraction, and thither had repaired the thousands who during the early part of the day promenaded the streets in holiday attire. The Volunteer Militia mustered on the Esplanade, and followed the regulars to the place assigned for the Review at about eleven o'clock.

Having arrived on the Plains, the troops were drawn up in a line, a battery of the Royal Artillery on the right, two companies of the same force with small arms, then the 17th Regiment, the Volunteer Artillery, and the several companies of Militia, with two troops of cavalry on the extreme left. The Governor General reached the parade about half-past eleven, accompanied by his staff, and was received by the whole line with a royal salute. Having acknowledged the compliment, His Excellency passed along the front and up the rear of the line, reviewing the whole, and then returned to the saluting point. The noon gun from the Citadel was the signal for the battery on the right of the line to commence a Royal salute in honor of the day. The twenty-one guns having been fired, and after seven more, the order was given for the line to fire a 'feu de joie,' which was taken up by the Artillery with small arms, and continued by the rest of the force, including the Militia. Seven guns more were fired, and then a second volley; and after the third seven, the third volley in the air was fired. The Commandant, Col. Benn, R.A., then ordered a Royal salute for the Queen, which was duly given, the whole line presenting arms, the colors dropping, and the bands playing the National Anthem. The troops then ordered arms, and gave three cheers for the Queen in the usual lusty and loyal manner, led off by the Commandant. The line then broke into open column and proceeded past the Governor General in slow and quick time, the Militia having the fine band of the 60th Rifles at their head. After this, the several battalions formed in quarter distance columns and advanced to again salute the Governor

General, which having been done, the military pageant was ended.

The Volunteer force was well represented, although some companies did not turn out, not being provided with all their clothing in time. The companies present were:

The Civil Service Rifles, the Victoria Rifles, the Diamond Harbor Rifles, the Wellington Rifles, the Ballyrammon Rifles, the Highland Rifles, the Voltigeur companies of Captains Pelletier, Lindsay, Alain, Dugal and Langevin, the Royal Albert Rifles, under the command of Captain Herring, Captain McKay's company of Foot Artillery, and the troops of Cavalry of Captains Scott and Prior. Their appearance generally was creditable, and, in marching past, many of the companies were particularly admired for their soldier like appearance and steadiness under arms.

At the conclusion of the parade, the Commander-in-Chief called the officers commanding corps to the front, and complimented them upon the appearance of their respective commands.

The Deputy Adjutant General, Colonel De Salaberry, and Brigade Major Suzor were on the ground, the Militia force being under the command of Colonel Sewell. Thousands of spectators witnessed the Review, including several members of Lord Monck's family, His Worship the Mayor, and most of our leading citizens.

Out-door amusements were kept up with spirit during the afternoon, and up to a late hour the streets were thronged by people, many of whom were as greatly displeased that there was not the customary display of fire-works as they were that the juveniles were allowed to persist in their dangerous and annoying indulgence in fire-crackers.

#### CALITHUMPIANS.

At Waterdown announcement was made that the Queen's Birthday would be celebrated in a 'more loyal and enthusiastic manner than anywhere else in Canada.' The games included all the old English May-day sports, even to the 'grinning through a horse collar,' ending with fireworks and a torch-

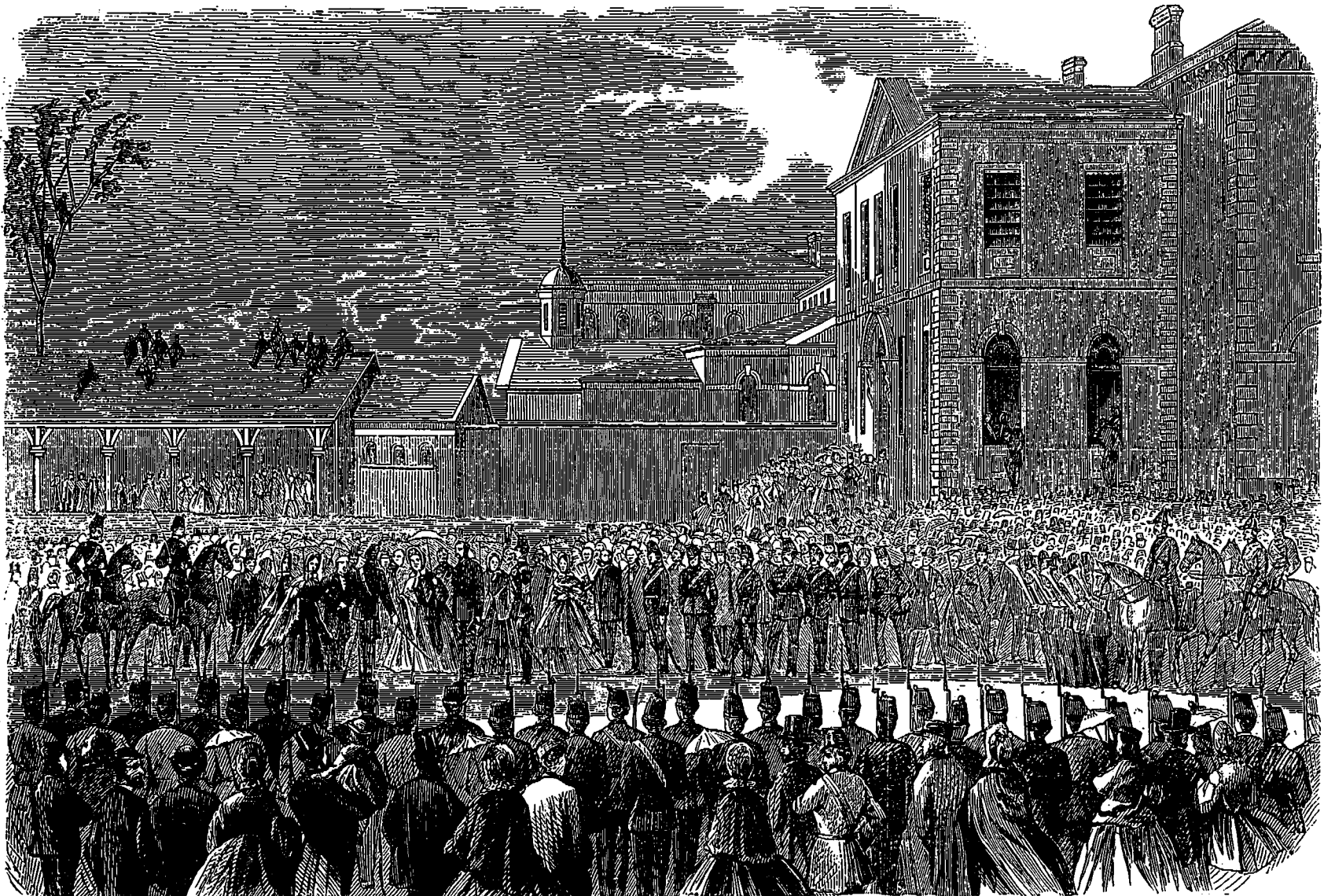
light procession of the calithumpians. What they are no dictionary can tell.

#### FANTASTICALS.

At Guelph the 'Fantasticals' were to be something like the 'Calithumpians' of other places. We shall place on record what the Fantasticals were at Guelph, that the antiquary of a thousand years hence may infer what calithumpians did or designed to do. Only we grieve sincerely to bring into the record a story of untimely death and of mourning:

During the progress of the 'Fantasticals' on Monday evening, when the procession had reached the Alma Block, Hector Macdonald, hostler at Platt's Hotel, being partially inebriated and excited, while engaged in teasing the horse ridden by Martin West, by pulling its tail, received a severe kick in the face. He was immediately conveyed to the Wellington Hotel, bleeding profusely, where he was attended by Dr. Clarke. It was soon ascertained that the unfortunate man was fatally injured. The left cheek bone was broken, the fracture extending along the base of the nose to the frontal bone. Macdonald was removed to his residence the same evening, where he continued perfectly conscious but suffering much pain until Tuesday night, when indications of fatal injury to the brain and rapidly approaching dissolution became apparent, and on Wednesday morning death ensued.

On Wednesday afternoon Dr. Herod held an inquest on the body when the facts as stated, were brought out in evidence. From the testimony of one witness it appeared that after pulling the horse's tail and while running back he received the kick which caused his death. Deceased before his death stated that he had got the wound from his fooling with the horse. The result of a post mortem examination by Dr. Clarke showed that the frontal and most of the bones forming the floor of the orbit, were completely fractured, and driven in upon the brain, inflicting irremediable injury. The jury returned a verdict that deceased came to his death by the kick of a horse, caused by his injudicious conduct.



MRS. DRAPER PRESENTING A REGIMENTAL BATON TO THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLE VOLUNTEERS, MAY 25, 1863.

## Household Receipts.

## TO GET GOOD BREAD, DESERVE IT.

The eyes that look with love on thee,  
That brighten with a smile,  
Or mutely bid thee hope again,  
If thou art sad awhile!  
The eyes that when no words are breathed  
Gaze fondly into thine—  
Oh, cherish them! ere they grow dim;  
They may not always shine!

The faithful hearts around thee,  
That glow with love and youth,  
That time nor care ne'er yet have seared,  
Nor ravished of their truth;  
The heart whose beating we have heard  
When throbbing near our own—  
Oh, cherish them! those beatings hushed,  
Earth's dear, sweet tones are gone.

The days when there are hearts and eyes  
That throbb and beam for thee;  
The few brief hours when life doth seem  
Bright as a summer's sea;  
The thrilling moments when to speak  
The full heart's joy, is vain—  
Oh, cherish them! once gone, alas!  
They ne'er return again!

In order to have good bread, there are three things very essential—good flour good risings, and a careful hand. Now, if my lady friends will comply with the following directions, I will guarantee them as good bread as was ever broken by mortal. The day of hop yeast has gone by. It is not used by the country folks at the present day, only by here and there a family. Here is my way of making bread, says a lady:—

**WATER RISINGS.**—Take a quart pitcher and a spoon—scald them thoroughly—fill the pitcher half full of boiling water from the teakettle, which has been drawn fresh from the fountain. Let the water cool to the temperature of good hot dishwater; stir in flour sufficient to make them as thick as pancake batter; add one fourth of teaspoonful of salt and as much soda; cover them closely, set them where they will keep quite warm, stir occasionally. They will rise in five or six hours.

**WHEAT BREAD.**—Milk is the best wetting for bread, water will answer. Stir the wetting into the flour quite warm, and then add the rising; stir it altogether to make a sponge. When sufficiently light, mix and mould into loaves. Let it rise again. The oven should be hot enough to bake a common loaf of bread in thirty minutes, without scorching or hardly browning in the least. Bread should never be cut until it is twelve hours old, and then only what is to be eaten immediately; better cut again than to have a plateful left. Who can bear to eat bread that has been sliced and dried a day or two?

**RAISED BISCUIT.**—Take some of the bread dough when light, knead a piece of butter as large as an egg into dough, enough to fill a long tin—mould into small biscuits—let them rise again; bake for twenty minutes.

**INDIAN BREAD.**—Take two quarts of Indian meal, pour on boiling water enough to make the meal quite wet; when cool, add a quart of flour, half a pint of risings, a little salt, and half a cupful of molasses. Mix altogether, put into large basins and let it rise; bake for three hours with a slow fire.

**JOHNNY CAKE.**—A johnny cake to be eaten with meat, should be made as follows:—One teacupful of sweet milk, one of buttermilk, a little salt and a little soda; stir in meal enough to make soft batter; bake for forty minutes.

**TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF LINEN.**—Stains caused by acids can be removed by wetting the part and laying on it some salt of wormwood; then rub without diluting it with more water.

Or, tie up in the stained part some pearl-ash, then scrape some soap into cold soft water to make a lather, and boil the linen till the stain disappears.

Recent stains of fruit may be removed by holding the linen tightly stretched over a tub and pouring hot water over the part. This may be done before any soap has been applied to it. As soon as the stain is made on table linen, &c., rub on it common table salt before it has had time to dry. The salt will keep it damp till the cloth is washed, when the stain will disappear; or, wash the stain lightly when the cloth is removed.

Cut a raw potato in half and use it instead of a rag for scouring knives. It cleans them in less time, and far better than a cloth.

**COLORING DRAB ON WOOLEN.**—For coloring drab on woolen, take a tea-cup full of tea, steeped in three quarts of boiling water till the strength is obtained, then pour off the water into an iron kettle, and boil your articles in it for a few minutes, air them, put in a small table-spoon full of copperas and boil them in it for a few minutes, then wash thoroughly in soap-suds before drying.

**TO REMOVE IRON RUST FROM WHITE CLOTH.**—Take oxalic acid, pulverize it, wet the cloth where the iron rust is, warm it by placing on a thin coating of acid with the handle of a spoon, or some like instrument. In a few minutes the iron rust will disappear, when immediately rinse in clean water.—Care should be taken not to let the acid remain too long, and also to have it thoroughly rinsed off.

**VEAL—MINGED.**—Cut your veal into slices, and then into little square bits—but do not chop it. Put it into a saucepan, with two or three spoonfuls of gravy, a slice of lemon, a little pepper and salt, a good lump of butter rolled in flour, a teaspoonful of lemon pickle, and a large spoonful of cream. Keep shaking it over the fire till it boils, but do not let it boil over a minute. Serve it hot.

**HOUSEKEEPERS' HELP.**—Hold a needle between the teeth when peeling onions, or grating horse-radish, and you will experience no inconvenience from either.

**HINTS TO LADIES.**—Stair carpets should always have a slip of paper put under them, at and over the edge of every stair, which is the part where they first wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpet against the boards beneath. The strips should be within an inch or two as long as the carpet is wide, and about four inches in breadth, so as to be a distance from each stair. This simple plan, so easy of execution, will, we know, preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips of paper.

## THE RIVER, RAPIDS AND THE CANALS.

Preparatory to an account of the canals, and the shipping and rafting of the St. Lawrence, a measurement of the water surfaces may be usefully submitted.

Lake Superior is by averages, 420 miles long from west to east, and 120 broad; 600 feet deep, and 600 feet above the sea; its area 32,100 square miles.

Lake Michigan is 320 miles long from south to north, and 70 broad; 1000 feet deep, and 593 feet above the sea; its area 21,900 square miles.

Lake Huron is 270 miles long, from north west to south-east, and 145 broad; 350 feet deep, and 598 feet above the sea; its area 18,750 square miles. But Lake Huron is exceedingly irregular. A section of it, called Georgian Bay, contains many long headlands, and several islands. The Great Manitoulin Island, scene of the 'Indian Legend' published in the Canadian Illustrated News, this day, an allegory, beautifully told by a young poet of Canada, bursting into the blossom of poetry for the first time, the island once sacred to Manitou, lies within Georgian Bay, and the 'Great sea waters' of the poem are Huron and Michigan, sister lakes, joined by the strait of Makinaw. The waters of Michigan fall into the bosom of Huron, consequently Huron is in some part lower than Michigan; but in the measurement stated, the upper sections of Lake Huron is given, where it receives the volume of Lake Superior. The Sault Ste Marie, (pronounced Soo Sant Maree), or Rapids of St. Mary, connects Superior and Huron, the fall being 27 feet. That rapid is surrounded by a canal on American territory which is thus spoken of in the recent military and strategical report made to Congress, a possible war with Canada having been in the political eye of the committee who reported, they say:

'The entrance to Lake Huron [from Michigan lake and Illinois Canal] is through the Sault Ste Marie Canal, a work which cost about two millions of dollars, and it is too important to be overlooked. The mineral region of Lake Superior is probably richer in iron and copper than any other in the world; and the iron has been found to be superior in quality for many purposes to any other known. These mines have been rapidly developed and now constitute an important national interest. Old Fort Brady is represented as commanding the entrance to

Lake Superior, and an appropriation for its repair, or a new fort, more eligibly situated for the purpose is recommended.' A military road and railway from Appleton to Lake Superior, are named. 'And both of these, for military reasons, say the committee, are earnestly recommended to the consideration of Congress.'

The next lake is St. Clair. It is 25 miles long, from north to south, 18 broad, and about 20 feet deep; it unites with Lake Huron by St. Clair River, at Sarnia, where both the Grand Trunk and Great Western railways of Canada have terminal stations and connection with railroads on the American side, and ships carrying freight on the vast area of inland seas. The St. Clair Flats are a series of shoals dangerous to navigation. The great river, after passing through Lake St. Clair, is named Detroit River, and continues its course southward until at ninety miles from Lake Huron it bends towards the east, and enters another lake.

Lake Erie is 250 miles long from west, bending north-east, and an average of 45 broad. Its average depth is only 70 feet, which comparative shallowness with low shores, exposes its navigation to the dangers of tempestuous waves. It is 564 feet above sea level; and its area is 9,300 square miles.

From Erie to Ontario lakes, the river, the Falls and gorges of Niagara intervene, running from south to north about 30 miles.

Lake Ontario is 190 miles long from west to east; 40 broad; is 500 feet deep; is 234 feet above sea-level, and contains 7,300 square miles.

The River St. Lawrence commences at the east end of Lake Ontario, and flows 700 miles to the sea, its course being from west to east. Its rapids occur mostly at intervals on a stretch of ninety miles from below Prescott down to Montreal. It was to conduct shipping past the rapids that the St. Lawrence Canals were made. These are a series by themselves, and do not include the Welland, the Rideau, nor Chambly Canals; though in the system of lake and river navigation, the Welland is the more important of the whole.

The Welland Canal traverses the Niagara peninsula from south to north, surmounting the Falls and torrent, which, the more they are seen are the more amazing. They are not yet set to work, though on the American shore, where the Railway Suspension bridge unites the traffic of the Great Western of Canada with the New York Central, a miller has, by a series of vertical shafts, wheels and pinions, dipped from top of the precipice to the torrent 270 feet below and obtained water-power to turn his mill. The Welland Canal begins at Port Colborne on Lake Erie, and ends at Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario. It is 28 miles long, and by 27 locks overcomes a height of 330 feet.—Of the locks 24 are 150 feet long within the chamber, 26½ feet wide, with 8½ feet of water on the sill. The canal at the surface is 31 feet wide, and at bottom 35 feet. Three locks are 200 feet long, 45 feet wide, and 9 feet deep.

The Feeder branch of the Welland, from Junction to Dunville, is 21 miles long with one lock rising 8 feet, 150 feet long, 26½ wide, with 8½ feet of water on the sill; the canal 35 feet wide at bottom, and 71 at the surface.

The Broad Creek branch from Feeder to Port Maitland is 1½ miles long; rising 8 feet; one lock 200 feet long, 45 wide, with 9 feet of water on the sill.

The locks of the Welland are far inferior to the wants of the crowding traffic, and diminish the utility of the larger locks of the St. Lawrence Canals. The flow of water gives an almost illimitable water power for mills which is largely used at the town of St. Catharines, and partially at other places, such as Thorold, above St. Catharines, and Port Dalhousie, below.

## ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

The Galops, is the first, on going eastward, and begins at about three miles below Prescott. It obviates the Galops, commonly pronounced the Galoose Rapids; is two miles long; has two locks; eight feet fall; each lock 200 feet long and 45 wide; nine feet of water on sill; canal 50 feet wide on bottom and 90 at the surface.

Point Iroquois, three miles long; one lock; six feet fall; other dimensions as that of the Galops.

Rapid de Plat, four miles long; two locks; 11½ feet fall; other dimensions the same as the Galops.

Farran's Point, three-quarters of a mile long; one lock; four feet fall; other dimensions the same as the Galops.

Cornwall Canal; (Long Sault Rapids,) 11½ miles long; seven locks; 48 feet fall; locks 200 feet long, each 55 feet wide, and

nine feet deep; the canal is 100 feet wide at bottom and 150 at the surface. Three of those locks rise one above the other near the town of Cornwall, offering the privilege of a vast water power for mills, but not much used as yet. The seven locks surmount the Long Sault (pronounced Long Soo Rapids,) a view of which from a point about six miles above the town of Cornwall, is shown in the pictorial illustration on page 45. In going down, the steamers shoot the rapids, so do the sections of the rafts of timber, called drams. A raft consists of six, seven, or eight, or even ten of those drams. A dram is fifty feet wide, and as at present constructed on Lake Ontario, 200 feet long. We are preparing views of the building of the rafts, and a narrative of their navigation through the lakes, down by the Thousand Islands and through the several intricacies of the rapids. All sailing vessels and most of the freight steamboats pass upward through all the canals, except those of the Royal Mail Line. These last stem the current above the Long Sault.

Beauharnois Canal. This connects two stretches of placid water in the St. Lawrence called Lake St. Louis and Lake St. Francis. It is 11½ miles long; has nine locks; falls 82½ feet. The locks have nine feet of water, are 200 feet long and 45 wide; the canal being eighty feet wide at bottom and 120 at the surface.

Lachine Canal, from the village of Lachine to Montreal, 8½ miles long; has five locks, and a fall of 44½ feet; length of locks 200 feet and 45 wide; the canal eighty feet at bottom and 120 feet wide at the surface; three of the locks, up to last year, were nine, and two of them sixteen feet deep; but last season alterations were made, the particulars of which are not at present within reach.

Total length of canals from Lake Erie to Montreal, 69 miles; total of locks 54; total fall in the water 534½ feet.

The Chambly Canal connects Lake Champlain and Chambly Basin in the River Richelieu, interchanging the commerce of the Eastern United States and Montreal, 11½ miles long; nine locks; fall of water 74 feet. Width of locks 24 feet; depth of water six feet.

St. Ours Lock five feet fall; 200 feet long; 45 wide; and six feet deep.

St. Anne's Lock on the River Ottawa, facilitates navigation between Montreal and Ottawa City. The Rideau Canal connects Ottawa City and river with Kingston at foot of Lake Ontario, and the head of the St. Lawrence.

The Burlington Canal is a short cut at Hamilton.

**THE MONEYMOON.**—The first month after marriage of a man who marries for money should not be called the 'honeymoon,' but by rights the moneymoon. It is during those four weeks that he begins to realize what must be his position. He finds his 'better half' intends to get the better of him, and treat him just as though he were her flunkey and inferior. Of the so-called 'happy couple' he discovers that she views him as by far the lesser moiety. Her happiness must always be the first consideration with him, and till her wishes be attended to it will be no use for him to think about his own. To wait on her must be the business of his life, and though he do that 'business first,' he finds that she will allow him little 'pleasure afterwards.' With dragon-like, sharp sightedness she will watch his every movement, and keep her eye upon his outgoings as well as his incomings. Her wants must be satisfied without regard to his, and if she think of his at all it will be only to prohibit them. She will cut him off his club, his claret, and cigars, and make him live on toast and water to reduce him to submission. If he venture to remonstrate he will put her on her mettle, and have her gold flung in his teeth, which will effectually silence him. It is of little use his threatening to sue for a divorce, for she knows well enough that her money is tied up to her, and that there's no law as yet in this unhappy land by which a husband may prefer a claim for separate maintenance. All this, and much more, the man who weds for money finds in the moneymoon. The fancied sweets of married life turn acid on his stomach, and, in nine cases in ten, quite sour him for life. Before the end of the first week the honeymoon has set, and the moneymoon has risen and shed its lurid light on him. It is by that he first sees that he is mated to a money-bag, which, wherever he may go, he will find a constant clog to him. And what makes his burden still heavier to bear is that nobody will give him the least sympathy to lighten it. If he ever venture to complain of his hard trial, the universal verdict is, 'It serves him right!'





SCENERY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. LONG SAULT RAPIDS. [SE. PAGE 44.]

## E O L A .

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

And thus the poor maniac wanderer poured forth her frantic lament over her dead infant.

Amid the chilly gloom, the wailing wind, the moaning trees, the only witnesses of her cruel anguish, her wild sorrow rose up from above the little corpse to the great throne of her Maker, there to be registered in the dread book of account against the destroyer of her peace and innocence.

Seated on the projecting trunk of a large tree, on the outskirts of a gloomy pinewood, the wretched girl, in imbecile grief, was madly raving over the little ghastly figure that lay upon her lap, rocking too and fro on her rude seat, wringing her thin white hands, and fiercely calling on a ruthless fate to avenge her bitter misfortune, when a sound of carriage-wheels, far down the road she had traversed; broke upon her ear, and caused her to suspend her dreary lamentations for a while to listen.

The sound approached nearer and nearer, and at length a large carriage, with post-horses and brilliant lamps, dashed proudly past her.

She had but one glimpse of the interior of the vehicle, and that a very fleeting one; but to her sorrow-sharpened sight it was quite sufficient for her to understand who were the occupants.

They were Eswald and his beautiful bride.

His arm was round her waist, her head upon his shoulder. A loud cry of mingled rage and despair issued from the gipsy's pallid lips, and was borne on the rushing wind after the bridal chariot.

That sight had awakened in her withered heart a feeling that had hitherto been spared her; it had roused in her outraged bosom the awful instinct of revenge.

Oh! how the awakened passion gnawed at its prison-wall! How its fire coursed through her veins like streams of molten lava! how it rushed, and tore, and fought for freedom!

Her suffering, her misery, her cold, weariness and hunger—even her dead baby—became but as secondary considerations to the one great, absorbing idea, that had now taken possession of her mind. Suddenly a dark, fearful plan entered into her reeling brain—a plan that only a maniac could have conceived—a thing so dreadful, so cruel, that none but a maniac could have executed it. But the thought of it was sweet and soothing to her!

'Ha! ha! ha! it is excellent!' she cried, in an exulting tone. 'Hers was good; but oh! this will be far better!'

'And you, my little one, my child, my sweet baby,—you shall help me to avenge

our wrongs! He walked over you, my pretty one; but now you shall be avenged.'

And like a fiend in human form—so strong did she seem in her madness—that fragile, delicate girl, but a few days risen from a sick bed, tore along the dark road with speed almost superhuman, laughing in her frenzy till the woods and valleys rang with the echoes, and talking to the dead baby on her breast as if it had been a thing of life like herself, that could join and sympathise in all the horrors of her scheme.

## CHAPTER LXI.

The handsome dining room of the mansion at Eswald Abbey was brilliantly lighted, and within, before a sumptuously furnished dinner table, were seated the nobleman and his fair young bride.

The husband's glances were fixed in complacent satisfaction on the innocent countenance and beautiful figure of his bride; while she, in all her virgin trust and devoted affection, seemed to drink in his every word and hang on each passing smile, as if her very life were centred in them.

Little did the young girl imagine that scarce thirty yards from the spot on which she sat so proudly with her bridegroom, stood, meditating vengeance on them both a poor maniac outcast, with that husband's dead babe on her bosom. The scene at the church doors, which had caused the timid bride so much emotion, and which had for a while obscured the brightness of her nuptial joy, had been satisfactorily explained to her credulous ears by the specious deceiver at her side, who, ever ready with a falsehood in time of need, had invented on the spot a series of fabrications to soothe the ruffled spirits of his lady-bride, and had so far succeeded as to have dispelled her suspicions, which were now in fact forgotten.

Of course her father and her brother were not so easily deceived. Indeed, Eswald had not attempted to impose upon the latter; and though he had endeavoured in some degree to blind the elder nobleman, he could see well enough it was a hopeless labour.—But he knew that neither father nor brother (who on other grounds regarded the match as a favourable one) would think it to their interest to render his wife miserable by imparting to her their suspicions and disbelief.

But we must return to Zerneck.

Although the gipsy girl had not been in the neighborhood of Eswald Abbey since her early childhood, she had not forgotten it; and, with a method in her madness that might have puzzled a philosopher to account for, she proceeded to execute her plans with the utmost caution and cunning.

Making her way through a wide breach in the ruin, she traversed a large space which in former times must have formed the body of the chapel, as here and there, scattered over the now mossgrown ground, appeared

several ancient tombs, worn almost level with the earth, and only to be distinguished from it by their peculiar forms which were still discernible.

Passing through another breach on the north side of the mouldering aisle, Zerneck came to a wall not very high, but of immense thickness, inclosing a kind of courtyard belonging to the mansion.

Here she paused a while to listen.

There was not a creature about. All the domestics were apparently enjoying themselves in the servants' hall; for laughter, chattering, and singing, in both male and female voices, were issuing from that direction, and showed that Eswald had not forgotten to make his marriage popular with his household.

Wildly did the demented girl press to her bosom the little senseless body of her babe, now cold and stiff in the icy fetters of death, as she stood shivering and wretched in that dreary spot, meditating on her plan of vengeance.

At length she scaled the wall, by the aid of an adjacent ivy-plant, and softly approached the mansion.

Cautiously she tried all the doors and windows within reach on the basement story, but, to her disappointment, without success. They were all fast.

She was reflecting how to proceed, when a sound of footsteps, approaching from within to an adjacent door, caused her to draw back into the shadow of a projecting wing of the building; and scarcely had she done so, when a young page issued forth into the courtyard, and leaving the door slightly open, ran across to a kitchen garden beyond.

With a triumphant smile, the gipsy slid through the friendly door, and found herself in the interior of the mansion.

A minute after, the boy returned, little thinking as he re-entered the house what results were to follow his inadvertent act.

In their elegant drawing-room the bride and bridegroom are seated on an ottoman, taking coffee. The nobleman's arms encircle the slight form of his wife, with the unquestioned privilege of a husband; and her lovely head leans on his breast in all the tenderness of one who knows and feels that henceforth she is united to him she loves for ever; that her affection is blessed by God's sacred ordinance, and that she may cherish it without hesitation.

But let us enter the nuptial chamber.

Its superb couches, its handsome mirrors, its luxurious chairs, all ready to welcome the blushing bride, are softly illumined by magnificent lamps, that diffuse with their rays colors of the most delicious sweetness, and every object that meets the eye speaks of love and peace.

Hush! a light footstep approaches the door, and a wild, ghastly countenance peers through it.

An unearthly smile lights up the fiery eyes that now rest upon the gorgeous scene, and triumphantly the owner glides into the apartment.

But what is that strange bundle in her arms?

It takes the outline of a human form! but so still! so motionless! Yes, it is a corpse! a dead child!

See! she approaches the marriage-bed—she turns down the snowy coverlid—she takes the dead body from its covering, lays it in the centre of the couch, and then arranges the straight, black hair that shades its shrunken face. The dark, vacant eyes are wide open in a dreadful stare, but these she did not touch. For a minute she stands and gazes on the ghastly picture, her hands folded across her breast, and her lips compressed in a look of acute suffering.

Suddenly a softened expression crosses her face; she makes a half-movement as if about to take back the rigid body to her bosom, but it is suppressed; the cold, hard look returns to her features; she stoops for a second over the tiny corpse, imprints a kiss on its marble forehead, then folds back the elegant counterpane, and slowly retires from the chamber.

## CHAPTER LXII.

The hours flew by, and the young bride at length quitted her husband's side to retire to rest. She had been gone about half an hour; Eswald was smoking a cigar in the conservatory, when suddenly a long, loud shriek, proceeding from his bridal chamber, smote upon his ear.

Another, still louder, still wilder, followed it; and then a succession of similar cries in appalling violence.

Then followed a rush of hurried footsteps above, and in another moment the door was burst madly open, and the Lady Isabella, clad only in her snowy night-dress, her luxuriant auburn hair flowing in wild confusion over her shoulders, rushed into the drawing-room, and sank at her bridegroom's feet in strong convulsions.

Terrified beyond expression, and almost speechless with amazement, Lord Eswald raised her in his arms, and, laying her on a couch, rang violently for aid.

His summons was immediately responded to by his valet and the aged housekeeper, both of whom, having heard their lady's cries, were hastening to know the cause, and render their assistance.

'My lord, what has happened?'

'Miller, what on earth can it be?' were the simultaneous exclamations of master and man; but neither could answer the other.

'Here, Mrs. Allen,' continued the former,

turning to his housekeeper, 'take care of your mistress; summon her maid; let a doctor be sent for at once, while Miller and I go to ascertain what has alarmed her.'

And the nobleman left the room, making a signal for his valet to follow.

'What do you suspect it is?' he asked, in a confidential tone, when they had closed the door.

'My lord, I can't imagine, unless my lady has heard the idle tales about the ghost of the ruin, and fancies she has seen it, or some one has played the trick again.'

'By Jove! if any one has been up to larks with her ladyship, I'll murder them! But let us go and see.'

On reaching the end of the hall they found the domestics gathered in a frightened circle, talking in whispers about the ghost, and assisting each other's terror by every means in their power, raking up all the superstitious stories they could think of.

'Send those half-drunken, chattering fools back to their own quarters,' muttered the nobleman to his attendant. 'I don't want half the world at my heels.'

Miller stepped forward, said a few words to the group in an under tone; upon which they disappeared down the lower staircase, and he and his master began ascending an upper one to the scene above.

Each felt a slight tremor pass through his form as he stood upon the threshold of the room, but neither spoke of it, and then entered with apparent boldness.

For two or three seconds they stood gazing around without seeing the slightest cause for alarm; but suddenly the valet's eyes turned toward the bed, the costly hangings of which were looped partially back, and, with an exclamation of horror, he caught his lord's arm, and in an excited manner pointed to the object that met his awe-struck gaze.

The handsome bedclothes were thrown half back, and in the centre of the couch, in awful distinctness of form and feature, was seen resting the cold, rigid corpse of the infant child.

'Good heavens! what can it mean?' cried the nobleman, advancing a few steps nearer to the couch, his whole countenance becoming of an ashy paleness.

'Ah! here is something attached to its dress.'

And glancing at a piece of rough paper pinned to the dead baby's little frock, Lord Eswald read these words:—

'A wedding present from Zerneen!'

'My lord, have you forgotten the scene at the church?' asked the valet, slightly recovering his customary coolness. 'I told you it was Zerneen.'

'But this cannot be her child,' persisted his lordship. 'I'm hanged if I believe it's a child at all!'

'But what shall we do with it, my lord?' asked Miller, when he had recovered from his terror and surprise.

Eswald threw a malignant glance on the corpse.

'You must dispose of it somehow, Miller,' he said, after a momentary pause.

'Oh, of course, I must do the dirty work,' thought the valet, while a sullen expression stole over his usually complacent features.

'But how am I to manage it, my lord?' he ventured to inquire, aloud.

'The best way you can,' was the careless response. 'Take it away somewhere—to some distance—say to the quarry, and conceal it among the heath. Anything rather than it should be seen by the people below. In the meanwhile I will go and stop any disclosures on the part of Lady Eswald.'

And, quite indifferent as to how his unpleasant orders might be carried out, but fully expecting them to be obeyed, the master quitted the apartment, leaving the valet to execute his disagreeable duty in the best way he could.

With lowering brow and folded arms, Miller contemplated the corpse.

'Always the way,' he muttered, gloomily; 'whatever scrapes he gets into, he throws all the responsibility of getting rid of the consequences on me. I've done some pretty dirty work for him in my time; but this beats all, this is rather too strong.—However, I'll make him pay for it, and well, too.'

With great reluctance the valet approached the dead child. Coolly possessing himself of a handsome shawl which was lying on a chair, he wrapped it completely over the body; then, concealing the bundle as well as he could under his coat, he hastened from the apartment. On reaching an ante-room on the ground-floor, he donned the addition

al covering of a large cloak, which entirely hid from view his dreadful burthen. He succeeded in making his exit from the mansion without any interruption, and unperceived by the domestics.

The night was dark and stormy; the wind whistled mournfully among the lofty trees; and, as he strode along the wild, dreary road leading to the desolate quarry, Miller experienced some of the most painful sensations of dismay and terror.

The dreadful nature of the business in which he was engaged, and, above all, the terrible thought that he had been instrumental in bringing about the sad events which were transpiring, seemed to oppress all his faculties.

Once or twice he stopped and half turned back; but the dread of his callous master's displeasure and sarcasm, should he return without accomplishing his errand, impelled him onward.

Suddenly he fancied he heard a footstep behind him. He paused to listen, and glanced fearfully around; but he could distinguish nothing. Still, as he proceeded, the idea returned. A light footfall was distinctly recognisable.

Was it the echo of his own?

His heart throbbed wildly—his teeth chattered with fear—a cold shudder ran through his entire frame.

Miller's terror had now reached that stage when, to an uneasy conscience, the commonest objects assume the appearance of supernatural forms—the nodding boughs of the leafless trees, the dark patches of furze, and rough masses of stone that surrounded his path, all became so many sources of alarm.

At length, completely unnerved, in a perfect paroxysm of fright, he started off into a run. Nor did he slacken his pace until he had arrived at the spot where Eswald had directed him to conceal the corpse.

Here, however, quite exhausted by the united effects of fear and fatigue, he was compelled to rest before completing his task.

Not a sound was now to be heard. The exertion of running had tended to tone down his superstitious fancies a little, and Miller began to feel rather ashamed of his cowardice. After placing the body on a ledge of rock near the verge of the chasm, he seated himself at a little distance, and took off his cap to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, drawing a long sigh of relief at the welcome prospect of soon being once more unconcerned in safety at the mansion.

'What an ass I must be,' he soliloquised, 'to allow such idle fancies to get hold of my mind! I've tired myself out and wasted my breath for nothing.'

'Well,' he continued, after a moment's rest, during which he had gradually succeeded in regaining his customary audacity—'well, I suppose I must finish my job. Deuce take the whole affair, I say! I can't think—'

The soliloquy here terminated in a sudden ejaculation of terror; for at that moment a dark figure was seen to rise slowly up by the side of the rock where the dead infant lay. The terrified valet shudderingly buried his face in his hands. He felt powerless to move or speak. A grasp of ice seemed to imprison his senses. For several seconds he remained thus, rooted to the ground in helpless fright; then with a violent effort, casting off the spell, he staggered to his feet.

As he rushed in terror from the spot, an impulse, which he could not withstand, impelled him to cast one glance in the direction of the rock.

The corpse was gone.

#### CHAPTER LXIII.

The disappearance of the dead child from the rock, which was at first attributed by Miller to supernatural agencies, was in reality the work of the poor insane mother.

After placing the corpse in Lord Eswald's bed, she had stealthily quitted the mansion, remaining outside until the valet issued forth with the body; then, with a caution and cunning almost inconceivable, she had followed his footsteps to the quarry, watched her opportunity, and again possessed herself of the hapless infant.

Instinct had told her that Miller's errand was connected with her child; but whether it was from the wish to defeat his purposes (whatever she might have suspected them to be,) or solely from love for her offspring, that she so artfully contrived to regain possession of it, it is impossible to say.

One thing was certain, that she evinced the greatest joy at again pressing the inanimate little form in her arms, and the utmost fear of its being retaken by the valet; for she had no sooner succeeded in snatching it from the rock than she made a rapid retreat from the spot.

Her object now appeared to be to get as far away from the abbey as possible, fearing

perhaps that she might be pursued and subjected to some sort of punishment.

For several miles did the wretched girl toil onward, over steep, bleak hills, and through mist-curtained valleys, till at length exhausted nature refused longer to obey the spur of insanity, and, sinking down on a cold bank, with her still colder burthen on her bosom, she lapsed into insensibility. Gradually her arms relaxed their frantic hold of the little corpse, which rolled like a thing of stone on to the turf by her side.

Suddenly another personage appeared upon the scene. He was a tall, swarthy man, clad in a coarse smock-frock; but there was something in his appearance and demeanor that bespoke him somewhat above the position his garb denoted.

It was Ralph Leighton.

He did not observe the two inanimate bodies until quite close to them, when, with an expression of amazement and dismay, he stooped down to examine them.

Gently he raised the insensible girl, and feeling that her heart still faintly vibrated, he took off the suffocating bonnet and veil which shrouded her head and face, and then, leaving her for a moment pillowed on the cool turf, he proceeded to fetch some water in his hat from an adjacent stream, which he sprinkled on her pallid face.

The night was intensely dark, and the gipsy could only just discern through the gloom the outline of the girl's countenance; he could not distinguish her features.

At last two or three fluttering sighs, escaping from the wretched breast, gave signs of returning consciousness.

The man now laid her carefully back on the grassy mound, and took up the infant, which he supposed to be asleep. But, on lifting it in his arms, he gave utterance to a cry of horror; for a touch had convinced him of the truth. The poor little body was perfectly stiff and cold.

'Whatever can it mean?' he cried, in a tone of deep consternation.

A feeble moan of pain from the unhappy sufferer at his feet was the only response.

Taking a small lantern from his pocket, the gipsy struck a light, and gazed upon the countenance of the being whom he had ministered to.

As he gazed, a flash of recognition swept over his face, while a groan of anguish burst from his lips; for in that wretched, wasted form, and those faded features he recognized the once beautiful child of the tent—the bold, handsome, laughing Zerneen—his sister's daughter.

'Zerneen!' he exclaimed, wildly.

'They call me that,' returned the poor girl, without displaying the least surprise—'But I am very ill. My side aches frightfully. I could walk miles a little while ago, but now I could not stand. I am going to my baby.'

'Your baby?' reiterated Ralph.

'Yes; that's it (pointing to the corpse which the gipsy had deposited on the ground.) It's my little girl—my heiress.—Ha! ha! she has been to see her father.'

'Wretched girl!' exclaimed the gipsy; 'you have murdered her!'

'No, no; speak fair. She died of her own accord when I was bringing her to see her father.'

'Zerneen, you are raving. Are you mad?'

'Yes; didn't you know it? I thought every one knew I was mad. They used to call me the poor lunatic at the old doctor's. I was too cunning for them, though, if I was a lunatic. I had my baby there. They said she was going to die, so I took her to her father. We went to see him married. Ha! ha! such a fine wedding it was! His bride all in her beautiful white lace, and a veil and wreath like those he married me in. But then, you know, mine was a mock marriage. Percy said it was, and I know he was telling the truth.'

'Who are you speaking of, my poor girl?'

'Of Lord Eswald, to be sure! Who else should I be speaking of? Baby and I came all this way to see him. Baby saw him—I didn't. I waited outside to hear his new wife scream when she found it; for I put it in their bed, you know. Oh! what music it was! It made me glad. Now there will be two poor mad girls, and Percy will send us both to the old doctor's.'

'She is raving mad,' thought Ralph.

In truth, the gipsy girl's insanity had attained, since the death of her child, an alarming height, and was fast approximating to the most violent and hopeless stage.

'Do you think you could walk a little, Zerneen?' Ralph asked.

'I don't know. I will try,' responded the poor girl, faintly.

As if to test her powers of memory, Ralph inquired if she knew him.

'I think I used to know you once,' was the vague reply; 'a good while ago, before I knew baby.'

The gipsy did not press the matter further, but proceeded to assist the exhausted girl on to her feet.

'Is it far where you are are going?' she inquired, leaning, almost ready to sink, upon his arm.

'Too far for you to walk, I fear,' returned Ralph, musingly. 'I could carry you, it's true; but then this must not be left behind,' he added, indicating the dead child; 'or a stranger may find it, and suppose a murder has been committed; yet the living must be thought of before the dead. But, there, perhaps I can manage both. You can walk a little now and then, I dare say, my poor Zenny, and perhaps some conveyance may cross our path, and help us on a bit.'

Wrapping the dead infant in his cloak, the gipsy placed it on his niece's breast, and then, lifting both mother and child in his herculean arms, strode forward on the road.

'She's light enough, poor thing!' he muttered, gazing down in sorrowful earnestness on his frail burthen, as pale and weak with suffering and violent fatigue, she lay, with closed eyes, motionless in his grasp.

'My poor little Zerneen! and do I find you thus, after all these years of separation?' he mentally exclaimed. 'Oh, how bitterly shall that villain repent of this deed! Ah! it is a long reckoning I owe you, proud wretch; but it shall be paid at last! Eola and Zerneen, both are now to be avenged. It is for two instead of one I have now to bring you to account.'

And the speaker's eyes were turned for a moment in a backward direction toward the abbey, with a fierce, malignant glance.

Partly leading, partly carrying the exhausted girl, he, after a wearisome journey, approached a small village, consisting of a few scattered cottages, a blacksmith's forge, two or three wretched-looking shops, and a public-house. Into the latter building he led his faltering charge, while on his strong arm rested her lifeless babe.

Passing through a sort of tap-room, which was quite deserted, he assisted Zerneen to mount a few rickety stairs at the back, and then led her into a small whitewashed room, poorly furnished, but clean and orderly. Here, seated before a comfortable fire, was the old gipsy grandmother.

Since quitting the spot where Ralph had found her, Zerneen had scarcely spoken half a dozen words, and those only in imbecile complaint; but on perceiving the aged woman, her eyes lighted up with a vivid lustre, a quick look of recognition passed over her countenance, and springing forward with a strange cry, she knelt at the old beldam's feet, saying, in an excited tone—

'I have come back, granny; but you will not beat me, will you? I will earn you heaps of gold. I can dance better now than when I went away. I have got lots of jewels for you, granny; and see, I will give you these pretty rings, and I will dance and sing. Ha! ha! I can do anything now my baby is dead—'

The girl paused abruptly, and glanced round at Ralph, with a slight shudder.

He walked up to his mother—who was staring at her mad grandchild like one in a dream, perfectly petrified with amazement and wonder—and, bending down, whispered a few explanatory words in her ear; while Zerneen watched his movements and the old woman's countenance in jealous fear, as if fearful lest he were saying something inimical to her safety.

'Don't take much notice of her,' whispered Ralph, after warning the crone of her unhappy state. 'She is ill and exhausted, and will go to rest in a few minutes; then I'll explain all I know about it.'

'But what have you got in that cloak?' asked the mother, suspiciously.

Zerneen sprang up.

'That is my baby,' she cried, wildly; and before her uncle could guess her intention, she snatched the corpse from his arms, uncovered it, and laid it on the table.

An exclamation of amazement fell from the lips of the old gipsy.

'What is all this?' she tremulously inquired. 'What dead baby is that? Take it away, Ralph; take it away!'

The latter removed it, in spite of a frantic attempt on the part of Zerneen to prevent him.

'Mother,' he said, 'give your grandchild something to eat and drink, while I take this poor little body to the proper authorities. They'll be sure to hold a coroner's inquest on it; and I may as well give it to the right hands at once, and tell all I know about it, and perhaps raise suspicion by seeming to hide it.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Agricultural.

CULTIVATION OF FLAX.

Some of our early issues will contain pictorial illustrations of the flax plant, and of all the other fibrous substances used in the manufacture of cloth.

The newspapers quoted are two of the best in the Province, the Perth Standard, and Brockville Recorder.

As the high price given for flax in the English markets (£60 to £75 str. per ton,) and as the climate and soil of Central and Eastern Canada are favorable to its growth, it is probable that, in the course of time, it will become one of the staple productions of the country.

Wheat at 90c or \$1.00 per bushel, is not a very profitable crop; and out of that sum cost of carriage, tolls, etc., have to be deducted.

In the Brockville Recorder the following queries were propounded by 'A Farmer,' the replies were furnished by a friend of the Editor:

- 1. In Flax culture, is clay or loam soil best?—Dark loam; flats if possible.
2. Does it require manure?—If rich loam, it will not require much.
3. Spring or fall ploughing, or both?—Both if possible, but thorough spring ploughing will do.
4. Is it best to seed down clover with it?—No.
5. How much seed per acre?—If for flaxing, 1 bushel and three-quarters per acre; if merely for seed half a bushel will do.
6. When to sow it—early or late?—At the usual seeding-time.
7. The best time to harvest it?—For flax—harvest before it is fully ripe; for seed—when fully ripe.
8. Can the seed be obtained by threshing it?—By flail-threshing if you please.
9. Can the Society furnish farmers with seed?—No, Mr. Colton will do so.
10. Is it best to rot it in the dew or in water?—Depends on the state of the atmosphere, and as this is the most important process, it requires great skill and care.

We also learn from the Recorder that at a meeting of the Directors of the Brockville and Elizabethtown Electoral Division Agricultural Society, held on the 17th day of April, 1863, it was

Resolved, That, owing to the present high prices of Cotton, there is likely to be a great demand for Flax, for some time to come, and as the wheat crop in this part of the country is not to be depended upon, it is expedient that the Farmers should turn their attention to the growing of Flax, and the Directors highly approve of the terms upon which Mr. R. P. Colton proposes to furnish Flax Seed to those desirous of cultivating the same, and also of the measures he proposes to take for the purpose of ascertaining how many Farmers in the neighborhood will undertake to grow Flax this season.

Resolved, That should a sufficient number of Farmers agree to grow Flax this season, say on the whole to the amount of one hundred acres, the Society will award the following liberal premiums on the growing crops, viz:

- On the largest and best crop of three acres and over, 1st prize \$10, 2d prize \$8, 3d prize \$6.
On the best crop of two acres and under, 1st prize \$8, 2d prize \$6, 3d prize \$4.
On the best crop of one acre, 1st prize \$6, 2d prize \$4, 3d prize \$2.
On the best crop of one-half acre, 1st prize \$4, 2d prize \$3, 3d prize \$2.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Traffic for week ending 29th May, 1863, \$49,958 45. Corresponding week last year, 41,883 88 1/2. Increase, \$8,074 56 1/2.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Traffic for week ending May 23, 1863, \$80,631 09. Corresponding week, 1862, 70,616 80. Increase, \$10,014 29.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto, May 30, 1863.

The street market this morning was hardly so well supplied with grain, and the feeling was rather easier, though without decided change in prices.

WHEAT—Fall wheat in moderate supply, about 1,500 bushels being offered, and selling readily at 90 to 95c per bushel.

RYE—Nominal, at 56 to 60c per bushel, or about 1c per pound.

BARLEY—Very dull, without demand, and selling at 60 to 65c per bushel.

OATS—Oats rather dull, at 40 to 45c per bushel.

PEAS—Are worth 50 to 56c per bushel on the street, and 56 to 58c per bushel by the car load.

POTATOES—In large supply, principally from the stores, selling at 25 to 40c per bushel retail, and 15 to 30c per bushel at wholesale.

APPLES—Apples sell readily at \$1.50 to \$2.50 per barrel.

BUTTER—Fresh butter 15 to 17c per pound. Good dairy packed butter draws 15c per pound.

EGGS—Sell at 7 to 12c per dozen.

CHICKENS—Sold at 50c per pair.

DUCKS—Scarce at 60c per pair.

HAY AND STRAW—Hay \$19.50 per ton.—Straw \$12 per ton for the best.

HIDES—Per cwt., \$5. Calfskins, 8 to 9c per pound. Sheepskins, at \$1.50 to \$2.00 each.

WOOL—Was but sparingly supplied to-day and prices we presume remain without material change at 31 to 32c per pound. Pelts 15c each. Lambskins 20c each.

FLOUR—Dull and unchanged; superfine, \$3.85 to \$3.95; fancy, none offering; extra at \$4.25 to \$4.30; double extra, at \$4.75 per barrel.

C. FREELAND'S MONTREAL MARKET REPORT.

Montreal, May 30, 1863.

The market for everything continues very dull, and the quotations, particularly for flour and wheat, must be taken as extreme.

FLOUR—Firm; U. C. Spring wheat \$4.03 to \$4.10; Western wheat \$4.20 to \$4.30.—U. S. Spring wheat, unquestionably sound, 94 cents.

PORK—Mess, new, \$11 to \$12; Prime and Prime mess \$9 to \$10.

BUTTER—Steady; old neglected, and held in demand; the range is from 10 to 15c per pound.

CUT-MEATS—Very dull, and hardly quotable.

ASHER—Pots \$5.90; pearls \$6.35.

NEW YORK MARKET.

New York, May 30, 1863.

FLOUR—Receipts 19,138 barrels; market quite firm, with fair demand; sales 11,000 barrels at \$5.25 to \$5.35 for superfine State; \$5.85 to \$6.05 for extra State; \$6.10 to \$6.25 for choice State; \$5.30 to \$5.40 for superfine Western; \$5.00 to \$6.20 for common to medium extra Western; \$6.25 to \$6.35 for common to good shipping brands extra Round Hoop Ohio. Canadian flour a shade firmer; sales 500 barrels at \$5.90 to \$6.20 for common; \$6.25 to \$7.90 for good to choice extra. Rye flour steady, at \$4.00 to \$5.25.

WHEAT—Receipts of wheat 113,275 bushels; market 3/4 to 1c better; sales 65,000 bushels at \$1.20 to \$1.11 for choice Spring; \$1.28 to \$1.41 for Milwaukee club; \$1.41 to \$1.45 for amber Iowa; \$1.46 to \$1.51 for red Western; \$1.52 to \$1.56 for amber Michigan; \$1.55 for amber Jersey.

RYE—Quiet at \$.60 to \$1.01.

BARLEY—Nominal.

CORN—Receipts 140,008 bushels; market 3/4 to 1c better; sales 90,000 bushels at 76c to 77c for shipping mixed Western; 71c to 76c for new.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Is the rising generation of Canada undergoing a useful, healthful process of school education, to fit it for the performance of social duties, and the endurance of hard toil in the struggles of active life? Or is the system of school education stretched and enforced to an intensity that promises to fill early graves and lunatic asylums?

Terrible though this question may be, there is cause for writing of it plainly, and reason to fear that, though early graves and lunatic asylums may not receive any large number of the youthful martyrs to an immoderate mental training and torture, the coming men and women of the Upper Province of Canada are likely to be the fathers and mothers of an intellectually and physically impaired race; and their enfeebled offspring, to be in turn the parents of imbecility, unless a very marked relaxation is at once effected in the system.

School trustees require too much of teachers, and teachers exact from children a continuous mental tension incompatible, with play out of doors, or of repose and peace at home with their parents. Parents are worried by demands from teachers to be rigorous with their children. The young things feel the giddiness of brain, the disorder of body, the distemper of mind, but they have none to complain to, who understands the malady, or dares presume to call in question the wisdom of teachers and school trustees.

IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS.—A very remarkable pamphlet has recently made its appearance in England, containing statements of facts that ought to command the attention of the civilized world.

The subject of this pamphlet is Education, and it is devoted to the discussion of three matters—the organization of schools, the hours of study, and physical training. Our attention has been arrested by Mr. Chadwick's statement of facts in connection with the second of these three subjects—the hours of study. Struck by the frightful disproportion between the powers of childish attention and the length of school hours, he has directed questions to many distinguished teachers. Mr. Donaldson, head master of the Training College of Glasgow, states that the limits of voluntary and intelligent attention are, with children from 5 to 8 years of age, about 15 minutes; from 8 to 10 years of age, about 20 minutes; from 10 to 12 years of age, about 55 minutes; from 12 to 16 or 18 years of age, about 80 minutes; and continues: "I have repeatedly obtained a bright, voluntary attention from each of these classes for 10 or 15 minutes more, but I observed it was at the expense of the succeeding lesson."

S. M. PETTENCILL & CO., No. 37, PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

No. 6 STATE STREET, BOSTON. Special Agents for the 'CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS' and all principal Newspapers in the United States, Canada and Pacific Coast.

ELLIS' HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA SIDE, NEXT DOOR TO BARNETT'S MUSEUM. Board, \$1.00 per Day. Meals at all hours. Carriages in attendance at the door. Good stabling. W. F. ELLIS, PROPRIETOR.

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R. W. ANDERSON, (FROM NOTMAN'S MONTREAL) PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST, 45 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W. PRIVATE RESIDENCES, CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS PHOTOGRAPHED IN ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY. Rooms, FIRST FLOOR. Old likenesses sent from the country, copied for the Album, and promptly returned at a very moderate charge. TORONTO, May 30, 1863.

H. & R. YOUNG, PLUMBERS, Gas Fitters and Bell Hangers, MANUFACTURERS OF Gas Fixtures, Brass Work, GAS & STEAM FITTINGS, Importers of Coal Oil Lamps, and sole agents for the English Patent FURNIVORE COAL OIL LAMP. Rock Oil delivered at any place in the City. KING STREET WEST, Opposite American Hotel.

AMERICAN HOTEL. The subscriber, in returning thanks to his numerous guests for past patronage, would take this opportunity of informing the travelling community that the above House has been refitted this Spring with entire new furniture, in addition to former attractions. He would further state that the LIVELY BUSINESS recently carried on under the style and firm of RICHARDSON & BRATT, will in future be carried on by the subscriber. Parties wishing Horses and Carriages to hire will please call at the American Hotel, King street west. W.M. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. Hamilton, April, 1863.

JAMES REID, CABINET MAKER, UPHOLSTERER, King St. West, HAMILTON, C.W. A large quantity of Furniture on hand and manufactured to order.

MOELCHERAN & BALLOU, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS, GILDERS, &c. Manufacturers of Druggists' and Brewers' SHOW CARDS ON GLASS, DOOR PLATES, BLOCK LETTERS, &c. NORTH SIDE JOHN ST., 3RD DOOR FROM KING, HAMILTON, C.W.

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 Ethnology; on Political Economy, the Trades, Inventions, Politics, the Things of Common Life, and General Literature. Sold only to subscribers. W. M. ORR, Agent, Carlisle P. O., C. W. P.S.—Works of any kind will be promptly forwarded on addressing me at Carlisle post office, C. W.

A. S. IRVING, GENERAL DEALER IN Books, Newspapers, Stationery and Pictures, No. 19, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. [Faulkner's Old Stand.] New York Dailies received by early Trains every Morning, and Mailed or Delivered to any part of the City or Country for 25 Cents per week or \$10 per year. Agent in Toronto for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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

The Canadian Illustrated News is published EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, At the Office, in White's Block, King-st., North side, Opposite the Fountain. TERMS, for one year, sent by mail, \$3.00—six months, 1.50—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 any business whatsoever, in connection with the paper of the office, must be addressed to 'The Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton.' No unpaid letters taken out of the Post Office. W. A. FERGUSON, Proprietor.

**BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL,**  
 GEORGE GORDON, PROPRIETOR.  
 Bridgewater Street,  
 CHIPPAWA, C. W.  
 Good stabling attached to the premises.

To the Free and Independent Electors of  
 the City of Hamilton.

GENTLEMEN,—Understanding that the Writ for the Election has been received from the Seat of Government, I feel that as your member during the two last Parliaments, I ought at once to communicate my views to you, in the present distressed circumstances of the City of Hamilton.

Our financial distress as a Corporation makes all other questions of no comparative importance in our eyes as citizens of Hamilton; and to see this must be a thing very satisfactory to the people of the Province, who undoubtedly have some reason to complain of the general discredit caused by the non-payment of Municipalities failing to pay, and satisfactory also to our creditors abroad, the more that their minds have hitherto been poisoned on the subject of our willingness to pay our debts to the extent of our ability.

In such circumstances it clearly is the interest as well as the duty of the citizens of Hamilton to allow nothing to interfere with our getting an immediate arrangement of the City's debt, and also to bend their whole individual and united exertions towards that greatest of objects.

It occurs to me, as one great practical means of effecting our object, that we should elect as member to represent Hamilton in Parliament the citizen who can do most to influence, on both sides of the Atlantic, the desired settlement, and who will be recognized by our creditors, and by Parliament as the type of payment to the utmost extent of the city's ability.

If you think that I am that citizen, I now place my time and energies at your service as before, although I am personally most anxious to be out of public life. My gratitude to Hamilton as having stood by me on a trying occasion, would alone have dictated this course to me, but it is also forced upon me by my own interest as the individual most deeply concerned in the trade and property of Hamilton, feeling as I do, that the moment a settlement is effected the tendency will be turned from downwards to upwards—property will be worth double what it would become if no settlement is got,—and within a few months we would have the greatest improvement going on here, the building which should have gone on for the last five years being crushed into the next one or two years.

With regard to my view of the city's ability to pay, I may just say that were I possessed of all the city's debentures I would thankfully accept the terms secured by the Bill brought into Parliament by me. I think the payments under that Bill are what the city should attempt, while they are unquestionably the utmost that can be offered with any prospect of being carried through. I am happy also to say that the agents of the Bondholders in England, Messrs. Galt and Cameron, joined by Thomas C. Street, Esq., and myself, are about to send off a joint representation to the creditors to the foregoing effect, and recommending them to petition in favour of the Bill.

Neither your mind nor mine is in a state, at present, to be bothered with the hackneyed questions of politics; and, as I have said, we should show, as well as feel that even as a matter of provincial interest, there is no question at present more vital than the relief of this prominent Municipality from financial distress. I may just mention, however, that our Hamilton experience, as showing me (as I never saw before) the helpless condition into which communities as well as individuals, are reduced by debt, has riveted me more than ever in that which has always been my great principle of political action—viz: Economy in its two-fold phase—Economy both as a direct and indirect saving of the people's money—Economy, both as reducing our Provincial expenditure, and as keeping money in the country by lessening importations of foreign labour—thus increasing our local demand for mechanics, and through them finding an additional or home market for the produce of our agriculturists. The administration whatever its name or its men, which will best carry out these practical economies will have my support, my motto always having been:

'In moderation placing all my glory,  
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.'  
 In the present circumstances of the city I have thought it best not to wait for a requisition, and not to associate myself with any particular party in issuing this address.

Yours faithfully,  
 ISAAC BUCHANAN.

Hamilton, May 28, 1863.

**DONNELLEY & LAWSON,**  
**STEAM JOB PRINTERS,**  
 WHITE'S BLOCK,

King Street, Hamilton, C. W.  
 Tax subscribers would respectfully announce to the public that they have made

**EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS**

To their Establishment, having now in running order

one of

**TAYLOR'S STEAM PRESSES,**

**A GORDON BILL-HEAD PRESS,**

**A FRANKLIN CARD PRESS,**

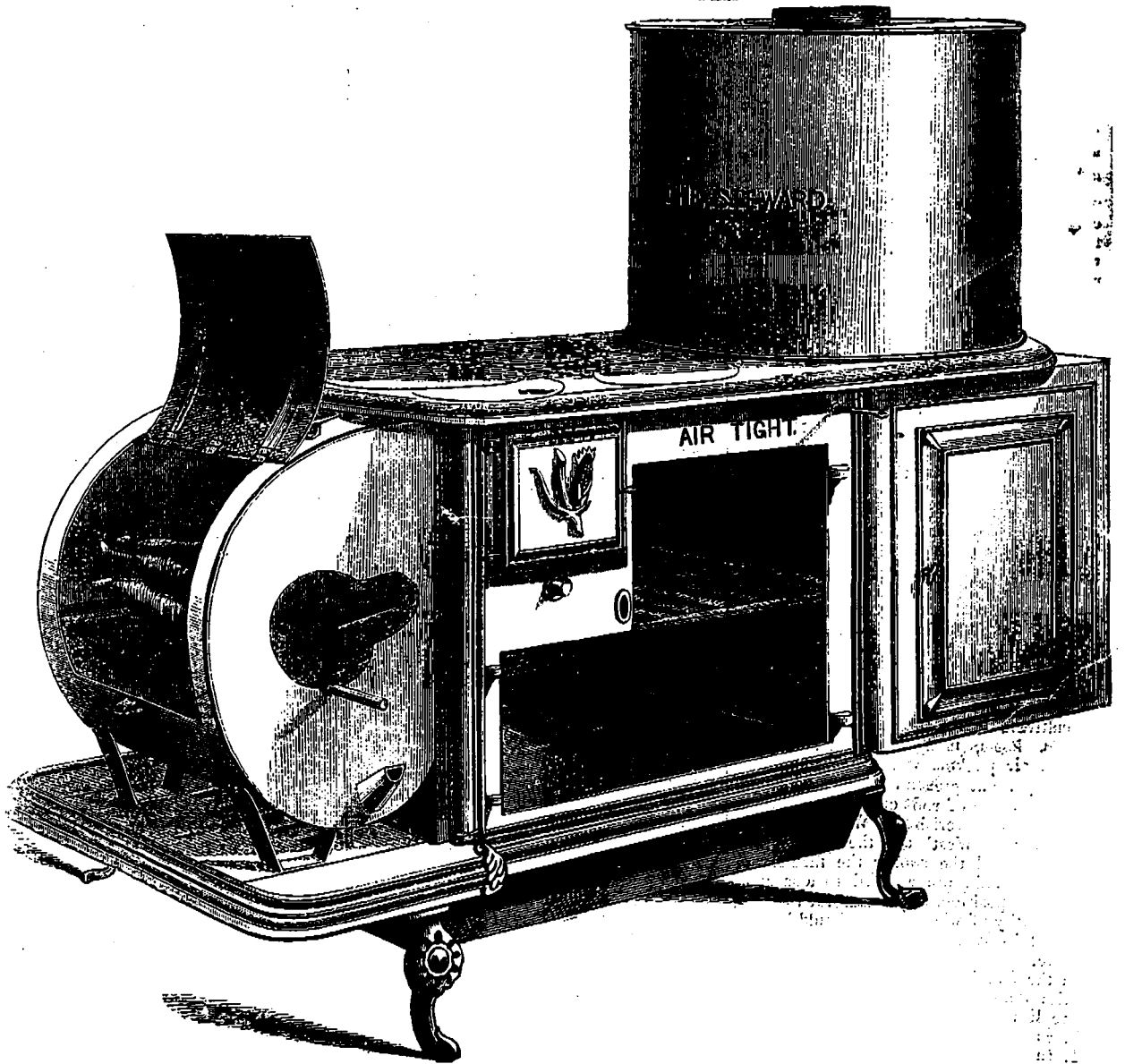
**A TAYLOR POSTER PRESS,**

By which they are enabled to execute every description of Job Work,

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**J. G. BEARD & SONS,**  
**CANADIAN STOVE WORKS**

OFFICE, 118, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W.

DURING the past few months a considerable impetus has been given to the trade in Stoves by the opening of the new manufactory of J. G. Beard & Sons, corner of Queen and Victoria streets, a manufactory that promises soon to rival in extent and variety of production the largest, in Troy, N. Y., the chief depot of the Stove trade in the United States. Messrs. Beard have now in their employ some of the best artisans of their kind in the country, and all the machinery required for the casting of Stoves is of the very best description. They are therefore enabled to turn out superior articles, which for style and finish are unsurpassed by the productions of any similar manufactory in the Province. The castings are all smooth, perfect and beautifully finished. The specimens shown at the Exhibition held in Toronto last year were very much admired. They were not a whit better, however, than others that can be seen any day at their sale-rooms on King street, for the Messrs. Beard have resolved that the workmanship on all shall be equally good. The "Steward" Cooking Stove which they now manufacture is an article of which they are justly proud. It possesses many merits, not the least of which is a great deal of work with a small quantity of fuel, a consideration in all households, in view of the present high price of coal and wood. We know of no better place to refer those who require really good stoves than to the establishment of this enterprising firm.

TORONTO, MAY 30, 1863.

**THE TWO LEADING HOUSES**  
 IN  
**HAMILTON & TORONTO!**

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

*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.

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IF YOU WANT A FIRST-RATE  
 AS WELL AS A CHEAP ARTICLE  
 IN BOOTS AND SHOES, FOR SPRING,

GO TO  
**WM. SERVOS'**  
**NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE,**  
 48 King Street, Hamilton.

Two doors East of Wood & Leggat's and three doors West of McGivenin & Co.'s

Wm. Servos begs to inform his numerous friends and the public generally that he has just received a choice selection of

*Boots and Shoes for the Spring Trade*

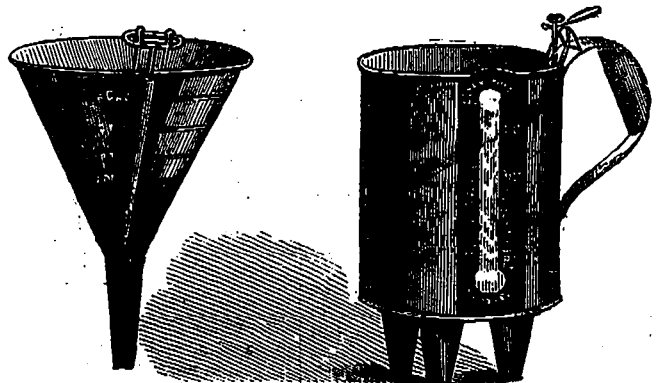
Selected from the most eminent manufacturers in the Province, as they have all been purchased for Cash, he is determined to

**SELL AT THE LOWEST REMUNERATING PROFITS.**

And flatters himself he CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD by any House in Hamilton. His stock is all new, and the greatest attention has been paid in selecting the Newest and most Fashionable styles.

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

Wm. Servos,  
 Hamilton, May, 1863.



**BROOKES' FUNNEL MEASURE.**

The engravings show an ingenious apparatus for Measuring Liquids, lately patented by Mr. THOMAS BROOKES.

Fig. 1, on right, is a gallon measure with three legs, two being portable, the third forming the spout; a piece of glass with figures on either side shows the quantity of liquid contained, while the small handle at the top, by being pressed, opens a valve at the bottom which allows it to pass through.

Fig. 2, on left, is the same kind of apparatus, the valve being opened by pulling the handle. By this contrivance the merchant may possess a Measure and Funnel combined which will save him considerable expense and no end of trouble and annoyance.

The articles may be obtained from Mr. THOMAS BROOKES, 27 King street, Toronto, and from his authorized Agents.

Toronto, May 30, 1863.

**JOHN M'INTYRE,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**  
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**OUTFITTER.**

GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER.

Perfect fit and entire satisfaction warranted.

The Latest Patterns of French, English and

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Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Comets,

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Montreal, January 24, 1863.