

# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 7, 1863.

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BRIGADE MAJOR  
VILLIERS, OF HAMILTON, C. W.

Brigade Major Henry V. Villiers, whose portrait appears on this page, is an Englishman by birth; being a native of the ancient city of Bath in Somersetshire; a place of fashionable resort much spoken of in the memoirs of our grandfathers, and in the days before stage coaches were superseded by railway cars. That he should have chosen the military profession need not be wondered at, for he comes of a military family, and has been, as we may say, 'a man of war from his youth,' although, to be sure, he is but a young man yet, having been born in the year 1830. His father, Captain Villiers, served at Waterloo, as Brigade Major to Lord Edward Somerset, K. C. B., who commanded the household troops on that memorable field. He has besides had two brothers in the army, viz.; Colonel James Villiers, of the 74th Highlanders, who died in India; and Major Charles Villiers of the 47th Regiment, who is still living.

In the year 1848, at the age of eighteen, the subject of this sketch was appointed Ensign in the 81st Loyal Lincoln Volunteers. He afterwards exchanged to the 1st Royals; and in 1852 again into the 83d Regiment, at that time serving in Scinde, in India. In 1858 he retired from the service, came to Canada, and settled in Dorchester, C. W., where he raised a Volunteer Rifle company. In 1858 he removed to Hamilton; and shortly after was appointed 1st Lieut. to the Hamilton Field Battery. In 1861 he was one of six selected by the Government to undergo a course of musketry instruction with Her Majesty's troops stationed at St. Helens Island, Montreal under Captain Lacy; and at the close of the course passed



BRIGADE-MAJOR HENRY V. VILLIERS, OF HAMILTON, C.W.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MILNE.

his examination, taking a first class certificate. In November 1862, he received from the Government the appointment which he now holds; that of Brigade Major for the Seventh Military District of Upper Canada, comprising the counties of Wentworth, Halton; Haldimand, Lincoln, and Welland.

At the time of Major Villiers appointment the total strength of the Active Force of the District was 890 of all ranks. The number now amounts to 2,475 men; a pretty handsome rate of increase, we should say; and indicative alike of the patriotic spirit of the people, and of the Major's

success in the performance of his duties.

There are now eleven new companies waiting to be officially recognized; that will add 605 men more, making up a total of 3,125.

It may not be amiss here to mention here for the benefit of those from the country who may have to call on Major Villiers, that he has his office in the old Commercial Bank building on James Street; where he is always to be found during office hours, when not absent elsewhere on duty,

**LONG AND SHORT HAIR.**—Many customs have prevailed among the fair sex respecting the mode of arranging the hair, and they have a right to adopt a variety of changes; but cutting the hair short and wearing it like boys is not commendable. Men have at different times worn the hair long. This has ever been condemned as an unscriptural custom. In the days of Charles the First of England the Cavaliers, who despised close religious forms wore long hair; while the Puritans cut their hair short, and were called 'roundheads.' It has been calculated that by continual cutting and shaving of the hair, about seven feet in length is removed from a man in twenty-five years. Some writers assert that the practice of close cutting and

shaving tends to weaken the body. Such writers draw a powerful argument from old Samson, who when all unshorn save several thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass.

A PARISIAN physician, considering typhoid fever to be a kind of paralysis or asphyxia of the vital functions, occasioned by the inhalation of lethiferous atmosphere either from a typhoid patient or any other morbid source, admits air freely to the invalid's bedroom, to which plan he attributes many remarkable cures. He says there can be no infection in the open air—fresh air moreover enables a patient to take stimulants which he could not otherwise bear.

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H. GREGORY & Co.

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1863.

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

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

H. GREGORY & Co.

HAMILTON, October 31st, 1863.

THE CANADIAN

Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

H. GREGORY & Co. Proprietors.

THE WASHINGTON GOVERNMENT AND THE RECENT STATE ELECTIONS.

It is a matter of wonder to some folks that soldiers by thousands should be allowed or sent home from almost the very field of battle to vote at the elections. But the reason why is not difficult to be seen, after all. The Washington Government actually, and as we believe justly and prudently, from its own point of view, attaches more importance to victories over the pro-Southern party in the North at the polls, than to victories over the Southerners themselves in the field. The indubitable fact is, that the greatest triumphs of the army over the Confederate forces, would be more than neutralized, would be positively rendered worse than useless, by any very marked success of the anti-war party at the polls. The American, say the Yankee mind, is certainly not remarkable for incapacity of apprehension or want of fertility in resources. And depend upon it, they are signally deceiving their own selves who imagine that the many sharp, wide-awake, clear-headed men who now direct the course of the Government at Washington, are nothing but a parcel of asses and dolts. Such a conclusion, we venture to say, does not promise to result very favourably for those who decide to act upon it, and risk the consequences. The chances are that Lincoln, Seward, Thurlow Weed, Chase, Stanton, and the rest of them, know tolerably well what they are about. It may be remarked, by the way, that neither English nor Canadians do themselves much compliment by sneering at brothers and cousins of our own race as being either fools or cowards. In our dealings with the Americans it will be in all likelihood the most prudent course to act on an entirely different supposition. We shall do no great violence to probability if we hazard the anticipation that now the contest at the polls is over for a while, that upon the tented field will shortly be resumed with vigour enough to satisfy the most inveterate craving for news of battles and bloodshed, and of "something decisive from the seat of war."

Meanwhile, it must be gratifying to every sensible man amongst us, to know that existing relations between London and Washington are decidedly more friendly than they have for some time been; and that there is every present prospect of the preservation of peace between the two countries. Of any Canadian who does not rejoice that such should be the case, or who "does not see it in that light," it is not too much to say that he would do his country more credit if confined in the Lunatic Asylum, than if suffered to go about at large. If there be a Canadian who really wishes for a war with the States, or who would like to see Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell deliberately working for such a result, let him say so plainly, and take the responsi-

bility of defending his opinion. But we rather think that there are but very few, let us say we hope there are none here, so devoid at once both of sense and of humanity as to take their stand on such discreditable ground.

A CERTAIN DISAGREEABLE RESTRAINT ON SPEECH.

Under the caption of 'Oh, no, we never mention her,' the New York *Albion* has the following remarks; 'We have already been called upon more than once to notice the peculiar reticence of American and Russian official personages on certain points, even when indulging in the most fraternal of spoken or written hugs. Neither Swards nor Opdykes have bidden the Czar, in set terms, hasten and crush out the Polish revolution with fire and sword. No Gortschakoff or Stoeckls or Lessovskis have exhorted the North to subjugate and devastate their brethren. Bloody injunctions of this sort have for the most part, been confined to pulpits and hustings though sometimes uttered by considerate journalists. Nothing of them has been seen or heard in diplomatic despatches, or at magnificent banquets; and we venture to predict that amid the sumptuous preparations for the ball to be given to the Russian Admiral and his officers, at the Academy of Music, no portrait of Mouravieff or Butler will find a place. In intercourse between loving friends it is wise to slide gingerly over all disagreeable associations.'

We can readily fancy the embarrassment which must be felt by the speechifiers on both sides, from the fact of their being debarred by that relentless iron-handed pressure known as the 'force of circumstances,' from speaking of the very thing which is nearest their hearts respectively. To the Northern American mind the subduing of the 'rebellion,' and to the Russian mind the final and complete subjugation of Poland, are objects that put all others out of sight by comparison. Yet strange to tell, of all possible subjects of discourse these are the very things which must not be alluded to in the mutual interchange of half-hearted compliment which is now going on. Both Russians and Americans might almost be accused of a deliberate attempt to falsify Scripture, which tells us that 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' But the *dictum* is not the less true for all that; for if the representatives of the two nations crushed down what was boiling up within them when in the official presence of each other, they make abundant amends, 'otherwise and elsewhere,' for a short period of privation and self-restraint.

THE MINISTER OF THE JUAREZ GOVERNMENT IN WASHINGTON.

The rather important circumstance of the present possession by the French of the capital and seaports of Mexico, has been slipped over without the least allusion thereto, alike by Senor Romero, the Minister of the Juarez Government at Washington, in the official announcement of his arrival there, and by President Lincoln in his reply. Another instance, this, of keeping the mouth shut on a subject of which the heart is full. The New York *Albion*, commenting upon the omission, says: 'Neither Minister nor President made the slightest allusion to the unfortunate army of occupation, or to the fact that President Juarez is rusticating *extra muros*! We look upon this as the great diplomatic joke of the season.'

Now, with all due respect for the judgment of our able and well-informed cotemporary, we must say that we do not see the matter in that light, not exclusively so, at all events. To be sure it looks a little like a joke, just now, perhaps; and the diplomatic pretence of not seeing what is before every one's eyes may well excite a quickly-passing smile. But certain rather grave considerations which force themselves immediately upon the mind, rather favor the belief that the supposed joke may turn out a very serious matter after all. It is nothing less than extremely improbable that the Americans will quietly accept the French occupation of Mexico as a settled affair, not to be disputed or disturbed. The conquerors of Texas and of California are certainly not the men from whom we would be warranted in expecting such an example of quiet and peaceable resignation. The French are now in Mexico, sure enough; but might it not occur to some people to enquire whether they have in them enough of the quality of what we may call 'colonial adhesiveness' to make them stick there? For the merely military possession and holding of the country, without a colonial building up and taking root therein, would be but a profitless, and exhausting business; and would be seriously interfered with by the very likely contingency of a great European war. No artificial system, or Imperial decree, of the 'patent prepared glue' sort, will be sufficient in the long run, if a certain natural aptitude be

wanting. Yet the deficiency of the French in this respect is one of the proved facts of experience. The teaching of history is for the most part oracular, admitting too often of various interpretations, like the ambiguous utterances of the ancient priestess of Apollo. But on the inaptitude of the French for colonization, what history does say is tolerably clear. They cannot compare with the Spaniards or the Portuguese, kindred 'Latin races' with themselves; leaving out of view the Northern nations, the British, Irish, Dutch and Scandinavian races. Nay, we may even go further, and say that the present people of old France do not seem in our time to be nearly as good colonists as Frenchmen were a century or two ago, in the days of Jacques Cartier, Father Hennepin and La Salle; of the minister Colbert, and the governors Vaudreuil and Beauharnois. It may possibly be the wisest course to suspend judgment yet for a while, on the recent great event of the conquest of Mexico by Field-Marshal Forey and his legions.

THE BRIGADE MAJORS OF THE MILITIA FORCE IN CANADA.

Believing that our people generally take a deep interest in military matters, and especially in everything relating to our own Provincial organization for the defence of our country in case of need, we have commenced a series of portraits and letter-press sketches of all the Brigade Majors recently appointed, both in Upper and Lower Canada. We begin this week, in the present number, with Brigade Major Henry V. Villers, of the Seventh Military District in Upper Canada, whose portrait appears on our first page. We take this opportunity of making known to the gentlemen themselves, that we shall be very grateful to them for the favour, if they will each of them, as soon as convenient, furnish us with his photograph, or portrait, with notes of such facts, dates, and other memoranda, as may be necessary for a proper letter-press sketch to accompany the same. The portraits and sketches will appear in future numbers; in about the order in which they come to hand. Following the patriotic popular taste of the time, we intend to give considerable prominence in our journal to what we may call Provincial military matters. And we trust that our efforts in this direction will be duly appreciated by all.

THE POPULATION OF CALEDONIA VILLAGE.—The Grand River *Sachem* takes us to task for an error in the letter-press description of Caledonia, in our number of the week before last. We stated the population at about 1000; the *Sachem* says it is 1300. We had for some time understood that the population was in the neighborhood of 1000; but besides, we put it down at that after enquiry of a well known citizen of the place, whom we supposed ought to have known. We cheerfully make the correction, however, and would have done so last week, but the *Sachem* not being sent to this office, we did not see it till the afternoon of Friday the 30th October; and then only by the chance of its having been handed us by a friend who had noticed the paragraph.

THE POCKET REGISTER OF TARGET PRACTICE, arranged by a member of the Victoria Rifle Club, Hamilton. Published by W. Brown and Co., James Street, and for sale at the bookstores. Price 25 cts.

Rifle practice being now at once a national duty and an established national pastime, many new wants connected therewith have been felt; and among the rest that of a properly arranged hand-book, for the record by each individual of his practice as a marksman. This want is met by the above named little manual, which includes all that is required; having 'The Range,' 'Points and Hits,' and 'Misses,' ruled off, and blanks for 'Points made,' &c.; also a summary of the 'rounds,' consisting of 'Bull's eyes,' 'Centres,' and 'Outers,' and if required, 'Misses.' We heartily recommend this concise and suitable little work to all who feel interested in the manly and patriotic accomplishment of handling with skill the freeman's own weapon: wit: the rifle.

Question, by Joe Miller, junr. Is it true that the younger members of our Volunteer Rifle Force are great on 'Misses'?

IRON RAILWAY CARS.—The days of wooden freight cars appear to be numbered on the New York Central Railroad. For the past two years, iron freight cars have been built at Albany, for this road, thin plate iron being used for the purpose. Such cars are fully lighter than those made of wood, and are at the same time more roomy and stronger. They also possess greater durability, and are incombustible.

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**FINISH THY WORK.**

Finish thy work, the time is short :  
The sun is in the west ;  
The night is coming down—till then  
Think not of rest,  
  
Yet, finish all thy work, then rest ;  
Till then, rest never ;  
The rest prepared for thee by God  
Is rest forever.  
  
Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow ;  
Ungird thee from thy toil ;  
Take breath, and from each weary limb  
Shake off the soil.  
  
Finish thy work, then sit thee down  
On some celestial hill,  
And of its strength-reviving air  
Take thou thy fill.  
  
Finish thy work then go in peace ;  
Life's battle fought and won,  
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,  
"Well done ! well done !"  
  
Finish thy work, then take thy harp.  
Give praise to God above ;  
Sing a new song of mighty joy  
And endless love.  
  
Give thanks to Him who held thee up  
In all thy path below,  
Who made thee faithful unto death,  
And crowns thee now.'

**EDITORIAL NOTES AND ITEMS.**

NEXT Wednesday, the 11th inst., is set apart by proclamation of His Excellency the Governor General, as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God for the manifold blessings of the year.

THE gale of Saturday 31st Oct. has done much damage on Lake Ontario. The steamer Passport sunk in Kingston harbor on Sunday evening. Friday night and Saturday morning the gale was particularly severe.

THERE are no war items of any great interest from the other side just lately. Major-General Thomas reports officially that Gen. Hooker, in the fight of Oct. 28th, took 'many' prisoners, and nearly 1000 Enfield rifles. His own loss in killed and wounded was 350 officers and men. The bombardment of Charleston re-commenced in pretty heavy style on Wednesday 28th. A so called copperhead plot for the release of the prisoners at Camp Chase had been discovered at Cincinnati.

BUT the most important news from the States is that of the elections in Massachusetts and New York. This constitutes the topic most prominent in the American papers of the last few days. It appears certain that the Republicans have carried the day by sweeping majorities. Some Democratic successes, in New Jersey, Wisconsin, and elsewhere, are reported. But it is beyond question that the general result of recent elections has been to strengthen Lincoln's government, and that in an immense degree.

LATELY, the proprietor of the Montreal *Witness* raised the price of the daily evening edition, from a halfpenny to a penny,—not being able, as was stated, to continue it at the first-mentioned very low price. But in the very first week of the advanced price of a penny instead of a halfpenny for the paper, the circulation fell from 6,700 to 4,700. At the end of the second week, it had fallen to 4,100. In these circumstances, it has been decided to return to the halfpenny charge, diminishing somewhat the size of the sheet. The *Witness* says that the falling off having been mostly among its readers of the working classes, whom it is especially desired to reach, the return to the halfpenny charge was imperative.

MEANWHILE it is announced that the *Witness* is to have a new evening paper for a rival in the field. The *Globe's* Montreal correspondent says:—

'For over a year, an opposition to the *Witness* has been talked of; but, on Monday, it will really become a fact. The *Commercial Advertiser* not succeeding well as a morning paper, is to be transformed into the *Evening Telegraph*—price one penny. The matter of the *Gazette* is to be used in it, with merely the change of editorials. I should think this is a bad move for any morning paper. It is clear that we have too many daily papers—five English and two French.'

A BEAUTY WORTH FORTY THOUSAND MEN!—A deputation from Mexico has had an interview with the Archduke Maximilian. After getting through the muddy tracks of politics, says the correspondent of the *Times*, the members of the deputation were introduced to the Archduchess, and were 'struck with amazement (adds M. Debranz) when they heard her, beaming with beauty and freshness, keep up the conversation in the purest Castilian.' The enthusiasm of these gentlemen reached the highest pitch; for, on leaving, her presence one of them declared that 'the very sight of this incomparable Princess would be worth to her august husband an army of forty thousand men; and that there was not a single partisan of Juarez who, at the sight of the Archduchess Charlotte, would not become an enthusiastic Imperialist.'

**ANOTHER ENGLISH VIEW OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.**

Jeremy Bentham, the great preacher of 'the greatest happiness for the greatest number' doctrine, divided words significant of character or quality into three classes, namely: 'Eulogistic,' or commendatory or complimentary; 'Dyslogistic,' the reverse of the foregoing; and 'Neutrologistic,' or neutral—that is, neither one nor the other.—Having given elsewhere in this number an English view (eulogistic,) of Abraham Lincoln, from the Liverpool Post, we give here, by way of contrast, another English view, (dyslogistic,) from the celebrated and much-dreaded periodical called 'Punch.'

**BRUTUS AND CÆSAR.**

[From the American edition of 'Shakspeare.']

*The Tent of BRUTUS (LINCOLN). Night. Enter an Ethiopian Serenader with a Banjo.*

SERENADER. You sent for me, my Lord?  
BRUTUS. Jerusalem!  
I calculate, Siree, I did that same.  
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?  
SERENADER. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.  
BRUTUS. It does, my b'hoj.  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.  
Sing me a soothing song, yet sensible.

*Serenader sings:*

Bold Massa Lee, him coming after we,  
Whack, jack, crack, jibble obble lack,  
Brave Massa Meade, him very strong indeed,  
Whack, jack, crack, jibble obble lack,  
&c., &c., &c. [*Serenader falls asleep.*]

BRUTUS. 'Tis a sweet tune, yet sleepy. He is fast,  
I will not do him so much wrong to wake him.  
I'll rather read. Where is the noble work  
Whence I cull anecdotes and jocund jests  
Wherewith to ornament my statesmanship,  
Making smooth Seward smile, stiff Stanton scowl?  
O, Joseph Miller, thou art mighty yet!  
Where was I? Ha! 'A lawyer met a clown  
[*He reads.*]

Driving a pig to market, and observed,  
'Why, thereby hangs a tail, to which—by gosh!  
This darned eternal moderator burns  
As badly as ———

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

Wall now! do tell! Who's you?

CÆSAR. I am dy ebil genus, Massa Linking.  
Dis child an awful Inimpressional.  
AS MASSA did obscr.

BRUTUS. I never did,  
My word was Irrepressible, base nigger.

CÆSAR. All do same, Massa, in one hundred year.  
BRUTUS. Be off, black spectre, how I hate thy looks.  
Thou art the cause of all my all-fire bother:  
Would every black were deep in the Black Sea,  
Or every son of Ham were cut so thin  
That I could eat him up with sangwidges!

CÆSAR. More bother yet for massa, for dis child  
Stick close to him like wax, eh, Jolly, iss.

BRUTUS. Begone, I say!

CÆSAR. Massa am not polite.  
Him call him up, him call man and brudder,  
Him give him 'manicipation, and a gun  
To shoot at Massa Davy.

BRUTUS. Davis, fool,  
Davis' Straits are not as great as mine;  
But Davy—would thou wert in Davy's locker.

CÆSAR. Him 'tick to Massa.

BRUTUS. Tick? Thou mayst say that.  
How's massa to get tick? (That's not so bad.)

CÆSAR. Dat massa's business. For one little time  
Dis child be off, but soon him come again,  
And play the Debbil! [*Looking over LINCOLN.*]

BRUTUS. Vamoose! Go! Slope to him whom thou hast  
named.  
And whom I've raised in this here blessed war.  
Away, black cuss! [*CÆSAR vanishes.*]

*Serenader awakes and sings:*

Massa Bennett Gordon, 'fraid to stick a sword on,  
Whack, jack, crack, jibble obble lack;  
Massa Horace Greeley look a little mealy,  
Whack, jack, crack, jibble obble lack.

BRUTUS gives him a violent kick, which sends him flying out of the tent.

BRUTUS. Darn thy brnte jargon!—[Laughs]—Hooker fled  
not quicker.  
Rebellion's dead, or ought to be. Let's liquor. [*Exit.*]

WHERE DOES THE RAIN COME FROM.—Mr. Glaisher, in England, recently made a scientific ascent in a balloon in a rain storm, to study the rain in the place where it comes from:—'On the ground the rain drops were as large as four-penny pieces upon his note book; a little higher up they merely dotted it like pin points; higher still it was a Scotch mist, or wet fog; yet higher the fog was dry; and at 3,500 feet the balloon was out of rain though it was falling on the earth. Above them, even at that elevation, was the stratum of cloud which science, without ever having seen, had daringly predicted as always above 'the overcast' of a rainy sky; and at the height of 1,000 feet, in descending, the balloon was in a current wind from one quarter, and the ear in another from one nearly opposite—south-east and south-west respectively—in other words, the Columbus of the clouds had sailed into the eddy between the confluent currents of atmosphere which were mingling their temperatures, and thus disengaging some of their moisture for the behoof of the corn-field and picnic parties below.'

**CLEANLINESS AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.**

THE streets of Paris, down to as late a period as the reign of Louis XIV., through want of cleansing and sewerage, reeked with abominable stench, bringing upon the wretched inhabitants the frequent scourge of the most virulent epidemics; but through the agency of an efficient medical police, and a regular system of sewerage, sickly and almost abandoned districts have been converted into those flourishing localities known as the Faubourgs St. Honore and Montmartre, and the Chaussee d'Antin, remarkable for the business habits and wealth of their inhabitants. The average mortality in Paris in the 14th century was 1 in 20, in 1830 about 1 in 40, and now it is not more than 1 in 50.

A more striking example of the benefits of improved sanitary legislation is seen in the history of Geneva. According to M. d'Espine's work on 'Comparative Mortuary Statistics,' the probable life of that city was, in the sixteenth century, less than five years; in the seventeenth, 11 years; in the eighteenth, 32 years; and now it is estimated at 44 years—an improvement due almost entirely to drainage and sewerage.

St. Petersburg, like Venice or Amsterdam, rest on made ground. The resistless, untiring, energy of Peter the Great, made out of the marsh and swamp a firm foundation for his city, but at an enormous sacrifice of life; three hundred thousand men having perished before the work was completed. Where once pools and quagmires sent up their death-creating exhalations, a splendid capital rears her proud crest, and miles of stone quays and magnificent houses extend where once fermented the ooze of the muddy Neva; a further proof 'that the first and most important chapter in the history of civilization is drainage.'

In painful contrast to those cities which have made sewerage a chief item in their sanitary reform, is Berlin, the Prussian capital. As late as 1846 there was no regular sewers or underground drains. Hog-styes were erected in the streets, and the festering garbage in the open kennels assailed the olfactories of the most patrician. The river Spree, which might be made a grand cloaca if connected with covered drains, drags its sluggish waters along, almost stagnating in the town. Laing, the traveller, describes it as a city 'very fine and very nasty.' No water has as yet been brought in pipes into the city and houses; and the neglect of sewerage generally has been punished by two fearful visits of cholera in 1831 and '37.

A large portion of the site of London was once marsh or swamp; but owing to a thorough sewerage, ditches being filled up and the land drained, this immense city, with its three millions of inhabitants, is not only the most healthy capital in Europe, but has scarcely a rival in the world.

The evils arising from imperfect drainage are not confined to Calcutta, Cairo, or Constantinople; they are too evident in Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and other great English emporiums of commerce; in New York and New Orleans, in America, and in a less degree in Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston. The Gibraltar fever, which scourges the rock about every twelve years, has, after much discussion, been attributed to the filthy haunts of alien inhabitants, fostered by defective sewerage. No matter in what part of the world sewerage has been overlooked, a scourge has come to whip communities for the neglect, whether in the shape of Asiatic or African plagues, the yellow fever of America, the typhus of Europe, and cholera, everywhere; and the magistracy or corporation who, through carelessness or other causes, do not provide sufficient drainage to carry off the city refuse, should be held accountable for the lives lost through their culpable negligence.

WHY THE PRICE OF PAPER IS GOING UP.—Simultaneously with the call for another levy of three hundred thousand men, the paper manufacturers have raised the price of printing paper from about twelve cents per pound to about sixteen and seventeen cents per pound. The connection between the two events may not strike the unthinking mind at the first blush, and yet the one is the immediate result of the other. How? Nothing plainer. The three hundred thousand new troops must have three hundred thousand full suits of uniform. This necessitates an immense consumption of material; and the material most in vogue with our army contractors is shoddy. Shoddy is made of old rags, felted into the appearance of cloth; and it is the demand thus created for old rags that sends up their price in the market, and consequently increases the price of paper. The contractors have only to go to the banks, borrow money on the strength of their contracts, and sweep in all the old rags into their shoddy manufactories. The paper-makers find great difficulty in procuring an adequate supply of rags, and have to pay a largely enhanced price for them. Hence the increased price of printing paper. This demonstrates the close connection between the new levy of troops and the rise in the price of paper. It is all shoddy—*New York Herald.*

An Irish paper says that a young girl died in the neighborhood of Rathdowney, from the effects of inflammation produced by having her ears pierced for ear-rings. The operation had been performed by a female companion, on whom it was thought to throw some of the blame, but the medical evidence showed that she could in no way be accused of any evil intention. It appeared in evidence that the deceased went out to bind corn immediately following the operation, and the constant stooping produced inflammation.

The Suez Canal is becoming a formidable nuisance. It hinders the growth of Egyptian cotton, and consequently, the prosperity of the Egyptian laborers. The cotton pays splendidly, and all the laborers wish to work at it; but the Suez fanatics insist on their 20,000 laborers, which is no drain on the cotton-growing population. The Viceroy, who sowed about 4,000 acres last year in cotton, is said to have planted 19,000 this year, and to have offered to supply the people gratuitously with seed, and he hopes next year will see 70,000 to 100,000 acres under cultivation.—[*Spectator.*]

**CUT SHORT—VERY PROPERLY.**—At the *dejeuner* given by the Crown Prince and Princess at Potsdam to the members of Statistical Congress, which has just met at Berlin, one of the English guests, says a Berlin letter, nearly succeeded in spoiling the whole affair. Animated no doubt, by the most excellent intentions, but completely wanting as well in good taste as in a knowledge of the peculiar political position of the Prince, he wanted to propose his health. He had sufficient judgement to ask, with glass in hand, H. R. H.'s permission, and was told that of course the Englishman might drink his health; but 'no speechifying, no speeches,' very earnestly added H. R. H. The statistician evidently wanted to make a speech, and baulked of that, could only turn around to his friends and say to them, 'The Prince says we may drink his health, but must make no noise;' and drank it they did in solemn silence.

A prince rallying the fatness of a courtier, who had served him in many embassies, said he looked like an ox. "I know not," said the courtier, "what I am like; but I know that I often had the honor to represent your majesty."

There is an Irishman employed as a porter, on the Great Eastern Railway, who brags of having a watch that keeps correct time. He was heard to remark, a few mornings since, upon pulling out his watch, "If the sun ain't over that hill in a minnet and a half, he will be late."

**TAKE TWO OF THEM.**—A bashful youth was paying marked attention to a beautiful young lady, who rejoices in the possession of an interesting niece, about six years old. The other evening he was enjoying a social chat with the young lady, vainly trying to nerve himself to ask the terrible question, when the little niece entered the room. A new thought struck him. Taking her on his knee, he asked in a quivering voice, 'Fanny, dear, are you willing I should have your aunt for my own? I will give five hundred guineas for her.' 'Oh, yes!' said the little thing, clapping her hands in glee. 'But hasn't you better give me a thousand guineas and take two of them?'

**HONOR AMONG THIEVES.**—A gentleman went with

The *Mark Lane Express* says on the same topic:—A return of fair weather during the harvest season checked the tendency to sprout which endangered the unhoed wheat, much of which was left in the fields after cutting, owing to the scarcity of labor; and the years harvest is undoubtedly excellent, and beyond the average of seasons throughout the kingdom. The late potatoes, too, have been protected from disease by the return of dry weather.

**ERRATUM.**—On page 319, about the middle of the second column—substitute the word "taste" for "wrote;" making the two lines there quoted from Milton read thus:—

"On my experiance, Adam, freely taste,  
And fear of death deliver to the winds."

At Adelaide, Australia, recently, an English sparrow, the only survivor of a hundred shipped from England, fetched 11s. A couple of blackbirds sold for 68s., A goldfinch canary for 35s, and the other birds fetched high prices.

The next transit of Venus will take place in 1874, and the next afterwards in 1882. There will be great preparations to take observations in all parts of the world; and it is expected that the sun will be found to be four million miles nearer to the earth than was supposed.

The Quebec Mercury says—'Mr. Judah's interesting report of the Chaudiere Gold Mines, made in compliance with instructions from the Commissioner of Crown Lands, has made its appearance in print. As it supplies accurate and extensive information upon a very important subject, we trust that it may receive an extensive circulation.'

A Genoa letter, speaking of the Mount Cenis tunnel says the hopes for the opening of the tunnel in three years are altogether visionary. A gentleman connected with railway works thinks it cannot be completed under ten years. The space for laborers in the tunnel is so small that no progress can be hastened beyond three metres a day. Already the machinery for supplying the workmen with fresh air is of enormous dimensions, two huge metal tubes running alongside of the road for a thousand yards.

A DISADVANTAGE.—Speculators from Canada who have heretofore been in the practice of visiting the agricultural districts of the United States, and purchasing fruit, are now discouraged in their operations by the imposition of a charge of \$40 for the privilege, that is, they are compelled to procure a license on the same principle as pedlars.



"WANT OF CONFIDENCE."—COPY OF A PAINTING BY G. H. THOMAS, A BRITISH ARTIST.

a friend to the opera, and arrived before the doors were open. While waiting in the crowd, standing behind his friend, he amused himself by picking the pocket of the latter, abstracting therefrom a handkerchief. Hardly had he done so when he was tapped on the shoulder, and on turning round he saw a gentlemanly-looking individual, who handed him his own snuff-box with a polite bow, observing that he never knowingly "operated on a brother professional, and was sorry that he had made such a mistake."

An old bachelor says that he has received a basket of peaches this season that look as though pretty girls had watched their growth and tinted them with their blushes.

'Bon,' said a young fellow to his companion at a fancy fair, 'you are missing all the sights on this side.'—'Never mind, Bill,' retorted Bob, 'I'm sighting all the misses on the other.'

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper has been trying to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

It is perfectly natural that physicians generally should have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else—because they are more likely to see sickness.

In California, any stipulated rate of interest is lawful, and the current rates are often fearful. In January, 1861, (not yet three years ago,) Daniel K. Vance borrowed \$1,300 of Morris Wise, payable on demand, with compound interest at eight per cent per month. Nothing being paid, Wise sued it, and obtained a verdict a month ago for the snug little sum of one hundred and sixty millions of dollars, not feeling able to lose so much money.

A sad accident has happened at the Theatre Defuzer in Paris. The ghost apparatus having been disarranged one of the chorus singers was substituted in its place. Unfortunately, this was not told either to the public or M. Fribault, who represented the murderer. The audience hissed the ghost, which M. Fribault took to himself, and made a thrust with the dagger at the apparition. The poor man gave a horrible shriek, and fell, the dagger, which was a sharp bladed instrument, remaining in his body. A few hours later he was a corpse.

**RATHER SLEEPY WAGONERS.**—While Gen. Burford was bringing up the rear, during the retrograde movement of Meade's army, he overtook a train of 800 wagons, stopped in the road with no one apparently in command, in imminent danger of being captured unless it could be started. The teamsters could not be made to comprehend the position, and as there was no time to be lost, Gen. Burford planted a rifled piece in the rear of the train, and began firing shell up the road over the wagons, at the longest range, and with good elevation. This aroused the sleeping teamsters, who supposed the rebels were close upon them, and they applied whip and spur until the whole caravan reached a place of safety.

The Spaniards in St. Domingo are in a bad way. The insurgents are everywhere successful: they have buried Port-au-Prince, and established their government at Cap-Haïtien.

## RAIN AND SNOW IN CANADA.

Who will say that the weather is not an interesting subject? If its importance were to be judged of by the large share of remark which it elicits in every day conversation, it would rank very high indeed. But as a matter of fact the weather really concerns us all; and notes thereupon, from competent observers, are always interesting. We copy here a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Leader*, which appeared in that journal on Tuesday, the 29th October, and which we think is well calculated to correct certain current errors on the subject of the seasons in Canada:—

Sm,—There seems to be no subject on which people, generally, are more forgetful, than on that of the weather in past years. One would conclude that our seasons are capriciously variable, or that they are continually degrading, were he to accept as reliable data the current weather phrases of his neighbors, or the meteorologic paragraphs of newspapers; yet every close observer who has, even for a few years, kept records of the weather, will be able to show that, with rare exceptionality, our seasons are remarkable for their uniformity. I have often transcribed from my journal, in parallel columns, the weather notes of six or seven seasons, in the same month, and on their comparison have never failed to realize the most striking uniformity. But in making notes of this sort, it is necessary that the observer do not confine his notes to the weather of his locality; for apparently important differences might thus be exhibited which, in reality, do not obtain to any extent beyond his own limited section. A cloud which, in October or November, drops rain at Toronto, may fall as a heavy snow shower on the ridges of Albion, or on the high land from Georgetown westward. The same storm which deluges the Ontario lake region with rain, in early winter, covers Lower Canada with deep snow. The form in which the vapor falls depends on the temperature of the stratum of air next the surface, and this is modified by the temperature of the surface itself to a very great extent.

On Friday last we had heavy rain, with an easterly wind, in Toronto. From Georgetown to St. Mary's we are informed that "a heavy fall of snow, lasting several hours," was encountered. The same cloud-field passed over all three places; that is to say, a cloud-field coming from the S. S.W., met by an easterly underscud, which ran as long as precipitation proceeded, but veered round through the S. E. to S., and ultimately to S.W. as the precipitation began to abate, which is the invariable law of all our so-called East rain, or snow storms. The warmer temperature of Lake Ontario determined our rain fall, whilst the colder of the high lands from Georgetown westward determined the snow fall there.

On the 16th of October, last year, snow fell from Prescott eastward; and from the same cloud-field, on the evening of the 15th, the vapor was precipitated in the form of rain here. On the 19th, snow fell pretty heavy at Orillia. On the 26th, our first snow at Toronto fell.

In 1881, our first snow fell on the 24th of October.

In 1860, we had no snow till the 20th of November, but at Montreal and various other places it snowed on the 14th of October.

In 1859, we had our first snow on the 10th of November, but on the 20th of October it snowed all day in Montreal from the same cloud-field which the day before gave us rain and heavy snow to the N.W. and N. as well as to the high lands in New York State on the south.

In 1858, our first snow fell on the 10th of November; and in Montreal about half an inch fell on the 7th, and about one inch on the 10th.

In 1857, there was a heavy fall of snow at Stratford on the 20th October; our first snow fell on the 27th.

In 1856, our first snow in Toronto, merely a few flakes with west wind, fell; and on the 31st it snowed for three-quarters of an hour.

My time does not permit a more extended citation, otherwise I might clearly show that the weather of the present season is very much like that of all past years. In all probability November will be like itself,—a changeable, stormy month. If we chance to have a spell of fine weather, we may dignify it with the name of Indian summer, and be very thankful for it; but when this pleasant period falls to be present in November, we may generally recall the fact of its occurrence in October, though we then failed to recognize it.

Yours,

OBSERVER.

Toronto, October 24th, 1863.

## LORD CLYDE'S BEQUEST TO GENERAL VINOY

In a codicil to his will, dated 23rd May last, the late Lord Clyde thus expressed himself in reference to the above distinguished French General, now commanding the 1st Division of the Army of Paris:—"I give and bequeath to Lieutenant-General Vinoy, commanding a division in the French army, and my old and beloved comrade in the Crimea, the sum of five hundred pounds, as a token of my especial esteem and regard." During the Crimean campaign General Vinoy commanded a body of French troops placed near those commanded by Sir Colin Campbell at Balaklava. On several occasions difficult and perilous duties were confided to their united forces. The upshot was a warm and lasting friendship between the two generals, whose example contributed much to the establishment of that thorough good understanding, kindly feeling, and mutual admiration, which marked the intercourse of the Zouaves and Highlanders throughout the Crimean war. It is said that a portrait of General Vinoy, painted expressly for Queen Victoria, now hangs in Her Majesty's writing closet at Windsor Castle, as companion picture to that of his comrade in arms Sir Colin Campbell.

SOMETHING FOR THE ANTIQUARIES.—Mrs. Pondlechick was much amused the other day by reading in a paper that a medal had been found at Oswestry, bearing the legend 'Augustus Imp.' 'Bless me,' she said, 'that's what I say to my troublesome little Gussy twenty times a day. Well it shows that Greek mothers had their troubles, like us.' Her husband, who collects Queen Anne farthings, rushed out of the room. —*Punch*,

## GREAT WRITERS AND SMALL IMITATORS.

While Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Carlyle, and Mr. Dickens have deserved well of their country by their genius and their morals, it is a question accordingly whether they have not done some harm as well as much good to literature in England. Unchecked by any wholesome fear of that small circle of observers whose praise can seldom be bestowed unmixedly, they have been carried away by their own powers and popularity, and have allowed mannerisms and faults of style to overrun nearly all their works and actually to produce a disastrous effect on their own habits of thought. Every one of them, in a greater or less degree, has ceased to become merely original and has become quaint. Their imitators are not satisfied with being only quaint, they are naturally grotesque. The greater the power of each, the greater is the momentum with which his eccentricities are driven into the minds of his disciples and followers, till at last they confuse in their own minds the two ideas of manner and force. The false enthusiasm of the school soon affects injuriously the writings of the master. He begins to neglect his matter and to congratulate himself upon his manner. So long as he writes like himself and his sentences ring in their old way, he believes that he will be as successful as ever. To a certain extent he will indeed be more successful than he deserves. There is something in the old manner—bare and barren as it is when it is unaccompanied by anything more solid—that recalls to us our old delights and the well-known charm of a pen that formerly so pleased us. It is the neigh of the old horse that brings back to us the recollection of the hunting-field. In the "Roundabout Papers" we seem to catch the distant echoes of "Vanity Fair," just as Mr. Dickens for the present generation must always be nothing less noble than the author of "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist." But the minor host of imitators who ruin their promise by becoming servile copyists of mere style have nothing similar to excuse their meagreness of thought. To sensible people their rhythms are an abomination; their vocabulary is monotonous; their philosophy is a wearisome repetition. That they go on writing, and that their printers go on printing, seems a marvel, and can only be accounted for by the fact that public opinion on the subject of contemporary literature is often hood-winked in a most astonishing fashion.—*London Review*.

## THE RICH HINDOO.

There is no one who gets so little fun for his money as your rich Hindoo. He lives in a wretched doghole, and feeds on rice, and spices, and sweetstuffs, like the meanest shop keeper. Yet he is always in debt, always mortgaging his hands to planters, and screwing his tenants, and cheating and being cheated by his agents and bailiffs. The mass of his income goes to gratify what is neither more nor less than the genuine spirit of snobbishness. The Rajah of Doodiah has forty armed men in attendance; he must have fifty. The Rajah of Nilpore keeps eighty riding horses—he must keep a hundred, though he never stirs out except in a litter. And yet Thackeray will have it that snobbishness is the peculiar weakness of Britons—the crying sin for which fire from heaven to descend upon Brompton, and turn Islington into a sea of brimstone.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

## DON'T STAND IDLE.

There has never been within our recollection such a demand for workmen of all kinds as exists at the present time. From every factory and workshop, and from some of the most remote points in the country, incessantly the cry goes up for 'men, men, men.' Machinery cannot be put in operation because there are no workmen to build it: even dwelling houses increase in number but slowly for want of stalwart muscles to raise tier on tier of brick work or stone. Almost every calling, in fact, every one, is hindered, fettered, and seriously delayed from the causes mentioned. Now is the time for every workman to put his shoulder to the wheel; to rouse up all his energies to forward the great works of the day. To the unemployed workman we would say, if you have no job go and get one; leave idling and pleasure-seeking until a more fitting season; bear a hand to advance all material operations both public and private as fast as possible. Delay not a moment, but offer your services at the nearest factory; you will certainly be accepted. Good wages are everywhere freely paid for good work, and it certainly seems that an artisan is short-sighted to the last degree who allows the present harvest time to pass without improving every opportunity to lay by a snug sum of money against future want. There are countless neat little cottages and farms about home, or in the far West, which can be purchased cheaply, and will make comfortable retreats hereafter for those who wish to be independent of landlords. Now is the chance to obtain such an establishment; for ready money and plenty of work stand waiting for the willing hands to take hold of them. Inventors inform us that they cannot get their machines in operation; 'it is impossible to get patterns and castings made' said a capitalist to us the other day; and these are but a few examples of the communications addressed to us. Let every workman see to it that, if idle, he obtains work speedily, and that if he have employment he attends to it with all the energy he possesses.

THE 'LADY IN SILK.'—A friend advertised in the Ledger for a girl. She was called down to see a 'lady who wanted to see the person who advertised and went into the parlor. The lady wore a plaid silk, handsome cloak, richly trimmed bonnet, kid gloves, and a thickly worked black lace veil down; carried an embroidered handkerchief, and a mother of pearl card case. She made a great many inquiries about the place, which were politely answered, as my friend thought she wanted to recommend somebody. At last she said: 'Well, I'll inquire and see if any better place offers; if not, I'll come and try it. I'll leave my card, in case you wish to send me any word.' And throwing back her veil, disclosing a bright mulatto, she took out a card, courtiered, and left. The card was embossed, and written on it, was 'Miss Lavina, Lady Attendant, Laundry Department, H. C. Possibly Continental Hotel.—*Godey's Lady's Book*.

## THE PRINCE'S WELL.

(From the Daily Review.)

It may be remembered that during the royal residence at Balmoral, in 1861, one of the most interesting episodes was an incognito visit by the Queen and Prince Consort into Glenmark, thence down Glenesk to Fettercairn, and back by the Cairn o' Mount to Deeside. The royal party, on horseback, came across Mount Keen early in the day, and at the highest point at which the road crosses the hill, were received and welcomed by the Earl of Dalhousie. Facing the base of the Highland track stands the only house in that wild district—a cottage occupied by one of the Earl's foresters. A few hundred yards lower in the glen, a beautiful sward of grass spread out, of considerable extent, and fertile in natural hay. Near the centre of this oasis bursts forth a most noble spring, long famous in these parts; its waters cold as ice and clear as crystal; its rush at once bound full and bold and free, as if impatient of restraint beneath. At its very source it could drive a mill. But that day gentler work awaited the Tober-nan-clachan-thalloch, (we do not pledge ourselves for the Gaelic spelling)—the Well of the White Stones—a modest white cairn having been till then its only distinguishing mark. The royal party had need of rest and refreshment, and both had been provided for by the noble Earl, who as Lord of the manor, had been let into the secret of this Royal progress—though only the day before—a lunch was laid in the shieling, and duly partaken of.

Afterwards her Majesty and the Prince, in passing Tober-nan-clachan-thalloch, stopped to enjoy its refreshing draught, and admire the noble scenery around—the bill of Craig-o'-Down arresting special attention, and the marvellous riches of the well not passing unobserved. Its single weakness seeming to be the unapproachable nature of its Gaelic name to any southern tongue, it naturally occurred to the noble Earl that this should be removed at once and forever, in honor of the Royal visitant, and her Majesty readily consented that it should be called the *Queen's Well*. Too soon, alas, this visit was followed by the sad event which covered not Balmoral alone, but all Scotland with gloom; and Lord Dalhousie resolved to raise over this spot, rendered doubly interesting by the Royal visit, a memorial to our lamented Prince, after a manner which reflects much credit on his taste and good feeling, and is in admirable keeping with the scenery around. Over the well six solid arches of roughly hewn granite rear themselves, about 20 feet high, terminating in a rude cross of white quartz, both kinds of stone gathered from the neighboring hills.—This cross is said to be but temporary, to be replaced by a suitable block of granite, probably of a floral form. But even as it is the eye finds no fault with the *tout ensemble*—a massive, yet light and elegant imitation of the old Scottish crown. Within its base the clear well now bubbles up in all its beauty; piercing a surface of finely broken quartz, of snowy whiteness, and restrained for a time within a basin of smooth sandstone, on the margin of which—all unobscured by the clear waves that are ever lapping over—runs this touching legend—

Rest travellers, on this lonely green,  
And drink, and pray for Scotland's Queen.

Outside of all, smooth green turf is laid, and beyond that is the natural herbage, soon lost among the brown heath and grey stones of the mountain side, on which small white cairns are seen to rise, suggestive and appropriate accessories to this memorial of respect and sympathy. An inscription on the lower stone of the central arch simply sets forth that

Her Majesty Queen Victoria and  
His Royal Highness the Prince Consort  
visited this well and drank of its refreshing waters,  
the 20th September, 1861,  
The year of her Majesty's great sorrow,

Of the pastoral glens of Scotland there is none more beautiful than Glenesk. None will better repay the traveller for the labor of a summer's day in its entire ascent. And no more fitting *terminus ad quem* can be have than this memorial of the joy and sorrow of our beloved Queen. To her Lord Dalhousie submitted the plan of the erection, ere a stone was laid; and all received her Majesty's gracious approval. But one desire she expressed—and it came from the depths of a broken heart—'Let it be called the *PRINCE'S WELL*.'

## THE RUSSIAN SAILORS IN NEW YORK.

The Metropolitan 'Record' says:—"While the authorities were feting the Russian Admiral and his suite last week a *conge* it seems was given to the sailors of the fleet for the rest of the day, so that they, too, might enjoy the festivities. The Jack tars instinctively kept near the shore in their rambling, imagining that they were all right while they were in sight of water. They had been warned of the landsharks, and were bound to give them a wide berth.—But unfortunately they were led astray by the aquatic name of one of the streets, and set sail down it perfectly unconscious of danger. It was not long before they got into an under current, consisting of grog cellars and dancing saloons, with which the place is infested. The phlegmatic Russ forgot every precaution in the hilarity of the new scene. The polar ice began to melt about his heart, and he was soon as jolly as the Jack tars of any other nativity around him. There were those about him and his fellows who were bont on making them pay for all the fun. No sooner were the sailors overcome with the combined excitement of liquor and dancing, than they were stripped of their bran new toggery, and whipped into suits of old uniforms as fast as the thing could be done. They were then taken and sold as substitutes before they had sufficiently recovered their senses to discern the change in their appearance. We hear that the admiral has been 'outing for his men, but with what success we cannot say."

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## THE GOVERNESS,

BY ELLEN VAVASSEUR.

## CHAPTER VII.

LEANING against one of the marble pillars at the end of the wide piazza in front of the C——House at Saratoga, Egerton is standing. The bright moon of a lovely June night sails silently in the blue heavens above, while the moonlight in silver flakes falls softly around him; but their calm beauty makes him feel very sorrowful and lonely, for they are awakening sad thoughts in his breast. A light tap on his shoulder aroused him from his reverie, and turning around he beheld Hazleton, whom with his wife, he had unexpectedly met the day before at Saratoga.

'Are you moonstruck, my dear fellow, that you are gazing so intently at yon blue sky, or are you dreaming of a certain little fairy, down South?'

'Neither,' Egerton replied; 'but did I tell you I intend going to Savannah.'

'No you did not; but I thought you would find your way there some of these days. When is the wedding to be: soon I hope?'

'What wedding, was Egerton's quiet reply? It is business of importance which takes me to Savannah.'

'Oh yes, I understand; and a very pleasant business that love-making is too! Come now Egerton, you might confess to such a long tried and aged friend as I am, that I have won the bet which I made when I introduced you to Nina Thornton?'

'No, Hazleton. Although I feel a sincere regard for Miss Thornton, yet I am not in love with her.'

'Then I am mistaken; and you will I fear, be a crusty old bachelor after all, for you seem hardened and perfectly indifferent to the tender glances and sweet smiles with which you are always greeted by the fair sex?'

Egerton looked cautiously around to see if there was any one near them and then in a low, earnest tone said:

'Listen to me, Hazleton, and I will reveal to you my heart's history. When I left England, six years ago, I was engaged to a lovely young girl, to whom I was passionately attached, but I was poor, and could not then make her my wife, so we parted with the hope that in a few years, I would return to claim her as my own. During the first year of our separation, we corresponded regularly, then, suddenly, her letters ceased, and I never again heard from her, although I wrote several times entreating an explanation. I knew that she was well and still in C——; for in two or three letters which I received from a friend, she was mentioned. What then could I imagine but that absence had made her forget me! Although it was long before I could believe her so false. To drown thought and sorrow, I plunged deeply into business, and may now, by many, be considered a fortunate man. Oh, did they but know with what a lonely, aching heart I gained my wealth, they would not envy me its possession! Time passed, and I heard that she had lost both her parents and gone with some lady to America, and then I lost all traces of her. Hazleton, she was my first love and she will be my last, I can never forget her. If I seemed to be attracted by Miss Thornton and to prefer her society to that of others, it was because I fancied she resembled that beloved one. Oh heavens! when I think of what I afterwards learned, of how I was deceived! Egerton's voice trembled with deep emotion. He arose hurriedly and for some minutes walked up and down the piazza endeavoring to calm his agitation. Do you remember, he continued, as he again seated himself by his friend's side, the night I met Mrs. Merton in one of the streets of New York: you were with me, do you recollect the circumstance?'

'Perfectly well,' said Hazleton.

'And that I went to see her husband, who was very ill?'

'Yes, and a few days afterwards you told me of his death.'

'I did; but before he died, when he knew there was no hope for him and that he could not live many hours, he entrusted his wife to send for me as there was something that deeply interested me which he wished to communicate. I went to him, and when Mrs. Merton, at his desire, left the room and we were alone, the wretched man told me that he had also been in love with the one I loved. He had feared that I was his rival, but was not aware of our engagement till about a year after I had left C——, when he obtained a situation in the Post Office. Seeing that we corresponded so frequently, he knew we must be engaged. All his endeavors to gain my beloved's affections had been in vain. Time, and my absence had not made her forget me as he had at first hoped. He then conceived the wicked design of intercepting our letters. If she could be made to believe that I no longer loved her—that I had proved untrue, he might yet, he imagined, win her affections. He accordingly destroyed all our letters, and he was the friend from whom I heard of her as I have already mentioned. In one of his letters he spoke of having met her at a picnic, the day before; in the other, that it was thought she was engaged to a young clergyman. These schemes, however, were useless: his love was rejected, and soon after, she left C—— as governess to a Mrs. Talbot, an American lady. You may imagine my feelings as I listened to this confession; but the death damp was fast gathering on his brow, and when I witnessed his agony and despair, in that last hour, from my soul I forgave and pitied him.'

'That was more I think than I could have done,' exclaimed Hazleton; 'and was the villain, George, unable to inform you in what part of America Mrs. Talbot resided?'

'In New York; he thought. I made inquiries there, but without success. We will never, I fear, meet again,' said Egerton, in a sorrowful tone: 'my Edith is lost to me forever.'

Hazleton started. 'What did you say her name was?' he asked eagerly.

Egerton gazed earnestly at his friend. A gleam of hope entered his breast. He replied, 'Edith Mowbray.'

'Then George, I have met her.'

'Met her! When? Oh Hazleton where was it? and Egerton was much agitated, and his voice trembled as he asked the question.

'At Montgomery, near Savannah, and strange too, is it not? she was with Mrs. De Vere, Nina Thornton's cousin.'

'Are you sure that the name was the same, and that she was a governess?'

'I am certain of it: besides, she spoke of you and Hazleton.' He then related all he knew concerning Edith.

'How long is it since you saw her?'

'About two years ago. She may not be there now, but if not, why, Mrs. De Vere will most likely be able to inform you where she is.'

'She may be married?'

'Yes,' said Hazleton, thoughtfully, 'that is true. 'Tis best my dear Egerton not too be too sanguine, for now that I think of it, there was a brother-in-law of Mrs. De Vere's, a fine, handsome young fellow, who was desperately in love with her. They were constantly together and there is no knowing how it ended. Still I advise you to go by all means and see for yourself. She seemed a lovely creature. I do not wonder that you could not forget her. Is it not too bad that I should have known all this time what I suppose you desired most on earth to learn? If you had only told me this sooner?'

'Oh that I had! Her loved name often trembled on my lips, but you were so happy I did not like to trouble you with my sorrows.'

## CHAPTER VIII.

How warm it is this afternoon! The heat of the city is becoming intolerable! exclaimed Nina Thornton, as she closed the book which she had been reading and leaned back wearily in her chair. Are you not glad, Edith, that we are going to Montgomery next week? What a time we shall have roving about the old place, swinging, riding and boating. Won't it be delightful? Edward told me—Nina stopped suddenly, and turned with an inquiring look to a pretty young quadroon girl who had entered the apartment. Well Clara, she asked, what is it?

The girl handed her a card. 'Uncle Sam says the gentleman is in the drawing-room, Miss Nina.' Nina read the name aloud. It was George Egerton. Her countenance lighted up with pleasure. She arose hastily and glancing at Edith, said: It is the gentleman whose likeness you saw. He arrived last night from New York.

Edith, however, was aware that Egerton was in the city; for in looking over the *Messenger* that morning, she had seen his name among the arrivals at the Pulaski House. How little Nina knew what thoughts filled Edith's breast as she quietly approached, and in a gentle tone offered to fasten her bracelet, which had become loose, and which Nina was in vain endeavoring to clasp. What a contrast there was between the two girls as they stood side by side, Nina in a delicate white robe, her fair, soft curls shading her pretty animated countenance, and Edith in her black dress—for she still wore mourning—pale and silent, though not less lovely than her companion. The bracelet was clasped, and Nina with a smiling 'thank you, Edith,' descended to the parlor, where Egerton awaited her. How strange it seemed when Edith thought of his being so near her and that she would soon again see him; but oh what a different meeting it would be from the one to which she had looked forward. She wondered if he knew that she was there: if Nina had ever mentioned her. He surely cannot be aware of it, she thought. To-night I suppose I shall meet him; for they were going to a party at the house of a sister of Mrs. De Vere, and Edith expected that he would be invited. Oh that I could avoid it; but it is impossible. We parted betrothed lovers: we will meet as strangers. He shall never know how I have loved him.

It is several hours later, and Egerton is standing with Nina beside a marble stand in Mrs. Clinton's elegant and brilliantly lighted drawing-room. They are admiring the beauty of some of the flowers of the sunny South, which in a handsome vase have been placed there. Egerton had entered the apartment with Edward De Vere. He had learned that Edith was still Miss Mowbray, and living with Mrs. De Vere. Whether the years that had passed and his apparent inconstancy, had made her forget him, he knew not, yet he expected that she would be at Mrs. Clinton's, but in vain his eager glance sought her among the fair Southern belles. She was nowhere to be seen, and he was beginning to despair of meeting her that night, when a soft voice near him, the tones of which he had so often yearned to hear again, fell upon his ear. He turned quickly: his earnest gaze beheld once more the beloved face which in his waking hours and midnight dreams, had ever been present with him. Edith was leaning on De Vere's arm; with a smile, she handed Nina her fan, saying, you forgot it. Her eyes, for an instant, met Egerton's: she bowed coldly, and then passed calmly on. Egerton's emotion was intense. His cheek grew colorless, and he trembled so violently that he could scarcely stand. His agitation, and the look of deep, passionate love which followed Edith, did not escape Nina's observation; and with the discovery that Egerton loved another, she became aware how dear he had become to herself. Life, which a few moments before seemed so bright, so full of hope, suddenly became overshadowed by the dark cloud of sorrow. Many things which had appeared strange, now flashed across her memory, filling her gentle heart with bitter sadness. With folded arms, Egerton stood leaning against the mantel-piece, unconscious of all around him, his gaze fixed on Edith, who had seated herself on a low couch in one of the broad windows. Partly shaded by the curtains, alone and silently she sat there, her white dress falling in soft folds around her graceful figure, her head slightly bent, and her eyes drooping with a thoughtful, pensive expression. She looked more like a beautiful statue—so pale and motionless was she. The coldness with which Edith had met Egerton, had crushed all hope in his breast: his worst fears were realized—he had indeed become perfectly indifferent to her—his seeming faithfulness had cast all love for him out of her heart. No doubt, he sadly thought, she considers me unworthy of even her esteem. She must be made aware how cruelly we have been deceived—that I am blameless; then if she may no longer love me it will be with pity, not scorn, she will think of me. He was about to join her, but De Vere was again beside her. Egerton noticed his deep devotion and the bright expression which lighted up Edith's countenance at his approach. He remembered what Hazleton had said. She loves him he thought: I am now as a stranger to her. The sounds of music and mirth around him seemed to mock the misery which he felt. Fearing his agitation would be perceived, he at length, to Edith's surprise, (for she was positively watching him,) left the gay scene.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was long past midnight when Edith returned home and eagerly sought her chamber, that alone and unseen, she might give way to the thoughts and feelings which had so painfully oppressed her through the weary hours of the evening. Proudly and coldly, believing him to be Nina's betrothed, Edith had met Egerton. She had observed how he started and turned towards her when she spoke to Nina; but instead of the look of surprise or confusion, which she expected to see on his face, his gaze had been bent upon her with such a passionate tenderness and wild inquiry that it thrilled to her heart. She had also noticed how, regardless of Nina and all around him, he had watched her every movement, and how suddenly he had left the room. What could it mean? Besides, did he not still wear the ring which she had given him at their betrothal? It was the same: she could not be mistaken, for it was a singular one. Why did he continue to wear it if he was engaged to another? If she were forgotten, why did he not cast it aside with the memory of the past? Edith's reflections were here interrupted by the opening of the door leading into Nina's apartment which adjoined her own, and Nina entered the room and came slowly towards her. She has thrown aside her rich dress and the bright jewels which gleamed in her hair, and there is a weary look in the soft eyes which encounter Edith's.

'I thought you had not gone to bed as your light was still burning,' she said, 'so if you are not tired, I have come to chat awhile.' 'Edith,' she continued, 'why did you not tell me that you were acquainted with Mr. Egerton? Where did you see him?'

'I knew him in England; but we have not met for years, until to-night,' Edith replied.

'And through all those long years he has loved you?' Nina said this in a low, musing tone.

Edith's heart throbbled wildly. She gazed inquiringly at Nina, who was earnestly regarding her.

'Nina,' she asked, in a voice trembling with agitation, 'are you engaged to George Egerton?'

'Engaged to him!' Nina exclaimed in surprise, 'I am not. What could make you suppose it?' A sudden thought seemed to strike her: 'Is it because I have his likeness?' she asked.

Edith silently bowed. She was so greatly agitated she could not speak.

'He never gave it to me; he does not even know that I possess it. If from that you thought he was anything more than a friend, you have been deceived.'

Almost breathless with emotion, Edith listened to these words. Could it be possible that Egerton still loved her? She asked Nina why she had said so?

'I read it in his eyes: there was no mistaking their expression,' was the low, sad reply.

But Edith did not notice the tone in which they were uttered, and thinking that she had also been mistaken in supposing that Nina loved Egerton, (for her calmness deceived her,) she told Nina all about Egerton and herself. Oh how the heart is cheered by human love and sympathy? What a sad world this would be without them! Kind looks and loving words, with what healing power do they fall upon the crushed and weary spirit! Poverty is easier to bear; sickness is made less wearisome, and sorrows are lightened, when they are near. Thus it was with Edith. She believed what Nina told her, when she had finished her story, that what seemed to her so dark and strange, would be made clear: that she was sure Egerton loved her still. 'All will be explained to-morrow,' were Nina's parting words as she left her for the night. Would it be so. Edith approached the window and opened part of the blind. The faint, soft light of morning was dimming the beauty of the starry heavens and creeping slowly and silently through the casement. She gazed out into the broad, quiet street. How cool and peaceful it looked. A few hours hence it would be alive with a busy throng, and the old white Academy opposite, now so quiet, would resound with merry, youthful voices. Oh, thought Edith, how full of change life is! Did I ever imagine; when I parted from Egerton in that little village in England, that we would again meet in this far-off Southern city, and under what circumstances our meeting should take place. She glanced upwards. Her gaze happened to rest on the morning star: clear and bright it shone on her. Its calm beauty touched her heart. I will look upon it as a good omen of the future, she thought, as she closed the blind and retired to her couch.

Nina was right: for before noon, Edith received a long letter from Egerton, telling her of Merton's guilt, and his own unchanging affection for her. The answer was but a tiny note, which Edith sent to the Pulaski House for Egerton; but very precious to him were the few words it contained. Half an hour afterwards, Edith stood in Mrs. De Vere's drawing-room with Egerton's arms around her, and her head resting on his faithful breast. The dark shadows of the past which so long haunted her, have vanished forever. The light of love will now guide her through life.

One beautiful night, not long afterwards, a train of carriages with bridal favors, filled the entrance to Christ Church, which stands in one of the principal squares of the city. Within the church, a gay party is assembled to witness the marriage of Edith Mowbray and George Egerton. Mrs. De Vere had insisted that the wedding should take place from her house—and a very brilliant affair it is. Mr. De Vere gave away the bride, and Edith's lovely little pupil, Stella, is one of the bridesmaids. There are two familiar faces, which we look for in vain among the gay crowd. Edward De Vere is not there, and sadly Mrs. De Vere sighs as she thinks of him; so lonely and sorrowful, speeding his way across the wide Atlantic, to strive in foreign lands to forget that deep love which he had so vainly cherished. On Edith's arm an elegant bracelet is clasped. It is Nina's bridal gift; but the gentle giver is also far away. Why she returned so suddenly to her Northern home, no one, not even Edith knew. She never guessed the true reason.

TOO SHARP BY HALF.—We have heard of a most disreputable transaction on the part of a person doing business as a broker in Montreal. It is that he sent a number of farthings in boxes of gold, which were received in New York in good faith, without being unpacked, and exchange given for them before the cheat was discovered.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE WIND AND THE STREAM.

The Wind that wooed the Rose  
Is but a wayward rover!  
What seeming love he shows—  
But how soon all is over!  
Poor Rose! heed not his vow  
To love you well and fonder;  
He flirts even now,  
With that fair Lily yonder!  
Ah, maids! to men your faith is pinned—  
Confiding Rose! ah! fickle wind!

The Stream that wooed the Stone  
Is but a truant lover!  
He vows he's all his own,  
And ever near will hover!  
Poor Stone! in his frail mind,  
Already you're a sharer!  
A new love does he find  
In yonder sea-shell fairer!  
Ah! men are never what they seem—  
Confiding Stone! ah! fickle stream!

ON ENGLISH SYNONYMS.

(WORDS OF NEARLY THE SAME MEANING.)

ACCORDING to promise, this week, we present to the readers of the *Canadian Illustrated News* the first of a series of articles on synonyms. The authorities referred to, and whose exact words, except in certain instances, have been used, are Taylor, Whately, Crabbe and Webster. We hope that many of our readers will be induced to examine the groups of words which we shall from time to time place before them for their instruction, and should they find, as they will in the present selection, some expressions in one part nearly corresponding to those which are to be met with in another, we trust that it will be imputed to the right cause, that we have given the exact language of the different authors, from whose works we have made our selections; who, in tracing the derivation of the different words grouped together, have been obliged to conform to the rule which every one must follow in etymological researches, dissect the word, give the meaning of each of the component parts, put them together, and define, or in other words, analyze, then synthesize.

ABANDON, FORSAKE, NEGLECT, DESERT, GIVE UP, CEDE, YIELD, FOREGO, RESIGN, RELINQUISH, RENOUNCE, ABDICATE, DELIVER, SURRENDER, CONCEDE.

'Abandon' is derived from the French *abandonner*, a concretion of the words *donner a ban*, to give up to public blame. This phrase was used in early times both in a civil and religious sense; for we read of the ban of the empire for civil interdiction, and of the ban of the Kirk for ecclesiastical excommunication. To *abandon*, then, is to expose to that desertion which results from public and formal denunciation; to provoke with solemnity. It is used of things as well as persons.

The passive gods beheld the Greeks defile  
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil  
Their own abodes.—*Dryden*.

*Forsake* is derived from a low Dutch verb collateral with the English *to seek*, in composition with the inseparable preposition *for*, which has a privative meaning. To *forsake* then signifies, originally, *not to seek*, or to desist from seeking; and forsaken, that which is sought no longer.

'Last summer you came frequently to London, but now you have quite forsaken it.'

The Latin *negligere* is a privative of *legere*, to pick, cull, or choose; so that *neglect* closely resembles in etymologic growth the English verb *forsake*. But as that means primarily 'not to select,' and this 'not to visit,' the one inattention implies contempt, and the other only indifference.

'The apartments and gardens remain in the nicest order; though the villa is forsaken, it is not neglected.'

*Desert* is used in Latin of a soldier who leaves his colors; hence an idea of blameworthy and disgraceful separation adheres to the word.

'Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood.'—*Pope*.

'He has forsaken his home, and deserted his wife; it is said his affairs are so neglected that the property must be abandoned to public auction.'

To *give up* is to give in an attitude which announces the superiority of the receiver; it implies, therefore, humiliating if not unwilling cession.

'Give up your sword.' 'He gives up London to reside wholly in the country.' 'That fellow is given up to every vice.'

To *cede*, although omitted in Johnson's Dictionary, is in common use; it originally meant merely to go aside, to give place. It is therefore not accompanied, like 'to give up,' with any accessory idea of humiliation.

'Of a lawsuit the cost is certain, the event doubtful; you will do better to cede than to proceed.' 'By the peace of Amiens Malta was ceded to its original sovereigns, but was never given up to them.'

To *yield*, from the Anglo Saxon *ylidan*, to grow old, expresses a gradual reluctant cession, a giving up from faintness.

'He yields not in his fall,  
But fighting dies.'—*Daniel*.

'An arguer cedes the point which he gives up without controversy, and yields the point which he has struggled for in vain.'—*Taylor*.

Whately says—'We may abandon not only persons but things; we can only desert a person or a cause. A man abandons home, lands and wealth; he deserts his friends, his country, or his standard.'

'To abandon is generally, though not always, blameable. It usually implies that the thing or person abandoned suffers some loss; hence, it must imply blame, except in an abstract case, such as abandoning a useless pursuit or hopeless un-

dertaking.' 'To desert a cause, is to abandon it in a case where it cannot be abandoned without disgrace. A soldier who abandons his standard shamefully deserts his duty.'

'Forsake,' is rarely, if ever, used in reference to anything abstract; we may forsake a home, friends, or country; but not fortune, rank, or station. It is also distinguished from the other two words by implying no blame. An early Christian might forsake his family and friends for his religion; he would not be said to abandon them, except when reproached by his heathen enemies. It likewise implies no loss to the person or thing forsaken.

The conjugate particles are all more or less different; 'forsaken' is nearly the same as *deserted*, and both imply loss or bereavements; they in fact nearly correspond to the verb 'abandon.' To abandon a place is to leave it deserted.

To *abdicate*, *resign*, *relinquish*, *renounce*. We can only abdicate a high dignity or station; we can resign any situation, high or low, or indeed any advantage. A king abdicates his crown; a private person may resign wealth or station; a servant may resign his place; in short, any benefit may be resigned. To *relinquish* is oftener used for claims of some kind—something where possession is disputed or struggled for; as, for example, a contested inheritance. But it always implies yielding after a struggle. We might say 'he would not resign his claims to the property without an effort; but after a long struggle he was compelled to relinquish his object.'

To *renounce* is simply to give up or throw aside a possession, a pursuit, or an opinion; we may even renounce a thing we never had, or a pursuit we never followed, if we are capable of having it, are supposed to have it, or are liable to have or to follow it; as when a child has the promise made for him at his baptism, of renouncing the world, &c. We may renounce what we think good for nothing, or even what we still value!

Crabb has the following:

To give up, deliver, surrender, yield, cede, concede.

'We give up, (v. to give, grant,) that which we wish to retain; we deliver that which we wish not to retain. Deliver does not include the idea of a transfer; but give up includes both the giving from and the giving to; and give up our house to the accommodation of our friends. 'A popish priest threatens to excommunicate a Northumberland esquire if he does not give up to him the church lands.'—*Addison*.

We deliver property into the hands of the owner. 'It is a wonder that they who, at such a time, could be corrupted to frame and deliver such a petition, would not be reformed by such an answer.'—*Dryden*.

We may give up with reluctance, and deliver with pleasure. 'Such an expectation will never come to pass, therefore, I will even give it up and go and fret myself.'—*Collier*.

'On my experience, Adam, freely wrote,  
And fear of death deliver to the winds.'—*Milton*.

To *give up* is a colloquial substitute for either *surrender* or *yield*; as it designates no circumstance of the action, it may be employed in familiar discourse in almost every case for the other terms; where the action is compulsory, we may either say an officer gives up or surrenders his sword; when the action is discretionary, we may either say he gives up or yields a point of discussion; give up has, however, an extensiveness of application which gives it an office distinct from either *surrender* or *yield*. When we speak of familiar and personal subjects, give up is more suitable than *surrender*, which is confined to matters of public interest or great moment, unless when taken figuratively, a man gives up his place, his right, his claim, and the like; he surrenders a fortress, a vessel, or his property to his creditors, or figuratively, he surrenders his judgment or opinions. When give up is compared with *yield*, they both respect personal matters, but the former expresses a much stronger action than the latter; a man gives up his whole judgment to another; he yields to the opinion of another in particular cases; he gives himself up to sensual indulgencies; he yields to the force of temptation; the peaceable man will give up his favorite schemes; he will yield to an opponent rather than become the cause of violent embroilments.—*Blair*.

'The young, half seduced by persuasion, and half compelled by ridicule, surrender their convictions, and consent to live as they see others around them living.'—*Blair*.

*Cede*, from the Latin *cedo* to give, is properly to surrender by virtue of a treaty. We may surrender a town as an act of necessity; but the cession of a country is purely a political transaction. Thus generals frequently surrender such towns as they are not able to defend; and governments cede such countries as they find it convenient not to retain. To *concede*, which is but a variation of *cede*, is a mode of yielding, which may be either an act of discretion or courtesy; as when a government concedes to the demands of the people certain privileges, or when an individual concedes any point in dispute for the sake of peace. As to the magic power which the devil imparts for these concessions of his virtues, theologians have different opinions.—*Cumberland*.

To give up, abandon, resign, forego.

These terms differ from the preceding, inasmuch as they designate actions entirely free from foreign influence. A man gives up, abandons, or resigns, from the dictates of his own mind, independent of all control from others. To give up and abandon both denote a positive decision of the mind; but the former may be an act of the understanding or the will; the latter is more commonly the act of the will and the passions. To give up is applied to familiar cases; abandon to matters of importance. One gives up an idea, an intention, a plan, and the like: 'Upon his friend telling him, he wondered, he gave up the question, when he had visibly the better of the dispute.' 'I am never ashamed, says he, to be confuted by one who is master of fifty legions.'—*Addison*.

One abandons a project, a scheme, a measure of government.

'For Greece we grieve, abandoned her fate,  
To drink the dregs of thy unmeasured hate.'—*Pope*.

To give up and resign are applied either to the outward actions or merely to the inward movements, but the former is active, it determinately fixes the conduct; the latter seems to be rather passive, it is the leaning of the mind to the circumstances. A man gives up his situation by a positive act of his choice; he resigns his office when he feels it inconvenient to hold it; so likewise we give up what we expect or lay claim to. 'He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cause.'—*Dryden*. We resign what we hope or wish for.

'The praise of artful numbers I resign,  
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.'—*Doddon*.

In this sense *forego*, which signifies to let go, or let pass by, is comparable with *resign*, inasmuch as it expresses a passive action; but we resign that which we have, and we forego that which we might have; thus we resign the claims which we have already made; we forego the claim if we abstain altogether from making it. The former may be a matter of prudence; the latter is always an act of virtue and forbearance.

'Desirous to resign and render back  
All I received.'—*Milton*.

'What they have enjoyed with great pleasure at one time has proved insipid or nauseous at another, and they see nothing in it for which they should forego a present enjoyment.'—*Locke*.

'Then pilgrim turn, thy cares forego,  
All earth born cares are wrong.'—*Goldsmith*.

When applied respectively to give up is used either in a good, bad, or indifferent sense; abandon always in a bad sense; resign always in a good sense. A man may give himself up either to studious pursuits, to idle vagaries, or vicious indulgences; he abandons himself to gross vices; he resigns himself to the will of Providence, or to the circumstances of his condition. A man is said to be given up to his lusts who is without any principle to control him in the gratification; he is said to be abandoned when his outrageous conduct bespeaks an entire insensibility to every honest principle; he is said to be resigned when he discovers composure and tranquillity in the hour of affliction.

To abandon, desert, forsake, relinquish, resign, renounce, abdicate.

*Abandon*, from the French *abandonner*, is a concretion of the words *donner a ban*, to give up to a public ban or outlawry. To abandon then is to expose to every misfortune which results from a public and formal denunciation; to set out of the probation of law and government, and to deny the privileges of citizenship. *Desert*, in Latin *desertus*, participle of *desero*, that is *de* privative and *sero* to sow, signifies to lie unsown, unplanted, cultivated no longer. To desert then is to leave off cultivating; and as there is something of idleness and improvidence in ceasing to render the soil productive, ideas of disapprobation accompany the word in all its metaphysical applications. He who leaves off cultivating a farm usually removes from it; hence the idea of removal and blameworthy removal, which usually attaches to the term. *Forsake*, in Saxon *forsecan*, is compounded of the primitive *for*, and *sake*, *seek*, *secan*, signifying to seek no more, to leave off seeking that which has been an object of search.—*Relinquish*, in Latin *relinquo*, is compounded of *re* or *retro*, behind, and *linquo*, to leave, that is, or leave what we would fain take with us, to leave with reluctance.

To abandon is totally to withdraw ourselves from an object; to lay aside all care and concern for it; to leave it altogether to itself; to desert is to withdraw ourselves at certain times when our assistance or co-operation is required, or to separate ourselves from that to which we ought to be attached; to forsake is to withdraw our regard for and interest in an object, to keep at a distance from it; to relinquish is to leave that which has once been an object of our pursuit.

*Abandon* and *desert* are employed for persons or things; forsake for persons or places; relinquish for things only.

*Resign* from *re*, back, and the Latin *signo*, to sign, is to give up; to give back, as an office or commission to the person or authority that conferred it; hence, to surrender an office or charge in a formal manner; as a military officer resigns his commission; a prince resigns his crown.

'Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove  
His thunder to the God of love.'—*Denham*.

*Renounce*, in Latin *renuncio*, from *nuncio*, to tell or declare, is to declare off from a thing.

*Abdicate*, from *dico*, to speak, signifies likewise to call or cry off from a thing.

We abandon and resign by giving up to another; we renounce by sending away from ourselves; we abandon a thing by transferring our power over to another; in this manner a debtor abandons his goods to his creditors; we resign by transferring our profession of it to another; in this manner we resign a place to a friend; we renounce a thing by simply ceasing to hold it; in this manner we renounce a claim or a profession. Hence to renounce signified originally give up by word of mouth, and to resign to give up by signature, the former is consequently a less formal act than the latter; we may renounce by implication; we resign in direct terms; we renounce the pleasures of the world when we do not seek to enjoy them; we resign a pleasure, a profit, or advantage of which we expressly give up the enjoyment. To abdicate is a species of informal resignation. A monarch abdicates his throne, who simply declares his will to cease to resign; but a minister resigns his office when he gives up the seats by which he held it.

Charles the Fifth abdicated his crown, and his minister resigned his office on the very same day, when both renounced the world with its allurements and its troubles. We abandon nothing but that over which we have had an entire and lawful control; we abdicate nothing but that which we have held by a certain right; but we may resign or renounce that which may be in our profession only by an act of violence. A usurper cannot abandon his people, because he has no people over whom he can exert a lawful authority; still less can he abdicate a throne; because he has no throne to abdicate, but he may resign supreme power, because power may be unjustly held, or he may renounce his pretensions to a throne, because pretensions may be fallacious or extravagant.

STUDENT.

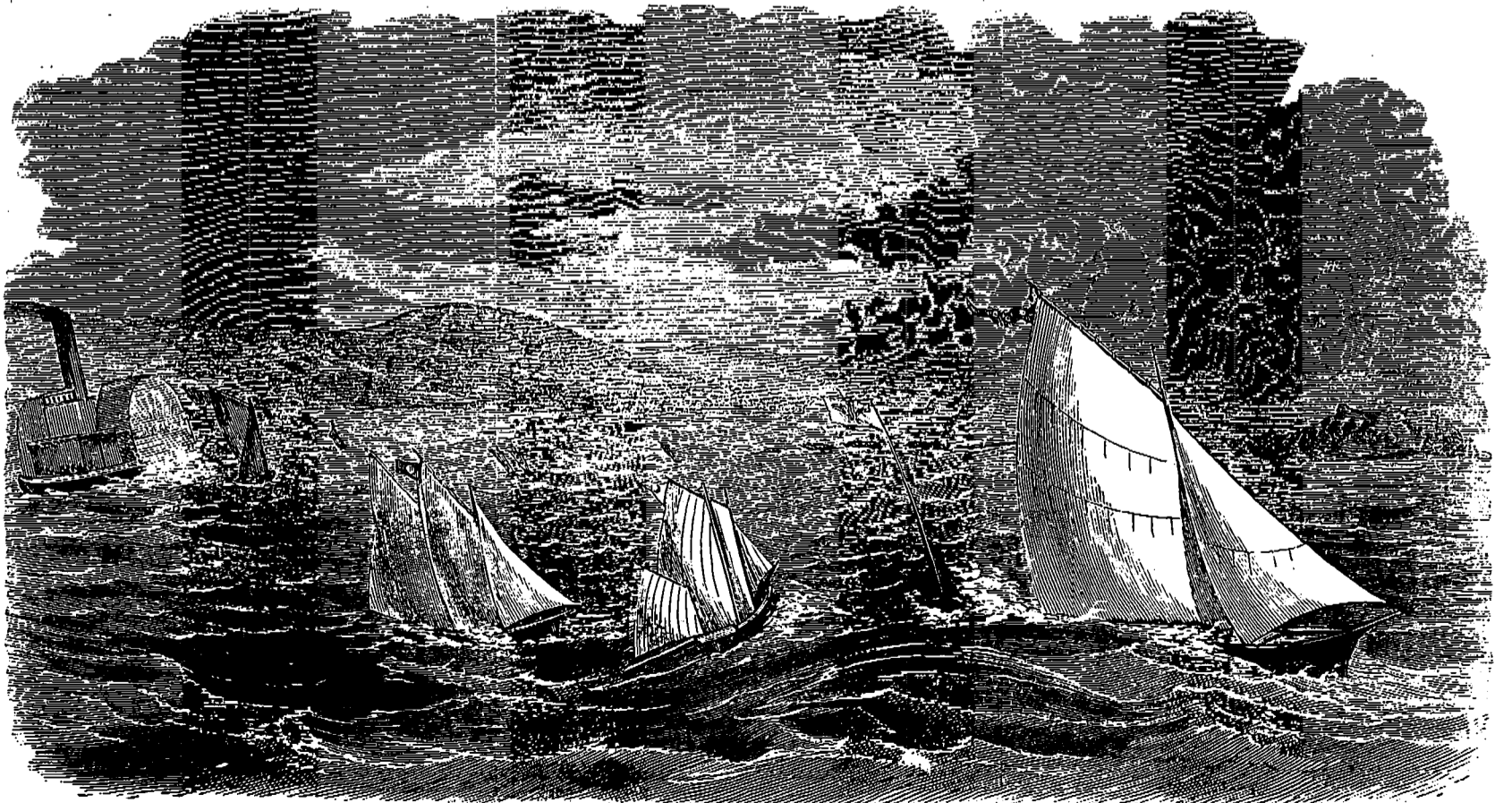
RUSTY STRAW UNFIT FOR FEEDING.

R. McCURE, in the *Farmer and Gardener*, gives an account of the injurious effects of rusty straw fed to horses, causing almost immediate sickness and death to a large number of animals belonging to a cavalry regiment. A decoction made from rusty straw, given as an experiment, caused loss of appetite, and sickness.

When seen in front, the body of a good milk cow should present the appearance of a blunt wedge. Seen from behind, she should present a square well-spread shape.—*Genesee Farmer*.



QUEBEC RIFLE MATCH PRESENTATION.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. SEE PAGE 322.



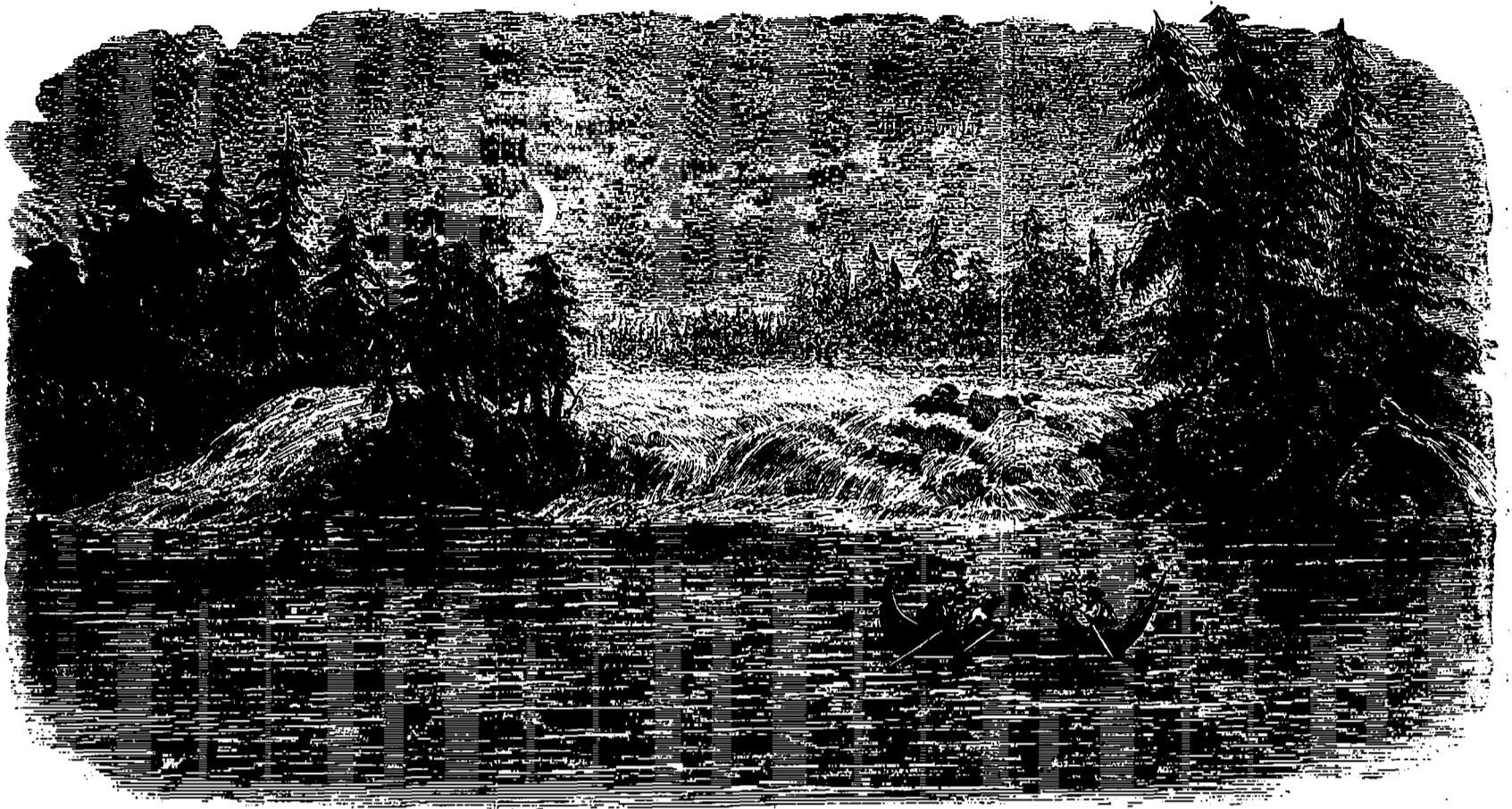
TOM SAYERS.

VULCAN.

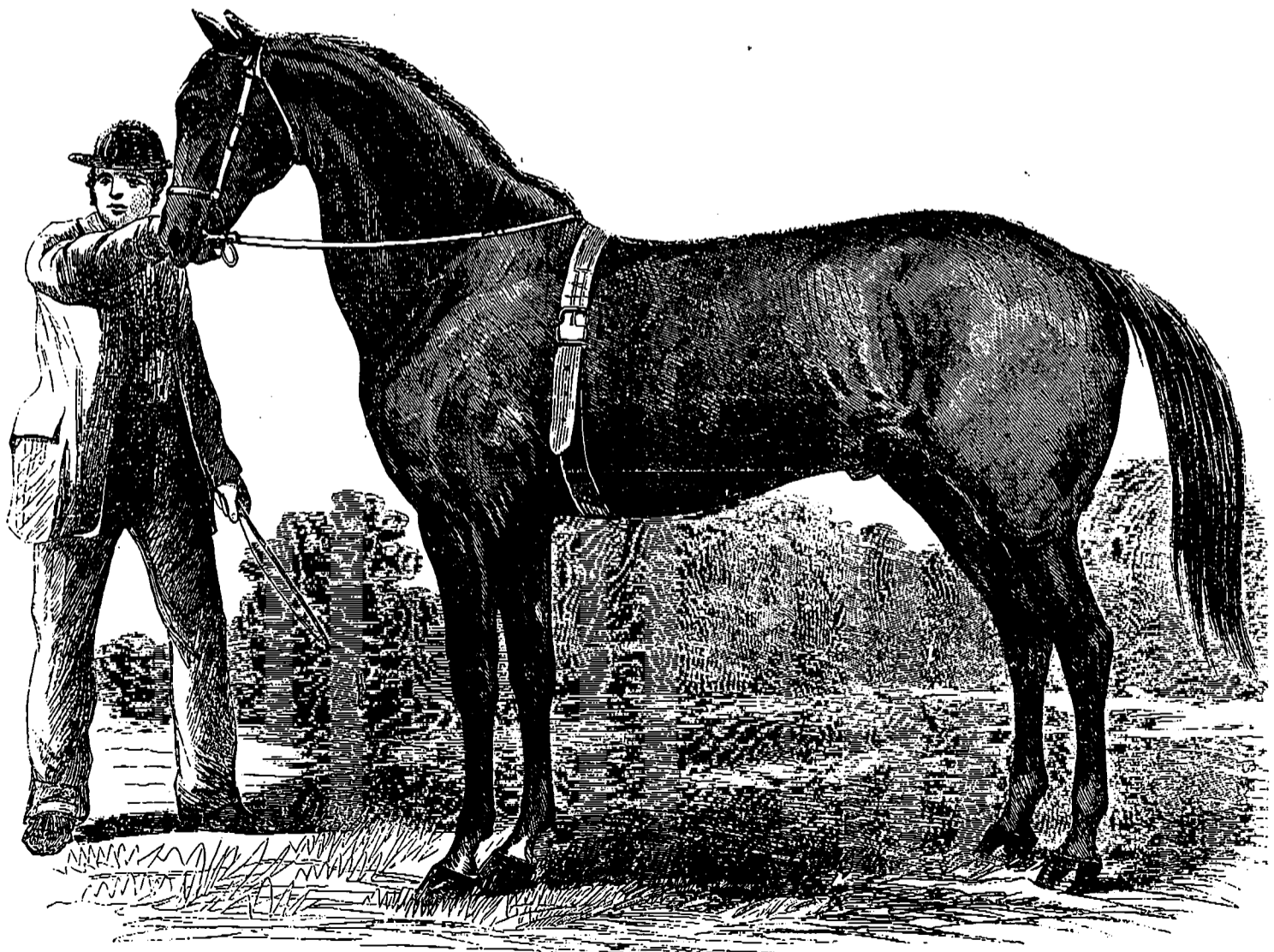
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QUEBEC YACHT RACE, ROUNDING THE BUOY.—SEPT. 26, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





THE FALLS OF THE OTTAWA, AT LES CHATS.—SEE PAGE 322.



CAPT. GORDON'S CHESTNUT HORSE, "PRINCE."—(SEE PAGE 322.)

### THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE RIFLE MATCH PRIZES AT QUEBEC.

In one of our late numbers we gave an illustration of the Quebec Rifle Match of September last, in this will be found a sketch of the distribution of prizes connected therewith, which took place on the 16th October, 1863, in the Cavalry Riding School, a large building erected at a short distance from the City Hall. On entering we found the place well lighted and tastefully decorated with alternate crossings of swords and rifles, divided by the ever-green fir trees of the place. About half way up the room, was a remarkably pretty dais, draped with the national colors; the Royal Standard forming a back ground, on which glittered a statue like ornament composed of cavalry swords. Glass transparencies bearing the national emblems—the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and the maple leaf, were suspended from the canopy, and ever-greens were twined over the folds of the flags, and the fastenings of the armorial decorations. Altogether we must congratulate those by whom it was designed and erected for having made a most artistic little structure—a compliment by no means slight, considering how rarely it can be applied to the ordinary efforts of decorative art in this country.

At about 8 o'clock the concourse of spectators was very great, the fair sex appearing in more than ordinary numbers, thus doing full honor to the gallant defenders of their homes; whose unerring aims had given them so proud a distinction on that eventful night. Next to the ladies in attraction came the winners of the prizes—next the presenters of the prizes, and the distinguished guests who occupied the dais; among whom we observed the Hon. John S. Macdonald, Cols. Benn, Sewell, Bell and Wylie,—Majors Suzor, and LaMontagne,—Capt. W. W. Scott, J. Thompson, Sen'r., Esq., and many of the leading citizens of Quebec. Each prize as presented was accompanied by a short and appropriate address; in some cases very effective. That of Col. Sewell was listened to with rapt attention; but owing to the oversight of not providing proper places for the reporters of the Press we are unable to furnish the details thereof. The address of the Honorable the Premier of Canada was also a subject of great interest; but the feature that most aroused the enthusiasm of those present was "The presentation of the ladies prize" by Mr. D. Bell, (see sketch on page 320,) the gallant representative champion of the fair sex, receiving it amid a perfect burst of applause. We believe that this is the first occasion of the kind in Quebec in which the ladies have taken any part, but we sincerely hope that it may not be the last—that their coyness may give way to their well-known patriotism and love of noble deeds and manly prowess.

In conclusion, we can only say that the band of H. M. 17th Regiment was present; that all the Volunteers of the city turned out, and that despite the crushing influence of a crowd, the greatest good humor prevailed. Subjoined is a statement of the prizes won, together with the names of the winners:—

#### FIRST DAY.

**FIRST PRIZE.**—Open to all comers and all Rifles. Distance 150 and 300 yards; three rounds at each. Entrance 50 cents.

1st prize \$20, Lieut. Reade, 62nd Regiment; 2nd prize \$10, Corp. Grogan, 17th Regiment; 3rd prize \$5, Corp. Fechalley, 62nd Regiment.

**SECOND PRIZE.**—"Ellison's Album." Open to members of the Active Force only. Distance 250 and 300 yards; three rounds at each. 2nd prize \$10, 3rd prize \$5. Enfield Rifle, Government pattern.

1st M. Stevenson, Quebec Rifle Club; 2nd A. L. Russell, Civil Service Rifles; 3rd Mr. Christie, 6th Company, 9th Battalion, Volunteer Rifles.

**THIRD PRIZE.**—Open to all comers and all Rifles. Distance 350 yards, five rounds. Entrance 50 cents.

1st prize "The Messrs. Desbarats," Mr. Cassels, Quebec Rifle Club; 2nd prize, "Ponlin's Cup," J. Wright; 3rd \$5, Ensign Lairs, 62nd Regiment.

**FOURTH PRIZE.**—Open to members of the Active Force and members of Drill Associations, 7th Military District. Distance 300 and 400 yards, three rounds at each. Enfield Rifle, Government pattern.

1st prize, Gold Medal, presented by Brigade Major Suzor, Mr. Phrapnell, Victoria Rifles; 2nd prize, Silver Medal, also presented by Brigade Major Suzor, Mr. D. Bell.

**FIFTH PRIZE.**—Silver Cup, presented by Robert Hamilton, Esq. Open to Volunteers only. Distance 400 and 500 yards, three rounds at each. Enfield Rifles, Government pattern. Won by Mr. James Day.

#### SECOND DAY.

**SIXTH PRIZE.**—Open to Volunteers and Regulars only. Distance 400 yards. No entrance fee. 5 rounds. Enfield rifle, government pattern.

1st prize, \$30, Bandsman Warner, 17th Regt.; 2nd do., \$20, Sergt. Fergusson, Volunteer Artillery; 3rd do., \$10, Private Pedderson, 62nd Regt.

**SEVENTH PRIZE.**—"Members' Prize,"—Open to Volunteers only. Distance, 400 and 450 yards; 3 rounds at each. No entrance fee. Enfield rifle, government pattern. 1st prize, half the amount; 2nd prize, three-fifths, and third prize, two-fifths of the balance.

1st prize, Mr. Thompson; 2nd do., Mr. Barrett; 3rd do., Gunner O'Neill, 4th Batt. Vol. Artillery.

**EIGHTH PRIZE.**—"The Ladies' Prize."—A Silver Cup. Open

to Volunteers only, 7th Military District. 5 competitors from each Company; and the best average shooting. Distance, 500 yards. 5 rounds. No entrance fee.

Won by the Civil Service Rifles—received by Lieut. Anderson.

**NINTH PRIZE.**—Open to Volunteers and Regulars only. Distance 600 yds. 5 rounds. No entrance fee. Enfield rifle, government pattern.

1st prize, \$30, Privt. Swaits, 17th Regt.; 2nd do., Corp. P. ... Regt.; 3rd do., \$10, Private Justin, 62nd Regt.

**TENTH PRIZE.**—"Rifle,"—Presented by Lieut.-Col. Powell—Open to all comers and all Rifles. Distance 700 yds. 5 rounds. Entrance 50 cents.

1st prize, 'the Rifle,' E. Parkin, Victoria Rifles; 2nd do., \$10, Bandsman Warner, 17th Regt.; 3rd do., Lieut. Reade, 62nd Regt.

#### THIRD DAY.

**ELEVENTH PRIZE.**—"The Lumbermen's Prize."—Open to all comers and all rifles. Distance 600 and 700 yds., 3 rounds at each. Entrance 50 cents.

Won by Private Ford, 62nd Regt.

**TWELFTH PRIZE.**—"Silver Cup," presented by the Association—Open to Volunteers only. Distance 800 yds. 5 rounds. Enfield Rifle, government pattern.

Won by Sergt. Fergusson, Vol. Foot Artillery.

**THIRTEENTH PRIZE.**—"Sweepstake."—\$1 entrance fee with \$20 added by the Association. Open to all comers and all rifles. Distance 400 yds. 5 rounds.

1st prize, half the amount, Sergt. Johnson, 62 Regt.; 2nd do., three-fifths of balance, Sergt. Marley, 62nd Regt.; 3rd do., two-fifths of balance, Private Ford, 62nd do.

**FOURTEENTH PRIZE.**—"The Champion Prize"—Gold Medal, presented by the Committee. Open to winners of prizes only. Distance, 800 yds. 5 rounds. 2nd prize \$20, and 3rd prize, \$10. Enfield Rifle, government pattern.

1st prize, the 'Gold Medal,' Sergeant Johnson, 62 Regt.; 2nd do., \$20, Mr. Cassels; 3rd do., \$10, Private Pedderson, 62nd Regt.

### THE SECOND ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE QUEBEC YACHT CLUB.

HELD ON THE 26TH SEPTEMBER, 1863.

Two years ago, several gentlemen, residing in Quebec, owners of fast sailing pleasure boats, revived the good custom of holding regular regatta matches. From this movement originated the club whose title heads this notice, the first match of which took place last year, resulting in the victory of the Tom Spring, an entirely new boat, built by a Mr. Ferguson of that place. In our first volume we gave an illustration of the prize cup belonging to the club, which, according to the rules laid down, has to be twice won by the same boat before becoming individual property; and as the Tom Spring was the first to have her name inscribed thereon, and was still reputed the best sailer in Quebec waters, it was believed by many that this regatta would see the prize won, but there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, as the *finale* of this day's match was destined to verify.

On the morning of the day in question, the yachters awoke to find a stiff breeze blowing in the harbor. The prospect of a first rate run could be read in the countenances of all concerned, and hopes and bets were equally high on the exciting occasion. Nearer and nearer approached the hour of contest, and with it came the worthy burghesses of the city, anxious to promote a good cause. Weather beaten old tars, young boys who had scarcely taken their first lesson at an oar, knowing blades who could guess and calculate to a nicety and were prepared to 'take all risks,' and, finally, the crowd of idlers and loungers so profuse in their patronage on all occasions when there is the least excitement going on.

There they lay at the Custom House steps, the rival beauties of the match, their canvas partially stowed, their adopted blazonry, crosses, diamonds, checks and crescents of all the colors of the rainbow, tugging at the leeches of the sails as if impatient to be off. Meantime the Club steamer screeched and screamed at the wharf beyond; and though the wind had now risen to a perfect gale, every one here wished they had tickets for the trip, but every one could not have them. So taking in her live cargo, away the Lot biniere steered for the flag boat, whence the start was to take place, and where we found our little racers already round and ready for the signal; determined little things they were, breasting the gigantic waves that splashed over their tiny bows. They were heavy laden, too, with weighty iron ballast, and the crowd laughed at this indication of 'do or die,' for crowds like excitement, and this one differed not from others. 'Look,' said some, 'look at that black boat lying very deep, with immense white wash boards, there'll be no fooling on her to-day;' and the crowd was right.—She came in winner.

The signal was now given, and away they all went, not however in the order that could be wished for, for the start was very bad, the smaller boats getting to the leeward of the steamer, and thus losing a great deal of precious time. Still, on they went, fairly covered with foam and leaping off from the wind, till they almost appeared to sail upon their sides. The rainy mist that filled the atmosphere was now becoming more and more dense, the wind whistled louder and louder, and the cold grew more piercing. The non-sea-faring spectators, with shivering limbs and chattering teeth,

muffled themselves up as well as they could and crowded round the pipe, for to them the interest subsided with the distance of the boats, now close on the Beauport side. Not so, however, was it to the nautical *ken* of the experienced, to whom the cut and appearance of every sail was familiar, and with whom the excitement never flagged. These were stationed at the bow, and smiled through the drifts of cold water that every now and then saluted their browned and healthy visages, and besprinkled their sturdy frames.

Now we come to the Beauport flag boat, the 'land lubbers' steal from the chimney corner, looking more than half ashamed of themselves; and once more they make their appearance in the breeze. Meantime the gullant boats are scudding forward with desperate speed, cleaving the rolling billows with their sharp bows, and leaving in their wake a furrow of foam, which the next instant disappeared in the mighty mass of water beyond it.

The 'Quatre Freres,' a magnificent new yacht, built and owned by four brothers, the Messrs. Auger, comes flying along far, far ahead of her competitors; carefully she rounds the buoy, then leans over to her task again and is quickly in the distance. Next, the 'Vulcan' and the 'Tom Sayers' leave in sight, the former the black boat we have already mentioned, and the latter a royal blue. The Sayers may be a little in advance, but she is tested to her very utmost.—Coming to the buoy she makes a terrible rush to attain her object, but fortune does not always 'favor the brave,' for driven back by wind and tide, she has to make another tack; a fatal one it proved for her success, for missing stays, the Vulcan shot ahead, and rounded the buoy in safety.—'Bravo, Gordon, I knew you'd win,' shouted two or three on board the steamer. 'The black boat forever,' chimed in several others. But the Sayers had still friends, who, despite the mishap, looked as if they were quite ready to double their bets. They had stood by her on former trials and their confidence, though perhaps shaken, was by no means overthrown.

Meanwhile the Quatre Freres had rounded the last buoy; she was now driving before the gale and almost bounding over the seething waves, but alas! 'the race is not always to the swift,' and the moment of humiliation had come—her mast gave way, the tackle snapped like rotten threads; with a splash that sent the spray to the very mast head, the boom swung into the water, and the fierce tide fairly rushed upon its victim, one moment raising the craft in the air, the next sweeping madly over her. 'She's swamped, she's swamped,' exclaimed the crowd. But no; the skillful hand of the helmsman had already given her relief: but to her the race was over, the victory lost. On came the others now, the waters spitting from their bows. Sweeping round the flag boat, off they go again on the same course that had brought them to it. The 'shades of evening' were now rapidly closing over the scene, and the white sails of the racers were becoming less and less distinct. Still we could see that the 'Vulcan' and the 'Sayers' were the leaders, though another, the 'Tom Spring' was fast pulling up to them. If that sterling British trait, that holds out when even hope is deserting, namely 'pluck,' could have gained, the Tom Spring would certainly have had the cup. As it was she came in second; but to conclude, as daylight died upon the horizon, the winning boat shot past the goal—it was the 'Vulcan.' Thus terminated the second annual match of the Quebec Yacht Club.

#### CAPTAIN GORDON'S YOUNG HORSE "PRINCE."

We give on page 9 a portrait, copied from a sketch by our artist from life, of a remarkably handsome and well-proportioned colt, the property of Captain Gordon of Dundas. 'Prince,' the horse in question, is a beautiful dark chestnut gelding, and stands at present a little over 16 hands high. We say at present, for as he is but a colt yet, only three years old last July, he may be expected to grow a little more yet. His sire was St. Lawrence, a Royal George colt, as we are informed, and his dam was from Eclipse.—'Prince' is already well broke and quiet both to ride and drive, and is remarked, wherever seen, as being very near the perfection of a fine, good looking horse. As for what he can 'do' on the road, his owner has not yet allowed him to be 'put through;' but judges have little doubt that, when tried, his performance will in no wise belie his appearance and pedigree.

#### THE FALLS OF THE OTTAWA, AT LES CHATS.

We give on page 321 a view of a wild yet beautiful Canadian scene, the Falls of the Ottawa, at Les Chats; about, perhaps, thirty miles above the future capital city of Canada. The falls are but low in pitch, from about sixteen to twenty feet high. They are fifteen or sixteen in number, and extend in a curved line across the river, being divided from each other by wooded islands. The contrast between the Chats rapids and the falls above, and the quiet smooth water just below, is admirably seen in the picture.

"CONTENT"—FROM THE GERMAN.

BY PAUL FENTON.

To the Past I bid good-bye,  
To the future cry good-morrow;  
In the Present gayly I  
Live without a care or sorrow,  
Anna, dear! while you are near,  
All the heaven I ask is here.

In the sunshine of the Now,  
Like a flower, am I basking,  
What may be to come, or how,  
Shall I, like a fool, be asking?  
Anna, dear! while you are near,  
All the heaven I ask is here.

To lure pleasures that have flown,  
Retrospection was invented.  
Every one, indeed, must own,  
Hope is for the discontented,  
While you're near, my Anna dear!  
All my Paradise is here.—*Home Journal.*

ON READERS AND WRITERS.

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.

Youths who are destined for active careers, or ambitions of distinction in such forms of literature as require freshness of invention or originality of thought, should avoid the habit of intense study for many hours at a stretch. There is a point in all tension of the intellect beyond which effort is only waste of strength. Fresh ideas do not readily spring up within a weary brain; and whatever exhausts the mind not only enfeebles its power, but narrows its scope. We often see men who have over-read at college, entering upon life as languidly as if they were about to leave it. They have not the vigour to cope with their own generation; for their own generation is young, and they have wasted the nervous energy which supplies the sinews of war to youth in its contests for fame or fortune.

Study with regularity, at settled hours. Those in the forenoon are the best, if they can be secured. The man who has acquired the habit of study, though for only one hour every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied till it is mastered, will be startled to see the way he has made at the end of a twelvemonth.

It is seldom over-worked who can contrive to be in advance of his work. If you have three weeks before you to learn something which a man of average quickness could learn in a week, learn it the first week, and not the third. Business dispatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done.

In learning what others have thought, it is well to keep in practice the power to think for one's self: when an author has added to your knowledge, pause and consider if you can add nothing to his.

Be not content to have learnt a problem by heart; try and deduce from it a corollary not in the book.

Spare no pains in collecting details before you generalise; but it is only when details are generalised that a truth is grasped. The tendency to generalise is universal with all men who achieve great success, whether in art, literature, or action. The habit of generalising, though at first gained with care and caution, secures, by practice, a comprehensiveness of judgment, and a promptitude of decision, which seems to the crowd like the intuitions of genius. And indeed, nothing more distinguishes the man of genius from the mere man of talent, than the facility of generalising the various details, each of which demands the aptitude of a special talent; but all of which can be only gathered into a single whole by the grasp of a mind which may have no special aptitude for any.

Invention implies the power of generalisation, for an invention is but the combining of many details known before, into a new whole, and for new results.

Upon any given point, contradictory evidence seldom puzzles the man who has mastered the laws of evidence; but he knows little of the laws of evidence who has not studied the unwritten law of the human heart. And without this last knowledge a man of action will not attain to the practical, nor will a poet achieve the ideal.

He who has no sympathy never knows the human heart; but the obtrusive parade of sympathy is incompatible with dignity of character in a man, or with dignity of style in a writer. Of all the virtues necessary to the completion of the perfect man, there is none to be more delicately implied and less ostentatiously vaunted than that of exquisite feeling or universal benevolence.

In science, address the few; in literature, the many. In science, the few must dictate opinion to the many; in literature, the many, sooner or later, force their judgment on the few. But the few and the many are not necessarily the few and the many of the passing time: for discoveries in science have not seldom, in their own day, had the few against them; and writers the most permanently popular not unfrequently found, in their own day, a frigid reception from the many. By the few, I mean those who must ever remain the few, from whose dicta we, the multitude, take fame upon trust; by the many, I mean those who constitute the multitude in the long run. We take the fame of a Harvey or a Newton upon trust, from the verdict of the few in successive generations; but the few could never persuade us to take poets and novelists on trust. We the many, judge for ourselves of Shakespeare and Cervantes.

He who addresses the abstract reason, addresses an audience that must for ever be limited to the few; he who addresses the passions, the feelings, the humours, which we all have in common, addresses an audience that must for ever compose the many. But either writer, in proportion to his ultimate renown, embodies some new truth, and new truths require new generations for cordial welcome. This much I would say meanwhile, Doubt the permanent fame of any work of science which makes immediate reputation with the ignorant multitude; doubt the permanent fame of any work of imagination which is at once applauded by the critical few.—*Bulwer in Blackwoods Magazine.*

AN ENGLISH EULOGY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(From the Liverpool Post, Oct. 1st.)

'Absolute truth, stern resolution, clear insight, solemn faithfulness, courage that cannot be dashed—these are qualities that go a long way to make up a hero, whatever side the possessor of them may take in any lawful conflict. And it would be easy to dispute Mr. Lincoln's claim to all these. He has never given up a good servant or a sound principle. He has never shut his eyes to facts, or remained in ignorance of them. He has never hesitated to do his work, or faltered in doing it. No resolution has remained in nubibus with him because it was a strong one. No measure has been adopted merely because 'something must be done.' The exigencies of a fanatical war have never betrayed him into fanaticism; and the sharp stings of satire have never drawn from him an exclamation of ill humor, or even an imprudent rejoinder.

'Depend upon it, the whole history of the war proves that this quiet, unpretending, awkward man is, on the whole a fitter subject for respect than ridicule even as a public man; leaving altogether aside the consideration, once a favorite one in England, that he has raised himself literally from nothing. But it is not from the history of the war that we draw to-day an illustration of this conspicuous man's honest generous and thoughtful character. We derive it from what little private life he has had while he has been at the wheel—where he must have been a very Ixion—of the great American ship. Last winter or spring—Mr. Lincoln does not well remember which—he went to the theatre and saw Hackett, an excellent actor as few even in England need to be told. Some time after Mr. Hackett sent the President a book with a complimentary note. But having something more serious in hand, Mr. Lincoln omitted for some time to use the play after his own honor, and did not acknowledge the present. At length however, in August, the acknowledgment was sent. Now let us see in what terms Mr. Lincoln, the rough, uneducated, empty-minded President, as some think him, addressed the actor, whose *Falstaff*, after delighting tens of thousands, had chanced to be played before him:—

'*Executive Mansion, Washington, August 17, 1862.*  
'MY DEAR SIR.—Months ago I should have acknowledged the receipt of your book and accompanying kind note, and I now have to beg your pardon for not having done so.  
'For one of my age I have seen very little of the drama. The first presentation of *Falstaff* I ever saw, was yours here last winter or spring. Perhaps the best compliment I can pay is to say, as I truly can, I am very anxious to see it again. Some of Shakespeare's plays I have never read, while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any professional reader. Among the latter are 'Lear,' 'Richard the Third,' 'Henry the Eighth,' 'Hamlet,' and especially 'Macbeth.' I think none equals 'Macbeth.' It is wonderful. Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in 'Hamlet,' commencing 'Oh, my offence is rank,' surpasses that commencing 'To be or not to be.' But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of Richard the Third.  
'Will you not soon visit Washington again? If you do, please call and let me make your personal acquaintance.  
Yours truly,  
A. LINCOLN.'

'Now, to us this letter speaks for itself as favorably as any letter ever spoke. Its simplicity and candor are as fresh and delightful as new-mown hay. *Only fancy a statesman, a President, confessing thus frankly he had never read Shakespeare through. How many British M. P.'s would have confessed it?* And yet how many of them there are who would have to own as much if they were put to it. We meet around intellectual or quasi intellectual dinner-tables—We talk of Shelley as familiarly as of sherry. We affect to languish at the thought of Pascal, and chuckle hypocritically over a reference to Montaigne. We laugh condescendingly at a quotation from Juvenal if the quoter looks humorous, and pretend to be otherwise occupied if the expression of contempt is not very readable. We talk as familiarly of *Labelais* as of last week's Punch; comment on the transcendentalism of Sartor Resartus without the faintest idea of the tenor of the book; and narrowly escaped denouncing Thomas Carlyle downright, under the impression that he is Richard Cudliffe, the infidel who outraged the orthodoxy of our fathers and mothers. There is no more abundant source of sham and pretension than the affectation in society of being well read in the 'works which no gentleman's library should be without.' Depend upon it, there is much good truth and honesty in any man, and especially in a public man who admires and respects Shakespeare, and yet voluntarily says he has not read all his plays.

'But we are more pleased still with Mr. Lincoln for having read several of the plays many times over. *It is far better for a man to read one play twenty times, because he loves it, than to read twenty plays once, because they constitute the author's works and must be gone through.* There is much indication of character, too, in his selection of favorites. 'Lear,' 'Richard the Third,' 'Henry the Eighth,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Macbeth,' would not he a bad library for any man who would make himself really master of them; and for a ruler of men, who at the same time is a lover of human nature, and a quaint humorist, they may well prove a continual feast. The choice of 'Macbeth' as principal favorite, and the preference of the less popular of the soliloquies in 'Hamlet,' also indicate that incisive use of his own wits which is one of the surest indications of a man of power.

THE SUPPLY OF PETROLEUM.

The changes which have recently taken place in the use of fluids for artificial light have been rapid and astounding.—Only a few years ago whale and lard oils were the common agents for this purpose; then these were superseded in a great measure by that dangerous compound of alcohol and turpentine, called 'burning fluid'; and, again, this agent was displaced by oil, called 'kerosene,' distilled from camel oil. To produce this oil large distilleries were erected in various sections of Europe and the United States; but now, it too has been superseded by petroleum—the natural product of wells situated in the valley of the Alleghany, Penn. How this fluid is produced in nature's laboratory is still a subject of speculation, but respecting its nature and uses we are well informed. In most respects it is similar to the oil obtained from coal, but it has been supplied so profusely and at such low prices as to have completely annihilated the manufacture of kerosene. In the course of two short years, the petroleum trade has attained to gigantic proportions. In 1861, only a few hundred thousand gallons of it were exported; in 1862, about five millions of gallons; while during the past seven months of this year, ending with September,

twenty-one millions of gallons had been exported. If to this we add the same quantity for the home supply, the yield of the American oil wells is no less than two hundred thousand gallons daily. This is a prodigious quantity, and yet we do not overrate the amount, as we have been informed from very reliable sources. It has become an important article of manufacture, owing the great number of refineries required for its purification, and besides this, it has been the means of creating a new commerce in the numerous railway trains, boats and ships that are engaged in carrying it from the wells to distant places. American petroleum has therefore become an article of great interest, not only to the vast number of persons in most countries who now use it, but to the proprietors of the oil wells, the owners of refineries, and all who are connected with it commercially. In view of the vast quantities which the oil wells have yielded, the question naturally arises—'Will they not soon cease to furnish such supplies, and may not the petroleum trade fall down as rapidly as it has risen up?' Undoubtedly, the petroleum is becoming less in quantity, just in proportion to the amount that is taken away from the wells; but the extent of the supply is as yet unknown. We understand that there are indications of the wells ceasing to furnish supplies for but a limited period, and this has caused some trepidation among those who are deeply interested in the business.

Thus the Oil City Register says:—'A short six or eighteen months has, with few exceptions, been the average lifetime of the flowing wells. The latter portion of their time of running is also marked by a decrease of at least three-fourths of their original flow.' This historic evidence of the past is in some measure useful to form a conclusion as to the future of the oil wells. Individual wells, it appears, yield supplies for a very limited period; but the sources of petroleum may be like those of coal fields, some of which are so extensive as to have furnished millions of tons for centuries, by boring new mines to reach different portions of the fields. It is stated that the new wells in the valley of Oil Creek do not give out such quantities as those which were bored about eighteen months ago, but the number of wells is much greater and the aggregate yield of petroleum has not diminished. Nearly six hundred wells have been bored in the one narrow valley which is not over eight rods in width, and only a few miles in length, and the adjacent ravines bordering upon it have been neglected. As the space hitherto tapped to obtain the petroleum is exceedingly limited, there are no good grounds for concluding that the quantity now furnished may not be continued for years to come. Similar wells to those which have been bored may be extended over a very extensive area, as petroleum has been found in pumping wells along the Alleghany and Ohio rivers for a distance of more than one hundred miles.

GOLDEN—AUBURN—RED—YELLOW.—Those who have read 'Lady Audley's Secret' will not easily have forgotten the constant parade made of her yellow curls, her nimbus of golden hair, and so forth; and they will be at first rather amused, though afterwards, it may be, a little bored at finding the *penchant* for red hair manifesting itself still more decidedly. Not that we are at all certain that her hair is golden after all; for every now and then, Miss Braddon tells us that it is *auburn*, and auburn and golden are, according to our acceptance of the terms, very different shades of color. Still, auburn or golden is a little too much of a good thing (and both auburn and golden locks are very good things—especially when they surround lovely faces,) to be told at page 4 that 'her hair was a soft, golden brown;' at page 5, that she was 'auburn-haired;' at page 23, that 'her auburn hair was hanging about her face;' at page 49, that her 'auburn hair had a golden glory;' at page 67, that 'her long golden hair was falling in curls;' at page 69, that her bonnet 'looked fleecy and cloudlike against her bright auburn hair;' at page 75, that she had 'a nimbus of glittering hair;' at page 83, that she was bewildered by seeing in so many mirrors 'the repetition of her own auburn hair' (an inconvenience by the way, to which Miss Braddon has not hesitated to expose her readers;) at page 96, that she was 'a tall young woman with the golden curls;' at page 149, that 'her auburn hair was streaming in dragged curls;' at page 152, that 'her golden-tinted hair was scattered on the pillow;' at page 161, that 'her long auburn curls were falling upon her shoulders;' at page 173, that 'her long auburn hair was streaming over her shoulders;' at page 184, that 'the soft ripples of auburn hair' were lying in Signora Picorillo's lap; at page 196, that she had 'golden hair' capable of lighting up the Pilasters; at page 197, that she looked beautiful 'with her yellow hair all streaming over her shoulders;' at page 201, that she had 'flowing-hair;' at page 204, that she had 'amber hair;' and at the same page 'rippling golden hair;' at page 207, that she was 'a fair-haired young beauty;' at page 212, that she 'blushed to the very roots of her auburn hair;' at page 221, that she was a 'fair-haired Esmeralda.' What with the rippling, and streaming, and flowing, and scattering, and lying, and falling, and blushing, and what not, and what with the golden hair, and the brown hair, and the auburn hair, and the fair hair, and the amber hair, the reader will begin to think that he has had quite enough of the heroine's hair for one volume, (these references are only out of the first volume, for we have had neither time nor patience to catalogue the rest,) and will be disposed to agree with us that Miss Braddon has given her heroine too many hairs by half.—*English critique on Miss Braddon's Novels.*

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—I pray you, O excellent wife, cumber not yourself or me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gates; nor a bedchamber made at too great a cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let the strangers see, if you will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he can not buy at any price in any city, and which he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparsely and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth, and love, and honor, and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds.

## THE 'ART OF LIVING.'

The following Essay on 'The Art of Living,' which we find in the columns of the Brantford *Expositor*, was delivered on the evening of Monday, the 26th October, before the Literary Association in connection with the Zion Presbyterian Church, Brantford, by Mr. W. H. De Lisle, a citizen of that town. Thinking the Essay a good one, and well worthy of being reproduced, we copy it here for the benefit of our readers. The subject is ably, though perhaps rather briefly for its importance, brought under review, both in its lighter and in its graver aspects; and a very necessary lesson is here very well taught:

'Living is a hard process. This is a startling fact to set out with, either at the commencement of an essay, or of the journey of life; and it is one that is only discovered when we are too far on in the journey to turn back, if the alternative were possible, which it is not; and we make a good many essays on living before we open our eyes to see it—indeed it is only when we fail in supplying our mouths that we take ocular cognizance of the fact at all. When the startling proposition is first made to the individual that he must do something for a living, there naturally arises a disposition not to see it. Hitherto the mystery of living had been no difficulty; and it is only upon reflection, aided by juvenile lectures on political and domestic economy—especially domestic—that he becomes unwilling to admit that in the meantime others have been and are still living for him. The discovery, in some cases, is humiliating and distressing; and it comes like a forked road, perplexing the mind which way to go, and in most cases the wrong way is followed. In other cases, the announcement comes to the ears without reaching the mind and gives little concern. The truth has dawned on them that they must either live or choose an alternative that has been associated with the disagreeable, and they substitute loafing for living, waiting for an opening in life, hence the frequency of the question, 'What does he do for a living?' Everybody lives in some way, if they live at all, or they die in the attempt in consequence of misdirected efforts, and to sustain the majesty of the law.

To the man in the moon, so far removed from the battlefield of life, to live would seem to be not only easy, but a matter of course; but those engaged in the contest know that such a conclusion could only be arrived at by moonshine. To them, living is actually the job of a life time, and the possession of a living when acquired—a hard and heavy load to carry gracefully—a thing some one else is in hopes they will drop for his benefit, while they are looking but a little way ahead where they intend to sit and rest on it under their own fig-tree.

These remarks apply to the elements of living only, the acquirements of whatever may be most fitting at the price. When the inner man has been taught to rely on a daily supply of three meals without grumbling, then the troubles of the outer man are taken up, and to cover them comfortably respectably, fashionably, and with a proper regard to the taste of others; and all this, regardless of expense, is an item in the contract altogether too heavy for the means and abilities of many contractors, hence the motley appearance of the crowds that throng and jostle life's way. But feeding and clothing, though very necessary to keep up a decent appearance among the living, are only primitive difficulties in the art of life—nay, so soon as the way to feed and clothe is known, confidence is gained in the ease of the acquirement, and to confidence is added temerity, and the task is doubled by the marriage tie, and so on from addition to multiplication. But after all, these are only the animal difficulties, common to the race of livers. The mass of the living mass confine their efforts to the attainments of food and clothing, and to them it is a study. 'What to eat' and 'what to put on,' are questions of daily importance, and of such moment as to absorb their walking hours. Mr. John Smith, oblivious of early struggles to stop the grumbling of the inner man, now lies awake with an undigested supper, wondering what he can have for breakfast, (he will look after dinner in the morning, and knows just what will be nice,) but not feeling hungry just then, he is in doubts if he should enjoy his breakfast; and then if the cook should happen to be one of those that are said to hail from the other place, how great are the trials of John Smith, and what a comfort it is to have Jones to complain to. Now Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones don't care so much for the good things internal; perhaps for the reason that if Smith and Jones are particular about these things, they are sure of their share. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones live in their clothes, live in shops and on shop windows. To them a living is measured by yards of fashionable patterns and colors—Shopping to them is a living—nay, to some is positively rioting and were shops to fall into disuse, they would be chop fallen, indeed. This butterfly-existence of living has its advantages as well as its attractions under a fashionable exterior and evidence of good living. Conscience is an accommodating customer, and being comfortably covered, sleeps undisturbed. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones are never distressed with the privations of others, they know that there is a good deal of wretchedness in the world but then they found it thus when they came into it, and it is no affair of theirs. They never question the object of living, their aim is to live respectably, and respectability is an external virtue, and one that is to be paraded. To them life is a show-room, and their hope in death is to have a respectable funeral, and they know that they will be missed, but then they can't help that. But the art of living takes higher flights than the mere acquiring of solids and fluids. Added to these raiment is admitted to be indispensable, but there is no romance or poetry in the cupboard or the wardrobe.—There must be somebodies in the world, and a great many feel that they are born to be a somebody—a sensation—an electric spark.—There are noble sons who are almost above living, who scorn to order a dinner, or to give their measure—nay, they would like to see the man that could take their measure—they did not come into the world as consumers—no; their mission is to produce, though it should be only a sensation; they hunger only for distinction; they thirst only to be preferred before their fellows; to be known as 'the rising man,' 'the coming man,' 'the right man in the right place, the *vox populi*, so to speak; to be in every man's mouth, and to listen to the echo is very pleasant, notwithstanding the diversity

in the state of men's mouths, and to such living is worth all the trouble. But after all they live after the manner of comets, content to have the gaze of upturned eyes for the time being; but they pass away, leaving no trace behind. To be born with a silver spoon in the mouth falls to the lot of a few, and consequently these few carry a stiff upper lip, with souls above buttons. To them living is a matter of course—a boon to the lower strata of their race—if, indeed, they believe at all. At all events, they have no connections of the name of Smith or Jones, they have proper names and live properly. Theirs is not by any means a common life, being heirs to a position well up in the ladder of life, they shine benignantly on the crowd below, and thank their lucky stars they have not got to earn their own living. True their life is a kind of blank; they eat a certain number of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, wear innumerable suits of 'loud' patterns, fill up a space in life's scenes; but life is sometimes a bore to them, they don't know where to go, and what to do, they feel themselves not only out of the way, but positively in their own way, and all unconscious of what is the matter, they drift down life's stream without having any object in life beyond that of being recognized as somebody, and if possible to be admired. Now-a-days, from babyhood to manhood, the interval is very short; long ago there used to be a slow plodding period of boyhood, or apprenticeship to life, but the age of steam and electricity did away with boyhood and jackets, (the good old days when even potatoes grinned in jackets,) and it is no wonder that Tom Thumb should be a general wonder, remaining a boy so very long. Not that stature has much to do with manhood, it is the getting beyond parental influence; the success in being left alone, to mould themselves after the pattern of their fellows, and to adopt the habits of Jim and Bob; their eagerness to see life, and see it in its fittest aspects. Then comes the crowding of life's short allotted span into a still more shortened space, the missing the road and the wandering about through the desert of a wasted life. Is then the art of living confined to descriptions like these, is there not a contrast to a useless, selfish, mis-spent life? There is a far lower scale of living than any this paper has attempted to describe;—lives of evil, cess-pools on every highway of life, into which many are continually falling, and to which all are approaching, whose lives are not a struggle upwards, for there is no *statu quo* in the art of living, it is either upwards or downwards.

Why is it that none are satisfied with what they have or what they are? Why, but that the privilege of progressing is common to our lot? It is right and proper to push onwards and upwards, with a due regard of one's duty towards their neighbors, but it must be in submission to governors and masters, parents and teachers; it must be done honestly and fairly, attended by temperance, soberness and chastity, without covetousness and envy. Step by step the ladder of life should be ascended, and the candidates for honors and position must be dignified in preparing for the station they aim at. The right place should only be occupied by the right man, or the place will be no comfort to the occupant, and no benefit to society. Not only the head but the heart must be educated, and the desires curbed. No human being was intended to live for himself or herself alone. And wealth, talents and abilities, are only entrusted to the race as stewards, and for distribution. The surplus falls to the few, but the day of reward will come when the stewardship will have to be accounted for. What a different world this would be if the stewards were to look about them continually, seeking out where the deficiency lay, that they might dispose of the surplus. The world contains such stewards, but they are few, and the unequal claims that are made on them in consequence of the many unjust stewards exposes them to imposition, and they become suspicious and discouraged in the work. Here the cultivated heart calls for the assistance of the head, but in most cases the cultivated heart takes the lead. To such a steward the task of living becomes a pleasant duty, bringing its own reward as often as the sun revolves. It is not only in the dispensing of pecuniary surpluses that stewards are called on to act. In kind words and deeds there is a mine of wealth, and if these are strewn on our path for the benefit of the discouraged and broken in spirit, they will fall like dew on the tender plant, and oil on the troubled waters. For every one there is an opening for a useful life, living not in vain. The suffering and destitute to alleviate, the sorrowing and bereaved to comfort, the lost to restore, the dropping of the world in due season, the proffered advice in the proper tone, proper moment, and kindly spirit. Such a life pre-supposes the discovery that no one should live for himself alone. A sort of moral enlargement of the heart, extended views of life, a tendency to philanthropy, and a recognition of the duties of a Christian, the duties of a sub-shepherd of the lambs. But if the art of living consists in getting all one can for self alone, getting not only what is absolutely necessary, but getting just whatever our neighbor gets, and for no other reason, it is not to be wondered at that life should be such a struggle. Claims on grounds of humanity are made, claims to aid this object, and to assist that; missionary claims, charitable claims, public claims, and private claims, until self exclaims, 'But what am I to do to satisfy my own claims?' Self has an object in view, a business to extend, a house to build, a few more acres to buy, an article of furniture to secure, a duck of a bonnet to get, and if these other claims would only keep off for an indefinite period, they will be taken up, dissected and replied to. But really, self finds so many claims bubbling up from an everlasting spring, that the satisfying of the external claims become very doubtful. Nay, it is only by self-denial and a recognition of their duties as stewards, that these claims can ever be received with any chance of being recognized as just and legitimate, upon all denizens of a world of wants. The art of living then should be studied in the light of duty as responsible beings, and should be studied at home, before going out into the great school of life beyond the threshold. The lives of parents are the examples to the child; as the child respects the opinions and advice of parents, so will they respect and be submissive to the law of teachers and masters, and as brothers and sisters are affectionate and generous to each other, so will they be to their other broth-

ers and sisters in the outer world. As they are industrious, systematic and tidy at home, so will they fill the future stations in life. It is at home that the humanizing process must begin, that the act of living must be taught and learned, and little may be expected from the sons and daughters to whom home has no attractions, living to them will indeed be a struggle, and life an aching void. Opportunities unavailed of, and time mis-spent in youth, makes the act of living up-hill work. There is a time for application and study, and if it is allowed to pass by in frivolous pursuits and forbidden regrets ahead. Some may sail along like ships, with an occasional fair wind, but it is only the earnest student that makes the headway of a steamer. Excelsior is the motto for this life; higher and higher should be life's aim, not only onwards but upwards. It is much to gain the approval of mankind, more to gain an approving self, still more to seek the approving eye of the Creator.

'He is the happy man, whose life o'en now,  
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;  
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,  
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose  
Would make his fate his choice, whom peace, the fruit  
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,  
Prepares for happiness; bespeaks him one  
Content, indeed to sojourn while he must  
Below the skies, but having there is home,  
The world o'er looks him in her busy search  
Of objects more illustrious in her view;  
And occupied as earnestly as she,  
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.  
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;  
He seeks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain,  
He cannot skim the ground like such rare birds  
Pursuing gilded flies, and such he deems  
Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.  
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,  
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth  
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,  
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.'

## WHAT THE PAPERS DO FOR US.

Few people are aware of the changes which newspapers have wrought, since they became so common, not only in our modes of thought, but in our vehicles of expression. All subjects of popular interest are discussed in the journals, and as the writers who thus attain to the dignity of print have usually had more or less practice, the chances are that the topic of the day is treated by them a little more ably than ordinary tyros could treat it. It follows that the people do not hold forth as formerly, in conversation or in letters. Instead of elaborately unfolding their own views, they discuss those of others. The question is not—What do you think upon such a topic?—but—How do you like such an article? Instead of a pugilistic struggle, we fight with the bullets other hands have moulded, and the weapons other hands have forged.

Very palpably is this the case with letters. Formerly, every correspondent was an essayist, and the letter-paper he coveted and covered was more than double the size of our commercial note. The post office department, conscious of the weight of the epistles it carried, very properly charged three times as much in postage as we pay at the current rates. To write a letter was then an undertaking of some gravity, and not to be lightly attempted. We dashed off no hasty, trivial notes, but 'took our pen in hand' with a due sense of the responsibility incurred. We knew that our well-considered words would be filed away and preserved till the ink was as faded and the paper as yellow as the hand-penned epistle. In those times a man might hope to sit in the autumn of his days amid the rustling of the sere and yellow leaves, (of calligraphy,) that flaunted and fanned him in his youth. Now, we keep our friend's letter till we have answered it, and then it goes to feed the earth from whence it sprung in the form of cotton ball, flax, fibre, or mulberry's succulent leaf. It passes to that bourne from whence, thanks to improve culture and the growing demands of modern commerce, most vegetable travellers speedily return.

The result of all this is much good and some evil. If our thinking is done very nicely for us the thoughts are not, after all, very thoroughly our own. They are a sort of ready-made clothing for the mind, shaped for somebody, for anybody, but not precisely for ourselves. Besides, the prescribed dress-coat being no distinction, we are obliged to tie a ribbon in the button-hole; or, to drop the metaphor, everything having been said on general subjects better than we can hope to say it, we are compelled to restrict ourselves to local trivialities and personal gossip. We belittle our minds by saying what isn't worth printing, or else spend the time in reading what is printed, which is another way of belittling them, if, followed too far. For if the man who rides on a mowing-machine is not as muscular as he who swings the scythe, so he who buys a printed ticket for the train of thought does not achieve the brain-power of him who thinks sturdily for himself.

## TRAMPING MECHANICS.

DURING a recent visit to a large manufacturing establishment in Connecticut, the superintendent informed us that the disposition to 'tramp' was getting somewhat common, among otherwise good mechanics. They come to a workshop in squads of three or four, hire out for good wages, and as soon as they find out that, in consequence of the scarcity of hands, their services are really valuable to their employers, they begin to grumble about wages, and threaten to tramp unless they are paid more per day. The practice is a bad one, and the sooner mechanics find this out the better.

Employers are now generally willing to pay the highest wages to mechanics, and the latter will usually do much better to hold on to a good place rather than shift from point to point looking for a better job. Any mechanic will do better by sticking to steady employment and fair wages, than to be roving about losing his time and spending his money in search of higher pay. He will do well to remember that 'the rolling stone gathers no moss.'—*Scientific American*.

## WEEKLY NEWS SUMMARY.

## CANADIAN.

The lumber trade is looking up generally. The *Inquirer* says lumbering on the St. Maurice has received a sudden impulse; choppers are getting ten dollars a month, instead of six or seven, and it is calculated that one hundred thousand logs will be got out this winter. Our contemporary thinks that if the Government would only make the necessary improvements, the St. Maurice would prove a most remunerative field for lumber operations.

The latest accounts from the Oil Springs are the reverse of encouraging. Several of the best remaining wells have recently given out. The boring of the Sanborn test well, after having been continued down to 600 feet, has been stopped, for the present, at least, in consequence of the absence of the "indications" sought for.

There is to be a grand Volunteer Rifle Review at Cayuga, Grand River, County of Haldimand, C. W., on Monday and Tuesday, the 9th and 10th inst.

Mr. Henry Eccles, the eminent Barrister, of Toronto, died on Monday morning last, the 2nd instant, of a protracted attack of constipation.

In our last week's issue, speaking of the new Montreal paper, *La Presse*, we alluded to it as the only French daily in Canada. It appears we were in error. The *Globe's* Montreal correspondent says there are in Montreal *five* English and *two* French dailies.

The Huntington, (C. E.) *Gleaner* says:—"We have heard of a distressing accident to a Mr. Wm. Sloan, a farmer of the eighth concession, of the township of Hinchinbrooke. The circumstances, as we have learned them, are as follows:—On Thursday, of last week, Sloan had gone to the fair in Franklin, the adjoining township. He had started for home in the evening, being, as is said, under the influence of liquor. Not reaching home that night, search was instituted for him, and on Sabbath morning he was found within a few hundred yards of his own house, lying in an insensible state, with his skull fractured at the right temple, apparently from the kick of his horse. He had been lying, thus exposed to the rain and frost, for two days and three nights: No hope was entertained of his recovery, as we have heard that he has since died. He was about sixty years of age."

We have received among our exchanges a new evening paper, the *London Evening Advertiser*. It is a small sheet, but very neatly got up. An evening paper ought certainly to succeed in London, if well pushed.

Mr. Judah, of the Crown Lands Department, having been commissioned by the Government to report on the gold discoveries on the Chaudiere, has lately done so, and his report is now published. He says that the first gold on the Chaudiere was found thirty years ago, by a young woman named Gilbert. She was leading a horse to water one morning, and found lying in the stream what she supposed to be a yellow pebble about the size of a pigeon's egg. Her father parted with it for \$40. This discovery encouraged the father of Miss Gilbert to search further, and he found gold to a considerable amount. It appears that a lease for the privilege of mining was obtained in 1846, by a number of Seigneurs, but they have done very little, and the lease expires next year. Mr. Judah says that there are at present about one hundred men engaged on the Chaudiere. The existence of gold there is beyond doubt; but whether in sufficient abundance to recompense for the toil and trouble of searching for it remains yet to be proved.

A man named Dunn was accidentally killed one night last week about ten o'clock, while crossing the track of the Great Western Railway, near the Ontario Pork Factory here, where he was employed. An inquest was held and a verdict of accidental death rendered by the jury.

Last week a man named John Alecock, under sentence of imprisonment for three years in the Penitentiary for a murderous assault, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell in the gaol at London, C. W.

Snow fell at Ottawa for the first time this season, on Friday the 2d October.

The Bank of Upper Canada has decided on the erection of an elegant and commodious new building in Ottawa for its business there.

The Ottawa *Citizen* tells of a man named Patrick Nugle, an Irishman, lately put on his trial for rape. The girl, a very interesting person, came into Court. Much interest was excited, and a great number of persons were present to hear the trial. The man, a rather good looking fellow, seemed to be deeply in fear at the dangers that surrounded him. Mr. James O'Reilly, of Kingston, appeared for the defence; Sir Henry Smith for the Crown. When the case was called Mr. O'Reilly "challenged the array" of jurors, evidently for the purpose of throwing the case over until the next Assizes, he having stated previously that the man was desirous of marrying the girl, and no doubt would be able to do so, she being willing. In that case the Crown would have no evidence against him, as a wife cannot appear as evidence against her husband. Mr. O'Reilly's challenge was allowed, and the trial of the case was therefore adjourned until next court, on the ground that the jury were only summoned from the city of Ottawa and the township of Gloucester, and should have been taken from the whole county and not from any particular locality. It was suggested by the learned counsel for the defence that the prisoner was willing to marry the girl, and made an application to admit him to bail. The Judge stated that if the girl would consent to marry him, and he could be assured of the security of the man, he would grant the application. Upon Mr. O'Reilly giving the necessary assurance to the Court, bail was taken, and the man and girl left the court to go before a clergyman to have the knot tied. We understand that the learned counsel was present, and thus by his ingenuity saved his client; for, no doubt, if the prisoner had been tried, he would have been found guilty. Thus a man was saved from the gallows, and got a wife into the bargain. A very rare case indeed; as will be admitted by both writers and readers of newspaper items.

On Thursday the 29th October, a sword was presented to Colonel George K. Chisholm, of Oakville, of the First Battalion of Volunteers, County of Halton. A numerous company assembled in the Oakville Town Hall on the occasion. The presentation was made by Captain Bullmer, and suitably acknowledged by the gallant recipient. The affair was wound up in the evening by a dinner, with toasts, songs and speeches.

On Thursday the 29th ult., the Round House or Driving Shed, as it is so often called, (for the reception of locomotives under repair,) at the Great Western Railway Depot here, was totally destroyed by fire. The origin of the fire was as follows:—One of the workmen went into the shop to draw off some crude rock oil to be mixed with other oil for lubricating purposes, and having a light in his hand, the

gas ignited and an explosion took place. In an instant the flames had spread throughout the building, and in a short time the roof and interior were completely destroyed. At the time there were nine locomotives in the shop, and it was feared that their destruction was inevitable, but by great exertion, and even danger, they were removed, having sustained only slight damage of a superficial character. Both the city firemen, and those connected with the Railway, were promptly on the spot, and by doing their best succeeded in saving the locomotives and confining the fire to the building in which it originated. The loss is stated at \$15,000.

## UNITED STATES.

The Confederate Government refuses to release captured newspaper correspondents till the Federals will agree to liberate all political prisoners.

One of Brigham Young's wives, whose stage name is Mrs. Woodmansee, is a star at the Salt Lake theatre. She will probably soon come East.

South Carolina papers are discussing as to how slaves are to be fed next winter, especially as slaves from Mississippi and Alabama are pouring in, and corn crop small.

Major Gen. Bishop Polk of Tennessee has resigned his commission in the Confederate service.

The Spaniards in St. Domingo are in a bad way. The insurgents are everywhere successful.

The Russian fleet now in New York harbor will probably be reinforced with twelve additional vessels of war.

Brigham Young's new temple at Salt Lake is nearly completed. It is built of granite, and the most splendid structure of the kind in the country.

Six blockade runner's cargoes, brought the neat little pile of \$600,000 at auction, in Brooklyn, N. Y., lately.

One of the best farmers of South Deerfield, Mass., sold his tobacco crop for 33 cents per pound, it netting him the sum of \$5,000.

There are at this time eight hundred and twenty-one students at Cambridge, of whom five hundred and thirteen are from Massachusetts.

## EUROPEAN.

THE STATE of public feeling in Denmark is that of resolute and protracted resistance to the military occupation of Holstein by the German Confederation.

A frightful railway accident has occurred in Spain by the falling of a bridge over which a train was passing. The total number of killed and wounded has not been ascertained, but it must be large, as no less than seven carriages filled with passengers were thrown with the engine into the river.

The English Admiralty after repeated severe tests found that iron plates made from iron ore obtained at Woodstock, New Brunswick, is superior to any iron found in the British Empire for resisting heavy shot.

A newspaper has lately been started in Berne, Switzerland, in the German language, advocating the cause of the Northern States of America.

The fight between Hecuan and King for \$10,000 a side will take place in December. A second deposit of the entrance money was recently made in London.

The Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company of Scotland have recently paid some \$205,000 for damages resulting from a collision of trains on that road.

A newspaper has been established at Galway called the United Irishman and American. It displays at its head the Irish and American flags.

It is estimated that the wheat crop in England of this year will be equal to that of 1861 and 1862 added together.

The Berlin Faculty of Medicine has condemned Bavarian lager beer as the cause of innumerable cases of apoplexy.

Sixteen years ago there were scarcely any railways in Ireland; now there are about 1,500 miles.

A rumor is current, at the 'Canada Club' in London, that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will be prepared to recross the Atlantic to inaugurate the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, of which he laid the corner stone, whenever it is desired by the Government of Canada.

The London *Globe* says, a project is entertained of coining a British Silver Dollar for Colonial use, the value to be, probably, 4s. 6d., also that it would be useful for English circulation.

The China arrived at New York on the night of Monday the 2nd News three days later, but in error.

The London *Morning Herald* says the capture of the steamer *Sir Robert Peel*, by the Federals, off the Rio Grande, is exciting considerable attention at Lloyd's and pressure will be brought upon the British Government on the subject, it being alleged that there was not the slightest ground for her seizure.

Henry Ward Beecher had been presented with an address by the students of the Nonconformist Colleges. He was also entertained at a farewell breakfast in London.

A Paris letter to the London *Daily News* anticipates that the semi-official press of France will immediately receive orders to say that after all the Mexican people simply desire annexation to France.

The Polish question remains without change.

The London *Times* published a letter from its well-known correspondent 'Historicus,' commenting upon and showing the importance of the seizure of the steam rams on the Morsey, expressing the belief that the public will stand by the Government in their determination to defeat fraudulent contrivances.

Mr. Laird had been speaking at Birkenhead, defending his course in the matter of the *Alabama*, &c.

The Emperor Napoleon had received and congratulated the Mexican deputation on their success.

The Paris Bourse continues heavy.

St. Petersburg accounts say it is the general belief that there will be no diplomatic rupture between Russia and the Western Powers before Christmas.

There were rumors of a threatening situation of affairs between Russia and Turkey.

The *Times* has an editorial holding up, in moving terms, the threatening position of affairs throughout the world, and urging that it is the plain duty of England to seize and use all the opportunities of her position, and as arbitrator, make and keep peace while she can.

## RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.

The *Nor-Wester* of September 30th is before us. We cull a few items therefrom:—

The spread of the Canada Thistle is very much complained of. It is the subject of the leading article in the *Nor-Wester*.

The prospects for a good "buffalo season" are said to be excellent; and a splendid and profitable time of buffalo hunting is anticipated.

There have been large losses this year by Prairie fires.

The *Nor-Wester* has a column headed "French Department;" of episodes in the Polish war.

The firm of Ross and Coldwell, the publishers of the *Nor-Wester*, advertise that they will pay for good dry Wheat 4s and 6d per bushel, and for fine white Flour 15s per cwt.—those prices guaranteed for a fortnight from September 30th, the date of the advertisement.

The most of the ordinary business advertisements in the *Nor-Wester* are of dealers in Minnesota. When will the period arrive when Canadian advertisements will pay to insert in the Red River papers?

The finishing of the masonry of the tower of a Cathedral at St. John's, Red River, where the *Nor-Wester* is published, is announced. The design is spoken of as elegant. The carpenter work is still in progress.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(Items from the *Weekly Colonist*, Victoria, Vancouver's Island, Sept. 15th, 1863.)

The Beef Embargo established by the Government of Washington has been rescinded; as far as the Pacific ports are concerned.

The *Victoria Colonist* recommends sheep and wool growing as a sure and profitable business in the "hill country" of Vancouver Island.

A new Jewish Synagogue has been consecrated with great solemnity at Victoria.

The House of Assembly is in session at Victoria.

New discoveries in "the diggings" are reported; and it is thought that districts formerly passed by and neglected will prove rich in the precious metal.

The general complexion of the latest "mining news" from the interior was good.

The nights had become cold and frosty; and sickness was rather prevalent in Cariboo.

It was estimated that from 600 to 1000 persons intended to winter on Williams Creek.

A man, suspected of being the murderer of one Clegg some time ago had been arrested at Lillooet. We see by the papers that Judges now travel circuit in the British colonies on the Pacific coast; and it would appear that the administration of justice is rapidly becoming efficient.

A great desideratum in British Columbia is stated to be "good shallow diggings suitable for white men, at a reasonable distance from sources of supply." What is called the "Bridge River country," in the direction of the Lillooet, is spoken of as likely to furnish what is wanted.

A recent assay of some specimens of gold bearing quartz gave a result proportionate to a value of \$1,500 per ton.

Recent discoveries of copper are announced.

The third annual meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Vancouver Island is announced for the 30th September.

VOICES FROM THE HEARTH, by Isidore G. Archer: *Published by Lovell, Montreal.*—We can do no more at present than record our most favourable opinion of this little work, which we shall notice at greater length in our next.

## THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD FLEET.

The Paris correspondent of a contemporary writes that the French Iron-clad squadron, which a week ago sailed from Cherbourg in quest of rough weather has put into Brest. "I understand," he says, "that one point has been satisfactorily ascertained—that worse sea boats were never launched. The rolling is described as having been terribly terrific, the Couronne and Normandie sharing the bad pre-eminence of being decidedly the worst of the lot. The Normandie in particular lay like a log in the water, the sea making a clear breach over her; men were flung from one side against the other; the shot hung out of the racks, while the crew were nearly stifled for want of air, the port-holes having to be closed even in what is nautically termed a fresh breeze. She will have to be docked. I am told that the commission of inquiry on board have come to the conclusion that these iron-clads will never do for line-of-battle ships except in smooth water, and that they are therefore wholly unfit for anything but home squadrons. But before giving in their final report the unwieldy monsters will have another trial. As soon as damages are repaired they are to have another cruise in the Bay of Biscay.

A PRESERVED BEEF FACTORY.—A correspondent of the *Maine Farmer*, writing from Bluchill, Maine, says:—"The beef factory here, owned by Messrs. Wm. Underwood & Co., of Boston, will commence operations about the first of October next, when the meat will be scientifically cut from the quarters of twelve or fifteen fat oxen per day, seasoned with salt and pepper, put into tin cans holding four pounds each, sealed up and consigned to baths of boiling water, where they remain about six hours. None of the juices of the meat can escape, the can being air tight when cooked. When cooled and the can opened, you find the meat immersed in a rich jelly and very tender. It is the *no plus ultra* of meat cooking, affording more nutriment than when cooked any other way, and will keep any length of time in any climate. The United States Navy receives the most of it."

BRAVE FELLOWS.—The Kincardine *Common-Wealth* states that the members of the Rifle Company of that village while attending the Review at Goderich, only lost four rifles and one bayonet! If this is the result of a sham fight, what would that of a real one be?



WEARINESS.

O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through doubts and fears.
Must ache and bleed beneath your load!

O little hands, that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask!

O little hearts, that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires!

O little souls, as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine!

-Atlantic Monthly.

AGRICULTURAL.

PREPARE FOR WINTER.—There are many small things
that require attention in winter. A gate not kept fastened
by a good self-fastening latch, and swinging in the wind,

Every farmer knows that a gate is rapidly twisted to
pieces when it has settled, and has to be dragged over the
ground every time it is opened and shut.

Examine stove-pipes, and see that they are all firm and
safe. Do not allow the soot to accumulate in them, so that
when it gets on fire some windy night it may set the house

What is the reason that so many bedrooms are badly
ventilated in winter? One reason is, it is so hard to slip
the sash up and down. See to it now, that all are made to

Never allow a squeaking door; pass around once a
week, if necessary, and give every hinge and latch a touch
with an oiled feather.

Lay in a good supply of wood for next summer. Do not
let it lie long in large sticks, but saw and split it up with-
out delay, that it may be drying. Fresh wood quickly

To winter animals profitably, remember that comfort is
the great saver of flesh, and consequently of food. Feed
regularly, that they may not fret off flesh in waiting for a
delayed meal, for their stomachs are good chronometers;

Avoid the common error of trying to winter many ani-
mals on little food. By this error much food is consumed
with no increase of growth. A few well fed animals will

Save manure. As wind is to the sailor, water to the
miller, steam to the manufacturer, and money to the
banker, so is manure to the farmer. Draw it out and

A place for everything, and everything in its place, will
save many hours of searching, many weary steps, and
much vexation every year. The tools should not only be

Let all broken or injured tools be repaired by the farmer
if he can do it, and by the mechanic if the farmer cannot;

JOKER'S BUDGET.

POLITENESS AND PUDDING.—A young lady when invit-
ed to partake of a pudding, replied, 'No, many thanks my
dear madam. By no manner of means. I have already in-

JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.—In the Justice's Court in New
Orleans the judge was in a quandry the other day. A coat
was in dispute; the parties were Irish, and the evidence

SNOOK'S wife loves to make bread because it cleans her
hands so beautifully.

'I know every rock on the coast cried an Irish pilot. At
that moment, he ship struck, when he exclaimed, 'and
that's one of them.

A HAPPY HUSBAND. Adam had one great advantage
over all the other married couples—an advantage which
has been lost to us with Paradise—he had no mother-in-law.

A gentleman asked his friend the other day, How do you
like our Minister? He replied first rate: he never med-
dles with politics or religion.

RURAL SIMPLICITY.—A young man and a female once
upon a time stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward
appearance excited the attention of one of the family, who

Why is love like a candle?—Because the longer it burns
the less it becomes.

Why am intoxication like a washbowl? asked Sambo.
—'Cause it am debasin.

Why is a rancorous like a moderate drinker?—Because
he's content with a single horn.

At A festival of lawyers and editors, a lawyer gave a
toast.—'The Editor: he always obeys the call of the devil.
An Editor responded.—'The Editor and the Lawyer: the
devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires

A western hunter, who has always been victor in his gris-
ly fights thinks there is nothing like an over-bairing dis-
position.

A traveller was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at
night after a hard day's journey to partake of the enjoyment
of a well cut ham and the left leg of a goose.—'Pray, sir,

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA IN OUR LAST—WIND-BLASS.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Illus-
trated Canadian News.

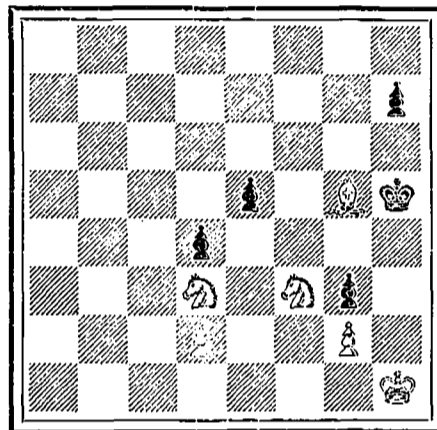
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 3.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K B 2 (ch) R to Q 5 or (a)
2. Q to K B sq. R takes Q or (b)
3. Kt to K B 5 R takes B
4. Kt takes Kt P. Anything.
5. Kt to K 6 mate P to Q 5
(a) 1. Q to K 6 R to Q B 8
2. Q to K 6 (If he plays R takes Q Kt P Then follows 3 Q takes R &c.
3. Kt takes Kt R takes P
4. Kt to Q Kt 6 And mates next move.
(b) 2. P to Q R 7
3. Q takes R P Queens
4. Q takes Q And mates next move.

Solutions received from "Teacher," Queenston, and "A. H." Barrie.

PROBLEM No. 4.

BY MR. WILLENRED.



White to play and mate in four moves.

A remarkably entertaining little game between HERR KOLISCH
(giving Q R and the move) and MR. MANDOLFO.

KING'S KNIGHT'S DEFENCE.

BLACK (Mr. M.) WHITE (Herr K.)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. B to Q B 4 K Kt to B 3
3. Q Kt to B 3 P to Q B 3
4. P to Q 3 P to Q Kt 4
5. B to Q Kt 3 P to Q R 4
6. P to Q R 4 P to Q Kt 5
7. Q Kt to R 2 P to Q 4
8. K P takes P B P takes P
9. K Kt to B 3 Q Kt to B 3
10. Q to K 2 Q B to Kt 5
11. Castles K B to B 4
12. Q B to Kt 5 P to K R 4 (a)
13. P to K R 3 R P takes P
14. R P takes B Q Kt to Q 5 (b)
15. K Kt takes P K Kt to K 5 (c)
16. Q to K sq Kt to his 6
17. Q B takes Q Kt mates.
18. B P takes Kt

(a) Here commences, most unexpectedly, a series of very brilliant
moves on the part of Herr K. We call the serious attention of our
readers to what follows. We do not know, in fact anything more
beautiful in chess than this termination.

(b) Threatening mate by taking the Queen.
(c) Excellent! this forces the game, whichever Black takes Queen
or not.

Let us suppose:—
17. Q P takes Kt [1] Q takes Q B
18. P takes Q P Q to R 4
19. Kt to Kt 6 (ch) K to Q 2
20. Kt takes R P to K Kt 6
And mate follows.

[1] Q takes Kt leads to his own speedier ruin.

Game between Messrs. Morphy and Anderssen.

SICILIAN OPENING.

White, [Mr. M.] Black, [Mr. A.]
1. P to K 4 1. P to Q B 4
2. P to Q 4 2. P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3 3. Kt to Q B 3
4. Kt takes P 4. P to K 3
5. Kt to Q Kt 5 (a) 5. P to Q 3
6. Q B to K B 4 6. P to K 4
7. B to K 3 7. P to K B 4
8. Q Kt to B 3 8. P to K B 5 (b)
9. Kt to Q 5 (c) 9. P takes B
10. K Kt to Q B 7 (ch) 10. K to B 2
11. Q to K B 3 (ch) 11. Kt to K B 3
12. B to Q B 4 12. Kt to Q 5
13. Kt takes Kt (d) 13. P to Q 4
14. B takes Q P (ch) 14. K to Kt 3 (d)
15. Q to K R 5 (ch) 15. K takes Kt
16. P takes P 16. Kt takes Q B P (ch)
17. K to K 2

(a) Late experience has shown 5 Kt to Q Kt 5 to be dangerous, if
not fatal to the Sicilian defence.
(b) Already black has a lost game. If instead of this move he
had played
(c) White now finishes off the game with uncommon brilliancy in
a very few moves.
(d) The only hope was in taking the Bishop with Queen, and that
was but a forlorn one.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 30TH OCT., 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries, Corresponding Week of last year) and Amount.

JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton, 30th Oct. 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 24TH, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock, Corresponding week, 1863) and Amount.

JOSEPH ELLIOTT.

MONTREAL, Oct. 30th, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 17th, 1863.

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

PETROLEUM.

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

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between William A. Ferguson and myself, as Publishers of the "Canadian Illustrated News," is this day dissolved by mutual consent...

HARDY GREGORY.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1863.

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

H. GREGORY & Co.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1863.

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

MIRRORS, CORNICES, PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES.

MARSDEN & PHILIPS beg to inform the public that they are manufacturing the above in designs quite new, in Hamilton, and workmanship equal to any in Canada...

The Oldest Established AND MOST COMMODIOUS FIRST CLASS HOTEL, West of London.



ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL. CHATHAM, C.W. DAVID WALKER PROPRIETOR.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!! THE GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES

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

The undersigned having the General Agency for the sale of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, take great pleasure in informing the public of Canada that they have opened offices in Toronto, at No. 34, King Street East, and in the city of Hamilton, on the corner of King and Hughson streets...

The celebrity of the Genuine Singer Machines, and the reputation which they have acquired over all others, for superiority, has led certain manufacturers of Sewing Machines, in Canada, to make a bogus imitation of the Singer No. 2 Machines...

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

CLERGYMEN supplied at reduced prices. Machine Oil, Needles, Thread, Silk, & in stock. Wax thread Machines, always on hand.

F. & R.

THE EVENING "TIMES"

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES: Six lines and under, 1st insertion \$00 50 Each subsequent insertion, " " 00 12 Over six lines, 1st insertion, per line, " " 00 03 Each subsequent insertion " " 00 02

Advertisements without written instructions to the contrary, will be inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Favorable arrangements made with parties advertising by the year.

THE WEEKLY "TIMES" AND SUPPLEMENT

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

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

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

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

October 22, 1863. c22

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

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

Board \$1.00 per day. Drummondville, June 30th, 1863.

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.

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 FUMIVORE COAL OIL LAMP.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

MRS. JOHN E. MURPHY would respectfully inform her friends and the public, that she is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for instruction on the Piano Forte, at her residence, Mulberry street, between Park and MacNab.

DAVID WALKER, Royal Exchange Hotel and Railway Refreshment Rooms, CHATHAM, C. W.

October, 1863. 24-6m

SELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL.

J. B. SMITH, Bay Street, corner of Market Street. Terms for the lower branches, \$3.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month, 25 cents weekly.

N.B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1st, 1864. All pupils entering before that time will be charged the lower rates.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, HAMILTON, C. W.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor.

THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation and conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province.

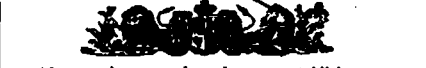
The locality of the International Hotel—situated in the centre of the business portion of the city—is of itself a flattering recommendation, and in conjunction with other more substantial advantages which the Proprietor has introduced, will earn for this Hotel, the subscriber hopes, the favor and good will of the business community.

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

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

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

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



I am about to describe an establishment which cost the proprietors one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in its construction, and upon which they pay the Government of Canada a tax of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a-year for permission to work it.

Certainly the world in its early stages never saw, as the New World in this age had not before seen, any distillery more perfect, and but few, if any, equal in a respect to that of Gooderham & Worts, Toronto.—IBRD.

TORONTO CITY STEAM MILLS DISTILLERY GOODERHAM & WORTS, PROPRIETORS.

JOHN PARK begs to call the attention of the trade to the Whiskies manufactured at the above establishment, which for strength, purity, and flavor, are unequalled by anything made in this country.

The trade can only be supplied through meat the depot, where all orders will be promptly attended to.

JOHN PARK, Hughs st, corner King street. Hamilton, 19th Aug., 1863.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL, GEORGE GORDON, PROPRIETOR. BRIDGEWATER STREET, CHIPPAWA, C. W.

Good stabling attached to the premises.

R. W. ANDERSON, (FROM NOTMAN'S MONTREAL) PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST.

45 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W. FIRST-CLASS Cartes-de-visite, equal to any in Upper Canada, \$3.00 per dozen.

Private Residences, Churches and Public Buildings Photographed in any part of the country.

JAMES REID, CABINET MAKER, AND UPHOLSTERER.

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

ELLIS' HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS, - - - CANADA SIDE.

Board, \$1.00 per Day. Meals at all hours. Carriages in attendance at the door. Good stabling.

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. EDITED BY GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA.

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.

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

MOELCHERAN & HALLOU, 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.

The Canadian Illustrated News

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 Single copies, 7 cents, to be had from News deal.

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

Rates of Advertising. Ten cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion eight cents per line.

All letters concerning business in connection with the paper or the office should be addressed to "The Canadian Illustrated News," Hamilton.