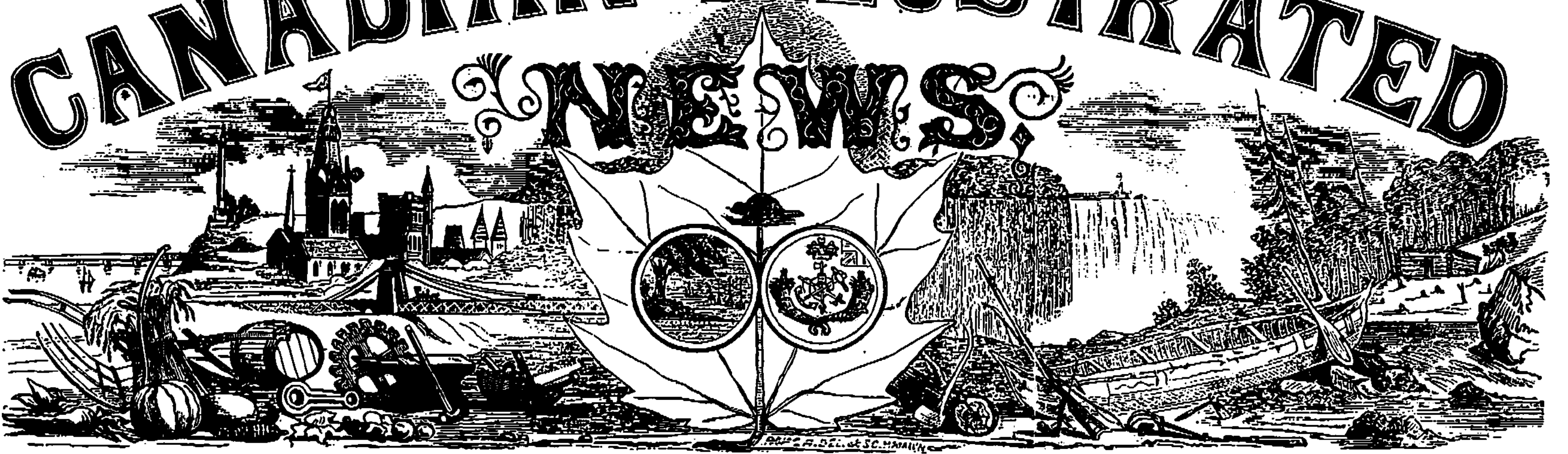


VOL. I—No. 22.] HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863. [$3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

Wm ORMISTON, D.D

PASTOR OF THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, HAMILTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

REV'D WILLIAM ORMISTON, D. D.

Sometime in the month of May, 1861, I was a passenger between Kingston and Montreal on the Grand Trunk Railway. Several ministers and elders, or deacons were in the cars, who belonged to the two religious denominations then known as the Canadian branches of the Free Church of Scotland and of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. They were journeying to Montreal, to consummate in one Synod the union of the two denominations, as the Canada Presbyterian Church. They were personally unknown to me; but from the positions in which we sat I could not avoid hearing their conversation, nor refrain from the speculative exercise of estimating the probable sum of the intellectual forces of each; a presumptuous indulgence, yet one which seemed to add speed to the rapid, rushing, roaring train; we were at Montreal before I had brought the task to a satisfactory conclusion.

One attracted notice sooner than the rest; partly from the remarkable intellectuality of the countenance, but chiefly from his pleasing simplicity of language, cheerfulness of tone, lucidity of idea, earnestness of argument, and variety of topic. I heard him name the place of worship to which he had been appointed to preach on the following Sunday, at Montreal, and promised myself the benefit of listening to one from whom might be expected—if the countenance and conversation had not wholly misled expectation—a sermon in which eloquence would give force and beauty to a large amount of common sense. I mean the common sense of practical Christianity, as distinguished from dogmatic theology, or rhetorical declamation.

Cote street Church was the one named.—Thither I repaired and discovered in the preacher the traveler from the West—the Reverend William Ormiston, D. D., Minister of the Central Presbyterian Church in the city of Hamilton, whose portrait is this day published on the first page of the 'Canadian Illustrated News.' By inquiry I farther ascertained that Dr. Ormiston was Government Inspector of Grammar Schools in Canada West, and official visiting Superintendent of Schools in Hamilton; that he had been for some years one of the foremost scholars of Canada, tutor and professor at Victoria College, Cobourg; lecturer on Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Mathematics at Toronto, in the establishment where the professional teachers of the Upper Province are educated. These, and other scholastic employments of Dr. Ormiston, will be related presently in the order of their succession. So far, I have told in what manner my attention was first turned upon this eminent Minister of the Gospel and public servant of Canada. He has recently retired from the official inspectorship of Grammar Schools, and from the visiting superintendency of the schools of Hamilton. The publication of his portrait and the present attempt at a biographical and moral portraiture, from his boyhood to the current time, have been suggested by the occasion of his relinquishing those public functions. Not being familiar with his pulpit ministrations, nor at all with his educational and other widely diversified lectures, which gave him prominence in Canada before the country or his name was known to me, I proceed to make a few descriptive sketches from information variously collected, but entirely reliable:

At the Castle Hill farm in the parish of Symington, Lanarkshire, Scotland, on the banks of the Clyde, under the shadow of Tintock hill, on the 23d of April, 1821, the child was born, who is now the Reverend Dr. William Ormiston. His father, Mr. Thomas Ormiston, rented the Castle Hill and Town Head farms. His mother's name before marriage was Margaret Smith. To her naturally vigorous intellect and to her intelligence acquired by reading and sound judgment, the son is indebted for much of those qualities which in larger and masculine form make him remarkable, even amongst remarkable men. There were other children, but of their number I have no information.

When William was in his tenth year, his father removed to a farm within the bosom of the Pentland Hills, at Habbie's Howe, near Edinburgh. There, amid the charming scenes of Allan Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd,' the boy went to school at the village of West Linton, or assisted in the minor labors upon the farm. There, amid the scenes where the persecuted Covenanters sought the refuge they did not find, whose memory is dearer to Scotsmen than even the charms of Ramsay's pastoral poetry, and inexpressibly more important to their descendants, for to them does Scotland owe much of her vigorous freedom, strength of intellect, and independence of action, in alliance with England—(the distortion of Scottish history in the romances of Sir Walter Scott, to the contrary notwithstanding.)—amid some of the scenes which are hallowed for evermore in Scotland by the persecution of the Covenanters, the young boy's mind was trained and tutored in history and popular traditions by his mother.

In 1834, Mr. Thomas Ormiston with his family emigrated to Canada, and settled in the township of Darlington, about thirty miles east of Toronto. William spent four years on the farm, taking a man's share, though only a boy in age, in all the toil, the tear and wear of felling trees; in cross-cutting and rolling logs into piles; in burning the piles; digging, ploughing, harrowing, sowing, mowing, harvesting, threshing, and conveying produce to market; making or mending implements of work; repairing his boots or the harness of the horses at hours when others would have rested; yet all the while reading books and acquiring a knowledge of arithmetic, mathematics and Latin, so far as books could assist without a teacher.

One day in winter, when in his eighteenth year, he was cutting firewood in the 'bush,' his father conveying it home. Towards evening, during the absence of the sleigh, the young man sat down on a log, and fell into a mood of deep, intense, inspiring, thought. It was not discontent with hard toil but an aspiration to engage in higher work. The intellectual forces of his nature impelled him to form visions of other employment than wood-cutting and farm labor. He informed his father, who in turn consulted with the mother, and both agreed that William should go to school and college, and be educated for the pulpit; to effect which the father proposed to sell a portion of his land to meet the expenses. But to that proposition William firmly said, no; it would be unfair to the rest of the family; he had his plans formed and would work them out.

Without so much as a sixpence or a penny, at command, he went to the town of Whitby and opened a school. The present educational system did not then exist. He relied entirely on fees for his income. The school prospered; it was attended more largely than any other had been in that part of Canada. While teaching, he prepared himself for entering College, which he did in 1843, and took the degree of B. A. in Victoria College, Cobourg, in 1847. Mr. Ormiston filled a tutorship in that institution during all the time of his studies, and was elected to a Professorship, the duties of which he discharged for two years. In 1849 he was ordained to the ministry in connection with the Canadian branch of the Scottish United Presbyterian church. His first pastoral charge was in the Township of Clarke, and there he still pursued the acquisition of learning in classics, theology and science. In 1853, he removed to Toronto, where for the space of four years he was Mathematical Master, and Lecturer on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the Normal School—the Provincial institution in which teachers, male and female, are instructed and trained in the art of teaching; many of whose students, however, go into other professions. While thus employed in the Normal School he preached frequently, and from time to time lectured, as he had done in years before, on temperance and kindred moral subjects, through every town, and almost every village and township in Upper Canada. He had been a teetotaller from childhood. In 1855 this diligent and successful scholar was appointed Inspector of Grammar Schools, first for the whole of Canada West, but subsequently for half of that vast area. He held the inspectorship with the local superintendency of the public schools of Hamilton until recently, the pressure of other duties and delicacy of health compelling him to retire.

In 1857 Mr. Ormiston accepted a call, which he had previously declined, to be pastor of the Central Presbyterian congregation of Hamilton, soon after which the large church, which is now filled with his warmly attached hearers, was built. In 1860, he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity conferred on him by the University of New York. In 1862 he visited Britain for the first time since he left it as a boy, and since returning to Canada has given a series of lectures descriptive of his journies to New York, to London, to Scotland, to places of personal and historical interest there and to the Swiss Alps. To say that such lectures were delivered by Dr. Ormiston, means that they were graphic and amusing; occasionally pathetic; in all their parts instructive and eloquent. He preached on several occasions in the British metropolis last year, and, since his return, has received a call to become pastor of the congregation in London, of which the celebrated Alexander Fletcher was once minister; but, as might have been expected, has declined that call, and decided to remain in Canada. An extract from a speech delivered before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, is given on page 258.

I would have it understood that it is of William Ormiston, the scholar, the practical, eloquent preacher of the Gospel, the self-reliant man that I write; not the Scotchman, nor the ministering member of a church whose distinctive element of ecclesiastical polity is a somewhat haughty assumption of superiority over Ceasar and the things which are Ceasar's. A minister and man less dogmatical, more tolerant of others, more genial and cosmopolitan, or larger in human sympathies and loftier in thought, word, and action than Dr. William Ormiston, does not breathe, nor utter the words of eternal life in any church or any land.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.
'Whistler at the Plough.'

NOTICE.

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

NOTICE TO CANVASSERS.

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

W. A. FERGUSON.

Hamilton, April 7th, 1863.

THE CANADIAN
Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, APRIL 11, 1863.

MR. JOHN H. CAMERON AND MUNICIPAL REFORM.

Mr. Cameron has prepared and obtained a first reading for a Bill to amend the Municipal Corporations Act of Upper Canada. The bill is short and unpretentious in appearance. If it passes into law it will probably be because no one will consider it of sufficient importance to call for a vigorous opposition.

Sections 1 to 3, inclusive, prevent Municipalities from incurring a greater amount of debt than can be met by an annual tax of 25c on the dollar. Any Municipality now levying a higher rate than this is not permitted to increase the amount of its liabilities until its assessment is reduced within the limits named in these sections. Every bond or other security issued by a Municipality 'shall take priority and precedence according to the By-law under which it shall be issued.' Section Four is worth giving in full.

'No person shall be entitled to vote on any By-law to create a debt not payable within the year in which the By-law is passed, who is not a freeholder or a tenant for a term of years, who has agreed to pay taxes for the period of time over which the debt is made payable.'

By section 5 every elector who has the right to vote on any By-law to create a debt may do so in every ward of any Township, Town or Village in which he has property qualifying him to vote.

Mr. Cameron's remedy then for Municipal extravagance is partially to disfranchise the great majority of the present electors, and to give additional power to the favoured minority.

Those who argue in favour of this measure usually sum up with what they conceive to be a comprehensive and unanswerable proposition, viz: that the man who has no property himself should have no power to mortgage that of his neighbor. Now, this specious argument has just sufficient truth in it to make it dangerous. As applied to the individual relations of men it is quite true so far as it goes, its fallacy lies in not stating the whole truth, which is, that no man should have the power to mortgage his neighbors property, whether he possesses any of his own or not. But the principle enunciated by either of these propositions if applied to society as a body politic would produce a revolution, which the conservative mind of Mr. Cameron would contemplate with dismay.

We do not know that the argument which we have been combating is that which Mr. Cameron himself will use in support of his extraordinary measure, nor can we conceive what he will substitute in its stead. He certainly cannot contend that freehold property and long leases confer on their possessors, either great intelligence or high moral worth, they may indeed indicate a certain mercantile shrewdness—a more than ordinary power to scent a good bargain at large range, or a thorough subordination of all the faculties to the accumulation of wealth, but that there is any necessary connection between them and the qualities which make a wise and prudent citizen, is a proposition not to be entertained for a moment.

Nor can it be maintained that the privileges which society confers on the man of property and wealth, are an insufficient reward for the toil and trouble which its accumulation has cost him. He leads a life of comfort, so far as physical necessities are concerned. The whole legislation of the country is in the hands of his own class. Those 'Social lies that warp us from the living truth,' all work in his favour. His broad acres and imposing edifices give him an influence and a power in the community which his natural abilities alone, could never confer. By the accident of his position he is a leader in politics, whether Municipal or Governmental. If then public affairs go wrong, if corruption fattens behind the scenes, if extravagance marks the expenditure of the people's money, we may be sure that the men of property and long leases are in the main responsible, either by sins of omission or commission.

But the property-holder is tied to the place where his property is located, while the non-property-holder may remove at pleasure and thus escape the burden of taxation. So he can; but can he do so without a sacrifice, as great, perhaps greater than, that which his wealthy neighbor suffers by the depreciation of his property? While, if he does not remove he must bear his share of the municipal expenses, unless indeed taxation in Canada is on a basis which political economists have not hitherto been able to discover.

There is yet another peg on which Mr. Cameron may possibly hang an argument in favor of his measure: that of expediency; not expediency in its loftier, nobler sense, but in that sense in which politicians are unfortunately too well acquainted with it.—As a condition to this, however, it would be necessary to show that the men whom it is proposed to disfranchise, have been alone, or mainly guilty of the errors which have led to such unfortunate results. But so far is this from the true state of the facts, that we have no hesitation in asserting that every one of the extravagant schemes which together have resulted in municipal embarrassment, were undertaken in the interest of property, were carried out by property-holders—who monopolized whatever profits accrued from them—and that the burden has been shared by all classes. It is not, of course, pretended, that the class whose cause we are defending are entirely free from blame; far from it. They listened too eagerly, and put too much faith in the promises of high wages and constant employment, in the event of certain debenture by-laws being passed. In the city of Hamilton, for instance, they were much to blame in allowing themselves to be misled by the Board of Trade, the City Council, and the then city member—Sir Allan McNab—into supporting the Port Dover Railway grant. They were much to blame in following the example of their wealthy neighbors, who refused to support the present Mayor in his first praiseworthy stand—some years ago—to stay the tide of extravagance. But they were not to blame above others, nay, not up to levels of others. They were but the followers, the men of property were the leaders in the matter. Mr. Cameron proposes that the followers should be punished while the leaders are not only to go scot free but to be rewarded. Surely this is equity turned upside down.

Municipal reform is urgently required; of this there can be no question. But we have grave doubts of the efficacy of Acts of Parliament to bring it about. There should be more good sense and less bad whiskey to preside over the selection of Municipal representatives. There should be fewer axes to grind, both on the part of representatives and constituents.

If these reforms cannot be had, then all that legislative wisdom can do for us will be so much labor thrown away.

OMISSION.—We omitted to mention in our last week's issue that we were indebted to Messrs. Matthews & Anderson, Artists, King street east, Toronto, for Photographs of Skating Rink and prizes. Those gentlemen have attained a high degree of perfection in the art, judging from the pictures sent us.

THE FORTUNE OF LAW.

I was chatting one day with an old school-fellow of mine, who, though young, was a barrister of some eminence, when the conversation turned upon his own career.

'People,' he said, 'give me credit for much more than I deserve. They compliment me on having attained my position by talent, and sagacity, and all that; but the fact is, I have been an extremely lucky man —I mean as regards opportunities. The only thing for which I really can consider myself entitled to any credit is, that I have always been prompt to take advantage of them.'

'But,' I observed, 'you have a high reputation for legal knowledge and acumen. I have heard several persons speak in terms of great praise of the manner in which you conducted some of your late cases.'

'Ah! yes,' he returned; 'when a man is fortunate, the world soon find fine things in him. There is nothing like guilding to hide imperfections and bring out excellences.—But I will just give you one instance of what I call my luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before I was quite as well known as I am now; it was a trivial thing in itself, but very important in its consequences to me, and has ever since been very fresh in my memory. I had been retained on behalf of a gentleman who was defendant in an action for debt, brought against him by a bricklayer, to recover the amount of a bill, stated to be due for building work done on the gentleman's premises. The owner refused payment on the ground that a verbal contract had been made for the execution of the work, at a price less by one-third than the amount claimed. Unfortunately he had no witnesses to the fact. The man denied the contract, alleged that no specification had been made, and pleaded, finally, that if such contract had been entered into, it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he was prepared to swear, and had his assistant also ready to certify the amount of labor and material expended. I gave my opinion that it was a hopeless case, and that the defendant had better agree to a compromise than incur any further expense. However, he would not, and I was fain to trust to the chapter of accidents for any chance of success.

'Near the town where the trial was to take place, lived an old friend of mine, who, after the first day's assize, carried me off in his carriage to dine and sleep at his house, engaging to drive me over early next morning in time for this case, which stood next on the list. Mr. Tritten, the gentleman in question, was there also, and we had another discussion as to the prospects of his defence. 'I know the fellow,' said he, 'to be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so confident that something will come out to prove it, that I am determined to persist.'—I said I hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest.

'After breakfast the next morning, my host drove me over in his dog-cart to the assize town. We were just entering the outskirts, when, from a turning down by the old inn and posting-house, where the horse was usually put up, there came running towards us a lad pursued by a man, who was threatening him in a savage manner. Finding himself overtaken, the lad, after the custom of small boys in such circumstances, lay down, curling himself up, and holding his hands clasped over his head. The man approached, and after beating him roughly with his fist, and trying to pull him up without success, took hold of the collar of the boy's coat and knocked his head several times on the ground. We were just opposite at the moment, and my friend bade him let the lad alone, and not be such a brute.—The fellow scowled, and telling us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim scampered away in an opposite direction.

'The dog-cart was put up, and we presently went on to the court. The case was opened in an off-hand style by the opposite counsel, who characterized the plea of a contract as a shallow evasion, and called the plaintiff as his principal witness. What was my surprise to see get into the box the very man whom we had beheld hammering the boy's head on the kerb-stone an hour before. An idea occurred to me at the moment, and I half averted my face from him; though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would recognize me under my forensic wig. He gave his evidence in a positive, defiant sort of way, but very clearly and decisively. He had evidently got his story well by heart, and was determined to stick to it. I rose and made a show of cross-examining him till I saw that he was getting irritated and denying things in a wholesale style. He had been drinking too, I thought, just enough to make him insolent and reckless. So, after a few more unimportant questions, I asked in a casual tone—

'You are married, Mr. Myers?'

'Yes, I am.'

'And you are a kind husband, I suppose?'

'I suppose so; what then?'

'Have any children blessed your union, Mr. Myers?'

'The plaintiff's counsel here called on the judge to interfere. The questions were irrelevant and impertinent to the matter in question.

I pledged my word to the Court that they were neither, but had a very important bearing on the case, and was allowed to proceed. I repeated my question.

'I've a boy and a girl.'

'Pray, how old are they?'

'The boy's twelve, and the girl is nine I b'lieve.'

'Ah! Well, I suppose you are an affectionate father, as well as a kind husband.—You are not in the habit of beating your wife and children, are you?'

'I dont see what business it is of yours. No! I ain't.'

'You don't knock your son about, for example?'

'No! I don't. (He was growing downright savage, especially as the people in the court began to laugh.)

'You don't pummel him with your fist, eh?'

'No! I don't.'

'Or knock his head upon the ground, in this manner?' (and I rapped the table with my knuckles.)

'No!' (indignantly.)

'You never did such a thing?'

'No!'

'You swear to that?'

'Yes!'

All this time I had never given him an opportunity of seeing my face; I now turned towards him and said—

'Look at me, sir. Did you ever see me before?'

He was about to say No again; but all at once he stopped, turned very white, and made no answer.

'That will do,' I said; 'stand down, sir. My lord, I shall prove to you that this witness is not to be believed on his oath.'

I then related what we had seen that morning, and putting my friend, who had been sitting behind me all the while, into the witness-box, he of course confirmed the statement.

The Court immediately decided that the man was unworthy of belief, and the result was a verdict for the defendant, with costs, and a severe reprimand from the judge to Myers, who was very near being committed for perjury. But for the occurrence of the morning, the decision would inevitably have been against us. As I said before, it was in a double sense fortunate for me, for it was the means of my introduction, through Mr. Tritten, to an influential and lucrative connexion.

A REMARKABLE STORY OF GARRICK.

The celebrated English actor, Garrick, made a trip to Paris in 1757, when he was in the height of his talent and fame. He traveled for amusement, a mere tourist, anxious to visit a beautiful country which he might claim as his own. The family of the English actor was of French extraction; they fled from the country upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes. In the mail coach that bore them from London to Dover, Garrick found, for a fellow-traveler, Sir George Lewis, a gentleman he had met several times before in company, and had known for a constant frequenter of Drury Lane Theatre. They took advantage of this casual encounter to improve their acquaintance; each was delighted with the other.—After crossing the channel together they came to Paris in the same vehicle, but when they reached the capital they separated.—The actor went to the house of the friends who were expecting him; and Sir George took up his lodgings in one of those splendidly furnished houses of the Quartier de la Chaussee d'Antin, which then began to be a very fashionable quarter of the town.—The two traveling companions had promised to see a good deal of each other during their stay in Paris, but the very different life each of them led rendered it impossible for them to execute their resolutions. Sir George Lewis was a man between forty-five and fifty years old, with a very singular face, whose irregular and prominent features made his physiognomy most eccentric and expressive. During the whole journey Garrick had admired that countenance, thinking what an effect it would produce on the stage. Despite his age, which should have cooled the ardor of his character, and should have engaged him to abandon the follies of youth, Sir George Lewis lived in the midst of dissipation and pleasure. He had come to Paris to amuse himself by gaily spending a large legacy unexpectedly bequeathed to him.—He was passionately fond of gaming, and the satisfaction of his passion led him into a very mixed company, as, indeed, are all companions where gaming is indulged, since these men are valued by the sum of money they are able or willing to stake on the cards, a test which allows many sharpers to slip in. The actor lived in a very different sort of society, and during the four months of their stay in Paris the two traveling companions scarcely met above two or three times. Just as he was about leaving Paris Garrick called upon Sir George Lewis to bid him good-bye, and inquire if he had any commands for London. To his horror he found that the unhappy gentleman had been assassinated the previous evening. His body had been found that very morning in the forest of Bondy, covered with wounds and bathed in blood. Deeply touched, Garrick exerted himself to ascertain as much as possible the details of the deplorable event. He found that Sir George Lewis had been one of a party of pleasure to visit a chateau in the environs of Bonday, where a large number of sportsmen and gamblers were assembled. He intended to remain there a few days.—The first evening of his visit he won a large sum of money at the gaming-table.

In the afternoon of the second day he received a note from Paris engaging him to a gallant rendezvous, and immediately on receipt of it he bade adieu to the company. They tried to detain him, less out of politeness, perhaps, than a desire of winning back the money he had taken from them, and this desire was so vehement as to carry them to the resolution of dismounting his carriage. But Sir George Lewis was a man of will, and he determined to return to Paris on horseback. He leaped on his horse and galloped away. Further than this Garrick could learn nothing. The police were inclined to believe the catastrophe one of the usual adventures then frequent in the forest of Bondy; but Garrick pointed out to them that Sir George Lewis' pistols were found loaded in their holsters, and that, while his purse had been taken from him, his gold watch, gold snuff-box and diamond ring were untouched, from whence he concluded, firstly, that Sir George Lewis had not been attacked by a banditti, but by some acquaintance, who perfidiously took him off his guard; and secondly, that the personal property lay untouched merely because the robber was afraid of compromising himself. Therefore the assassin was an acquaintance of Sir George Lewis, and moved in the social circle to which the late knight belonged.—The society assembled at the chateau was then secretly scanned by Garrick and the police, and suspicion alighted on an Italian called the Chevalier Gaetan. This Italian was proved to have quitted the chateau shortly after Sir George Lewis, and despite his explanations, he was arrested; but no direct evidence could be brought against him, and the noble proprietor of the chateau, who was naturally anxious that no such cloud as crime should rest on his 'friends,' used every exertion to procure the liberation of the Italian. At this moment Garrick intervened. He begged the police to allow him to make an experiment which he declared was decisive. Garrick, as everybody knows, was famous for his play of feature; he could assume whatever countenance he pleased. Sir George Lewis had had his portrait and 'make up' himself.—The police fetched the Italian from the jail, and took him, well escorted, to Sir George Lewis' rooms. Uneasy and perplexed at this move, (for he had been a visitor at Sir George Lewis' house,) he questioned the police agents what they were going to do with him. No reply was made to his inquiries until they reached the deceased's house, when the Chief of Police said:

'Sir George Lewis is not dead. He accuses you of attempting to assassinate him. I am going to confront you both.'

The Italian trembled, he could scarcely speak, his confidence all forsook him. He was carried into the room where Garrick stood. The great actor represented Sir George Lewis to the life; he had his face, features, expression, gesture, and it was in the very tone of the deceased knight that Garrick exclaimed:

'You wretch! You assassin! Do you deny your crime before me?'

The Italian was thunderstruck, and falling upon his knees confessed his crime and prayed for mercy. He was hung.

KEEP THE CONSCIENCE CLEAR.—Whoever believes that knavery, cruelty, hypocrisy, or any other vice, can, under any circumstances, promote even the temporal happiness of him who practices it, is but a superficial observer and a shallow reasoner. In the world's parlance, men who acquire wealth and influence by unwarrantable means are called prosperous. But what is prosperity in the true and legitimate sense of the word? Webster tells us: 'Advance or gain in anything good.' No man can be deemed truly prosperous whose conscience is ill at ease; and whoever enriches himself at the expense of justice, duty and honor, plunges his soul, even here, into a state of adversity which no indulgence of the senses, no adulation of time-servers and parasites, nothing that money can buy, or power command, will effectually or permanently relieve.

Another strong argument in favor of doing right is, that out of every hundred men who seek wealth by dishonorable roads, ninety-nine come to poverty and shame.—This is a statistical fact, and taken in combination with the other undeniable truth, that the small per centage of aspiring knaves who win their game feel in their souls that it has been dearly won at the sacrifice of inward peace and self-esteem, should long ago have made all the world honest, on selfish principles.

The retrospect review of a disappointed scamp must be melancholy in the extreme. He sees, of course, with terrible distinctness, how each departure from rectitude helped to cloud his life, sink him deeper in misery, and alienate from him the sympathies of the noble and the good. He is conscious of the besotted blindness which led him to put his trust in cunning and chicane, instead of choosing the path of duty and leaving the consequences to Providence, and is compelled to acknowledge to himself that roguery is the twin of folly, and a pure life the best evidence of a sound brain as well as of a Christian spirit.

Be assured, therefore, that it is good worldly policy to keep the conscience clear. It tends to comfort, content, real happiness; nor can this fair earth, and the excellent things with which it abounds, be thoroughly enjoyed by any Crœsus to whose gold cling the curses of the wronged. The closing scenes of a life are, however, the grand test of the wisdom or folly which shaped its course. Sir Walter Scott's dying words tell the whole story: 'Be a good man, Lockhart, nothing else will comfort you when you come to lie here.'

FALSE AND TRUE SMILES.—Thank Heaven! there are a goodly number of people who smile because they can't help it—whose happiness, bubbling up from their heart, runs over in smiles at their lips, or bursts through them in jovial laughter. And there is a difference between the false and the true symbol of joy that enables the keen observer readily to distinguish the one from the other. The natural expression of delight varies with the emotion that gives way to it, but the counterfeit smile is a stereotype, and the tone of a hypocrite's laugh never varies.—The crocodile, if the scaly old hypocrite he is represented to be, should be accredited with smiles as well as tears. False smiles are, in fact, much more common than false tears. It is the easiest thing in the world to work the smile, while only a few gifted individuals have sufficient command of their eyes to weep at will. Few great tragedians, even, have the knack of laying on the waters of affliction *impromptu*; but who ever saw a supernumerary bandit that could not 'smile, and smile, and be a villain,' or a chorus-singer or a ballet girl, that did not look as if she had been newly tickled across the lips with a straw! Of artificial smiles, there are a greater number than we have space to classify. The Countess of Belgravia has her receiving smile, a superb automatic effect. Count Faro, the distinguished foreigner, who is trying London this year because Baden-Baden doesn't agree with him, shuffles the cards with a smile that distracts everybody's attention from his fingers. Miss Magnet, whose heart and lips dissolved partnership in very early life, makes such a Cupid's bow of the latter whenever an 'eligible match' approaches, that fortunes flutter round her like moths round a flame. The Hon. Mr. Verisopht, who wants to get into parliament, cultivates a popular smile. In short, smiling is a regular business accomplishment of thousands of people whose souls have no telegraphic communication with their lips.

IMMORTALITY OF THOUGHT.—One great and kindling thought, from a retired and obscure man, may live when thrones are fallen and the memory of those who filled them is obliterated, and like an undying fire may illuminate and quicken all future generations.

PRINCE OF WALES'S JEWELLERY.

We have engraved several of the pieces of jewellery prepared as presents in connection with the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. One of these is a pin presented by the Prince to his brothers, of which only three were made, and consists of a crystal with a border of diamonds; the initials of the name being formed of rubies, diamonds, and emeralds. The crown is in diamonds.

Another of these trinkets was made as a present for his Royal Highness's groomsmen, and consists of a crystal set with diamonds in a border of pearls and diamonds joined by blue enamel; the initials being of rubies, diamonds and emeralds. This pin was designed by the Prince of Wales himself.

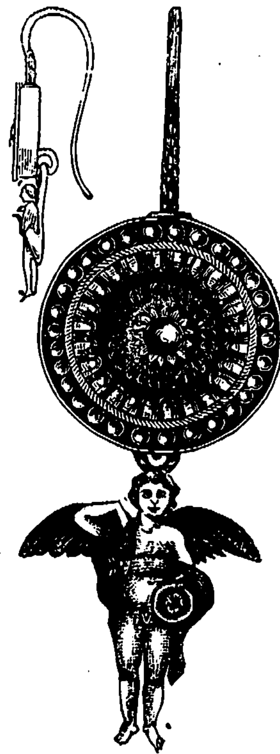
A third pin, intended for the Prince's friends, consists of an amethyst with border of diamonds, the initials being of diamonds incrusted in the amethyst, with the crown of diamonds. This pin was designed by Princess Alice. All these three articles are of pure gold.

The Prince presented a necklace to the Princess, which is a reproduction of one of which a fragment was brought from Thebes by Lord Henry Scott, son of the Duke of Buccleuch; and a great connoisseur of Egyptian antiquities. We give an engraving of this curious article of bijouterie.—The pendants are symbols, in the Egyptian character, of Goodness, and the clasp is a scarabæus. The reproduction is of pure gold.

Another piece of jewellery shown in our engraving is an earring of pure Greek design, the original of which was brought by the Prince from the East. This earring was presented by his Royal Highness to his bride along with the necklace referred to above.

The medal commemoration of the Royal marriage, of which we give an engraving, is a very neat and appropriate memento of the auspicious event, executed under the sanction of her Majesty, to be distributed at Court. These medals are issued in gold, silver and bronze.

OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF THE GOLD MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOR OF THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.—(Designed by Leonard C. Wyon.)



ONE OF THE GOLD EARRINGS MANUFACTURED AFTER AN ANCIENT GREEK MODEL PRESENTED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

The City's Presents to Princess Alexandra.—The City's gift to Princess Alexandra was presented on Monday at Windsor. The deputation from the Corporation appointed to make the presentation travelled to Windsor by special train, and were conveyed in the royal carriages to the castle. After being conducted through the Waterloo Gallery they were brought to the Throne-room, where were the Prince of Wales, Princess Alexandra, and her royal father and mother. The Lord Mayor made the presentation in a neat address, and her Royal Highness, bowing her acknowledgments, received the casket which contained the diamond necklace and appendages.

The necklace is a very superb one, consisting of very beautiful stones, the largest 13½ carats.

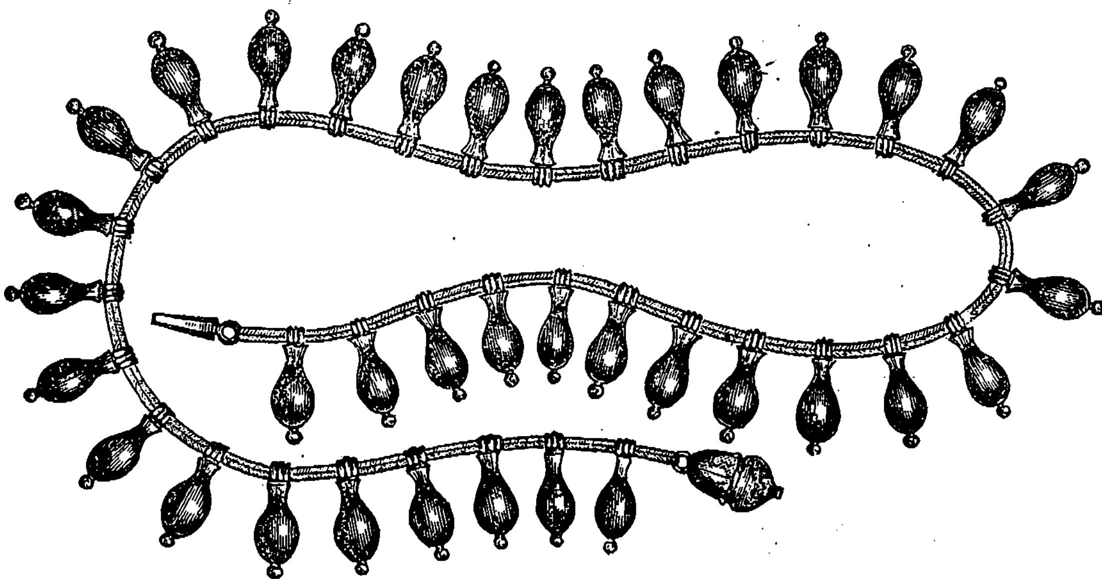
Energy.—Goethe says:—'The longer I live, the more certain I am, that the great difference between men, the great and insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed, and then victory.'

Treading in his Father's Steps.—The Prince of Wales has intimated, through Gen. Knollys, 'his great pleasure in becoming the Vice-Patron of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and in contributing a donation of £30 for the purposes of the Institution.' The Prince of Wales thus occupies in the Institution the place which the late lamented Prince Consort, his father, filled since 1850, with so much advantage to the cause of humanity. At that period the Society possessed twelve lifeboats, and its annual expenditure was about £800. The institution has now a fleet of 123 lifeboats, and its expenditure is £15,000 a year. Its boats save every year on an average three hundred lives from shipwrecks on various parts of our coast. It is worth recording that the lifeboat of the Society at Padstow, on the Cornish coast, was, with the special permission of the late Prince Consort, named, two or three years ago, 'The Prince of Wales.' On the day that the Prince attained his majority, on the 9th Nov. last, that lifeboat was providentially the means of saving a shipwrecked crew from a watery grave: a coincidence with which H. R. H., as Duke of Cornwall, was much pleased to be acquainted.

I Say Amen.—The following remarks allude to a recent state ball at Paris:

'To the Queen and the late Prince Consort we owe a heavy debt of gratitude for that never-failing constitutional spirit in which they performed their public duties; but even more, perhaps, we owe to them for the blameless way in which they ruled the daily tenor of their private life. All we ask and hope of the Prince and Princess is that they, in their turn, should hand down to later generations the same bright and wholesome example. When the Princess comes to be the foremost lady of the English Court, may she, like our Queen, keep her assemblies undisgraced by golden sandals and bare feet, by fancy dresses made convenient for the display of much that native modesty should veil, and by the spirit of female levity, of which such devices are the outward and visible sign! If she will do this excellent service for us and our children, her throne will be set in the warm heart of the British race, and neither time nor chance shall prevail against it. Her hopes and fears, her joys and sorrows, her subjects will, as far as may be, love to share; her least desires they will seek to anticipate; and her wrongs (*quod absit omen*) they will be quick and stern to resent, making her quarrel all their own. Let her but fulfil the promise of her young, honest, innocent face, and they shall never cease to bless the auspicious day when first they greeted her as a daughter of England.—London paper.

A sensible man will be remembered long after the buffoon who sets the table in a roar is forgotten.



GOLD NECKLACE, MANUFACTURED AFTER AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MODEL, PRESENTED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

MARRIAGE AND BETROTHAL RINGS.

The use of finger-rings is of remote date. We find them amongst the relics of the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and other ancient nations. Rings are frequently referred to in the pages of Scripture, and probably in the first instance they were considered badges of authority; or, in consequence of having engraved upon them some peculiar emblem, which could either be known by others, or give an impress which would be a warrant to State orders or private agreements, the ring became an object of regard, and eventually came to be connected with our own most binding engagements. Much interesting matter might be given respecting both marriage and other rings; but at present we will but note that it was anciently very customary among the people to break a piece of gold or silver in token of verbal contracts of marriage and promises of love, one half to be kept by the woman and the other half by the man. Other presents were also made on those occasions, as is shown by the following passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of 'Cupid's Revenge':—

> Given earrings we will wear
> Bracelets of our lover's hair,
> Which they on our arms shall twist,
> (With their names carved) on our wrist.

It appears, also, to have been a custom for those who were betrothed to wear some flower as an external and conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement. A joint or gimmel ring appears to have been anciently a common token among betrothed lovers.—These, as we gather from the following passage in Dryden's play of 'Don Sebastian,' were by no means confined to the lower orders of society. The quotation also well describes the construction of those rings:

> A curious artist wrought 'em,
> With joynts so close as not to be perceived;
> Yet are they both each other's counterpart.
> (Her part had *Juan* inscribed, and his had *Haydee*,
> You know these names were theirs;) and in the midst
> A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
> Now, if the rivets of those rings inclos'd
> Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye;
> But, if they join, you must forever part.

It appears from other parts of this play that one of these rings was worn by Sebastian's father, the other by Almeyda's mother, as pledges of love. Sebastian took his off, which had been put on the finger of his dying father. Almeyda does the same with hers, which had been given her by her mother at parting, and Alvarez unscrews both rings, and fits the halves of each into those of the other.

In Shakspeare's play of 'Twelfth Night' the priest describes a betrothal as

> A contract of eternal Bond of Love,
> Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,
> And all the ceremony of this compact,
> Sealed in my function by my testimony.

We have engraved a variety of ancient and curious rings to afford our readers an opportunity of seeing the nature and fashion of these ornaments in earlier times; and may add a few particulars concerning rings which are known to have belonged to persons famous in history.

A contemporary authority says that on the occasion of the public marriage of Queen Mary of Scotland with Lord Darnley, who had at that time been created Duke of Albany, Mary wore three wedding-rings. One of these was a diamond ring, but there seems to be no account taken of the others. This interesting relic has now been added to the valuable collection of national antiquities in the British Museum. The ring is of gold, massive in form, and weighs 212 gr. The hoop has been charged with foliage and flowers, now much worn, and but little trace of the enamel now remains.

When this object was exhibited some years ago to the Society of Antiquaries, Sir Henry Ellis and many others were of opinion that this was certainly a marriage ring of the unfortunate Queen. On the impress are the royal arms of Scotland, supported by two unicorns with banners; above are the letters 'M.R.' and a motto. Inside the ring is a monogram which has been generally supposed to be 'M. A.' (Mary & Albany;) there has, however, been doubt thrown on this reading of the monogram. This ring, which is of fine gold, was found at Fotheringay Castle, in Scotland, and was for some time in the possession of Colonel Grant.

Poetry.

THE WORKER AND THE DREAMER

Fling away thy idle fancies,
They but weaken heart and brain—
Break the pleasant dreamy fetters
Of romance's shining chain.
Come out from the misty kingdom—
Thou hast lingered there too long.
Come out girdled as for battle,
Armour true, and spirit strong.

Sit no longer by the waters—
Hearkening to their murmurs sweet—
Up! while yet the morning shineth—
Then go forth with earnest feet!
Cast away thy idle dreamings;
Work with ardour, willing, brave.
For, oh dreamer! life is action;
And to act—a duty brave.

Steep and rugged is thy mountain,
Yet the faithful toilers say,
When they gain its hallow'd summit,
'Blessed was our weary way.'
So to thee, when thou hast battled
Bravely, nobly, for the right—
Will thy labor, though a burden,
Seem, with sweet content, but light.

Truth and Error wage a warfare,
Constant in this world of ours;
We have need of champions fearless—
Come from dreamland's rosy bowers!
Cast away thy idle fancies;
They will cumber thee in life,
Be henceforth a warrior mighty—
Earnest in a glorious strife!

Gleanings.

MATERIALS INVISIBLE.

'If a piece of silver be put into nitric acid, a clear and colorless liquid, it is rapidly dissolved, and vanishes from the sight. The solution of silver may be mixed with water, and to appearance no effect whatever is produced; thus, in a pail of water we dissolve and render invisible more than £10 worth of silver, not a particle of which can be seen. Not only silver, lead, and iron, but every other metal can be treated in the same way with similar results. When charcoal is burned, when candles are burned, when paper is burned, these substances all disappear and become invisible. In fact, every material which is visible, can, by certain treatment, be rendered invisible. Matter which in one condition is perfectly opaque, and will not admit the least ray of light to pass through it, will in another form become quite transparent. The cause of this wonderful effect of the condition of matter is utterly inexplicable. Philosophers do not even broach theories upon the subject, much less do they endeavor to explain it. The substances dissolved in water or buried in the air are not, however, destroyed or lost; by certain well known means they can be recovered, and again be rendered visible; some in exactly the same state as they were before their invisibility; others, though not in the same state, can be shown in their elementary condition; and thus it can be proved that matter having once existed never ceases to exist, although it can change its condition like the caterpillar, which becomes a crysalis, and then a gorgeous butterfly. If a pailful of the solution of the silver be cast into the stream, it is apparently lost by its dispersion in the water; but it nevertheless continues to exist. So when a bushel of charcoal is burned in a stove, it disappears in consequence of the gas produced being mixed with the vast atmosphere; but yet the charcoal is still in the air. On the brightest and sunniest day, when every object can be distinctly seen above the horizon, hundreds of tons of charcoal in an invisible condition pervade the air. Glass is a beautiful illustration of the transparency of a compound, which in truth is nothing but a mixture of the rust of three metals. The power of matter to change its conditions from solid opacity to limpid transparency causes some rather puzzling phenomena. Substances increase in weight without any apparent cause; for instance, a plant goes on increasing in weight a hundred fold for every atom that is missing from the earth in which it is growing. Now the simple explanation of this is, that the leaves of the plants have the power of withdrawing the invisible charcoal from the atmosphere, and restoring it to its visible state in some shape or other. The lungs of animals and a smokeless furnace change matter from its visible to it invisible state. The gills of fishes and the leaves of plants reverse this operation, rendering invisible or gaseous matter visible. Thus the balance in nature is maintained, although the continual change has been going on long prior to the creation of the "extinct animals."'

A LOAF OF BREAD.

The following, from a chapter upon chemistry, exhibits Mr. Dawes' method of serving up a loaf of bread:—

The teacher would go on to explain that the different substances of which it is composed are—the flour of wheat, water, barm, salt; that these things are not simple, but each made up of many elementary substances into which they can be separated.

Flour contains gluten, starch, &c., which form the nutritive part of it as food.

Water can be decomposed into its elements, oxygen and hydrogen—two gases, which can be again reunited to form water.

Salt, a gas, not colorless like the other gases, but yellow, which cannot be breathed, and a metal, sodium.

Barm, a froth which rises to the top of beer during fermentation. That if the smallest crumb of bread be taken, so small as to be only just visible, it will contain something of all these different elements; and if they divide this again into a thousand pieces, so as not to be visible even to the naked eye, each of these would contain something of all the different elements of the loaf.

Again, when the loaf is cut we see a number of cells of various sizes—how came these there? The barm causes a vinous fermentation to take place in the dough, by which an air, heavier than common air, and called carbonic acid gas, is formed; this, as the dough warms, expands, tries to escape, but the dough, by its tenacity, retains it, and in this way these cells are formed.

Then again, the number of people it has given employment to before it became bread; from the ploughboy up to the farmer—from sowing up to threshing—from the farmer who takes it to the market—the corn-dealer, the miller, the baker.

How beautiful this provision of the Almighty for man's happiness, in making necessary that employment of mind and body which is required for his sustenance, and without which he could not live! what an interest this gives to life! 'If a man will not work neither shall he eat,' does more for man's happiness than the thoughtless are aware of; and the laborer who has to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is, in many instances a much more happy man than he who, from want of employment, whatever his condition in life may be, spends his time in listless indolence or in frivolous amusement.

The Red Man and the Black Man.—When America was first discovered it was found inhabited, everywhere, by the heathen red man. At St. Salvador, Jamestown, and Plymouth Rock he presented himself. He was then sole owner and occupier of the continent. In process of time the white man brought another heathen race—the black man of Africa—whom he enslaved and compelled to labor and perform his drudgery. Nearly two centuries have elapsed since these two heathen races were thus brought face to face upon the Western world. At that time the red man spread over the entire continent. The black man numbered but about two thousand souls. The red man, tall, erect, quick, and alert—was treated by the whites as worthy to be a freeman; the black man—slow, sluggish, indifferent, and awkward—as only worthy to be a slave. Contrast these two races now. The red man, free in name, and with many proffered advantages for improvement, a savage and a heathen still, has been driven step by step from his hunting grounds and the graves of his fathers, until his numbers have dwindled down to less than three hundred thousand souls. The black man, on the contrary, though in slavery, has wonderfully improved in knowledge, christianity, and civilization, and now numbers four million souls. The free red man has done nothing for the development of the country and the wants of man. The slave black man has almost subdued a continent, and made two-thirds of the globe pay tribute to his labor. Such is the result and the difference of the dealings of the white man with these two heathen races. Will some of the philanthropists explain this remarkable phenomenon, and tell us why it is that the heathen black man, through the ordeal of slavery, has so wonderfully increased in numbers and condition, while the heathen red man, unfettered by slavery, and with apparently greater capacity and advantages, has dwindled down comparatively to so few in number, with no improvement in condition, except where in contact with slavery, and seems destined soon to vanish and perish from the earth?

Aim at least at the perfection of everything that is worth doing at all, and you will come nearer it than you imagine; but those almost always crawl infinitely short of it, whose aim is only mediocrity.

Human Occupations.—Why is it that so many in all professions, occupations and trades, are dissatisfied men? They seem to be moving in a sphere of life for which they are neither fitted by education nor taste. The answer to this question is the most important view of the theme. It is because the profession, trade or occupation is forced upon the child before his mind has acquired the power of judging; before his tastes are developed, and his genius or aptitude to any one pursuit is evinced. Many men study law who had better have been farmers or mechanics, and many mechanics had better been lawyers. The parent, instead of studying the disposition of the child, gives him such a chance as agrees with his own taste, rather than the child's, and perhaps by this course unfits him for all hope of usefulness. There is, undoubtedly, such a thing as natural taste; a taste not innate, but resulting from organization, or early insensible education. The eye of the painter, the musician, the love of mathematics belonging to sedentary men, and the phlegmatic temperament, all prove this. If, then, this natural taste should be consulted. instead of pursuing the arbitrary course now so common, we might hope for better work in all the occupations of life. Beside, a man's moral character often depends upon the interest he feels in his occupation. When they dislike it they take every occasion to rid themselves of it for the time, and contract habits of idleness, which invariably leads to poverty—and poverty, in nine cases out of ten, leads to vice.

The Scotch Celt.—Dr. Norman Macleod, writes as follows: 'One other class sometimes found in society, we would especially beseech to depart; we mean Highlanders ashamed of their country. Cockneys are bad enough, but they are sincere and honest in their idolatry of the great Babylon. Young Oxonians or young barristers, even when they become slashing London critics, are more harmless than they themselves imagine, and, after all, inspire less awe than Ben Nevis, or than the celebrated agriculturist who proposed to decompose that mountain with acids, and to scatter the *debris* as a fertiliser over the Lochaber moss. But a Highlander born, who has been nurtured on oatmeal porridge and oatmeal cakes: who in his youth, wore homespun cloth and was innocent of shoes and stockings; who blushed in his attempts to speak the English language: who never saw a nobler building for years than the little kirk in the glen, and who owes all that makes him tolerable in society to the Celtic blood which flows in spite of him through his veins;—for this man to be proud of his English accent, to sneer at the everlasting hills, the old kirk and its simple worship, and to despise the race which has never disgraced him—faugh! Peatfeek is frankincense in comparison with him; let him not be distracted by any of our reminiscences of the old country; leave us, we beseech thee!'

Want of Punctuality.—It is astonishing how many people there are who neglect punctuality. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but it is the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes the victim of it, gets involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time; it saps the business and reputation of the lawyer, and it injures the prospects of the mechanic. In a word, there is not a profession, nor a station in life, which is not liable to the canker of the destructive habit. Many and many a time has the failure of one man to meet his obligations brought on the ruin of a score of others. Thousands remain poor all their lives, who, if they were more faithful in their word, would secure a large run of custom, and so make their fortunes. Be punctual if you would succeed.

Queen Victoria has prepared the following inscription for a memorial of Prince Albert, which has just been erected at the Bath United Hospital, in England: 'His life sprung from inner sympathy with God's will, and, therefore, with all that was true, beautiful, and right.'

Advice to Book Readers.—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton gives this advice to book readers:—'In science, read by preference the newest books; in literature the oldest. The classic literature is always modern. New books revive and redecorate old ideas; old books suggest and invigorate new ones.'

There is always a right and a wrong; and if ever you doubt, be sure you take not the wrong. Observe this rule, and every experience will be to you a means of advancement.

Summary of News.

CANADIAN.

We regret to learn of the death by apoplexy of the Hon. Hollis Smith, M. L. C. for Wellington Division, L. C. He expired suddenly at Sherbrook, on the 29th ult.

An infant son of Mr. G. Scott, of Haldimand, was scalded to death on Tuesday last by the accidental upsetting of a kettle of scalding water.

The Chairman of the Oswego delegation, appointed to confer with the Canadian authorities on the expediency of enlarging the Welland Canal, and to ask for a reduction of tolls the coming season, equal to the probable premium on gold, reports that he has returned with the full expectation and belief that there will be a favorable response to the petition.

A dead body was found in Burlington Bay, near the Great Western wharf, Hamilton, on Saturday morning last. It has been identified as that of a man named Geo. Anderson, of Brantford, who disappeared some four or five months ago.

The Evening Accommodation Train on the B. & L. H. Railway had a narrow escape from serious accident at the Paris Bridge on the 2d inst. As the train neared the bridge the cars were by some means thrown off the track, and the whole train passed over the bridge in that condition, cutting through the floor of the bridge and the sleepers, but strange to say, not falling through. The engine and tender kept on the track. Five or six of the freight cars were badly smashed; the passenger car was little, if any, injured, and only one person received the slightest hurt. The bridge is eighty-two feet above the water.

A man in Arthabaska has been sentenced to be hung on the 15th of May for the murder of his wife by administering poison.—Her body was exhumed to obtain the proof of guilt.

The Chatham North Saw Mills of E. S. Williams, Esq., were totally destroyed by fire on Thursday last. Loss, $10,000.

AMERICAN.

The war news is very meagre, if we except the reported capture of Charleston. Stirring news is expected from each of the main divisions of the army in the course of a few days.

Arrest of a Confederate Consul.—On Saturday last, General George W. Williamson, of the Confederate army, supposed to have been acting the part of a Southern Consul, at Quebec, was arrested in New York. A Mrs. Alwood, who accompanied him, was also put under arrest. Several letters are said to have been found in their possession which implicate parties in the North.

Connecticut Election.—By one of those extraordinary changes of public opinion which occur so frequently among our neighbors, the Republican party is once more in the ascendant. Connecticut has been the most Democratic of all the New England States, and the opponents of Mr. Lincoln's administration counted confidently on winning it. The Democrats thought Connecticut would be an easy conquest, but the tide has turned, and the Republicans elect more members of Congress from that State than they had before. Their recent victory in Rhode Island was a great triumph, but this of Connecticut is still more important.

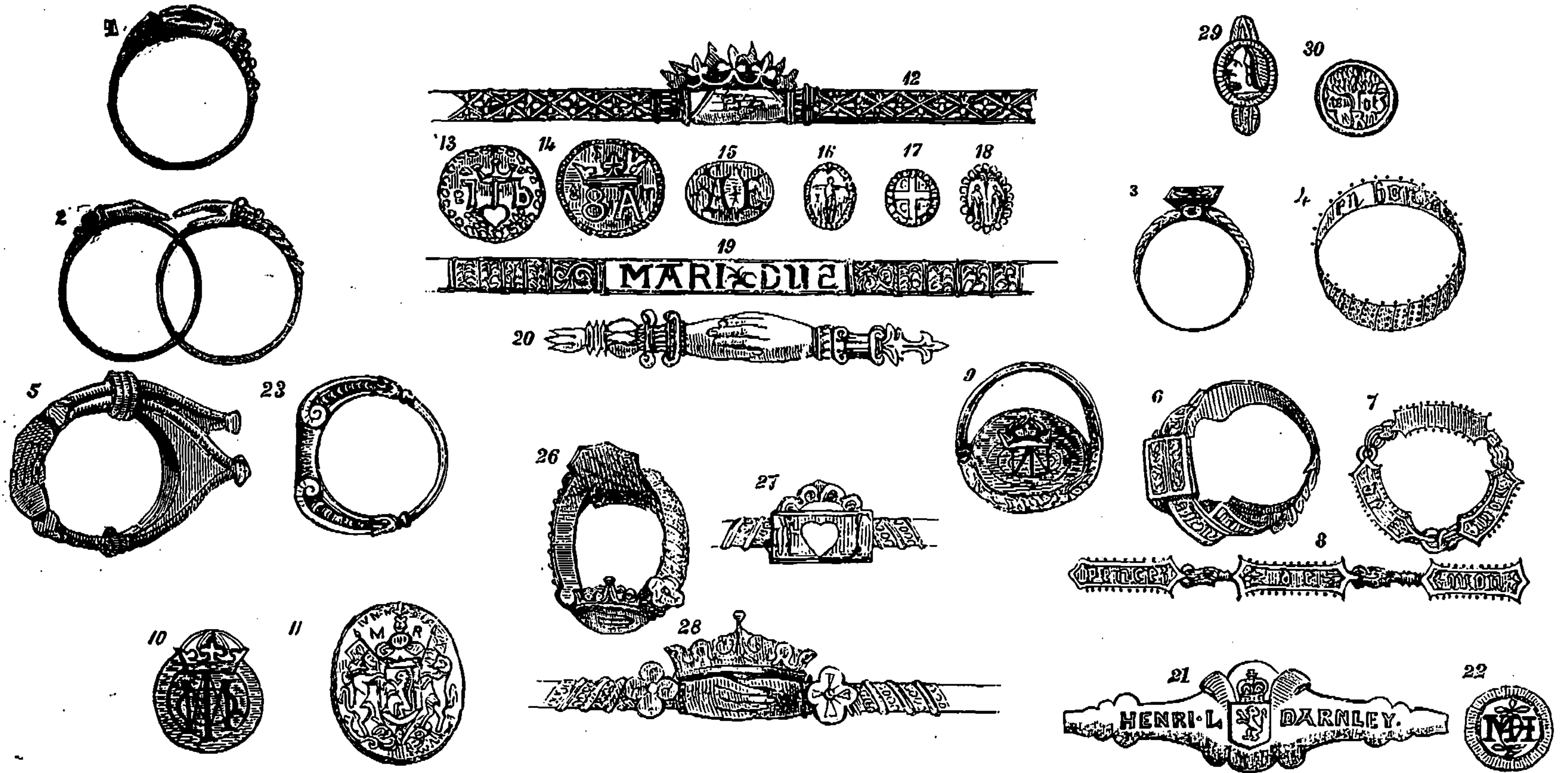
The New York Tribune says our relations with Great Britain are considered, by those who are conversant with them, extremely delicate. The correspondence between Earl Russell and Minister Adams, with relation to the fitting out and sailing of the pirate Alabama, contained in the English blue book but not yet published in this country, and a correspondence still going on touching the construction and equipment in British waters of other piratical craft, are conducted in a tone which is unfriendly, if not menacing, and provocative of war. Earl Russell pleads himself within the strict letter of the statute applicable to the case, refers our Government to that statute, and in effect refuses to take steps to remedy the grievances complained of.

EUROPEAN.

London, March 23.—The Polish hero and liberator, Langiewicz, has been conveyed to the fortress of Cracow.

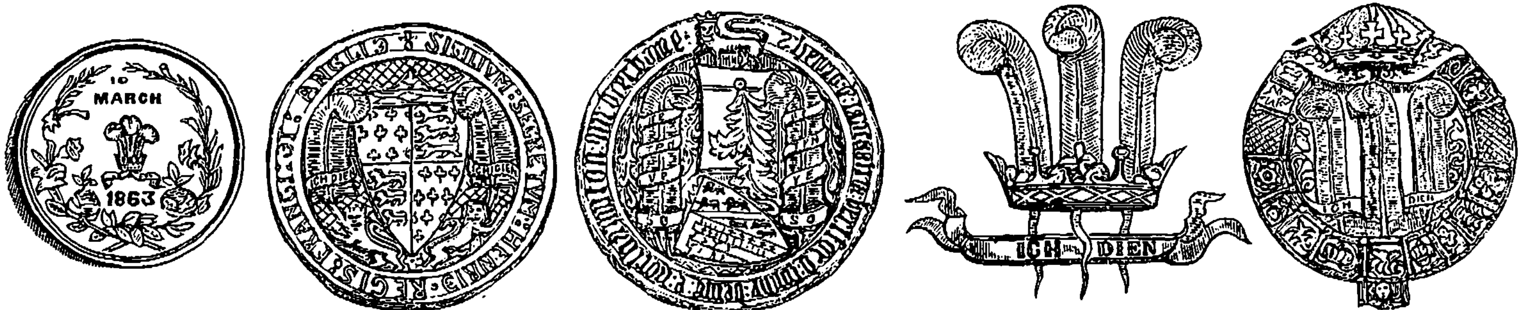
The latest dispatches from Poland indicate continued Russian successes.

Paris, March 21.—A telegram received here from Posen states that a strong Russian column had entered that Duchy, and was marching by way of Pleshen, New Stadt and Vieschen to re-enter Poland.



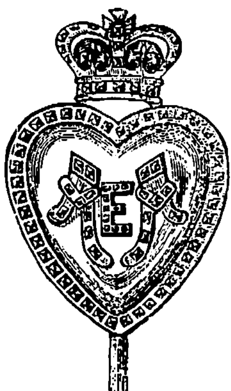
WEDDING AND BETROTHAL RINGS.

1, 2. A Gimmel Ring. 1. The Ring closed. 2. The Ring unfastened. 3. Betrothal Ring, with the device of a 'true-love knot' on the seal. 4. Wedding, or Betrothal Ring, with the inscription. 5. Curious double Ring, in the British Museum. 6. Gold Wedding Ring, in the British Museum. 7, 8. Betrothal Ring, in the British Museum. 8. Inscription on the ring. 9, 10, 11. Gold Ring, now in the British Museum, said to have been the Marriage Ring of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley. 9. Under side of the Ring. 10. Monogram in detail. 11. The Royal Arms of Scotland on the impress of the seal. 12. Wedding Ring, in the centre of which are closed hands, surmounted by a cluster of fleur-de-lis. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Devices on Wedding and Betrothal Rings. 19. Inscribed Wedding Ring. 20. Details of Gimmel Ring, showing the central part when clasped. 21, 22, 23. Betrothal Ring of Mary, Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley. 21. Inscription and device on the under side of the ring. 22. Monogram on the impress of the seal. 23. Side view of the ring. 26, 27, 28. Wedding Ring in the British Museum Collection. 27. Ornament at back of the ring. 28. Ornament in front of the ring. 29. Gold Italian Betrothal Ring of the fifteenth century. 30. Gold Signet with the rebus of the Wylmot Family. At the foot of the tree there is the letter 'R.' On one side are the letters 'WY,' and on the other the letters 'OT.' Supposing the tree to be an elm, the name would read Wy—elm—ot, or Wylmot. The ring is supposed to be of fourteenth century workmanship.

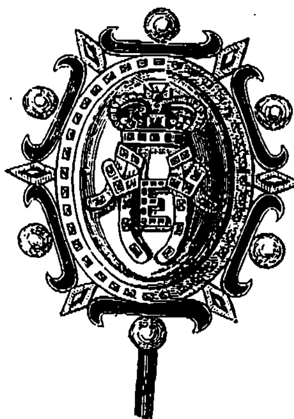


Obverse side of Medal designed by Wyon. | The Feathers, as shown on the Private Seal of Henry IV. (from the 'Archæologia'). | The Feathers, as shown on the Seal of Henry V. when King (from the 'Archæologia.') | Prince of Wales's Feathers, as worn by Edward VI. | Prince of Wales's Feathers, as worn by Henry VII.

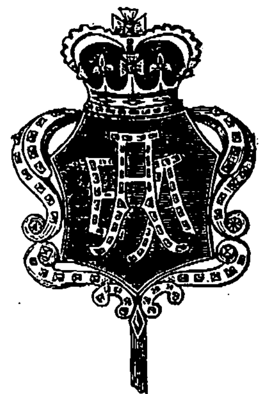
ARMS AND DEVICES OF PRINCES OF WALES.



Enlarged representation of one of the Diamond Pins presented by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to his brothers on the occasion of his marriage.



Enlarged view of one of the Diamond Pins presented by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to his groomsmen.



Enlarged view of one of the Pins presented by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to his private friends.

PRINCE OF WALES'S JEWELLERY.—(See page 256.)

BIRTHPLACE OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, COPENHAGEN.

CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Having before us the 'Proceedings and Debates of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, held at Edinburgh, May 1862,' we see reports of the speeches of three ministers of the Canada Presbyterian Church, Messrs. Laing of Cobourg, McLaren of Belleville, and Ormiston of Hamilton. A few brief extracts are here presented. Mr. Laing gave a geographical account and retrospective summary of what Presbyterian missionaries had done in the vast territories North-west of Canada, the Red River and British Columbian settlements. Mr. McLaren related what their church was and is in Canada. He said:

The Canada Presbyterian Church is scarcely a year old, having been formed by a union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches. At the Canadian disruption of 1844, (following the disruption of the established Church of Scotland, which occurred in 1843,) twenty-two ministers came out of the establishment, and in seventeen years these had multiplied into a hundred and fifty-eight, the ministers having more than doubled during the last nine years, and the membership having kept pace with that increase. The United Presbyterian Church had also a short history—some of the pioneers of the mission who had gone to Canada thirty years ago being still alive. At the time of the union, in 1862, it consisted of nearly seventy ministers and a considerable number of probationers. Abortive negotiations for union, entered upon shortly after the disruption of 1844, were resumed in 1854 under more encouraging auspices, and conducted with caution, prayerfulness, and mutual candour. One in doctrine, worship, discipline and government—the only difficulty was the duty of the civil magistrate in religion; but after full conference it was found that all which was necessary, in order to a satisfactory union, was substantially that the principles acted upon in both bodies should be embodied in words, and made the basis of future united action. The two churches were as one in leaving opinions in reference to the endowment of the Church by the State an open question, and in repudiating from their creed all intolerant and persecuting principles in religion.

In June, 1861, both bodies met in Montreal in the largest protestant building in British North America, kindly lent by the brethren of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and consummated the union in presence of a vast multitude of deeply interested spectators. The united body had now, May, 1862, nearly two hundred and forty ministers; and employed, as probationers, laborers in the mission field, including divinity students, during the summer, about two hundred and ninety agents.

This is a mere outline of the statistical portion of Mr. McLaren's address. We have room for only a few fragments of Dr. Ormiston's speech to the Edinburgh Assembly. He came third in order, and said:

After the ample and instructive addresses of his two brethren who had preceded him, he thought and felt that the Assembly would agree with him in thinking it a work of superorogation for him to detain them with any further tidings of a country and a church which had already occupied a somewhat disproportionate share of their time and attention. Yet as an infant son of this youthful Canadian church—her name the very last recorded in the family record of the sisterhood of churches—he came with lisping accents to crave, nay to claim for his child mother their christian sympathies and sisterly regards.

At an advanced period of his long and eloquent address, he said: I feel that I can appear before this Assembly with a great deal more self-respect when I come as a minister of the Canada Presbyterian Church, than if I came as a missionary of either the United Presbyterian Church, or of the Free Church of Scotland in Canada. We have not only a land of our own, but a church of our own too—a church bearing the transcript of all her honored mothers perfections, without many, if any, of her wrinkles. * * *

Our Union enables us to economise both men and means in Canada, and that is a great advantage; for we are practical men, necessarily economical and practical men out yonder. We economise all the active energies of the Church, which before were not unfrequently distracted and dissipated by divided counsels and multiplied agencies.—As an illustration, conceive to yourselves, in some new, sparsely settled locality, each of the three Presbyterian Churches, endeavoring to uphold a feeble, flickering cause, mutually jealous of each other, the adherents of each saying, 'there's nae minister like oor ain minister'—the others not having the proper *twang*, thump, or nod, or other orthodox peculiarity—all displaying quite as much jealous rivalry as could be called Christian competition. As a proof of this, I might adduce the influence of previous habits and associations on our Church architecture, which is frequently marred, I might say murdered by slavish imitations of certain old, cramped, cantankerous, purgatorial Churches in Scotland.

* * * In thus economising the labor, properly expending the liberalities, and in concentrating and directing the efforts of the Church—we are the better able, undistracted by differences, and not weakened by multiplied agencies to go forth to the accomplishment of the work given us by the Head of the Church to achieve the work of service required at our hands.

About one-fourth of the population of Canada may be said to be under our care and influence, and that is saying much; when, as you have heard, there are men there of every creed, and I will add, of no creed at all. I believe the Church of which I am a minister is destined to exert a mighty moulding influence upon the forming institutions of that new country. The members of our Church are wielding a large share of the political, literary and moral power in the colony; and I can say without any disparagement to other respected sections of the Christian Church, that, if faithfully worked and adapted to the exigencies of the people, the Presbyterian Church will exert a controling influence over the intellectual, moral, and religious character of the Province.—The class of Scotch emigrants who have settled there, if not the aged, pious, contented, or wealthy of your land, neither are they by any means the lowest or least instructed among you, most of them being young, vigorous, ambitious, energetic, determined men—men who can and who do think for themselves, and who require good mental pabulum; hence the necessity of sending out as their pastors ministers who can feed and satisfy them. Men who can do that were always welcome and will be welcome still.

We do not want those who require to be prayed with and entreated to come, and to be bolstered up after they do come—men who love their own land too well to leave it behind, and who, wherever they go, carry it with them; nor timid men who are ever seeing lions in the way, and there are scores of them yonder. But they whom the Church wishes to see in her midst are men with the grace of God in their souls, the love of souls in their heart, their lives in their hand, and whose tongues can speak at both ends 'aye ready'—men whose energies are exhaustless and whose minds are unwearied—a band of men of the type of the Moderator (Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh, was in the Chair;) clear-headed, large-hearted, heroic men will be gladly welcomed, and will accomplish an inconceivable amount of good. But there is a class of men who are not really needed—I mean those who cannot get on at home; and I will just state, but will speak it in a whisper lest it hurt any one, that if probationers have been long upon the list they had better not come at all, because the Canadians smell them from afar and suspect the fact without being told.—What we want are real and true men, men of zeal and prudence and pulpit power; and if such men come their Canadian brethren will not only welcome them, as had been said to their harvests, but to their hearts, homes and pulpits, and will share with them their last loaf. * * * * * * * *

There are many memorials of Scotland in Canada, and when our children ask us what mean ye by these? Will they not be earnestly and lovingly told. Looking back gratefully upon the past, deeply conscious of the responsibilities of the present, and casting a hopeful, believing eye towards the future, with a loving heart and free, I go back to yon wide, fair land, where we have a truly free church in a free land, where a man is placed in circumstances the most favorable of becoming the noblest thing beneath the sun—a man—in every sense a man. There, the children of the poor, equally with those of the wealthy, share in the advantages not only of good common schools, but of a liberal education; and if nobly endowed, as many of them are, since God knows no class in the distributions of His gifts of mind, a laborer's son may leave the University adorned with its highest honors, all as a portion of his inheritance from his country, for a good education is the Canadian's birthright. * * May God abundantly bless the Free Church of Scotland; and may his holiest benedictions ever rest on Scotland, 'my own, my native land!' Whose name we will ever regard as a synonym of lofty patriotism, high morals, and universal intelligence—of pious homes, a hallowed Sabbath, and a pure Gospel.

NOTE.—This is flavored with the blossom of the heather; but the Englishman, the Irishman, and the sons and daughters of blue-eyed Germany may each take up the chorus of exultation. The love, and praise and veneration for native land, are healthful sentiments to cultivate in Canada. The Scotchman who has lived much in other lands, among other shades of religion, of society and of patriotism, may lose some of his speciality. But even he claims this for Scotland, that the sanctified charter of the working man—the day of rest, has been there more faithfully guarded from aggression, than in any other country of Europe.

OCCASIONAL NOTES, No. III.

Death of Mr. Stewart Derbishire, the Queen's printer; Mr. Derbishire as a newspaper correspondent in Spain; the writer of these Notes in Spain as a soldier in active service, what he knew of Mr. Derbishire there; the constitutional war in Spain; Military organization indispensable to the safety of Canada.

The death at Quebec of Mr. Stewart Derbishire, who with Mr. Desbarats held the patent of Queen's printer, has led to the publication of notices of that much respected gentleman. Some of the notices refer to the time when Mr. Derbishire was military correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle in Spain, previous to his arrival in Canada as a reporter attached to the Imperial Commission of which the Earl of Durham was the head. I knew Mr. Derbishire in Spain as correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle. He was one who spared no exertion to see what the operations were which he described. He acquired the reputation of an army reporter who did not write of that which he did not see, a reputation which none other acquired in Spain; and, so far as circumstantial evidence serves which no other has deserved anywhere else. It is a formidable task for newspaper reporters to see battles and feel sure that they will live to tell the tale; and it is so easy to describe the thing without seeing it, or even smelling the villainous sulphur, that they all, Mr. Russell not excepted, have preferred to hang on the outskirts a few miles behind. If the English correspondents with the American army in 1861-62, had risked themselves as Mr. Stewart Derbishire did in Spain in 1835 to 1838, they might not have lived to write fun and detraction in diaries after the events, but they would have been more truthful and less grotesque. They would have given less offence to the Americans at the cost of truth and at the risk of the peace of two nations, had they gone into the thick strife and surveyed the fortunes of battle. A Quebec biographer of Mr. Derbishire writes thus:

'During the Spanish Constitutional war Mr. Derbishire was commissioned by a London journal to proceed to the seat of war as special correspondent at the head-quarters of of the Constitutional army. There he not only acquired a reputation as a writer, but was also noted for his personal bravery. He volunteered at the assault on Irun, for which he received a medal, as well as a very handsome letter from Sir De Lacy Evans. Mr. Derbishire's conduct also earned the high approbation of Narvaez, under whose eye he served in the campaigns of Castile, Valladolid and Segovia, and whose orders he carried in the decisive action which terminated in the defeat of the celebrated Gomez, and virtually placed the crown of Spain on the head of Isabella the Catholic.'

The writer means 'Isabella Secunda,' the present and second Queen of that name. Isabella the Catholic has been dead three hundred years. He must be in error also about the medal. There were no medals awarded for the assault and capture of Irun, but possibly, the cross of Isabella Secunda is meant which was given only to select persons. I give an outline of active service in Spain, as occasionally it may fall in my way to write of the present military defences of Canada.

When the British government decided early in 1835, to interfere in the civil war which ensued on the death of King Ferdinand IV, in 1833, a loudly expressed opinion resounded through Britain demanding an active military intervention in favour of constitutional liberty, as the cause of the young Queen Isabella II. was called; and against the cause of despotism and the Holy Alliance, as that of Isabella's uncle Don Carlos, was called. The British foreign enlistment act was suspended for two years, the suspension afterwards extended to three years, to allow British subjects to take military service under the Queen of Spain.

I had been in the British army for a short time in 1831 and 1832, and desiring to see real service in the field and believing in the cry for constitutional liberty, joined the expedition to Spain. We left our homes applauded by political liberalism and landed in that country in July and August, 1835, about fifteen thousand in all, exclusive of a squadron of the Royal Navy, some Royal Artillery from Woolwich, and Marine Artillery from Plymouth. During the ensuing autumn, winter and spring that force, called the British Auxiliary Legion, was organized, drilled and inured to the fatigue of long marches, to hardship in every form; was sifted and sorted by disease, temporary famine and death, until a highly efficient field force, united with about an equal number of Queen's Spaniards, occupied positions in front of the enemy, in May 1836.

Previous to that month no battle had been fought, though skirmishes occurred which some persons who, tired of the preparatory course of organization in the field, and who retired early from the service, called battles. Major Richardson, whose name is mentioned in Mr. Morgans 'Canadian celebrities,' and who seems to have had a higher military renown in Canada than he had where he served, published a work called 'Movements of the British Legion in Spain.' Major Richardson criticised as movements of strategy and active warfare those field exercises on the mountains which were not more, nor intended to be more than exercises of army organization. By the beginning of May, 1836, the British Legion was an army before the enemy, small in number but highly efficient, almost perfect in discipline.

I assert that an efficient, self-reliant force, cannot be brought to a state of perfect discipline in less time than the eight or nine months employed for that purpose by General Sir De Lacy Evans, who then commanded in Spain: and farther, that all troops, no matter how well drilled in barrack yards, require to improve and extend their military education as brigades and army corps in the field before they approach to a perfect or even reliable organization. An opinion founded on that Spanish experience, and confirmed by what was seen in the earlier campaigns of the American war in 1861-62, leads me to express an anxious solicitude that the Volunteer Militia of Canada should be organized in battalions and brigades, and largely augmented beyond its present nominal strength as seen on paper.

We attacked, on the 5th of May, 1836, an army of mountaineers on a three-fold range of fortified hills; stormed and took those positions one after the other; our casualties, compared with the numbers engaged, equal to the losses of the hardest fought battles of history. On the 28th of that month we attacked the same enemy, strongly posted on heights beyond the Urimea river, at St. Sebastian, fording that broad stream under a murderous fire, wading to the waist and armpits. On the 6th of June that enemy gave battle from new positions. He was repulsed after an obstinate combat of six hours. The Legion was harrassed by severe marches in the mountains and by minor engagements with frequent skirmishes and continual outlying picquet duty, never in bed, never under tents, seldom under a roof, through all varieties of weather. On the 1st of October we were attacked by a greatly re-inforced enemy, whom, after a desperate conflict from before daylight until dusk, we defeated at every point. Lieutenant-Colonel Ermatinger, of Montreal, shared in that and other engagements. His other services were unknown to me, but I have a personal recollection of his presence in that battle of 1st October, 1836. The Baron de Rottenburg, who is known in Canada, acquired a distinguished reputation in those engagements, up to the point at which I have arrived.

Numerous incidents of field duty, desultory skirmishing and field fortification occupied the winter, as such duties had done the winter of the previous year. The enemy's siege of Bilbon was defeated by a combined force, of which we formed part, in January, 1837.

On the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th of March, 1837, we were engaged in mountain warfare daily; advancing against and over fortified positions, until overpowered by numbers and the questionable fidelity of allies, in the latter part of the 16th—a day of defeat—and the only day of defeat we experienced in the whole period of three years' service.

On the 4th of May, 1837, and several subsequent days the Legion was partially engaged. On the 14th, we were attacked severely when marching through ravines and defiles; but the engagement was brief; the enemy retiring. We were then, with Spaniards, thirty thousand strong. On the 15th of May we attacked the strongly fortified town of Irun, (on the occasion mentioned in connection with Mr. Derbishire;) continued the terrible bombardment until next day, when at 11 A. M. we scaled walls, carried positions of defence, and entered the town and fortress. Though it was full of the enemy's stores besides the wine and brandy of commerce; and though our thousands of men had been exposed to the enemy's fire standing in rain and on wet ground two-and-twenty hours, some with only a half biscuit for rations, the remainder with none, all having been on the line of march through an enemy's country two nights and days previously—notwithstanding all those adverse circumstances, predisposing to indulgence and indiscipline in the hour of bursting triumphantly into a town filled to overflowing with stores of intoxicating liquors, and defended from house to house by a desperate enemy who had not taken our soldiers prisoners, but killed them when taken every one, killed them savagely—yet by 2 o'clock, P. M., three hours only after Irun was entered, Sir DeLacy Evans had his whole force paraded in perfect order outside the town, except guards doing duty over prisoners of war, over stores, over quarters, or collecting and burying the dead. Not one inebriated soldier was visible, and only two or three were arrested by the provost guard and punished for plundering or assaulting destracted women, in contravention of the General's imperative orders. Other operations of war followed, the stronghold and town of Feuntarabia, opposite France on the Bay of Biscay, capitulating next day.

Such was the almost perfect discipline of the British Legion in Spain. Such was the nature of the service which effected the purposes intended by the British government, and desired by popular opinion at home; that popular opinion which is like the wind —the breath of life on one day, but as unreliable as the wind on the next. It changed. We had not been combatting for a British national cause. The newspapers not for us were against us. Those against us were the greater in number and largest in circulation. They were open to every species of depreciatory intelligence or fault of conduct, or allegation of fault. All armies have their Sir John Falstaff, their Nym, and Bardolph. We had not many of these, yet some. They were not cudgelled by our Fluellens, or hanged, as those of Shakspeare were; they were committed to the provost marshal. But our Falstaffs were cashiered. They became newspaper correspondents and reported the fabricated details of battles which they did not see. Our General did not ship off for home those unworthy persons, nor imprison them until they could be shipped off, as the Duke of Wellington did with the army correspondents who infested his line of march, and conveyed through London newspapers information to his enemy which the French Marshals in his front could not obtain from their own spies, but magnanimous in that as in all things else, Sir DeLacy Evans trusted to the ultimate triumph of truth; suffered them to remain in the country and write, exaggerate, falsify, or invent according to their fancy or journalistic interest. Perhaps he could not have done otherwise, yet the license he allowed to the representatives of the English press was grossly abused. To this day the page of history is distorted through the correspondents of London newspapers then in Spain. Mr. Stewart Derbishire was a notable and eminent exception.

Alexander Somerville.
'Whistler at the Plough.'

Man's Greatest Ambition.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild and acclamation cannot exhilarate—those soft intervals of unblended amusement, in which man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments and disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless encumbrances, and to lose effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would have a just estimate of its virtue or felicity.

SIR JAMES OUTRAM, G. C. B.

The English journals bring intelligence of the death of this distinguished soldier of the Indian and Persian campaigns, with the following account of his services:

Lieutenant General Sir James Outram, Bart, G. C. B., died at Pau, on the 11th ult., in his 58th year. The 'Bayard of India' was born in 1805, at Butterle-hill, Derbyshire. His father was a civil engineer of some celebrity, and he himself was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, whence he went as a cadet to India in 1819. He was afterwards appointed adjutant to the 23d Native Infantry, being for some time previously in command of a body of irregular troops. From 1828 to 1835 he served in Candeish, and in the latter year he was employed in organizing a regular force in Gujerat. In 1838 he was Aide-de-Camp to Lord Keane, and took an active part in the capture of Guznee. He subsequently performed, in succession, the functions of political agent at Gujerat, and those of commissbary in the Upper Scinde, besides undertaking the duties of British resident at Hyderabad, at Sattara, and at Lucknow. In all these, he recommended himself to the esteem of his superior officers as well by his military vigor, as by his admirable administrative qualities. In 1842 he was appointed commissioner to negotiate with the Ameer of Scinde, in which position he adopted views at variance with those of Gen. Sir Charles Napier, a difference which found very decided expression, after he quitted Scinde, in the publication of a work in two volumes, in which he severely criticised the conduct of Sir Charles relative to the conquest of that country.

In 1847 he was appointed British resident at Baroda, and also at Bombay, where he exposed the official venality then prevalent, which he was largely instrumental in suppressing. In 1856 he was nominated by Lord Dalhousie successor to Sir John Lawrence as Chief Commissioner of Oude. In the military operations in Persia, in 1857, he took the most active and prominent part. As Sir Henry Lawrence's successor at Lucknow, that noble part he played during the mutiny in India, and more especially in connection with the advance of Sir Henry Havelock's force, are yet fresh in the recollection of the public. The deceased, while in the chief command of the Persian expedition, in 1856, was made C. B., and in 1858 he was rewarded with a Baronetcy. He was afterwards made a G. C. B., and promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General. He returned to England in 1860, greatly shattered in health, and on several public occasions has been received with the honor justly due to his eminent public services and his high personal character.

A London weekly thus sums up a brilliant career. 'Sir James arrived in Bombay in 1819, and in the next ten years gained for himself the title of the Indian Bayard, fought in 1838 in Afghanistan, with the highest distinction, and assisted in the conquest of Scinde, though he thought the invasion an iniquity, and would not accept the prize-money. Despite the consequent quarrel with the Napiers, and another with Lord Falkland, in which the soldier was at once right and rash, making accusations right and left which most people believed and none could prove, he obtained the confidence of the Home Government—especially, it is said, by a masterly paper on Egypt—and in 1856 was appointed to command the army in Persia. Sir James, though he could not speak and write very diffusely, was a man of remarkable ability as a planner; but his hold upon Indian opinion was derived from his courage—a quality he possessed to a degree rarely given even to brave men—and his singular freedom from every form of self-seeking. He never wished, it is said, for anything in life except the Victoria Cross, which was voted him by two regiments, but refused, because as a general he had no business to be exposing his life so freely. He is a loss to the empire.'

A Cheap Substitute for a Vapor Bath.—Take a piece of quicklime, half the size of your fist, and wrap round it a wet cloth, sufficiently wrung to prevent water running from it. A dry cloth is to be several times wrapped round this. Place one of these packets on each side the patient when in bed. An abundant humid heat is soon developed by the combination of the lime with the water, which induces copious transpiration; the effect of the apparatus lasting two hours at least. When sweating is fully established, we may withdraw the lime, which is now reduced to a powder, and is easily removed, In this way, neither copious drinks nor loading the bed with coverings, is required.

EOLA.

By Cripney Grey.

[Continued.]

Eola, in a few days, found herself comfortably settled in the happy residence of her new protectress. Notwithstanding the loss of Elwyn's society, and the regret it necessarily caused her, she soon began to lose sight of present sorrow in the anticipation of future happiness; and as she knew it was for her benefit that this step had been taken, and that it had been the desire of her beloved Elwyn, she did not long murmur at it, but in true confidence and hope set herself to profit by the advantages she enjoyed, and which she felt were to fit her for that elevated position to which the generous master of her young heart was about to raise her, and toward which every impulse, every thought, every feeling of her loving soul was in some way bent.

It was about a month after this that Lord Eswald was ordered by his physicians to Italy for the benefit of a change of climate. When the tour was first proposed, Sackville, at the nobleman's earnest solicitations, consented to accompany him, and Elwyn, who, from a conscientious feeling quite out of place under the circumstances, had devoted nearly all his time to his cousin during the latter's illness, now expected to be freed from the unthankful office, and contemplated, with much satisfaction, the idea of a trip to Edinburgh. But from some circumstance, pretended or real, set forth by Lord Sackville as preventing his taking the proposed journey, with his noble friend, the cousin was again called into requisition, and all his plans neutralised to favour those of his ungrateful kinsman.

The fact was, that as long as Percy had the shadow of a chance to obtain the companionship of any of his more congenial comrades, Elwyn might have gone to the other end of the world; but when he found that all hope of being joined by the harum-scarum Sackville in the tour was at an end, and that his other reckless and selfish acquaintances hung back, he began to assume the hypocrite, and to practice upon the well-tried generosity of his cousin, in order to induce him to go. Though he hated his relative's company, he hated to be alone more—not so much from distaste for solitude as from indolence; for wherever he went the luxurious nobleman liked to have some one near on whom he could throw the responsibility of his cares, while he frittered away his time in the pursuit of those amusements that best suited his depraved taste, and were peculiar to his disposition.

Elwyn, although still attached to his cousin in a slight degree, and disinterested enough to view his conduct in the most favourable light, was not so obtuse as to fail to see through the nobleman's pretended warmth when he urged him to accompany him on his tour, being well aware of the ulterior and grossly selfish views behind; and at first he coldly declined. On further reflection, however, his kind heart recoiled from the idea of allowing the invalid, his only relative, to go so far alone, in a weak state of health with only paid servants for companions; and, after a brief struggle against his pardonable resentment, he resolved to forego it, and comply with Lord Eswald's wish. So, on apparently the most friendly terms, the cousins undertook their departure for the Continent.

Leaving them to pursue their journey, we will now revert to another and new link in our story.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Our scene is changed.

It is a gaudily-furnished drawing-room of a house situated in one of the streets leading out of——Square.

Seated in more show than comfort before a blazing fire, we find the occupant, a young, handsome, but reckless-looking female of about twenty summers; she can scarcely be more. Her face is still delicate in its beauty.

Though it is getting towards seven o'clock in the evening, she is still luxuriating in the ease and negligence of her dressing-gown.

We need not detail her history; it is the old, old story. Poverty and beauty, neglect and vice. But it is not our intention to linger over the sad topic. Our first interview with 'Gipsy Hinton' will be our last.

She was still engaged in sipping her tea, when she was disturbed by a visitor, evidently an expected one. It was a tall gaunt; tawdrily-dressed woman.

'Well, Mrs. Phillips, have you got it?' asked the girl, as the ambiguous-looking lady entered the room.

'No, my dear,' was the affectionate response.

'Confound his meanness!'

'And not a shilling have I in the place. Well, I suppose I must go to old Boosy again.'

'What shall you pop this time, my dear? Your watch?'

No, I can't spare that.'

'I think I'll pawn this ring,' she said after a short pause, indicating a beautiful and very massive one that encircled one of her middle fingers.

'Now, Mr. Lensome,' she exclaimed, entering the shop of the well-to-do money-lender with the air of a privileged person (anybody else, perhaps, would have been told to go to 'the first door round the cor ner,') 'I want a fiver on that' (throwing down the ring;) 'and don't keep me waiting all night.'

'No, my dear,' returned the generous man, 'I won't. Hum! five pounds? It's a large sum, Gipsy; but what would you say if I told you where to find a customer who would buy it outright, and give you perhaps twenty for it?'

'I should say I wouldn't sell it.'

'You wouldn't say any such thing—you're not such a muff; but I'm in earnest, Gipsy.'

'Well, suppose you are? So am I.'

'Then I must do my duty, and call a po liceman to arrest you. That ring is stolen!'

The girl's face grew deadly pale, and her frame visibly trembled.

'What do you mean?' she faltered, looking uneasily in the pawnbroker's hard countenance.

'What I say,' he replied, gruffly.

'What has led you to suppose that, all of a sudden? You have had it in your possession often before to-day?'

'No matter. I have only heard to-day of ts having been stolen. The date of the robbery is some four-and-thirty years ago.'

'Then how can you accuse me of it? I was not born then.'

'I don't accuse you of it.'

'You talk of calling a policeman to me.'

'Because the stolen ring is in your possession, and you refuse to restore it to the rightful owner.'

'Who is he?'

'A gentleman. Now, I'll tell you all about it, and then perhaps you'll give it up, without a fuss. To-day I was selling some jewelry to a gentleman, and in a conversation about rings, he happened to mention a very peculiar one, which he said he had lost a great many years ago, and the description of which tallied in every way with this; whereupon I mentioned the fact of such a one having been brought to my place on several occasions by a young lady. Well, I promised to go to you myself after business-hours, and bring you to him; but, however, now you've saved me the walk. Now, will you come with me?'

'Well, I will go. I suppose there's no alternative. Where does he live?'

'Regent Chambers.'

'What is his name?'

'Shipton—Admiral Shipton.'

'All right. Call a cab, and let us go.'

CHAPTER XL.

Admiral Sir George Shipton was seated alone in his handsome chambers, in expectation of visitors.

He was a fine, good-looking, though somewhat weatherbeaten man, of about fifty-five years of age. His hair and whiskers, which had been very dark, were now profusely sprinkled with grey; but, beyond this, there was nothing indicative of advanced age in his appearance, which was noble and prepossessing.

When the expected visitors arrived, the man-servant, who had received his instructions previously, ushered them into the baronet's presence without any announcement, and retreated instantly, leaving the pretty, but dissipated girl, and her friend, the pawnbroker, standing in silence before the majestic-looking admiral. But Gipsy Hinton was not the one to stand long, or to feel much confusion in the presence of any one; so, coolly slipping into an easy chair, *vis-a-vis* with the aristocratic gentleman, she said:

'Well, you see I've come.'

'And I'm obliged to you for the favor, madam,' returned the admiral, in his politest accents, unmoved by a significant smile from the port occupant of the opposite seat. 'May I inquire if you have with you the ring which is the subject of our present interview?'

'Yes. But you will find that you are mistaken about its ownership; it was my father's.'

'Allow me to see it.'

The girl coquettishly held out her hand, on one finger of which glistened the disputed trinket. But her coquetry fell short of its mark, for the baronet merely said, with chilling indifference—

'Take it off, if you please.'

The girl was half inclined to refuse, but a look at the firm, determined countenance of the speaker, decided her. After some slight hesitation, she drew the ring from her finger, and handed it to him.

He looked at it steadfastly for a minute or two, during which his countenance underwent some rapid changes; a tear gathered in the corner of his grey eye, and trickled slowly down his sun-burned cheek.

'Shall I again see her, after so many years?' he murmured, oblivious of the presence of his uncongenial guests. 'Have I courage to look on her? I fear not. But this is childish weakness. Madam, do you know of any secret connected with this jewel?' he said aloud, to the young girl.

'No,' she responded, laconically.

'Then, if I disclose one, you will be satisfied of my right to it? There is a secret about it, which, probably no one in this world is acquainted with but myself, and, perhaps —— But no, that is impossible; she cannot be alive.'

The last sentence was evidently a soliloquy.

Again he leant intently over the ring.

It was a very peculiar one, and evidently of foreign workmanship.

'Now,' said the admiral, after a short pause, during which he had apparently been mustering courage for the task, 'I will prove to you my right of ownership.'

He took from his neck-tie the plain gold pin which fastened it, and touched with its point a certain part of the serpent's body.—As if by magic, the head flew back, and disclosed, within a tiny aperture, the miniature of a young and strangely-beautiful female. The face was that of a superb Spanish beauty. The rich, dark hair lay in careless curls around the white brow, and then gradually became longer toward the shoulders, until it fell, in soft profusion, far below the waist, enveloping the small bust in its luxuriant waves. For a minute or two the trio gazed on the singular picture in mute admiration, the admiral in a kind of trance. At last he closed the ring.

'I did not think I could look on her,' he said in a musing tone; 'it is astonishing how time numbs our feelings.'

'Are you satisfied?' he added aloud, to the girl who had so lately claimed the treasured jewel.

'It was my father's,' she muttered, doubtfully.

'And—and your father?' quickly exclaimed the admiral. 'Tell me, who was he? His name, child?'

'Richard Wingfield,' returned the girl, hesitatingly.

'Good heavens!' cried the admiral, with a strange earnestness, and an emotion which seemed to shake his sturdy frame. 'The very man!' he continued vehemently seizing the young woman's hand. 'Where is he, girl? Come, speak. Tell me where to look for him.'

Gipsy Hinton withdrew her hand haughtily.

'I must first know your reasons for wishing to see him,' she said, coldly; 'and, even then, I shall not feel disposed to lay bare all my secrets before a third party'—with a scornful glance at the money-lender.

'Mr. Lensome, you may retire,' said the baronet, ringing the bell. 'I shall not forget your kind attention to this affair. For the present, good night.'

And the servant entering at that moment, the poor pawnbroker was bowed out of the apartment, looking rather discomfited and annoyed at the disappointment to his curiosity, which was now raised to its highest pitch.

'Now,' said the baronet, turning to his companion, 'perhaps you will favor me with your confidence. First, I will assure you, on my honor as a gentleman, that no harm shall result to you or your father from any disclosures you may make; but on the contrary, much good may come of it, not only to you and him, but also to others, who have been the innocent victims of his treachery; for treacherous and base I make no scruple in pronouncing him to be, even to you, his daughter.'

'As for me,' responded the girl, with sad emphasis, 'the result of your knowing my father's whereabouts can make no earthly difference as far as I am concerned. But why are you so singularly anxious to see him? and in what way is he connected with the mystery of this ring?'

'To satisfy you as to my claim to the ring, I will tell you. Many years ago your father was in my service as a valet, and I believed him to be devoted to my interests; in fact, I had no reason to think otherwise till an event occurred which proved to me the erroneousness of my trust. I was travelling on the Continent, after having made my first cruise; I was still very young, and Richard was about my own age. I was accompanied, at the desire of my only parent (my mother), by a former tutor, an aged man, who for many years had been resident in our family; but during my tour in Spain he died suddenly, leaving me to follow my own inclinations. Soon after I encountered the original of that portrait. She was a Spanish gipsy—young, innocent, and beautiful—beautiful beyond conception. I loved her, and although I knew that I risked my whole fortune, and my position in society by the act, I married her.

'Soon after I received a letter from one of my guardians, inclosing the Admiralty order for me to return to my duty, and informing me that my mother proposed meeting me half-way on my journey home. This news filled me with horror. I dared not take my wife and child with me; such a proceeding would have entirely upset our only chance of ultimate peace. I thought of another course; that was, to entrust them to your father's hands, and let him convey them safely to England, where I proposed rejoining them as soon as I could reasonably quit my friends and relatives. Accordingly, I provided my servant with an ample sum of money for the journey, and for his own wants and my darling's comfort; instructed him as to the place to which I wished them conveyed, and with an aching heart bade them a fond adieu. It was a long farewell!

'I never saw them more.

'My worthless valet had betrayed his sacred trust. He had robbed me of all that constituted my earthly happiness; but for what purpose, and in what way, I knew not, nor do I know to this very hour. A cowardly feeling of shame, at the remembrance of which I now blush, had prevented my disclosing to my wife my real name, and with that thought died my only hope of her recovery; for if deserted, as I sometimes fancied her to be, by my heartless servant, in a strange land, the very language of which was almost unknown to her, and without even knowing the name of him she sought, how was she to find me?

'How bitterly I regretted my false shame! For months I wandered over England like a maniac, a crushed and spiritless man. I sought in almost every town and county for my poor lost wife, but all in vain; at length, I imagined her dead, and in the bitterness of my grief even prayed that it might be so.'

'Nearly thirty-three years have elapsed since the date of the melancholy occurrence I have related to you, and up to the present moment I have discovered no clue, no trace, however faint, of the mother and child. The shadow of my great calamity has hung over my path ever since, and though I have mixed in the world, shared in the dangers of battle, and mingled in the gaiety of peace, it has ever been before my aching vision in all its pristine bitterness. Since the loss of my first and only love, I have lived in the world alone, uncared for and uncaring. And now, at last, the mystery of my life is about to be unravelled.

The baron paused, and looked earnestly in his listener's youthful countenance.

She had followed the strange narration with deep interest.

'And now you expect me to fulfil my part of the contract?' said she.

'Yes.'

'But that ring? You have not yet explained how that was lost.'

'True. I lost that jewel some months previous to the departure of Inez and my little one to England, and was always led to suppose that I had been robbed of it; but it is now clear who was the——'

The admiral paused abruptly. It seemed hard to call the father a thief to the daughter's face.

'There you are,' she said, handing it to the baronet. 'And now, I suppose, you won't mind giving me a few pounds, as a slight recompense for the loss of that superb ring?'

'Do you think I could be so ungrateful, after the service you have rendered me, as not to tender the only acknowledgment in my

power?' inquired Sir George, rather indignantly, as he wrote a cheque for a liberal amount, and placed it in the hands of the girl.

'Banking hours are over,' she said coolly glancing at the amount payable to order. 'I suppose you don't mind paying my cab home?'

'Certainly not.'

'Thanks. And now good night. Let me know how you get on with my father. There is my card.'

And with a graceful inclination of the head, the girl walked leisurely from the apartment.

CHAPTER XLI.

Early on the following morning Sir George Shipton might have been seen wending his way along Birdcage Walk, in search of a region hitherto unknown to him—York street, Westminster.

At length, under the guidance of a small, dirty imp, who seemed to take the most sincere delight in flitting through the filthiest and narrowest passages, the baronet found himself in the desired, though anything but desirable spot.

'What number, sir?' promptly demanded the tiny escort, pulling a front lock of his ragged hair in the orthodox fashion.

Sir George mentioned the house he sought.

'Oh, that's yer game? Well, then, here yer am,' remarked the young urchin, pointing to a very unprepossessing edifice, black with dirt and smoke.

Sir George placed a piece of money in the boy's hand, and let him depart, though he was sorry afterwards that he had done so; for he thought a gu.de as requisite in the strange, dirty building in which he now found himself, as in the streets he had just quitted.

The building alluded to was a large, open shop, with neither door nor window (one of the stores peculiar to the poorest parts of London,) wqere potatoes, wood, coals, and coke were piled in heaps all over the floor, but not a soul was visible. Doubtless the ragged young scamp in charge was playing pitch-and-toss, or buttons, somewhere outside.

On the far side of the shop appeared a rickety door, which the baronet concluded communicated with the staircase leading to the upper portion of the house—the part he wished to reach; so, making a bold push onward over the littered floor, he opened it, and perceived a flight of stairs, it is true, but enveloped in such pitchy darkness, that he drew back in despair at the idea of finding his way to the top.

Just at this juncture he heard a footstep descending; and in another minute a slatternly, half-dressed girl, with a pail of dirty water in her hand, made her appearance.

She opened her eyes in astonishment on perceiving the baronet; it was evidently something new to see a respectable, well-dressed man in that domicile.

'Looking for any one?' she inquired, shortly, and resting her pail on the lower step, in rather unpleasant proximity to Sir George's trousers.

'Yes, my good girl,' said he, drawing a trifle further off. 'I'm looking for a Mr. Wingfield. Can you direct me to him? I believe he lives somewhere in this house.'

'So he do; right up a-top, back attic; that's his diggings. You can get in. If he ain't asleep, he's drunk; he's gen'ally one or t'other.'

'Consolatory piece of information, upon my word!' thought the baronet, wondering at the girl's nonchalance, for she seemed to deliver her news quite as a thing of course.

'But I can never find my way in the dark,' he said, aloud.

'Oh, yes, you will; you'll get over that in a minute,' was the cool reply. 'It's only first coming in out of the light.'

Slowly and carefully he mounted the dirty, carpetless stairs, prudently feeling his way along the walls, to the infinite detriment of his kid gloves, until he found himself at the top. And now for another puzzle. How could he possibly be supposed to know which was back or front in such a dark, queer-shaped place?

With a neck-or-nothing determination, he knocked at a door just discernible on the right of the landing.

A loud, shrill 'come in,' in a female voice, convinced him he was wrong in his selection, and he hesitated in obeying the request, feeling rather at a loss, and extremely uncomfortable. But before he had made up his mind how to act, the door was opened by a woman (evidently the owner of the shrill voice,) with a half-naked baby in her arms, and another child, not much bigger, clinging to her skirt.

The baronet could just see into the apartment. He never forgot the sight.

Like most men who have lived long in a large city, he had heard of dens—had been in them—had seen them often; that is to say, a certain kind of dens—genteel dens, in fact; glittering, brilliant, swindling places, such as are to be found about the neighborhood of the West End. But dens such as one dis covers among the lowest portion of the community; the half-humanized beings who vegetate in the filthy purlieus of Westminster, Lambeth, St. Giles's, and Clare Market—these were totally unknown to him.

The present den was an average specimen of its class. It was a low-pitched attic, about twelve feet square, with one cracked and broken window, patched and stuffed with paper and rags, till scarcely a piece of the original fitting could be discerned. A rotten-looking old bedstead, without furniture, stood in one corner of the room, and near it, on the floor, was another sort of sleeping-place, composed partly of rags and shavings, and partly of old dirty portions of wearing apparel. Two chairs (one without a back,) and a clumsy stool, formed the only seats, and these were covered up in rags and filth of every description. On the hearth shivered a poor little object of a boy, evidently in a deep decline, and covered only with a few rags; he was rummaging with his tiny emaciated fingers among the refuse in the fender, and every now and then the occupation would be accompanied by an abortive smile, that half lit up his thin features, and then died away. Poor little fellow! perhaps this was his only amusement.

Besides this child, and the two before mentioned, upon the 'shake-down' on the boards lay a little girl about ten years of age, moaning and shivering with pain and cold: she was just recovering from the measles. On the bed beside her was stretched a sick man, the husband and father. He looked frightfully ill and weak, and every now and then his poor worn frame was torn with a harsh dry cough that seemed to threaten the sufferer with destruction.

Such was the scene that met the eyes of the baronet as the woman opened the door.

'I beg your pardon, but I have made a mistake, he said, with that true gentlemanly politeness which never varies, whether the object be a beggar or a lord.

'I am seeking for a Mr. Wingfield: he lives in the other apartment, I presume?'

'Yes sir, over there,' said the poor woman, respectfully, astonished at such polite behaviour from so grand a personage as the one before her. 'I thought it odd if we had a visitor,' she added in a sad tone.

The kind-hearted admiral, though burning with anxiety to be gone to the object of his search, could not turn away from that home of misery without an effort to relieve the suffering occupants; and yet his innate delicacy would not allow him to offer alms, as he might have done to a mendicant in the street, without first touching upon the subject of their distress.

'Your little girl appears very ill,' he said, motioning to the child on the 'shake-down.'

'Yes, sir, she is ill, and my poor husband, too,' returned the woman, bitterly; 'and they're not very likely to get any better while they're starved with hunger and perished with cold.'

'Are you so poor, then?' inquired the baronet, though he knew very well that the question was needless.

'Poor!' exclaimed the sick man. 'Oh, sir, can you ask it?' and he looked reproachfully at the visitor.

'Well, well,' rejoined the latter; 'I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings. But will you accept a trifling assistance from me, just to buy you a few coals and blankets?'

The man and his wife seemed struck with amazement, and stared at the speaker with an incredulity that showed they considered his offer nothing short of fabulous; while the poor little girl on the floor made an attempt to clap her powerless hands, and murmured in a tone of ecstacy 'Coals—blankets! oh!'

'Oh, sir! do you mean it?' said the poor woman, with a doubtful look. 'A trifle; such a trifle would make us happy. My husband would have nice things, and get well, and go to work again; and my poor Lilly would recover, and sell her crochet-work, and we should get back our things from the pawn-shop, and—but, oh, dear me! how I'm running on.'

The speaker paused, and bent her head over the babe that rested in her arms, while bitter tears sprang to her eyes. The tender-hearted baronet could bear the sight no longer: he quietly placed a couple of sovereigns in the hand of the elder child, and turned away, shutting the door behind him.

In a moment, however, it was re-opened, and the woman, falling on her knees, with a wild exclamation of joy, begged him to return, that he might receive the thanks of her husband and little ones.

'Oh, sir! do come in just a minute. Half the joy is gone if we can't thank our benefactor. Oh, sir! did you really mean this for us? Oh! do come back.'

'Not now; another time,' said Sir George, kindly raising the female from the floor. 'I want no thanks beyond those you have given me. I am only glad if I have relieved you of a portion of your unhappiness. Now, that is the room I seek, is it not?' he continued, indicating a door on the opposite side of the landing.

The woman replied in the affirmative, and still murmuring her thanks, returned to her own apartment.

The admiral knocked at the opposite door.

It would be untrue to say that he did it with perfect composure. He felt as we all feel at any important crisis of our lives. We all know what it is to tremble on the eve of some great discovery, adventure, or undertaking; we know the strange, choking sensation of that great lump that will rise in our throats in spite of all our efforts to keep it down.

'Come in,' (the usual adjuration, it appeared, in those abodes,) followed Sir George's tremulous rap, as a matter of course. With difficulty mastering his agitation, the baronet obeyed the request, and stood before the long-sought Richard Wingfield.

The apartment in which he found him was scarcely superior in its accommodation or fittings to the attic he had just quitted; but an appearance of some comfort was imparted to its aspect by a good blazing fire which burned in the grate, and before which, with a pewter pot half full of ale on a table at his elbow, sat a man about the baronet's own age, but wearing every appearance of the villain and the sot. His face was thin and sharp, and his glassy, stone-blue eyes were blood-shot and swollen. His beard looked as if a comb had never touched it, and his whiskers hung in long straight patches. An old over-coat of some coarse grey material was thrown carelessly over his shoulders, but beyond this his apparel was limited to a dirty shirt, and an old pair of flannel drawers.

He looked up, as his unexpected visitor entered, in some surprise, but it was only momentary, for he turned to the pewter pot and took a long draught of ale, before he even deigned to open his lips.

'Made a mistake, sir, I think,' he then said, in a gruff voice.

'No, I have made no mistake,' returned the visitor, calmly, though speaking in that low, deep tone, which is the sign of some hidden emotion. 'You are Richard Wingfield, are you not?'

'I am,' was the reply; 'but in the name of all that's evil, who are you?'

'I am'—here the baronet's voice sank almost to a whisper—'I am Sir George Shipton.'

Had an earthquake opened at his feet, the guilty man could not have appeared more horrified than at hearing those few simple words.

His large eyes dilated in the most intense amazement, as he gazed, speechless, at the pale face of the speaker, and, for a moment, his whole frame seemed paralysed. Then, covering his terror-smitten face in his trembling hands, he moaned out, with a long, shuddering sigh—

'It has come at last!'

Rocking backwards and forwards on his chair, he continued—

'At last, at last! Thirty-three long years, and then to be hunted down at last!'

'Yes, miserable man!' cried the admiral, drawing nearer to the cowering wretch's side, 'it has come at last. Thirty-three long years have you eluded justice and retribution, and now, at last, the avenger stands before you, and asks for the treasures of which you defrauded him. Speak, wretch! guilty, heartless wretch! Where are the beings I intrusted to your charge on that bright, sunny morning, three-and-thirty years ago?'

'Dead, dead, dead!' shrieked the man; 'both dead!'

The baronet passed his hand several times across his burning forehead, as if to steady its throbbings, and then, in a hollow, broken voice, demanded—'How—where did they die?'

The countenance of the ruthless Wingfield grew deadly pale; for a moment his lips quivered, as if in speech, but no sound issued from them; then, putting on a fierce determined look, he roared out—

'I cannot tell—I will not tell you! How did you find me out? What infernal spirit led you here? I will not speak of them; I dare not. They are dead; thirty-three years have blanched her crumbling bones; and the child—the child—— I say I cannot tell you all; I don't believe you have any right to know. I don't believe you are Sir George Shipton—there!'

'Do you recognise this?' slowly rejoined the baronet, drawing from his vest pocket the cherished ring.

'Take it away; I will not look at it!' cried the guilty man, shudderingly averting his head. 'I have not seen it for years.—You must be Satan himself, come to torture me, else how came you by that hateful token? Curses on the mad passion that first tempted me to steal it; the foolhardy, maddened dastard that I was!'

The unhappy baronet trembled from head to foot, as he heard this half-confession of an awful crime from the lips of the perpetrator; and murmured a silent prayer for strength to listen to the rest, the fearful details of which he felt were to harrow his soul.

Leaning for support against the dirty mantel-piece, he now entreated from the miserable Wingfield the history of his victims' fate. For a long time the latter turned a deaf ear to his prayers, doggedly keeping silence, or roughly repeating his refusal to tell anything.

At length the baronet recollected the daughter's parting hint concerning her father's depraved taste for brandy, and though secretly disgusted at the idea he determined to act upon it, and offered to send for some.

'You seem wonderfully well acquainted with my weak point,' said Wingfield, with a cynical laugh. 'Anything for your own ends. Well, get me brandy—lots of it—then, perhaps, I will serve them; I can say anything when I'm drunk. Yes, get me brandy—pale—the best. Oh, I haven't had any for days!' And the drunkard's eyes gleamed with joy at the anticipation of indulging in his favorite sin.

The baronet inquired who would fetch the liquor.

'Oh, the girl on the next floor,' was the reply; 'she always does my little jobs for me.'

And rising and opening the door, Wingfield called out in a loud key for the individual in question.

She was the same girl whom the baronet had encountered on the stairs.

'Here, fetch a bottle of brandy as quick as you can, Polly,' said Wingfield, coolly turning to Sir George for the money.

The latter gave her some, and the messenger departed, returning in about two minutes, with the desired bottle under her apron. Sir George rewarded her for her trouble with a shilling, which she pocketed in delight, and, again retiring, left the pair once more alone.

The wretched occupant of the domicile quickly produced from a side cupboard a corkscrew and a tumbler, and, after extracting the cork of the brandy-bottle with a neatness and alacrity that showed he was accustomed to the task, he poured out about a quarter of a pint of the fiery contents, and precipitated it down his throat without a wink.

'Splendid!' he exclaimed, smacking his lips; 'but I must have another dose:' and the ceremony was repeated. 'And now,' he said, turning to the amazed baronet, 'I am ready to obey your wish. First, however, I must be protected against the effects of my story on your warm temper. Unless you will promise not to try to injure me, I shall decline to tell a word of it. You must promise me that, after you have heard all I have to say, you will leave me unmolested, and that you will not attempt to assault me in any shape or form.'

The baronet repeated the promise he had already given to the daughter. Vengeance was now out of the question, and, breathless with anxiety, he awaited the wretch's story.

The brandy had already begun to take effect, and Wingfield's bloodshot eyes glistened with excitement.

'First, you must know,' he began, 'I loved Inez as soon as you did——'

'You loved her!' interrupted Sir George, wildly, and half clenching his strong hand.

[To be continued.]

FASHIONS FOR APRIL, (TAKEN FROM THE MILLINERY, MANTLE AND BABY LINEN STORE OF J. F. KIDNER, HAMILTON.)

FASHIONS.

We this week present our lady readers with a plate of fashions for the present month. Mantles continue as fashionable as ever, but this season they will be worn shorter than last. This we think an improvement, as they will not so entirely hide the dress of the wearer as before. In straw hats, the turn down shapes are most in vogue, of which there are several new designs.

The selections in our plate are from the store of J. F. KIDNER. His spring bonnets are very pretty—some of them perfect gems of artistic skill and taste. MRS. KIDNER has just returned from her visit to England, and has made a choice selection from the first Paris and London Houses.

Dresses are made longer than ever in the skirt: a page will soon be necessary to carry the trains, so long are they worn. They are generally much trimmed; the invaluable plaiting round the bottom; above, either crossway pieces of velvet, hanging buttons, gimp and floss silk ornaments, ruches and bows of ribbons are all used for ornamenting the skirt—the trimming frequently reaches as high as the knee. In the street the dress is always raised, and the boots are visible; the most fashionable are those made of Russian leather, with leather or steel heels. These are the great novelties in boots; they are the invention of a noted Parisian bootmaker.

FASHIONS—INTERESTING TO LADIES.—Last Thursday was the 'Opening Day' of spring fashions in New York. From the Post's account of what the Milliners and Modistes—Priestesses at the shrine of the tyrannical Goddess—have decreed shall be worn this season by the votaries of their deity. We condense the following:—

There are few startling novelties in female dress this year, though bonnets are assuming a slightly modified form. The 'sky-scraper' are reduced in altitude, and the large crowns are considerably depressed. At the same time the sides of the bonnet swell out so that in common phraseology, 'it's as broad as it is long.' In trimmings there is no notable change, for instead of clinging in drooping masses on the brim, the feathers, flowers and ribbons are hereafter to perch on the crown. The vast quantities of inside trimmings are greatly reduced. On the whole, the modified system of bonnet, though fully as ugly as its predecessor, is a shade more sensible.

The natural-history phase of bonnet adornment is assuming unwonted proportions, and this summer fashionable ladies will carry on their heads the most repulsive features of a country garden; for instance, imitation worms and bugs will—in the latest Paris style—nestle among the lace and feathers and flowers which serve as trimmings. Grasses and ferns will also be largely imitated. Birds have also been introduced—real, stuffed birds.

'Pork Pie' hats will be in vogue this season more than ever. They look like a small cheese with a feather in it.

Dresses show some diminution of crinoline, and manifest a curious contempt for the 'curve of beauty.' In materials there is a demand for linens and alpacas, and most striking of all, an urgent call for cotton dresses. Of course, as soon as calico is scarce and expensive, the ladies wish to wear it.

An edict has gone forth against flounces, which will be replaced by braid and gimp. Waists, arms, skirts, are all to be highly ornamented, so that the old days of elaborate embroidery will be revived.

THE WAR IN FEMALE CIRCLES.

The fair Alexandra of Denmark, the new Princess of Wales, whose exalted position by marriage makes her the sovereign arbitress of fashion in England, is understood to favor a dress reform, looking to no less a measure than the abolition of crinoline.—Rumors to this effect had reached British drawing-rooms before the Danish bride's arrival, causing something very like consternation in thousands of fashionable bosoms; but now the contracted proportions of the Princess's own robes exemplify her fixed intention to the ladies of the court; and it can no longer be doubted that crinoline has at length found a foe worthy of its *steel!* Across the channel, however, it has its powerful champion in the superb Empress of the French, who, so far from reducing the volume of her full-dress attire, has even added something to its expansion of late, and exults in an amplitude of skirt quite marvelous to contemplate. Nor will her French Majesty be at all disposed to regard crinoline with less favor because the bride of *la perfide Albion* has declared war against it; and the world is likely to be regarded with a spirited rivalry in the matter between the two royal ladies. Thus commences a struggle which our American ladies are bound to watch with no small interest, since they are as fully committed to the cause of crinoline as any of the fair dames and damsels of the Tuileries; and it will be strange if some of our strong-minded fair do not say and write considerable to help along the discussion. Like all cautious and wise leaders of great revolutions, the Princess of Wales advocates gradual emancipation as the surest road to final abolition; she commences with a reduction of crinoline itself to a lesser circumference than the prevailing mode, and will wear it smaller by degrees until it ceases altogether to exist as a fashion. The ladies of the French court will, of course, follow the illustrious example of the beautiful Eugenie, and go to the other extreme; so that we may look forward to the time when one-half of feminine Europe will expand in proportion to the others' contraction. But let us not be too hasty in our conclusions; there are reports that a rebellion is being plotted by a goodly number of British belles, who have found crinoline too good an auxiliary of beauty to be given up just yet; and who will continue to spread themselves as usual, in spite of the fair Alexandra and her reform. Should such be the case, we fear that said reform is doomed to be retarded, if not actually defeated; for domestic treason is a fell foe to any great cause. A couple of seasons, however, will tell the story; and let all our lady readers give their profoundest attention to it. As for our masculine selves, we shall proclaim for neither side until we see which is most likely to triumph; and then, of course, we shall espouse the winning side with all our might. We know how to be magnanimous!—N. Y. Paper.

A REAL HOME.—The fact that there is no equivalent for the eloquent word 'Home' in the whole French language, is often seized upon by moralists as the basis of long homilies upon the social mockeries of the French system of society, and consequent gratulations upon the superior democratic blessings enjoyed by the English and Americans. It is but fair, however, to respect the absolute genuineness of a claim to superiority which seems to rest thus emphatically upon a mere name.

If a home is merely a result of the appearance of its name in a language, it is more of an accident than a special blessing; and if it is something far more than that, why should the mere absence of its name from the language of France be taken as a proof that the French have it not? Without indulging in trifling casuistry, we may be permitted to doubt whether the appearance of the word 'home' in our language, and its perpetual mouthing by everybody, has the particular effect of making the actual and true existence of home, the fact, any more common with us than it is with the French or any other people.

The true home is a consecrated spot wherein the natural affections of the heart are the conservators of perpetual peace, and into which the outer world can never intrude, save when it comes in the sweet humility and beautiful kindness of genuine friendship. It is the tired soul's safe and impregnable refuge from every mortal care; the persecuted one's hallowed protection from all pursuers; and the holy altar where God's spiritual presence ever waits to yield a blessing or to grant a prayer. Such is home—the most sacred spot on earth. But the moment you attempt to bring the outer world into it; the moment you commence the work of blending it with the outer world by bringing the follies or the fashions of that world into it—from that moment the holy spell is broken, and it ceases to be home.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—The solid slab of marble which turns the edge of the chisel bears forever the impress of the leaf and acorn, received long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain, the mighty torrent which fertilizes the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills; so too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul, and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of a secluded cottage home. 'I would have been an atheist,' said John Randolph, 'if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in Heaven!'

OUR AGENT.

W. M. Orr is an authorized agent for the 'Canadian Illustrated News. When we appoint others their names will be announced

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 3rd April, 1863, ... $69,010 09½
Corresponding week last year. 59,863 16

Increase, ... $ 9,146 93½

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending March 28, 1863. . . . . . . $84,612 83
Corresponding week, 1862. . 92,083 37

Decrease, ... $ 7,470 54

HAMILTON MARKETS.

Hamilton, April 10, 1863.

Flour—Superfine, per barrel $4.00 to 4.10; do retail $4.62; double extra per barrel, wholesale $4.50 to 4.75; do retail $6.00.

Grain.—Wheat; fall per bushel, 87½ to 90c; spring 75 to 80c. Oats, 42 to 43c. Barley, 80 to 85c. Peas, 50 to 52c. Beans, $1.00 to 1.50.

Potatoes—40 to 50c. Apples—20 to 40c. Butter—in rolls, per lb. 12½ to 18c. Eggs—per doz. 10 to 12c. Beef—per 100 lbs. $4.50 to 5.50. Pork—3.50 to 5.00; Hams, per lb. 9 to 11c. Lard, per lb., retail, 9 to 10c. Hay—per ton, $14.00 to 18.00. Straw—per ton. $8.00 to 9.00.—Firewood—per cord, No. 1, $4.00 to 5.00.

Notices to Correspondents.

W. H. Y., Oakville—No. 21 forwarded by mail.

W. L. C & Co., St. Catharines—No. 21 forwarded pr. mail 6th March.

T. C. Junior, Cooks Town, Simcoe Co.—Subscription received, papers forwarded pr. mail; cannot you do something for the Canadian News in your neighborhood. Try.

Gerge W. E., Montreal—If you will forward per mail or express photographs and journal at our expense we will examine and either purchase or return immediately.

D.W., Toronto—Communication received, will give it our attention next week.

W. J. B., Brampton.—Enigma received too late for this week. Will be happy to publish. Forward weekly.

Reviews.

One Hundred Sacred Melodies.—Issued by the Committee, for the use of the Daily Prayer Meeting. D. McLellan, Hamilton, price 6¼ cents.

This is a neat little work of one hundred pages, containing a good number of well selected melodies, appropriate for all seasons and circumstances. It is printed in the usual unsurpassed style of Messrs. Donnelley & Lawson.

Good Words. "A Magazine for all the Week." Edited by Dr. Norman McLeod. Hamilton: Joseph Lyght. Price 12½c.

The best praise that can be given to the Magazine which Dr. Norman McLeod edits, is contained in its appropriate motto—quaint old Herberts' line:

"Good words are worth much and cost little."

The March number is an excellent miscellany of light and thoughtful literature, though the illustrative wood cuts are not quite up to the mark. Eloquent Dr. Guthrie reads "the Parable of the Prodigal Son in the light of the present day" with pious earnestness. The Country Parson, A. K. H. B., whose delightful Recreations have beguiled many a weary hour, discourses in his charming manner "Concerning Resignation." The prolific authoress of the powerful novel of East Lynne" tells a pleasant story of "A Night Walk over the Mill Stream." Lawrence Oliphant writes with graphic pen an interesting account of "A Visit to the Taipings." The Dean of Canterbury stands up valiantly for the purity of the grand old Saxon Speech in "A Plea for the Queen's English." Alexander Smith, emancipated from the shackles of the spasmodic school, gives us a poem, opulent in vigorous beauty, entitled "The Norse Princess." The heretical Bishop of Natal is attacked in an ironical vindication. The incidents occurring in a balloon voyage six miles high are admirably described in an article on "Aerial Navigation as Applied to Scientific Research," by James Glaisher, F. R. S. George Macdonald, a thoughtful poet who ought to be better known, shows how pure, child-like love may exist unsullied though surrounded by depravity, in a poem of tender, quiet pathos, styled "He Heedeth Not." Honest, able Dr. Norman Macleod entertains his readers with pleasant 'Reminiscences of a Highland Parish,' and Dr. Caird, whose sermon on "Religion in Common Life" made him famous, furnishes the third of his series of Essays for Sunday Reading, "The Expediency of Christ's Departure" is the subject treated.

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