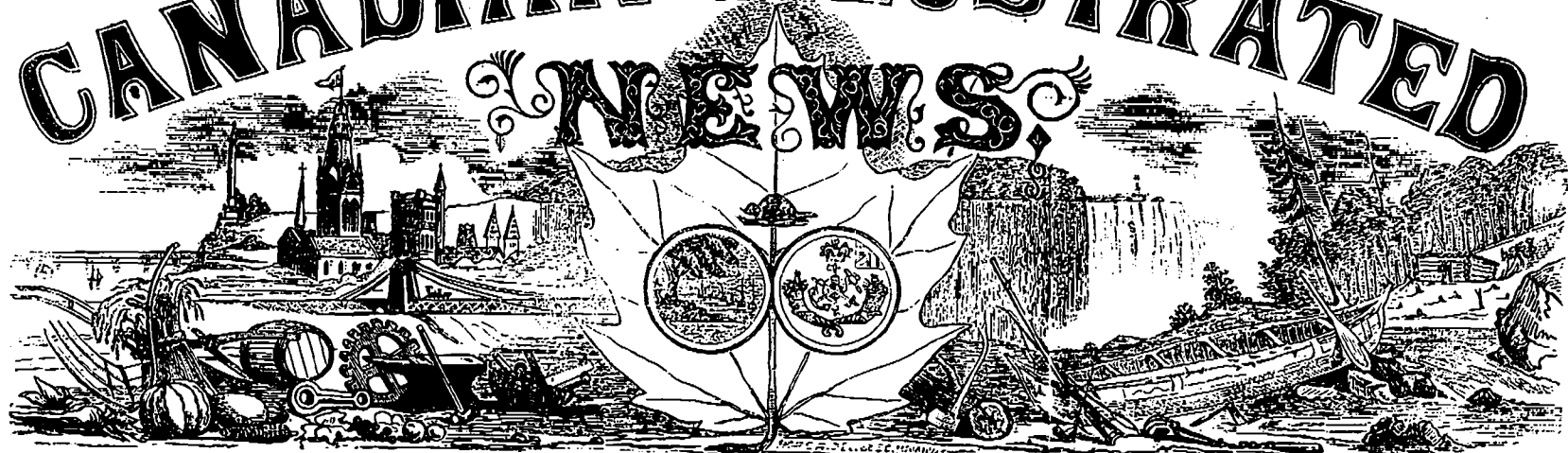


THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



VOL. II—No. 18.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

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MRS. ISAAC BUCHANAN

We present as a fitting frontispiece to this number of the News, a portrait of one of the most notable ladies of Upper Canada, identified as she has been with many religious and philanthropic enterprises of the Province. Mrs. Buchanan's maiden name was Agnes Jarvie, and she is the second daughter of Robert Jarvie, Esq., an eminent merchant in Glasgow, Scotland. She is a native of that city, and was married to Isaac Buchanan, Esq., M. P. P., in January, 1843.

Mrs. Buchanan is a lady of fine mental culture, and possessed of originality of thought, a clear perception of ideas, with pleasing conversational powers. She is courteous and hospitable in her nature, and munificent in her charities. The truly needy always obtain her sympathy and assistance. Her love of Canada, and a desire for its progress and welfare, are too well known to require panegyric here. It was this patriotic spirit which prompted the magnificent gift and presentation which we have pictured and narrated elsewhere. Her partiality to Canada is so great, as to incline her and her husband to permanency in a residence here; for Mr. Buchanan, unlike many men of wealth, who retire from the Province to the mother country, remains to use his means for the advantage of Canada and Canadians. In all his enterprises Mrs. Buchanan takes the deepest interest.

We feel that it would not be gratifying to Mrs. Buchanan to enumerate the many excellent societies with which she is now, or has been connected, and certainly, as we believe, many of her deeds of kindness are unknown; but we feel justified in at least making the observation, that not a benevolent or laudable institution has an existence in our midst with which she does not sympathize or act.

Mrs. Buchanan is accomplished as a linguist, and excels in painting and music, particularly in the latter, to the frequent delight of the many guests of "Auchmar House."



MRS. ISAAC BUCHANAN.

PARTIZAN FEELING.

THE feeling of a mere partizan is that which engenders most of the difficulties experienced in nations or communities. When a man becomes so steeped in partizanship as to be blinded to justice and right, then look out for a demagogue or a despot. When a set of men, having extended power, are governed by no other desire than the success of a party, then beware—anarchy or despotism is close at hand.

In the midst of the excitements which seem to environ most every country at the present day—a time when "wars and rumors of war" abound—it is the duty of every

thinking person to guard well against partizanship. Let us be understood—not to abate a jot or tittle of national or individual honor, or our duties as citizens or subjects, but to remember that true courage requires not partizan blindness or vindictiveness to render it effective. Bluster and brag are by some mistaken for bravery and manliness. A rotten cause delights in the prop of bullying and bragging, and the mere partizan uses these commodities, for lack of truth.

We should be false to our idea of a dignified journal, did we not at all times condemn—in proper language and manner we hope—anything which tends to create acri-

mouious feelings between nations or individuals, merely for the gratification of party spite. We feel that all that is required of any of us is to "dare do all that becomes a man; who dares do more is none."

This spirit we desire to govern the columns of the News, amidst all the vexed questions that are likely to arise in these times, when the horizon is so frequently overcast. Parties are necessary things; differences of opinion are natural, and to be expected; but men who are governed by no higher motives than the success of a faction, are bad men, though robed in garbs of purity and sincerity.

APPOINTMENT.—A special telegraphic dispatch to the Times, on Thursday evening, states that Thomas White, Esq., of this city, has been appointed Collector of Inland Revenue for the division embracing the city of Hamilton and counties of Wentworth and Halton, vacant by the death of Archibald Macdonnell, Esq.

THE St. John's Globe says that a new and improved battery, complete, is on its way out in the Cunard steamer, to Captain Morris, in that garrison; and orders have been received to put the troops in garrison on the most thorough war footing.

THE government has declined the offer of the Ontario County Council for the Whitby Roads, but are anxious that the York County Council should purchase York Roads.

RIFLE MATCH.—A Grand Rifle Match, under the auspices of the Officers of the 5th Military District Association, is to come off in Toronto, on Wednesday and Thursday next. A number of prizes will be shot for.

Arrangements are now completed for the erection, at Quebec, of the bronze statue of Napoleon I., presented by Prince Napoleon.

CHATTANOOGA EVACUATED.—Later dispatches, received since our Summary was made up, state that the Confederates were evacuating Chattanooga, and Gen. Crittenden was marching in that place. The army of Rosecrans is said to be in fine spirits.

NOTICE.

Inventors, Engineers, Manufacturing Mechanics, or any other persons, intending to apply for patents, can obtain all requisite information, and have mechanical drawings made at the office of the Canadian Illustrated News.

OUR AGENTS.

W. M. O'NEIL, J. W. CROOKER and THOMAS COSBY are authorized Agents for the Canadian Illustrated News. When we appoint others their names will be announced.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The public are cautioned against subscribing, or paying money to any one for this paper, unless the person soliciting subscriptions be named as an Agent, or have the written authority of the undersigned that he is properly authorized.

FERGUSON & GREGORY.

Hamilton, July 1st, 1863.

Subscribers will please bear in mind that the paper is stopped, when the period for which they have subscribed expires.

Any person sending us the names of ten Subscribers for three, six, nine, or twelve months, will receive a copy free of charge, for each of these periods, respectively. Should those Subscribers, for any term less than a year renew their subscription, the paper will be continued to the gettars up of the club.

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

THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, SEPT. 12, 1863.

FERGUSON & GREGORY, Proprietors.
J. A. SPENCER, Editor.

THE VOLUNTEER BILL.

ON Tuesday last, Attorney General Macdonald introduced a Volunteer Bill in the Assembly, and accompanied it with explanatory remarks. The bill is nearly like the old one. Power is conferred on the Commander-in-Chief to increase the number of the Active Force to 35,000 men, to be clothed and equipped at the expense of the Province. Drill sheds are to be provided, in the principal cities, at a cost of \$20,000, and proper rifle ranges, in both cities and rural districts, where ball practice may be carried on with safety. Mr. Macdonald, in the course of his speech, presented the following figures as an exhibit of the present volunteer force of the Province. There were now altogether 268 volunteer companies in Upper Canada, comprising 14,780 non-commissioned officers and privates; and 185 in Lower Canada, with 10,230 on the rolls, being a total for Canada of 453 companies, and 25,000 men. Offers had been received of more companies, making an aggregate of nearly ten thousand men. An excellent spirit was manifested among the volunteers in forming themselves into battalions. Already 172 companies had been formed into 13 battalions of infantry, and 10 battalions of rifles, comprising about 9,500 men.

It is estimated that the increased cost for the additional 10,000 men provided for by the bill, would be about \$200,000, for accoutrements and clothing. Mr. Macdonald states that no army in the world was better clothed than the volunteer force of Canada. The whole expense of coat, pantaloons and shako, all made of the best materials, \$9 55 for each man. The government has also made arrangements by which officers were supplied with uniforms for cost, so that they obtained them 50 per cent. cheaper than they could have supplied themselves.—The Government had advanced \$32,000 for efficient uniforms, and up to the 7th Sept. \$14,000 had been received from officers in Canada who had purchased outfits through the Government.

The bill is likely to elicit much discussion, and we have thus given its prominent features, in order to a clear understanding of its merits or demerits.

PROVINCIAL, COUNTY, AND TOWNSHIP EXHIBITIONS.

A busy time, in the way of exhibitions, is at hand. On Tuesday next, the Lower Canada Show will commence at Montreal, and in one week from that day, that of Upper Canada will be in full operation at Kingston. A number of County and Township

exhibitions occur during the latter part of this month, among which we may enumerate as follows:—County Peel, at Brampton, 15th and 16th inst.; McNab township, at Arnprior, 23rd inst.; Horton township, at Town Hall, the 25th; North Simcoe, at Barrie, the 16th; Admaston, at Town Hall, the 29th; and Oro, at Shanty Bay, the 30th.

The exhibition at Kingston, we believe, will compare favorably with any of its predecessors. The railways and steamboats offer good inducements to insure the attendance of visitors and exhibitors. On the Wednesday previous to the occasion, a reduction of fare will commence on the Grand Trunk, and tickets will hold good for fourteen days. Passengers and articles going to the exhibition will be charged one full fare going to Kingston, and the same be returned free. Those who have products for show should not delay in sending them forward, and it must be borne in mind that all articles except live stock must be on the grounds on Monday, the 21st, and the latter must be there by noon the next day. It is recommended that those exhibiting machinery, or other heavy articles, have them present as early certainly as Saturday, the 19th, to give them a suitable location.

We are not prepared to predict which department is likely to excel in this exhibition. We have hopes that the agricultural and horticultural branches will not be behind the exhibitions of former years, though it is pretty generally understood that the character of the season has been rather adverse to as excellent a representation of the great staple—wheat—as is desirable. We look for an advance in the mechanical and manufacturing departments.

Already some activity is manifested in the direction of locating the Provincial Exhibition for another year. The people of Guelph and Hamilton are putting forth their efforts and promises, and it is thought the contest lies between the two. Whatever place may be selected, we say of it, as we do of the exhibition near at hand, that we trust the farmers, mechanics, and manufacturers of Canada, independently of any local feeling, will use their joint exertions to make these industrial shows attractive and profitable.

MATTERS PERSONAL.

Our paper of this week has a military aspect, albeit we are peacefully inclined, to the extremest verge of honor. We could not, however, omit engravings of the very successful Review at Brantford, a matter of general interest throughout the Province. The presentation of colors to the 13th Battalion seemed, likewise, to us to merit attention. The present number of the NEWS will be a valuable one to send to friends abroad.

On page 215 we have prepared a Weekly Summary of News, embracing the substance of what is transpiring in Canada, the States, and in European and other countries. We intend this department to be an epitome of the world's doings, a very necessary part of a thorough journal for the family. Improvements will be made in this respect with the enlargement of our sheet, and facilities for its printing, soon to ensue.

We are making arrangements to make an addition to our paper of four pages, to be printed in two forms, on new type, and with a superior press purchased especially for the printing of the NEWS, at a very early period—we trust next week. It is our intention to look well after matters connected with the forthcoming Provincial Exhibition. A faithful description of articles on exhibition, incidents of the Show, prizes awarded, with illustrations of prominent subjects, will be given, in the issue of September 26th. In our next number we hope to lay before our readers a large-sized engraving of the Hamilton Water Works, with carefully prepared

statistics and information in regard to the same. It will thus be seen that the ensuing numbers of the NEWS are likely to be of extreme value for preservation and reference. To us, the paper is a "fixed fact." It has met with much encouragement, and the experiment of furnishing a home Illustrated is an experiment no longer.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for August.—Published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

The contents of this number are excellent, and are as follows: Roger Collard—Philosopher and Politician; Thomas DeQuincy—Grave and Gay; Henry St. John and the reign of Queen Anne; the Education and Management of the Imbecile; the West Highlands of Scotland; Pretensions of Spiritualism; Mormonism, Past and Present; the Cotton Famine and Lancashire Distress; the National Defences.

BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—Devoted to Literature, Science, and Art. Published by Rollo & Adam, Toronto.

THE September number, the fifth which has been issued, has been received. Its contents are varied and interesting, and its pith of the "British Monthlies" excellently conceived. The leading paper is entitled, "Indications of Ancient Customs, suggested by certain Cranial Forms, by Daniel Wilson, LL. D." The editor furnishes an article on "The Cultivation of Flax and Hemp in Canada." "The Cited Curate," and "The Settler's Daughter," are continued tales, by Miss Murray and Mrs. Hollivell, and other matter is furnished by able contributors. In the October number is promised a second article on "A Plea for British Nationality," by the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. All those who would encourage a home magazine, and stimulate literary tastes and acquirements in the province, should take the "British American."

SUPPLIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE Estimates for Supplies, for 1863, have been laid on the table, and are as follows: Total expenditure, \$15,119,200; vote required for the year, \$3,918,500. The items are the same as Mr. Howland's Estimates, except the following: Prisons, &c., \$146,708; legislation, \$322,787; hospitals and charities, \$263,675; militia, &c., \$462,119; agricultural societies, \$108,000; public works and buildings, \$237,850; roads and bridges, \$69,500; miscellaneous, \$43,800; collection of customs, \$330,000; excise, \$35,000; territorial, \$160,000; colonization of roads, reduced to \$25,000 in each province; \$50,000 for the North-west communication not in this estimate; road across Caughnawaga reserve, \$1,500; Toronto gaol, from Upper Canada Building Fund, \$18,000.

PERSONAL.

—Gerald Massey is soon to enter the lecture field.

—Mr. Sicotte has been appointed judge of the Superior Court, *vice* Bruneau.

—Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal is about to publish the "British American Almanac for 1864."

—Madame Anna Bishop, a lady of superior musical abilities, has been "starring" it in various Provincial towns.

—His Excellency the Earl of Mulgrave, will relinquish the Governorship of Nova Scotia, and depart for England about the 17th inst.

—It is rumored that His Excellency, Hon. Arthur Gordon, Governor of New Brunswick, will succeed to the Governorship of Nova Scotia.

—Rev. Thomas Raffles, D. D., L. L. D., and F. Z. Z., died in Liverpool, on the 17th ult. He was much esteemed as a preacher and a philanthropist.

—Rev. William Thornton, Editor of the English Wesleyan Magazine, has been appointed President of the Canada and Eastern British American Wesleyan Conferences.

—Lord Lyons left Quebec for Montreal on Thursday. He will remain a few days in that city, with Gen. Williams, and from thence proceed to New Brunswick.

—The public await with curiosity the forthcoming Life of Caesar, by Napoleon III. The Emperor is ambitious of distinction in Literature no less than in war and diplomacy.

EDITOR'S TABLE TALK.

—Sir Walter Scott had anything but a favorable opinion of emigration to America. Distance did not certainly lend enchantment to his view at the time when he wrote the following lines on Heart-sick Exiles:

"I thought how sad would be the sound
On Sasquehanna's swarthy ground,
Kentucky's wood-cumbered brake,
And wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles in the strain,
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again."

—The guilt of those who provoke wars by their selfishness, lack of virtue, or injustice, cannot be measured, and we would that all quarrel-makers might sensibly feel all that the philosophic Shakespeare has herein pictured:

"Take heed,
How you awake the sleeping Sword of War:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed,
For never did two kingdoms yet contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the
swords,
That makes such waste in brief mortality."

—An eminent German physician, among many quaint aphorisms, has the following:—"Pleasant words like honey in an electuary, unite dissimilar things.—This is verified again and again. One jovial, pleasant companion, in a coach or a car, will bring together all the opposites of the lead; a kindly-spoken orator or lecturer can unite the contraries in an audience; and a husband or wife, an adept in pleasant phrases, will disarm all the domestic vials of wrath, and bring father, mother, children and servants, all in delightful unison. Try the honey, then, of pleasant words.

—We were amused at a colloquy which occurred upon the cars, while crossing Suspension Bridge recently. It was a cold evening, and as the train neared the Canada side, a Yankee broke the stillness of the inside, by shouting, with peculiar emphasis, to a traveling companion on the platform: "Come in here out of the draft!" He came in.

—Dirt and drink are allies. They are as congenial in their way, as cleanliness and contentment are in a happy manner. We wish it were a standing decree, zealously enforced, that people should "wash up," not only their persons, but their apparel and their houses, and that their habits, in all respects, were required to be stamped with that excellent title—cleanliness. Somewhere we have read of the logic of a Hotentot. He averred that white men were a people too filthy to be allowed to live, being obliged to change their clothes twice or thrice a week, whereas his more circumspect countrymen did not wash themselves oftener than once a moon, and never changed their garments. The Hotentot might have avoided his sweeping assertion as to white men; for there are enough of them who adopt his practice, if not his theory. We repeat our opening remark—Dirt and drink are allies.

A dirty man is too often a drinking man. It is but little matter whether it is the dirt or drink which he first adopts. They mutually play into each other's hands. And a dirty household is a standing temptation to the dram shop—a comfortless home points directly to outdoor negligence or excitement.

MAGIC MUSIC.—A player is sent out of the room, and the company think of a task to be performed by him. This may be:—to untie a ribbon, to sing a song, to say something complimentary to somebody, to displace all manner of articles of furniture—the more fantastic and out of the way, the better. When the company have agreed upon something, the player is called, and has to set to work to discover and perform the work allotted him. He is guided in his experiments by the sound of a piano or other musical instrument, (or in case there being none in the room, by the rapping against the tongs with a pair of snuffers,) played softly, or the reverse, in proportion to his success, or the want of it.

Those who have never played at this game, can have no idea of the interest attached to it. The task that may be divined and accomplished with no other clue than the threatening or encouraging tones of the music, would appear incredible. The complete bewilderment of the guesser, on first entering the room, as to what he is to do; his numerous experiments all wide of the mark, his first catching at a hint, and gradually following of it up, with various intervening discouragements, till he has fulfilled his mission, furnish quite an amusing entertainment.

Boys should be careful how they steer their life-barks if they would arrive without shipwreck at the Isle of Man.

Poetry.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;—
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slat her cross of wood alone
Shall say, that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful sky.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drenches the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And thro' their leaves the robins call,
And, rippling in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its strains from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of spring
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-tack,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little monuments, clad in black,
The crocuses, sliding thro' the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kinder blood,
Should ask, 'What maiden lies below?'
Say only this; a tender bud,
That tried to bloom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

MARY SHIPLEY TRIES TO MELT THE HEART OF MR. CASTONEL.

The autumn, winter, spring passed; and with summer, things seemed to be brightening again. We speak of Mr. Castonel. He discarded his gloomy attire, his cab was repainted a charet color, and he went again into general society. His practice flourished; if he had lost his own wives he seemed lucky in saving those of other men. His assistants, like himself, had plenty to do. The gossips began to speculate whether he would marry again. 'Surely not!' cried the timid ones, shaking their heads with a shudder; 'who would venture upon him?'

Mr. Castonel was in his laboratory, writing, one evening, when John entered.

'There's a patient wants to see you, sir.'

'Who is it, John?'

'I don't know, sir. It's a woman, I believe, but her face is all muffled up. She says she's got the tooth-ache, and is afraid of catching cold in her jaw.'

'Send her in.'

'Master says you're to go in there,' was John, remark to the woman in waiting. The latter who had on a light cloak, with a hood, the latter thrown over her head, and the front of it kept nearly closed with her left hand, obeyed his order, and went into the room.

Mr. Castonel recognized her before she showed her face.

'Now, Mary,' he said, 'what do you want to bother me about this time? Is the baby sick?'

'Yes.'

'What appears to be the matter?'

'It's feverish, and tosses about a good deal.'

'Over-fed, I dare say. I will send Mr. Rice to see it in the morning. If he reports any thing serious, I will attend to it myself. A little mild medicine will bring it all right again. Well! what do you wait for? What else do you want?'

'Oh, Mr. Castonel!' said the girl imploringly, 'you know what you promised.'

'Indeed I don't,' replied the surgeon. 'I have promised a great many silly things in my time, I dare say. What is the particular promise to which you refer?'

'You said that when the child—our child—was two years old, you would do me right

or its sake. It will soon be that time.'

'Pooh! pooh! stuff and nonsense!'

'You know you did.'

'Now, do go away, girl. What do you come here for, anyhow? Do you really suppose yourself a fit wife for a man in my position?'

'You thought me fit to be the mother of your child.'

'That's a different sort of thing.'

The girl looked at him intently, and a dark, red spot burned on her pale cheek. In spite of his effrontery, and habitual coolness, the surgeon shrunk.

'See here!' she said, and the words seemed to hiss, in their concentrated energy, through her half-closed teeth. 'I have a witness of what you said. There was some one in the next room, just before the babe was born, that heard you promise then. She won't forget what you said, if you do. She is ready to swear to the words. You owned too that you promised me marriage at the beginning. Mr. Lennox, the lawyer, says it is good ground for an action. There now.'

'So you have told all to Mr. Lennox, then? You are going to try the law, eh?'

'No, I didn't tell him; but she asked him one day, if so and so was the case, what could be done, without mentioning names, and he said, he did, that he could make any man walk up in such a case, or pay smartly for it.'

'And who is she?'

'I shan't tell you. You'll find out, if necessary, quick enough.'

He laid his hand gently on her shoulder, and gave a queer smile.

'Suppose,' he said, 'I were to marry you. Where would be your action then?'

'Oh, Mr. Castonel!'

'Why, you foolish creature, I always intended to keep my promise and I would tell your witness so, if she were here. Why not? You know I married, because I was forced to do it, from circumstances; but I never cared for any one but you. But I could not make you my wife in Ebury. It would ruin my practice, and bring want to you. I will soon be able to wind up my affairs, and then we can go to America together. There, no one will know your past history, or mine, or the child's.'

'If you only meant it, I——'

'Of course I do. Look me in the face, and see if I am not telling the truth.'

'But you married Miss Leicester.'

'I was so bound up, I was obliged to. I cared nothing for her, and you ought to know it. As long as the child is alive, you have a tie on me that I can't break, and have no desire to. Besides,' he added, jocularly, 'you have that witness always, and Mr. Lennox is ready for a job. To be sure you would only get my money, while by waiting you would get me.'

'But——'

'Now, don't fret yourself with doubts, my dear. I will send over Mr. Rice to see the little darling. I have some writing to do, or I would go myself. If it is seriously ill, I will come, anyhow. Ah! if I can only get my affairs through here satisfactorily, we will be very happy together in a new world.'

He bent forward and kissed her. She burst into tears.

'Ah, Mr. Castonel! if you only mean it.'

'I do mean it. You shall see.'

The girl wiped her eyes, and as he talked on, her face cleared. There was music in his tones, and her face brightened. She suffered him at length to lead her to the door, where he bade her good-by, and she went home happy.

When she had gone, the surgeon laughed a low, singular laugh, as usual.

'So,' he muttered, 'you have a witness have you, my lady? Who can it be? The old dame, I wonder. No matter! The promise was only conditional. We shall see. That Scotch lawyer is poking his sharp nose into my affairs. It may come to the ears of Frances.'

Mr. Castonel paced to and fro, for some time, in thought.

'It will not do now,' he said, at length. 'There is no need of haste. Plenty of time yet.'

CHAPTER XVI.

WHICH TELLS HOW THE CURATE FLEW IN THE FLAME, AND GOT SINGED, AND OF THE FATE OF A BABE, WITH SOMETHING OF TWO LOVE-SCENES.

The child of Mary Shipley got well, but a month or so after it was sick again. And this was what came of it.

One hot afternoon Mr. Rice, one of the qualified assistant-surgeons of Mr. Castonel, was walking along a field path. The growing corn, rising on either side of him, was ripening, and the gay insects hummed pleasantly. He had just quitted a cottage, one of an humble row called Beech Cottages, situated near. 'Ah! how d'ye do?' cried he. 'A lovely afternoon.'

'Very.' It was the curate who had met him. 'Have you been far?'

'Only to Gaffer Shipley's. Mr. Castonel received some message this morning about the child; he did not choose to go himself, but sent me.'

'Is it ill?' cried the curate, in a tone of alarm. 'It is not baptized. I never can get to see the mother about it.'

'Ill, no. A trifle feverish. The poor do cram their children with such unwholesome food.'

'I am on my way to Thomas Shipley's myself,' observed Mr. Hurst. 'Mr. Leicester asked me if I had seen him this week, so I thought I'd take a walk this way and call upon a few of them. Mr. Leicester seems to have a great regard for that old man.'

'A decent man, I believe, he has been all his life,' returned Mr. Rice. 'And since his daughter forgot herself, people have wished to show him more respect than before.'

'By the way,' said the curate, 'whose is the child?'

Mr. Rice laughed. 'You had better ask that question of Mr. Castonel. I don't know.'

They shook hands and parted: the surgeon proceeding to the residence of Mr. Castonel, where he busied himself for some little time, making up medicine. He had just concluded his task when Mr. Castonel entered.

'Well,' said he, 'what was the matter down at Shipley's?'

'Oh, nothing. Child somewhat feverish and its bowels out of order. I have made up these powders for it. They will set it to rights.'

'And that?' added Mr. Castonel, glancing from the powders to a bottle of mixture.

'For Mrs. Aere. I am off now to old Flockaway's.'

As Mr. Rice quitted the laboratory, he met the tiger. 'Some medicine to go out, John.'

'Where to, sir?'

'Mr. Castonel will tell you. He is there.'

John went into the laboratory. 'Mr. Rice says there's some medicine to go out, sir.'

Mr. Castonel did not reply immediately. He was writing something on a slip of paper.

'Go to the library,' he said, handing it to John, 'and inquire whether this book has arrived. If so, bring it.'

'Can't I take the medicine at the same time, sir?'

'Do as you're bid, and nothing more,' rejoined Mr. Castonel. 'Bring me the book, if it is there, and then go with the medicine. You see where it is for: the mixture to Mrs. Aere's, the powders to Thomas Shipley's.'

The tiger went off, whistling, and his master remained in the laboratory. But when the boy returned, he was no longer there.

'Hannah?' sang out the lad.

'What do you want with Hannah?' demanded the housekeeper, putting her head outside the kitchen door.

'Bid her tell master as the library says he never ordered the book at all, as they heered on: but if he wants it they can get it from London. Perhaps you'll condescend to tell him yourself Madam Muff.' He took up the medicine as he spoke, and went out again.

Meanwhile the Reverend Mr. Hurst had left the corn-field, and proceeded to Gaffer Shipley's. The Gaffer—as he was styled in the village—lay in his bed in the back-room. A fall from a ladder had laid him on it, and he would never rise again. Dame Vaughan was in the front room, sewing. She had been hired to attend the house, during a recent illness of Mary Shipley's. 'He is asleep, sir,' she whispered, when she saw the curate about to enter: 'he dropped off just now, and I think it will do him good.'

Mr. Hurst nodded and drew away. He was bound to several cottages in the neighborhood, so he went to them first, and returned afterwards to Shipley's. The Gaffer was awake then.

'I'm ailing much, sir,' he said. 'Give my humble duty to Mr. Leicester, and thank him for asking. I'm as hot as I can be today. My skin feels burning.'

'Did you tell this to Mr. Rice. He might have given you something.'

'No, sir, I didn't. I had dropped off asleep when he was here, and Dame Vaughan never thought of it. I may be better to-morrow, and then I shan't want physic.'

As the Gaffer spoke, Mr. Hurst saw the entrance of Mr. Castonel's tiger, the door being open between the two rooms. 'Powders for somebody, Dame Vaughan,' said he. 'Who's ill?'

'This little one,' replied Dame Vaughan, pointing to the infant on her lap.

'That young scaramouch! I thought, perhaps, the Gaffer might be a going to walk it.'

'The Gaffer, poor man, ain't at all well,' said Dame Vaughan.

'I say,' resumed the lad, 'where's Mary? What's she gone into hiding for? Nobody have set eyes on her this age. Give her my compliments, and—'

At that moment the boy caught sight of Mr. Hurst. It was quite enough. He touched his hat, backed out and set off home.

When the curate passed through the front room to leave, he stopped and looked down at the baby. 'It does not appear to be very ill, Mrs. Vaughan.'

'No, sir, it's as live and peart as can be this afternoon. I did not see much the matter with it this morning, for my own part, only Mary?—she hesitated—'Mary would send to tell Mr. Castonel.'

'Where is Mary?'

'She's up-stairs,' whispered the woman. 'She made off there, sir, when she saw you a coming. Poor thing, she don't like yet to face the gentlefolks.'

As Dame Vaughan spoke, she was opening the packet left by the tiger. It contained six small neat white papers, which her curiosity led her to examine. They disclosed an insignificant portion of gray colored powder.

'I know what that is,' she observed; 'the very best physic you can give to a child. Will you please to read the direction for me, sir?'

'One of these powders to be taken night and morning. Mary Shipley's infant.'

'Ah, that's just what Mr. Rice said. Thank you, sir. Good day. I'll tell Mary what you say about bringing the baby to church.'

It was then nearly four o'clock, and the curate, after calling in at home to wash his hands and brush his hair, made the best of his way to the house of Mr. Chavasse, scarcely knowing whether he was progressing thither on his head or his heels. That house contained all he could imagine of beauty, and goodness, and love. It was his world. Had he not been a clergyman, he might have said his paradise.

Arthur was already in the study. And when the lessons were over, the curate entered the drawing-room, he and his fluttering heart. There she was, with her graceful form, her fine features, and her dark, brilliant eye. To him there was but one lovely face on earth, and it was that of Frances Chavasse.

To him she was a perfect contrast. Open in manner, ready and pleasant in speech, the Reverend Mr. Hurst when he first knew her, could only gaze at her through his spectacles with amazed admiration. She detected his homage; she soon detected his love; and, true to her vain nature, she gave it encouragement. Vanity was Frances Chavasse's ruling passion. She was this evening attired in a pink muslin dress, very pretty and showy, and when Mr. Hurst entered she was standing before the chimney-glass, putting some fresh-gathered roses into her dark hair. That poor beating heart of his leaped into his mouth at the sight.

'See what I am doing,' she said, perceiving his approach in the glass. 'For fun.'

He took the hand she carelessly extended behind; took it, and clasped it, and retained it; for it had come, now, that he no longer strove so ardently to conceal his love.

'Are they not pretty roses, Mr. Hurst? I got them off that tree by the lower garden. You know it. Here's just one left. I will give it to you.'

'And I,' he whispered, taking it from her hand, 'will keep it forever.'

'Oh,' cried Frances, laughing, 'what a collection you must have, if you have kept all I have given you! You might set up a museum of dried flowers.'

Arthur ran in, and looked at the table, with a blank face. 'Why is tea not ready? It has struck six.'

'Maunna has gone out—we shall not have

tea till she comes home,' answered Frances. 'Papa is not come in either.'

'Then I can't wait,' cried Arthur, ruefully. 'I shan't wait.'

'I would faint if I were you,' retorted Frances. 'I know you must be famished; though you did eat enough dinner for six, at one o'clock.'

'I want to be off to cricket,' returned the lad. 'I shall get my tea in the kitchen. What have you been sticking those things in your head for?'

'For you to admire.'

'Ah! I expect it is for somebody else to admire. Take care, sir,' added the boy, significantly; 'she will flirt your heart out, and then turn round and say she didn't mean it.'

A glimpse of angry passion flashed into the face of Frances. But Arthur escaped from the room.

'Don't mind him,' whispered the curate. 'All boys are the same.'

'All are not the same,' said Frances, crossly. 'Were you the same when you were young?'

'I never had a sister,' sighed the curate. He drew her hand within his arm, and they rambled into the garden. He had long been screwing up his courage to speak more seriously to her, and he thought he would do it now.

'I hope I shall not always remain a curate,' he began, by way of introduction.

'I hope not,' assented Frances.

'If I were to—here he was stopped by his nervous cough—to go into housekeeping, how much do you think it would take?'

'Housekeeping! I suppose you mean, set up a house and keep servants?'

'Yes,' coughed the curate. 'Were I lucky enough to obtain a preferment of two hundred a year, would it do?'

'You would have hard work to spend it all, you would. Look at that lime-tree: pretty, is it not?'

'Not by myself,' returned the curate, with a rosy hue on his thin cheek. 'If I had one to share it with me?'

'That's another thing,' said Frances, with a laugh. 'She might be fond of dress and nonsense, as I am, and then she would spend you out of house and home.'

'Oh, Frances, he murmured, his nervous tone giving place to an impassioned one as he clasped her hands in his, and turned his spectacles lovingly upon her face, 'I know I ought not yet to speak of it: but, give me a hope—that should the time come when I am justified in asking for you, I shall not ask in vain.'

Frances drew her hands away, and speeded towards the house. 'It will be early enough to talk of that when the time does come,' was her light answer. To the simple mind of Mr. Hurst, it conveyed all he wished for.

Mrs. Chavasse came in. And scarcely had they sat down to tea when one of the servants appeared and said that a boy wanted Mr. Hurst.

'Don't disturb yourself!' cried Mr. Chavasse, as the curate was rising. 'Let Nancy ask what he wants.'

'It is Ned Loug, the mason's boy, from Beech Cottages,' said the servant.



MAJOR JAMES A. SKINNER.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE THIRTEENTH BATTALION.

We present to our readers, in this number of our paper, exact pictures of the Colors presented on the evening of the 1st inst., to the Thirteenth Battalion of the Royal Canadian Volunteer Militia, and the scene of Presentation. The latter will be found on page

211. We also give portraits of Mrs. Isaac Buchanan, who presented the Colors, and Major Skinner, who received them in behalf of the Battalion. The ceremonies transpired in the Drill Shed, on James Street, in this city. At an early hour, the gallery of the building was filled, and many persons found standing-room below.

The battalion is composed of a fine-looking set of men, and consists of seven com-

panies. Their evolutions were in the highest degree creditable, even the newer companies exhibiting marked progress. Lieutenant Colonel Booker, Brigade Major Villiers, Major Bullen, B. B., and Lieutenants Muir, Dunstan and McCracken, were present, in uniform, in addition to the usual Company officers.

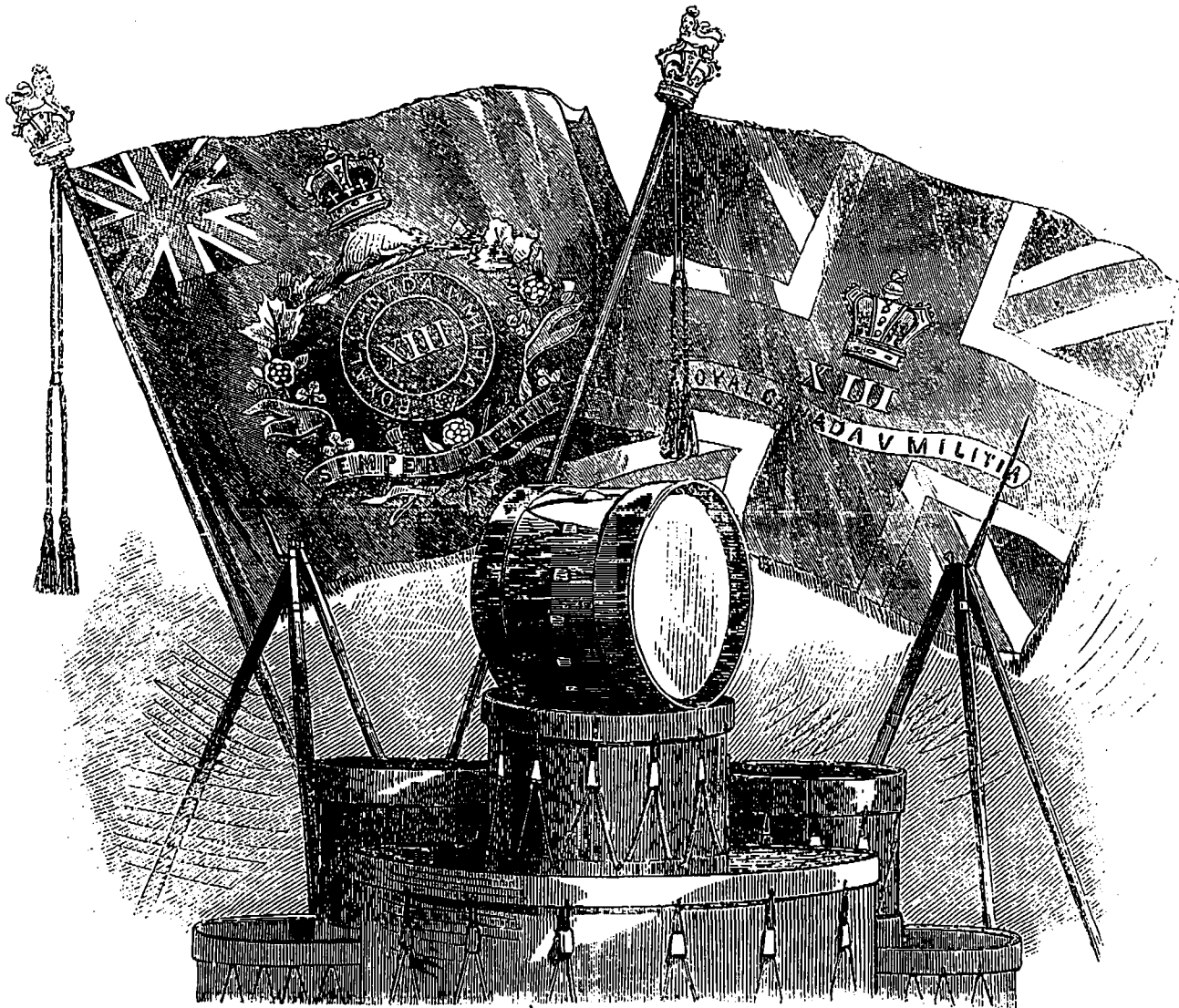
The set of colors consists of two flags, one the Queen's and the other the Regimental flag. The former is the Union Jack, very tastefully made and handsomely decorated, with the words "Royal Canadian Militia" surrounding a circle in the centre. Within the circle are the figures "XIII," and a crown surmounts all. The Regimental Flag is made of blue silk, richly embroidered, in magnificent style. In its centre is a wreath composed of roses, thistles, shamrocks, and maples, emblems of our own and our fathers' land, wrought exquisitely in gold and silver. Surmounting the wreath, in gold, is the beaver, the symbol of Canadian industry, and a golden crown is above him. The words "Canadian Volunteer Militia" circumscribe the circle on the flag, and within it is the Regimental number. Below, on a delicately wrought scroll, is the expressive motto, "Semper Paratus." The cost of these beautiful colors was about one hundred and seventy-five guineas.

Previous to the Presentation the Battalion was exercised in Company Drill. It was finally drawn up in line, with flank companies so disposed as to form three sides of a square. Mrs. Buchanan then entered the building escorted by Rev. J. G. Geddes, and accompanied by Lady Alexander Russell, Mrs. Geddes, Mrs. Colonel Gourlay, Mrs. Major Villiers, the Misses Geddes and the Misses Buchanan. They advanced to the spot where the colors were draped, preceded by a guard of honor, with the Prince Consort Own Rifle Brigade Band in front. When they came near the stand, the guard halted, Ensigns Buchanan and Watson slightly in advance. The Rev. Mr. Geddes then offered the following

PRAYER.

Oh! Almighty God, without whose blessing no human undertaking can prosper, look down, we beseech Thee, with favor on this work in which we are engaged, and grant that its results may be conducive to Thy glory, the honour of our Sovereign, and the safety and welfare of this Province.

Bless this body of our citizens, organized for the protection of their altars and their homes, and imbue them with such a spirit that they may approve themselves faithful and valiant soldiers in defence of their country, whenever she may require their aid. May these colours, which we now humbly consecrate, never be unfurled in war but in a just and righteous cause. Nay rather, most Gracious Father, Thou that makest war to cease in all the earth, preserve unto us that peace which we have so long enjoyed; and in Thy tender mercy restore unto



STAND OF COLORS—ROYAL CANADIAN MILITIA.

our afflicted friends in the neighbouring States, that tranquility, in which they may re-assume their former course of prosperity now too long interrupted in sanguinary strife.

Vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, Thy choicest blessings to our Sovereign Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the Royal family; to her Majesty's Representative in this Province, and to all that are set in authority over us; and grant that we may, each one and all of us, conscientiously discharge the duties of our several stations, live in Thy fear, in dutiful allegiance to the Queen, and in brotherly love and christian charity one towards another. All this we humbly beg in the name and through the mediation of Jesus Christ, our Blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all, evermore—Amen.

The two ensigns, to whose guardianship the colors were to be consigned, then knelt in front of them, when Mrs. Buchanan advanced, and read the following

ADDRESS.

Officers and Men of the 13th Battalion of the Royal Canadian Volunteer Militia of Canada: I have very great pleasure in presenting to you these colors, which have just been set apart to the service of our beloved Queen and country.

The blessing of the Almighty has just been invoked upon your arms, and so long as you keep these colors unsoiled from the stain of dishonor, you may indeed expect the blessing of the God of Battles to fall upon your arms, for these will never, I trust, be taken up by you save in a righteous cause—the defence of your homes which you declare yourselves 'semper paratus' to defend, if need be, with your lives.

This color—the Queen's—the meteor flag of our dear old England—wonderfully glorious wherever it flashes, is ever the harbinger of peace and prosperity, and the pledge of protection to all who shelter beneath its folds. Ever ready is it to be unfurled in a just cause on the side of the weak against the strong. This flag, which has been the symbol of freedom and justice in the past ages, will still in the ages to come flutter in the van of the triumph of the right over the wrong, and just because and so long as it is carried on the side of justice.

This color you are entitled to carry in virtue of the uniform you wear, and which makes it your duty to take heed that no aggressive foe tries to snatch Canada from Britain's glorious diadem. May God long spare our beloved Queen to command the services of our best and bravest.

This other color is yours as belonging to the 13th Battalion of Canadian Volunteers; and what does this imply? Simply, that you are prepared in our hour of need, should such unhappily come upon us, which God forbid, to form a part of a fence around Canada, between us and the foe. The best guarantee that such a day shall not dawn upon us, is that you Volunteers be indeed 'semper paratus,' not only for parades such as this, but for the stern realities of the battle field. We are all interested that so untoward an event as war may be averted; how deeply interested, who among us could say, for are not the lives of our best beloved at stake? But peace will not be maintained by folding our hands and shutting our eyes to the possibility of war, and crying peace. We must prepare ourselves for possible troublous times now, as the best earnest we have of continued peace. Strive to master all the details that are to make soldierly men of you now, so as to have nothing of that sort to learn when the day of action arrives. You will never be called upon to take part in aggressive warfare—to tarnish the silver wing of peace and desolate home; but not the less courageously will our own homes be defended; and let the foe who would tread on Canadian soil beware—he could only dare this in ignorance of the defence around us—men with the hearts and souls of men who will not flee even from the face of death if there lies their post of duty.

I have much pleasure in handing over to you safe keeping these colors, in full confidence that you will be 'semper paratus' to defend them.

The following was the reply of Major Skinner:

Mrs. BUCHANAN—Madam: In the name and on behalf of the Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Men of the 13th Battalion Royal Canadian Volunteer Militia, I thank you for your very beautiful gift.

Imbued with feelings of devoted loyalty to our beloved Queen, we have at the call of her representative in this Province associated ourselves together for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the use of arms, not for mere pastime or parade, but to enable us to do our duty as men, should ever our services be required in defence of the British Empire on this Continent.

We know not what the future has in store for us; we pray for peace, but should it be the will of the All-wise Disposer of Events to afflict our beloved country with the horrors of war, I feel every confidence in assuring you that the 13th Battalion will be found 'Ready, aye Ready' to do battle for our Queen and country, whether assailed by foreign enemies or domestic traitors.

I would again thank you, Madam, for these splendid colors. I trust they will be the means of imbuing us with renewed energy and attention to our duties, and I confidently express the hope that so long as an officer or man of this Regiment can wield a weapon in their defence, they shall remain unsoiled from the stain of dishonor.

SALUTING THE COLORS.

The band then played a few bars of 'God Save the Queen,' after which the guard marched past in slow time, saluting the colors. The Battalion then resumed their formation in line, in open order, and the colors were carried round, the volunteers saluting. The column was then reformed in companies, and preceded by the band, marched past in slow and quick time.

The occasion was a spirited one, and the ceremonies throughout impressively conducted. The Battalion cannot but regard the gift as a great mark of esteem, and it will, doubtless, prove an incentive to increased ardor in their profession. It is by the formation of companies like these, with a strict regard to improvement in military knowledge and discipline, on the part of officers and men, that the safety of Canada is ensured. We should be prepared, not to be aggressors, or to invite the sad effects of war, but to resolutely maintain our national honor and fidelity.

"HUMBLE OCCUPATION."

It is time this absurd expression were banished from the vocabulary of Americans. It is still rooted in many minds, that one man stands higher than another in consequence of the particular vocation by which he gains his livelihood. We receive, perhaps, fifty letters a week, the writers of which speak deprecatingly of the humbleness of their daily vocations; not meaning thereby that they are thieves and rascals, but that they labor honestly with their hands in some useful employment. We can tell these correspondents that there is no such thing as a humble occupation, unless it is dishonest; and that no man, in consequence of his occupation, ranks higher or ranks lower than another. All occupations have the self-same object, the supply of human wants. All are honorable. One man is endowed with the faculties required for one employment, and another man has a gift for another; but all honest men labor for the same sacred end, which alone renders any vocation honorable, namely, the good of human beings. Benjamin Franklin, at the composer's case, was as honorable a person as when he was ambassador at the Court of France, and he was laboring for the same object, his country's good. We do not say that all men are equally honorable, for they are not. If we had the honor of knowing Benjamin Franklin when he was bobbing at the case, we should have treated him with far more consideration and respect than other composers, for the simple reason that he was a greater and better man than they. He was also a capital printer. When he was transferred to other spheres of labor, he remained the same Ben. Franklin he was before; a great, wise and useful citizen and as such deserving of all honor; but not one whit the more honorable because he had changed his vocation. No profession confers honor. No honest work degrades. It is excellence in one's vocation and not the vocation itself that confers distinction. Let us hear no more of humble occupations.—*Metropolitan*.

Fun and Fancy.

A WIFE'S farewell to her husband every morning—Buy and buy.

WHAT things increase the more you contract them? Debts!

A NEGRO'S instructions for putting on a coat were: "Fust de right arm, den de lef, and den give one general conwalshun."

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his elder brother.—"Can't think, except it's 'cause she wears a large comb in her head."

It would be a great advantage to some school-masters if they would steal two hours a day from their pupils, and give their own minds the benefit of the robbery.

A DUTCHMAN was summoned in court to identify a stolen hog. On being asked if the hog had any ear-marks, he replied:—"To only ear-mark dat I saw var his tail vas cut off."

LET a youth who stands at the bar with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

Miss Lovely says that males are of no account from the time that the ladies stop kissing them as infants, till they kiss them again as lovers.

ERASMUS replied to the Pope, who had blamed him for not keeping Lent: "My mind is Catholic, but my stomach Protestant."

A POSER.—Burke told Garrick at Hampton, that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed," replied Garrick, "then what think you of a bitter cold day!"

IF a rich old gentleman has a thought of marrying, let him consider well before hand what it is that he stands in need of—a wife, an heiress, or a nurse.

THE DIFFERENCE.—In ancient days the celebrated precept was "Know Thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim:—"Know thy neighbour, and everything about him."

A ZOUAVE lost one of his fingers in a battle. "Bon!" he exclaimed, "just my luck to lose the finger upon which I wore my wedding ring. Now my wife will insist upon it that I gave it to another woman."

DIFFERENT sounds travel with different degrees of velocity. A call to dinner will run over a ten acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

AN OLD Scotch parson, praying after a flowery young brother had preached, said: "Lord bless thy young servant; and with thy great wisdom prick him with thy spirit, and let the wind out of him."

THE verb "to love" is the one young girls are most prone to conjugate; afterward they discover that, though the first, it is by no means the sole verb in the grammar of life, or even the only one that implies "to be, to do, or to suffer."

THE widow of a celebrated musician had inscribed upon his monument, 'He is gone where only his music can be excelled.' The widow of a pyrotechnist saw this and had inscribed on her husband's tomb, "He is gone where only his fireworks can be excelled."

A WOMAN called lately at a spirit-dealer's shop in Galashiels, for half a gill of the strongest spirits to sponge a silk gown with. After the quantity requested was drawn from the cask, she was asked for a bottle to hold the same, when she coolly replied, 'I haven't far to gang, and I'll just carry it hame in my mouth!'

A LATE advertisement in an Irish paper says: "Missing from Killarney, Jane O'Gogerty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black with red hair, and tortoise shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots down her back, which squints awfully."

WHAT strange creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and, ten chances to one, if the 'old woman can spare any of her girls'—but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a lifetime for their victuals and clothes.

CRAZY as George the Third was said to have been, there was evidently a method in his madness at times. Speaking to Archbishop Sutton of his large family, he used the expression, "I believe your grace has better than a dozen?"—"No, sir, replied the archbishop, "only eleven."—"Well," rejoined the king, "is not that better than a dozen?"

Thoughts of Thinkers.

BIGOTRY murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.—*Colton*.

A MAN'S religion is not a thing all made in Heaven, and then let down into him. I is his own conduct and life.—*Beecher*.

SERENITY is no sign of security; a stream is never so smooth, equable and silvery, as at the instant before it becomes a cataract. *Landon*.

THOUGHT AND LABOR.—A man is not idle because he is absorbed, in thought. To meditate is to labor; to think is to act. Folded arms work, closed hands perform, a gaze fixed on heaven is a toil.—*Victor Hugo*.

TYRANNY OF OPINION.—Numerous are those who have made their own prisons, and few who suffer but are destroyers. Comply with tyranny of opinion, in opposition to the dictates of nature, and you fabricate a scourge for your own punishment.—*Zimmerman*.

HAD I a careful and pleasant companion that should show me my angry face in a glass, I should not at all take it ill. Some are wont to have looking-glass held to them while they wash, though to little purpose; but to behold a man's self so unaturally disguised and disordered, will conduce not a little to the impeachment of anger.—*Plutarch*.

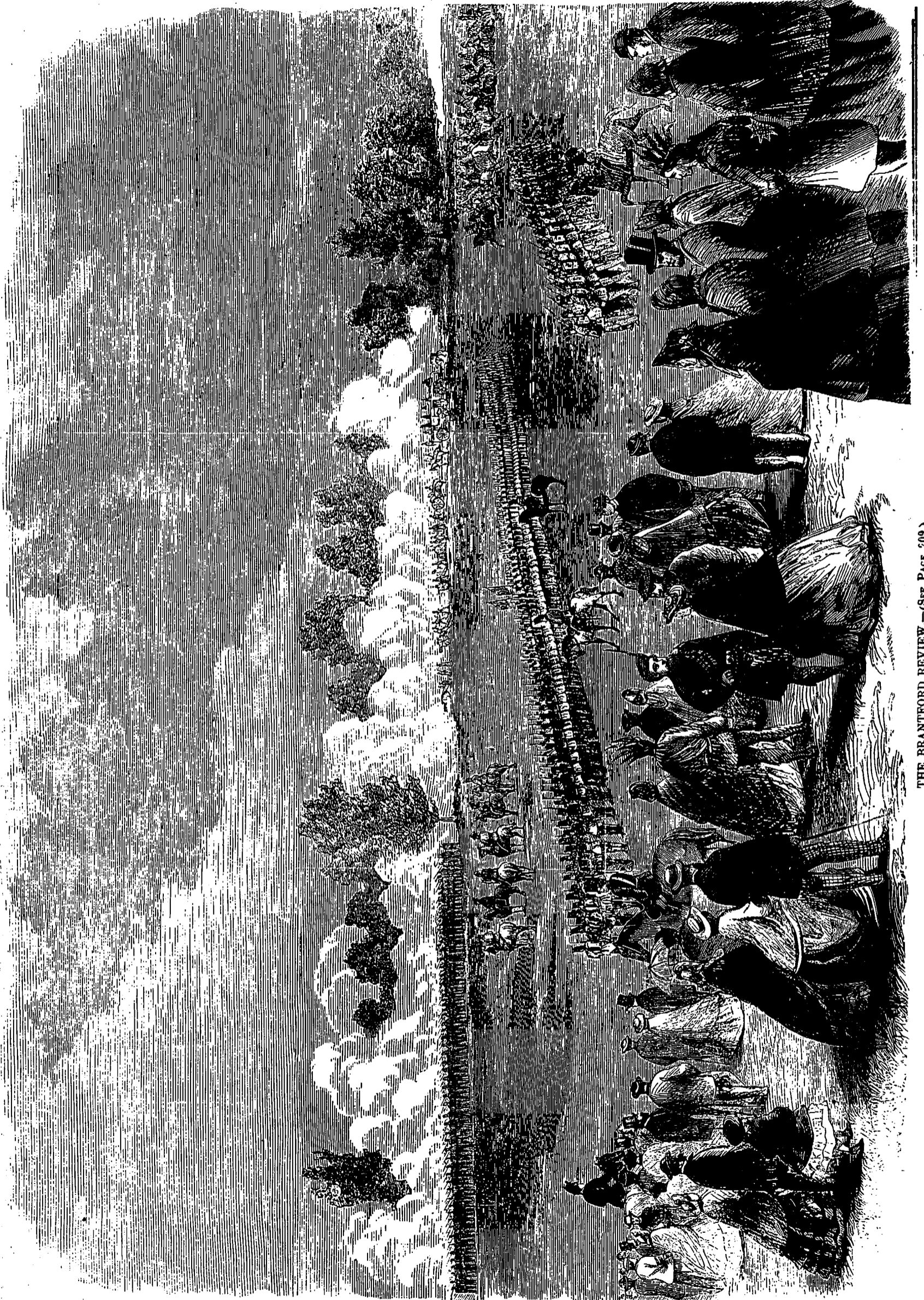
UNCHARITABLE NATURES.—The larger the nature the larger the love. Little mean natures, are uncharitable natures. Find a man that is doubtful as to the virtue of his fellow-men, and you may be quite sure that he is a mean man himself. The man that always has a hopeless, sarcastic sneer for his fellow men, who is in perpetual fear that he shall be cheated by them—look out for that man. But the man that hopes or trusts, though none sees the evil more clearly than he; the man that sees something brighter than the sin; who sees the light shining around all, hope around all,—that man has a noble nature a larger and more persistent love.—*Chapin*.

IDLENESS.—Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness. With men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments, and schemes oft baffled; and men fail in their schemes, not so much for the want of strength, as the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his power on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything.—*Carlyle*.

THE MUSIC OF THE NURSERY.—It is an astonishing truth—a truth little considered by a man when, as a bridegroom, he stands before the altar, for the moment manipulating the ring-end of the chain ere he fixes it—that there is no household noise like the noise of a baby when determined to make a ruffian of itself. There was not a macaw in Noah's ark that could not have been silenced by Shem's baby, had the little one resolved to test its screams.—*Douglas Jerrold*.

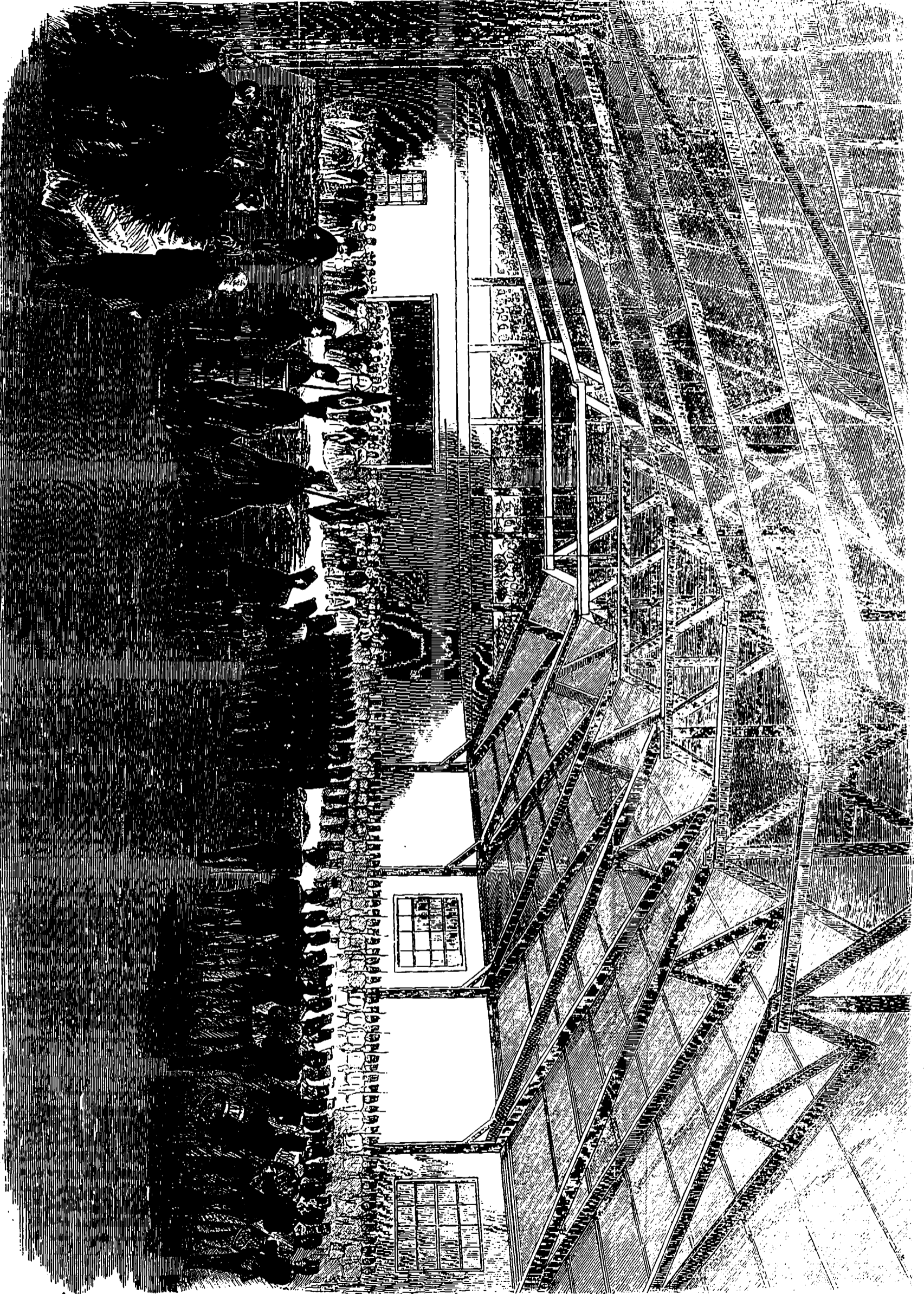
INTERCOURSE WITH SUPERIOR PERSONS.—It is the great event of life to find, and know, and love a superior person; to find a character that prefigures heaven and the saints on earth. Such a one is left alone, as the gods are. In all the superior persons I have met, I notice directness, simplicity, truth spoken more truly, as if everything like obstruction and malformation had been trained away. What have they to conceal? what have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons there is always a perfect understanding. They recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents or skill they chance to possess, namely, on their sincerity.—*Emerson*.

HOW TO GET REPOSE IN OLD AGE.—I strongly recommend you to follow the analogy of the body in seeking the refreshment of the mind. Everybody knows that both man and horse are very much relieved and rested if, instead of lying down and falling asleep, or endeavoring to fall asleep, he changes the muscles he puts in operation; if, instead of level ground, he goes up and down hill, it is a rest both to the man walking, and the horse on which he rides—a different set of muscles is called into action. So, I say, call into action a different class of faculties, apply your minds to other objects of wholesome food to yourselves as well as of good to others, and depend upon it, that is the true mode of getting repose in old age. Do not overwork yourselves; do everything you do in moderation.—*Lord Brougham*.



THE BRANTFORD REVIEW.—(SEE PAGE 209.)

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE XIII BATTALION—(See Page 212.)



THE BRANTFORD REVIEW.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The early dawn of Thursday morning found your "War Correspondent" on his way to the scene of the much talked of Review. The morning was somewhat cloudy and cold, and it was not until nearly eight o'clock that the sun gave unmistakable promise of the beautiful day he was ushering in.

Even at this early hour, and at a distance of five or six miles from Brantford, there was abundant evidence that this was no ordinary day. Here pedestrian parties of threes and fours, in holiday garb, and of both sexes, making their way to "town" were frequently passed.

As far as Brantford could be seen she seemed from her hundreds of flagstaves, with their fluttering bunting, to extend a welcome and promise festivity to all comers. Entering the town you found universal commotion. From every road the crowd came pouring in, in every imaginable and some decidedly unimaginable kinds of conveyance. The streets were thronged with a well-dressed crowd, all happy and joyous, but decorous and well-behaved. The Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway officials must have had a busy day, judging from the numbers who made their road the means of reaching the review. I had just reached their depot, when a train from the east arrived, composed of nineteen cars. Sixteen of these were ordinary box freight cars, all completely filled with excursionists. In the first freight car a brass band was making praiseworthy efforts to "soothe the savage breast," but as forcing sweet sounds through a sheathing of deal boards is no easy matter, we must not complain if they met with but indifferent success.

THE GROUND.

The ground on which the review took place is part of an elevated plateau, rising about a hundred feet above the level of the town, and locally known as "Smith's Hill," or "Sand Hill." The road to it certainly pleads strongly in behalf of the latter, as the more appropriate name. Long before reaching the ground staked off for the Review, the usual paraphernalia of such occasions was observable: Bar-rooms of most primitive construction, (among which however must not be reckoned the canvas pavillion of Mr. R. C. Buscombe) interspersed with peep shows—dignified with the name of Polymoramas—patent medicine venders and the like.

Passing from this we enter the old exhibition building in which preparations are making for the dinner, under the management of Mr. Kerby—of the Kerby House—who is extremely busy; but unlike most men under such circumstances, is courteous and obliging, freely giving whatever information is required. From thence to the review ground proper. This is of an oblong form, about a mile in length and three hundred yards wide, staked off by flags, and dotted with a few trees, which afford a refreshing shelter from the sun. Its gentle undulations scarcely redeem the ground from a dead level, while its short thick grass is a security against dust and offers no obstruction to marching.

At either side, and at the south end, commodious stands were erected, two of them by Mr. Kerby, which some malicious individuals pronounced unsafe, but did not succeed in frightening any one.

The Hamilton Volunteer Artillery were the first troops on the ground, having encamped there in true soldierlike style the previous night, after a fatiguing march from this city. It was from no want of men that only two guns of the battery were present, but from want of uniforms. Let us hope that they will not be prevented again from turning out in full force, from this cause.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock the troops began to arrive, sometimes in single companies and again in battalions, headed by bands of

music. At 11 o'clock, strains of music rising high and clear above all others attracted general attention. Soon the immense crowd had the pleasure of seeing the Prince Consort's own Rifle Brigade, under the command of Lord Alexander Russell, bearing on his breast as did most of his officers and men the memorials of many a well-fought field.

The brigade halted on the right of those already arrived, stacked arms, and held an apparently friendly conference with their canteens. At this point, I had an excellent view of the Indians, who had assembled to the number of two hundred, under their chief, Col. Johnson. Many of them were most picturesquely dressed, but as your artist succeeded in getting a sketch of Col. Johnson I forbear further description at present.

A ramble among the companies assembled, showed that the volunteers were resting on their arms until the arrival of the General Commanding. All were actively engaged in holding small reviews of their own. Words of command were sounding in all directions, some loud, clear and authoritative; of others the less said the better.

Soon after twelve o'clock, a movement of the Rifle Brigade showed that something important was at hand. Getting on to Mr. Kerby's stand at the saluting point, I had a fine view of the whole field, which was crowded with from fifteen to twenty thousand spectators, and lined on the eastern side by over 3,000 troops. The extreme right was occupied by Col. Hoste's battery of Royal Artillery, partly hidden by intervening trees; on their left the Rifle Brigade, in line, open order. Next, the troops of Cavalry from London and St. Thomas, their glittering brass helmets, waving plumes, and brilliant uniforms giving them a very fine appearance. In the centre and left the various volunteer battalions stood in solid column, but soon after deployed into line, in open order, and with their comrades awaited the arrival of General Napier.

The Volunteers were divided into five Battalions, as follows:

Battalion No. 1, commanded by Capt. Fitzroy, of the 63rd Regiment, and composed of the following companies:

No. 1 Co. Infantry, of London.—Capt. Taylor, Lieut. McPherson and Ensign Kirkland.

St. John's.—Major Jackson's Company of Infantry. Lieut. Kent and Ensign Elliott.

Windsor.—No. 1 Infantry. Capt. McDonald and Ensign O'Connor.

Delaware.—No. 1 Co. Infantry of the London Battalion. Capt. Graham, Lieut. Holten, Ensign Lee.

Komoka.—No. 1 Rifles. Capt. Atwood, Lieut. Stevenson, Ensign McKellar.

St. Thomas.—No. 1 Rifles. Captain Stanton, Lieut. Henry.

London.—No. 1 Co. Rifles. Captain Burwell, Lieut. Goodhue, Ensign Coad. 63d Band.

Battalion No. 2, commanded by Brigado Major Villiers:

London.—No. 2 Rifles, Capt. Lewis, Lieut. Riddle, Ensign Noble.

Brantford.—No. 1 Rifles. Capt. Algar, Lieut. Williams, Ensign Dickie.

Woodstock.—No. 1 Rifles. Captain Richardson, Lieut. Beard, Ensign Smith, and band.

Beachville.—Rifles. Capt. Greig.

York.—No. 1 Rifles. Capt. Davis.

Caledonia.—No. 1 Rifles. Capt. Jackson and band.

Dundas.—Rifles. Capt. Gibson.

Brantford.—Highland Rifle Co. Capt. Grant, Lieut. English, Ensign Carr.

Battalion No. 3, commanded by Major Skinner, (Hamilton Volunteers.)

13TH BATTALION—HAMILTON

No. 1 Co., Capt. Henderson.

No. 2 Co., Capt. Cattley, Lieut. Park, Ensign Watson.

No. 4—Lieut. McCrea, Ensign Buchanan.

No. 5—Capt. Mingaye, Lieut. Askin.

No. 6—Ensign Irving.

No. 7—Lieut. Biggar, Ensign Jamieson.

No. 9—Capt. Law, Lieut. Wink, Ensign Inkson.

Dundas.—Rifles, Capt. Crosland, Lieut. Wright, Ensign Coleman:

Battalion No. 4, commanded by Lord Edward Clinton, P. C. O. Rifle Brigade.

Ingersoll—Infantry, Capt. Oliver, Lieut. Holden, Ensign Farrick.

Chatham—No. 1 Infantry, Captain D. Smith, Lieut. Baxter, Ensign Smith.

Thamesford—Rifles, Capt. Daives, Lieut. J. McClellan.

Harrietsville—Infantry, Capt. McMillan, Lieut. McKee, Ensign Jellie:—

Mount Pleasant—Infantry, Capt. Ellis, Lieut. Catton, Ensign Galley.

Drumbo—Infantry, Capt. Howell.

Beamsville—No. 9 Co., Infantry, of the 19th Battalion, Capt. Konkle, Lieut. Walker, Ensign Ryckman.

Clifton—No. 2 Rifles, Capt. Barnett, Lieut. Cannon.

Battalion No. 5, commanded by Brigade Major Barretto.

Goderich—Co. of Foot Artillery, Capt. Ross, Lieut. Kirk. This was one of the finest drilled Companies present at the Review, and their steadiness in marching and wheeling past the colors called forth some very complimentary remarks from Major Gen. Napier.

Stratford—Infantry, Capt. Imlach, Lieut. James.

Seaforth—Infantry, Captain Coleman, Lieut. Hannah, Ensign Jackson.

Elora—Co. of Rifles, Capt. Donaldson, Lieut. Clarke, Ensign McDonald.

Goderich—No. 1 Rifles, Capt. Seamore, Lieut. Wallace, Ensign Hays.

Galt—No. 1 Rifles, Capt. Date, Lieut. Peck, Ensign Kay.

Stratford—Rifles, Capt. Service, Ensign Clark.

Guelph—Capt. Higinbotham, Lieut. Armstrong, Ensign Bruce.

Besides the above there were on the ground two guns of the Hamilton Volunteer Battery of Artillery, Lieutenant Muir; two troops of Cavalry, one from London under Capt. Burgess, the other from St. Thomas, under Capt. Cole.

At 1 o'clock Gen. Napier and his staff arrived, going from left to right of the line at a hand-gallop, the troops presenting arms as he passed; returning again at a walk to the left, he proceeded to the saluting point. The rapid galloping of Aids to and from various points, now indicated that the review was about to begin in earnest. Soon the whole line wheeled by companies, into open column right in front, and marched in quick time past the General Commanding, saluting him as they did so. The march was led by the Royal Artillery—Col. Hoste's Battery—who like their companions-in-arms, the Rifle Brigade—wore the glittering emblems of their past services in the field. Each band of music, as it reached the saluting point, fell to the left, and played until a successor arrived. When reaching its original position the line was halted, but only for a few minutes, the march being resumed in quarter distance column, quick time, doubling at the wheeling points; the artillery doubling also when passing the commanding officer. In both marches the 13th Battalion of Hamilton—with their brilliant colors—were especially noticeable for their steady tramp, exactness of line, and general soldierly bearing, as also were the London Volunteers, and many other companies which I am unable to designate.

The volunteers were now massed in four contiguous columns, at the south-east corner of the field, Gen. Napier and staff in the rear. Without loss of time, two of the columns advanced, each throwing out a company of skirmishers, who began the supposed action by vigorous cracks of the rifle. The columns meanwhile deployed into line, a blast of the bugle recalled the skirmishers, and brisk file-firing from the right of companies began. At this time a rumbling sound announced the arrival of artillery, and Lieut. Muir's volunteer battery, taking position on either flank of the line, soon made itself conspicuous by a deafening noise and no end of smoke. The file-firing was succeeded by volley-firing by companies, another advance, and formation in two squares to resist cavalry. Just as the last movement was accomplished, the cavalry

dashed between the squares, at a fierce gallop, and brandished their weapons in a way that must have appalled the impalpable foe. From square again into line, and the order was given to retire, which was accomplished by wheeling into columns, in order to pass the second line, which was advancing, and which opened to let them through. The manœuvring of the second line was but a repetition of that of the first, so needs no description. On their retirement, the regulars advanced, the Artillery on the right, the Rifle Brigade on the left and centre. As these men deployed into line, a murmur of applause ran through the vast crowd. There was something even in the steady ring of their steel ramrods, which bespoke the true soldier. I must pass over their various movements, noting but one, the firing by volleys, not by companies, but by the whole line. These solid rolls of sound, in rapid succession, and heightened by the fierce ring of the Armstrong guns, on the right, brought the excitement of battle fearfully near to the imagination. It must have been something like this that Gortschakoff called an "infernal fire."

But the afternoon is wearing out; the men are fatigued; stomachs are collapsing; and I have only the

CLOSING SCENE OF THE REVIEW to describe. The men were massed in a line of solid columns. The General and Staff rode to the front of the centre, when the line advanced a few paces, in slow time, and saluted. Officers were ordered to the front, and were addressed by General Napier in complimentary terms. The Royal Artillery and Rifle Brigade took up the march from the right, and received a volley by way of parting salute, from each volunteer battalion as they passed its front. It was a graceful compliment, well merited, heartily given.—A practical answer to the fears of British statesmen, that their veteran soldiers might be overwhelmed before succour could reach them.

THE DINNER.

The advance on Mr. Kerby's dinner table partook of the character of an assault. The position was carried with a rush which promises well for the vigor of future operatives. As for the discipline—well, military critics say that discipline is out of the question in an assault; in consideration of which fact, and making due allowance for the importunity of empty stomachs, say we drop the curtain here, making but a single remark *en passant*. Whatever confusion existed was of the purely good-humoured kind. All was fun, frolic and laughter.

THE ORIGIN OF THE REVIEW.

Many gentlemen have received the credit of originating the review who do not deserve it. I subjoin a history of the affair obtained from reliable official sources. Capt. Grant, of the Highland Rifle Company, of Brantford, was the prime mover in the affair. Mr. DeLisle, the Secretary, took hold of it heartily, and both these gentlemen performed their arduous duties with zeal and with satisfaction to all. Mr. Gilkison, the Indian Commissioner, lent most valuable assistance to the Committee. Mr. Inglis devoted nearly all his time to the collection of funds, and the work of the sub-committees. Mr. Matthews is also entitled to much credit for the spirit and energy with which he took hold of the work, as is also Mr. Clifford of the B. & L. H. Railway, who was ably assisted by many of his workmen at the depot. To Mr. Fell, of the B. & L. H. Railway, and Mr. Swinyard, General Manager of the G. W. R., the committee return thanks for the liberal manner in which those gentlemen met all their wishes. Brigade-Major Light was conspicuous during the season of preparation for his unwearied exertions to secure complete success.

To these gentlemen, Brantford and the whole Province are chiefly indebted for the magnificent military display which so large a number had the pleasure of witnessing.

The following letter of acknowledgement we most cheerfully publish:

BRANTFORD, C. W., Sept. 4th, 1863.

Sir,—

I am directed by Major General Napier, to request that you will be so good as to express to the Chairman and Members of the Committee of Management of the Volunteer Review that was held yesterday at Brantford, the Major General's extreme satisfaction at all the arrangements made by them for the assembly of such a large number of Volunteers with punctuality and in such good order, and also with the management of affairs throughout the day, which contributed so much to the general success of the Review.

I have the honour to be Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
J. ERSKINE HALL,
Major of Brigade.

To W. H. DeLisle, Esq.,
Secretary to the Committee of Management of
Volunteer Review, &c., &c., &c.

MAJOR JAMES A. SKINNER.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 208.)

MAJOR SKINNER, of the 13th Battalion Royal Canadian Volunteers, is a native of the Highlands of Scotland. He is about 37 years of age, and as the writer has known him for about twenty years in Hamilton, he must have left the "land of the mountain and the flood" when quite a lad, sufficiently youthful to suit the idea of the great English lexicographer, who was wont to say "that something could be made out of a Scotsman, if caught young."

On his arrival in this city, he entered into an engagement with the then well-known firm of Kennedy, Parker & Co., with whom he remained for over ten years. About twelve years ago he, in connection with his younger brother, began business in this city. By industry and close application to business they have earned a well-merited success.

Samuel Budget, the celebrated British merchant's formula of qualifications for

making a man of mark in trade, was "tact, push and principle." If these are necessary to attain that end—and doubtless they are—our friend would never make a great merchant, for he lacks in an eminent degree, the two former qualifications, not often wanting in his countrymen; his naturally retired, distant manner, and unbending will, unfitting him for a pursuit, in which he never took any very great degree of pleasure.

About two years ago he purchased a beautiful estate, in the valley of the Thames, in the neighborhood of Woodstock, to which he removed with his family.

Major Skinner has long taken a deep and active interest in military affairs. On the passage, in 1855, of Sir Allan McNab's Militia Bill, he at once proposed the formation here of a Highland Company of Volunteers; but through the dilatoriousness of the powers that then were, the matter was kept in abeyance so long, that, on No. 2 Company of this city being organized, he joined it as a private. Shortly after, the service of

the Highland Company was accepted, and he was gazetted Lieutenant, which rank he retained until the Company was disbanded, some four years afterwards.

On the visit to Canada, in 1860, of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, being mooted, he made offer of his services to get up another company, uniformed in the 'garb of old Gaul,' which offer was at once accepted, and it formed part of the guard of honor during the Prince's stay in this city. Many of our readers who attended the Provincial Fair, held here during the Prince's visit, will remember the martial bearing and discipline of this company, and how much they contributed to the comfort and convenience of our illustrious visitors.

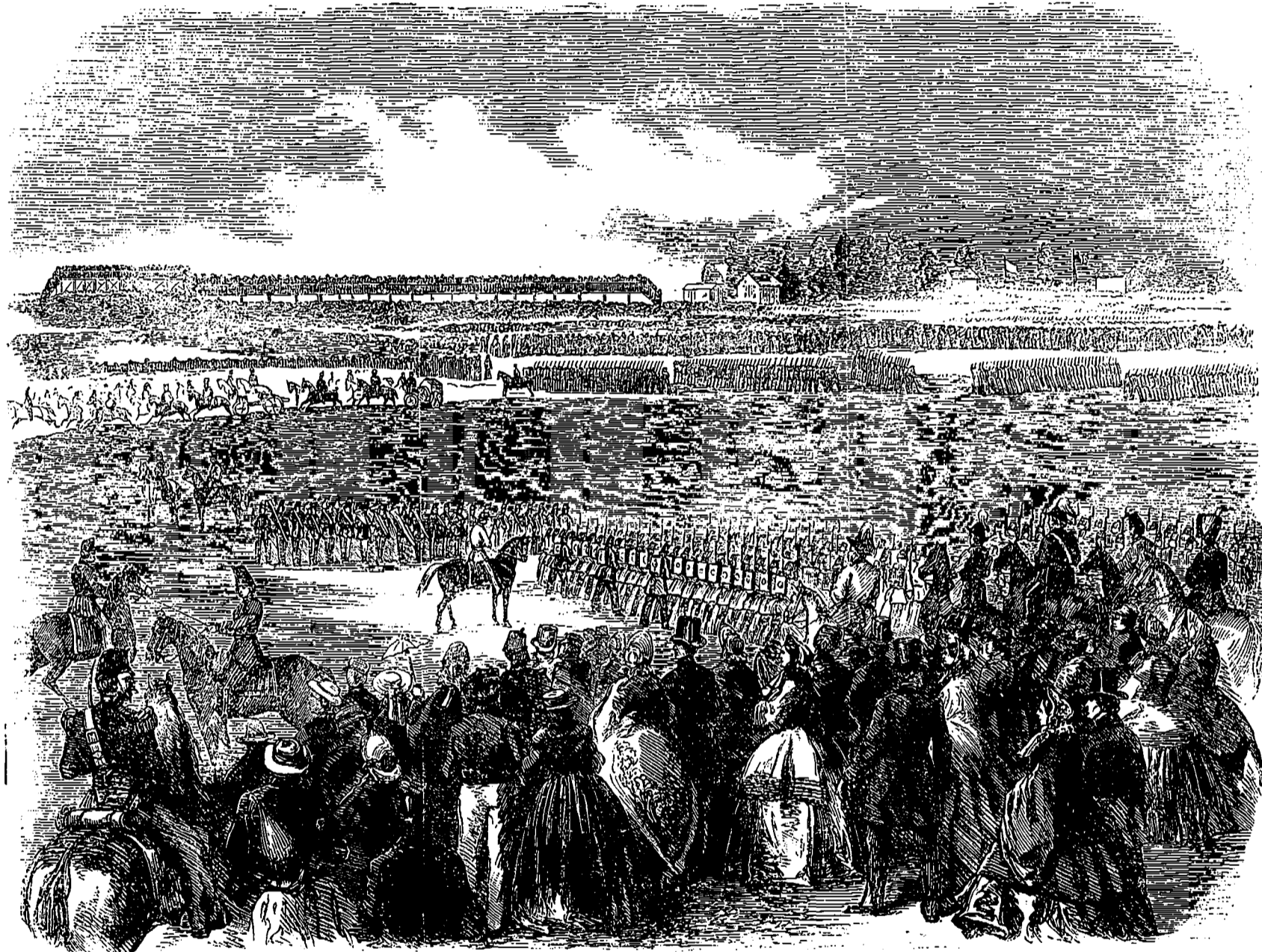
Capt. Skinner remained in command of the Highland Company until the formation of the 13th battalion, when he, being senior officer, obtained the majority.

As a military officer, Major Skinner is a pattern. He spares neither time or money

towards the efficiency of the organization, and we question if he has missed attending drill for the last seven years, unless prevented by illness, or absence from home.

Major Skinner has never taken an active part in politics, and to what party he belongs it would be hard for us to say. In his youth he obtained a good, classical education, and he is possessed of fine literary tastes and accomplishments. His library is one of the finest private collections in the province, and we believe the number is but small that equals it, in the possession of so many works of rare and antique interest.

Samuel Johnston once remarked that he 'loved a good hater.' We cannot close our imperfect sketch of the career of an esteemed citizen, without adding that, in this respect, he would be a man after the doctor's own heart. Strong in all his impulses and feelings, he can hate as intensely as he can love. We have never known him to forget a wilful injury, or to forsake a friend.



MARCHING IN DÉFILE—BRANTFORD REVIEW.

Useful Information.

EFFECTS OF INTENSE COLD ON MAN

But there is still a degree of cold beyond all that which I have described. It is when there is a strong wind blowing from the north at a temperature of forty or fifty degrees below zero. The sensation with which you endure it I can only characterize as a continued struggle for life. Then you do not only feel the cold, but you actually see it. The air is hazy with floating particles of frozen moisture. The sky is like a vault of solid steel, so hard and pale does it appear. And the wind is like a blast out of that fabulous frozen hill of the old Scandinavians. The touch of it on the face is like cutting with an exceedingly dull and jagged knife. I endured this weather during two days of travel in an open sleigh, but very fortunately

it was blowing on my back, or I would have been obliged to give up the battle. Every man I met who was traveling against the wind had a face either already frozen or just in the act of freezing. Those purple faces surrounded with rings of ice did not seem to belong to human beings.

Dr. Kane described to me his sensations upon being exposed two days to a violent storm at a temperature of forty-seven degrees below zero. Although the physical effect was not particularly painful, yet the mental effect was such as to make him and his men delirious for some days afterward. The physical effect of an extremely low temperature—perhaps the lowest which the human frame is capable of feeling—is a sort of slow, penetrating, deadly chill, rather than an acute and painful sensation. But after the battle is over, on entering a warm room, then a painful sensation commences. I ex-

perienced a curious counterpart of this on the African desert. During the warm hours of noonday, with the air like the blast of a furnace, I did not suffer any feeling of intense heat; but after sunset, when the temperature fell rapidly, then I began to burn and glow through and through like a live coal. It would seem from that, that the absorption of either heat or cold into the body is much less sensibly felt than the giving of it out again.—*Bayard Taylor.*

FATAL OVERTHROW OF ROME.—Belisarius entered Rome in 536. During the following sixteen years, Rome was captured no less than four times successively, viz: by Totila the Goth, in 546; by Belisarius, in 547; by Totila again in 549; and finally by the Greek general, the eunuch Narses, in the year 552. The various assaults, sieges, and efforts at defence, which mark this fatal era, filled up the measure of destruction, and

completed the deformity of the wide-spread ruins which now occupy the site of the Imperial City. During those fearful sixteen years, upwards of 15,000,000 of human beings perished by the sword, famine, and pestilence; the most fertile provinces were made desert; the most flourishing cities laid in ruins; and the entire order of things, which had grown up into a matured system under the power of old Rome and the civilization of Paganism, was literally blotted out of existence, and the very memory of its grandeur became almost effaced from the minds of men; while Christianity, unimpeded in its growth and progress amid the wreck of empires, expanded into fuller and more perfect development.

Of a bad paymaster get what you can, though it be but a straw.
A man may buy gold to dear.

Poetry.

ODE TO AUTUMN.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn—
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Peering his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun
Ope the dusky eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm, odorless mouth.
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,
On jangling wings through the inclement skies,
Last owls should prey
Unblazed at noon day,
And tear with honny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the West,
Pushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest,
Take fearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers
To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the prime of Summer—the green prime—
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three
On the mossed elm, three on the naked lime,
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree!
Where is the Dryad's immortality?
Gone into mournful yew and dark yew,
Or wearing the long, gloomy winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity.
The squirrel glows in his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brained their garners with the
grain.

And honey bees have stored
The sweets of summer in their lucid cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells.
And sighs her fearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone

She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love-rosary,
Whilst all the withered world looks drearily
Like a dim picture of the drowned past
In the hushed mind's mysterious faraway,
Doubtful that ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, grey upon the gray.

O go and sit with her, and be over-shadowed
Under the languid downfall of her hair;
She wends a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;
There is enough withered everywhere
To make her bower, and enough of gloom;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died,—whose doom
Is Beauty's—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light;
There is enough of sorrowing and quiet
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth rear;
Enough of chilly droopings for her bower;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.

BY MISS THACKERAY,
[Daughter of the great English Novelist.]

CONTINUED.

9. 30.—Reading Room, Flag Hotel,
Boatstown.—

Mr. William Dampier writing at a side-table to a married sister in India. Three old gentlemen come creaking in; select limp newspapers, and take their places. A young man who is going to town by the 10.30 train lies down on the sofa and falls asleep, and snores gently. A soothing silence. Mr. Dampier's blunt pen travels along the thin paper. . . . 'What a dear old woman Aunt Jenny is. How well she tells a story. Lady Dampier was telling me the same story the other day. I was very much bored. I thought each one person more selfish and disagreeable than the other. Now Aunt Jenny takes up the tale. The personages all brighten under her friendly old spectacles, and become good, gentle-hearted, romantic, and heroic all at once—as she is herself. I was a good deal struck by her report of poor John's sentimental imbroglio. I drank tea with the imbroglio this evening, and I can't help rather liking her. She has a sweet pretty face, and her voice, when she talks, pipes and thrills like a musical snuff-box. Aunt Jenny wants her for a niece, that is certain, and says that a man ought to marry the wife he likes best. You are sure to agree to that; I wonder what Miles says. But she's torn with sympathy, poor old dear, and first cries over one girl, and then over the other. She says John came to her one day at Paris in a great state of mind, declared he was quite determined to finish with all his uncertainty, and that he had made up his mind to break with Lætitia, and to marry Elizabeth, if she was still in her old way of thinking. Aunt Jean got frightened, refused to interfere, carried off the young lady, and has not spoken to her on the subject. John, who is really behaving very foolishly, is still at Paris, and has not followed them, as I know my aunt hoped he would have done. I can't help being very sorry for him. Lady Dampier has heard of his goings on. A Frenchman told some people, who told some people who—you know how things get about. Some day when I don't wish it, you will hear all about me, and write me a

thundering letter all the way from Lucknow. There is no doubt about the matter. It would be a thousand pities if John were to break off with Lætitia, to speak nothing of the cruelty and the insult to the poor child, who is, I believe, sincerely attached to him.

'This Miss Gilmour certainly made a dead set at him, and we all know that poor John is not the man to resist any attack upon his vanity. Tishy knows nothing of all this, and, to tell the truth, did not object to a little quiet flirtation in her intended's absence. She is just as nice as ever, silent, unaffected, simple, gentle; perhaps it is a shame to say that she seems to want a little heart and tenderness.

'And so Rosey and Posey are a coming home. I am right sorry for their poor papa and mama. I hope you have sometimes talked to my nieces about their respectable uncle Will. They are sure to be looked after and happy with Aunt Jenny, but how you will be breaking your hearts after them! Miles is safe to be ordered home in a year or two, and that is a great consolation. A priest ought perhaps to talk to you of one other consolation more certain and more efficacious. But I have always found my dear Prue a better Christian than myself, and I have no need to preach to her.'

Will Dampier wrote a close, straight little hand-writing; only one side of his paper was full, but he did not care to write any more that night; he put up his letter in his case, and walked out into the garden.

It was a great starlight night. The sea gloomed vast and black on the horizon. A few other people were walking in the garden, and they talked in hushed yet distinct voices. Many of the windows were open and alight. Will looked up at the window of the room where he had been to see his aunt. That was alight and open, too, and some one was sitting with clasped hands, looking at the sky. Dampier lit a cigar, and he, too, walked along gazing at the stars, and thinking of Prue's kind face as he went along. Other constellations clustered above her head, he thought; between them lay miles of land and sea, great countries, oceans rushing, plains arid and unknown; vast jungles, deserted cities, crumbling in a broiling sun; it gave him a little vertigo to try and realize what hundreds of miles of distance stretched between their two beating hearts. Distance so great, and yet so little; for he could love his sister, and think of her, and see her, and talk to her, as if she was in the next room. What was that distance which could be measured by miles, compared to the immeasurable gulf that separates each one of us from the nearest and dearest whose hands we may hold in our own?

Will walked on, his mind full of dim thoughts, such as come to most people on starlit nights; when constellations are blazing and the living soul gazes with awe-stricken wonder at the great living universe, in the midst of which it waits, and trembles, and adores. 'The world all about has faded away,' he thought, 'and lies dark and dim, and indistinct. People are lying like dead people stretched out, unconscious on their beds, heedless, unknowing. Here and there in the houses, a few dead people are lying like the sleepers. Are they as unconscious as the living?' He goes to the end of the garden, and stands looking upward, until he cannot think longer of things so far above him. It seems to him that his brain is like the string of an instrument, which will break under the passionate vibration of harmonies so far beyond his powers to render. He goes back into the house. Every thing suddenly grows strangely real and familiar, and yet it seemed, but a moment ago, as if to-day and its cares had passed away for ever.

Elly had a little Indian box that her father had once given to her. It served her for a work-box and a treasure casket. She kept her scissors in it, and her ruby ring; some lavender, a gold thimble, and her father's picture. And then in a lower tray were some cottons and tapes, one or two letters, a pencil, and a broken silver chain. She had a childish habit of playing with it still, sometimes, and setting it to rights. It was lying on the breakfast-table next morning when Will Dampier came in to see his aunt. Miss Dampier, who liked order, begged Elly to take it off, and Dampier politely, to save her the trouble, set it down somewhere else, and then came to the table and asked for some tea. The fishes had had no luck that morning, he told them; he had been out in a boat since seven o'clock, and brought back a basketful. The sea air made them hungry, no doubt, for they came by dozens—little feeble whiting—and nibbled at the bait. 'I wish you would come,' he said to his aunt; 'the boat bobs up and down in the sunshine, and the breeze is de-

lightfully fresh, and the people come down on the beach, and stare at you through telescopes.' As he talked to his aunt he glanced at Elly, who was pouring out his tea; he said to himself that she was certainly an uncommonly pretty girl; and then he began to speculate about an odd soft look in her eyes. 'When I see people with that expression,' he wrote to his sister, 'I always ask myself what it means? I have seen it in the glass, sometimes, when I have been shaving. Miss Gilmour was not looking at me, but at the muffins and tea-cups. She was nicely dressed in blue calico; she was smiling; her hair trim and shiny. I could hardly believe it was my wailing banshee of the previous night.' (What follows is to the purpose, so I may as well transcribe a little more of Will's letter.) 'When she had poured out my tea, she took up her hat and said she should go down to the station and get the Times for my aunt. I should have offered my services, but Aunt Jean made me a sign to stay. What for, do you think? To show me a letter she had received in the morning from that absurd John who cannot make up his mind. Here it is before me. I will send you a piece of the redomontade: 'Have you sounded her as to the state of her feelings?' he writes. 'I do not wish to talk her into a partiality for me, but if she is still unhappy, if she still cares for me, I am determined to come after you, and to ask her to be my wife. I do not, as I tell you, want to talk poor Elly into a *grande passion*. But if her feelings are unchanged, I will marry her to-morrow, if she chooses; and I dare say she will not break her heart. Perhaps you will all think me a fool for my pains; but I shall not be alone in the world. What was little Elly herself when she cried for the moon?'

'Aunt Jean said, very sensibly, that she was very much puzzled, that she could not quite understand what was going on in his mind; it seemed to her after all that he was not really in love with anybody, but that he sincerely wished to do what was right.

'I cannot be so charitable as she is, I said (as I wrote to you last night); I thought he was behaving very strangely. I was very sorry for him, but there was no doubt as to whom he ought to marry. He was bound in honor by every possible promise to Tishy, whereas he was not in the least bound to Miss Gilmour; he was not even desperately in love with her. She had accepted her position—it was hard upon her, but it would be ten thousand times harder for Lætitia.

'And yet, won't it be hard for Lætitia,' says my aunt, 'if he marries her, liking Elizabeth best?'

'There was truth in that. 'He mustn't like her best,' said I. 'Miss Gilmour will get over her fancy for him, and he must get over his for her. If he had only behaved like a man and married her right off two years ago, and never hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt, or if he had only left her alone to settle down with her French pastor.'

'[—if,] said my aunt, impatiently—you know her way—he has done wrong and been sorry for it, Will, which of us can do more? I doubt whether you would have behaved a bit better in his place.'

'I dare say not; but that had nothing to do with the question, and I begged her to write to John and tell him why she had not showed Miss Gilmour his note—my advice was not good, but it seemed to me the best under the circumstances. They were not good either.'

This bit of Mr. Will's letter was written at his aunt's writing-book immediately after their little talk. Elly came in rosy from her walk, and Will went on diligently, looking up every now and then with the sense of *bien être* which a bachelor experiences when he suddenly finds himself domesticated and at home with kind women. Miss Dampier was sitting in the window. She had got *The Times* in her hand and was trying to read. Every now and then she looked up at her nephew with his curly head bent over his writing, and at Elly leaning lazily back in her chair, sewing idly at a little shred of work. Her hair was clipped, the color had faded out of her cheeks, her eyes gleamed. Pretty as she was, still she was changed—how changed from Elizabeth of eighteen months ago whom Miss Dampier could remember! The old lady went on with her paper, trying to read. She turned to the French correspondent, and saw something about the Chamber, the Emperor, about Italy; about M. X—, the rich banker, having resolved to terminate his existence, when fortunately his servant entered the room at the precise moment when he was preparing to precipitate himself. 'The servant to precipitate. . . . the window. . . . the.

poor Tishy! At my age I did think I should have done with sentimental troubles. Heigho! he likes Elly best, I do believe, and perhaps Elly cares most for him. I vow it is a good thing to be old and to be in love with one's dinner and one's arm-chair. I can keep them both in all honor. But this poor nephew Jack will have to give up one bundle of hay, and I am an old donkey myself to fash so much about it.'

Elly wanted some thread, and rose with a soft rustle and got her box and came back to her easy-chair. Out of the window they could see all the pleasant, idle business of the little sea-port going on, the people strolling in the garden, or sitting in all sorts of queer corners, the boats, the mariners (I do believe they are hired to stand about in blue shirts and shake their battered old noses as they prose for hours together). The waiter came and took away the breakfast, William went on with his letter, and Miss Dampier with John's little note in her pocket, was, as I say, reading the most extraordinary thing in *The Times* all about her own private concerns. Nobody spoke for some ten minutes, when suddenly came a little gasp, a little sigh from Elly's low chair, and the girl said, 'Aunt Jean! look here,' almost crying, and held out something in her thin hand.

'What is it, my dear?' said Miss Dampier, looking up hastily and pulling off her spectacles; they were dim somehow, and wanted wiping.

'Poor dear, dearest Tishy,' cried Elly in her odd, impetuous way. 'Why does he not go to her? Aunt Jean, look here, I found it in my box—only look here, and she put a little note into Miss Dampier's hand.

Will looked up curiously from his writing. Elly had forgotten all about him. Miss Dampier took the letter, and when she had read what was written, and then turned over the page, she took off her glasses again with a click and said, 'What nonsense!'

And so it was nonsense, and yet the nonsense touched Elizabeth and brought tears into her eyes. They came faster and faster, and then suddenly remembering that she was not alone, and ashamed that Dampier should see her cry again, she jumped up with a shining, blushing, tear-dimmed, tender face, and ran away out of the room. Aunt Jean looked at Will doubtfully, then hesitated, and gave him the little shabby letter that had brought these bright tears into the girl's eyes. Dear old soul, she made a sort of confessor of her nephew.

The confessor saw a few foolish words which Lætitia must have written days ago, never thinking that her poor little words were to be scanned by stranger eyes—written perhaps unconsciously on a stray sheet of paper. 'There was, 'John. Dear John! Dear, dearest! I am so hap. . . . John and Lætitia. John my jo. Goose and gander.' And then, by some odd chance, she must have folded the blotted sheet together and forgotten what she had written, and sent it off to Elly Gilmour with a little careless note about Schlungenbad, and 'more fortunate next time,' on the other side.

'Poor little Læty! And I who called her indifferent and cold-hearted! What fools we are at times—at all times, I mean,' thought Dampier, as he doubled it up and put it back into the lavender box.

'All the same, Elly ought to know that he would marry if she wishes it,' said Miss Dampier, going back to the charge.

'There is always time enough to tell her so,' said Dampier, thoughtfully. 'When you have heard from John again—'

As he spoke the door opened, and Miss Gilmour came back into the room. She dried her eyes, she had fastened on her gray shawl. She picked up her hat, which was lying on the floor, and began pulling on two very formidable looking gauntlets over her slim white hands. 'I am going for a little walk,' she said, to Miss Dampier. Will you—hesitating and blushing—direct that little note of Lætitia's to Sir John? I am going along the cliff towards that pretty little bay.'

Will was quite melted and touched. Was this the scheming young woman against whom he had been warned? the woman who had entangled his cousin with her wiles? Here was one of the foolish, unexpected things he sometimes did. After making up his mind, and talking everybody over to his own way of thinking, he undoes it all by a single stroke.

'Aunt Jenny,' he says, 'are you going to tell her John Dampier does not go to Lætitia?'

'Why does he not go?' Elly repeats, losing her color a little.

He says that if you would like him to stay he thinks he ought not to go,' says Jean Dampier, hesitating, and tearing corners off *The Times* newspaper.

Weekly News Summary.

CANADA.

MILITARY MATTERS.—In the line of military affairs, the Review at Brantford has been the great occurrence of the past week. We give an extended account, by our own correspondent, in another part of the paper, in connection with two carefully-prepared engravings. The feasibility of getting up a review in Toronto, this fall, was to be discussed at a public meeting on Wednesday last, Colonel Denison inviting the attention of the Mayor and Corporation to the subject. The people of Amherstburg, Essex County, are anxious for a military display in the locality. Money has been liberally subscribed, and the volunteers of Essex and Kent invited to join in a review on the 21st inst. Rifle Matches and Rifle Clubs are greatly in vogue. A tournament of this character is to come off at Montreal, on Wednesday next, the 16th inst. The banks of the city have been liberal in subscribing to a Prize Fund, and a challenge vase, with \$200, is to be competed for. The contest is open to the volunteers of Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and London, and six competitors may be chosen from each city. It will be a splendid opportunity for good marksmen to exhibit their ability and precision. On the occasion of the Exhibition, at Kingston, a Rifle Match will be had, at which many prizes are offered. A Rifle Match for the Ensign's Medal, Company 7, Queen's Own Rifles, of Toronto, took place last Saturday. The ranges were 200, 400 and 600 yards; five rounds at each range. Ensign Gillmor was successful, making 32 points and hits. A Rifle Club has been organized in Toronto. The presentation of Colours to the 13th Battalion of the Royal Canadian Volunteer Militia, at Hamilton, is described at length elsewhere, and two fine pictures accompany the description, sketched by our own artist. Color Sergeant Mulvey, of the 30th Regiment, was presented with a splendid double-barreled fowling piece, on the 2nd inst., by the officers and non-commissioned officers of the 6th Battalion Toronto Militia. The Sergeant had acted as drill-instructor for the Battalion, and was about leaving the place with the Regiment.

GENERAL ITEMS.—The Owen Sound Times reports the crop of wheat, in that vicinity, as satisfactory, and says prices will be about the average of last year. The wheat crop, in the counties of Peel and York, after threshing out, does not come up to former expectations. Flax culture is on the increase. Mr. Donelson, writing from Weston, says that many parties have commenced erecting mills, and are preparing the material for the market. Spurious half dollars are in circulation about Montreal, difficult to detect, having a clear ring, and resist most tests save aquafortis. A destructive fire occurred at Danville, on the evening of the 4th. A number of stores, a livery stable, the express and telegraph office, &c., were destroyed. Very little of the property insured. Lake steamers have had a thriving season this year. Hotels have also generally prospered. A yacht race, the annual match for the Prince of Wales Challenge Cup and Championship of the Lakes, came off on the 7th, between the Gorilla, the Rivel, and the Breeze. The distance was from Toronto to Port Dalhousie, and return. The Gorilla was the winner, making time 7 hours, 23 minutes and 18 seconds. The Rivel's time 7 hours, 41 minutes, 30 seconds.

TRAGEDY IN TORONTO.—A heart-rending tragedy occurred in Toronto on Saturday afternoon last. One John McGlyn was arrested and committed for trial on the charges of murder and incendiarism. McGlyn had been in the employ of Messrs. Barry & Son, leather dealers, in company with one Patrick Elliott, more recently engaged. Business being dull, Elliott had been discharged, but was recently hired again, in place of McGlyn, who was discharged for drunkenness and negligence. This seemed to rankle in McGlyn's breast, and he frequently abused Elliott. An altercation finally ensued, growing out of some petty excuse for a quarrel on the part of the former, ending in a fight. The parties were separated, but soon after McGlyn was seen to be lurking around Elliott's premises, and but a very short time afterwards, smoke was observed to issue from straw in the cellar, and the whole building was rapidly in flames. In the house at the time were Mrs. Elliott, her daughter, Eliza Jane, four years of age, her son, James, twenty months old, and her aunt, Mrs. Milligan, wife of James Milligan. Great consternation ensued at the rapidity of the fire, and finding the stairway cut off, Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Milligan threw themselves from the window into the yard, some forty feet. Mrs. Elliott was caecite, and was so severely injured that she died a day or two after. Mrs. Milligan was not so seriously injured but that she will recover. During this time, the two children remained in the house, and all efforts to rescue them proved unavailing. The scene was heart-rending, the father frantically crying after his children, and the bystanders melted into tears. At the end of about an hour the flames were subdued, and the bodies of the children were brought out. The head and trunk of the little girl were fearfully scorched, and her feet completely burned off; but the little boy seems to have been smothered by the smoke in the cradle, where he was found lying. He was slightly scorched on the brow, and his mouth blistered. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was in effect that McGlyn was the cause of the fire and loss of life, and he is now locked up awaiting his trial. The Town Treasurer's office, Guelpi, was broken into by burglars on Sunday night, who were foiled on making a haul, as the Treasurer very prudently had taken care of the town funds, so that the night-rascals only had their pains for their pay. The burglars escaped, but the authorities are after them. Another cheap excursion to the Falls is advertised by the Great Western Railway Company, for the 15th inst.

PARLIAMENT.—LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.—Bills to amend

the Savings' Bank Law, and to amend the Municipal Act of Upper Canada, have been read a third time and passed. Bills to amend the Division Courts Act of Upper Canada; to incorporate the Accidents of Assurance Company; and to amend the Charter of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway Company have been read a second time.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.—A lengthy discussion arose on Monday, on the subject of the Public Buildings at Ottawa, the motion of Mr. Brown being for committee to enquire into the present position of the public buildings at Ottawa, state their progress, the time by which they could be completed, and for what cost. An adjournment was had without any final disposition of the matter. On the 9th instant the resolution of Mr. Brown was again discussed, and an amendment of Mr. Morris, virtually rejecting the proposition for a committee of inquiry, was adopted. yeas 56, nays 52.

A motion to rescind the rules preventing the taking of the yeas and nays on a motion of adjournment, was carried.—Motions for returns relative to the conveyance of writs in the last elections for Gaspe and Bonaventure, and for a return of moneys expended on the boundary road of Grey, and Wellington, were carried.—On the 4th Mr. J. S. McDonald introduced his Militia Bill. It provides for the organization of the sedentary Militia, to be known as "non-service Militia," as under the act of 1854. The service enrolment will be divided into three classes, first-class service-men, comprising unmarried men and widowers without children between eighteen and forty-five; second-class service, married and widowers with children, between eighteen and forty-five; reserve men those between forty-five and sixty. Assessors each year will make up a militia census of the male population, classified in three separate columns, one for each of the above classes. Transcripts of assessors' returns in each county will be made by the County Council Clerk to the Clerk of the Peace, at whose office, within a certain number of days, the Warden of the County, the Judge, and the Sheriff, shall meet to ballot from the first or second class service men, or both, as the Commander-in-Chief may direct, the number ordered for service by the Commander-in-Chief, in battalions of 750 men each. The Militia Census to be taken each year, but the ballot to be made only once in three years, at the end of which period the new service battalions will take the place of those which have served for that time. Officers fit to exercise command will be allotted to these service battalions. Service battalions may at any time be called out by the Commander-in-Chief for a period in each year not exceeding six days, and not necessarily consecutive, for drill and instruction, which may be by company or battalion drill. Provision is also made for a school of Military instruction in either section of the Province, to train officers, and the Commander-in-Chief is empowered to arrange with the officer commanding Her Majesty's forces, for the best means of effecting the same, in connection with some regular regiment.

UNITED STATES.

THE WAR.—Advices from Charleston have been mainly, during the week, "everything progressing favorably," as relates to the Federal cause. Dispatches of the 10th inst., contained in extracts from Richmond papers of the 7th and 8th, state the evacuation of Morris Island, Forts Wagner and Gregg, and the Cunningham's Point Battery, by the Confederates. On the 7th heavy firing was going on between the batteries of the latter, and Fort Moultrie and the Monitors. Fort Sumter was still in Southern possession, but Admiral Dahlgren had demanded its surrender. Beauregard dictated a reply that Dahlgren "ought have Fort Sumter when he takes it and holds it, and that in the meantime such demands are puerile and unbecoming." The iron-clads and Monitors approached the Fort at a later hour, and commenced a heavy firing, replied to from Sullivan's Island and Fort Moultrie. The fall of these will leave the earthworks on each side of the harbor to bombard, and the taking of the city, though probable in time, is still some distance off.—The armies of the Southwest are coming together. Knoxville, in East Tennessee, is in Federal possession, and the accounts of desertions from Bragg and Johnston's armies still come in. Rosecrans sent a cavalry force to join Burnside's forces, and a junction was effected. A sharp fight occurred at London, on the line of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroads, in which a Federal victory is claimed. At Chattanooga quiet prevails. A Southern dispatch states the Federals to be active above and below that place, and says a few of them are at Woxahatchie, and another force is advancing on Rome, Georgia.—The armies in Virginia are comparatively in a state of quietude. There are some anticipations of another attempt on the part of Lee to invade Maryland this fall.—General Banks is to go to Texas.—Southern guerrillas have been threatening an invasion of Eastern Kentucky.—Kansas troops have been eagerly pursuing Quantrill's men, and have killed and captured a large number of them.

THE FROST.—A wide-spread frost has committed extensive ravages throughout the West. Middle Illinois and part of Wisconsin have suffered the most. Corn, in many sections, has been irreparably injured, and vegetables have experienced a fate of destruction. An "August frost," so extensive, is a meteorological phenomenon.

GENERAL ITEMS.—The steamer Sunbeam was lost on Lake Superior last week, in a severe gale, near Eagle River. All the passengers and crew, numbering 35, were lost, with the exception of the wheelman.—The wheat crop of Wisconsin is estimated at 30,000,000 bushels, of which she can spare two-thirds.—President Lincoln, in a recent letter to an Illinois Union Convention, rigidly adheres to his Emancipation Proclamation.

EUROPEAN.

ENGLAND.—The ship "Anglo-Saxon" was burnt by the Florida on the 21st of August, 30 miles S. E. of Kinsale. She had a cargo of coal on board.—The Alabama and the Florida were both reported to have gone into French ports for repairs, but this report needed confirmation.—The London Times, in an editorial on the memorial of the Emancipation Society for the stoppage of the building of vessels for the Confederates, admits that it is wrong to supply them with vessels, and says it is England's interest as well as legal duty to maintain this custom. The London Daily News reiterates the arguments that all the vessels building for the Confederates should be seized. The London Star contends that the vessels should at least be detained until the appeal in the Alexandria case is finally settled. The London Times, taking D'Arcy McGee's late alarmist letter for a text, tells them that it is a suggestion in the wrong direction to appoint an English Prince to govern Canada, in the fear of aggression, and says they must defend themselves.

AUSTRIA.—The acceptance of the Mexican crown by Archduke Maximilian has not been confirmed. His father-in-law, the King of Belgium, recommends him to insist upon conditions which would be equivalent to a refusal of the crown. In case of acceptance, he would lose his right as a Prince of Austria. The Austrian note to Russia remarks that foreign influences are not the only cause of insurrection in Poland. Poland would be tranquil if Russia had performed her engagements. Austria thinks that Russia ought certainly not to object to a conference of three Powers, and, in case of her doing so, Austria will always hold Russia responsible for the consequences.

Household Receipts.

EAR-ACHE.—Take a table-spoonful of fine salt, and tie it up in a little bag, heat it quite hot, and lay it on the ear, shifting it several times; and it will afford speedy relief.

BURNS.—In all burns, the great secret is to protect the part, as soon as possible, from the air. This is at least one of the reasons why cotton is so salutary.

RAISED MUFFINS.—One pint of milk and two eggs; one table-spoonful of yeast and a spoonful of salt. Mix these ingredients with sufficient flour to make a thick batter. Let it rise four or five hours, and bake in muffin rings. This you will find most excellent.

TO PREPARE CITRON FOR FRUIT CAKE.—Pare and steep the citron until soft, then add an equal quantity of sugar; dry them in a dish until the juice is nearly dried out, then spread them on plates and set them in a luke warm oven until dry. Add a few drops of extract lemon, and they are ready for use.

BOILED POTATOES.—Let each mess be of equal size. Let the water boil before putting the potatoes in. When done, pour off the water and scatter on three or four table spoonfuls of salt, cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for a short time. Watery potatoes are made mealy by this process.

RICE FLOUR PUDING.—To one quart of fresh milk boiled add twelve teaspoonfuls of rice flour (previously mixed smooth with a little cold milk), six eggs (the whites and yolks having been beaten separately), and a little salt. Then bake it carefully, and serve it with a sauce made of cream, butter, sugar, and a little nutmeg.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS.—Take one quart of coarse ground and sifted Indian-meal, two spoonfuls of sweet cream, one quart of milk, one spoonful of molasses, and half a teacupful of hop or potato yeast. Make into a thin dough; let it rise four or five hours; bake one hour in muffin rings, or in shallow pans. Wheat-meal will make excellent muffins managed in the same way.

PICKLING SWEET APPLES.—To one half a peck of sweet apples make a syrup of two pounds sugar, and one pint of vinegar. Boil the apples in this syrup until tender; then remove them, and make a syrup of 2 1/2 lbs of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Add one teaspoonful of cloves, and one of cinnamon tied in a bag. Let the syrup boil 15 or 20 minutes: then pour it, while hot, over the fruit. The first syrup is good for other sauces.

TO MAKE PERFUMES.—Take a quantity of freshly gathered flowers, clip the stems from them, and place them in a vessel containing sufficient olive or almond oil to cover the petals. After they have remained in the oil for twenty-four hours, strain the mass with a piece of sheet muslin, squeezing the oil entirely from the leaves. To the same oil add a fresh supply of flowers, repeating the process until the oil becomes as strongly impregnated with the volatile essence of the flower as is required; then add to the oil an equal quantity of highly rectified spirits. This must be shaken every day for a fortnight, when the perfumed spirits on the top may be poured off into the toilette bottles for use.

For the Children.

THE BEST WISH.

Once on a time there were three brothers; I don't quite know how it happened, but each of them had got the right to wish one thing, whatever he chose. So the two elder were not long a-thinking; they wished that every time they put their hands in their pockets they might pull out a piece of money; for, said they—

'The man who has as much money as he wishes for is always sure to get on in the world.'

But the youngest wished something better still. He wished that every woman he saw might fall in love with him as soon as she saw him; and you shall soon hear how far better this was than gold and goods.

So when they had all wished their wishes, the two elder were for setting out to see the world; and Boots, their youngest brother, asked if he mightn't go along with them; but they wouldn't hear of such a thing.

'Wherever we go,' they said 'we shall be treated as counts and kings; but you, you starveling wretch, who haven't a penny, and never will have one, who do you think will care a bit about you?'

'Well, but in spite of that, I'd like to go with you,' said Boots; 'perhaps a dainty bit may fall to my share too off the plates of such high and mighty lords.—Tales of the Norse.

ONE BRICK WRONG.—Workmen were recently building a large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. The architect and foreman charged the masons to lay each brick with the greatest exactness, especially the first course, which were to sustain all the rest. However, in laying a corner by accident or carelessness, one brick was set a very little out of line. The work went on without its being noticed, but as each course of bricks was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up straight, and the higher they built the more insecure it became. One day when the tower had been carried up about fifty feet there was a tremendous crash. The building had fallen burying the men in the ruins. All the work was lost, materials wasted, valuable lives sacrificed, all from one brick laid wrong at the start. The workman at fault in this matter little thought how much mischief he was making for the future. Do you ever think what ruin may come of one bad habit, one brick laid wrong, while you are now building a character for life? Remember, in youth the foundation is laid. See to it that all is kept straight.

Dear young reader, did you ever think of this?

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, how slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—Macaulay.

'Here is a new article for beautifying the complexion,' said the pedlar to Mrs. Partington. 'Is it, indeed?' said she, 'well, they may get up ever so many rostrums for beautifying the complexion, but, depend upon it, the less people have to do with bottles for it, the better. My neighbor Mrs. Blotch, has been using a bottle a good many years for her complexion, and her nose looks like a rupture of Mount Vociferous, with the burning lather running all over the contagious territory.'

FRICCASEE CHICKEN.—Cut the chicken up; let the parts lie in water for an hour; dry them in a towel; then put them in a stewpan with just water enough to cover them, with a little mace, part of an onion cut up fine and a little sweet marjoram. Boil them until tender. Then take a 1/2 lb. of butter, and rub some flour with it until perfectly smooth, and drop the butter and flour into the chicken water, stirring it all the time until it boils. Then take a yolk of an egg, beat up with a little cream, and pour in when done.

Amusements.

A RIDDLE.

A man has a little boat in which he must carry, from one side of the river to the other, a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage; and must not carry more than one of these at once.

ENIGMA.

My home is in earth, yet in ether I dwell; I'm found both in spirit and matter as well.

In towns you may find me; I'm seen in the street And tramp of the multitude's echoing feet.

And, again, in all countries, from Thanes to Canton, In every tribe that the sun shines upon;

And hiding of course, in your cup of Bohea. Still, 'tis I, just the same, old as Adam, still young;

ANSWERS TO 'AMUSEMENTS' OF LAST WEEK.—Enigma.—Robert French's Railroad Hotel, Canfield, Charade.—Block-Head—Arithmetical Calculation.—The time required, working incessantly, 72 years, 17 weeks, 4 days, 2 hours, 52 minutes, 48 seconds.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 4TH SEPT., 1863.

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

Table with 2 columns: Item (Corresponding Week of last year, Increase) and Amount.

JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton, 5th Sept. 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 29TH, 1863.

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

Table with 2 columns: Item (Total, Corresponding week, 1862, Increase) and Amount.

JOSEPH ELLIOTT.

MONTREAL, Sept. 4th, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT. Liverpool, August 29, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Beef, Pork, Bacon, Middles, Long Middles, Cumberland cut, Hams, Lard, Middling to good, Inferior and Grease, Cheese, Butter, Grease sorts, Wheat, Canadian, American, French) and Price.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Flour, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ohio, Canadian, Extra Canadian, Indian Corn, Yellow per 49 lbs., Mixed) and Price.

Table with 2 columns: Item (American Crude, Canadian, American Refined, Imperial Gallon, Canadian, Spirits of Petroleum or Benzine, Lubricating, Grease) and Price.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, Sept. 9, 1863.

Flour.—Receipts 7,776 bbls. Market dull and drooping; sales 700 barrels at 4 50 a 4 50 for Superior State; 4 60 a 4 95 for extra State; 5 00 a 5 10 for choice do; 4 00 a 4 50 for superfine Western; 4 55 a 4 95 for common to medium extra Western; 5 15 a 5 40 for common to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio Canadian flour dull; sales 399 bbls at 4 50 a 5 00 for common, and 5 00 a 7 00 for good to choice extra. Rye flour quiet at 2 60 a 2 50.

GRAIN.—Receipts of Wheat 12,555 bush. Market better and moderate demand; sales 35,000 bush at \$7 a 1 05 for Chicago spring; 95 a 1 14 for Milwaukee Club; 1 16 a 1 20 for amber Iowa; 1 14 a 1 21 for winter red Western; 1 22 a 1 23 for amber Michigan Rye quiet at \$9 a 90. Barley dull and nominal. Corn receipts 27,034 bushels. Market a shade firmer, with sales of 50,000 bushels at 75 a 76 for shipping mixed Western; 75 for Eastern. Oats quiet and firm at 55 a 62 for Canadian, 63 a 69 for Western, 66 a 70 for State.

Provisions.—Pork quiet; sales 200 bbls at 11 75 a 12 for old mess; 12 75 a 13 85 for new do; 10 50 a 10 75 for new prime. Beef dull. Stocks are better and fairly active, but close less buoyant. Money, on call, still active at 7 percent. Sterling Exchange firm at 110 1/2 for specie, and 146 for currency. American Gold 132 1/2.

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Near G.W.R. Depot, Mt. Brydges, JOHN HUMBLE, Proprietor. Ample Room and First-class fare. Charges reasonable. Sample Room for Commercial Travellers. Mt. Brydges, Sept. 1863.

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

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

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

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

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THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King Street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation and conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province. His long experience in the business of hotel keeping will, he trusts, secure to him a share of that patronage which he has enjoyed for so many years.

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

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

In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive

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W. M. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. Hamilton, July 27, 1863.

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Grocers, Wine Merchants and Dealers generally, should lose no time in giving them a trial. There are many instances of storekeepers doubling their sale in a very short time by introducing these celebrated whiskies.

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

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

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

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

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