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HON. JAMES MORRIS, RECEIVER GENERAL, AND M. L. C.

In the year 1801, a ship left the River Clyde, in Scotland, with passengers for Canada. For the long space of two months, that vessel labored and plunged in the ocean, on a passage which the steamer from Glas-

gow now accomplish easily in ten or twelve days. Among the passengers, was a child, three years old. In the town of Brockville, county of Leeds, Upper Canada, a stranger having discovered that it is an aristocratic place, by the handsome villas on its outskirts, as well as in its streets, may look at the Court House on a pleasant elevation, near to which are substantial bank buildings, and then may possibly enquire, 'whose pretty house is that, with white railings in front, shaded from the summer sun by leafy trees, that with the carriage at the door, in which the elderly gentleman has just taken his seat?' 'That,' your companion will reply, 'is the residence of the Hon. James Morris, and that is the gentleman himself.' Then, if I, when no longer a stranger, am asked, 'who is Mr. Morris?' I reply, 'He was the child who came out in the ship that plunged and labored in the ocean on the long passage in 1801.' If you ask, 'what more of him?' I rejoin, 'travel with me to the Rapid du Plat, on the St. Lawrence, in the county of Dundas, and on the Canada shore of all the rapids which interrupt navigation on a stretch of ninety miles west of Montreal. Observe the grand series of canals, the stupendous lock-gates and lock chambers; study the advantages to commerce afforded by those works, not yet surpassed in magnitude in the world, if indeed equalled; observe the crowds of vessels, American as well as Canadian, freighted with the produce of Canada West, and of the States bordering on the western lakes; that produce on passage to Montreal, from whence it will be carried by ocean ships to Britain or France. At the lower termination of the Rapid Du Plat, observe the thriving town

which has arisen since the outflow of the canal at that place, gave available water-power for machinery and birth to manufactures. Take note of the saw-mills and other works of the ingenious Benjamin Chaffy, whose handsome residence, we admired outside of Brockville, the manufacturer of these lock gates

for all these canals; the inventor of machinery, a wonder of mechanical genius, unprovoked on the pressure of sudden exigencies, without which it was hardly possible that some of the piers of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, could have been founded. Among the boulders in the deep, impetuous river, this thriving town is named

Morrisburgh, in honor of James Morris, who, as Postmaster-General of the Province, was the first to concede to it a Post Office; and who as a Government Commissioner for the construction of the St. Lawrence Canals, begun in 1838, and finished in 1859, is associated in Provincial history with those monuments of enterprise, constructed

by a Province, but worthy of an Empire.

If it be asked in what way else is Mr. Morris related to the history of the Province, the postal treaty with the United States may be named. That was negotiated by him at Washington in 1861. The five cent uniform Canada postage, instead of the confusion of postal rates which averaged about sixteen cents, was introduced by him. And when the control of the Provincial mails was finally transferred from the Imperial to the Canadian Government, he was Postmaster General. He has also enjoyed the high distinction of filling the Speaker's chair in the Legislative Council. The more prominent incidents of his life, so far as known to me, may be thus consecutively stated:

He was born at Paisley, in Scotland, in 1790. His father, Alexander Morris, came to Canada in 1801, lived some years in Montreal, and then removed westward to the township in which Brockville stands. James was educated under Mr. Nelson, at Sorel, father of Dr. Wolford Nelson of Montreal. With his brothers, the late Hon. Wm. Morris of Perth, and Alexander Morris of Brockville, he engaged in business as a merchant at the latter town, soon after leaving school.

In July, 1837, Mr. Morris was returned as one of the members for the county of Leeds, to the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, and has been a member of the Legislature ever since. In 1838 he was appointed Commissioner for improving the St. Lawrence navigation, and held the commission until the canals were completed.

In 1841, Mr. Poulett Thomson, Governor General of Canada, having effected a Legislative union of the Lower and Upper Provinces, there



HON. JAMES MORRIS, RECEIVER GENERAL AND M. L. C.

was a general election, in which Mr. Morris was again returned for the county of Leeds. In 1844, he was appointed to the Legislative Council by Governor General Sir Charles Metcalfe, and is one of the Life Members still forming one-third of the Upper House, as explained in the letter on the Political Constitution of Canada, in another column of this paper.

In 1851, he became the colleague of the Premier, Mr. Hincks, as Postmaster General. In 1853, being chosen to preside over the Upper House of Parliament, he vacated the Post-office. But on the dissolution of the Hincks Government in 1854, retired from that high position. In 1858, Mr. Geo. Brown, member of the House of Assembly for Toronto, Parliamentary leader of opposition, and proprietor of the *Globe* newspaper, having been entrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet, on the retirement of the Cartier-Macdonald administration, Mr. Morris accepted office as one of his colleagues. But on Sir Edmund Head, then Governor General, refusing to dissolve Parliament as desired by the new Ministry, the incumbency of office lasted only two days. The Cabinet of which Mr. George Etienne Cartier, one of the members for Montreal city, and Mr. John A. Macdonald, member for Kingston city, were jointly at the head, and which assumed office in 1854, surrendered their long tenure of power on May 27, 1862. Mr. Morris then accepted the office of Receiver General as colleague of the Prime Minister, Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald, member for Cornwall, and of the Lower Canada Premier, Mr. L. Victor Sicotte, member for the county of St. Hyacinthe. Mr. Morris has been spoken of by rumour as the probable successor to the Speaker's chair, vacant by the death of Sir Allan MacNab. But the members of Parliament being only on their way to Quebec when these lines are written, the new incumbent of that dignity is not yet known. If he be other than Mr. Morris his portrait will be published in this paper on an early occasion.

One of the near relatives of the subject of this hasty sketch, is Mr. Alexander Morris, a barrister of distinction at Montreal, and member of the House of Assembly for the South Riding of the county of Lanark. It is due to the members of the family in its several branches to remark, that they are all personal illustrations of what Canada can do for those who, by education, enterprise and integrity are faithful to themselves and to Canada.

there is about it, no matter what the producing cause, something which an independent spirit can ill brook; and sooner than continue under it, is ready for almost anything which will restore him to a position of self-dependence.

Nor ought this spirit to be tampered with, for it constitutes one of the first elements of a nation's greatness. We perceive, therefore, with pleasure that emigration is beginning to be looked upon as the only permanent mode of relief, and societies have been or are being formed in many parts of Great Britain, to aid those who are desirous of trying to better their condition in a new country. But Canada has competitors for this surplus population. There are other colonies that are desirous to increase their numbers, and are already holding out inducements to attract emigrants to their shores. Canada, if she desires to take advantage of circumstances, must be something more than a passive spectator. She must act, and act promptly, and she can be as liberal in her offers, if not more so than any other of the colonies. It will only be necessary to put forth an effort, for we find our country looked upon with favor, as a home for the emigrant in many quarters.

The Paisley (Scotland) 'Independent,' in an article on this subject, thus speaks:

'The promoters of the colonization of Queensland are anxious to get the unemployed operatives of Coventry and other manufacturing towns to go out as laborers to that colony, and are taking advantage of their necessities, and offering free passages, to be defrayed by the subscriptions under the charge of relief committees; and it is held out by Mr. Jordan, the emigration agent for Queensland, that arrangements are now being made for allotting 100 or 125 passages to persons to be selected in Paisley.

'We are not advocates of emigration to Queensland; we sympathise with those who more rationally desire to go to Canada, aiming to become independent owners of farms of 100 acres of their own, as so many Paisley weavers have become and who were forced to emigrate by the very same causes in operation now. The letters from Canada, specially addressed to us for the information of intending emigrants, by Paisley men settled in Sebastopol, in Hopfield, and Sarnia—the two former places in the county of Renfrew, on the Ottawa, and the latter on Lake Huron—and lately published in our columns, hold out prospects of the most encouraging kind to all who are determined to be industrious and persevering. Great fortunes may not be realisable in Canada; but comfort and real independence are within the reach of every able-bodied man, who will be cheered in his labor by finding that every stroke of his axe and every shove of his spade are pushing him on more and more every day in a prosperous career.

It is not only handloom weavers but farmers, carpenters, masons, bricklayers and others who are contemplating emigration to Canada in the ensuing spring. The conviction is gaining ground every day that it is the natural, true and efficient remedy for industrial distress or the social evils which spring from non-employment and stagnation of trade.—Committees for promoting emigration, composed of men of high standing and members of Parliament, have been formed in Birmingham, Manchester and other towns; and a local branch or corresponding committee is in course of formation in Paisley to take charge of the intended emigration to Canada.

Our Government, we trust, is alive to the favorable opinion entertained of this country, and that their measures to take advantage of this impression may be prompt, liberal, and highly successful, is the earnest wish of every lover of his country.

'My Diary, North and South,' by Russell. For sale by A. S. Irving, King street, Toronto.

SUMMARY.

AMONG the news from Europe is a rumor which appears to have some foundation, that official instructions have been sent by the French Government to Washington, suggesting that Commissioners be delegated by the Federal and Confederate Governments, to meet on neutral ground and confer together, without hostilities being suspended, so that they might advise mutual concessions and effect a reconciliation. It would indeed be good news for the world if even a meeting for such a purpose could be brought about, and better still if the results of such a meeting were to terminate in restoring peace to that distracted country. It would hardly be fair to judge of the feeling of the North from the froth and bluster of the Press, and to what extent, therefore, a desire for peace prevails, we have no means of forming an opinion. The reverses the armies of the Union have met with, the depreciation of the currency, the fast accumulating national debt, and the valor and intrepidity of the South, have no doubt had a powerful tendency in inducing a desire for peace among the sensible portion of the community.

A conference has been held at Liverpool for the purpose of taking steps to ascertain the feeling of the inhabitants of that city with reference to the American war and Slavery. A resolution was moved and carried, though not without opposition, that the Federal Government was entitled to the generous sympathy and support of Englishmen.

France has ordered 6,000 additional reinforcements to Mexico. It is surely not without some definite object that the Emperor consents to the waste of all this blood and treasure.

Mr. Bright has made another speech at Birmingham, but not, in an oratorical sense, one of his great speeches. The subdued tone of his argument, first in favor of the abolition of commercial blockades, then of the cession of Gibraltar to Spain, may have been due in part to deference to his colleague, Mr. Scholefield, who had just been arguing that we ought to abrogate the provisions of the Congress of Paris, but was also apparently due to the proposed cession of the Ionian Islands, which had evidently partly appeased the famine of Mr. Bright's heart for radical reforms. It is this permanent hunger of his soul which makes him so eloquent; and Mr. Bright, half-satisfied, is almost an ordinary man. He reserved all the vehemence he could muster for the rashness of speakers like Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, and of writers like those in the 'Times,' in misleading cotton buyers and cotton sellers about the true prospects of the war.

Lord Russell, last session, made a speech which he happened to conclude by expressing the commonplace hope that the war would soon terminate. 'Everybody in Lancashire,' says Mr. Bright, 'thinks a Foreign Secretary is a most profound statesman, and has everything written down in the Foreign Office; and the consequence was that when the news reached the Exchange at Manchester, every one wanted to sell and no one to buy. I know a man who was then taking stock with a partner whom he was about to leave, and the effect of that speech was, by a stroke of the pen, to depreciate his share of the business by more than 2,000*l.* Well, that is very sad; but the evil seems to us to be one which is not chargeable upon influential statesmen and newspapers, but on the credulity of men of business. If they will regard statesmen and newspapers as inspired, they have not sat at Mr. Bright's feet, and he should denounce *them*, not the accidental causes of these allusions. The duty of treating the Stock Exchange as a sensitive invalid, and consulting anxiously its delicate nerves, is quite a new branch of democratic ethics.

A humorous comment on memory was made by a waiter at a hotel where Fenjaigie dined, after having given his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the Professor left the table, the waiter entered, with uplifted hands, exclaiming:

'Well, I protest, the memory-man has forgot his umbrella.'

HOME ITEMS.

The Volunteer Force already accepted by the Government exceeds twenty-five thousand. Nearly every county in Upper Canada has furnished its quota.

A company with a capital of \$250,000 has been formed in New York for the purpose of thoroughly exploring, early next spring, the mineral deposits of Canada.

Another company, with a capital of two million dollars, has been formed in Boston for the purpose of purchasing the most valuable mining locations now to be found in Canadian hands.

The Postmaster General intends asking for tenders for a weekly mail line on Lakes Huron and Superior. Goderich, Sarnia and Collingwood compete as points of departure.

Forty additional drill instructors were detailed on Saturday. Twenty for each section, with directions to report themselves for service, without delay, to the Brigade Majors.

The 16th and 47th Regiments are about to be removed from Montreal; the former will garrison Sorel, St. Johns and Chambly; the latter goes to Kingston. It is reported this change has been occasioned by the exorbitant demands for barracks there.

It is said that in the course of the past two months upwards of five thousand bales of cotton have been transferred from the railroads terminating in Detroit to the Great Western Railway of Canada, and a large number of bales are now awaiting transshipment at the depots.

A FLOWING WELL.—The Messrs. Evoy, on Saturday afternoon last, tapped a large vein of oil which is said to flow from 1,000 to 1,500 barrels per day. This, in the midst of an almost universal failure of the flowing wells, revives confidence in the supply of oil and raises the spirits of buyers.

The Montreal 'Transcript' says that about 400 workmen are at present employed at the Acton mines. The product this month will reach over 2,600 barrels; and the prospects of the mine have considerably improved. Its market value, according to quotation in Boston, is \$1,200,000.

The Sherbrooke 'Leader' says that Mr. Clarke, High Constable of Sherbrooke, has sold his copper mine, within three miles of that town for \$200,000, to Lord Aylmer. The mine was only discovered a few months since, but the richness of the ore taken out while sinking shafts to ascertain the extent of the copper was such as to indicate great value.

A Montreal paper says it is in contemplation, should it be feasible on the river in the course of three or four weeks, to have a grand sham fight, in which the whole garrison, regular and volunteer, will take part. The Island of St. Helena will be the point of attack, and with the large force at present in that city, the sight will be such as was never seen in Montreal before.

TO YOUNG LADIES.—Listen, my dears! The pretty hair-nets which have enjoyed so long a reign of popularity are only revivals of a fashion which prevailed to an equal extent in the fourteenth century, when the ladies used to draw their luxuriant tresses into similar nets, which then bore the fanciful name of dove-cots. We do not see why the rural appellation should not have been revived with the graceful article to which it formerly belonged.

A CLEAR TITLE.—A New Zealand chief maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten the former owner.

Uniformity of design is rarely found where accuracy of description is wanting.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

CANADA A FIELD FOR EMIGRATION.

TIME keeps moving on apace, and the season of revolvings and resolvings is drawing to its close. In winter the mind of the industrious is active, in devising the best methods for conducting the summer campaign, whether it be in the peaceful pursuits of business, or in the stern realities of destructive and desolating warfare. To many, this season will open with gloomy forebodings, being either mixed up in the deadly strife which is bringing sorrow to many a heart and poverty to many a home on this continent, or though remote from the scene, feeling keenly its paralyzing influences in the reduction of labor and pinching poverty. Nor is it possible to tell when this dark cloud shall be dispelled, and peace and prosperity bless our world. In Britain we perceive that philanthropists are bestirring themselves and looking round for some more permanent means of relief to the unemployed than that very precarious one of public charity. Besides its uncertainty

ASTRAY AT RAPPAHANNOCK.

My first impulse was to retrace my steps, but after-thought suggested that I might go still further astray, turning in the darkness into some more devious and dangerous path. I then bethought me of resting for the night, wrapped in my saddle-blanket, and waiting for daylight to assist me; but my horse was weary and hungry, and should have provender and shelter. While thus doubtful and perplexed, I heard a tread among the pines to the left, followed by a crash, and a hard, heavy breath. My hand reached nervously for my pistol. I stood erect in the stirrups, peering through the gloom with my finger pressing tightly against the trigger, and a stammering challenge upon my lips. A dark object bounded from the brush, and passing across the road close before me, disappeared. I resolved it into a horse, and in the dim, uncertain shadow, saw that it was lame!

Cursing my cowardice, I replaced the pistol in its holster, and chirping to my beast, went wearily onward. There was a chance, at least, that I should reach some secluded farm-house or negro hut. After the space of a half-hour, I came to a fence and gate, and to my great relief discerned the stacks and out-houses of a farm. A second gate through which I passed creaked dismally behind me, and shut with a loud noise, but turning the angle of a log-cabin, I had the satisfaction of dismounting before an ancient Virginia residence, where a candle still burned in the lower story, and streaming through a window, cast a flood of light across the yard. It was a dwelling framed after a fashion immemorial in the South. Long, open porches, roofed and railed, and ascended by steps, enclosed it in front and in rear, while the brick chimneys at the gables were built outside of the house, and against it. The kitchen was a separate building, but connected with the dwelling by a covered passage-way, or colonnade, and both dwelling and kitchen had peaked or double roofs. There were, as I saw at a glance, two wells, one modern in construction, consisting of a windlass and chain for lowering the bucket; but the other was a description of well found only in America, and even these rapidly falling into disuse, known as the pole or balance-well. It consisted of a long hickory pole or shaft, suspended from a forked or crotched upright, and tied at its short or tapering end to a pendant or rod. To this was attached the bucket, which could be readily lowered by hand, and hoisted by the superior weight of the long end of the pole. I was particularly attracted to the latter well, because, curiously enough, the heavy end of the pole was in the air, and the bucket apparently at the bottom of the well. The well-hole was covered with planks, and from the circumference of a broken plough being deposited above them, I inferred that the well was no longer used. It had a quaint and venerable appearance, standing thus in the night, and I wondered that its position should be so reversed. The whole place, indeed, had an air of gloom and improvidence. Some of the windows in the dwelling were stuffed with old hats and breeches, the whitewash had peeled from the weather-boarding, the porches were rotten and tottering, and except the cheerful glow of the fire, I saw nothing indicative of hospitality and comfort. Long experience in camps, however, had familiarised me to rough fare, and I felt very grateful for the opportunity to rest till morning, and to feed my faithful pony.

Leaping lightly up the steps, and traversing the porch, I knocked thrice, quickly and loudly. Some shuffling of feet and earnest whispering ensued, and then a hideously deformed boy opened the door. I do not know that I have ever seen a face so terror-stricken; his lips were quivering, his knees trembling, and the hand by which he held the latch shivered and rattled in a fearful manner. I saw at a glance that one of his feet was clubbed, and that his right arm was short and withered. Beside a blazing log-fire in the great sooty chimney-place sat two girls and a very old man, who seemed quite as ill at ease. The pale faces of the girls were little relieved by the attitude of the man, who had attempted to rise, but appeared to have been paralysed in the act. In his hand he grasped the tongs, and his face expressed conflicting emotions of hate, fear, and despair.

'Good evening,' said I, soothingly; 'I hope that I haven't disturbed you.'

'You have disturbed me,' said the old man, rattling the tongs in his quaking fingers; 'you ha' nigh been the death o' me. You ha' given me a turn that'll shorten my days. What are you arter, on folk's property in the dead hour o' night, knockin' at their doors, and scarin' their wimmin?'

At this one of the girls began to sob, and the eyes of the cripple dilated with rage.

'Compose yourselves,' said I walking into the room, my spurs clattering, and my sword dragging along the floor; 'I am not an enemy, though I wear the uniform of one. I am a soldier, as you see, astray and wearied, and willing to pay for a bed by your fire, and a little corn for my horse.'

'We ha' nayther bed nor corn for Yankees. You ha' overrun our farms, and murdered our boys. Beggary and tears come upon you all, as you ha' brought them upon us!'

'Nay, then,' said I, drawing up a chair, and seating myself resolutely by the hearth, 'since you are so inhospitable, I must take what you will not sell. Here I sit, and here shall I remain. If there is food in your stable, I must seize enough for my beast, and at daylight I will leave you.'

The cripple looked murderously into my eyes here, as if measuring my strength and courage; but I quietly removed my spurs, cast off my sword, and asked him the way to the stable.

'Get the lantern, Jay,' said the man; 'if we are to lose the corn, we may as well be paid. Show the soldier to the cowhouse. Gi' him twelve ears and a rick o' hay. Marth'-Ann, do you spread a counterpane yer in the corner. Nancy, fetch up a pail of cider. Sir yer trotters!'

Settling himself in the chair, the old man muttered nervously, and glowered at the fire as he raked the fagots in a heap. Pale and sinister, the cripple limped through a doorway, and fumbled in the darkness of another room for the required lantern. The girls fulfilled their instructions with agitated faces, and cast doubtful eyes upon me at intervals. They were coarsely clothed in frocks of gray kersey, and their shoes were rough and large. The younger of the two had a prettily timid face, with shy black eyes, and her hair was tied with a piece of blue ribbon.

'What's yer name at home?' said the old man at length, looking fiercely up.

I replied good-humoredly, anxious to induce a pleasanter reception, and asked the old gentleman to tell me his own name in return.

'Lightfoot, sir,' said he, in a tone of mingled braggadocio and sullenness. 'The Lightfoots ha' been one o' the fust families. Jeems Lightfoot was the best speaker that ever sot in the legislator of Virginia. Neal Lightfoot belonged to the Wiggins branch o' the family, and owned the best Piedmont horses in this section o' country. Patrick Lightfoot of Jeems River'—

'Yers the lantern for the Yankee,' said the cripple, limping into the room. He stared blackly and half-defiantly, flung open the door, and muttering that I was to 'look alive arter my hoss,' led the way across the yard to a log-stable or shed.

'Stop,' said I; 'the good pony must be watered,' and I turned toward the old well. To my great surprise, the cripple darted forward, dropping his lantern, and seized me with the grip of a strong man.

'Don't go there!' he said, with a strangely altered voice; 'there ain't no water there! The pole is got wedged at the bottom. Come yer; come this way.'

I found him absolutely dragging me, and was not more amazed at his vehemence than at his wonderful physical power, so inconsistent, as I thought, with his deformity. Truly, I had fallen among boorish people. Yielding to the whim of the lad, I watered my horse at the windlass well, but refused to remove the saddle at his solicitation. Returning to the dwelling, I found a table spread, and some Indian bread, bacon, and cider prepared for me. The young girl to whom I have alluded sat at the head of the table, but I failed to interest her in conversation, and turned at length to the old man.

'This is a sad war sir?'

'You folks got it up.'

'We lament it, I am sure, as much as you do.'

'Likely. Look at me, spoiled in land and cattle, a prisoner in my own house, an alien in my own country—my four sons driven from me, but, thank God, fighting out their deliverance agin you and your hordes?'

'Come,' said I softly, 'let us lay these things aside to-night. Return to better days and themes. You have still a spark of regard for the good old Union. Have you forgotten the palmy time of '76, when South and North stood shoulder to shoulder at 'Ticonderoga?'

I stopped in mute astonishment. At the iteration of the last word, a deathly pallor came over the old gent's man; his chin dropped upon his bosom, and his hands hung nervelessly upon his chair. From bold

maniacal defiance, he had changed to cowed tremulous, demented silence. Suddenly and mechanically he rose, groped by way of the wall to a staircase, and shuffling like a man in a dream, disappeared. I saw no more of him that night. The girls, scarcely less agitated, also immediately retired, and I was left alone with the cripple, astounded at the effect of my oratory, and certain that I had fallen into a house of lunatics.

I had been previously acquainted with bitter Southern partisans, but the animosity of this family was altogether savage and unprecedented. There was certainly the extenuating circumstance of the younger Lightfoots' connection with the Confederate service; and the irritability of old age might have been intensified by losses of negroes, live-stock, and provender. The people were likewise, as I could see, rude, ignorant, and perhaps wicked. In this way, I could account for their passion; but the more appalling evidences of fear and suspicion remained unexplained. As I sat absorbed in a review of the occurrences of the evening, I looked casually across the room at the cripple, who had been for some minutes sitting silently upon the floor. The firelight revealed his face, though his body was bathed in shadow, and I saw that he was leering darkly upon me. Out of all patience with the fellow, I called to him in no very amiable voice: 'My man, haven't you a face in your repertoire less devilish than that you are wearing to-night?'

He grinned contemptuously, but did not speak.

'I shall be under the necessity of tossing a plate in your face presently, so you had better remove out of distance.'

He rose from his place, limped to the stairway, and I heard his heavy unequal tread overhead for some time, when finally it ceased, and the house was given over to silence. Having emptied the pail of cider, and supped plentifully, I threw myself upon the spread in the corner, and resumed my contemplations. Why were these people out of their beds at so late an hour? Had they expected visitors? Why had they alternately shuddered and vaunted? Had some great remorse with them bleaded with some yet more wicked purpose? Might not their fanaticism mean more than it had seemed? Was I, in short, safe in this house, travel-worn, disarmed, solitary, and asleep? Pshaw! a cripple, two girls, and a garrulous old dotard. What were these pitted against a vigilant, active soldier, close to camp, and prepared for any emergency? I had unmanned myself thrice to-night; should I become again a prey to childish terrors?

I tossed my sword contemptuously upon the table, spurned my holsters with my foot and leaning my head upon my arm, studied the bare floor, the huge chimney, the beamed and whitewashed ceiling, the square and rope-seated chairs. A few coarse pictures hung upon the wall—a trotting horse, a popular preacher, a Confederate general, a head of Washington. Opposite, by a door and two windows; at my feet, a door, and these looked out upon the two porches. A rough mantle-piece surmounted the chimney, ornamented with a stuffed coon-skin and a pair of unsightly candlesticks. I contrasted the boorish denizens of this place with my own family and those of my friends in the North; I thought of the plain frock and pretty features of the younger girl, whose name, as I had heard, was that of my own affianced Martha; and, touching this theme, I folded my arms upon my breast, and dropped into a feverish sleep. It might have been the strange influences and events of the evening, or more directly the draughts of whiskey and cider that troubled me; at any rate, my slumber was broken by dreams and quick awakenings; and, curiously enough, the old well in the yard recurred again and again among these fancies. If my visions turned, during any moments, upon the companions of my mess, the associates of my boyhood, the incidents of my night-journey, the affianced of my love, they failed in no case to return to the ancient well. At one time, it seemed, the huge shaft had fallen upon my heart, and buried it most cruelly; again I had fallen into the well, and climbing to the surface, found that I had been swimming in blood; and, in the end, both shaft and well had resolved themselves into the hideous cripple, who sat leeringly upon a bucket, and as I pursued him, limped away like an apparition.

At this latest phase of my dream, I awoke tremulously. Was it a shadow that flitted by the opposite window? Surely something had moved across the transparent panes, quick, spectral, and noiseless. I sat up immediately, and rubbing my eyes, took note of doors and windows. The latch was close the room deserted. My sword remaine

upon the table, my holster and pistols still lay upon the floor where I had thrown them. With a sneer and an execration, I lay down again, but only to dream anew of the cripple, the old well, the lonely road, and pony that stood saddled in the stable, the grim warrior waiting for my return. Again I started fitfully, and sitting bolt upright, beheld, as certainly as I had sight, a human hand reaching through a niche in the door towards my holsters. Quicker than the thought, I had leaped to my feet and reached the threshold. Fool! Nothing stood without but the solemn darkness. An unaccountable thirst possessed me; my throat had become parched, and my lips were glued feverishly together. Staggering rather than walking across the creaking porch, I turned towards the well. The great pole stood poised in the air, the rod pointed significantly into the pit. A strange, irresistible impulse drew me onward; I resolved to test the mystery of that well! One by one I removed the outlying boards. The ploughshare rang furcally as I heaved it aside, and the deep well-pit lay black and yawning beneath me. The cold sweat oozed from my forehead as I seized the rod and pulled stubbornly upward. Surely the bucket attached must be hooped of iron, for a weight so great was never lifted from a household well before. Tremulously, heavily, the great end of the pole swayed downward; something dark and dripping came in view, a heap inanimate, crushed, and swaying to and fro.

I dropped the rod with a cry and a curse, for as God is my judge, Brock Edmund's face, all leprous and bloody, and shrouded in matted hair, had appeared to me, caught in the grappling-hook of the bucket!

For a moment, I lay nerveless and breathless upon the cold ground. The weird incidents of the night developed themselves in all their horrible relations to the murder of my friend. I now comprehended the terror of my host—his trepidation at the utterance of 'Ticonderoga,' the password of the night in which this butchery had been effected—the strange conduct of the cripple at my approach to the well—the riderless horse that limped before me in the dimness! Had Providence designed me to discover and avenge? Or was I likewise to be sacrificed to the demonic hate of this savage family?

A door in the direction of the stable shut here with a shock, admonishing me that some one was abroad. Stealthily creeping across the lawn, I entered the stall where my horse yet remained, and discovering something that stood motionless in a far corner, pressed toward it, but received in an instant a powerful blow upon the left side of the head, that nearly felled me. I closed at once with the cripple, for it was he, and, maddened by pain and rage, threw him heavily upon the ground. A few moments served to bind him securely with a halter, and almost instantly I heard the beating of hoofs in front of the house. Four horsemen rode up in the starlight, and dismounted close to the porch, slipped quietly into the dwelling. A minute more, and I should be discovered; another, and I should be cold and dripping, like the heap of mortality that lay in the well.

I caught at my bridle frantically, dragged my beast to the door, and mounting, dashed over gate and bar. I left all to my horse. I shouted maniacally to drive him forward. I leaped ditches and fens, bruised my limbs against the keen edges of cedars, and clinging by mane and pommel, gave him freedom of rein and bit. A fierce, feverish desire for life, life, life, possessed me. I knew that I was followed. The shouts of the fiends behind me rang hoarsely above the dash of hoofs, and the panting of my weary horse admonished me that he could not keep his pace. Then it was that the memories of the past, the sanguine anticipations of the future, the sins and short-comings unrepented of, the promises unfulfilled, the prayers unsaid, came rushing agonisedly upon me. I was about to realise the glory of war—a pass of steel or a pistol-flash, a trampled body by the wayside, a secluded grave, and a fate unknown. In vain should the general wait impatiently till dawn, in vain my beloved chafe for her expected letter, in vain my mother continue to kneel with my name upon her lips. I should die with the infamous accusation of desertion; my messmates would react to me with bitterness, and in place of a solemn procession and an honorable tomb, I should moulder in the dampness and silence of the lonesome well. These things flashed upon me as the trees and clouds went by. An eternity of thought concentrated in those awful moments, as I heard behind me the tramp of the blood-thirsty fiends—brothers, as I knew, of the deformed. O for my holsters, and the good irons they contained! O for my naked sword, that lay with them by the accursed hearth!

My tired horse had slackened his speed; the pursuers were closing the gap between us; I raised my eyes to the sky, and commended my soul to God!

But suddenly something glittered midway in the road, a few rods beyond me; I recognised the sabre of a sentry, and with a mad hullo of 'Crown Point! Crown Point!' galloped into the midst of a Federal picket! At the same moment, a score of rifles cracked close behind me, and my horse fell heavily to the ground.

Well, indeed, had my comrade been avenged. There remained of the Lightfoots only the daughters, for the old man was found stiff and pallid in his bed, and the saddles of his sons had all been emptied. These wraiths had run the gauntlet of our pickets for the last time. We discovered their bridle-path on our return, whereby they had made perilous but frequent visits to the old home-

part, had revived the remorse of the deed in the heart of the elder assassin.

Such atrocities can be explained only by the bitterness of the civil struggle which now devastates our unhappy land. May God, in his good Providence, abate the wrath of man, and fashioning good from evil, give lasting peace to all my fellow-country.

[Chambers.]

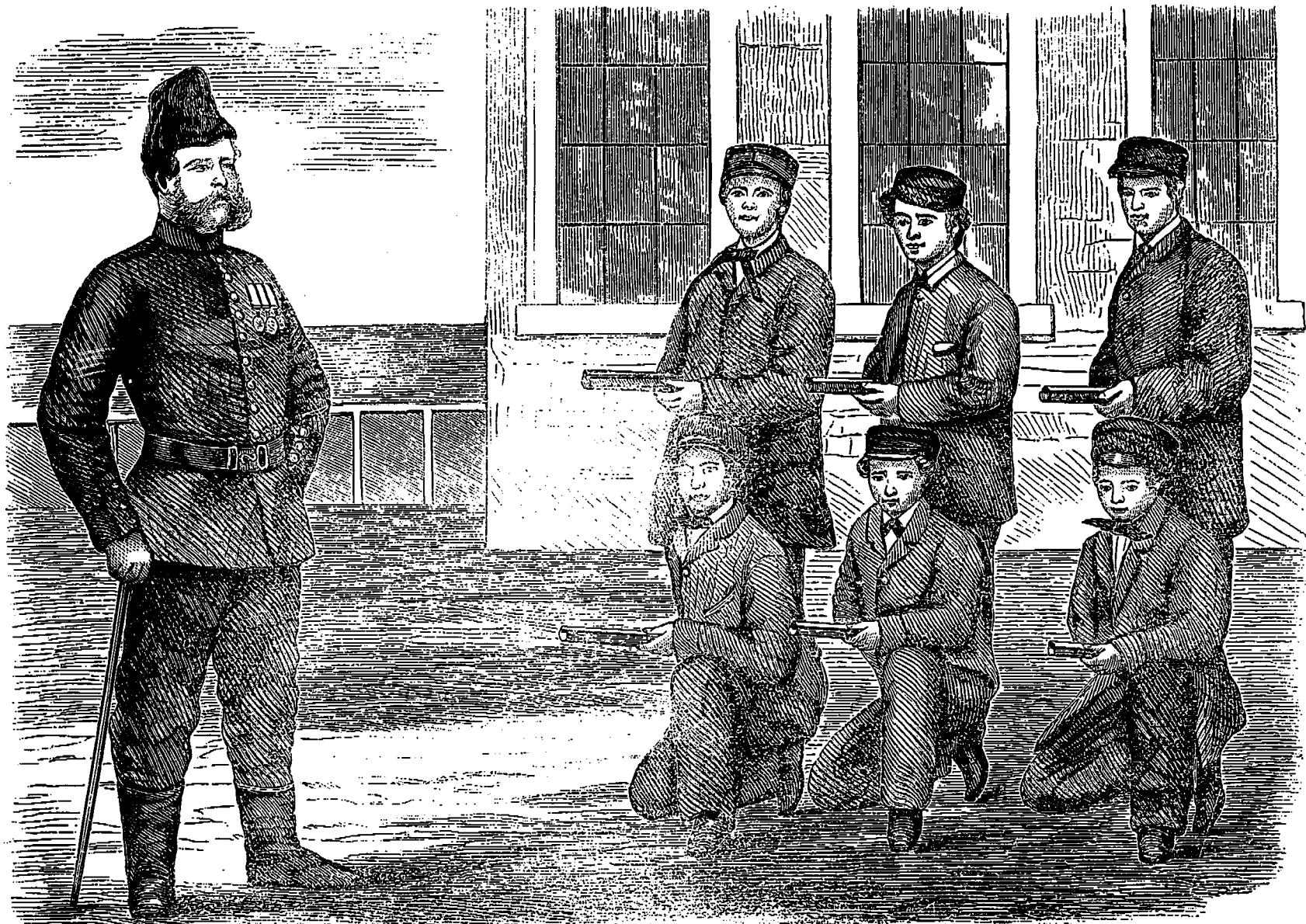
MILITARY DRILL AMONG THE PUPILS OF THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

In connection with a letter from one who signs himself 'Reform,' upon the advantages of military drill to the pupils attending our common schools, we give a view of what is going on at the Central School of this city, under the

ment; the liberty of the grove, the field, the street, &c., and that a healthy organization will be the result.

Without undervaluing the benefits of field sports, we would say, however, (supported by the highest authority,) that to secure strength, symmetry, and the highest degree of development, the methodical culture of the systematic exercises of the gymnasium, is requisite. The body is an exceedingly complicated piece of mechanism, and for the full development of which, we must place ourselves under scientific management. Many modern physicians of great eminence, have not only given their attention to gymnastics as a means of preserving health, but also prescribe them for relieving and curing many diseases.

EATING BETWEEN MEALS.—Among the many slight causes of impaired digestion is to be reckoned the very general disregard to eating between meals. The powerful digestion of a growing boy makes light of all such irregularities; but to see adults, and often those by no means in robust health, eating muffins, buttered toast, or bread and butter, a couple of hours after a heavy dinner, is a distressing spectacle to the physiologist. It takes at least four hours to digest a dinner; during that period the stomach should be allowed repose. A little tea or any other liquid is beneficial rather than otherwise, but solid food is a mere incumbrance; there is no gastric juice ready to digest it; and if any reader having



PUPILS OF THE CENTRAL SCHOOL, HAMILTON, AT MILITARY DRILL.—FROM AN AMBROTYPE, BY MILNE.

stead. The cripple had disappeared, and having vainly searched the dwelling, the barns, and the woods adjacent, we repaired to the well, to raise the body of the gallant young Virginian. The pole, curious enough, resisted our efforts, and the body had apparently become wedged in the well. A Zouave having volunteered to descend, we let him gently into the pit, and directly he cried: 'Pull up, for God's sake. There are two men entangled in the water.'

The cripple had escaped a 'drum-head court-martial,' but a more circumstantial retribution had fallen upon him. Reckoning upon my death at the hands of his brothers, he had endeavored to replace the well-covering, but had unwittingly fallen into the well. Both bodies were recovered. The soldier received an honorable grave; the assassin was tossed back with execrations into the pit. My poor horse had done me a last good service; a bullet released him from his pain; but my comrades, at the general's suggestion, presented me with a splendid subscription-pony. It was discovered that Edmunds and I had similarly lost our ways, diverging into the same path. The death blow had been dealt him by the strong left arm of the cripple, and the last breath of the victim had shouted, in the vain hope of assistance, the memorable password, 'Ticonderoga.' The unwitting reiteration of this word, on my

management of Sergeant Mason, of the Rifle Brigade.

To the Editor of the 'Illustrated News.'

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to give the following remarks respecting the gymnastic exercises and military drill, recently introduced into the Central School, a place in your columns.

The importance of a thorough physical education will be apparent, when we consider that an individual's health, happiness, usefulness, and success in life, very much depend upon the powers of the body. It then becomes a matter of great interest to inquire, what are the means best adapted for the improving of our physical organism? We believe, with all intelligent persons, that the gymnasium, with all its various exercises, devised by great wisdom and large experience, is the place most suited for the complete training of the physical man.

It is a misapprehension to suppose, that children do not require any studied muscle culture; that it is only necessary to allow them the means of amuse-

The benefits resulting from the general introduction of the military drill into our common schools, are numerous and highly important. The population of a country, who enjoyed the advantages of a military training, in their school-boy days, would, in the event of an invasion, be able to rise in their strength and skill, and successfully repel any force, that might be brought against them. The soldier's special training is conceded by all, to be a powerful means of physical culture; the exercise invigorates the body, makes the form erect, and develops the chest and shoulders.

The drill, viewed merely as a discipline, can scarcely be too highly valued. We are fully persuaded of the fact, that boys who are regularly put through the exercise, are more orderly, obedient, and respectful, than otherwise. Might we not, therefore, consider it an auspicious day for our country and its youth, when our common schools shall provide as liberally for the education of the body, as they now do for the intellect?

I am, sir, yours respectfully,
REFORM

at all a delicate digestion, will attend to his sensations after eating muffins or toast at tea, unless his dinner has had time to digest, he will need no sentences of explanation to convince him of the serious error prevalent in English families of making tea a light meal, quickly succeeding a substantial dinner. Regularity in the hours of eating is far from necessary; but regularity of intervals is of primary importance. It matters little at what hour you lunch or dine, provided that you allow the proper intervals to elapse between breakfast and luncheon, and between luncheon and dinner. What are those intervals? This is a question each must settle for himself. Much depends on the amount eaten at each meal, much also on the rapidity with which each person digests. Less than four hours should never be allowed after a heavy meal of meat. Five hours is about the average for men in active work. But those who dine late—at six or seven o'clock, never need food again till breakfast next day, unless they have been at the theatre, or dancing, or exerting themselves in walking; in which case a light supper is requisite.

Gossip.

AFFAIRS IN TORONTO.
(From our own Correspondent.)

Wednesday, the 4th day of February, 1863, will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Toronto, for upon that day the remains of her most distinguished citizen were consigned to the tomb.—High and low, rich and poor, men skilled in science and literature, ministers of the Gospel, and even the red-coated heroes of many a battlefield, alike assembled to pay the last tribute of honor and respect to the illustrious dead. Differences of sentiment both in politics and religion were cast aside, and all of the vast multitude that slowly and solemnly escorted the last emblem of mortality to its kindred resting-place seemed impressed with one universal feeling of sorrow and regret. The representative of aristocratic birth and lordly title, if he can boast no greater claim to the favor of posterity, is soon forgotten. A gorgeous funeral and a lying epitaph will consign him to oblivion.

The men of untold wealth and treasure, whose gold, while living, made them conspicuous among the many, and rendered unto them a false renown, whose lives were one busy strife for wordly gain, unenriched by a solitary gleam of christian charity, but wrapped up in the bidding folds of their own selfish worldliness, have bestowed no thought of kindly help or sympathy for the less favored of humanity,—such individuals, when dead, deserve the epitaph their lives so richly earned them: 'They lived, they died, and were buried,' and we may add, they were forgotten. But in the instance of Sir John Beverley Robinson's decease, we behold the public tribute of admiration for departed worth. Throughout a career conspicuous from its commencement both as a soldier, politician, lawyer and Judge, the same high sense of honor and justice guided his actions, while in the retired walks of private life he was distinguished for those many virtues which adorn and exemplify the life of a truly great and christian man. In his departure from our midst the Province has sustained a serious loss, while the city of his residence has to mourn the death of one of her greatest men and most exemplary citizens.

But to revert to other and less saddening news—the great excitement of the week is snow! snow! snow! Staid and sober merchant Jones runs across demure Mr. Smith, and both thoroughly excited over the long expected change in the weather, rub their hands in gleeful expectation of the dimes they may soon expect to handle.

Members of the aristocracy, whether codfish or not is none of my 'biz,' with spanking team in hand and the merry chiming of their glittering silver bells, add life and gaiety to the crowded thoroughfares, while nobocritical Mr. nobody unable as regards equipage to cope with his richer neighbor, hires a cab by the hour, and with his family, varying from five to twenty, according to individual luck, as closely packed as paternal admonition and perseverance can accomplish, thus boldly issues forth surrounded by his budding honors, apparently determined if he cannot come the quality to at least surpass in quantity; and so the world wags. We all, imperceptibly perhaps sometime, but still nevertheless so, follow the example set by those higher in station than ourselves, but it is seldom we trouble our minds about the opinion or style of our inferiors in the social scale.

To be posted on the various skating ponds of the Western Metropolis, and to be at least a member of one, is now considered as much a mark of 'ton,' as a familiarity with the relative merits of a Gottschalk or a Patti.

The angelic portion of the community apparently consider it necessary to be at all times arrayed fit for service; for I can conscientiously affirm that I have

not yet met a baker's dozen who were not provided with a pair of skates dangling around their necks; who knows but they go on the principle that steel is a conductor in more ways than one. As a parting word I would assure the ha-fa-wahs and dandies of Hamilton that tailless coats and patent leather gaiters are all the go with the Toronto exquisites, while to the fair beauties of the ambitious city—well I'd beg to be excused passing an opinion lest their expressions of gratitude should cause a blush upon the physiog of your modest correspondent,
WILTON.

QUACKS AND QUACKERY.

It is said to be a wise dispensation of Providence that the lower animals live on one another, otherwise they might have become so numerous as to have driven from the fair face of creation its rightful owner. Whether this be so or no, I care not to enquire, but know well that little need there was or is, that man should be beset by more enemies than are to be found among his own species. He may not now have before his eyes the fear of some day being made a feast for his foes, as cannibalism is nearly extinct; but many there yet are, who, if they live not on the material portion of poor humanity, do a thriving business of its weaknesses. Who was the first to discover that there was a large field for 'inventive genius' here, without any of those circumscribing limits which bound every other, I know not, but the history of the race is at once the proof of his wisdom and its own imbecility.

The 'enlightened nineteenth century,' as the present age daubs itself, smiles with no little self-complacency at the credulity of the ancients, who sought to learn their destiny from the stars, the flight of birds, the inspection of the entrails of animals, and a thousand other things which is now pronounced by the 'knowing ones' to be pure absurdities, and they extend to those dupes their pity rather than their puns, because of the universal ignorance with which they were surrounded. Just look around, ye who sympathise with the darkness of the past and rejoice in the moon-tide-brightness of the present; ye whom science has taught that these radiant orbs which send down their twinkling light to earth, whisper not a word about individual destiny or tell aught good or bad concerning the inhabitants of earth, and say how much man has profited by the follies of the past.

It is true that those who do the prophetic for the multitude, have been forced to change their tactics and even their names. Do they hold converse with the spirit-world, or parcel out with mathematical exactness the 'upper story,' showing to a certainty all its 'failings, flaws and wants,' then they must be known as 'professors.' No matter how they come by the name; no matter though the data about which they pronounce so confidently is beyond their reach, to your modern self-constituted professor, with a face of brass, the gift of gab, and a knowledge of the foibles of human nature, nothing is impossible.

Young man, are you desirous of ascertaining your true vocation? submit your cranium to the manipulation of some professor of Bumpology, and your right position will be assigned you, without fail; but the amount you give for the information may have something to do with it—so be liberal, and your vanity, if you have any, will be gratified, as professors must live by their profession. This 'science,' by-the-way, seems not quite so prosperous of late, if one may judge from the extended range of subjects which comes within the sphere of its professors. I am of opinion that a man who sets up as a phrenologist, is fit for any thing; and therefore not surprised to learn that, in addition to the main subject, the laws of health, conjugal happiness and procreation commands his attention. On this latter subject our citizens have just had an opportunity of learning much. Its exponent, of course, has acquired

many interesting and valuable facts, but are of such a nature as can only be uttered in the hearing of either sex, according to the discriminating judgment of the 'learned gentleman!' Henceforth, if his advice be acted upon—which can be had for a consideration, I suppose—there need be no longer any numerical disparity between the sexes, but every Janet have her Joe.

I dare not pursue this subject, nor even hint at the filthy talk, which is said to have been uttered on these occasions; but have heard it described as horrifying. It will be observed, however, that the 'modern professors' are making rapid stride in the acquisition of knowledge, and are prepared to rectify the short-comings of nature. It certainly says little for the taste and refinement of the age, when men and women can be found to patronise such upstarts on such themes.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine's Day, that day which comes to us heralded by love-dreams and sunbeams, which brings palpitations to the hearts of rosy-checked maidens, and draws up deep sighs and indefinite hopes from the bottom of young men's hearts—that day which sets artists to execute hundreds of thousands of portraits of that little winged boy Dan Cupid, and poets to strike their many-wired lyres in choice iambs to his praise—has not yet grown into desuetude, and the likelihood is that it never will. It has been a day devoted to the potentate of love, and for long ages has its memory held its place in the holiday economy of Christendom, ever since the Arcadian shepherds welcomed it in with pipe and tabor.

The origin of the day is involved in mystery. 'Doctors differ,' and I will not pretend to decide. By some, it is supposed to have been instituted in commemoration of the little birds choosing their mates upon that day, but this I am constrained to doubt. However particular birds in general may be with regard to dates, it is more than certain that all have not the 14th of February written down under their wings on their nuptial day. Old John Donne seems to incline to the ornithological idea. In allusion to Valentine's may he says:

'Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day is this
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishoners,
Thou marry'st every year.
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove,
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird, with his red stomacher.
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
This day, more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, old
Valentine.'

In this fine apostrophe Valentine is styled a bishop. He is believed to have suffered martyrdom sometime in the third century. He is said to have been conspicuous for the loveliness of his character, and the mildness of his disposition, gentle, affectionate, and earnest. He was early canonised, and by some it is thought that the day of his martyrdom was commemorated by the choosing of lovers for a year. By others, however, it is supposed that the idea of observing this day is derived from the Lupercalia, a feast instituted in honor of Pan, and observed with all that mingled levity, and serious mummery, which so distinguished Roman festivals. At the Lupercalia, which was observed in the month of February, the names of young women were put into a box and drawn out by members of the opposite sex. There was feasting and play-acting, and music, and dances, and the heart was given up to the worship of love. It is more than probable that the Lupercalia only changed its name to Valentine's day, after Christianity was adopted by the restorer of ancient Byzantium.

In the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' Sir Walter presents us with a lively picture of the manner in which the day was observed ages back in the 'old Fatherland.' The reader will remember the

incident when Harry of the Wynd, the Smith of Perth, having wrought in steel a beautiful semblance of hearts transfixed with an arrow, meant to represent his own and Catherine Glover's, for which fair maiden he intended the present; and he had also with much more difficulty coined from his brain the motto:

'Lov's darts
Pierce hearts
Through mail'd shirts.'

On the morning of St. Valentine's day, this device and motto were presented as a love offering to Catharine, 'the girl of his heart.'

It would be a delightful task for me to portray the scenes with which St. Valentine's day was ushered in, in the old times; the 'kissing,' the 'forfeits,' the 'morrise-dancers,' and the 'popinjays'; or even to refer to the associations that cluster around my own recollections of the auspicious morn,
'In life's morning march when the bosom
was young;'

but this, the limits of our 'Gossip' forbids.

I cannot take leave of the subject more appropriately than in the language of Elia—dear, kind Charles Lamb:—
'Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocessans of old Bishop Valentine, and his true church.'

HERE IS THREE GOOD VALENTINES.

(To the tune of Rousseau's Dream.)

Health to thee, my own sweet lady!
Health and blessing, first and last!
Now may heaven, all bounteous, aid me,
Round thy path new spells to cast.

Blessed be thy early morning!
Blessed be thine evening close!
Bless'd thy going and returning,
Summer-hours and winter-snow.

Not to thee, all undeceiving,
Pure of spirit, frank of heart,
Shall the Muse, her fictions weaving,
Act the faithless flatterer's part.

Win and wear thy prize, sweet lady!
Faith as true, as pure as thine;
Love and service ever ready,
From thy well-known Valentine.

Specimen of an Ancient Valentine.

It is the hour of morning's prime,
The young day of the year,
The day of days, before the time
When brighter hopes appear.

It is the time of early love,
When suns but faintly shine;
It is the day all days above,
The sweet St. Valentine!

The cold snows on the meadows lie,
And not a leaf is green,
Yet here and there, in yonder sky,
A gleam of light is seen:

So love, young love, 'mid storms and snow,
Darts forth a light divine;
So darker days the brightness show
Of thine, St. Valentine.

(The Valentine Wreath. By Mr. Montgomery.)

Rosy red the hills appear,
With the light of morning,
Beauteous clouds in ether clear,
All the East adorning;
White, thro' mist, the meadows shine:
Wake, my love, my Valentine!

For thy locks of raven hue,
Flowers of hoar-frost pearly,
Crocus cups, of gold and blue,
Snow-drops drooping early,
With mezezon sprigs combine:
Rise, my love, my Valentine!

O'er the margin of the flood,
Pluck the daisy creeping;
Through the covert of the wood
Hunt the sorrel creeping:
With the little celandine,
Crowning love, my Valentine.

Pansies, on their lowly stems,
Scattered o'er the fallows;
Hazel-buds, with crimson gent,
Green and glossy willows,
Tufted moss and ivy twine,
Deck my love, my Valentine.

Few and simple flow'rets these:
Yet to me, less glorious
Garden-beds and orchard-trees!
Since this wreath, victorious,
Binds you now forever mine,
O, my love, my Valentine!

WORKSHOPS OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, HAMILTON.

(FROM THE SOUTH SIDE.)

ONE of the many notable features which show the industrial progress of Canada in the last few years, is the workshops of the Great Western Railway, of which our engraving is a faithful representation, showing as well as the workshops the company's grain elevator and large flour warehouse.

The men have not yet reached the prime of life, who, when boys, rushed from their school rooms to bathe in the very spot where that tall chimney now stands—emitting its rolling clouds of murky smoke—or to paddle their plank boats where that huge elevator receives and discharges its thousands of bushels of grain per hour, for it was then a secluded spot with which neither conventional nor police regulations interfered. But the spirit of improvement has made sad work of the old bathing ground. The limits of *terra firma* have been extended some 700 feet into the bay; and on this 'made ground' the workshops are erected, some twenty buildings in all, embracing an area of over forty acres. They are by no means remarkable for beauty of architecture nor symmetry of arrangement; but then they were not built to please the eye.

The first buildings erected are solid stone structures, which may last for ages for aught one can see to the contrary. The business of the Company however increased too rapidly, the demand for increased shop room became too urgent to await the slow process of the mason, in most of the recent erections, therefore, the carpenter has supplied his place.

If the beauty of architecture is wanting, a walk through the extensive works will reveal, in a marked degree, the beauty of utility—the only beauty specially sought for in their construction. The erecting shop is on the ground floor of the large building, in the foreground to the left. This is the receptacle for the work of all the various shops which constitute the Locomotive department, and where each part is assigned its proper place in the perfect machine. This too, is a kind of general hospital for the iron monsters, when maimed in some unlucky accident, or when suffering from any of the numerous ills which locomotive flesh is heir to. The iron horse is a strong jointed, wiry customer, but coursing along at from forty to sixty miles an hour, and pulling a load



SAMUEL SHARP, ESQ., MANAGER OF G. W. R. WORKS.

of some hundreds of tons, is no light work; moreover, in spite of his seeming robustness, he is delicately organized, if we but examine him closely. In spite of the highest skill, constant friction will deprive those valves of their trueness, and a sedimentary deposit will encrust the inside of that boiler, like the stomach of a dyspeptic, notwithstanding all precautions; in either case our strong friend becomes, like the retreating Zouave at Fredericksburg, 'fearfully demoralized,' and must be sent to the erecting shop to recruit. Here you will find locomotives in every conceivable condition, from the unfledged boiler with its coat of red paint, looking like a mammoth lobster, to the complete engine scrupulously clean and bright, emitting steam from every allowable aperture, with a hissing

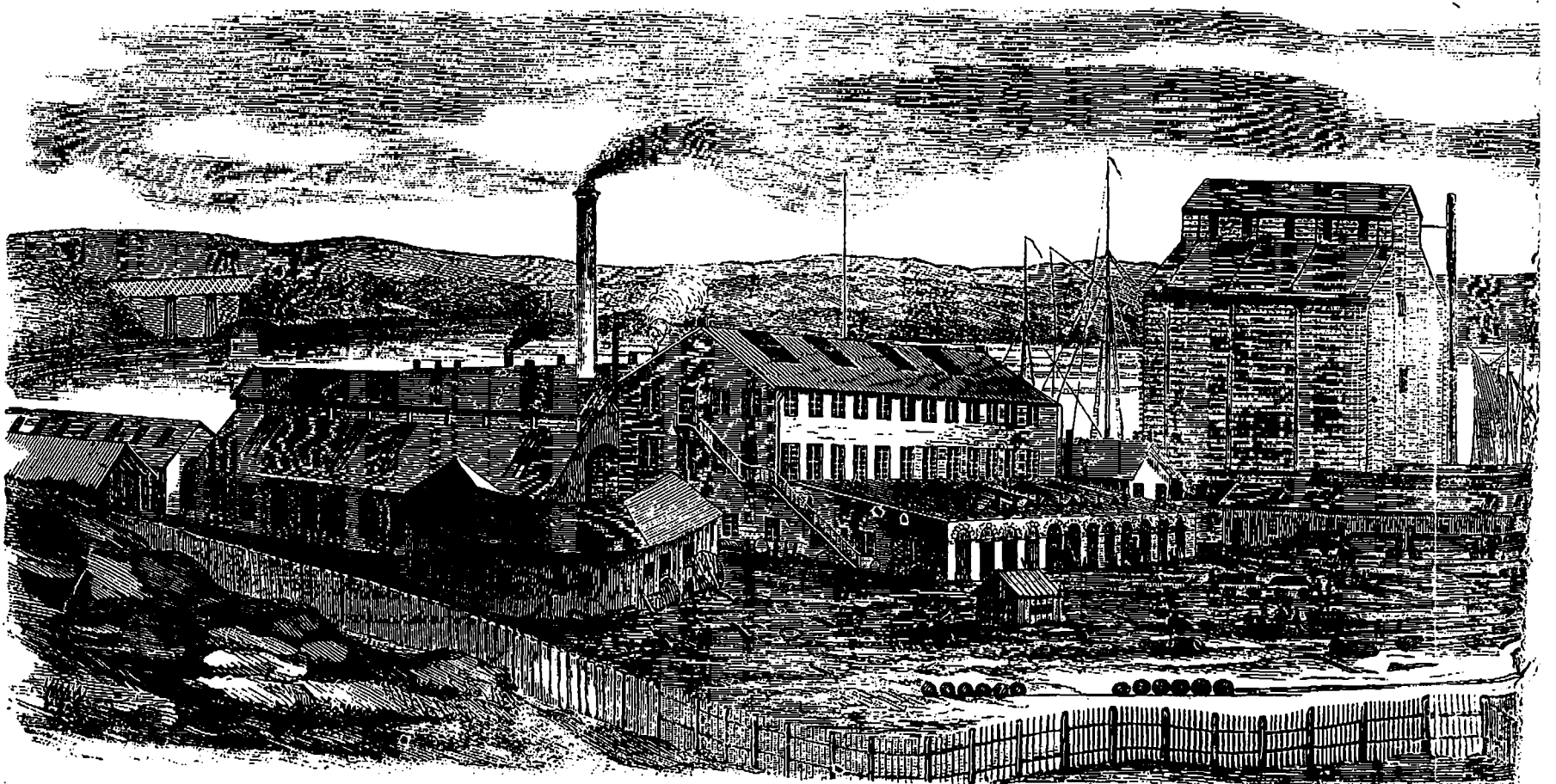
sound, suggesting to the mind the idea of an impatient steed snorting to be gone.

In this shop are ponderous lathes for turning crank axles, driving wheels, &c.; also a large planing machine for axles, a Bräemar press and a cylinder-boring machine. The shop has twelve tracks, each capable of holding two engines: all the tracks come to a point at the turntable a hundred and fifty yards distant.

Proceeding up a flight of stairs, we are in a room 165 feet long by 83 feet wide, containing over thirty machines of the various kinds used in locomotive building. Seventeen are lathes, four planers, four drilling machines, three shaping machines, and others. The utilitarian eye gazes with pleasure on those long ranges of shafting, extending

the whole length of the large building, with innumerable pulleys, belts and wheels in ceaseless motions, and giving employment to over sixty operatives. Here we were shown a set of Whitworth's gauges for turning and boring, varying in size from a sixteenth of an inch to four inches; also a set for taking diameters and lengths, of the same dimensions. The importance of these in securing accuracy of workmanship can scarcely be over-estimated. Immediately behind this building we come upon the stationary engine, sixty horse-power, high pressure,—drives all the machinery of both locomotive and car departments. Like all true mechanics, Mr. Sharp has a high regard for his engine, and has lately had the room in which it works repaired, finished in a simple, inexpensive, yet exceedingly tasteful way. A few steps further brings us to the blacksmith shop, a low-set brick building; inside, a dark, sooty atmosphere, pierced by the glare of some twenty-six smithy fires, and ringing with the sound of sixty hammers. Here stands the Nasmyth Steam-hammer—shown in our engraving—looking quiet and peaceful enough;—but the obliging foreman steps up to the small handle on the right, gives it a twitch, and straightway the huge hammer seems instinct with life, now tapping gently and quickly as a lady's fingers on the keys of her piano, again thundering down with the strength of a hundred Samsons, making the building tremble to its very foundation.—The hammer and furnace together are great economisers; one would scarcely suppose that those small scraps of iron scattered

about, many of them weighing but a few ounces, were in process of becoming important parts of a locomotive engine, but so it is. The process is this: the scraps are piled on boards two or three feet long. These are placed in the furnace. Soon the heat fuses the scraps into a lump, which is pulled out and placed under the hammer, which with a few vigorous thwacks kneads them together as a baker would his dough. They are then beaten into layers of about an inch thickness, and the requisite number welded together to form a crank, axle, or the parts of a driving wheel, as the case may be.—Our sketch of the hammer shows the forging of a large shaft, for the stationary engine, fourteen feet long and weighing sixteen hundred-weight.



GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

From this a door leads into the boiler-shop. 'The man who hath no music in his soul' may enter here with impunity; but he who has, would do well first to ascertain if there is any riveting going on. If so, let him forbear, notwithstanding the attractions of the place, among which we note a large punching and shearing machine, which will clip you off a piece of boiler plate half an inch thick and ten inches wide, in a shorter time and with less manual labor than is required to cut as much cheese. A radial drilling machine, the peculiarity of which is that the drill may be brought to any point within a radius of eight feet. Some smaller drilling and shearing machines may also be noticed. In this shop the boilers of the engines and the iron-work of the 'tenders,' are made and repaired. So also are those splendid iron girder bridges with which the Company are replacing their old wooden structures. Three of these have already been completed and placed in their positions. A fourth is about to be commenced.

Finishing our inspection of the Locomotive Works, we pass to the Car Department, and enter the Machine Shop, a corner of which, is shown in our engraving, over the roof of the Erecting Shop. There we are sensible of a marvellous change from what we have hitherto witnessed.—In the Locomotive Department, everything moves with a solemn, stately regularity, as if it were an undignified thing to be in a hurry. Here, on the contrary, each piece of machinery is rushing and screeching like an embodied fury, not only as if Rome had been built in a day, but as if the whole universe were waiting for that particular board which it is ripping into shreds, or that moulding, which it is fashioning so finely. There are in the Province, many larger collections of wood machinery than this, but there can be few more admirably adapted for the work required. Here, we saw a new branch of manufacture,—a substitute for cotton-waste. The high price of this article, set Mr. Sharp's ingenuity at work to lessen the expense; the result was, the construction of a plane with double irons, that, in front, having several rows of small teeth, which, driven through pine or basswood, divides the fibre of the wood, which is peeled off by the other iron, like an ordinary shaving. The stuff, when thrown together, has very much the appearance of curled hair. For packing axle-boxes and cleaning, it has been

found a complete success, and can be manufactured, even by hard labor, at less than one-sixth the price of cotton-waste. The immense saving which this will effect, may be understood, when we say that the quantity of waste used, is over 18,000 lbs per annum, and its price is now from 25 to 30 cents per lb.

The Truck Shop, Paint Shop, Traversing Tables, and other objects of industrial interest, must be passed over without extended notice. The large building, partially shown at the extreme left of the engraving, is the Body Building Shop, over three hundred feet in length, by fifty in width, it supplies for the Car Department, much the same place as the Erecting Shop does for the Loco Department. Some fifty men are employed in it, or immediately connected with it.

Some idea of the extent of the Works may be gained from the following figures, which may be relied upon as authentic:—

Number of men employed,—520; amount of wages paid fortnightly,—\$10,036,00;

cost of materials used annually,—\$228,000,00.

Want of space compels us to pass over without further notice, the Grain Elevator, the Flour Warehouse, and the Mechanical Store. Also the night school, established some years ago, by Mr. Sharp, for the youths in the Company's service, and which has been productive of much benefit.

THE PORTRAIT.

The engraving of the shops is accompanied by a faithful likeness of their Superintendent, Mr. Sharp, which is respectfully inscribed to our numerous G. W. R. readers, with whom he is so deservedly popular. It seems to us eminently proper, thus to identify Mr. Sharp, with the subject of our illustration. Under his eye, the workshops have grown up from a few scattered buildings, to their present extensive proportions. It is not our intention to inflict a biography on him, though the lives of such men as he, if faithfully portrayed,—with their heroic struggles and perseve-

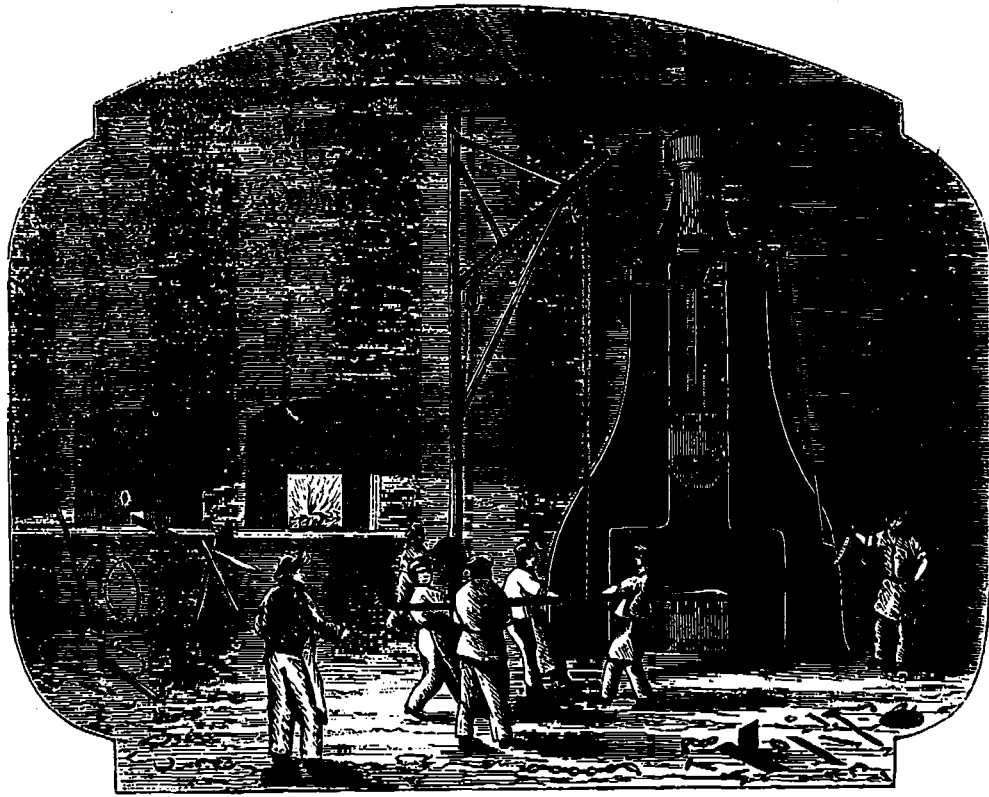
ring efforts,—would yield far richer lessons than that of those whose success has been won on more dazzling fields, and whose honors are more ostentatiously, but not more deservedly worn.

IMPERSONATION OF COMMON THINGS.—The wind is a musician! We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing on a single string! It tries almost everything upon earth, to see if there is music in it; it persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home asleep; it makes it a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree, till every leaf thrills with the note in it, and wind up the river that runs at its base, for a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, and goes up, perhaps, to the stars, that love music most and sang it the first. Then how fondly it haunts old houses; moaning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening old doors without fingers, and sighing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearth.

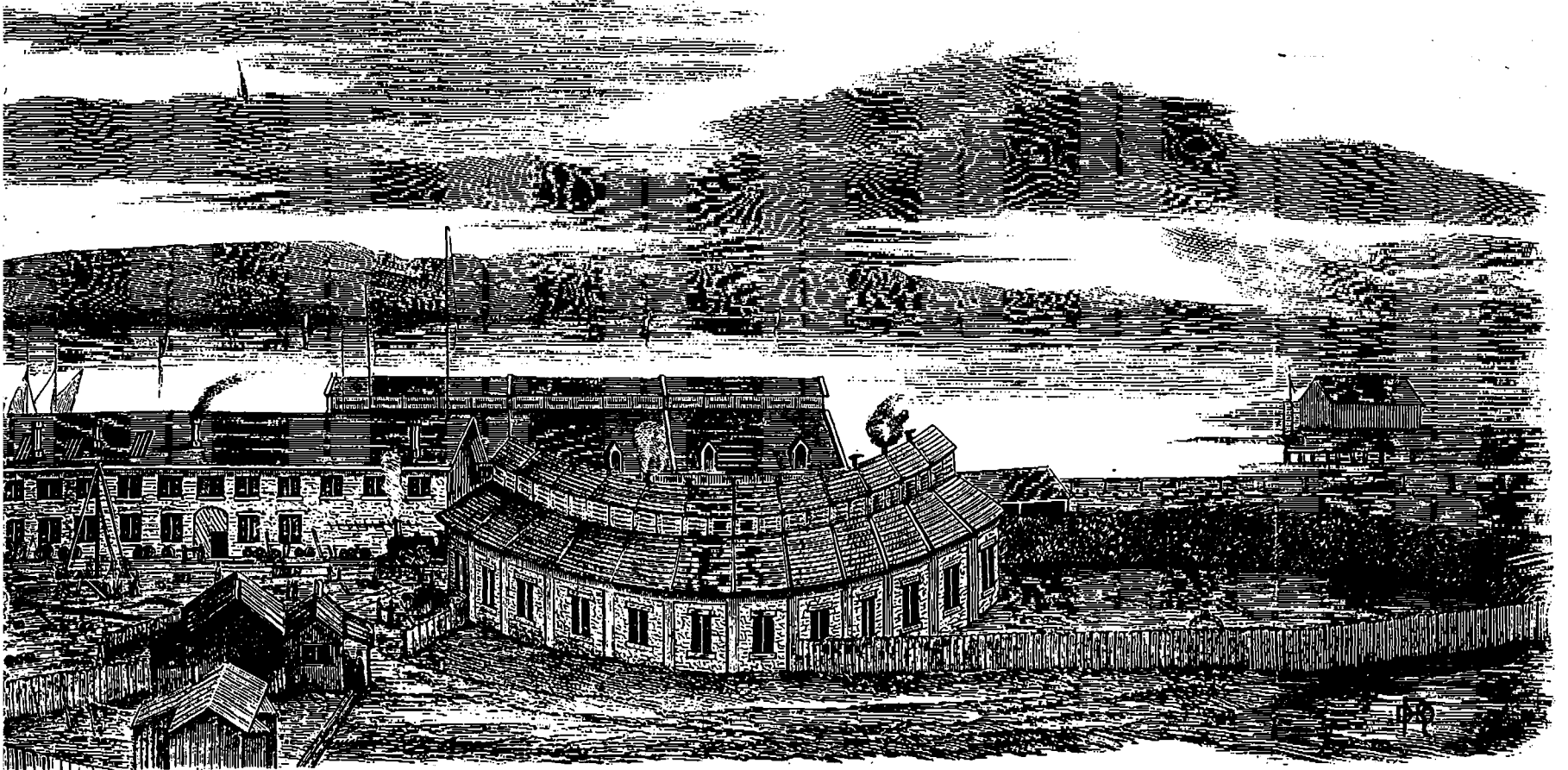
A certain Judge was once obliged to "double" with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued: 'Well, Pat; you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a Judge would you not?' 'Yes, yer honor,' said Pat, 'but I think you would have been a purty long time in the ould country before ye'd iver have been Judge, too.'

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon for her the following Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text:—'And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth.'

REGARD your reputation as the richest jewel.



STEAM FORGING HAMMER, G. W. R. WORKS.



SHOPS, HAMILTON.

LETTERS FROM CANADA.

NUMBER III.

Quebec; The Parliament about to meet; Aspect of the City; Constitution of Local and General Government in Lower Canada; Of the same in Upper Canada; Democracy; Reflected lustre of the British Crown.

It is the time of the meeting of Parliament; and the place is Quebec. Let us walk, and in conversation, learn to understand the political constitution of Canada. Walk and talk but move smartly, for the mercury in the thermometer marks twenty-five degrees below zero. In February, 1859, it twice fell to about forty at this place. At Brockville, February 8th, 1861, it was thirty-nine—that Thursday of snow and north-eastern tempest—a day to live in the memory of Grand Trunk engineers and travellers, of whom I was one who mastered half a mile on foot in two hours. On the following day at Kingston Bay, the mercury ceased to do service. A spirit thermometer taking its place, told the intensity of the frost by the dread mark—forty-seven below zero.

We are at Quebec, oldest city in Canada; cold in winter; hot in summer, yet breezy in the heat, if you climb to the lofty terraces, and lovely there always. Quaint in its narrow lanes; zig-zag in its pathways and battery walls; hide-and-seek in its stairs, leading from lower to higher streets; noble in outward aspect; renowned in history. Precipitous rocks above thoroughfares; terraces above precipices; streets and terraces joined by winding roadways; the citadel crowning Cape Diamond; and the Royal Standard on the citadel, three hundred feet above Champlain and Peter streets, those busy thoroughfares by the river. One gun standing out in the sky—bulldog of a thousand guns, overlooking from its lofty platform at the flagstaff, ranges of lower batteries on the roadways and terraces, these all fringed with cannon mounted. Cannon pointing down the river, in the east; to Abram's Plains in the west; over River St. Charles northward; and across the St. Lawrence a mile and a half wide, to Point Levi and the Grand Trunk station on the south shore. Cannon laid to cross the ranges of other batteries on angles acute and on angles obtuse, standing on traversing platforms in long rows of perspective—each with its black or blue nose through the embrasure in the massive walls, snuffing the air for an enemy. Batteries down yonder; batteries up there; and suddenly appearing here, frowning in your face and winking their eyes to aim at your heart. You reckon the chances, and conclude that if not killed right off, you might dart back, pass that corner and hide. Could you? Solitary guns, or pairs of them, or three or four in groups, watch every way of retreat as well as advance. You walk on the giddy brink of Cape Diamond, the foothold measured by inches, and, possibly, may think that here the engineers have made a mistake; here the crowning wall might be approached in the night, and sealed; the guard overpowered and the citadel taken. Don't try. Yonder closed doorways, covering embrasures, allow the garrison to creep out along this giddy verge, to make a sortie, if need be, towards Abram's Plains; and mighty guns lie within the door to sweep this brink of the rock, and hurl you down three hundred feet—down to Champlain street, dead and torn to fragments long before you reach the bottom of the rock.

Let us descend to the river level, and walk briskly on the lower market wharf, to see the Members of Parliament and other passengers cross in the canoes from the Grand Trunk Railway, among the floating islands of travelling ice. They have not arrived. We can wait; and, meanwhile, shall pass in review the political constitution of Canada.

In 1791 the Province of Quebec

was divided into Lower and Upper Canada, each with its own parliament. In 1840 these sections were re-united for legislation; but they still have separate sets of law courts, and different modes of legal procedure. In Lower Canada the foundation of local and general government is thus laid and built upon:—On a tract of land not exceeding sixty superficial arpents, equal to English acres, the dwelling houses are counted. When these reach the number of forty, they may be erected into a village municipality by the County Council, on presentation of a petition signed by thirty or more qualified resident electors. To be a qualified elector the resident is required to be registered as assessed for local taxes on property worth \$200; or, as a tenant paying not less than \$20 in rent. A plurality of tenants may be registered as electors for the one occupancy, if each be rated for taxes on \$20 of rental.

When a village increases to 3000 inhabitants it may be proclaimed a town. Towns are named cities only by legislative enactment. In Lower Canada there are three cities, five towns, forty-three incorporated villages, and sixty counties. Each township, parish, or village, is termed a Local Municipality, and elects seven councillors. These elect one of themselves to preside, by the title of Mayor. The Mayors of all Local Municipalities within a county, form a County Council, and choose one of themselves to preside. He is styled the Warden. Every Mayor and Warden is a Justice of the Peace within the limits of the locality wherein he has been elected, so long as he continues to hold office. The cities are, Quebec, the present seat of Government, returning three members to the Legislative Assembly; Three Rivers, one member; (i. present the Hon. Joseph E. Turcotte, Speaker of the House); and Montreal, three members. The town of Sherbrooke returns one member. The other towns are merged in the counties, which elect fifty-eight representatives, making in all sixty-six, one-half of the Assembly.

The Lower Canadian tells the stranger that in Upper Canada villages have their birth on paper with champagne and toddy dinners in the woods, and applications to Parliament for leave to run the township and village in debt. In Upper Canada, the reproach on the Lower half of the Province (but can it be a reproach?) is that the Catholic priest makes his home in the wilderness first, erects a church, and gathers around him the inhabitants necessary to form a Local Municipality.

In Upper Canada, political society and government begin with townships, each about ten miles square. The registered voters of a township elect five councillors, who choose one of their number to preside. He is styled the Reeve. If the township have over five hundred resident voters, they also elect a Deputy Reeve. Villages with fewer than a thousand inhabitants, are governed by a Board of Police, and are styled Police Villages. With one thousand or over, they become Incorporated Villages, and are governed by a council of five, who elect one of themselves as chairman and Reeve. When a village acquires a population exceeding three thousand, it becomes a town, with a Town-Reeve and Deputy Town-Reeve. All Reeves and Deputies within a county form the County Council, the presiding officer of which is styled the Warden. With ten thousand inhabitants a town may become a city, and be governed by Councillors, Aldermen and a Mayor, with a Recorder for its Judge, a City Chamberlain, City Clerk and other civic officers. Mayors are elected by the voters at large, not by the Town or City Council. All Township Reeves, Town Reeves, Wardens, Aldermen and Mayors are, while they hold office, Justices of the Peace within the limits for which they were elected. Township Councils, County Councils, Town Councils and City

Councils are corporations, which may sue and be sued. The two first construct rural improvements, as roads, bridges, water courses, gaols and court-houses. They appoint township and county officers; raise funds for public works on security of local rates; build schoolhouses, and pay teachers under the provisions of the School Law. Of the school system, glory of Canada, I will write fully in other letters.

The cities of Upper Canada are:—Kingston, built at head of the River St. Lawrence, at the east end of Lake Ontario and west end of the Rideau canal, returning one member; Ottawa, at the north-east end of the Rideau canal, a work of military strategy to be referred to hereafter, one member. Toronto, situated on a north-west bay of Lake Ontario, the occasional seat of government, fountain-head of justice, head of the Upper Canada school system, centre of commerce, manufactures and railways, see of a Bishop, place of many churches, seat of two Colleges, and of a noble University worthy of this wealthy province aspiring to be a nation. Its members in the House of Assembly are two. Hamilton, built on a southwest bay of Lake Ontario, one member. And London, situated inland between Lakes Erie and Huron, one member. Though nominally only two, Toronto has many members in both Houses of the Legislature. Its lawyers, merchants and bankers go forth as candidates to any county or electoral division where they see vacancies. At present, the representatives of Toronto of that class, are said to be sixteen. The towns of Cornwall, Brockville and Niagara return each one member. The other towns are merged in their respective counties.

The Canada House of Commons, named the Legislative Assembly, comprises one hundred and thirty two members, equally divided between the Upper and Lower sections of the Province.—The electors are owners of property worth \$200 in counties and \$300 in cities; or occupying tenants, resident or non-resident, joint or sole, assessed for local rates on a rental, or share of rental of not less than twenty dollars per annum in counties, and thirty dollars in cities. Parliaments last four years; but may be dissolved by the Governor General on advice of his Ministers, at any time. Members were formally required to have a property qualification but are not now.

The Legislative Council, or Upper House, consists of sixty-six members, all styled Honourable, coming in equal numbers from Lower and Upper Canada. One third hold their seats for life. The others are elected for eight years.—But as a provision that the Council may not be too much exposed to popular instability, the members are elected at the present rate of twelve every two years, having commenced in 1856.—Candidates for the Upper House must be at least thirty years old, and possessed of property worth 8000 dollars a year. They are elected for divisions formed of portions of several counties, in order that a constituency sending a member to the Legislative Assembly may not elect a member of the Legislative Council. The qualification of voters is the same for both houses. On the death of the Sovereign, Parliament does not dissolve as in Britain.

The Governor General is the only Minister of British Political Supremacy in the Province; all executive power under His Excellency originates in the rural homesteads, town stores and city offices, rated for taxes. The Commander of the Forces and the forces he commands are, also bonds of British connection. But they are present to defend not to govern. If democracy be an un-mixed blessing, Canada should not be far from a condition of un-mixed happiness. But if strangers judge from the chieftain newspapers of party conflict, the Province is covered in most of its

offices of power and privilege by pilferers, perjurers and robbers. Strangers must not believe what is alleged by the organs of party conflict. In this respect they dishonor the people who elect their representatives to Parliament. They traduce the democratic virtue which they profess to extol. Happily the concessions to Canadian democracy have not degenerated to the low level of reducing the seats of justice and the courts of law to be the sport of popular impulse and of venal corruption, as they are alleged to be by Americans in their country beyond the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. The Crown and Throne of British monarchy extend their sign and substance of stability and honor, to the courts of law in Canada. The judges are appointed by the Crown for life, and are not removable by executive power, which they may arrest in its prerogative or by popular commotion, which they may punish and offend. They reflect around them, and abroad on all the Province, the lustre of Learning, of Authority, and of Independence.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

WELLINGTON'S STRATEGY.—On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign on the Pyrenees, that 'Great Captain' being displeased with the dispositions General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the duke accomplished it in person, in the following manner. Doffing his cocked hat and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment as if about to order a charge. Thereupon rose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps, until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away Wellington was heard to remark, musingly, as if addressing himself: 'Soult is a skilful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him.' It turned out as he anticipated. Soult, naturally enough, supposed these tremendous shouts announced the arrival of reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment, he would have won an easy victory; as it was, he met with a bloody repulse. This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, engendered and executed in the same moment.

A SCOTCH MINISTER 'DONE'.—In common with the rest of the world, Mr. M—, an eminent Church of Scotland divine, lately visited the International Exhibition. Shortly after his arrival in the metropolis an Irishman came running to him in the street, crying,—

'Och, blessing on ye, Docther M— How are yez?'

'I'm very well,' replied the Doctor, rather dryly.

'And when did yez come to London?'

'Last week; but how do you come to know me?'

'Give me a shilling and I'll tell yez.'

The Doctor, curious to know how the fellow found his name out, gave him the shilling, and was answered by the Irishman, 'sure then and I saw your name on your umbrella.'

A very worthy and pious old dame had several books lent to her which she could not read, so she got a little girl to read to her. The curate of her church lent her 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and a nephew a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe.' Having read them alternately, the dame got the text a little mixed up; and when the curate called upon her, and asked her how she liked 'Pilgrim's Progress,' he was somewhat surprised when she replied: 'It's a marvellous book, truly; why, what big troubles him and his man Friday underwent.'

E O L A .

BY CRISPEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]

She did not raise her eyes from the floor, but she knew by the sound of unknown voices, that there were other persons in the apartment besides the two she had before seen.

Her two friends were standing by the fire, and near them, on low ottomans, were seated two beautiful young girls, attired in tasteful evening dresses.

'Come and sit by the fire,' said one of them, placing a chair for the child by her own seat.

At length the announcement, 'Dinner is on the table,' changed the scene and the discourse.

During this meal, Zerneen was not a little perplexed in her choice of the many unheard-of luxuries which composed it, and found quite enough to occupy her attention in attending to their disposal, without listening to the talk in progress around; though the talkers, as it oblivious of the child's presence, were indulging in the discussion of topics that, in any other than a hungry girl of fourteen, would have excited no little wonder and curiosity.

Dessert was placed on the table, and Zerneen was contemplating with intense satisfaction a dish of grapes, and feasting in imagination on one particular bunch that had struck her fancy, when an event occurred which dispelled all the glowing vision, and sent her an exile from the scene.

A carriage stopped in front of the house.

'There's Percy, already!' cried one of the younger ladies, starting from her chair with such haste that she precipitated the contents of a champagne-glass all over her handsome dress. 'Catch up that child, Henry, before you open the door, and pop her up the staircase. It'll never do to let him see her!'

And before Zerneen could understand to whom the words 'that child' were meant to apply, she felt herself lifted from the chair, and the next moment found herself outside the apartment.

'Run along up them stairs,' said the footman, pointing to an adjacent staircase; and then he proceeded to answer the furious tattoo which had begun to make itself heard on the street door.

Zerneen just lingered on the stairs long enough to observe a very handsome man stride across the hall and enter the dining-room, and then sorrowfully turned to do as she was bidden.

The servant, Emma, met her on the first landing.

'Sent to bed?' she asked, shortly.

'I suppose so,' returned the child, in a tone of disappointment and vexation.

Upon which the woman led her into a small but nicely-furnished bedroom, and without ceremony undressed and tossed her into bed, and then withdrew, leaving the wondering girl in total darkness.

Sounds of uproarious mirth and merry music, arising from the apartment below, fell tauntingly on her ear; and as hour after hour these and other tokens of gaiety continued to give to her inexperienced mind the idea of pleasure in which she could not share, the little exile tossed and turned in feverish wakefulness, and night had waned into morning ere her eyes closed in slumber.

Thus passed her first and last night under the roof of her new mamma, 'where all was peace and harmony.'

CHAPTER XVI.

'There's a gentleman below, ma'am, wants to see the lady of the house,' said a servant, who presented herself at Mrs. Macgregor's chamber-door on the morning following Zerneen's arrival, about one o'clock. 'Will you see him, ma'am, or shall I call Mrs. Melcott?'

'Oh, I'll see him; it's a horrid bore, though,' cried Mrs. Macgregor, who was only half-dressed. 'What's he like, Ellen?' she added; 'gentlemanly?'

'Well, not exactly, ma'am,' returned the servant, who, of course, was a judge of the species referred to.

'Where have you put him?' inquired the mistress.

'In the dining room, ma'am.'

'He'll have a treat, then; the place is poisoned with cigar smoke. But go and tell him I'll be down in a few minutes.'

The servant retired, and Mrs. Macgregor began to hurry on the rest of her apparel.

When attired, she hastened down to the dining-room; but the visitor had flown.

Her first impulse was to examine whether anything belonging to the apartment was missing from its place; her second, to question all the servants relative to the personal appearance of the man who had thus strangely vanished, after expressing a wish to see her.

While she was thus engaged, the servant Emma rushed into her presence with the still more mysterious news, that her little protegee had also disappeared from her bedroom, and was not to be found in any part of the house.

The following narrative will account for these circumstances.

Zerneen awoke about twelve o'clock, and, after waiting some time in vain expectation of a summons to get up to breakfast, arose, and, attiring herself as well as she could in her new clothes, sallied forth from her chamber in search of any one who might be likely to give her something to eat, for she was becoming very hungry.

But every one in the house seemed busy, and she met with little attention, beyond a few sharp words when she chanced to get in somebody's way.

So she wandered listlessly about the lower rooms, longing for her breakfast, vexed with her new friends, and almost wishing herself back in the little room at G—— Street, until the visitor before-mentioned presented himself.

Zerneen was in a room adjoining that into which he was ushered; and while the servant went up to tell her mistress of the arrival, the inquisitive child amused herself by staring at the gentleman through the crack of a folding-door, which was partially open, and which led into the apartment where he sat.

Vantini—for it was he—caught sight of the girl's black eyes through the chink; but did not take any notice of her until after the servant had returned with Mrs. Macgregor's message. When the domestic had retired again, he rose from his chair, and, laying his finger on his lips, approached the folding-door, and signed to Zerneen to come to him.

She hesitated, and shrank back, evidently slightly awed by his cautious manner; but, taking her by the hand, he drew her to him, glanced nervously round the room, then, stooping down, said, in a low voice—

'I have come here for you. You must leave this house immediately!'

'What do you mean?' asked Zerneen, trying to withdraw her hand. 'I don't know you. Who sent you for me?'

Vantini, whose conscience, as we have before hinted, was none of the most sensitive, saw no harm in a falsehood when it was to his interest to tell one, and responded—

'Eola—your cousin sent me to you.'

'How came you to know my cousin? I don't understand,' persisted the little gipsy girl.

'No, my child; but leave this house first, and you can understand afterwards. Come, be quick; let us go before any one comes to us.'

Holding fast the child's small hand, he led her softly from the apartment; and just as Mrs. Macgregor had reached the lower landing of the stair-case, the street-door was noiselessly closed on the retreating pair.

As Zerneen had not waited long enough, before making her precipitate retreat, to possess herself of that necessary article of feminine walking apparel—a bonnet, Vantini hailed the first cab they saw, to convey them to his home.

On the way there, Zerneen eagerly questioned her new protector concerning the secret of his abrupt appearance at the house they had just quitted, and his motive for coming to rescue her from danger. To this he replied by informing her how and where he had first seen her, and the subsequent proceedings on his part to get her away from the clutches of Mrs. Macgregor, whom he said he knew, from her conversation with Zerneen in the park, to be a very bad woman.

The girl listened to his explanation with great amazement, and then thanked him in her own simple way for his kindness.

She was extremely shocked and sorry to hear of Eola's disappearance, more especially as she suddenly remembered that, before leaving their lodgings on the previous afternoon, she had possessed herself of their money-bag; and that, necessarily, Eola, wherever she might be, must be destitute of resources.

This misfortune was greatly deplored by Vantini, who, though he did not utterly despair of tracing the lost one, felt considerably by the discovery that she was without the means of supporting life, until his efforts should be crowned with success.

He was rather dubious about the courage and power of endurance of a delicate girl, under such trying circumstances.

However, he did not mention his forebodings to Zerneen, but endeavored to rouse her hopes as far as possible.

After this he endeavored to glean from Zerneen the true particulars of her history; which by a great amount of coaxing, flattering, and promising, he at length effected.

Vantini then made his proposals of engaging her for the theatre, and of sheltering her beneath his own roof during the term of her engagement, if she chose to accept it.

To this proposition Zerneen gladly consented.

During this period, the master and his pupil made many, but ineffectual, efforts to obtain a clue to the whereabouts of the lost Eola; they could discover no trace of her, and were compelled at length, to abandon all hope of doing so. She seemed irrecoverably lost to them; and Vantini, after a long cogitation, was obliged to admit to Zerneen that all further search would be mere loss of time, and that they must now trust to chance alone to favor their wishes.

'Poor Eola!' sighed Zerneen; 'but, of course, I must look after myself.'

Their pathway through the world had hitherto been traversed together; they had until now walked hand-in-hand, gathering the flowers or thorns with which it was strewn, in company; but now the force of circumstances had opened separate paths to them. Henceforth they must encounter the smiles and frowns of Fortune alone.

Will the different paths always lead in opposite directions, bearing still further and further apart the youthful wanderers, or will they again blend into one, and bring those wanderers once more in contact? We shall see.

CHAPTER XVII.

We left Eola sleeping.

It was getting dark when she awoke, and looking round, instead of finding a nice bright fire, and Zerneen sitting cozily beside it, or quietly preparing tea, the child's gaze encountered only the chilling aspect of an empty, fireless grate, and a dull, tenantless room.

She sat up on the bed, and, pressing her tiny fingers tightly to her aching brow, endeavored to think what could have induced Zerneen to break her promise, and go out, leaving her so lonely and comfortless. She tried to recollect if she had offended her in any way, and if so, how and when; but she could think of no act on her own part that could have provoked her fiery companion's spite.

Zerneen had distinctly promised not to leave her till she awoke, and had kindly bathed her head in cold water before she lay down; so that she could not have gone out in a passion.

After a few minutes, the dreary sense of her lonely position became so oppressive, that she burst into a passion of tears, and, swaying to and fro on the rickety bedstead, wept long and violently.

Presently she arose, and struck a light; but she felt too weak and miserable to light a fire, and stood vacantly gazing round the gloomy chamber, in a shiver of fear and cold.

'Where can she have gone? Why did she leave me?' repeated, over and over again, the little friendless one.

Suddenly a new idea appeared to enter her mind. She turned up a corner of the mattress, and passed her arm about underneath, as if to search for something; but it was soon withdrawn, with a bitter exclamation of sorrow.

For half an hour those bitter sobs resounded through the apartment, as the little girl abandoned herself, with a kind of morbid satisfaction, to the full sway of her wild anguish; and, kneeling beside the old bed, her aching head resting against it, and her long, fair hair streaming in tangled masses over her small figure, she wept till she could weep no more—till the tears refused to flow.

Then she arose, worn out, and trembling in every limb, with hands like burning coals, and her little forehead flushed and throbbing most painfully.

Suddenly a step was heard on the stairs.—It approached the door. Eola stood, with head bent forward and lips apart, listening, in breathless eagerness. But the step was too heavy and slow for the gipsy girl's. It was only the landlady.

'Well my dear I hope you've been comfortable for the last week,' she said, unceremoniously entering the room, and seating

herself on one of the chairs. 'What, no fire?' she added, on perceiving the empty grate. 'Have you been to sleep, and let it out? what's the matter? where's your sister?'

'My sister has gone away and left me.—Oh! what shall I do?—what shall I do?'

'And not left you any money?'

'No,'

'Well, I'm sure!' exclaimed the landlady, quickly sinking the motherly matron in the avaricious lodging-house keeper, at the information that her young tenant was penniless.

'Well, I'm sure! it's like the huzzy's impudence to go away and leave you here, to ransack the room at your pleasure.'

'But let me stay just this one night, ma'am, to see if my sister comes back. Do let me stay.'

'Yes, a likely thing, indeed! Not I; and if I catch you, or your sister either, on my premises again, I'll have you both locked up together.'

'I'll go,' sobbed the child; and taking up her little straw hat, she passed shudderingly by the heartless woman, then tearfully and slowly descended the creaking stairs, followed by her inexorable persecutor, who opened the street door, and remorselessly saw the tender child issue forth, trembling and weak, into the cold dark night, then closed the door on her, and returned to her own cosy fireside.

Eola hurried from the inhospitable house, and, hardly knowing what she was doing, wandered up and down the adjoining square for some time in a sort of stupor. Presently she sat down on a door-step, and leaned her burning forehead against one of the hard pillars, with a slight sensation of relief. But she had not remained there two minutes before a policeman came by, and observing her—

'Mustn't sit there,' he growled, tapping her on the head. 'Move on!'

Thus the poor, weary little wanderer was forced to abandon even this wretched resting-place, and drag forward her sinking frame in search of a more auspicious nook and less vigilant officials.

And now, to crown her misery, she was becoming very hungry. She had eaten nothing since breakfast, and was beginning to feel sick and faint from want of nourishment.

She gazed in at the confectioners' windows, and whilst standing in front of one of these shops in Coventry Street, two young men passing stopped to look at her, apparently struck by the mingled expression of unhappiness and innocence blended in her childish countenance, as she turned alternately to the people and the shop in helpless, sorrowful entreaty.

One of them looked at her so kindly, that the girl made up her mind to accost him; and with a blush of shame, she held out her hand, and, in a faint voice, asked him for a penny.

'Are you hungry?' said the young man, looking compassionately in her pale face.

'Oh, yes, sir!' was the eager response.

'Poor child! Your friends ought to be ashamed of themselves to send you out begging this time of night. It's bad enough in the day-time. But here's something for you; and I'd advise you to eat all you can buy with it. Coming, Ned.'

The last words were addressed to his friend, who was watching his movements with some impatience; and so, slipping a piece of money into the girl's hand, the youth turned lightly away to pursue the bent of his own enjoyment.

This kind action seemed to have altered the gloomy aspect of affairs to one of better augury. One being in that great wilderness of London had treated her with a fellow-feeling.

Then all were not heartless. And the spark of hope which, amid the direst misfortunes, cannot be completely extinguished, kindled into a gentle flame, and diffused a comforting influence over the little outcast's weary soul.

She did not lose any time in obtaining the refreshment she stood in need of; but previous experience had taught her economy, and, instead of laying out her money in the tempting looking tarts and cakes that garnished the pastrycook's counter, she purchased two very plain and substantial buns, and safely placed the residue of her money in the bosom of her frock, to provide for future necessities.

All this time she had no definite notion of what she intended to do, or where she was to find a shelter.

With a bun in each hand she wandered along the broad streets, amid the never-ending crowds of hurrying passengers, till she reached a large, broad, and silent square, surrounded with stately mansions, and almost perceptibly impregnated with the air of aristocracy and fashion.

Here she paused, and, tempted by the darkness and silence around, seated herself on the steps of one of the houses to rest.

She had been there about ten minutes, when the door of the next house opened, and a man-servant came out, and walked rapidly across the square. He returned in a short space of time in a cab, for which he had apparently been sent. Presently, the large door opened again, and this time two exquisitely attired gentlemen issued forth. The little girl peered round the railings to get a sight of them, but no sooner did she perceive their faces, than, with a half-stifled cry of surprise, she sank trembling back into the deepest shadow of the portico; for in one of them she had recognised a being, the very thought of whom thrilled every nerve in her little body, and stirred the deepest feelings of her guileless heart.

It was Lord Esward. Unconsciously, the little outcast had strayed to his very door!

He was laughing and talking with his companion about some popular actress.—Eola just caught the words—

'To Vauxhall, cobby.' And then his lordship's voice was drowned in the noise of the wheels, as the cab drove rapidly away across the large square.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Eola gazed in an agony of despair, and with a crushing sensation of hopelessness, such as she had never before experienced, after the vehicle in which her father had departed.

Now Eola had not the slightest idea of what the word 'Vauxhall' signified. It might have been a house, a theatre, a shop, or anything under the sun but a public garden; but, at any rate, she resolved to go there.

Accordingly, she arose, and walked on in the direction taken by the cab, intending to inquire her way to Vauxhall of the first person she encountered.

This individual happened to be a young man, who came out of the house situated in one of the streets adjoining the square down which Eola was passing. He was a slight, mispud-looking personage, with fair, curly hair, small features, and very girlish expression of countenance; of small stature and great consequence; elegantly and expensively 'got up,' and smelling strongly of perfume.

He started off after a stony cab, which at that moment, came in sight at the end of the street.

He managed to overtake it and obtain possession.

'Jump in,' he exclaimed, holding open the door for the timid child.

She complied with the polite request.

'So, you've an appointment at Vauxhall, little girl?' he remarked, presently.

'A what, sir?'

'Oh, nothing particular. You're very green, my dear.'

'Am I, sir?'

'Going in?'

'In where, sir?'

'The gardens, of course.'

'What gardens, sir?'

'Why, Vauxhall, to be sure.'

'Is Vauxhall a garden, sir?'

'Rather. Didn't you know it?'

'No, sir.'

'What are you going there for, then?'

'To see a gentleman. I mean to look for one.'

'Indeed! How candid?'

'Eh, sir?'

'Nothing.'

'Shall I have to pay, sir, to go into this garden?'

'Yes. Have you the stuff?'

'The money, sir? I have got a little; a shilling and sixpence, and some half-pence.'

'Well, put it in your pocket. I'll do the amiable for you, since I've brought you so far.'

A little conversation ensued between the odd pair, during which the young gentleman succeeded in mystifying his little companion to an extent sufficient to have gratified the vanity of a perfect master in slang.

Vainly did she stretch her ears and open her eyes in spasmodic efforts to comprehend him. Half that he said was perfect Greek to her.

'Here we are!' he exclaimed, as the cab pulled up before the entrance to the gardens.

Eola glanced timidly from the window, but she had no time to conjecture, or observe, for her companion immediately opened the door, put her out on the pavement, flung a piece of money at the driver, then hurried up to the gate-keeper.

'For two,' he said, throwing down some silver.

The man stared at the little girl, as she raised her wondering blue eyes to his counter; no doubt he thought her a queer little creature to be in the society of such an aristocratic young gentleman; but her admission was paid for, and it was no affair of his.

The child felt herself pushed through the gate, and became sensible of a great confusion of noises—of laughter, music, and talking; also of a quantity of shadowy figures, coloured lamps, gloomy alleys, waving trees, white statues, and plashing fountains, and—that she was in Vauxhall!

She looked round for her singular escort; but he had disappeared. He had done as he promised—had brought her there, and paid for admission, and had now 'gone in' for his own amusement.

Eola felt excessively ill at ease. Alone in such a singular place! the thought was dreadful. Everything, too, looked so ghastly and unnatural. And how was she ever to distinguish her father among that crowd of phantom-like objects, moving in all directions of the strange garden?

'At any rate,' she thought, 'I will try to find him out, now I've come.'

She wandered about, wondering at every step at the different objects which met her eye, until she reached a sort of grotto, mysteriously situated amid a group of sombre shrubs, and beheld a small tricking fountain.

A tall, dark woman, with a yellow silk handkerchief tied over her head, stood upon the threshold, monotonously repeating her request 'that the ladies and gentlemen would step inside and consult the renowned wizard, her father, and see their partners in the magic mirror.'

This sort of thing was not unfamiliar to our little heroine, who had been accustomed to witness similar fraudulent tricks on the part of the gipsies, and she stopped and gazed on the 'wise man's daughter' with a kind of sympathetic affection. Two or three credulous persons entered the grotto and returned, looking very mysterious; and presently, a man, shabbily dressed, and looking decidedly 'professional,' approached the woman, and began conversing with her in a hurried, excited manner, that greatly piqued Eola's curiosity.

'What can he be talking about?' she thought.

She glided silently round in among the shrubs to listen.

She heard the man say, 'I've advertised this performance in the bills; it is expected to take place, of course, and it'll play the very deuce to disappoint the people. Why, in the world, did she go and sprain her ankle just now, I wonder! It always happens so. When you've most need of a thing, it fails you.'

'Can't you get a substitute?'

'A substitute! Why, even if I had time, which I haven't, I could never find one like Lily. There isn't one tight-rope dancer in twenty that would cross that rope.'

'And I suppose the fireworks will be no good without the tight-rope performance?'

'Not a bit; that's certain.'

The man looked the personification of despair.

Suddenly a little figure in a scarlet frock emerged from the bushes at his elbow, and stood timidly before him.

'Will I do, sir? I can walk on the tight-rope,' said the little apparition.

'Who are you?' exclaimed the man, staring at the child in blank astonishment.

'I don't know, sir; but I do know how to dance on a tight-rope.'

'You might dance on a thread, from all appearances, if the wind didn't blow.'

'Yes, I'm very light, sir.'

'So I should think. Ha! ha; You're light enough, and pretty enough, as far as that goes.'

'But, really, sir, I can prevent your disappointing the people.'

'You seem to think so, at any rate. But, without joking, can you dance on the tight-rope?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Who taught you? Where have you performed?'

'At fairs, sir—lots of times.'

'Oh, I see—a show-child. Run away, I suppose?'

Eola slightly nodded her head.

The woman of the grotto was busy attending to some customers, and the man, beckoning to Eola to follow him, drew back among the shrubs.

'Come with me, little one,' he said; 'I'll show you the rope the girl was to cross; but I don't think you'll care about attempting the job, when you see it.'

'Is she bigger than me, sir?' asked the child, referring to the young rope-dancer.

'Oh, yes, ever so much; but it isn't the size I care about. Here we are. There's the rope, my dear.'

Eola looked up.

At an immense height from the ground, and crossing an artificial lake, appeared the rope in question, that, dimly outlined against the starry sky, seemed scarcely thick enough to afford footing for a bird!

But it did not appear to intimidate Eola.

'I have crossed one quite as high as that,' she said exultingly.

'And don't you dread attempting this?'

'Not a bit, sir. Oh! I am so anxious to get some employment, sir. Do—please to try me.'

'But the fireworks, my dear; you forget them?'

'I have walked on a rope often among fireworks, sir. I'm sure I can manage it, now.'

The man hesitated. Self-interest urged him to accept the girl's offer, but even he did not feel quite comfortable at the idea of imperilling the life of a child—especially as he had no experience of her capabilities—to save himself from mere pecuniary loss.

'Do try me, sir,' urged Eola, noticing his hesitation, and dreading to lose this chance of getting some employment in the only avocation she was then able to follow. 'I'm all alone in this great town without a friend, and with only a shilling and tenpence in the whole world, sir. I shall starve if some one doesn't give me work to do.'

The suppliant, in the warmth of her appeal, had grasped the man's rough hand in her little fingers, and was gazing up in his face with as much eagerness as if the question in hand were one of life and death.

Such, indeed, it appeared to her.

'Well, well,' said the man, after a short pause, 'as you seem so confident that you can do it, I don't see why I shouldn't let you. But after the money that you earn to-night is spent, you'll be just as bad off as ever.'

'But, sir, if I please you to-night, couldn't you always give me something to do?'

'Well, I don't know. The winter is coming on. I shan't want a tight-rope dancer again till next season, when I'm coming here again. But I tell you what I think I can do for you. I can get you a berth in Manchester, if you like to go there.'

'I don't mind where I go, sir, if I can only get work,' returned Eola, eagerly.

'Well, then, I'll do my best to get you the place.'

'Oh, sir! you are an angel!'

The man laughed at the emphatic misnomer.

'As you like about that,' he said; 'but now, come and get ready for your performance, and for Heaven's sake be careful what you're about.'

'I'm not a bit frightened of hurting myself,' was the confident response; and taking her employer's hand, the child suffered him to lead her away.

After traversing several long avenues, they came to a little hut, situated in an unfrequented corner of the grounds, which Eola's new friend said was his 'crib.'

On entering, Eola perceived a young girl, evidently a few years her senior, lying on an old settee, with one foot wrapped up in flannel, and another female much older, whom the man addressed as his wife.

'Ah, you've got a substitute?' said the invalided dancer, with a slight tinge of jealousy in her tone, and eyeing the little gipsy girl from head to foot with critical scrutiny.

The latter felt rather hurt at the other's manner; but swallowing her childish annoyance as well as she could, said—

'I'm sorry you've got a bad foot, but I'm only going to take your place for this once.'

'Yes, and it's the last night—the best of the season,' muttered the girl, discontentedly.

'Why, dash it all, Lil,' interposed the rope proprietor, 'I suppose you didn't sprain your foot on purpose, and you can't help what night it is. You ought to be glad I've found a substitute, instead of grumbling at her.'

Lily turned her head pettishly aside, and

relapsed into silence, while the man informed his wife how he had procured Eola's services.

The woman then proceeded to equip the child for her performance. This done, the man threw a dark mantle over her shoulders, and the two left the hut, and returned to the scene of action.

On the way there, as Eola reflected on the unexpected event which had resulted from her wild fancy of visiting Vauxhall, her thoughts naturally reverted to the object that had brought her there; and her little heart swelled almost to bursting as she conceived the possibility of Lord Esward seeing and recognising her in the glittering heroine of the tight rope.

'I wonder if he would come and speak to me, if he saw me,' she soliloquised. 'Oh, I wish he would! I would give anything to hear him speak again. But I wish he had been with him; he is so kind, so—so—'

The little girl paused at this point of her soliloquy. Who the mysterious *he* was, we conclude our readers will guess. What he was besides kind she could not herself define; she had a vague notion of it in her own mind, but her childish wisdom did not extend far enough to allow her to shape the idea.

Her reflections were interrupted by a 'Here we are!' from her companion, and looking up, she perceived they had reached the sham tower, from which she was to emerge, amid the fireworks, on her dangerous journey.

They ascended the tall scaffolding, and looked below. Eola strained her eyes to penetrate the gloom that intervened between them and the opposite side of the lake, but all she could distinguish was a dense, dark, moving mass. At length, the music commenced, and her conductor, placing a balancing-pole in her hands, divested her of her cloak, and with a whispered admonition to be firm, left her, and proceeded below to superintend the other arrangements, while Eola patiently awaited a preconcerted signal.

In another minute a dazzling blaze of azure fire illuminated the whole of the painted fortress, revealing to the anxious spectators the fragile figure of the child standing in an ornamental archway, and preparing to commence her hazardous walk.

Her appearance elicited from the wondering masses a prolonged murmur of admiration, which rose above the strains of the music, and was wafted to the ear of the fairy-like performer, who gracefully bowed her little head, in recognition of the applause, and then, amid the din and glare of the music and fireworks, undauntedly stepped forward on to the rope.

The morbidly-excited crowd almost held their breath as they gazed on the tiny creature, who, clearly discernible in the surrounding blaze, and seeming to flutter, rather than walk, along her scarcely-visible path, came slowly forward, her slender arms gracefully poising the large pole, her long golden hair floating lightly on the breeze, and her brilliant, many-coloured robes flashing and sparkling in the various lights, like the costume of some bright denizen of fairy-land.

She accomplished the terrible feat with triumphant success, and was loaded with praises and compliments on all sides. But the one whom she had most wished to witness her triumph was not among the spectators; she looked, and hoped, and yearned in vain for the appearance of him who had undeservedly monopolised such a large share of her innocent heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEFECT IN THE LARKNESS.—A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude, standing with his hands in his pocket. His friends and clients went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, 'O how like! it is the very picture of him!' An old farmer, however, dissented. 'Don't you see,' said he, 'he has got his hand in his own pocket! 'Twould be as like again if he had it in somebody else's.'

Coleridge, an awkward horseman, was one day riding on the road, when a wag noticing his peculiarity, thus accosted the poet:—'I say, did you meet a tailor on the road?' 'Yes,' replied Coleridge, 'I did; and he told me if I went a little further I should meet his goose!'

VULGARITY.—There are two kinds of vulgarity often confounded with each other—vulgarity of manners and vulgarity of mind. The former is the accident of circumstances, and may be done away with by influences of the opposite kind. The latter, being inherent, can only be at the most glazed over by acquired habits of politeness, but never extinguished, or even much abated.

The sick man who pays a fee to the doctor is often paying for a box-ticket.

Notes and Queries.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC & ANTIQUARIAN.

Ille est non nusquam quod querimus.
The enquiring spirit will not be controlled;
We would make certain all and all behold.

The Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not responsible for anything that may appear in this department. While every latitude is given for freedom of thought and expression, a discretionary power is reserved as to what 'Notes and Queries' are suitable for insertion. Correspondents, in their replies, will please bear in mind that 'Brevity is the soul of wit.'

NOTES.

Old Butler, (Hudibras) has minor poems that are unjustly neglected. I remember some of his 'miscellaneous thoughts' are full of vigorous life and quaint beauty. In one he attacks navigation for having once saved man, and since then continually destroying him:—

Navigation that withstood
 The mortal fury of the flood,
 And proved the only means to save
 All earthly creatures from the wave.
 Has for it taugth the sea and wind
 To lay a tribute on mankind,
 That by degrees has swallowed more
 Than all it ever drowned before.

Again. The following which possesses more delicacy of feeling than you might have expected from him, has had the merit of inspiring the muse of Scott:

Love is too great a happiness
 For wretched mortals to possess;
 For could it hold inviolate,
 Against those cruelties of fate,
 Which all felicities below
 By rigid laws are subject to;
 It would become a bliss too high
 For perishing mortality.
 Translate to earth the joys above,
 For nothing goes to heaven but love.

In the Lay of the Last Minstrel we have:
 Love rules the Court, the Camp, the
 Grove,
 And man below, and saints above;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

CAIRN.

STEAMBOATS.

In the Grenville Library, in the British Museum, is the following work to the name of which, in the catalogue, is appended the following note:

Hulls, Jonathan. A description and draught of a new invented machine for carrying vessels or ships out of, or into any harbor, port, or river, against wind and tide, or in a calm, for which His Majesty has granted letters patent for the sole benefit of the author, for the space of fourteen years. London, 1737, folding plate.

This new invented machine, is the steam-boat. It entirely puts an end to the claims of America, to the invention of steam navigation, and establishes for England the honor of that important discovery. The following doggerel is the burden of a common street ditty, among the boys of Campden in Gloucestershire:

Jonathan Hulls,
 With his paper skulls,
 Invented a machine
 To go against wind and stream;
 But he being an ass,
 Couldn't bring it to pass,
 And so was ashamed to be seen.

CHARLIE.

QUERIES.

FOR 'NOTES AND QUERIES.'—For one I beg to thank you, Mr. Editor, for introducing such a valuable feature into your already valuable paper, as a column of 'notes and queries.' I have no fear but that the idea will 'take,' and I already promise myself, no little pleasure and instruction, from a perusal of its contents.

Will it be within your scope to admit of the following query? Most of your readers must have heard of Pope's celebrated couplet:

For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
 He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

What I have to ask from you, or any of your correspondents, is a short comment upon these lines: Are they true or false? Oakville, February, 1863. ENQUIRER.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS AT WEDDINGS.—Can any of the readers of the 'Illustrated News,' let me know what was the origin of the custom of brides wearing orange blossoms. I do wish to know so much. Woodstock, Monday, Feb. 6. LUCY

THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN.—The other day, my little girl, a pupil in our far famed Central School, came home with a string of historical 'notes and queries,' which she had to commit to memory. Among others, was the question, 'who introduced christianity into Britain?' answer,—'St. Augustine in the sixth century.' Now I always understood that Christianity was introduced into Britain, hundreds of years before Augustine was born, and I intended as much to our pupil, but as I had not the means at hand of 'giving a reason for the faith that was in me,' she preferred to believe her teacher. Will any of your readers take the trouble of settling the point between us.

Hamilton, Feb., 1863. CLXY.

The undersigned will feel obliged by an answer to the 'query,' who built or founded St. Cloud, in France.

Hamilton, Feb. 1863. J. S.

Can any of the readers of the 'Illustrated News,' answer the following queries:

In what State of the disunited States, is situated the oldest church in America?

Who was the original Mr. Partington?

When was the date of the last public slave sale in England?

Where was Joe Miller buried?

Toronto, Feb. 9, 1863. C. M.

The 'Note and Query' Column, which we promised some time ago, has been unavoidably delayed, but will now be continued regularly.

Notices to Correspondents.

- W. H. M., Strathroy, received.
- Dr. G. B. M., Watford, received.
- T. J. Plympton, Hillsboro, received.
- T. W. Plympton, Hillsboro, received.
- R. , Lacan, received.
- J. H., Lacan, received.
- H. J. H. Plympton, Hillsboro, received.
- D. McL., Sarnia, received.
- F. W. Wyoming, received.

For Leisure Moments.

AT the negro theatre in Cincinnati, the printed programme has the following announcement:

'Take notice—A portion of the upper tier has been reserved for respectable white folks, at half price.'

An advertisement appears in one of our eastern exchanges which reads as follows:

'Run away—a hired man named John—his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of ordinary pants, much worn.'

At a court-martial lately held at Norfolk, the following dialogue is said to have taken place between one of the witnesses and the court:

'Are you a Catholic?'
 'No, sir.'
 'Are you a Protestant?'
 'No, sir.'
 'What are you, then?'
 'Captain of the foretop.'

'It's all very pretty talk,' said a recently married old bachelor, who had just finished reading Rev. Dr. Field's essay on the 'Culture of Women,' just as a heavy milliner's bill was presented to him, 'it's all very pretty, this cultivation of woman, but such a charge as this for bonnets is rather a heavy top-dressing—in my judgment.'

A poor governess once said: 'There is more bread in England for one sinner that repenteth than for ninety-nine innocent women.'

'It's a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes.—Don't say another word about it, wife; the least said the soonest mended, you know.'

AN OPINION OF THE FASHIONS.—'My son,' said an old turbaned Turk one day, taking his child by the hand in the streets of Cairo, and pointing out to him on the opposite side a Frenchman just imported in all the elegance of Parisian costume: 'my son look there, if you forget God and the prophet you may come to look like that.'

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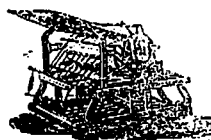
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N. B.—Care must be taken to address all Communications to the Office of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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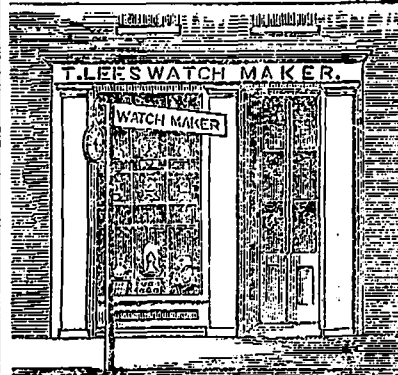
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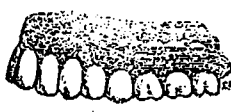
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 BOND STREET, HAMILTON.

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LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

(Received by this week's mail, and compiled expressly for the 'Canadian Illustrated News'.)

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 24th, 1862.

Table with columns for 'WHEAT PER CENTAL 100 LBS' and 'FLOUR PER BBL'. Includes items like Canadian white, American white, and various flour grades.

Table for 'PETROLEUM' with columns for 'American Grade per ton' and 'Refined, burning, best quality per gallon'.

The business transacted in the provision market this week has been on an increased scale, but prices still rather favor buyers.

Pork is also in more request at our quotations.

There is a fair retail demand for Bacon, which is met freely on the part of holders.

Lard sells freely at rather better prices, the sales this week reaching 500 to 600 tons.

There is a steady consumptive demand for Cheese, which with the prospect of reduced imports, has imparted a firm tone to the market.

Butter—Choice qualities are more sought after, but secondary and inferior sorts are still neglected.

In the corn market, both wheat and flour are quiet, but unaltered in value; prices remain steady.

Petroleum—The market is very quiet, but holders continue firm, in anticipation of a better demand springing up.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

MONTREAL, Feb. 11.

Flour—Pollards, \$2 25 to \$2 80; Middlings, \$2 70 a \$3; Fine, 3 75 to \$4 10; Superfine, No. 2, \$1 25 a \$1 30; Superfine \$4 45 a \$4 50.

Oatmeal per bbl of 200 lbs., about \$4 60 a \$4 80.

Wheat—Canada Spring, 91c. a 94c. ex-cars; U. C. white winter, nominal, \$1 02 a \$1 03c.

Peas per 66 lbs., 70c a 72½c. Nominal.

Lard per lb., 7c a 8c.

Tallow per lb., 8c a 8½c.

Hams per lb., no transactions.

Pork per bbl., mess, \$10 a \$10 50; thin mess, \$8 50 a \$9; prime mess, \$7 a \$7 50; prime, \$7 a \$7 50.

Dressed hogs per 100 lbs., are very dull, and prices irregular; we may quote from \$3 to \$4, according to quality and condition.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.

Flour—Receipts, 11,743 bbls; market dull and unsettled and 5c to 10c lower; sales 8,000 bbls at \$6 40 a \$6 85.

Canadian flour dull and 5c lower; sales 400 bbls at \$7 05 a \$7 25 for common; \$7 35 a \$9 for good to choice extra.

Rye flour quiet at \$1 26 a \$5 for prime and superfine.

Wheat—Receipts, 3,823 bush; market dull and 1c lower; sales trifling; \$1 35 a \$1 53c.

Rye quiet at \$1 05 a \$1 10.

Barley nominal, at \$1 45 a \$1 65.

Corn—Receipts, 3,990 bush; market unsettled; sales 7,500 bush at 90c a 92c for shipping mixed western; 79c a 80c for un-sound.

Oats—firmer at 72c a 76c for Canada, Western and State.

Pork—dull and heavy; sales 300 bbls at \$14 75 for mess; \$11 50 a \$13 62 for prime.

Beef—quiet; cut meats, unchanged.

Dressed hogs—quiet at 6½ a 6¾ for West-ern.

Lard—heavy; sales 200 bbls at 10½ a 11c.

Butter—selling at 16c a 20c for Ohio, 23c a 28c for State.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 6th February, 1862. \$72,801 66

Corresponding week last year. 50,562 01½

Increase, \$22,239 64½

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending January 31, 1862. \$93,728 56

Corresponding week, 1861. \$2,771 01

Increase, \$10,957 52

Comp'y's freight included in above, Nil.

Do. do. corres. week, '62, \$682 68



VALENTINE'S DAY.

The day, St. Valentine, When maids are brisk, and, at the break of day,

Start up, and turn their pillows; curious all To know what happy swain the lates provide, A mate for life. Then follow thick discharge Of true-love knots, and sonnets, nicely pen- ned,

But, to the learned critic's eye, no verse, But prose distracted.—HUMPHIS.

In Perthshire it is a custom for servants to call any cow or calf that their masters may chance to purchase, either by the name of the town from which it came, or by the name and surname of its previous owner. The following is a good illustration of this practice. A fine specimen of the British farmer once lived not far from the lively village of St. Martin's. This worthy old gentleman bought a calf from an elderly neighbor named Storer, but before he reached home with his purchase the shades of evening had closed around him, and his family and domestic servants had retired to rest. Disdaining to disturb either family or servants, he proceeded to the byre, and bound the calf with his own hands. On entering the house, he informed his elder son of what he had done, and observed that he would see it in the morning. On the following morning the son went to the byre to see the calf, but was surprised to find that it was dead. He immediately went to his father, and with a sorrowful face informed him that Jamie Storer was dead. 'Oh, never mind,' said the sire; 'Jamie was an oddish sort of a man; you couldna look for anything else. In fact, I aye thoct he wad gang awa like the snuffing o' a candle. Never mind, never mind.'—'Ay, but father,' exclaimed the son, 'it's Jamie Storer, the calf that's dead!'—'Jamie Storer; the calf!' shouted the venerable sire; 'that alters the case. Bring me my slippers!' An order which was speedily obeyed. In company they reached the byre, only to find the sad tale verified. Poor Jamie had been rather slack bound, and in his struggles to free himself he was choked. The old man left the byre, muttering to himself, 'Ah, weel! ah, weel! it's but world's gear. It's maybe better the way it is. Auld Jamie is a nice kind o' a chield!'

A runaway couple having been married at Gretna Green, Vulcan demanded five guineas for his services 'How is this?' said the bridegroom; 'the gentleman you last married assured me he only gave you a guinea.' 'True,' said the Smith, 'but he was an Irishman, and I have married him six times. He is a customer, you know; but you I may never see again.'

Get good sense and you will not repine at the want of good luck.

Frequent application is to the mind what repeated tillage is to the earth.

VIRTUE AND VICE.—Virtue is the humble violet nestled away under its broad green leaves, over whose head the storms of adversity may pass in safety: vice, the gaudy poisonous flower, one moment flaunting in fancied security, the next, crushed to the earth by some gust of passion, to be trampled upon and neglected, even by those who admire its dangerous beauty. Virtue is the brightest—vice the blackest thread in the web of life.

That which is bitter to be endured, may be sweet to be remembered.

Let discretion temper your desires.

INTEMPERANCE.—Oh, could a drunken man, when sober, see himself and hear himself, when under the influence of liquor, how would he abhor himself—how detest the intoxicating draught—and how would he desire to refrain from that which must, sooner or later, bring disgrace upon himself, and destruction upon his household.

A pretty female artist can draw the men equally with a brush or a blush.

A SENSIBLE QUESTION.—A farmer required a number of reapers. Several presented themselves, and all were hired except one. The poor man thus omitted said, 'Master, won't you hire me?' 'No,' said the farmer—'Why not?'—'Because you are too little.' 'Too little?' exclaimed Paddy; 'does your honor rape your corn at the top?' What could the farmer do but roar with laughter, and send the little man to work in the field?

AT GORDON'S BOOT AND SHOE STORE, WILL be found all kinds of Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes, suitable for Fall and Winter wear, AT THE LOWEST PRICES! FOR CASH ONLY.

ALL KINDS OF BOOTS & SHOES MADE in the Latest Styles, to order, as usual. King Street, Two doors West of James.

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WM. MALCOLM, BRASS FOUNDER AND BELL HANGER, PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER, Next door to the Canada Life Assurance Co., James St. HAMILTON, C. W. White and Locksmithing done. All Work Warranted Satisfactory.

ESTABLISHED 1818. SAVAGE & LYMAN. Manufacturers and Importers of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE, Cathedral Block, Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Cases, Pens, Dressing Cases, Papier-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c. &c. Montreal, January 24, 1862.

WM. BROWN & CO. BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, MUSIC DEALERS, And Blank Book Manufacturers, JAMES STREET, OPPOSITE MECHANICS INSTITUTE, HAMILTON, C.W.

Toronto Advertisements.

THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. The subscriber has received the following ENGLISH MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY and is now taking subscriptions for them, viz: London Society, \$3 50 per year. Temple Bar, 3 50 Cornhill, 3 50 St. James, 3 50 McMillan, 3 50 Once-a-Week, 3 50 World of Fashion, 3 50 Churchman, 3 50 Sixpenny, 1 75 Good Words, 1 75 Chambers' Journal, 1 75 London Journal, Mo. parts, 1 75 Reynolds' Miscellany, 1 75 Family Herald, 1 75 &c. &c. &c.

Every thing published procured at lowest rates. P.S.—All English Magazines as received by Canada steamers. A. S. IRVING, 19, King Street West. Toronto, January 23, 1862.

T. C. COLLINS & CO. BRASS FOUNDERS, AND Wholesale Manufacturers of ENGINEERS & PLUMBERS BRASS WORK. Steam Gauges, Whistles, Water Gauges, Globe Valves, and brass work for Oil Refiners, &c. &c. &c. Corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets, TORONTO, C. W.

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

W. H. COO, 293, QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, Manufacturer of Cages Screens, Sieves, Window Guards and Blinds, In fact, every article in the trade.

TERRAPIN RESTAURANT, 89, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. AND CRYSTAL BLOCK, NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL. CARLISLE & McCONNERY.

Dundas Advertisements. DUNDAS IRON FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP ESTABLISHED IN 1834. JOHN GARTSHORE, MANUFACTURER OF STEAM ENGINES, BOILERS, MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS; Gartshore's triple suction Smit Machines, Portable Mills, Mill Stones, Water Wheels, Bran Dusters, Separators, &c.

INSTITUTE OF YOUNG FRANKLINS Society of Eclectic Philosophers. Object.—The advancement of Science and the Promulgation of Truth. Chartes granted for 25, twenty copies of the Constitution for \$1, on application to JOHN THOMAS YUTHILL, Representative of the Grand Division of Young Franklins, Dundas, C. W.

The Canadian Illustrated News IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, At the Office, in White's block, King-st., North side, Opposite the Fountain. TERMS, for one year, sent by mail \$3.00 " " six months, " 1.50 Single copies, 6 cents, to be had from News-dealers. Payment strictly in advance. Any person sending the names of ten subscribers, with the money, will receive a copy for one year. Rates of Advertising Ten cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion eight cents per line. All letters, concerning any business whatsoever, in connection with the paper of the office, must be addressed to 'The Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, Ont.' No unpaid letters taken out of the Post Office. H. BROWN & Co., Publishers. MAT. HOWIE. W. BROWN.