

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



Vol. I.—No. 7.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

[⁸³ PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS.]



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAMS, K. C. B.—COMMANDER OF THE FORCES IN CANADA.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAMS, K. C. B.

GENERAL WILLIAMS was born in Nova Scotia, in the first year of the present century. In 1825 he joined the Royal Artillery and passing through various grades was made a Captain in 1840.—From that date to 1843 he was employed in Turkey, and for his services there received the brevet-rank of Major. He was sent on a political mission to Erzeroum and took part in the conferences held by the Turkish and Persian ambassadors which led to the treaty of that city. He was afterwards appointed English Commissioner for the settlement of the Turco-Persian boundary. For these services he obtained the brevet-rank of Lieut-Colonel and in 1852 admitted as a Companion of the Order of the Bath. On the breaking out of the war between Russia and Turkey he was appointed British Commissioner, and joined the Turkish army with the rank of Colonel, and soon after was made a Brigadier-General. It was not till after the memorable victory gained over the Russian General Mouravieff, on the heights above Kars, on the Morning of the 29th of September, 1855, that his name became familiar to the British public. Though he had ultimately to surrender the place it was not till all that men could do was done in its defence, and when the troops were worn out by famine. On being restored to liberty, he returned to England and was rewarded by his government with a baronetcy and a pension of £1000 a year for life. The Sultan also bestowed some honors upon him, Oxford, the honorary degree of D. C. L. and the Corporation of London, the freedom of the city. He was elected a member of Parliament, retired in 1859, and was soon after appointed to the command of the troops in Canada, which post he still holds.

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

The Illustrated News is forwarded to subscribers by Mail Free of Postage.

THE CANADIAN
Illustrated News.
HAMILTON, DECEMBER 27, 1862.
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED & SIXTY TWO.

'THERE are moments in the life of man,' says the plotting astrologer in Schiller's great drama, 'when he is nearer the world's spirit than at others, and has the privilege of questioning destiny.' There are likewise seasons which forcibly turn the mind of man outwards from himself, leading him to review the past, and meditate on the uncertain future; and certainly there is no season of the year so well fitted for such a task, as the close; furnishing as it ever does, such a ready observatory for all who incline to the study.

In the waning year and decay of vegetation the informed soul of man sees a striking emblem of his own frailty and mortality. And not this alone does such a period speak of. It teaches him also that decay is but a process of regeneration; destruction, but the first half of improvement. The sap rises in our forest trees according to its law, the beast of the field is directed to its appointed destiny by instinct, but among the formative forces of man is his intelligence, by which he knows the past and can prepare for an expanding future.

To man, therefore, the close of the year speaks encouragingly of work unperformed for the survive of the future. It cannot tell the oak of seed unsown, but man it does. The beast cannot retrace the history of its kind and describe the pitfalls into which they have fallen; but to man, although the events of the past are numbered amongst the things that were, yet

its lessons remain 'a precious legacy' for you, and for us, reader, to reckon up, as best we may and treasure for the years to come.

Some few years ago, men—thinking men even—were everywhere exulting like schoolboys on the morning of a holiday, for the world's great holiday seemed dawning at last. It was the fashion in those days to predict things great and bright as the immediate issue of events then emerging; and the rapid strides made in the cause of education, of reform, of science, of peace, were pointed to triumphantly as an earnest of this. The impulse of self advancement, and self culture then communicated, was to be rapid and unimpeded, and humanity, we were told, was to be carried illimitably upward. That these hopes and predictions were but dreams—the day dreams of the philosopher and the statesman—the great events of the year, whose hours are now all but numbered, have sufficiently demonstrated.

A year has drawn to a close—a year of war and convulsion—a year of famine and suffering—a year destined to be ever memorable in the annals of the world's history. Hundreds of ready pens are now at work throughout Christendom narrating the crowd of events which during its course have signalized it—events, which from their previous incredibility, have bewildered the public mind—passing like a dream, but not like a dream to be forgotten.

The sad, sad story of that mighty strife in the forests and valleys of the 'Old Dominion,' and on the banks of the mighty 'father of waters'—those fearful workings of a selfish national diplomacy, which, during the year, has kept his native soil wet with our neighbors' blood, shed by the hand of his brother—cannot fade from our memories, nor be lost to the view of future generations. Neither will the tale of the patient, silent sufferings of those brave, famished sons of toil in England and Scotland—through no fault of theirs—deprived both of bread, and of the means of earning it, be speedily forgotten, or remembered but as a nine days wonder; nor the story of those upheavings in the political atmosphere of the old world, finding vent in fresh struggles by her valiant sons on behalf of a regenerated Italy; or in renewed and noble efforts by the Greeks on behalf of freedom; no matter if, in the struggle, a king should lose his throne, and a nation go begging for a monarch. The term revolution is too feeble to express the magnitude of the change that is taking place in the world around us. The material and the social interests of people and princes, of people and governments, are engaged in a mighty struggle the end of which is not yet. Here in Canada, we have hitherto considered ourselves so far removed from the world's great highway, so much out of reach of the strife and contentings of nations, so little was the estimation in which we were held—we in our modesty considered—by other monarchs and governments, than our own, that we had little difficulty in felicitating ourselves on the expectation of being passed by, and left untouched, if not unharmed, amid the din and turmoil of the great strife. Our readers will well remember how rudely this pleasing dream of ours was dispelled, when, on that bright December morning, shortly before the birth of the now waning year, the tidings reached us from across the ocean, that the insulted Majesty of Britain had given the choice of two alternatives to our nearest neighbors—alas! that they should be any other than our best friends—either to undo the wrong which they in their folly had committed, or suffer the penalty decreed for the offence. How like a bombshell the tidings fell amongst us, startling us from our fancied security, and making the most indifferent thoughtful, knowing as we did, that in the event of the latter choice being taken, Canada would become the battle field

for contending armies, our industry paralyzed, our homes turned into mourning, our country into a desert.—Thank God, wiser councils, than that many feared, prevailed, and for another year, the blessings of peace and prosperity have been granted to us; our contentings being that alone of peaceful rivalry in the business of every day life; the even tenor of our way undisturbed by influences other than those inseparable from our condition and circumstances. Taking warning from the errors of the past, a well regulated system of military discipline has been introduced amongst us, and volunteer corps are springing up over our land with a rapidity which shows the necessity for them, is both felt and appreciated. And this is well. 'Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry,' was the quaint observation of Cromwell, and the fundamental maxim of all free communities should be analogous to it in spirit. Cultivate with equal assiduity all the arts that enoble civilization; but neglect not that art, the knowledge of which may yet be necessary to maintain your freedom—that freedom without which all enjoyment is insipid, all civilization worthless.

In pursuance of the task promised to ourselves at the outset, we turn now to our immediate neighbors, that great people to the east and south of us, the two sections of which are engaged in such a deplorable and deadly strife, and ask, what has the year done for them? We certainly were not of them—if any snob there were amongst us—who envied the greatness of the 'great Republic;' on the contrary, we were well contented to see her gradually enlarging her bounds, daily increasing in wealth and prosperity; and now when bloody war stalks angrily through her borders, when the genius of destruction presides over her people, when voices are heard—not echoing in the gentle strains of humanity and love—but roaring senselessly, and cursing recklessly—we willingly render her the tribute of our sincerest sympathy. The months, betimes, have betokened victory to each of the opposing parties, and now, to all appearances the situation differs but little from what it did twelve months ago, except in the dreadful load of debt bequeathed by both to posterity; in the mourning and suffering introduced into thousands of once happy homes; and in the demoralized feelings and propensities which such a dreadful state of things engender in all classes of society.

And yet not altogether fruitless has been all this expenditure of blood, and toil, and treasure,—this mortgage placed on the wealth of the present, and on the hopes of the future. It has cleared the path for a great principle. On the first of January, 1863,—the President in Washington has decreed it,—slavery will cease in all the dominions that own the sway of the United States. We will not pry into the motives for this glorious decree,—we will not seek to speak of it as many even of the Abolition party have done; but are content to chronicle the fact. If the South should be lost to the Union, all is not lost. If the plague spot of slavery is eradicated, the civil war, dreadful as it has been, has not been too great a price to pay for it.

And here we cannot but give expression to our feelings of deepest regret that so many causes of strife, and contention, should have arisen during the year, between Great Britain and the United States, and especially that an influential portion of the press of both countries, should have done so much to embitter the minds of their several readers, causing feelings of estrangement and ill-will, such as years of friendly dealing can hardly obliterate. The press of Britain and of Canada, should, at least, have learned, to make some allowance for the state of excitement under which the minds of men engaged in a desperate and agonizing conflict, must be found laboring. Would it not be more grace-

ful as well as more christian, to tender expressions of sympathy and good-will, rather than charges of madness and degeneracy, to that people, who alone save themselves, have ever stood up for the rights of humanity, and freedom; and who, amid many errors and many crimes, are still consciously toiling on and up, to a higher and brighter future.

That Britain has had some cause for irritation we cannot but admit. At the very outset of the war, she rejected the counsils of self-interest, and scorning the proffered bribes of the South, nobly resolved to endure and suffer, rather than interfere in behalf of cotton and trade. And no class of her population have submitted with such heroic self-denial as those noble, pining, free men and free women of Lancashire, whose all depended on the sacrifice, and the tale of whose dreadful sufferings, during the year, have elicited so many expressions of sympathy, and so many deeds of noble-hearted charity, throughout the civilized world. And not merely is it in the cotton districts of Britain that want and destitution prevails, for every other great branch of industry is affected to an appalling extent. Glasgow, Leeds, Sheffield, even Birmingham suffers; and in most, if not all of them, the number of paupers have doubled within six months. There is in truth a moral dignity in the present aspect of Britain, that challenges the world's admiration. We in Canada see it, and we can but express the regret which we feel, that our neighbors cannot see it likewise; then, might we look for other feelings to prevail than those that unhappily do—then, might Britain expect in return for what she has done and suffered—gratitude and not insult.

Yet there is a more cheering and satisfactory view to be taken of the year, in connection with Britain; and it is, that she has passed through its trials as bravely, as she has done, weathering the storm with comparatively little damage. There has indeed been much distress and suffering, but the wonder is that there has not been more in such a complication of evils and embarrassments. Every thing has been put to the severest trial, during this momentous year, and all have bravely stood the test—the sense of the country, its attachment to order, its loyalty, in the most exalted meaning of the word—while the vast resources and commercial energies of the empire, have enabled it to meet and overcome the difficulties which beset it. The vessel which has weathered in safety such a tempest, can have been in no bad trim, and under no incapable guidance.

Something more we purposed saying, regarding the waning year, and our concern with it. Something regarding France, that great country so influential for good or evil, in the world, whose most hopeful aspect at present is the melancholy homage, which she is offering to the cause of peace and order. Something we had also to say regarding other countries, old and young, and what the year has done for them; but we have already exceeded the ordinary limits of a newspaper article, and we must have done. What has been left unsaid we will reserve for another opportunity. In the meantime glancing at our subject and revolving in our minds the great Drama, of which, during the past year, this earth of ours has been the scene, we cannot but perceive that it is but part of the old protracted struggle between Light and Darkness, the final result of which it is not difficult to determine. The struggle still goes on, and the solution of not a few knotty questions has been left by 1862 to its successor. The sky even now is overcast with clouds, the heavens big with blackness; but grateful for present blessings, and privileges, and confident for what the future has in store for the human family, we turn our eyes from the dark cloud on the horizon, to Him who holds all things under His control, and sigh forth the prayer, 'May God avert the evil, may he vouchsafe the good.'

BISHOP COLENZO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

The remarkably grotesque attitude in which Dr. Colenso presents himself before the public in his recent brochure has caught every eye; and even those who were most disposed to look seriously, whether in sympathy or alarm, upon it, have with difficulty refrained from relaxing their features to the universal smile. We all know how naturally an absurd incident, intervening in the midst of a great solemnity, moves to mirth the most incongruous to the occasion; and the spectacle of a bishop rushing, in hot haste, across six thousand miles of ocean to proclaim his spiritual overthrow by the first barbarian he encounters in his savage diocese, has produced a mixture of feelings in which gravity does not generally predominate. At least, it is said, he should have brought the Zulu chieftain with him, to assure us from his own mouth that his doubts were genuine and original, and not first insinuated into his mind by his wavering and bewildered teacher. But for the sake of the Bishop himself, who suffers in personal feeling as well as in reputation, no less than for the large class of persons to whom his discomfiture will bring agitation and dismay, we curb any such emotions in ourselves.—Our feeling towards Dr. Colenso would certainly be one of sorrow rather than of ridicule—more, perhaps, of vexation, not unmingled with pity, than either. And this, we hasten to say, not on account of his views themselves, for which, as being manifestly the result of candid and manly inquiry, we are bound at all events to express our respect. Nothing can be further from our thoughts than to deprecate unfettered freedom of investigation on the highest subjects of human speculation; though, before a Bishop of our Church publishes speculations calculated to unsettle the minds of others, those speculations ought to be well and thoroughly considered.—What we regret is the personal weakness, the lightness, the fickleness, the utter heedlessness which Dr. Colenso has betrayed in putting himself into the position from which alone his opinions have become matter of alarm or even of notice. The book before us has been the talk of all circles during the last few weeks; and Dr. Colenso has not even hesitated to add to the unfortunate excitement it has created, by corresponding with the penny press about it. There can be no occasion to explain now particularly what are the notions it promulgates. It is sufficient to say that the writer questions the historical, as distinguished from the doctrinal, authority of the earlier books of the Old Testament, and at present grounds his distrust mainly on certain numerical statements in them, which he supposes to contravene the first principles of arithmetic. He tells us, however, that he has other and perhaps weightier objections behind, and promises to produce further arguments in support of his position in a future publication. He requires us to believe that these difficulties have now, for the first time, occurred to him with any force—that he now, for the first time, finds himself obliged to discover a theory to reconcile them with his general belief in a divine revelation; and being now, for the first time, assured that 'the Bible can no longer be regarded as infallibly true in matters of common history,' he exhorts us 'not to look for the inspiration of the Holy One, which breathes through its pages, in respect of any such matters as these, which the writers wrote as men, with the same liability to errors from any cause as other men, and where they must be judged as men, as all other writers would be, by the just laws of criticism.'

Whatever may be thought of this solution of the difficulties indicated, there are few men of intelligence to whom it presents any novelty. Most strange it must appear to any one who has had his eyes and ears open for the last quarter of a century, that a man of fifty years or thereabouts, who has been for several years a resident Fellow in a conspicuous College at Cambridge, who has achieved high academical distinctions, and has since filled posts of responsibility in the clerical profession, should have only just now begun to feel these difficulties, and have hardly yet become aware how much they have long occupied the thoughts of reli-

gious inquirers. Still more strange is it that a man who has enjoyed, and allowed himself to miss, such opportunities of better information should have ventured to plunge into the spiritual trials and perils of a missionary bishop with such want of precaution or preparation, in such ignorance of the theological questions of the day, with such an entire misapprehension of his own ignorance about them, and knowing, we suppose, still less of the Zulus whom he was to convert than of the instrument by which, and the creed to which, he was to convert them. And, we will add, strangest of all is it that, having voluntarily placed himself in such a position, and contracted such special obligations to his congregations, to the public generally, to his clergy and fellow-laborers, and to the church of which he had made himself the organ, he should rush so lightly

mind, in several places he even copies incorrectly the very passages on which he founds his arguments. This is plainly shown in the pamphlet now before us of Mr. Marsh, and affords him an easy, though not, in the particular cases, an important triumph. The question, however, arises, what must be the character of the translation which the Bishop professes to have executed, of nearly every book of Scripture into the Zulu language? We are justified in apprehending, not only that blunders from ignorance and inattention abound in it—we totally distrust his capacity to resist his perhaps unconscious bias in favor of his own opinions and fancies. Our Missionary translations of the Bible have given rise to scandals before now, and if there is any gentleman of critical ability acquainted with Zulu, it is much to be wished that he should be encour-

as the letter, after all, was not sent, in the impatience of the writer to work out his own conclusions, we need not speculate further as to the person for whom it was intended. And yet it appears to us that, if the choice of an adviser were well made, and if the enquirer could have exercised sufficient self-control, to wait for a reply, and heartily to ponder it, he might have been reassured, not only as regards some of his particular objections, but as to the broader principles of criticism by which he has been led to them. We should have had no wish ourselves to receive his confession, nor would he consent, perhaps, to be shriven by us; and it is to the readers of his volume who have been interested, and possibly harassed, by the views it promulgates, rather than to himself, that we would address some further remarks upon the general subject.—Saturday Review.



'OFFICERS QUARTERS,' RIFLE BRIGADE, HAMILTON.

into print, and cause a flutter in many simple and pious breasts which his voice from college, or from his country-living, would hardly have reached, and, comparatively little moved.

With respect to the particular objections to the Bible narrative which are here brought forward, we have little to say. Some of them are undoubtedly hypercritical, some frivolous and almost puerile; while others (as, for instance, that regarding the alleged want of preparation for the Passover) seem to rest upon misconception, or even careless oversight; and it must be added that, so lax and reckless is the character of the objector's

aged to review the version put forth with authority in the diocese of Natal.

A very slight consideration of the peculiar class of objections here brought before us would suffice to assure us that they deserve no special notice apart from the position and circumstances of the writer, and still more from the really grave difficulties, geological and ethnographical, which, as is well known, lie behind them. Dr. Colenso prefaces his book with a letter, in which, as he tells us, he sought counsel, on the first budding of his doubts and scruples, of a nameless Professor in an English University. This reference has excited, we believe, some jealousy; but

A SIMPLE fellow once said of a famous beauty: 'I could have courted and married her easy enough if I'd wanted to.' 'And pray why didn't you?' asked his friend. 'O, when I began to spark her, you see, she took me to one side, and politely asked to be excused and I excused her.'

ALL men need truth as they need water; if wise men are as high ground where the springs rise, ordinary men are the lower grounds which their waters nourish.

THAT is the truest wisdom of a man which doth most conduce to the happiness of life.

MORMONISM AND DOUBLE LOVE.

Last week a company of Mormon emigrants arrived at Boston on their way to Utah. Among them we noticed a young man more distinguished in appearance than the remainder of the company, and near him two young females deeply veiled, whose delicate grace and reserve indicated them as belonging to a superior social position. Their history merits relation. Ludwig Feroe was the son of a rich land-owner in Sweden, and the two young ladies were two orphans, who were brought up with him in his father's family until he left for College, at Dontheim where he remained for several years, and afterward travelling over the greater part of Europe, his former playmates were forgotten. Returning at last to his home, he was astonished to find two beautiful women dazzling as the Undine of the poet. He was struck to the heart as with an arrow. Love conquered him at first sight! He was in love, but with which one? Both were splendidly beautiful. He was enamored of both. He was in a whirlpool of doubt, indecision, and he naturally came to the most droll one. In an excess of desperate frankness he related to the two young girls the state of his feelings. They laughed at him at first, then they reflected, and the result of their reflections was that they both loved Ludwig, and were as embarrassed as he. About this time one of the Mormon apostles passing through the place sought to make proselytes to the doctrine of the Saints, and converted the young man and the two girls. Thus Ludwig Feroe and his companions, Mina and Evohe, form a part of the Mormon emigrants on their way to Salt Lake, where their romance of love and duplication of wives will be speedily divested of all charm by the low associations around them.

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.—My townsmen was sort o' demoralized. There was a evident desire to evade the draft, as I observed with sorrow, and patriotism was below par and mar too. (A Jew desprit.) 'And how is it with you?' I enquired of the editor of the 'Bugle Horn of Liberty,' who sat near me. 'I can't go,' he said, shakin his head in a wise way. 'Ordinarily I should prefer to wade in gore, but my bleedin' country bids me stay at home. It is imperative that I remain here for the purpose of announcing, from week to week, that our government is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion.' —ARTEMUS WARD.

The example of a ruler should have the force of law, and all the laws of a ruler should be enforced by his example.

The religion of some folks is a mere matter of ornament, like the stone gods which rich men set up in their gardens.

Original Poetry.

FIRST LOVE.

By PAMELIA S. VIXING, WOODSTOCK.

I've marked the dawning of a light
Within thy soul, *ma chere!*
Strange, new, and tremulously bright,
Full of all beauty rare:—
I knew it by the sudden blush
That, from a young, pure heart,
Spontaneous, to thy cheek would rush
Unbidden by worldly art.

I've marked the gathering of a spell
Round thy young heart, *ma chere!*
Like music of a Sabbath bell
On the still evening air:—
I knew it by the lifted eyes
That seemed far off to view
Sweet Summer fields 'neath cloudless skies,
Where flowers celestial grow.

I've marked the deepening of a dream
Upon thy soul, *ma chere!*
Of radiant sky, and rainbow gleam,
And music soft and rare:—
I knew it by the brooding thought,
'The pensive, musing face,
As the charmed spirit, inly sought
Its new-found wealth to trace.

God grant the light a cloudless ray
Within thy soul, *ma chere!*
God grant the hallowed spell may stay
In its new sweetness there!—
God grant the dream no waking woe,
Till to thy soul is given
Love's fullest blessedness to know
On the bright hills of Heaven!

Gossip.

SPIRITUAL INTOXICATION OF CRIMINALS.

IN drinking saloons a liquor is sometimes met with, bearing the fine name of 'the cream of the valley'; in some of our gaols there is administered to persons under capital sentence a cream of the valley of death, which is not a whit less intoxicating than the other spiritous stimulus. The one is sometimes smuggled into prisons against law, but the other is introduced openly by the Chaplain who thinks fit to supply it; and there are frequent instances of its producing a state of ecstacy, in which the convict, going to death with rapture, appears an object more to be envied than commiserated, and presents, to the gazing crowd around the scaffold, an example more for encouragement than for warning.

Several of our contemporaries have, within the past few weeks, presented us with more than one example of this class, while narrating, how those miserable beings—condemned during the last circuit of our judges—expiated their crimes by a violent death. In almost every instance, the prisoners evinced the most perfect composure in meeting their fate, a fate which in one particular case, the unfortunate man had been taught to regard as a special grace, cutting short a life of sin imperilling his soul and dismissing him straight and sure to the joys of heaven.

Addison, we are told, asked his friends to see how calmly a christian could die; but in order to see how more than calmly, how joyfully men can die, we it seems must resort to those examples worked up by gaol Chaplains out of criminal material.

Now we submit with all deference to our church authorities and others concerned, that such excesses are neither for the honor of true religion, nor for the interests of morality and justice. To console, to comfort, to lead the mind to repentance is certainly the duty of the chaplain, but not to intoxicate or over stimulate with hope and promise. That comforting which makes the death of the worst sinner as full of reliance and joyous anticipation as that of saints at the stake of martyrdom, must surely exceed the just measure of spiritual solace, would tend in fact to render our modern Newgate Calendar a sort of appendix to Fox's Book of Martyrs.

OLD MAIDS.

In more than one paper received by the last British mail, we find the following morcean 'going the rounds,' which we now pass in the same direction.

'The Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod, Glasgow, has been eulogising the services and virtues of the class of old maids, and one of these, in the North British Daily Mail, who signs herself, 'A Hitherto Unappropriated Blessing,' says that the doctor has so taken the hearts of the old maids, that his victory may be termed 'The Second Norman Conquest.'

Now, the writer of this bit of 'gossip' wishes to ask, why this eulogy of this venerable and respectable class of society? He is generally accounted a large-hearted, generous-souled, splendid fellow, this same Dr. Norman, and doubtless, his 'Eulogy' was inspired by something like sympathy. And hence, the further query: why this sympathy? Do 'old maids' need to be sympathised with, more than any other branch of the gender feminine? Not 'if they but knew it.' Were we an old maid,—but—The truth of the matter is, we are all wrong in the notions and ideas we entertain on this as well as on some kindred subjects, and the sooner the world gets rid of them the better for all concerned.

As things go now-a-days, women are educated in the notion, that marriage is their destiny, their 'mission'; and certain it is, that, except in the cases of women of more than the average strength of character, one who has not succeeded in drawing the prize of a husband, (sad blanks some of them turn out in the end, ladies,) is regarded as a sort of failure in life, and poor thing, she really, cannot help regarding herself in something of the same light. We have not yet got into the way of looking on woman as a self-dependent being, created to stand, and act, and live alone, with powers of self-help, and of independent life and progress within herself,—but regard her as a kind of appendage of man,—an accessory, an ornament,—subject to man, contingent upon him, living for, and through him, and dependant on his good pleasure for the means of comfort and happiness.

Now this is all wrong, and so long as we see the present exceedingly imperfect intellectual culture of our women prevailing,—so long as the mothers of our day will persist in educating their daughters into weakness, because it is 'interesting,' and cram them with all manner of useless accomplishments, because they are showy and 'attractive,' so long will we see the evil prevail:—old maids receiving our sympathy, and Divinity doctors eulogising their services and virtues.

SHERIDAN-KNOWLES.

Sheridan Knowles is dead. The hand that wrote *Virginius* will never more pen poem, play or sermon. Dying at the ripe old age of eighty-five, he leaves behind him a stainless and an honored name—a legacy of genius in his noble plays, the truthful simplicity, the delicate beauty, the tragic power, and the genuine pathos of which, will long continue to delight and move the souls of men.

No one ever attended more strictly to the sage advice of Sir Philip Sidney—look into thy heart and write. Disdaining all rules, following no models, he wrought out his conceptions with a force and originality which at once strikes and rivets the attention.

There is no unnecessary dialogue in his dramas, no super-abundance of fine writing, no straining after effect, but all is direct and to the point, every word is instinct with life and expressive of action or feeling. There is nothing coarse or unmanly in his pages, no sickly sentimentality—no bathos, naught but what is genial, unaffected and natural. All

his gold has the ring of genuine coin from the mint of genius.

His life was simple and uneventful. He was beloved by all who knew him for his warm heart, sound sense, and child-like innocence of character. He was the friend of Hazlitt and of Lamb; 'the frolic and the gentle.'

'Twelve years ago I knew thee Knowles,
and then
Esteemed you a perfect specimen
Of those fine spirits warm-souled Ireland
sends
To teach us colder English how a friend's
Quick pulse should beat. I knew you
brave and plain,
Strong-sensed, rough-witted, above fear
or gain:
But nothing further had the gift to spy.
Sudden you reappear. With wonder I
Hear my old friend (titled Shakespeare)
read a scene
Only to his inferior in the clean
Passes of pathos; with such fence-like art
Ere we can see the steel, 'tis in our heart.'

THE BOGUS PEACE PROPOSITIONS.

It is not alone in his oratory that the Yankee does spread the eagle, figuratively speaking it pervades all his work, his ruling passion is to do 'the big thing.' If he builds a house it must be twice the size which his convenience requires, though half of it should never be finished. When he engages in business 'whole hog or nothing' is his guiding philosophy. Happily when he dispenses his charity it is on the same enlarged scale. Such also is the fact when he descends to swindling and knavery in general, we have a very notable of this in the Peace Proposition story lately given to the world by J. Wesley Greene. It is not our intention to argue the merits or demerits of this characteristic of the American mind; but simply to bring within readable limits the two and-a-half columns of nonpareil, in which Greene relates how from a working mechanic, he became in a few hours the ambassador extraordinary of the Southern Confederacy.

The first scene of the farce opens in a quiet dramatic kind of a way, in a shop at Pittsburgh, Pa, showing Mr. Green at work as an ornamental Japanese.—Enter an unknown gentleman, who strikes up a conversation with the man of the brush. Several discoveries made. Conversation becomes more familiar. Greene by "some casual remark is led to speak of the Mexican War" and of his having gained the friendship of Jeff. Davis in that campaign, by rendering him some personal service. Just the chance the Unknown was waiting for.—He then informs Greene that he bears for him a message from Mr. Davis, requesting his (Greene's) presence in Richmond immediately. Mr. Greene prudently hesitates. Fort Lafayette on the one hand and the tar and feather experience of 'Mr. Bird O'Freedom' on the other, rose to his imagination. The 'unknown gentleman' however 'scouts the idea of personal peril,' and Mr. Green is at length prevailed on to start for Richmond.

The next scene opens in that city—the incidents of the journey not being required by artistic rules—where Mr. Greene is brought face to face with President Davis. The interview is given at some length, seasoned with a few inevitable flourishes about 'the old flag floating in every breeze and gladdening every sea.' The upshot is that Mr. Greene is entrusted with certain Peace Propositions, to be laid before the Lincoln Cabinet, and leaves Richmond in the evening of the day on which he arrived.—Still sorely troubled about his personal safety, 'in view of the many arbitrary arrests made' in the North. These however are dispelled by the consciousness of rectitude which dwells in the bosom of our immaculate hero.

With his return to the North the fiction part of the narrative ends, and after a careful review of it, we must say

it is well told, and proves Greene to be no fool, except in that sense in which every rogue is a fool. How he obtained interviews with President Lincoln, and had the honor of sitting at two cabinet meetings, remain to be told.

Green writes a letter to Mr. Lincoln, intimating that he had some important information to reveal. Is invited to Washington, repairs there accordingly, and after being sharply questioned, by Mr. Stanton, is conducted to the Executive Chamber and the presence of the President. To him he relates the above story in all its amplified dimensions. The matter is too huge for an ordinary mind, like the President's to cope alone with, so after consulting with his Secretary of War, he invites Greene to attend a Cabinet meeting in the afternoon. Green, of course, attends again, gets sharply questioned, but answers satisfactorily in every particular, except as to the personal service rendered by him to Mr. (then Colonel) Davis. This he stoutly refuses to answer, so whether it was that he polished the Colonel's boots, seconded him in a duel, or assisted him in some romantic love affair, we cannot know, until one of the two choose to tell us. The meeting adjourned without arriving at any definite conclusion, touching the peace propositions; so also, did the second meeting. But this one was not so barren of results to Greene, who received a check for \$100 and a free pass home, from the President.

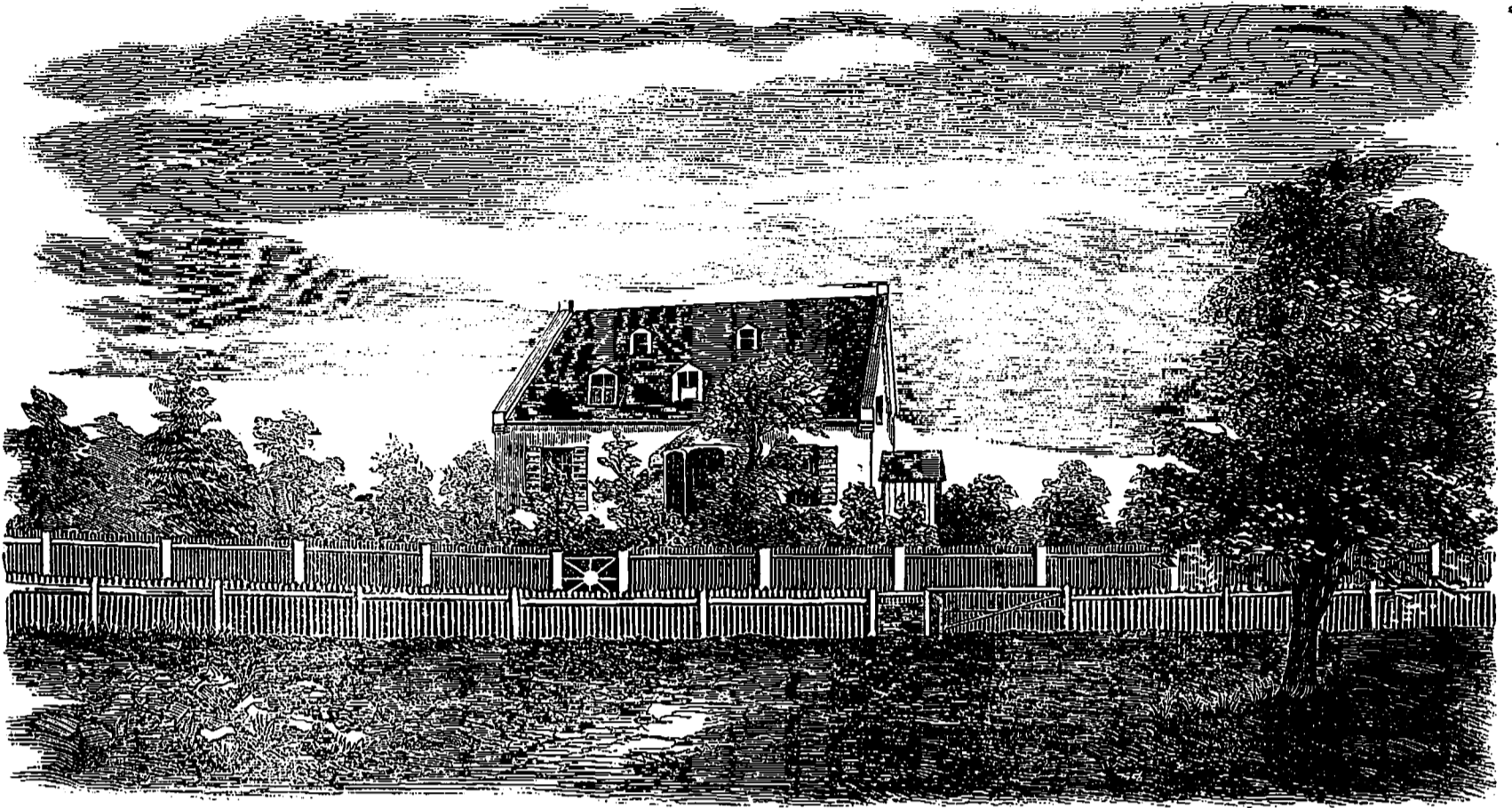
Dissatisfied either with his reward or with the small notice taken of him, he a few days ago published the story we have abridged in the Chicago 'Times,' and of course created a 'sensation.'

The government were loudly called on for explanations. These at length came, but from a less dignified source, in the shape of a biography of Greene, in the New York 'Police Gazette.' From this we learn that he first appeared in New York as a minister of the gospel. From this he was translated, by judicial help; to an inmate of the State Prison for three years, and at a subsequent period for two years. Is the husband of two or three wives, and in short quite a 'smart man.' In other words, an unmitigated rascal, whose whole life has been spent in attempts to play the 'confidence game.' If the Washington Government had taken any steps on the strength of his representations it would have been one of the 'richest jokes of the season.'

Elizabeth, Dowager Baroness Stafford, whose death is just announced, was one of the three American ladies, daughters of Mr. Richard Caton, of Maryland, all of whom acquired titles by marriage. One married that eminent scholar and statesman, the Marquis Wellesley, another the Duke of Leeds, and the lady whose death we record to-day, married, May 25, 1836, Sir George William Jennings, who, in 1825, had been declared entitled to the ancient barony of Stafford, which had been under attainder since Viscount Stafford was beheaded in 1678. Her ladyship was left a widow in 1851, and had no issue. She, like her sister, was a Roman Catholic.

COPPER MINING UPON LAKE SUPERIOR.—Aside from parties in our lake cities who are engaged in the Lake Superior trade, comparatively little is known of that region and the wonderful progress that has been made in the last few years. The population of the copper and iron districts is now estimated at 20,000, while in 1850 it was only 2131. The copper mines of Cornwall, England, in 1771 produced 348 tons, which amount increased till in 1860, it reached 13,212 tons. The Lake Superior mines produced in 1846, only 20 tons, but the production has advanced so rapidly that last year it amounted to 7,450. Thus these mines now yield more than half as much as the Cornish mines, which are the most productive in the world.

A celebrated Cambridge scholar, an admirer of the Greek poets, has ordered in his will, that after death his body shall be dissected and his skin be taken off and tanned in such a manner as to convert it into a parchment, on which the *Iliad* of Homer shall then be copied, the singular MS. to be deposited in the British Museum!



HOUSE IN WHICH MOORE IS SAID TO HAVE WRITTEN THE "CANADIAN BOAT SONG," AT ST. ANNE'S, ISLAND OF MONTREAL.

BAY OF QUINTE.

This beautiful Bay somewhat resembles a river in appearance, and might be regarded as a continuation of the Trent, which falls into it, at its western extremity, but for its width. It extends westward from Kingston, including its windings about 70 miles. Its navigation is rather intricate owing to the windings and indentations of the shore and the many islands which cluster at its entrance.

OBJECTS MADE MEMORABLE BY GENIUS.

Genius throws a charm around objects which are in themselves the most commonplace and uninteresting. The home, the river bank, the shady grove; whatever may

be the historical associations of the one or the attractions of the other, receive additional interest from being the birthplace, or the haunts of the man of genius. The small cottage in the village of St. Anne's, on the Island of Montreal, though not honored as the cradle of the author of the 'Canadian Boat Song,' nevertheless is said to have sheltered him under its roof while he penned that now national lyric. Our country can yet boast of few such spots where it can be said, that what there was written is likely to last so long as our broad lakes and rivers continue to bear on their bosom the crafts of those hardy boatmen, who contribute so much to the prosperity of our country. The day may not be far distant when native talent will sing as sweetly, what will be as enduring as that of the melodious author of 'Lalla Rookh.'

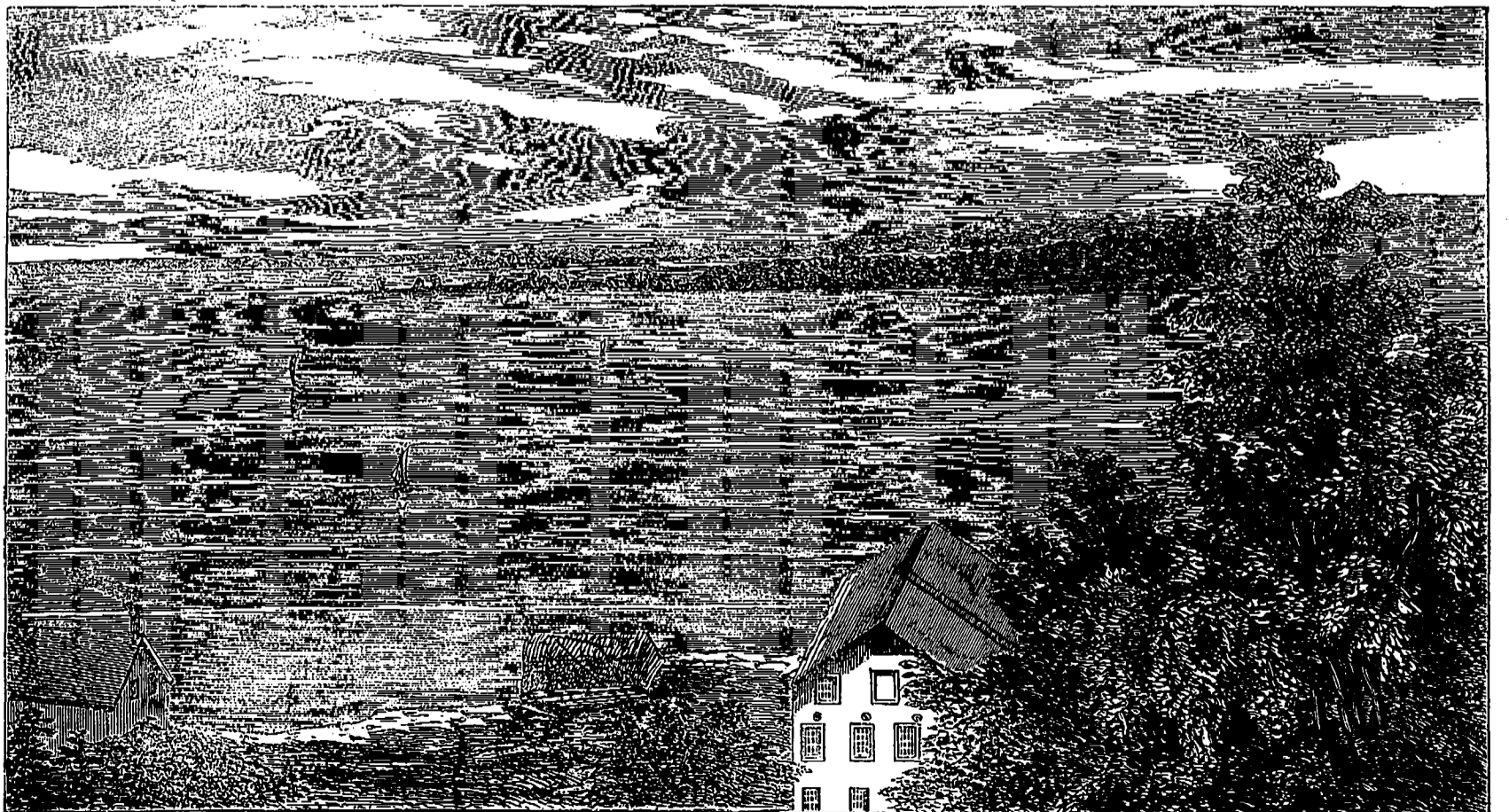
BE HAPPY.—Our Creator has enjoined upon us in terms of the greatest clearness the duty of being happy. The powers with which he has endowed us, the circumstances in which our lot is cast with all the blessings of his beneficence, show unmistakably his mind and will, that we should be happy.—Many do not consider this, and in their selfishness and ignorance labor most earnestly to thwart this kind design. Some seem to think that happiness is the very last to be thought of, if not to be absolutely shunned, as though there was merit in depriving ourselves of it.

What is decisive on this point, is the fact that whatever to our highest good is most consonant with true enjoyment—while a violation of right always involves pain. Not that our sole aim is to be happy; but we may be assured that no demand of truth,

right, or duty, will ever require a sacrifice of happiness on the whole, and that it is both our privilege and duty to be as happy as possible.

How are we to seek happiness? We answer, by benevolence. Strive to promote the happiness of others in the highest degree. This will administer directly to your pleasure, and cultivate in you the faculties most conducive to the same end. The one whose heart glows with love, whose hand is active in ministering to the good of his fellows, cannot be watched.

I FIRST saw my wife in a storm; carried her to a ball in a storm; courted her in a storm; was published to her in a storm; married in a storm; lived in a storm all her life; but, thank heaven, I buried her in pleasant weather.



VIEW OF THE BAY OF QUINTE.

SANTA CLAUS.

To satisfy the curiosity of the juvenile community, we present in this number, a portrait of their excellent, generous-hearted friend, Santa Claus, whose extraordinary performances each Christmas Eve, is the subject of their wonder and delight. We hope our old friend, with his broad, grinning, genial countenance, and inexhaustible load of sugar plums, jumping jacks, cricket bats, &c., &c., has not been idle during this Christmas Eve. That he has whisked

with other forms, now gaunt and phantom-like, but which were once of surpassing loveliness and beauty.

SLEEPINESS IN CHURCH.—The art of balancing has become quite popular, and has been deemed worthy of explanation in the form of a lecture by the scientific Mr. Pepper, who is smart and learned at the same time. We must, says the 'London Court Journal,' extract one of the little jokes with which he peppered his lecture and made it most acceptable fare. He said the old monks' seats in Westminster Abbey, in Henry VII's Chapel, were placed on an

with cordial familiarity, and soon the shades of night gathered around them.

Then arose the Angel of Sleep from his mossgrown couch, and strewed with a gentle hand the invisible grains of slumber. The evening breezes wafted them to the quiet dwelling of the tired husbandman, enfolded in sweet sleep the inmates of the rural cottage—from the old man upon the staff down to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pain; the mourners their grief; the poor their care. All eyes closed. His task accomplished, the benevolent Angel of Sleep laid himself again by the side of his grave brother.

'When Aurora awakes,' exclaimed he,

his friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee in his joy? Are we not brothers and ministers of one Father?

As he spake, the eyes of the Death-Angel beamed with pleasure, and again did the two friendly genii cordially embrace each other.

THE St. John's N. B. Courier says that letters by the last English Mail gave the information that the main features of the Intercolonial Railway negotiation have been satisfactorily arranged between the British Government and the Delegates from the Provinces. All that remained to be settled at the sailing of the steamer, were some minor matters of detail, about which there was no apprehension of difficulty.



SANTA CLAUS. DRAWN FROM LIFE, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

through many a key-hole, and darted down many a chimney, to fill the expectant stocking to overflowing, with Christmas presents, not only in the mansions of the rich, but in the cottage of the poor, for he is a welcome visitor in both.

To children of larger growth, too, our Santa Claus will have an interest. He is no longer to them an embodied philanthropist wandering about the world for the mere purpose of giving delight; but then, he was the friend of our youth, and 'in the silent resurrection of buried thoughts,' we see him yet stalking through the Palaces of our memories,

axis which passed through the centre. As long as they remained awake nothing happened, but directly when they went to sleep the seat upset, and they were tumbled out. This unclerical merriment was also provided for at the church of Bishop Stortford, where the seats were similarly constructed.

DEATH AND SLEEP.—In brotherly embrace walked the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death upon the earth. They laid themselves down upon a hill not far from the dwellings of men. A melancholy silence prevailed around, and the chimes of the evening bell in the distant hamlet ceased. Still and silent, as was their custom, sat these two beneficent genii of the human race, their arms entwined

with innocent joy, 'men praise me as their friend and benefactor. Oh, what happiness, unseen and secretly to confer such benefits! How blessed are we to be the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful is our silent calling.'

So spake the friendly Angel of Slumber. The Angel of Death sat with still deeper melancholy on his brow, and a tear, such as mortals shed, appeared in his large deep eyes. 'Alas! said he, 'I may not like thee, rejoice in the cheerful thanks of mankind; they call me, upon the earth, their enemy and joy-killer.'

'Oh, my brother!' replied the gentle Angel of Slumber, 'and will not the good man, at his awakening, recognize in thee

STONEWALL JACKSON'S LAST SERMON.—Stonewall Jackson is reported to have delivered to his troops last Sunday a discourse upon a text from Joel, chapter 2, verse 20, as follows: 'But I will remove far off from you the Northern army, and will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the east sea and his hinder part toward the utmost sea, and his stink shall come up, and his ill savour shall come up, because he hath done great things.'

THE 'British Whig' says that typhus is raging in the Penitentiary, and that deaths are of daily occurrence, but that, contrary to the statute, coroner's inquests are not held on the deceased.

most rivers where lumber is driven. At length the logs float into the broad stream, and reach the port where the lumber is sold.

There is no condition so low but may have hopes; nor any so high, that it is out of the reach of fears.

Modesty in your discourse will give a lustre to truth, and an excuse to an error.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

'If the bashaw comes home before twelve, Thomas must dispose of me some where in the lower regions: Sunday is free for us, thank goodness. So please to make the most of me, both of you, for it is the last time you will have the privilege. By the way, Fanny will you do me a favor? There used to be a little book of mine in the glass bookcase, in the library; my name in it and a mottled cover: I wish you would go and find it for me.'

Lady Frances left the room with alacrity. Gerard immediately bent over Alice, and his tone changed.

'I have sent her away on purpose, she'll be half an hour rummaging, for I have

lowed you to talk of love to me; or, still more selfishly, let you cherish hopes that I would marry. When you hinted at this, the other evening, the evening that wretched bracelet was lost, I reproached myself with cowardice, in not answering more plainly than you had spoken. I should have told you, Gerard, as I tell you now, that nothing, no persuasion from the dearest person on earth, shall ever induce me to marry.'

'You dislike me, I see that.'

'I did not say so,' answered Alice, with a glowing cheek. 'I think it very possible that—if I could allow myself ever to dwell on such things—I should like you very much, perhaps better than I could like any one.'

'And why will you not?' he persuasively uttered.

'Gerard, I have told you. I am too weak and sickly to be other than I am. It would be a sin in me to indulge hopes of it; it would only be deceiving myself and you.—No, Gerard, my love and hopes must lie elsewhere.'

'Where?' he eagerly asked.

'Alice pointed upwards. 'I am learning to look upon it as my home,' she whispered, 'and I must not suffer hindrances to obscure

'Love me still, Gerard,' she softly answered, 'but not with the love you would give to one of earth; the love you will give—I hope—to Frances Chenevix. Think of me as one rapidly going; soon to be gone.'

'Oh! not yet!' he cried, in an imploring tone, as if it were as she willed.

'Not just yet: I hope to see you return from exile. Let us say farewell while we are alone.'

She spoke the last sentence hurriedly, for footsteps were heard. Gerard snatched her to him, and laid his face upon hers.

'What cover did you say the book had?' demanded Frances Chenevix of Gerard, who was then leaning back on the sofa, apparently waiting for her. 'A mottled? I can not see one anything like it.'

'No? I am sorry to have given you any trouble, Fanny. It has gone perhaps, amongst the 'have-beens.'

'Listen,' said Alice, removing her hand from before her face, 'that was a carriage stopped. Can they be come home?'

Frances and Gerard flew into the next room, whence the street could be seen. A carriage had stopped, but not at their house.

ing strains of the band invited to the dance, and the rare exotics emitted a sweet perfume. It was the west-end residence of a famed and wealthy city merchant of lofty standing; his young wife was an earl's daughter, and the admission to the house of Mr. and Lady Adela Netherleigh was coveted by the gay world.

'There's a mishap!' almost screamed a pretty-looking girl. She had dropped her handkerchief and stooped for it, and her partner stooped also; in his hurry, he put his foot upon her thin white dress, she rose at the same moment, and the bottom of the skirt was torn half off.

'Quite impossible that I can finish the quadrille,' quoth she to him, half in amusement, half provoked at the misfortune.—'You must find another partner, and I will go and get this repaired.'

She went up stairs; by some neglect the lady's-maid was not in attendance there, and, too impatient to ring and wait for her, down she flew into the house-keeper's parlor. She was quite at home in the house, for she was the sister of its mistress. She had gathered the damaged dress up, on her arm, but her white silk petticoat fell in rich folds around her.



LUMBER RAFT ON THE OTTAWA.

not seen the book there for ages. Alice, one word before we part. You must know that it was for your sake I refused the marriage proposed to me by my uncle: you will not let me go into banishment without a word of hope; a promise of your love to lighten it.'

'O Gerard!' she eagerly said, 'I am so glad you have spoken; I almost think I should have spoken myself, if you had not. Just look at me.'

'I am looking at you,' he fondly answered.

'Then look at my hectic face; my constantly tired limbs; my sickly hands; do they not plainly tell you that the topics you would speak of, must be barred topics to me?'

'Why should they be? You will get stronger.'

'Never. There is no hope of it. Many years ago, when the illness first came upon me, the doctors said I might grow better with time; but the time has come, and come, and come, and—gone; and only left me a more confirmed invalid. To an old age I can not live: most probably but a few years: ask yourself, Gerard, if I am one who ought to marry, and leave behind a husband to regret me, perhaps children. No, no.'

'You are cruel, Alice.'

'The cruelty would be, if I selfishly al-

lowed you to talk of love to me; or, still more selfishly, let you cherish hopes that I would marry. When you hinted at this, the other evening, the evening that wretched bracelet was lost, I reproached myself with cowardice, in not answering more plainly than you had spoken. I should have told you, Gerard, as I tell you now, that nothing, no persuasion from the dearest person on earth, shall ever induce me to marry.'

Gerard Hope smiled. 'Even than my love: Alice, you like me more than you admit. Unsay your words, my dearest, and give me hope.'

'Do not vex me,' she resumed in a pained tone; 'do not seek to turn me from my duty. I—I—though I scarcely like to speak of these sacred things, Gerard—I have put my hand on the plow: even you can not turn me back.'

He did not answer; he only played with the hand he held between both of his.

'Tell me one thing, Gerard; it will be safe. Was not the dispute about Frances Chenevix?'

He contracted his brow, and nodded.

'And you could refuse her! You must learn to love her, for she would make you a good wife.'

'Much chance there is now of my making a wife of any one.'

'Oh! this will blow over in time: I feel it will. Meanwhile—'

'Meanwhile you destroy every hopeful feeling I thought to take, to cheer me in my exile,' was his impatient interruption.

'I love you alone, Alice; I have loved you for months, truly, fervently, and I know you must have seen it.'

'It is too early for them yet,' said Gerard.

'I am sorry things go so cross just now with you, Gerard,' whispered Lady Frances. 'You will be very dull, over there.'

'Ay; sit to hang myself if you knew all. And the bracelet may turn up, and Lady Sarah be sporting it on her arm again, and I never know that the cloud is off me. No chance that any of you will be at the trouble of writing to a fellow.'

'I will,' said Lady Frances. 'Whether the bracelet turns up, or not, I will write you sometimes, if you like, Gerard, and give you all the news.'

'You are a good girl, Fanny,' returned he, in a brighter accent, 'and I will send you my address as soon as I have got one. You are not to turn proud, mind, and be off the bargain, if you find its *au cinquieme*.'

Frances laughed, 'Take care of yourself, Gerard.'

So Gerard Hope got clear off into exile. Did he pay his expenses with the proceeds of the diamond bracelet?

The stately rooms of one of the finest houses in London were open for the reception of evening guests. Wax-lights, looking innumerable when reflected from the mirrors, shed their rays on the gilded decorations, on the fine paintings, and on the gorgeous dresses of the ladies; the enliven-

'Just look what an object that stupid——' and there stopped the young lady; for, instead of the housekeeper and lady's-maid, whom she expected to meet, nobody was in the room but a gentleman, a tall, handsome man. She looked thunderstruck; and then slowly advanced and stared at him as if not believing her own eyes.

'My goodness, Gerard! Well, I should just as soon have expected to meet the dead here.'

'How are you, Lady Frances?' he said, holding out his hand with hesitation.

'Lady Frances! I am much obliged to you for your formality: Lady Frances returns her thanks to Mr. Hope for his polite inquiries,' continued she, in a tone of pique, and honoring him with a swarming courtesy of ceremony.

He caught her hand. 'Forgive me, Fanny, but our positions are altered; at least, mine is; and how did I know that you were not?'

'You are an ungrateful——raven,' cried she, to creak like that. After getting me to write you no end of letters, with all the news about every body, and beginning "My dear Gerard," and ending "Your affectionate Fanny," and being as good to you as a sister, you meet me with "My Lady Frances!" Now don't squeeze my hand to atoms. What on earth have you come to England for?'

