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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 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 make 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 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 restorea 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 pest he still

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THE CANADIAN Allustrated Aews.

HAMILTON, DECEMBER 27, 1862. EIGHTEEN HUNDRED & SINTY 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; fur-uishing as it ever does, such a ready observatory for all who incline to the

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.

man, therefore, the year speaks encouragingly of work un-performed 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,

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 states man -- 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 publie 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 theirsdeprived both of bread, and of the means carning 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 contendings 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 friendseither 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 securi-

paralized, 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 contendings being that alone of peaceful rivalry in the business of every day life; the even tenor of our way undisturbed by influences othr 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 analagous 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 pcople 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? certainly were not of them-if any such there were amongst us-who envied the greatness of the 'great Republic;' on the contrary, we were well contented to see her gradually colarging 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 ren der her the tribute of our sincerest sym-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 erradicated, 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 ty, and making the most indifferent state of excitement under which the thoughtful, knowing as we did, that in minds of men engaged in a desperate although the events of the past are numbered amongst the things that were, yet Canada would become the battle field laboring. Would it not be more grace-

for contending armies, our industry 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 Laucashire, 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 aspeet of Britain, that challenges the world's admiration. We in Canada see it, and 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 momentuous 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. Someting 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 newspsper 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 b 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

MR. DAWKINS.

Such things as I see sometimes, said Mrs. Merryman, shaking her head. brutes of men as I come across, and such capers as they cut. Why, my love, its enough to make one's hair stand up on end like norrengingly matter. like porcupine's quills.

The idea of a poor woman marrying a wretch of a man, and going through all she has to go through with, and nobody knows all she has to bear better than I do, to be treated as she generally is after all.?

'But al men are not so very bad, Mrs. Merryman,' said I.

'Not all, my dear,' replied the old lady, 'not quite all, but when you've fived as long as I have, you'll know that there's a great difference between a man when he's out visiting and a man when he's at home; just as much, my dear, as there is between his old calico morning-gown and his broadcloth overcoat. overcoat.

'They talk about choosing a wife before breakfast. I tell you there is not one gul in fifty, much as they are all afraid of being old maids, who would marry a man she had ever seen early in the morning without his knowing it. Ten to one she'd either find knowing it. Ten to one she'd either find him giving his mother impudence about the breakfast or abusing his sisters because his collars were not ironed to please him. Uncollars were not ironed to please him. Unless, indeed, he was sitting cross as a bear over a cap of strong tea, with red eyes and a splitting headache, and a faint remembrance of having been emptied into the hall about sunrise by his bottle companions, Tom, Dick and Harry, and of having afterwards gone to bed in his muddy boots, and with his hat, with a brick in it, upon his head. Ah, you may laugh, but I can tell you it isn't any laughing matter to poor Mrs. Dawkins.

(And who is Mrs. Dawkins?) I oncuived

'And who is Mrs. Dawkins?' I enquired. 'The lady I've just come from,' replied Mrs. Merryman; 'and a sweet soul she is too. She used to be 'Melia Dinks, and her folks are quite aristocratic and very wealthy. I'm sure she might have made a better om sure she might have made a better match than when she married Mr. Daw-

'Is he poor?' asked f.

'No,' replied Mrs. Merryman. 'Not poor exactly, but the next thing to it. He's awfully extravagant, and if he was to die next yeur I don't believe he'd leave a cent next year I don't believe he'd leave a cent behind him. He's a handsome man, too,' continued Mrs. Merryman. 'Quite hand-some, only a little too stout and a little flo-rid. I don't wonder 'Melia Dinks took a fancy to him when he had his company manners on. Most girls would have been taken in as she was, and most are, for the matter of that, for marriage is a lottery, and there's not one prize to a million

'But let me see, I was going to tell you about Mr. Dawkins. I've seen him often and often walking out with 'Meha Dinks beand often walking out with 'Melia Dinks before they were married, and very lover like he used to be, and the presents he gave her couldn't be counted; and Bridget Brady, who used to live at the Dinkses at that time, and who had a habit of listening at keyholes, said he always called her 'Angel,' when he didn't call her 'My love.' Of course, every one thought they'd make a wonderfully happy couple, though as I said to Bridget Brady, 'It was almost too sweet to last.' Sure enough, the honeymoon wasn't over before he began to show his cloven foot; and the first thing he blazed up about was his dinner.

'It couldn't be expected that 'Melia

'It couldn't be expected that 'Melia Dinks, with her bringing up, dear soul, should know much about housekeeping. He should know much about housekeeping. He might have known that by her little white hands. But, bless you, if she had been a professed cook, Dawkins couldn't have raved so as he did when they had company to dinner, and the meat wasn't done, and the potatoes were water-soaked, and the pickles were bitter instead of sour, and the Irish girl, instead of just dipping the plum pudding bag an instant into cold water, had emptied it straight in. As Mrs. Dawkins said, such little things will happen sometimes, and no gentleman would make a fuss about them. But Dawkins raved and roared, and gave the girl warning, and a fuss about them. But Dawkins raved and roared, and gave the girl warning, and threw his poor wife into hysteries, and finally took his friend off to a restaurant, and never came home until midnight. She told me all about it, poor soul, and, of course, I never expected much of him after that.

Here Mrs. Merryman wound some white worsted for the toe of the crimson sock she knitting, and after a pause began again.

The baby was a very fine child, and its clothes were splendid, covered with embroidery and lace, and as fine as fine could be.—Mr. Dawkins is a good provider; I'll say

that for him, whatever else he is; and the poor, dear soul has everything that heart dear soul has everything wish for with the excep of for with the exception of Mr.
He might be improved. Upon Dawsins. He might be improved. Upon my word, as true as I sit here, I hadn't been in the house two days before I saw him kiss with my own eyes. I was the chambermaid with my own eyes. I was standing at the head of the stairs, and I dropped down on the top one as if I'd been shot, and spilled more than half the bowl of oysters I was carrying up to dear Mrs. Dawkins, all over the tapestry stair carpet. The moment he had gone I ran down and caught the girl by the shoulders.

'Ain't you ashamed of yourself?' says I.
'Kissing your master. Pve a mind to tell
your mistress,' and I was in an awful rage.
'Tisn't my fault,' answered the pert
thing; 'he says I'm so prettey he can't holp
it!

'Can't help it, indeed,' said I. 'I'd help you both to what you deserve if I was Mrs. Dawkins. Go to your work and mind your own affairs, and don't loiter in the hall on purpose, as you did this morning,' and I gave her a shove as I spoke, and pointed to the basement stairs. basement stairs.

'She didn't dare to say much but she muttered between her teeth as and I think I heard the words, us she went off.

'Meddling old granny.'

'No matter,' thought I, 'I'll keep my eye on you, my lady.'

'Poor, dear creature,' said I to myself, as I looked at Mrs. Dawkins eating her oysters as innocent as a lamb, 'what would you do if you knew how things were going on?' But I didn't say anything just then; I thought it wasn't best. it wasn't best

'If ever I find out any capers the gentleman has been cutting up,' said Mrs. Merryman, 'I never say anything until I've been paid up. Men are so spiteful there's no trusting 'em.'

Here the good lady stopped to count her stitches, and pick up the crimson ball, of which the kitten was making a plaything.

'It was just a week from the day I first 'It was just a week from the day I first went there,' went on Mrs. Merryman, 'that I saw Mr. Dawkins was in a great taking about something. He almost ate his dinner standing up, and rushed to his own room as soon as he had swallowed it, without so much as going to speak to Mrs. Dawkins.—Then the bell rang a dozen times, and from the length of time that the chambermaid staid at the door, I've no doubt he kissed her whenever she came up. But I couldn't her whenever she came up. But I couldn't look out and see, because I was just fixing the baby for the night. Pretty soon, however, the door opened, and Mr. Dawkins' head peeped in. I thought it was to ask the poor thing how she was, but instead of that he bellowed out as though he had been making a political speech making a political speech.

"Melia, where are my patent leather boots?

La, love, how should I know,' said Mrs. awkins. 'Behind the door, I dare say.' Dawkins.

'Dawkins went away, and in a minute he came back again with,

'Where is my blue zephyr cravat, 'Melia?' 'In the bureau-drawer, love,' said poor Mrs. Dawkins.

'Nurse, will you hand me the Eau de col logne?

Mr. Dawkins went away again, and in amoment he came back once more.

'I can't find my dove-colored pants, 'Melia!' he roared. 'I believe they're sto-len—upon my word I do!'

'No, my love,' said poor Mrs. Dawkins, 'I gave 'em to an old Jew, last week, for that sweet little china shepherd on the what-

'My dove-colored pants for a crockery gure——!' roared Mr. Dawkins. figure

"Yes, love,' answered Mrs. Dawkins, as sweet as an angel.

'I don't know what he might have said, but I put the baby down and rose up. 'Sir,' said I, 'you mustn't discompose your lady.— I can't have it—it's against Dr. Jallep's orders.' He did'nt say anything, but he scowled awfully and banged the door after him as he west out. as he went out.

'In about half an hour he strutted in again, dressed to kill, with a white waistcoat on pearl-colored kid gloves.

'Don't expect me home early, 'Melia,' id he, 'Pin going to a party.' Then he we his wife a kiss, chucked the beby under such as we a kiss, educket the play inder the chin, and marched away—and she, poor soul, did not even ask him where he was go-ing. But the moment the hall-door closed behind him she sat up in bed, and said she, 'Run into Mr. Dawson's room, nurse, and bring me the things he has taken off.' And of course I went and brought 'em.

'First she turned the vest pockets inside out, but there was only a penny in one an eigar in the other. Then she rumaged trowsers, and there she found a little w trowers, and there she found a fittle white kid glove, smelling awfully of musk, and marked E. E. on the inside. 'Just as I thought,' she said. That's Eifle Ellet's glove; and that is where he's gone to. Look in his coat pocket, Nurse, and see if you can find the note of invitation.' find the note of invitation.

find the note of invitation.

But there was no note there. He's torn it up, I date say, and I put the things away again, and took the baby up.
Don't mind him, my dear, says I. 'All men are brutes.' And she only answered, 'I'm used to their actions, Mrs. Merryman.' I forgot when I first began to grow drowsy, but I was awakened suddenly by a loud noise; where, I couldn't at first tell. The light was turned down, and the fire was almost out, and I was so confused that I did not know what to do or say. After a while, however, and I was so confused that I did not know what to do or say. After a while, however, I made out that the door bell was ringing in a queer sort of way, as though some one pulled it first and then held on by it; and began to understand that Mr. Dawkins had come home and wished to be let in. 'Let him ring,' said I. 'Who cares? I shan't got out of my warm bed to open the door, so I laid as quiet as a mouse, and patfed the buby to keep him from crying. But, after all, Mrs. Dawkins heard him, says she, 'Nurse, but I wished Mr. Dawkins in China as I went down those cold ethics in white said was a feet all the said of the sa went down those cold stairs in my shawl and

'I put the light on the hall-table and epened the door a little way.'

'Who's there,' said I.

'It's (hie) me - Mr. Dawkins -'It's (hic) me — Mr. Dawkins —(hic) Lemme in,' was the answer I heard from outside. If it had been Mr. Merryman, 12d have left him there; butns it was, I opened the door and he tumbled in, the brute. There were two other men with him, and one of 'em absolutely winked at me and said, 'Who's the old lady?'

'It's nurse,' said Mr. Dawkins. 'Nurse, I've brought my friend Tomkins home to (hic) see the (hic) baby.'

'At this time of night, sir?' said I, 'I'm ashamed of you. And you, who are, had better go straight home. ashamed of you.

Mr. Dawkins was holding on to the hat stand by this time, but he shook his finger at me and said.

'Bring down the baby nurse-I want to shew him to (hic) Tomkins.

'Tisn't possible, sir,' said I, 'the baby's

'Then,' said Mr. Dawkins, 'I'll get him myself as soon as the stairs come round again.' 'You won't touch him,' said J. 'Go to

bed, and remember your poor dear wife's feelings. I never saw such actions.'

'All this time the other gentleman had been holding to the back of the door—and the wind was sweeping into the hall, and I was shivering from head to foot.

'You'd better go home,' said I, again. 'No doubt you've got a wife sitting up for you. Go along, do.' you,

'But the fellow never stirred, and only hiccupped.

'The old lady is wrathy—who the deuce is she, Dawkins?'

'And who are you?' said I. 'How dare you act so with sickness in the house, at the dead of night? Shut the door, will you?

'Then the other gentleman outside on the stoop began to sing 'We won't go home till morning,' at the top of his voice.

'Mr. Dawkins,' said I, 'Haven't you any respect for yourself?' People will think this is a tavern.

'All that Mr. Dawkins answered was,

'Nurse, bring down the baby; I (hic) want to show him to Jones and Tompkins.'

'I don't know what I might have said, but just at that moment the gentleman he called Tompkins let go of the door-knob and pitched forward on his head in the middle of the hall, and the door banged to, shutting the other one out. He didn't even try to get up, but lay on his face on the oil-cloth, trying to sing, with his hat smashed as flat as a pan-cake, and then upon my word, I thought I should faint, for I saw Mr. Dawkins staggering up stairs. I caught up the light and ran after him; but he was at the bed-room door before I overtook him. 'I don't know what I might have said,

him.

'Where are you going, Mr. Dawkins?' asked I, and he said again.

'I want the baby to show him to Tomkins.'

'I got before him, but he forced his way in, and was making straight toward the cradle, when a sudden thought seized me. There was a large white terracotta cupic a bracket in the corner, just like a ba for all the world, and I snatched up that. baby

for all the world, and I snatched up that.

'Here's the baby, Mr. Dawkins.' said I, 'and if you'll believe me, he took and staggered off with it, and in a minute I heard him tumbling down step, bouncing the statue against every stair as he rolled over and over. Jim, the black boy, says he picked up Mr. Dawkins and the pieces of plaster when he went down to make the fire in the morning, and there was a crushed hat lying in the hall, so that Mr. Tomkins must have gone off without his.

'I was very glad to hear that Mr. Daw-

'I was very glad to hear that Mr. Dawkins was sick and had a black eye next day, continued Mrs. Merryman, but all the while I stayed he went on from worse to worse, and so will continue to go on all his life, I suppose, and I only wish that I could be Mrs. Dawkins for a week.

(Show the leaky to Tombring indeed Ed.

'Show the baby to Tomkins, indeed. I'd have shown him the station house:'

KEEPING A SECRET.—The father of Papirius as a Senator of Rome, one day took him to the senate when they deliberated on some subjects of importance. On his return his mother asked him what had passed at his mother asked him what had passed at the senate. The young Papirus answered that he was ordered not to speak of it.—
This answer as we may readily conceive, only augmented his mother's curiosity. She became more solicitious, and employed every means in her power to obtain the information she wished. Her son to avoid any further importunities, and to satisfy his mother's anxiety, told her that they had been deliberating whether it would be better for the republic to suffer the men to have two wives or the women to have two husbands. The senator's wife enraged at this pretend-The senator's wife enraged at this pretended dehberation, went immediately, though she had promised secresy, and communicated her fears to some other Roman ladies.— The next morning a large body of indignant wives presented themselves at the door of the and in a voice declared that it would be far better to let the women have two husbands, and were incensed that they should determine a matter of such importance without hearing what they had to say. The senate not understanding the women's resenate not understanding the women's requests, were thrown into great consternation, when the young Papirius arose, and related in what way he cluded his mother's curiosity. The wives retired: the prudence of the young Papirius was praised; but it was resolved that in future no young man except Papirius, should be admitted into the senate.

'The Good Old Times.'—The 'profligacy of the age' is a common theme of declamation among the querdlous; but the truth is, the 'good old times,' as they love to denominate the past, were far more full of profligacy than the present. This may seem startling, but it happens to be true. Even in the matter of drunkenness, there is less of it extent than there used to be, and not in this country alone, where the 'tectoral' principle has taken its stand on the political platform, crept into the state legislation. 'THE GOOD OLD TIMES.'-The 'proffitical platform, crept into the state legislation, and made sumptuary laws to suit itself, but in other countries, where legislation has not interfered with the national habit. England and Wales, for instance, with a population, in 1742, of about seven millions consumed nineteen millions of gallons of spirits annualby, with a population of twenty-seven mil-tions in 1860, this consumption of spirits only reaches twenty-nine millions, of gallous. What does this teach us? That the popula-tion of the present day is not half so much addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks as the population of one hundred and twenty ago!

This fact alone should silence those who This fact alone should stience those who are always boasting of the 'good old times.' Those times were, indeed, the era of profligacy, when the best of men got drank daily, and scarcely impaired their standing in society by the practice. Those were the times when dissipation prevailed in all classes: when highway robberies aways. times when dissipation prevailed in all classes; when highway robberies were things of common occurrence; when immorality was taught upon the stage itself; when men wore swords at their sides, and murdered each other nightly in tavern brawls. But newspapers were unknown then, Reporters did not record every local incident for morning reading. Hence but a tithe of the evil done ever reached the public every little and car at that time; while every little and car at that time; while every little departure from the moral programme of the age is now thrust upon the general attention. Vice, now-a-days, has only become more obvious because more accurately noted.— That is the whole secret.

BISHOP COLENSO ON THE PENTA. TEUCH.

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 occasiou; 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 predomi-

nate. 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 bewiidered teacher. But for the sake of the Bishop himself, who suffers in person-at 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 unmixed 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 inquire, the result of candid and manly inquire, 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 Dishop of our Church publishes speculations calculated to unsettle the minds of 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 lickleness, the utter heedlessness which Dr. Colenso has betrayed in putting himself into the position from which alone his opinions have become matter of alarm The book before or even of notice. 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 corres-ponding with the penny press about it. There can be no occasion to There can be no occasion to explain now particularly what are the notions it promulgates. It is suf-ficient 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 be-hind, and promises to produce further arguments in support of his position in a future publication. He requires us to believe that these difficulties have uow, 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 revela-tion; and being now, for the first time, assured that 'the Bible can no longer be regarded as infallibly true in mat-ters 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.'

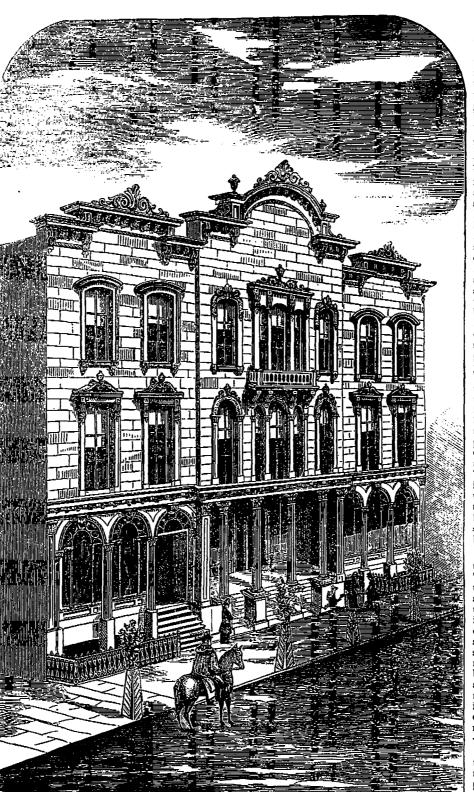
Whatever may be thought of this solution of the difficulties indicated, there are few men of intelligence to whom it presents any novelty. Most strange it must appear to any one who has had his eyes and cars open for the last quarter of a century, that a man of fifty years or thereabouts, who has been 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 now begun to feel these difficulties, and have hardly yet become aware how much they have long occupied the thoughts of reli-land reckless is the character of the objector's

gious inquirers. Still more strange is it that a man who has enjoyed, and allowed gious inquirers. 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 tuther 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 it the enquirer could have exercised sufficient self-controll, to wait for a reply, and head-fully to ponder it, he might have been re-assured, not only as regards some of his par-ticular objections, but as to the broader printicular objections, but as to the broader principles of criticism by which he has been led to them. We should have had no wish our selves to receive his contession, 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 thus to himself, that we would address some further remarks upon the general subject.—Saturday Review.

[DEC. 27,



OFFICERS QUARTERS,' RIFLE BRIGADE, HAMILTON.

into print, and cause a flutter in many sim- aged to review the version put forth with ple and pious breasts which his voice from authority in the dioceso of Natal. 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

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 circumstances of the writer, and still more

MORMONISM AND DOUBLE LOVE .---Last week a company of Mormon emigrants arrived at Boston on their 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 posi-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 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 Feroc 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. place sought to make proselytes to 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 sorrer, and patrism 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. 'Ordishakin 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 announcin, 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 exam-

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

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.

Original Loetry.

FIRST LOVE.

By PAMELIA S. VINING, WOODSTOCK.

Eve marked the dawning of a light Within thy soul, ma chere! Strange, new, and trenulously bright. Full of all beauty rare ;— I knew it by the sudden blash That, from a young, pure heart, Spontaneous, to thy check would rush Undimmed by worldly art.

Eve marked the gathering of a spell Round thy young heart, ma there! Like music of a Sabbath fell On the still evening air :--1 knew it by the lifted eyes
That seemed far off to view
Sweet Summer fields heath cloudless skie Where flowers celestral grew.

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, fully sought
Its new-found wealth to trace.

God grant the light a cloudless my Within thy soul, ma chere! God grant the hallowed spell may stay In its new sweetness there!-God grant the dream no waking wo. 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 The one is sometimes smug led 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 pro-ducing a state of eestacy, in which the convict, going to death with rapture, appears an object more to be enviced that commiscrated, 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 -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 calm-ly, how joyfully men can die, we it seems must resort to those examples worked up by gaol Chaplains out of criminal mate-

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 morecan 'going the rounds, 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 horself, '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

Now, the writer of this bit of 'gos-sip' wishes to ask, why this eulogy of this venerable and respectable class of so-He is generally accounted a large-hearted, generous-souled, splendid fellow, this same Dr. Norman, and doubtless, his 'Bulogy' 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 Were we an 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 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 clone, 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 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

No one ever attended more strictly to the sage advice of Sir Philip Sindey—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 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 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 ter a careful review of it, we must say

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 Hazlit 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-sould Ireland sends

Sends
To teach us colder English how a friends
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 espy.
Sudden you reappear. With wonder I
Hear my old friend (turned 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 PROPOSI-TIONS.

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 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 embassa-dor extraordinary of the Southern Confederancy.

The first scene of the farce opens in a quiet dramatie kind of a way, in a shop at Pittsburgh, Pa, showing Mr. Green at work as an ornamental Japanner.— 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 MexicanWar' 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 prumond immediately. Mr. Greene prudently hesitates. Fort Lafayette on the one hand and the tar and feather expeone hand and the tar and second rience of 'Mr. Bird O'Freedom' on the other, rose to his imagination. The 'unknown gentleman' however 'scouts the idea of personal peril,' and Mr. 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 Greene is brought face to face with President Davis. The interview is given at some length, seasoned with a few inevable 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 receitude which dwells in

it is well told, and proves Greene to be no fool, except in that sense in which every rogue is a fool. How he obtain-ed 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 applied disconions. 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 Col-onel'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 adtwo 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.

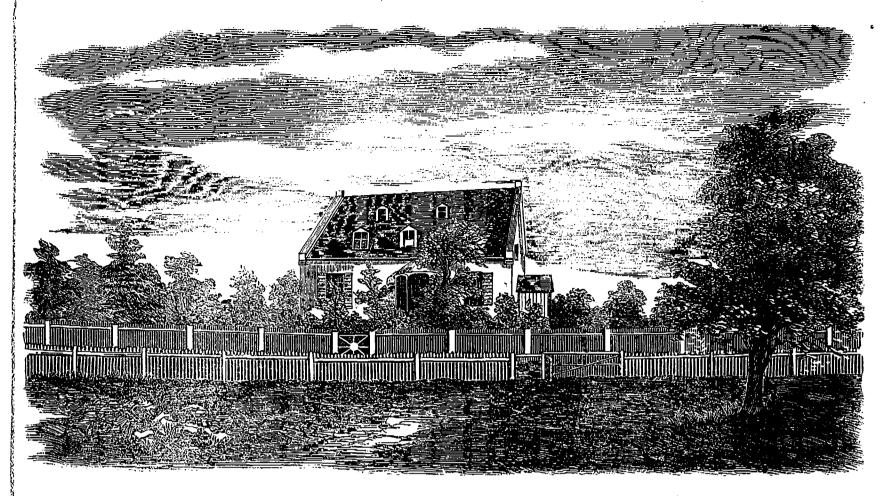
Dissatisfied either with his reward or with the small notice taken of him. he a few days ago published the story we have abridged in the Chicago Times,' and of course created a 'sensation.

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 translathd, 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 man.' In other words, an unmitigated rascal, whose whole life has been spent in attempts to play the 'confidence 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.

Eliazbeth, 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 Jerningham, who, in 1825, had been declared entitled to the ancient barrony of Stafford, which had been under attainder since Viscount Stafford was beheaded in 1678. Her hadyship was left a widow in 1851, and had no issue. She, like her sister, was a Roman Cathohe. 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 is made and 171. The copper and iron districts is now estimated at 20,000, while in 1850 it was only 2131. The copper names of Cornwall, England, in 1774 produced 3448 tons, which amount increased till in 1860, at 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 halt as much as the Cornish mines, which are the most productive in the world. most productive in the world.

A celebrated Cambrige scholar, an admi



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

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. entrance.

which are in themselves the most common-place and uninteresting. The home, the river bank, the shady grove; whatever may

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

OBJECTS MADE NEMONABLE BY GENIUS.

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

BE HAPPY.—Our Creator has enjoined right, or duty, will ever require a sacrifice pon us in terms of the greatest clearness of happiness on the whole, and that it is both our privilege and duty to be as bappy thich he has endowed us, the circumstances as possible. 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 self-ishness 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,

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 finst 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., las not been idle during the Christmas Eve. That he has whisked ous-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

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

Sheepiness in Church.-The art of bal-

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

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 walted them to the quiet dwelling of the tired husbandman, enfolding in sweet sleep the inmates of the rural cottage—from the old man upon the staffdown 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 bless thee in his joy? Are 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 mausions 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 philans.

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 brough the Palaces of our memories,

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

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.

Is our silent calling.

So spake the friendly Augel of Slumber. The Augel 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 the registed the

Stonewall Jackson's Last Sermon.—Stonewall Jackson is reported to have delive ered 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.' STONEWALL JACKSON'S LAST SERMON.

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

MARIA'S DOWER.

One day in the year of grace 1550, a fisherman landed in front of the palace of St. Mark, crossed that celebrated place, and stopped at the door of a hostelry, over which the emblematic lion of Venice was rudely delineated. He was a tall and powerful man; his imbrowned features were rudely delineated. He was a tall and powerful man; his imbrowned features were full of that force and intelligence so often observed among the inhabitants of that favored climate, but his eyes had lost their usual lustre, and the boatman's broad forehead was bowed down by painful reflections. Entering the tavern, he perceived in the darkest corner of the hall a stranger, who appeared plunged in profound thought. He, too, had those manly and striking features which generally accompanied moral had those manly and striking which generally accompanied moral energy. His dress was of severe simplicity; a doublet and hose of black velvet covered a doublet and hose of black velvet covered his powerful limbs; a silken cap, cut out at the temples, and fastened by two bands un-der the chin, as was the fashion of the day, concealed in part his thick and carling hair, some grey locks of which fell carelessly over

'Giannetini,' said the gondolier, addressing a stout ruddy man, who was walking up and down the room, 'do you still persist in your refusal?'

'I do.' answered the Venetian.

'I do,' answered the Venetian.
'I am too poor to be your son-in-law, I suppose,' replied the boatman. 'Before thinking of your daughter's happiness, you think of her fortune; and, Giannetini, must I, to influence you, remind you of the gratitude you owe me? Have you forgotten that I saved your life at Lepanto, when Venice armed even her women to defend the Republic against the soldiers of Barbarossa? Don't you know that Maria and I were brought up together, and have sworn rossa? Don't you know that Maria and I were brought up together, and have sworn ever since we were children, to live always for each other? and that these pledges were renewed, when age gave strength and constancy to our attachment? Do you want to make her and me unhappy? Are you the doge, that you are so unpresented? patrician, that you are so ambitious? or a

'No, but I am rich, Barberigo.'

'And I shall be rich, Giannetini. I have strong arms, a bold heart, youth, and faith in God. Fortune may, some day or other, alighton my gondola.'

· Castles in the air !' said the innkeeper

'Who knows?' answered the boatman.
'Lorenzo de Medicis was a merchant, Francisco Sforza was a drover, why may I not be a general one of these days?

'Because, Barberigo, Fortune disappoints a million for every three she favors. At any rate, I will not be father-in-law of a n whose fortune is a skiff. Maria might

'Be a partician's mistress than a lier's wife; she had better slumber in 'Be a partician's mistress than a gondo-lier's wife; she had better slumber in ill-got-ten wealth, than live obscure and honest.'

'True, Maria has taken the eye of the proveditore's nephew. This young nob man has been to see me, and has offered-'To marry her?'

'No, demonio! Much as the nobles of Venice try to make themselves popular, they don't sell their titles so chap.'

'To buy her, then ?'

'Wretch! and for how much do you sell your daughter's honor?'

'The bargain is not yet closed. I ask two thousand ducats, and the nobleman offers fifteen hundred; but as I know the worth and scarcity of my goods, I will not but a group.' bate a sequin.

The stranger, who had listened attentively to the conversation of the two and clapping Barberigo on the shoulrose, and clap der, told him:

'Boatman! Maria shall be thy wife.

'Never!' said the host.

Why, you jew! not if this man brings you two thousand pistoles as a wedding present?

Oh, in that case, Barberigo shall be my son-in-law, and I would sign the contract cheerfully, but consider, signor, that this poor lad owns nothing but the four planks of his boat; and unless he should be lucky enough to find the doge's ring—

'Without looking to such a chance as that, you shall finger the money before

long.'
'But where am I to get it, signor?' stammered the astonished boatman. 'Not out of my pocket, my good fellow,' replied the stranger, 'because I am just now poor as a lazzaroni. There is so much suffering to relieve from Florence to Venice, that I

could not find a single paul in it. But be could not find a single paul in it. But be of good cheer; my poverty is sister to wealth, and my arts fills my purse as often as charity empties it.' So saying, the stranger opened a portfolio, took from it a purchment, which he spread on the table, and in a few minutes sketched a hand, with such surprising perfection, that the bout-man, ignorant as he was in matters of art, man, ignorant as he was in matters of art, could not repress a cry of astonishment.—
'Here!' said the unknown artist, handing his hasty sketch to the fisherman, 'take this parchment to Cardinal Pietro Benho, whom you will find at the palace of St. Mark, and tell him that a painter, who wants money, wishes to sell it at two thousand pistoles,'

'Two thousand pistoles I' cried the inn-seper, wondering. 'This man is a tool— a must be dumb, or crazy. I would not keeper, wondering. 'This make must be dumb, or crazy. give a sequin for it.'

The gondolier went, and returned in an hour with the sum required, with which the secretary of Leo X. had sent a letter, in which he argently begged the artist to honor him with a visit.

The next day Maria and Barberigo were married in the church of San Stefano. The stranger wished to enjoy the commencement of their happiness, by witnessing the coremony; and when the hoatman, overwhelmed with gratitude, begged of him to tell him his name. He answered that he was called Michael Augelo.

Twenty years after this little adventure, Autonio Barberigo, by one of those enigmatical changes, the key of which belongs to Providence alone, was general of the Venctian republic. But however intoxicating this unhoped-for elevation was to the boottom, he never forcul his illustrators banefication. unhoped-for elevation was to the boatman, he never forgot his illustrious benefactor; and when Buonarotti died at Rome, after the most glorious old age and most brilliant career that artist ever knew, it was the hand of the boatman that traced, above the Latin various account of the positions of the superconductive to the control of the positions of the superconductive that is the property of the property of the positions of the positions of the property of epitaph composed by order of the successor of Paul III, for his favorite, those two grateful lines which time has respected, and which may yet be read on the monument of this great man.

As for the sketch mentioned in this story, was brought from Italy in the knapsack of one of Napoleon's corporals.

ARTEMUS WARD'S SERENADE.

Things in our town is workin. The canal boat, 'Lucy Ann,' called in here the other day and reported all quiet on the Wabash. The 'Lucy Ann' has adopted a new style of binuakle light, in the shape of a red-headed gal, who sits up over the compass. It works well.

artist I spoke of in my larst has re-The artist I spoke of in my most has returned to Philadelphy. Before he left I took his lilly white hand in mine, I suggested to him that if he could induce the citizens of Philadelphy to believe it would be a good idea to have white winder-shutters on good idea to have white winder-shutters on their houses, and white door stones, he might make a fortin. 'It't a novelty,' I added, 'and may startle 'em at fust, but they may conclood to adopt it..

As several of our public men are constantly being surprised with serenades, I conclooded 1'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordin.' I asked the brass band how much they'd take to take me entirely by surprise with a screnade.— They said they'd overwhelm me with an un-expected honor for seven dollars, which I excepted.

I wrote my impromtoo speech severil days beforehand, hein very careful to expugne all ingrammatticisms, and payin particler attention to punktocation. It was, if I may say it without egotism, a manly effort, but alars! I never delivered it, as the sekel will show you. I paced up and down the kitchen, speaken my piece over so as to be entirely speaken my piece over so as to be entirely as the sekel. My bleenin young doughter Su speaken my piece over so as to be entirely perfeck. My bloomin young daughter, Sa-rah Ann, bothered me summut by singin 'Why do Summer Roses Fade?'

'Because,' said I arter hearin her sing it about fourteen times, 'because its their biz! Let 'em fade.'

'Betsey,' said I, pausin in the middle of the room, and letting my eagle eye wander from the manuscript; 'Betsey, on the night of this here screnade, I desires you to ap-pear at the winder dressed in white, and

of this here screnade, I desires you to appear at the winder dressed in white, and wave a lily-white handkercher, D'ye hear?'
'If I appear,' said the remarkable female,
'I shall wave a lily white bucket of bilin hot water, and somebody will be scalded. One baldheaded old fool will get his share.'

which, when they did finish it, there was cries of 'Ward! Ward!' I stept out into the portico. A brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summut mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown-up persons, evidently under the influence of intoxicatin bole. The band was also drunk. Dr. Schwazey, who was holdin up a post, seemed to be partic'ly drunk—so much so that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggering wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced thus:—

'Feller-citizens: For this onexpected-Leader of the band—'Will you give us ar money now, or wait till you get our money

this painful and disgusting interruption I paid no attention.

-for this mexpected honor I thank

Leader of the band—'But you said you'd give us seven dollars if we'd play two

Again I didn't notice him, but resumed as follows: 'I say I thank you warmly.—When I look at this crowd of true Americans, my heart swells—'

heart swells—'
Dr. Schwazey—'So do I!'
A voice—'We all do!' -my heart swells-

voice—'Three cheers for the swells.' We live,' said I, 'in troublesome times, A voice but I hope we shall again resume our former proud position, and go on in our glorious

oreer!'
Dr. Schwazey—'I'm willing for one to be in our glorious career. Will you join go on in our glorious career. Will you join me, fellow-citizens, in a glorious career, when he finds himself?"

hen he finds himself :"
'Dr. Schwazey,' said I, sternly, 'you are unk. 'You're disturbing the meeting'. Dr. Schwazey—'Have you a banquet spread in the house? I should like a rhynossyrous on the half shell, or a hippopotamus on toast, or a horse and waggon roasted whole. Anything that's handy. Don't put yourself out on my account.'

At this pint the Band began to make hidyous noises with their brass horus, and hidyous noises with their brass horus, and a exceedingly ragged toy wanted to know if there wasn't to be some wittles afore the concern broke up? I didn't exactly know what to do, and was just on the pint of doin' it, when a upper window was suddenly opened, and a stream of hot water was bro't to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint and retired at once.

When I am taken by surprise with smother

When I am taken by surprise with another serenado, I shall, mong other arrangements, have a respectable company on hand. So no more from me to-day. When this you see, remember me.—[Vrnity Fair.

LIFE

Life! what is it? A vapor, a hand breadth, an atom of time, a ficeting second, a brief moment, that we hug to our bosoms, and call our own. Now we live, and move and call our own. Now we live, and move and breathe; to-morrow we may die. We hope and despair; we joy and sorrow; we smile and weep; we dream of the past, and we plan for the future. Of the past, what soft memories come floating o'er us, carrying us back to the scenes of our youth.— Dear forms are standing by our side; fond eyes are looking into ours; loud tones are ringing in our ears; old, familiar voices call our names; warm hands are clasping ours again; side by side we are bounding through pleasant paths, while swiftly the gladsome hours glide on. What fairy castles we built in those sunny days! How bright was the smile of Hope!—how sweet her syren tongue! How rosy the dreams that came to us then!—to what joyous tones our young hearts beat! But ah! there is a darker page in memory's book. Even while our hearts were reinjoing in the glad smile of these ware reinjoing in the glad smile our hearts hearts beat! But ah! there is a darker page in memory's book. Even while our hearts were rejoicing in the glad sunlight, there came a dark, threatening cloud and obscured its brightness. Denser and blacker it grew, until, like a heavy pall, it enshrouded us. Perchance a voice that was wont to fill us. Perchance a voice that was wont to fill our car with sweetness was silenced forever; a fond heart had ceased its beatings; the dark, brooding angel had stayed his wings by the couch of a loved one, and we were powerless to loosen his icy grasp. Well we remember how bitter the hour—how keen the pang—how dark the despair that enwrapped us. We remember the lonely, desolate hearthstone; the empty, deserted sent; the weary, aching void. But gone is the past, with its joys and sorrows, and its paths we may never tread again. Firmer, closer, and barred are its gates. Of it there is naught but a memory left. Before us lies an unseen, water, and somebody will be scalded. One baldheaded old fool will get his share.'

She refer'd to her husband—no doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me I said nothin.

The expected night cum. At nine o'clock precisely, there was sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the band struck up a lively air,

into its dimness? "Pis not for mortal ken to fathom the unseen; and could we look down the vista of coming years and note all the the vista of coming years and note all the land-marks of our journey—could we see the thorny, briery paths through which our feet must trend, the clouds and storms that must beset us, well might our weak spirits faint within us, and our hearts stand still with fear; but infinite Wisdom directs our steps and guides us through earth's trials; and when the journey of life is ended, there are heavenly mansions prepared in our l'ather's house; there are shady, flowery paths by the river Jordan, and on the eternal shores shall we find our dear ones awaiting us. ing us.

LUMBER RAFT ON THE OTTAWA

This illustration is connected with one of the principal branches of Canadian industry. For years the magnificent valley of the Ottawa has been the field of the lumberman's labour, and its vast resources scarcely yet show signs of diminntion.

The labour of felling the timber, constructing the raft, and floating it down the stream, is one of great difficulty and no little danger. The raft is made by fastening the logs together by means of withs which have previously been twisted to give them the necessary elasticity. In this work the lumberman shows marvellous dexterity. He will jump upon a log, and with his long pole of ten or twelve feet, guide it to its destined place in the raft as easily as an expert oarsman would scull his boat. If the water is too deep for this, he turns the log under his feet as a circus man does a barrel, still retaining his balance; frequent duckings are of course his lot, but long habit has made him disregard these. The raft once finished, he crects his shanty on it, and starts down the stream. We extract from Eliza Cook's Journal a sketch of the perilous passage.

the perilous passage.

'The raits float on, each superintended a driver, and all is plain sailing enough, until rapid has to be 'shot,' or a narrow to be passed. Then the logs are apt to get jamme together between the rocks, and the driven has constantly to be on the alert to preservins rait, and, what he values at less rait, his own life. Sometimes days and weeks pass before a 'jam' can be cleared—the drivers occasionally requiring to be suspended by ropes from the neighboring precipices to the spot where a breach is to be made, which is always selected at the lowest part of the jam. The point may be treacherous, and yield to The point may be treacherous, and yield to a feeble touch, or it may require much strength to move it. In the latter case the operator fastens a long rope to a log, the end of which is taken down stream by a porend of which is taken down stream by a portion of the crew, who are to give a long pull and a strong pull, when all is ready. He then commences prying while they are pulling. If the jam starts, or any part of it, or if there he even an indication of its starting, he is drawn suddenly up by those stationed above; and in their excitement and apprehensions for his safety, this is frequently done with such haste as to subject him to bruises and scratches upon the shurp-pointed bushes or ledges in the way. It may be thought best to cut off the key-log, or that which appears to be the principal barrier Accordingly, the man is let down the jam, and as the place to be operated upon may, in some cases, be a little removed from the shore, be either walks to the place with the rope attached to his little removed from the shore, he either walks to the place with the rope attached to his body, or, untying it, leaves it where he can feadily grasp it in time to be drawn from his perilous position. Often, where the pressure is direct, a few blows only are given with the axe, when the log snaps in an instant, with a loud report, followed suddenly by the violent motion of the 'jam,' and ere our bold riverdriver is jerked half-way to the top of the cliff, scores of logs, in wildest confusion, rush beneath his feet, while he yet dangles in the air, above the rushing, tumbling mass. It beneath his fect, while he yet dangles in the air, above the rushing, tumbling mass. If that rope, on which life and hope thus hang suspended, should part, worn by the sharp point of some intting rock, death, certain and quick, would be inevitable. The deafening noise, when such a jam breaks, produced by the concussion of moving logs whirled about like merestraws, the crash and breaking of some of the largest, which part apparently as easily as a reed that is severed, together with the roar of waters, may be heard for miles; and nothing can exceed the enforms of the river-drivers on such occasioniumping, harraing, and yelling, with jous jumping, hurrning, and yelling, with lous excitement. Such scenes are freque on

most rivers where lumber is driven. At length the logs float into the brond 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 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 gluss bookcase, in the library; my name in it and a mottled cover: I wish you would you and find it for me. go and find it for me.

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

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 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.

ne changed.

'Alice pointed upwards. 'I am learning
'I have sent her away on purpose, She'll to look upon it as my home,' she whispered,
half an hour rummaging, for I have '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.'

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

'There's a mishapl' 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 misfortne.—'You must find another partner, and I will go and get this repaired.'

'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 tne next room, whence the street could be seen. A carriage had stopped, but not at their house.



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?

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

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

'Ay; fit to hang myself if you knew all. And the bracelet may turn up, and Ladv lighten it.'

(1) 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 answer-

'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 are ago, when the illness first came upon venrs 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 come, and come confirmed invalid. To an latter than the come to repeat the come. 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.'

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 ton 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.

'You are cruel, Alice.'
'You are cruelty would be, if I selfishly all you must have seen it.'

'Ay; lit 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 he off the bargain, if you find its au cinquime.'

Frances laughed, 'Take care of your self, 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 mest 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 fino 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 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

'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 swiming courtesy of coremon. 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?'

not?'
'You are an ungrateful—raven,'
cried she, to croak 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?'

- 'I could not stop there; ' he returned, with emotion; 'I was fretting away my heart-strings. So I took my resolution and came back—guess in what way, Frances; and what to do.'
- 'How should I know? To call me 'La
- dy Frances,' perhaps.'

 'As a clerk; a clerk, to earn my bread.—
 That's what I am now. Very consistent, is it not, for one in my position to address familiarly Lady Frances Chenevix?'
- 'You never spoke a grain of sense in your life, Gerard,' she exclaimed, poevishly.—What do you mean?'
- 'Mr. Netherleigh has taken me into his counting-house.'
- 'Mr. Netherleigh!' she echoed, in sur-ise. 'What, with that that —;
- 'That crime hanging over me. Speak up, Frances.'
- 'No; I was going to say that doubt. don't believe you guilty-you know t
- 'I am in his house, Frances, and I came up here to-night from the city to bring a note from his partner. I declined any of the re-ception-rooms, not caring to meet old ac-quaintances, and the servants put me into
- 'But you had a mountain of debts in England, Gerard, and were afraid of arrest.'
- I have managed that; they are going to let me square up by installments. Has the bracelet never been heard of?
- "Oh! that's gone for good; melted down in a caldron, as the Colonel calls it, and the diamonds reset. It remains a mystery of the past, and is nover expected to be solved."
- 'And they still suspect me! What is the matter with your dress?'
- 'Matter enough,' answered she, letting it down, and turning round for his inspection.
 'I came here to get it repaired. My great 'I came here to get it repaired. booby of a partner did it for me.'
 - Fanny, how is Alice Senton "
- 'You have cause to ask after her. She is dying.
- 'Dying !' repeated Mr. Hope, in a hushed, shocked tone.
- 'I do not mean actually dying this night, or going to die to-morrow; but that she is dying by slow degrees, there is no doubt. It may be weeks off yet, I can not tell.'
 - 'Where is she?'
- 'Curious to say, she is where you left her—at Lady Sarah Hope's. Alice could not bear the house after the loss of the bracelet, for she was so obstinate and foolish as to persist that the servants must suspect her, even if Lady Sarah did not. She left, and this spring Lady Sarah saw her, and was so shocked at the change in her, the extent to which she had wasted, that she brought her to town by main force, and we and the doctors are trying to nurse her up. It seems of no use.'
- 'Are you also staying at Colonel Hope's again?'
- 'I invited myself there a week or two ago, to be with Alice. It is pleasanter, too, than being at home.'
- 'I suppose that the Hopes are here to-night?
- 'My sister is. I do not think your uncle has come yet.'
- 'Does he ever speak of me less resentfully?
- I think his storming over it ade his suspicions stronger. 'Not he. has only made his suspicions stronger. Not a week passes but he begins again about that detestable bracelet. He is unalterably persuaded that you took it, and nobody must dare to put in a word in your defence.
- 'And does your sister honor me with the me belief?' demanded Mr. Hope bit-
- 'Lady Sarah is silent on the point to me; I think she scarcely knows what to be-lieve. You see I tell you all freely, Ger-
- Before another word could be spoken, Mr. Netherleigh entered. An aristocratic man, with a noble countenance. He bore a sealed note for Mr. Hope to deliver in
- 'Why Fanny!' he exclaimed to his sister-in-law, 'you here?'
- 'Yes; look at the sight they have made me,' replied she, shaking down her dress for his benefit, as she had previously done for Mr. Hope's. 'I am waiting for some of the damsels to mend it for me; I suppose Mr. Hope's presence has scared them away. Won't mamme be in a fit of rage when she sees it, for it is new to-night.'

- Gerard Hope shook hands with Lady Frances; and Mr. Netherleigh, who had a word of direction to give him, walked with him into the hall. As they stood there, who should enter but Colonel Hope, Ger-ard's uncle. He started back when he saw
- 'C-ca-can I believe my senses?' stuttered he. 'Mr. Netherleigh, is he one of your guests?'
- 'He is here on business,' was ant's reply 'Pass on, Colonel.' was the merchant's reply-
- chant's reply: 'Pass on, Colonel.'
 'No, sir, I will not pass on,' cried the enraged Colonel, who had not rightly caught the word business. 'Or if I do pass on it will only be to warn your guests to take care of their jewelry. So, sir,' he added, turning on his nephew, you can come back, can you, when the proceeds of your their are spent? you have been starring it in Calais, I hear; how long did the bracelet last you to live upon?' to live upon?
- 'Sir,' answered Gerard, with a pale face, 'it has been starving, rather than starring. I asserted my innocence at the time, Colonel Hope, and I repeat it now.
- 'Innocence!' ironically repeated the Colonel, turning to all sides of the hall, as if he took delight in parading the details of the unfortunate past. 'The trinkets were spread out on a table in Lady Sarah's own house—you came stealthily into it—after having been forbidden it for another fault -went stealthily into the room, and the ext minute the diamond bracelet was miss next minute the diamond bracelet ing. It was owing to my confounded folly in listening to a parcel of women that I did not bring you to trial at the time; I have only once regretted not doing it, and that has been ever since. A little wholesome correction at the Penitentiary might have made an honest man of you. Good night, Mr. Netherleigh; if you encourage him in your house you don't have me.'

Now another gentleman had entered and Now another gentleman had entered and heard this, some servants also heard it. Colonel Hope, who firmly believed in his nephew's guilt, turned off peppery and indignant; and Gerard, giving vent to sunry unnephew-like expletives, strode aftehim. The Colonel made a dash into a street cab, and Gerard walked towards the city.

- Lady Frances Chenevix, her dress all right again, at least to appearance, was sit-ting to get her breath after a whirling waltz. Next to her sat a ludy who had also been whirling; Frances did not know her.
- 'You are quite exhausted; we kept it up too long,' said the cavalier in attendance on the stranger. 'What can I get you?'
- 'My fan-there it is. Thank you. Noth ing else.
- 'What an old creature to dance herself wn!' thought Francis. 'She's forty it down!' thought Franc-s. she's a day.'

The lady opened her fan and proceeding to use it, the diamonds of her rich bracelet gleamed right in the eyes of Frances Chenevix. Frances looked at it and started; she strained hereyes and looked at it again she bent nearer to it, and became agriated with emotion. If her recollection did not play her false, that was the lost bracelet.

She discerned her sister, Lady Adela Netherleigh, and glided up to her. Adela, who is that lady? she asked, pointing to the stranger.

- 'I don't know who she is,' replied Lady Adela, carelessly, 'I did not catch the name. They came with the Cadogans.'
- 'The idea of your having people in your house that you don't know! indignantly spoke Frances, who was working herself into a fever. 'Where's Sarah? do you know
- 'In the card-room, glued to the whist-table.'
- Lady Sarah, however, had unglued her self, for Frances only turned from Lady Adela to encounter her. 'I do believe your lost bracelet is in the room,' she whispered, in agitation; I think I have seen it.'
- Impossible I' responded Lady Sarah Hope.
- 'It looks exactly the same; gold links interspersed with diamonds, and the clasp is the same; three stars. A tall, ugly woman has got it on, her black hair strained off her face.' nd the clasp A tall, ugly
- 'The hair strained off the face is enough to make any woman look ugly,' remarked Lady Sarah. Where is she?'
- 'There, she is standing up now; let us get close to her. Her dress is that beautiful maize color with blonde lace.'
- Lady Sarah Hope drew near and obtained a sight of the bracelet. The color flew into
- her face.
 'It is mine, Fanny,' she whispored.

- But the lady, at that moment, took a gentleman's arm, and moved away. Lady Sarah followed her, with the view of obtaining another look. Frances Chenevix went to Mr. Netherleigh and told him. He was hard of belief.
- 'You can not be sure at this distance of time, Fanny. And, besides, more brace-lets than one may have been made of that pattern.
- 'I am so certain that I feel as if I could swear to the bracelet,' cagerly replied Lady
- 'Hush, hush! Fanny.'
- 'I recollect it perfectly; it struck me the moment I saw it. How singular that I should have been talking to Gerard Hope about it this night?
- Mr. Netherleigh smiled. Amagination is very deceptive, Frances, and you having spoken to Mr. Hope of it brought it to your 4 Imagination thoughts.2
- But it could not have brought it to my eyes,' returned Frances. 'Stuff and non-sense about imagination, Mr. Netherleigh! I am positive it is the bracelet. Here comes Ludy Safah.'
- 'I suppose Frances has been telling you,' observed Lrdy Sarah Hope to her brother-in-law. 'I feel convinced it is my own bracelet.'
- 'But-as I have just remarked to Frances—other bracelets than yours may have been made precisely similar,' he urged.
- 'If it is mine, the initials 'S. H.' are scratched on the back of the middle star. I did it one day with a penknife.'
- 'You never mentioned that fact before, Lady Sarah, hastily responded the mer
- 'No I was determined to give no clue: I was always afraid of the affair's being traced home to Gerard, and it would have been such a disgrace to my husband's name.'
- 'Did you speak to her?—did you ask where she got the bracelet?' interrupted Frances.
- 'How could I?' retorted Lady Sarah. 'I don't know her.
- 'I will,' cried Frances, in a resolute tone. 'My dear Frances?' remonstrated Mr. Netherleigh.
- 'I vow I will,' persisted Frances, as she moved away.
- Lady Frances kept her word. She found the strange lady in the refreshment-room; and, locating herself by her side, entered upon a few trifling remarks, which were civilly received. Suddenly she dashed at once to her subject.
 - 'What a beautiful bracelet!'
- 'I think it is,' was the stranger's reply, holding out her arm for its inspection, without any reservation.
- Where did you buy it?' pursued Fran-
- 'Gerards are my jewelers.'
- This very nearly did for Frances; for it was at Gerrad's that the Colonel originally purchased it; and it seemed to give a coloring to Mr. Netherleigh's view of more bracelets having been made of the same pattern.—But she was too anxious and determined to stand upon ceremony—for Gerard's sake; and he was dearer to her than the world suspected.
- 'We—one of my family—lost s bracelet exactly like this, some time back. When I saw it on your arm, I thought it was the same; I hoped it was.'
- The lady froze directly, and laid down her
- 'Are you—pardon me, there are painful interests involved—are you sure you purchased this at Garrard's?' interests
- 'I have said that Messrs. Garrard are my ewclers,' replied the stranger, in a repelling oice; and the words sounded evasive to voice: and Frances. 'More I can not say; neither am aware by what law of courtesy you thus ad-

dress me, nor who you may be.'

The young lady drew herself up, proudly secure in her rank. 'I am Lady Frances Chenevix,' and the other bowed, and turned to the refreshment-table.

to the refreshment-table.

Away went Lady Frances to find the Cadogans, and inquire after the stranger.

It was a Lady Livingston. The husband had made a mint of money at something, had been knighted, and now they were

had been highted, and now they were launching out in to high society.

Frances' nose went into the air. Oh law to City knight and his wife! that was it, was it? How could Mrs. Cadogan have taken up with them?

The Houorable Mrs. Gadogan did not choose to say: beyond the assortion that

choose to say: beyond the assertion that they were extremely worthy, good kind of

people. She could have said that her spend-thrift of a husband had contrived to borrow money of Sir Jasper Livingstone; and to prevent being bothered for it, and keep them in good humor, they introduced the Livingstones where they could.

Frances Chenevix went home; that is, to Calcula House, and told how strange to

Frances Chenevix went hone; that is, to Colonel Hope's; and told her strange tale to Alice Scaton, not only about Gerard's being in England, but about the bracelet—Lady Sarah had nearly determined not to move in the matter, for Mr. Nethericigh had infected her with his dishelief, especially since she heard of Lady Livingstone's assertion that Messys. Garrard were her levelers tion that Messrs. Garrard were her jewelers. Not so Frances: she was determined to follow it up; and next morning, saying eva-sively that she wanted to call at her father's, sively that sile wanted to can at her latiners, she got possession of Lady Sarah's carriage, and down she went to Haymarket, to Garrard's. Alice Scaton, a fragile girl, with a once lovely countenance, but so faded now that she looked, as Frances had said, dying, mitted her extrem in a vitible state of rewaited her return in a pitiable state of excitement. Frances came in looking little less excited.

'Alice, it is the bracelet. I am more certain than ever. Garrard's people say they have sold articles of jewelry to Lady Livingstone, but not a diamond bracelet; and, moreover, that they never had, of that precise pattern, but the bracelet Colonel Hone bought.' Hope bought.

'What is to be done?' exclaimed Alice. 'I know: I shall go to those Living-stones; Gerard shall not stay under this cloud, if I can help him out of it. Mr. Neth-erleigh won't act in it—laughs at me; Lady Sarah won't not; and we dare not tell the Colonel; he is so obstinate and wrong-head-ed, he would be for arresting Gerard, neaded, he would be for arresting Gerard, pending the investigation.

Frances-

'Now don't preach, Alice. When I will . thing, I will: I am like my lady mother for that. Lady Sarah says she scratched her initials insde the bracelet, and I shall demand to see it; if these Livingstones refuse, I'll put the detectives on the scent. I will; as sure as my name is Frances Chemetric. viv.

And if the investigation should bring the ilt home to—to—Gerard? whispered guilt home Alice, in a hollow tone.

'And if it should bring it home to you! and if it should bring it home to mail south the exasperated Frances. 'For strain, we ice; it can not bring it home to Garage, but he was now omitte?

was nover guilty.?

Alice Seaton sighed: she saw there no help for it, for Lady Frances was a lute. I have a deeper stake in the you,' she said, after a pause of consideration; let me go to the Livingstones. You must refer the part of the pa not refuse me; I have an argent motive for wishing it.

'You, you weak mite of a thing! you would faint before you got half through the interview,' uttered Lady Frances, in a tone between jest and vexation.

Alice persisted. She had indeed a powerful reason for urging it, and Lady Frances allowed the point, though with much grumbling. The carriage was still at the door, for Lady Frances had desired that it should wait, and Alice hastily dressed herself and went down to it, without speaking to Lady Sarah. The footman was closing the door upon her, when out flew

Alice, I have made up my mind to go with you, for I cannot guard my patience until you are back again. I can sit in the carriage while you go in. Lady Livingstone will be two feet higher from to-day that the world should have been amazed with the spectacle of Lady Frances Chenevix waiting humbly at her door.'

Frances talked incessantly on the road, but Alice was silent: she was deliberating what she should say, and was nerving her-self to the task. Lady Livingstone was at home, and Alice, sending in her card, was conducted to her presence, leaving Lady Frances in the carriage.

Lady Frances had thus described her: woman as thin as a whipping-post, with a red nose: and Alice found Lady Living-stone answer to it very well. Sir Jasper, who was also present, was much older than who was also present, was much older than his wife, and short and thick; a good-natured looking man with a bald head.

looking man with a baid nead.

Alice, refined and sensitive, scarcely knew how she opened her subject, but she was met in a different manner from what she had expected. The knight and his wife were really worthy people, as Mrs. Cadogan had said, only she had a mania for getting into 'high life and high-lived company;' a thing she would never accomplish. They listered she would never accomplish. They listered to Alice's tale with courtesy, and at length with interest.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Foreign Mews.

GEN. LEE'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

To the Hon. Sec. of War, Richmond, Va.

To the Hon. See, of War, Richmond, Va.

Sin,—on the night of the 10th inst., the enemy commenced to throw three bridges over the Rappahannock, above Fredericksburg, and the third about a mile and a quarter below, near the mouth of Deep Run. The plain on which Fredericksburg stands is so completely commanded by the hills of Stafford in possession of the enemy, that no effectual opposition could be offered to the enstruction of the bridges or the passage of the river without exposing our troops to the destructive fire of his numerous batteries. Positions were, therefore, selected to oppose his advance after crossing. The narrowness of the Rappahannock, its winding course and deep bed, afforded opportunity for the construction of bridges at points beyond the reach of our artillery, and the banks had to be watched by skirmishers. The latter, sheltering themselves behind the houses, drove back the working parties of the enemy at the bridges opposite the city, but at the lowest point of crossing, where no shelter could be had, our sharpshooters were themselves driven off, and the completion of the bridge was effected about noon on the 11th. tion of the bridge was effected about noon on the 11th.

on the 11th.

On the afternoon of that day the enemy's batteries opened upon the city, and by dark had so demolished the houses on the river bank as to deprive our skirmishers of shelter, and under cover of his guns he effected a lodgment in the town. The troops which had so gallantly held the position in the city under the severo canonade during the day, resisting the advance of the enemy at every step, were withdrawn during the night, as were also those who, with equal tenacity, had maintained their post at the lowest bridge.

Under cover of darkness and of a days.

Under cover of darkness and of a dense fog on the 12th, a large force passed the river and took position on the right bank, protected by their heavy guns on the left. On the morning of the 13th, his arrangements for attack being completed, about 9 o'clock, the movement veiled by a fog, he advanced boldly in large force against our right wing. Gen. Jackson's corps occupied the right of our line, which rested on the railroad; Gen. Longstreet's the left, extending along the heights to the Rappahannock, above Fredericksburg; Gen. Stuart. with two brigades of cavalry, was posted on the extensive plain on our extreme right. As soon as the advance of the enemy was discovered through the fog, Gen. Stuart, with his accustomed promptness, moved up a section of his horse artillery, which opened with effect upon his flank, and drew upon the gallant Pelham a heavy fire, which he sustained unflinchingly for about two hours.

In the meantime the enemy was fiercely greenitered by Gen. A. P. Hill's division Under cover of darkness and of a dense

sustained unflinchingly for about two hours. In the meantime the enemy was fiercely encountered by Gen. A. P. Hill's division, forming Gen. Jackson's right, and, after an obstinate combat, repulsed. During this attack, which was protracted and hotly contested, two of Gen. Hill's brigadiers were driven back upon our second line. Gen. Early, with part of his division, boing ordered to his support, drove the enemy back from the point of woods he had seized, and pursued him into the plain until arrested by his artillery. The right of the enemy's columns extending beyond Hill's front, encountered the right of Gen. Hood, of Longstreet's corps. The enemy took possession of a small copse in front of Hood, but were quickly dispossessed and repulsed with loss.

quickly dispossessed and repulsed with loss. During the attack on our right the enemy was crossing troops over his bridges at Fredericksburg and massing them in front of Longstreet's line. Soon after his repulse on our right, he commenced a series of attacks on our left with a view of obtaining possession of the heights immediately overlooking the town. These repeated attacks were repulsed in gallsnt style by the Washington Artillery, under Col. Walton, and a portion of McLaw's division, which occupied these heights. The last assault was made after dark, when Gol. Alexander's battallion had relieved the Washington Artillery, whose ammunition had been exhausted, and ended the contest for the day. The enemy was supported in his attacks by the fire of strong batteries of artillery on the right bank of the river, as well as his numerous heavy batteries on the Stafford Heights.

Our loss during the operations since the movements of the enemy began amounts to about 1,800 killed and wounded. Among the former, I regret to report the death of the patriotic soldier and statesman, Brig. Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb, who fell upon our left; among the latter, the brave soldier number taken by us.

and accomplished gentleman, Brig. Gen. Maxey Gregg, who was very seriously, and, it is feared, mortally wounded during the attack on our right. The enemy to-day has been apparently engaged in caring for his wounded and burying his dead.

Wounded and burying his dead.

His troops are visible in their first position, in line of battle, but, with the exception of some desultory cannonading and firing between skirmishers, he has not attempted to renew the attack. About five hundred and fifty prisoners were taken during the engagement, but the extent of his loss is unknown.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, (Signed,) R. E. LEE.

HRADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTO- MAC, FALMOUTH, Dec. 19. To H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington :

General, I have to offer the following reasons for moving the Army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock sooner than was anticipated by the President, the Secretary of War, or yourself, and for crossing at a point different from the one indicated to too at our lets. point different from the one indicated to you at our last meeting at the l'resident's. During my preparation for crossing at the place I had first selected, I discovered that the enemy had thrown a large portion of his forces down the river and elsewhere, thus weakening his defences in front, and I also discovered that he did not anticipate the crossing of our whole force at Fredericksburg, and I hoped by rapidly throwing the whole command over at that place to separate by a vigorous attack the forces of the enemy on the river below from the forces behind and on the crest in the rear of the town, in which case we could light him with behind and on the crest in the rear of the town, in which case we could fight him with great advantage in our favor. To do this we had to gain a height on the extreme right of the crest, which height commands the new road lately made by the enemy for the purpose of more rapid communication along his entire line—which point gained, his position along the right crest would have been untenable, and he could have been driven from it by an attack on his front. In connection been untenable, and he could have been driven from it by an attack on his front, in connection with a movement on the rear of the crest. How near we came to accomplishing our object future reports will show—But for the fault and unexpected and unavoidable delay in building the bridges, which gave the enemy 24 hours more to concentrate his forces in his strong position, we would almost certainly have succeeded, in which case the battle would have been, in my opinion, far more decisive than if we had crossed at the places first selected; as it was we came very near success. Failing to had crossed at the places first selected; as it was we came very near success. Failing to accomplish the main object, we remained in order of battle two days, long enough to decide that the enemy would not come ont of his strongholds to fight us with his infantry, after which we crossed to this side of the river unmolested, without the loss of men or property. men or property.

As the day broke our long lines of troops were seen marching to their different positions, as if going to parade. Not the least demoralization or disorganization existed.

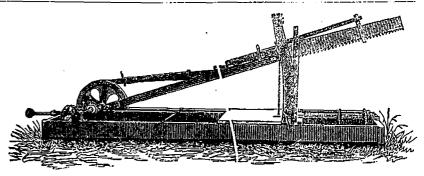
To the brave officers and soldiers who acomplished the feat of re-crossing the river in the face of the enemy, I owe everything. For the failure in the attack I am responsible, as the extreme galiantry, courage and endurance shown by them was never exceeded, and would have carried the points had it been receible. it been possible.

To the families and friends of the dead I can only offer my heartfelt sympathies; but for the wounded I can only offer my carnest prayers for their comfortable and final re-

The fact that I decided to move from War-The fact that I decided to move from Warrenton on to this line, rather against the opinion of the President, Secretary of War, and yourself and that you left the whole movement in my hands, without giving me orders, makes me responsible. I will write you very soon and give you more definite information, and finally will send you my detailed report, in which a special acknowledgment will be made of the services of the different grand divisions, corps, and my general and staff department of the army of the Potomac, whom I am so much indebted to for their support and hearty cooperation. operation.

operation.

I will add here, that the movement was made earlier than you expected, and after the President, Secretary, and yourself requested me not to be in haste, for the reason that we were supplied much sooner by the different staff departments than was anticipated when I saw you. Our killed amount to 1,152; our wounded about 9,000, and our prisoners to about 700, which last have been puroled and exchanged for about the same number taken by us. The wounded were all



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removed to this side of the river, and are being well cared for, and the dead were all buried under a flag of truce. The surgeon reports a much larger proportion of slight wounds than usual; 1,632 only being treated in hardisch. in hospitals.

I am glad to represent the army at the present time in good condition.

Thanking the Government for that entire support and confidence which I have always received from them.

I remain, General,

Very respectfully, Your obd't serv't,

A. E. BURNSIDE.

Notice to Correspondents.

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Commercial.

MARKETS-MONTREAL.

Montreal, Dec. 24.

Flour—Little doing; No. 1 superfine \$4 45 a \$4 50. Wheat unchanged. Corn in local demand; mixed western 48c a 49c. Ashes—Pots dull at \$6 40; pearls, little offering and firm at \$6 40 a \$6 45. Pork—Mess \$10 a \$10 50; prime mess \$8, nominal; dressed hogs \$3 75 a \$4 25. Butter—Demand good, at 13c a 17c for fair to choice.

NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 24.

New York, Dec. 24.

Flour receipts 28,568 bbls. Market dull and heavy; sales 8,500 bbls at \$5 70 a \$5 85 for superfine State.

Canadian flour a shade lower; sales 400 bbls \$6 05 a \$6 30 for common; \$6 40 a \$8 25 for good to choice extra.

Rye flour steady at \$4 50 a \$5 50.

WHEAT—Receipts 180 bush; market heavy and 1c to 2c lower; sales, 35,000 bush at \$1 20 a \$1 23 for Chisago. Spring, \$1 25 a \$1 31 for Milwaukee club.

Rye quiet at 85c for Western, 93c a 96c for State.

Barley dull at \$1 20 a \$1.50.

Barley dull at \$1 20 a \$1,50.

Corn.—Receipts 6057 bush; market steady with a moderate demand; sales 40,000 bush at 76c a 77c for shipping mixed Western.

Oats steady at 69c a 72c for common to wine.

Pork steady. Beef quiet. Cut ments unchanged. Dead hogs scarcely so firm at 53 a 6c for Western. Beef quiet. Cut ments un

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

Traffic for the week ending Dec. 13, 1862 \$103,901 14 Corresponding week last year. \$86,537 08

Increase . . . \$ 17,364 06 Amount of Company's freight, included in above.....do. corresponding week, '61 \$968 50

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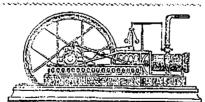
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