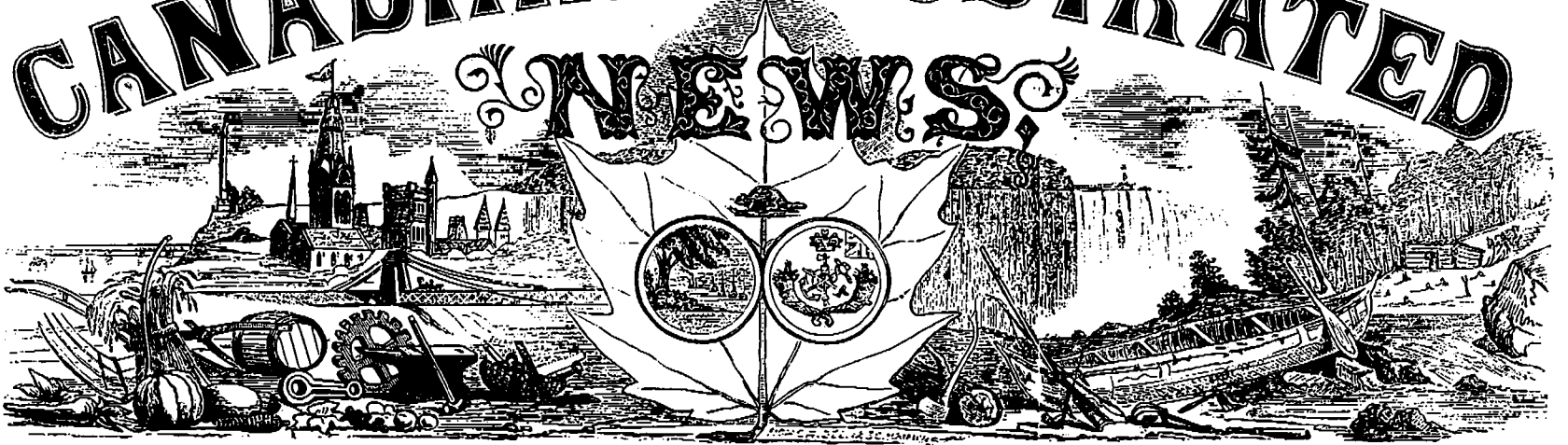


THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



VOL. II—No. 11.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

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FRED. W. CUMBERLAND, ESQ.
Managing Director of the
Northern Railroad of Canada;
Lieutenant-Colonel,
commanding the Tenth
Royal Regiment of Volunteer
Militia, in Toronto.

Had Mr. Cumberland been
left to speak for himself, his
modesty would have restrained
him from saying all that we
have, in this memoir, gathered
from his friends. Had we been
personally intimate with him
this memoir would have been
more comprehensive.

Mr. Cumberland, although
an Englishman by birth, passed
his youth in the Irish
Capital; until returning with
his family to England he entered
Kings College, and there
pursued his studies preparatory
to joining the profession of
Civil Engineering. On leaving
College his earlier professional
years were devoted to
engagements on the London
and Birmingham, North Mid-
land, London and Blackwall,
and other Railways then in
course of construction, until in
1843 he became attached to the
engineering department of the
Admiralty, and had the advantage
of the experience afforded
in the construction of the Har-
bours, Docks and other great
government works of Chatham
and Portsmouth. Resigning that
appointment, Mr. Cumberland
in 1847 emigrated to this Province,
and took up his residence
in Toronto; and almost immediately
after his arrival, was appointed
engineer to the County of York.
From that period to the present
time, his course has been one of
uninterrupted activity, and his
name has been associated with
most of the leading institutions
and public works of Toronto
and the Upper Province.

In those days however railways
had not been more than thought
of in Canada, and it was fortunate
that in the dearth of engineering
Mr. Cumberland was enabled to
turn his attention to architecture.
Thus we find many of the most
important works of this class
in Upper Canada are attributable
to him. Toronto however, in its
University, Osgoode Hall, Normal
Schools, English Cathedral, and
other prominent structures of
high character, having secured
the best and most numerous of
his works.



FREDERIC WILLIAM CUMBERLAND, ESQ., MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE NORTHERN
RAILWAY OF CANADA. LIEUT.-COLONEL OF TENTH ROYAL VOLUNTEER REGIMENT.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

In 1850 Mr. Cumberland was
appointed by Lord Elgin, Secretary
of the Provincial Industrial
Commission, which was charged
with the duty of securing the
proper representation of Canada
at the Great Exhibition of all
nations in 1851. In that capacity
he proceeded to England and was
present as a Canadian Commissioner
at the Crystal Palace—and all will
remember what success and
eclat was secured to the Canadian
department on that great occasion.
In 1852 Mr. Cumberland was
appointed 'Engineer-in-Chief'
to the Northern Railway, in suc-

cession to the Hon. H. C. Seymour,
engineer of the state of New York,
who, in consequence of some
difficulties between the company
and the Government, had resigned
that appointment. He carried
that work successfully to completion,
having in the progress of it the
satisfaction of establishing the
excellent harbour, and founding
the now prosperous town of
Collingwood. Thus he obtained
the singular distinction as an
engineer, of opening the first
Railway, and running the first
Locomotive Engine in Upper
Canada.

Returning to Canada he became
Managing Director of the Railway—the
appointment he now holds. The
success of his labors in this
capacity is best illustrated by
the fact that, under his administration,
the Railway has been entirely
reconstructed, and is now
probably one of the most substantial
roads on the continent; whilst
its trade has been so largely
developed and its management
so much economised, that whereas
up to 1860 its proprietors received
no dividends—this year they are
receiving their full six per cent—
and vitality and credit has been
given

In 1853 Mr. Cumberland was
appointed by Lord Elgin a member
of the Senate of the University
of Toronto, and when in 1856
it was decided to establish that
institution in a permanent home,
he was selected to visit similar
institutions in Europe for the
purpose of determining the
manner in which that object
should be fulfilled. It is enough
to point to the University of
Toronto as it now exists to
illustrate how well this duty
was performed.

During the period of which
we have been writing, Mr.
Cumberland filled various
offices of usefulness and social
distinction. Having in conjunction
with his friend, Mr. Sandford
Fleming, organized the Canadian
Institute he became one of its
earliest Vice-Presidents, and
has been President of the
Mechanics' Institute, of the
St. George's Society, and other
local associations.

In 1857, the Northern Railway
having fallen into great discredit
and embarrassment, and its
works having become almost
unsafe for public use, the then
Directors invited Mr. Cumberland
to accept a seat at their Board,
and appealed to him to engage
in some effort to rescue the
undertaking from its troubles.
Having accepted that invitation,
he at once entered upon those
measures by which the fortunes
of the Railway have since been
retrieved. In 1858 he visited
England for the purpose of
effecting the necessary
arrangements, preliminary to
the legislation of 1859, re-
organizing the company; and
in the latter year repeated his
visit, and secured the subscription
of the necessary capital.

to investments representing nearly three quarters of a million sterling.

Similar success has attended his direction of the affairs of the Port Hope Railway, the management of which, acting for its bondholders, he reorganised in a manner which from almost hopeless bankruptcy, has secured an improved property, and an interest bearing investment.

In politics Mr. Cumberland has always belonged to what is known as the Baldwin school—a sort of 'via-media' between the extreme parties—and to this, probably, is to be attributed the fact that he has heretofore refrained from any active participation in political affairs; yet he is a fluent and popular speaker, and is said to possess and quietly to exercise great political sagacity and considerable influence.

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FERGUSON & GREGORY.

Hamilton, July 1st, 1863.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, JULY 25, 1863.

WHAT IS CANADA DOING?

By a recent mail from England information comes that, in reply to a question asked in the House of Commons, the Under Secretary of State for War replied thus:

'The Commissioners sent out last year to inquire into the frontier defences of Canada have made their report, but until the colonial government have taken the matter into consideration, no steps can be adopted for carrying its recommendation into effect.'

The colonial government as there spoken of, includes the Parliament of Canada which is to assemble at Quebec on the 13th of August. We are in a position to make a two-fold announcement.

First. Had the Province done what was expected, and the city of Hamilton in that case given a fair quota of volunteers when asked for in December, 1861, the British Government would have expended imperial funds largely, and guaranteed if necessary, Provincial credit in obtaining funds for defences. A fort costing the Imperial treasury many thousands of pounds sterling would have been by this time built on the brow of the hill near the unfinished line of the Port Dover Railway to the eastward of Hamilton. That fort, and others on the beach and north shore of the bay, would have commanded the defence of the city as approachable by Great Western Railway, or by land or water from the East, the South, or the North. It would have defended the waterworks, which are doomed to destruction and the city to extremest suffering, if assailed by an enemy on the east side.

Second. The British troops now in Canada remain only conditionally. If the Parliament at its meeting three weeks hence, does not undertake to prepare for the defence of the Province, the army is to be withdrawn before the close of navigation in this year 1863.

The blame is erroneously attributed solely to the Cabinet of Mr. Sandfield Macdonald. A narrative of militia affairs would refute that allegation. Let us glance at the facts on behalf of Hamilton.

When seventy-five volunteers from each sedentary battalion of nominally six hundred men, were asked for by the Governor Gen-

eral in the proclamation of December, 1861, the occasion being the panic about the Trent steamer and the demand for the release of Stidell and Mason, by Great Britain, the whole number of volunteers who offered out of six thousand enrolled sedentaries, was thirteen persons. One battalion of six hundred gave three; and two of these were black men. Several of the battalions gave none. The invitation was such a failure that some battalions were not asked for volunteers. Yet when they were asked for at that time by railway officers they were obtained freely—cheerfully.

On the same occasion, the sedentaries enrolled in North Wentworth were assembled to the number of one thousand at Bullock's Corners, near the town of Dundas, seven miles north-west of Hamilton. The Dundas troop of cavalry under Captain Robertson, and Dundas company of artillery under Major Notman, M. P., enlivened the gathering with their presence. Of the thousand sedentaries, three hundred and fifty were men measuring six feet high and upwards. Their Colonel, Dr. Hamilton, delivered a spirited speech, which resulted in nearly twice the number of volunteers requested stepping to the front offering to be enrolled and drilled for permanent service.

What was the cause of difference among people living in the same county? A majority of the sedentaries of rural Wentworth were politically of the complexion of the urban sedentaries who did not volunteer in Hamilton. Moreover, Hamilton had the benefit of the Spectator newspaper to kindle in its people the fires of lofty emulation; to charm with its burning eloquence; to strengthen the loyalty of the city with its fervent patriotism. Yet the men of Hamilton were not warmed, charmed, nor strengthened. The Spectator, assuming to be conservative, loyal and patriotic, drivelled and grovelled. It was the venal organ of a ministry then seven years in office, which rightly or wrongly had been accused of many corrupt practices throughout Canada; and which was not wrongly accused, but rightly and fairly judged of practices subversive of military spirit in the people, everywhere, but especially at Hamilton.

A small force of about 200 men was kept together through the self-sacrificing public spirit and zeal of one gentleman, Lieutenant Colonel Alfred Booker. That was the Active Force, so called, which was exercised in the field a week once a year, and underwent the mockery of being paid for that week at a rate not equal to half the pay of common labourers. It was also drilled several times a week throughout the year, without being paid, except at the cost of Col. Booker and other officers.

But there was another force, voluntarily enrolled and drilled at the cost of its captain, now Major Skinner. At the close of the Crimean War the British government had in store an excess of soldiers' great-coats, and as Canada was then, 1856, remodelling the Militia Forces, and the ministers of the time, (better known subsequently as the Cartier-Macdonald Cabinet) were making much political capital out of the project, the Home Government, ever generous, made a present to the Cartier-Macdonald Cabinet of the Crimean great coats to cover and make comfortable their new Militia.

In the autumn of 1860, Captain Skinner having organized and clothed in uniform, a company which then and subsequently has cost him somewhat over \$1000; his officers \$200, and some of the men by small contributions, about \$100, applied to be furnished with as many of the Crimean great-coats then lying in store, as would give one to each of the company in the coming winter. After much correspondence the garments were in November, 1860 ordered to be sent. Half of the number reached Hamilton about the end of May, 1861, in time for the warm days of summer.

In October, 1861, Captain Skinner applied to have the complement at first asked for completed, before winter set in. December came, and with it the proclamation of the Governor General, urgently asking for active service volunteers. Half of that volunteer company already enrolled were still in mid-winter without the great coats which they were to have received at the beginning of the previous winter. The half company who had them, were by the official authority of the Minister of Militia, Mr. John A. Macdonald, Attorney General and Premier then filling that office, debarred from wearing the coats except within the

drill rooms when actually at drill. In the fiercely bitter cold they were to leave their homes in ordinary clothing, put the Crimean great coats on while warmly at drill, throw them off, and again go out in the cold in their own daily garb.

About the middle of May, 1862, the balance of the great-coats asked for in 1860, and ordered at twice by the zealous Minister of Militia reached Hamilton, again in time for the warm days in summer. They had been lying in store all the while; had cost Canada nothing. What! cost Canada nothing! Yes, the delay and mockery of the men, who were giving their time to drill without pay, had disgusted themselves and all who knew them and their treatment, at the very name of Militia Volunteers. (See further remarks on page 127.)

PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

From Leonard, Scott & Co., New York, we have American editions of the Edinburgh, North British, Westminster, and Quarterly Review, and Blackwood's Magazine. The four Reviews although bearing provincial or sectional names, are all metropolitan publications issued in London.

The Edinburgh treats of Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea, a subject of which soldiers and politicians cannot tire. Worsley's translation of the Odyssey, a subject which for two thousand years and some centuries more, has not tired poets, scholars, nor antiquarians, nor common readers. When the writer of this remark was a boy working in the fields he heard of an old copy of an English translation of Homer's Epics which could be purchased for half-a-crown at an old book stall in a city thirty-two miles distant. He started for that city on foot, eager to reach the book stall before the worn volume was sold; traveled all night, bought it, carried it home, and in the field at the resting hours in summer time, read it aloud to the listening, wondering men and women of the farm. True, the gods and goddesses of the Greeks were sad puzzles, but there was sufficient human interest in the tale told, and the poetry of battles to captivate the reader and listeners. The casual name of Homer's Odyssey brings up these pleasant visions of a time gone by.

The Edinburgh also treats of 'Tithe Impropriation'; 'Simanca's Records of the reign of Henry VII.' 'The Black Country'; (the regions of coal mines and iron melting furnaces in Britain) 'India under Lord Canning'; 'The Bible and the Church'; 'Sir Rutherford Alcock's Japan'; Professor Huxley on Man's Place in Nature. Surely that is a fine theme for the philosophic reader; and the 'Greek Revolution.'

The name of Sir Rutherford Alcock brings up strangely interesting recollections in the editorial memory. Though he is in Japan, and we on the Niagara peninsula of Canada, we were once military comrades among the mountains of Northern Spain; he a medical officer, subsequently Inspector of Hospitals; the writer, oscillating from dragoon to drill sergeant in infantry, colour sergeant, sergeant major, leader of 'fighting Highlanders' (or, as correctly, fighting Irish—for half of our 'Highlanders' in Spain were Irish); then carried to hospital wounded, as was thought mortally, to be sewn up and made, the pieces into one man, by Dr. Rutherford Alcock.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—This also brings up the memory of old friends. Dr. Bowring and Colonel Perronet Thompson originated that periodical in 1828-29. We knew them both intimately in after years, and joined our literary weapon with theirs. But of late the Westminster has earned a reputation for antagonism to revealed religion under the guise of philosophical inquiry. It professes to be 'liberal,' which is, on religious subjects, as too often in politics, to be narrow-minded, presumptuous, intolerant. We had occasion lately in conversation to refer to what a Bishop of the English Church in Canada had said on a subject purely literary and secular. 'Oh,' said the interlocutor, we do not care to know what a bishop says; we are all liberals in this village!

The subjects treated in the Westminster are: 'Austrian Constitutionalism'; 'The Reformation Arrested'; 'The Resources of India'; 'The Jews of Western Europe'; 'Lady Morgan'; 'Truth versus Edification'; 'The Antiquity of Man,' and contemporary Literature.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.—This was once remarkable for its unreasoning, obstinate Toryism, the violence of its political and personal antagonisms; yet even then it was the organ of learning, and occasionally of the best current literature. It is now more refined, reasonable, literary and philosophic.

Its articles in the issue before us are: 'Industrial Resources of India'; 'The American War—Fort Sumter to Fredericksburg'; (Not fairly written as a matter of course; and as regards the early future of Canada, one more contribution from the English press leading to the immersion of this Province in all the calamities of war.) 'History of Cyclopedias'; 'The Salmon Question'; 'Biblical Criticism—Colenso and Davidson'; 'Poland'; 'Sensation Novels'; and 'Kinglake's Crimea.'

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—This periodical began soon after the Disruption of the Church of Scotland in 1843, and was intended to be the organ of the seceding party, known as the Free Church; 'Free' in their case not meaning freedom from pecuniary impost, or freedom of opinion in the individual, but freedom from the intervention of lay patronage on the part of the crown, or of the proprietors of landed estates, in whom was vested the nomination of ministers to parishes.

Lay patronage was in practice a grave mistake in State politics. But the different religious seceders who separating from it repudiated State payments, and endowments seem to have gone into the extremity of another mistake. The 'Free Church' and 'United Presbyterians' of this Province have joined as the 'Canada Presbyterian Church.' We were present at one of their seditious, when lately they met in Synod at Hamilton, and listened to a debate on a case where the congregation had failed to pay their minister according to moral and religious obligation. By repudiating the law of the land, and substituting their own ecclesiastical law, the Canada Presbyterian Church were in this predicament; that they could not recover the stipend for the injured minister by suing defaulters at the Division Court, but could only refuse to the defaulting heads of families, church ordinances. That is, because some father refused to pay, the children were to remain unbaptised, and their mother, if she believed in Christian baptism, to see them growing around her the heirs of perdition; and she and her husband living under the penalties of excommunication, unless they separated from the Church where they had not paid their dues and joined one where that was not an objection. For the credit of the Synod, a majority seemed to dissent from excommunication, and some expressed themselves that the refusal of church ordinances to defaulting members was, 'little better than popery.'

In that same week at Quebec, newspapers told that on the Plains of Abram a female of unhappy reputation gave birth to a child on the open waste. A woman who lived near carried the infant to the place for receiving such for baptism into the Catholic church, leaving the mother to perish, if she might, without help and without compassion, for she was a sinner. The difference between that case and the one debated in Synod at Hamilton, was the measure of difference between the two churches on the power and practice of infant baptism. The man or men in the Presbytery of Stratford, C. W. were to have their children placed in jeopardy of perdition, (had not the better sense of the Synod, or their fear of scaring members of theirs into other churches, prevailed) because of default in paying dues to a Protestant Church. The child of the outcast woman at Quebec was to be christened and so far saved to the Catholic Church, but the woman in her helplessness was left to perish.

The articles in the North British are 'Disintegration of Empires'; 'Danish Literature,—Past and Present.' 'Kinglake's Crimea,' 'Vegetable Epidemics,' 'Hill Tribes in India'; 'Modern Preaching,' M. M. Saisset and Spinoza, and 'British Intervention in foreign struggles.'

All these articles are the product of minds accustomed to the discipline of thought; but we have not yet read them with that careful attention that might excuse a decided opinion on their merits. Any reader who can afford the slightest indulgence in luxuries can afford to purchase those four Reviews. In the course of a year they are a library.

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—While closing this page the prospectus of this projected serial has come to hand. The first number is to be published in September next, if a sufficiency of subscribers be obtained. The name of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, M.P.P. as Editor in chief is in itself a tower of strength. Three other Editors are announced, followed by the names of twenty-nine contributors.—We shall refer to this great project again. Any periodical having in view the exaltation of the literary standard of Canada has our earnest sympathy.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

Daughter of the great English Novelist.

CHAPTER I.

This is the story of a foolish woman, who, through her own folly, learned wisdom at last; whose troubles—they were not very great, they might have made the happiness of some less eager spirit—were more than she knew how to bear. The lesson of life was a hard lesson to her. She would not learn, she revolted against the wholesome doctrine. And while she was crying out that she would not learn, and turning away and railing and complaining against her fate; days, hours, fate, went on their course. And they passed unmoved; and it was she who gave way, she who was altered, she who was touched and torn by her own complaints and regrets.

Elizabeth had great soft eyes and pretty yellow hair, and a sweet flitting smile, which came out like sun-light over her face, and lit up yams and mince, and any other it might chance to fall upon. She used to smile at herself in the glass, as many a girl has done before her; she used to dance about the room, and think, 'Come life, come life, mine is going to be a happy one. Here I am awaiting, and I was made handsome to be admired, and to be loved, and to be hated by a few, and worshiped by a few, and envied by all. I am handsomer than Lætitia a thousand times. I am glad I have no money as she has, and that I shall be loved for myself, for my 'beaux yeux.' One person turns pale when they look at him. 'Tra la la, tra la la!' and she danced along the room singing. There was no carpet, only a smooth polished floor. Three tall windows looked out into a busy Paris street paved with stones, over which carriages, and cabs, and hand-trucks were jolting. There was a clock, and artificial flowers in china vases on the chimney, a red velvet sofa, a sort of 'etagere' with ornaments, and a great double-door wide open, through which you could see a dining-room, also bare, polished, with a round table and an oil-cloth cover, and a white china stove, and some wax-work fruit on the side-board, and a maid in a white cap at work in the window.

Presently there came a ring at the bell. Elizabeth stopped short in her dance, and the maid rose, put down her work, and went to open the door; and then a voice, which made Elizabeth smile and look handsomer than ever, asked if Mrs. and Miss Gilmour were at home?

Elizabeth stood listening, with her fair head a little bent, while the maid said, 'No, sare,' and then Miss Gilmour flushed up quite angrily in the inner room, and would have run out. She hesitated only for a minute, and then it was too late; the door was shut, and Clementine sat down again to her work.

'Clementine, how dare you say I was not at home?' cried Elizabeth, suddenly standing before her.

'Madame desired me to let no one in in her absence,' said Clementine, primly. 'I only obeyed my orders. There is the gentleman's card.'

'Sir John Dampier' was on the card, and then, in pencil, 'I hope you will be at home in Chester street next week. Can I be your 'avant-courier' in any way? I cross to-night.'

Elizabeth smiled again, shrugged her shoulders and said to herself, 'Next week; I can afford to wait better than he can, perhaps. Poor man! After all, 'il y en a bien d'autres;' and she went to the window, and, by leaning out, she just caught a glimpse of the Madeleine and of Sir John Dampier walking away; and then presently she saw her mother on the opposite side of the street, passing the stall of the old apple-woman, turning in under the archway of the house.

Elizabeth's mother was like her daughter, only she had black eyes and black hair, and where her daughter was wayward and yielding, the elder woman was wayward and determined. They did not care much for one another, these two. They had not lived together all their lives, or learnt to love one another, as a matter of course; they were too much alike, too much of an age: Elizabeth was eighteen, and her mother thirty-six. If Elizabeth looked twenty, the mother looked thirty, and she was as vain, as foolish, as fond of admiration as her daughter. Mrs. Gilmour did not own it to herself, but she had been used to it all her life—to be first, to be much made of; and here was a little girl who had sprung up somehow, and learnt of herself to be charming—more charming than she had ever been in her best days; and now that they had slid away,

those best days, the elder woman had a dull, unconscious discontent in her heart. People whom she had known, and who had admired her but a year or two ago, seemed to neglect her now and to pass her by, in order to pay a certain homage to her daughter's youth and brilliance: John Dampier, among others, whom she had known as a boy, when she was a young woman. Good mothers, tender-hearted women, brighten again and grow young over their children's happiness and success. Caroline Gilmour suddenly became old somehow, when she first witnessed her daughter's triumphs, and she felt that the wrinkles were growing under her wistful eyes, and that the color was fading from her cheeks, and she gasped a little sigh and thought, 'Ah! how I suffer! What is it? what can have come to me?' As time passed on, the widow's brows grew darker, her lips set ominously. One day she suddenly declared that she was weary of London and London ways, and that she should go abroad; and Elizabeth, who liked everything that was change, that was more life and more experience—she had not taken into account that there was any other than the experience of pleasure in store for her—Elizabeth clapped her hands and cried, 'Yes, yes, mamma; I am quite tired of London and all this excitement. Let us go to Paris for the winter, and lead a quiet life.'

'Paris is just the place to go to for quiet,' said Mrs. Gilmour, who was smoothing her shining locks in the glass, and looking intently into her own dark, gloomy eyes.

'The Dampiers are going to Paris,' Elizabeth went on; 'Lady Dampier and Sir John, and old Miss Dampier and Lætitia. He was saying how he wished you would go. We could have such fun! Do go, dear, pretty mamma!'

As Elizabeth spoke, Mrs. Gilmour's dark eyes brightened, and suddenly her hard face melted; and, still looking at herself in the glass, she said, 'We will go if you wish it, Elly. I thought you had had enough of balls.'

But the end of the Paris winter came, and even then Elly had not had enough: not enough admiration, not enough happiness, not enough new dresses, not enough of herself, not enough time to suffice her eager, longing desires, not enough delights to fill up the swift flying days. I cannot tell you—she could not have told you herself—what she wanted, what perfection of happiness, what wonderful thing. She danced, she wore beautiful dresses, she flirted, she chattered nonsense and sentiment, she listened to music; her pretty little head was in a whirl. John Dampier followed her from place to place; and so, indeed, did one or two others. Though she was in love with them all, I believe she would have married this Dampier if he had asked, but he never did. He saw that she did not really care for him; opportunity did not befriended him. His mother was against it; and then, her mother was there, looking at him with her dark, reproachful eyes—those eyes which had once fascinated and then repelled him, and that he mistrusted so and almost hated now.—And this is the secret of my story; but for this, it would never have been written. He hated, and she did not hate, poor woman! It would have been better, a thousand times, for herself and for her daughter, had she done so. Ah! what cruel perversion was it, that the best of all good gifts should have turned to trouble, to jealousy and wicked rancor; that this sacred power of faithful devotion, by which she might have saved herself and ennobled a mean and earthly spirit, should have turned to a curse instead of a blessing!

There was a placid, pretty niece of Lady Dampier, called Lætitia, who had been long destined for Sir John. Lætitia and Elizabeth had been at school together for a good many dreary years, and were very old friends. Elizabeth all her life used to triumph over her friend, and to bewilder her with her careless, gleeful ways, and yet win her over to her own side, for she was irresistible, and she knew it. Perhaps it was because she knew it so well that she was so confident and so charming. Lætitia, although she was sincerely fond of her cousin, used to wonder that her aunt could be against such a wife for her son.

'She is a sort of princess,' the girl used to say; 'and John ought to have a beautiful wife for the credit of the family.'

'Your fifty thousand pounds would go a great deal further to promote the credit of the family, my dear,' said old Miss Dampier, who was a fat, plain-spoken, kindly old lady. 'I like the girl, though my sister-in-law does not; and I hope that some day she will find a very good husband. I confess that I had rather it were not John.'

And so one day John was informed by his mother, who was getting alarmed, that she was going home, and that she could not think of crossing without him. And Dampier, who was careful, as men are mostly, and wanted to think about his decision, and who was anxious to do the very best for himself in every respect—as is the way with just, and good, and respectable gentlemen—was not at all loth to obey her summons.

Here was Lætitia, who was very fond of him—there was no doubt of that—with a house in the country and money at her bankers'; there was a wayward, charming, beautiful girl, who didn't care for him very much, who had little or no money, but whom he certainly cared for. He talked it all over dispassionately with his aunt—so dispassionately that the old woman got angry.

'You are a model young man, John. It quite affects me, and makes me forget my years, to see the admirable way in which you young people conduct yourselves. You have got such well-regulated hearts, it's quite a marvel. You are quite right; Tishy has got fifty thousand pounds, which will all go into your pocket, and respectable connections, who will come to you: wedding, and Elly Gilmour has not a penny except what her mother will leave her—a mother with a bad temper, and who is sure to marry again; and though the girl is the prettiest young creature I ever set eyes on, and though you care for her as you never cared for any other woman before, men don't marry wives for such absurd reasons as that. You are quite right to have nothing to do with her; and I respect you for your noble self-denial.' And the old lady began to knit away at a great long red comforter she had always on hand for her other nephew the clergyman.

'But, my dear aunt Jean, what is it you want me to do?' cried John.

'Drop one, knit two together,' said the old lady, cliquetting her needles.

She really wanted John to marry his cousin, but she was a spinster still and sentimental; and she could not help being sorry for pretty Elizabeth; and now she was afraid that she had said too much, for her nephew frowned, put his hands into his pockets, and walked out of the room.

He walked down stairs, and out of the door into the Rue Royale, the street where they were lodging; then he strolled across the Place de la Concorde, and in at the gates of the Tuileries, where the soldiers were pacing, and so along the broad path, to where he heard a sound of music, and saw a glitter of people. Tum te tum, bom, bom, bom, went the military music; twittering busy little birds were chirping up in the branches; buds were bursting; colors glimmering; tinted sun-shine flooding the garden, and the music, and the people; old gentlemen were reading newspapers on the benches; children are playing at hide-and-seek behind the statues; nurses gossiping, and nodding their white caps, and dandling their white babies; and there on chairs, listening to the music, the mammas were sitting in grand bonnets and parasols, working, and gossiping too; and ladies and gentlemen went walking up and down before them. All the windows of the Tuileries were ablaze with the sun; the terraces were beginning to gleam with crocuses and spring flowers.

As John Dampier was walking along, scarcely noting all this, he heard his name softly called, and turning round he saw two ladies sitting under a budding horse-chestnut tree. One of them he thought looked like a fresh spring flower, herself smiling pleasantly, all dressed in crisp light gray, with a white bonnet, and a quantity of bright yellow hair.—She held out a little gray hand and said,

'Wont you come and talk to us? Mamma and I are tired of listening to music.—We want to hear somebody talk.'

And then mamma, who was Mrs. Gilmour, held out a straw-colored hand, and said, 'Do you think sensible people have nothing better to do than to listen to your chatter, Elly? Here is your particular friend, M. de Vaux, coming to us. You can talk to him?'

Elizabeth looked up quickly at her mother, they glanced at Dampier, then greeted M. de Vaux as pleasantly almost as she had greeted him.

'I am afraid I cannot stay now,' said Sir John to Elizabeth. 'I have several things to do. Do you know that we are going away immediately.'

Mrs. Gilmour's black eyes seemed to flash into his face as he spoke. He felt them, though he was looking at Elizabeth, and could not help turning away with an impatient movement of dislike.

'Going away! Oh, how sorry I am,' said Elly. 'But, mamma, I forgot—you

said we were going home, too, in a few days; so I don't mind so much. You will come and say good-bye, won't you?' Elizabeth went on, while M. de Vaux, who had been waiting to be spoken to, turned away rather provoked, and made some remark to Mrs. Gilmour. And then Elizabeth, seeing her opportunity, and looking up, frank, fair, and smiling, said quickly, 'To-morrow at three, mind—and give my love to Lætitia,' she went on, much more deliberately, 'and my best love to Miss Dampier; and oh, dear! why does one ever have to say good-bye to one's friends? Are you sure you are all really going?'

'Alas!' said Dampier, looking down at the kind young face with strange emotion and tenderness, and holding out his hand.—He had not meant it as good-bye yet, but so Elly and her mother understood it.

'Good-bye, Sir John; we shall meet again in London,' said Mrs. Gilmour.

'Good-bye,' said Elly, wistfully raising her sweet eyes. And this was the last time he ever saw her thus.

As he walked away, he carried with him a bright picture of the woman he loved, looking at him kindly, bappy, surrounded with sunshine and budding green leaves, smiling and holding out her hand; and so he saw her in his dreams sometimes; and so she would appear to him now and then in the course of his life; so he sometimes sees her now, in spring-time, generally when the trees are coming out, and some little chirp of a sparrow or some little glistening green bud conjures up all these old by-gone days again.

Mrs. Gilmour did not sleep very sound all that night. While Elizabeth lay dreaming in her dark room, her mother, with wild falling black hair, and wrapped in a long red dressing-gown, was wandering restlessly up and down, or flinging herself on the bed or the sofa, and trying at her bed-side desperately to sleep, or falling on her knees with clasped outstretched hands. Was she asking for her own happiness at the expense of poor Elly's? I don't like to think so—it seems so cruel, so wicked, so unnatural. But remember, here was a passionate selfish woman, who for long years had had one dream, one idea; who knew that she loved this man twenty times—twenty years—more than did Elizabeth, who was but a little child when this mad fancy began.

'She does not care for him a bit,' the poor wretch said to herself over and over again. 'He likes her, and he would marry her if—I chose to give him the chance.—She will be as happy with anybody else. I could not bear this—it would kill me. I never suffered such horrible torture in all my life. He hates me. It is hopeless; and I—I do not know whether I hate him or I love him most. How dare she tell him to come to-morrow, when she knew I would be out. She shall not see him. We will neither of us see him again; never—oh! never. But I shall suffer, and she will forget. Oh! if I could forget! And then she would fall down on her knees again; and because she prayed, she blinded herself to her own wrong-doings, and thought that heaven was on her side.'

And so the night went on. John Dampier was haunted with strange dreams, and saw Caroline Gilmour more than once coming and going in a red gown, and talking to him, though he could not understand what she was saying; sometimes she was in his house at Guildford; sometimes in Paris; sometimes sitting with Elly up in a chestnut tree, and chattering like a monkey; sometimes gliding down interminable rooms and opening door after door. He disliked her worse than ever when he awoke in the morning.—Is this strange? It would have seemed to me stranger had it not been so. We are not blocks of wax and putty with glass eyes, like the people at Madame Tussaud's; we have souls, and we feel and we guess at more than we see round about us, and we influence one another for good or for evil from the moment we come into the world. Let us be humbly thankful if the day comes for us to leave it before we have done any great harm to those who live their lives alongside with ours.

And so the next morning Caroline asked her daughter if she would come with her to M. le Pasteur Tournour's at two. 'I am sure you would be the better for listening to a good man's exhortation,' said Mrs. Gilmour.

'I don't want to go, mamma. I hate exhortations,' said Elizabeth, pettishly; 'and you know how ill it made me last Tuesday. How can you like it—such dreary, sleepy talk. It gave me the most dreadful headache.'

'Poor child,' said Mrs. Gilmour, 'perhaps the day may come when you will find

out that a headache is not the most terrible calamity. But you understand that if you do not choose to come with me, you must stay at home. I will not have you going about by yourself, or with any chance friends—it is not respectable.

Elly shrugged her shoulders, but resigned herself with wonderful good grace. Mrs. Gilmour prepared herself for her expedition: she put on a black silk gown, a plain bonnet, a black cloak. I cannot exactly tell you what change came over her. It was not the lady of the Tuileries the day before; it was not the woman in the red dressing-gown. It was a respectable, quiet personage enough, who went off primly with her prayer-book in her hand, and who desired Clementine on no account to let anybody in until her return.

'Miss Elizabeth is so little to be trusted,' so she explained quite unnecessarily to the maid, 'that I cannot allow her to receive visits when I am at home.'

And Clementine, who was a stiff, ill-humored woman, pinched her lips and said, 'Bien, madame.'

And so when Elizabeth's best chance for happiness came to the door, Clementine closed it again with great alacrity, and shut out the good fortune, and sent it away. I am sure that if Dampier had come in that day and seen Elly once more, he could not have helped speaking to her and making her and making himself happy in so doing. I am sure that Elly, with all her vanities and faults, would have made him a good wife, and brightened his dismal old house; but I am not sure that happiness is the best portion after all, and that there is not something better to be found in life than mere worldly prosperity.

Dampier walked away, almost relieved, and yet disappointed too. 'Well, they will be back in town in ten days,' he thought, 'and we will see then. But why the deuce did the girl tell me three o'clock, and then not be at home to see me?' And as ill-luck would have it, at this moment, up came Mrs. Gilmour. 'I have just been to see you, to say good-bye,' said Dampier.—'I was very sorry to miss you and your daughter.'

'I have been attending a meeting at the house of my friend the Pasteur Tournour,' said Mrs. Gilmour; 'but Elizabeth was at home—would not she see you?' She blushed up very red as she spoke, and so did John Dampier; her face glowed with shame and with vexation.

'No; she would not see me,' cried he.—'Good by, Mrs. Gilmour.'

'Good by,' she said, and looked up with her black eyes; but he was staring vacantly beyond her, busy with his own reflections, and then she felt it was good-by for ever.

He turned down a wide street, and she crossed mechanically and came along the other side of the road, as I have said; past the stall of the old apple-woman; advancing demurely, turning in under the archway of the house.

She had no time for remorse. 'He does not care for me,' was all she could think; 'he scorns me—he has behaved as no gentleman would behave.' (Poor John!—in justice to him I must say that this was quite an assumption on her part.) And at the same time John Dampier, at the other end of the street, was walking away in a huff, and saying to himself that 'Elly is a little heartless flirt; she cares for no one but herself. I will have no more to do with her. Lætitia would not have served me so.'

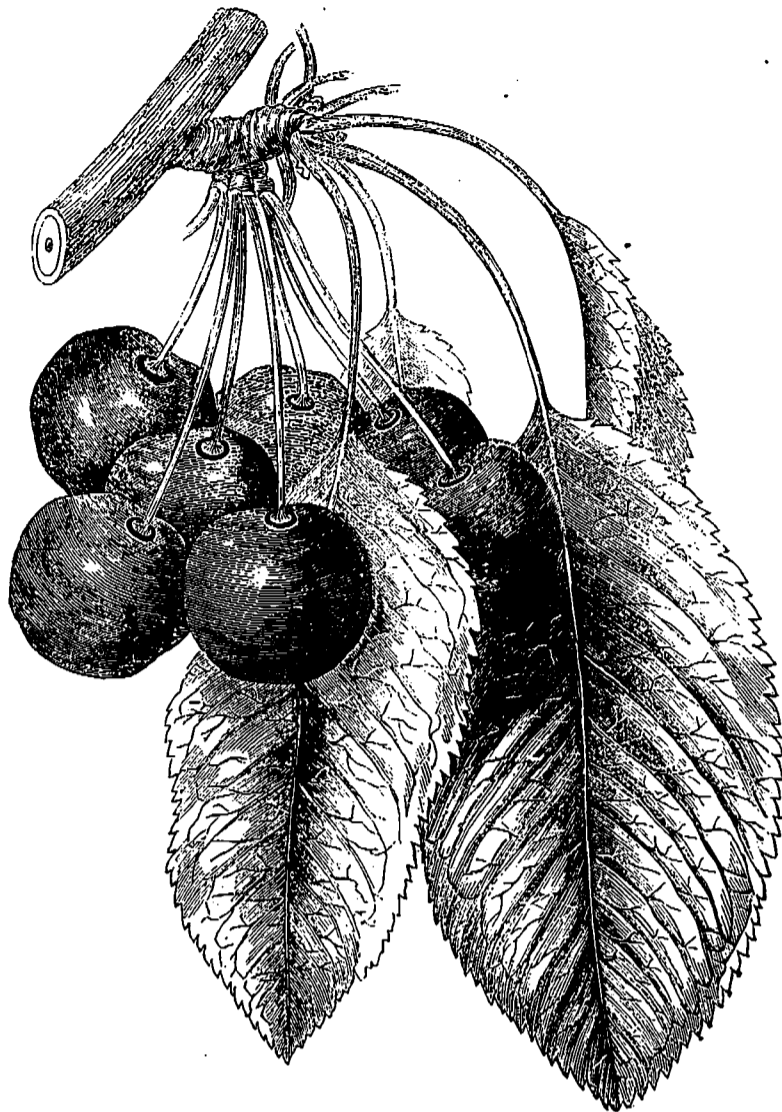
Elly met her mother at the door. 'Mamma, how could you be so horrid and disagreeable? why did you tell Clementine to let no one in?' She shook back her curly locks and stamped her little foot, as she spoke, in her childish anger.

'You should not give people appointments when I am out of the way,' said Mrs. Gilmour, primly. 'Why did you not come with me? Dear M. Tournour's exposition was quite beautiful.'

'I hate Monsieur Tournour!' cried Elizabeth; 'and I should not do such things if you were kind, mamma, and liked me to amuse myself and to be happy; but you sit there, prim and frowning, and thinking everything wrong that is harmless; and you spoil all my pleasure; and it is a shame—and a shame—and you will make me hate you too;' and she ran into her own room, banged the door, and locked it.

I suppose it was by way of compensation to Elly that Mrs. Gilmour sat down and wrote a little note, asking Monsieur de Vaux to tea that evening to meet M. le Pasteur Tournour and his son.

Elizabeth sat sulking in her room all the afternoon, the door shut; the hum of a busy city came in at her open window; then the



BLACK TARTRARIA, PRIZE CHERRIES.

SKETCHED (NATURAL SIZE) FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

glass panes blazed with light, and she remembered how the windows of the Tuileries had shone at that time the day before, and she thought how kind and how handsome Dampier looked, as he came walking along, and how he was worth ten Messieurs de Vaux and twenty foolish boys like Anthony Tournour. The dusky shadows came creeping round the room, dimming a pretty picture.

It was a commonplace little 'tableau de genre' enough—that of a girl sitting at a window, with clasped hands, dreaming dreams more or less silly, with the light falling on her hair, and on the folds of her dress, and on the blazing petals of the flowers on the balcony outside, and then overhead a quivering green summer sky. But it is a little picture that nature is never tired of reproducing; and, besides nature, every year, in the Royal Academy, I see half-a-dozen such representations.

In a quiet, unconscious sort of way, Elly made up her mind, this summer afternoon—made up her mind, knowing not that perhaps it was too late, that the future she was accepting, half-glad, half-reluctant, was, maybe, already hers no more; to take or to leave. Only a little stream, apparently easy to cross, lay, as yet, between her and the figure she seemed to see advancing towards her. She did not know that every day this little stream would widen and widen, until in time it would be a great ocean lying between them. Ah! take care, my poor Elizabeth, that you don't tumble into the waters, and go sinking down, down, down, while the waves close over your curly yellow locks.

'Will you come to dinner, mademoiselle?' said Clementine, rapping at the door with the finger of fate which had shut out Sir John Dampier only a few hours ago.

'Go away!' cries Elizabeth.

'Elizabeth! dinner is ready,' says the mother, from outside, with unusual gentleness.

'I don't want any dinner,' says Elly; and then feels very sorry and very hungry the minute she has spoken. The door was locked, but she had forgotten the window, and Mrs. Gilmour, in a minute, came along the balcony, with her silk dress rustling against the iron bars.

'You silly girl! come and eat,' said the mother, still strangely kind and forbearing. 'The Vicomte de Vaux is coming to tea,

and Monsieur Tournour and Anthony; you must come and have your dinner, and then let Clementine dress you; you will catch cold if you sit here any longer;' and she took the girl's hand gently and led her away.

For the first time in her life, Elizabeth almost felt as if she really loved her mother; and, touched by her kindness, and with a sudden impulse, and melting and blushing, and all ashamed of herself, she said, almost before she knew what she had spoken, 'Mamma, I am very silly, and I've behaved very badly, but I did so want to see him again.'

Mrs. Gilmour just dropped the girl's hand. 'Nonsense, Elizabeth; your head is full of silly school-girl notions. I wish I had had you brought up at home instead of at Miss Straightboard's.'

'I wish you had, mamma,' said Elly, speaking coldly and quietly; 'Lætitia and I were both very miserable there.' And then she sat down at the round table to break bread with her mother, hurt, wounded, and angry. Her face looked hard and stern, like Mrs. Gilmour's; her bread choked her; she drank a glass of water, and it tasted bitter, somehow. Was Caroline more happy? Did she eat with better appetite? She ate more, she looked much better than usual, she talked a good deal. Clementine was secretly thinking what a good-for-nothing, ill-tempered girl mademoiselle was; what a good woman, what a good mother was madame. Clementine revenged some of madame's wrongs upon Elizabeth by pulling her hair after dinner, as she was plaiting and pinning it up. Elly lost her temper, and violently pushed Clementine away, and gave her warning to leave.

Clementine, furious, and knowing that some of the company had already arrived rushed into the drawing-room with her wrongs. 'Mademoiselle m'a pousse, madame; mademoiselle m'a dit des injures; mademoiselle m'a congediee.' But in the middle of her harangue, the door flew open, and Elizabeth, looking like an empress bright cheeks flushed, eyes sparkling, hair crisply curling, and all dressed in shining pink silk, stood before them.

I don't think they had ever seen anybody like her before, those two M. M. Tournours, who had just arrived; they both rose, a little man and a tall one, father and son; and besides these gentleman, there was an old lady in a poke bonnet sitting there too,

who opened her shrewd eyes and held out her hand. Clementine was crushed, eclipsed, forgotten. Elizabeth advanced, tall slim, stately, with widespread petticoats; but she began to blush very much when she saw Miss Dampier. For a few minutes there was a little confusion of greeting, and voices and chairs moved about, and then—

'I came to say good-by to you,' said the old lady, 'in case we should not meet again. I am going to Scotland in a month or two—perhaps I may be gone by the time you get back to town.'

'Oh, no, no! I hope not,' said Elizabeth. She was very much excited, the tears almost came into her eyes.

'We shall most likely follow you in a week or ten days,' said Mrs. Gilmour, with a sort of laugh, 'there is no necessity for any sentimental leave-taking.'

'Does that woman mean what she says,' thought the old lady, looking at her; and then turning to Elizabeth again, she continued: 'There is no knowing what may happen to any one of us, my dear. There is no harm in saying good-by, is there?—Have you any message for Lætitia or Catherine?'

'Give Lætitia my very best love,' said Elly, grateful for the old lady's kindness; 'and—and I was very, very sorry that I could not see sir John when he came to-day so good-naturedly.'

'He must come and see you in London,' said Miss Dampier, very kindly still. (She was thinking, 'She does care for him, poor child.')

'Oh, yes! in London,' repeated Mrs. Gilmour; so that Elly looked quite pleased, and Miss Dampier again said to herself, 'She is decidedly not coming to London. What can she mean? Can there be anything with that Frenchman, De Vaux? Impossible? And then she got up, and said aloud, 'Well, good-by. I have all my gowns to pack up, and my knitting, Elly. Write to me, child sometimes!'

'Oh, yes, yes!' cried Elizabeth, flinging her arms round the old lady's neck, and kissing her and whispering, 'Good-by, dear, dear Miss Dampier.'

At the door of the apartment, Clementine was waiting, hoping for a possible five-franc piece. 'Bon soir, madame,' said she.

'Oh, indeed,' said Miss Dampier, staring at her and she passed out with a sort of sniff, and then she walked home quietly through the dark back streets, only, as she went along, she said to herself every now and then, she hardly knew why, 'Poor Elly, poor child!'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTES ON CHERRIES.

The botanical name of the cherry tree is *Cerasus*. The numerous varieties known in gardens, of which the Horticultural Society of England published a catalogue of two hundred and nineteen, some years ago, are derived from two species, the *Cerasus Avium*, and *Cerasus Vulgaris*, or common cherry.

Independently of their value as an article of luxury, and as yielding by distillation such liqueurs as Maraschino, (so called because the Dalmatian Maraschi cherry is employed in its manufacture,) and Kirschenwasser cherries contribute essentially to the support of the poorer classes in some countries, not only in puddings and tarts but as a principal ingredient in a kind of soup, and as a dried provision for winter. Their timber, speaking of the smaller trees in Europe, is valuable in common cabinet-work. But the timber of the cherry trees found in the forests of the Western half of Upper Canada is of such grand dimensions as to have a value beyond most other kinds of furniture woods, black walnut only excepted. In the summer of 1863, squared logs of cherry tree measuring 20, 25, and up to 34 inches on the side, were brought to Burlington Bay on Lake Ontario, rafted at Hamilton with other woods and floated to Quebec, and thence shipped for England.

The varieties of the cherry are multiplied by budding or grafting; the former is performed upon the common wild cherry, the stones of which are collected by the nurserymen for that purpose. The varieties are so many that it is only the professional fruit grower or botanist that can solve the intricacies of their kinds. The Black Tartarian, the Bigarreau, the Eltons, and Black Eagle are English varieties of noted quality. For puddings there is the Kentish; for preserving in brandy the Morello; for drying the Belle de choisy, the Flemish and Kentish. There are also the Black Heart, and Downton.

At the exhibition of the Toronto Fruit

Growers' Association, on the 15th of July, 1863, Mr. George Leslie exhibited fourteen choice varieties of cherries, including 'Black Tartaria,' 'Fellows' Seedling,' 'Waterloo,' 'Carnation,' 'Mayduke,' 'large red Bigarreau,' 'Black Eagle,' 'Elk Horn,' 'Elton,' 'Napoleon Bigarreau,' 'White French Guigue,' 'Belle de Choisy,' and two very fine seedlings, and five samples of the cherry and white grape currants.

Mr. J. D. Humphreys, of Toronto, shewed five varieties of cherries, viz., Black Eagle, Black Tartaria, Belle de Choisy, Fellows' seedling, and Napoleon Bigarreau.

These were the kinds also for which prizes were given at the Hamilton exhibition of July 5th; and at Guelph, London, Montreal, and other places in Canada.

The cherries figured on the opposite page are the Black Tartaria, or Tartarian.

NOTES ON CRICKET.

This game is the most conducive to vigorous health, quickness of eye, vivacity of action, known in the whole circle of manly exercises. It is attended by less of the vice of gaming than any other. It has the merit of bringing different social orders of men together for a time on equal terms. As may be noticed in the match played on the 18th inst., at Hamilton, the officers of the Rifle Brigade, all of whom are noblemen and gentlemen of the highest social class in Britain, were opposed by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the battalion.

That quality in the game of cricket which is now its best recommendation, was, towards the middle of last century, the objection most frequently urged against it. A quatrain of lines more truthful than poetically elegant used to pass current in the British army. But the moral and physical life of the British soldier, in relation to his officers, is considerably changed for the better since the time when they were concocted.—Where they may be applicable now, is in the direction of those people who in political warfare raise the fallacious cry of 'retrenchment and economy'—a delusion which has cost Britain many a million sterling per annum, and many thousands of gallant lives.

When the country's threatened, and the foe is nigh,
God, and the soldier, are the cry;
When the country's saved—the battles fought,
God, and the soldier, go for nought.

Besides the culture of the physical energies, their is a fine moral and social healthfulness in the game of cricket. Referring to a history of the game by Mr. Lillywhite, the famous player, and son of an eminent cricketer, we see items which may be quoted:

So little was the game understood in the year 1743, that we find an article in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' abusing the game as then played, on the ground of its taking men of low degree out of their regular calling to mix with people of quality, and making a business of the sport; drawing crowds together of people who could not afford the time; and denouncing the game as a notorious breach of the laws, as it openly encouraged gaming.

When our troops were at Scutari, en route for the Crimea in 1854, we read with much amusement the remarks of the solemn Turks who, for the first time, witnessed an English cricket match. Of course they thought we were a nation of maniacs; but that impression is common amongst people who do not understand us. The wonder of the first batch of Russian prisoners, as we heard, was no less at beholding two Blenheims quietly playing a match in the English lines whilst the guns were booming in Sebastopol, though probably Russians are more accustomed to the sight now, as the Cricket Club at St. Petersburg is under the especial patronage of the Grand Duke, and very popular with the Russian aristocracy.

It is pleasant, in turning over the pages of Mr. Lillywhite's book to know that the first materials were collected by old Lillywhite, the celebrated bowler, who first brought round arm-bowling to perfection, and who, with the enthusiasm of a thorough cricketer, determined to bequeath a legacy to his successors, which would perpetuate the history of the game. Most worthy has the author of the book labored to carry out his late father's ideas. Mr. F. Lillywhite, in conjunction with his brothers,—all of whom gain their living in the cricket field—appears to have ransacked all the reliable authorities, and to have received the assistance of all the best men in England in compiling the present work. The subject of cricket is so large, that anything like a critical review of the book would occupy far to great a space for this journal, so we must content ourselves with harmlessly pirating a sketch of the game of cricket principally from Mr. Lillywhite's work.

As regards the origin of the game, there appear to be as many opinions as there are antiquarians; but the most generally received idea is, that the game of 'tip-cat,' which children play in the streets of our towns, was the origin of cricket. Mr. Bolland, in his 'Cricket Notes,' urges this theory with great zeal. He traces the game of 'tip-cat' to a double game of 'cat' played by eleven of a side and a notcher; and he argues that in the same way as the old puritanical sign of 'God encompasseth us' has grown into the 'Gout and compasses,' the 'Bacchicals' into the 'Bag o' nails,' and the like, so the game of cross-wicket has grown into cricket.

The olden picture of the game may be seen by the aid of fancy, thus: Gentlemen attired in knee-breeches and cocked-bats, and ornamented about the head with pig-tails, were seen dotting the surface of a village green or heath, on which were placed two little skeleton hurdles of two feet wide and a foot high, at a distance of ten-and-twenty yards asunder. The materials which were provided for their amusement were the skeleton hurdles aforesaid, two rude clubs of about the size and weight of levers with which artillerymen work the heavy guns, and a small hard ball of a size and weight now unknown. This was the cricket of our forefathers about 120 years ago, and from this rude beginning of a sport which much depended on gambling for excitement, and which was by no means unmixt with quarrelling, our great national game has sprung up, and acquired not only a firm growth in every part of England, but has overrun the British possessions in all parts of the world.

It is somewhat strange that a sport which was based on gaming should have acquired its present growth, on being divested of the gambling element; and so strong does the anti-gambling feeling now prevail, that the real supporters of the game at the present day, look with horror and dismay on the occasional single wicket matches which are got up by the betting Ring, for large wagers between great players, and prophesy the fall of cricket unless these matches are stopped.

The first recorded score is of a match played on the Artillery Ground, Bunhill-fields, London, in the year 1746, between Kent and All England, Lord John Sackville being the challenger on the part of Kent; the result of which was that England lost by one wicket on that occasion; and, strange to say, they won by one wicket exactly a century later, in 1846, at Lord's ground in London. That ground, we may remark, being situated in the parish of St. Marylebone, now the parliamentary borough of the name, containing about half a million of inhabitants, gave title to the Marylebone Club, which rules the law and practice of cricket.

Soon after that game of 1746, the celebrated Hambledon Club sprang up. The little village of Hambledon, between Farnham and Southampton, was the nursery of cricket. The great supporters of the play were Lord Tankerville, the Duke of Dorset, and Sir Horace Mann, and under their patronage the game made rapid strides in Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, and Hampshire. Matches were played for £500 a side in those days, and from old ballads of the period we glean the fact that a good deal of betting used to take place as well.

The Hambledon Club by no means confined themselves to Hampshire men; several of them came from Surrey, and a few from Sussex; and it appears to have been the custom for the noble patrons of cricket to transplant good players from one part of England to another, and to make them dependants or retainers on their estates; and the players seem to have had the same position amongst the noblemen on whose estates they lived, as jockeys and trainers have amongst the leaders of the racing world in these days.

In 1774, cricket made a great start. Sir Horace Mann, who had promoted it in Kent, and the Duke of Dorset and Lord Tankerville, who seem to have been the leaders of the Surrey and Hants Eleven, conjointly with other noblemen and gentlemen, formed a committee under the presidency of Sir William Draper. They met at the Star and Garter, in Pall-mall, London, and laid down the first rules, which very rules form the basis of the laws of cricket of this day. The old skeleton hurdle was abolished, and wickets (two in number) 22 inches high and six inches wide, were substituted; the weight of the ball was determined to be (as now) five ounces and a half, to five ounces and three-quarters. In the following year, 1775, a middle stump was added, and although the height and width of the wickets were twice increased subsequently, until they attained their present size, still, in all essential points—even allowing for the difference of cricket grounds, the comparatively rough materials for the game, and the changes in style—a

cricket match in 1772 must have much resembled a cricket match in 1863. The next great step in cricket was the establishment of the White Conduit Club in the year 1799, so named from the ground where played at White Conduit House, Islington, London.

As to all the sayings and doings of cricketers, the songs they sang, and the tales they told, from the year 1716, till 1818 (to which date Mr. Lillywhite's record at present extends,) the reader must go to the text. There he will find the scores in full, and at the end of each match a faithful biography of the principal performers; and if in these days any old gentleman who played in a country match half a century ago, has been drawing the long bow about his score, he is safe to be caught out now, for there is the accurate record of his doings in black and white. Mr. Lillywhite tells us that he was fortunate enough to see in the flesh one of the crack players of the old Hambledon Club, William Beldham, whose first recorded match was one played between All England and the White Conduit Club, in the year 1787. When Mr. Lillywhite paid Beldham a visit in April, 1858, he found the old man, then in his ninety-second year, at work in his garden before eight o'clock in the morning. Beldham died at the beginning of the year 1862, in his ninety-seventh year, having laid aside his bat for forty-one years, at the termination of a career of thirty-five years as a public player, his last match having been in 1821. In 1852, Beldham, then in his eighty-seventh year, walked seven miles to Godalming to see the All England Eleven play, and the old man's intellect and memory were so unimpaired, that he could accurately remember any incident connected with cricket from the time when he was ten years old; and this power of memory continued up to the time of his death.

A great match between the East and West of Canada, was to be played at Toronto on Monday, July 20th—a day of storm and rain after mid-day—and another on the 22nd and 23rd July, between the Military and Civilians of Canada. And on the 24th and 25th a match between the Montreal and Toronto Clubs.

The conductors of some newspapers in this Province seem to be delighted when a very exceptional person, private soldier or commissioned officer, misconducts himself. Then, for days and weeks the charges are rung about something or anything that may offend those who cherish the honour of the army, and American journals are quoted at full length as high authorities on the British military character. Be the task ours, in the Canadian Illustrated News, to contribute to the record of items in the vastly preponderating balance of qualities which make up the good name of the British army—these are: truth, generosity, humanity, and a keen sense of moral honour. For cricket matches played see page 131.

THE TENTH ROYALS.

VOLUNTEER BATTALION, TORONTO.
Presentation of colours, July 6th, 1863.—
For pictorial illustration see next page.

On the front page we give a portrait of Frederic William Cumberland, Esq., Managing Director of the Northern Railway of Canada. Here we introduce that eminent gentleman in another character, as Lieutenant-Colonel commanding a battalion of Militia Volunteers, the Tenth Royals of Toronto.

When the Province of Canada became uneasy in December, 1861, about what is known as 'The Trent affair,' and when the Government invited active measures of defence, Mr. Cumberland with great decision and energy organized what is now so well known as the 10th or Royal Regiment of Volunteers. Such is the popularity of his name, and the force of his administrative ability, that within one month the enrolment was complete, and the corps is now so perfect in its equipments and discipline as to be scarcely discernible on the field from a regular Regiment of the Line.

It has been said that the 'age of chivalry' is past, but the spectacle on the Common, Spadina Avenue, July 6, 1863, at the presentation of colours to the 10th Royals, by the Ladies of Toronto, showed that even in this matter-of-fact age there are still fair damsels ready to buckle on the armour of their gallant knights, and send them forth to do battle in defence of their altars and their homes.

It is also a pleasing duty to chronicle the fact, that any portion of the community are giving 'aid and comfort' to the Volunteer movement, but it is doubly gratifying when that aid and comfort comes from the fairer section of the community. The officers and men of the 10th Royals may well feel proud

at marching under the colours presented by the ladies of that city. Great preparations had been made for the important ceremony, both on the part of the officers and men.—The scarlet uniforms lately supplied by Government, looked bright and gay, and it was the first time that the entire regiment had turned out in full dress uniform. That they made a fine appearance, all who saw them admit; that each officer and man looked every inch a soldier, none can deny.

At half-past two in the afternoon, the regiment left headquarters, King street west, headed by the pioneer company and their band, in a neat white uniform, like the regulars and playing in capital style on the new instruments presented with their colours. They marched to the Queen's Park, where they executed well, a number of battalion movements under command of Lieut. Col. Cumberland, and then marched to the Cricket ground, where refreshments were served.—The citizens at this time were assembling in great numbers on the Common to witness the presentation. The spectators were estimated at 5,000 persons. About four o'clock the sound of martial music was heard in the distance, and in a few moments the companies comprising the 'Queen's Own' battalion, under command of Lieut. Col. Durie, marched on to the Common with a firm tread, headed by their band playing a lively quick step, and took up their position on the south side of the field. They had hardly got the word 'stand at ease,' when the tune of the 'British Grenadiers' was heard, and on came the gallant 10th, and wheeled quickly into line on the right of their companions in arms.

Both battalions were eagerly scanned by their friends and fellow-citizens. To those who judged by colour only, the scarlet tunics gave the men of the 'Royals,' a decided advantage over the idle green of the 'Queen's Own.' Much regret was expressed when it was announced, that owing to sickness, Maj. Gen. Napier would be unable to be present to review the troops and take part in the ceremony. He had however delegated Colonel Robertson, Royal Engineers, Commandant of the Garrison, to take his place. Colonel Robertson and staff took up their position in front of the brigade now in line, and Col. G. T. Denison having assumed the command, the troops presented arms.

An altar covered with a white cloth was placed a short distance from the line. Lieut. Col. Cumberland, Ensign Worthington and Ensign Sherwood, the junior officers of the regiment, advanced and took up their position in front, and the colours were brought out from the tent under charge of Sergeant Major Helm and two Colour Sergeants with fixed bayonets, and placed on the altar. On a signal from Lieut. Col. Cumberland, the committee of the ladies, headed by Mrs. Cumberland, Col. Robertson and staff, and Rev. D. McCaul, in full academic costume, left the tent and approached the altar facing the brigade. On coming to the front—

Mrs. Cumberland, in a clear tone of voice, read the the following address:

To Lieut. Colonel Cumberland, the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Tenth Royal Regiment of Volunteer Militia:

The ladies of Toronto request that you will do them the favor to accept the accompanying Stand of Colours for the regiment, together with a set of instruments for its Band, as an evidence of the warm interest they take in the welfare of your corps, and their high appreciation of the spirit by which it is animated.

In confiding these colours to your charge, the donors are persuaded that they entrust them to those who will ever keep them in safety and in honour; nor do they doubt that, if unhappily a necessity should arise for unfurling them in defence of the Province, you will promptly rally round them at the call of duty, and, emulating the historic gallantry of your comrades of the regular service, you will bear them with a valour which shall evince affectionate attachment to your homes, patriotic love of your country, and loyal devotion to your Queen. (Applause.)

CONSECRATION OF THE COLOURS.

The Rev. Dr. McCaul, President and Professor of the University of Toronto, consecrated the colours by offering up the following prayer:—

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

Bless this body of our citizens, organized for the defence of their altars, and their

homes, and imbue them with that spirit, whereby they may approve themselves faithful and valiant soldiers in defence of their country, whenever she may require their aid. May these colours, which we now humbly consecrate, never be unfurled in war but in a just and righteous cause—nay rather, most gracious Father, Thou that makest war to cease in all the earth, preserve unto us that peace which we have so long enjoyed; and in thy tender mercy restore unto our afflicted friends in the neighbouring States that tranquillity, in which they may resume their former course of prosperity, now too long interrupted by sanguinary strife. Vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, Thy choicest blessings to our Sovereign, the Prince, and

THE COLOURS PRESENTED.

Col. Robertson then handed first the Queen's and then the Regimental colours to Mrs. Cumberland, who presented them to the Ensigns; they received them, kneeling.

Mrs. Cumberland then advanced to the altar and said she could not refrain from expressing the great pleasure it afforded her to take part in the interesting ceremony in common with the ladies associated with her in this presentation—all of whom naturally took the deepest interest in the welfare of the Regiment. She could assure them that they would always be very jealous for the honor of the Royals, but they were certain that it would remain unsullied. (Applause.)

THE SPEECHES IN RETURN.

Lieut. Col. Cumberland said he desired to tender the ladies his most grateful thanks on behalf of himself, the officers, non-commissioned

officers, and men of the Royals, for the most excellent gift they had presented that day. He might say that with arms in their hands, and by the blessing of God, they would stand up in defence of their colours and in defence of their happy homes. He hoped as soldiers and as citizens they would always be ready to do all in their power for a country ruled over by one of the best and most beloved of Sovereigns.—(Cheers.)

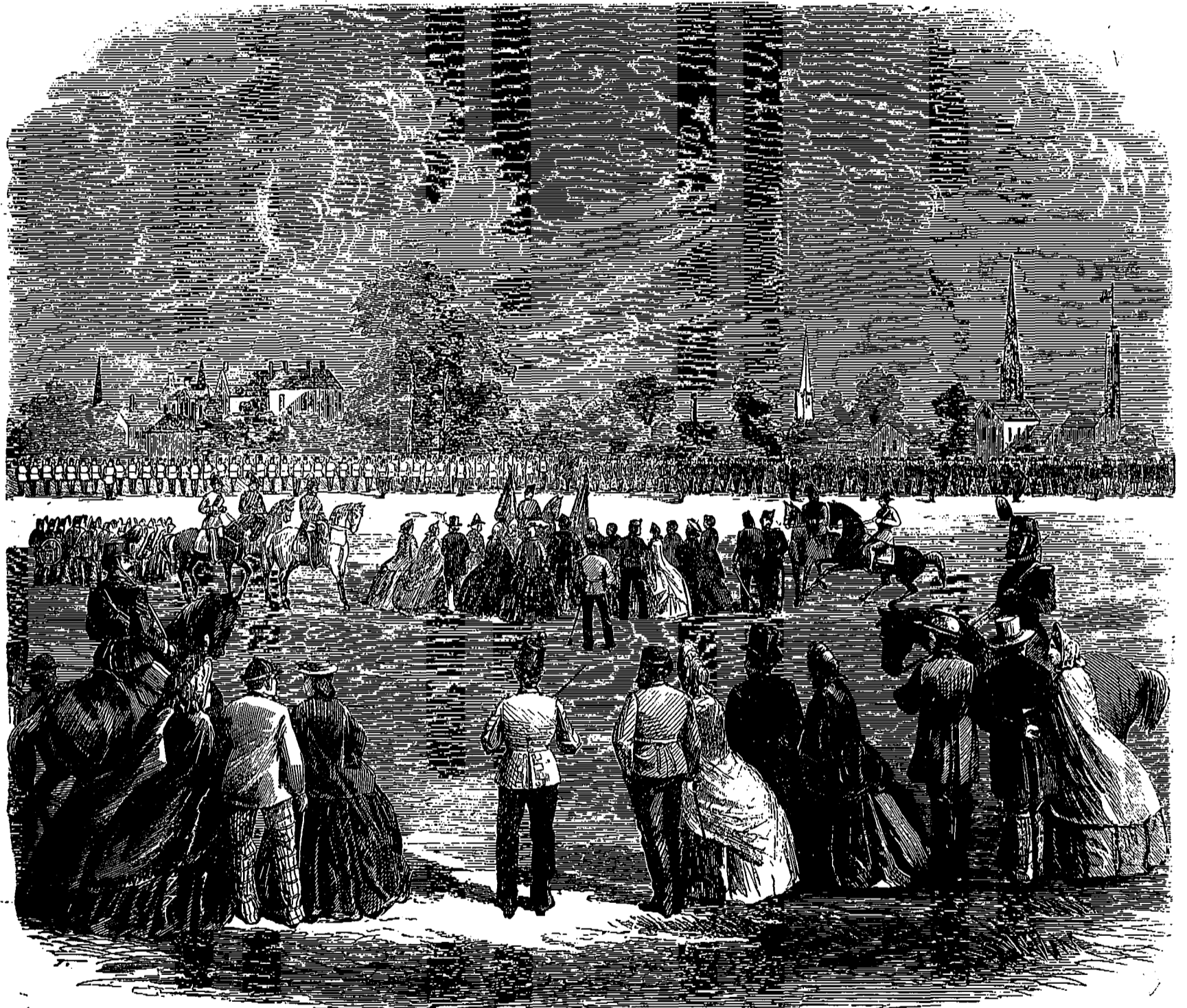
Rev. Dr. McCaul then stepped forward and addressing the officers and non-commissioned officers of 'Tenth,' said, that it was with no ordinary pleasure he addressed them a few words on an occasion, the record of which, he had no doubt, would fill one of the brightest pages in the annals of their corps. It was gratifying and honourable to all concerned, to the givers and receivers, to the ladies who had presented the colours and to they who had received them, and therefore, he considered he could with perfect propriety term the act a most noble one. It was a most noble act on the part of the ladies, as they testified the interest they felt in the corps and at the same time gave a proof of their liberality. By this public recognition they showed they felt the practical utility of the force to the Province, and in explicit terms said that if ever war should come they were ready to do their part, to send forth their husbands, brothers and sons in defence of their country, trusting that God would in his infinite mercy bring them back to them unharmed. The act was also honourable to those who had received them, as the donors, in their address, said they felt they were con-

mothers, sisters, or some one who would one day take a dearer position than that of sister. Dr. McCaul closed his eloquent remarks by stating that he felt satisfied the men of the 'Royals,' would preserve the colours with unsullied honour, and hand them down without a stain to those who succeeded them, as emblems of the love they bore their country, and their loyalty to their Queen. (Loud cheers.)

At the request of the Colonel commanding, the committee of ladies and the gentlemen who had taken part in the ceremony passed down the front of the brigade, closely inspected the men, and retired to the tent. Colonel Robertson and staff mounted their horses and took up a position on the west side of the field, facing the centre of the brigade.

TROOPING THE COLOURS.

The Ensigns and Sergeants, with the col-



TENTH ROYAL REGIMENT, TORONTO VOLUNTEERS; PRESENTATION OF COLOURS, JULY 6TH, 1863.

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Princess of Wales, and the Royal Family; to her Majesty's representative in this Province, and to all that are set in authority over us, and grant that each of us, conscientiously discharging the duties of our several stations, may live in Thy fear, in dutiful allegiance to the Queen, and in brotherly love and Christian charity one towards another. And this we humbly beg in the name and for the sake of Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

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

tioned officers and men of the Royals, for the most excellent gift they had presented that day. He might say that with arms in their hands, and by the blessing of God, they would stand up in defence of their colours and in defence of their happy homes. He hoped as soldiers and as citizens they would always be ready to do all in their power for a country ruled over by one of the best and most beloved of Sovereigns.—(Cheers.)

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When they looked at the 'Queen's colour' (Union Jack) they would remember their duty to the Empire of which they formed a part, and to the happiness they enjoyed under the benign rule of our most gracious Sovereign. And when they looked at the regimental colour they would remember that they might be called on to defend their happy homes in this fair and fertile country, the birth place or the land of adoption of them all; and in defending their homes they were also protecting their wives, their daughters,

ours, then marched to the left of the line, and the escort company, headed by the band, marched down, when the beautiful ceremony of trooping the colours was performed. The colours were now displayed to the breeze and excited general admiration. They are certainly very beautiful, and reflect the greatest credit on the taste of the donors. The regimental colour is of a heavy blue silk; near the top is a crown beautifully embroidered, with the motto, 'Ready, aye, Ready.' The number of the regiment, '10th Royals,' is encircled by a beautiful sewed wreath in appropriate colours, and composed of the Rose, Thistle, Shamrock and Maple leaf, while underneath are the words, 'Tenth Royal Regiment, T. V., Canada.' On the

Union Jack is a crown in bullion, with the words, 'Tenth Royal Regiment, T. V., Canada,' of the same material. The staff of each colour is surmounted by a lion and crown in solid silver, and a shield, inserted into each staff, contains the legend that the colours were 'Presented to the Tenth Royals by the Ladies of Toronto.'

REVIEWED BY THE COMMANDANT.

After the ceremony of trooping the colours terminated, the troops were drawn up in line. The word was then given, and they quickly formed into companies. Each band took up a position at the head of its respective battalion, and the companies marched past Col. Robertson and Staff, in slow and quick time, the officers saluting as they passed along. The marching of both battalions was highly creditable, and the wheeling, taken as a whole, well and squarely done. Of course some of the companies did better than others, but where all tried to do their best, it would be invidious to particularize. The battalions next marched past in solid column, and afterwards were drawn up in line. The advancing in line, on the part of the Royals, could not have been better executed by a regiment of Regulars. On the word 'halt,' they halted as one man, showing a straight, even line from right to left.

King street West.

In the drill room the colours were furled, the troops dismissed, and the proceedings terminated.

BRANTFORD: A BATTLE-GROUND.

Proposed General Assembly of Volunteers at Brantford, C. W., on September 3, 1863.

The attention of the western counties of Upper Canada, is solicited to a project for assembling a large number of Volunteer battalions at Brantford, a town on the Grand River, and Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad, on the 3rd of September, 1863. We shall in the next issue give good reasons why a General Assembly of Volunteers might be held at Brantford. Meanwhile some of the local arguments are submitted, with the reservation that they are not our arguments. If no better reason could be urged for choosing Brantford as a place of gathering, than the money to be spent in the town by visitors, or than what the resolutions passed at a town's meeting indicate, several other places, in the absence of special reasons, might be selected as more suitable, at least more easy

being present by illness, A. C. Cleghorn, Esq., was called to the Chair, and discharging the duties devolving upon him very efficiently. Mr. DeLisle acted as Secretary. The Hall was well filled, and the proceedings passed off with the greatest unanimity.

The Chairman called the meeting to order, and after having stated the object of the gathering, made a few pointed remarks, and then called upon the Rev. Mr. Cochrane to move the first resolution, which was as follows:

'The inhabitants of the Town of Brantford and vicinity, feeling a lively interest in a well organized and efficient Militia Force, and being of opinion that its efficiency would be greatly promoted, were the various companies throughout the Province to meet occasionally at some convenient place, form into Battalions and join in a general review.

Resolved—That the several Volunteer Battalions and Companies in this and the adjoining Military Districts be invited to assemble here on Thursday, the 3rd September next.—Carried unanimously.

The Rev. Mr. Cochrane made a patriotic speech, entering fully into the usefulness of the Volunteer movement, and thought that instead of 'playing at soldiers' being a school of vice, it was promotive of morality and religion, when properly conducted, and said

they were not half as efficient as they should be. On taking his seat he was loudly applauded.

Mr. Ryerson, late M. P. P., fully approved of the movement. He said it was seemly and honorable for Brantford to take a step of this kind. To make the Volunteers efficient for defence, they must be taught to move and work together in the field.

Mr. Brooks moved and it was.

Resolved—That His Excellency the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief, be respectfully requested to sanction and approve of the proposed assembly of Volunteer Militia in the Town of Brantford, in such manner as may appear to His Excellency best calculated to secure the object in view.

The other resolutions were, that the town council be respectfully requested to appropriate a sum of money for the entertainment of the expected guests, and for other expenses a fund be raised by subscription.

And; That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to His Excellency the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief.

The Editorial on page 122. The very grave crisis which is gathering around Canada is hinted at rather than discussed in this issue. For want of space the subject stands over until next week.



VIEWS ON THE RAILWAYS; DAVENPORT STATION, ON THE NORTHERN.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Col. Robertson then rode up in front of the brigade, accompanied by his Staff, and the officers were called around him.

Col. Robertson, addressing the commanding officers, said that he had to state that Major General Napier regretted that he could not be present on such an interesting occasion, in consequence of illness. It had afforded him (Col. Robertson) much pleasure to take part in the ceremony, and he had witnessed the performance of the various movements by the volunteers with surprise. Their marching past was excellent, their wheeling well done, and their advancing in line perfect. He then complimented both officers and men on their efficiency.

The troops presented arms, formed column of fours, left in front, and returned to the city, the bands playing martial tunes.

As they passed the Barracks on King street, the guard of the 30th (Regular Army) turned out and presented arms. The 'Queen's Own' paid the 'Royals' a similar compliment as they marched into their head-quarters,

of access.

Strange argument in favor of volunteering, is that of one of the speakers, who has 'not the least apprehension that we shall have any trouble with the United States.'—Has he not? We, on the contrary, see imminent cause to fear trouble; the trouble of actual invasion, and all the terrible sequences of war. And it is because Brantford, or country on the Grand River, will be the central theatre of such war, that we think it a suitable place at which to assemble the Canadian forces for brigade and army exercises. But to meet for one day! The proposition is simply ridiculous. The following is the report, abridged from the Brant Expositor of 18th July:

MEETING AT BRANTFORD.

An adjourned meeting for the purpose of devising means of having a grand Volunteer Review at Brantford of all the volunteers of the adjoining Counties, was held in the Town Hall here on Tuesday the 14th. The Mayor having been prevented from

that if our young men, instead of loitering round the corners, or otherwise wasting their time, would join a volunteer company, they would become better men and citizens, and be of benefit to the country.

Dr. J. Y. Bown, M.P.P., seconded the resolution, going fully into the advisability, and the advantage accruing, not only to the Volunteers as a body, but the Province at large, by holding these reviews. He stated, and no doubt correctly, that very few officers who could put a company through their drill, could handle them on the field, and that a great deal depended on the officers whether victory or defeat crowned our arms. There could not be a better system of building up the nationality of Canada, than by bringing the different companies of volunteers together, and making them thoroughly conversant with the different movements of the field, and if ever the occasion required, they might be enabled to fight shoulder to shoulder with more confidence and greater chance of success. And until this was done,

NORTHERN RAILWAY OF CANADA.

DAVENPORT STATION.

During the last two years the works of this Railway have been entirely reconstructed. The old wooden bridges being superseded by structures of iron and stone, and the whole line remodelled upon the most permanent standard. Amongst new features, few attract more notice than the pretty little station at Davenport, four miles distant from Toronto, of which we give the accompanying illustration. Every thing about it is so neat, the garden and walks so trim, and in such perfect order, that one might fancy oneself at a station in Kent or Sussex in England. Why is it that Canadian Railway Stations are almost universally ugly and the grounds about them wild and neglected? (that of the Great Western at Hamilton and a very few more excepted.) We commend Davenport as a sample of what may be done without extravagance, and of the value of an industrious and tasteful care on the part of the resident in charge.

Good and Pretty Good.

LITTLE WIFE.

BY R. F. SKETCHLEY.

Cousins—as boy and girl, we watched
The glow-worm and the star,
Made mimic trenches on the sands,
And gathered shell and spar;
We built the snow-mound in the drift,
We nuzzled in the park;
I called her, shyly, 'Little wife,'
And I kissed her in the dark.

For years our paths lay wide apart—
As wide as sun and sea—
And when we met again, she seemed
Half strange, half shy, with me;
But, guests together at the firm,
We soon recalled to life
The memory of those early days,
When she was 'Little wife.'

A whisper at a wedding dance—
A blushing, bending face—
And then I heard the welcome word
That gave me cousin Grace—
That gave me her whose love dispelled
The shadow on my life,
Who lays her hand in mine to-night,
And is—my 'Little wife.'

If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be strait, it opens into endless life.

We must have a constant, habitual regard to the word of God, as the rule of our actions and the spring of our comforts.—M. Henry.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short-lived, and apt to have ague-fits.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance—the virtue of adversity is fortitude.—Bacon.

If you are false to yourself at the starting-point, you will, in all probability, be much more so at the goal.

The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them.

BOOKS.—Books are silent companions of the lonely hour; friends, who can never alter or forsake.—Mrs. Norton.

WISHES.—Wishes at least are the easy pleasures of the poor.—Douglas Jerrold.

STAND LIKE A BEATEN ANVIL. It is a part of a great champion to be stricken and conquer.—St. Ignatius.

LIFE is sorrowful; the infant weeps as it comes into the world, and every succeeding year of its life shows wherefore. [No; life is beautiful, and the world beautiful and cheerful and full of the goodness of God. Though encountering much adversity in it, that is the view I take of the world after many years of experience.—Ed. C.I.N.]

TOO TRUE.—The greatest and most generous natures are the ones in the greatest danger of becoming soured through the ingratitude of the world.

IT was one of Job's boasts that 'he had seen none perish for want of clothing, and that he had often made the heart of the widow to rejoice.'

MEX sometimes think that the high dark cliffs of sorrow will darken their stream of life forever; but suddenly the green and undulating meadows spread far away in pastoral beauty, and the daisies bloom along the banks where the willows hang with bending gracefulness.

A PUBLIC speaker should never lose sight of the thread of his discourse; like a busy needle, he should always have the thread in his eye.

TRUTH IN DISGUISE.—It is a debatable question whether a person who has always been in the habit of lying has a right to tell the truth. It is, of course, the only device by which he can deceive people.

BONNET HIM.—A barbarous editor says of the present style of bonnets: 'Its only redeemable feature is, it affords room for a small conservatory on the top of the head.'

DRIVING v. FOLLOWING.—An eminent and witty prelate was once asked if he did not think such a one followed his conscience. 'Yes,' said his lordship, 'I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig—he drives it first.'

BRUTE FORCE.—A perverse inebriate, having fallen under the festive board at a disgracefully early hour, was strongly urged by his friends to get out and take the air. 'Never,' he said, 'a billion times never!' But they nevertheless took him quietly up and set him out on the door step. 'I'm out here,' he said, 'by brute force. That way (hic) I'm out here; but 'f yer shink I'm goin' to take er air, yer very much 'staken'!

RAPHSODY.—A poet in a recent poem speaks of an embrace as:—

One kiss—whose stolen sweetness all language outstrips;
'Twas the wild world of love in one contact of lips;
'Twas a whole wedded life, with its joy and its rest,
In one clasp of the arms, in one part of the breast;
'Twas ocean, the mighty, with wide leagues of foam on't,
In a cup: 'twas eternity crushed to a moment.'

SMALL CHANGE.—On hearing a clergyman remark, 'the world was full of change,' Mrs. Partington said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

I believe that the chief source of the false position of women, is the inefficiency of women themselves—the deplorable fact that they are so often careless mothers, weak wives, poor housekeepers, ignorant nurses, and frivolous human beings. If they would perform with strength and wisdom the duties which lie immediately round them, every sphere of life would soon be open to them—they might be priests, physicians, rulers, welcome everywhere—for all restrictive laws and foolish customs would speedily disappear before the spiritual power of strong, good women.—Elizabeth Blackwell.

Perhaps Mrs. Dr. Blackwell, or her pupils will look on the following:

LIST OF 'WOMAN'S RIGHTS' WHICH HAVE BEEN SADLY OVERLOOKED.

It is woman's right to stay at home. For what other reason did her husband marry her?

It is woman's right to have her home in order when her husband returns from business.

It is woman's right to be kind and forbearing when her husband is annoyed.

It is woman's right to examine her husband's linen, and see that it wants neither for mending nor buttons.

It is woman's right to be satisfied with her old dresses until her husband can buy her new ones.

It is woman's right to be content when her husband declares he is unable to take her to the sea-side.

It is woman's right to nurse her children, instead of leaving it to a maid.

It is woman's right to get her daughters married—happily, or not at all.

It is woman's right to feel pleased, though her husband brings a friend unexpectedly to dinner.

It is woman's right to be content with her own garments, without encroaching on those of her husband.

And, finally, it is woman's right to remain a woman, without endeavoring to be a man.

NOT GUILTY.—'Julius, did you ever speak in public?'

'In course I did, nigga.'

'What?'

'At the perlice.'

'And what did you say, Julius, at the perlice?'

'Not guilty!' Mr. Snow. What else could a gentleman say under de pwessh ob de sucknstances?'

'I wish you would not give me such short weight for my money,' said a customer to a grocer, who had an outstanding bill against him. 'And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine,' replied the grocer.

A young gentleman having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in his purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response, 'I no speak Inglis.'

MANURE.—A young farmer asked an old Scotchman for advice in his pursuits. He told him what had been the secret of his own success in farming, and concluded with the following warning:—'Never, Sandie, never, above all things, never get in debt; but if you do, let it be for manure.'

LAWYERS.—Two lawyers in Lowell returning from court the other day, one said to the other: 'I've a notion to join Rev. Mr.—'s church; been debating the matter for some time.—What do you think of it?—Wouldn't do it.'—'Well why?—'Because it would do you no possible good, while it would be a very great injury to the church.'

Sorrows gather around great souls as storms do around mountains, but like them they break the storms and purify the air of the plain beneath them. Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung around our neck, yet they are often only like the pearls used by pearl divers, which enable them to reach their prize and rise enriched. A small sorrow distracts, a great one makes us collected! as a bell loses its clear tone and recovers it when the fissure is enlarged.—Jean Paul.

SATIRE is a sort of glass wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.

POVERTY has, in large cities, very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendour, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients and every day is lost contriving for to-morrow.

TEST FOR POISONOUS PAPER-HANGINGS.—Common spirit of hartshorn or ammonia is a sure test for arsenic. On application, the beautiful but dangerous green turns to a blue. A small drop, on the back of a leaf, might be made to reveal the secret of its deadly composition; but the unnatural vividness of the green itself is almost sufficient.

PLENTY is as distinct from wastefulness, as a whole sack full of wheat from a sack with a hole in it for the wheat to run through.

TO LEARN OUR OWN FAULTS.—The best means to learn our faults is to tell others of theirs; they will be too proud to be alone in their defects, and will seek them in us, and reveal them to us.

THE passing years drink a portion of the light from our eyes, and leave their traces on our cheeks, as birds that drink at lakes leave their footprints on the margin.

MENTAL EXERCISES.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of ninety-seven letters.
My 7, 27, 17, 67, 87, 80, 70 is a town in Prussia.
'55, 35, 65, 63, 33, 23, 12, 82, 22, 59, 89 is a town in Austria.
'77, 78, 13, 68, 38, 18, 94, 34, 54 is a town in Turkey.
'47, 36, 86, 76, 6, 26, 29, 39, 19 is a town in France.
'52, 42, 71, 1, 32, 62, 10, 93, 83, 84 is a town in England.
'4, 14, 51, 21, 73, 43, 58, 8, 57, 39 is a town in Ireland.
'77, 66, 96, 88, 58, 3, 49, 75, 73 is a town in Pennsylvania.
'52, 28, 29, 30, 9, 45, 72, 81, 60, 95 is a town in Virginia.
'91, 58, 50, 20, 79, 74, 13, 46, 61, 97 is a town in Missouri.
'13, 64, 31, 41, 58, 69, 39, 85, 48 is a town in New York State.
'30, 37, 53, 5, 16, 28 is a town in Italy.
'15, 92, 44, 11, 90, 7, 10 is a town in Spain.
'2, 25, 40, 17 is a county in North Carolina.
My whole is one of the Proverbs of Solomon.
J. J. M.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.

To the Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News.
DEAR SIR,—I have, I think, solved the enigmas in your issue of the 18th inst. The first by Willie, contains several mistakes, and its solution is consequently more difficult than that account. It is 'Miss Ida Cordelia Edith Conover, Brampton, C. W.' or something very like it. To Willie's second, the answer is 'Miss Helena Christina Rose, Brampton, C. W.' I have written to her, but not with a view to matrimony, as recommended by Master Willie. The answer to that by Calvin is 'Welland House, St. Catharines.' Enigmatists should always correct their manuscript before sending it for publication.
Yours, J. J. M.

Hamilton, July 20, 1863.

Answers to Enigmas in Canadian Illustrated News of 18th July, 1863.

Willie of Brampton's first—'Miss Ida Cordelia Edith Conover, Brampton, C. W.' Willie of Brampton's second—'Miss Helena Christina Rose, Brampton, C. W.' Calvin's, 'Welland House, St. Catharines.'
Hamilton, 20th July, 1863. ARTHUR.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

THE FORTUNES OF FLAX.—This has been called an age of revivals. We have had revivals in the church and in the theatre, in fashions and in arts. The hoops of our great grand-mothers have been resumed, and if one may believe certain rumours from across the Channel, powder and patches are not far off. Gothic architecture, not merely in its ecclesiastical, but in its secular forms, has returned to favour. Many of the lost secrets of the dyer, glass-stainer, enameller, and fresco-painter have been recovered, and those crafts and mysteries have again become popular. Indeed, to such an extent has revivalism been carried, that a learned French gentleman, Mr. Fournier, has written several

volumes to prove that everything worth saying, doing, or finding out, has been said, done, or found out already; and that, in short, the so-called 'novelties' of modern days are only a series of grand, unconscious plagiarisms from the past.

However this may be, it is probable that we are about to witness the revival of an ancient industry which belongs both to agriculture and to manufactures. It is evident that among other sources of relief to which our textile manufacturers must turn in the present crisis, is the production of flax. Once upon a time of course, the plant was cultivated in almost every part of the kingdom, and home-spun linen entered largely into the clothing of the people; but during the last century, it declined before the growing supremacy of cotton. The manufacturers thought it was easier and more profitable to devote themselves to cotton; and the farmers, engrossed with the cultivation of cereals, and the breeding of stock, lent a willing ear to calumnies upon poor flax. An agricultural prejudice against it, as old as the Georgics, gained strength. The farmers, one and all, declared that it was too exhaustive a crop, and that if they once admitted it upon their acres, it would be years before the soil recovered its productive powers. In farm-leases, the cultivation of flax was often placed under a positive ban, which, however, the tenant felt no desire to transgress. Another drawback to the cultivation of the plant was, that before it could be taken to market it had to pass through certain preliminary stages of manufacture, which once formed one of the regular employments of the farm, but were found to be unprofitable when handicraft was brought into competition with machinery. Under these various discouragements, flax has fallen into neglect in the United Kingdom; and even in these days of railway travelling, when the most home-biding amongst us makes at least his two or three journeys a year through the country, ninety-nine men out of a hundred have never set eyes on a field of flax—the prettiest of crops, a waving mass of bright green leaves and bright blue flowers, growing about as high as wheat.

The agricultural objection to flax, science, which now a days governs the farm no less than the factory, has disposed of. It has been lately shown, that if the crop has been of a peculiarly exhaustive nature, it has been only because the farmer, having no machinery for crushing the seed, allowed it to rot with the plant, instead of converting it into cake for the cattle, and thus returning it to the land. The water, too, in which flax has been soaked is good for manure; and cattle are passionately fond, not only of lused itself, but of the grass on which the flax has been laid out. The cultivation of flax certainly offers the temptation of a large profit. An outlay of from L.10 to L.14 per acre will yield a net profit of from L.3 to L.10, and even L.15. The seed is of value as well as the stalk. At present, it forms one of our chief imports; and Hull, its chief port of entry into England, is spreading its bounds, and building large new docks on the strength of the trade. Yet Canada hesitates.

Under the pressure of the cotton famine, the manufacturing objection to flax is also subsiding. A very sensible saying, which is to be found in the proverbial philosophy of nearly every nation, tells us, that when we cannot get what we want we must do with what we have. Just now, we are at a sad loss for cotton; and as that is, for the time at any rate, out of our reach, we must inquire whether no substitute can be found for it. There is flax, for instance—we can grow the plant on our own soil if we choose: Europe produces it in abundance. Cannot flax be made to serve instead of cotton? Just now, this question is a very urgent one, but it is by no means new. In the middle of the last century, efforts were made in Britain to prepare flax so as to resemble cotton; and Lady Moira, an enthusiastic supporter of the scheme, got some of the flax-cotton, as it was called, woven into stuff for waistcoats and petticoats. The weavers, however, had a prejudice against the material; and it was only as a great favour, and in very small quantities, that her ladyship prevailed on them to use it. Thirty years later, similar experiments were made in Austria and Prussia, not merely with flax, but with tow, and it is said that they were successful. It does not appear, however, that the process survived the experimental stage. In the beginning of this century, the capabilities of flax were much discussed in France. The First Napoleon, with his keen practical eye, fully appreciated the importance of the question, and offered a reward of a million francs for the discovery of a method by which flax might be spun as fine as cotton. One Philippe Girard of Vaucuse solved the problem just as the Empire was tottering to its fall. His claim for the reward came before the

government of the Restoration, which, with short-sighted shabbiness, refused to fulfil the decree, offered however, a loan of some 7000 or 8000 francs to carry out the invention. Indignant at such treatment, Girard quitted his country, and settling in Poland, established a cotton-mill, which prospered so well, that in time a little village (now called Girardon) rose around it. Among other ideas Napoléennes which the present Emperor of the French has fulfilled has been the payment of compensation to the family of Girard.

Of late years, a number of other ingenious persons have devoted themselves to the subject of flax. Conspicuous amongst these, on account of the excellence of his invention, and the misfortunes of his career, is the Chevalier Claussen. His sad story has lately been made public. Having received a high scientific education, Claussen at an early age conceived a strong predilection for the study of applied chemistry, and devoted himself especially to those branches connected with the manufacture of textile fabrics. After years of patient, earnest labour, and innumerable experiments, he arrived at the conclusion that 'the fibre of flax, if rightly manipulated, is superior to cotton for all purposes for which the latter is employed, and therefore ought to supersede it, as well on this account, as being an indigenous plant, for the supply of which Europe might remain independent of serf or slave.' In order to render the flax fit for use in this way, he devised a very ingenious and effectual process, of which we shall speak presently. First of all, he brought the matter under the notice of the Danish government (he being a Dane by birth), and next he went with his scheme to the French government. From the one he received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour; from the other, the empty title of Chevalier. Both were profuse enough in promises for the future; but as Claussen was in want of something more substantial and immediate, he came to England. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was then the wonder and admiration of the world; and the enthusiastic young Dane was confident that in the temple of industry, to which the genius of all lands had been invited to contribute, and to which visitors from every nation were thronging his invitation would meet with due appreciation. He exhibited specimens of flax-cotton in a manufactured condition, which were highly commended, and when he explained the processes by which he derived such beautiful materials from the straw of the flax plant, they were pronounced by competent persons to be of a thoroughly practical character. A company was formed under a parliamentary title, to work the patent. Nearly £50,000 was expended in efforts to develop it, but the manufacturers were shy and apathetic. Cotton was cheap and plentiful. The supply had continued down to that time, and it was idle to think about its being interrupted. When cotton grew scarce, it would be time enough to consider to what account flax could be turned. Such was the argument of the spinners. So the company gave up the enterprise in despair. Claussen had received a certain sum in cash, when his patent was first taken up, but the royalty to which he was entitled upon the flax-cotton manufactured by the company proved a mere Will-of-the-wisp. Poor and heart-sick, the unfortunate chevalier strove to better his fortune in America, but soon after was taken back to England in an unsound state of mind, and consigned to a madhouse. In that dismal asylum, we understand, he still remains.

And now a word as to the process of manufacture. The stalk of the plant consists of a wooden core, called the shove or boon, and an external fibre; and the difficulty has always been to divorce these two substances so as to leave the latter sound, soft, and lengthy. The old method of accomplishing this was by 'retting,' that is, steeping the stalks in stagnant ponds, or spreading them over meadows, so as to expose them to the action of the dew and rain. The decomposition thus produced dissolved the glutinous matter which bound together the core and the fibre, and left them free to separate when the wooden-bladed 'skutcher' was applied. This process, however, was tedious, uncertain, and imperfect. Several modern substitutes for, or modifications of, the 'retting' system have been proposed. Mr. R. B. Schenck discovered that a large percentage of fibre may be obtained in good condition, and with great certainty, by steeping the stalks in water heated artificially to the temperature required to produce fermentation. The Chevalier Claussen gets rid of the core and the gum by soaking the flax in a series of chemical solutions and repeated maceration. He thus produces a substance called 'fibrilia' or flax-cotton, which presents a close resemblance to cotton, and can be woven with wool into stuffs of superior quality. Only a very slight alteration in the cotton-machinery is said to be necessary in order to work this



NATURAL HISTORY; SEPOY CRABS CLIMBING COCOA TREES.

new material, and under present circumstances, it is surely worth a trial. What is now wanted is, that some enterprising manufacturers should adapt their mills to the spinning of flax, and that depots should be established in flax-growing districts for the reception and preparation of the fibre.

TREE-CLIMBING CRABS.

Voyagers observe with astonishment a singular crustacean, frequently seen on the shores of the coco-islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, and sometimes, although rarely by day, climbing upon the cocopalms. The crusted animal is something between a crab and a lobster. From the point of the claw to the end of the abdomen he generally measures about twenty inches. The color of the crab or lobster is sky-blue, shading into white, with white patches, speckling the blue of the carapace, and of the plates of the abdomen. He has more of the general form of the lobster than of a crab. Natives of the coco-islands assert that individual crustaceans of this species are sometimes met with, measuring from three to four feet from the point of the claw to the end of the abdomen. The color—blue, it is said—sometimes passes into red, and the white into yellow. The natives call this crab the sepo-crab. When surprised by men upon a tree, the crab snaps the pincers of his formidable left claw to announce to them that he is ready for battle. He seems, however, more desirous of frightening than fighting his enemies; for, notwithstanding his menaces, he retreats very rapidly. The sepo-crabs, about a couple of feet long, are not objects of fear to the natives; but they speak with awe of the rare monsters, which exceed three feet in length, and one of which is said to have once stolen a child.

When the sepo-crab has climbed up the trunk of the coco-palm, he detaches the nut by tearing the fibres of the stalk until the nut falls. After the fall of the nut he descends the trunk slowly, and searches for the nut, which he drags, when he finds it, to the mouth of his hole. Three or four days are spent by him in patiently and laboriously tearing off fibre after fibre, and the husk is completely denuded of them. He is too provident an animal to wait until one nut is done before he goes in search of another.—On the contrary, he is always peeling, as he is always eating his nuts. He spends his time in these alternate operations. He searches about in the trees, or upon the trees, for a nut to peel, and when it is peeled he transfers it to his larder in his hole. He has a peeled nut always in the almond state. A nut lasts him about a week. The largest kinds of sepo-crabs hold themselves in their holes with such tenacity that the natives are unable to draw them out. As for the individuals of the ordinary size, the blacks put

their arms into their holes, and seizing their claws in a bunch, whip them out suddenly and skillfully. It is surprising how rarely the blacks are pinched. The sepo-crab, when in his hole, sleeps or respire, and moves slowly; before his obtuse senses have warned him of the intrusion, his formidable claws are clasped by the muscular hand which pulls him out of his stronghold. When an unlucky or an unskilful finger is pinched, the sepo lets go his hold the instant he is seized by the abdomen. Sometimes a kernel is dropped into the hole, and when the crab takes hold of it, he lets himself be pulled out rather than let go his hold. In their battles with each other, the sepo-crabs will seize hold of each other's abdomens, and will not let go until one of them has ceased to live. The sepo can be made to do the same thing for himself; for when his abdomen is tickled, it is said he will seize hold of it with his great claw, and never relax his hold until he dies. The sepo-crabs are excellent eating. Gourmands of the Mauritius have them sent to them alive from the coco-islands. They are sent in boxes which are strongly nailed down. Such is the strength of these crustaceans that they have been known to lift up the lid of a box with a hundred pound weight on the top of it.

WARNING TO CANADIANS.

[Read this and the next article, and that on the following page.]

A correspondent of the London Free Press writes from Houghton Portage, Lake Michigan, as follows:—

Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to introduce to the notice of Canadians a subject of no small importance to their interests (I might have said our, for, thank Heaven, I too, am an Anglo-Canadian, and feel a warm interest in all that affects it for good or evil.) Within the past few days some 300 men have arrived here from Lower Canada, who have been induced by false promises of fabulous wages, by agents sent from the States, to leave their homes and the blessings of free and stable institutions, and exchange those estimable blessings for what? The choice between starvation and enlistment into the Federal army. More than one hundred of these poor miserable dupes have been induced by this species of coercion (up to the time I write) to enlist. Canadians would do well to ponder and thoroughly weigh the matter over before they embark to this unhappy and distracted land, where even the name of freedom has become a by-word and a mockery. Let them remember that the paper dollar and shinplaster currency of this country is a widely different thing from the currency of Canada. It takes from 145 to 155 dollars of this to make \$100 of Canada money. And in the present unsettled state of af-

fairs here it may very soon take twice that number. Nay, it would not be stretching the matter any to say, that the paper money may, by the time the Canadian wishes to return home, be absolutely worthless. Canadians are slow to learn. They ought to be well aware, long ere this, that the Yankees have got a wonderful faculty for falsifying things, when they have anything to gain by it. This weakness of lying has become so notorious since the secession movement, that every man who reads a paper must be aware of it. I will here state a few facts in regard to wages, etc., in this lake region. Common laborers get from \$30 to \$32 per month, without board. Price of board per month, \$13, washing \$1; then from the remaining \$16 take all that is above its value in Canada money. Say it is worth \$10 in gold. Now add the difference in the price of clothing, traveling expenses to and from the States, and you will see from these figures that the laborer's wages (supposing he gets employment,) is not over \$8 per month and board. If men cannot do better than this in Canada it is wonderfully deteriorated since I last saw it.—But there is no certainty of getting employment, either in this or any other part of the country, for the war paralyses everything that is not of a warlike nature; in fact the country is fast becoming one vast engine of war, to be wielded for the destruction of any and all who may be so presumptuous as to offend Mr. Seward, for he is to-day the Autocrat of all the United American Russias. Mr. Lincoln, to be sure, has the name, but only the name.

AMERICAN AGENTS ENTRAPPING CANADIAN YOUTHS.—Yesterday, one Mrs. Nyland, a widow called upon Judge Coursol, and with tears in her eyes, complained that her only son, a boy 14 years of age, had been inveigled from her the previous day by an American named E. Clapper, who made it his business to come to Montreal and neighborhood to decoy young Canadians to the States under pretence of employing them on canals and railroads and giving them larger wages than are obtainable here. The following advertisement used by Clapper on the occasion in question, is a specimen of the bait held out to the unwary:—

'500 boys wanted to drive for the W. T. Canal—wages \$15 a month and board. Application to be made to so and so, at West Troy, ect., ect. Signed N. Kelsey, Superintendent.' By means of the above and other attractions offered, Clapper wheedled about 100 boys from their homes in this city on Wednesday, paying their fare to the States by Rouse's Point. We learn that this business has been going on for six months, and several hundred Canadians have already been sent off to the States, the intention no doubt being to make them enlist in the Federal service. It would be well if an inquiry were made by authorities, with a view to putting a stop to the business of recruiting Canadian neutrals for Uncle Sam's unpopular service.—Montreal Gazette.

RETALIATION IN RICHMOND.

DRAWING LOTS FOR DEATH.

The Richmond Dispatch of July 7th, says: 'In the Libby Prison, yesterday, by order of Gen. Winder, the captains among the Yankee prisoners drew lots for two of their number to be shot in retaliation for the shooting of Captains Wm. Carlton and T. J. McGraw, by Gen. Burnside at Sandusky, Ohio, on the 15th of May last. The prisoners were assembled in a room at 12 o'clock by Capt. Turner, the commander of the prison. After being formed into a hollow square around a table, they were informed of the order of Gen. Winder. Small pieces of paper, each containing the name of one of the officers present, were deposited on the table. Captain Turner then informed the men that they might select whom they pleased, to draw the papers out. The first two names drawn would indicate those to be shot. The lots were drawn by the Rev. Mr. Brown, amid silence almost death-like. The first ballot drawn contained the name of Captain Henry Washington Sawyer, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, and the second that of Captain John Flinn, of the Fifty-First Indiana Volunteers. The day of their execution has not yet been fixed.'

A special dispatch, after giving substantially the same account as the above, has the following:

'When the names were called out, Sawyer heard it with no apparent emotion, remarking that some one had to be drawn and that he could stand it as well as any one else. Flinn was very white and much depressed.'

It is since announced that the Federal Government has given notice of prompt retaliation in case of the above sentence being carried into effect.

TO THINK ABOUT.

The following is from The Old Guard, a monthly journal, recently established in New York:—

Reported casualties of the war from its beginning to June 1st, 1863:—

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| Federals, killed | 43,874 |
| “ wounded | 97,629 |
| “ died of disease and wounds | 250,600 |
| “ made prisoners | 68,218 |
| Total | 459,121 |

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| Confederates, killed | 20,883 |
| “ wounded | 59,915 |
| “ died from disease and wounds | 120,000 |
| “ made prisoners | 22,169 |
| Total | 222,677 |

The Confederates have killed 22,874 more of our men than we have of theirs.

They have wounded, not mortally 39,414 more of our men than we have of theirs.

150,000 more of our men have died of disease and of wounds than of theirs.

They have made prisoners of 16,600 more of our men than we have of theirs.

Our total casualties are 237,297 more than theirs—that is, our casualties have been 14,000 more than as much again as theirs.

This is the way we have revenged the firing on Fort Sumpter.

But this is not all. We have spent almost 2,000 millions more of money than they have spent.

We have made 200,000 of our women widows.

We have made 1,000,000 of children fatherless.

We have destroyed the constitution of our country.

We have brought the ferocious savagery of war into every corner of society.

We have demoralised our pulpits, so that our very religion is a source of immorality and blood.

Instead of being servants of Christ our ministers are servants of Satan.

The land is full of contractors, thieves, provost marshals, and a thousand other tools of illegal and despotic power, as Egypt was of vermin in the days of the Pharaohs.

We are rapidly degenerating in everything that exalts a nation.

Our civilization is perishing.

We are swiftly drifting into inevitable civil war here in the north.

We are turning our homes into charnel houses.

There is a corpse in every family.

The angel of death sits in every door.

The devil has removed from Tartarus to Washington.

We pretend that we are punishing the rebels, but they are punishing us.

We pretend that we are restoring the Union, but we are destroying it.

We pretend that we are enforcing the laws, but we are only catching negroes.

That is the way we are revenging Sumpter.

Selling our souls to the Devil and taking Lincoln and Co's promise to pay.

We have it in greenbacks and blood.

That is the way we are revenging Sumpter.

FOLLY OF KNOWING TOO MUCH.—A young Englishman who resides not far from this city, had travelled long enough to fall in love with every thing foreign, and despise every thing belonging to his own country, except himself. He pretended to be a great judge of paintings, but admired only those done a great way off, and a great while ago. He could not bear any thing by any of his own countrymen. He was one day in an auction-room where there was a number of capital pictures, and amongst the rest an imitable piece of painting of fruits and flowers. The young Englishman would not give his opinion of the picture till he had first examined the catalogue, and finding it was done by an Englishman, he pulled out his eye-glass—“oh, sir,” says he, “these English fellows have no more idea of genius than a Dutch woman teaching French. The dog has spoiled a fine piece of canvass; he is worse than a sign-post dauber; there's no keeping, no perspective, no fore-ground. Why there now, the fellow has actually attempted to paint a fly upon that rose-bud; why, it is no more like a fly than I am like a—” but as the young Englishman advanced his finger to the picture the fly flew away. His eyes were half closed, and he turned away with the wise man's wink.

A. H. G.

THE CROSS OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL,
Of Kingston, Canada West, author of the “Abbey of Rathmore,” etc.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

Early the next day Sir Reginald Vivyan left London for Ravenscliff, determined to accuse Lady Esdaile of the wicked deception she had practised on him relative to Ellinor, and force from her a confession of her guilt. The darkness of night was falling around the Baronet's ancestral mansion when his traveling barouche swept up the noble avenue. But yet darker shadows, even the gloom of death, was gathering about the heart of its proud inmate. The Countess of Esdaile was dying. For some months her health had been declining; when a dangerous fever which had been for a time raging in the neighborhood, and had carried off many victims, penetrated the stately walls of Ravenscliff, and struck down with resistless blow, its haughty mistress. The disease was approaching its crisis on the night the Baronet arrived, and a few hours would decide whether the patient would live or die. The physician in attendance, who received Sir Reginald, said he had no hope of her Ladyship's recovery; and tried to persuade him to leave the house immediately lest the fatal disease should attack him. But in his great anxiety to have an interview with the Countess, Sir Reginald cared not for the danger he incurred, willingly risking his life, if he could by doing so, remove the reproach attached to Ellinor's name, although her exculpation in the eyes of the world would cover with ignominy one of his own noble race. Dead therefore, to the suggestions of prudence, the Baronet determined to pass the night at Ravenscliff, and see the Countess as soon as the crisis had passed, and reason had returned.

Alone, in the library, through the silent hours of night, he kept a weary vigil. Lady Philippa Lincoln was in Italy, travelling with some gay friends. His thoughts naturally were of a solemn and melancholy nature, for already the gloom of death seemed to have fallen upon that palace-home. Within its walls a soul was struggling with ‘the last enemy,’ and that awful presence made itself felt by every heart.

Across his sombre reflections occasionally flashed the bright recollection that Ellinor might yet be restored to him, and her fame cleared from the reproach now resting upon it. Then, for a time, fancy would be busy with the future, coloring its picture of domestic happiness with glowing tints, till suddenly in the back ground of this fancy sketch, darkening the horizon, would appear the form of Captain Travers; he, the true-hearted, whose devotion to Ellinor stood out in such glaring contrast to her husband's heartless desertion. Then the bitter remembrance of Ellinor's coldness and evident estrangement would come with its deep power to crush every hope of domestic happiness within the heart of Sir Reginald, and in the anguish of his spirit he would curse the deep malignity of that proud woman who had separated them; at first, by her artful insinuations, and afterwards, by a well-devised tale of Ellinor's appointed meeting with Count Altenberg. Occasionally the recollection of the danger he was incurring, and the thought of his own death would present itself to his mind; filling it with that undefined dread which many persons feel at the near approach of the ‘Pale Horse and his Rider.’ But his resolution to see Lady Esdaile never wavered; he offered his life as a sacrifice to Ellinor for cruelly deserting her, without seeking any explanation, when an interview would have explained every thing and shewn him the vile duplicity of his aunt.

The hours of the night wore slowly on, and as the first streak of the pale dawn stole through the closed shutters in the library, Lady Esdaile's physician came to summon Sir Reginald to her Ladyship's death-bed.

‘She is sinking fast,’ he said; ‘the sooner your interview is over the better.’

The Baronet rose eagerly.

‘Is she aware of my wish to see her?’

‘Yes; she seemed pleased to hear of your arrival.’

The heavy drapery of the rich damask curtains, drawn carefully across the closed shutters, excluded the grey shadows of the early morning from the luxurious apartment in which the Countess of Esdaile lay awaiting her end in mortal helplessness. The soft light of the shaded lamp fell upon that white face, on which death was already stamping its awful mysterious traces. A faint gleam of satisfaction from the dull glazing eye, welcomed the approach of Sir Reginald.

‘I told Dr. S—— to write for you; I have

something of the greatest importance to communicate. Reginald, come nearer; stoop lower and listen. I do not wish any ears but yours to hear what I am going to say.’

The dying woman spoke with difficulty; pausing between each sentence.

Sir Reginald feared that death would interpose to prevent the confession of her guilt, which he saw she wished to make. At his request Dr. S—— administered a restorative, and in the strength which it for a time imparted, the Countess was enabled to proceed.

‘Your wife, Lady Vivyan, is innocent. I accused her falsely and bribed her maid to perjure herself. Can you forgive me? I fear you cannot. By my means you are a murderer! The blood of Count Altenberg will be required at my hands;’ and the dying woman shivered with the agony of remorse.

‘This must be witnessed!’ said Sir Reginald, in a hoarse voice. His frame thrilled with joy to breathe the confirmation of Ellinor's innocence.

‘Witnessed!’ gasped Lady Esdaile; ‘of what avail can it be now? Will it recall the dead, or bring back reason to your injured wife? Reginald, you cannot mean to publish my sin? You will not stamp with ignominy my noble name?’

Even in the hour of death was the besetting sin of the proud woman dominant.

‘It must be witnessed,’ sternly repeated the Baronet. ‘The confession of your nefarious deception shall be published in every British paper, until the name of Lady Esdaile becomes a by-word in the mouth of both peer and peasant. It cannot, alas! restore to life the murdered Altenberg; but it can remove the cloud from the reputation of my injured wife. Lady Vivyan is not, as you suppose, insane. I saw her not many hours since, in the possession of all that this world can bestow—except an unsullied name, and that, Madam, your present confession will soon restore.’

There was no pity in the stern gaze the Baronet fixed upon his dying aunt. She saw its expression and closed her eyes to shut out that look of deep resentment. For a few moments she did not speak; she seemed to commune with herself whether she would allow her confession to be taken down, and thus make her sin public. It was a hard trial for her haughty spirit. The proud woman felt that she could not rest in her grave beneath the world's scorn.

The Baronet saw the expression of determined silence in her white compressed lips. In a voice of intense emotion, but sounding awfully distinct in its deep earnestness, he said—

‘In the name of that dread Being, in whose presence you must shortly stand to answer for your sins, I implore you to make all the atonement in your power to Lady Vivyan, by repeating before Dr. S—— the confession you have already made to me.’

The dying eyes unclosed, and the fixed expression about the mouth relaxed. The fear of that tremendous judgment-throne, at whose bar she must soon stand, prevailed over every other consideration. She durst not pass into the unseen world without making reparation for the one great sin of her life. In faltering accents, she repeated what she had already asserted relative to Lady Vivyan's innocence; and Dr. S——, in silent astonishment, wrote it down, adding his signature as a witness. Sir Reginald then turned to leave the room, when the faint voice of the Countess arrested his steps.

‘Will you not pardon me Reginald? remember I am dying. Let me at least bear away with me into the dread future your forgiveness.’

Something of the deep resentment the Maiden Queen of England experienced, when told by the Countess of Nottingham of her perfidy towards her favorite Essex, was felt by Sir Reginald; and he was about to reply in the words of the self-willed Queen—‘Ask God to forgive you, I never can! but a glance at the pallid face, so beseeching in its anguish, touched a pitying chord in his heart. The thought too, that he was human and might soon need the mercy he was tempted to deny her, came with a sad subduing influence upon his mind.

‘I forgive you, the great wrong you have done me and mine; may God so pardon and have mercy upon my soul when the hour of my mortal agony comes!’

There was a deep solemnity in Sir Reginald's tones; and with a portentous gloom gathering round his heart he passed from that chamber of despair and death.

Half an hour afterwards the soul of the Countess of Esdaile had gone to its account.

Leaving Ravenscliff immediately, the Bar-

onet returned to town and took the steps necessary for having the confession of Lady Esdaile published. Through the medium of the public press came the startling announcement of one noble lady's wickedness, and another's cruel wrongs. The strange affair became the topic of conversation in every circle. There was a sudden revulsion of feeling in favor of Lady Vivyan. She, who had before been the theme of everybody's censure, now became the object of universal sympathy; and to this feeling was added the most lively interest, when it was known that the beautiful and wealthy Miss Davenport, the star of attraction in the fashionable world, was the divorced wife of Sir Reginald Vivyan. Those in the elite circles who had not before noticed her while she was only Miss Davenport, now sought her acquaintance; and the proud nabob saw with exultation his daughter take her former position in society.

In the meantime that daughter's haughty enemy was laid in her last resting-place, in the family crypt beneath the ancient church of Ravenscliff.

Without ceremony, and very privately, was the funeral conducted. No train of mourning coaches followed in melancholy procession; no fond relatives stood around the bier; and Dr. S——, who acted as chief mourner, felt, as he saw the ponderous door of the crypt close upon the coffin, that it could not shut out the world's scorn; and that ignominy, like a pall, enshrouded the dead.

While all this was being accomplished, Sir Reginald Vivyan felt daily that the fever which had carried off Lady Esdaile was lurking in his veins, and like an insidious foe clutching his life. He was not mistaken; and soon the news of his illness was conveyed to Ellinor, in a somewhat incoherent letter, written by himself, in which he bade her adieu; for he felt a presentiment that he should not recover.

His devotion to her in risking his life to restore her reputation, touched the finest feelings of her nature and produced in her woman's heart the deepest sympathy. She determined at once to take her place at his bed-side, as his attentive nurse, and see that every means was used to baffle the power of the fatal disease, which threatened his life.

No entreaties of General Davenport's could alter her resolution. It was her duty, she said, and he had sacrificed his life for her.

The intense happiness of Sir Reginald at Lady Vivyan's unexpected appearance in answer to his letter, was seen in the bright smile with which he welcomed her presence in his sick room; and yet he chid her fondly for venturing to breathe its infected atmosphere, and tried but in vain to persuade her to leave him to the care of his attendants.

Days spent in anxious watchings passed slowly away; delirium, as the fever gained ground, succeeded, and Ellinor listened sadly to the Baronet's wild wanderings, his mind seeming to be constantly occupied with the idea that Captain Travers was forcibly taking her from him. The passionate love he felt for her, and the jealousy which had rendered his life miserable, were but too apparent in the incoherent sentences which escaped his feverish lips. Every thought of self and of one inexpressibly dear was forgotten by Ellinor in the deep solicitude for her husband's recovery. Often the thought that his death would remove the only obstacle to her union with Gerald, obtruded itself upon her mind, but she crushed the heartless suggestion; for, in her womanly selfishness she wished not to enjoy happiness at the expense of another's misery.

Through the lonely hours of those anxious days and nights, Ellinor's heart often ascended in prayer to Heaven, that her husband's life might be spared, although that life came between her and the earthly happiness which she ardently desired.

The crisis came at length, oh, how awful! to watch the soul hovering, as it were, on the confines of both worlds, shuddering to enter the Dark Valley, yet feeling itself utterly helpless to retain the life to which it clings so fondly. Standing beside the sick bed the attendant physician watched intently the progress of the disease; his eye fixed on the white face of the sufferer, his fingers pressed upon the feeble pulse.

Near him sat Lady Vivyan trying to read in his grave countenance some indication of hope. At last a pleased look grew into the doctor's face, and his eyes turned with a beaming expression on her ladyship, as he said—

‘The crisis is favorable; he will live! a good constitution has baffled the disease; careful nursing will soon restore him to health.’

These words, ‘he will live!’ thrilled the

heart of Ellinor with sudden joy; her unselfish prayers then were answered, and again between her and Travers, yawned the same wide chasm as before! Was there no sensation of regret, as this thought came back upon her with all its bitterness? Yes, for Ellinor had a woman's heart and a frail human nature; and now when the fear of Sir Reginald's death had passed, suddenly there swept in upon her mind, a wave of anguish as she pictured to herself the future—the years that must be spent enduring life, not enjoying it, separated from him who still possessed an unextinguishable interest in her affections. But the path of duty lay straight before her, no matter how rugged, how unenviting it seemed. With the spirit of a martyr, she boldly entered it, determined to hide away in some remote corner of her poor crushed heart, that love which must now be forgotten; and to shut up in the inner chamber of memory, every cherished reminiscence of Gerald Travers.

The happiness of Sir Reginald, when told that he would recover once more to enjoy the rich blessings life possessed for him, could only be equalled by his gratitude to Heaven for such unlooked for mercy. His recovery was rapid. The fear that Ellinor might suffer for her devotion to him, alone troubled his peace; but the dreaded evil seldom comes. The fever spared Lady Vivyan.

In his far-distant home, Captain Travers received through the British papers, the welcome intelligence of Ellinor's restoration to her former rank in society, with an unblemished name. Her vindication before the world's tribunal was a source of the greatest happiness to Gerald; but he experienced a deep pang of regret to hear that she was again united to Sir Reginald Vivyan. Very dim, indeed, grew the hope which had hitherto enabled him to bear his separation from her. Gradually it died out of his heart altogether. Then urged, by utter hopelessness, he schooled himself to look upon Ellinor as lost to him on earth; but in that bright home above, he knew they would be united. He therefore patiently endured this one great trial of his life as the discipline sent to prepare him for a nobler state of existence.

Years rolled on, Sir Reginald Vivyan enjoying much domestic happiness, while his altered life showed the happy influence Ellinor possessed over him for good. And Lady Vivyan, she too was comparatively happy in administering to the happiness of others, and fulfilling the various duties of her high station. She never met Travers again, but like him she looked steadily onward through the vista of years, to their happy re-union in a world where there is no separation, no duties sternly demanding the sacrifice of self.

THE END OF THE CROSS OF PRIDE.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

Mrs. J. V. NOEL.—Your finely conceived, vividly written tale, 'The Cross of Pride,' is ended in this issue. We part with it as from a friend; the task was so delightful to read another and another portion of the manuscript and allot it out for the coming week. Where can we look for such another tale to be continued, and continued? Shall it be to you? Information reaches us that many subscribers have expressed pleasure with your story. Remarks were made in a previous issue which though seemingly directed only at an exception taken to one phase of one or two of the incidents of the Cross of Pride, arose in chief part from what we considered to be blemishes in the productions of other writers, which about that time came pouring in, all less or more making free with the Holy names, or the Holy mysteries, or with abstract theology. We intended our remarks to have the effect of arresting the influx of such productions, and said more in reference to the fictitious personage, Ellinor Harcourt, than was really intended for her, or for you who endowed her with a literary life.

EMMIE MANSFIELD—Your delightful story will be printed next week. It is omitted from this issue through a literary arrangement made before it was editorially read. Go on with another, fair lady. You have by nature, or you have acquired, the true art of story telling.

EXPORTING CANADIAN STOCK.—An American speculator, a Mr. Troy, took out with him in the steamship North American, which left this port for Liverpool and Londonderry on Saturday morning, five fine two-year old blood colts brought from Western Canada.—It is to be hoped this venture will have the effect of making Canadian horse-flesh favorably known in the 'Old Country.'

Agricultural.

AND DOMESTIC.

ABOUT WEATHER.

The night of Thursday 16th July, 1863, was so cold that railway engineers who travelled all night between Niagara and London; London and Detroit river, reported white frost! On the 17th the potatoes were seen between Hamilton and London as if frost bitten; and at an early hour on Saturday morning the railway men arriving from the west reported white frost. The days were mingled sunshine and cloud. The 18th was brilliant and warm, and gave farmers much success in haymaking around the upper shores of Lake Ontario, and easterly by way of Toronto and Cobourg, and all northerly to Georgian Bay; southerly to Niagara and Lake Erie; westerly by London, Chatham, St. Thomas, and the Erie shore to Detroit river.

Sunday 19th, the day of blessed rest, was to many farmers a day of impatience. The sun shone brightly, and the wind was a gentle breeze, waving and playing with the ripening grain. Monday 20th, dawned with an eastern sky of long level clouds of red and grey, with streaks of cold white light gleaming through the horizontal openings in the grey and red. That was at half past four, A.M. At six the sky became all grey, veils of fleecy black floated quickly from north-east as if they were flying couriers with tidings. The advanced forces of the coming tempest loomed out darkly in the east, but seemed to wait as if for the main body. At eleven, A.M. came a few drops of rain, a mere skirmish. At one, P.M. the reservoirs of the murky atmosphere let go their fastenings at the discharge of one blast of electric fire. And then the rain poured all afternoon, and as night came on the wind blew, and culminated in a tempest between one and two A.M. of the 21st.

At half-past four A.M. on the 21st, we took an accustomed early walk on the heights overlooking Burlington Bay. The air was as still, and as pure, and the eastern sky as fair in its promise of a fine day as if nothing had happened. But from beyond the beach five miles distant (a bank of sand and gravel which stretching from South to North separates Burlington Bay from Lake Ontario, except where cut to admit of navigation) there came up the sound of a roaring ocean, and even the waters of the Bay came in with signs of trouble on their face, disturbed by the terrible wrath of old Ontario raging outside. What wrecks had there been? Who may tell them all. Only two weeks before, fifty sail of freight carrying vessels were reported as wrecked on Lakes Michigan and Huron.

The weather on Tuesday remained calm, clear, and warm, and hay was made when the sun shone. But the hay-makers, who went to bed with thin covering, rose, after midnight, if not too weary and sleepy, and put on more. And Wednesday July 22nd was at daybreak cold, yet at 6 A.M. the sun shone out of the morning clouds with brightness, warmth, and all the glory of a hay-making, and early harvest day; and so continued when these lines were written.

HARVEST.—The cutting of fall wheat has commenced in the townships around Toronto. The prospects are very favorable. The midge has not done nearly so much harm as was at one time expected.—Toronto Globe July 20.

MIDGE IN THE WHEAT.—We were shown on Friday last, by Mr. George Leeds, of Dumfries, a few heads of wheat which were very badly affected with the midge. The heads were pulled from a field on Mr. Leeds' farm, and were rather later than the rest. The little pests were literally swarming on the grain, and the heads had totally failed to fill. The majority of the field, however, had escaped the ravages of this insect, it being only the spots where the grain was late that were affected. We hear that the midge is making sad ravages in Beverley and some other Townships.—Galt paper.

COMPLAINTS reach us of extensive injury to the wheat crop in this county by the midge. If this insect should prove as injurious as some are disposed to fear, the promised abundance will be denied. We imagine, however, that neither rust nor midge will seriously interfere with the bountiful harvest in store for us in the present season. The weather for the past week induced general apprehensions of extensive rust, but the favorable change has dispelled all fears on that head.—Woodstock Times, July 17.

CUTTING WHEAT.—Mr. Wm. Cowan, near Galt, cut a small quantity of his wheat on Monday last. He describes that cut as being 'a splendid sample.' Galt Reporter, July 16.

STRANGE WEATHER.—The weather during the past week has been most remarkable. We have had all the hazy indistinctness of the Indian Summer, coupled with a coolness most delightful at this period. But while this is pleasant to the feelings, the weather has unfortunately not given such universal satisfaction to the Agriculturist. It has been bad for curing the hay crop, and also caused the wheat to rust extensively in several localities. Good warm, dry weather, is what is now wanted until the crops are secured.—Ibid.

THE FLAX CROP.—A friend who has visited much of the neighboring counties of Waterloo and Brant assures us that not only has a large breadth of this crop been planted, but that it promises exceedingly well. It is estimated that the area sown in Brant alone will approach near six hundred acres. It is much to be regretted that from want of spirit the fine lands of Oxford had not been tried with an extended breadth of this profitable crop.—Woodstock paper.

From all parts of the country the reports of the growing crops are most encouraging. In some places we regret to learn that the wheat insect has commenced its ravages; but its presence is by no means general. Many of the farmers have commenced their haying harvest; and the weather for the purpose is most propitious. Hay will be a good crop in this neighborhood. In some places the Fall Wheat is already ready to cut.—Peterborough Review, July 17.

CROP PROSPECTS.—While from many parts of Canada we hear favorable reports of the coming crops, in this county, we fear the most gloomy forebodings will be realized, unless a kind Providence soon favors us with better growing weather. Hay is said to be scarcely worth cutting in most sections; and the weevil has also made its appearance.—Prospects are gloomy indeed; although we must only hope for the best, and trust to an all-merciful Providence for a more favorable state of things.—Kingston Whig, July 15.

RAIN AT LAST.—At length we have got what we so long desired—rain. On Wednesday evening last there was a very heavy rain, accompanied with a very high wind which lasted for some hours. We scarcely ever remember a harder blow than on the evening mentioned. Since then we have had several showers, and the sky has been over cast almost all the while. The crops look very much better; and farmers indulge in none of the wry faces they had before the shower.—North American (Newburgh) July 15.

THE STORM OF WEDNESDAY NIGHT.—We regret to learn that the violent hail storm of Wednesday night last, has done a great deal of damage to the crops in this county particularly in the eastern part of Haldimand, and in Cramahé. The windows of a great many private houses were also demolished, orchards suffered severely, fences were thrown down, horses killed by lightning and the fields of grain flattened to the earth.—Cobourg Sun, July 14.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—The weather for the past two weeks has been most oppressively hot, the thermometer ranging from 80 to 90 degrees in the shade, accompanied with a dry scorching wind. From all parts we hear that the hot dry weather has affected the crops most materially, particularly upon the high lands. The hay and grain crops have a withered and dried-up appearance, and all growth is stopped; and should rain not come soon, crops will fall short of what was expected a month ago. We regret to hear of great failure in the potato crop, from the decaying of the seed in the ground. We observe a great many fields not over half a crop, a most unusual thing in this part of the country. The farmers are now busily engaged preparing land and sowing turnips. In several parts of this district the caterpillar has made sad havoc among the gardens and orchards, stripping the leaves completely from the bushes, rendering the fruit utterly worthless.—Quebec Daily News July 13.

BRONZE MEDAL FOR CANADIAN FALL WHEAT.—James Wright, Esq., Secretary of the South Wellington Agricultural Society, has just received a Bronze Medal, Class III, for two bushels of fall wheat exhibited at the International Exhibition. The wheat was grown on the farm of Mr. Benjamin Dudgeon, Waterloo Road, near Guelph, and was the produce of the year 1861, and was shown at the South Wellington Show at Guelph, and forwarded to the Board of Agriculture, Toronto, and thence forwarded to the Great Exhibition.—Guelph Adv.

Publisher's Notices.

G. P., Selkirk.—Sent back numbers by the bearer of your letter.

S. F., Mohawk.—Back numbers sent from No. 2, Vol. 2. We have at present no copies of No. 1, but may collect some from agents.

A. H., Newmarket.—Order attended to.

J. S., Bloomfield.—Answered by mail.

T. B., Welland.—We wrote you by mail, telling how to remit.

H. S. S., Prince Ed. Island.—We have written you by mail; all the back numbers you mention have been sent.

Remittances.

G. M. G., Smithville; I. C. C., Caledonia; M. McF., Cayuga; H. M. B., Canfield; J. C., Pt. Colborne; J. R. H., Dunville; S. W., C. S., R. C., I. S., A. T., I. A., and J. W., Mount Healey; J. A. P., Dickenson's Landing; J. W. C., C. F., R. B. P., P. L., G. W., Mrs. C. K., J. F., Mrs. Capt. W. A., Mrs. D., Port Dover; J. F., Five Bridges; W. M., Waterford; I. B., Goderich; I. T., Humberstone; I. R. B., Dunville; F. M., Port Colborne; N. E. T., Cayuga; N. McJ., C. S., J. L., J. A., P. E., H. B., Dunville; W. B., Windsor; G. Y., Jr., Whitby; I. E. N., Sparta; A. S. J., Toronto; C. G. S., Orono; S. F., Mohawk; I. H. B., W. W. G., Mrs. M. A. R., C. B., L. R., G. P., Selkirk.

CRICKET.

OFFICERS 1ST BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE V. NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

This match was played at Hamilton, C. W., July 18. The following was the score at the end of the day:—

| OFFICERS RIFLE BRIGADE—FIRST INNINGS. | |
|---|-----|
| Lieut. A. Wilson Patten, c Foster b Brill | 6 |
| Ensign A. Montgomery, b Brill b Foster | 14 |
| Ensign J. Hope Johnston, b Brill | 10 |
| Lieut. W. Grant, c and b Brill | 1 |
| Lord A. P. Cecil, b Foster | 38 |
| Lieut. T. R. Parr, l b w, b Brill | 7 |
| Captain Tryon, not out | 25 |
| Lord E. P. Clinton, b Brill | 25 |
| Captain Slade, c Inglefield b Foster | 23 |
| Hon. F. Somerville, not out | 3 |
| Lord A. G. Russell, not out | 0 |
| Byes 25, Leg byes 5, Wides 4 | 34 |
| Total | 156 |

| OFFICERS RIFLE BRIGADE—SECOND INNINGS. | |
|--|-----|
| Lieut. A. Wilson Patten, not out | 23 |
| Ensign A. Montgomery, bowled Bolton | 19 |
| Captain Tryon, not out | 57 |
| Byes 11, Leg byes 2, Wides 3 | 16 |
| Total | 120 |

| P. C. O. AND MEN RIFLE BRIGADE—FIRST INNINGS. | |
|---|----|
| Finch, not out | 11 |
| Lawrence, c Somerville b Clinton | 2 |
| Sims, hit wicket, b Clinton | 7 |
| Bolton, c Parr b Grant | 3 |
| School Sergt. Foster, c Clinton b Grant | 13 |
| Corporal Wild, b Slade | 4 |
| Payne, b Grant | 12 |
| Corporal Brill, b Grant | 16 |
| Eberington, b Grant | 0 |
| Inglefield, not out | 5 |
| James, run out | 3 |
| Byes 6, Leg byes 2, Wides 9 | 17 |
| Total | 93 |

UMPIRES.—Mr. A. Booker and Ensign Fitzgerald.

The following was omitted last week by accident: 1ST BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE, V. "ANIMATED RUSTICS."

This match was played at Hamilton on the 10th inst., and ended in favor of the Rifle Brigade, being decided by the first innings. Mr. Kinahan's bowling was the admiration of all present.

| "ANIMATED RUSTICS"—FIRST INNINGS. | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| R. Bros, run out | 0 |
| R. Kennedy, run out | 1 |
| L. Rolph, run out | 7 |
| C. Kinahan, not out | 60 |
| F. Galloway, c Wild b Brill | 14 |
| D. Rolph, b Brill | 2 |
| D. Snow, c Slade b Brill | 2 |
| F. Geddes, c Brill b Foster | 1 |
| H. Bull, c Foster b Brill | 0 |
| G. Griffin, b Brill | 0 |
| P. Luard, hit wicket, b Brill | 3 |
| Byes 6, Leg byes 2, Wides 5 | 13 |
| Total | 93 |

| "ANIMATED RUSTICS"—SECOND INNINGS. | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| R. Bros, st. Tryon b Finch | 8 |
| R. Kennedy, run out | 0 |
| L. Rolph, c Foster b Bolton | 8 |
| C. Kinahan, c Parr b Bolton | 10 |
| F. Galloway, b Slade | 31 |
| D. Rolph, b Bolton | 2 |
| D. E. Snow, b Bolton | 1 |
| F. Geddes, not out | 19 |
| H. Bull, not out | 16 |
| Byes 3, Wides 5 | 7 |
| Total | 96 |

| RIFLE BRIGADE—FIRST INNINGS. | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Captain Slade, b L. Rolph | 4 |
| A. H. Montgomery, b Kinahan | 4 |
| School Sgt. Foster, b W. Rolph | 14 |
| Private P. Raven, hit wicket, b Luard | 13 |
| Captain Tryon, c Bros b Kinahan | 9 |
| Private P. Bolton, c Geddes b Kinahan | 13 |
| T. R. Parr, b Snow | 10 |
| Private J. Finch, b Kinahan | 0 |
| Corporal Brill, not out | 16 |
| L. Cary, b Kinahan | 0 |
| Corporal Wild, b Kinahan | 0 |
| Byes 14, Leg byes 3, Wides 21 | 41 |
| Total | 151 |

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 17TH JULY, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries) and Amount (\$21,579 \$21, 10,271 65, 1,701 71).

Table with 2 columns: Corresponding week last year (40,324 \$14) and Increase (\$1,228 30).

JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton, 18th July, 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 11TH, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount (\$29,461 96, 2,800 00, 42,755 16).

Table with 2 columns: Total (\$75,017 12) and Corresponding week, 1862 (67,538 43).

Increase \$7,478 69. JOSEPH ELLIOTT.

MONTREAL, July 17th, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

[Compiled for the Canadian Illustrated News]

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT.

LIVERPOOL, June 27, 1863.

Large table listing various goods (Pork, Bacon, Middles, Lard, etc.) and their prices in multiple columns.

PETROLEUM.

Table listing petroleum products (American Crude, Canadian, Refined Burning, etc.) and their prices.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto, July 22.

Full wheat in moderate supply, selling at 90c to 93c per bushel for good to prime, and 85c to 90c for inferior. Spring wheat 75c to 80c for inferior, and 81c to 81c per bush for good. Rye nominal, at 1c per lb. or 56c to 60c per bushel. Barley scarce at 15c to 50c per bushel. Pease 45c to 50c for good samples. Oats scarce at 15c to 17c per bushel. Potatoes plentiful at 25c to 35c per bushel wholesale, and 30c to 40c retail. Apples \$2 to \$3 per barrel. Chickens 40c to 50c the pair. Ducks scarce at 40c to 50c the pair. Butter 12c to 13c per lb. wholesale, and 14c to 18c retail. Eggs 9c to 13c per dozen. Old hay in light supply, selling at \$15 per ton for best qualities, and new hay well supplied at \$8 to \$9 per ton for best. Straw \$8 to \$9 per ton. Hides \$5 per cwt. Calfskins 8c to 6c per lb. Pelts 30c each. Lambskins 50c each. Wool 36c to 39c per lb., with a brisk demand. Wood in large quantities \$4 to \$4 50 per cord; and by retail \$4 50 to \$5 per cord.

C. FREELAND'S MONTREAL MARKET REPORT. Montreal, July 20.

Flour, No. 1 superline, \$4 40, \$4 50 has in exceptional cases been reached. Wheat—U. C. spring 92c to 95c. Corn—50c to 52c. Pork—New mess. \$10 25 to \$10 50. Ashes—Pots \$5 85; pearls \$6 50.

NEW YORK MARKETS.—JULY 22.

FLOUR.—Receipts 29,978 barrels. Market dull and 5c lower. Sales 9,700 barrels, at \$4 30 to \$4 75 for superfine State; 5 40 to \$5 50 for extra State; \$5 65 to \$5 80 for choice State; \$1 20 to \$1 75 for superfine Western; \$5 20 to \$5 80 for common to medium extra Western; \$5 75 to \$5 85 for common good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian flour dull and drooping. Sales 450 barrels at \$5 50 to \$5 70 for common, and \$1 85 to \$1 30 for good to choice extra. Rye flour steady at \$1 50 to \$5 20.

GRAIN.—Wheat—receipts 163,817 bush. Market dull and 1c lower. Sales 40,000 bushels at \$1 13 to \$1 25 for Chicago shipping; \$1 01 for unsound do.; \$1 19 to \$1 30 for Milwaukee club; \$1 30 to \$1 34 for amber Iowa; \$1 35 to \$1 38 for winter red Western; \$1 39 to \$1 41 for amber Mich. Rye quiet at 92c to 95c for Western, and \$1 02 to \$1 05 for Jersey and State. Oats quiet at 70c to 76c for Canadian, Wisconsin, and State.

PROVISIONS.—Pork—market quiet and a shade lower. Sales 300 barrels at \$11 25 to \$11 87, for old mess; \$13 75 to \$13 87 for new do.; \$1 50 to \$1 25 for old and new prime. Beef quiet.

NATIONAL HOTEL, DRUMMONDVILLE, NIAGARA FALLS, C. W. ARTHUR L. ELLIS, Proprietor.

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

Board \$1.00 per day, Drummondville, June 30th, 1863.

WOOD ENGRAVING. At considerable trouble and expense, we have succeeded in securing the services of some of the BEST ENGRAVERS in Canada and the United States, and are now prepared to furnish WOOD CUTS Of Portraits, Buildings, Machinery, Scenery, &c., for Circulars, Bills, Cards, Books, &c., of a BETTER CLASS, and at from Twenty-Five to Fifty per cent less than the usual Prices charged in the Province. Make arrangements with us to send a Special Artist to sketch; or send ambrotype or sketch of whatever is to be engraved, stating size required, and we will quote price at once.

FERGUSON & GREGORY, Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, C. W.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL, GEORGE GORDON, PROPRIETOR, Bridgewater Street, CHIPPAWA, C. W. Good stabling attached to the premises.

THE ENGRAVINGS show an ingenious apparatus for Measuring Liquids, lately patented by Mr. THOMAS BROOKES. Fig. 1, on right, is a gallon measure with three legs, two being portable, the third forming the spout; a piece of glass with figures on either side shows the quantity of liquid contained, while the small handle at the top, by being pressed, opens a valve at the bottom which allows it to pass through.

Fig. 2, on left, is the same kind of apparatus, the valve being opened by pulling the handle. By this contrivance the merchant may possess a Measure and Funnel combined which will save him considerable expense and no end of trouble and annoyance.

The articles may be obtained from Mr. THOMAS BROOKES, 27 King street, Toronto, and from his authorized Agents, Toronto, May 30, 1863.

JOHN M'INTYRE, MERCHANT TAILOR, AND OUTFITTER. GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER. Perfect fit and entire satisfaction warranted. The Latest Patterns of French, English and German Cloths always on hand. Hughson st., Opposite Times Office, HAMILTON, C. W.

ESTABLISHED 1818. SAVAGE & LYMAN, Manufacturers and Importers of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE, Cathedral Block, Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Canes, Fans, Dressing Cases, Papier-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c. Montreal, January 24, 1863.

S. M. PETTENCILL & CO.,

No. 37, PARK ROW, NEW YORK. No. 6 STATE STREET, BOSTON. Special Agents for the 'CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS' and all principal Newspapers in the United States, Canada and Pacific Coast.

THE TWO LEADING HOUSES IN HAMILTON & TORONTO!

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS IN Clothing, Dry Goods and Millinery, At LAWSON'S! Immense Stocks and at Unequaled Low Prices. LAWSON, BROS. & CO., Corner King and James Streets, Hamilton, C. W. LAWSON & CO., No. 96 King Street East, Toronto, C. W. Wanted, a first-class Milliner.

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

GO TO W. M. SERVOS' NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE, 48 King Street, Hamilton. Two doors East of Wood & Leggat's and three doors West of McGiverin & Co.'s.

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

Selected from the most eminent manufacturers in the Province, as they have all been purchased for Cash, he is determined to SELL AT THE LOWEST REMUNERATING PROFITS.

And flatters himself he CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD by any House in Hamilton. His stock is all new, and the greatest attention has been paid in selecting the Newest and most Fashionable styles.

Work of every description made to order, on the shortest notice, and entire satisfaction guaranteed, or the money returned. One trial is earnestly solicited. Wm. Servos, 26 Hamilton, May, 1863.

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

ELLIS' HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA SIDE, NEXT DOOR TO BARNETT'S MUSEUM.

Board, \$1.00 per Day. Meals at all hours. Carriages at attendance at the door. Good stabling. W. F. ELLIS, PROPRIETOR.

JOSEPH LYGT, DEALER IN PAPER HANGINGS, SCHOOL BOOKS, Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines, &c. CORNER KING AND HUGHSON STREETS, HAMILTON, C. W.

Agent for TORONTO STEAM DYE WORKS. Stamping for Braiding and Embroidering.

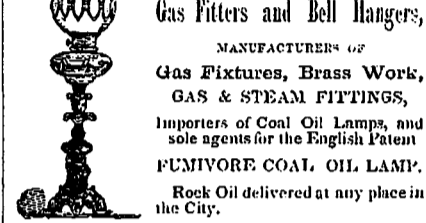
AMERICAN HOTEL.

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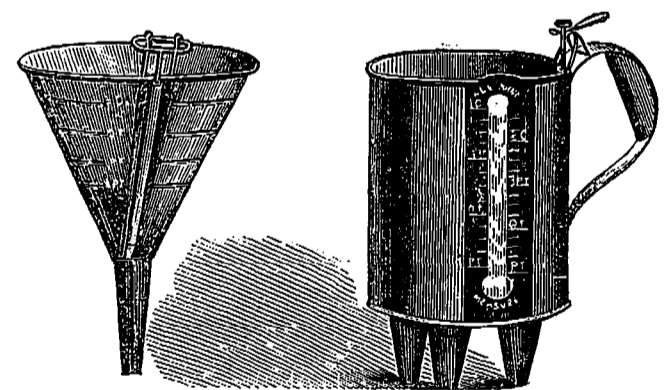
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