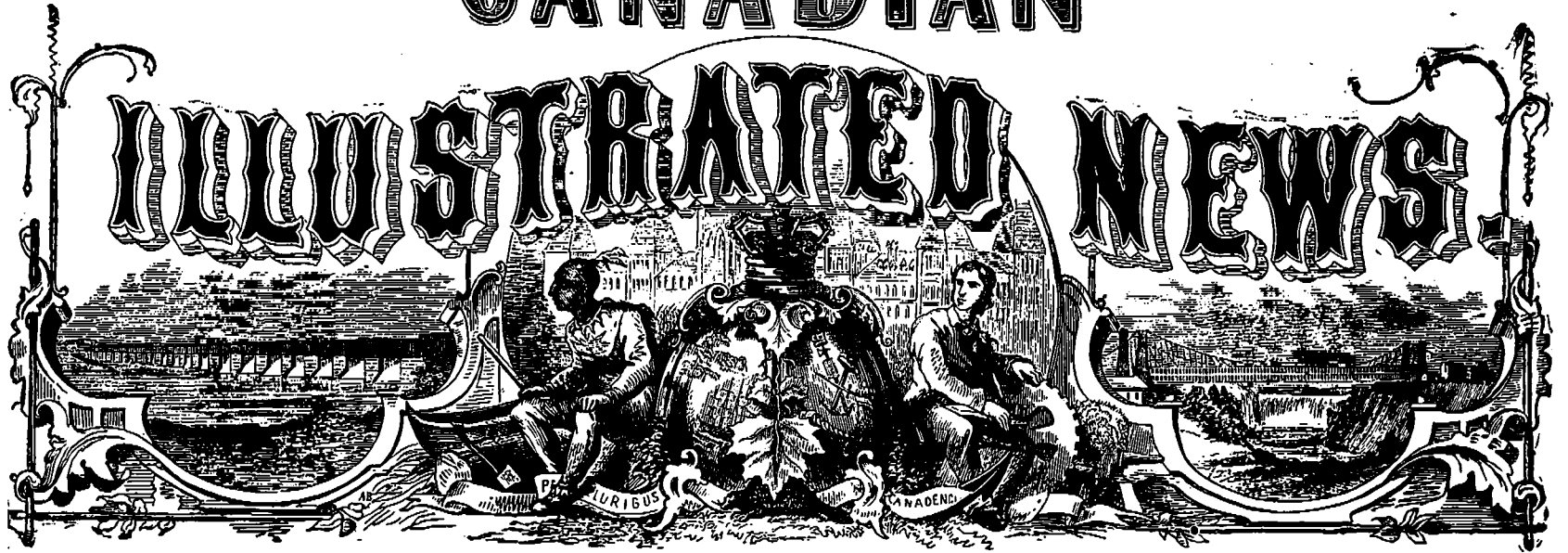


CANADIAN

ILLUSTRATED NEWS



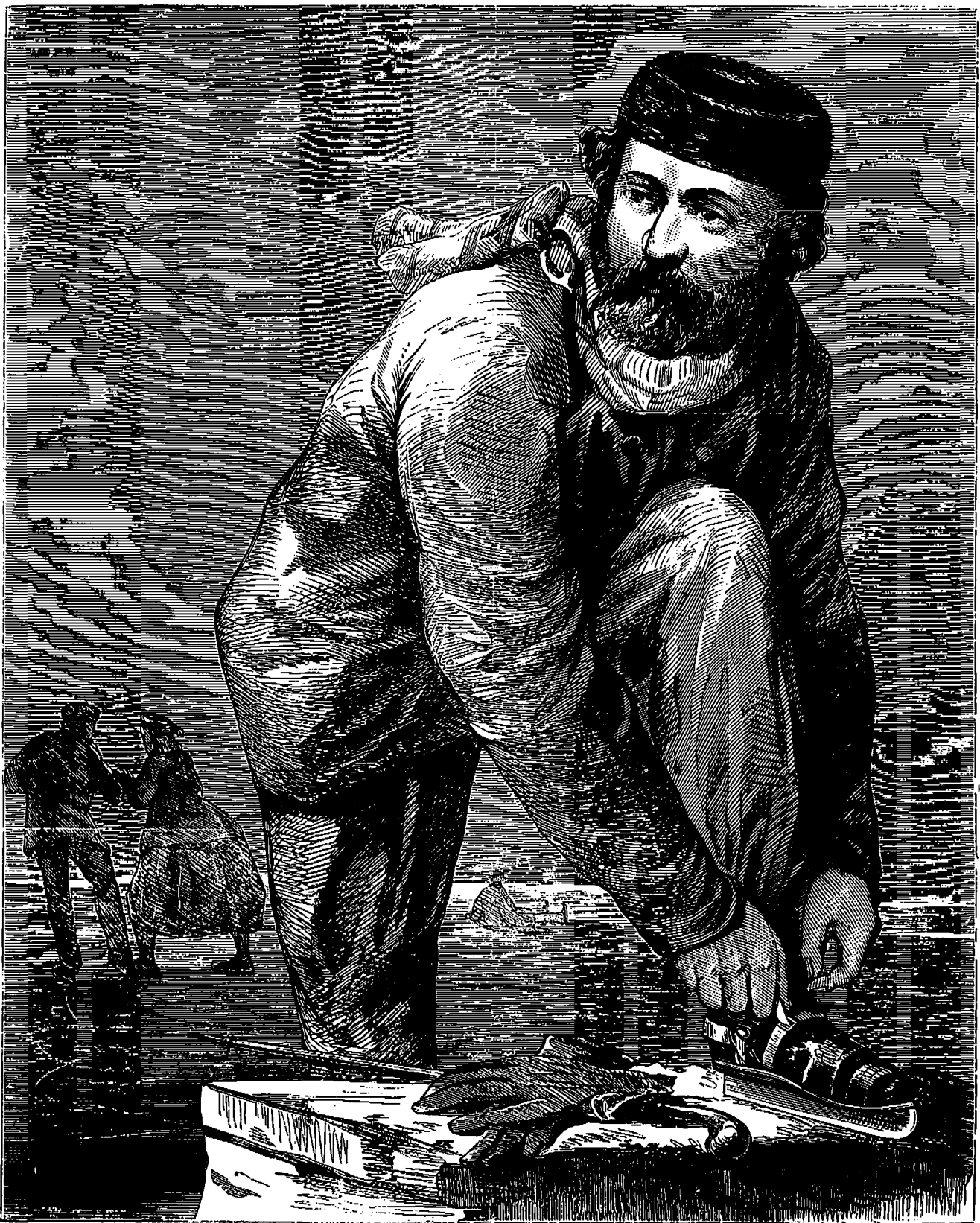
VOL. III—No. 3.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 19, 1863.

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"PUTTING ON THE SKATES."

The engraving on this page is from an original design by our artist, Mr. G. A. Binkert, and is suggestive of the season of winter, with its appropriate pastimes. Few things are more remarkable than the recent rise and progress of skating as an "institution" in Canada. It was long since known that we had the ice here in abundance, and that by a skillful use of the little steel runners, a rapid and highly pleasing sort of locomotion could be attained by human locomotives. But the extent to which the skating mania has now spread, and the zest with which the amusement is followed by large numbers of the young and gay of both sexes, is something which is but of yesterday. It is commonly said that demand always creates supply; we may add that the converse of this proposition, that supply creates demand, is sometimes equally true.



But for the skating rink which have been established in most of our Provincial cities and towns, with their convenience of access, and other attractions, we doubt if skating could have become "the rage" which it now is in the community.

We wonder whether skating can be looked upon as a department of "social science," and worthy the attention of an annual Congress. Let the ladies answer this question; if it be not too abstruse for them.

Maximilian has no intention of leaving for Mexico in February next as has been stated. The situation created by his address to the Mexican deputation is in no way changed. No alteration will take place in the position of the Archduke until the conditions then laid down are fulfilled.

Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge is officially styled as 'Commanding-in-Chief, not as 'Commander-in-Chief.' So says somebody who professes to know.

"PUTTING ON THE SKATES"—FROM A DESIGN BY MR. G. A. BINKERT.

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H. GREGORY & Co.

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1863.

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THE CANADIAN**Illustrated News.**

HAMILTON, DECEMBER 19, 1863.

H. GREGORY & Co. Proprietor.

A SENSIBLE VIEW.

We heartily endorse the sentiments conveyed in the following paragraph, from a recent number of the *Kingston Whig*:

"Several of the weekly newspapers are agitating the question, 'A Monarchy or a Republic?' Now, this is a very great mistake. Canada wants neither a Monarch nor a President. She is well contented with her present form of Government, and needs no change. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Should circumstances arise, in which a change of Government is called for, then the question might be agitated. At present it is idle and wholly uncalled for. It is more than idle; it is injurious. It leads the people of Great Britain to imagine the Canadians to be a factious, discontented people, anxious to become independent, and desirous of throwing off the yoke of dependency; whereas, the very contrary is the fact. Not one hundred sane men, of whatever origin, can be found in the whole Province willing to disturb the amicable relations between Great Britain and her great colony. And good reason have Canadians to be contented. Therefore, let us hear no more of a monarchy or a republic."

There, we beg to say, is the concentrated common sense of the matter. Those who advocate a change of any kind, are bound to shew, either that the particular change they call for is in itself an improvement on the present condition; or that it is necessary to prevent some other impending or probable change, which would be regarded as a calamity. If we mistake not, the Vice-Royalty scheme of Mr. McGee is advocated mainly on the ground that republican tendencies are strong in Canada, and that something of the kind recommended is necessary to prevent the falling away of this Province from the mother-country. We take issue with Mr. McGee at once as to the fact; and undertake to maintain that the people of the Upper Province, at all events, are in the course of becoming, not more American and less English in their tastes and feelings than they have been, but the very reverse. Only by shutting the eyes to positive and palpable facts can any other view than that which we here affirm be arrived at. Think of the immense *pro-English* influence which the inauguration and extension of our railway system has brought to bear on the Province. This is

in itself a force, most potent for the impression of English views and English ways of thinking on Provincial society. And is it to be supposed that the improved ocean steam communication of our day, and the frequent visits "home," of our men of business, and indeed of most of our leaders in all departments of Provincial life, do not tend strongly in the same direction? Let us mention another element in the calculation, which is not without a large degree of effect in the same, the presence amongst us lately of large numbers of officers and soldiers in Her Majesty's service. That has its share of influence, without doubt; more, perhaps, than might at first be supposed. On the basis of incontrovertible facts, which can be made most convincingly apparent if need be, we repeat that the actually existing tendency of the time in Canada is to Anglicize and not to Americanize the structure of our society, its manners, its government, and all thereunto belonging, as the lawyers would say. And we stand abundantly prepared to make good in detail what we here affirm in general terms.

The union of all British North America under one government, presided over by a Viceroy, is something which for various weighty reasons may yet be found both necessary and beneficial. But what we do most emphatically object to, is the attempt to found the argument for the necessity of the scheme on the assumption of disloyal feeling and American-republican tendencies existing and operating in Canada.—Other reasons and arguments in favour of the proposed change we shall be pleased to hear and to appreciate: but we will not give even the dubious sanction which silence might imply, to the idea that changes are necessary because Upper Canada is becoming Americanized and Republican. The actual facts of the case, which ought to be patent to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear what is going on around them, warrant a belief diametrically the opposite of this. We might remonstrate with Mr. McGee himself, and ask him whether it is wise, whether it is prudent, to slander Canada in the ear of England. He would of course reply that what he utters is no ill-meant slander, but a salutary caution. The question is, after all, simply one of fact, namely—whether the feelings and tendencies so heartily denounced by Mr. McGee do actually exist here or not; that is, in any degree requiring serious attention. Let every one who feels the importance of the issue examine well, and judge for himself. Let it be remembered, meanwhile, that what is spoken here is heard in Washington and New York, as well as in London and Liverpool. Let our leaders of public opinion beware of anything which may, even unintentionally, serve to put our neighbours on the other side of the lakes astray on a point so important as the one in question.

THE PIONEER DINNER AT LONDON.

This happily designed and most successful festive gathering took place in the City Hall, London, on Thursday the 10th inst. Col. J. B. Askin, at the head of the principal table, officiated as Chairman; the duties of the first Vice-chair being discharged by Mayor Cornish of London. There were eight other tables, each with a Vice-Chairman at its head. Grace was said, and thanks returned, by his Lordship the Bishop of Huron. The toast of 'the Army and Navy of the British Empire,' was responded to by Lieut. Col. Grant for the Army, and by two veterans of the Lakes for the Navy, Captain Beer of Metcalfe, and Captain Zeland of Hamilton, aged and honoured representatives of the Navy as it was on the Lakes in 1812. The toast of the evening, 'The Pioneers and First Settlers of Canada,' was proposed by the Chairman, and responded to by Col. McCrae, of Chatham, James Ferguson, Esq., Registrar of Middlesex, Capt. Doty, of London Township, Col. Whitehead, of Woodstock, and Lieut. Col. Ingersoll. The toast of 'The Volunteers and Militia of Canada,' was responded to by Lieut. Col. Shanly, and Lieut. Col. Henry of Aldborough. James Johnson Esq., of Sunnyside, near London, President of the Upper Canada Agricultural Association, spoke for 'Agriculture;' Isaac

Buchanan, Esq., M. P. P. for 'The Commerce, Trade, and Navigation of Canada;' H. C. R. Becher Esq., Q. C. for 'The Judges of the Land, and the Members of the Bar of Canada; and William McBride, Esq., of London, for 'The Manufactures of Canada.' The speeches delivered were in the highest degree interesting; abounding as they did, in authentic and reliable recollections of early times in Canada, and of what the Pioneer settlers of the Province had to be, to do, and not unfrequently to suffer, while engaged in the Herculean labour of 'making a country,' for themselves and their posterity. It does not interfere with a proper appreciation of the many other excellent speeches of the occasion, to remark here concerning that of Mr. Buchanan, the peculiar fitness, with which it so happened that the toast of 'The Commerce, Trade, and Navigation of Canada,' was responded to at a Pioneer Dinner in the principal city of the extreme West of the Province, by a gentleman who was himself *the* Pioneer of the wholesale and importing trade of Upper Canada; which has in the short space of thirty-two years since its initiation by him in 1831, grown into such honourable and well deserved importance as it now possesses.

It is proposed, we believe, that the Pioneer Dinner be made a regular annual affair, and measures are to be adopted to secure the co-operation of Pioneer Settlers in all sections of the Province. The place of meeting would of course have to be changed from year to year, in order to give each locality its turn. The London people, (under which term we include those of the country which has London for its business centre as well as those of the city itself,) certainly deserve much credit for the spirited manner in which they entered upon and carried out this, the first 'Pioneer Dinner' in Canada. The idea of the thing, whomsoever we have primarily to thank for it, was indeed a happy conception; and as the result of a first attempt, the success which attended its execution is matter for a large meed of congratulation and approval.

THE FOUNTAIN OF HOPE.

DEEP, deep, within the breast of all mankind is a fountain whose crystal waters flow unceasingly; sometimes in wild and sportive glee, but oftener in low, solemn measure. As old age advances each drop falls slower; their sounds are fewer, and every murmur appears like the knell of time, calling the soul to eternity. Early in life its silver streams falls faster; its harmony is merrier, and every drop sparkles like a diamond beneath the noonday sun. Yet many times this order is reversed, for, when all earthly thoughts have vanished, the hope of heaven is just as glorious, and its waters glitter as brilliantly in the evening of life as in the early morn. When every tie that binds us to this earth is broken; when life appears a vast and dreary waste, and every stream that feeds the heart is dried up; still this, the magic fountain, continues to play, and each murmur appears like music to the dejected soul.

A young, but care-worn man stands upon the bank of a deep, flowing river, gazing wildly around, trying to decide whether to dash himself headlong in the roaring torrents or meet the sneers and scorn of a relentless world. His feet rest on the very brink; scarce the breath of a passing zephyr, and he is lost forever; both body and soul! At that awful moment he hears a gentle sound; he stops to listen, 'tis the murmuring of the fountain of hope within him, for, until life is extinct, it still flows on. He pauses and thinks on his past life with all its sorrows, then on the future. How he starts at that thought! The future, in his wild delirium, had appeared but the end of all his grief—of everything; but now—now he thinks of something beyond this life, of a world yet to come.

The gentle murmur of the fountain has saved him; he slowly returns, thankful that such a life as his is spared, and from that moment becomes a wiser and better man. Such is the office of the fountain of hope—to cheer the dejected; to assist the unfortunate; and prevent the soul of man from perishing. It dwells alike in the breast of rich and poor, old and young, and dispenses its cheering, life-giving waters both in peasant's cot and prince's palace. Without it we would be poor, sorrowful beings, devoid of everything but existence, death would seem to be the end of all things, for, without its murmur to cheer us, we could not hope for heaven.

FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF BUTTERFLIES.

In the Canton of Basle not less than twelve million butterflies have been caught this year, and the government has paid the not inconsiderable sum of one million francs. Naturalists tell us that of every hundred of these beautiful insects, forty-five are females; and as each of the latter is estimated to lay on the average, forty fruitful eggs, the destruction of these twelve million is virtually the same as the annihilation of two hundred and sixteen million caterpillars.

CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

At a recent meeting, Professor Hincks brought under the notice of the Institute the peculiarities of a remarkable plant found in western tropical Africa, the *Welwitschia Mirabilis* named after the gentleman, Dr. Welwitsch, a German *swan* who was the first to make it known to the scientific world. It consists of a trunk composed of material more like bark than ordinary woody fibre, which rises only a few inches above the ground, but attains the circumference of as much as fourteen feet. From the trunk proceed two horizontal ribbon like leaves, six feet long, and sometimes of even greater length, and the whole is surmounted by a crown of cones, in appearance somewhat resembling ordinary fir-cones. It has been found near Cape Negro, in the district of Louando and at points along the coast five hundred miles distant from this. The soil in which it grows is remarkable arid. A traveller says that, proceeding from the coast thirty miles into the interior, he found this *Welwitschia Mirabilis* in considerable abundance, and no other vegetation whatever except a few miserable grasses. The characteristic peculiarity of the plant, in a botanical point of view, is that it appears to be an undeveloped plant, a germ beginning to grow with the cotyledons above the ground, and arrested in its growth in that condition. In an ordinary dicotyledonous plant, the two cotyledons decay, and the plant derives its woody substance from its leaves. In this plant the cotyledons are permanent, and constitute its whole foliage. Its life is said to be of the duration of a century. Professor Hincks discussed the views which had been propounded by European botanists, as to the place which should be assigned to this remarkable plant, in the classification of the vegetable kingdom, and stated what was his own theory on the subject. He combated also Dr. Hooker's attempt to make its peculiarities lend some support to Darwin's new doctrine about the origin of species, and declared himself as holding strongly, with the great naturalist Agassiz, the old doctrine of the continuity of species, in both the vegetable and the animal kingdoms.

Prof. Chapman then gave an explanation of the mode of detecting ordinary metals in mineral bodies, by the aid of the common blow-pipe, and other cheap, portable, and easily procurable apparatus, with illustrative experiments. By the process which he explained, any of the following metals—copper, lead, tin, gold, iron, silver, manganese, cobalt, and antimony—could be detected in a very few minutes, if they existed in mineral bodies, in quantities capable of being at all profitably wrought. The apparatus and re-agents, necessary for the detection of these metals, he enumerated as follows:—A blow-pipe; a small steel forceps; some charcoal; some soft iron wire; a small hammer; a small anvil; consisting of a piece of steel polished on one of its faces; a knife; a small magnet; a file; a small lamp; a small white plate or saucer; some carbonate of soda; some borax; a little saltpetre; a small quantity of muriatic acid; and some bone-ash. The whole he said, could be obtained at a cost of about \$2. He first illustrated the process, by taking a mineral body supposed to contain copper. Having chipped off a piece, he took it up in the forceps, and held it for a few moments in the flame of the lamp brought to play upon it by the blow-pipe, until it became ignited. He then put it into a drop of the muriatic acid laid upon the plate, moistening it in the acid; picked it up again with the forceps, and brought it under the action of the blow-pipe, when a brilliant greenish blue flame was exhibited, showing infallibly the presence of copper. He then showed how iron could be detected, by igniting the substance under the blow-pipe, placing it on the plate, and trying whether the magnet would attract it. He explained also, with illustrative experiments, how the other metals named could be readily detected, by means of the simple and cheap apparatus above enumerated. In reply to Dr. Scadding, Prof. Chapman stated that there was scarcely any tin found on this continent. A little had been found in California, but hardly in greater quantities than to furnish specimens for museums. One of the members, to test the blow-pipe process which had been explained of handed to the Professor a shiny and apparently metallic substance, asking him to say what metal it contained. On testing it with the blow-pipe, Professor Chapman replied that it was one of the micas, and contained no metal at all, with the exception of a very small quantity of oxide of iron or of manganese.

CATTLE IN THE FIELD.—The *Maine Farmer*, in an article on the preservation of the fertility of our fields, advises that the cattle be not allowed to feed them down during the fall. It says: It is a custom with many to feed off the second crop of their mowing fields with cattle. This is called turning into the fall feed. Many believe that this practice does no damage to mowing fields—that the hay crop will be just as large during the next year as if the cattle had not fed it off—that it is the same in effect as cutting 'rowen,' or aftermath and carrying it into the barn. A little experience and observation will convince one that this is not in fact the case. If the cattle, in their mode of gathering the second crop, nip it no closer than the scythe, or tramped it no harder than the man who mows, and gathers it in does, perhaps there would be little difference in the two, but the fact is, that cattle not only nip close and tramp hard, but they are generally allowed to follow it up until snow falls and covers the ground up. It is only that time the soil is pretty well stripped of herbage and has no clothing for winter, and but a little fund to start upon next spring. Now if the grass had been suffered to grow after all the hay from it had been closed there could be not only a coating of grass to serve as a protective mulch to roots during the winter, but the heads or collars of the roots would be stored with food for the early nourishment of the starting blades of the coming season.

The next total eclipse of the sun visible in this hemisphere will be on Aug. 7, 1869.

A CHINESE TEMPLE IN SAN FRANCISCO

The following graphic description of a Chinese Temple in San Francisco, on the occasion of a late religious festival held there. We take from the *Bulletin* of that city:—

The first thing which strikes the visitor on entering the vestibule of their sanctuary is a most ancient and fish-like smell, and if he approaches the altar he will discover that the breath of the gods smells strangely of stale salmon. Evidently their drink is not nectar, neither is it possible that their victuals is ambrosia. The first object of Chinese adoration that meets the eye is a high and hilarious god, standing some seven or eight feet in his stockings, and flourishing a cigar in his left hand like a Montgomery street swell. The attitude of this idol is not very graceful, while his legs widely spread apart, and the air with which he braces back against the wall, suggest that he is under the influence of the rosy. Altogether he has a convivial look about him highly cheerful to behold, and the effect is to be heightened by two horns with serrated edges which sprout gaily from behind his ears. His belly is modelled like a bass drum, but so nicely adjusted as not to seriously interfere with the even tenor of his whole contour.

Passing on and ascending a narrow and fishy staircase, we find a balcony, gay with flags and lanterns, and illuminated with scrolls written in sinuous characters probably pregnant with the wisdom of the immortal Kung-fu-tse whom the Latins named Confucius. We may very well conclude that the books which lie open—but shut so far as our understanding is concerned—before us, are the *Solilo De Clavito* and the *Concord* a Formula of their peculiar church. Here the sound of music is loud—reckless disciples play crushing anvil choruses upon immense gong while milder mannered musicians kept up a rattling accompaniment on kettle-drums, blended with a symphony of shrill notes from the lips of cracked flutes. The gods stand it marvellously well, however, and so does the temple, though a much less noise brought down the walls of Jericho. In the temple, the gods and worshippers are so numerous that one calls them no longer John but legion. You stumble over a little god on the floor, or precipitate your head into the stomach of a big one braced against the altar. The big ones number two, and face each other in Gog and Magog style. In height they are Anaks each standing a good eight feet above the level of the floor, without counting in a slight wrinkle at the back which would give them a few inches more were it ironed out. Each has one foot perched on a supposititious rock, while the other rests on a paper tiger—they seem to have been bucking against the tiger the night through. One holds a golden apple in his hand, plucked from no one knows what Hesperides; the other grasps a golden wreath. They are spangled like harlequin, and bearded and moustached like bogus barons. A chronic lassitude rests on their features—probably occasioned by having been up all night. Before them is spread either a late breakfast or an early lunch, but they seem in no hurry to attack it. Undoubtedly they feel safe in the assurance that no one else will eat it. Ranged around the wall, in convenient little sentry boxes, stand fudgy little gogs with splay feet. These be the common 'Josses' of the concern. One of them is habited like a Christian martyr, and has the dolorous look of one condemned to be burned. The apprehension seems not entirely groundless, as a number of torches are lighted close to his feet. Should they burn on, the spectacle would probably be furnished of a baked tomato.

The worshippers in the purlieus of the temple are not very devout. They loaf around and take all sorts of liberties with their gods, even to the occasional poaching of a tom-cat from their breakfast table. There are dowagers with head dresses which tower up in crinigerous Babels, and damsels with eyes more clam-shell than almo d-shell shaped. There are male Chinamen having the look of chimpanzees and others dandified enough in appearance to stand as lay figures in barbers' windows. Altogether, the picture is a motley one, and well worth seeing, but curious visitors should be vaccinated before entering the synagogue, and carry smelling salts with them.

CONVERSATION NEWS

STATISTICS.—To a certain class of mind (of which we profess ourselves irresistible to probably be) the most interesting reading in the world is difficult statistics. Facts which cost a great deal of labour and inquiry, are more spicy to us than any novel. For instance, the following:—

'According to the British census volume for 1861, there were then in the work-house a half-pay officer, a clergyman, 10 solicitors, 15 surgeons, an author, 68 schoolmasters, and 79 schoolmistresses. Not merely poor, but in prison for debt, were 12 officers in the army, 3 in the navy, 9 clergymen or ministers, 4 barristers, 32 solicitors, 2 physicians, 3 surgeons, 2 authors, 17 schoolmasters, 2 schoolmistresses, 10 gentlemen. Still worse off, in lunatic asylums, there were 85 clergymen, 10 ministers, 103 half-pay officers, 3 barristers, 90 solicitors, 5 physicians, 61 surgeons, 3 authors, 54 schoolmasters, and 80 schoolmistresses. According to the occupation list, 15 men called themselves natural philosophers, 1 described himself as a lexicographer, another as a chronologist, and 1 wrote himself down 'orator.' Of others we have rather mysterious accounts—3 were glyptographers, 2 geometers, 9 kamptulicon manufactures, 8 truffers, 33 boot leggers, 15 peel-makers, 29 mango merchants, 12 beetle makers, 42 gold-miner, and 2 toothpick-makers. Much has been said respecting occupation open to women. The census has its disclosures upon that subject. The enumerators found in 1861, among the women of England 10 bankers, 7 money-lenders, 274 commercial clerks, 25 commercial travellers, 54 brokers, 33 merchants, 29 farmers, 479 printers, 3 shepherds, 43,964 out-door agricultural laborers, 13 ladies were doctors, 2 were bone-setters, 6 were reporters for short hand writers, 3 parish clerks, 4 choristers, 4 teachers of elocution, 17 dentists, 2 knackers, 3 conjurers, 1 astronomer, 8 naturalists.'

American papers announce the fact that the wife of General Tom Thumb is *inciente*.

BE YOUR OWN RIGHT-HAND MAN.

'People who have been bolstered up and levered all their lives, are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to cling to, or to lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capsize turtles, or unhorsed men in armour, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such silken fellows no more resemble self-made men, who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their steppingstones, and deriving determination from defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or spluttering rushlights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted in to achievements train a man to self reliance; and when he has proven to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him. We say therefore, that it is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from energetic action, by 'boosting them over obstacles which they ought to surmount alone. No one ever swam well who placed his confidence in a cork jacket; and if when breasting the sea of life, we cannot buoy ourselves up and try to force ourselves ahead by dint of our energies, we are not salvage; and it is of little consequence whether we 'sink or swim, survive or perish.'

One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this: 'Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles, by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic mind, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and, when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove it could never have been attained.'

SALT AND COLD WATER FOR SWINE. It is not a common practice, we think, to give salt to swine occasionally, while every farmer would consider it a prime duty to offer it to his neat stock, horses and sheep, as often as once a week. To be sure the swine get a little compared with the amount given to other animals. In proportion to their weight, why do they not need as much salt as the other stock on the farm?

We find an article going the rounds of the papers upon the use of salt for fattening swine. The writer states that he selected two pairs of barrow hogs weighing 290 lbs. each. One pair received, with their daily allowance of food, two ounces of salt; the other similarly fed, none. In the course of a week, it was easily seen that the salted pair had a much stronger appetite than the others, and after a fortnight, it was increased to two ounces apiece. After four months, the weight of the salted hogs was 350 pounds, while that of the unsalted, five weeks later, reached only 300 pounds. The experiment was repeated with almost precisely the same result.

If such should prove to be the general result, most farmers have not gained all the good advantages they might have done from the roots fed out. From the example cited there is no indication that the salt excited a morbid appetite, and produced unnatural flesh and fat. Of course a sound judgment must be exercised in the use of salt, as well as of grain or any other food.

Another neglect of swine—and sometimes it must be a cruel one—is that of not giving them a plentiful supply of pure cold water. Why it is supposed that the hog should not need water as well as the cow, and sheep—is more than we can tell. They do require it. When water is not given them, although fed with swill, they will drink heartily of the water collected in the yard or barn-cellar, after visiting their trough several times, and finding it empty and dry. Nothing is more grateful to them in a hot day than a bucket of cold water, drank from a clean sweet trough. We trust that farmers will give attention to the matter, and ascertain for themselves whether our suggestions are valuable or not.

CABBAGE.—The best method to preserve cabbage in the winter, is to gather them early, say about the first of November, when they are perfectly free from moisture, and hang them up, in a cool, dry cellar. The great secret lies in their being kept dry till needed for use. Another excellent way is to chop them fine, pack in a stone crock, in good cider vinegar, adding salt and pepper to suit the taste, and as much and as good sugar as you can afford when it is worth fourteen cents or more per pound. Now, if you put into this preparation a little bruised horseradish root, it will keep, sweet and good, "till the rebellion is crushed," if you do not eat it before, which you will be sure to do, if you know what is good. I raise for winter use a kind of cabbage which grows very large. When transplanting, I set them very deep as an experiment, and although this was done early in June, and the weather has been favorable, they do not head well, but spread out wonderfully in every direction, so that some of them are three feet in diameter, the admiration of every beholder. What ails the cabbage? Were they set too deep, or have they started for a warmer climate? Should the lower leaves be taken off, to make them head well, or not? Will some cabbage one answer?

RUSSIAN ARRESTS OF YOUNG LADIES IN POLAND.—In the meanwhile, however, young ladies are continually being arrested. Fifty, for the most part girls of from seventeen to nineteen years of age—some of them even younger—were taken one night last week, and are now shut up in prison. Old and young, men and women, are all treated alike in the matter of arrest, and are invariably seized in the middle of the night.—These nocturnal visits may cause some unnecessary alarm, but it is not the Russians who feel it; and on the other hand, the scandal that would be caused by taking a number of innocent young girls through the street, in the daytime, in the custody of soldiers, is avoided. From ten at night till four next morning are the Russian official hours for deeds that will not bear the light of day. *Warsaw Letter in Times.*

Canary seed comes from Sicily, and the crop this year is a failure; so look out for a rise.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAMILTON.

The highly interesting drama of "The Octoroon" has had quite a successful run of nine nights. We have before commented on the very effective manner in which the affair was got up, and the general good style of acting displayed throughout the piece by the company as a whole. The scenery department was really well done, and very creditable to Mr. Granger. The illuminated tableau at the close, in which the avenging Indian, "Wah-no-tec," is seen standing aloft with knife in hand, over the prostrate body of his victim, the villain McCloskey, is almost a whole act in itself.

Garibaldi is getting on famously. He is devoting himself to the gentle art of fishing, and catches an enormous number of fish, being an adept.

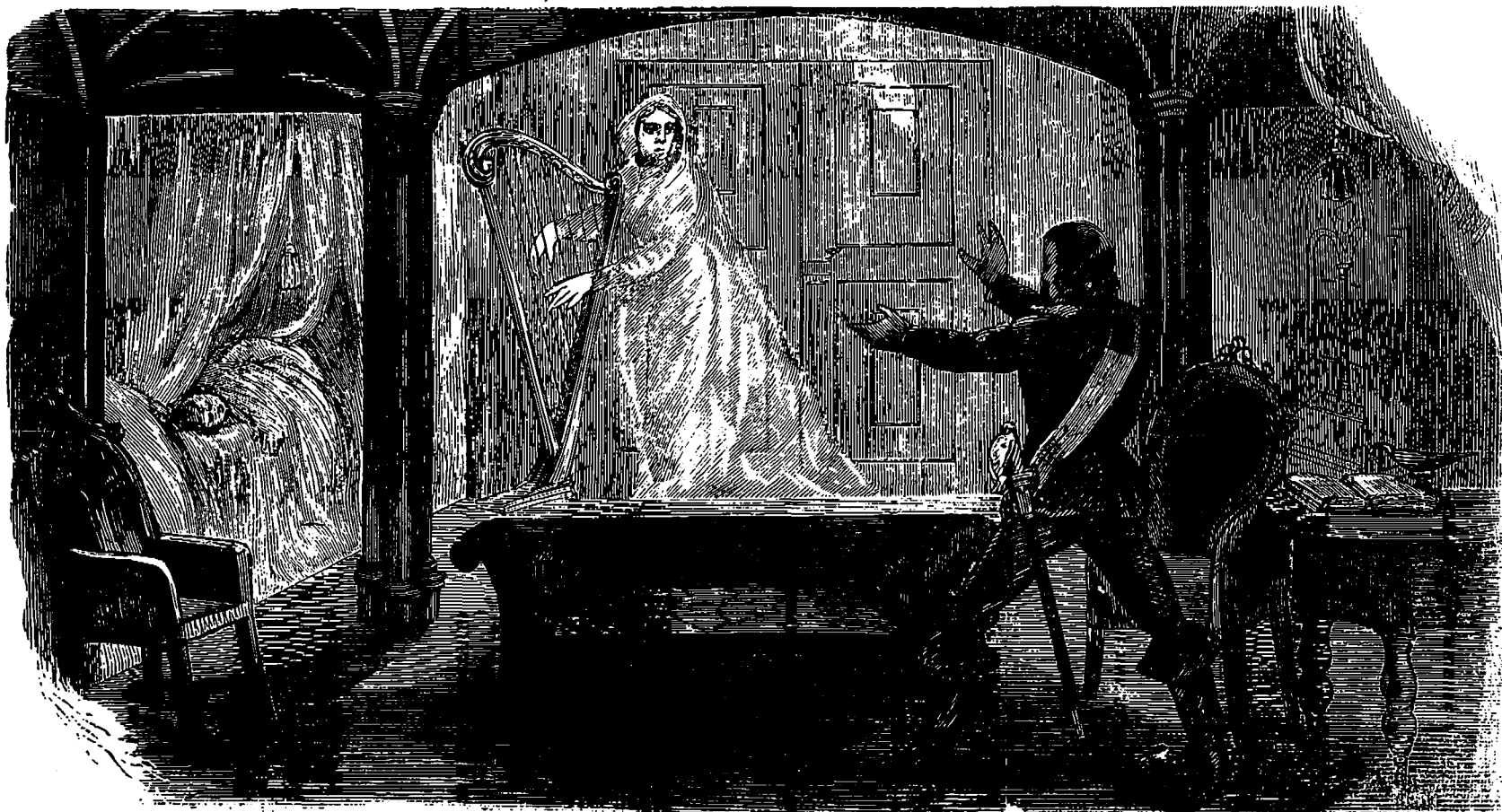
FACTS ABOUT RAILROAD SPEED.—A railroad car moves about seventy four feet, or nearly twice its own length, in a second. At this velocity the locomotive driving wheel, six feet in diameter, makes four revolutions in a second, the piston-rod thus traversing the cylinder eight times. If a horse and carriage should approach and cross a track at the rate of six miles an hour, an express train approaching at the moment would move toward it two hundred and fifty-seven feet while it was in the act of crossing: if the horse moved no faster than walk, the train would move toward it more than five hundred feet, which fact accounts for the many accidents at such points. When the locomotive whistle is opened at the post eighty rods from the crossing, the train will advance near one hundred feet before the sound of the whistle traverses the distance to, and is heard at the crossing.

COMING EVENTS, ETC.—The London Observer makes the semi-official announcement that there is a prospect of the perpetuation, in a direct line, of the sovereignty of the queen. This event is expected to occur about the last week of March next, meanwhile the health of the Princess of Wales is all that can be desired.

THE VIRTUES OF BORAX.—The washer-women of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing-powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax-powder, to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (required to be made stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax, being a neutral salt does not injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet; it is used for cleaning the hair, and is an excellent dentifrice.

The Boston Traveller observes:—'New playing cards are spoken of, the pictures on which are to be taken from the forms and faces of men who have distinguished themselves in the war. Eminent contractors will sit for the knaves.

Mr. McKay, of Chatham, C. W., is the happy father of a female child, six months old, weighing eighty-two pounds.



A "GHOST SCENE," AS REPRESENTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAMILTON.

"THE GHOST."

We give on this page a representation of a "ghost scene," in the tragedy of the "Ghost of Altenburg," as performed lately at the Theatre Royal, Hamilton. Leonora, the only daughter of the Count of Altenburg, having married against her father's will, a young officer, Albert, is disowned and obliged to fly from home. Soon afterwards the Count, being a widower, marries a second wife, whose son by a former marriage, by name Ludolph, accompanies his mother to the Castle of Altenburg. Mother and son so insinuate themselves into the Count's favour, that he seems likely to make the latter his adopted son, and the heir to the Castle and estate. Suddenly Leonora and her husband return to the neighborhood, to the consternation of the new Countess and Ludolph, her son, who fear that the old man may yet relent towards his own daughter. Leonora, attempting to enter her father's Castle-gate, is there killed by the villain Ludolph, who had determined that whether by fair means or by foul, she should be prevented access. The Ghost of Leonora thereafter appears to various persons, to her murderer especially, and to her husband, as shown in the picture, touching a harp which was her favorite instrument while she lived, and calling upon him to avenge her. The apparition stands before him while his child and Leonora's lies sleeping

and unconscious of its mother's spiritual presence.

As the most mistaken notions are abroad, and confidently maintained by those who hold them, of the *modus operandi* by which the Ghost illusion is produced, we may as well give a brief explanation. About the middle of the stage, and extending across it, is a large plate of very fine clear glass, set nearly upright on its edge, and so connected at both ends and at the top with the side scenes, that the spectators do not observe that any glass is there at all. The one lately in use here was of the dimensions of 8 x 2; standing eight feet up from the stage floor, and stretching twelve feet across it. In front of the glass a hole of considerable size is cut in the floor, and in the cavity below, concealed from the audience by a light wooden covering or "hood," as the operators call it, which stretches across the opening, stands dressed for the ghostly resemblance, the living actor or actress whose reflected image is seen by the spectators as if it was away back in the part of the stage behind the glass. The "hood" is raised in front a foot or two above the floor, tapering backwards to a level therewith. Recollect that the actress, in personating the Ghost, stands down below the stage floor, with her face to the glass and her back to the spectators. Down below also, and right in front of her, is the potent agency which gives such a wonderful

appearance of reality to the reflected figure. This is nothing else than the remarkable chemical light called the calcium or lime light, supposed to be the most intensely brilliant light yet produced by the invention of man. It is produced by the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen gas together, in contact with lime at what we may call the burning point. The light is thrown full on the form of the actor or actress, but carefully prevented from peeping out on anything else. Let any one stand before a large plate glass window, and he will see the rein a dim and scarcely visible reflection of his own figure. That is the "Ghost," so far. Now what is wanted to make this dim and dull shadow stand forth with as real and life-like an appearance as the man himself? Simply let the dazzling brightness of the lime light fall upon his figure, and the reflection thereof comes into view with startling distinctness. Briefly, the glass plate on the stage, perfectly clear throughout, and without a particle of silvering on its surface, becomes a veritable mirror as far as the figure upon which the lime-light shines is concerned; while to the spectators, and to every one else before it or behind it, it is but a plain transparent sheet of glass, through which everything can be seen. Place yourself in front of the glass, and you will see the "Ghost" as if away behind it; but if you were to go behind the glass, to where you suppose the figure is standing, you would see nothing there at all. Such is the true and proper explanation of the wonderful Ghost illusion; first invented and brought out by Professor Pepper of London, and lately exhibited in some of the cities of this Western world.

News Summary.

CANADIAN.

The Globe's Montreal correspondent says:—Such a mild fall we have not had for twenty years, so an old citizen tells me. Only once (yesterday) has it been below zero. There has been very little rain and much ploughing was done. Our first snow was on the 11th November, but it did not lie. On Thursday last we had a slight fall, not sufficient for good sleighing.

The last ocean ship, (season of 1863,) left Montreal harbor on the 26th November.

The Cobourg Sentinel says that Lake is now frozen over, and may be considered a safe highway for teams to pass over, thus facilitating the route to Peterboro' by Gore's Landing.

On the 3rd instant, a boy 12 years of age, named Patrick O'Kane, was admitted to the Montreal General Hospital, suffering from lockjaw. He died next morning. The disease resulted from a wound on the bridge of the nose, caused by a stone thrown by a boy while playing, about nine days before.

Mr. Evan Coll, of Kingston, recently received a telegram from Mr. Donald Ross, of Halifax, in Gaelic. It is reported that the wires were in a very demoralized state for a week afterwards.

The Lachine canal closed on Thursday the 10th instant. The steamer Present went down the rapids on the same day, the last boat of the season.

The Quebec Daily News of Friday the 11th inst., says:—Yesterday was the coldest day of the season. A keen north-west wind prevailed all forenoon, and towards evening the thermometer had fallen to 8 degrees below zero.

At a Rifle Match at Quebec, on the 10th instant, Her Majesty's regulars were beaten by volunteers. The News says:—The grand match between twenty picked men from among the sergeants of the 17th Regiment, and twenty men belonging to Capt. R. Allyn's Company, Victoria Rifles, took place yesterday afternoon at the new Wimbledon grounds, Crescent Cove, and resulted quite unexpectedly in a complete and decisive victory for the volunteers. The ranges were 200 and 450 yards, five rounds at each. At the 200 yard range the regulars were considerably ahead, but at the longer range of 450 yards the volunteers pulled up and finished the match with a score of 16 points in their favor. The victory is the more creditable to the Victoria Rifles, because the 450 yard range is a broken one, at which they have had but little practice, and for which their rifles are not sighted, while it is a favorite one with the regulars.

Two hundred and eighty-five thousand bushels of oats were sent from Montreal the week before last to the United States, principally for the army.

The Quebec Daily News lately stated that "there are at present in the Upper Canada markets, one hundred millions of feet of sawn lumber more than ordinary, and, nevertheless, the prices rate a great deal higher than ever."

UNITED STATES.

A Washington letter in the New York Times says:—Considerable comment has been made in diplomatic circles upon the reticence of the President in his Message respecting Mexican affairs. The Mexican Legation consider it a good omen. At the French Legation, on the other hand, this silence is accepted as an unfriendly indication.

The quantity of wheat here at tide water by the New York State canals this year, compared with the corresponding period last year, shows a deficiency of 10,732 bushels, which is equal to 2,365,100 barrels of flour.

The North has used 2,980 tons of powder in the war since its commencement. So says the Ordnance Report.

The New York State canals had been ordered to be closed for the season, on the 12th, but the severe weather closed them several days before the time appointed.

One of the California mining companies is selling land at \$1,000 an inch.

Rumours of another "mediatorial mission" by Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens and others, on behalf of the Confederate Government, are again rife. Those best informed say that the proposed "mediation," if any such thing has been attempted, is solely with reference to the exchange of prisoners.

A large meeting, to sympathize with Poland, was held in New York lately. The National Hymn, "Poland is not yet lost," was sung by a number of Polish girls. It was resolved to appeal to the citizens of New York for materials for the insurgents. The Irish ladies of New York presented a flag to the Poles.

The New York Herald says:—On Wednesday the President's Message, which contained nearly eight thousand words, was transmitted from Washington and a copy dropped at Philadelphia and Baltimore, in exactly fifty-two minutes. The copy was delivered to us with few trifling errors, and written in a good hand and well punctuated. The copy of the Message had to be delivered at the telegraph office after its reading had commenced in the House, and yet it was all in New York city and a portion in the hands of the press half an hour before the reading of it was finished in the House. It was at once pushed forward for all the cities between this and Boston, and was in Boston in one hour and thirty minutes from the time it started from Washington. While this was being done the regular business of the office was not seriously delayed.

Deer are said to be very numerous in some parts of Missouri, and have become so familiar with civilization, that they occasionally approach the very borders of St. Louis.

A young man named James Sontoraga, a clerk in a store in Cincinnati, was fined \$29.50 on Tuesday last for kissing a married lady against her will.

The number of men sent to the war from North Carolina is nearly one hundred thousand.

The President has sent the following to Gen. Grant:—Washington December 8. To Major Gen. Grant:—Understanding that your regiment Chattanooga and Knoxville is now secure, I wish to tender you and all under your command, my more than thanks—my profound gratitude, for the skill, courage, and perseverance with which you and they, over so great difficulties, have effected that important object. God bless you all. (Signed) A. LINCOLN.

EUROPEAN.

The report of the Hudson's Bay Company states that the construction of a line of telegraph from Canada to British Columbia has been found to be perfectly practicable, and the requisite negotiations on the subject are in progress with the Home Government, as well as with the Government of the two colonies.

By the death of the King of Denmark, the father of the Princess of Wales has become King, under the title of Christian IX. Thus since her marriage her father and brother have become Kings.

It is understood that the Rev. Dr. William R. Pirie, Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the University of Aberdeen, will be proposed as Moderator of the next General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The latest advices from Japan say that reparation had been demanded for the murder of a French officer by the natives, and that war by the combined English and French forces was generally expected.

The Emperor of France has increased the pay of schoolmasters from 600 to 700 francs, and of schoolmistresses from 400 to 500.

The British Government is about to establish gymnasia for the soldiers in all the barracks in the kingdom.

Garibaldi's son is engaged to marry the prettiest girl in Genoa.

The last India mail brings a report of the death of Lord Elgin. When the mails left Calcutta on the 14th November, His Lordship was reported to be sinking fast: and his death is since announced by the London Times.

M. Emile de Girardin, the veteran editor of the Paris Presse, is out with a long and strongly out-spoken article, denouncing the Franco-English alliance, the English Empire of the seas and the English possession of Gibraltar, which last he characterizes as an insult and a menace to Europe. He advocates an alliance between France and Russia, which, he says, would give to Russia the empire of the East, and to France that of the West of Europe.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

EDITED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE ONTARIO CHESS CLUB, OF HAMILTON.

Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Illustrated Canadian News.

G. G., St. Catharines.—Thanks for your contributions.

TEACHER, Queenston.—Will take your suggestions into consideration.

CHESS PLAYER, Hamilton.—Your queries shall be answered next week.

Correct solutions to Problem No. 9, received from "G. G., St. Catharines," "Teacher," Queenston, "A. H." Barrie, and "Chess-player," Hamilton.

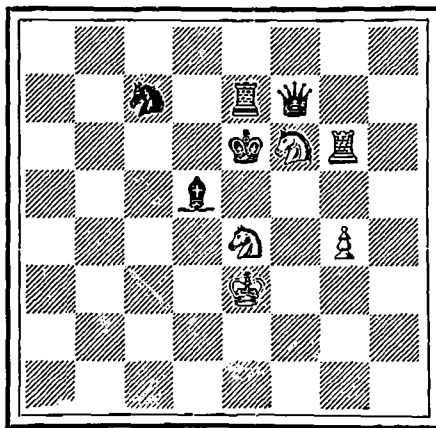
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 9.

- White. 1. B to Q B 6 2. K to R 5 3. B to K B 3 4. B to K 2 5. P to Q 4 mate. Black. K takes Kt (best) P takes P P to Q B 3 P takes B

PROBLEM No. 10.

BY G. G., ST. CATHARINES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

A splendid counter-attack by M. Martin St. Leon against Kieseritzky.—Bells Life.

- White.—Mr. K. 1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. K Kt to B 3 4. P to Q B 3 5. Kt P takes P 6. K B to B 4 7. K Kt to his 5 8. Q to K R 5 9. P to K B 4 (a) 10. Q Kt to Q 2 11. Q to K R 4 12. P to K R 3 13. K B home 14. Q Kt to his 3 15. P to K 5 (e) 16. Q Kt takes B 17. Q Kt to K 4 18. P to K R 3 19. K to Q 2 20. K takes Q Kt Black.—M. St. L. 1. P to K 4 2. K P takes P 3. K B to Kt 5 (ch) 4. Q 2nd P takes P 5. K B to B 4 6. P to Q 3 7. K Kt to K R 3 8. Castles 9. Q Kt to Q 2 10. Q Kt to B 3 11. Q Kt to Kt 5 12. Q Kt to K 6 (b) 13. Q B to Kt 5 (c) 14. Q to K B 3 (d) 15. Q P takes P 16. K P takes P 17. Q to Q Kt 3 18. Q Kt to B 7 (ch) 19. Q R to Q sq (ch) 20. Q B mates.

- (a) He had better have first Castled. (b) This Kt is now strongly planted, and the position for the counter-charge, which here begins with great vivacity, is taken up. (c) Beautifully played! threatening mate with Kt. (d) Another strong move; indeed nothing can be finer than St. Leon's play in all this. (e) A bold attempt to shake off his opponent.

To CONSUMPTIVES.—You want air, not physic, you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give and they alone; physic has no nutriment; gasping for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you; and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well, go in for beef and out-door air.—[Dr. Hall.

SKATING FOR A HUSBAND.

My wife always blesses the day on which she learned to skate, and is very earnest in the recommendation of the art to all young ladies for whom she had any liking, which is very perplexing to said young ladies, because my wife now never skates. Never have they been able to discover the reason of my wife's enthusiastic love of skating, but I have; and by the merest accident in the world have found out the whole secret, which, for the benefit of said young ladies, I will tell as well as I can. You will readily excuse my entering in the narration when you arrive at the end, and become aware of the important part I played in the business.

Ten years ago I had not the little bald spot on the summit of my cranium which I now have, and which is the constant amusement of the young folks, who, by continual practice, have arrived at much dexterity in pitching beans

WORTH REMEMBERING.

The following article from Dr Hall's Journal of Health contains practical hints on various subjects that are worthy of attention:

- 1. It is unwise to change to cooler clothing, except when you first get up in the morning. 2. Never ride with your arm or elbow outside any vehicle. 3. The man who attempts to alight from a steam-car while in motion is a fool. 4. In stepping from any wheeled vehicle while in motion let it be from the rear, and not in front of the wheels; for, then if you fall, the wheels cannot run over you. 5. Never attempt to cross a road or street in a hurry, in front of a passing vehicle; for if you should stumble or slip, you will be run over. Make up the half-minute lost by waiting until the vehicle has passed, by increased diligence in some other direction. 6. It is miserable economy to save time by robbing your self of necessary sleep. 7. If you find yourself inclined to wake up at a regular hour in the night and remain awake, you can break up the habit in three days, by getting up as soon as you wake, and not going to sleep again until your usual hour for retiring; or retire two hours later, and rise two hours earlier for three days in succession; not sleeping a moment in the day time. 8. If infants and young children are inclined to be wakeful in the night, or very early in the morning, put them to bed later; and, besides, arrange that their day nap shall be in the forenoon. 9. 'Order is heaven's first law,' regularity is nature's great rule; hence regularity in eating, sleeping, and exercise, has a very large share in securing a long and healthful life. 10. If you are caught in a drenching rain, or fall in the water, by all means keep in motion sufficiently vigorous to prevent the slightest chilly sensation until you reach the house; then change your clothing with great rapidity before a blazing fire, and drink instantly a pint of some hot liquid. 11. To allow the clothing to dry upon you, unless by keeping up vigorous exercise until thoroughly dried, is suicidal. 12. If you are conscious of being in a passion, keep your mouth shut, for words increase it. Many a person has dropped dead in a rage. 13. If a person faints, place him on his back and let him alone; he wants arterial blood to the head; and it is easier for the heart to throw it there in a horizontal line, than perpendicularly. 14. If you want to get instantly rid of a beastly surfeit, put your finger down your throat until free vomiting ensues, and eat nothing for ten hours. 15. Feel a noble pride in living within your means, then you will not be hustled off to a cheerless hospital in your last sickness.

PREPARING FOR AND SEEDING DOWN TO RYE.—The best period for seeding down to rye is from the middle of September. If rye is gotten into the ground early, it will be less apt to winter kill, will require less seed, and will yield a larger product to the acre than if the seed were sown later in the fall. The soil best adapted to the cultivation of rye is a light sandy loam, although it will do tolerably well on most kinds of land, and will produce good crops on soils where oats would scarcely be worth the cost and labor of harvesting. There is another peculiarity in regard to rye—it does not sensibly exhaust the soil. Indeed, there are well authenticated instances in which rye has been grown for successive seasons on the same piece of land without manure, and the crops, instead of diminishing, have annually increased, especially where a bushel of plaster to the acre has been broadcasted over the land after harvest. But although rye can be grown on poor soils, it can, of course, be most profitably cultivated on those that are rich, for even on the richest soils it is less apt to lodge or blast or grow rank than any other cereal, the only serious danger to the loss of a rye crop being at the period of flowering. Assuming then that soil upon which rye is to be grown is comparatively light, and needs the application of fertilizers, we may either apply to each acre ten loads of barnyard manure—or ten loads of muck or woods mould, and five loads of manure, composted.

Or what is more portable and superior than either in its effects—say two hundred pounds of manipulated guano. Plow the manure in deeply, and thoroughly pulverize the soil by harrowing.

The Oswego Times says that it is in a state of siege. The Hon. C. Littlejohn, who holds a mortgage on the paper, having refused the money and made attempts vi et armis to take possession of the materials, the editors and their friends resisted, and there has been barricading of doors and applications of boots—the paper in its editorial saying, 'We are yet masters of the situation and our position is impregnable.'

THE LORIMER'S DAUGHTER

AN INCIDENT IN THE BRIDAL HISTORY OF THE PRINCESS MARGARET AND KING JAMES IV.

CHAPTER I.

The beginning of the month of August, 1503, was a period of wonderful bustle and excitement in the ancient metropolis of Scotland. The treaty of marriage between the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and the Scottish sovereign, the brave and chivalrous James IV., had been for several years concluded, and the time of the royal nuptials was now at hand. The intermediate period had been employed by the king in making suitable preparations for the reception of his illustrious bride. The wealthy abbey of the Holy Cross, or Holy Rood, in the immediate vicinity of the capital, had frequently been the residence of some of his royal predecessors; but his majesty had been for some time past busily occupied in erecting a palace in connection with the already existing ecclesiastical buildings. For several years in succession—as appeared from the accounts still extant of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland—workmen had been employed in this important undertaking. It cannot now be ascertained, indeed, whether the Palace of the Holy Rood owes its origin to the gallant monarch to whom we refer, although it seems probable that it does; certain it is, however, that under the charge of the eminent architects who had been recently occupied at Falkland Castle, the northern towers of the palace were completed, and various apartments built and embellished with all the skill and splendor befitting an event which, by auspicious alliance of the two kingdoms, seemed likely to bring to a happy termination the long train of disastrous quarrels which had so frequently interrupted their prosperity.

In the month of July, in the year we have mentioned, (1503,) the royal fiancée set forth from London on her journey toward the capital of her future kingdom. She was accompanied by a magnificent retinue, habited in brilliant armor, with trumpets and banners displayed as if in some triumphal procession. Numerous minstrels were in her train, and players, whose duty it was to amuse the royal damsel upon her bridal pilgrimage; and mingled with the godly company were numerous prelates and noble lords, among whom was the gallant Earl of Surrey, destined, alas! a few years subsequently, to meet the royal bridegroom on the fatal plains of Flodden. The Princess Margaret travelled by easy stages through England. She rode chiefly on horseback, although, in addition to a second palfrey led beside her, there was a beautiful litter borne between two richly-harnessed horses, as well as a carriage, to suit her convenience when fatigued with riding. Throughout her whole progress, the royal bride was entertained and escorted by the nobility in a manner worthy of her virtues, her beauty, her extreme youth, and her exalted rank, as well as the happy alliance between the kingdoms about to be ratified by her marriage.

As the period of the royal nuptials drew near, the utmost excitement prevailed in Edinburgh. Within the walls, the city was densely crowded. All sorts of labor were suspended; the citizens seemed resolved upon a general jubilee. The narrow streets and wynds exhibited a most unwonted appearance. From the windows of the houses—with their antique wooden gables fronting the streets—waved the banners of St. Andrew and St. George. Armed men, clad in complete steel, moved busily to and fro, their long swords clanking on the rude pavement; the retainers of the Highland nobility, in their picturesque tartan habiliments, and armed to the teeth, strutted about in vast dignity, laying aside, by common consent, their traditional animosity, and forgetting in the general gaiety, the feuds which had made them sworn foes to each other; while the sober citizens, gaily dressed with bright-colored doublets and scarlet hose—prelates and churchmen—'noble lords and ladies gay'—all met in amity on the streets, resolved with one accord to do honor to the approaching occasion. Such was the state of matters at the commencement of our narrative.

It was a lovely evening, on the 4th of August, 1503. The bells of the Church of St. Giles had all day long been ringing a merry peal, and as they had now ceased, the vesper-bell of the convent of the Gray Friars was borne toward the city by the breath of the west wind. In a house, which even then was ancient, and which stood on the northern side of the High Street, at no great distance from the Netherbow Port, two persons were met, evidently on some matter which each deemed of importance. The apartment they occupied exhibited a remarkable aspect. It was a large room; the windows, of which there were several, were filled with small lozenge-shaped panes of glass. All around the walls were hung various pieces of armor, in great variety, including several complete suits of fine steel, richly adorned with gold. On a long table, in the centre of the apartment, were several head-pieces of different forms, some of them plain, others surmounted with plumes of feathers. A number of swords, of various lengths, lay upon a sort of stand in one corner; and on the table itself were several weapons, beside a number of short daggers or dirks, whose shining blades indicated at once their fine temper, and the care with which they had been polished. One of the individuals we refer to occupied a seat in the window. He was dressed like a respectable master workman of the time. The other stood at the table, with a small casket before him, and was busily engaged in polishing the already shining blade of a skean-dhu. Both were of middle age. The latter was the owner of the room and its contents. He was the chief Lorimer, armorer, in the city, and no man in broad Scotland knew better how to judge of a claymore or a suit of armor, or how to fashion them. The former was the well-known architect, or mason, who had gained the royal favor by his skill in completing the recent buildings of the Palace of Holyrood.

'Leonard Logy, my auld friend,' said the armorer, stopping for an instant in his work, and pronouncing his words with the burr peculiar to certain parts of the Borders, 'there's nae man frae here to the Debatable Land that's mair glad than me at your honors, ay, and at your profits, ye ken that weel.'

'I'm weel assured o' that, Wattie Turnbull,' replied the architect; 'deed am I. And I'm right grateful to the king's highness and to yersel', auld friend, for your kindly words.'

'Ye may be well grateful till our brave king,' added the Lorimer. 'It's nae sma' honor to hae the bigging o' the palace beside the abbey; and then a precept made, as I'm tauld will be made, and that soon, to yersel' for gude and thankful service done and to be done to the king's highness, and the soume o' forty pundis o' the usual money o' tno realme, to be paid out o' the king's coffers yearly, all the days o' your life. Man, it's grand! I wish ye muckle joy!'

'I'm thinking you're doing no that ill yersel', Wattie,' said the architect, with a smile, pointing to the casket, which was half full of gold pieces, 'I ken weel your nae without baith the profit and the honor.'

'Ay, Leonard,' resumed the other, 'I've done a gude day's work the day, lad! I've sold nae less than sax suits o' steel armour. What think ye? Ane o' them was for his gracious majesty himsel'. Ay, and a bonny suit it was; and nae other would I gi'e to my brave prince—bless his bonny face! Real Milan, I can tell ye! There's nae a spear or sword among the fause Southrons that would make a dint in't. Ay, man, and there's twa shirts o' chain mail sold beside: one for my Lord o' Hamilton, the king's cousin, ye ken; and the other for the valiant Sir Alexander Seton. Then I hae sold a wheen swords, and dirks, and the like, forbye.'

As the armorer concluded, the door of an inner apartment opened, and a young girl entered, attired in walking costume. She was about sixteen years of age, and extremely beautiful, while her picturesque costume set off in no ordinary degree her personal attractions. She wore a small hat and feather, a russet-colored cloak and hood, and a trock of green silk, and a pair of large silver buckles almost covered the front of her small shoes. Dark brown ringlets, lips about which the sunshine of a perpetual smile seemed to linger, and large hazel eyes, in whose depths it required no imagination to discover a world of love and faith, completed the picture of Mistress Alice, the fair and only child of the worthy armorer. Master Leonard Logy arose from his seat at her entrance, and made a courteous salutation; which the damsel returned with a smile, as she passed through the apartment and disappeared by the door leading into the street. The armorer did not speak, but an expression of deep affection beamed in his honest face as his eyes followed the retreating figure of his daughter.

'Sweet Alice!' said the architect, after a silence of some minutes; 'how she has grown. It seemeth to me but yester-eve when but a bairn she sat upon my knee! She's quite a woman now, and as gude, I warrant me, as she is fair.'

'Everything to me, Leonard, since her mother's death,' said the armorer, in a subdued tone, turning as if to the light, to see the blade he was working upon, but in reality to hide a tear which had sprung to his eyelids: 'every thing to me; God bless her!'

'She'll mak some braw lad happy w'e day, Wattie,' said the architect, with a smile, 'as she herself deserveth to be; and the day is no far awa.' There's Gilbert Lynton, as fine a lad as e'er wore a sword, as straight as a pillar, ay, and as true as a plumline—'

'What, man!' exclaimed Walter Turnbull, in a tone of anger, 'speak ye o' Gilbert Lynton in the same breath wi' my Alice? A bonny thing indeed! The jackanapes! He does nae ken a spear head frae a sword point. Na, na! my Alice 'ill no disgrace her upbringing.'

'Dinna vex yersel', Wattie, my man,' said his companion; 'dinna vex yersel'. That sweet lassie, I warrant, 'ill no bring discredit on her kith and kin; but you maun look kindly on the lad Gilbert, for a' that.'

'I'm no a whit angry,' rejoined the armorer, while his sparkling eye and heightened color contradicted the assertion—'I'm no angry, Leonard; but hark ye my lassie shall wed ane o' the stalwart lads o' the Borders; and wha's ab' to keep what he gets, and get what he can, wi' his ain gude sword. Nane o' your baby-faced loons for me. Gin the bairn were no awa' to the vespers, I'd hae her back to tell ye sae her ains o'.'

The architect ventured no reply, contenting himself with an incredulous shake of his head; and soon after, bidding his friend good-night, took his leave, and quitted the city by the gate called the Netherbow Port, and made his way toward Holyrood.

CHAPTER II.

About an hour after the conversation we have been recording, a youthful couple were wending their way along the foot of the crags, near the chapel of St. Anthony, at no great distance from the Abbey of Holyrood. One of the personages was a tall, handsome youth. He was attired with a hat and plume of black feathers, a short gray cloak and scarlet hose, and armed, as was usual, with a sword, which he held under his left arm. On his right leaned a fair damsel, whom we have no difficulty in recognizing as Mistress Alice, who a short time before, had quitted her father's house to proceed—as we must in charity presume, and as her father believed—to vespers.

The lovers (for such we must admit them to be,) passed up from the lower grounds to the west of the cliff on which the ruins of the chapel now stand, and entered the fine valley known as the Hunter's Bog, in the centre of which, reaching to each end of the valley, was a lake, long since completely drained. They wandered along its western margin, admiring, perhaps, the shadows of the great rocks above reflected in the tranquil waters beneath them. They spoke little to each other for some time, for the pure affection by which they were animated is often content with the mere presence of its object, and is more expressed in enraptured silence than in audible sounds. At length the youth spoke to his companion in a low and gentle voice:

'Sweet Alice' he said, 'thou sayest Master Leonard was with thy father as thou camest forth. Ah! he will fare but ill. He will confer with him about me and thee, dearest; but alas! I fear me there is small hope, save in thy own loving heart.'

'I know not, Gilbert,' replied the damsel. 'Alas! my kind father hath his prejudices—and to thee, my Gilbert, to thee, though sooth to say, I know not wherefore.'

'My friend Leonard Logy hath, I fear, little chance of prevailing, sweet Alice,' resumed the youth. 'But shall we not hope? Trust me, other means may be found to—'

—Our antiquarian readers will find the royal precept or ordinance here referred to, in the Register of the Privy Seal, under date September 10, 1501. This was however, a year after the conversation we are now recording.

break down the barrier—be it what it may—which till tongue or fickle fortune, has raised between us. Hast thou thought, dearest, of the proposal?

'It is a strange proposal to me verily,' said the fair girl, laughing. 'Shall I, thinkest thou, make a passable representation of a distressed damsel?'

Her hearty laugh and cheerful expression of face did not much comport with the idea; and her companion, as he looked into the dark eyes, could not help joining in the mirth which the idea had provoked.

'Excellently well,' he said; 'excellently well, wilt thou. For art thou not indeed a distressed damsel, sweet Alice? Verily, thy representation shall have far more truth in it than is common in such matter; and moreover, see an thou hast not a true knight—ay, as true as the best blade thy father ever tempered?'

'And who hath put thee on this mad prank, Gilbert?' inquired the maiden. 'And what will my father say, ay, and what will every body say, of Alice?'

'No evil breath will touch thee, purest and best?' said the lover. 'Fear not; thy own innocence will guard thy fame. And were I to tell thee whose plan it is, wouldst thou at once consent?'

'Nay, that I cannot tell,' was the reply. 'Thou shalt first give me to know, dear Gilbert, and I will answer thee as a maiden may.'

'It is the king!' he whispered, Alice started, in great amazement, and withdrew her arm from his. 'What, Gilbert!' she exclaimed. 'The king! Surely thou art dreaming?'

'Nay, dearest,' replied the youth, smiling; 'would that each dream of thee which haunts me were but as true!'

'Well then, Gilbert,' returned Alice, placing her hand in her lover's, 'I will be the distressed damsel, if my father but consent.'

'Thanks! a thousand thanks! my brave-hearted Alice!' exclaimed Gilbert Lynton. 'Never fear; good Walter Turnbull will not refuse his patron, James IV.'

'Yet to what may all this lead' dear Gilbert?' resumed Alice, with a serious expression.

'Nay, I myself scarcely know—can scarcely guess,' said her lover; 'yet it is his highness' desire, and so dearest, let it be. And prithee, Alice, be silent on this plan to—to—thy father; thou knowest that—'

'I can but confide in thee, Gilbert,' replied Alice, interrupting him. 'Thou canst not ask aught that maidenly modesty may forbid. Be it so!'

The sun had already set, and the shadows of evening were gathering over the valley. Quietly commencing together, the lovers traced their way along the shores of the little lake, and after passing round the eastern side descended once more into the plain, and Alice found her way to the city gate, while Gilbert Lynton entered the palace. We must now mention some circumstances requisite to a distinct conception of the course of this narrative.

Gilbert Lynton was a youth who had joined the king's troops during the recent troubles regarding Perkin Warbeck. He had attracted the attention of the king not only by his extraordinary personal qualifications, but by his singular dexterity in horsemanship, an art in which James IV. himself excelled the majority of his subjects. The king took him into his immediate service, and made him one of his principal attendants. He was already, indeed, on the highway to distinction, and daily rose in the favor of his royal patron.

The king, who, as is well known, had an eye for female beauty, had caught a glimpse of the fair Alice, the daughter of his favorite armorer, and from certain symptoms, which did not escape his keen vision, he made a shrewd guess as to the state of matters between the youthful damsel and his protegee, Gilbert Lynton. This guess a few inquiries enabled his majesty to convert into certainty; and he discovered, at the same time, that the armorer entertained a violent prejudice against Gilbert for some doubt regarding his valor or hardihood as a man-at-arms—a doubt fatal to the good opinion of Walter Turnbull, who was one of the first swordsmen of his day, as well as one of the best constructors of the warlike weapon which he knew so well how to wield. With the benevolent desire, therefore, of rendering two young people happy, and in order to do what he thought an especial kindness to his favorite follower, his majesty devised a scheme, the nature and result of which we shall speedily discover.

To be Continued.

A. T. Stewart, of New York, has purchased the 'Townsend Palace,' on Fifth Avenue, for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, (half its original cost,) and is going to adorn it with statues, paintings and other works of art beyond any other residence in America. It has a small space (a double lot) for 'ornamental grounds,' which is to be made the most of, and when complete, it is expected to surpass any other place in or around New York.

The London Society of Arts Journal republishes Mr. Paterson's paper on Ailanthene, read before the Botanical Society of Canada; and published in the Journal of the Natural History Society here.

A DEAD MAN COME TO LIFE.—In New Orleans, on the 4th ult., Henry Myers was struck by lightning, and to all appearance killed. A coroner's inquest was held, and life pronounced extinct. On the following day every preparation was made for the funeral, and his friends had assembled—the body had been duly collined,—the relatives had put on mourning—the hearse and priest had arrived,—and the coffin was about to be closed up, when the arms of the corpse were observed to move, and very soon the dead man sat bolt upright in his coffin, and after surveying the scene for a few moments, inquired the cause of all the gloomy preparations he saw going on. The joy of his weeping wife and little ones can be imagined when the dead actually returned to life, and the house of mourning was soon changed into a house of rejoicing—the funeral into a feast. The electric shock had suspended animation for over twenty four hours so perfectly as to deceive even the coroner, the man's wife and all his friends.

A NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened and heard a mother sheep say,
"In all the groon world there is nothing so sweet,
As my little lammie with his nimble feet,
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh! he is my darling, my heart's delight.
The robin, ho
That sings in the tree,
Dearly may dote on his darlings four;
But I love my own little lambkin more."
And the mother-sheep and her little one,
Side by side lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
But my little darling's asleep on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see,
But the old grey cat with her kittens three;
I heard her whispering soft—said she,
"My kittens with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.

The bird on the tree,
Or the old ewe, she
May love her babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking chair.
I love my kittens with all my might;
I love them at morning, noon, and night.
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell,
Which of the three—
For the life of me—
I love my kitties all so well.

Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
So we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked and she scratched and she bristled away,
And what do you think I heard her say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to those chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am;
For lambs, nor for kittens, I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cats should go down on their knees.
No! no! not though
The kittens should crow,
Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go,
My dear downy darlings I my sweet little things!
Come nestle now, cozily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed,
And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my arm.

THE WASTE BASKET.

The young fellow who engaged himself to half a dozen young women is undoubtedly a beau of promise.

MANY persons write because they have nothing to do, not duly considering that they have also nothing to say.

WHEN a lady, fishing for a lover, cunningly adjusts her features for the purpose, each of them is at an acute angle.

PREJUDICES are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

JONES writes to a friend and closes by saying, "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

WHEN the wind whistles through your keyhole it expects you to whistle with it. It is sounding the key-note.

An author had better ask himself why he is going to write a book than be asked afterward why he has written it.

THERE is many an unfortunate one, whose heart, like a sunbeam, always appears loveliest in its breaking asunder.

MANY persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office were a house of correction.

GENERALLY, as soon as a man is supposed to have a little money, his wife gets too lame to walk, and must have a carriage.

It is considered to be cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it, simply because you want to get his autograph.

If a woman tells more than the truth in speaking a rival's age, she will probably make the thing even in stating her own.

WHAT are you doing? said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch.—"Improving my time, was the rejoinder.

CHLOROFORM is recommended as excellent for scolding wives. A husband who has tried it says, "No family should be without it."

A briefless young barrister says that any lady who possesses one thousand acres of land presents sufficient ground for attachment.

A common arm-chair is a more comfortable seat than a throne, and a soft beaver hat a lighter and more pleasant piece of head-gear than a crown.

WRITES your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year and you will never be forgotten.

A hypocritical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door, "let no evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under it, "How does the owner get in?"

A fellow, who has some 'music in his soul' says that the most cheerful and soothing of all fireside melodies are the blended tones of a cricket, a tea-kettle, a loving wife, and the crowing of a baby.

BODILY CARRIAGE.

Instead of giving all sorts of rules about turning out the toes, and straightening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to many because soon forgotten, or productive of a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort which procures a willing omission, all that is necessary to secure the object is to hold up the head and move on, letting the toes and shoulders take care of themselves. Walk with the chin but slightly above a horizontal line, or with your eye directed to things a little higher than your own head. In this way you walk properly, pleasantly, and without any feeling of restraint or awkwardness. If any of you wish to be aided in securing this habitual carriage of body, accustom yourselves to carry your hands behind you, one hand grasping the opposite wrist.

Englishmen are admired the world over for their full chests, broad shoulders, sturdy frames, and manly bearing. This position of body is a favourite with them—in the simple promenade in the garden or gallery, in attending ladies along a crowded street, in standing on the street or in public worship. Many persons spend a large part of their walking existence in the sitting position. A single rule, well attended to in this connection, would be of incalculable value to multitudes—use chairs with the old-fashioned straight backs, a little inclining backwards, and sit with the lower portion of the body close against the back of the chair at the seat. Any one who tries it will observe in a moment a grateful support to the whole spine; and we see no reason why children should not be taught from the beginning to write, and sew, and knit in a position requiring the lower portion of the body and the shoulders to touch the back of the chair at the time. A very common position in sitting, especially among men, is with the shoulders against the chair back, with a space of several inches between the chair back and the lower portion of the spine, giving the body the shape of a half hoop; it is the instantaneous, instinctive, and almost universal position assumed by any consumptive on sitting down, unless counteracted by an effort of the will; hence parents should regard such a position in their children with apprehension, and should rectify it at once.

PIANO-FORTE PLAYING BY TELEGRAPH.

'Musical Telegraphy' is one of the oddest projects of the day. The device of connecting a piano-forte by means of electric wires with another instrument at a distance, which other being played, sets its fellow in a state of audible sympathetic vibration, is made the basis of a regular scheme by Mr Hachenberge, who announces that he will thus be prepared to lay on music to any desired number of houses. A distinguished artist is to play at a central instrument in electrical connection with the rest, and every subscriber will thereupon have the option, by means of a little private tap, of turning on the stream of harmony into his own drawing-room.

MUSIC OF THE VOICE.

The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as intently as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exists amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many an index to the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their minds.

BRIGHT IDEA.

A new idea, to prevent the forgery of bank-notes, etc., has just been started. It consists in using a single sheet formed of several layers of pulp, superposed, of different nature and color, according to requirements. The check it gives to alterations of documents is excellent. It only requires that the middle layer be colored of a delicate or destructible color. The chemical acid employed in obliterating the writing will also destroy this color, which cannot again be restored while the paper surface remains white.

BEGINNING OF THE TASK.

We do not die wholly at our death; we have mouldered away before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment disappears; we are torn from ourselves while living; year after year sees us no longer the same, and death only consigns the last fragments of what we were to the grave.

Dr Draper, of New York, celestial photographer, has constructed a reflecting telescope that magnifies the moon to 320 times its size as seen with the naked eye. Photographs have been taken, representing that body on a scale of 70 miles to the inch, and showing with great distinctness mountain ranges, volcanic craters and streams of lava.

A remarkable petrification of an entire tree was lately discovered in the Baltimore mine, at Wilkesbarre, by the miners, while blasting for coal. The piece of the trunk taken out weighs 5,000 pounds, and still there remain the roots and the top of the tree imbedded in the coal. There are also to be found in the same mine petrifications of the cactus, and other plants peculiar to a tropical climate.

Old Parr, who died at the age of 153, was a farmer of extremely abstemious habit, his diet being solely milk, cheese, coarse bread, small-beer, and whey. At the age of 120 he married a second wife, by whom he had a child. But being taken to court by the Earl of Arundel, as a great curiosity, in his 152nd year, he very soon died, as the physician decidedly testified, after dissection, in consequence of a change from a parsimonious to a plentiful diet.

SICKNESS NOT CAUSELESS.

There can never be a disease without a cause; and almost already the cause is in the person who is ill; he has either done something which he ought not to have done, or he has omitted something which he should have attended to.

Another important item is, that sickness does not as a general thing, come on suddenly; as seldom does it thus come, as a house becomes enveloped in flames, on the instant of the fire first breaking out. There is generally a spark: a tiny flame, a trifling blaze. It is so with disease, and promptitude is always an important element of safety and deliverance. A little child wakes up in the night with a disturbing cough, but which, after a while passes off and the parents feel relieved; the second night cough is more decided; the third it is croup, and in a few hours more darling is dead!

Had that child been kept warm in bed the whole day after the first coughing was noticed, had it been fed lightly, and got abundant warm sleep, it would have had no cough the second night, and the day after would have been well.

An incalculable amount of human suffering, and many lives would be saved every year if two things were done uniformly. First, when any uncomfortable feeling is noticed, begin at once, trace the course of it and avoid that cause ever after. Second, take means at once to remove the symptom; among these, the best are those which are most universally available and applicable, as rest, warmth, abstinence, a clean person and pure air.

When animals are ill they follow nature's instinct, and lie down to rest. Many a valuable life has been lost by the unwise efforts of the patient to 'keep up' when the most fitting place was a warm bed and a quiet apartment.

Some persons attempt to 'harden their constitutions,' by exposing themselves to the cause which induces their sufferings, as if they could by so doing get accustomed to the exposure and ever hereafter endure it with a great amount of impunity. A good constitution, like a good garment, lasts the longer by its being taken care of. If a finger has been burned by putting it in the fire and is cured ever so well, it will be burned again as often as it is put in the fire; such a result is inevitable. There is no such thing as hardening one's self against the causes of disease. What gives a man cold to-day, will give him cold to-morrow, and the next day and the next. What lies in the stomach like a heavy weight to-day, will do the same to-morrow, not in a less degree, but a greater and as we get older, or get more under the influence of disease, lesser causes have greater ill effects; so that the older we get the greater need is there for increased efforts to avoid hardships and exposures, and be more prompt in rectifying any symptoms, by rest, warmth and abstinence.

LOVE.

Love! divine inspiration; heaven-born sentiment. Its realization is the bounding of the soul from earth's degradations to the seventh heaven of ethereal bliss. The 'rose' is its emblem,—that queen of flowers, before which all others bow in homage,—the sweetest representation of Paradise's attractions. Its motto is the 'Forget-me-not,' that beautiful symbol of eternal remembrance. Its character is the 'Violet,' and 'Lily,'—combining modesty and purity. Its crown is 'Myrtle,' entwining the rose and forget-me-not, the violet and lily in a garland of evergreen recollection; that time cannot alter, nor the workings of the future effect. 'I love you!' the sweetest words the lips can utter. It is the breathing of angels vibrating the strings of the heart, the Æolian lyre of the soul.

Happy are they who possess a love like this. It is Heaven's best gift to man. It is man's guardian angel descended to earth, to hover near him, to teach him resistance of evil, and to walk before him in his pathway, as the 'head light' illuminating the future,—the 'pilot' to clear the 'track' of duty,—the signal warning of approaching temptation. It is the 'change of time' in one's life,—the adoption of a new 'schedule.' The 'station' of manhood has been reached,—the road is an 'air line' to eternity. There are many switches that lead to destruction,—branches that lead to the depths of woe, but these may all be avoided. The way is clear and all may run on smoothly to the end. Then one last retrospection is granted, revealing a past of undimmed brightness. A choir of angels sings the requiem, and we pass to a higher, holier love.

A STATEMENT has been issued showing the comparative strength of the Danish and Prussian navies, from which it appears that the navy of Denmark mounts 768 guns, and that of Prussia 390. The corps of officers shows a numerical superiority in favor of Denmark.

ANOTHER VESSEL STOPPED.—The British government has decided to stop the *Pampero* on the Clyde. Her owners allege that she does not differ from the numerous merchant ships regularly fitted out on the Clyde. The authorities were not satisfied with this statement, and had a gunboat moored close to the *Pampero* to prevent her escape.

A man in Peebleshire was in the habit of praying nightly in a field behind a turf-dyke, and on one occasion exclaimed that if the dyke were that moment to fall upon him he would be justly punished for his sins. It did fall instantly, being pushed over by a concealed acquaintance, and Jock sung out from among the ruins, 'Hech, sirs, it's an awfu' world, this, a body canna say a thing in jest but it's ta'en in earnest.'

THE VILLAGES OF ELORA.

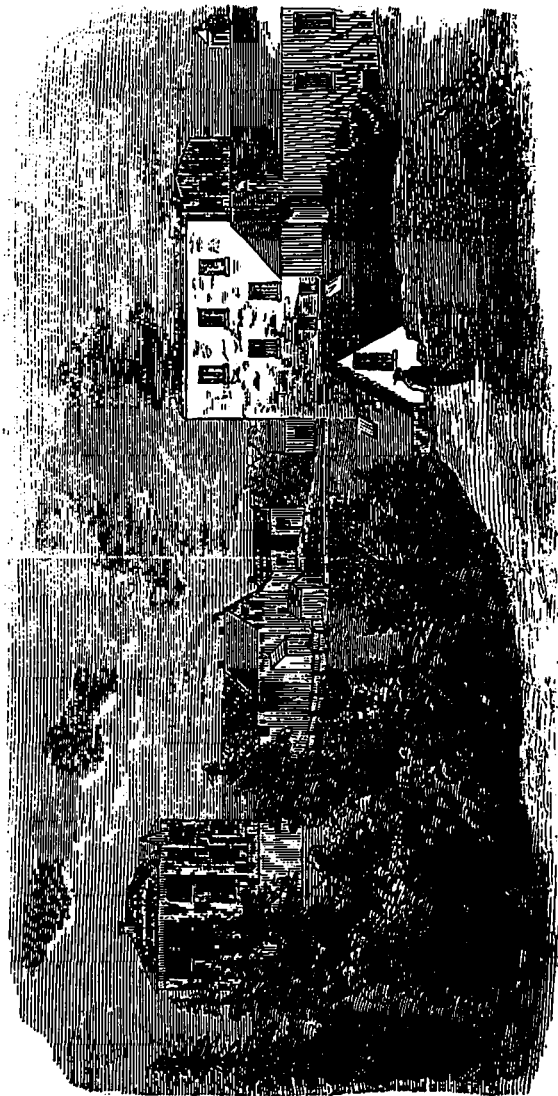
In this week's issue of the 'Illustrated News,' we give views of some of the prominent residences in the village of Elora, situated on the Grand River, in the County of Wellington. The first plan of the village of Elora was laid down in 1831, by William Gilkinson, Esq., its founder, but no progress was made in its settlement until the water-power was purchased by Ross & Co., in 1842. In 1847, its population numbered about 60 souls, and the vast country in its rear contained few settlers at a greater distance than 5 miles from the Grand River. The settlement of the Townships of Peel and Maryboro' at that time, and the

put into the market within ten years of this present writing.

Next to the really magnificent scenery of the locality, its most marked features are the existence of numerous mill sites, of which there are nearly a score in the distance of three miles, and many of which are being purchased by capitalists. A line of macadamized and gravel road runs from Hamilton, and extends to the extremity of the County. Monthly Fairs for the sale of stock, held on the first Tuesday of every month, have been established, and have been attended with great success. They have been in existence nearly three years, are valuable "institutions," and,

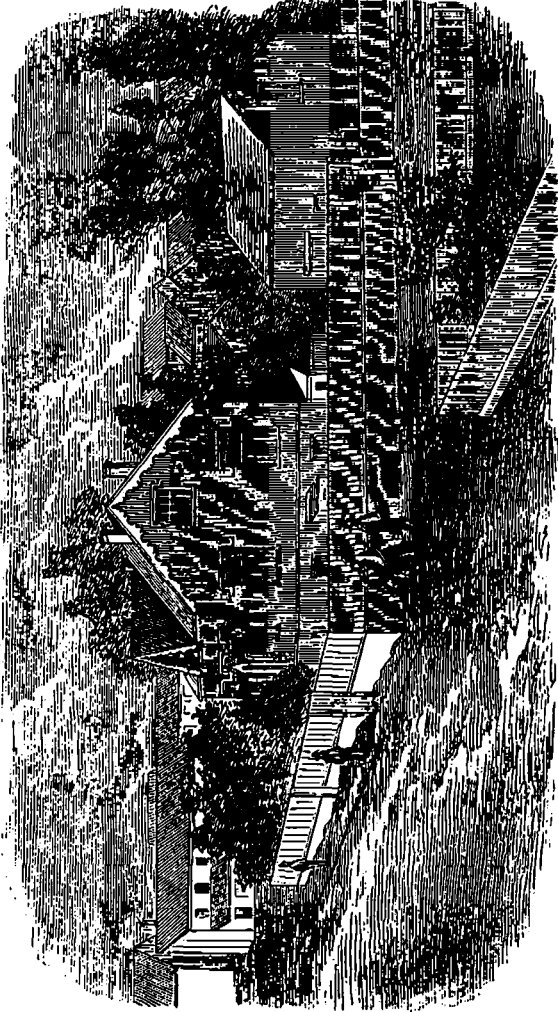
Rifles, a Fire Brigade, a Bank Agency, Branch Bank of Montreal, and an Electric Telegraph, in connection with the Montreal line at Guelph. Its Council is endeavouring to supply a needed want by the purchase of a site for a market place, and all the other similar institutions which are common to our Canadian Villages. It was incorporated in 1857, and its Municipal Council is on the eve of laying out one of the most prettily situated Cemeteries which we have seen in Canada West.

Any notice of Elora would be incomplete without a passing allusion to Charles Allan, Esq., the active partner of the Ross Company, who was Warden of Wellington, and three times elected as Parliamentary representative of its North Riding. A man of boundless energy and indomitable perseverance, he threw his whole soul into the accomplishment of local improvements, and did much to make Elora what it is. Of the other old residents in the neighborhood, we must not omit the names of A. Geddes, Esq., who for many years acted as Crown Land Agent in Elora, Wm. Reynolds, Esq., of Pilkington, and George Brown, and Alexander Watt, Esq's, of Michel, as amongst those the most identified with the rise and progress of the settlement, and who have made their mark in their locality.



VIEW OF MR. FRASER'S MILL and RESIDENCE, ELORA.

laying out of a large portion of the village plot, on the north side of the river, in lots which were sold at an average of \$20 or \$24, gave the first impetus to its growth. To-day Elora proper contains nearly 1500 inhabitants, and if we add to its population that of Salem, a village divided by a single lot from Elora, and connected with it by dwellings studding the main road between them, it may be said it numbers more than 2000. This is the work of 15 years, and does not exhibit as rapid increase probably, as may be found in some other sections of the country; but it must be remembered that the Townships of Peel and Maryboro' in its rear were an almost unbroken wilderness in 1848, and that Minto and Carrick were



VIEW OF DR. PAGET'S RESIDENCE, ELORA.

Elora possesses some fine buildings, and one of the

ness, and are the oldest established firm in Elora.— They occupy a comfortable dwelling with a large garden attached in the adjoining block.

Mr. Fraser, who carries on an extensive milling business has also a beautiful residence and one of the best flouring mills in Canada.

A movement is on foot in Elora and Fergus, (a Village about two miles distant from Elora,) for the construction of a branch Railroad; connecting with the Grand Trunk and Great Western at Guelph or Berlin. As the business of that section of country which supports Elora and Fergus by its trade is surely and steadily increasing, we should judge that but little doubt need be entertained of the early completion of the undertaking.

THE CALCIUM LIGHT.—This light, which may in plain English be called the "lime-light," and which is now known as the one made use of in the production of the celebrated theatrical "Ghost," has lately been put in requisition for another purpose. It is now made use of by Admiral Dabner to illuminate Charleston harbour by night, and thus prevent the running of the blockade in the darkness. Around a radius of two miles, a revolving calcium light now sheds a brightness, even over that wide area, four times that of the full moon. The light is also thrown full upon important parts of the Confederate works, so that guns can be aimed at them by night almost as well as by day; ren-

dering very difficult the repairing of damages to them, an undertaking generally done under cover of night and darkness. The lime-light is the most intense light known to scientific men; and is produced, as we have elsewhere explained, by the combusive meeting of two jets, one of oxygen gas and the other of hydrogen, in contact with pure lime or calcium at the burning point.

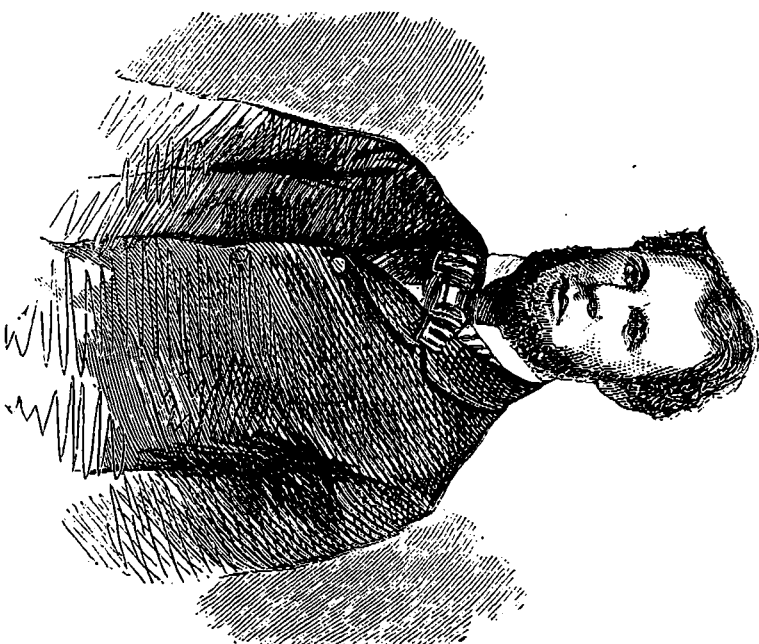
NOTF.—Owing to an accident in our engraving room, the view of Messrs. Kirk and Clark's store, alluded to in our letter press description of Elora, on page 56, will not appear till next week, when it will be given along with other views of the neighborhood of Elora.

A SWART RETORT.—A Free Church elder of Modern Athens was enjoying a game at billiards in the house of a friend in Glasgow lately, when the Rev. Dr. G. of the Established Church, who had been invited to dinner, strolled into the billiard-room among the assembled guests. "Here, Doctor," said our Free Church friend, holding out his billiard cue, jocularly, "will you try your hand?" "Nay, verily," said the Doctor, "I'll change my mind if I take a cue from a Free Church elder."—*Apr. Advertiser.*

A Hibernian senator speaking of suicide, said:— 'the only way to stop it is to make it a capital offence, punishable with death.'



MR. S. L. ROBARTS, of the "STRATFORD EXAMINER."



MR. E. MILES, of the "BELLVILLE CHRONICLE."



MR. W. R. CLIMIE, of the "BOWMANVILLE STATESMAN."

VEGITIVE on this page three more of our series of portraits of members of the Press Association, namely: Mr. S. L. Robarts, of the *Stratford Examiner*; Mr. W. R. Climie, of the *Bowmanville Statesman*; and Mr. E. Miles, of the *Bellville Chronicle*. Others will follow in due time, as we receive the photographs to copy from.

THE IRISH V'S THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE.—The Irishman will feast and be merry with the bait in the house; the Scotsman will have no appetite for his dinner to-day, if he sees any doubt of another some years after date.

A RESERVING SERGEANT lately accosted an honest hind in Northumberland, saying, 'come, my lad, you'll fight for your Queen, won't you?' 'Fight for 't Queen?' answered Andrew; 'why has she fallen out wi' anybody.'

MR. J. W. BROOKER will please call at their office IMMEDIATELY! AS THERE ARE MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE REQUIRING HIS ATTENTION HERE.

Mrs. Partington wants to know if it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bridal ceremony.

Mr. Ford, said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in their verdict, 'we find the man that stole the mare not guilty.'

A lady entered one of our retail dry goods store a short time since, and among other things, asked for some cambric of hay color. 'What color is that, ma'am?' inquired the youth. 'Why, the color of your drawers, there.' 'No, ma'am,' continued the clerk, 'I don't wear no drawers!' It was with considerable effort that the embarrassed lady explained to the juvenile dealer in lops and trais, that she alluded to the painted fixtures behind him, with handles upon them.

A young man advertises his desire for a wife, 'pretty and entirely ignorant of the fact.' Where is she to be found? Echo answers, where?

A widow once said to her daughter, 'When you are at my age it will be time enough to dream of a husband.'

'Yes, mamma,' replied the thoughtless girl; 'for the second time.' The mother fainted.

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND OF READING.

No. 3.

MICHIGAN STATE AND DETROIT CITY. A FRAGMENT OMITTED FROM A NOTICE OF THE DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE RAILROAD, IN NO. 1, VOL. III., NOVEMBER 28TH, 1863.

'Statistics,' says an American writer, are too frequently a test which overwhelms many a magnificent theory; but when applied to the most enthusiastic calculations on the commerce and growth of the Lake and Mississippi basins, they exceed every hope and prophecy. These dull details of figures become romance; the arithmetician distances the poet. If that be true of the Western States generally, and of one or two cities and considerable districts in Canada West, it is especially true of the State of Michigan. As introductory to an account of the American railroads that connect and interchange traffic with the great lines of Canada, let us take a glimpse of what Michigan State, and its chief commercial city, Detroit, were and are.

Michigan embraces two Peninsulas; the upper contains 20,664 square miles, the lower, lying principally between Huron and Erie lakes on one side, and Lake Michigan on the other, contains 39,856 square miles—in all, 60,520 square miles, or 38,732,800 acres; an extent of territory larger than England and Wales. If Ireland, including lakes and bogs, be as one of the surveys state, something under 20,399,000 statute acres, or as a previous survey, held to be nearer accuracy, states, 18,484,343 acres, the difference between the size of the Green Isle of the Ocean and the State of Michigan is over 20,000,000 acres; but in Ireland there are 5,340,736 acres of unprofitable mountains and bogs, and 455,399 acres of lakes, leaving only 14,603,453 acres of dry land.

The surface of the Island of Great Britain, including England, Wales, and Scotland, is stated to measure 83,827 square miles; of which 26,014 are the measurement of Scotland, including the islands lying west and north of the Highlands; the remainder, 57,813, being for England and Wales—2,707 square miles of surface less than the State of Michigan.

The marvellous development of Great Britain in material wealth and strength is due, in main part, to the fertility of the soil, the abundance of iron and coal, and in a limited degree of copper and tin, and to the indomitable hardihood, adventurous enterprise, and industrial drudgery of the people through many generations. Religion and its moral restraints have also been leading elements in the development of the British national character. These elements, with the conservative hereditary aristocracy, and a monarchy which is nominal rather than real, (at most it is severely limited and circumscribed by the privileges of a representative government,) have led to the growth of sound conservative principles in the British population, no matter by what other party names the people may be called, which are and have been favorable to the development and accumulation of material wealth.

There is not an element of material wealth in England and Wales which is not equally abundant in the young State of Michigan, with the exception, and it is doubtless a great exception, that it is not surrounded by the sea.

Yet Michigan has navigable waters on three-fourths of her frontier. She has vessels on those inland seas equal to the ocean going steamers of the Atlantic. Lake Michigan is navigated by mercantile fleets of steamers, paddle-wheelers and propellers, barks, schooners, and other craft, which now, 1863, employ about eleven thousand men on board.—Michigan's mineral resources in copper are marvellous; in iron they are equal to any nation in the world, quality of iron as well as quantity being considered, though Canada probably equals Michigan in the quality of its iron ore, as it vastly exceeds all other regions in quantity. Canada has 800 lineal miles of iron ore, the width extending from Ottawa river towards the North Pole, the depth of the iron rocks being estimated at 16,000 yards. But as yet coal has not been found in Canada, and by the present light of geology is not likely to be found. Coal abounds in Michigan.

The history of the settlement of Michigan is more singular in many respects than that of any Western State.—While the vast wilderness of Ohio was unexplored and unknown, the circuit of the shores of both peninsulas of Michigan had been explored by the secular Jesuit missionaries, and the adventurous and eager fur traders, and settlements and forts had been established by the French, at Detroit, at Makinaw, (on the mainland of Michigan), at Falls of St Mary, (on the river connecting Lake Superior and Lake Huron), and other minor points. Although Michigan was and is the most accessible of them all, yet three great States grew up to power and importance in the north-west, while she remained confined to these small military posts. A territorial government was established for the Lower peninsula in 1807, which had been previously embraced in the old north-western territory as the County of Wayne.

The reports of old surveyors are curiosities. It has been surmised that they were hospitably entertained and received by the French settlers and fur traders, who sent guides with them through marshes and over sand hills near the lake shore, where such surfaces still present their unsatisfactory scenery, the destruction of the fur trade being a certainty, should agricultural settlers penetrate into the territory.

But these came. They advanced inwards in considerable numbers about 1833. They emerged from the marshy margins of the lake upon the table-land of the peninsula. There they found in the dense forest of magnificent trees, open-

ings, where often, as far as the eye could see, the ground was covered with tall grass, a few gigantic trees dotted on the plain, and the whole scene resembling a cultivated park in some old country of Europe. Towards the south and west they occasionally came on open prairies of remarkable beauty and fertility, perfect farms, in area from 40, to 40,000 acres each. Occasionally, also, they crossed dense forests, whose majestic solitudes had not been before disturbed by the foot or the voice, or the implements of industrial mankind.

From 1835 to 1837, the Territory became the scene of the wildest speculation in the purchase of public lands. Of twenty-five million dollars paid into the Treasury of the United States for public lands in all parts of the Union, in 1836, five millions were paid from Michigan.

Those operations had reference only to the lower peninsula, which lies enfolded between Lake Erie, Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. Let us take a glance at the higher region, on Lake Superior.

The Upper Peninsula of Michigan is bounded on the north by Lake Superior, on the east by the River St. Mary, on the south by Lake Huron, the Straits of Makinaw and Lake Michigan, and on the west by the boundary line between Michigan and Wisconsin, which runs from the mouth of the Menominee River, on Green Bay, in a north-westerly direction to the mouth of the Montreal River, on Lake Superior. The greatest length is about three hundred miles. Its average width is about one hundred and twenty miles.—When the French Jesuits visited that country, as early as 1640, they discovered its rich mineral resources, and reported the fact to the head of their order at Paris. Dr. Franklin when ambassador from the United States to France saw some of the old maps of the region of Lake Superior in the Jesuit's archives, with the mineral districts partially traced. Accordingly, in 1783, when he and Mr. Jay were negotiating the conditions of a treaty with the British government, one of which was a boundary line, they having exclusive information of the mineral region as described by the Jesuits, persisted that the line, which was to divide the British from the American possessions on the North, should run to the northward of Isle Royale, on Lake Superior, for the purpose, as Dr. Franklin afterwards stated, of securing the rich deposits of copper which were known to exist on that island.

When General Cass visited that country in 1822, and of which the secretary of the expedition, Mr. Schoolcraft, has written a narrative, graphic and eloquent, and which is to this day fresh and fascinating as the new book, of a man of genius, he and the party discovered the celebrated mass of copper, weighing about three tons, which is now in the patent office at Washington. Within the last two years a mass vastly larger and heavier has been raised and conveyed to Detroit copper smelting works, but I hesitate to write its dimensions, as they were stated to me only on hearsay.

The mass of copper seen by General Cass and Mr. Schoolcraft, had been detached from its native hill, and been transported several miles to the bank of the Ontonagon river, with the evident intention of taking it down that stream to the Lake. By what race of men that mass was removed from its native bed, and carried to where General Cass and party saw it, will probably never be known. There are traces of these ancient miners throughout the whole mineral range of Lake Superior. Excavations in the copper-bearing rocks are so extensive and distinct that after reviewing the soil and debris that fill them, the modern miner, without any geological knowledge whatever, has no difficulty in tracing the copper veins from one end of the country to the other. That it is at least three or four centuries, perhaps many more centuries, since these people made the excavations does not admit of a doubt. Trees, whose age can be calculated for that length of time, have been found growing within the excavations. Copper chisels and spears in great variety and abundance have been found under the roots of these ancient trees, suggestive that when the early miners labored there, iron implements were unknown.

Who the people were who worked those mines at that remote day, whence they come or whether they went, will never be known. But from appearances of half raised masses of copper, and unfinished work in most of the pits, as well as of the piece of three tons left on the bank of the river in transit to the lake, it seems probable that they were suddenly beset by a savage enemy, who drove them from their mines, the tools being left behind, and who were too ignorant and barbarous to understand the value of copper, leaving it untouched until the adventurous white man resumed the industrial conquest of the mineral region. That they were far advanced in civilization and in knowledge of the industrial arts beyond the North American Indians of this day, does not admit of a doubt. Perhaps they were coeval with or a branch of the same extinct race which built the ancient cities of Central America. Some have supposed that race to have been the lost tribes of Israel and their descendants. Professor Wilson, of Toronto, has lately arisen as a learned luminary on this ethnological problem, but I cannot in this limited article refer further to his profoundly interesting book.

In 1835, when the people of the then "Territory" of Michigan applied to the Congress of the United States to be admitted as a State into the Union, the Congressional Delegation from Ohio resisted the application most strenuously, for reasons best known to themselves. A compromise was ultimately effected whereby the Ohioans agreed to relinquish their opposition on condition that Michigan should allow the northern line of Ohio to be carried six miles further north than it had been originally located. To this the Delegates of Michigan objected, but the controversy was finally settled by giving Michigan what is now known as the Upper Peninsula in lieu of that rich belt of land, six miles in width, traversing her whole southern border, which Congress awarded to Ohio. Long and loud was the wail set up by every Michigander when this settlement of the admission of their Territory as a State was made known. They denounced the Upper Peninsula as an "American Siberia," a land of eternal snows and ice, entirely uninhabitable. That was the cry of the masses. A few of her citizens were willing to admit that some "specimens" of copper had been seen there, but no one dreamt that it would ever amount to anything as a mineral region. Little did the Michiganders dream that they were trading away a limited tract of agricultural land for a region of unlimited mineral wealth, hardly second in present importance to California, and likely enough by its coal and iron and copper to rise in value above all that California contains.

Before proceeding to the Railroads that traverse the State, let us take a passing look at the chief city of Michigan.

Detroit is situated on the west bank of the river or strait of that name, 18 miles above the head of Lake Erie, 302 miles west from Buffalo, 80 miles east-south-east of Lansing, the State Capital, and 186 miles from Grand Haven, on the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad. The city is possessed of a very superior harbor on a fine navigable stream that never overflows its banks; the average difference between high and low water is only two or three feet. The present site of the city was occupied by Indian Villages at the period of the discovery of the country by white men. Detroit was founded in 1701, at which time a fort, called Pontchartrain, was erected. I quote from Bancroft, the historian, a description of what Detroit was in 1763—one hundred years ago.

"Of all the inland settlements Detroit was the largest and the most esteemed. The deep majestic river, more than half a mile broad, carrying its vast flood noiselessly and calmly between the straight and well defined banks of its channels, imparted a grandeur to a country whose rising grounds and meadows, plains festooned with prolific wild vines, woodlands, brooks and fountains were so mingled together that nothing was left to desire. The climate was mild and the air salubrious; good land abounded, yielding maize, wheat, and every vegetable. The forests were natural parks stocked with buffaloes, deer, quail, partridges, and wild turkeys. Water fowl, of delicious flavour, hovered along the streams which yielded to the angler an astonishing quantity of fish, especially the white, the richest and most luscious of them all. There every luxury of the table might be enjoyed by the sole expense of labor.

"This lovely and cheerful region attracted settlers, alike white man and savage, and the French had so occupied the two banks of the river that their number was rated as high as twenty-five hundred souls, of whom were five hundred men able to bear arms. Three or four hundred families. Yet an enumeration, in 1764, proved them not so numerous, with only men enough to form three companies of Militia; and in 1768 the official census reported but 572 souls—an account which is in harmony with the best traditions. The French dwelt on farms which were three or four acres wide on the river, by 80 acres deep; indolent in the midst of plenty, graziers as well as tillers of the soil, and enriched by Indian traffic.

"The English fort, of which Gladwyn was commander, was a large stockade, about twenty-five feet high and twelve hundred yards in circumference, including perhaps eighty houses. It stood within the limits of the present city on the river bank, commanding a wide prospect for nine miles above and below the city."

In 1763 Detroit, as a French settlement was ceded to the British Crown in connection with the fall of Quebec in 1763, and subsequent conquests of Canada. Pontiac, a daring Indian Warrior, attempted in that year a bold plan of driving every white man over the Alleghanes, and destroying all the English posts in the north-west simultaneously.—These consisted of thirteen forts, said to have been well garrisoned, stretching from Niagara and Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, along the Lakes to the Mississippi, and on the Wabash River. The plan was so secret, and the execution so prompt, that ten fell in a single day. (See "Canadian Illustrated News" of June 13th, 1863, for an account of the capture of Fort Makinaw by the Indians, 4th June, 1763, and massacre of the British garrison.) Pontiac, however, met with a signal defeat at Detroit.

In 1778 Fort Le Nout, now Fort Shelby, was erected by the British commandant, Major Le Nout, and bore his name until after the war of 1812, when it was named in honor of Governor Shelby, of Kentucky. By the treaty of 1783 the territory of Michigan was claimed by the Americans but disputed by the British for a number of years.—In 1796 Captain Porter, with a detachment of the American army, under General Wayne, entered the city, and, taking possession of the fort, hoisted the Stars and Stripes—the first American flag that was ever unfolded to the breeze in Michigan.

In 1802 Detroit was incorporated as a city. In 1805 it was almost entirely destroyed by fire. In 1812 it was captured by the British, and recaptured in 1813 by the Americans.

Detroit, in 1827, was the only municipal corporation in the territory of Michigan, and contained a population of about 2,060. The city was then chiefly a military and fur trading post. The inhabitants were principally native French, though there were a number of families from the Eastern States, but not more than a dozen from any foreign country. The banks of the river within view of the city were studded with wind grist mills, and flour was brought to the city and sold only in sacks. What a marvellous change in this month of November, 1863! The city was visited by fire again in 1837, and an immense amount of property destroyed.

The first newspaper published in Detroit was called the "Michigan Essay, or Imperial Observer," (query, "Impartial Observer"), and was established in 1809, by the Rev. Gabriel Richard. The "Detroit Gazette" was started in 1817, by John P. Sheldon.

The first steamboat that navigated the great lakes was the "Walk in the Water," Captain Jedediah Rogers. She arrived at Detroit for the first time, May 20th, 1819. The following notice of a trip to Makinaw appeared at that date in a New York city paper:

"The swift steamboat 'Walk in the Water' is intended to make a voyage early in the summer from Buffalo, on Lake Erie, to Michilimackinack, (since shortened to Makinaw), on Lake Huron, for the conveyance of company.—The trip has so near a resemblance to the famous Argonautic expedition in the heroic ages of Greece, that expectation is quite alive on the subject. Many of the most distinguished citizens are said to have already engaged their passage for this splendid adventure."

Thus commenced steam navigation on the Lakes. The Report of the Directors of the Great Western Railway of Canada, for the half-year ending July 31, 1863, which was submitted to a meeting of shareholders, in England, on the 14th of October, and lately received in Can-

ada, contains among much interesting, instructive and suggestive matter, this remark:

"The Company's relations with the neighboring American Railways continue to be of the most friendly character." And further, on the Directors remark: "It is satisfactory to state that the receipts of the Detroit and Milwaukee Line, for the past six months of the present year, have amounted to \$96,407, against \$68,447 for the corresponding period of 1862—showing an increase of 40 per cent., while the working expenses have been reduced from 71.82 per cent. in 1862, to 60.82 per cent. in 1863, being a diminution of eleven per cent."

That increase of 40 per cent. in receipts is due to the industrial development of the Western States bordering on Lake Michigan, and to the good management of the Directors, headed by Mr. Trowbridge, President of the D. and M. Line, but especially of Mr. W. K. Muir, the indefatigable Superintendent and General Manager. [See his portrait, personal memoir, sketch of the Line, and pictorial view of Grand Haven Station, on Lake Michigan, in the 'Canadian Illustrated News,' No. 1, Vol. III., November 28th, 1863.]

The Directors of the Great Western report that "During the past half-year 29,572 $\frac{1}{2}$ passengers and 8,120 tons of goods have been carried in excess of the corresponding period last year." But they are, in face of that prosperous development, obliged to announce that:—

"The surplus will not admit of a dividend for the past half-year, which result, as will be seen from the statement, (a table of figures), is entirely attributable to the loss incurred by the depreciation of American currency."

The loss on the conversion of American currency was for those first six months of 1863, \$60,100 9s 7d. Yet after that loss from depreciated money, sixty-four per cent., so I am informed from other sources of information, of the whole income of the Line arises out of American traffic.—If the loss of \$60,100 9s 7d through depreciated currency extinguishes the Dividend, reducing, for the present, the property of the shareholders to nothing, what would the effect be to this Province if War with the Federal States, or other misfortune extinguished the sixty-four per cent. of income derived from American through traffic?—The result would be extinction of that Railway. War would extinguish all the Railways. Industry would be paralysed; Canada for a time lying prostrate.

The elements of peace between Canada and the United States are, friendly intercourse, and the political union of Great Britain and this Province as an integral part of the British Empire.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

THE WOUNDED AFTER A BATTLE.

B. F. Taylor gives the following scenes occurring after the battle of Chickamauga. The surgeon lays off the green sash and the tinselled coat, and rolls up his sleeves, and spreads wide his cases filled with the terrible glitter of silver steel, and makes ready for work. They begin to come in, slowly at first, one man nursing a shattered arm, another borne by his comrades, three in an ambulance, one on a stretcher; then faster and faster, laying here and lying there, waiting each his terrible turn. The silver steel grows cloudy and lurid: true right arms are lopped like slips of golden willows; feet that never turn from the foe, forever more without an owner, strew the ground. The knives are busy, the saws play; it is bloody work. Ah, the surgeon, with heart and head, with hand and eye fit for such a place is a prince among men, cool and calm, quick and tender, he feels among the arteries and fingers the tendons as if they were harp strings. But the cloud thunders and the spiteful rain patters louder and fiercer, and the poor fellows come creeping away in broken ranks like corn beaten down with the hails of the storm. My God! cried a Surgeon, as looking up an instant from his work, he saw the mutilated crowds borne in; 'my God! are all my boys cut down? And yet it thundered and rained. A poor fellow writhes and a smothered moan escapes him. 'Be patient Jack,' says the Surgeon, cheerfully; 'I'll make you all right in a minute.' And what a meaning there was in that 'all right! It was a right arm to come off at the elbow, and 'Jack' slipped off a ring that clasped one of the poor useless fingers, that were to blend with the earth of Alabama, and put it in his pocket. He was making ready for the 'all right! Does 'Alabama' mean 'here we rest?' If so, how sad yet glorious have our boys made it who sink to rest.

'With all their country's wishes blest!'

Another sits up while the surgeon follows the bullet that had buried itself in his side; it is the work of an instant; no solemn council here, no lingering pause; the surgeon is bathed in patriotic blood to his elbows, and the work goes on. An eye lies out upon a ghastly cheek, and silently the sufferer bides his time. 'Well, Charley,' says the doctor, dressing a wound as he talks, 'what's the matter?' 'Oh, not much, Doctor, only a hand off! Not unlike was the answer made to me by a poor fellow, at Bridgeport, shattered as a tree is by lightning: 'How are you now?' I said, 'Bully!' was the reply, 'You should have heard that word as he said it; vulgar as it used to seem, it grew manly and noble, and I never should hear it again without a thought for the boy that uttered it, on the dusty slope of the Tennessee; the boy—must I say it?—that sleeps the soldier's sleep within a hundred rods of the spot where I found him. And so it is everywhere; not a whimper nor a plaint. Only once did I hear either. An Illinois Lieutenant, as brave a fellow as ever drew a sword, had been shot through and through the thighs, fairly impaled by the bullet—the ugliest wound that I ever saw. Eight days before he weighed one hundred and sixty. Then he could not have swung one hundred and twenty clear of the floor. He had just been brought over the mountain; his wounds were angry with fever; every motion was torture; they were lifting him as tenderly as they could; they let him slip and he fell, perhaps six inches. But it was like a dash from a precipice to him and he walked out like a little child, tears wet his pale, thin face, and he only said, 'my poor child, how will they tell her?' It was only for an instant; his spirit and his frame stiffened up together, and with a half smile he said, 'don't tell anybody, boys, that I made a fool of myself!—The Lieutenant sleeps well, and alus! for the 'poor child'—how did they tell her?

A soldier fairly riddled with bullets, like one of those battle flags of Illinois, lay on a blanket gasping for breath. 'Jemmy,' said a comrade, and a friend before this cruel war began, with one arm swung up in a sling, and who was going home on furlough, 'Jemmy, what shall I tell them at home for you?' 'Tell them,' said he, 'that there isn't hardly enough of me left to say 'I,' but hold down here a minute—tell Kate there is enough of me left to love her till I die.' Jemmy got his furlough that night, and left the ranks forever.

HOW THEY DEAL WITH DRUNKARDS IN NEW ZEALAND. In the Littleton Times published in the province of Canterbury, in the above colony, we find the following advertisement:—"Notice to the public.—Whereas it has this day been proved to the satisfaction of us, the undersigned, being three of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, that one Mary Ann Robertson has become a habitual drunkard, and is injuring her health by excessive drinking, we hereby, under the provisions of 33rd clause of the 'Public House Ordinance, 1862,' give notice that we prohibit all persons from supplying the said Mary Ann Robertson with any spirituous or fermented liquor whatever, for the space of two years from the date hereof.' This warning is enforced by the threat of a fine of £20 or three months imprisonment.

A Scotch minister was once busy catechising his young parishioners before the congregation, when he put the usual first question to a stout girl, whose father kept a public house. 'What is your name?' No reply. The question having been repeated, the girl replied:—'Nane o' yer fun Mr. Minister, ye ken my name weel enough. D'ye no say, when you come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me a drink o' ale!' The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, put on a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

Farmer B— was sitting in the country church. He had been working hard in the harvest field. Hands were scarce, and Farmer B— was dozing. The loud tones of the minister failed to arouse the farmer, until at length the time waning, the good man closed the lids of the Bible, and concluded as follows: 'Indeed my hearers, the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few., 'Yes,' exclaimed Farmer B—, 'I've offered two dollars a-day for cradlers, but can't get 'em at that.'

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF A TERRIER.

A correspondent sends us the following: A remarkable instance of the affection and sagacity of the Scotch terrier came under my notice lately. A gentleman proceeding upon a walk one evening, took along with him two little rough shock-headed terriers as companions. On returning home, the older of the two dogs exhibited signs of uneasiness and impatience, which were given utterance to in most dismal howlings whenever his master attempted to enter the house. He was ordered to 'lie down, and make less noise;' but so far from obeying, he grew more importunate than ever. Again his master came out and ordered silence, but he leaped upon him, and then bounding off towards the road which they had so lately traversed, exhibited unmistakable signs that something was decidedly wrong. Such conduct being so strange and unusual on the part of the dog, his master's curiosity was excited and he determined to find out the cause; so putting on his hat, he set out—the dog in the meantime, being almost frantic with delight, and impatient even when his master stopped for a moment to speak to a neighbour passing by. On they both went till they came to a gap in the hedge through which the dog led the way, and proceeded till he finally came to a rabbit burrow. Going straight to one of the holes, he snuffed for a moment at it and then broke out into a piteous lamentation. His master had by this time come up and a dim suspicion of what might be the cause was dawning upon his mind, so, setting to work, he 'laid to' his ear, and thought he could just hear a short panting breath not very far in. Taking off his coat, he thrust his arm as far as possible in, and at length felt his hand come in contact with something rough and cold, like the nose of some creature or other. Unpleasant visions of polecats and stoats beginning to arise, he quickly drew back his hand, as the idea of taking such an animal by the nose with impunity was rather doubtful. Still, it did not do for the investigation to end here; so as the earth was soft and loose, he commenced to burrow into this mysterious object, and roots and turf were torn aside till at last what should turn up but the 'other little doggie' in an exhausted condition. Proper restoratives being immediately had recourse to, he duly came around, and no doubt will ever feel grateful to his companion, who had not forsaken him in his time of distress. The reason of his imprisonment is evident. He had probably started a rabbit, and pursued it underground, and in the intricate passages and windings had been unable either to draw back or go forward. His companion seeing the 'fix' he had got into, and finding his own efforts to be unavailing, came to his master for help, and endeavored, in the most eloquent language that dog could use, to acquaint him with the painful circumstances in which his companion was situated.

THE NUMBER TWELVE.

The Englishman uniformly reckons by the dozen. His very earthly existence is measured by his favourite number. At twelve he is in the thorough enjoyment of mere being at twice twelve vigour of mental and corporal maturity; and at three times twelve, at high tide of domestic happiness. At four times twelve, he has reached the extreme verge of the table-land of life; at five times twelve, he has touched or nearly so, his grand climacteric, thinks of his latter end, makes his will; and at half a dozen times a dozen he is gathered to his fathers. Shirts for his back, buttons for his coat, and nails for his coffin, are manufactured and sold all per dozen. He furnishes his house, from the wine-cellar to the naper closet, with articles per dozen. He arms his ships with guns, regulates the weight of their balls in pounds, and administer discipline to those that work the m all per dozen. He fearlessly commits his property, his fame and his life, to a dozen of his peers. His readiest measure for small things is his thumb, a dozen of which he calls a foot; and his commonest coin is a shilling, which he breaks into a dozen of pence. Rather than use a power of 10, he adds a dozen to the 100 lbs. and calls that 100 cwt. He indites his incubations on slips of 12 or quires of twice 12 sheets, with metallic pens assorted per dozen and publishes his opinions, if he writes for the press, in "folios of four pages;" if a fellow of a learned society, in quarto; if on the stage of a review or magazine, in octavo; if he works for the million, in twelves—never in decades. Homer is divided into twice 12 books; Virgil and Milton into 12 each. Spenser proposed to give 12 books, each of 12 cantos; and another noble poet says:

"I've finished now
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before—
That being about the number I allow
Each canto of the twelve or twenty four."

PAVING CELLARS.—We know of nothing which combines neatness, cheapness, and durability to so great an extent for a cellar bottom, as a pavement of cobble stones. The material is everywhere abundant in this part of the country, costs nothing, can be easily laid, and the work, if well done, will last a life time. Several years since we paved our barn cellars, which was sometimes too moist for comfort, with this material, and we have since a hard, dry and even surface, over which carts can be driven without injury, and which can be swept as easily as a house floor. Last fall we paved the cellar of our residence in the same way, and our experience with it thus far is such that we consider it greatly preferable to any cemented cellar we have ever seen. This is a kind of work very suitable for rainy days, and those of our readers who desire to keep the cellars of their farm buildings in the best shape possible will do well to try the cobble stone pavement whenever opportunity is offered. —Ploverman.

'It is strange,' muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, 'how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself.'

'PATRICK,' said a judge, 'what do you say to the charge;—Faith that is difficult for your honor to tell, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the evidence.'

A LAWYER'S TRICK.—A remarkable instance is remembered in Westminster Hall, of a lawyer acting in the face of the jury in the critical moment of their beginning to consider their verdict. He had defended a gentleman of rank and fortune against a charge of an atrocious description. He had performed his part with more than his accustomed zeal and skill. As soon as the judge had summed up, he tied up his papers deliberately, and with a face smiling and easy, but carefully turned towards the jury, he rose and said, loud enough to be generally heard, that he was engaged to dinner, and in so clear a case there was no occasion for him to wait what must be the certain event. He then retired, deliberately bowing to the court. One of the jurors having occasion to leave the court for a few moments found that all the confidence and fearlessness had never crossed its threshold, for behind the door stood Sir James Searlet, trembling with anxiety, his face the color of his brief, and awaiting the result of 'the clearest case in the world,' in breathless suspense.

The broad Scotch, and the dislike of ladies of certain age, to let the public know how old they really are, is well brought out in the following: At the recent examination of Mr. John Logie farmer, Murrayshall, on his sister entering the box to be examined, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent: Agent—'How old are you?' 'O, weel, Sir, I am an unmarried woman, and I dinna think it right to answer that question.' The Judge—'O, yes, answer the gentlemen how old you are.' Miss Jane—'Weel a weel, I am fifty.' Agent—'are you not more?' 'Weel, I am sixty.' The inquisitive writer still further asked if she had hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied—'Weel, sir, I winna surely tell a lie; I dinna lost hope yet; and she scornfully added, but I widna marry you, for I am sick tired o' your palaver already.' The examination then proceeded. Shrewd people are Scottish men and women, married or single; they can always hold their own.

Ryan, the Michigan weather prophet, has again opened his mouth for the instruction of the people. He communicates to us the following information with regard to the weather for the coming winter: 'Southwest and northwest are the contending points of the wind till the first of March next. Southwest will prevail. Some west, northwest, then cold, sudden changes, doing and undoing is the order for the winter. If we have south or southwest wind on the 7th and 8th of January, we will have no good sleighing for that month, but if we have northwest wind, cold, or snowing on those days, we will have sleighing. 4th or 5th of February is the last chance for sleighing this winter, and these are the days for the February freshets. Water courses should be put in order for those days. We are going to have rather a mild winter.'

Mr. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, who is now in his nineteenth year, has in press a volume of Heroic Idyls and other poems.

A son of Nathaniel Rothschild accompanied King George of Greece to Athens, with General Kalegris, the Paris ambassador.



THE OLD STRAIN.

I know a little maiden,
A merry little maiden,
From her temples to her shoulder,
With the waviest tresses laden,
Laughing eyes of soul-lit ether,
Has the Militia Captain's daughter.

I know a little river,
A sparkling little river,
When it leaves its granite windings,
It is carried down for ever,
In the bosom of St. Lawrence,
To the ocean, mighty water!

And its thus my thoughts are flowing,
I confess I'm over thinking,
Of a sail upon the river,
When the summer sun was sinking,
Through the maples on the horizon,
Day's closing eye-lid's lashes.

When the whip-poor-will was singing,
Merry, homeward cowbells ringing,
And the shrill joy notes be-mellowed
By the hum of insect winging,
Were a warning to the fire-fly,
It was time to light its flashes.

Just myself, and that sweet maiden,
O'er the water swiftly sailing;
On the breeze the wild wood music,
Never ceasing, never falling,
Ah! 'twas hard to tell my darling,
I must leave thee love—to-morrow.

As the maiden's voice melodious,
Swelled the wild Canadian chorus,
Brought an echo from the woodlands,
That were jutting out before us,
First the voice, and then the echo,
Seemed to echo back my sorrow.

Time's deep wave is flowing onward,
We are ever growing older,
But our love is ever deepening,
Though the love of some grows colder,
We are happy and contented,
Whose affection feels no blasting.

May the good and gracious Father
Keep and watch o'er us forever,
In his own good time unite us
As we sail upon the river,
To that ocean mighty water!
Where the flow is everlasting.

H. J. E.

London, Dec. 15th, 1863.

DOES THE CHILD KNOW ITS MOTHER?—At Essonne, the first place they stopped at, Nodier told a good story *apropos* of a remark of his, to the effect that a child can not always be certain of knowing who was its own mother.

"How do you make that out?" asked every one. "By this billiard table." There was a billiard table in the adjoining room. They asked him to explain himself, and he related that, two years before, a carriageful of nurses was returning from fetching their nurselings from Paris, in order to convey them to Burgundy, and stopped for breakfast at this inn. In order to feed at their ease, the nurses had deposited the children on the billiard table. Whilst they were in the dining room some wagoners had entered to play a game, and in removing the babies had placed them pell-mell on the benches. The nurses, on their return, were much puzzled how to recognize their nurseling; for we all know that newly-born children are exactly alike. So they merely exclaimed, "Well, it can't be helped," and took the children at random from the pile, merely making a point that the sex of the child was all right. Thus at the present day, probably not less than twenty mothers are tenderly lavishing on the children of others the endearing epithets of "my son," "my daughter."

The story, however, was spoiled by a remark of Madame Nodier. "As if," she said, "the linen were not sure to be marked." To which Nodier philosophically replied: "Ah, well, if you always look for probability you will never find out the truth."

'IDEAS,' says Voltaire, are like beards—men only get them when they grow up, and women never have any. Oh, the heretic!

CANADA AN INTEGRAL PORTION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

To the Proprietors of the Canadian Illustrated News.

Gentlemen.—In respect of an article audaciously intimating that a time is near at hand when Canada may cease to be a portion of the British Empire, which was written by a comparative stranger, no longer in your employment nor in the Province, and was by an oversight admitted into the Editorial page of the Canadian Illustrated News of Dec. 12th, permit me in the interests of your journal, as the writer who from the middle of January to September of this year contributed more original matter to its columns than any other, to cite passages showing that it has been again and again contended that Canada must remain an integral portion of the British Empire. This Province cannot assume independence but at the immediate hazard of being absorbed into the territory of the American Republic.

Extract from C. I. N. of February 14, 1863.

'The Governor General is the only minister of British Political Supremacy in the Province. All executive power under his Excellency originates in the rural home steads, town stores, and city offices rated for taxes. The Commander of the Forces, and the forces he commands, are also bonds of British connection. But they are present to defend, not to govern. If the ascendancy of democracy be an unmixed blessing, Canada should not be far from a condition of unmixed happiness. But if strangers judge from the chieftain newspapers of party conflict, the Province is occupied in most of its offices of power and privilege by pilferers and perjurers. Strangers should not believe what is alleged by the organs of party conflict. In this respect they imitate the worst characteristics of American journalism in the United States; they dishonour the people who elect representatives to this Provincial Parliament. They traduce that Democratic Virtue which they profess to extol.

'Happily the concessions to Canadian Democracy have not led to the demoralization of reducing the Seats of Justice and Courts of law to be the sport of popular impulse and of venal corruption as Courts of Justice are alleged to be by Americans when discussing grievances in their own country. The Crown and Throne of British Monarchy extend their sign and substance of stability and honour to the Courts of law in Canada. The Judges are appointed by the Crown for life. They are not elected by the dominant local multitude as in the Republic of the United States. They are not removable by executive power which they may be called upon to arrest in its prerogative, nor by popular commotion which they may be called upon to punish, and offend. The judges in their incorruptible integrity and exaltation above popular commotion reflect the dignity of the British Crown. They reflect around them and abroad on all the Province the lustre of Learning of Authority, and of Independence.'

DESTINY OF FREE NATIONS.

Extract from C. I. N., August 20th, 1863.

"It is that belief in the bright destiny of Northern free nations which binds Britain, Canada and other Colonies together. They will not separate. (This was in allusion to remarks of the Hon. Mr. Seward, of the United States).—For Britain to wilfully pluck her Empire to pieces to set up new nations in conformity to some theory of magnanimity, is an offence to the simplest principles of political philosophy. Were Canada to demand separation, and obtain it; or were she cut adrift, the inevitable fate of absorption by her more powerful neighbor, and extinction of political existence, would follow. The integrity and perennial vigor of the British Empire should be the lofty political faith of Conservative-Reformers, whether at home or in the colonies. And they who desire the permanence of British stability, or deserve the personal safety and freedom guaranteed by imperial laws, and by institutions at once venerable, and youthfully elastic in their adaptability to new circumstance, must by a logical necessity—if they hold any settled conservative principle—cherish a sympathy for other free nations, and hold in abhorrence a rebellious appeal to arms to overturn constitutional government."

The editorial from which the forgoing is quoted was in part a reprint from my work of the previous year, entitled "Canada a Battle Ground."

Extract, March 7th, 1863.

"The Governor General acts here in name of her Majesty the Queen, giving Royal assent to Bills passed by the two Houses of Parliament, and occasionally issuing proclamations on advice of the Executive Council of Ministers; they chosen from parliamentary majorities.

"As the Sovereign is central sign of that mighty substance, the British Empire, so the Governor General is representative of the Sovereign and Nation in all the imperial relations affecting Canada.

"They who from the States beyond the frontier indulge their reiteration of intention to 'liberate' Canada from 'Imperial domination' may accept the assurance that the people of this Province exercise all the liberty that any political system can offer, and enjoy advantages, conservative and defensive, which none but the British Monarchy could confer."

The phrase 'conservative and defensive' had reference to the grand truth of Canada's Provincial position, that while the Province remains a portion of the British Empire, it will not be invaded by the American States so long as they and Great Britain are at peace; that the in-

vasion of Canada means an American declaration of War against the British Empire, which would call forth the mightiest naval armament known to the world to retaliate on the cities of the Atlantic States.

On March 14th, an article was published on "Popular Fallacies about Red Tape; Popular Fallacies about Aristocracy and the Crimean War; the House of Lords; the Aristocracy in the Army and Navy." It may be referred to in No. 18, Vol. 1. In No. 24, Vol. 1, the following outline was given of the import of the series of letters then being contributed to this journal, and to a small work which had preceded them, entitled "Canada a Battle Ground."

"I have written with these objects:—To soften international antipathies; to contend that Britain and Canada cannot be separated; to contend for a military organization in defence of Canada; to show that a holiday militia is not a military force in this Province, as it was not in the United States previous to the present war; to do justice to the American military character; and to exemplify by description what Canada might lose with nothing to gain, by cultivating the antagonism of the United States."

I may only make one other quotation. It is from an article in No. 1. Vol. 11. entitled 'where is Canada Drifting?'

'The Key-ground of Canada West extends from the mouth of the Grand River by way of Brantford and northerly to Guelph; from there to Toronto eastward, and London westward. The three railways Buffalo and Lake Huron, Great Western, and Grand Trunk, with the connecting branch from the Western at Harrisburgh, to the Grand Trunk at Guelph, will be kept open to the last extremity, which means kept open always; for though we may be terribly tried Canada will be conquered—never. In the name of God never.'

Such has been the tone of the Canadian Illustrated News, with the exception of that impertinent interpolation of December 12th; and such I have no doubt it will continue to be.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead; and that tombstones are marked with epitaphs of 'good and virtuous.' Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man 'forgive us our debts,' that he makes every body pay who owes him to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that Death is a merciless judge though not partial. Every man owes a debt. Death summons the debtor, and he lays down his dust in the currency of mortality.

I have noticed that though he who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary to be downright mad.

I have noticed that we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed, and call Dame Fortune 'blind,' but it is the very best evidence that the old lady has most capital eye sight and it is no 'granny' with spectacles.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that tombstones say 'Here he lies,' which no doubt is often the truth; and if men could see the epitaphs their friends sometimes write, they would surely believe they had got into the wrong graves.

'MAN THE HEAD OVER NATURE.—The great defect of Mr. Draper's book is, that it ignores the moral agencies within and upon man. While he gives Christianity a place among historical systems bearing upon man's development, he fails to apprehend its moral power, or to recognize its spiritual results. He also indulges *ad libitum* in groundless assumptions. To prove that human progress takes place under an unvarying law, he cites the Mexican civilization as 'the spontaneous revolution of a people shut out from the rest of the world,' and then ascribes the sameness of their civilization with that of the old world, to 'corporeal organization,' on the law that 'sameness of structure will give rise to identity of function and similarity of acts.' Great is Physiology! But a wiser science here finds proof of a community of origin, and of the power of thought and of the religious sentiment of the race. But wherever man is found, in whatever age or deposit, he is still found as man. He is a tool-maker, though he use only stone. He is a builder, although his first structures are rude. He subdues other creatures, though they are monsters. He survives them, and retains the mastery. He always appears in the act of subduing nature to his own uses, and therefore his is not a 'place in nature,' but dominion over nature, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be, world without end.'

It is announced that Garibaldi's son has passed through Cuneo on his way to Nice, for the purpose of obtaining the necessary papers for approaching marriage with a Genoese lady, daughter of one of the officers of the corps d'armee of Marsala.

The Mexican Consuls in Paris, Bordeaux, and Havre, have been compelled to cease their functions, and they have transferred the duties of their offices to the Consuls for the republic of Guatemala.

A MASTIFF, A SPANIEL, AND A WHITE TERRIER.

The engraving represents three dogs, one each of the breeds above mentioned, and splendid specimens too, of the kind, which were shewn at an Exhibition of Dogs in London. The contrast in size and appearance between animals which are admitted to be of one origin and species, is very remarkable indeed.

Forty officers in the Italian army have been degraded to the ranks for having married contrary to the regulations.

Death has nothing terrible in it but what life hath made so.

Worth is ever at home, and carries its own welcome along with it.

A CHINESE DRINKING CUP FORMED OF A HUMAN SKULL.

This object, (which was exhibited in the Chinese Court in the Sydenham Palace,) is certainly of great interest, not merely because it was taken from the Summer Palace of Peking, but also because it is formed of a human skull, (a unique application of the cranium), and is the cause of much controversy.

The skull is set in massive gold, which is affirmed to be the purest presented in works of art in the exhibition, and a few very small jewels are added; the arch-shaped base, the triangular foot, and the cover being entirely formed of solid gold. The work has a peculiarly massive character, and beauty is entirely sacrificed to a solid and costly appearance. Some relief is, however, given by the entire goldwork being richly chased, and thus caused to sparkle.

The ornament of the base is of a singular character, and in its parts does not correspond with the decorative forms usually employed by the Chinese, being composed of little members similar to conventional flame or 'cloven tongues,' which we so often see in mediæval work, but it is probably rather a treatment of water than of flame, as more forms of this character occur in their treatment of the former element; but this class of ornament is not peculiar to the base, but is carried to an extent through the entire work.

From the corners of the triangular foot rise three little heads of a most imperfect and unusual aspect; they are not skulls, but are nuggets of gold with tame and rather contemptible features worked upon them, or, more correctly, they are probably cast into the form which they now assume.

In the horizontal band, which may be regarded as the rim of the cup, a series of small stones are set, and in the broad vertical band surrounding the lid there are also jewels; likewise in the knob at the top there are stones, but these are much larger than the others. We cannot discover any significance in these stones, indeed, the work seems to have been prepared for the reception of more than it at present possesses.

Peculiar interest is excited by this work, as it is said to be formed of the skull of Confucius, and that it is mounted in this rich style in honour of its former owner. Others affirm that this is not the case, and that the skull belonged to a great rebel who was slain, and as the head of John the Baptist was presented to Herodias on a charger, so the skull of the enemy was presented to the Chief of the Celestial Empire to satisfy his malignity.

Rather an amusing idea of this skull was given once by a countrywoman in the way of instruction to her child, in such audible sounds as to attract the attention and contribute to the information of many around. She said, 'That is the skull of Oliver Cromwell.' To which the child replied, 'I thought his head must have been much larger, as he upset the Parliament.' The parent instructively replied, 'But it was his skull when he was a boy!' That will do to wind up with on the subject of Chinese skulls, and of skulls other than Chinese also, we should say.

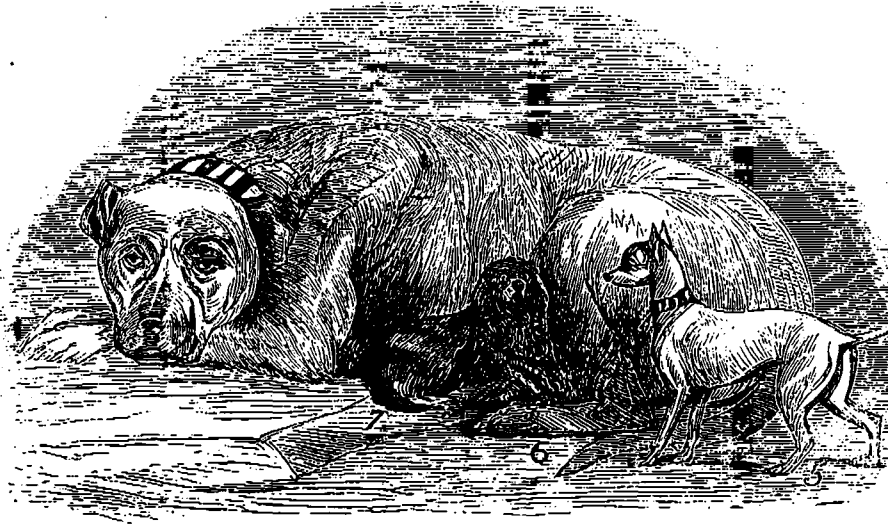
A country doctor being out for a day's shooting, took his errand-boy to carry his game bag. Entering a field of turnips, the dog pointed, and the boy, overjoyed at the prospect of his master's success, exclaimed: 'Lor', master, there's a covey; 'if you get near 'em, won't you physic 'em?' 'Physic them, you young rascal, what do you mean,' said the doctor. 'Why, kill 'em, to be sure,' replied the boy.

Storms generally are a mystery, but you can always see the drift of a snow storm.

Though bachelors may grin, married men can laugh till their hearts ache.

Charles Lamb's opinion of water cure: "It is neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the deluge, when, in my opinion, it killed more than it cured?"

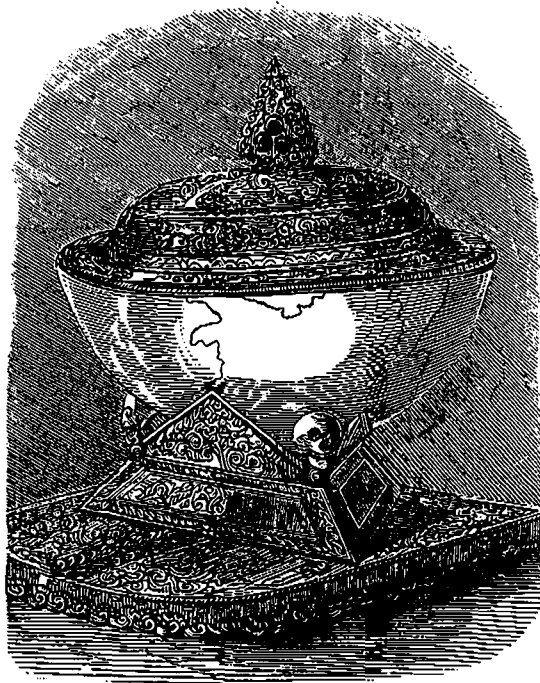
The *Dover Express* says that a sexton sent his wife to visit a child who was near death, and to say that he wanted to go out, but if the child would not take long to die he would wait at home.



A GROUP OF DOGS.—MASTIFF, SPANIEL, AND TERRIER.

An immense quantity of smokeless coal (30,000 to 40,000 tons monthly) is being shipped from Cardiff, in Wales, to Nassau and contiguous ports, for use by blockade-runners, to whom smoke is an abomination, as pointing out their whereabouts at sea.

—At Dromelby, Ireland, recently, while digging for potatoes, the laborers found a coffer of silver coin, and in digging for more they found a leaden coffin about nine feet long, that contained the bones of what had been an Irish giant. The thigh measured two feet eleven inches, and the cranium was half an inch thick, showing how admirably heads were adapted to meet contingencies in the formation of an Irishman in the olden time. No shillelagh could get through such a skull as that.



A CHINESE DRINKING CUP.—FORMED OF A HUMAN SKULL.

ANECDOTE OF O'CONNELL.—Here is an instance of his ready tact and infinite resource in the defence of his client. In a trial at Cork, for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner. He particularly swore that a hat, found near the place of the murder, belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. 'By virtue of your oath, are you sure that this is the same hat?' 'Yes.' 'Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?' 'I did.' 'Now, let me see,' said O'Connell, as he took up the hat, and began to examine it carefully on the inside. He then spelled aloud the name of James, slowly, thus:—'J a m e s.' 'Now do you mean to say those words were in the hat when you found it?' 'I do.' 'Did you see them there?' 'I did.' 'And this is the same hat?' 'It is.' 'Now my lord,' said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, 'there is an end to the case. There is no name whatever inscribed in the hat?' The result was an instant acquittal.

A farmer of Camillus, N. Y., lately realized \$1,588 from a single waggon load of farm produce, disposed of in the Syracuse market. It consisted of two thousand one hundred and eighteen pounds of wool, sheared from three hundred and eighty sheep, which was sold at seventy-five cents a pound.

The scarcity and high price of cotton consequent on the American war, has given a great impulse to the agriculture of Egypt.

It is stated that Halifax is at present thronged with Southern refugees.

A crown will not cure the headache, or a golden slipper the gout.

Entertain no thoughts which you would blush at in words.

Wit and Wisdom.

Mr. Phillips, in his 'life of Curran,' mention that upon one occasion he met a noble lord who had greatly promoted the Union. The latter said of the house of the *ci-devant* Irish Parliament near to which they were,—

'Curran, what do they intend doing with that useless building? For my part I hate the sight of it.'

'I do not wonder at that, my lord,' said Curran, contemptuously. 'I never yet heard of a murderer who was not afraid of a ghost.'

Macanlay records the mot with which Halifax soothed the apprehensions of a statesman who had become a Catholic on the accession of James II., and yet though in another matter he had offended the king.

'Be of good cheer, my lord, thy faith hath made thee whole.'

Some one told Foote that the Rockingham Ministry were at their wits' end and quite tired out.

It could not have been with the length of the journey,' he said.

On another occasion he asked, 'why do you laugh at my weakest point?' of one who had joked him on what Dr. Johnson called his depidation. 'Did I ever say anything about your head?'

Reynolds the dramatist, observing to Morton the thinness of the house at one of his plays, added, he supposed it was owing to the war.

'No,' replied Morton, 'I should judge it owing to the piece.'

A very plain young man of very loose habits, happened to remark before Douglas Jerrold that he was fastidious,—

'You mean,' growled the latter, 'that you are fast and hideous.'

Roland Hill once said to some people who came into his chapel to avoid the rain,—

'Many people are to be blamed for making religion a cloak; but I do not think those much better who makes it an umbrella.'

'That officer,' said Louis XIV. within hearing of one of his generals who frequently solicited favors, 'is the most troublesome in my service.'

'Your Majesty's eunuchs,' he replied, 'have said the same thing more than once.'

Addison makes an undertaker, in one of his plays, thus upbraid a mute who had laughed at a funeral:

'You rascal, you, I have been raising your wages for the last two years, on condition that you appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look.'

The great Prince de Condt was told that his eunuchs called him a deformity.

'How do they know that?' he said; 'they have never seen my back.'

We have also the modest remonstrance of the lover to his inamorata:—

A citizen of Jamaica Plains, Long Island, went to answer a ring at the door, at the request of his wife, where he found nothing but a basket. On removing the cover a beautiful little child appeared, some five months old. The lady screamed; one of the lady visitors took up the baby and found a note pinned to its dress which charged the gentlemen with being its father, and imploring him to protect it. A rich scene ensued between the injured wife and indignant husband, the latter denying all knowledge of the little one and asserting his innocence. The friend interfered and at last the wife was induced to forgive her husband, very regisfully adding that it was their mutual offspring, which had just been taken from the cradle for the purpose of playing the joke.

THE STORY OF A PHANTOM

I have hitherto been known among my friends as a man little inclined to give implicit credence to, and more inclined to dispute skeptically concerning, the doctrine of supernatural appearances, which, I confess, too often resolve themselves into mere freaks played off on cowards by imagination, to the beguiling of reason and the creation of superstition. I know that there is a bitter saying now days, that 'a man should believe nothing that he hears, and but half of what he sees'; that may be a safe rule in a few isolated cases; it is undoubtedly foolish in more. Periculosum est credere et non credere, said the fabulist Phaedrus of old. 'It is equally difficult to draw the line where credence should commence, and disbelief should stop.' I am not about to enter into any lengthy disquisition, in the manner of Prevost, or Mrs. Crowe, ('of Night-Side of Nature,' celebrity;) I do not wish unnecessarily to waste your patience on nice subtleties, as to how far a wise man's belief in the appearance of disembodied spirits here may justly extend. Imagination in these cases may do much towards 'over-informing this tenement of clay' of ours, as Shakspeare says; unhealthy condition of the brain, and so of the optic nerve, may do more; but I take it, he will be a bold person who shall venture to deny in toto that such appearances may have taken place. The observation of Dr. Johnson, which I have quoted, should here recur to the reader.

From the earliest ages there has always been a belief in such appearances; from the days when 'a spirit passed before Job' (in the vision of the night), to the days when the spirit of the dead Samuel appeared to the conscience stricken Saul in the cave of the Witch of Endor; from the days when the enlightened So-rates believed in his 'Daemon, or 'Guardian Angel,' to the eve of the battle when the apparition appeared to Brutus with that unforgettable, 'I shall meet thee again at Philippi'; down to the date of the thousand and one weird manifestations, which have taken place, according to some, in our own century; a belief in their reality has existed. With the vulgar stories of clanking of chains, and other unreasonable antics of so-called ghosts, I have nothing to do.

The narration in which I propose to prove that 'there are indeed more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy,' is in nowise connected with the 'Raw-head-and-Bloody-Bones' stories of our childhood. I do not believe that spirits come from their spiritual abodes, wherever and whatever such may be, merely to frighten old women and children, or to throw down chairs and tables, rap upon articles of household furniture, and commit excesses for which any embodied being would assuredly be voted mad and consigned to Bedlam; but this much I do devoutly believe: that when there seems a good reason for an appearance, such appearances have been; and that I have reasons for that belief my tale will show.

That implicit credence will be granted by all my readers to the tale I shall tell, is as unlikely as the tale seems improbable, at least, however, I hope that such charity will be extended to me as is awarded to men making strange statements when there appears to be no selfish motive in the making of them, and no earthly profit accruing from their setting forth. And here let me assure my readers that I am no 'Spiritualist' in the 'table turning' acceptation of the term, but a plain man of this nineteenth century, with no predilection whatever for the mystical Germanism of the last. I am willing to believe that the eye may be mistaken, that the ear may err, and that imagination may in such cases often over-ride fact; but when I see reason for an appearance, combined closely with that appearance, I am a skeptic no longer.

It happened that in the year 1857, in the month of December, I was the sole tenant of a large rambling house in the most desolate-looking square in London, the real name of which is not essential to my tale. Why I was sole tenant, without even the company of a single servant in the house to enliven me, may be briefly explained. That house was rented by my family, and they being unable for some time to take possession, acceded to my proposal that I should sleep there. It was ten o'clock when I first took up my sleeping-quarters at the Square. My furniture only consisted of three chairs, a deal table, a trundle bed, a looking-glass, and an old clock. The room I chose for my domicile, was at the back on the ground floor, and faced a slip of ground, called by courtesy a garden, which was partly paved with green old tessellated pavement, and partly overgrown with rank grass. The house had stood empty for some time, and the walls were damp, and slugs and snails disported in the kitchen fireplace; the long, large, lofty rooms were without a particle of furniture of any kind, and the footfalls sounded louder than was agreeable during my nightly inspection of the place. With the aid, however, of a few books, a stock of tobacco and pipes, combined with the solace of a blazing fire, which roared away merrily up a chimney wider than three of these in our degenerate days, I managed to fancy myself tolerably cosy, and to feel resigned to my lonely lot. During the first hour or two of my first night's tenancy, I blush to confess, I did feel as though the company of a friend would have been a great desideratum. And thus my first night, second, third, and fourth passed away in monotony. On the fifth and sixth night friends looked in, and a jovial party we made round the fire. The clock struck eleven, twelve, one, and still we sat lustily caroling 'Auld Lang Syne,' and other cheery ditties, till the long-deserted rooms of the house rang to the echo. It was a little lonely, perhaps, when I said 'good-night' to my friends, and candle in hand, escorted them to the door, slammed it with a heavy jar, which resounded through the house like thunder, and retired to my den for the night. On the seventh night I sat before my fire alone. Silence reigned thorough the old square, there was no thoroughfare—and so nothing save an occasional rumbling of a distant cab relieved the drowsiness of the place. Did none of my readers ever feel a certain degree of ennui, a craving for something to do, and yet all the while the craving was making them discontented, a moral conviction, that by no possibility, even, could the wished-for something be obtained, could they set about doing, and leave their cosy armchairs to do it? Such a feeling, hard to describe to any, yet common to all, was mine on the night of the 11th of December, 1857. And so, in despair at having nothing better to occupy my time, I fell into a reverie.

I had a friend whose memory on that same night 'sat heavy at my soul.' In the wild days of boyhood we two had

been inseparable: we were both boys fond of reading, and many a knotty disquisition held we on metaphysics in days gone by, long ere all the glorious dreams of boyhood led for the most part to disappointment and self-contempt. We had been second Pythias and Damon in those dear days; and why not now? A few bitter words, a month's coldness, and then the friendship of our boyhood melted away into naught but a mere formal bowing-acquaintance; and so we parted, and went each on his worldly way. I heard little more of my friend, save at intervals, and then only all that I did hear, was by no means to his advantage. He had come into some property, had lost much of it the pursuit of dissipation, and had become nothing better, after all, than a worthless man about town. I had met him occasionally, and as we passed each other with a bow I was grieved to see the change visible in him. All the freshness of boyhood had vanished from the brow still young; the eye seemed restless now, and told of hidden disquiet, ill veiled under a reckless exterior. And then while I was sadly thinking of all these things, 'a change came o'er the spirit of my dream,' and I pictured him to myself as I saw him once—in a debtor's prison. I had been there to see a man of whom I knew very little, and that visit was out of good nature and pity, more than for any other reason; and there I saw my friend again. Under the loud laugh, and the more reckless air than ever, I could see the old disquiet still. He had been meant by nature for something better than a hopeless rascal; he had marred goodly prospects, and exchanged true friends for false; had learned to sneer down every thing that is good and noble in manhood. And he knew it well, and cursed himself all the while.

I remembered all the bitter episodes of his life. The recollections were so sad; I strove to shift them, I could not, they were too vivid in all their painfulness; I could not stifle recollection then, believe me, I can not now.

In striving to forget all the little thoughts of this man's memory, I bethought me of my old resource, reading. I took up a book, and read for a while patiently—but it would not do. Memory was ever present. I turned over the leaves, and my eye fell upon some pencilling on the margin. That pencilling was some boyish poetry addressed to me years before by him in the fervor of his friendship, and I saw the signature, Arthur L., just then, with more pain than you would give a man, who had seen somewhat of the world, credit for now. Then I thought of all the evenings he and I had spent together in my study at—School, and of our long discussions there. A favorite topic with us boys then was, the doctrine of supernatural appearances, he was a devout believer, and I a skeptic then. I termed all his cited instances of supernatural appearances, cases of mere optical delusions. My opinion has, however, greatly changed since then. I remember well a discussion we had the night before we finally left school. It turned on the old subject. After a long argument L.—said much like the following words: 'To make personal matter of it—listen to me, S.—, for we may not meet again, you know. If I can appear to you at my death I will. Do you make the same promise.' I did comply with this strange fancy of his; nay more, we two enthusiastic friends actually drew out a pen and ink contract to that effect, which I found yesterday in my desk; we signed it, said good-night, went to our homes the next morning, and only met as friends once after this. And that strange contract remained in my desk, half forgotten till the 11th of December, 1857, when I sat in this lonely old house.

I could not sit up all night musing as the hours flew by, at my fireside. I retired to bed—sought sleep for a while in vain. At last I fell into that kind of sleep in which one can hear almost any thing with his eyes slumber-sealed. I heard the clock's monotonous 'tick, tick, tick,' and then started as it stopped for a second with a jerking—'whur-r-r'—ere it struck the hour, twelve. And then I fell for a few minutes off into my doze again. I had put my candle out yet there was light enough for me, when awake, to have seen any thing in the room, for the fire burned brightly.

Have none of my readers, when they have been lying down half asleep, half awake, experienced that strange, unaccountable feeling of the presence of some one else in the room, even though they could hear nothing, and had their eyes closed? I felt that sensation. With a start I roused once more—rubbed my eyes, looked hastily round, but nothing could I see. The fire gleamed brightly over the white face of the clock which told me the time—twenty-five minutes past twelve. I felt satisfied that fancy alone had wrought the feeling alluded to. I lay back again, and dozed, the same oppressive feeling returned. I fancied it must be, for I was not asleep, I remember, the nightmare. With one vigorous effort I started up in bed—rubbed my eyes—and was wide awake. I looked at the clock—the time was twenty-five minutes to one. And then I saw a tall figure dressed exactly as I had last seen Arthur L.—, before the fire, gazing intently at me. I am not ashamed to confess that, for the moment, I was completely scared out of my senses, so to speak. But seeing the figure moved not—and, besides, did not look so very ghost-like, I thought it must be my fancy, or possibly, the man himself who had got into the house in some way. But a second's reflection contradicted the latter surmise. He did not even know where I had lived of late—was still more unlikely to guess that I should have changed my abode from the street to the square; and could have no object, even had he known my address, in calling so much out of time. Still the figure moved not, and gazed intently at me as I sat up in bed; so I felt, what in the circumstance was legitimate, cold perspiration streaming through every pore of my body. 'It must be a burglar,' thought I in desperation, glad even to clutch at this idea as a relief from my dread of the unearthly. So thinking I seized the poker, placed at my bed's head, as my only weapon, and leaped out of bed. The figure simultaneously disappeared! How it had vanished I knew not. 'It must be a burglar,' thought my miserable self, once more. I reached the two closets, tried the lock of my door, and that of the second door leading into an inner room. They were both bolted and locked! I tried the window and the shutter. The fastenings were inviolate. Then the fearful truth broke upon me at last. I was not dreaming—it was not fancy—it was not a burglar—it was Arthur L.'s ghost! I threw myself into a chair—and covering my face in my hands, leaned my head upon the table, and I must have been afraid, tremblingly afraid, for the old crazy deal table fairly creaked with my weight. Then as I leaned upon that table, a great dread

crept over me. I durst not stir for a while. At last I looked up, and my eyes fell upon the self-same phantom once more—it was L.—, indeed. I could not speak—I could not even stir; my tongue tried to do its duty, but my parched lips refused to utter more than an inarticulate moan as I sat there, still as a statue, gazing upon the last new state of my early friend. I sat so, but a little while—yet it seemed to me an age of concentrated horror, although but a quarter of an hour. As I gazed, the figure melted away; and then, even in all my terror, a strange idea possessed me, as the memory of our boyish contract came to my mind. Hastily seizing a pen that stood on the table, I traced with trembling hand on the leaf of the nearest book, my name and L.'s, and time and date, Saturday morning, twenty-five minutes to one o'clock, December 12, 1857. And then I leaped into bed. I must have been very little of a man then. However, after an hour's restlessness I fell into a perturbed sleep, and awoke to find the yellow light of a London winter's morning gleaming in through the chink of my shutters. Hastily dressing myself, I left the house, rejoined my family at the usual breakfast hour, and sat down silently. They evidently perceived something odd in my manner, for they rallied me about the old house, and asked whether my sleep had been broken. Still I kept my counsel, said nothing, and pondered over the events of the night in silence. It was my custom every day, for lack of better occupation, to lounge away an hour or two in Regent street. Accordingly that afternoon to release my mind of the thoughts that overburdened it, I walked down Regent Street, and there while looking into a shopwindow, was startled by feeling a gloved hand press upon my shoulder. I turned round—it was a woman. 'Possibly' thought I, 'one of London's lost ones.' She spoke: her manner showed that whatever she might be, she was in earnest this time. 'Sir,' said she, 'I believe you were the friend of Mr. —; I saw you one night as I was coming out of S.—'s restaurant with him, he then pointed you out to me as an old schoolfellow of his. I saw him two days ago; he desired me, if I saw you within a few days in this street, to address and desire you to go to him,' she said, naming the number and the street, 'where he is lying on his deathbed. He said that he had much to tell you, and should not die happy till he had seen you, if that might be. Will you come now?'

I bowed in acquiescence, for I was too shocked to say any thing.

'I will lead the way, if you are not ashamed to walk with me.' We two walked together to a disreputable street at the West End; she knocked at the door of a large house, we entered, and after ascending to the third floor, she knocked again at a door. It opened, and we were admitted by a woman, young but attenuated, though still passing beautiful. I told her who I was, and why I came. She motioned to the girl to go down stairs and wait, and handing me a chair, took another beside me, and as soon as the girl had retired, said:

'Mr. S.—, you come too late. Poor Arthur L.— is dead!' And her voice was choked with sobs.

'He asked for you, his mind wandered awhile; many times yesterday he seemed to have something he wished to say to you alone, and which pressed upon his mind. Indeed he was murmuring your name when he died.'

'What time did he die?' asked I with hurried earnestness.

'At twenty-five minutes to one,' was the reply. I sunk back in my chair.

When I recovered my self-possession, she told me more. She had been abandoned by my school friend long ago. All his friends had forsaken the wretched rone, bankrupt in purse, character, and hope, but this injured and forgotten outcast of society had remembered him in his day of trouble, and bad as he was, seducer, swindler, blackleg if you will, he was not bad enough to wish to leave her uncared for in the world when he was taken from it. For this reason he wished to see me. This I discovered from a letter which he had written some days before his death, but he knew not my address, and could not forward it. I read the letter; it was written principally on behalf of his nurse, and requested I would strive to reconcile her to her family, and recover for her some money due to Arthur. The rest only concerned me personally.

I gazed on the dead man's face, and its stony expression recalled to my mind the mien of my nocturnal visitant.

I was a successful negotiator with the girl's family; but the money is not received yet.

I still sleep in the old house, and don't feel a little nervous now.

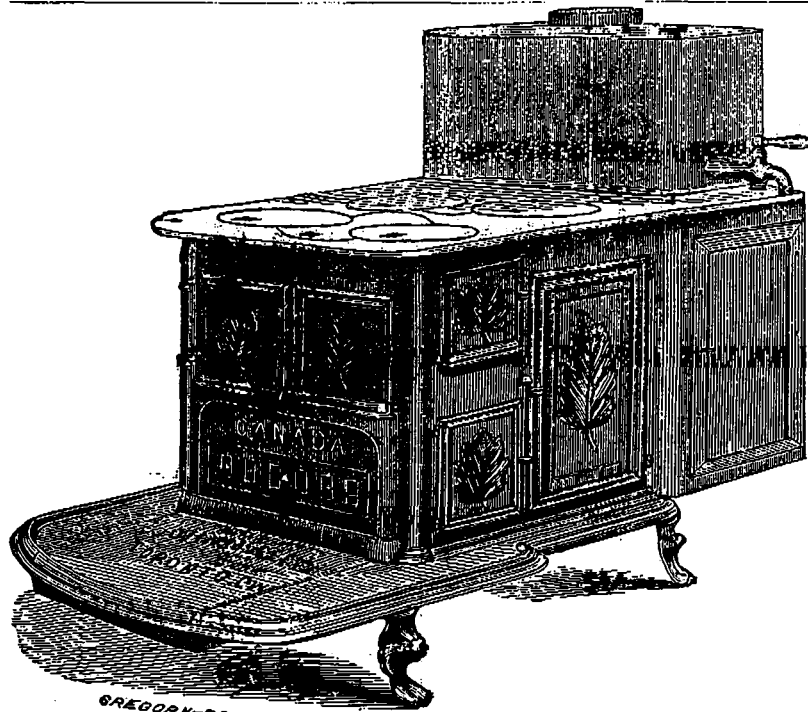
Nobody will believe my narrative of a ghost in a quiet respectable London square in December last. Very well, it is as they please, a coincidence. I was interested in certain papers which I had found. Also I had spent a pleasant evening. It happened that on this particular evening my friend died. It is a coincidence most decidedly, and as Hamlet said:

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.'

And that applies to more coincidences. And so I pray the skeptical reader to remember that, *le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*.

Gold coin was first introduced into England by Edward III, in six shilling pieces, almost as large as a modern sovereign. Nobles followed, at six shillings and eightpence (hence the lawyer's fee.) Afterwards there were half and quarter nobles. Edward IV coined angels, with a figure of 'Michael and the Dragon.' Henry VIII coined sovereigns and half sovereigns of the modern value. Guineas were of the same size, but being made of superior gold to sovereign guineas passed for twenty-one shillings, and in 1798 for thirty shillings.

According to the new constitution of Venezuela, slavery is forever abolished in that State, every slave who places his feet upon her soil will be considered free and taken under the protection of the republic.



JOHN Mc GEE.

THE "CANADA" COOK STOVE, FOR COAL OR WOOD, an original and Patented Stove, got up especially for the City Trade; the most economical and efficient Cook Stove in the Market; it completely takes the place of, and supercedes the other flat-top stoves now in general use. The "Canada" is the best finished and most durable Stove of the day. The "Canada" combines every advantage for cooking ever offered to a stove. The "Canada" will Bake, Broil, Roast Fry, Toast, and prepare every other operation of Cooking at the same time, in the most perfect manner and with the greatest economy in fuel. The "Canada" is neat and substantial in appearance, and operates with success every time.

The Canada is Warranted.

TORONTO, November, 1863.

ESTABLISHED 1818. SAVAGE & LYMAN. Manufacturers and Importers of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE, Cathedral Elck, 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.

H. & R. YOUNG, PLUMBERS Gas Filters and Bell Hangers' MANUFACTURERS OF Gas Fixtures, Brass Work, GAS & STEAM FITTINGS, Importers of Coal Oil Lamps, and sole agents for the English Patent FUMIVORE COAL OIL LAMP. Rock Oil delivered at any place in the City. KING STREET WEST, Opposite American Hotel.

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

Agent for TORONTO STEAM DYE WORKS, Steam for Braiding and Embroidering.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, HAMILTON, C. W. WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation and conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province. His long experience in the business of hotel keeping will, he trusts, secure to him a share of that patronage which he has enjoyed for so many years. The locality of the International Hotel—situated in the centre of the business portion of the city—is of itself a flattering recommendation, and in conjunction with other more substantial advantages which the Proprietor has introduced, will earn for this Hotel, the subscriber hopes, the favor and good will of the business community. The large dining-room of the Hotel—one of the most commodious rooms in the city—will still be open for Dinner Parties, Concerts, and other social entertainments. His sample rooms, for commercial travellers, are by far the best in the city. In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration. The International Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Caledonia, Port Dover, Dundas, Guelph and other places. An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, connecting with trains east and west. WM. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. Hamilton, July 27, 1863.

ELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL. J. B. SMITH, Bay Street, corner of Market Street. Terms for the lower branches, \$3.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month, 25 cents weekly. For the higher branches and extra attention, \$4.00 per quarter, \$1.50 per month, 37 cents weekly. N. B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1st, 1864. All pupils entering before that time will be charged the lower rates. Private lessons given if required, at 50cts per lesson. October 24, 1863.

R. W. ANDERSON, (FROM NOTMAN'S MONTREAL) PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST, 45 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W. FIRST-CLASS Cartes-de-visite equal to any in Upper Canada, \$3.00 per dozen. Private Residences, Churches and Public Buildings Photographed in any part of the country. Rooms, First Floor. Old likenesses sent from the country, copied for the Album, and promptly returned at a very moderate charge. Toronto, May 30, 1863.

THE EVENING "TIMES" Is published every evening at the Office, corner of Hughson and King Streets, by the Proprietors, C. E. STEWART & Co., Price, \$5.00 per annum, in advance. Ten cents payable weekly to the carriers. ADVERTISING RATES: Six lines and under, 1st insertion, \$00 50 Each subsequent insertion, 00 12 Over six lines, 1st insertion, per line, 00 05 Each subsequent insertion, 00 02 Advertisements without written instructions to the contrary, will be inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly. Favorable arrangements made with parties advertising by the year.

THE WEEKLY "TIMES" AND SUPPLEMENT Published every Friday morning, and mailed to subscribers by the earliest mails, contains a large quantity of reading matter, embracing the news of the day, interesting tales, poetry, editorials on popular subjects, facts in agriculture, &c. TERMS.—One dollar per annum in advance, or \$1.50 if not so paid. Any person sending five subscribers, with the cash, will receive one copy free. All communications must be pre-paid, and addressed, C. E. STEWART & Co. Proprietors Evening Times, Hamilton, C.W. October 22, 1863.

McELCHERAN & BALLOU, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS, GILDERS, &c. Manufacturers of Druggists' and Brewers' SHOW CARDS ON GLASS, DOCK PLATES, BLOCK LETTERS, &c. NORTH SIDE JOHN ST., 3RD DOOR FROM KING HAMILTON, C. W.

W. BISHOP, Proprietor, Omnibus to and from Station. Charges moderate. Woodstock, Nov. 19, 1863. 6-m

LITHOGRAPHING, WOOD ENGRAVING, BOOK & JOB PRINTING, BOOK BINDING, &c. &c. &c.

THE PUBLISHERS of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS announce to the public that they are now in a position to execute

WOOD ENGRAVINGS Of every description, such as Portraits, Illustrations for Books, cuts of Manufactories, Buildings, Machinery, &c., in a style not to be surpassed in the world. They have in their employ the first designers and engravers of the day; and the facilities at their command enable them to turn out work of a very superior description. Engraved Bill-Heads, Choques, Society Seals, &c., also engraved in a workmanlike manner.

IN LITHOGRAPHING They are also prepared to fill orders at short notice for Portraits, Maps, Plans, Views of Buildings, Drawings of Machinery, Illuminated Designs, Show Cards, Title Pages, Diplomas, Certificates, Cheques, Notes, Drafts, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Business and Visiting Cards, Labels of every description, for Brewers, Druggists, Tobacco Manufacturers, &c., &c., &c.

JOB PRINTING. Having made extensive additions to the establishment, they have now in running order one of Taylor's Presses, a Gordon Bill Head Press, a Franklin Card Press, a Taylor Poster Press; also, one of the largest and most complete Cylinder Book Presses to be found in Canada, manufactured by Campbell, by which they are enabled to execute every description of Book and Job Printing promptly and at low prices.

BOOK BINDING In all its Branches neatly and promptly executed, and at prices that defy competition. Each of the departments of the Establishment is under the superintendence of thorough and reliable workmen. Office in White's Block, King street. Hamilton, Nov. 1863.

JAMES REID, CABINET MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER, King St. West, HAMILTON, C. W. A large quantity of Furniture on hand and manufactured to order.



I am about to describe an establishment which cost the proprietors one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in its construction, and upon which they pay the Government of Canada a tax of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a-year for permission to work it. It is the distillery of Messrs. Gooderham & Worts, at Toronto, Canada West.—ED. CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. 'Certainly the world in its early stages never saw, as the New World in this age had not before seen, any distillery more perfect, and but few, if any, equal in all respects to that of Gooderham & Worts, Toronto.'—IBID.

TORONTO CITY STEAM MILLS DISTILLER GOODERHAM & WORTS, PROPRIETORS. HAMILTON AGENCY

JOHN PARK begs to call the attention of the trade the Whiskies manufactured at the above establishment which for strength, purity, and flavor are unequalled anything made in this country. They are well liked and in great demand throughout the whole of Canada being shipped in large quantities to Liverpool, and London, England, where they are much approved. Grocers, Wine Merchants and Dealers generally, should lose no time in giving them a trial. There are many instances of storekeepers doubling the sale in a very short time by introducing these celebrated whiskies. The trade can only be supplied through me at the spot, where all orders will be promptly attended to. JOHN PARK, Hughson, corner King street. Hamilton, 19th Aug., 1863.

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

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. EDITED BY GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA aided by a numerous select corps of writers in all branches of Science, Art and Literature, published by D. Appleton and Co. in 16 vol. royal octavo, readable columns. This work is just completed. The New American Cyclopaedia presents a panoramic view of all human knowledge as it exists at the present moment. It embraces and popularizes every subject that can be thought of. In its successive volumes is contained an inexhaustible fund of accurate and practical information on Art and Science, in all their branches, including Mechanics, Mathematics, Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology; on Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures; on Law, Medicine and Theology; on Biography and History, Geography and Ethnology; on Political Economy, the Trades, Inventions, Politics, the 'Things of Common Life, and General Literature. Sold only to subscribers. W. M. ORR, Agent, Carlisle P. O. C. W. P.S.—Works of any kind will be promptly forwarded on addressing me at Carlisle post office, C. W.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP NOTICE is hereby given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between William A. Ferguson and myself, as Publishers of the "Canadian Illustrated News," is this day dissolved by mutual consent, by the retirement of the said William A. Ferguson from the firm; and I hereby give notice, further, that all debts due to the late firm are to be paid to me, and that I will settle all claims against it. HARDY GREGORY. HAMILTON, October 22, 1863.

IN reference to the above, the Subscribers beg to intimate that the publication of the "Canadian Illustrated News," and the business connected therewith, will be continued by them, under the name and style of H. GREGORY & Co. HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1863.

\$40 A MONTH, expenses paid.—For particulars, address, (with stamp,) HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass. 24-131

MIRRORS, CORNICES, PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES.

MARSDEN & PHILIPS beg to inform the public that they are manufacturing the above in designs quite new, in Hamilton; and workmanship equal to any in Canada, and at prices never before offered in Upper Canada. Old frames re-gilded and made equal to new. Mantle Mirrors 30 in. by 40 in. size of glass.—French or British plate, richly gilt, with best gold leaf and carved wood ornaments, much superior to composition for \$30. Manufactory, Lester's Block, James Street. Show Rooms, James Street, between King and Main street, near Officers' Quarters. Manufacturers of the washable gilt moulding. Country orders punctually attended to. October, 1863.

The Canadian Illustrated News IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, At the Office, in White's Block, King-st, North side, Opposite the Fountain. TERMS, for one year, sent by mail, \$2 00 "six months, " 1 75 Single copies, 7 cents, to be had from News dealers. Payment strictly in advance. Any person sending the names of ten subscribers, with the money, will receive a copy for one year. Rates of Advertising. Ten cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion eight cents per line. All letters concerning business in connection with paper or the office should be addressed to 'The Canadian Illustrated News,' Hamilton. No unpaid letters taken out of the Post Office. H. GREGORY & Co.

THE DECAY OF CONVERSATION.—The ancient art of talking is falling into decay. It is an ascertainable fact that, in proportion to the increased population, the aggregate bulk of conversation is lessening. People now-a-days have something else to do but talk; not only do they live in such a hurry, that there is only leisure for just comparing ideas as to the weather, but they have each and all a gross quantity to do, which puts talking out of the question. If persons remain at home, they read; if they journey by the rail, they read; if they go to the sea-side, they read; we have met misguided individuals out in the open fields with books in hand; young folks have been seen stretched underneath trees, and upon the banks of rivers, poring over the open pages; on the tops of mountains, in the desert, or within forests—everywhere men now pull printed sheets from their pockets, and in the earliest, latest, highest occupation of this life they read. The fact is incontrovertibly true, that modern men and women are reading themselves into a comparatively silent race. Reading is the great delusion of the present time; it has become a sort of lay piety, according to which the perusal of volumes reckons as good works; it is, in a word, the superstition of the nineteenth century.—*Chambers' Journal.*

STONEWALL JACKSON'S ADMISSION INTO HEAVEN.—We give the following as a specimen of the profanity of American writers. It is from the correspondent of the Boston *Recorder*:—"I was much amused at the Rebel prisoners' account of Stonewall Jackson's admission into heaven. They were strong admirers of Gen. Jackson, and especially of the great success of his flank movements. 'The day after his death,' said they, 'two angels came down from heaven to carry Gen. Jackson back with them.—They searched all through the camp but could not find him. They went to the prayer meeting, to the hospital, and to every other place where they thought themselves likely to find him, but in vain. Finally they were forced to return without him. What was their surprise to find that he had just executed a splendid flank movement, and got into Heaven before them.'

The following is a receipt for the cure of diphtheria, from a physician who says that of 1,000 cases in which it has been used not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: Table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup, which half fill with boiling water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits of turpentine, sweet oil, and aqua ammonia mixed, every four hours, to the whole of the throat and to the breast bone, keeping flannel to the part.

YANKEE GALLANTRY.—We are accustomed to hear a great deal of American respect for, and gallantry to ladies; but we remember on several occasions of wrecks and other disasters to American steamers and vessels, that the majority of the men saved themselves, and the women and children perished. The late burning of the Sunnyside on the Mississippi affords another instance of this. The passengers and crew numbered nearly three hundred: of the former ninety were cabin passengers, thirty of whom were ladies, and eighty children. Of the crew all were saved but two; of the ladies only six escaped, and of the children only two. Of the males nearly all escaped, of the females and children nearly all perished.—*Exchange.*

—Detroit papers represent navigation as closed at that port.

—Thanksgiving day was celebrated New Orleans by all classes.

—Within three months, thirty thousand bales of cotton have been received at New Orleans.

Secrecy is the soul of all great designs. Beauty without honesty is like poison kept in a box of gold.

Comprehend not few things in many words, but many things in few words.

Censure is a tax which those who fill eminent situations must expect to pay.

Comply with no vicious desire, however secret its performance.

Criticism, to be useful, should rectify errors or improve the judgment.

Counsel and wisdom achieve more and greater exploits than force.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 11TH DEC., 1863.

Passengers.....	\$20,615 27
Freight and Live Stock.....	39,133 91
Mails and Sundries.....	1,680 25
	\$61,329 30
Corresponding Week of last year.....	61,906 48
Decrease.....	\$1,607 18

JAMES CHARLTON.
AUDIT OFFICE, HAMILTON;
Dec. 12, 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING DEC. 5TH, 1863.

Passengers.....	\$27,193 21
Mails and Sundries.....	5,716 40
Freight and Live Stock.....	73,290 59
	\$106,199 85
Corresponding week, 1862.....	10,906 47
Increase.....	\$1,293 36

JOSEPH HICKSON.
MONTREAL, Dec. 10, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

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

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 17th, 1863.

Beef, duty free, U. S. extra prime mess, per tierce of 301 lbs.....	75	0	a	80	0
Prime mess.....	60	0	a	70	0
Pork, duty free, U. S. Eastern Prime Mess, per barrel of 200 lbs.....	55	0	a	60	0
Western.....	32	6	a	45	0
Bacon, per cwt., (duty free) U. S. Short Middle, boneless.....	25	0	a	30	0
" rib in.....	25	0	a	18	6
Long Middle, boneless.....	27	0	a	21	0
" rib in.....	26	0	a	23	0
Cumberland cut.....	24	0	a	28	0
Hams, in salt, long cut.....	none				
Lard, per cwt, duty free, U. S. Pine.....	40	6	a	41	0
Middling to good.....	39	6	a	40	6
Inferior and Grease.....	32	0	a	35	0
Cheese per cwt, duty free, U. S. Extra.....	60	0	a	56	0
Fine.....	44	0	a	48	0
Butter per cwt, duty free, U. S. and Canada, extra, new.....	95	0	a	100	0
good middling to fine.....	75	0	a	80	0
Grease sorts per cwt.....	42	0	a	45	0
Tallow, per cwt, (duty free).....	42	0	a	43	0
Wheat, (duty 1s. per quarter).....	9	0	a	9	6
Canadian, white, per cental of 100 lbs.....	8	3	a	8	8
" red.....	8	6	a	10	0
American, white.....	7	0	a	9	0
" red.....	7	0	a	9	0
French, white.....	7	0	a	9	0
" red.....	7	0	a	9	0
Flour, (duty 4d per cwt).....	18	6	a	20	6
Western Canal, per barrel of 186 lbs.....	21	0	a	22	0
Philadelphia.....	20	0	a	21	0
Baltimore.....	20	0	a	21	0
Ohio.....	21	0	a	22	0
Canadian.....	20	0	a	22	0
Extra Canadian.....	21	0	a	25	0
Indian Corn, (duty 1s. per quarter).....	28	3	a	28	9
Yellow per 480 lbs.....	28	0	a	28	0
Mixed.....	28	0	a	28	0

PETROLEUM.

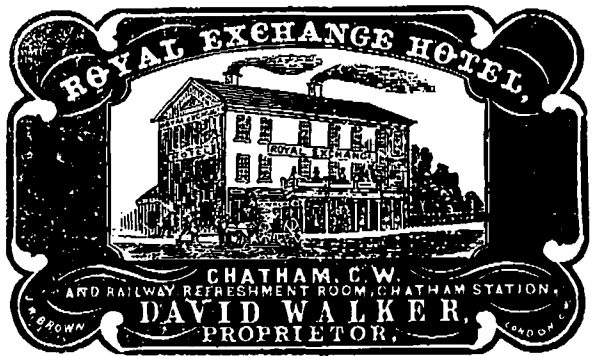
American Crude, per tun of 252 Imperial gal-Ins.....	£15	a	16	
Canadian.....	£10	a	11	
American Refined, best quality, per Imperial Gallon.....	1	10	a	2
Canadian do.....	1	5	a	1
Spirits of Petroleum or Benzine.....	1	3	a	1
Lubricating, per tun, black, green and brown.....	£9	a	10	
Grease " green.....	£11	a	12	

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.

The Oldest Established AND MOST COMMODIOUS FIRST CLASS HOTEL, West of London. Omnibusses to and from the Railway, free.



Railway Refreshment Rooms CHATHAM STATION, G. W. RAILWAY.— Refreshments served up on the arrival of all trains.

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.

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

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THE TWO LEADING HOUSES

HAMILTON & TORONTO NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS Clothing, Dry Goods and Millinery, At LAWSON'S:

Immense Stocks and at Unequalled 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. 22-3m

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. 6 Hamilton, June 20th, 1863.

DAVID WALKER, Royal Exchange Hotel and Railway Refreshment Rooms, CHATHAM, C. W. October, 1863. 24-6m

ESTABLISHED—1813.

GORE District Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Head Office, Galt, C. W. PRESIDENT—JOHN DAVIDSON, Esq., Galt. Directors—C. W. Meakins, Esq., Hamilton; James Crombie, Esq., Galt; R. Blain, Esq., Galt; John Fleming, Esq., Galt; J. Connerford, Esq., Brantford; Milton Davis, Esq., Hamilton; James Coleman, Esq., Dundas; R. S. Strong, Esq., Galt; M. C. Lutz, Esq., Galt; Chas. Watts, Esq., Brantford. Bankers—Gore Bank; Solicitors—Messrs. Miller and Tassie; Sec. and Treas.—Thomas Rich, Esq.; Assistant Sec.—W. A. Shearson, Esq.; Auditor—D. Wright, Esq. D. WRIGHT, Agent, Hamilton. Dec. 1863. 2

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!!

THE GENUINE

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

The Best and Cheapest Machines in the world, at New York City Prices.

The undersigned having the General Agency for the sale of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, take great pleasure in informing the public of Canada that they have opened offices in Toronto, at No. 34, King Street East, and in the city of Hamilton, on the corner of King and Hughson streets, where they will keep on hand, at all times, a full assortment of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, and will sell the same, at the same prices, as at the manufactory in New York, thus bringing the machines, which have proved themselves, after a test of fifteen years, to be the best, and most reliable machines in every respect, that has ever been made within the reach of all. The Genuine Singer Machines are celebrated for being more simple to operate, less liable to get out of order, do better and more durable than any other.

The celebrity of the Genuine Singer Machines, and the reputation which they have acquired over all others, for superiority, has led certain manufacturers of Sewing Machines, in Canada, to make a bogus imitation of the Singer No. 2 Machines, and which are palmed off upon the public for Singer Machines, but in value, when compared with the Genuine Singer Imperial No. 2 Machines, stand in about the same position as bogus coin does to genuine gold. Look out for impostors, and dealers in bogus machines, who will not only tell you the bogus are quite equal to the Genuine, but superior, and that it is your duty to buy Home Manufacturers. But if you want a Machine that will prove truly reliable, and really worth what you pay for it, buy the Genuine Singer, and you will not be disappointed.

The Genuine Singer, Letter A Machine is the best Machine made for family use. The Genuine Singer, Imperial No. 2, is the best Machine made for shoemaking, &c. The Genuine Singer, No. 2, is the best Machine made for tailoring. The Genuine Singer, No. 3, is the best Machine made for harness makers and carriage trimmers.

All orders accompanied by the cash, addressed to either of our offices, Toronto or Hamilton, will be promptly attended to, and Machine carefully packed and sent with printed instructions to any part of the Province, according to the directions.

Clorgymen supplied at reduced prices. Machine Oil, Needles, Thread, Silk, &c in stock. Wax thread Machines, always on hand. Descriptive circulars sent to all applicants. Sewing Machines repaired promptly, and at reasonable rates.

Address, Offices 34 King Street East, Toronto, Or Corner of King and Hughson Streets, Hamilton, C. W.

FOLTS & RICHARDSON.

N.B.—Beware of all Chain Stitch or Crooked needle Machines, if you wish to avoid trouble and annoyance. Buy the Genuine Singer, straight needle Machine, which make the interlocked stitch, and with the date of six different patents stamped on plate, and you will have a Machine which will give satisfaction. F. & R.

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. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brands, always kept in the bar, and the table furnished with the best market affords. Board \$1.00 per day, Drummondville, - - - Dec 20th, 1863.

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