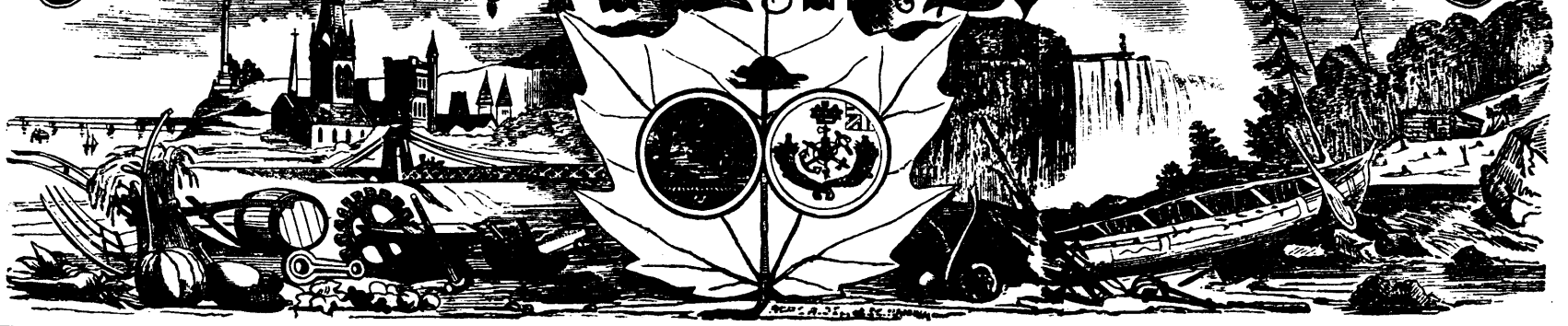


THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

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*REV. EDWARD P. HAMMOND,
THE EVANGELIST.

REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND was born in Ellington, a quiet town in the valley of the Connecticut, Sept. 1st, 1831, but passed his boyhood and youth in Vermont, Ct. He was a child of prayer—consecrated to God by parental piety; especially was he nurtured with holy fidelity under the wing of maternal love. At the age of seventeen, he attended school at Southington, where there had been a powerful revival of religion, including in its sweep nearly all of the youth of the place.

Mr. Hammond, in his addresses, sometimes refers to the story of his conversion, and relates it thus:

'The first Sabbath of my stay in Southington was the communion. This was held between the services, and all who were not Christians were in the habit of going out. As I looked about, it seemed that all my friends and relatives, and new acquaintances were gathering around the table of the Lord. Among the few who passed out were none whom I knew.

'The thoughts of the judgment day flashed across my troubled mind. And the awful scenes of that final separation passed like a panorama before my view. On returning to my boarding-place that night, a lady handed me "James' Anxious Inquirer" to read. I glanced my eye hastily over a few of its pages, but thought it too dry a book for me, and I angrily threw it down. But this did not extract the arrow of conviction that had pierced my heart. I felt that I was a sinner, hastening on to the great judgment day unprepared. Little did I know of the earnest pleadings that were daily ascending from a mother's fond heart.

'Day by day my convictions deepened. My heart rebelled against God. I disputed his undivided claim to my heart. I was willing to give a portion of my affections, but I was not ready to give up all for Jesus.

'Yes, too proud to come as a lost, guilty, helpless, hell-deserving sinner to Jesus. As yet "ignorant of God's righteousness and going about to establish my own." For two long weeks I wept and prayed, and read my Bible, all the while "treading under foot the Son of God."

'During these dark days I read "James' Anxious Inquirer." I looked upon it no longer as a destroyer of my peace, but as a guide to happiness—to

*The 'Harvest Work of the Holy Spirit,' by Rev. P. C. Headley, author of 'Josephine and Women of the Bible,' &c., gives an interesting account of the labors of Rev. Edward Payson Hammond in Scotland and America.



REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

Christ and heaven. I used to study it by the hour with my Bible, looking out all the passages referred to. I thus saw more and more of my awfully deceitful and polluted heart.

'At first, it was thoughts of the judgment day, and the sight of the wicked going away into everlasting punishment, that alarmed me; but afterwards it was the sight of myself that alarmed me most.

'I then began to realize that reformation was not enough, that a great, an entire, a radical change must be experienced if I would enter heaven.

'It was then the pit of sin in my own heart alarmed me more than the pit of hell, into which I had been so lately gazing. The desperate enmity of my guilt before God I began to realize. My burden seemed heavier than I could bear. But another, a third sight I was called to gaze upon, which pierced my soul with a new and keener arrow. Godly sorrow. I was led by the Holy Spirit to look on Him whom my sins had "pierced, and mourn."

'It was then the blessed Holy Spirit, that had so long been striving with me, took of the things of Christ and showed them unto me—my blind eyes were opened. I saw that God was satisfied

with what Christ had done; that Jesus had paid the debt, and I had only to trust him for it all.

'I then knew the meaning of the promise, "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you."

'As there was no revival at the time, and no preaching that I remember made any special impression on my mind, I can but feel that my conversion was the direct work of the Holy Spirit in answer to the wrestling, agonizing prayers of my dear mother.

'Some of the "fruits of the Spirit" were at once mine. 'Love, joy, peace,' filled my heart.

'I remember that I sat down and wrote mother that I had 'found Jesus.'

He subsequently completed his preparation for College at Phillips' Academy. There, as wherever he was after his conversion, God blessed his faithfulness to the conversion of souls in the Institution, and neighboring villages in which, with other students, he established meetings.

He entered Williams' College in 1854. Without neglecting his studies, as his instructors testify, he labored earnestly and successfully for the conversion of his classmates. Among them was the Rev. Henry Hopkins, the President's son,

now Chaplain in the army, with whom he attended meetings in Pownal; and together they went forth, 'weeping, bearing the precious seed, till they returned, bringing their sheaves with them.' The little company of seven or eight Christians was increased to a prosperous church. In the spring of 1855, he went in behalf of the American Sunday School Union, among the Alleghany mountains, and planted several Sunday schools during his vacations, which in some instances proved to be the nucleus of churches.

Prof. Chadbourne, one of the faculty of Williams, now of Bowdoin College, thus wrote to one of the associate Professors, of his pupil, after his return from Europe. We quote it, because it meets objections made to methods of labor which are strongly marked with the individuality of the worker.

'You will be glad to hear of our old friend and pupil, Mr. Hammond. He is now laboring in Bath, and I think it must be evident to all that the blessing of God attends his labors. He came to me last week to lend him a helping hand, as he is much exhausted with his continued labors. He is the same that he was when a student, except that he has gained wonderfully in power; the same good nature, the same fervent piety and zeal for the salvation of souls. He is not like other men, and it is folly for other men, to judge of him by their

standards. The only true test, and one it seems to me, that ought to satisfy every one, is, the great blessing that accompanies his labors. Some good men find fault, and wonder at his success, and think him over excited, but we who have known him so long, know that the same zeal stirred his heart when a Freshman in College, that stirs it now. God is making good his promise, to honor those that honor him. His success is wonderful, because God gives it to him! And before I dare to criticise, I must wait till I find a style of labor that God more signally blesses. I gave our dear brother all the advice I dared to give, with all the freedom of an old instructor towards his pupil; and would that those who are now my pupils, would receive advice, in the same spirit of meekness and thankfulness. But I did not dare advise him to try to change his style of labor, nor to be more like this or that distinguished minister, because, among all the names that are precious in the churches, I could think of none more successful in winning souls to Christ.

Mr. Hammond paid a visit to Scotland, we believe, for the purpose of attending College. While there he commenced a series of meetings, and was the means of doing much good, chiefly in the west of Scotland. The circumstances under which Mr. Ham-

mond came to Hamilton are generally known. To Mr. Burnett, of the Kirk of Scotland and Mr. Pullar, of the Congregational Church, the public of Hamilton are mainly indebted for his visit. Other brethren, both of the Presbyterian and Methodist persuasions, not to speak of Mr. Brown of the Baptist communion, concurred in the arrangement. At the time when the subject was first mooted, Dr. Irvine, of Knox's Church, was in the mother country, but he arrived soon after the movement had commenced, and cordially joined with the other ministers, making twelve in all, who threw themselves into the work.

It is known to our citizens, though it may not be known abroad, that the order of procedure embraced—

1st. A general gathering of the Sabbath Schools, which convened each morning at eight o'clock, in the lecture room of Mr. Inglis's Church, and the school room was usually crowded. Hymns were sung and addresses delivered by some of the ministers or laymen, who were present. At this meeting Mr. Hammond always presided, and usually led the music. After the devotional exercises closed, an enquiry meeting was held each day, and such children as were under religious impressions were conversed and prayed with. These varied in number from fifty to one hundred and fifty, at different times. Each Saturday afternoon a general muster of all the schools was held in one of the large churches—usually in Knox's church—and the meeting was conducted in a similar way to that of the morning meetings. Among the children there was usually decided evidence of a deep interest in divine things, and on all occasions when they met, Mr. Hammond seemed to possess the power of charming them with some story about the cross of Christ, or bearing on the practical duties of the Christian. A very considerable number of children, in all the Sabbath schools, have been deeply and seriously impressed. In Knox's Church it was announced last Lord's day that the whole of the first class of females had passed into the minister's enquiry meeting, and were all giving hopeful symptoms of decided piety.

2nd. The Union prayer meeting at 3 p.m., each day, was held in St. Andrew's Church. This meeting was at first but thinly attended, but the interest seemed to me like the rising tide; and when gentlemen such as Lieut.-Colonel Hoste of the Royal Artillery and Sheriff Thomas, men of education, men of talent, and men of unimpeachable moral character, come forward and lend the weight of their influence and testimony to such a movement, it will scarcely be presumed that they are either deceiving others, or that they are themselves deceived.

It is not our design, much less would it be in harmony with our position as a secular journalist to argue the question from a Theological stand point, that we leave for the pulpit, or the platform, or the sectarian journalist. We however feel perfectly safe in glancing at mere passing matters of fact, and some of these are not trivial but startling. At the crowded daily prayer-meeting in St. Andrew's church, there was a general gathering of all denominations, and on the platform a clerical representation of the various churches in the city. This catholicity of action may it is hoped, have proceeded from the charity and love of an inner and a hidden life which is the best proof of the effect of the gospel on the human heart, and to no community was this more needed than in Hamilton. The harmony of sentiment which seemed to pervade the addresses and progress of the various speakers, and the brotherly feeling which seemed to pervade the clerical platform must have been peculiarly annoying to that spirit which rejoices in iniquity.

3rd. The open air preaching, which is quite a new item in our religious services in Hamilton, did not fail from its very novelty to attract large numbers. Every evening for weeks, at a quarter to seven o'clock, amid all weathers, wet and dry, storm or no storm, a number of our city clergy were assembled at the Gore on King Street. Children from the various Sabbath Schools were with them singing psalms and hymns, and short discourses were delivered to gathering crowds of labourers, mechanics and others, who, with the most becoming decorum and respect, listened to the gospel message whether delivered by Mr. Hammond, Mr. Burnett, Mr. Cheetham, Mr. Henderson, Dr. Irvine, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Burson, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Brown or Mr. Pullar, all of whom took part in these services. Few it is believed of the right-thinking manifested any feelings of disapprobation, and altogether it is most complimentary to the good taste and proper feeling of our citizens, that they showed so much deference to the new system of proclaiming Divine Truth in the open streets of

our city, and doubtless the zeal of the ministers who conducted these services is worthy of admiration and respect.

4th. The Evening Union Services, held alternately between St. Andrew's Church and the Brick Wesleyan Chapel on John street, for the first two weeks, and then in both places, were attended by very large numbers, while Enquiry Meetings at the close of each service were held, and hundreds of 'anxious enquirers' were conversed or prayed with. Sometimes these meetings were kept up till midnight and even beyond it. On Sabbath, the 23rd inst., for example, in Dr. Irvine's Church, the last of Mr. Hammond's services, many people did not leave the church till after one o'clock on Monday morning. Several clergymen and laymen, including Mr. Hammond having remained talking and praying with those who were concerned about spiritual things.

5th. The great mass-meetings, however, were those held at three o'clock, p. m., on the Lord's day, and for three successive Sabbaths, held in Dr. Irvine's church. The aisles, passages, and every available standing room were densely filled. A large number were obliged to go down to the basement, where several clergymen addressed and prayed with and for anxious people. Mr. Hammond's discourse was listened to with attention, and at the close over two hundred persons stood up to ask the prayers of the congregation.

The amazing powers of body, mind and spirit possessed by this extraordinary Evangelist, may be estimated by the fact that from eight o'clock in the morning, when he met the Sabbath Schools in Mr. Inglis' church, up till midnight, and sometimes even till two o'clock in the morning, he was incessantly engaged in speaking, preaching, praying and conversing with the anxious.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

LOCAL INTERESTS.

No matter how admirable may be the form or pattern of a people's institutions, their real freedom will, in the main, depend upon their moral capacity to enjoy its blessings, and to discharge the duties it imposes; dark ignorance, unreasoning superstition, or blind selfishness, are just as efficient destroyers of human liberty as the worst despotism that ever interposed its hideous form between mankind and the sunlight of God. The noblest laws which human wisdom ever framed are valueless to a people whose moral power is insufficient to give to them energy and vigour. Moreover, the institutions of a nation are constantly assimilating themselves to its moral condition, if that is advancing it will carry these with it; if retrograding, the very forms of liberty soon become a sham, and the life of a sham is but short. These are not newly discovered truths; mankind has always, in some dim way, acknowledged them, but only in the highest forms of civilization have they become practical convictions, and accepted as guides to every day life. It is worth our while, as Canadians, to give heed to these matters. As a nation, we are at that time of life which will infallibly leave its imprint on the future. We have a comparatively clean record of the past. There are as yet no venerable, hoary-headed abuses interwoven with the web of our social life; but are there none forming? is the direction we are now giving to our customs, opinions and modes of thought, such as will bear the test of time? or will these some day ripen into a harvest of blood and sorrow?

The general tendency of Canadian politics to degenerate into spasmodic efforts, for local aggrandizement, is one of those evils which, if not checked, is likely to lead to much future mischief; it is the direct enemy of economical government, the friend of extravagance and the corruptor of political morals.

This 'local tendency' is not, of course peculiar to Canada; it exists more or less in all countries, but it seems with us to have attained to a vigor and intensity which it no where else exhibits, certainly not at least in that country from which

our institutions have been derived, and whose excellence in government we seek to emulate.

Our local interests naturally divide themselves into two grand sections, viz., Upper and Lower Canada, but in each of these several smaller sections are included, there are in the one 'The Extreme West,' 'Canada centre,' 'The Ottawa District,' &c.; in the other we have the 'Eastern Counties,' 'Quebec District,' and how many others let us not stop to inquire; each of these are supposed, in some way, to have interests totally independent of each other. Nay! Mr. PETIFOGGER, through these smoked-glass spectacles of his, can see quite clearly that their interests are not only independent of, but totally antagonistic to, each other. Now this Mr. PETIFOGGER—in America at all events—is quite an important personage; he is particularly strong on election committees; he thoroughly comprehends the orthodoxy of the doctrine, that one vote before 12 o'clock is worth two after it; so he is always early at the polls, and never fails to bring his voters with him. Unable to obtain position and power by commanding talents, he aims to succeed by appealing to the lower passion* of our nature. 'I will support the Ministry,' said he, in one of his ubiquitous election contests, 'in order to get something for the County.' Thus in Canada he appeals to the mammon-worshipping instincts of his hearers,—another name for local interests—while in the United States, he has bestridden the hobby of 'State Rights,' and by energetic whipping and spurring, and the help of slavery, he has succeeded in making a precious mess of affairs generally.

To drop the metaphor; how many foolish things have we already done in obedience to the cry of local interests; since the Union of the Provinces we have pursued the insane policy of shifting our seat of government from one end of the country to the other, that local interests might be served, and when at length awakened to the inconvenience and extravagance of the system, our politicians squabbled and quarrelled over the question of the permanent Capital, with an earnestness, no one could have previously believed them to possess. A miniature contest of the same kind is constantly going on in the selection of our county towns. What an interesting work would a faithful history of some of these contests be? What magnificent specimens of stump oratory by Mayor TIMBER-NODDLE and Alderman DODGER, might enrich its pages? What a piquant interest would attach to a picture of nights spent in card-playing, between sporting M.P.P.'s, and members of delegations sent to the seat of government to demonstrate the superiority of GOOSEVILLE, over all competitors for the county town of —

But it is needless to give examples of the various forms under which this 'local interest' appetite presents itself, they are to be found unfortunately on every hand. What is the effect of all this? It is to drag down every political question to the level of grovelling cupidity. It will, in time, drive from political life every man who has talents enough to obtain distinction in other ways, or who has honesty enough to prefer the pleasure of a mind at ease, to that unstable popularity which is the reward of unworthy deeds, the accumulative effects of which will inevitably bring a day of reckoning; but let us hope.

The second number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* has been received here, and is very much liked. The wood cuts, it is true, are open to criticism, having evidently been done in a hurry. But Rome was not built in one day; and if the public will only support the enterprising publishers, there will be nothing to complain of even in this respect. It is money which gets good paper, good writers, good engravers, and everything else that makes up a superior publication. 'Once a Week.'—*Spectator*.

GRAND TRUNK ELEVATOR.

CANADIANS, though accused by their cousins across the border of being a little behind time in their movements, have now set about in earnest to provide accommodation for the storage of grain and flour, and its easy transference from railway car to vessel or from vessel to car, as circumstances demand. In various parts of the Province elevators have been erected, and we now give a night scene of one going up at Toronto. Its want has been long felt, but it was not till Mr. Brydges assumed control of the road, that the project was put into a tangible shape. He was fortunate too, in the selection of Mr. Sheddan, a man well calculated, from his extensive business capacity, to second his efforts.—The driving of piles on which to erect the building, was commenced some months ago, and ever since the work has been pushed forward both by night and day. First of all there had to be a wharf built, extending 500 feet into the Bay. For this purpose cribs 10 feet long by 24 feet wide and 15 feet apart were constructed and filled with heavy stones, so as to be proof against the most violent storms of Lake Ontario.—At the end of the wharf the foundation for a shed has been laid, into which, from ten to fifteen thousand barrels of flour can be stored. The length of the shed is 170 feet long by 94 feet wide. Some twenty feet from the end of this shed is laid the foundation of the elevator.—More than 400 piles have been driven through the mud and gravel, down to the solid rock, on which to rest the structure. The foundation is 108 feet long by 88 feet wide. From the water to the eaves of the roof will be 53 feet and from the eaves to the centre of the slanting roof 32 feet, making a total of 92 feet. The upper story is to be supported by 100 posts 20 feet long by 15 inches in diameter, and divided into four rows, between which two railway tracks will be laid. The elevator is long enough to take in three cars, so with the double track six cars can be unloaded at the same time. The grain can be elevated to the bins from the hopper into which it is emptied from the cars, at the rate of 6,000 bushels per hour. The number of bins is forty-three, and the whole has a storage capacity of 200,000 bushels. The cost of the elevator will be from \$50,000 to \$60,000. Its construction is under the immediate care of Mr. John Taylor, who is well qualified by the practical experience he has acquired in superintending the erection of some very extensive works both in and out of the Province and lately the Great Western Railway elevator in Hamilton, to bring the works to a successful termination.

WE regret to learn that many of our subscribers were compelled to pay the postage on our last number. This was owing to a mistake on the part of the Hamilton Post Office, as we pre-paid the postage on all copies sent by mail. The Post Office officials here acknowledged the blunder, so our subscribers will have no difficulty in getting their money refunded.

MANY of our subscribers, and especially those of this city, have good reason to complain in being so long in receiving the paper after it was issued. We will remedy this as speedily as possible, so that they will have it on the same day it is printed.

PARTIES residing in places in which as yet we have no agent, and to whom at their own request, papers have been sent, will now have to remit their subscription for any period they choose, as payments must all be made in advance.

ALL orders from agents for copies of *The Illustrated News*, when forwarded to this office, will be promptly attended to.

Gleanings.

EUROPEAN ARMAMENTS.

Captain Petrie of her Majesty's 14th Regiment, employed on the Topographical Staff, lately delivered a lecture at the United Service Institution, on 'The Armed Forces of Europe.' The *Morning Post* availing itself of his 'great carefulness and research,' supplies its readers with the information which the lecture contained as to the relative strength of the military forces of the great European Powers, upon which the peace and progress of the world depend; and from its tables we present the following:

AUSTRIA.—The war establishment of the Austrian army, according to the organisation that came into force in April, 1860, is as follows:—309 battalions of infantry 437,964 men; 41 regiments of cavalry, 60,110; 136 batteries of artillery, 27,176 men; 1,058 guns; two regiments of engineers, 7,460 men; six regiments pioneers, 6,558; twenty-four squadrons train, 18,204; ten companies sanitary corps, 2,550; Staff corps, corps of adjutants, and general staff, 3,889. Total regular army, 564,211. Volunteer corps organised in 1859, 30,000; depots and reserves of all arms, 103,751; gendarmerie, police, veterans, &c., 40,382. Grand Total of forces, 738,344 men, 1,088 guns.

PRUSSIA.—Infantry—Guard, nine regiments, 28,674 men; line, 72 regiments, 229,392; jager, 10 battalions, 10,480.—Total, 268,546. Cavalry—48 regiments, 36,768; field jager and staff orderlies, 902. Total, 37,670. Artillery—Nine regiments 41,292 men, 1,228 guns; pioneers, train, &c., 11,971 men.—Total field troops, 359,479. Depots and Ersatz troops, 98,487 men, 216 guns; Landwehr and garrison troops, &c., 261,126 men.—Grand total of forces, 719,092 men, 1,444 guns.

RUSSIA.—The army of Russia is so complicated in its organization that there would be considerable difficulty in making an exact analysis of it; but the numbers have been ascertained with sufficient accuracy to be on the present reduced establishment about 850,000 men. Of these the active army numbers 520,523 men, and 1,160 guns; the rest are composed of disciplined Cossacks and of Irregular troops.

FRANCE.—The infantry consists of—103 regiments of the line, each having three active battalions and one depot battalion; 20 battalions of Chasseurs, three regiments of Zouaves, two regiments of foreign infantry, two battalions of African Light Infantry, three regiments of Turcos, or Tirailleurs Algeriens. The artillery includes—Four regiments of Horse Artillery, with 192 guns; 10 regiments of Mounted Artillery, with 600 guns; 10 batteries of Foot Artillery, with 60 guns; one regiment of Pontonniers, six squadrons Train—giving a total of 38,767 men, 37,954 horses, 852 guns. This is in addition to 15,000 men, garrison artillery, and the depots, artificers, &c. The total number of guns than can be brought into the field, including the Imperial Guard, is 942, all of which are of brass, and rifled. The Imperial Guard forms a complete *corp d'arme* in itself. It is composed as follows:—One regiment of gendarmerie; seven regiments of grenadiers and Voltigeurs, one regiment of Chasseurs, one squadron of gendarmerie a-cheval; six regiments of cavalry, 16 batteries of artillery, two companies of pontonniers, two companies of engineers, four companies of train. Its total establishment is:—38,060 men, 13,477 horses, and 90 guns. The official returns on the 1st of Jan., 1860, gave the total number of available men as follows:—Troops in France, 398,559; in Algeria, 83,782; in North Italy, 55,281; in Rome, 7,904; in China, 5,468.—Total under arms, 550,994; men on *conge*, 64,471; reserve, 11,017.—Grand total, 626,482.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Regular troops of all arms, 218,971 men, 30,072 horses, 366 guns, British local and colonial troops, 18,249 men, 248 guns; foreign and coloured troops, chiefly in India, 218,043 men, 58 guns; military police in India, 79,264 men; grand total, 534,527 men, 30,072 horses, 672 guns. Of these there are in the United Kingdom:—Infantry—Guards, seven battalions, 6,297 men; line, 35 battalions, 33,105 men; total, 39,402 men. Cavalry—Life and Horse Guards, three regiments, 1,311 men; dragoons, &c., 16 regiments, 10,560 men; total, 11,871 men. Artillery—Horse, six batteries, 1,200 men, 36 guns; field, 23 batteries, 5,060 men, 138 guns; garrison, 39 batteries, 4,680 men; total, 10,940 men; 174 guns; Engineers, 2,316; military train, 1,830; hospital corps, 609; commissariat staff corps, 300; grand total of active forces, 67,268 men; 174 guns. Be-

sides, there are the depot establishments:—Infantry—Line, 126 depots, 24,770; cavalry, 9 depots, 396; artillery, 2,975; total depots, 28,141 men. Reserves, available for the defence of the kingdom in case of war:—Pensioners, 14,768; militia, 45,000; yeomanry, 16,080; Irish constabulary, 12,392; volunteers, 140,000; total, 228,240 men.

PUBLIC DEBTS IN EUROPE, DEC., 1860.—The following is given by the *Star* as a correct representation of the present public debts of the different European States:—Great Britain, £786,000,000; France £340,000,000; Russia, £300,000,000; Austria, £315,000,000; Spain, £147,000,000; Holland, £96,000,000; Prussia, £32,000,000; Sardinia, £35,000,000; Belgium, £25,000,000; Denmark, £23,000,000; and all the others, £100,000,000. Total, £2,193,000,000.—[*Daily Chronicle*.]

AN IRISH INTERIOR.

God bless the Irish! I cannot choose but love them. They do unearthly things, I know, and are a grief of heart to the sorely-tried housewives. One whole winter did Bridget sweep my room, and invariably set the table with the drawer toward the wall. Never by any mistake did it happen to come right side out. Patsy had a way of swooping up all the contents of all the wash-hand-stands in her regular round with broom and duster, and distributing them again without respect of persons. Accordingly, your own stand would be garnished with the tooth-brush of your neighbor on the left, the hair brush of your neighbor above, and the hat brush of your neighbor below. But Patsy is a diamond in the rough. I wrote a love-letter for her once. She came to me beaming with ruddy shyness, and, after backing and filling for fifteen minutes, gave me to understand that her lover was by 'the far wash of Australasian seas,' and would I write him a letter for her. He was a fond swain, but she had been coy and coquettish, and now that he was so far away, her heart relented. Did I write to him? Of course I did, conjecturing, to the best of my ability, what manner of document a love-letter should be, and determined that at least it should not lack the quality which gives it a name. So, after exhausting my own vocabulary, I had recourse to the poets, and quoted Tennyson. It smote me in the heart to look up when I read it to her, and see her beautiful almond eyes filled with tears; for though one's own love-letters may be a serious enough matter, one can hardly voice another's tenderness with entire good faith. 'Oh!' said Patsy, with a sigh from the very bottom of her warm Irish heart, 'them is jes' my feelin's,' and even put her head back through the door after going out, to add, 'An' sure, ye must have had them feelin's yourself, or ye niver could have done it.' 'Ah, Patsy!' I said,—but never mind what I said.

God bless the Irish! They supply an element that is wanting in our Anglo-Saxon blood, the easy, eloquent, picturesque race. Their rest is such a cushion to our restlessness. As they mount the ladder, their individualities lose outline, but an Irish poor family is world-wide from an American poor family. The Americans will be so sharp and angular, and clearly defined. They will have such an air of having seen better days, and not giving up seeing them again. Their poverty is self-conscious, and draws comparisons. A painful scrubbiness is in the air. Everything is neat, whitewashed, and made the most of. Evidently they are struggling against fate. They contest every inch of the ground. If you offer them assistance, you must double and turn, and ten to one give mortal offense after all. I know these are the very things that the books applaud, and I suppose they are one of the bases of greatness; but for solid comfort, give me an Irish shanty, where all are duty and happy and contented. For the spare, stooping American mother, with thin hair, pointed elbows, and never fewer than forty years, you have the Irish matron always young—red, round arms, luxuriantly full figure, great white teeth, head set back, and royal hair. You are received with nonchalant courtesy, and your 'remainder biscuit' with graceful gratitude. No care furrows any forehead. If the baby creeps into the ashes, one blacksmithy arm whips him out again as good as new. In winter the air is warm with the odor of soap-suds, boiling cabbage, and fragrant tobacco. In the summer they set their wash-tubs at the back door, and, in a sensible scantiness of costume, rub to the robin's song, and never seem to look forward to a possible presidency. They float across the tide acquiescent. Thus poverty is robbed of its sting.

If one must be poor, it is so much easier to be comfortable about it. And if one is thoroughly comfortable, what matter whether one lives in one room or twenty.

God bless the Irish! Their strong arms

are lifted, their warm hearts are beating, side by side with ours, for the honor and life of their adopted country. Does famine impend over their island home? We have enough and to spare. From our bursting granaries, from our larders over-full, let their tables be spread with plenty. Surely the bread the few crumbs which we cast upon the waters, many days ago, are already returned to us in Irish truth and loyalty. And when their civilization and Christianity are brought abreast with their inborn poetry, Ireland shall come forth fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—THE CLOSING SCENE.—The International Exhibition was brought to a close on Saturday. When the enormous mass of people assembled on the floor of the western dome and adjoining parts, the sight was very grand. At four o'clock all the organs pealed forth 'God save the Queen.' The members of the Sacred Harmonic Society had volunteered the vocal part, and the visitors joined in the chorus. At the conclusion of the anthem the cheering seemed to shake the floor of the building. When the people stood up uncovered in the galleries and on the floor, the effect was truly imposing. The French national anthem was also given, and 'Rule Britannia,' and both were received with great applause. After some cheering for names called, the bells tolled the knell of the International Exhibition, and the people gradually and unwillingly departed. Including Saturday, the total number of visitors has been 6,116,640, which is only 77,445 more than the Exhibition of 1851, though the present Exhibition was open three weeks longer. Had it been closed at the same time, there would have been a deficiency of 725,701 in the number of visitors. The treat to the female attendants at the refreshment counters of the International Exhibition, given by Miss Skinner, came off in the evening, in the large rooms of the western annex. It was a tea party, and about 500 of the establishment were present. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, who, with the Rev'd. Baptist Noel and other gentlemen, addressed the meeting. The speaking was chiefly of a religious character, but several instances occurred where cheering was considered appropriate, when the assembled ladies gave free scope to their sweet voices, led by a reverend gentleman with a roll of paper in his hand. The whole went off not only with pleasure, but at times it really became exciting. At the conclusion, all the guests passed Miss Skinner, who is very young and charming, in order that they might all have the pleasure of seeing the donor of the feast, many of them recognising her as a customer, and each received a little book from her hand on the merits and advantages of the International Exhibition.

A NOTED MISER.—Last week there died in the Fever Hospital, Dunfermline, a man 55 years of age, named Andrew Hutton, better known in the western district of Fife as the 'African Chief.' For a number of years he has lived in the most miserly manner, hardly allowing himself enough of food to sustain life, and the little he did take was of the coarsest description. Many amusing stories are told of his parsimonious habits. The immediate cause of death was eating the leaves of ash trees. He had been walking along the edge of a field bordered by these trees, on the fallen leaves of which the cows were feeding greedily. He thought the animals seemed fat, and that if the leaves were good for them they could not be bad for him. He accordingly gathered a quantity and took them home, and after boiling them, fed on them for several days. The consequence was that he was taken ill, and removed to the hospital, where he died after some days of great suffering. On searching his house after death, his relatives came upon an old teakettle, in which was found a cheque for £70, the interest on which had been accumulating for seventeen years, and a book showing a balance of £61 to his credit in the National Security Savings' Bank. Several £1 notes and a great quantity of loose money, in half-crowns, shillings, and smaller coins, were also found in the most out-of-the-way places. Hutton was also possessed of considerable property in Dunfermline. He was a great reader, and well versed in several languages.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

A COMING DELUGE.—M. Mathieu (de la Drome) writes to the *Siecle* to communicate a note which he has addressed to the Academy of Sciences, and according to which all the watercourses in the south-east of France, and in the whole south of Europe, will experience a very great augmentation from the 28th inst. to the 8th of November. He predicts great inundations in Italy, and still greater ones in countries to the east of Italy.

In France only a few departments will be visited by this scourge. The 17th degree of longitude is the region where it will be most severely felt. The overflow of rivers will take place, according to M. Mathieu, throughout a zone of more than 600 leagues, parallel to a line drawn from Certe or Marseilles to a point beyond the Black Sea, grazing the south of the Crimea. The neighborhood of seas will, it is said, be chiefly affected, and advice is given to the population of the districts indicated to take such precaution as may be in their power before the 28th inst.

PREDICTIONS AS TO AMERICA.—Coleridge said, January 4, 1833:—'Can there be any thorough national fusion of the Northern and Southern States? I think not. In fact, the Union will be shaken almost to dissolution whenever a very serious question between the States arises. The American Union has no centre, and it is impossible now to make one. The more they extend their borders into the Indians' land, the weaker will the national cohesion be. But I look upon the States as splendid masses, to be used by and bye, in the composition of two or three great governments.' Mr. Calhoun, during his last illness in 1850, remarked to a distinguished senator: 'I shall probably never again be in the Senate; my day is gone by; but if the gentlemen who have charge of these questions (bills affecting slavery) think that they will be able, as loyal men, to adjust them by compromise, I fear they are mistaken. The seeds of dissolution have been sown, and must bear their fruit. The two sections can no longer live under a common government. I think I can see clearly within what time the separation will take place, and fix it at twelve years—three Presidential terms. My judgment is clear on that subject; but I am not so clear as to how it will take place, but think that the greatest probability is, that the Government will expide during a Presidential election.'

A MODERN DANAE.—The 'Salut Public' of Lyons publishes the following not very probable story:—'A woman, while lately watching a flock of sheep in the neighbourhood of Lyons, was caught in a violent storm and took refuge under a tree. A short time after a branch was torn from the trunk by the wind and fell at her feet, accompanied by a number of pieces of gold. Looking up in the astonishment she saw a hole in the trunk whence the branch had been torn, and putting her hand into it found a further lot of gold pieces, amounting together to 20,000f. The news of this discovery spread rapidly in the village, and every one was lost in conjectures as to where the money could have come from. At length some of the ancients solved the enigma by stating that about 30 years ago a rich landed proprietor residing in the neighborhood had been murdered by his servant and robbed of a large sum of money which he was known to have in his possession. The servant was tried and executed, but he would never confess where he had concealed the treasure. Is this the gold stolen?'

A HIGHLAND PROCLAMATION.—The following has been sent to us (*Glasgow Herald*) as a proclamation made at the Market Cross of Inverary last century:—'Ta hoy! Te t'ither a-hoy! Ta hoy three times!!! an Ta-hoy—Whist!!! By command of His Majesty, King George, an her Grace te Duke of Argyll:—If any body is found fishing aboon te loch, or below te loch, afore te loch, or ahint te loch, in te loch, or on te loch, aroun' te loch, or about te loch, she's to be persecuit wi' three persecutions: first, she's to be burnt, syne she's to be drowned, an' then she's to be hangt—an' if ever she comes back she's to be persecuit wi' a far waur death. God save te King an' her Grace te Duke o' Argyll.'

A NOVEL MODE OF COURTSHIP.—The London correspondent of a leading Parisian journal has a tale about a young lady who served comestibles behind M. Veillard's counter, at the Exhibition. A baronet one day called for a bottle of champagne, drank it, and left his purse behind. It contained a good deal of money and a season ticket. 'Mees' returned it to him; but he retained only the ticket, and made her a present of the purse and its contents. The next day 'the baronet came for another bottle of champagne, and again left his purse; and he continued the same strange procedure for several months. At length came a day when he did not leave his purse; the young lady asked him why, and he thereupon made a proposal of marriage. She is now Lady—. In this singular manner English baronets do make love.'

HER Majesty has signified her assent to the approaching marriage between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandria of Denmark, whose name is now loyally honoured on occasions of festivity as the future Queen of England.

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

To most of our readers, *Guiseppi Dolfi*—the subject of this sketch—will probably be a stranger, for he is little known to fame, even in England, except through Lord Normanby's dispatches in the Blue Book. And yet, his name is a household word among the Italians, and, after Garibaldi and Mazzini, no man can be said to exercise a greater influence over the minds of his countrymen, than the unpretending Florentine burgher, of whose life and character Karl Grien's 'Italy' has recently afforded us some charming glimpses. The article on Cardinal Antonelli in last year's *Cornhill Magazine* was an extract from this brilliant work, which we are informed is now being translated into French and English. But as some time must necessarily elapse before the book will be accessible to those who can not read it in the original German, we will follow the example of our London contemporary, and cull enough from its contents to give the curious some idea of this man of the people.

'Guiseppi Dolfi,' says Karl Grien, 'is

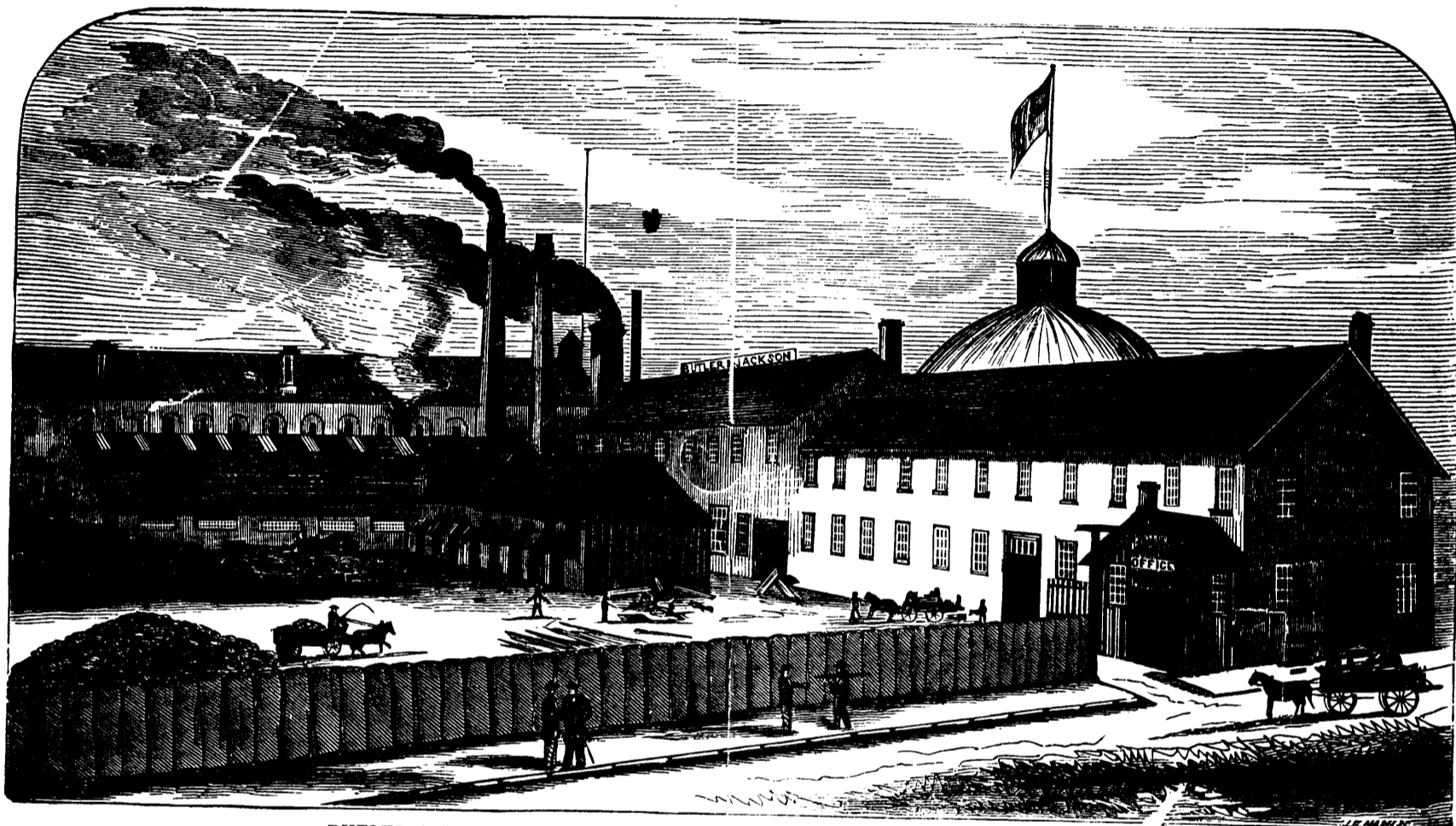
simply a master baker, on the Borgo San Lorenzo, near the Dome, in the city of Florence. The bread he bakes is good, for he salts his loaves—a practice very uncommon in Italy. He makes excellent paste, macaroni, vermicelli, &c., and spends his days usually in a little office at the furthest end of his shop. This office is about the size of a portable horse-stall on a railway car, and contains one single stool, just large enough for one person. On this little stool sits, however, a man like whom there is none in Plutarch.'

Guiseppi Dolfi owes much of his present influence and political power to the persecutions of the late Tuscan government. As early as 1853, they ordered a domiciliary search of his premises, but nothing was discovered to justify the step. The experiment was repeated two years later, and on this occasion with better success, for some documents were found at his house which led to his imprisonment for a term of two months. In 1857, shortly after the Livorno demonstration, he was again arrested and sentenced to eighteen days. These repeated persecutions,

however trifling in themselves, greatly tended to augment the importance and popularity of our honest baker. By his own class he was soon looked up to as a martyr, and even the Patricians began to rank him among the leading spirits of the time. When the troubles in the spring of 1859 broke out, Guiseppi Dolfi was sent by the Florentine patriots to the Supreme Council. Invested with executive powers, he raised within a few hours a force of 12,000 men, at whose head he laconically proclaimed that 'the unity of Italy needed no Leopold II., who should therefore depart without delay!' Formal negotiations were carried on for some days between the palace and the bakeshop, but the baker persisted in sternly repeating his famous '*fuora il Granduca*'—away with the Grand Duke! The latter still continuing to linger and remonstrate, Dolfi sent him the significant message that, 'if Leopold II. did not immediately depart, twelve thousand men would be ready to escort him.' This threat had its effect, and the Grand Duke concluded to leave. Amidst ironical cheers, but without any other molestation, the deposed Prince drove slowly, through the densely

thronged streets of the city. Half listlessly and half maliciously he took leave of his former subjects with a—'*a rivederci*' (to meet again :) to which Dolfi's sonorous bass voice, promptly replied, '*non s' incomodi, don't inconvenience yourself!*'

During the intense excitement which succeeded the receipt of the unexpected news of the treaty of Villafranca, the baker of San Lorenzo was one of the few popular leaders who did not lose their presence of mind. Florence was bare of troops, whom (as our author sarcastically observes) Prince Napoleon had managed to lead into the field just too late to take their share in the fighting, and four hundred muskets were all that could be found in the arsenals. Dolfi immediately seized these arms, put them into the hands of his most trusty adherents, and restored public order. This handful of men was the nucleus of the Grand Florentine National Guards, subsequently increased to eighteen hundred, who continue to this day to discharge all the military and police duties for that city. On Garibaldi's landing in Sicily, Dolfi had another opportunity to



BUTLER & JACKSON'S FOUNDRY, BRANTFORD, C. W. (BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)

prove his unbounded influence in a most signal manner. In aid of this patriotic enterprise, subscriptions were opened all over Italy, and our baker also set himself to the task. 'The people's hard hands showered pennies into his till, until their aggregate sum amounted to 162,000 francs! Guiseppi thereupon contracted for all kinds of clothing, for which he paid the cash at his little office. On signing receipts, the contractors returned their profits to Dolfi, saying—as you, the chief contractor, received no compensation, we shall ask none ourselves.' After some disinterested act like this, Guiseppi Dolfi, would always quietly return to his shop, taste his flour, cast up his accounts, and resume his business, apparently quite unconscious of having done anything that deserved special commendation.

The account which our author gives us of an interview between Guiseppi and the present King of Italy is very amusing.

'Such a man—says Karl Grien—could hardly expect to escape the notice of the chivalrous Victor Emanuel. And as sovereigns are wont to do, no sooner had the King arrived at Florence, than Guiseppi Dolfi found himself gazetted a Knight of San Mauritius and Lazarus in the *Monitore Fosciano*. Great was the amazement of the easily moved Arno-Athenians, and still greater that of the Knight against his own will. He forthwith addressed a letter to his majesty for Guiseppi, like every intelligent Tuscan, writes both well and fluently. But while the missive is still on the way, he grows nervous, dresses himself, runs to the Palazzo Pitti, and demands instant audience of the King. Being admitted, he says:—'Your Majesty, why have you done this to me? What use have I for such honors?

The King, eyeing the noble fellow with evident interest: Signor Dolfi you have deserved well of your country. I am aware of all you have done, and all that you have prevented. I possess no higher means of rewarding your merits. Dolfi: 'But you undermine my influence, you destroy my popularity among my fellow citizens, and render me ridiculous; Sire, take back your order!' The King: 'You are right. I would do the same were I in your place!' Dolfi: 'Why then did you make me a Cavalier?' Profoundly moved, the King demands: Can I do anything else for you? If you really wish to confer on me a favor, replies the sturdy baker, 'then achieve the unity of Italy! The King laughs out loud, gives the Popolus his hand, and pledges himself to do all he can.'

How pitifully small—adds our author—the old story of Alexander, the great King, and Diogenes, the little scamp reads when compared with the above dialogue!

'While this scene was transpiring at the Palazzo Pitti—continues the author—another, no less dramatic incident, took place on the Borgo San Lorenzo. It was on some Saint's day, and the bakery closed, when a large crowd assembled in front of it, noisily demanding admittance. Guiseppi's worthy spouse appears in a window of the upper story, and asks what is wanting. 'Is the Cavaliere Dolfi at home? We came to speak to the Cavaliere Dolfi. Where is the Cavaliere?' But the wife cries:—'Here lives no Cavaliere Dolfi: here only lives Guiseppi Dolfi, the baker, and you had better leave or something may drop on your head, which you will not like!'

The personal appearance of this remarka-

ble individual is said to be striking. The author represents him as a portly, fine looking man, forty three years of age, taller than most men by a head and shoulders, with a powerful voice and a commanding eye. His countenance is frank and beams with benevolence, but the conformation of his broad low forehead indicates a good deal of obstinacy. His mouth is remarkably firm, and looks just as if it could say the right word at the right moment, and with great decision at that.

Speaking of a visit which he paid Dolfi in person, the author says:—

'On entering the shop one must frequently wait a long while, for Dolfi gives continually audience, and in times of popular excitement there are often hundreds waiting their turn to see him. When I reached the door of the sanctum to be introduced, Guiseppi issued from his little den, shook my hand, and offered me his stool, which, of course, no one ever thinks of accepting. This interview took place the day after Dolfi had returned from a visit to Garibaldi, at Caprera. 'He told me that the hero was perfectly well, but rather impatient of the things to come.' The author, on taking his leave, remarks: 'I noticed that a good deal of bread and paste was being sold at the counters, some of which I had for dinner myself.'

A people who gives birth to such a man as this Florentine baker, with his classic simplicity and patriotism, cannot be so degenerated and dead to all higher aspirations as often represented. Indeed, many of the world's political celebrities might take a lesson from the honest burgher, with his somewhat contracted political views, but a heart and hand ever in the right place.

MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT

In pursuance of that part of our programme which has reference to the illustration of our manufacturing industry, we give in our present number a view of the extensive foundry of Messrs. Butler and Jackson of Brantford. They devote their attention chiefly to stoves and plows, which they manufacture largely, and of every size and pattern.

TO THE LADIES.—FLIRTATION.—The history of the word will teach us something.—Once spell to flurt, a flurt, is meant to spatter dirt, insult, to flout; a flirt then was a scurvy cheat, a rogue; with a woman, a dishonest trickster; and thus Milton, Steele, and Ford use it. But we know no word flirtation. Lord Chesterfield says he 'assisted at the birth of that word from the most beautiful mouth in the world;' but for a long time it was coupled with an adjective, 'innocent flirtation,' implying that usually it was a guilty pastime. Now we mean by it merely an idle pastime, a playing at courtship. Grose defines a flirt-a-gig to be a wanton coy girl. Two people, a male and a female flirt, two old players, may indulge in the game, and no harm ensue; but not when one is in earnest, the other is a cheat. Of course, it is very nice to pretend to love, and women like it ay, more than men. But in all good people's eyes it is contemptible, and a vile folly. It is at best but polite hypocrisy.

Gossip.

OTHO'S FAREWELL.

'AFTER me the deluge.' So said the chaste Madame d'Poipadour, so said Talleyrand the prince of liars, so said Metternich the prince of despots and wily diplomats and politicians, so said Lord John Manners of Earl Derby a few years ago, and so, in effect, said King Otho of Greece, as he sailed away, a few weeks ago, from his Grecian subjects, who had risen against him, and driven him forth to seek his fortune in other lands.

'In returning now to the country where I was born,' so runs the touching plaint of the dethroned, runaway Otho, 'I am saddened at the thought of the calamities with which Greece, which is dear to me, is menaced in consequence of the late events.' Poor soul! He no doubt did his best, but Kingship, at least in these days, requires genius, with which he was not gifted, and for lack of which he failed most pitifully, and now his consoling conclusion is, that he was 'the saviour of the people not yet saved,' and that after him the floodgates of social anarchy and political chaos will be opened, and Greece will be overwhelmed in the deluge, and left beneath the waters deeper than ever plummet sounded. Miscrable egotism, growth of the most overweening human vanity! We think that we are very much wanted, that we are necessary to the stability and conservation of things, although but yesterday we were not, and to-morrow we shall not be, and yet the earth shall continue to roll on without us, and time shall pass, and tides shall flow, and men shall come and go, and our appearance and disappearance shall be to them but as the ripple on the wave, the bubble on the swift rolling river. 'Every man is wanted, and no man is wanted much,' says Emerson.—This is a profound truth which royal egotists would do well to lay to heart. Dynasties may be destroyed, royal houses may perish, Kings and Crowns may fall, but nations and principles, dear to the race, never. Those are temporary, but these are permanent, and will outlast the most ambitious work of man, and outlive the proudest line of princes.

THE BISHOP OF NATAL.

The Right Reverend J. W. Colenso, Doctor of Divinity, and Bishop of Natal is in theological hot water, which is the hottest kind of water yet discovered or invented. In England he is the prolific source of innumerable newspaper paragraphs and disputes as to the measure of his orthodoxy, and countless surmises as to what the church will do with such an eminent recusant, or whether he is a recusant, and, if he is, what the authorities—if indeed there be authorities in such case, ought to do, or will do, or can do. In Canada he has exercised the religious quills of the *Globe* and *Leader*, and already there are several good jokes afloat reflecting upon the venerated founders of the English Church, into whose sage craniums it never entered to make provision for the disciplining of heretic bishops. That these worthies have been suspected of having thought too well of bishop-kind, has brought down upon their devoted heads a storm of pitiless reproaches and taunts from the scribes and pharisees, and a merciless rain of witticisms from the 'licensed wilters' of the press, with all of which I have nothing to do, and about all of which I have nothing to say, but readers of these pages may care to know something of the career of the African prelate and brother, who is at present troubling the waters of controversy, and to supply information of that kind is within my province and is my present purpose. Dr. Colenso is a Cornish man, having been born at St. Austell, Cornwall, in 1814. He was educated at the Devonport Proprietary School, and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B. A. in

1836, M. A. in 1839, and D.D. in 1853. He was a Fellow of St. John's College from 1837 to 1846, Mathematical Master of Harrow School from 1838 to 1842, and Rector of Fomecote, St. Mary, Norfolk, from 1846 to 1853. In the latter year he was consecrated first Bishop of Natal. He is author of several educational books, and of the 'Elements of Algebra.' He married, in 1846, the daughter of Mr. R. J. Bunyon, a London merchant. Dr. Colenso has the reputation of being a very learned man, and while he has been in the colony of Natal, he has earned for himself the respect and affection of all classes.

He belongs to the muscular christianity 'sets,' and his aquatic feats, and pedestrian triumphs, and physical endurance, and Sunday preachings under what would be impossibilities to kid-gloved members of his order, have been the theme of admiring paragraphists. Since his appointment to his episcopate he has been in labours abundant, and has spared himself neither in mind nor body, when the exercise of either could promote the physical well-being, or the spiritual progress of his people. About a year and-a-half ago he found it necessary under certain circumstances, not only to tolerate polygamy, but also to defend it on the ground of religion and humanity.

A well-known story represents the circumstances with which Dr. Colenso has to deal. An African chief is converted by missionary zeal to Christianity. But there is a difficulty. The proselyte has two wives. The Christian teacher tells him he must put one of them away, for the new law does not permit a man to have more than one wife. The chief is sorely perplexed. It is no easy thing to disturb domestic institutions, and the poor convert goes away to his home rather dark in the countenance. But a light fell suddenly upon him; and when next he met the missionary his eyes were wild with joy. 'Me berry good Christian now,' he shouted, 'me only one wibe.' 'Ah, very well,' said the missionary, 'and what have you done with the other?'—'Oder,' says the gleeful savage, 'me ate her up—nice.' In a letter which Bishop Colenso addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'On the proper treatment of cases of polygamy,' he has thrown his conclusions into the form of 12 general propositions, numbered as follows. (i.) I hold that polygamy is forbidden, indirectly, by the letter of the New Testament, and directly by the spirit of Christianity, as not being in accordance with the mind of the Creator, and the great marriage law which He laid down for man in Paradise; and that, consequently, it cannot be allowed to Christians to practise it in any form—that is, either first to enter into the state of polygamy, or to increase the present number of their wives. (ii.) I find, however, that, under the old dispensation, polygamy was practised by eminently pious men, who, while continuing in that state, were singularly blessed by the Almighty, without a single word of reproof, or intimation of God's displeasure being addressed to them on account of it. (iii.) From this circumstance, and the additional facts, that passages occur in the Mosaic law, expressly recognizing the existence of polygamy, and that not a word is found in the Law or the Prophets, denouncing, or in any way condemning it, I am led to conclude that, though not in accordance with the mind and will of the Creator, it was yet suffered by him to endure for a season, and it is not to be regarded by us as being in all cases and under all circumstances (that is, without reference to the knowledge of his will, possessed by the persons who practise it), sinful and displeasing in his sight. (iv.) I am confirmed in this view by finding that, whereas the Mosaic Law punished adultery with death, no punishment of any kind is assigned in it to the polygamist; and polygamy is only noticed in the law to correct certain

evils connected with it. I conclude, therefore, that polygamy was not considered to be adultery in the case of the Jews. (v.) Neither is it to be considered adultery among the Kafirs and Zulus, who, in fact, though heathens and polygamists, distinctly punish and condemn the adulterer. (vi.) From the examples of the Old Testament, I infer that, though marriage, in the high and proper sense of the word, can only exist between one Christian man and one Christian woman, in which case it sets forth the mysterious union betwixt Christ and His Church, yet there have been marriages of another kind permitted or at least "winked at," by Almighty God, "in the days of man's ignorance,"—marriages which were lawful and binding, though not made according to the great marriage law of Paradise. (vii.) I believe the marriages of the Kafirs and the Zulus to be precisely of this kind, and very probably derived from the days of Abraham himself, through their Arab descent. (viii.) It is certain that such marriages cannot be violently broken without very serious wrong and injury to the wives put away against their will, and to their children. (ix.) Hence, in dealing with the case of a polygamist convert from heathenism, we have to choose between two evils; either we must allow him to retain his wives and children, and discharge his duties towards them, until it pleases God Himself in His Providence to interfere, and release him from his obligations; or we must compel him to commit an act or acts of cruel hardship and wrong to others, and dismiss his wives and children, perhaps, to rot and perish in the abominations of heathenism. (x.) I find no direction of the apostles, and no authority of the ancient church to guide me in this difficulty. (xi.) But I find a case somewhat similar provided for by St. Paul, who strictly charges a Christian to marry "in the Lord," yet allows, nay, requires a Christian who had married a heathen before baptism, to retain his wife, unless she choose to leave him—however strange and unhallowed such a connection may seem to us, however likely to interfere with his own progress, and to corrupt the morals of his children, and a Christian wife, in like manner, to remain with her heathen husband. And I find also cases of incestuous marriages contracted before conversion, which were allowed in former days, in our own English Church, to continue after the reception of Christianity. (xii.) Under these circumstances, and considering that polygamy was tolerated by the Almighty in the case of so many good men of old, and that, consequently, it is not sinful and wicked in itself and contrary to all religion, though it is contrary to the spirit of Christianity, whereas acts of injustice and wrong are positively sinful and wicked and contrary to religion itself as well as to the spirit of Christianity, I believe it to be the lesser evil of the two, and, indeed, the only righteously possible course, to allow a polygamist convert, whose wives do not choose to leave him, to retain them, with the understanding that he shall take no more, exhorting him to endeavour, by God's grace, to live as a faithful servant of the Most High among them, according to the light vouchsafed to him, and like the polygamist Abraham of old, "to command them and his children after him to do justice and judgment, and to keep the way of the Lord."

What action, if any, was taken on the matter treated of in this startling episcopal epistle, I know not, but the *Record* has only recently created a 'sensation' by representing the good bishop as a heretic, not on account of his polygamic views, but on account of his presumed disbelief of the books of Moses. The *Record* has announced that, in a forthcoming work, the Bishop asserts that the 'whole story of the Exodus is a fiction,' and that 'if the last four books of the Pentateuch must be pronounced fictitious, it will hardly be contended that

the book of Genesis can be any other than fictitious also.' It was further said by the *Record* that the Bishop affirms that he was set to thinking on this subject by a Zulu, who had been reading the Bible record of the deluge, asking him, 'if he really believed that all his children were thus?' Expectation was on 'tip-toe' as to the stir such a book would create, and the excitement, it was predicted, would far exceed that which followed on the publication of the celebrated 'Essays and Reviews.' Speculation, too, was rife as to whether a Bishop, especially a Colonial Bishop, could be expelled from the Church for heresy. Not a few believed that if Dr. Colenso wished to do so he could retain his bishopric, notwithstanding his change of views, and thereupon followed much interesting and valuable and highly original comment on this new 'illustration of the curious discipline of the Church of England.' At this exciting point the *Spectator*, the ablest of the London, England, weeklies, steps in, and spoils the whole story, disappoints expectation, terminates speculation, renders all comment superfluous, if not foolish, and leaves us all in the dark as to what can and what can not be done with a heretic Bishop.

'We are informed, on the best authority,' says the *Spectator*, 'that the passage cited by the *Record* from Dr. Colenso's forthcoming work on the Pentateuch, and transferred from it last week to our own columns, has never been published, and will not be published in that work.—Dr. Colenso having come to the conclusion that the Pentateuch was not "historical," and wishing for the criticisms of riper scholars on the soundness of his own views, had privately printed and tentatively circulated amongst a few friends the first results of his study. The statement that the "whole story of the Exodus is a fiction" has been generally objected to by scholars, as we ventured to assert that it must be, and Dr. Colenso has, we believe, been convinced that it is extravagant and uncritical.—It will not appear, we are told, in his revised work. The *Record* has simply printed without permission or authority, as about to appear a passage from unrevised proof-sheets still liable to reconsideration and correction, which in this case they have actually undergone. Hungry after heresy, anxious to photograph the flying shadows of immature thought, lest perchance it should lose an opportunity of scandal, the *Record* has violated all the usages of literary honour.'

THE BOURBONS.

NOTHING better has ever been said about the Bourbons than they have said about themselves. The very best description of this interesting family is that from the pen of a distinguished member of it, the Ferdinand of Naples, who was called by way of pre-eminent distinction, 'King Bomba,' and of whom it was said that he was anointed with the oil of madness above his fellows. When Louis Philippe was newly elected 'King of the barricades' he wrote to this benevolent and sagacious monarch, advising a policy of conciliation and a rule not quite so despotic, and the royal father of the present ex-King of Naples replied in memorable words: 'Liberty is fatal to the house of Bourbon. We are not of this century. The Bourbons are ancient; and if they were to try to shape themselves according to the pattern of the new dynasties, they would be ridiculous. We will imitate the Hapsburgs. If fortune plays us false we shall at least be true to ourselves.' True, O, King! Liberty and the antique notions of your antique house have been fatal to the Bourbons. At this hour there are in exile no fewer than fifty-five members of the family, out of the seventy-four who are the direct or collateral descendants of Louis XIV. The fifty-five are these: The Bourbons of Naples, consisting of King Francis, five brothers, and four sisters; his majesty's uncles—Prince de Capua and two children, Count d'Aquila and two children, Count de Trapani and five children; his majesty's aunts—Queen Maria Amelia, widow of King Louis Philippe, the Duchess de Berry, and the Duchess de Salerno; and

lastly, a cousin-german, the Duchess d'Aumale—total, 26. The Bourbons of Spain—the Infante Don Juan and two children—total, 3. The Bourbons of France—Count de Chambord, the Duchess de Parma and four children—total, 6. The Orleans branch of the French Bourbons—the Count de Paris, the Duke de Chartres, the Duke de Nemours, and four children, the Prince de Joinville and two, the Duke d'Aumale, and two, the Duke de Montpensier and six—total, 20. Nineteen Bourbons are not in exile, namely—the royal family of Spain, 16 in number; the Empress of Brazil (*nee* Princess of Naples;) the Duchess Augustus of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha (*nee* Princess d'Orleans;) and the Duke Charles III. of Parma, Infante of Spain, who abdicated. But nothing acts as a warning to this antique race. They stand still heroically and persistently, while all around them are moving on. They can neither be pushed on nor pulled on; they are open neither to persuasion nor conviction, and can only be kicked out of the way. The latest illustration of their prevailing family faith and ruling passion comes to us from Spain, where the *Clamor Publico*, published at Madrid, was recently seized for publishing the following paragraphs in allusion to the persecutions of Protestants in Spain:

'The Emperor of China has published a decree establishing freedom of worship in his dominions. And in Spain, what is being done in respect to the same question? There are those in some of the provinces of Andalusia who can answer. For ourselves remembering the vulgar saying, 'Comparisons are odious,' we make none, because we do not wish to be odious to anybody.'

A few more convictions against it, a few more decrees of exile against it, and this family will disappear from the thrones of Europe, which it has too long disgraced. Above a year ago, 15th May, 1861, at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, in the Free Mason's Tavern, London, Disraeli, the dexterous, eulogising the chairman, the Duc D'Aumale, one of the sons of the late Louis Philippe, said:—

'We live in an age of strange vicissitudes. The course of revolution is as rapid as it is startling, and empires dissolve and die, and dynasties are scattered. Happy the prince who, from no fault of his own, banished from the court and camp, can find consolation in the library and generous occupation in the rich galleries of learning and art.—Happy is the prince who in a foreign land, mixing with his fellow men on equal terms, is still marked out by the pre-eminence of his nature—happy the prince who, under such circumstances, penetrating the realms of literature, may yet perhaps establish a throne which may defy the fate of dynasties.'

Let us hope that the Bourbon thus

flattered is as happy as the Jew ex-Chancellor of the exchequer asserts him to be. If the Bourbons can make themselves happy in this way, the nations they have misruled, and those they still misrule, will be much happier without them; and if they cannot establish literary 'thrones which may defy the fate of dynasties,' they are hardly likely, judging from present appearances, to establish any other kind of thrones. Their mission now is to get out of the way.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
LAST week attention was called to the

of the prosperity of the other, and in wishing an unbroken series of increases for the G. W. R. I am simply wishing that we may all go on and prosper and come to regard hard times as an ancient myth.

RECANTING.

WHEN I safely delivered myself last week of several well executed snarls at original poetry, I had neither received, nor read, nor approved, nor handed over to the devil—our own imp, dear reader and not the colored gentleman with club

of ever reading 'The Beech Nut Gatherer.'

CANADIAN PUBLISHERS.

JOHN EASTWOOD & Co., King street, Hamilton, have just published a handy edition of 'Artemus Ward, His Book.' I call attention to such a venture here because I think it creditable to Canadian enterprise, and one that a discriminating public ought to reward with complete success. The American edition sells for one dollar, while Eastwood & Co.'s edition, which contains the same matter and is embellished with the same engravings, costs only thirty-eight cents. If Canadian readers want cheap books, let them support a publisher who is prepared to furnish them. If the cry about conserving home interests is not merely a cry and a theory, here is a fine opportunity for reducing it to practice. Of the book itself it is quite unnecessary to speak, as the public has long since stamped with complete approbation everything proceeding from the humorous pen of the gifted showman. When I have said that it is printed by Messrs. Donnelley & Lawson, it is quite superfluous to add that it is neatly got up.

Reader, if you want a selected assortment of the heartiest laughs you ever enjoyed, read 'Artemus Ward;' and if, at the same time, you are patriotically inclined and wish to encourage Canadian enterprise, buy a copy from Eastwood & Co. I trust that the sale of the present work may be so successful as to induce our plucky publishers to give us more cheap editions of good books. We cannot have our literature too cheap. EUGENE.

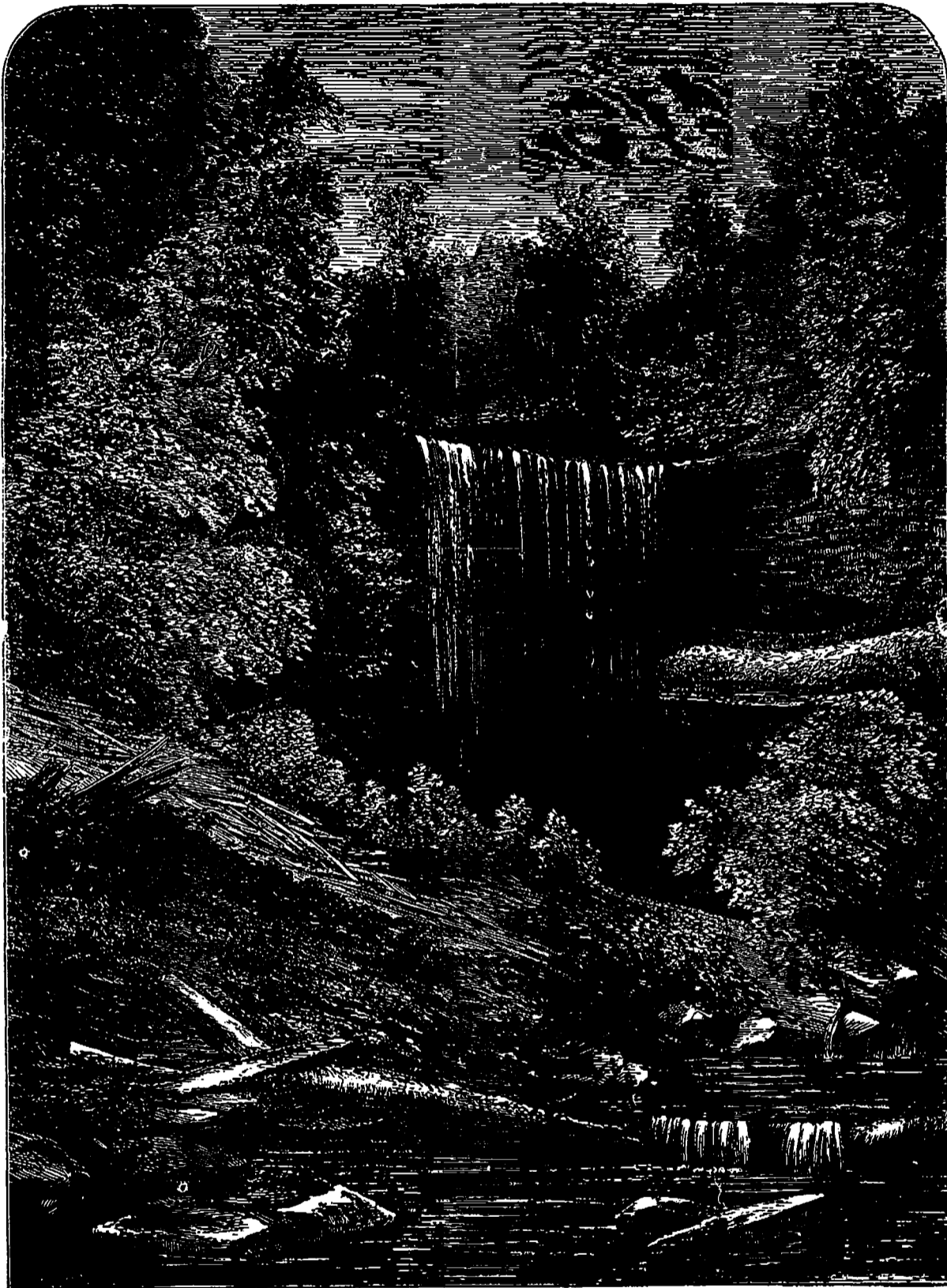
NATURAL SCENERY.

THIS beautiful natural scene, which is situated about two miles above Dundas, is, of its kind, perhaps, not to be surpassed. It has not, however, been allowed to remain in its pristine grandeur, for man, whether from the necessities of his condition, or a want of appreciation of the beauties of nature, has often disfigured

by his artificial productions, what ought to have remained to delight the eye and instruct the mind. So here. The stream has been taken advantage of, and two mills do much to detract from the charms of nature's handy-work, but which we do not permit to appear.

It is finally determined by the Customs Department, in calculating the depreciation in American currency, to split the difference between the rate of exchange and the premium on gold.

DEATH OF MR. DAVID THORBURN.—This gentleman, who filled the post of Indian Commissioner, died yesterday at his residence.



VIEW AT BULLOCK'S CORNERS, ABOVE DUNDAS, C. W.

large increase in the traffic receipts of the Great Western Railway. This week the necessity is no less to do a little stroke of trumpeting for this favourite and highly favoured road. By reference to our commercial news it will be seen that the receipts for the week ended the 21st instant, are \$19,000 in excess of the corresponding week last year. This is not alone matter for rejoicing to the able managers and lucky shareholders, but to the whole Western Province, with the welfare of which the Great Western Railway is indissolubly bound up. The prosperity of the one is the truest index

foot—the charming lines entitled 'The Beech Nut Gatherer', which enrich the last number. If poetry like that of our Woodstock poetess is plentiful anywhere in our fruitful province, I shall be glad to be kept moderately supplied with it, and so will the readers of the *Canadian Illustrated News*.

'When I said I would die a bachelor,' said Bonedick, 'I did not think I should live till I were married.' In my plight I can only parody the Shakespearian wit:—when I declaimed so fiercely against original poetry, I had no thought

Notice to Correspondents.

P. C. LUCKNOW, C. W.—Sketches received. The subjects are not suitable for our paper. The American war is sufficiently illustrated without our assistance; we want subjects of Canadian interest. They are not quite up to the mark artistically, though they evidence considerable talent. You have chosen rather a difficult line; would it not be well to practice for a while in copying objects? We think that through this means you would rapidly improve. Sketches of backwoods life and scenery would be acceptable.

GUELPH.—We will endeavour to profit by your suggestion.

J. D., TORONTO.—Photographs received and will appear in due time.—Thanks.

P. S., MONTREAL.—You have not paid sufficient attention to the details of the uniforms. Please supply these, and your sketch will appear.

WHAT ignorance still exists in the very midst of this enlightened century, and that in spite of all our boasted progress! A French journal of recent date, states as follows:—At Mazerne, Thouon district, Upper Savoy, some very strange events have just taken place. It was reported that the Devil

has selected that locality for a display of his pranks. Within a couple of weeks more than a hundred persons have fallen sick there, all of whom allege themselves possessed by evil spirits. They acted very strangely, pranced about like mad, howled and roared, had convulsions, &c. All the remedies used on such occasions—exorcisms, pilgrimages, masses, incantations—proved of no avail. The case was finally reported to the Government, and the Minister of the interior dispatched an eminent physician to the spot, who found the town in a most deplorable condition. Those among its two thousand inhabitants who were not yet possessed of the evil one, finely expected soon to be so. All labor and business had come to a standstill, and the municipal authorities plainly told the doctor that, unless he was prepared to relieve them by something more effective than carnal means, he might just as well go home again. But this gentleman had his own thoughts on the subject, and insisted upon making at least a trial. His prescription was of very extraordinary character. First he sent of the priest, and replaced him by a sensible man. Next he quartered a company Gens d'Armes in the town, who gave each possessed individual a good thrashing. The medicine acted like a charm! In less than a week the devil had disappeared, and the community was rescued from his clutches.

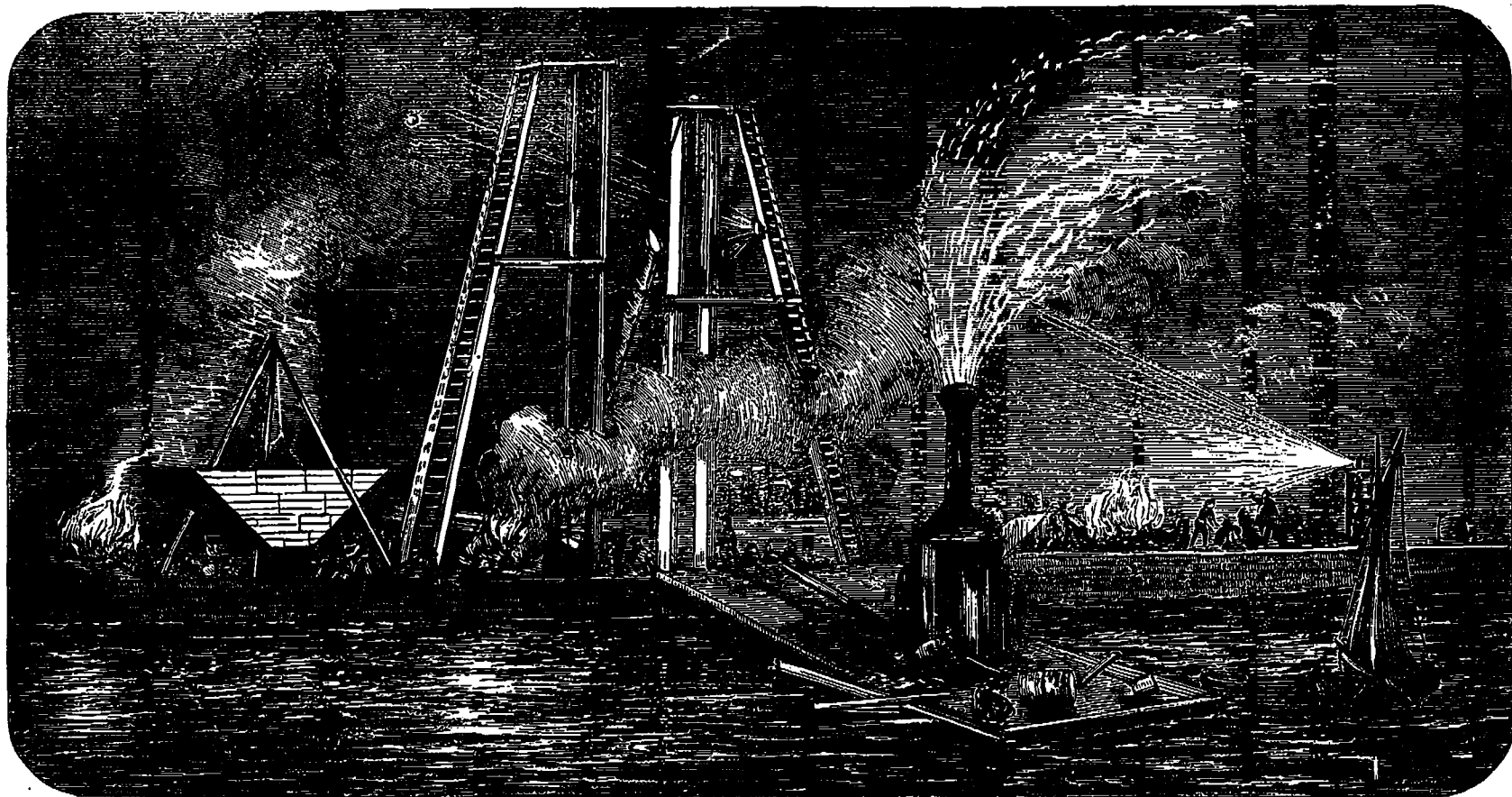
THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

Arrangements are now being made for the establishment of an English Land Emigration Company.

The object of the Company is to purchase two or more townships from the Government on the Kaministiquia river, including the new townships of Paipooenge and Nee-bing. A portion of these townships belongs to Joseph Peau du Chat and his tribe, consisting of some two or three hundred Ojibway Indians, whose reserve on the Kaministiquia commences about two miles from Fort William on the right bank of the river, and runs westerly parallel to the shores of the lake for six miles, thence northerly four miles, and thence to the right bank of the Kaministiquia. Here is situated the Mission of the Immaculate Conception near the foot of McKay's mountain, which has an altitude of 1,000 feet above the lake. The area of the reserve is about twenty-five square miles, and there would probably, not be much difficulty in making arrangements with the Indians for the purchase of their lands. The flanks of McKay's mountain support a heavy

growth of hardwood timber, as do also the flanks of many of the trap ranges between the Kaministiquia and Pigeon rivers. On White Fish River, some eighteen miles from Fort William, Capt. Palliser found open larch woods, through which he and his companion, Dr. Hector, were capable of travelling on foot at the rate of three-and-a-half miles per hour for twenty-seven miles, between the White Fish river and the Kaministiquia. From this it may be inferred, that land fit for cultivation is not confined to the valley of the Kaministiquia below the falls of Kakabeka, but that west of that river a very considerable area of good land exists, besides the trap ranges before mentioned. The English Company will not only endeavour to secure a tract of land near Fort William, but will make an effort to obtain possession of the large area of cultivable land about the Prairie Portage, in view of the completion of a line of communication between Lake Superior and Red River.—*Board of Arts Journal.*

It is reported that a thorough examination is to be made by the Government of all the railways in the Province.



A NIGHT VIEW OF THE WORKS FOR THE G. T. R. ELEVATOR, TORONTO. (DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.) SEE PAGE 26.

INDIAN LUXURIES.

My wife and I were sitting, after tea, playing at backgammon, and enjoying the cool breeze that came through the open venetians when suddenly it began to rain. In an instant the room swarmed with insects of all sorts. There was the beautiful large green mantis; and, as we were watching his almost human motions, a grasshopper and a large brown cricket flew against my face; while a great cockroach, full three inches long, came on my wife's neck, and began running about her head and face and dress; the flying ant, which emits a most nauseous effluvia, and the flying-bug, black, and about the size of an English one, which, if you crush him, will make your fingers smell most dreadfully for many hours, and with these our clothes were covered, and we were obliged to keep brushing them away from our faces, but with very gentle handling; and then came two or three hornets, which sent Mrs. Acland to bed to get under the mosquito curtains, where none of these horrid creatures can get at her. I sat up trying to read, but buzz came a mosquito on the side of my face, up went my hand a tremendous slap on the cheek to kill the tormentor, and buzz he went on again.—Then I felt something big burying itself in my hair, and then came buzz on the other side, and then all around; presently, with

a loud hum, a great rhinoceros-beetle dashed into my face. I now began to take some of the animals out of my hair, and the first I touched was a flying-bug; the stench was dreadful.

I nearly fell over a toad on which I trod, and reached my bed-room to find eighteen or twenty great toads croaking in different parts of the room, and five large bats were whirling round the bed. Having washed my hands in eau-de-cologne, I quickly undressed and fell asleep. In the course of the night a troop of jackals surrounded the house, and by their frightful yells soon drove away all idea of rest; and then, about four o'clock, as we were just dozing off again, comes the roll of the drum and the loud voice of the trumpet, the tramp of the soldiers, the firing, and all the bustle of the parade; and, as soon as that is over, comes the changing guard, and the 'shoulder arm,' and the 'quick march,' near our house, and so we got up. Then comes the bath, the greatest luxury of the day (the water just cooler than the air,) into which I got with a book, lie there an hour reading, get out and partly dress, and then admit my man to wash my feet in cold water, and to shampoo me and brush my hair, whilst another brings me a cup of delicious coffee or a glass of sherbet; and then breakfast, with an enormous fan swinging to and fro over our heads; and the heat, and the discomfort, and languor till five o'clock,

agreeably diversified only by a bottle of beer cooled with saltpetre and water; and then a drive, and tea, and musquitoes again, and so on.—*Manners and Customs of India.*

SWEDISH LAW WITH RESPECT TO INTOXICATION.

The laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigour in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk, is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second, six, for the third and fourth, a still larger sum; and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence a fifth time; he is shut up in a house of correction, and condemned to six months' hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to a twelvemonth's punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, an auction, &c., the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance in a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the person is a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offence loses his benefice; if it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are sus-

pending, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies when drunk is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicit to sell, any spirituous liquors to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison and detained till sober, without, however, being on that account exempted from the fines. One half of these fines goes to the informers (who are generally police officers,) the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern-keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.

The wife of the Rev. Joseph Evans of the Presbyterian church of Canada, in the township of Litchfield, county of Pontiac, C. E., was burned to death on Thursday last, her dress having come in contact with the flames of the stove.

A heavy snow storm visited Woodstock on Thursday. Snow also fell in Guelph and London.

Literary Notices.

The Westminster Review, October, 1862.
Hamilton: Eastwood & Co.

The contents of the present *Westminster* are: Essays and Reviews; Dr. Lushington's Judgment; The British Sea Fisheries; Railways, their Cost and Profits; Gibraltar; The Encyclopædia Britannica; Idees Napoleoniennes, the Second Empire; The Religious Difficulties of India; The Slave Power, and Contemporary Literature.

Of these, the first possesses a peculiar interest at the present moment, when the expected advent of Bishop Colenso's book is agitating the press, the pulpit and the public; and the second contains much curious information respecting the population of the great deep, which it seems we are thinning out at a fearful rate. The article on Railways is both interesting and exhaustive, and ought to be in the hands of every railroad official who wishes to master the history of the wonderful innovation that has partially annihilated time and space, and has given to himself a respectable means of livelihood. Its interest is wide enough to warrant more being said about it than space at present permits, and we shall make it the text of at least another article in future numbers. Gibraltar, its history and its fourteen sieges, is a theme of never failing attraction, which loses none of its charms for military or non-military readers, in the pages of the first of English quarterlies. The article on the Encyclopædia Britannica is not only a review of the twenty-one volumes the Messrs. Black of Edinburgh have handed over to the tender mercies of a voraciously reading public, but is also a brief but valuable account of Encyclopædias from the first one worthy of the name—the Arabian Al-Farabius, of which the manuscript exists in the Escorial, down to the latest Edinburgh triumph of author printer and publisher. We shall recur again to the article on Napoleon, which marks another stage in the gradual change of opinion respecting the author of the coup d'état, which has been going on in the *Westminster* and out of it, since the day when the debtor of London Jews, the frequenter of London brothels, and the member of the highly distinguished order of London special constables vaulted into the throne of France. The religious difficulties of India and the black difficulty of our neighbours are admirably treated, and will doubtless receive well deserved attention. Amongst the subjects treated of in Contemporary Literature are: Herbert Spencer's 'First Principles'; Ruskin's Political Economy; three or four works on the present aspect of affairs in the States; Trollope's 'North America'; 'The Policy of Denmark,' in which an admirable explanation is furnished of the celebrated vexed question of Schleswig Holstein, about which so much is said and so little is known; the State Papers of the reigns of Henry VIII., Charles I., and Charles II.; The Reign of Terror in France, 1791 '94; Supplementary Despatches of the Duke of Wellington; The Histories of New South Wales; Hawaii; Short hand Writing; and the Temperance Movement in Great Britain and Ireland; Carlyle's Frederick the Great; Jefferson and the American Democracy; Italy under Victor Emmanuel; Count Cavour; Thomas Hartwell Horne; Captain Gronow; Fichte; and Thackeray's 'Philip.'

We recommend this to our readers as a most valuable number of the *Westminster*, which is the ablest, the bravest, and the most readable of English quarterlies.

The Atlantic Monthly, December, 1862.
Hamilton: Eastwood & Co.

What the *Westminster* is to England the *Atlantic Monthly* is to America—the bravest, ablest, most outspoken and most original of its brethren. The greatest names that adorn American literature contribute to its pages, and delight and instruct its readers. The honored name of Emerson heads a list in which we find amongst others: Nathaniel Hawthorne, Russell Lowell, Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Stowe, O. W. Holmes, Henry Giles, Gail Hamilton, Thoreau, Agassiz, Curtis, Whittier, and Longfellow—a matchless array of genius and talent. The present number opens with a charming article on 'The Procession of the Flowers.' 'One of my Clients' is a story of lawyer-life of absorbing interest; 'The Fossil Man' takes us back through countless ages to the era of the 'Pre-Adamitic Man'; and 'Life in the Open Air' takes us into the 'temple of immensity,' and gives us some quiet refreshing views and original descriptions of that vast building. 'My Hunt after the Captain' will have a numerous circle of readers. Lovers of good fiction will enjoy the stories entitled 'A Woman,' 'Mrs. Axtell,' and lovers of dear old mother England will pause over the

article 'About Warwick,' which describes that ancient town and pleasantly relates everything of interest respecting it. Poems entitled 'The Cumberland,' and 'Waiting,' and the usual quantity of reviewing conclude our inventory of this *Atlantic*, which is at least an average one.

Harper's Magazine, December, 1862.
Hamilton: Eastwood & Co.

Harper's Magazine, affluent in excellent reading matter—the cream of the best English monthlies, and the contributions of able American pens, and profuse with attractive illustrations, some of them by Millais, and all of them in good taste and well executed, comes to charm us with its beauty, and delight us with its wit, and instruct us with its wisdom. If it only came once in a life time we might say something original about it, but as it comes every month we can only repeat old praise of it. Taking into account the immense quantity of excellent reading matter and the profusion of beautiful and interesting illustrations it contains, it is simply the cheapest Magazine in the world. The present number commences a new volume, and affords an excellent opportunity to intending subscribers. The illustrated articles are: Waiting for the Children: a poem of Thanksgiving, of touching pathos and pious tendency; Poland Underground, which delineates with pen and pencil, the wonderland of the Salt Mines; Gas and Gas-making; The Stamp Act Congress; Romola; Orley Farm; The Small House at Allington; The Fashions, &c. Orley Farm, by Trollope, is concluded; Mistress and Maid, by Miss Muloch, rapidly approaches the end; The small house at Allington, promises to be one of the very best stories yet written by Trollope; and Romola increases in interest and limns, in one brief glimpse with admirable truthfulness a characteristic likeness of Italy's eloquent patriot-priest, Savonarola, and brings more fully into play the peculiar power and the mellowed wisdom of the Authoress of Adam Bede and the Mill on the Floss. Of other articles meriting special commendation, space does not permit us to speak, with the exception of an interesting paper entitled Random Recollections of a Life, which treats of such personages as George III., Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Kemble, Byron, Sheridan, Lady Lovelace, Napoleon, Bishop Heber, Walter Scott, Canning, the Havlocks, Louis Philippe, the Duke of Wellington, Lady Blessington, the Napiers, Thomas Hood, Charles Dickens, Lord Palmerston, Queen Victoria, &c.

PERSONAL.

Lord Palmerston has entered on his 78th year.

Miss Burdett Coutts has given £1,100 to the Cotton District Relief Fund.

The Lord Chancellor has stated that he will contribute £30 per month, for four months, to the Lancashire Relief Fund.

Sir William Mills, Bart., announces his intention of giving £5 a week to the distressed operatives so long as the cotton famine lasts.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Times* asserts that Count Persigny, from having been one of the most anti-papal Ministers, has become all at once vigorously opposed to a united Italy.

At a public dinner at Copenhagen, the Prince of Denmark, referring to the marriage of his daughter with the Prince of Wales, said he thanked God for this alliance, which was not contracted for political motives, but was the result of reciprocal affection.

PRESIDENT OF THE GRAND TRUNK.—Mr. Watkin has been chosen President of the Grand Trunk, in place of Mr. John Ross. The seat of power will now be in London, and not in Canada, but we presume that Mr. Watkin will spend a considerable portion of his time in the province.

An American has discovered an amazing resemblance between Cromwell and General Fremont. The former parted his hair in the middle, so does the latter!

The late Mr. Joseph Almond Cropper, barrister, who died in London, in September last, has left nearly fifty thousand pounds to various charitable institutions.

M. Jourard, the eminent French geographer, is dead. He was the last survivor of the Egyptian Expedition, and knew well Kleber, Desaix, Monge, and all the celebrated actors in the imperial drama.

Mrs. General Fremont has written a book called the 'Star of the Guard,' designed as a defence of her husband's campaign in Missouri.

The Field and Garden

WINDOW PLANTS.—Window Plants should not be kept very warm at this season. They should have all the sun and air, and as little of the artificial heat of the room as possible. These remarks apply especially to Mignonette, which is very impatient of in-door confinement. Succulents, such as Cacti, are excellent window plants in this respect, as the dry air does not affect them. To keep the air about the plants moist, is one of the secrets of window-culture. Some who have very fine windows well stocked with fine plants, make glazed cases with folding doors of them, by which, when the room is highly heated and very dry, they can be enclosed in an atmosphere of their own. In such cases, ferns and mosses can be grown to perfection, and pendant plants in hanging vases give a Brazilian forest appearance to our happy Christmas homes.

GERMAN METHOD OF MAKING FLOWERS BLOOM IN WINTER.—We saw off such a branch of any tree or shrub as will answer our purpose, and lay it for an hour or two in a running stream or under a hydrant, the object of this being to thaw the ice from the bark and soften the buds. Then we carry it into one of our warm rooms, and fit it upright in a tube or box full of water.—Fresh burnt lime is then put into the water, and allowed to remain in it about twelve hours, when it must be taken out and fresh water added, in which a very small quantity of vitriol (sulphuric acid) must be stirred, which will prevent its putrefying. In the course of twenty-four hours the flower-buds begin to make their appearance, and afterwards the leaves. If more lime be used, the process is accelerated; while if not used at all, the leaves appear before the blossoms, and sometimes the flowers come not at all.

REMEDY AGAINST THE APPLE TREE BORER.—On visiting the farm of Mr. Kenrick, of Dover, Mass., a few days since, our attention was attracted to one of the finest apple orchards that we have ever seen of its age—ten years from the nursery. Noticing the freedom of the trees from the borer, we asked Mr. K. what mode he adopted to keep off that insect. He stated that he kept the ground under cultivation, generally planting it with potatoes, and at the last hoeing—the last of June or first of July—he had a mound of earth raised around each tree, to the height of seven or eight inches. When the beetle comes to the tree to deposit its eggs, it places them on the bark just at the surface of the earth, not being able to get at the tree nearer the roots. In the fall, the earth which had been drawn round the tree is hauled away, leaving the part attacked by the borer in plain sight, and as the larvae have made but a slight entrance, they are easily destroyed.

TO PRESERVE POTATOES.—The potatoe crop is too valuable this season to be lost by rot if it can be saved. A correspondent of the 'Scientific American' says he has tried the following plan for keeping potatoes for four years, and not lost a bushel in that time after they were harvested, though they were half diseased when taken out of the ground:—Dust over the floor of the bin with lime and put in about six or seven inches deep of potatoes, and dust with lime as before. Put in six or seven inches more of potatoes, and lime again; repeat the operation till all are stowed in that way.—One bushel of lime will do for forty bushels of potatoes, though more will not hurt them, the lime rather improving the flavor than otherwise.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.—We regret to learn that there is only the very slightest foundation for the report of Miss Nightingale's restoration to health. She is able to remove from one place of residence to another—a very few miles—once a year, but she is scarcely able to leave her bed in the intervals, and quite unable to struggle with the flood of correspondence and applications of all kinds which the report of her partial recovery has brought upon her.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGNIFICATION.—'Alabama' signifies, in the Indian language, 'Here we rest.' A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe in the trackless forest in the Southwest. Weary and travel-worn they reached a noble river which flowed through a beautiful country. The chief of the band struck his tent-pole in the ground exclaiming, 'Alabama!—Alabama!' ('Here we shall rest! here we shall rest!')

The Cambridge Debating Club have decided against non-intervention in America by a majority of 117 to 33. It is noticeable, says the *Star*, that the eldest son of Earl Russell spoke against the motion.

Wit and Wisdom.

Why is a sawyer like a lawyer?—Because whichever way he goes down comes the dust.

An unbound book might appropriately say to a calf or a sheep, 'I wish I were in your skin.'

Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of it, but is good natured enough if you meet it like a man.

Ladies, if your husbands scold you for buying too expensive cuffs, give them a few smart ones to quiet them.

A man comes to church and falls asleep, as though he had been brought in for a corpse, and the preacher were preaching at his funeral.

'I say, Pat, what are you about, sweeping out the room?' 'No,' answered Pat, 'I am sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room.'

Rich men have commonly more need to be taught contentment than the poor, because all men's expectations grow faster than their fortunes.

A newly married couple, riding in a carriage, were overturned, whereupon a stander-by said it was a shocking sight. 'Yes,' said the gentleman, 'to see those just wedded fall out so soon.'

A man who has addressed a stranger by mistake, apologises by saying, 'I was mistaken in the person.' Many a married couple might make the same apology to each other.

An old maid, who has her eye a little sideways on matrimony, says:—'The curse of war is, that it makes so many widows, who are fierce to get married again, and who know how to do it. Modest girls stand no chance at all.'

A gentleman, whiskered up to the eyes, was passing along the street when a couple of jolly tars, on a land-cruise, observed him. 'Shiver my timbers, Jack,' said one to the other, 'that fellow looks like a rat peeping out of a bunch of oakum!'

LORD ERSKINE.—When his Lordship was admitted a member of the Fishmonger's Company, he of course made a speech. On coming home he said to a friend: 'I spoke ill to-day, and stammered and hesitated in the opening.' His friend replied: 'You certainly floundered, but I thought you did so in compliment to the Fishmongers.'

SUGGESTIVE AND USEFUL EXCERPTS.

It is a proof of the high estimation which the world, after all, places upon intellect.—That every mother would rather know her child was clever than comely. They fall back on the comely when the clever is out of the question.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple frank man without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor.

For such a one we would gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

The copyright on Dr. Kane's work, which Mr. Childs of Pennsylvania has paid over to the lamented author and his heirs, is sixty thousand dollars, a larger sum than was ever realized on a book by any author in the English language. The nearest approach to it was in the case of Lord Macaulay, whose publishers paid eleven thousand pounds for his 'History of England.'

An exchange says:—We have found that refined petroleum is about the best liquid that can be used for wiping out a rifle barrel, which should always be as bright as a looking glass, or good shooting cannot be expected from it. A rifle oiled with refined petroleum, in which a little bees-wax has been dissolved, may be laid by for a year without a speck of rust gathering upon it.

We hear from Paris of the exhibition on the Boulevard Magenta, of the figure of a woman so constructed as to sing various songs. A tube of Indian rubber represents the larynx; the voice has a compass of two octaves. The inventor is Mr. Faber, formerly professor of mathematics in Germany.

Mr. Bonner, it is said, has, with his usual enterprise in his search for literary novelties, engaged a new story from the racy pen of Captain Mayne Reid, one of the most popular writers of romance and fiction in England.

The present British Consul at Spezzia is the Irish novelist, Charles Lever.

NORTHEY'S PATENT HIGH-PRES-SURE EXPANSION STEAM ENGINE.

The patentee has produced a steam engine, which requires only to be known to be appreciated, and we doubt not will soon be extensively used. It is simple in construction, and is therefore not easily put out of repair; it is portable, requiring no building under it, a cast-iron base forming the sole-plate, and may be set up anywhere, and started at once; it requires no chimney shaft, and as an economizer of fuel, consumes only two dollars worth per week.

The engine represented in the engraving is five-horse power, and shown complete in all its parts. It received the 'Extra Prize and Diploma' at the Exhibition in Toronto, 1862. The steam is admitted only once in a revolution, and makes, therefore, but one exhaust, instead of two as in the common engine, the up-stroke being made altogether by the expansive power of the steam which drives the piston down, causing the engine to work with a four or six fold expansion; or, in other words, the up-stroke is made by what would be the exhaust steam in the common engine, thus a saving in steam of at least one hundred per cent., as compared with an engine working non-expansively, is thereby effected, and is done with fifty per cent. less number of parts, and consequently less repairs than any other engine known to the inventor. It is peculiarly adapted for driving machinery where the oil cannot be used as fuel, such as printing, pumping, stamping, winding or hoisting, grinding, carding, spinning, weaving, oil refining, &c., and also for marine purposes.

One of these engines, a five horse power, has been working in the shop of the patentee for the past thirteen months, costing not one cent for repairs during that time, and driving from two to four iron turning lathes ten hours each day, from ten to twelve days in succession, consuming only one cord of the best maple wood during the whole time, with an average attendance of two or three minutes per hour.

One very important feature claimed by Mr. Northey is the entire absence of danger from fire, as the floor is protected by a cast Iron water-pan underneath the whole machine. The Engine only occupies the space of a moderate sized box stove.

Some of these engines are already in use in the Province, and give the utmost satisfaction, having come up to all that is claimed for them by Mr. Northey. Their adaptability to so great a variety of purposes, and the small space they occupy rendering them available where ordinary engines cannot be used, are advantages, though they possessed no others, which will soon bring them more prominently before the public. Mr. Northey of Hamilton is the patentee.

DINNER BY THE DIAL.—In the time of Aristophanes, (says Sir George Cornwall Lewis, in his History of the Astronomy of the Ancients,) and even in that of Menander, the common mode of denoting the time of day at Athens was by the length of the shadow of the gnomon. A person was invited to dinner by asking him to come when the shadow of the gnomon was so many feet long. This mode of measuring time supposes either that reference was made to some common gnomon, or to a gnomon of recognized length. Menander tells a ludicrous story of a man who, being invited to supper when the sun's shadow was twelve feet long—that is, apparently, when it was of great length, and therefore late in the afternoon) mistook the shadow of the moon for that of the sun, and thinking he was after his time, arrived at daybreak. A passage in Eubulus (a contemporary of Demosthenes) is so mutilated that it is in part unintelligible; but its general meaning is, that a person invited to supper when the shadow of the gnomon was twenty feet long, comes early in the morning, making excuses for his pretended lateness. Plutarch speaks of a parasite as measuring the length of the shadow, in order to ascertain the dinner hour.

TOM SCOTT AND MARY JOHNSTON.

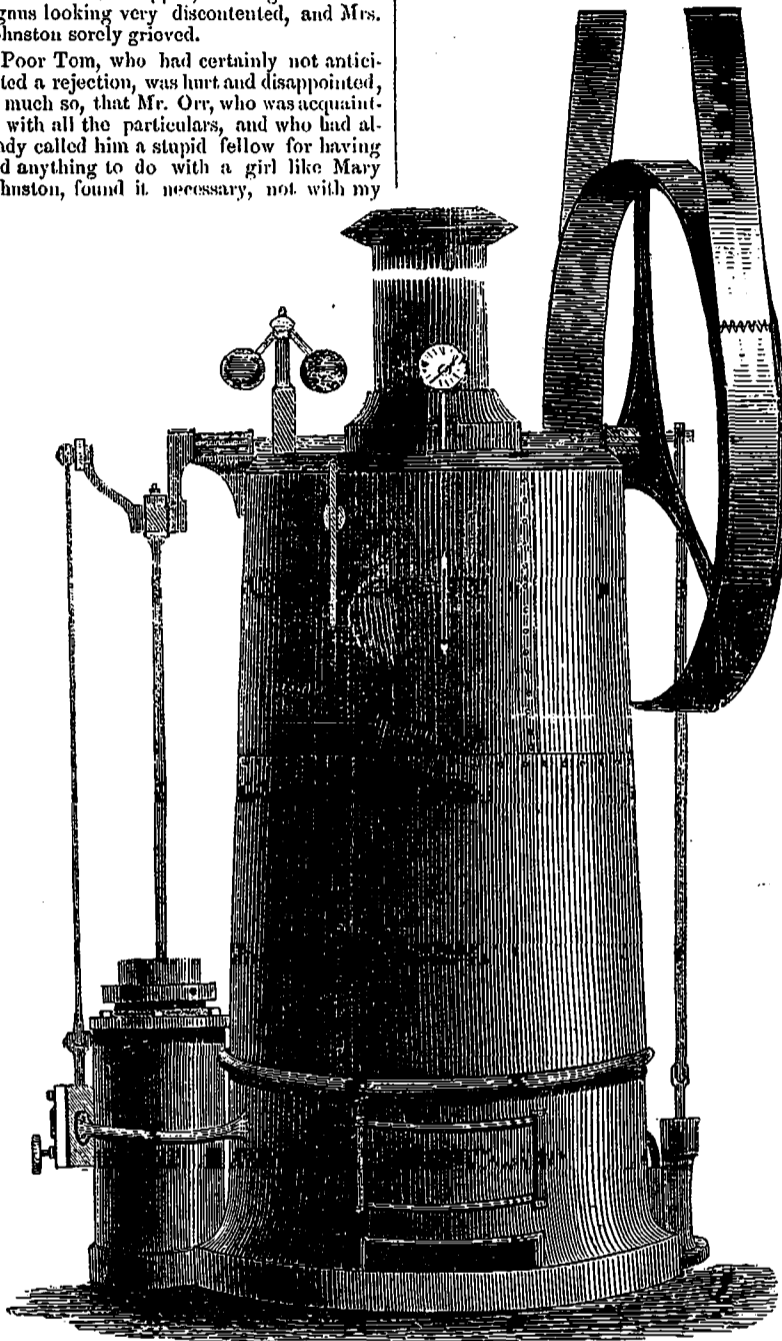
[CONTINUED.]

'Well, Mary, since you hold such opinions,' said her mother, hurriedly, 'I suppose Mr. Scott's offer must be politely declined; but you will tell him from me, Mrs. Orr, that I at least am very much obliged to him for the honor he has done Mary, and am very sorry to find she can vex me so much by refusing him.'

I assented, and Mary made no demur at the message, although her lip was put up at the expression honor having been done her, and the matter dropped, leaving Anne and Agnes looking very discontented, and Mrs. Johnston sorely grieved.

Poor Tom, who had certainly not anticipated a rejection, was hurt and disappointed, so much so, that Mr. Orr, who was acquainted with all the particulars, and who had already called him a stupid fellow for having had anything to do with a girl like Mary Johnston, found it necessary, not with my

advice or concurrence, or even my knowledge, however, to be guilty of a certain breach of confidence, in repeating to him some of Mary's expressions. Tom being human, resented them, and there is no better cure for a love-sick heart than a little wholesome anger. He left Mrs. Johnston's house immediately, but took great pains to convince me he entertained no displeasure against any of the family, which, with the exception of Mary, I am sure he did not. Shortly afterwards Tom Scott obtained the partnership in the house which he had expected, and fortunately perhaps, it required him to reside in Lyons, where a branch of the firm was



NORTHEY'S PATENT HIGH PRESSURE EXPANSION STEAM ENGINE.

established, and to which he set out immediately.

During the next summer, Mrs. Johnston took lodgings at Portobello for Agnes, who had always been delicate, and who was recommended sea-bathing; Mary was to accompany her. I remember Mary called upon me the night before she left; she was in high spirits, and laughingly boasted of the loads of books and work Agnes and she were to take down with them, and of the many long sea-side rambles they were to have before they returned to town; and I fancy Mary, like many other girls of eighteen, expected to get a lover at the sea-side.

During one of these rambles the Johnstons did encounter a young physician, who, while attending college several years before, boarded with their mother. He was established, with a promising practice, at Alnwick, I think, but had then left his patients under a substitute, and was visiting his family, who, like the Johnstons, were in summer lodgings at Portobello. Very naturally, the young gentleman renewed his intimacy with his two old acquaintances, and the consequence was his marriage, in about six months, not with Mary, the beauty, but with Agnes.

It was considered a capital marriage for Agnes Johnston; her husband had the world to work for, to be sure, but what of that, many young people have that to do, and his prospects were certainly better than most. Then it was what is called a genteel marriage;

for the bridegroom was rising in the profession of a gentleman, and had excellent connexions; namely, a cousin, a landed proprietor of considerable extent, and a half-brother a colonel in the army; so the young couple went off with great style, from the house of one of Agnes's uncles, in the carriage and pair of the cousin, the landed proprietor, borrowed for the occasion. Altogether, it was a much more fashionable affair than Mary's would have been had she accepted Tom Scott; the only drawback was, that Northumberland and Alnwick were not quite so conveniently near the remainder of her family as would have been the first flat in Anne street.

It was at Agnes's marriage that 'A' body's like to be married but me,' was first connected in my mind with Mary. Mr. Orr and I had been honored by an invitation to see the ceremony performed, as family friends of the Johnstons, and, besides, near neighbors and intimate acquaintances with the solicitor, at whose house it took place; and after Agnes and her husband, with part of the company, had left, to stay to a quiet family dinner. During dinner, and after the gentlemen had joined us ladies in the drawing-room, we had all been discussing, not only the wedding we had just seen celebrated, but all the other weddings just happened or about to be amongst our acquaintances.

'A' body's like to be married but me,' eh, Miss Mary?' exclaimed Mr. Orr, during

a pause; a general laugh followed, in which Mary joined, but she had the want of tact to show herself a little piqued by the raillery which ensued on Mr. Orr's quotation.

Mary had, I doubt not, as the acknowledged beauty of the family, expected to be herself the first married; and I for one would have said she would; but proofs are showered upon us every day that there is no accounting for tastes.

Mr. Orr never forgot Mary's mistake in allowing him to see where her vanity might be easiest wounded. From the day of Agnes's marriage he never missed, every time they met, joking Mary about the probability of her being an old maid.

At first, I dare say, Mary, as every one else did, thought that very unlikely; but when four years passed, and Anne, following Agnes's example, became a matron likewise, and Mary still flirted away with her mother's boarder's, was still the great attention at her uncle's dinners and evening parties for the younger part of his guests, but (it was very provoking no one got serious with Mary,) without having one more opportunity of committing matrimony, I dare say she began to feel a little nervous on the subject; for Mary had no vocation for lonely spinsterhood, and saw the prospect of herself becoming a maiden aunt, a 'Miss Becky Duguid,' with little equanimity. Certainly she liked Mr. Orr's quotation worse and worse, although she affected not to mind it, and even went so far as to purchase a copy of the song, and sung it to him every time they met; that very action proved that Mary took the words to heart. I am not quite sure whether Mary did not begin to look back upon Tom Scott's refusal with a little remorse.

Another year, and Mary, at three-and-twenty, seemed at last really going to get married, and the connexion she appeared about to form was one which would have satisfied her prejudices even in the days she refused my cousin, Tom Scott.

Next to the handsome young officers whom she met at her uncle's, Mary admired the lively dashing young barristers she also frequently encountered there; and it was one of them, the second son of an eminent advocate, who now paid her those marked attentions which generally precede an engagement.

Most of Mary's acquaintances considered the engagement had already taken place. I thought it was only about to follow. One thing we agreed upon, 'It was a match that we all must approve.'

Mrs. Johnston began to inquire after Tom Scott without the faintest sigh. How very fortunate the Johnstons have been, was ejaculated in various tones.

Mary began actually to enjoy Mr. Orr's unfailing 'A' body's like to be married but me.'

I called one evening on this time on the Johnstons, and was so lucky as to get a sight of the barrister. Mrs. Johnston was out, and he and Mary were enjoying a tete-a-tete.

Mrs. Hall, in one of her tales, has said 'that evening calls, when young men are the parties who make them and young ladies the parties called upon, are very suspicious.' Truly this one seemed to be so, if I might judge from the manner of the young barrister (very handsome he was I must say, but I thought of cousin Tom, and was proof against all his fascinations,) who was bending over and whispering to Mary, who, looking provokingly crimson and conscious, sat knitting a purse; not the same one she was occupied with when Tom Scott's case was decided, but Mary must have been fond of knitting purses. I told Mr. Orr, when I went home, that he might drop his favourite song, with regard to Mary Johnston at least; narrating what I had seen, and drawing my own conclusions from it. Mr. Orr had always scouted the idea of Mary's marriage with the barrister, and I triumphed in the impression that my present narration would convince him of the fallacy of his belief as to the whole affair. No such thing; he was more confirmed in his heresy than ever.

'You are so apt to be taken in, Charlotte,' was his flattering commentary; 'you are quite in error in your present views; I know Kerr very well, and, believe me, he is not the person to marry a girl like Mary Johnston; he is too much of a coxcomb, and too mercenary, besides, to think of any such thing. I argued stoutly, but in vain, in defence of my judgment and clear-sightedness.'

The next time I saw Mary Johnston the whole matter was completely blown over; it was merely one of those unmeaning *pour-passer-le-temps* flirtations some gay, honorable young gentlemen do not scruple to indulge a little in.

And, as it turned out afterwards, Mr. Kerr, Mary's lover, was engaged all the time

to another young lady, to whom he was shortly after united; probably he had wished to enjoy one more bachelor escapade before he sunk down into a sober married man.

Tom Scott was avenged, though happily the flirtation was too fleeting to allow Mary's affections to become engaged: it was only her pride that was wounded; she was quite able to laugh off the whole story with whomsoever chose to mention it. But she was deeply mortified, as any woman in like circumstances is, though braving with smiling lip the laughter or pity of her acquaintances, and the caustic remarks of Mr. Orr. Yes, Mary was bitterly mortified, and most of all things by the unconcealed disappointment of her mother.

I always respected Mary afterwards for having borne it so bravely; it certainly was of service to her too; it carried off a great part of her vanity and her affectation, but that had been gradually wearing off for a long time. The affectation of a girl, if not rooted very deep, often disappears before she has reached one-and-twenty. Be that as it may, certain it is, after Mary's desertion by the handsome young barrister, I never remarked one single trait that was not quite natural in her speech or actions.

Another three years, and Mary Johnston, at twenty-six, was considered by all her acquaintances a confirmed old maid. She might well now—

'Sit on her creepy and sigh heigh he,
'A' body's like to be married but me.'

Even Mr. Orr, feeling that a joke, when it begins to be a reality, is no joke, was less constant to the subject than of yore. Mary's beauty had not faded; it was only more matured. To my taste, Mary Johnston, with the composure and sedateness of twenty-six summers, was infinitely more attractive than Mary Johnston with the giddiness and vanity of eighteen. But it was neither Mary's age nor appearance that made her so soon to be considered an old maid; for her sister Anne was twenty-seven before she was married, yet she had never been reckoned an old maid. The truth is, age is judged by very different criterions as circumstances differ. Mary had come out a belle and a beauty a great deal too soon, and it is a well known fact, that those envied personages pay the penalty for their popularity by growing much sooner old than more private individuals; and that, with the Johnston's house probably being less attractive than formerly, when there were three agreeable girls in place of a solitary one, might be the reason Mary remained unsought, while her sisters and a whole host of friends and acquaintances, both mentally and personally inferior, became matrons before her.

One day, about this time, Mary Johnston was telling me of some improbable marriage which she heard was about to take place with regard to two of our mutual acquaintances, and finished by observing, 'If Mr. Orr were here, you know what he would say, 'A' body's like to be married but me; don't you think so, Miss Mary?' 'Well, I believe he will be right,' she added laughing. 'Who knows,' I replied thoughtlessly; 'for I have just heard Tom Scott is on his way home to pay us all a few months' visit, and we may expect him in Edinburgh some of these days.' The moment I said these words I regretted having done so, for although Mary tried to laugh the matter off, I saw by the rapid and painful flush on her cheek, that she considered what I had said to imply that she would be very glad to take Tom Scott now.

The next time I met Mary was at a great dinner at Claremont Crescent, given by an old friend of Tom Scott's in honor of his return, and to which the Johnstons happened to be invited. Tom Scott acted well towards Mary, although he had provocation to do otherwise, but at the same time his conduct was calculated to show the fallacy of any expectation of his old penchant being revived. Poor Mary, if Tom could have triumphed over her, he would have done so in her quiet sobered down manners; in the attention which she received being bestowed almost solely by the married men of the party; in the sudden and unnoticed paleness of her cheek when he advanced towards her; in the momentary glance at him, as dinner was announced, and he advanced as if to offer her his arm, but in fact to do so to a really beautiful girl, at the age Mary was when he left Edinburgh, and her cousin, being the eldest daughter of one of the solicitors.

During the evening, at least one half of the company being young people, dancing was proposed. Mary, I saw, would fain have been the musician all the time, but was not permitted, and she was condemned to dance exactly opposite her well meaning but rather

manœuvring aunt, and be a witness how well pleased she seemed with Tom Scott for a partner to her fair and well portioned daughter, Tom now being considered in a fair way of becoming a very extensive and wealthy merchant.

When the dancing was almost concluded, their host tapped Tom Scott on the back, and asked him, laughing, if he had danced with every young lady in the room, an old amiable habit of Tom's.

Tom, who delighted to see all his old friends again, was the very picture of enjoyment, answered merrily that he thought he had, but corrected himself immediately, 'No, I have forgotten Miss Mary Johnston.'

Poor Mary, eight years ago how proud Tom was to get her for a partner, and even when dancing with any one else, he had no eyes but for Mary. She heard it all now. Tom, in his perfect innocence of all intention to hurt her feelings, could not, although he had tried it, have fixed on a better plan of humiliation. I also overheard Tom's *mal apropos* speech, and glancing at Mary to see its effect, saw for an instant the convulsive quiver of the lips, which is often the only symptom of mental suffering. My readers may consider the occasion did not call forth such distress, but Mary was thinking how foolishly she had dashed the cup of happiness from her lips; how she was reaping the harvest her own hands had sown; was thinking how different she would have been as Tom Scott's wife, supported by his kind arm, and cherished by his affectionate heart. Her vanity was sorely punished.

Next day I called at Claremont Crescent for a shawl I had forgotten the previous evening. 'See, Mary Johnston has as short a memory as you,' said the lady of the house, laughing, holding up Mary's gloves, which she, like me, had left behind her, 'I said; 'I half intended calling for her to-day at any rate.'

'Will you take me with you?' asked Tom Scott, who was present. 'I ought to call on my old friend, Mrs. Johnston, some of these days.'

I accepted Tom's escort, and in a short time we were at our destination. As we ascended the stairs, and after we entered the sitting-room, Tom looked round about him on all the old familiar objects with an odd sort of expression, as if he recollected for the first time that eight years ago he had really sought to make Mary Johnston his wife. 'Everything quite the same,' he half soliloquised, half observed to me, before Mrs. Johnston and Mary joined us.

Mrs. Johnston received Tom in a kind but rather flattered manner, and seemed to be completely absorbed in the effort to give him the Mr. Scott of the merchant, while the more familiar Mr. Tom of the clerk was ever coming out. Mary was perfectly composed but looking pale and ill.

'You have been very fortunate since you went away from us, Mr. Tom,' (Mr. Scott being dropped at his own request,) said Mrs. Johnston, after a pause, and unconsciously sighing.

Tom assented.

'You will find a great many changes, I dare say; you would hear of all their marriages; poor things, they have been very fortunate. Agnes has got four children, she would have had five, but her youngest, a nice boy, died of croup three months ago.'

'Indeed,' observed Tom, 'very distressing.' And Anne has three, the youngest twins. Well, these are alterations,' continued Mrs. Johnston, in a moralising tone; 'what thoughtless young creatures they were when you were with us; if you had seen poor Agnes when she came here for change of scene after the death of her baby—'

'But all of you are not changed,' observed Tom, cheerfully; 'there is yourself, Mrs. Johnston, and my cousin Charlotte here, and Miss Mary.' He added in a lower tone, feeling that he was getting on uncertain ground.

'Oh, I have rheumatism, Mr. Tom, very bad every spring; now, you remember, I had it only once all the time you were here; now I am confined to bed with it a week or two every spring. Mrs. Orr, to be sure, does not look a bit different; only her eldest son, what a great big lad you must have found him, Mr. Tom. As for Mary, poor thing, she has a great deal to do now; no practising whole mornings nor walking whole evenings for her now; there is nobody left to do all the sewing, and look after every thing but her now; she is no more the laughing light-hearted creature she was eight years ago than I am.'

'But, mamma, you could not expect me but to get older in eight years,' said Mary, trying to laugh, as she interrupted her mother's reflections; 'and, as you have said, I have all the dignity and thought of being house-keeper now.'

When we left, Mrs. Johnston asked Tom to come back and see her.

'Oh, yes, he would be very glad to do so,' Tom said, rather carelessly.

Next month, I took lodgings for a few weeks at Lasswade for change of air for the children, and being in Edinburgh one day I called on Mary Johnston, who had been suffering from a bad cold, and invited her to spend a short time with us in the country. Although I ultimately prevailed, Mary was by no means willing to be of my party, bringing forward every possible reason against going except the true one, that she should necessarily be brought much beside Tom Scott, whose younger sister was then also with us, and Tom being in Edinburgh and having nothing to do, and being, besides an affectionate brother, might be expected to be often at Lasswade.

Tom entertained no malice, however, and Mary and he got rather good friends, although no lovers; and from at least one of them once being so, never likely, I feared, to get over a certain awkwardness in every thing relating to each other. At the same time I was much gratified by the frequent visits Tom Scott paid us; there never was such an obliging brother and cousin; he was constantly at our command.

One evening, it happened that Mr. Orr and Catharine Scott and the children, were all in town, when Tom Scott dropped in to take tea with Mary and I. He was in particularly high spirits, and after tea began insisting, with considerable animation, that Mary should sing. Not singing songs off, I had no vocal music with me, except one or two stray songs which had introduced themselves into the package I had sent out for our use, and for which Tom immediately began hunting. Only one he could find, and that the very touching though now sadly hackneyed one of Haynes Bayley, 'Long, long ago.' Mary, from obvious reasons, decidedly declined singing it; but Tom, I concluded, had never heard it, as he kept pressing and insisting, considerably to my amusement, and much to Mary's confusion. Just then I remembered that I had neglected to write a letter in answer to one sent me from a country friend, full of sundry inquires and commissions, the receipt of a reply to which would no doubt be impatiently desired.

Conscientiously shocked at my want of memory, I hurried out of the room, in order to remedy the fault, as well as possible, by writing, and leaving Tom and Mary to settle the affair of the song as pleased them.—When I had done, I went back to the parties I had left. I saw the room still remained unlighted; Tom Scott must have gone, for he and Mary are much too sensible folks to be sitting together in the last remains of twilight. As I entered the lobby, I fancied I heard Tom's voice in the distance; Mary must have got unwell, and retired for the night. I hurried up stairs to ascertain it.—Now, before I proceed farther, I must explain two things. I call all my friends and acquaintances to witness, whether I was ever considered guilty of being that contemptible character an eaves-dropper: and I must state, that Tom Scott was by no means a forward individual, at least I never was aware of any circumstance in which he acted in such a manner as to be deemed so.

Well then, when I reached the door of the drawing-room, my readers will not consider me guilty of any sinister intention in yielding to an involuntary impulse; and, instead of walking at once into the room, pausing first, and popping in my head, to scrutinise what was going on there, before I made myself personally visible. I do not know what had induced me to do so; I am not aware of once having adopted such a practice before or since; but this I do know, I suspected nothing to occasion such a movement of that nature; and therefore was more taken aback by what occurred. There was Tom and Mary, whom I had left scarcely half an hour before, such matter-of-fact rational people, and who, to my belief, were guiltless at that moment of any one return, by word or action, to the half-forgotten story of years ago. There they were, their figures thrown out in a strong relief, by their being seated on a sofa by the side of a blazing fire, the rest of the room remaining in a shadow; and, in short, Tom's arm was where it had no earthly business to be, and Mary's head was behaving no better.

I was petrified, and drew back, scarcely aware whether I was in the room or out. I retreated to my own room, and I believe I must have stayed there fully a quarter of an hour before I recovered from the shock. Then I returned, taking good care to be seized with a bad cough on my way to the drawing-room, and not recovering from it till I entered the room, had the satisfaction of finding every thing quite satisfactory.

On my re-entrance, Tom was lighting the gas in a very animated manner, and Mary was reading the newspapers, a study that did not appear to be favorable to her eyes, which were very red and swollen. I certainly rejoiced most heartily in the fact; I had begun to suspect, that although Tom Scott had returned home, apparently entirely cured of his unfortunate attachment, the distemper had returned upon him more violently than ever. It was the natural consequence in him of circumstances acting on his position, and what I had always considered likely, without going to a French proverb, or to any other precedent whatever on the subject. He had seen her last, in the full triumph of a girl's gratified pride and vanity—self-willed, unreasonable, unjust; he met her again—subdued, sobered, thrown aside. On other men all this might have had little effect; but it would have melted Tom to one in other respects a total stranger, and completely indifferent to him; how much more so when it applied to Mary Johnston; and however he might overlook her at first, it failed not to recall old wishes, old hopes, to revive old strong manly affections, long struggled with, long repressed, never wholly forgotten. I was perfectly acquainted with all this, only I by no means expected such a rapid termination to the affair; that song to which Mary refused to sing to him, that 'Long, long ago,' must, without doubt, have somehow brought it about.

I need not say how highly gratified was Mrs. Johnston and the whole of Mary's remaining kith and kin; Tom Scott's friends, too; every one, in short, who had a real interest in the parties.

I pass over to a call which I received immediately before Mary's marriage from Mrs. Kerr, the lady of the young barrister before mentioned, and with whom, although on my visiting list, I had no particular intimacy. Mrs. Kerr, who by some means was cognisant of the whole story of her husband's flirtation with Mary Johnston, with an entire want of good feeling, good taste, and common sense, had taken the opportunity whenever she chanced to meet her, of triumphing over and slighting her in every possible way.

'So Mary Johnston is to be married at last,' she said to me with affected suavity, then with no little malice proceeded to remark on the uncommon generosity of my relation, Mr. Scott, who, refused when poor, returned with the prospect of wealth to marry the very lady, grown old and faded, who formerly rejected him.

'I have heard instances of far surpassing magnanimity,' drily observed Mr. Orr, who chanced to be present. 'I have heard of ladies who overlooked in their intended husbands conduct so contemptible to themselves as men, so grossly insulting to these same ladies, to their affection and their influence that I have marvelled at their forbearance and charity.'

At Mary's wedding, her cousin, the eldest daughter of one of the solicitors (and, by the way, both Mary's uncles had fulfilled their former promises), sung at the bridegroom's previous request, 'A' body's like to be married but me,' much to the mirth of the guests, few of whom, however, comprehended its late connexion with the bride.

Mrs. Tom Scott is still with her husband at Lyons, but every thing is arranged for their return in the course of the present summer; a house is already taken for them in Doune Terrace, so that Mrs. Johnston, who, I am nappy to say, is a hale, hearty, old lady, bids fair to see her daughter Mary re-established beside her.

Mary has been twice home on a visit since her marriage, and a fair, comely, smiling, sensible young matron she is, very much taken up with a host of children, and the comforts and convenience of their worthy papa, grown fat and jocular. Oh yes! who to read Mary's letters, so very domestic and matronly, so very full of little Bessy, little Mary, little Tom, and that important personage who figures in all families, and is ever changing name and being *baby*—especially so full of old Tom—would not laugh as they compared the wife with the maiden; the good sense, sober happy real life interests and entire home pre-occupations of Mrs. Tom Scott, with the gay, wayward, coquetish Mary Johnston. In Mrs. Tom Scott's last letter I actually caught her boasting of Tom's early hours and taste for home—his never being out of doors without her after nine, at which time he put on dressing-gown and slippers, in short, those very qualifications which Mrs. Johnston had cited in his praise eight years ago, and Mary had so scoffed at. Mr. Orr, as I read it to him, groaned over the domestic subjugation of Tom Scott, as he called it, and the inconsistencies human beings can be guilty of.

ARRIVAL OF THE 'ARABIA.'

The English government has dissented from the French proposal for mediation. The London *Gazette* publishes Earl Russell's official reply, dated Nov. 13. It recapitulates the circular of de L'Huys, proposing mediation. It recognizes the humane views and benevolent intentions of the Emperor, and observes that the concurrence of Russia would be expressly desirable, but up to the present time the Russian government had not agreed to actively co-operate, although it may support the endeavours of England and France. The question for consideration was not attainable at the present time.

Earl Russell then communicates the decision of Her Majesty's government as follows:

After weighing all information received from America, the Government is led to conclude that there is no ground at the present moment to hope that the Federal Government would accept the propositions suggested, and a refusal from Washington at the present time would prevent any speedy renewal of the offices of the Government. Therefore he thinks it better to watch carefully the progress of opinion in America, and if there appears reason to hope it may be found to have undergone, or may undergo any change, this Government may then avail themselves of such change to offer their friendly counsel with a greater prospect than now exists of its being accepted by the two contending parties.

Her Majesty's Government will communicate to the French Government any intelligence they may receive from Washington or Richmond bearing on this important subject.

The London *Times*, editorially observes of Earl Russell's despatch, that his arguments have been anticipated by the public, and that this is the best proof of his soundness.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* says the answer of England and Russia is an adjournment of the American question of mediation. It adds, if our information is correct, the hesitation of England and Russia has nearly reached its limits.

The recent elections testify the progress of peace opinions, which appear likely to command a majority in the next Congress.

CALCUTTA, Oct. 20.

Nothing definite has been ascertained respecting the cause or extent of the late conspiracy.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.

The steamer City of Washington has arrived. News mainly anticipated.

Lord Russell, in a letter to the Chamber of Commerce, relative to the Alabama's doings, says the matter is under the consideration of the Government.

The *Times* shows that the destruction of the British steamer *Blanche* was a flagrant outrage, and doubts not that Earl Russell has taken proper steps to obtain satisfaction.

It is reported that the British steamer *Centonia* has been stopped loading arms, &c., at Cork, for the Confederates, by Great Britain.

Lord Stanley has been speaking in opposition to Cobden's views.

The majority of the Prince of Wales was quietly celebrated.

The new Field Marshals created upon the occasion, are Sir E. Blakely, Duke of Cambridge, and Lords Gough and Clyde.

The Paris *Patrie* calls for satisfaction from the English Government, for illegal boarding of French vessels on the coast of Africa.

The Lord Mayor's customary banquet passed off without political significance.

DIED.

In Hamilton, on Sunday, November 16th, ANNIE HOWLES, daughter of Matthew Howles, formerly of Oldham, England, aged 4 years and 11 months.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

Traffic for Week ending 21st Nov. 1862.

| | |
|------------------------|-------------|
| Passengers | \$20,891 16 |
| Freight and Live Stock | 41,961 72 |
| Mails and Sundries | 2,293 05½ |

Corresponding week last year. \$65,145 93½

Increase 46,106 06

Increase \$19,039 87½

JAMES CHARLTON, Auditor.

AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton.

Commercial.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.

Flour—Receipts 24,599 bbls. Market heavy and declining; sales 7,000 bbls at \$5 55 a \$5 65 for superfine State; \$5 86 a \$6 for extra State; \$5 55 a \$5 65 for superfine Western; \$5 95 a \$6 30 for common to medium extra Western; \$6 70 a \$6 80 for common to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio.

Canadian flour dull and a shade easier; sales 400 bbls at \$5 90 a \$6 15 for common; \$6 20 a \$8 25 for good to choice extra.

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

Wheat—Market dull, heavy and one cent lower.

Rye firm at 82c for Western, and 95c for State.

Barley steady steady at \$1 40 a \$1 60.

Oats quiet at 55c a 67c for common to prime.

Pork dull; sales 150 bbls, at \$13 12½ a \$13 25 for mess; \$11 50 for prime.

Beef unchanged.

Lard dull and unchanged; sales 200 bbls, at 9c a 9½c.

Butter selling at 16c a 22c for Ohio; 22c a 23c for State.

HAMILTON MARKETS.

Flour, superfine, per brl. \$3.70 and 3.75; fancy, 3.95 and 4.10; double extra, 4.50 and 4.75; extra, 4.75 and 5.00; Oatmeal, per 100 lbs, 3.00; Wheat, per bushel, fall 90 and 93 cents; Spring, per bushel 70 and 77 cts; Oats, per bushel 45 and 47 cts. Barley, per bushel, 90 and 95; Peas, per bushel, 48 and 52 cts.; Beans, per bushel, \$1.00 and 1.50; Potatoes, per bushel 30 and 40 cts.; Apples, per bushel 20 and 40 cts.; Bran, per 100 lbs 50 and 60 cts.; Butter, in rolls, per lb 15 and 18 cts; in firkins, per lb 8 and 13 cts, Eggs, per dozen 15 and 18 cts; Cheese, per lb 7 and 8 cts; Beef, per 100 lbs \$4.50 and 5.50; Pork, per 100 lbs 3.50 and 3.87, Hams, per lb 10 and 12½ cts; Bacon, per lb 7 and 10; Lard, per lb 8 and 8½; Fowls, per pair 25 and 30; Ducks, per pair 37 and 50; Geese, each 25 and 32; Turkeys, each 50 cts and \$1.00; Hay, per ton 17 and \$18; Straw, per load 4 and \$6; Firewood, per cord, No. 1 4 and \$5; Hides, per 100 lbs 4.50 and 4.75; Mutton, per qr per lb 9 and \$7; Lamb, per qr 50 and 75; Lard, per lb 9 and 10 ctf.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Flour, extra, \$4 90; superior extra, \$5 10 to 5 30; bag flour, per 112 lbs, \$2 40 to 2 45; Scotch wheat, \$2 45 to 2 50. The market to-day was quiet; no change in quotations, our figures for No. 1 superfine showing the extremes, with sales at several intermediate points. A transaction at the outside price was for an ordinary-sized lot of choice, the majority of sales being at \$4 55 to 4 57½. Wheat, Canada spring, 91c to 93½c ex cars; U. C. white winter, \$1 04 to 1 07, no sales. Corn per 56 lbs, 45 to 47c. Barley per 50 lbs, 95c to \$1 05. Oats about one cent a pound. Peas per 66 lbs, sales at 65c to 72½c. Butter per lb, continues dull; the arrivals are small and prices about the same, viz: inferior, 10 to 10½c; medium, 11 to 12c; fine, 12½ to 13½c; choice, 14 to 15½c. Lard per lb, 8 to 8½c. Tallow per lb, in demand at 8½ to 9c. Hams per lb, dull; 8 to 10c. Pork per brl, mess, \$10 50 to \$11; thin mess, 9 to \$9 50; prime mess, 8 to \$8 50. Beef per brl, prime mess, \$9 to 9 50; nominal. Dressed hogs, about \$3 25 to 3 75. Live, about \$2 50 to 3 50.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

Liverpool breadstuffs generally quiet and steady. Wheat slightly easier. The authorities report flour downward; quoted 22s a 28s. Wheat easier; red western 9s a 9s 9d; red southern 9s 9d a 10s; white western 10s 6d a 11s 3d; white southern 11s 3d. Corn has an upward tendency; mixed 29s 6d a 29s 9d; white 31s a 32s 6d.

Provisions generally dull. Bacon declining. Lard dull at 38s a 40s. Tallow flat at a decline of 6d. Produce—Sugar dull. Coffee no sales.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.

Consols closed on Saturday at 93½ for money. Bullion in the Bank of England decreased £36,000. Illinois Central 42½ a 42 discount. Erie 42½ a 43.

PARIS, Saturday.

The bourse is heavy. Rentes 70f 25c.

Toronto Advertisements.

TORONTO POSTAGE STAMP DEPOT.

J. A. IRVING, [Late CHAS. A. BACKAS.]

Cheapest Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer, In the City. Three doors South of the Post Office, No. 10, Toronto Street, Toronto. Sole Agent in Toronto for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

A VERY LARGE & ATTRACTIVE STOCK OF NEW GOODS!

ARE NOW OPENING OUT

AT THE WAREHOUSE OF

J. MACDONALD & Co.

WESTERN BUYERS

WOULD DO WELL TO CALL & EXAMINE.

THEY WILL ALSO SHEW ABOUT

1500 NEW MANTLES!

30 Wellington St., Toronto.

September 16th, 1862.

Hamilton Advertisements.

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 pr. cent less

Than the usual Prices charged in the Provinces. Make arrangements with us to send our Special Artist to sketch, or send ambrotype or sketch of whatever is to be engraved, and state size required, and we will quote price at once.

H. BROWN & Co., Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, C. W.

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

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D., (Late of the New York Eye Infirmary.)

SPECIALITY—DISEASES OF THE EYE.

OFFICE—No. 10 King Street East, nearly opposite the Fountain.

HAMILTON, C.W.



H. & R. YOUNG,

Plumbers, Gasfitters & Bellhangers

MANUFACTURERS OF

GAS FIXTURES, BRASS-

WORK,

GAS AND 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.

J. C. WRIGHT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

GILT, ROSEWOOD AND WALNUT MOULDINGS,

LOOKING-GLASSES, &c.

OPPOSITE MECHANICS' HALL, HAMILTON.

N. B.—Looking-Glasses neatly repaired.

Go and get your Photographs and Pictures of every description framed and save 30 per cent.

Picture Mouldings of every description, for sale, cheap for Cash.

Looking-Glasses cheap for cash.

JOHN ALTON,

CARVER AND GILDER,

MANUFACTURER OF

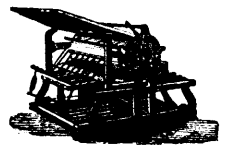
LOOKING-GLASS & PICTURE FRAMES

GILT AND STAINED MOULDINGS, &c.

King Street West Hamilton.

Hamilton Advertisements.

DONNELLEY & LAWSON,



STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

WHITE'S BLOCK,

King Street, Hamilton, C. W.

THE subscribers would respectfully announce to the public that they have made

EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS

To their Establishment, having now in running order one of

TAYLOR'S STEAM PRESSES,

A CORDON BILL-HEAD PRESS,

A FRANKLIN CARD PRESS,

A TAYLOR POSTER PRESS,

By which they are enabled to execute every description of Job Work,

PROMPTLY AND AT LOW PRICES!

RULING, ENGRAVING, BOOKBINDING, &c. All orders by Mail punctually attended to.

DONNELLEY & LAWSON.

1862. FALL IMPORTATIONS. 1862.

GEORGE JAMES,

No. 5 James Street,

Respectfully calls the attention of the public to his Large stock of Fancy and Staple

DRY GOODS,

Which he is determined to sell at the

Lowest Remunerating Cash Prices

Comprising a full assortment of

| | |
|--------------|--------------|
| DRESS GOODS, | SEWED GOODS, |
| SHAWLS, | RIBBONS, |
| MANTLES, | FLOWERS, |
| FLANNELS, | SHIRTS, |
| BLANKETS, | COLLARS, |
| GLOVES, | NECKTIES, |
| HOSIERY, | PRINTS, |
| TWEEDS, | COTTONS, |
| DOESKINS, | GINGHAMS |

TERMS CASH.

No. 5 James Street, Hamilton.

D. A. BOCART DENTIST,

HAMILTON, C.W.

Teeth extracted without pain or danger.

Teeth filled and inserted in a satisfactory manner.

PROVINCIAL MARBLE WORKS.

HURD & ROBERTS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEAL-

ers in MARBLE, keep constantly on hand, and

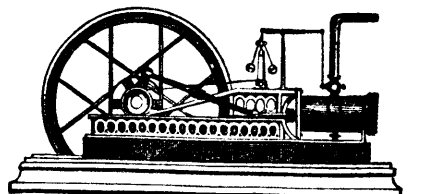
will furnish to order on short notice, all kinds of Monumental

Marble Work, embracing Monuments, Tomb-

Tables, Headstones, Counter and Table Tops, &c.

York St., West of Bay, Hamilton, C.W.

Dundas Advertisements.



DUNDAS IRON FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP

ESTABLISHED IN 1838,

JOHN GARTSHORE,

MANUFACTURER OF

STEAM ENGINES, BOILERS

AND

MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS;

Gartshore's treble-suction Smut Machines,

Portable Mills, Mill Stones, Water

Wheels, Bran Dusters, Separators, &c.

Toronto Advertisements.

HURD & LEIGH,
[Late Jackson & Hurd.]
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
CHINA, EARTHENWARE,
AND
BRITISH AND AMERICAN GLASSWARE,
No. 72 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO, C. W.

JOSEPH HURD,
EDMOND G. LEIGH,

JOHN FISKEN & CO.
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
58 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO, C. W.

W. HEWITT,
GENERAL
HARDWARE MERCHANT,
North-East cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.
TORONTO, C. W.

WALLACE & BURN,
PRODUCE DEALERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Wholesale Dealers in Wines, Liquors, Ale and Porter,
Hamburg Cheese, Green and Dry Fruit, &c.
59 FRONT STREET, TORONTO, C. W.
WILLIAM WALLACE. WILLIAM D. BURN.

FOR FIRST-CLASS
CLOTHING,
CALL AT
"THE GOLDEN ELEPHANT."
IT IS DECIDEDLY
The CHEAPEST and Best House
IN THE TRADE.
LAWSON & CO.
No. 95 KING ST., TORONTO, C. W.

C. F. HALL'S
CARRIAGE WORKS,
163 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO.

MESSRS. PETER FREELAND & CO.,
SOAP AND CANDLE
MANUFACTURERS.

Corner of Yonge and Front Streets, TORONTO.

IN addition to their other kinds of Soap,
Messrs. P. F. Co., beg to call attention to a new
article they are now manufacturing, called "CHEMICAL
ERASIVE SOAP," which they can recommend as super-
rior to any yet produced.

CHARLES A. BACKAS,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,
AND NEWS DEALER,
10 Toronto st., 2 doors south of Post Office,
TORONTO, C. W.
POSTAGE STAMP DEPOT.

STOVES. STOVES. STOVES.

J. R. ARMSTRONG & CO.
161 YONGE ST., TORONTO, C. W.
Manufacture all kinds of
COOK, BOX & PARLOR STOVES,
Wholesale and Retail.—Terms and Prices Liberal.

PHENIX FOUNDRY,
91, YONGE STREET, TORONTO, C. W.

JOHN MCGEE,
MANUFACTURER and Wholesale
Dealer in every description of Cooking, Parlor,
and Hall Stoves, Agricultural Furnaces, Ground Hollow
ware, and Cast Iron Tea Kettles.
COPPER BOTTOMS, SHEET COPPER,
TEA KETTLE BREASTS and COVERS,
MANUFACTURED AND SOLD
WHOLESALE ONLY.

GALLERY OF ART.
HOOD & LAIRD,
LOOKING GLASS & PICTURE FRAME MAKERS
79 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO, C. W.

TORONTO STAINED GLASS WORKS.

W. BULLOCK, Stainer and Enam-
eller on Glass, 75 YONGE STREET, TORONTO,
General Church Decorations in Illuminated Work,
Plain and Ornamental Church Lead Work, in every
Style of Gothic Architecture. Designs with Estimates
furnished. Plate, German, Smethwick, and Crown
Glass cut to Order, Packed and Forwarded. Glass
bent to order.

Toronto Advertisements.

NEW OYSTER WAREHOUSE.
W. BILTON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
OYSTER DEALER,

Would intimate that he has opened one of the splendid
new stores in the

HORTICULTURAL HALL,
Cor. Yonge and Queen Streets.

Which he intends keeping constantly supplied with the
choicest brands of

**Oysters and Salt Water Fish,
Game, Fruit &c.,**

Having formed a connection with the most famed
Oyster Houses in America, that of Messrs. Rowe & Co.
and also had the sole management of the agency of
Messrs. GRANNIS & TAYLOR, of Baltimore, for the past
three years in this city, he hopes by a careful attention
to business to merit a share of patronage.

Country dealers supplied on more favorable terms
than any other house in the trade. Cash advances
made on consignments of Fruit, Game, &c., and com-
missions solicited.

TORONTO, September 20th, 1862.

GREAT BARGAINS.

S. M. SANDERSON'S
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
No. 107, King Street East
2 doors East of Church-st. Toronto.

Hamilton Advertisements.
JAMES P. WALKER & CO.
GENERAL
HARDWARE MERCHANTS,
Sign of the Mammoth Axe and Hammer,
KING STREET, HAMILTON, C. W.

JAMES REID,
CABINET MAKER,
AND
UPHOLSTERER,
KING ST. WEST, HAMILTON, C. W.
A large quantity of Furniture on hand and manufac-
tured to order.

JOHN RUTHVEN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Keeps constantly on hand, Crockery, Glassware, Wood-
ware, Perfumery, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.
King Street, between John and Hughson,
HAMILTON, C. W.

McELCHERAN & BALLOU,
HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTERS, GLAZIERS,
PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS,
GILDERS, &c.

Manufacturers of Druggists' and Brewers'
SHOW CARDS ON GLASS,
DOOR PLATES,
BLOCK LETTERS, &c.
22 King William St. near Hughson
HAMILTON, C. W.

JAMES BUNTIN & CO.
WHOLESALE STATIONERS
PAPER AND ENVELOPE MANUFACTURERS,
KING STREET,
HAMILTON, C. W.

Mills at Valleyfield, on the River St. Lawrence.

HILTON BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE
HARDWARE MERCHANTS,
KING STREET,
HAMILTON, C. W.

M'KEAND, BROTHER & CO.
IMPORTERS OF
DRY GOODS, WHOLESALE,
KING STREET,
HAMILTON, C. W.

R. NISBET & CO.
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
LADIES' AND GENTS' INDIA RUBBERS,
Of every description and quality.
King Street, next door to D. McInnes & Co.
HAMILTON, C. W.

Hamilton Advertisements.

JAMES KENT & CO.,
Wholesale Importers of
CUTLERY, STEEL, FILES, JOINERS'
TOOLS, GERMAN SILVER, ELEC-
TRO-PLATED WARE AND
CROCKERY.

JOBBER OF SHEFFIELD GOODS,
Manufacturers' AGENTS for the sale of the
same by Samples, &c.

Agents for the sale of **CANADIAN
PROVISIONS in England.**

SHEFFIELD HOUSE, KING STREET.
3 doors West of John st., HAMILTON, C. W.
Represented in England by JOHN A. CHADWICK & Co.,
Sheffield.

JOHN & JAMES TURNER,
IMPORTERS OF
GROCERIES, WINES & LIQUORS,
(In rear of the Gore Bank.)
HUGHSON STREET, HAMILTON, C. W.
Agents for Wm. Dow & Co., Montreal Brewery.

PRINCE OF WALES SADDLERY ESTABLISHMENT
No. 11 James st., Hamilton.

WILLIAM INKSON,
Manufacturer of Saddles, Harness,
Trunks, Fire Hats, Engine Hose, &c.
has on hand and will sell at greatly
reduced rates, for Cash, a large quan-
tity of Harness, of every description, Saddles, Trunks,
Horse Clothing, and every other thing in his line made
to order. All work warranted. Repairs neatly done,
at very low prices.

SUTHERLAND & DEANS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
IRON BEDSTEADS, RAILING, GRAT-
ING, DOORS, SHUTTERS, &c.
King Street, opposite Bruce & Mugridge's
Broom Factory.
Horse-shoeing and General Blacksmithing.

VICTORY WITHOUT BRAGGING!
THE MONTREAL
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
No. 1 James St., Hamilton,

Still increasing the immense stock always on hand
have

JUST RECEIVED A NEW STYLE
OF LADIES' AND GENTS'
WATER-PROOF BOOTS,

WHICH WILL BE
SOLD AS CHEAP AS OTHERS SELL
COMMON WORK!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
Would do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

HOPKIN & ACLAND.
Remember the place,
MONTREAL BOOT & SHOE STORE,
No. 1 JAMES ST., HAMILTON.

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

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

LEATHER! LEATHER! LEATHER!
FOSTER'S OLD STAND,
Three doors West of the Montreal Bank
KING STREET WEST, HAMILTON.

J. C. FIELDS,
Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
SPANISH AND SLAUGHTER SOLE,
FRENCH CALF-SKINS, DOMESTIC
CALF AND KIP, UPPER ENAM-
ELLED LEATHER, LASTS,
LININGS, KIT, PEGS,
AND FINDINGS.
French Kid and Goatskins, Hides.

ALSO,
Machine Silk and Linen Twist; Machine Needles,
&c., from the best manufacturers in Europe and Ameri-
ca. A very large and well-selected stock constantly
on hand, and cheap for cash or approved paper.
Agent for the Dundas Sheepskin Manufactory.
LEATHER SOLD ON COMMISSION.

A MERICAN HOTEL,
Cor. King and Charles Streets.
TERMS \$1.00 PER DAY.
Fine Commodious Stables and attentive Hostlers.
Stages leaves daily for Port Dover, Guelph and in-
mediate places.

Hamilton Advertisements.

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.

MACABE & CO.
Manufacturers and Dealers in
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, GIGS,
SLEIGHS, &c.,
KING STREET WEST,
HAMILTON, C. W.

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

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

DAGLISH & WALTON,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS,
CAPS AND FURS,
WENTWORTH HOUSE,
Cor. King & John Streets, Hamilton.

MASON'S
HAT MART,
JAMES STREET, HAMILTON.

A full stock of Fashionable Dress and Soft Felt Hats,
including the celebrated

LEARY HAT, OXFORD HAT, &c.
Also Mens' and Boys' Hats and Caps.—quality and
style unsurpassed. Prices lower than any other store
in the city. Travelling Bags, Valises, &c.
Next door to Montreal Boot and Shoe Store

J. W. DINGWALL,
(Successor to J. Winer & Co.)
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
INVITES the attention of intending
purchasers to his extensive stock of Drugs, Dye
Stuffs, Perfumes, Soaps, Combs; Hair, Nail and Tooth
Brushes, Oils, Turpentine, Varnishes, Paints, Brushes,
Coal Oil, Burning Fluid, Lamps. Prescriptions
carefully prepared
King Street, opp. Gore Bank, Hamilton.

JAMES LORIMER & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
HAMILTON, C. W.

M'DONALD & CO.,
APOTHECARIES & DRUGGISTS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
PURE WINES,
For Medicinal purposes.

TRUSSES AND SHOULDER BRACES,
LEECHES, &c.,
And all articles sold by Druggists.
N. B.—Open on Sunday Mornings, from 10 to 11
o'clock A. M., for the Dispensing of medicines.

D. B. McDONALD & CO.
WHITE'S BLOCK, King Street, HAMILTON.

W. AITCHINSON & CO.
PLANING MILL,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sash, Blinds, Doors, Mouldings, Packing Boxes, &c.
Turning and all kinds of Wood Work.
At H. G. Cooper & Co's Coach Factory,
BOND STREET, HAMILTON.

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