

# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. II—No. 24.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

[83 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
SINGLE COPIES 7 Cents.

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

By way of introduction to the inauguration of the monument to the fallen brave of 1760, an event which has lately been celebrated in Quebec on the site of their glorious death, and which will be fully illustrated in subsequent numbers of this paper, we now present our readers with a view from the battle-ground in question, the memorable plains of Abraham. This place, immortalized alike by poet and painter, derives its name from its original holder, one Abraham Martin, an ancient trader of Canada. At the time of the Conquest it was dotted with bushes and strewn with boulders. With the exception of a wind-mill, the miller's house, and several small redoubts facing the St. Lawrence, there were no buildings to be seen;—but now two large suburbs,—the St. Louis and St. John's, oc-

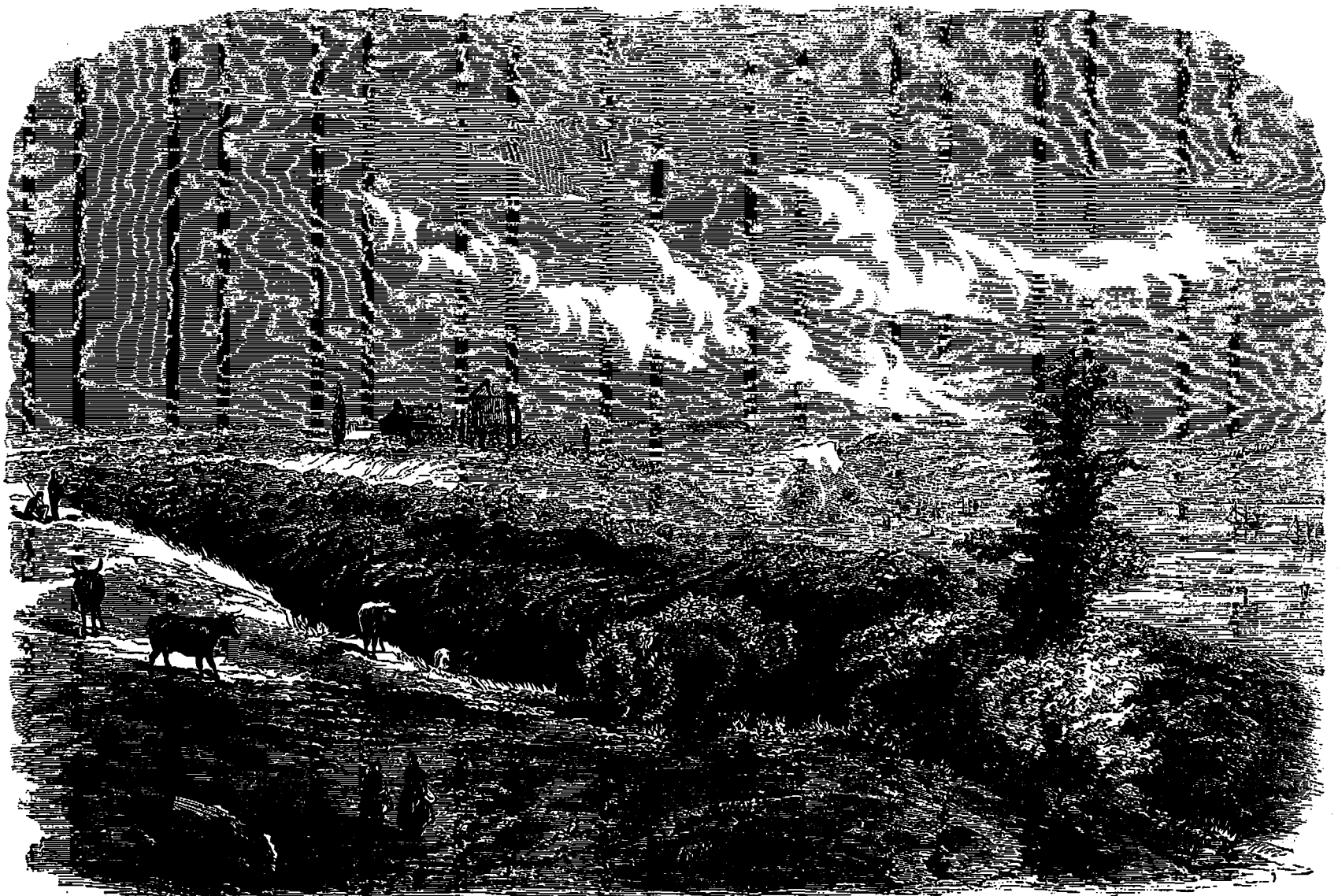
cupy the greater part of what was formerly the field of fight. Thousands of people now live on a spot which only a hundred years ago, gave refuge to the keen marksmen of Montcalm's army. Still, on the side of the river St. Lawrence there remains a considerable portion under grass, and though the boulders and brambles have disappeared, the foundations of the old forts may yet be traced. It was on this portion too, that the toughest of the fight took place, and as time has not yet obliterated all indications of the sanguinary struggles of former days, there is much to interest or inform all whom chance or inclination may lead thither.

While busy reviving the memories of the past, it may not be uninteresting to those acquainted with the place, (and in this age of steam, there are few, we believe, in the

Upper Province who have not seen Quebec,) to notice the general appearance of the city as it stood in the days of Wolfe, the inhabited portion of which was confined chiefly to the lower town, a place now devoted entirely to trade.

As year after year the old buildings are pulled down to make room for the new, we occasionally meet among them some relic of early days in Canada. Oh, how we sigh for a David Wilkie or a Walter Scott, as we witness these touches of ancient grandeur consigned to oblivion for ever; the curiously carved cornices, the antique mantel-pieces, the strangely panelled doors, all relics which will at some future day be anxiously sought after by the historical painters and novelists of this country, who are destined to depict to our descendants the manners and habits, the graces and failings, the bridal and the burials of the people

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VIEW OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

## NOTICE.

Inventors, Engineers, Manufacturing Mechanics, or any other persons, intending to apply for patents, can obtain all requisite information, and have mechanical drawings made at the office of the Canadian Illustrated News.

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Hamilton, July 1st, 1863.

GREGORY & Co.

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The Canadian Illustrated News is forwarded to subscribers by mail, free of postage.

To THE PUBLIC.—Mr. Alexander Somerville, lately Editor of this paper, has had no connection therewith for the last two months, and is not authorized to act in any manner on our behalf.

HAMILTON, October 31st, 1863.

H. GREGORY & Co.

## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

H. GREGORY, & Co. . . . . Proprietors.

### THE PURSUIT OF FRATERNITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Who has not heard of the wonderful triad of liberty, equality, and fraternity; so vigorously proclaimed to the modern civilized world not quite a hundred years ago, in Philadelphia first, and afterwards in Paris? Whether the attainment has been equal to the promise, we shall not now enquire; but will merely remark, that although equality, in some of its senses, is clearly impossible, and fraternity, in the present warlike aspect of affairs, seems to be postponed till the millenium, the progress towards liberty is on the whole sure, steady, and irrevocable. It appears undoubtedly as if thrown back at times, but then, that is but the momentary ebb of the advancing tide, and should not blind us to the large general result; which is apparent when we consider a period of fifty or a hundred years, and the state of continents as well as that of particular nations.

A cynical critic might say of the American people, that if they have not yet attained to the liberty and equality promised in the Declaration of Independence, they have but themselves to blame for it; seeing that by all the world and the rest of mankind they have been allowed, under the most favourable circumstances of material prosperity, to pursue their professed aim without let or hindrance. Fraternity, however, the third in the triad, appears to be something which carries with it a reference to international and cosmopolitan, as well as to home matters and relations. The first requisite of fraternity is clearly the present proximity of some one with whom to fraternize. The want which the Americans seem now to feel, is one which demands satisfaction from a source *outside* of their own community. To judge by the aspect of certain recent demonstrations, one would suppose that a universal shout of "Eureka" should at once burst from the throats of the American people. They have found it at last, we should say, with a vengeance; and they are now satisfying their innate longing for fraternity by a friendly hug with the Great Bear of North-eastern Europe.

Yet somehow or other, the whole of this Russo-American affair has the *feeling*, if not very much appearance of the pursuit of fraternity under certain stubborn inherent difficulties, easier imagined than described, perhaps, as the phrase goes. The impression gains upon us every day that the Yankees do not find the Russians such really pleasant, such *companionable* guests, as they were expected to be. Indications of this fact, given of course quietly and *sub rosa*, have not been wanting. We can't get it out of our head that the Russian bear is *slightly* disagreeable after all, on closer intimacy, to the American mind. We do not forget that Bruin, as seen and feted by the Yankees, is really a very polished specimen of the bear

tribe, more polished, there is every reason to believe, than the natives themselves. But then tastes and habits do differ most confoundedly; and there must be many points indeed of jarring friction, and many little incompatibilities both of thinking and of acting, between two peoples so diverse from each other in almost every notable particular as the Russians and the Americans. Political interest is a strong thing, however, and goes far to keep down disagreeable demonstrations. But that will not prevent the opposing natures of the two from coming into mutual repulsion occasionally; notwithstanding that the thing may be judiciously kept out of sight as much as possible. However agreeable the Russians may appear to their American admirers, *at a distance*, we fancy that they will not improve in any extraordinary degree on closer acquaintance. On the whole, we are inclined to think that Brother Jonathan will find Russian fraternity rather a difficult plant to cultivate, on American soil, at all events.

### PROSPECTS AT THE SOUTH—THE QUESTION OF SUPPLIES.

On reading over the latest extracts from Southern papers, we should say that a decidedly *anxious* tone runs through them all. The simple fact that the provision question is discussed at all, looks ominous of itself. The scarcity of salt is severely felt. Richmond is in danger of a pretty severe visitation of scant supplies and fearfully high prices. The accounts of battles already fought must have impressed many a one with the conviction that the Southern supply of ammunition is extremely precarious, and liable to fortuitous interruptions. We cannot help thinking that if the Confederates were abundantly supplied with powder and ball, they would be decidedly for forcing a battle without loss of time, both in Virginia and in Georgia. To be sure, the Confederates say that Lee has been chasing Meade, but cannot catch him. The seat of war in Virginia is particularly unfavorable for winter campaigning; and we should not wonder if the Confederates made a grand concentrated effort against Rosecrans ere long. There is no saying what they may do in that quarter, if the Federal generals are either caught napping, or are checked and confused by the political wire-pullers of the Presidential election campaign—an affair to which the war itself is but a secondary matter, in the estimation of some very influential gentlemen in Washington, Albany, and elsewhere.

It is not by any means to be supposed that there is any absolute scarcity of food in the South. There is abundance of bread and breadstuffs; although, to be sure, beef, pork, and mutton are not always obtainable, and many articles of comfort and of luxury are no longer looked for. There is bread enough, no doubt, for all within the Confederacy. But the evil which is now so urgently complained of is the fact of its unequal and unsatisfactory distribution. And it is beyond question, that in the midst of *general* plenty, there are particular localities where scarcity is most severely felt. Meanwhile, it may be worth while to remember, that in reading quotations of Southern prices, a large allowance indeed must be made for the depreciation of the currency, and the difficulty and distrust inseparable from *war on the spot*, which go so far to hamper all kinds of business.

To sustain itself in the arduous struggle which it has undertaken, the Confederate army requires to be unremittingly supplied with fresh men, food, clothing, and ammunition. A serious failure in any one of these items might not for a time be fatal to the Southern cause. But if a gradual and steady diminishing of its strength in all these respects be established and steadily progressing all the while, then the consequences can scarcely be doubtful. What an amount of actual, human, material aid, the North now receives every week by emigration. From this source of strength the South is completely cut off; scarcely less by its own domestic peculiarities than by the circumstances of the war. If the struggle is to be determined by obstinate perseverance and long-abiding resolution, it is evident that the South is at an immense disadvantage.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE, for November, 1863. *Rollo & Adam, Toronto.* This number is out in good time. The contents are:—

Thornhaugh—a diary, The Cited Curate, by Miss Murray; A Tale of the Bay of Quinte, by H. T. Devon; Smiley, a May-day memory; On Conversation, by John Reade; On Frogs and their Kin, by Charles Muir; The Elements of Strife, by Rev. T. H. Darnell, M. A.; The Supernatural;

The Political and Commercial Importance of the Fisheries of the St. Lawrence, Labrador, and Newfoundland, by the Editor; Our Country Homes, their Rural Aspect, by a Canadian Farmer; Summer Evenings on the Gallery, by Alfred Bailey; The Settler's Daughter, (Concluded,) by Mrs. Howell; Reviews of Books and Periodicals.

Quite a good readable number this, we should say. The Editor's articles on the British American Fisheries are well worthy the attention of all who take an interest in the prosperity of the Colonies in North Eastern America. For sale at the book stores.

### THE "WESTERN ILLUSTRATED TRADE GUIDE."

We are about to publish a large pictorial advertising sheet, illustrated with views of the principal business portions of the following cities and towns along the line of the Great Western Railway, viz:—

St. Catharines,	Woodstock,
Hamilton,	Ingersoll,
Dundas,	London,
Paris,	and Chatham.

The sheet will be a large one, about 5 feet x 3 feet 6 inches, and will be got up in the most effective style. Our agent, Mr. Emerson G. Hart, is now out, and will call upon the business men of the places above mentioned for their patronage. The terms to advertisers will be \$6 per square of 2½ x 3 inches space. Two thousand copies at least will be struck off, and probably many more. Each subscriber will be furnished with one copy for every dollar of his advertising subscription; thus, parties paying for one square will receive six copies, those paying for two squares, twelve copies, and so on. The sheet will be properly mounted on rollers, and ready for delivery by the first day of January next. The terms will be, one-half payable to our agent on taking the order, and the balance on delivery of the sheet.

The real value to the business community of such a Trade Guide as we are about to publish is well attested by practice; and we are determined that what we now offer to the public shall be ahead of anything in that line yet out in "this Canada." We expect to find the enterprising citizens of the places above mentioned prompt to avail themselves of the efficient and attractive advertising medium which we now place before them.

### EDITORIAL NOTES AND ITEMS.

CANADIANS! Look out for the birth-day of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; which will be on Monday the 9th November.

It is a fact not yet, we believe, publicly taken note of as it ought to be, that some of Louis Philippe's grandsons are turning out rather clever and accomplished youths, giving promise of being perhaps very able men yet in their day. Recently the young Duc de Penthièvre, son of the Prince de Joinville, made a cruise, as honorary ensign, on board of the U. S. ship *Macedonian*, and exhibited so precocious a proficiency, (he is not yet seventeen years old,) that Capt. Luce appointed him sailing-master, and as such he exclusively and successfully brought the frigate from Cadiz to New York. The young Princes of the Orleans family have certainly succeeded in making themselves popular in the Northern States. We venture to throw out the hint that possibly this circumstance may have more to do with Louis Napoleon's preference for the South than is generally imagined. The very existence of the Orleans Princes is a standing danger to the dynasty of Napoleon.

A new paper called *La Presse* has been issued in Montreal, and is to be published daily. As this is the only French daily in Canada, we should wish very much to see the experiment successful. We hope that our friend Jean Baptiste will have the public spirit to sustain the new daily, which is announced as independent in politics.

A correspondent of Wilkes' *Spirit* shows up Mr. Lester Wallack, of New York, as a most daring and barefaced plagiarist. His recent *original* play of "Rosedale" is copied, plot, incidents, characters, yea, and even much of its very words, from Capt. Hamley's spicy tale, "Lady Lee's Widowhood," which appeared a few years ago in Blackwood's Magazine. The proof adduced is too conclusive to be resisted; and yet Mr. Wallack, on the first night of the representation of "Rosedale" made a speech to the audience, and said "This play, such as it is, is *original*. I have neither borrowed it from the English nor translated it from the French." Considering the large circulation of Blackwood in the States, and the impression produced by Capt. Hamley's tale as decidedly "a good

thing," this was rather a bold speech. What Mr. Wallack will say in reply is yet to be seen.

The Parisians, witty fellows, have a joke on Slidell. They say he may show himself as much as he chooses, but he will never be "recognized." The *double entendre* is a good one, but we are not so sure, after all, of the correctness of the assumption implied.

It appears to be a well ascertained fact, that both Washington and Richmond are safe for the coming winter. The deep heavy mud of Virginia contributes very much to this state of things. If it is such a good thing as some folks say it is, to be "safe," then we think the inhabitants of both places may congratulate themselves on the present possession of "the flower safety." But look out for "the nettle danger," some of these days, before the next Presidential election, at all events.

CONSIDERATE—VERY.—The Owen Sound *Times* gives a list of some fifty odd names of Teachers who "passed" at a recent examination; and adds: "the names of five unsuccessful candidates we omit." For which considerate delicacy let us hope that the five are as grateful as they ought to be. Try it again, boys, perhaps you will "pass" the next time.

The Admiral and officers of the Russian fleet now at New York have been seeing the Falls last week. The Yankees are absolutely at their wit's end to do them honour in every way that can be thought of. They are actually persecuted with "attentions," sometimes sufficiently trying to their temper and patience, no doubt. The grand ball in New York is to be on the 5th of November, instead of the 29th of October, as previously announced. The following from the New York *Herald* is significant, meanwhile, of sober second thought on the subject of the ball:

"Public opinion, having effervesced a little upon the Russian question, has settled into the conviction that the contemplated ball is most inappropos, and should be given up. The committee is said to have collected about six thousand dollars for this ball. Let this sum be donated to our sick and wounded soldiers, or to the widows and orphans of those who have already sacrificed their lives for their country. Let every person who intended to buy a ticket for the ball walk up, like a man, and hand over his fifteen dollars for the same noble objects. This is no time for fiddling, and flirting, and waltzing, and polkaing. The balls in vogue just now are iron, not shoddy.

A recent European paragraph says: "It is believed the French and Russian Ministers who have left Paris and St. Petersburg will have long extensions of leave." Candidly speaking, we incline to think that this "extension of leave" stands a good chance of being stretched further in point of time than seems generally to be expected.

The new Mexican Minister, Senor Romero, who represents the Luarez government, officially advised the State Department on the 27th inst., of his arrival in Washington. It strikes us rather forcibly, in view of this fact, and of the very guarded reply of the Arch-duke Maximilian to the Mexican deputation, that it is yet premature to look upon the French conquest of Mexico as *un fait accompli*.—Mexico is a large country, and the Mexicans are like Tartars in their nomadic habits. You may beat them *here*, but by and by you will find them *there*, for all that. Reminiscences of his uncle's Spanish campaigns are not particularly encouraging to Napoleon, we should say. One important difference between the present period and that of fifty years ago, should, however, be noticed. Napoleon the First had the Church against him in his struggle; Napoleon the Third has it with him now.

Read the following brief paragraphs, from the New York *Herald* of the 27th inst., and then say if you don't smell powder:—

"The French have officially announced to our State Department that they will blockade the Mexican ports. It is asserted in France that we furnish arms and ammunitions of war to the Mexicans. Perhaps it is supposed that the blockade may in some manner interfere with these transactions. When General Banks gets to the Rio Grande we shall be enabled to furnish all we wish to Mexico, should the blockade be ever so effective."

"Lieutenant Wm. H. Dana, in the Cayuga, has been successful in destroying by fire two schooners on the coast of Louisiana, loaded with powder of French manufacture."

Meanwhile, wonderful to tell, the *Herald* is better pleased with John Bull than we recollect of ever seeing it before; and is almost complimentary over the fact of the recent dismissal of the English Consuls from the Confederacy by Jeff. Davis. Listen:

"The President of the self-styled confederacy has dismissed all the English consuls. What a blow to old England, and how Earl Russell will writhe when he hears of this. Why consuls should have been kept in Secession until now is more than we can imagine, and we rather "guess" that he has not quite laid out the British lion by that blow."

THERE'S NO USE in your ever taking a lazy man to *task*. He won't reform if you do.

#### WENTWORTH FALL ASSIZES.

The Assize Court closed on the evening of Saturday the 24th October, having lasted nine days. Rather a large and heavy calendar was disposed of, with a full docket of civil causes. The following are the sentences recorded;

John Lang—horse stealing—three years in the Reformatory Prison.

Thomas Peacock—larceny—three years in the Provincial Penitentiary.

William Jones—assault, with attempt to rob—six months in gaol.

Richard Currie—aggravated assault—one year in gaol.

Levi Bowyer—rape—to be hanged on Friday, the 11th of December.

George Chubb—rape—to be hanged on Friday, the 11th of December.

Frederick Hughson—larceny—five years in the Provincial Penitentiary.

#### WONDERFUL WAYS OF IMPERIALISM.

The French correspondent of the *Standard* gives the following interesting account of how M. Duruy came to be appointed Minister of Public Instruction:—M. Duruy had for a long time past been a teacher of history in one of the Parisian colleges. His democratic opinions precluded the hope of his advancement to any of the more lucrative posts of the University, and he eked out his income by writing 'historical compendiums' *ad usum scholarum*, which, through the influence of his publisher, M. Hachette, were 'adopted by the Council of the University,' and therefore afforded a handsome addition to the scanty salary of the professor. About two years since the Emperor, who had already begun his 'Life of Caesar,' in the course of conversation with Marshal Randon, asked him if he knew any one who would throw any light on the subject. The Marshal is a French protestant, and so is M. Duruy, and all French protestants appear to be actuated towards each other with that kindly feeling which distinguishes Scotchmen with us, and he mentioned M. Duruy as likely to know something about it. 'Very well,' replied the Emperor, 'there can be no harm in seeing him. Bring him to me on such a day.'

The Marshal duly fulfilled the Imperial behest, and on the day appointed M. Duruy was ushered into the presence. He described himself as somewhat nervous, but the ease with which the Emperor plunged in *mediis res* soon relieved him. 'You are a professor of history, M. Duruy,' quoth the Emperor, after what the reporters call a few introductory remarks. 'Now I want you to give me a lesson. Be as concise as you can, and speak frankly. Let me have your opinion on the reign of the Caesars.' M. Duruy, (whose presence of mind, by the way, must be admitted to be great,) was rather perplexed, but reflected that after all he had, if the worst came to the worst, his professorship and his books to fall back upon, so he determined to speak out, and forthwith delivered a concise lecture on the twelve Caesars. When he had done, the Emperor said, 'Well, how long did this kind of thing last?' About two hundred years, sire. 'Eh bien, mon cher Monsieur,' (replied the Emperor,) *en politique c'est la ce qu'on appelle le succes.* With this he rose, and the interview terminated, leaving poor M. Duruy in a state of painful perplexity as to the impression he had produced.

About six months later he was agreeably surprised at being promoted to the rank of Inspecteur d'Academie, and in addition a lectureship at the Ecole Normale was created expressly for him. Since then he was occasionally summoned to the Tuileries, and had various interviews with the Emperor, very much of the same nature as the first. Last January another pleasant surprise was in store for him—he was named Inspector-General of Schools, and likewise Lecturer on History at the Polytechnic School. Surprise number three, however, was the greatest of all. He was engaged in his inspection duties down at Angers, when, to his intense astonishment, the local prefect waited upon him in full uniform, and, with marks of the most profound respect, handed to him a telegraphic despatch to the effect that His Majesty had appointed him Minister of Public Instruction. Such is the true, full, and particular history of this singular appointment.

#### HOW TO ESCAPE FROM FIRE.

The Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade has devised the following very judicious directions for aiding persons to escape from premises on fire:

1. Be careful to acquaint yourself with the best means of exit from the house both at the top and bottom.
2. On the first alarm reflect before you act. If in bed at the time, wrap yourself in a blanket, or beside a carpet. Open no more doors than are absolutely necessary, and shut every door after you.
3. There is always from eight to twelve inches of pure air close to the ground; if you cannot, therefore, walk upright through the smoke, drop on your hands and knees and thus progress. A wetted silk handkerchief, a piece of flannel, or a worsted stocking drawn over the face, permits breathing, and to a great extent excludes the smoke.
4. If you can neither make your way upwards or downwards, get into a front room; and if there is a family, see that they are all collected here, and keep the door close as much as possible, for remember that smoke always follows a draft and fire always rushes after smoke.
5. On no account throw yourself, or allow others to throw themselves from the window. If no assistance is at hand and you are in extremity tie the sheets together having fastened one end to some heavy piece of furniture, and let down the women and children one by one, by tying the end of the line through the window that is over the door, rather than one that is over the area. You can easily let yourself down after the helpless have been saved.
6. If a woman's clothes catch fire let her instantly roll herself over and over on the ground; if a man be present, let him throw her down and do the like, and then wrap her up in a rug coat, or the first woolen thing that is at hand.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

#### HOPE AGAIN AND HOPE FOREVER.

BY GEORGE W. JOHNSON.

When the way of life is weary,  
When the storms of life are dreary,  
When no star of hope is shining,  
Lose no time in vain repining—  
Moments lost are moments wasted,  
Hours unspent are sorrows tasted,  
Bind the bonds despair would sever,  
Hope again and hope forever.

Absent hope is parted pleasure,  
Present hope is truest treasure,  
Hope forgot is certain sorrow—  
Fortune's face will smile to-morrow,  
Laugh at fate, *nil desperandum!*  
*Gratus semper expectandum!*  
Fortune favors bold endeavor,  
Hope again and hope forever.

BIRNBROOK, October 12, 1863.

#### THOMAS CARLYLE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FATHER.

I THINK, said Carlyle, of all the men I have ever known, my father was quite the remarkablest. Quite a farmer sort of person, using vigilant thrift and careful husbandry; aided by veracity and faith, and with an extraordinary insight into the very hearts of things and men. He was an elder in the kirk; and it was very pleasant to see him in his daily and weekly relations with the minister of the parish. They had been friends from their youth, and had grown up together in the service of their common Master. That parish minister was the first person that taught me Latin; and I am not sure but that he laid a great curse on me in so doing. Ah, sir, this learning of reading and writing!—what trouble and suffering it entails upon us poor human creatures. He that increaseth in knowledge increaseth in sorrow; and much study is a weariness to the flesh. I am not sure but that we should all be the happier and better, too, without what is called the improvements of the modern ages. For mine own part, I think it likely that I should have been a wiser man, and certainly a godlier, if I had followed in my father's steps, and left Latin and Greek to the fools who wanted them.

After giving this single instance of the imperfectness of his father's wisdom in esteeming too highly a learning of which he was fortunately deprived himself, Mr. Carlyle went on to tell his guest that the last time he ever saw his father was on his journey from Craigenputtock 'to this modern Babylon, with a manuscript in my hand of which you may have heard, Sartor Resartus by name, bound to see if there were any chance to have it translated into print. I came here,' he said bitterly, 'upon this fool's errand, and saw my father no more,' hearing within a few days of his death, which moved him to speak thus of the old man's life and character: 'Ah, sir, he was a man into the four corners of whose house there had shined, through the years of his pilgrimage by day and by night, the light of the glory of God. Like Enoch of old, he had walked with God, and at last he was not, for God took him. If I could only see such men now as were my father and his minister—men of such fearless truth and simple faith—with such firmness in holding on to the things which they believe, in saying and doing only what they thought was right; in shunning and hating the thing they felt to be wrong—I should have far more hope for this British nation, and, indeed, for the world at large.

#### A MADMAN'S HINT.

An English gentleman of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly in forcing the patients to stand in tubs of cold water—those slightly affected, up to the knees; others, whose cases were graver, up to the middle; while persons very seriously ill, were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who appeared to have some curiosity to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors.

I have horses and greyhounds for coursing, said the latter, in reply to the other's question.

Ah! they are very expensive.  
Yes they cost me a great deal of money in the year, but they are the best of their kind.

Have you anything more?  
Yes, I have a pack of hounds for hunting the fox.  
And they cost a great deal, too?

A very great deal—And I have birds for hawking.  
I see; birds for hunting birds. And those swell up an expense, I dare say?

You may say that, for they are not common in this country. And then, I sometimes go out alone with my gun, accompanied by a setter and retriever.

And these are very expensive, too?  
Of course. After all, it is not the animals of themselves that run away with the money—there must be men, you know, to feed and look after them, houses to lodge them in—in short, the whole sporting establishment.

I see, I see. You have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, men—and all for the capture of foxes and birds. What an enormous revenue they must cost you!

Now, what I want to know is this—what return do they pay? What does your year's sporting produce?

Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are getting rather scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season.

Hark! said the lunatic, looking anxiously around him. My friend, in an earnest whisper, there is a gate behind you; take my advice and get out of this while you are safe. Don't let the doctor get his eyes upon you. He ducks us to some purpose; but, as sure as you are a living man he will drown you.

The gentleman looked serious as he passed on. Perhaps he thought that he was as mad as the inmates of the asylum.

GREEK FIRE—SHELL AND SHOT.

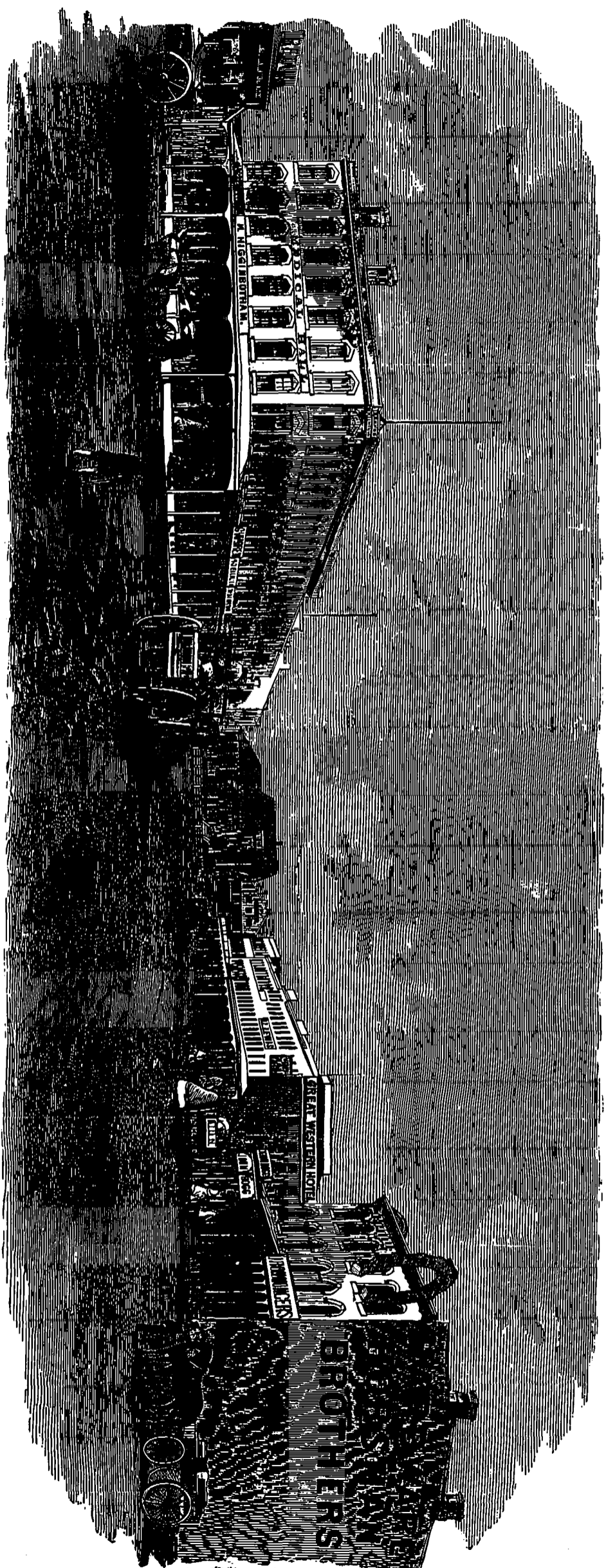
The statements which have been published respecting some incendiary shells stated to have been thrown into Charleston, by General Gilmore, seem to have set the whole country in a blaze of excitement. According to a very common mode of romanticism adopted by letter-writers, these shells have been denominated 'Greek Fire'; but there is no resemblance whatever between them and the genuine Greek Fire of ancient times. It is related that the former was discovered in 650, by a Greek engineer, named Callinicus, who in that year destroyed a large fleet of Saracen vessels with it; and it afterwards became a terror to the whole Mohammedan race. It is described to have consisted of resin, sulphur, sulphur pitch, and camphor, mixed with turpentine, and made into balls with wax. It was ignited, then fired from arrows, or thrown by javelins on board of Saracen vessels, when they were engaged with the Greeks in the hand to hand contests of those days.

The compound was very inflammable, but its chief danger consisted in being capable of burning in water. Tradition conveys exaggerated ideas respecting its destructive effects. It would not produce much fear, nor very formidable results, on board of modern war vessels. The incendiary shells now called Greek Fire were first brought to public notice during the Crimean war, by J. Macintosh, who made experiments with them at Shoeburness, England, and set inflammable materials on fire at a distance of 800 yards. A patent was secured for the invention in 1855, and the composition is described in the specification as follows:—'I fill diaphragm shells with naphtha, mixed with phosphorus and bisulphide of carbon, having a bursting charge sufficient to open the shell. When fired, the bursting of these shells scatters the contents in all directions, and the shower of inflammable material falling among troops ignites spontaneously, causing their immediate disorganization. Fired into shipping, these shells bursting on the deck below, scatter the inflammable mate-

rial, and the spontaneous combustion which results causes injury to the crew, who are driven overboard, and the vessel itself is speedily consumed. Fired into harbors, dockyards and towns, the result is alike destructive and decisive.'

A little volume forwarded to us by Captain J. Norton, from Koshleville, England, 1860, contains the following description of his incendiary shell for infantry:—'A leaden rifle shell is first nearly filled with bisulphide of carbon, then small bits of phosphorus are dropped into it, and the mouth of the shell is then closed with a cork projecting like that of a bottle. A leaden shell thus charged and adapted to the military rifle, will continue to burn for ten minutes, with an intense flame which cannot be extinguished with water. Such are the descriptions of the modern incendiary shells called by some persons 'Greek Fire.' As phosphorus was unknown to the ancient Greeks, of course it is sheer nonsense to credit them with the invention of this fire. Thus far, such incendiary shells seem to have

produced but little mischief. An officer of the United States artillery lately informed us that he had made experiments and found them of no utility, owing to the inflammable liquid being so much scattered when the shells burst. He believed that if a considerable quantity of the inflammable liquid could be held together and thrown into one place, it would prove destructive, but this could not be effected with any of the incendiary shells which he had tried. For producing destructive results by setting wooden vessels, buildings and other combustible materials on fire, red-hot iron is more to be depended on than liquid fire-shells. The modern method of producing such shot is to fill shells with molten iron, then fire them from the guns. A small cupola has been put up on one of the English iron-castles for melting pig-iron, thus to fill shells; but against armor-old vessels of course such shot would be useless, as they would splatter against iron plates like balls of clay.—*Scientific American.*



VIEW OF WINDHAM STREET, GUELPH, C. W.

THE TOWN OF GUELPH, C. W.

We give on this page a view of one side, (all that can be seen at once,) of the leading business part of the town of Guelph. The cut was engraved in our office for the 'Guelph Trade-Guide,' now about to be published by Mr. Samuel Horn, one of Guelph's most enterprising citizens. The business men of the town will doubtless find it their interest to have their names on Mr. Horn's sheet.

For the information of strangers, or readers at a distance, we may mention that Guelph situated in the county of Wellington, C. W., (of which it is the county town,) lying about 30 miles N. W. from Hamilton. It is connected with Toronto by the Grand Trunk Railway; and with Hamilton by the Great Western Railway and the Galt and Guelph branch, as well as by a first-class turnpike road, over which the travel between Guelph and Hamilton passed before the Railway was built. Guelph is most emphatically a rising

and prosperous place—reason why there are some very enterprising people living there, and it has command of the trade of an extensive and thriving back country to sustain it. The site was chosen and the town laid out by the Canada Company, to whom the adjacent tract of country originally belonged, next, that is, to the Crown. The settlement has been a prosperous one in all respects, and has already left many older-settled localities far behind in improvement.

ERRATA.—At the commencement of the third paragraph of our leading article, on 'The Pursuit of Fraternity under Difficulties,' instead of 'the whole of this Russo-American affair has the feeling, if not very much appearance,' read—'the whole of this Russo-American affair has the feeling, if not very much the appearance,' &c.

A BARRISTOR'S IDEA OF WINDOCE—One of the casualties of life.

of another century, who tended the cradle of our opulence and wealth. But, apologizing for this deviation, we proceed.

The space comprised between St. John's and St. Louis' streets, and extending from the Esplanade to the Ursuline Convent, was at the time of the conquest, entirely vacant and under grass. From the grounds of the Convent to the Place d'Armes was an immense garden, on one corner of which, and facing the old Chateau, stood a Monastery, belonging to the Recollet friars.

St. Louis Street itself appears to have enjoyed rather a rural aspect, especially as it approached the gate. Opposite the Monastery, however, the buildings were closer, but on the same side with it there were scarcely any.

At that time a little streamlet, beginning somewhere near the officers' quarters, ran right through the middle of the street and terminated in a sort of well in the centre of Market place. This brings us to the 'Jesuit Barracks,' or rather to the 'College,' as it was then called. There we find that a beautiful wood extended from what is now St. Anne's Street to St. John's Street; it was known as 'the Jesuits' Wood,' in consequence of its being attached to the College; and afforded a delightful sylvan retreat to the venerable inmates of the establishment,—the fathers of Christianity in Canada. Till within the last few years, a portion of it still existed.

St. John street then contained only a few houses near the gate, and though St. Stanislaus and Angel streets then existed, the whole of that portion on which rests Trinity Chapel, St. Patricks Church, Russell's Hotel, the Congregational Church, &c., was in a very primitive condition; a few garden plots, with here and there a dwelling. The blocks of buildings which now reach from Dexter's Hotel to Hope Hill were not in existence; so that an inclined plane connected St. Joseph and Couillard streets. Fabrique, or the built street, facing the market, did not occupy more than half the ground it now does. A curious old drawing still in existence represents the last house on this street, a shop, little better than a stall, the whole of the lower story being entirely open. The front of the French Cathedral, now handsomely built of cut stone, was then nothing but a white-washed gable. It will thus be seen that almost the whole of the Upper Town was occupied by gardens, woodlands, pastures, and religious establishments. St. Roch's, of course, did not exist; indeed there are many people now living in Quebec who remember to have seen it in fields; and we are told that the tidal waters of the St. Charles entirely covered Craig or Brides street. So that the whole of the span between this and the military wood yard was nothing but a beach. Often and often must the bare-footed friars have crossed from the Hospital to the Palace over a tract of wet sand, leaving in their rear the broad impress of the sacerdotal sandal.

How things change in a century!

#### THE GUN QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

The *Saturday Review* says.—'On the question of the best mode of constructing heavy artillery, it is possible that we may also have something to learn from the Americans. All the experiments tried in this country have pointed at one broad conclusion—that the penetrating power of a shot depends mainly on the charge of powder, and that it makes comparatively little difference whether the powder is utilized by impressing a very high velocity on a moderate-sized bolt, or a lower speed upon such masses of metal as are hurled from the Dahlgren guns. The shot, after all, is only a means of carrying the force of the powder from the cannon's mouth to the target; and it is not surprising that the resulting effect should depend more on the amount of the original impulse than on the means employed for its transmission. Still, there must be certain proportions between the charge and the shot which will produce the greatest effect; and upon this point English and American views have long been divergent. Our artillerymen have thought more of increasing velocity, while the Americans have attached the greatest importance to the bulk of the cannon ball. It may deserve consideration whether, (especially for long range firing,) the Americans have not come nearer than ourselves to the best model. While practical trials are being so freely made across the Atlantic, it would be folly absolutely to commit ourselves fully to any plan, either of ship-building or gun-building, until the full benefit of foreign experience has been reaped; but the Admiralty cannot be too strongly urged to lose no time in perfecting their own experimental ships and guns, and putting the navy in a position to deal satisfactorily with the most powerful vessel that any foreign country can produce.'

#### FARMERS' WIVES.

The *New York Home Journal*, from which we clip the following, thus editorially remarks thereupon:

'Our sparkling correspondent, 'Marie Mignonette,' sends us this week a bit of prairie wisdom. La Crosse is a great way off, but our readers will agree with us that it reads very fresh upon the subject of female insanity.'

—It has been remarked by a writer of note that the largest of any one class of insane women in the United States is made up of farmers' wives. He is perfectly wonder-struck in consequence of the discovery which he has made against this class of humanity, which has so often been pictured in the 'rosy-checked, singing, up-with-the-lark, strawberry-and-cream style'—and goes on to give them a slice from that inevitable loaf of 'advice' which must go more toward driving them bedlam-ward than all their cares besides.

Now, I'm not in the least surprised that there should be more crazy farmers' wives than crazy 'town' women, or crazy sewing girls, or crazy blue-stockings. Country girls, now-a-days, are nearly as well cultivated as city girls, the better classes more so. They have not the springing vivacity of

mind and spirit which the friction of the city imparts, no more than the calm-eyed forest flower has the variegated charms and rich odors of the parterre pet; but they are compensated for this in having broader views, purer ideals of life and living, and in walking nearer the presence of great, benign nature.

All country girls are brought up with ideas of neatness and order; and all of them have little notions of grace; tastes for beautiful things, and oftentimes the genius to wield the pen or 'sweep the dulcimer.' When they marry their farmer lovers, all these ennobling tastes go for nothing—are reduced under the crucible of their husband's opinions to 'fol-de-rol.' Then, since their genius cannot express itself in a little music or quiet crayoning; the cultivation of flowers, or, in a poorer way, embroidery, it will express itself though in nothing sublimer than in an immaculately scrubbed kitchen floor, artistic curtain folds, and graceful wreaths in the pantry. Allowed this meagre escape valve, the innate genius, the germ that fully expanded, might have made the world a little lighter and better, is content to lull itself to sleep; to fling out petals, but forbear from fruiting.

But supposing, as is the case in half a million instances at least, that farmers' wives have not even this relief. Supposing that the whole long day is given up to cooking, dish washing, house-righting, and baby-tending, with snatches of un-put-off-able patching, and the washing and ironing yet ahead! Supposing it to be a busy day, a 'hurrying season,' on the farm, with from three to six workmen to feed, and usually two or more children to keep in decent, school-going order. Late in the evening, two hours after husband and 'hands' are asleep; after the supper has been cleared away; the dairy visited; the breakfast planned; and Johnny's lacerated jacket repaired, and the little incidental chores of 'picking up' performed, then, with usually an insatiable baby to imbibe what life she has left, the farmer's wife goes to bed thoroughly overworked and exhausted, to begin in five hours the routine of the previous day. 'Take time by the forelock' as she may; 'simplify as she may'; 'don't fret' as she may, (for such is the language of her adviser,) still no gleaming oasis of rest ever opens upon her dusty way. 'Refresh your minds with good literature, and seek out-door recreations,' goes on this subduer of lunacy; but when there is dinner to get; the baby following her with his eyes and direful screeches; the pudding yet lying undeveloped in hens' nests; the sugar box, the flour barrel, and the song of the reaper coming suggestively in from the south field; how, let me ask, in all candor, is she to refresh her mind with good literature? 'But there are times' Only rarely! and then the physical woman is too exhausted to undertake any mental gymnastics. Smother beneath this slave's life any vigorous intellect, and if in ten years she is taken to an asylum, nobody need wonder! The wonder is that she should not go there in five years. People talk of the 'pressure' on great men, but I should much prefer leading a float up to the death-hurling forts of Charleston, writing a proclamation for the nation, or editing the *Daily* —, to the never-ceasing pressure on our hard-working farmers' wives.

Another thing: they are not loved! One may live among ordinary farmers six years—which is long enough to form a pretty fair estimate—and never see in the husband any acts of self-sacrifice, endearment, or solicitude toward the pale; drudging woman, who, not many years ago, stepped beaming and hopeful into his life path, and wove her youth and loveliness into a crown for him! It is a shame, that Heaven shall make him blush for, that he exhibits more care for his horses than for his toiling mate in-doors; that he has for them affectionate pats, and cheery words of greeting, but never anything of the sort for the silently starving heart which might be made so happy by them. With rare exceptions, no conversations ever take place except upon some question of the farm, or the wants of the house. Indeed, one would be puzzled to know if the conjugal tie existed, were it not for the *abandon* with which the wife, (and sometimes the husband,) is scolded.

'The white-winged' small, sweet courtesies' of home never flutter amid these hard, harsh lives.

'Of this half million of over-tasked powers, and starved hearts, why should it be a matter of surprise that many and many of them are at last tortured into the darkness of insanity? And where does the evil lie? And where is the remedy? Cannot our brothers be 'advised?'

MARIE MIGNONETTE.

#### THE SEA SWALLOWING UP THE LAND.

It is well known to geologists that the sea has been gradually encroaching upon several portions of the American coast; but its advance has been most noticed on certain parts of New Jersey. A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, writing from Cape May, gives some interesting information upon this subject from which we extract as follows:—

'On the west side of Cape May, at a point where the shore is most boldly outlined, the solid gravel bank, from twelve to eighteen feet high, wears away about one foot a year; the foundations of the houses built at the first settlement, as early as 1691, were long since undermined, and the waters of the bay now cover the place where they once stood. At this cape, the most southerly point of the New Jersey coast, the encroachment of the tides is equally rapid, a full mile having been washed away since the Revolution. During that period, according to the report of the State Geological Survey, a militia artillery company had its practicing ground here. Their gun was placed near a house which stood just aside of the present shore line, and their target was set up three-quarters of a mile east. This last point was at the outer edge of the cultivated ground, between which and the water's edge there were sand hills or beaches a quarter of a mile in extent. The whole of this is now gone; and one of the hotels has twice been moved inland, on account of the constant advance of the tide.

Old observers upon the Atlantic and Bay shores all agree as to the gradual advance of the ocean upon the uplands. Narrow fringes of wood which formerly skirted the marshes have been killed by the salt water, and numerous islands—spaces of land found surrounded by salt marsh—which, within the memory of men still living, have been

cultivated, and others which were in woods, have been entirely lost in the advancing marsh, and their location is only to be known by the shallowness of the mud which covers them. In all the salt marshes on this shore, stumps of trees, of the common species of the country, are found with the roots still fast in the solid ground at the bottom of the marsh, and this at depths far below low water mark. Similar submerged forests, it may be incidentally remarked, are observed on the Massachusetts and other coasts.

'The period during which this subsidence has been in progress cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy. From the best evidence that can be gathered; it would seem to be certain that two feet in a hundred years is not above the rate at which the shore is now sinking. These changes on the New Jersey coast do not appear to be confined to the more southern shore. The same thing has been observed in the salt marshes on the Raritan, and at the mouths of the Hackensack and Passaic rivers.

'Mr. Lyell, in his work on the Principles of Geology, says:—'Recent observations have disclosed to us the wonderful fact, that not only the west coast of South America, but also other large areas, some of them seven thousand miles in circumference, such as Scandinavia and certain archipelagoes in the Pacific, are slowly and insensibly rising; while other regions, such as Greenland, and parts of the Pacific and Indian oceans, in which atolls or circular coral islands abound, are gradually sinking.' Professor Hitchcock, in his report on the geology of Massachusetts, mentions the same phenomena as exhibited there. Mr. Lyell, in his first visit to America, speaking of the coast of Georgia, says:—'I even suspect that this coast is now sinking down at a slow and insensible rate, for the sea is encroaching and gaining at many points on the fresh-water marshes.' Bartram, the botanist, writing in 1792, testified that along the coasts of Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, the tides encroach upon marshes which were once high land, covered with forests.—*Scientific American*.

#### THE AUTUMN WOODS OF CANADA.

(From the *Montreal Witness*.)

There is something indescribably beautiful in the appearance of Canadian woods at this season of the year, especially when the light of the rising or setting sun falls upon them. Almost every imaginable shade of green, brown, red and yellow, may be found in the foliage of our forest trees, shrubs and creeping vines, as the autumn advances; and may truly be said that every backwoods home in Canada is surrounded by more gorgeous colorings and richer beauties than the finest mansions of the nobility of England.

Have our readers ever remarked the peculiarly beautiful appearance of the pines at this season of the year? When other trees manifest symptoms of withering, they appear to put forth a richer and fresher foliage. The interior of the tree when shaded from the sun, is a deep, invisible green, approaching to black, whilst the outer boughs, basking in the sunlight, show the richest dark green that can be imagined. A few pine and spruce trees scattered among the brightly colored oaks, maples, elms and beeches, which are the chief denizens of our forests, give the whole an exceedingly rich appearance.—Amongst the latter, every here and there, strange sports of nature attract attention.—A tree that is still green will have a single branch covered with red or orange leaves, like a gigantic bouquet of flowers. Another will have one side of a rich maroon, whilst the other side remains green. A third will present a flounce or ruffle of bright buff or orange leaves around the middle, whilst the branches above and below continue green.—Then again, some trees which have turned to a rich brown, will be seen intertwined and festooned by the wild vine or red root, still beautifully green; or a tree that is still green will be mantled over by the Canadian ivy, whose leaves have turned to deep reddish brown. In fact, every hue that painters love or could almost imagine, is found standing out boldly or hid away in some recess, in one part or another of the forest scene at this season, and all so delicately mingled and blended that human art must despair of making even a tolerable imitation. And these are beauties which not even the sun can portray; the photographer has not yet been enabled to seize and fix them on the mirror which he holds up to nature. He can give the limbs and outward flourishes, but not the soul of such a scene. His representation bears the same relation to the reality that a beautiful corpse does to the flashing and glowing cheek of living beauty.

An eloquent American writer scolds the idea of leaves withering. He says when they have attained maturity they change color, just as fruits do when they are ripe, and when the ripening process is complete they, like the fruit, fall off. In this process, he adds, the leaves are as lovely as flowers, and much may be added to the beauty of our cities and villages by planting in their streets, gardens and outskirts, the trees which show the finest tints in autumn. This is an idea that is well worthy of attention, for the trees and shrubs which put on the richest coloring in the fall are probably also the most beautiful in spring and summer.

The same writer has another idea which should be attentively considered. He says one man will daily pass unheeding scenes of beauty which fill another with intense delight, simply because he has never cultivated habits of observation and comparison; and yet it is obvious that the latter enjoys without expense or labor the most abundant and varied sources of pleasure for which the former is shut out. Let all then, and especially the young, cultivate habits of observing, admiring and loving nature.

WHEN a man has learned how to learn, he can soon learn anything.

THERE are many of the greatest deeds done in the small struggles of life.

MORTIFIED pride often takes the name and guise of a broken heart.

WE confess small faults by way of insinuating that we have no great ones.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## THE GOVERNESS,

BY ELLEN VAVASSEUR.

## CHAPTER IV.

SITTING in one of the parlors of the Astor House in New York are two gentlemen—Mr. Hazelton is one of them, the other, although he is altered since you last saw him, nearly five years ago, you will recognize as George Egerton.

'Egerton' exclaimed Mr. Hazelton, 'you must certainly come with me to Mrs. Eustace's to-night. I can assure you that you will spend a pleasant evening. Laura Eustace is a charming girl, and sings like an angel. I am, I must confess, deeply attached to her, and won't allow any one, not even you, my dear fellow, to interfere, so mind I have warned you in time. But there is sweet little Nina Thornton, her cousin. By jove, Egerton, I'll lay a wager that you will fall in love with her at first sight.'

'If you do I am afraid you will lose it,' said Egerton, smiling slightly. But as you desire it, I will accompany you and make Miss Eustace's acquaintance, especially if she is at some future day to be Mrs. Hazelton.'

'Ah, if I could only be sure of that! but we are not engaged yet, and sometimes I fear she does not care in the least for me. She is the loveliest and most fascinating girl I ever beheld, and has completely bewitched me. I wish it were time to go there, that you might see her. How deucedly slow the hours pass,' he added, impatiently glancing at his watch, 'tis only five o'clock.'

'Ah, my friend, you must have patience, even ———'  
'Patience! Yes, 'tis all very fine for you to preach patience. You know not what it is to love, but your turn will come yet, my fine fellow,' laughingly replied Hazelton. 'To kill time, I think I shall take a stroll down Broadway; so fare thee well, for an hour or two, as you will not accompany me.'

A look of deep sadness stole over Egerton's handsome countenance while Hazelton was speaking, and when he had left the room, in a low voice of anguish he repeated the words, 'I know not what it is to love.' 'God grant that he may never love as I have loved, never suffer as I have suffered,' burst from his lips. 'Oh! why cannot I fling this love from me? Why does it still cling to me, darkening my life? 'Tis madness to cherish it, and yet I cannot cast it aside. No matter where I am, her image still haunts me; she is still forever in my dreams. Ah, that I could forget—that the past were a blank!'

At that same hour, in a cozy little room in Mr. De Vere's mansion at Savannah, Edith Mowbray is engaged with her pupils. The hall clock has just struck five, and they are putting away their books—for school for that day is over—when Mrs. De Vere entered the apartment.

'Edward,' she said, 'has proposed that we take a drive to Bonaventure this afternoon. He says, Miss Mowbray, that you have not seen it yet, and he thinks the old place will please you.'

'I should like to go very much indeed,' replied Edith, with a pleased smile.

'There will be room, too, in the carriage for these little ones,' Mrs. De Vere continued, glancing fondly towards the children, 'that is if they have been good?'

'Oh, yes, very good; pray let them come,' Edith eagerly observed.

'Very well, but make haste and get on your bonnets, for we have not much time to lose.'

'Oh, I am so glad we are going—Uncle Edward is good to take us there, and I love him, don't you, Miss Mowbray?' said Eva De Vere, a lovely child of about six summers, as she looked up into her governess' face, by whom she was standing.

Mrs. De Vere glanced back and laughed as she left the room, while Edith, stooping down, kissed the little questioner, and smilingly told her to 'run away, to mamma, Clara, and get dressed.'

An hour later they were at Bonaventure. The long avenue of stately old trees—hung with a drapery of black and grey moss—at the end of which a glimpse of the sea is seen. The ancient family burying-ground, and the house there said to be haunted—once a handsome dwelling, but now nearly in ruins—are objects of interest to Edith, who has seated herself under one of the great moss-draped oaks. The noise of the waves breaking upon the beach, and the low rustling of the foliage, are the only sounds which break the solemn stillness which has fallen upon the deserted though beautiful old place.

'Do you remember, Edward,' said Mrs. De Vere, addressing her brother-in-law, 'that sad affair which happened here some years ago?'

'About Edwin? yes, perfectly well.' Then turning to Edith, he said—

'He was a young clergyman who, while laboring under a sudden fit of insanity, came here and drowned himself. He was the only son of a widowed mother, and very talented. I knew him personally, and when his body was discovered drove out here. I never shall forget the scene this peaceful spot presented that morning, as his motionless form was borne from the water through this avenue.'

'What a melancholy circumstance,' Edith observed.

'It was, indeed,' said Edward De Vere, 'most melancholy.'

'Does any one live here?' Edith inquired, after a moment's pause.

'Only a few negroes. See, some of them have become visible,' said Mrs. De Vere, pointing to a short distance, where a young woman with two or three children stood gazing curiously at the visitors.

Mrs. De Vere walked on with the children, and Edith is alone with Edward De Vere. As she turns smilingly towards him, what causes the bright smile on her lips to fade away? It is because of a fear which has often crossed her mind, and which she has always crushed—for it is very painful—is then confirmed, and in the clear blue eyes which are bent so fondly on her, she sees that love which will cause naught but sorrow to a noble heart. Edward De Vere is worthy to be loved, and Edith knows it, yet when with the eloquence which love inspires, he pours out his deep affection for her, she shrinks from him—she cannot bear to meet his imploring eyes, to cause him pain. Still she must tell him his love is vain, that she cannot return it. Hearts like hers only love

once, and that sweet dream of her early life was long ago buried forever in the sad past. From her pale lips, for she has felt something of the sorrow she was now inflicting.

Edward De Vere heard his doom. Although his anguish was severe, hope died not utterly out of his breast. Still it lingered. She had said she was free—might not time and his deep devotion change her feelings towards him? Faint as that hope was, he clung to him to save him from despair.—As they drove away from Bonaventure, one of those wild, plaintive melodies so peculiar to the negroes rung out on the evening air, thrilling more than one sorrowing heart by its sadness, till at length in the distance it died away.

## CHAPTER V.

'Egerton' exclaimed Hazelton, drawing his friend's arm through his, as late that night they descended the marble steps of Mrs. Eustace's handsome mansion. 'Egerton, I took your advice, my fate is decided, and I am the happiest man alive.'

'Your face has already shown me that. So fair Laura did not refuse you!'

'No, she loves me, she confessed it, and we are now engaged.'

'Then, my dear fellow, I sincerely wish you every happiness. You will have a charming bride. She is extremely beautiful.'

'She is an angel,' fervently exclaimed Hazelton, 'and her cousin—come now, Egerton, candidly confess it, for the sake of your soul, have I not won the wager?'

'No. Although Miss Thornton is certainly a very lovely girl,' said Egerton.

'Ah, you allow that, then I won't despair of your being my cousin yet.'

'Nonsense, Hazelton, you speak as if you imagined Miss Thornton could not help falling in love with me also.'

'Stranger things have happened, for let me inform you if you are not already aware of it, which I doubt exceedingly, that you are a very handsome fellow, and that those dark melancholy eyes and gentle manly tones of yours will win their way to the hearts of most women. But look! he exclaimed, suddenly pointing to a group surrounding the steps of a large building they were about to pass: 'what is the matter?'

'The matter! look up to the windows of that proud mansion. See! through the heavy rich curtains the light streams brightly, while the sound of music and mirth drowns the low moans of the fainting starving creature who lies at their door. But there is a God in heaven; He sees it and he will yet judge!'

The speaker, a strange, wild-looking old man, drew his tattered coat around him and passed on. He had spoken truly, for as they approached the steps they noticed a policeman assisting a woman to arise from them. As she drew near the light from one of the lamps fell brightly on her face.

Egerton started. 'Good heavens! he exclaimed, 'it is Kate Merton.'

She heard him, for she stopped suddenly and turned towards him. A faint cry of surprise burst from her pallid lips. 'Can it be? are you George Egerton?' she said.

Egerton withdrew his arm from his friend's, and going to her side, replied, 'I am; do you remember me, Mrs. Merton?'

'Yes, George Egerton, you were once my husband's friend. Will you now when he is ill and in poverty help him?'

'Can you doubt it? Where is he? Let me see him.'

Calling a cab, he accompanied her home, after saying to Mr. Hazelton that he would meet him the following day.—As they drove to the street in which Mrs. Merton lived, she made him acquainted with her sad story. Egerton had known her from her childhood. Her father had resided next door to his uncle in C—. Sometime after he had left home he heard that she had married her cousin, Henry Merton, and gone to America. Mrs. Merton said they had been living in Cincinnati, and had only a few weeks before arrived in New York; that her husband had been unable to obtain employment, and to add to their distress he had been taken seriously ill. She was, she said, without a friend or even an acquaintance in that great city, and her husband being much worse that night, she was obliged to leave him alone, ill as he was, while she went for a physician to whom she had been directed. She was not strong, she said, and had felt unusually unwell that day. The walk was a long one, for Dr. Morrison resided some distance from them, and on her way home, overcome by weariness, she had fainted on the steps of a house. After driving through several streets the cab stopped before a low wooden building in a wretched back lane. Mrs. Merton led the way into the house, and followed by Egerton, ascended a narrow, dark staircase, opening a door at the head of the stairs they entered a small dimly lighted room.

'I will tell him you are here,' said Mrs. Merton, as she approached a miserable looking bed which stood in one corner. Bending over it, she spoke in a low tone to her husband.

He started up, exclaiming, 'Ah, has he found me? has he come at last? And is it you,' he continued, turning fiercely towards his wife, 'who has brought him here?'

'Egerton drew near. 'Don't you remember me, Henry?' he asked.

Merton gazed wildly at him. 'Go away, leave me, or by ———' He attempted to arise, but the effort was too much for him, and he fell back half fainting on his pillow.

Egerton glanced around the bare cheerless apartment, and then his eye rested with pity on Mrs. Merton. How changed she was from the bright young creature he had known only a few years before. If her husband had been unfortunate in business and they had become poor, would that have altered her so? He thought not; hopeless sorrow alone could have placed that sorrowful look in her eyes and around her still beautiful mouth. He guessed truly—part of her story she had told him, but not all. She had not told him that Henry Merton had become both a drunkard and a gambler, that his name was disgraced, and that he had been forsaken by all except his gentle young wife, whom he had taken from a home where she was loved and cherished to make her life wretched.

Mrs. Merton approached Egerton. 'He does not know you,' she said, glancing towards where her husband lay perfectly motionless with closed eyes. 'He knew not what he was saying; he is, I fear, extremely ill.'

'Has he been long sick?' Egerton inquired.

'For several days, but he is much worse to-night.'

'Is there no one in the house you could get to assist you to take care of him?' asked Egerton; you look ill yourself! 'There is a woman living in the next room. She seems to be a kind-hearted person, but I did not like to trouble her as she had been working hard all day.'

'Had you not better see if she will come? You ought not to be alone,' Egerton kindly observed.

'I will ask her,' said Mrs. Merton, as she left the apartment.

During her absence Egerton placed a roll of bank notes on the table beside the paper of medicine she had got from the doctor.

As the woman willingly consented to remain with Mrs. Merton, Egerton returned home, after telling her he would send a physician, and call the next day to see how her husband was.

It is the next evening, the busy day has passed, the noise of the great city is hushed, weary ones who hour after hour have toiled, many with aching hearts, are wending their way home; no matter how poor it may be, it is joyfully reached, for to them it is home—there they may rest and be with those who are dear to them. The last rays of the sun are glancing through the low window of Mrs. Merton's room, at which George Egerton stands. His face is very pale, and his arms are folded tightly over his breast, as if to calm the deep emotion which fills it. With compressed lips and sad eyes he stands gazing out into the narrow street. But what passes there he knows not—sees not. His thoughts are far away, and very sorrowful they must be to cause such anguish. The bright sunbeams wander from the window to the bed, and rest softly on the face that is lying there, but they cannot warm the icy brow of the sleeper, for death has set his seal on it, yes, Henry Merton is dead. One short hour before he passed to his account.

## CHAPTER VI.

'Nina is coming, Miss Mowbray,' said Mrs. De Vere as she entered her governess' room one day several months after the occurrence in our last chapter. 'I have just received a letter from her in which she says Laura Eustace was to have been married on the 20th—which you know was yesterday—to Mr. Hazelton, that handsome young officer whom, you may remember, we met last summer at Montgomery, and Nina says she will leave soon after the wedding to pay me her long promised visit. I think she will remain some time,' Mrs. De Vere continued, 'as her stepmother, I am sorry to say, does not make her home a very happy one, and now when Laura is gone she will be very lonely.'

'I am glad she is coming. I have heard you speak so often of Miss Thornton, I am quite anxious to see her,' replied Edith.

'You will, I am sure, like her, she is such a gentle, sweet creature, a favorite with every one.'

And Edith found that Nina Thornton, who arrived a few days afterwards, had not been praised too much by her cousin. She was an amiable and affectionate girl, and as her character was similar to Edith's, they became much attached. One afternoon Edith had gone out with Mrs. De Vere, leaving Nina, who complained of a headache, at home. On going to Nina's apartment on her return from her walk, she found her asleep on a couch. Edith, thinking how pretty she looked, drew near and was gazing admiringly on her, when her glance happened to fall on a small ivory miniature which lay on the cushion beside her. The color forsook her cheek, and she pressed her hand suddenly to her heart as if in pain. Was she dreaming; could it indeed be Egerton's face which she beheld? The dark earnest eyes, the high noble brow, were the same, although he looked altered, and a sad thoughtful expression rested on his countenance. The recollection of his love, old memories of past joys and sorrows, came over her, as spell-bound she stood gazing on those beloved features which she had never again expected to see. Then came the thought so fraught with bitterness, that he was now nothing to her. The likeness was Nina's; he had given it to her; he loved her. Edith glanced at her: very lovely she looked, her soft bright curls falling around her sweet face, a smile playing about her tiny mouth, one small white hand supported her fair cheek; the other was partly extended—the miniature had evidently slipped from it while she slept.

'She loves him,' thought Edith, 'but, oh, not as I have loved. It was not love I felt for him, 'twas idolatry, and justly have I been punished. How true it is that here below such hearts as idolize the creature are almost always broken.'

She bent over the picture to gaze once more on the beloved features, and then, fearing that Nina would awake and perceive her agitation, she turned sadly away and retired to her own apartment, where about an hour afterwards Nina sought her. She approached Edith and put her arm fondly around her. For an instant Edith shrank from her touch, then, conquering the bitter feelings which had arisen in her breast at the sight of Nina's happy face, she returned her affectionate caress, and inquired if she felt better.

'Oh yes,' replied Nina, 'I took a long nap while you were out, and feel quite well again.'

'I went into your room when I came home to see how you were,' Edith observed.

'Did you?' said Nina, her eyes drooping shyly as she blushed deeply. 'Then you saw what was lying on the cushion.'

'Yes, I could not help seeing it.'

'Don't you think he is very handsome?'

'There was no reply to this question.'

'He is coming here soon, but you must not fall in love with him, or I shall be jealous,' and Nina looked up smilingly into her companion's face.

'Coming here soon? Oh, how Edith's heart beat at these tidings. But she was calm, and though Nina thought her silence strange, she did not notice it, but began to speak of something else.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR COMMON INDEBTEDNESS.—Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little. The greater part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others.

## PARTING.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Of God's decree this is most clear,  
That man, whatever he holds most dear,  
Must part from.  
Of life's dead hopes the funeral pall,  
Which heavy on the heart doth fall,  
Is parting,  
Yes, parting!

Doth rosebud rare thy garden grace—  
In choicest vase the bud to place;  
Yet know well—  
At morning blooms for thee a rose,  
It fades before the day doth close,  
That know well I  
Yes, know well!

And hath God given thee some heart,  
So dear it seems of thine a part,  
Yes, thine now—  
The rosy day is quickly flown.  
The night comes, thou art left alone,  
Then weep thou!  
Yes, weep thou!

And yet, while God's decree is plain—  
Ah! yes, is plain.  
That men must part, and part in pain,  
He lets them say, 'We meet again!  
'We meet again!  
'We meet again!

## ON ENGLISH SYNONYMES.

(WORDS OF NEARLY THE SAME MEANING.)

It is important to every man, whatever his pursuits may be, to be able to use the word necessary to express the idea which he wishes to convey. Often when we are writing, and are at a loss for words in which we desire to clothe our ideas, we are obliged to resort to the dictionary and search through its pages for those words which are of a synonymous nature, and having found them, we use such as we consider to be suitable to our wants, without regard to the exact meaning which each word conveys. Some of our readers may have in their possession standard works on synonymes; but we think there are but few, if any, who would not consider it desirable that we should from time to time give selections of synonymes from the best authors. The selections which we intend to make will be interesting alike to the student of synonymy as to the general reader, and will prove to be by no means the least attractive portion of our paper. We have before us a curious work on grammar, written by an American author. In his principles for the guidance of students in the use of words he writes:

'Regard the established meaning and proper application of words, and I choose such words to express your ideas as will express those, and can express no other—such words as are consistent with good taste.' He gives instances of the violation of this rule, e.g., 'I must have my tooth pulled—meaning, probably, extracted.' 'James lives in New York, though lodging at present in Boston, (meaning probably that James resides in New York, though lodging at present in Boston.)' 'A man lives wherever he is *alike*; he resides where his *permanent home is*.' 'George, *harness up the horse and put him into the carriage*.' The rider would find himself in an awkward plight, seated beside such company as the words imply.—'The prisoner broke jail and *cleared*.' meaning, doubtless, that the prisoner broke jail and *escaped*. 'Cleared, as applied to ships leaving a port, would be proper, but not to the escape of a prisoner from confinement.' 'This turtle soup is *elegant*, or *most beautiful*.' meaning that it is excellent or delicious.'

It must be clear to our readers that there are many persons who, without thinking of the ridiculous nature of the sentences which they construct, use terms which on being carefully examined are found to be totally inapplicable to the ideas which they are supposed to represent.

Dean Trench, in his invaluable work on 'The Study of Words,' says:

'Synonymes, as the word is generally understood, are words with slight differences already existing between them, or with the capabilities of such. They are not on the one side words absolutely identical; but neither, we may add, on the other, only very remotely related to one another; for the differences between these last will be self-evident, will so lie on the surface and proclaim themselves to all, that it would be impossible to make them clearer than they already are, and it would be like holding a candle to the sun to attempt it.—They must be words which are more or less liable to confusion, but which yet ought not to be confounded; words, as one has said, '*que conjungi non confundi debent*.' Words in which there originally adhered a difference, or between which, though once absolutely identical, such has gradually grown up, and so established itself in the use of the best writers, and in the instincts of the best speakers of the tongue, that it claims to be recognized and openly admitted by all.'

Mr. Taylor writes respecting synonymes:  
'The word synonyme is compounded of the preposition *syn*, (*cum*), and *onyma*, (*nomen*); it means, therefore, a fellow name. Those terms are called *synonymous*, which describe the same things by other names; and to synonymize is to express one thought in different phrases; synonymy is the use—a synonymist the user of synonymes, and synonymicon describes a dictionary of them.

'Some languages, like the Greek and German, are self-derived. When they have occasion to designate fresh objects, they do it by joining, in a new and definitive manner, terms already in use. They have been taught, for instance, to name the elements of modern chemistry by internal resources; or

*nygen, sauerstoff*. In such languages no two words are equipollent, no distinct expressions have quite the same significance.

'Other languages, like the English, have been formed by the confluence of several tongues. A Gothic dialect, the Caledonian, probably, forms the basis of our speech; and the French, which, with the Italian and Spanish, may be considered as a Latin dialect, has mixed with it so abundantly that it depends on a writer's choice, whether the Northern or Southern diction shall predominate. In such languages many words are wholly equivalent.

'Our tongue abounds especially with duplicates, one of which is borrowed from some Gothic, and the other from some Roman dialect. *Freedom, happiness*, are Saxon, *liberty, felicity*, are Latin terms, which are not merely similar, but identical in meaning; so are the adjectives, *friendly, amicable*, and the verbs to *lessen, to diminish*. In commercial nations, in seaport towns, in hybrid families, it often happens that the names given to the same things in different countries both become current. Wherein lies the difference between a *goteh* and a *pitcher*, but that the one is a Hollandish and the other a French term for a water crock; or between a *sharoot* and a *segar*, but that the first is an East Indian and the second a West Indian name for a rolled tobacco leaf. Such double terms are always at first commutable, and may continue so for generations; but when new objects are discovered, or new shades of idea which such words are fitted to depict, it at length happens that a separation of meaning is made between them. Thus, to *blanch* and to *whiten* are insensibly acquiring a distinct purport; to *blanch* being now only applied where some stain, or coloring matter is withdrawn which concealed the natural whiteness. Thus again, *whole and entire, worth and merit, understanding and intellect*, are tending to a discriminable meaning.

'A language begins with being too poor. In rude ages the same word performs many services. Thus in Hebrew *ruah*, spirit, stands for *breath, for temper, for soul, and for ghost*. During periods of intercourse, whether by conquest or by commerce, many foreign expressions are imported, which enrich but encumber the vocabulary. At this stage of growth a language may become too wealthy. After a further advance of circulation, of record, and of refinement, a distinct office comes to be assigned to every individual term.—The English language has not yet completed this last stage of the progress. Our double nomenclature is still too numerous. It frequently tempts our writers into idle pleonasm, and favors a useless tautology. Once in a while an echo may amuse, but it is usually an unwelcome companion.

'The greatest beauty of writing,' says Eberhard, 'is precision of expression. It is essentially connected with correctness of thinking; for who can transfer his thoughts with entire exactness of contour and significance of accessory ideas, who does not form them definitely, and who cannot find among the whole mass of kindred terms the *only* word which represents the very shade and shape of the idea in his mind.

'The beauty of precision derives from many sources, but principally from a gratification of the reason, which lies at the bottom of most pleasures of the mind. This feeling is produced by that just harmony between thought and expression, the result of rational choice, which leaves nothing to blind chance, but is decided, even in the least things, by the best motives. To this sympathy with an author's judicial and perpetual exertion of his intellect may be added the exercise of personal penetration, as another source of our delight in precision of style. Whatever renders remarkable to us a hitherto unobserved difference between terms, bestows new powers of definition, and gives to the mind a lesson, as it were, in the art of drawing.

'The study of synonymy is adapted to teach more than precision of style. By a necessary consequence it bestows accuracy of thinking; it exercises the comparison, while it sharpens the critical skill; and it tends to diminish and to settle those verbal disputes, which in theology, morality, science, and indeed in all the branches of philosophy, have so often divided men into parties, for want of their understanding each other.'

The foregoing quotations will, we trust, be sufficient to satisfy the general reader how important a study that of synonymes really is. We are not now writing for those who from extensive reading and careful study have made themselves familiar with the subject. We presume not to teach the learned few, but address ourselves at present to the many comparatively unlearned, who know but little as yet, and may be anxious to know more, of this really interesting branch of education. It is our intention to give selections from time to time from the best writers on the subject of synonymes. Our arrangement will be alphabetical, to ensure readiness in finding the word wanted. We hope that our success in this particular department may be commensurate with our desire to benefit our readers, and that what we offer on the subject in hand may cause many of them to *think*, to perceive distinctions before unnoticed, and to aim at that great desideratum in educational progress, the accurate and proper use of words. With the habit of correct expression in language that of correct thinking is intimately connected; and an attentive study of the former conduces largely to the attainment of the latter. So much by way of introduction; and in our next number we shall begin the work which we have already marked out. STUDENT.

CENSURE.—It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach, but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—Addison.

The human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with great impartiality.

A SMOOR sea never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted successes qualify a man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the wind, arouse the faculties and incite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

## PEDIGREE WHEAT.

(From Once a Week.)

In these days of new discoveries, when we can travel at the rate of a mile in a minute, and reach far distant countries in an incredibly short space of time by means of two wheels on each side of a ship, or send a message to Amsterdam from London, and receive an answer in two minutes and a half, we need not wonder that a plan has recently been discovered for greatly increasing the size of the ears of wheat.

Before we enter more fully into the vast importance of this discovery to the world generally, we may give the reasons why this wheat is called 'Pedigree Wheat.'

A gentleman, (Mr. Hallett,) whose farm I very recently had the pleasure of seeing, in the immediate neighborhood of Brighton, showed me and my friends, with much kindness the result of his experiments in the growth of wheat and other cereals, and explained the reasons of his undertaking them.

With good, strong plain sense, it struck Mr. Hallett, what every stock-breeder knows, that from the largest and best animals the best stock was produced. With this idea in his head he felt convinced that the principle might be applied to grain. As a stimulus to pursue his plan, he fortunately discovered that in the grains of one ear of wheat one grain is to be found greatly to excel all the others in productive power. Thus, by carefully selecting his seeds from the best ear, (for there is always one best ear among the tillers, and, as was remarked, one best grain in it; the result has been a growth of wheat perfectly extraordinary. Year after year these best grains have been put in the ground and the result is shown in the accompanying sketch, the first being the original ear from which the grain was taken, and the longest ear grown in 1861.

We can the better exemplify Mr. Hallett's success by the following facts:—

A gardener in Scotland was struck with the appearance of a blossom on a sweet-william in his garden. He carefully preserved the seeds from it, and the following year had a still better flower, the seeds from which he also preserved. In this way he went on year after year, for fifteen years, when he produced flowers nearly as fine as auriculars. This was his *ne plus ultra*. Whether Mr. Hallett will improve upon his present large ears, and their yield, remains to be seen. We cannot but think his experiments will end where they now rest, and his Pedigree wheat, like that of the sweet-william, become exhausted. As Mr. Hallett keeps a regular registry of the result of the different growths of his wheat, as well as the produce from it, his adopting the word 'Pedigree,' is we think, perfectly correct. It is high bred wheat.

But let us turn to the immediate benefits to be derived from Mr. Hallett's experiments.

In the year 1857, the original ear was  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and produced 47 grains. In the year 1861, the finest ear was  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and produced 123, and also 80 tillers from one grain only. Thus, by means of repeated selection alone, the length of the ears had been doubled, and the tilling power of the seed increased eightfold.

That the enormous yield of Mr. Hallett's Pedigree wheat will render us less dependent on foreign supplies cannot be doubted. When we consider that eight ears have sprung from one seed, some of which have sixteen, seventeen and eighteen sets up each side of it, this new development is little short of miraculous; and the products have been accomplished in five years by selection alone, and on that land of which apparently is but little adapted for the growth of wheat, there being only about four inches of soil, with a chalk rock close beneath. And what a sight presented itself when we viewed Mr. Hallett's large wheat-fields and his selection in his garden but a very short time ago! We shall never forget it. We have admired the blue sky, and the beauteous flowers, we have wandered on the sides of purling brooks, and seen the foamy sea in all its glory; but never do we recollect being more struck with admiration and even wonder, than when we beheld the fine crops of Mr. Hallett's cereals. We mention cereals, because we include his oats and barley, both of which exhibited not only an enormous yield, some of the stocks of oats being at least seven feet in height. But we return to the crop of wheat. It waved its pendulous heads to the slight breeze which blew, each ear giving a promise of great productiveness, and as far as the eye could reach over the waving fields, each ear was of the same great and unusual length. Nor was there any crowding of the plants. Ample room had been giving for each, and the consequence was that the tiller was in due proportion to the space given. There was also a great saving in the quantity of seed wheat usually sown, and the one peck per acre, planted by Mr. Hallett, or one bushel on six acres, if sown in August, allowing nine inches every way, for the tillers. All this is great consideration, as well as a great saving of seed. Indeed, dibbling in the way Mr. Hallett recommends, even to twelve inches apart, a half peck of seed has planted an acre of ground. Thus the saving of seed is considerable towards keeping the nation in bread. It is plain, therefore that if Mr. Hallett's system were applied to all corn crops in the United Kingdom, its dependence on foreign countries for yearly supplies of breadstuffs would cease, and the immense sums now paid for such products would be so much saved of the income of the empire. The effect of such a revolution in agriculture is almost beyond our imagination to realize. Indeed, changes so vast and so startling have not yet occurred in the history of agriculture. It may be stated that during the last fifteen years, we have imported as much foreign corn as has cost three hundred million sterling! May we not now with reason suppose that, as the population of this country is increasing to a great extent, the discoveries of Mr. Hallett may ultimately be the means of producing sufficient food for that increase? This is no theoretical idea; but one founded on the designs of that Providence—which supplies food for every living creature.

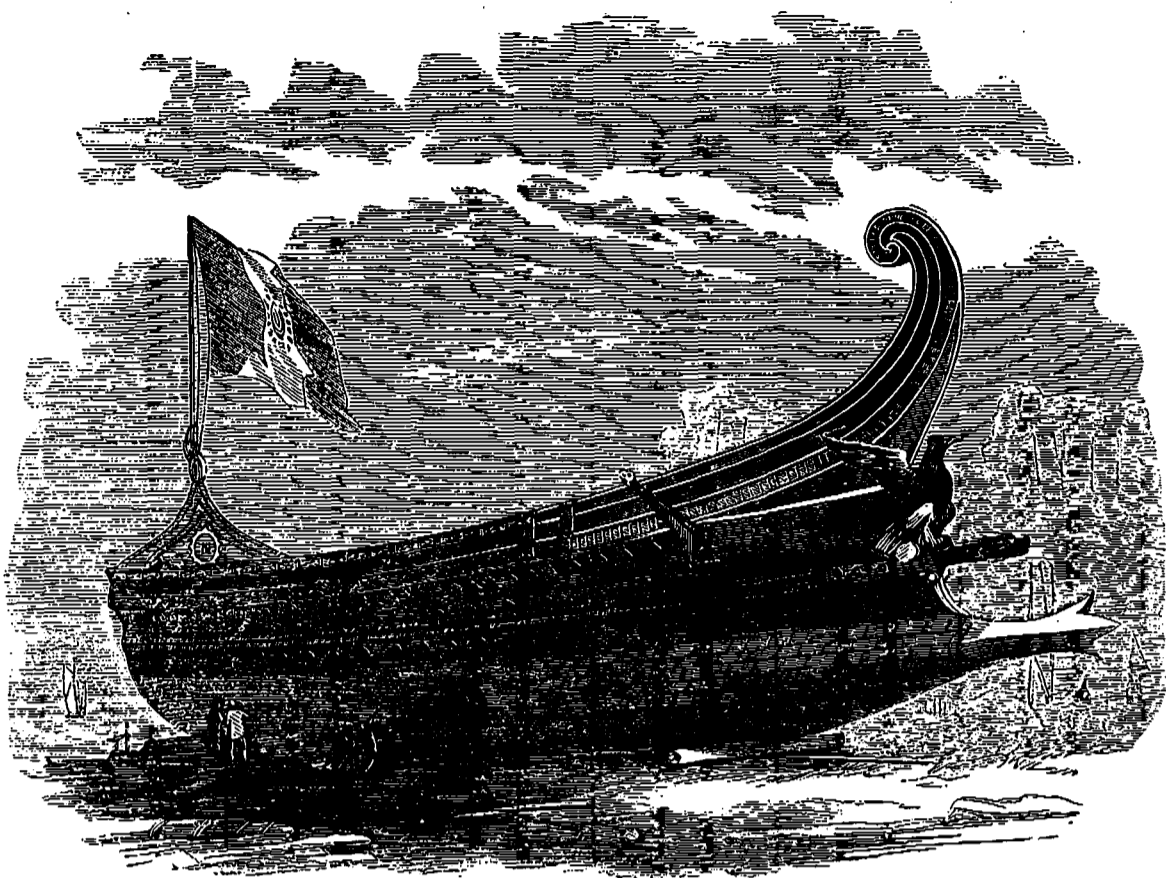
EDWARD JESSE.

**LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ROMAN GALLEY ON THE SEINE.**

Our cut represents the Roman trireme, built and launched on the Seine by order of the Emperor of the French. It was constructed to give those who interest themselves in shipbuilding an opportunity of seeing the means employed by the ancients to construct ships with several benches of oars. M. Jal, the historiographer of the Navy, was charged by the Emperor with making the necessary researches to discover as nearly as possible the exact form of the Roman trireme. The plans of the vessel were drawn, from his directions, by M. Dupuis Delome, and it was built by carpenters brought from L'Orient for the purpose. The exterior ornamentation was

confided to M. Morel-Fatio, the curator of the Naval Museum, and was executed by him from numerous medals and paintings found at Pompeii and elsewhere. It measures more than 130 feet in length, its greatest breadth of beam being nearly 17 feet. The deck is about 10 feet above the water-line. The Imperial eagle spreads its wings in the centre of the prow, and just beneath his talons is situated the terrible triple-toothed beak intended to pierce the sides of the enemy's vessels. The stern spreads out in the form of an enormous cock's tail, and bears in the centre the Emperor's cipher. The sides are ornamented with fasces, garlands, eagles, a balustrade, and a cornice, on a dark chocolate ground. Being a trireme, it is pierced, in three rows, for 120 oars—two rows on deck, and the other between decks.

ALL people are printers! they are making impressions on many a leaf of character.



LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ROMAN GALLEY—BUILT FOR THE NAVIGATION OF THE SEINE.

**SLEEP.**—It is a delicious moment certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come—not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow and hushing degrees; like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye; 'tis closing—'tis closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.—*Leigh Hunt.*

A LETTER from St. Petersburg states that the Grand Duke Constantine has on more than one occasion expressed his dissent from the policy of the Czar and his advisers towards Poland, whilst he blames Prince Gortschakoff's attitude towards the three great Powers. His Imperial Highness is not likely, therefore, to return to Warsaw.

THE paper containing many fine points is—a paper of pins.

dian burying places are frequently met with. The subject is selected on account of the natural beauty of the scene, rather than from the importance of any particular events connected therewith. Those whose remains are there buried, like myriads of their race, and of our own too, as we may say, have passed away without other memorial than the simple erections which mark the spot where their ashes repose.

**CREAM FOR CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS.**—The *Medical Reporter* says that a consumptive patient, now under treatment, is taking cream, with better effect than was experienced under the cod-liver oil, previously tried. Our advice is for all who have, or think they have, consumption, to adopt a cream diet. Eat the pure, sweet cream, abundantly, as much of it as the stomach will digest well, and we doubt not that it will prove quite as effectual as the purest cod-liver oil that can be bought.



THE SQUAW'S GRAVE.—A SCENE IN THE FUR-TRADING COUNTRY.

**THE SQUAW'S GRAVE.**

AWAY in the back woods of Lower Canada, back of the counties of Berthier and St. Maurice, little short of two hundred miles north of Montreal, may be seen on the map, a cluster, as it were, of lakes; the waters of some of which flow down the Riviere aux Lievres to the Ottawa, and those of others down the St. Maurice to Lake St. Peter. The scene represented in our engraving is on the wild shores of Lake Nemeashugur, one of the group of lakes above mentioned, a spot unfrequented, save by the red man of the forest, the far-exploring voyageurs, and the fur-traders. Along the Ottawa and its tributaries, and in the bays of the distant lakes above mentioned, such In-



MEMORY,  
A STUDY FROM THE CLASSICS.

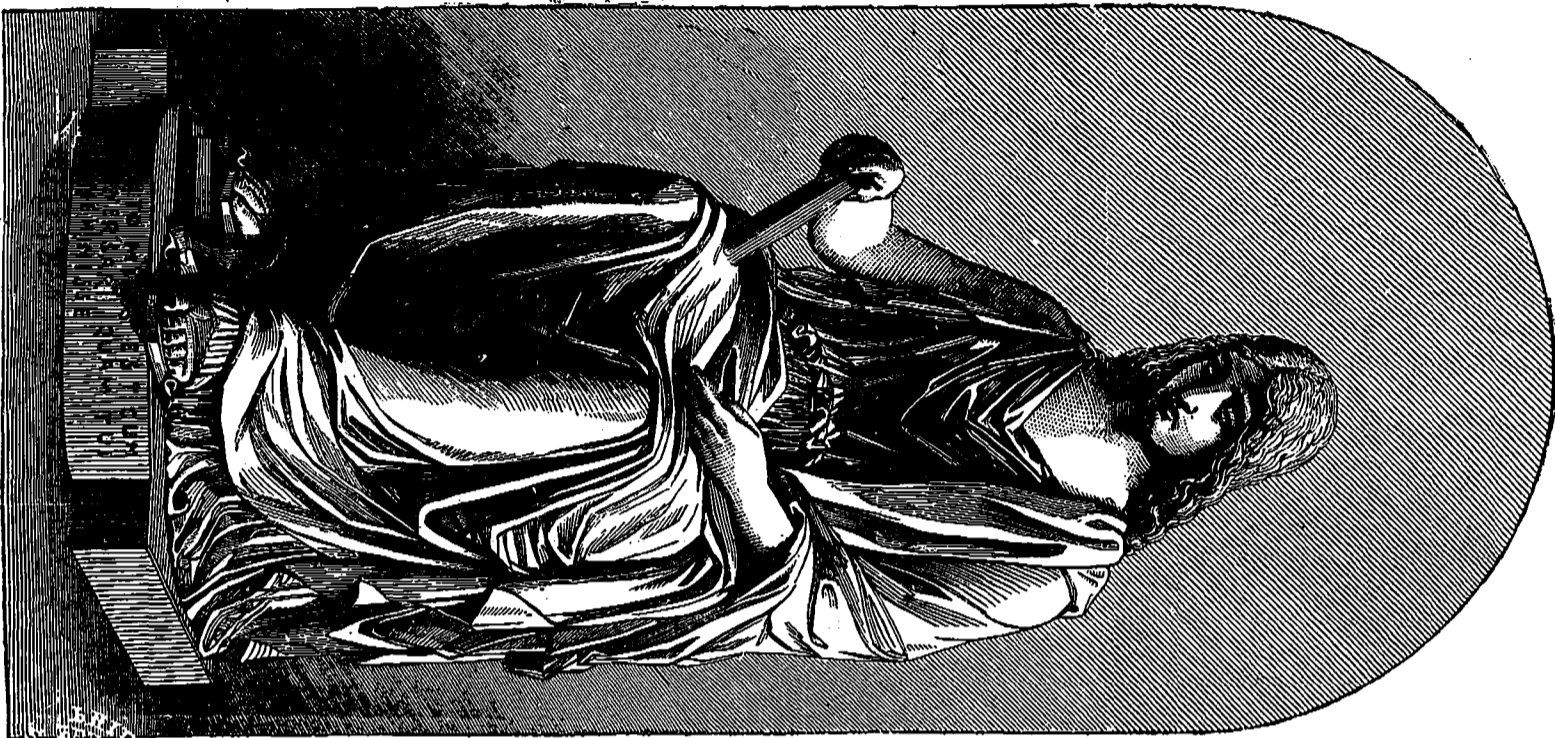
The classic figure on this page is a copy from a statue of 'Memory,' belonging to the Marquis of Lansdowne. The Greek drapery seems to recall the classical, which is also the general poetical, impersonation of memory. Mnemosyne, i. e., Memory, was the daughter of Uranus, and one of the Titanides; and became by Zeus the mother of the Muses. Round the pedestal of the statue is the Latin inscription, 'Hæu! quanto minus est cum religis versari, quam tui meminisse!' which has been thus translated: 'Alas! how much less sweet it is to converse with others, than to dwell on the bare contemplation of thy virtues.' The application of this quotation, is, of course, explained by the incised portrait on the tablet.

The discovery of a tin mine in Missouri is announced by a correspondent of the 'Scientific American.' If the report be true, and the mine workable, no more important discovery has been recently made public.

A Havana chemist, Dr. T. Wimmel, announces as the result of accurate scientific experiments, that refined petroleum is actually less dangerous than various other light-producing oils and compounds very generally and extensively used. He says that the danger arising from petroleum may be considerably diminished by mixing with it 10 or 20 per cent. of some fat oil, rapeseed oil, for instance.

The Russian sailors, it is said, can put under their jackets a stiffer glass of grog than ordinary people. A bottle of whiskey at a sitting, to each man, and a tumbler brimming full of old Bourbon whiskey—innocent of water—is a common dose.

A distinguished California divyne was asked after a trip to silver land, what he thought of the country. He replied:—'There are but three things at Washoe, sir, big mines, little mines, and grog shops; in other words, Ophir holes, go-pher holes, and loafer holes.'



MEMORY.—FROM A STATUE IN MARBLE BY W. BUDDIE, R. S. A.

MODERN NOVEL WRITING.

It is estimated that two novels, or six volumes every week, are produced in England; consequently, only the reader possessed of excellent digestion, of ample means, and entire leisure, can hope to keep pace with the press. If he has a week's illness, if he undertakes a journey, if he is thrown out, and can never be in at the death. It is curious to reflect, that, at this present moment, the manufacture is going on. A hundred deft pens are even now careering over foolscap sheets, pursuing the fortunes of imaginary personages. Murders are now committed, tender farewells are spoken, fathers are getting reconciled to prodigal sons—with all of which the world will be acquainted anon, reading with wet eyes. Of course the greater proportion of contemporary novels are worthless, or nearly so; but as a set off, we have more eminent names in this special literary walk than in any other. We have one eminent poet, and we have a dozen eminent novelists. Strike off the poor and indifferent novels, and there still remain a certain number of books of this class, written by men and women at present alive, or but recently deceased, exhibiting greater literary skill, wit, humor, imagination, observation of character, more general intellectual resource, in fact, than we shall find in any other department of contemporary literature. During the last ten years a larger amount of good English brain has expended itself in fiction than in philosophy, history, poetry, or biography. The novel has of late been the favorite vehicle of English genius. It is the favorite literary form in the reign of Victoria, just as the drama was the favorite form in the reign of Elizabeth, and the essay and the didactic in the reign of Anne. Out of the mass of books written in our time, posterity will concern itself with the works of one poet, of perhaps three essayists, and of at least—not to stretch the point too far—half a dozen novelists. And it is just possible that the novelists will be the most highly valued of all.—*North British Review.*

who is in charge of it? Secondly, that it is not considered essential to air, to sun, and clean rooms while uninhabited; which is simply ignoring the first elementary notion of sanitary things and laying the ground for all kinds of disease. Third, that one window is considered enough to air a room. Don't imagine that if you who are in charge and don't look to all these things yourself, those under you will be more careful than you are. It appears as if the part of the mistress was to complain of her servants and to accept their excuses—not to show them how there need be neither complaints nor excuses made.

Swiveller says that he has been without money so long, that his head aches 'ready to split' when he tries to recollect how a dollar looks. He says the notion that 'we live in a world of change' is a great fallacy.

SEASIDE NOTE.—The desire for bathing is a wishy-washy sentiment.



GO TO SLEEP.—FROM A MARBLE GROUP BY DUNHAM.

'GO TO SLEEP'

COPY OF A GROUP BY DUNHAM, A BARRON SCULPTOR.

Such a group as this of a child making a doll of a pet Slye terrier, and a few other similar recent works, proves that our British artists are beginning to get out of the deep ruts and sloughs of conventionality, at all events in choice of subjects. But the execution of this little group is as fresh, pleasing, and natural as the subject is quaint and original. The child is evidently delighted with his little rough pet, and after, perhaps, playing with it till he is himself tired, thinks that a little rest will be agreeable to both. So he places the dog in his arms with the idea of rocking it to sleep as cleverly, he imagines, as he has probably seen a baby brother or sister sent off in his mother's arms. It is ingeniously and humorously expressed, however, that the dog's views and feelings do not coincide with those of his little master, especially on finding himself in such an awkward, unnatural, and entirely unaccustomed position for sleeping. You see that to the repeated and urgent injunction to 'Go to sleep!' he is beginning to snarl a refusal; the eye look fiercely and rebelliously through timidly askant; the upper lip begins to rise and show the canine teeth. The force of good education is still evident in the docile 'begging' position of the fore paws, but the hind legs are scratching away vigorously at the restraining and admonitory arm. The dog is altogether a capital study, as carefully executed as the boy himself, and the shaggy coat forms an excellent contrast to the smooth texture of the flesh.

DARK HOUSES.

A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aided house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth and promotes scrofula, rickets, &c., among children. People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it. Three out of many negligences and ignorances in managing the health of houses generally I will here mention as specimens. First, that the female head in charge of any building does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. How can she expect that those under her will be more careful to maintain her house in a healthy condition than she

## SELECTED POETRY.

## VIA SOLITARIA.

Alone I walked the peopled city  
Where each seems happy with his own;  
Oh, friends, I ask not for your pity—  
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoice,  
Though wooed by loving airs of June;  
Oh, birds, your sweet and piping voices  
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches  
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;  
In vain the evening's starry marches,  
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;  
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes,  
They gaze on other fields than ours—  
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer  
The blade is stolen from the sheath;  
Life has but one more boon to offer,  
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty.  
And therefore life and health must crave,  
Though she who gave the world its beauty  
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living  
Who drew their earliest life from thee,  
And wait unto with glad thanksgiving,  
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station  
Wherein, apart, a traveller stands—  
One absent long from home and nation,  
In other lands—

And even as he who stands and listens,  
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,  
To hear, approaching in the distance,  
The train for home.

The death shall bring another mating—  
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,  
In yonder shore a bride is waiting  
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,  
And there—O vision of delight!  
I see a child and mother straying  
In robes of white

Thou, then, the longing heart that breaketh,  
Stealing the treasures one by one,  
I'll call the blessed blessed when thou makest  
The parted—one.

—The Independent.

## THE CHILLINGHAM BALL.

'I am afraid it is no mistake—I do love him—I know myself at last; but I will not do myself dishonor, I will not let myself be jealous, ill-tempered, or mean, if I can help it.'

Mary Pembroke was seated at her dressing-table, looking full at the mirror, as if she would read through her own eyes straight down into her soul. She was not gifted with fine or over-sensitive feelings, or she might have followed up these words spoken in her heart, by laying out a map of her future life, all desolate and waste, as a poor disappointed maiden's life would seem to be, until the picture had become too much for endurance, and she had buried her face in her hands and had wept passionately over a future before which the eye of faith veils itself in silence and humility. She did not do this—she merely wiped two large tears from her eyes, and smoothed carefully the soft braids of her brown hair.

'I will not do myself dishonor,' she said, 'nor show that I am only a fair weather Christian.'

She rose then, and knelt herself down by the white coverlid of her tiny bed, and asked for strength, meaning to use it.

It was the morning of the Chillingham ball, and in the days which preceded the railroad age, when neighborhoods were confined in fixed circles, this was an event of vital importance to the society which looked upon Chillingham as its central town. For years past that society had computed time by its Chillingham balls, as the Greeks by Olympiads. No young lady was considered to have reached a marriageable age, until she had made her first appearance there, and woe to her aching heart as the years went by, if they still compelled her to appear there unmarried, for there was a dreadful reckoning kept against her on the side seats where the dowagers rested, dowagers who well remembered her first appearance, when she must have been eighteen, at least.

Dread as the ordeal was, and willingly as many would have avoided it, it is not to be wondered at if mothers led their children there for the first time with aching and anxious hearts, judging from their knowledge of the banking-book at home how little provision would be left for them when the bread-winner's hand should have ceased to work, and knowing that this appearance would test the world's opinion of them. Good children, they are perhaps educated to make careful housekeepers and dutiful wives; but what will the world say of them, they wonder, as they glance round the room with a slight sinking of the heart, lest when they have brought out the daughters they love so well for a little innocent amusement, they may be suspected of bringing their wares to market.

With feelings as keen as any other mother's, Mrs. Pembroke had looked forward to Mary's second appearance; and until the last few days, she had anticipated a little triumph which should renew the days of her own youth. Mr. Pem-

broke was one of the chief solicitors in the town, and one whose well-tested probity had caused him to be received where his birth and connection would otherwise not have entitled him to notice. Some two or three years before, he had taken Arthur Sandford as a working partner, looking upon him as a young man of merit and industry; but very lately the connection between them had undergone a change. A relative had died, leaving Arthur Sandford a fortune, of which he might have had just expectations, but which he had never been foolish enough to reckon upon, and his place in the firm became a very different one. From that time Mrs. Pembroke had fancied she detected a change in his attentions to Mary. For years his attachment to her seemed certain, and youth upon her side, and uncertain prospects upon his, seemed to far-seeing friends the only obstacles to their marriage. During these days of happy intimacy, Mary had not cared to ask the question, which she had so bravely set herself to answer that day, nor had she noted the change her mother had detected until the last week, when a circumstance had assured her at once of her own state of feeling, and the necessity of conquering it.

Isabella Vaughan—her mother's niece, and the daughter of a rich London merchant—had come to spend the Christmas with them, bringing with her London fashions and small-talk, and enough of her father's money displayed in dress and jewellery to set Chillingham talking of her wit and beauty, although she was not quite so good-looking as Mary thought her. She was older than Mary, and more assured in her manners, and she had evidently set herself to make a conquest of the talented young solicitor, whose new house on the other side of the town was beginning to make people talk. Now, properly, Arthur Sandford should have shown himself indifferent to the London beauty, but he did not; he fell into the snare as readily as the silly fish seizes the well-baited hook. On some pretence or other, he was constantly at the house, and always the gentleman in attendance on the well-fledged coquette; and yet with a measure of his old caution, too, for he contrived to keep Mary always in their near neighborhood.

As the Chillingham ball approached, wonderful garments had made their appearance by coach from London for Isabella while Mary's more modest toilet was doomed to disappointment.

'Mary,' Mrs. Pembroke had said to her, 'your papa confesses to a slight embarrassment in money matters just now, and has asked me to be very careful. I know he never says what is not true, or denies us what he can spare—dear child, can you do without a new dress for the ball?'

Mary considered a moment with blank face, then cleared it rapidly, and said, though with some little effort:

'Oh, yes, mamma dear! the one I wore last year will do quite well.'

'Could we get it altered?' anxiously suggested Mrs. Pembroke.

'It will do quite well, mamma,' said Mary; 'to have it altered will be nearly as expensive as a new one. I do not mind it in the least.'

So it was that when Mary sat in her little room, pondering over life and its difficulties, her last year's dress lay on the bed. There was a nice little fire, an unusual luxury, burning in the grate, for her mother, guessing, but not interfering with the struggle going on within her, had thought she might like to be alone, and had ordered it early.

It had been a pretty dress, but the trimmings were last year's trimmings, so were the sleeves, and that which had been snow-white last year looked rather yellow now as it lay, reminding her of pleasant dances when he, who must be very dear no more, was by her side, listening for her voice above all others.

'I must go down,' said Mary, wearily, and she went down to the drawing-room, where she found Isabella and her mother discussing the merits of a beautiful set of pearls which the former intended to wear with a superb white lace dress over a pink satin petticoat.

Mary came behind them in the gentle dignity of a heart true to itself, and admired the pearls, as who would not.

The door opened, and Mr. Sandford was announced. He entered, carrying two bouquets, one of white and exquisitely scented flowers, and the other composed of different colors, and evidently inferior to the other in beauty. With a courtly little speech of ordinary flattery he handed the white flowers to Miss Vaughan, and with a kind gentlemanly manner he offered the others to Mary.

She took them with a gentle grace, quietly thanking him, while Isabella overwhelmed him with thanks and praise.

'Mary,' she said, 'let me see if I do not like yours best,—I suppose I may have which I like best, Mr. Sandford?'

'I daresay Miss Pembroke will not object to give you hers, if you prefer it,' he said quietly; but I think I have chosen the best for you.'

Here was an opportunity for Mary to say that she did not care for either, but she only said:

'The white one will match your dress with its white ornaments, and it is much the prettiest.'

'Well, if it is the prettiest, I will keep it,' said Isabella, coquettishly; and the red noses will do the best with your old dress, dear, will they not?'

'Only a year old,' said Mary, smiling, for she saw her mamma was deeply hurt that the fact should be brought before Mr. Sandford's notice, 'and it is almost as good as new.'

'Fancy!' cried Isabella; 'hear her, Mr. Sandford! she says the dress she wore at the last Chillingham ball is as good as new.'

'Why did you not have a new dress?' asked Mr. Sandford.

'Papa had other needs for his money this year,' said Mary, 'and mamma thought my dress would do.'

'Oh, nonsense!' cried Isabella; as if papa was not always making the same outcry. I tell him I must have money, and I always get what I want.'

'Perhaps your papa is richer than mine,' said Mary; 'but he cannot be kinder or more thoughtful. I would not tease him for the world.'

'Your society is so very tempting,' said Arthur Sandford, 'that I almost forget I have business to do. Miss Vaughan, will you hold yourself disengaged for the first quadrille to-night?'

'Well, as a reward for such a pretty present, I think I must.'

'Good-by ladies,' he said, and hurried on.

'How beautifully you do your black hair, Mary,' said Isabella, almost querulously; 'I wish I could do mine as well.'

'Shall I do yours to-night?' said Mary.

'Oh, I wish you would—with those beautiful plaits, and my black hair would look so nice with them, black hair always dresses so much better than brown.'

'You must go up early then, my dears,' said Mrs. Pembroke, anxiously, for she saw Mary's pale cheek. 'Mary does not look very well to-night, and I should not like her to look ill at the ball.'

Quickly and lovingly Mary looked up—she knew her mother felt for her, and was the more grateful that she did not force her into any confidence, which under the circumstances would be painful to both.

No sister decking another with careful hands could have braided Isabella's hair more tenderly than did Mary that night. Step by step she walked in faith, not caring to question of to-morrow. Arthur Sandford loved her not, but she must not be unkind or impatient to her he did love, or judge her with over careful judgment.

The evening came, and when all the aristocracy of Chillingham and its neighborhood assembled in the large dancing-room at the Angel Inn, Mary, dressed in her last year's dress—which by the by, no one remembered, except a few who secretly respected her for wearing it—followed Mr. Sandford and her elegantly dressed cousin into the room, leaning on her father's arm. Her father was not so indifferent to what was going on as he might seem, but deemed her happiness so precious to him, and his dear child so far above all price, that if a word could have recalled Arthur against his will, he would not have uttered it.

The tide had set against Mary that night, however; many who had looked upon her as almost affianced to Arthur pitied her, but wished to be merry, and therefore did not ask her to dance, and as the gay music rattled on, she sat yet by her mother's side, although her gentle looks and patient smile might have attracted any one.

Arthur was dancing with Isabella, and flirting—ah, could such attention be courtship?

Presently they came to her—Isabella laughing, and holding up her beautiful lace dress which had a long rent in it.

'Miss Pembroke,' said Arthur, (how happy and handsome he looked), 'we need you—your cousin has torn her dress—do you mind coming with us to the cloak-room?'

It was said in that tone which implies that all the world must give way before one person.

'Certainly,' said Mary, and she rose and took his arm, that arm which used almost to belong to her, and accompanying them to the cloak-room, borrowed a needle and thread, and mended the dress as carefully as delicate lace could be mended in such a time, Arthur standing by and receiving all Isabella's badinage with good-natured smiles. Oh, Mary felt, if she might but lie down and hide herself in the cloak-room until the ball was over, and that dreadful music silent. But Arthur's eyes were on her, watching her curiously, she thought, and she drew on her gloves with a steady hand, and accompanied them back to her mother, with whom they left her.

She had not danced once—she had begged her mother not to seek for partners, and none had come of themselves—for that evening she had been a perfect 'wall-flower,' but at the end of the evening Arthur himself came and asked her. She did not refuse—she had no pretence for doing so—she had no intention of showing pique, and she endeavored to talk in the friendly style of old.

Once again his arm was about her waist—could it be possible that it would soon be a crime to love him?

'I have a very great favor to ask you,' he said, when they were walking after the dance.

'Indeed?' she said, in some surprise; 'I will grant it if I can.'

'My new house is finished,' he said, his voice slightly changing; 'and Miss Vaughan is very anxious to see over it, if Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke and you will bring her to-morrow.'

Was it pique which induced her eager promise to do so if she could? Shall we condemn her very much if it were so?

'You will really persuade them, and come yourself?'

'Oh yes, if you particularly wish it.'

'I do particularly wish it. You cannot do me a greater favor,' he said with emphasis.

'Then you may depend on my persuading papa and mamma to come.'

'And have you no curiosity to see my new house?' he asked.

The question was too cruel, and tears sprang to her sweet brown eyes. Her feelings had been over-wrought, her strength outdone; but even then she did not try to hide her confusion by an angry word. She only said unaffectedly, 'I hope you have made yourself very comfortable.'

'I want you to see,' he said, looking straight at her and with a lurking smile in his blue eyes, 'if you think it comfortable enough for a lady. I told Miss Vaughan I intended to be a bachelor all my life, but I do not think she believes me.'

But Mary was now on her guard, her rose blushes had died away to a shadow-like paleness, and no words of his, however thoughtless, were capable of recalling them that night.

'Papa says you understand furnishing,' she answered, 'and I suppose as there has been so much talk of your new house, there is something worth looking at inside?'

'There will be,' said Arthur, smiling, 'when all is completed.'

She took his words as they were probably meant, as referring to Isabella, and did not reply to them. Even on the part of her cousin she could not assume that he had proposed until he had actually come forward.

'I see mamma looking at me,' she said 'she is going, I suppose; let us go to her.'

No stiffness in her manner, no unkindness to the last.

He took her to Mrs. Pembroke, and resigning her, gave his arm to Isabella, whom he attended so assiduously to the cloak-room and the carriage, that he quite forgot to say good-night to the others.

Did Mary throw herself down when that night she reached her little chamber? Did she say her heart would break, and Jonah-like, require that she might die? Did she cast from her the love of parents, the blessing of a well-ordered home, the esteem of many friends, and call them valueless?

Not strengthened as she had asked to be, and lowly kneeling by the snowy coverlid, she hid her pretty head, as she softly breathed with fervent lips and hallowed thought, 'Thy will be done.'

The next day at breakfast she made the request she had promised, and father and mother both respecting her wishes during her trial time, looked at Isabella's blushing face and consented with comment. If it must be, the sooner over the better.

It was snowing heavily, but Isabella had a new set of sables, which she was anxious to to display, she said; and as they cost fifty guineas, she laughingly observed, they would enhance her value in the eyes of Mr. Sandford.

No need of that, Mary thought; Isabella looked so charming, and in such high and mysterious spirits, as if some secret were upon her lips, and longed to be disclosed.

'What farce are we called upon to see performed?' asked Mr. Pembroke, not able wholly to withhold his sympathy from the happy Isabella.

Isabella only laughed and colored. What better answer could she give? It was impossible to be very angry with her, though she had done them so much mischief, and had so much self-assurance and vanity, for she had a way of coming round those who blamed her most which was irresistible.

'I shall quite eclipse your old cloak, Mary,' she said, as she displayed herself in her sables.

'It is not an old cloak,' said Mary, trying to be light-hearted; 'It was new this winter, and one of Chillingham's newest fashions. Do not call it old,' she whispered, 'for mamma is looking as if she ought to buy me some sables.'

'Well, are they not beautiful?' she said, and proceeded in her rambling self-loving way to give the whole history of their purchase.

Plain French merinos were then all the fashion, and the cousins were both so dressed—Isabella in dark, becoming blue, and Mary in a rich red brown. They were both much more on a par in good looks than Mary was inclined to believe, but though she accepted her own low opinion of herself, she did not display any ill-humour. Yet who could fail to be depressed? Had not her golden dream past away as the rosy hues of a deceptive sunrise? and was not her day 'dark and rainy,' though her fair face looked out so sweet and calm?

Mrs. Pembroke prepared unwillingly to accompany them, and had not Mary asked her, nothing would have induced her to go to see her sacrificed, as she inwardly termed it.

Mr. Sandford came to fetch them, as Isabella said he had promised to do, and taking her and her sables safe under his umbrella, he would have also taken Mary, but she had already secured her father's arm, and was talking cheerfully to him of some of the little incidents of the night before, for Mr. Pembroke was sensitive, and often liked to know whether, in the opinion of his wife and daughter, his friends had been as kind and attentive as usual.

In this manner they went along the snowy road, amidst trees nodding with heavy drifts of snow, and every now and again the light laughter of Mr. Sandford and his companion came back to the more sober party behind. Presently they reached the pretty new house, surrounded by trees, which in the coming spring would so adorn it, and entered the little hall which formed so nice an entrance. A steady, middle-aged woman, well known to the Pembrokes, and by them recommended to Mr. Sandford, came forward to receive them, and took them to the dining-room, where a substantial luncheon lay waiting for them. Mr. Pembroke wished the meal at the antipodes, but every feeling of delicacy, as well as interest, prevented his taking offence at any line of conduct not positively aggressive on the part of his junior but richer partner.

'Dear aunt,' said Isabella, saucily, and with well-assured ease, 'let me see how the seat of honor suits me. May I, Mr. Sandford?'

'Miss Vaughan's word is law,' replied the host, who nevertheless, Mary thought looked pale and thoughtful; and Isabella, with her handsome sables thrown slightly back, took the head of the table, and proceeded to do the honors with mock solemnity.

'Surely they are engaged, and we must make the best of it,' thought Mrs. Pembroke; and she felt as if the breast of the partridge, which Isabella so coquettishly carved for her, would choke her.

Mary, only, was calm, easy, and lady-like. How proud her father felt of her self-command at a time when he was obliged to steady himself by taking an extra glass of wine.

'What do you think, aunt, of me as a hostess—shall I do?' said Isabella.

'Time enough, my dear, to give an opinion, when we see you perform that part in earnest,' replied Mrs. Pembroke.

Was she mistaken, or did Mr. Sandford and Isabella really exchange glances? Certainly, Mr. Sandford rose and proposed looking over the house; and they started on the tour of the rooms, giving what admiration they could to the snug library, the pretty drawing-room, and the master's study.

Mrs. Pembroke had duly interested herself in a newly invented kitchen-range, a small house-mangle and many bachelor contrivances for comfort and economy, and even penetrated to the stable, petted Mr. Sandford's well-known horse, and admired the carriage made for the two little ponies, which looked a great deal too much like a lady's equipage to be fitted for a bachelor's establishment; and when they had all done this, and returned again to the cheerful fire, they began to think their duty and courtesy had well been ended, and they might think of returning home.

'You approve of my house?' asked Mr. Sandford of Mrs. Pembroke.

'All very comfortable and appropriate,' said Mrs. Pembroke; 'very thoughtfully and nicely furnished, and I wish you as much happiness as you deserve.'

'Thank you,' he said, turning to Mary, 'and do you wish to be happy?'

A slight flush—just a little bright blush—and Mary calmly said:

'Indeed I do. I hope you will be very happy, and live here many years—and do a great deal of good too,' she added, in a lower tone, unconsciously lowered for his ear alone—no, there was no anger to the last.

'I must tax your patience once more,' he said, also in a lower voice, 'to show you one thing more. Do you mind coming with me?'

But a week ago she would have gone with him to the end of the world. Because he had been unkind—nay, only because he loved Isabella—should she refuse so small a courtesy? and surely he needed some advice; for truly and without mistake he was pale and almost agitated now. Perhaps he thought Isabella over forward and bold. She could assure him she had a good heart at bottom, though careless of speech and self-willed in manner.

She rose from the seat in which she had been resting and trying not to look listless, followed him. Mrs. Pembroke would have gone with them, but Mr. Sandford said, 'What I have to show is only intended for Miss Pembroke, and her mother let her go.'

He led her across a short passage, and paused before a closed door.

'This is Blue Beard's chamber,' he said, then turned the lock and entered a pretty room—small, indeed, but perfect of its kind—a lady's sitting-room, with work-table, writing apparatus, and even a furnished work-box open on the table. He led her in and closed the door.

She betrayed no surprise as she looked quietly round then turned to him and raised those sweet brown eyes, so true to the heart within, kind, forgiving, and gentle.

'You wanted me,' she said, with dignity. She had no wish for tete-a-tetes with other girls, lovers, and showed that she had no intention to lengthen out the interview.

'I wanted to know if you thought my wife could be happy here.'

'If she really loves you,' she said, after a pause, which she had pretended to spend in surveying the apartment, 'otherwise even such a pretty room as this will fail to make her happy.'

'Aye, if she loves me,' he said. 'Although I admire her more than my life, and respect her more than I admire her, I begin to doubt whether she loves me.'

'She will not give you any doubt if you make yourself sufficiently understood.'

'I have often said that I never would make an offer of marriage unless certain of being accepted. I find now that it was an idle boast: no man can be certain on that point, though of another still more important I am certain.'

'What point?' asked Mary, innocently.

'Of the merit of her I love; of her sweet temper, spiritual firmness, and feminine delicacy.'

Mary knew that love is blind, yet she was a little surprised at such very inappropriate praise.

'And in what way do you wish me to help you?' asked Mary.

'Satisfied on all these points, I want you to enlighten me on that I do not know. Mary, does she love me?'

'I do not know,' said Mary, simply.

'You do know.'

'I am not my cousin's confidant.'

'But are you not your own? Mary, can you forgive my little deception? You must know that every chair and table in this house was bought and chosen for you—that the house was built for you.'

'But Isabella—' stammered Mary.

'Is engaged to my cousin,' said Mr. Sandford. 'You need have no apprehensions about her.'

'Was it well to put me to this trial?' said Mary. 'You do not know what I have endured.'

'Not kind, perhaps, and altogether selfish; but, Mary, I should never have honored you half so much—never have known all your worth, if I have had not carried out my idle whim.'

'Not idle—cruel,' said Mary.

'Dear girl,' he whispered, drawing closer, 'forgive me, for I cannot repent. I only love you a hundred times more than I did last week. Come and let me ask your father for you, for my house is furnished, and I am impatient to get my wife.'

He led her out, her hand upon his arm.

'Mr. Pembroke,' he said, leading her up to him, 'I have furnished my house; will you give me my wife?'

Before the astonished father had time to answer, the impulsive Isabella ran up to Mary and threw her arms round her neck.

'Dear Mary, believe me, if I had not known that you were as true as gold, I would have given you a hint to keep your temper, lest this jealous man should find you out; as it was, I had no need. Will you forgive me for helping to make him see how much superior you are to other women?'

Slowly the snow fell—but who cared for the snow?—as they returned to Chillingham, Mary with renewed happiness, leaning upon the arm of Arthur Sandford, and Isabella rattling over her confidences to her amused and easily-forgiving uncle and aunt.

In this manner did Mary become the honored wife of Arthur Sandford.

#### THE HAIR, AND CARE OF IT.

God covered the skull with hair. Some people shave it off. Mischievous practice. It exposes the brain. God covered a part of man's face with hair. Some people shave it off. Mischievous practice. It exposes the throat and lungs—the eyes likewise, say wise physiologists. Men become bald. Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald except by disease. They do not wear close hats and caps. Men never lose a hair below where the hat touches the head, not if they have been bald twenty years. The close cap holds the heat and perspiration; thereby the hair glands become weak; the hair falls out. What will restore it? Nothing, after the scalp becomes shiny. But if in process of falling out, or recently lost, the following is best:—Wash the head freely with cold water once or twice a day. Wear a thoroughly ventilated hat. This is the best means to arrest the loss and restore what is susceptible of restoration. What will beautify a woman's hair? Whatever will invigorate the hair glands. Oils and most other applications debilitate the hair glands. Cold water is best. At first the head looks like a witch, but after a few weeks it makes the hair luxuriant. By the persistent use of cold water I have seen thin, poor hair become rich and curly. Only the part of the hair next to the scalp should be wet. It must be thoroughly dried.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

Women can keep a secret; but it generally takes a good many of them to do it.

#### ENIGMA.

BY W. M. JACKSON.

Oh, my first is like a fancy,  
Or a fairy whisper mild,  
Floating past your cheek as gently  
As the breathing of a child.  
And my first is like a fury,  
Or a demon on his path,  
Rushing vast athwart the heavens—  
Thundering down his tones of wrath.

He will kiss you in the morning  
With a fragrant dainty breath;  
He will touch your lips at even,  
And the vapour shall be death.  
He will creep to you at noon-tide,  
With a whisper and a sigh;  
He will swoop at night and crush you,  
As he roars along the sky.

Oh, my second's tones are gentle  
As the advent of a dream,  
Melting on the heart as softly  
As the snow upon a stream;  
She can lead you with a whisper,  
She can fright you with a frown;  
She is sharper than a thistle,  
She is softer than its down.

She will plague you in your pleasure,  
She will soothe you in your woe;  
She can be your guiding angel,  
She may be your fiercest foe.  
He who takes her to his bosom,  
Welcomes doubt, and care, and strife;  
He who takes her not, had better  
End at once his wretched life.

Lo, a cottage, nestled sleeping  
In a swaying dream of leaves;  
Where the sidelong sun is creeping,  
Inch by inch across the eaves.  
With my whole a child was playing,  
Looking down the cottage well,  
Laughing out with hearty pleasure,  
As the bucket rose and fell.

Sank the sun, all flushed and and weary,  
Like a hero sick of wars;  
Through the cool gray air came peering  
Keenly forth the eager stars.  
By my whole the child still lingered,  
Gazing in the mossy well,  
Where the starlight brook and scattered,  
As the bucket's drippings fell.

#### FACT, FUN, & FANCY.

Is "spiritual consolation," drowning care by drinking? If men will but amuse the world, it will freely forgive them for cheating it.

FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS.—How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry, may be seen in the following sentence:

'The lawyer who filed a bill, shaved a note; cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, empanelled a jury, put them in a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole Court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter.'

Army Chaplains are not hereafter to be held as prisoners.

A wag once said that the reason why an unmarried lady looked so often at the moon, was the vulgar belief that there was a man in it.

SCIENTIFIC DISCRETION!—When men are together they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another.

A Western critic thinks so much ghost as they are now having upon the stage everywhere is but the ghost of the drama.

Never were so many diamonds imported as during the present war. A single stone, worth \$15,000, has just paid duty in New York.

There is a class of people who ask why don't you come to their house, but never say 'do.' They are related to the gentleman who has always a note to take up whenever you wish to effect a small loan from him.

COMMON SENSE.—Abernethy liked very well to talk with Spurzheim, the great phrenologist, who resided for some time in Scotland. One day, half-seriously, half-humorously, he said to Spurzheim: 'Well, Doctor, where do you place the organ of common sense?' 'There is no organ,' said he, 'for common sense; it depends on the equilibrium of the other organs.' This is decidedly the most sensible thing that we ever saw attributed to phrenology. It is just the truth, and it confirms the anecdote of old Dr. John Brown, of Haddington, respecting common sense as a qualification for the ministry. A young student called upon the Scottish divine with the view of getting his advice as to the profession he should follow, when he gave the following; 'If a man has no learning, he may get it; if he has no grace, he may get it for the asking; but if he has no common sense, there is no hope for him.' Yet this qualification is just what is wanted to make a right man—a man to be useful and successful. With good common sense, he may succeed with little else; all else without it cannot make a man.

A burglar liberally soaped himself and escaped from the Tombs in New York, by crawling through an aperture 6½ by 29 inches.

Of the 456 tax payers in Essex, Mass, 128, over quarter, are Burnhams; 58 more than one-eighth, are Storeys; and 34 are Andrews.

An eagle was recently observed by a traveler to fly from one Alpine peak to another, five miles apart, in precisely five minutes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

AN authentic instance of a white man turning black is related by Dr. Dickson, of the British embassy to the Levant. The subject is an American, twenty-eight years of age. He was laid up for two years with a severe sickness, which was followed by intermittent fever of a year's duration, and this in turn by an attack of the jaundice. During the last illness the color of the patient's skin changed from yellow to bronze, and as fast as this change progressed his health improved. At present the entire surface of his skin, excepting the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet, is of a very deep bronze hue, such as marks the color of the dark Abyssinian races. The medical term for this disease is *melanopathia*.

DR. WINSHIP, the strong man of Boston, now raises daily the extraordinary weight of twenty-six hundred pounds.—His operating rooms under the old Park street church, Boston, are daily thronged with the curious as well as those desirous of learning the art of how to be strong. He expects soon to be able to raise 3,000 lbs. In a corner of the room, a small horse-shoe magnet, suspended by a cord, attracts the attention of all visitors. Curiosity centres upon this trifle from the following circumstances: 'Dr. Winship began his experiments by suspending an ordinary horse shoe magnet, and adding a little weight every day to the small piece of iron attached to the poles, the sustaining power increases in precise ratio to the weight added. At first, it would sustain twelve ounces—more than this would cause the iron to detach. In twenty-four hours another ounce was added and sustained, and this experiment was repeated daily until the magnet now sustains nearly eleven pounds, the attracting power increasing much more rapidly than at first. It was this magnet that first gave Dr. Winship the idea of increasing his own strength by gradual development. He began adding little by little to the weights raised, and raised the amount daily, until he has practically and in a wonderful manner demonstrated the truth of his theory. An extensive practice now rewards him for the time and trouble consumed in his researches in that direction.'

A GIANT lady died at New Prospect, N. J., a few days ago, weighing 700 pounds. She liked ham and eggs; a ham would last her two meals. She ate a good dinner, of which 24 ears of green corn formed a small portion, shortly before her death.

MR. J. E. ANDERSON'S  
PATENT SPRING  
SULKY.

WE repeat in this number our cut representing the new spring Sulkey lately invented and patented by Mr. J. E. Anderson, of Port Dover. Having since our former notice tried the Sulkey which was shewn us, fitted with springs of Mr. Anderson's pattern and adaptation, we have no hesitation in saying that we look upon it as the very *ne plus ultra* of the inventive art; as far as the application of steel springs to a two-wheeled vehicle is concerned. Could we imagine a person seated in a sulkey so constructed, and in such a way that he would never see or have seen at all the way it is done, we predict that his surprize at the great effect produced, and the remarkable sim-

licity of the means used, would be really unbounded. No spring vehicle that we have ever seen is equal to this one in the ease to the rider with which the springs yield to every inequality of the road over which it passes.

Each spring is fastened, (at its lightest end,) to the axle, near to the wheel, but so that the axle is free to turn independently of the spring. The heavy end of the spring, which we must mention, is a half-spring, is attached to the shafts, just about opposite to the rim of the wheel. And that is the whole affair. Two half-springs, one on each side, stretching from the axle straight forward to their fastenings at the other end on the shafts, each spring being thus extended straight under the shafts. The simplicity of the contrivance astonishes every one who sees it for the first time.

It is not to be supposed that ease in riding over rough roads, and the saving of the rider's bones from jars and

AN interesting experiment has been brought to a satisfactory termination on the top of the castle at Newcastle, England. It consists of firing a fuse by means of electricity, the charge being sent from Edinburgh, a distance of 120 miles.

AN English officer in the Confederate service writes to the Edinburgh 'Scotsman' that when the siege of Vicksburg began, there were but ten percussion caps per man in the city.

No less than 80 warnings were given to Prussian journals during June and July of this year.

DRUNK FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.—At the Clerkewell Police Court lately, John Durant, licensed drover and green-grocer, residing at Northampton Row, Holloway, was charged with violently assailing his wife and daughter. The wife of the defendant stated that the defendant had not been sober, night or day, for more than 25 years; and for the last six or seven years had never had his clothes off, even to go to bed, except for the purpose of changing his linen. The prisoner, who was far from being sober, said he was ill used by his family, and was afraid that he should be murdered. Mr. D'Eyncourt remanded Durant for a few days, in order to discover whether he was mad or not.

DEER STALKING IN CANADA.—The Brockville Recorder says that 'a party of deer hunters left Brockville on the 5th inst. to enjoy the pleasure of bush life and deer hunting. The party arrived at camping ground on the 8th, but did not enter upon 'business' till the 11th. From the 11th till the 14th, no less than 17 deer bit the dust, seven being brought home to camp in one day. One of the gentlemen returned to town on Saturday, bringing with him fourteen splendid animals.'

CO-OPERATIVE societies are multiplying rapidly in England. These are organizations of working men who establish stores or manufactories wherein all engaged are partners. A report says that there are 332 such in England and Wales. The total number of shares held, (at £1 each,) was 351,612. The total amount expended for goods in 1861 was £2,067,867, and the amount of sales £2,331,650, leaving a net profit of £165,770.

## CHATTANOOGA.

THE city of Chattanooga used to contain about 5,000 inhabitants, 4 or 5 churches, five hotels, two printing offices, a bank, a number of very fine residences, &c. It is in Hamilton county, Tennessee, just north of the dividing line between that State and Georgia, situated on the left bank of the Tennessee River, and is the northern terminus of the Western and Atlantic Railway, the southern terminus of which is Atlanta, Georgia. It is also the eastern terminus of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, and forms an angular connection with the line of railroad from Charleston, South Carolina, to Memphis, Tennessee. It is 151 miles from Nashville, 432 miles from Savannah, and 447 miles from Charleston. The city is situated on a high bluff overlooking the rushing waters of the Tennessee river, which at this point spreads out to a greater extent than at many others in the vicinity. Being the terminus of two important roads, and the most prominent point on another, (the Charleston and Memphis,) it became the most available place where the rolling stock of all could be repaired and new stock manufactured. Hence were established here numerous machine-shops, foundries, &c., which, up to the outbreak of the rebellion, were doing a thriving business, and contributing, in a great measure, to the advancement and prosperity of the place.

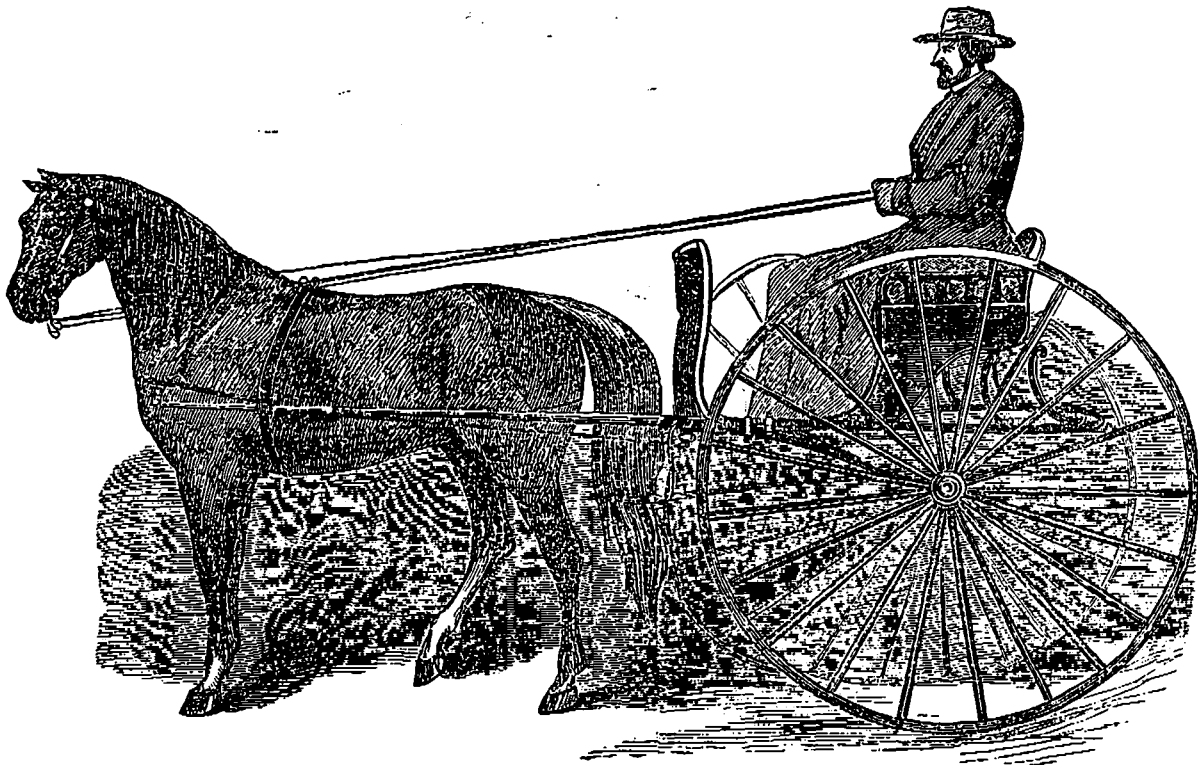
The Tennessee river is navigable for steamboats from the Muscle Shoals, twenty miles in extent, above Florence, Alabama, up to Knoxville, Tennessee, which is one hundred and ten miles by railroad northeast of Chattanooga, and of course much further by the windings of the river. The upper waters of the Tennessee river are extremely beautiful, varied as the landscape is in wild mountain scenes and pastoral lands. The Lookout Mountains, immediately around Chattanooga, and in which so many deserters from the rebel army are said to have been waiting Rosecrans, coming, form one of the boldest and most romantic objects to be seen.

WHEN men are long indifferent towards us, we grow indifferent to their indifference.

EVERY man who cheats, or slanders, or steals, adds to the aggregate guilt of the nation.

WE should round every day of stirring action with evening of thought. We learn nothing by our experience except we mused upon it.

THE Quebec Daily News says:—'A gentleman who returned from the Chaudiere gold mines, after staying there a few days, and closely examining the 'diggings,' does not appear to be seized very strongly with the gold fever. From information he received, except in a couple of instances, it does not appear that the prospect is very encouraging.—He admits that future explorations may lead to profitable discoveries of the precious metal. But that so far there did not appear to be much gained by the explorers. Many were leaving much disappointed, and others were still working, hoping against hope. Still, he thinks it possible that rich veins may be struck, but that those now worked, especially by new comers, are not profitable. He was also informed that many of the nuggets said to be discovered, were California gold, dropt by speculators into the earth, with a view to enhance the price of the claims. Even in New York, it is said, these speculators were busy.



IMPROVED HALF-SPRING SULKY.—PATENTED BY MR. J. E. ANDERSON, OF PORT DOVER, C. W.

jolts is the only benefit of a perfectly acting spring.—Such a spring as the one we have described saves the vehicle as well as the rider that sits in it. It is sudden, heavy jerks, and rough shocks, which destroy wheeled vehicles. Were they never run but on a smooth, level road, such as Macadam might approve of, they would last perhaps three times as long as they generally do. But it is tolerably well known that roads of the real Macadam pattern, or any other as good, are the exception and not the rule in Canada. Anything which breaks the force of the shocks experienced in passing over our ordinary roads, and diminishes the concussion which is felt, thereby saves the axle from getting 'sprung,' as it is called, and the spokes and felloes from being strained out of place. It is evident that whatever does this saves the whole vehicle also from injury. And further, a perfectly acting construction of the springs makes it easier too for the horse, for it

causes the vehicle to spring lightly over obstacles, thereby diminishing the strain of the draught. To show how the effect of percussive force is neutralized by springing and yielding thereto, take the example of a man catching a cricket ball in its swiftest flight. He draws back his hands, yielding like a spring to the force of the ball, which consequently does not hurt him. But suppose he were to brace his hands, his arms, and his body, stiffly against the ball, he might expect a broken wrist and a used-up hand without doubt. Now a first-rate spring, between the weight carried, and the wheels and the axle which carry it, acts just as the cricketer's hand does in catching the ball. The springs do not diminish the weight carried, of course, but they destroy the effect of the weight coming down.

We may say, in conclusion, that we can scarcely imagine any one getting a sulkey fitted with springs of any other pattern, after once seeing Mr. Anderson's.

## WEEKLY NEWS SUMMARY.

## CANADIAN.

It appears that there are strong 'indications of oil' at a spot very near to Hamilton. The locality is about half a mile east of the stone meeting-house on the Calodonia road, and within four miles of the city. The existence of petroleum in that neighborhood is noted in a scientific paper printed a year or two ago, from the pen of Mr. T. Storry Hunt, of the Geological Survey. A company is now being formed, under the provisions of the Joint Stock Companies Act, to bore for oil. Capital fixed, *pro tem.*, at \$2,000, in one hundred shares of \$20 each. Barton township is fairly 'up' in the matter, and operations are to be commenced forthwith.

THE *Owen Sound Times* says: 'The wife of Mr. Wm. Anderson, of the second concession of Arran, committed suicide on Sunday, the 11th inst., by cutting her throat with a razor. The unfortunate woman lived only a few hours after the rash act, but still long enough to say she repented it. On being asked why she did it, she replied that it was on account of trouble with her children. A jury was empanelled before Dr. Hawkesworth, coroner, and gave a verdict in accordance with her statements. She was apparently quite rational at the time, and, so far as we can learn, has never been otherwise.'

THE *Bruce Herald* says that Walkerton is now, by a majority of six in a County Council of twenty members, declared to be the county town of Bruce. It is believed that this vexed question is now finally settled.

A MATRIMONIAL agency office, so the papers say, has been started in St. Catharines. We suspect it to be an affair got up by some 'nice young man' for their own amusement. But perhaps it is a *bona fide* 'establishment,' after all.

THE *Quebec Daily News* says that on Sunday morning, (the 18th inst.,) a sho-bear with her two cubs came into the clearances near Charlesbourg and paid a visit to one of the farm-houses, where she devoured a sheep. The male occupants of the house were at divine service at the time, but on their return started with fire-arms in pursuit of her bruinship. They were not successful in beating her up. These visits of the denizens of the forests into the clearances at this season are signs of great scarcity of the wild fruit upon which they exist.

THE *Montreal Daily Witness*, heretofore published at a half-penny a number, is hereafter to be charged a penny. The card announcing the change states that it is adopted only because the publishers 'cannot make both ends meet at the half-penny.' The change is a sensible one.

CRUDE oil is \$6 per barrel now in Enniskillen, and firmly held at that.

THE Ottawa river has not been so low for many years as it was this season, but owing to the frequent rains, it is now on the rise.

A FARMER in Asphodel has been fined \$11 for cruelly ill-treating and starving an orphan boy left to his charge.

MR. WILLIAM SPENCE, of Whitchy, C.W., with a party of two others, killed no fewer than six splendid deer, in the vicinity of Cameron's Lake, on Saturday, the 17th inst. The locality in that direction north is reported to be 'thick' with game. One splendid buck took to the water and was followed by Mr. Spence in a canoe and speedily brought to grief. This deer was the largest we have seen: when brought into Whitchy on Monday he weighed 218 lbs.

THE *Whitchy Chronicle* says that a woman named Mrs. McPherson, residing in the township of Mara, met with a horrible death on Friday last, under the following circumstances. She was out burning brush when her clothes accidentally took fire, and before the poor woman could be rescued from the flames she was burned to death.

AN insane woman, wife of a farmer named Clarko, in the township of New Ireland, county of Megantie, C.E., killed her four children on the night of Monday the 19th inst. She had been in the Asylum before, but had returned home, and recently showed signs of a violent outbreak again of her mental ailment. The children are described as two girls, said to have been aged respectively fifteen and thirteen, a little boy considerably younger, and an infant of some two or three months. It is surmised, from the circumstances, that she despatched the two eldest with an axe, and the younger children with a razor. The unfortunate man, after this terrible deed, tried to cut off her hand, at the wrist, with a razor, and also made a desperate attempt to sever her foot at the ankle with an axe, inflicting fearful wounds upon her person in these attempts. This shocking occurrence bears a striking resemblance, in its sickening details, to the Arthabaska tragedy of last year, when another insane woman killed her seven children, and then put an end to her own existence.

PINE lumber has been rather on the rise of late; the demand from the States having become quite brisk this few weeks past.

BOTH tea and sugar, two very necessary articles, are at present 'on the rise.' Most people think that tea, at all events, is about as high in price already as it need be.

## EUROPEAN.

Mr. Henry Ward Beecher addressed a large audience at Liverpool on the 6th inst. His reception was enthusiastic in the extreme.—Discontents were there present, and interruptions were attempted, but the champion of New England showed great calmness and tact on the occasion, and finally succeeded in getting the audience with him. A vote of thanks to him was at last carried, so it is said, 'with great cheering, not unmixed with hisses and groans.'

On the same day an address was delivered before the Liverpool Southern Club by Mr. Boresford Hlop, who reiterated his oft expressed ultra views in favor of the South. The Club afterwards entertained Mr. Hope at a banquet, where Southern sentiments were of course, the order of the day.

Sir Roundel Palmer, Attorney General, had been addressing his constituents at considerable length on American affairs. He showed that England could not recognize the South until their independence was fully settled. He contended that England was bound to extend belligerent rights to the Confederates, and strongly demonstrated the obligations resting on England for continued neutrality.

Russia had commenced detaching certain parts of Poland from Poland. A Russian imperial decree detaches the Government of Angostara and the District of Lorenza from Poland, and incorporates them in the Russian empire.

It is reported that the Poles have offered an offensive and defensive alliance to Turkey to reconsider all that has been lost of the Ottoman Empire. It is also said that Russia has notified the Porte that any recognition of the Poles as belligerents will be looked upon as a declaration of war.

The English Cabinet has postponed the decision in regard to the demand of the Poles to be considered as belligerents.

The troubles in India, and the outbreaks and war in New Zealand have attracted considerable attention. It is stated that the Punjabs had been invaded by 7,000 men, headed by the sons of Dost Mahomed, who are thought to be merely the vanguard of a large force.—British troops have been sent against them, and other precautions taken to ensure their overthrow. The war in New Zealand is called

a war of races. Energetic measures were being taken by the troops and white colonists for a decisive victory over the natives. All the British troops in Australia have gone over to New Zealand, and volunteers would follow to put the native insurgents down.

Blondin has resumed his tight rope performances in London.

The Queen lately attended the public ceremony of the inauguration of a statue of Prince Albert at Aberdeen. This is Her Majesty's first appearance on any public occasion out of doors since the Prince's death.

Lately, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, a young man named Robert Pronderville died in a few hours from injuries received in an off-hand pugilistic encounter, arising from a quarrel. Both himself and his antagonist were much the worse of liquor at the time, the former especially. A verdict of manslaughter was returned by the Coroner's Jury against the latter, a young man named Perkins.

A ROCKET and most remarkable English invention is the adaptation of a steam-vessel's screw to the steering of the ship. Every movement of the tiller or wheel is immediately communicated to the screw, the great power of which, acting on the ship, at once makes her spin round like a top. Before Jack, standing at the wheel, has time to say Jack Robinson thrice, the ship is put about. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the importance of this invention, when applied to ships of war. The new steering screw, which is the invention of Mr. J. W. Curtis, C. E., is now being experimented on under the auspices of the Admiralty Board, and has elicited the highly favorable opinion of Admiral Belcher.

## UNITED STATES.

MR. OSSIAN P. ROSS, a student at the Ann Arbor University, Michigan, lately committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. The *Detroit Free Press*, relating the circumstances under which he was found dead, says: 'Under him lay the razor with which he committed the rash act, and at one side the bottle of chloroform with which he sought to blunt his perception of the approach of death. An arm chair lay in the middle of the floor overturned. In the seat of which was another clot of blood. On the table lay a note, in the hand writing of the unfortunate young man. It ran as follows:—

'To all whom it may concern:—

'Having come to the conclusion that my life is no benefit to myself or friends, but a disgrace to both, I have determined to put an end to it. God forgive me if I do wrong. I die in the hope of Heaven.

OSSIAN P. ROSS,

10 o'clock, 40 minutes, A.M.

The young man who so rashly put an end to his existence, was a son of Congressman Ross, of Illinois. He was in his twentieth year. He was one who stood well in class, had many friends, and was noted for his gallant and gentlemanly bearing. No cause is assigned for the rash act.'

## PARTICULARS OF THE LATE EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND

(From the *London Illustrated News*, Saturday, Oct. 10.)

On Tuesday morning, about half-past three, the central and western parts of England were shaken by an earthquake. Comparing the various reports received from the districts over which the wave of agitation travelled, we gather that the shocks were as nearly as possible simultaneous from Milford Haven to Burton-on-Trent, and from the Mersey to Plymouth. The sky appears to have been clear and the air still, an observation quite consistent with the experience of travellers in countries where earthquakes are most frequent and violent. The shocks were in many if not in most places unaccompanied by any subterranean noise. In all the effects were about the same—the furniture was shaken in houses, gates rattled, and high buildings oscillated alarmingly, but no actual damage was done. In the case of a vessel at sea, about twenty miles from Milford Haven, which felt the earthquake, the captain says that the ship reeled as if she had struck on a rock.

A zigzag line drawn from Liverpool through Derby, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Worcester, Hereford, and Taunton, to Exeter, would seem to mark the course along which the main shock proceeded. The shock seems to have been general throughout a large stretch of country, embracing South Staffordshire and parts of Warwick and Worcestershire.

One of the correspondents of a Birmingham paper says that at the time of the shock he was lying in bed awake, when he heard a sound as of the rushing of a very strong wind, which had scarcely subsided when it was succeeded by a smothered rumbling which caused his bedroom window to rattle. The sound, he adds, increased in intensity, and immediately he felt a swaying, rocking, or undulatory motion, inducing nausea. Another correspondent says the motion, which was very palpable, appeared more like an upheaving than an oscillatory movement; while a third felt a rocking under his bed, and experienced a sensation as of standing upon the platform of a railway station while an express-train is passing. Another finds his bed 'upheaved'; another his bed 'shaken'; a third hears a sound as of kettle-drums in the distance; a fourth finds his windows rattling; a fifth hears all the bells in his house ringing; a sixth fancies there is thunder in the distance.

A gentleman residing at Smallheath, one of the suburbs of Birmingham, gives the following description of his experience of the shock:—I was first startled by a sudden crash, which was quickly followed without intermission by a slightly rolling motion not unlike that of a railway train. The windows of my bedroom rattled as though some person was violently shaking them, and the furniture of the room shook as if somebody had brushed against each separate article. The shock lasted probably about three seconds, and then—though, perhaps, only by force of contrast—there seemed to be a preternatural quietness. I did not notice any gust of wind before the shock; but the incidents of the shock itself were so distinctly marked, that even at the time I had no doubt about its character.

At Wolverhampton the alarm was universal, and the impression of many in that important manufacturing town was that a terrible boiler explosion had taken place.

In Walsall, Wednesbury, Darlaston, Cannock, and other districts within and bordering upon the 'black country,' the trembling of the earth was very distinctly felt. The same was the case at Stourbridge, where the shock caused a small fracture in the brickwork of a glass manufactory.

At Wordsley the shock appears to have been remarkably severe. The Rev. R. B. Girdlestone writes as follows to a local paper:—'Last night I was awakened at about 3.15 by a shock which made the whole house quiver; the bed shook violently, the windows rattled, and all the furniture seemed to shiver. The effects of the first shock had hardly subsided when a second followed it, with a sound as of a heavy explosion beneath the cellars, which made the house shake from the bottom to the top.'

At Derby, Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, the subterranean noises and the shakings of the earth were also comparatively severe. At Hereford, indeed, several chimneys are said to have been thrown down. 'The policemen

on duty,' says a correspondent writing from the locality, 'were in some instances much terrified; and it is affirmed that the Infirmary, which stands on a gentle eminence overlooking the Wye, St. Nicholas Church, and other buildings, were seen distinctly to heave and throe with the motion of the earth. Near the Castle Green large trees were also perceived as it were in a condition of fearful agitation, and a police-officer on duty in that neighborhood was compelled to rush to a gatepost to support himself, the earth throwing him backwards and forwards.'

A gentleman writes to us from Monmouth as follows:—'A violent shock of an earthquake was felt here on Tuesday morning last, at 3.30, causing great consternation to many of the inhabitants. Persons were rocked in their beds by the oscillations; and Mr. Matthews, grocer, Church street, on going down to his shop found the floor strewn with goods shaken off the window-shelves. This visitation was attended by a sudden and powerful detonation, resembling the booming of distant artillery.'

In Bristol the phenomenon was not made manifest in a very striking manner, some persons noticing it, and a large number being entirely ignorant of anything unusual taking place.

On both sides of the Bristol Channel the shocks appear to have been felt with more or less distinctness.

In Swansea noises were heard which were supposed to be the vibrations of guns, and the vibrations around Mumble Head lasted a considerable time, and created the utmost consternation. A local paper says:—'Throughout Swansea and Sketty, and along the seacoast, numbers of individuals testified to the noises which the vibrations of the earthquake induced. At Haverfordwest, several persons felt the shocks of the earthquake. At Llanelly many persons were aroused from their beds between three and four in the morning by the sudden plunging about of household furniture, glasses, &c.'

At Taunton the utmost alarm was created by the earthquake and the noise which accompanied it, and a large number of persons betook themselves to the streets and open spaces to escape being crushed by the fall of buildings which they anticipated.

The trembling of the earth and noises were felt with great intensity in Exeter and along the South Devon coast, causing everywhere considerable alarm.

Shocks were also felt in Leicester and Sheffield, but apparently with nothing like the severity observable elsewhere.

From Nottingham Mr. Haythorn writes describing the rocking of his bed and the entire house on the occasion of the earthquake. He says:—'The movement was very easy and similar to that experienced on board a steam-vessel when first put in motion. I at once concluded there had been an earthquake. It was then 3.20, starlight, but not any wind, nor any noise afterwards. I think it probable there had been a previous shock, as the cause of my being awake. My sister, in an adjoining room was also awakened by the windows shaking; but I can hear of none of my neighbors having perceived anything of the kind.'

In London and the suburbs the shock was also felt. Mr. Hinde writes as follows from Mr. Bishop's observatory, Twickenham:—'It appeared to me that the oscillatory motion was from E. N. E. to W. S. W., lasting three seconds, or rather less. I heard no sound whatever after the shock; but cannot say positively whether any preceded it. The sky was partially clear at the time, and the air perfectly still. The sensation produced by the tremor was very peculiar, and different from that of ordinary vibration.'

From the Beeston Observatory, near Nottingham, Mr. Lovc thus writes:—'A smart shock of an earthquake was felt here this morning, at 3.30. Many persons awoke from the shaking of their beds and windows. At the time the sky was cloudless, the wind west, barometer stationary, and the temperature 31 deg. The motion of the earthquake pendulum at this observatory was from W.N.W. to E.S.E. and the displacement of chalk by the 30-ft. rod was half an inch, the index-needle moving the chalk so as to leave an oval, or rather a lengthened-oval, hole. There must have been at least two shocks, as numerous letters describe the time as both 2.35 a. m. and 3.30 a. m. That the latter was the time of a severe lateral shock is certain, as the zero pencils on my atmospheric recorder marked the paper in a remarkable manner at that hour.'

Mr. Charles Dickens, writing from his residence, Gad's-hill-place, Kent, thus vividly records his observation of the earthquake shock:—'I was awakened by a violent swaying of my bedstead from side to side, accompanied by a singular heaving motion. It was exactly as if some great beast had been crouching asleep under the bedstead and was now shaking itself and trying to rise. The time by my watch was twenty minutes past three, and I suppose the shock to have lasted nearly a minute. The bedstead, a large iron one, standing nearly north and south, appeared to me to be the only piece of furniture in the room that was heavily shaken. Neither the doors nor the windows rattled, though they rattle enough in windy weather, this house standing alone, on high ground, in the neighborhood of two great rivers. There was no noise. The air was very still, and much warmer than it had been in the earlier part of the night. Although the previous afternoon had been wet, the glass had not fallen. I had mentioned my surprise at it standing near the letter 'F' in 'Fair,' and having a tendency to rise. It is recorded in the second volume of the *Philosophical Transactions* that the glass stood high at Oxford when an earthquake was felt there in September, 1683.'

Most accounts describe the shaking as from east to west; a writer from Cheltenham, however, says it was from south to north. All accounts agree that the night was calm. About ten years ago a shock was experienced in the same part of England, but it was of an upheaving, and not of a shaking, character, or accompanied with a noise.

Mrs. Somerville, in her 'Physical Geography,' says that no fewer than 255 earthquakes have taken place in Great Britain. This country has, however, suffered but little from earthquakes within the memory of man. One which was felt throughout England occurred in 1809; a shock was 'severely felt' at Lincoln in 1142; another was felt throughout England in 1274; and 'the greatest ever known' in this country happened on the 14th of November, 1328. An earthquake was felt in London in 1580, when part of St. Paul's and the Temple churches fell; and another shock was 'severely felt' in Ireland in 1690.

## THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

'They did. What a fool I was,' he continued, wringing his hands, 'ever to let her have Castonel! It was my wife worried me into it. Ailsa, I must get at the particulars of her death-bed. I shall not rest till I do. If Castonel will not furnish them, I'll ask Mrs. Muff.'

Mr. Chavasse remained irresolute all day. At the dusk hour he stole through the twilight to the house of his son-in-law. But Mr. Castonel had also stolen out somewhere under cover of the night. The faithful upper servant and housekeeper of all the Mrs. Castonels came to him in the dining-room, and the two sat down and sobbed one against the other.

'What did she die of?' groaned Mr. Chavasse.

'Sir,' said Mrs. Muff, 'I know no more than you. When she went to bed; she was as well as I was and ten times merrier, talking about a new cap she had bought, and the visitors she would see on the morrow. That was about half past nine, and by eleven we all a-bed in the house. In the middle of the night—if you killed me, I couldn't tell you the time, for in my flurry I never looked, but it may have been about two—their bedroom bell, the one which is hung by John's door on the top landing, in case Mr. Castonel is called out and wants him in the night, rang out such a dreadful peal, loud and long, as brought us all out of our beds; and master was shouting from his chamber. The others stopped to put a few things on, but I ran down in my night-clothes. Sir, in ten minutes, Mrs. Castonel was dead.'

'How did she seem when you got to her? How did she look?'

'She was writhing on the bed in awful agony, screaming and flinging her arms about. Mr. Castonel called it convulsions. I suppose it was. It was just as the other two poor young ladies went off. He was in a fine state, and threw himself on the body afterwards, and sobbed as if his heart would break.'

'Did she take any thing in the night?'

'Nothing, except some barley-water. She had drunk that, for the glass was empty.'

'Mrs. Muff, he whispered, taking her hand with a beseeching look, 'do you feel that there has always been fair play?'

'The merciful goodness knows, sir. I can't help asking myself all sorts of ugly questions, and then I am vexed at doing it. I know one thing; that it's an unlucky house, and as soon as to-morrow comes, I take myself out of it. I could not stop. Mr. Castonel owes me three months' wages, and if he says I have no right to them, for leaving without warning, why he must keep them. Hannah neither won't stay. I had hard work to make her remain for the funeral.'

'You saw them all after death: How did they look?'

'I saw them all and noticed nothing extraordinary. But Mr. Castonel had the coffins screwed down quickly.'

'Has any thing ever happened to excite your suspicions?'

'I cannot say it has. Though one circumstance has been much in my mind the last few days. The evening of the death of the first Mrs. Castonel, I and Hannah were seated in the kitchen, when we heard a noise in the laboratory. I went to see, and there was Mr. Castonel, who must have stolen down stairs and gone in without noise. He had let fall one of the little drawers, and I saw a phial and a paper or two on the floor. He was in a fierce rage with me for looking in. But the curious part is, that he had always passed off that drawer for a dummy drawer.'

Mr. Chavasse did not speak. He listened eagerly.

'And on the night of your poor daughter's death, sir, he had got that same drawer out again. John went in, and saw him with it, and Mr. Castonel—to use the lad's words—howled at him and chivied him back again. 'What a odd thing it is, Mrs. Muff,' said he to me, that same evening, 'that I should always have took that drawer for a sham?'

'Did you notice him at the drawer when his second wife died, poor Ellen Leicester?'

'No. But he may have gone to it every day of his life, without my seeing him. The curious point is that he should have been seen at it on these two particular nights, and by neither of us at any other time. Oh, sir! whether it has been bad luck, or whether it has been any thing worse, what a mercy if this man had never come near Ebury!'

'It would have been a mercy,' echoed poor Mr. Chavasse.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER UNDERTAKES TO EXCITE SUSPICION STILL FURTHER.

There was a visitor at Mr. Hardwick's house, and the two had been in earnest conference for some time. The stranger—Mr. Smith, or whatever his name might be, had been arguing his point with some earnestness.

'You make out that portion of the case very well,' said the squire; 'but it is all suspicion after all. There is a possibility that Mr. Castonel might have changed the powders; but there is not enough evidence to proceed on. Mrs. Vaughan is a very prejudiced old woman, and sees things in the light of her hate. Understand me that I would be willing enough, as a magistrate, to attend to this, but were I to be too forward, and nothing come of it, Mr. Castonel would make me suffer. There is no apparent motive for such an act on his part.'

'There is a motive, and a strong one, with an utterly unprincipled man. I wormed this out of the old dame. He was the father of the child.'

'That would show less motive, or none, for its destruction unless you make him out a perfect fiend.'

'But suppose he made a conditional promise that he would marry the mother, when he was a widower, if the child were then alive?'

'Did he make such a promise?'

'Mrs. Vaughan will swear that she overheard him.'

Just then Mr. Chavasse was announced. He took no note of the stranger, so great was his excitement.

'I tell you, Squire Hardwick,' said he, 'I must have an inquest: my poor child's body shall be examined. I will know whether she has been poisoned or not. If there has been foul play, he shall suffer for it. They shall all be taken up—all—all!'

'And Mary Shipley's baby too,' said the stranger.

'And that too. I don't know you, sir, but I thank you or the suggestion. I should like to know about this Castonel—who he was originally—where he came from. No

one knows. Maybe he has no right to the name.'

'You are mistaken there,' said the other; 'he has a right to the name.'

'Possibly; but that woman at Beech Lodge could tell. A cousin—a pretty cousin she. It's my opinion that she's nothing more nor less than—'

'Stop, sir,' thundered the other, angrily, without remembering that he was not in his own house. 'I will not suffer you to say any thing against that lady.'

Mr. Chavasse looked astonished.

'I assure you,' continued the stranger, resuming his ordinary tone, 'that there has been, and could be no intercourse between that lady and Mr. Castonel, other than proper. I could satisfy you of that by four words; but I shall not do so now. You will know all some time, and in the mean while you may take my word for it. No man shall impugn that lady's conduct or character in my presence with impunity.'

'Why, that is what Mr. Castonel himself said to poor Mr. Winton,' said Chavasse.

'Did he? So much the better for him. It was his duty to do so.'

'Duty?'

'I said—duty. Rest easy, all will be explained before long. Have your inquest—your examination—I was endeavoring to persuade Mr. Hardwick to the step when you came in. But he wants an affidavit of probable cause.'

'I'll make one, then,' replied Chavasse.

'Suppose we have an informal inquiry first,' suggested the cautious magistrate. 'Let us have the parties who can throw any light on it, and examine what they have to say carefully, before we commit ourselves. Feeling should not have its way in a matter like this, which is too serious to go at, except with coolness and caution.'

'Your daughter has not been murdered,' observed Mr. Chavasse, bitterly.

'Very true,' replied the magistrate, calmly. 'But we have no evidence yet that yours has been. Come, now, don't interrupt, but hear me out. There is a series of remarkable facts, that in connection are suspicious—the point to determine is, whether they are enough to act as a defence in case we fail, and are prosecuted for false arrest.'

'I would spend every shilling I have in the world to get justice done on the murderer of my daughter.'

'Granted; but not to merely find that you could prove no murder at all. Besides, as you said just now, I have had no daughter murdered, which is no evidence that I do not sympathize with you, but explains why I go to work with more deliberation. There is one great obstacle as yet.'

'Obstacle?'

'Yes. I was speaking of it to this gentleman before you came in. It is the apparent absence of any motive for such wholesale slaughter.'

'Motive!—why—abundant.'

'Very good—what is it?'

'Mr. Chavasse was silent for a minute or more, and then he broke out vehemently—'

'He has poisoned them—there is no doubt of it.'

'I fear so,' said Mr. Hardwick, 'but still there is no compelling reason. We may get a clue to it by a little management.'

'Management! burst forth Mr. Chavasse, again, 'I am sick of management. All I want is a straightforward, thorough, square investigation. Let us get to the bottom of the business by a direct mode. If he didn't murder my daughter, let him show his innocence.'

'Softly,' answered the magistrate, almost provoked into a smile, 'you forget that it is not the rule of English law to ask a man to prove his innocence; though an English public may do such a thing. His innocence is presumed until we show something to the contrary.'

'Oh, I know all that—that's of course; but I mean let us go at it at once in a direct way. Let him be committed to await an investigation.'

'He must be arrested first, and it requires an examination before he can be committed, and sufficient prima facie evidence, backed by an affidavit, for even a warrant.'

'Did you never hear of murders being done without any apparent motive?' asked the stranger.

'Certainly, but if no motive at all be shown, it may lead to his escape. Look at it. He had nothing to gain by the death of his wives.'

'Yes, but his first two were in the way of his marrying Fiances, where he might gain something,' suggested Mr. Chavasse.

'Which tells against the theory of his having poisoned your daughter,' returned the other. 'His hope of money through her was in her surviving you. So far as self-interest went, it was in favor of his guarding her life with jealous care.'

'It seems to me you are arguing his case for him,' said Mr. Chavasse, moodily.

'Trust me,' returned the magistrate, 'that the barrister who defends him would put it in a stronger way. It is clear that the motive was not interest.'

'It might have been hate,' interposed the stranger.

'Possibly; but what is the evidence of its existence? There were no quarrels between him and his wives. In your daughter's case, you told me once yourself, that he lavished on her every thing that the tenderest husband could, and more than you would, were you in his place. So far as you know, or the public know, their relations were of the most affectionate kind. Even the sharp-sighted Mrs. Muff knows of no difficulty between the two. So you see there is no ground for that motive to stand on.'

'Suppose he had no motive, but just sheer downright desire to kill them?'

'It would be hard to put that idea before a court. A smart barrister would make it acquit his client, if the facts were doubtful.'

'But if we can show that they did take poison—that the poison could have been given by no one but him—if we can bring up the baby-case where there was a motive,' interposed the stranger, 'what then?'

'I fear you would only build up a basis on which a smart counsel would rear a very pretty fabric of insanity. The days of Blue Beard are past. Men are not supposed to poison three young and handsome wives in succession, without apparent cause, and in the last instance against their own interest.'

'What do you propose to do—dismiss the case when it comes before you officially?' queried the stranger.

'No! the circumstances are such as to give rise to grave suspicions, sufficient to justify me, perhaps, in acting as a magistrate. If a coroner's jury should find a verdict, as it probably would, the commitment would inevitably follow. But I am anxious that if he be, guilty—'

'If! He is guilty!' exclaimed Mr. Chavasse.

'Admit that I believe it so—that we are all three here satisfied of his guilt, it will not weaken the case against him, if we sift all the evidence carefully. You know what grounds you have to go on, in the first place; and then you may get a clue to the motive, which will make it surer.'

'We have heard the witnesses already.'

'No—only a portion, and then in a discursive way. I propose that we shall get Mr. Tuck before us.'

'And Mr. Rice?'

'Probably; but we will get little out of him, unless in a court, or before the coroner. He is in Mr. Castonel's employ and knowing the examination to be extra-magisterial, would probably have nothing to say. What we get must be voluntary. Mr. Tuck is not of the same nature, and we may glean a deal from him. I thought of the tiger, but he is rather sharp, and may not be managed.'

'Leave him to me,' said the stranger, with a slight chuckle of confidence. 'He is a mercenary young cur, and I can squeeze him as dry as a sponge. When I have done with him you will find little more to extract.'

'You may get too much,' rejoined Mr. Hardwick, drily.

'Never fear for that.'

'I mean that it may not be reliable.'

'I understand you; but I can sift the wheat from his chaff, without arguing very much shrewdness on my part. I have had occasion to do it once or twice before.'

'I rely more upon John and Hannah's evidence, than even Mrs. Muff's,' continued the magistrate. 'Hannah is talkative, and therefore inquisitive; though Mrs. Muff is prudent, and likely to have rebuffed her, she has no doubt gleaned a good deal, and many matters not likely to have impressed her, which will come out, may guide us.'

'Hannah was lady's maid?' inquired the stranger.

'No—in the kitchen; but don't you know that the kitchen knows most of the parlor? All people are at the mercy of their servants, in the matter of secrets, and the lower you get down the ladder the more is picked up. What does not astonish your valet makes your scullion ponder.'

There was some force in this last observation of Mr. Hardwick, and it seemed to strike the other two. At least it was not contested.

'I think,' continued the magistrate, 'that by the time we have sifted what is at hand, some indications of further evidence may appear.'

'And when do you propose to have the examination?' asked Mr. Chavasse.

'As soon as possible. To-morrow, at farthest.'

'I should like to be present,' said the stranger.

'There is no reason why you should not. I will have them summoned here quietly—Mrs. Muff, Hannah, John, Mr. Tuck, Dame Vaughan, and Mary Shipley—in fact, all of those who probably know anything before us, and sound the depth of the evidence.'

'Very well—but it shall not rest, any way.'

The stranger, promising to be present at the proposed inquiry, was about to leave the house, Mr. Chavasse stopped him.

'Did you know that man before he came to Ebury?'

'Yes.'

'Was he—was he respectable?'

'He was so considered.'

'Is Castonel really his name?'

'It is. I never knew him by any other name.' The stranger left. Mr. Hardwick turned to his friend.

'What do you mean Chavasse, by harping on the name of Castonel?'

'Mr. Hardwick, I always thought that Castonel's features were familiar, and I think I can place them. Do you remember when you and I were boys—my father was an attorney employed by yours, in all his business?'

'Yes.'

'You remember a kind of half-tiger, half-page in your father's service, by the name of George Briggs?'

'Yes—he left, or was turned off for something. I have a remembrance of hearing some one—my father or some one else say, that he was connected with a good family, by the mother's side.'

'Well, he fell in love with Mrs. Leicester—she wasn't Mrs. Leicester then, you know, but engaged—and between us all we budgered him almost to death, poor fellow; I believe we drove him away among us—Winton and I particularly.'

'More shame to you all. Well?'

'Castonel has his face—that is, as I would think it to be grown older.'

'Nonsense, Chavasse! Castonel I have seen and spoken with too often—he has attended here professionally. He is a gentleman in manner, and I should judge one by breeding.'

'True,' replied Chavasse, 'but they called this boy, 'Gentleman George.' He was noted for manners above his station.'

'What does it matter, after all? Suppose it were so, what then?'

'Nothing; but it is strange.'

'Oh, you will see a thousand such resemblances. It is scarcely possible that this man can be 'Gentleman George.'

'What of him?' asked Ailsa, who came in with his wife, on a visit to the Hall, and overheard the last word as he entered.

'We were talking of him,' said Hardwick. 'I wonder what became of the fellow?'

'I did hear,' replied Ailsa, 'a few years since. His mother's uncle adopted and educated him, and left him a few thousand pounds, on condition of changing his name. He was bred to medicine.'

'Go on,' said Chavasse. 'What became of him then?'

'He ran away with the daughter of the Duke of Carberry, whom he got acquainted with somehow, and though the Duke never recognized him, cut quite a figure in London.'

'And his name?'

'I never had curiosity enough to ask.'

'Castonel and George Briggs are one and the same, as sure as you are all there,' said Chavasse. 'Don't you remember his face?'

'I never saw him,' answered Ailsa.

AGRICULTURAL.

EXPERIMENT IN SHEEP FARMING.

A correspondent of the Canadian Agriculturist sends the following, which appears in the October number of that journal:—

Sir,—I feel a desire, through the medium of your journal, to lay before its readers a statement of the profits arising from ten ewes in one year. My object for so doing is to advocate more cattle and sheep and less tillage.

In 1861 I selected ten ewes, they were good strong common ewes, with plenty of bone and wool. I put them in good pasture about the 20th of September, and in the first week in October I obtained a Leicester ram, one of the right stamp, fulfilling the old adage, "fat back and woolly belly." The cross was a good one, I had sixteen lambs, one of which was deformed. The ewes had nothing but pea straw after they came into the yard, until the end of February, when I fed them about four quarts of oats and peas mixed daily, with a little clover hay, until they could get a little grass around fences, where spring crop, &c., had been put in. The allowance of grain I continued until I weaned the lambs, the last of July; the ewes I then turned off on summer fallow until they could be wanted for the same purpose again. I now gave the lambs the daily feed of grain with good pasture, and in November and December I added turnip tops and some small turnips that were not worth topping. I then took them to their winter quarters, and their daily allowance was about 150 lbs. of cut Swedish turnips, 3 pecks of oats and peas, and about 12 pounds of clover hay. I have in the account allowed 10 cents a bushel for turnips, 40 cents a bushel for the oats and peas, and 10 dollars per ton for clover, all of which I have carried out fully with interest of capital laid out, rent of land and other expenses, and have said nothing about the manure they made me, which I think paid me for my trouble. Mutton also was at a lower ebb than usual at that time of the year.

I weighed them on the first January, united weights 1,479 lbs; first February, 1,789 lbs; first March, 2,125 lbs., when I sheared and slaughtered them; the result will be seen in the account.

I have made no charge for the ram. I kept him two years and sold him for two dollars more than he cost.

Table with columns for items, quantity, and price. Includes entries like 'To 10 ewes at \$4 each', 'From February to April, nine bushels peas and oats at 40 cents', and 'Net profit'.

P. S.—I shall if agreeable, in the December number give you the profits arising from eight cows by making cheese. As I have said before I advocate stock instead of so much tillage, which tends only to depreciate the value of the land

Yours, &c.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE WINE PLANT—A NOTABLE SELL.—The Canadian Agriculturist says: "We see by the Illinois Farmer that our Western friends have been slightly humbugged in regard to a new agricultural production called the Wine Plant, which, according to those interested was to bring untold wealth to the producers. Thousands of plants were disposed of, and as a consequence thousands find they have made a large addition to their stock of rhubarb."

FRENCH AGRICULTURE—SMALL FARMS.—Notwithstanding the popularity of the system of the subdivision (morcellement,) of the land consequent on the law of succession, one of the relics of the revolution, it is evident that its most strenuous advocates begin to have strong misgivings as to the working of the law, and to suggest remedies for the counteraction or removal of the evils it entails. For instance: If a man holds four fields, one of which is, say, a vineyard, another pasture, a third arable, and a fourth wood—the whole comprising four hectares, or not quite ten acres—and he dies, leaving four children, each of those survivors may claim a fourth part of each field; and thus the four hectares may be divided into sixteen parts, to be again subdivided in case of death of the owners having children. In Germany this morcellement had risen to such a height that it was found necessary to pass a 'law of consolidation,' by which all the lands of a commune were thrown together, and then the proprietors received each an adequate portion in one piece; and it is recommended to follow the same plan in France, but it appears neither the Government nor the present proprietors (of whom there are between five and six millions) are favorable to such a measure, although some of the first men in France (amongst whom is M. Leonce de Lavergne,) are in favor of it. Something, however, must soon be done; for French agriculture has already declined to an alarming extent under the system, which will break down of its own weight if not altered in time.—Mark Lane Express.

SUPERSTITION.—Superstition is but the fear of belief; religion is the confidence.—Lady Blessington.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 2.

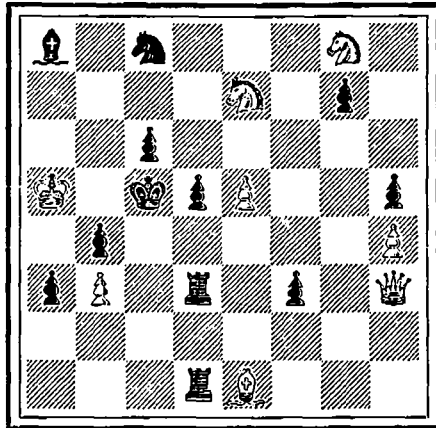
- WHITE. 1. K to Kt sq 2. R to K Kt 6 3. Kt takes B mate. BLACK. B to K R 4 [best.] B takes R [ch] or A R to R 3

Correct solution received from "Teacher," Queenston, and "G.G.," St. Catharines.

PROBLEM No. 3.

BY HERR CONRAD BAYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in five moves.

A CHESS SKETCH.

Our sketch is translated from an entertaining little book, published some seasons back in Leipsic, and called the "Schach Almanac." The pastor of a village named Rollendorf establishes among the simple-minded peasantry a Chess Club, which, in the course of time, is honored by a visit from a neighboring Baron—an estimable man enough, but overweeningly conceited as to his skill at Chess. He makes terrible havoc among the untutored and unpractised villagers, beating them all right and left, and overwhelming the bumble fraternity with consternation and dismay. It happens opportunely, however, just prior to the great man's departure from Rollendorf, that a young native of the village, who has been many years absent, and is now settled as a musical director at Venice, makes his appearance, and hears of the humiliating defeat of his ancient comrades. He makes himself known to the Pastor only, and, having during his travels picked up some knowledge of Chess, determines at all risk to encounter the formidable Baron. They are accordingly introduced; and the Baron, conceiving him to be one of the members of the village club, prepares himself for another easy victory. They cast lots for the move; the Viennese gains it, and forthwith begins his game thus:—

- WHITE (the Viennese.) 1. Q Kt to Q B 3. BLACK (the Baron.) P to K 4. Whereupon the Baron smiled significantly and played 1. K Kt to K B 3. At this move the Baron broke out, "My good friend, what on earth are you going to do with those two Knights? Don't you see they must be attacked and driven back? and then your game will be lost before you dream of it. You should always play forward your Pawns first. There—"

Baron: "Eh! what, another piece? Who ever saw a player fling away his men in this fashion? I shall take it of course."

13. P takes B 14. P to K 5 (ch) Baron (after grave consideration): "Remarkable, indeed I you certainly have unaccountable luck. Do you know that if I were good enough to take this Pawn with my Bishop, you could win my Queen. Fact I assure you. Look here: you would first give me check with your Kt, compelling me to capture your Queen's Pawn, and then you would play your Rook to Q's square, giving check. Do you see? Fortunately, however, I can go with my King to Q B 4th, and escape all further danger. There, sir—"

15. Kt to Q B 4 K takes B 16. Q to K 2 (ch) Here the great man pondered long, and seemed a little discomfited. At length, with affected gaiety, he looked up, and said, "you don't I hope, delude yourself with the notion that you are going to mate me! Why, bless you, I can move my King to Rook's 4th, or even take the Knight, without any danger. If you will give away all your men, the attack must come to an end shortly. I shall take the Knight, coute qui coute."

17. Q to Q B 4 (ch) K takes Kt 18. P to Q Kt 4 (ch) K to Q R 4 19. Q to Q Kt 3 (ch) K to Q Kt 5 20. P to Q R 4 (ch) K to Q Kt 3 21. P to Q R 5 (ch) K to Q Kt 4 22. P to Q B 4 (ch) K to Q R 3 23. P to Q Kt 5—Mate!

Baron: "Ha! ha! Amusing enough. Your game went swimming. It played itself; I might have saved it easily, if, instead of taking the Kt, I had merely moved my King; I intended to do so, indeed, in the first instance."

Viennese: "I beg pardon, Baron, but I thought when I examined the position at that time it appeared as if you would have been mated in fewer moves if you had not taken the Knight. Shall we put up the men and play out the game from that point?"

Baron: "No, no; I'll have no more of it, I'm heartily glad its over, I've played too many games to-day, and have got a terrible headache."—Illustrated London News.

JOKER'S BUDGET.

WILLING TO MAKE IT RIGHT.—Mr. M., of Northern Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of our entire navy. He one day bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaiming:—"Here you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there ain't near so much of it as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."—"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant. "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see; you paid me ten cents per pound. Now, Mr. M., how much do you suppose that the hole would weigh?" Mr. M. returned home with the dishonest tallow, but was never satisfied that he had not been cheated by buying holes at ten cents per pound.

THERE is a man out West so forgetful of faces, that his wife is compelled to keep a wafer stuck on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies; but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

THE captains of some of our new 'substitute' troops, say it is dangerous to make the rear rank take close order for fear it should pick the pockets of the front rank.

FOOTE expressed the belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye, if he knew where he could sell the timber.

PRUDENT.—When you 'pop the question' to a lady, do it with a laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well; if she does not, you can say 'you were only in fun.'

TIT FOR TAT.—In a competitive examination held for the purpose of appointing fit persons for some of the Government offices, one of the candidates inadvertently spelt the word Venice with two n's—thus Vennice. The examiner, a clever man but not always a correct speaker, sternly inquired, 'Do you not know, sir, that there is but one Ven in Venice?' Then eggs must be very scarce there, was the reply. The candidate passed.

'CAN'T you trust me, Mr. Butcher, for a little meat this morning?' 'No; you owe me for that already on your bones.'

THE man who collects the names of soldiers for the town records of Adams was recently the questioner in the following conversation, the 'lady of the house' replying; 'Have you any friends in the war madam?' 'No.' 'Any relation?' 'No.' 'Do you know anybody from this neighborhood who is in the army?' 'No.' As he was leaving a bright thought struck her. And she rushed to the door, exclaiming, 'Oh, my husband has gone to the war!'

MR. Toot, coming home late one night, was met at the door by his wife. 'Pretty time of night, Mr. Toot, for you to come home—three o'clock in the morning; you, a respectable man and father of a family!' 'Tisn't three—it's only one.' 'My word, Mr. Toot, you're drunk. It's three in the morning.' 'I say, Mrs. Toot, I heard it strike one as I came round the corner, two or three times!'

DUNCAN'S REPLY.—A Highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow, to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after having shaved him, asked him the price of it. 'Tippence,' said the Highlander. 'Oo, oo, said the shaver, 'I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again.' The Highlander took the penny, and asked what he had to pay. 'A penny,' says strap. 'I'll gie ye a bawbee,' says Duncan, 'and if that dinna satisfy ye, pit on my beard again.'

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 23RD OCT., 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries) and Amount (\$23,207 66, 40,412 00, 1,287 04).

Corresponding Week of last year..... \$61,906 76; Increase..... \$1,410 42. JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton, 24th Oct. 1863. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 17TH, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount (\$33,852 69, 2,841 00, 68,726 25).

Total..... \$95,010 05; Corresponding week, 1862..... \$9,067 51; Increase..... \$1,942 44. JOSEPH ELLIOTT.

MONTREAL, Oct. 23rd, 1863. LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

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

Table with 2 columns: Item (Beef, Pork, Bacon, Hams, Lard, Grease, Wheat, Flour, etc.) and Price.

PETROLEUM.

Table with 2 columns: Item (American Crude, Canadian, etc.) and Price.

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

MIRRORS, CORNICES, PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES.

MARSDEN & PHILIPS beg to inform the public that they are manufacturing the above in designs quite new, in Hamilton, and workmanship equal to any in Canada, and at prices never before offered in Upper Canada.

SELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL.

J. B. SMITH, Bay Street, corner of Market Street. Terms for the lower branches, \$3.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month.

N. B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1st, 1864. All pupils entering before that time will be charged the lower rates.

NATIONAL HOTEL, DRUMMONDVILLE, NIAGARA FALLS, C. W.

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

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 Province. Make arrangements with us to send a Special Artist to sketch; or send ambrotype or sketch of whatever is to be engraved, stating size required, and we will quote price at once.

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

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GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!!

THE GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES

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

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

The celebrity of the Genuine Singer Machines, and the reputation which they have acquired over all others, for superiority, has led certain manufacturers of Sewing Machines, in Canada, to make a bogus imitation of the Singer No. 2 Machines, and which are palmed off upon the public for Singer Machines, but in value, when compared with the Genuine Singer Imperial, No. 2 Machines, stand in about the same position as bogus coin does to genuine gold.

Look out for impostors, and dealers in bogus machines, who will not only tell you the bogus are quite equal to the Genuine, but superior, and that it is your duty to buy Home Manufacturers. But if you want a Machine that will prove truly reliable, and really worth what you pay for it, buy the Genuine Singer, and you will not be disappointed.

The Genuine Singer, Letter A Machine is the best Machine made for family use. The Genuine Singer, Imperial No. 2, is the best Machine made for shoemaking, &c. The Genuine Singer, No. 2, is the best Machine made for tailoring.

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

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

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

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

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October 22, 1863.

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Immense Stocks and at Unequalled Low Prices. LAWSON, BROS. & CO., Corner King and James Streets, Hamilton, C. W. LAWSON & CO., No. 36 King Street East, Toronto, C. W.

Wanted, a first-class Milliner. 22-3m

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

MRS. JOHN E. MURPHY would respectfully inform her friends and the public, that she is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for instruction on the Piano Forte, at her residence, Mulberry street, between Park and MacNab. References given if required. Hamilton, June 20th, 1863. 6

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Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Canes, Fans, Dressing Cases, Paper-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c. Montreal, January 24, 1862.

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WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor.

THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation and conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province. His long experience in the business of hotel keeping will, he trusts, secure to him a share of that patronage which he has enjoyed for so many years.

The locality of the International Hotel—situated in the centre of the business portion of the city—is of itself a flattering recommendation, and in conjunction with other more substantial advantages which the Proprietor has introduced, will earn for this Hotel, the subscriber hopes, the favor and good will of the business community.

The large dining-room of the Hotel—one of the most commodious rooms in the city—will still be open for Dinner Parties, Concerts, and other social entertainments. His sample rooms, for commercial travellers, are by far the best in the city.

In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration.

The International Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Caledonia, Port Dover, Dundas, Guelph and other places.

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WM. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. 13 Hamilton, July 27, 1862.

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Grocers, Wine Merchants and Dealers generally, should lose no time in giving them a trial. There are many instances of storekeepers doubling their sale in a very short time by introducing these celebrated whiskies.

The trade can only be supplied through me at the depot, where all orders will be promptly attended to. JOHN PARK, Hughson, corner King street. Hamilton, 19th Aug., 1863.

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