

# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. II—No. 17.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1863.

[43 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
SINGLE COPIES 7 CENTS.]

## LORD LYONS' VISIT.

There are many surmises in connection with the visit of Lord Lyons to this country. A prominent one is, that his attention is mainly to be given to a consideration of the defences of Canada, and to the development of the necessary means for adequate protection.

He has been received with marked esteem

in the different sections of the Province he has visited, and at present is in the Lower Province. Wednesday last was observed as a general holiday in Quebec. A review of a portion of the 17th and 62nd regiments, and some 800 volunteers, by the Governor, transpired on the Plains of Abraham. There was an immense crowd upon the ground.

On Thursday, Lord Lyons, accompanied

by the Governor and other distinguished gentlemen, went upon an excursion to the Saguenay.

## CANADIAN GOLD FEVER.

Gold undoubtedly exists upon the Chaudiere, but whether, taking into consideration the large amount of capital requisite to the development of the gold region, and the uncertainty of finding in quantities to justify long-searching without returns, it is worth

while to become unduly excited, is a question. To give harder labor in the direction of gold-seeking than is requisite in industrial avocations, is neither for the advantage of an individual or a country. We must watch carefully the symptoms of this fever, and not have it run to excess. Time will be likely to show to our people what good results are likely to be attained in their search for nuggets in Canadian streams.



SUPPER TO LORD LYONS AT THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS, HAMILTON.

**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.

#### OUR AGENTS.

W. M. ORR, J. W. CROOKER, and THOMAS COSBY are authorized agents for the Canadian Illustrated News. When we appoint others their names will be announced.

J. W. Crooker will please call at the Office, before canvassing any more.

#### NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The public are cautioned against subscribing, or paying money to any one for this paper, unless the person soliciting subscriptions be named as an Agent, or have the written authority of the undersigned that he is properly authorized.

FERGUSON & GREGORY.

Hamilton, July 1st, 1863.

Subscribers will please bear in mind that the paper is stopped, when the period for which they have subscribed expires.

Any person sending us the names of ten Subscribers for three, six, nine, or twelve months, will receive a copy free of charge, for each of these periods, respectively. Should these Subscribers, for any term less than a year renew their subscriptions, the paper will be continued to the getters up of the club.

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

## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, SEPT. 5, 1863.

FERGUSON & GREGORY, Proprietors.  
J. A. SPENCER, Editor.

### FRANCE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

SOME months ago we ventured to suggest that NAPOLEON'S operations in Mexico might yet be found to have a far wider importance than merely the conquest of that country. It did not seem probable that our mercenary-pugnacious Frenchmen could thus be brought in such close contact with a fight without lending a hand to one side or the other for the glory of *l'abbé France*. Various facts have since transpired to give a greater appearance of probability to this opinion than it then had. Thus: We learn by a letter from Colonel Hamilton of Texas, to President Lincoln, that the leading Secessionists of that State, despairing of the success of the Confederacy, are trying to effect a union with the Mexican States on the Southern bank of the Rio Grande, and if successful, intend asking the protection of France. The New York Tribune learns, from a private source, that ex-President Miramon, Gen. Cobas, and other leaders of the Church party, in alliance with the French, have for two months been the guests of Confederate States officials at Brownsville. Also, that an agent of Miramon, a few weeks since, left Matamoros with a few hundred armed followers, announcing that he was authorized to conquer Texas. Again: according to the London Morning Post, an alliance between France and the Confederate States had been spoken of as probable in Paris. These facts may of course be perfectly innocent; but it is undeniable that the present situation of affairs gives them a peculiar significance, which our neighbors would do well not to disregard. Let us see what that situation is.

Napoleon has obtained a foothold in America, by establishing a monarchy whose dominions confront the Southern boundary of what was once the United States, and may possibly be so again, if the two sections are allowed to settle their quarrel without foreign interference. Now, this is in direct violation of the declared policy of the United States. The Monroe doctrine expressly declares that the political institutions of Europe are so essentially different from those of America, that any attempt to introduce them on this Continent would be resisted by the United States. It is just possible, of course, that no attempt would be made to put this pretensions doctrine in practice, against so powerful an enemy as France. It would not be the only instance of Brother Jonathan's

bark proving worse than his bite. But, on the other hand, the Monroe doctrine is no idle whim or passing fancy. To carry out its provisions has been the dream of the ablest statesmen of the Union. It has been inwrought with the popular sentiment of the people. It is difficult, therefore, to believe that a flagrant violation of it would be permitted without a protest of some kind. Napoleon, at least, would never leave it out of the account in summing up his chances of a peaceful retention of Mexico. Under these circumstances, it is evidently to his interest that the Confederate States should successfully maintain their independence, thus giving a practical death blow to the Monroe doctrine. It would be still further to his interest to give such assistance as would attach the South, through gratitude, to his cause. So placing a friendly power on the whole Northern frontier of his American dominions.

But the present condition of the South furnishes even stronger arguments than the foregoing in favor of the probability of the conjectured alliance. Driven back at every point by the persistent resolution and superior power of their adversaries, the Confederate leaders must look upon the future with gloomy forebodings. They may yet make a long and desperate resistance, but they cannot fail to see that the odds are fearfully against them. It is certain, at the same time, that they will never submit to the detested Yankee rule, until every effort of arms and diplomacy has been exhausted. There seems nothing improbable, therefore, in the supposition, that for the valuable aid of Napoleon they would be willing to yield, as a reward, a portion of their territory. It is manifestly better for them to lose Texas than to lose everything for which they have taken up arms.

We have reason to believe that the eyes of our American cousins are fast opening to the importance of these facts. They can no longer indulge in the amiable delusion that the Emperor desires a restoration of the Union. It must be abundantly plain to them that the danger of foreign interference comes not from the much abused British government, but from their own, supposed-to-be, very excellent friend on the opposite side of the channel. We doubt not that the day is coming when it will be equally plain to them that, but for the firmness with which the British government maintained the neutrality it promised, every hope of restoring the Union must have vanished. In fact, that government is to-day the only barrier against a European recognition of the Confederacy, and against an active interference by France.

### THE DEBENTURE DEBT OF HAMILTON.

A copy of a proposed "Act to reconstitute the Debenture Debt of the City of Hamilton, and to facilitate the arrangement thereof," has come into our hands. Some of its features we regard as calculated to work great injustice to our city. The whole Act will appear in the next number of the *News* with editorial comments upon it. For the present we subjoin four Sections, as follows:

Section 4, provides that the rate of interest be doubled in default of punctual payments, and reads:

5 If any Coupon shall be presented for payment, and shall not be paid before the expiration of forty days after the day for payment mentioned in the Coupon, the half-year's interest secured by the Coupon shall, immediately after the expiration of the forty days or after presentation and refusal, which ever event shall last happen, be raised to a sum double the amount of the interest for which the Coupon was issued, and the increased sum shall be payable by the Corporation upon presentation of the Coupon as though such sum had been therein specified, and shall be so payable not as a penalty but as liquidated damages for the delay.

Section 11, concerns defaulting rate payers:

11. If any ratepayer shall omit to pay his quota of the rate or rates authorised by this Act during the period of twenty-eight days after the time fixed for payment thereof, he shall, after the expiration of the twenty-eight days, be held liable to pay to the Corporation double his quota of the said rate or rates, and the increased sum shall be so payable by him, not as a penalty, but as liquidated damages for the delay; and the Collector or Collectors shall have the like powers for levying the said double rate or rates as they had for levying the single rate or rates, and shall levy the same accordingly, and the burden of proof of payment of the rate or rates shall be on the ratepayer.

Sections 13 and 15 confer extraordinary powers upon the Trustees constituted under this Act. They are as follows:

13. If, and whenever the Corporation shall fail on or before the first day of October in any year, after the issuing of any Debentures authorised by this Act to appoint one or more Collectors to collect the rate or rates authorised, or shall at any time fail to impose and levy a sufficient rate or rates for the purposes of this Act, it shall be lawful for the Trustees constituted for the purposes of this Act, or the majority of the Trustees, from time to time to appoint a Commissioner or Commissioners with such salary or salaries as the said Trustees or majority think fit, who shall have full power and authority to call for the Assessment Rolls of the current year, and to assess and impose, and levy such rate or rates, and also to prepare Collectors' Rolls and place the same in the hands of Collectors of their own selection, who are hereby authorised to act in the same manner as if they had been appointed by the Corporation, and to do whatsoever else the Trustees or majority think fit for any of the purposes of this Act.

15. If it shall be made to appear to the satisfaction of a majority of the Trustees constituted for the purposes of this Act, that the Collector or Collectors appointed by the Corporation are not fairly and honestly performing the duties of their office, but are endeavouring to delay or prevent the collection of the rate or rates hereby authorised, it shall in the same manner be lawful for the Trustees or a majority of them from time to time to appoint such Commissioner or Commissioners, with such salary or salaries as aforesaid, who shall have the like power and authority to appoint a Collector or Collectors to proceed with the collection of the uncollected portion of such rate or rates, with such interest thereon as may be owing, and to take all such steps as may be necessary for that purpose, whether by sale of the ratepayer's lands, if saleable under this Act, or otherwise; and it shall be the duty of the Collector or Collectors so complained of forthwith to hand over their Rolls, and any monies collected, to such Commissioner or Commissioners, or in default they shall be guilty of misdemeanour, and liable to be proceeded against accordingly, and upon conviction, be punished by fine or imprisonment or by both, in the like manner and to the like extent as under section 9 of this Act.

### SUPPER TO LORD LYONS.

A supper was given by the officers of the P. C. O. Rifle Brigade, to Lord Lyons, on Tuesday evening, August 25th, at their Quarters, on James Street. The occasion was a pleasant one, and reflected credit on the military gentlemen. The visit of the distinguished ambassador of Her Majesty has been a quiet one, and he has been met rather with private ovations than popular displays. To many it has been a disappointment that there was not a public reception given. On our first page will be found an engraving of the Supper Room on the occasion.

### THE REVIEW AT BRANTFORD.

We have made such arrangements that in our next issue we will be enabled to present our readers with sketches illustrative of incidents at the Volunteer Review at Brantford on Thursday last. We will only anticipate a narration of the doings on that occasion, by stating that it was a grand and successful affair, and must doubtless prove beneficial in its practical results to our Provincial Militia.

### PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE NINTH BATTALION.

Our artist has taken sketches of the colors presented by Mrs. Isaac Buchanan, to the above Battalion in this city, on Wednesday last, and will also prepare a drawing of the presentation scene. We defer a report of the proceedings until our next number, when they will be published in connection with the engravings.

### THE BUSINESS OF EDITING.

An able writer, possessed only of the talent to write, is not always a good or successful editor. Indeed, the reverse is apt to be the case. On the London daily papers, great historians, novelists, poets and essayists, have been tried, and nearly every one has failed. An editor of the Times once said to Moore, "I can find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one of common sense." Successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer and D'Israeli failed in the editorial field; while Burns, Sterling and Philips succeeded.

A good editor cannot be a mere composition machine. He must read, select, direct, alter, condense, and combine; and to do all this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper is another.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ABBEY OF RATHMORE AND OTHER TALES, by Mrs. J. V. NOEL, of Kingston. Sold in Toronto by A. S. Irving; in Hamilton, by Mr. Eastwood.

This is a duodecimo volume of 271 pages, comprising several interesting stories by a lady not unknown to the literary world. The style is pleasing, the plots ingeniously woven, and the tone of the volume excellent. The book is well calculated for leisure hours.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE: Published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

We have received from the publishers the August number of this time-honored periodical. Among the articles we find 'A Visit to an Insurgent Camp,' in a third letter from Poland; a criticism on George Crnikshank and his productions; the conclusion of an article on the 'State and Prospects of the Church of England;' and a continuation of the interesting series of sketches known as the 'Chronicles of Carlingford.'

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for July, published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

This number is before us. The contents embrace articles upon 'The Resources and Future of Austria,' 'Natural History of the Bible,' 'Our Colonial System,' 'Washington Irving,' &c. The article in relation to the British Colonies is one likely to interest thoughtful Canadian readers.

### DEMAGOGUISM.

Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, now a candidate for re-election, exhibits the spirit of a demagogue in a recent speech. He is voluminous in his threats as to what his nation is likely to visit upon England, at the close of the rebellion in the States. The Governor is after votes, and panders to the sentiment of the worst class of the State he inhabits. Demagoguism inclines to bluster and brag, as a means to accomplish political ends.

A collision of the armies on the Rappahannock may soon be anticipated. Reports are telegraphically announced that portions of the Southern army have been crossing the river, while some of the specials regard its movements only as a feint to cover a projected cavalry raid.

## Poetry.

## TO MY POLAND ROOSTER.

'O thou, whatever title please thine ear,  
He-Chicken, Rooster, Cock, or Chanticleer;  
Whether on France's flag you flap and flare,  
Or roost and drowse in Shelton's elbow chair;  
Or rouse the drowns, or please the female kind,  
And cluck and strut with all your hens behind;  
As symbol, teacher, time-piece, spouse, to you  
Our praise is doubtless, Cock-a-doodle, due.

Oviparous Sultan, Pharaoh, Caesar, Czar,  
Sleep-shattering songster, feather'd morning star,  
Many-wiv'd Mormon, cock-pit Spartacus,  
Winner alike of coin and hearty curse;  
Sir Harem Scaram, knight by crest and spur,  
Great, glorious, gallinaceous Aaron Burr.  
How proud I am—how proud you corn-field flock  
Of cackling hours are—of thee, old Cock.

Illustrious Exile! for thy kindred crew  
When Warsaw's towers with morning glories  
glow,  
Shanghai and Chingong may have their day,  
And even Brahma pootra fade away;  
But thou shalt live, immortal Polack, thou,  
Though Russia's eagle clip the pinions now,  
To flap thy wings and crow with all thy soul,  
When freedom spreads her light from Pole to Pole.

## THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

[CONTINUED.]

'Poor Caroline!' sighed Mrs. Leicester, with more truth than caution, 'I wish she had lived.'

'She is better off,' was the reply of the housekeeper. 'There is nothing but crosses and cares for us who are left. I hope, ma'am, you and Mr. Leicester will come often now. You can have no conception of the effect it has had upon my mistress to-night: she is a thousand ponds nearer being well.'

Mrs. Leicester turned to her. 'Do you think Mr. Castonel makes her a good husband? You and I, Mrs. Muff,' she added, in a tone which seemed bespeak apology for herself. 'knew each other years before this stranger ever came near the place, and I speak to you as I would not to others. He seems affectionate, kind but—what do you think?'

'I cannot answer you ma'am,' replied Mrs. Muff. 'I wish I could. Before us he is all kindness to her: and yet—I don't know why it should be, but I have my doubts of its being sincere, I force the feeling down, and say to myself that I was set against Mr. Castonel at the first through the injury he did my old master. I had my doubts in the same way of his sincerity to his first wife. And yet, I don't notice it in his manners to other people.'

'Does he go to see that—person now?' asked Mrs. Leicester, lowering her tone.

'Well, ma'am, I can't say. All I know is, that the other—servant, or whatever she may be—who lives with her, was at our house lately.'

'Indeed!'

'It was a night or two before my mistress was taken ill. There came a quiet knock at the door. John was out and Hannah was up-stairs, turning down the beds; so I answered it myself. She asked for Mr. Castonel. I did not know her in the dusk, and was about to show her into the study, where my master sees his patients, but it flashed over me who it was; and I said Mr. Castonel was not at liberty, and shut the door in her face.'

'Was Mr. Castonel at home?'

'He was in the drawing-room with my mistress. And I believe must have seen her from the windows, for he came down stairs almost directly, and went out.'

'Did Ellen—did Mrs. Castonel see her?' breathlessly inquired Mrs. Leicester.

'Ma'am, I have doubts she did. No sooner was Mr. Castonel gone, than the drawing-room bell rang, and I went up. It was for the lamp. While I was lighting it, my mistress said, "Muff, who was at the door?"'

'That put me in a flutter, but I gathered my wits together, and answered that it was a person from the new pork-shop—for of course I would not tell her the truth.'

'What did they want?' asked my mistress.

'Brought the bill ma'am, said I. For, luckily the new pork people had sent in there bill that day. And I took it out of my pocket, and laid it on the table by her.'

'What could the person want walkin' before the house afterwards and looking out the windows?' then questioned my mistress.

'Quiet impossible for me to tell, ma'am,

I said; and I won't deny that the question took me aback. 'Perhaps they wanted a little fresh air, as it's a warmish night, and the street is open just here!'

'Was that all that passed?' demanded Mrs. Leicester.

'That was all. Mr. Castonel was not in for two hours afterwards, and I heard him tell my mistress he had been out to a most difficult case. I'll be whipped if I believed him.'

'Is he out much in an evening?'

'Very often, he used to be, before my mistress was taken ill. He is always ready with an excuse—it's this patient, or it's that patient, that wants him and keeps him. But I never remember Mr. Winninton to have had those evening calls upon his time.'

They reached the parsonage, and entered it. The housekeeper was to take back the receipt for some particularly nourishing jelly, which Mrs. Leicester had been recommending for Ellen. It was not immediately found, an Mrs. Muff sat with her in the parlor, talking still. The rector came in from the vestry meeting, and she rose to leave.

Conscious that she had remained longer than was absolutely needful, Mrs. Muff walked briskly home. She had gained the door, and was feeling in her pocket for the latch-key, she possessing one, and Mr. Castonel the other, when the door was flung violently open, and the tiger sprang out, for all the world like a tiger, very nearly upsetting Mrs. Muff, and sending her backwards down the steps.

'You audacious, good-for-nothing monkey!' she exclaimed, giving him a smart box on the ears. 'You saw me standing there, I suppose, and did it for the purpose.'

'Did I do it for the purpose?' retorted John. 'You just go in and see weather I did it for the purpose. I'm a-going to get the horse, and tear off without saddle or bridle for the first doctor I can fetch. It's like as if Mr. Rice had took his two days' holiday just now, a purpose not to be in the town!'

He rushed round towards the stables, and Mrs. Muff entered. Hannah met her with a shriek, and face as white as ashes. 'Mrs. Castonel!—Oh! Mrs. Castonel!' was all she cried.

'What is it?' asked the terrified Mrs. Muff.

'It is spasms, or convulsions, or something of the sort,' sobbed Hannah, 'but I'm sure she's dying.'

Once more, as connected with this history rang out the passing-bell of the Ebury. And when the startled inhabitants, those who were late sitters-up, opened their doors, and strove to learn who had gone to their reckoning, they shrank from the answer with horror and dismay.

'The young, the beautiful, the second Mrs. Castonel.'

And again a funeral started from the house of the surgeon to take its way to the church. But this time it was a stranger who occupied the clergyman's chariot. Mr. Leicester's task was a more painful one; he followed as second mourner. Many people were in the churchyard, and their curiosity was intensely gratified at witnessing the violent grief of Mr. Castonel. The rector's emotion was less conspicuous, but his feeble form was bowed, his steps tottered, and his grey hair streamed in the wind. On the conclusion of the ceremony, Mr. Castonel stepped into the mourning coach, solemnly to be conveyed home again at a mourning pace; but the rector passed aside, and entered the parsonage. The sexton, a spare man in a brown wig, was shoveling in the earth upon the coffin and shedding tears. He had carried Ellen many a time over the same spot when she was a little child.

## CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER STRANGER COMES TO EDBURY, AND SEEMS TO BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR INFORMATION.

A WEEK after the funeral of the second Mrs. Castonel (Ellen Leicester, that had been), Ebury had a visitor. Visitors were never plenty in the place and the advent of a stranger broke the monotony of village life, and gave rise in a deal of comment. In this case, however, there was more than ordinary cause for the tongues of the gossips to wag actively, and from Mrs. Major Acre, down, they all had employment.

The stranger was a man to set conjecture at defiance. He was a very well-dressed personage, indeed, with quite and refined manners, and an air of ease and self-possession which betoken an assured position. On the other hand, it was to be noticed that

he lodged at a little village inn, that he brought letters to no one in the place, was attended by no body-servant, and his luggage consisted of a dressing-case, a portmanteau, and an umbrella. As for his name, that was his own property, which he seemed ready to surrender to no one; and his business seemed to be his own also, which he kept in his exclusive possession. Ebury was in that part of England known in old times as Merica, were the law had been centuries before, that every stranger in coming was obliged to blow a horn and proclaim his business, on pain of being considered a thief; and though the people of Ebury did not carry out the custom of their forefathers to the harsh letter, they considered the reserve to be very suspicious, at least. There was one comfort—he had an ample store of money for his present purposes. The landlord of the inn was convinced of that by actual demonstration and the conviction partly satisfied the publican, though he would fain have known more of his mysterious guest.

But if the stranger was reticent in regard to his own affairs, he was curious enough about those of other people. At first, he asked no questions, and sat dreamily enough, either in his own chamber or the tap-room, where occasionally he discarded to smoke a curious looking red pipe, with a red stem, and to read the news-paper. The second day after his arrival he chanced to look through the window, as Mr. Castonel emerged from the recesses of a cab, and entered the door of a house on the opposite side of the way.

The stranger summoned the landlord.

'Mr. Jenks' said he, 'does the owner of that cab live in the house yonder?'

'The owner of that cab, sir? oh, no, sir. That is Mr. Castonel, sir, the surgeon of these parts, sir. He has gone there to see a patient, sir.'

'Mr. Castonel. Is that his name?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Does his wife live with him?'

'Oh, no, sir! She died a week ago. You see he is in mourning. She was a very fine woman, sir.'

'Dead?'

The tone of the stranger had in it so much of horror and despair, that the landlord looked at him in surprise. The other threw off the feeling, if any such existed, by an effort, and in an indifferent way put another question.

'Of what disease did she die?'

'I don't quite know, sir. The other wife died in the same way. It was a sort of convulsions, as I heard, sir.'

'The other wife! Then he was married a second time?'

'Yes, sir—to the rector's daughter. It was a runaway match, sir. Miss Leicester, a very pretty young lady, indeed.'

'And the first wife died the same way?'

'Yes, sir, so it is said. She was Miss. Hall, Mr. Winninton's niece. Mr. Winninton was our apothecary when Mr. Castonel came here to settle. Mr. Castonel first took his practice, and then he took his niece. It quiet broke the old man's heart, sir, and he never held his head up afterwards, sir.'

'Mr. Castonel was a widower then, when he came here?'

'I'm sure I don't know, and not knowing, can't say, sir. Nobody knows much about him here. May-be his cousin could tell, sir; but she never sees anybody to say any thing to.'

'His cousin?'

'Yes, sir, if she is his cousin. Some say she's a sister-in-law. She lives at Beech Lodge, just out of town. She is quiet the lady, sir; every one says that who ever saw her. 'To be sure, when she first came here people used to talk harsh-like about her and him; but she is so much the lady, and he's such a proper gentleman, that it all died away—anyhow, pretty much.'

'And he's a proper gentleman, eh?'

'Oh, quite, sir, quite. A little gay among the ladies, perhaps. They do say that Mary Shipy—but that is gossip. Woman will talk, sir; they've nothing else to do, some of 'em. 'There's my wife, sir' (here the cautious landlord's voice sank to a whisper), she never could abide Mr. Castonel, and says that Mary Shipy is not the only one; but I never saw any thing myself, never.'

'And that cousin lives alone, you say?'

'Yes, sir—no, sir. She has a servant, a very quiet woman—never has a word for any one.'

The stranger pursued his questioning until he had obtained a description of the female recluse, and then inquired particularly ab-

out the precise location of Beech Lodge. Having received an accurate description of the spot, he dismissed the landlord, and quietly finished his pipe alone.

That afternoon, rather late, the stranger strolled leisurely out of the village. On arriving in front of Beech Lodge, he glanced around, and seeing no one in view, crossed the road, and tapped at the door of the cottage.

The servant girl who came at the summons, stared at the visitor in surprise. Without noticing this, he inquired for her mistress.

'She is in, sir, but she is not at home to any one.'

Without replying, he pushed her aside, and entered the house.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A MYSTERIOUS INTERVIEW BETWEEN TWO MYSTERIOUS PERSONS.

The woman, whose name and position were so much of a mystery to Ebury, was seated at a work-stand, with a tambour-frame before her, busily engaged in embroidery, as the stranger entered. She did not hear his approach, and it was not until she felt a light touch on her shoulder that she looked up. In an instant she started to her feet, dropping her work, while her face was covered with an almost death-like pallor.

'You here!' she exclaimed. 'Do you know that he—'

'Oh, yes,' he interrupted; 'I know it. But it strikes me that he is playing a very strange game; and for what purpose, or to what end, is not very clear. But, why you endure it, is a puzzle still more startling.'

'You know my promise, and yours?'

'Oh, I am here by the merest accident. I only returned from America a short while since. By way of rest, I came to what I thought the quietest quarter of England. Here I found him, and from the description I had of a lonely woman, supposed I should find you. I learned enough to-day from my gossiping landlord to see that our friend—he laid a bitter emphasis on the last word—is—as they say among the Yankees—cutting a broad swathe. I can see why you make no audible demur to his proceedings; but, why remain here at all?'

'I dare not do otherwise. But go—go—if he should meet you?'

'Let him meet. It is possible that he may meet me, before I leave England.'

'Avoid him, Richard for your own sake—well, then—for mine!'

'Lavinia, that is an adjuration I cannot well resist.'

'Yes, for my sake, go!'

'I will; but if his tyranny becomes so insupportable that you can bear it no farther, let me know it. I will give you my address, and you can write to me by the first packet.'

The woman wrung her hands in agony.

'I dare not. Go at once. He may come at any moment. If he be provoked, you do not know him as well as I, he would stop at nothing. I have tried in every way—have offered every thing; but I cannot bend him, or alter his purpose. Ah! you don't know how inflexible he is!'

'But what is it I hear about these women—these wives of his—their mysterious deaths?'

'Don't ask me—it is too fearful; and yet it is only suspicion. Would you destroy me? Is that the return for all I have suffered—all I suffer? He has those letters—I am in his power. It would not hurt you, but—'

'I understand your reproach. I will go, Lavinia. I leave England in a week; but I shall return again to remain here in defiance of him. I will see then if there be no means to rescue you, without risk to yourself. Good-by.'

He bent over her, and before she could divine or resist his purpose, kissed her forehead. He then went out.

The woman stood there, rooted as it were, to the spot. The blood which had receded from her face, now rushed back in a full tide, covering face, neck, and arms, with a deep crimson flush. She passed to the window, and looked out at the stranger, who strode on without turning. A bend in the road hid him from sight and then the woman tottered to a chair into which she sank, sobbing passionately.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE COMING OF THE NEW CURATE, AND HIS PRIVATE ENGAGEMENT.

A young and somewhat shy-looking man was making his way down the street of a country village. He appeared to be a stranger, and his clerical coat and white

neckcloth betokened his calling. It would seem he was in search of some house that he could not readily find, for he peered curiously at several through his spectacles as he passed them. As he neared one, a handsome house with a green verandah, a cab, painted black, came dashing up, stopped, and there descended from it a gentleman and his servant in the deepest mourning. The stranger approached the master, and courteously touched his hat.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'can you obligingly point out to me the rectory? I understand it to be somewhere here.'

'At the end of the street, five minutes lower down. Opposite the church.'

'This end of the street?' resumed the stranger, pointing to the way he had been journeying.

'I'll show the gentleman which it is,' cried a fine boy of fourteen, who appeared to be growing out of his jacket.

'What, is it you, Arthur?' said the owner of the cab. 'Where did you spring from?'

The young gentleman had sprung from behind the cab, but he did not choose to say so. 'I say, sir,' he exclaimed, slipping the question, 'you have not seen mamma anywhere, have you?'

'No.'

'Oh, well, it's not my fault. She told me to meet her somewhere here as I came home from school, and she'd take me to have my hair cut. Old Brooks did not do it to please her last time, so she said she'd go and see it done. Now, sir,' he added to the stranger, 'I'll show you Mr. Leicester's?'

They walked along together. 'Do you know,' said the boy, suddenly looking at his companion, 'I can guess who you are? You are the new curate.'

The stranger smiled. 'How do you guess that?'

'Because you look like it. And we know Mr. Leicester had engaged one; the other did not suit. He is too ill now to do it all himself. Mamma says she is sure he won't live long. Do you know Mr. Castonel?'

'No. Who is Mr. Castonel?'

'Why, that was Mr. Castonel, and that was his cab. Did you see how black they were?'

'Yes. He appeared to be in deep mourning.'

'It is for his wife. She was so pretty, and we all liked her so. She was Ellen Leicester, and Mr. Castonel ran away with her, and she died. That was last spring, and it's since then that Mr. Leicester has got so ill. His first wife died too.'

'Whose first wife?' returned the stranger, scarcely making sense of the boy's tale.

'Mr. Castonel's.'

'Are you speaking of the gentleman of whom I inquired my way? He looks young to have had two wives.'

'He has, though. He is a doctor, and has all the practice. He keeps two assistants now. Do you know Mr. Tuck?'

'I do not know any one in Ebury.'

'Oh, don't you? There's Mr Leicester's,' added the lad, pointing to a house, lower down, as they came to a turning in the street. 'And now I have shown it you, I must go back, for if mamma comes and I don't meet her, she'll blow me up.'

'I thank you for bringing me,' said Mr. Hurst. 'I hope we shall soon be better acquainted. Tell me your name.'

'Arthur Chavasse. I am to be what you are. A parson.'

'Indeed. I hope you will make a good one.'

'I don't know. Last week when I sent the ball through the window and gave Lucy a black eye, papa and mamma were in a passion with me, and they said I had too much devil in me for a parson.'

'I am sorry to hear that,' was the grave answer.

'I have not got half the devil that some chaps have,' continued Master Arthur. 'I only leap hedges, and climb trees, and wade streams, and all that. I don't see what harm that can do a fellow, even if he is to be a parson.'

'I fear it would seem to point that he might be more fitted for other callings in life.'

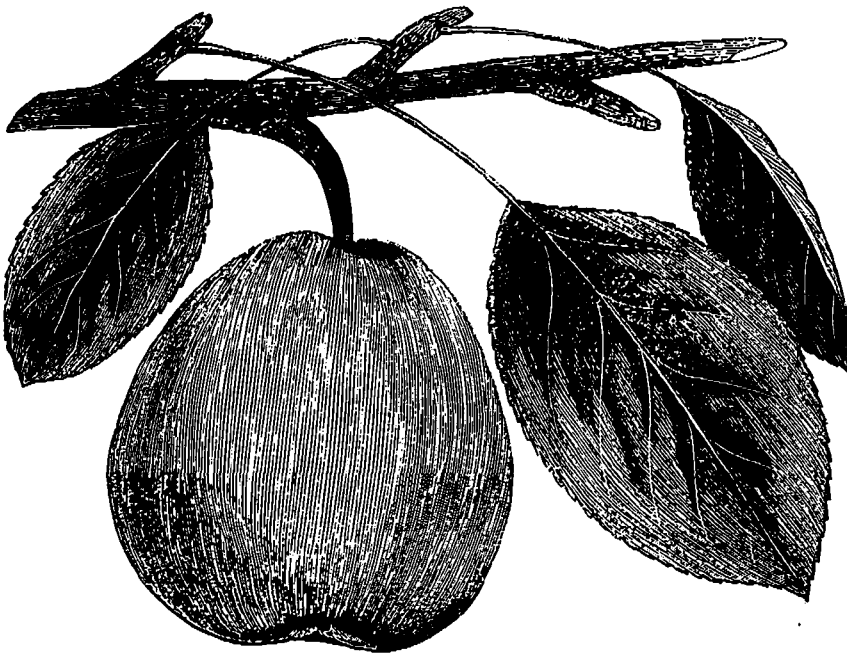
'Then I just wish you'd tell them so at home. I don't want to be a parson; it's too tame a life for me. Good-by, sir.'

He flew away, a high-spirited generous lad; and the curate—for such he was—looked after him. Then he turned in at the rectory gate.

He was shown into the room where the

Reverend Mr. Leicester and his wife were sitting. Two sad gray-haired people, the former very feeble, but not with age. Arthur Chavasse had given a pretty accurate account of matters. From the time that their only child had run away with Mr. Castonel, they had been breaking in health; but since her death, which had occurred six months subsequently, the rector may be said to have been a dying man.

There was certainly a fatality attending the wives of Mr. Castonel, and he appeared to mourn them with sincerity, especially the last. His attire was as black as black could be: he had put his cab in black; the crape on his hat extended from the brim to the crown, and he wore a mourning pin and a mourning ring with Ellen's hair in it. He abstained from all gaiety, took a friendly cup of tea occasionally with Mr. and Mrs. Chavasse, and paid a formal visit to the rector and Mrs. Leicester once a month.



THE BEURRE CLAIRGEAU PEAR.

The new curate, Mr. Hurst, was approved of by Ebury. He was possessed of an amazing stock of dry, book erudition, but was retiring and shy to a fault. He took up his abode at the parish beadle's, who let furnished lodgings, very comfortable and quiet. One day he received a visit from Mr. Chavasse, a bluff, hearty, good-tempered man, who was steward to the estate of the Earl of Eastberry, a neighbouring nobleman.

'I was talking to Mr. Leicester yesterday,' began Mr. Chavasse, shaking hands, 'and he told me he thought you were open to a teaching engagement for an hour or so in the afternoons.'

'Certainly,' answered the curate, coughing in the nervous manner habitual to him when taken by surprise, 'I would have no objection to employ my time in that way, when my duties for the day are over.'

'That rascal of a boy of mine, Arthur—the lad has good abilities, I know, for in that respect he takes after his mother and Frances, yet there are nothing but complaints from school about his not getting on.'

'Do you not fancy that his abilities may lie in a different direction—that he may be formed by nature for a more bustling life than a clerical one?' the curate ventured to suggest.

'Why, of course, if he has not got it in him, it would be of no use to force him to be a parson; but there's such an opening. Lord Eastberry has promised me a living for him. Now it has struck me that if you would come, say at four o'clock, which is the hour he leaves school, and hammer something into him till half-past five, or six, we might see what stuff he is really made of. What do you say?'

'I could accept the engagement for every evening except Saturday,' answered Mr. Hurst.

'All right,' cried Mr. Chavasse. 'One day lost out of the six won't matter. And now, sir, what shall you charge?'

The curate hesitated and blushed, and then named a very low sum.

'If it were not that I have so many children pulling at me, I should say it was too little by half,' observed the straight-forward Mr. Chavasse; 'but I can't stand a high

figure. My eldest son has turned out wild, and he is a shocking expense to me. Shall we begin on Monday?'

'If you please. I shall be ready.'

'And mind,' he added, 'that you always stop and take your tea with us, when you have no better engagement. I shall tell Mrs. Chavasse to insist on that part of the bargain.'

Thus it came to pass that the Reverend Mr. Hurst became very intimate at the house of Mrs. Chavasse.

#### A FRUIT ORCHARD.

As the period will soon arrive when those who desire to make due preparation for setting out a fruit orchard will have to take the preliminary steps for carrying out so laudable a purpose, it may not be regarded as inopportune if we point out some facts which

of his land admits of a choice in the matter.

One other essential to success in fruit culture is deep cultivation. Previous to planting out the young trees, the ground should not merely be deeply plowed, but should also be well subsoiled. The greatest possible benefit is invariably derived from loosening the soil, either by trenching or by the use of the subsoil plow to a depth of at least two feet—but if the ground is naturally wet, under draining must precede the trenching or subsoiling, or the trees will not be benefited by any amount of labour that may subsequently be bestowed upon them.

As a general rule, fruit trees planted in early spring are believed to succeed best, because the temperature of the air and the greater frequency of warm rains facilitate their growth, whilst the mellowness of the soil at that season of the year admits of being more thoroughly pulverized, and of course of the freer expansion of the roots when they take a start to grow.

There are, nevertheless, occasions when fall planting may be pursued with more than ordinary success. It is usually a period when labor can be best spared from the customary field operations, and therefore the work required to be done can be performed more thoroughly than in the spring, when every species of farm work demands immediate attention. Moreover, wherever the winter seasons are not of extraordinary rigor, as is mostly the case in this latitude and to the South of us, fall-planting, if the trees are well staked, has certain advantages which should be duly considered. In trees set out in the early part of the season fresh roots are formed and additional supplies of nutriment stored up ready for spring use; and at the first commencement of warm weather the foliage puts out as freely as if the tree had never been removed.—Rural Register.

#### THE BEURRE CLAIRGEAU PEAR.

We give this week an engraving of this new French variety of pear, which is cultivated to some extent in this vicinity. It was originated by M. Clairgeau, of Nantes. The fruit is large, and is considered a valuable acquisition. We give the following description by Col. Wilder:

'Size—extra large. Form—oblong, ovate pyriform, outline a little irregular. Stem—short and stout, set obliquely and without much depression. Calyx—open, segments short, moderately sunk. Color—brownish green, coarsely clotted and almost entirely covered with russet, sometimes intermixed with dull red, on the sunny side. Flesh—melting and juicy, with an agreeable sub-acid flavor, resembling the *Baronne de Mello*, but with more aroma. Class—good; will probably prove very good.'

'The *Beurre Clairgeau* has fruited in several gardens in the vicinity of Boston and New York, and promises to be a great acquisition. The tree is a strong, thrifty grower, either on the pear or quince root, and comes early into bearing, many trees which were grafted in the spring of 1851 being now full of fruit buds.' This pear ripens during the last of October, or early in November.

#### THE PRETENSION OF "TASTE."

Taste has frequently an imaginary existence, unconnected with the intellect. It is merely hereditary or acquired, and descends from father to son, with his prejudices and estate. Certain authors are adopted into families. Bunyan has the sacredness of a legacy; the songs of Watts are bound up with earliest days at a mother's knee; and Gray's 'Elegy' incloses a domestic interior of warmth and affection in every stanza. There are hymns which have been intoned through the noses of three generations, and will probably reach a tenth, with all the music and endearment of their ancestral twang. In such cases the heart, not the understanding, is the source of interest, and admiration is only a pleasure of memory. Taste is often one of the aspects of fashion. Folly borrows its mask, and walks out with wisdom arm-in-arm. Like virtues of greater dignity, it is assumed. The furniture and decorations of a room are arranged to indicate the serious and graceful sentiments of the occupant. Addison sketched a student of this order, in whose library he found Locke 'On the Understanding,' with a paper of patches among the leaves, and all the classic authors, in wood, with bright backs. To such readers, a new book of which people talk, is like a new costume which a person of celebrity has introduced. It is the rage. Not to be acquainted with it is to be ill dressed. The pleasure is not of literature, but of vanity. The pretended taste is a polite fraud of society.

## Thoughts of Thinkers.

TAKE away the self-conceited and there will be elbow room in the world.—*Whitchote.*

THE transition from sorrow to joy is easiest in pure minds, as the true diamond, when moistened by the breath, recovers its lustre sooner than the false.—*Jean Paul.*

Woe to every sort of culture which destroys the most effectual means of all true culture, and directs us to the end, instead of rendering us happy on the way.—*Goethe.*

Oh man! has God clothed His own Son in thy nature, and does he not teach thee that thou art formed to be His son, and thy nature is one of His fairest works, and that He views thee, though fallen, with unbounded compassion?—*Channing.*

GLORIFY a lie, legalize a lie, arm and equip a lie, consecrate a lie with solemn forms and awful penalties, and after all it is nothing but a lie. It rots a land and corrupts a people like any other lie, and by-and-by the white light of God's truth shines clear through it, and shows it to be a lie.

This then is the office of the real priests of God, whether found on thrones or in council chambers, in pulpits or professors' chairs, or merely at writing-tables, to render more truly humane the human race around them. Whether for their reward thorns shall grow for them on earth, or palms in heaven, need concern them little.—*Zschokke.*

THE pioneer of our growth is imagination. Desire and hope go on before into the wilderness of the unknown; they open paths, they make a clearing; they build and settle firmly before we ourselves in will and power arrive at this opening, but they never await our coming. They are the 'forerunners,' off again into the vast possibility of being.—*Emerson.*

'If we work upon marble, it will perish. If we work upon brass, time will efface it. If we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles—with the just fear of God and of their fellow-men—we engrave upon those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity.'—*Daniel Webster.*

HABITS.—Do not fear to undertake to form any habit that is desirable; for it can be formed, and that with more ease than you may at first suppose. Let the same thing, or the same duty, return at the same time every day, and it will soon become pleasant. No matter if it be irksome at first; but how irksome soever it be, only let it return periodically, every day, and that without any interruption for a time, and it will become a positive pleasure. In this way all our habits are formed.—*Todd.*

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

MEN of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe, that the clerk in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.—*Swift.*

A FRIEND.—Oh! the blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly on any subject, with whom one's deepest as well as one's most foolish thoughts come out simply and safely. Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts, nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.—*Miss Mulock.*

FLOWERS.—Of all the minor creations of God, flowers seem to be the most completely the effusions of His love of beauty, grace and joy. Of all the minor objects which surround us, they are the least connected with our ab-

solute necessities. Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober garden, all the processes of fructification might be perfected without being attended with the glory with which the flower is crowned; but beauty and fragrance are poured over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration.—*Howitt.*

TALENTS NO PROTECTION.—Were they so Bacon would never have taken a bribe, nor would Dodd have committed forgery; Voltaire might have been another Luther; David Hume another Matthew Hale; and Satan himself might yet be in the canopy of heaven, an orb of the first magnitude. Indeed, high talent, unless early cultivated, as was that of Moses, and Milton, and Baxter, and Edwards, and Wesley, and Robert Hall, is the most restive under moral restraints; is the most fearless in exposing itself to temptation; is the most ready to lay itself on the lap of Delilah, trusting in the lock of its strength. And, alas! like Sampson, how often is it found blind and grinding in the prison house, when it might be wielding the highest political power, or civilizing and evangelizing the nations!—*Dr. Murray.*

WHAT A GOOD PERIODICAL MAY DO.—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, we shall show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you ever thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast table, the important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which, unconsciously, their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Any thing that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Emerson.*

WOMEN CLASSIFIED.—There are three classes of women. First, domestic drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their house-keeping, and child-keeping. Their house-keeping is a trade, and no more; and after they have done that, there is nothing more which they can do. In New England it is a small class, getting less every year. Next there are domestic dolls, taken up with the vain show that delights the eye and the ear. They are the ornaments of the estate. Similar toys, I suppose, will one day be more cheaply manufactured at Paris and Nuremberg, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and other toy shops of Europe, out of wax and papier mache, and sold in Boston at the haberdashers by the dozen. These ask nothing beyond their function as dolls, and hate all attempts to elevate woman kind. But there are domestic women, who order a house and are not mere drudges; adorn it and are not mere dolls, but women. Some of these—a great many of them—conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into one womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are not wholly taken up with their function as housekeeper, wife and mother.—*Parker.*

SMALL TALK.—But of all the expedients to make the heart, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric handkerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meager fare—how continue existence in such a famine of topics, and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are who will go on from fifteen to fourscore, and never a hint on their tomb stones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder 'where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon to her bonnet?' The whole world of literateurs, through its thousand trumpets of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they think 'It's high time, if John intends to marry Sarah, for him to pop the question?' When to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepared in small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life.—*E. P. Whipple.*

## Useful Information.

VAPOR.—Dr. Dick, the celebrated philosopher, says there arises every twelve hours no less than thirty millions cubic feet of water, which is more than sufficient to supply all the rivers on the earth. This immense body of water is formed in clouds, and carried over part of the continents; and again it is condensed into rain, snow, or dew, which fertilizes the earth. Should this process cease, we might wash our clothes, but centuries would not dry them, for evaporation alone produces this effect, vegetation would wither, rivers would swell the ocean, the operations of nature would cease—so close is the connection between this process and vegetable and animal life.

GLOSSING LINEN.—Inquiry is frequently made respecting the mode of putting a gloss on linen collars and shirt bosoms, like that on new linen. This gloss, or enamel as it is sometimes called, is produced mainly by friction with a warm iron, and may be put on linen by almost any person. The linen to be glazed receives as much starch as it is possible to charge it with, then it is dried. To each pound of starch a piece of sperm paraffine, or white wax, about the size of a walnut, is usually added. When ready to be ironed, the linen is laid upon the table and moistened slightly on the surface with a clean wet cloth. It is then ironed in the usual way with a flat-iron, and is ready for the glossing operation. For this purpose a peculiar, heavy flat-iron, rounded at the bottom, and polished as bright as a mirror, is used. It is pressed firmly upon the linen with much force, and this frictional action puts on the gloss. 'Elbow grease' is the principal secret connected with the art of glossing.—*Scientific American.*

TO KEEP SILK.—Silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will probably impair the colour of the silk.—Brown or blue paper is better; the yellowish, smooth Indian paper is best of all. Silk intended for dress should not be kept long in the house before it is made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability, by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened by gum. Hard silk should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it never can be rectified. The way to take the wrinkles out of silk scarfs or handkerchiefs is to moisten the surface evenly with a sponge and some weak glue, and then pin the silk with toilet pins around the selvages on a mattress or feather-bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as tight as possible. When dry, the wrinkles will have disappeared. Some silk articles may be moistened with weak glue or gum-water, and the wrinkles ironed out on the wrong side by a hot flat-iron.

HOW TO DRY SWEET CORN.—When the corn is in good condition for eating, the grains being fully grown, boil a quantity of ears just enough to cook the starch, and then let them cool and dry a few hours, and then shell or cut off the grains and spread them in the sun till dried. The best way to dry the corn is to nail a piece of cloth of very open texture on a frame, which, if two feet wide and five feet long, will be of a convenient size to handle. If the corn is spread thinly upon this cloth, it will dry quickly, without souring. It should be covered with a piece of mosquito netting to keep off the flies. Another person gives the following directions for sweet corn:—'As soon as the corn is fit for the table, husk and spread the ears in an open oven, or some quickly drying place. When the grains loosen shell the corn, or shell as soon as you can. Then spread upon a cloth to dry in the sun, or on a paper in a warm oven; stir often, that it may dry quickly and not overheat. It more resembles the undried by its being whole, is sweeter, and retains more of its natural flavor by drying faster. When wholly dried expose it to the wind by turning it slowly from dish to dish—the wind blows off all the troublesome white chaff.'

PERFUMES PREVENT MOULDINESS.—Mouldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetation. Ink, paste, leather, and seeds most frequently suffer by it. A clove will preserve ink; any essential oil answers equally well. Leather may be kept free from mould by the same substances. Thus, Russian leather which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy; indeed it prevents it occurring in other bodies. A few drops of an essential oil will keep books entirely free from it. For harness, oil of turpentine is recommended. Alum and resin are used to preserve bookbinders' paste, but ineffectually; oil of turpentine succeeds better; but, by small quantities of oil of peppermint, anise, or cassia, paste has been

preserved for several years. Dr Macculloch recommends the addition to the flour and water of some brown sugar and a little corrosive sublimate; the sugar keeping it flexible when dry, and the sublimate preventing it from fermenting, and from being attacked by insects. A few drops of any of the essential oils may be added to the paste when it is made. It dries when exposed to the air, and may be used merely by wetting it.

Seeds may also be preserved by the essential oils; and this is of great consequence when they are sent to a distance. Of course, moisture must be excluded as much as possible, as the oils of otos prevent only the bad effects of moulds.—*Family Friend.*

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.—The cocoa-nut is very extensively cultivated in Ceylon; indeed, nearly the whole island is encircled with this useful and productive tree, which may be justly designated the *summa bonum* of the native population. The cultivation of it is rapidly increasing; for it is found to be a most valuable and safe investment of property, as it requires a trivial outlay, and little further care than the planting, except protection from cattle during the first two years, thriving as it does most luxuriantly in sandy soil, and bearing fruit in the fifth year. The estimated value of the produce of a single tree is a six dollar per annum. This tree frequently exceeds one hundred feet in height, and there is no part of it which is unproductive to the owner. From the flour he obtains toddy, from which arrack is distilled, and from which is also prepared a coarse-grained brown sugar, called by the natives jaggery, and an excellent description of vinegar. The green fruit yields a delicious cooling beverage to the weary traveler, and a vegetable pulp highly esteemed by the natives. The ripened fruit is also used as food, or oil is extracted from it, which is now manufactured into candles and soap, and the refuse, or oil-cake, is used for feeding cattle, while the external husks, after long soaking, are beaten into coir, which is now well known in England, and is used for stuffing mattresses, &c., and from which cordage and matting are manufactured. The leaves, when interwoven, are called cajan, and make excellent thatch, and protection from the sun's rays, or when burned, are converted into an alkali; the young leaves are used by the natives for a variety of useful and ornamental purposes, particularly the latter on joyous and festive occasions, when bamboo arches are decorated with them, and brooms and mats are made from the young pine. A medicinal oil is extracted from the bark, which the native practitioners use as an efficacious remedy in cutaneous diseases; and its elastic fibres are woven into strainers for liquids, while the timber may be used in building, or converted into beautiful articles of furniture. But it would be endless to describe the various additional uses to which every portion of this valuable tree is convertible which have said to be upwards of one hundred, and have formed the theme of many native poets.—*Ceylon and the Cingalese.*

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

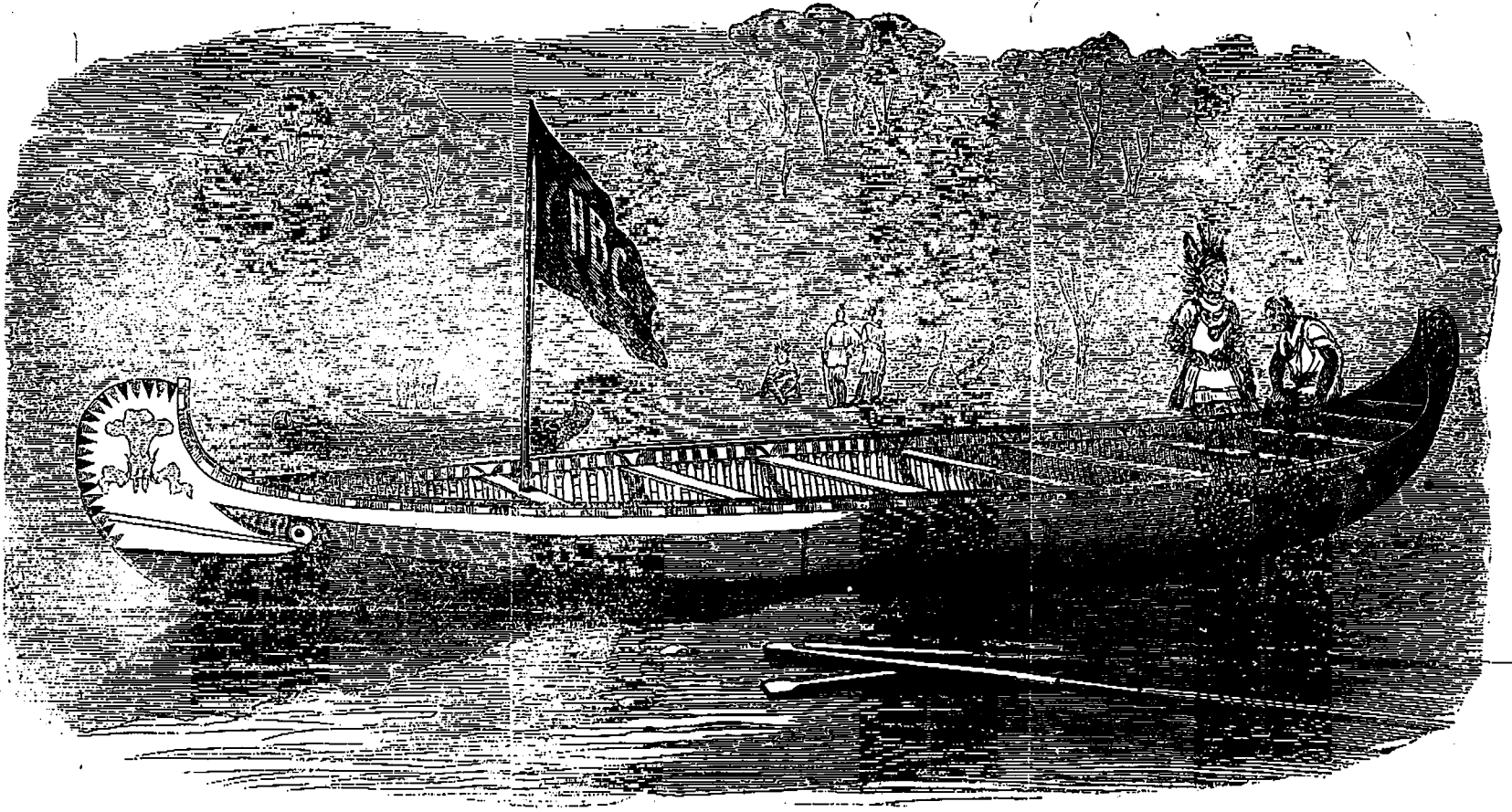
FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—1 oz. of saltpetre 1 oz. of spirits of rosemary, 16 oz of water. To be applied to the hands after washing, and to rub them perfectly dry.

MOTHS IN CARPETS.—The following remedy is better than camphor or any other volatile repeller. Wrap out a crash towel, and spread it smoothly on the carpet wherever moths are suspected or detected. Then iron it dry with a hot iron, repeating if necessary. The hot steam will penetrate the carpets, (not injuring the color at all,) and kill both worms and eggs.

GROUND RICE CAKE.—Break five egg into a stewpan, which place in another containing hot water; whip the eggs for ten minutes till very light, then mix in by degrees half a pound of ground rice, six ounces of powdered sugar; beat it well; any flavour may be introduced; pour into the buttered pan, and bake half an hour.

QUAKING PUDDING.—Boil one quart of cream, and let it stand till almost cold; then beat four eggs a full quarter of an hour with a spoonful and a half of flour; then mix them with your cream, adding sugar and nutmeg to your taste. Tie the mixture close up in a cloth well buttered, let it boil an hour, and turn it carefully out.

TO KEEP MILK SWEET.—A peculiar method is mentioned as very successful. It simply consists in placing a piece of newly hammered iron, or three twelve-penny nails, in each tin pan previously, and then pouring the warm milk on them. It is believed that electricity has something to do with producing the result.



THE PRINCE OF WALES CANOE.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES CANOE.

As a specimen of Canadian Manufacture of the primitive kind, we have engraved a picture of the canoe made by the Red Indians of Caughnawaga, near Montreal, and presented to Her Majesty the Queen. The following account of the incidents relating to the Regatta at which it was first used have a historical interest.

In 1860, in the course of the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Canada, an Indian Regatta, composed of canoes manned by natives, was given on the St. Lawrence, by the Hudson's Bay Company, in honour of His Royal Highness. The regatta took place on the 1st of August, in the neighborhood of Isle Dorval, about three miles above Lachine, upon which Sir George Simpson possessed a beautiful residence.—The fete was one of the most successful of

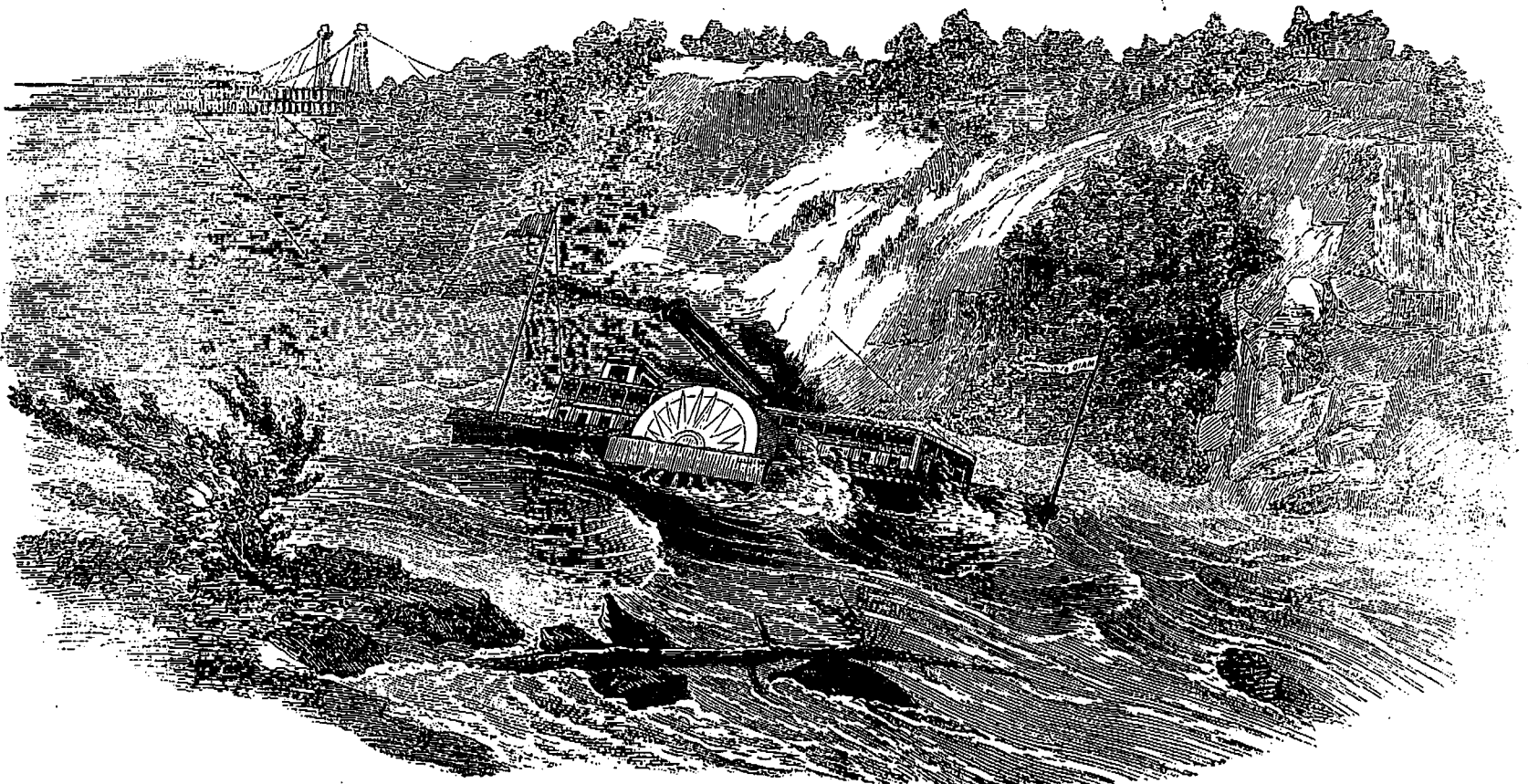
those given in honor of the Royal visitor, and the picturesque novelty of the scene was certainly calculated to surprise those who for the first time had an opportunity of witnessing the expertness of the Indian in the management of his canoe. The Montreal Herald said: "The site was well chosen: the channel, less than a mile in width, flows between fields now ripe for the harvest, sloping to the water's edge, and the dense foliage and verdant lawns of Isle Dorval fresh with recent showers and brilliant with sunshine. A flotilla of nine large birch-bark canoes was drawn up in a line close to the head of the island. Their appearance was very beautiful; the light and graceful craft were painted and fitted up with great taste, each having flags at the bow and stern; their crew composed of 100 Iroquois Indians, from Caughnawaga and the Lake of Two Mountains, being costumed *en sauvage*, gay with feathers, scarlet cloth, and paint—the crews and craft harmonising admirably. As

soon as the barge carrying the Prince pushed off from the main land, the fleet of canoes darted out from the island to meet him in a line abreast, and to the inspiring cadences of a voyageur song. On nearing the Royal barge the line opened in the middle, apparently to let it pass, but, suddenly wheeling round with a rapidity and precision which took every one by surprise, they again formed in line with the Prince's barge in the middle, and in that form reached the landing-place, when the canoe song ceased, and a cheer it did one's heart good to hear burst from the voyageurs, which his Royal Highness with a force beaming with pleasure, returned by saluting his Indian escort."

By the directions of Mr. H. H. Berens, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, the canoe used by the Prince of Wales on this occasion was sent to England, and has since been offered by the company to her Majesty, who has been graciously pleased to

accept of it as a memento of the Prince's visit to her North American dominions. It is now stationed on Virginia Water, after having been refitted by Messrs. R. and W. Forrest, the celebrated boat-builders, of Limehouse, in whose yard it for several days attracted great attention.

It is a very fine specimen of the North American canoe. Its extreme length is 40 feet, breadth 6 feet, and internal depth 2 feet 3 inches. She is propelled by fourteen paddles besides the steersman. The canoe is constructed with a very close frame of ribs bent round from gunwale to gunwale, and planks of thin wood secured to the framework, the whole covered outside with the thick tough bark of the birch sewn together with the roots of the pine-tree split into threads, and then rendered water-tight by the aid of a native gurr. The seats or thwart are fastened to the sides of the canoe by lacings. A small grating was placed in



"THE MAID OF THE MIST," RUNNING "THE RAPIDS."—(SEE PAGE 208.)

the bottom of the centre of the canoe for the accommodation of His Royal Highness and suite. The ornamental painting or decoration consists of a white streak under the gunwale, running fore and aft, and ending at each end with a white face, on which is painted, at the bow, the crown and flags of England, and, aft, the Prince of Wales's feathers and motto. The gunwale is ornamented alternately black, white, yellow, and green, forming a sort of chain or bead-work, the whole of which is precisely the same as when she was used by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

We cannot close this notice without one word of regret for Sir George Simpson, who organised and presided at the regatta in question, and who to the deep regret of his numerous friends, only survived it one week. He had been indisposed for some time previously, and it is possible that the excitement may have hastened the fit of apoplexy of which he died on the 6th of September. Sir George Simpson had been for forty years Governor of Rupert's Land, and was well known throughout Canada, where he was universally respected.

GRAMMARIANS give it, as a reason why a blow leaves a blue mark, that blow, in the present tense, is blew.

Fretty woman kiss one another in coming into a room, because it is a graceful custom; they do the same on going away, because they are delighted to lose sight of one another.

CHARLES LAMB.

Lamb was not a saint. He drank occasionally to excess. He also smoked tobacco. But if ever there was a good, great man walked the earth—good and great in the profoundest and noblest sense—full of that simple human charity and utter renunciation of which is the fulfilling of the highest law and the holiest instinct, it was that man with a face of 'quivering sweetness,' 'nervous' tremulous, so slight of frame that he looked only fit for the most placid fortune, but who conquered poverty and hereditary madness, and won an imperishable name in English literature, and a sacred place in every generous heart all in silence, and with a smile.—G. W. Curtis.

"I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU."—There are more lies contained in these few words than in all the written speeches of a law shop, and yet the expression is one on the tip end of almost every tongue. Take for instance: Madam has pickles or dough nuts to make, and is up to her ears in pots and kettles, when Mrs. Somebody enters with her six little ones all dressed off as neatly as if they had been for six months imprisoned in a band box. "Bless me! I'm extremely glad to see you!" It's a whopper—it's a downright lie. In her heart she wishes her and her brood to the —. We like to have said it. When we hear a person say, 'Do call again,' it sounds much like, 'John, show the gentleman the way out. To be what the fashionable world terms polite, we must necessarily be a hypocrite. The true characteristic of sincerity is bluntness and a sincere person will never be overwhelmed with compliments.

He who will stop everybody's mouth must have a great deal of meal.

If you trust before you try, you may repent before you die.

For the Children.

LAUGH, BOYS! LAUGH.—Dr. Griffiths, when President of the Andover Theological Seminary, convened the students at his room one evening, and told them that he had observed that they were all growing thin and dyspeptical from a neglect of laughter, and he insisted upon it that they should go through a company drill in it then and there. The doctor was an immense man, with great amplitude of chest and most magisterial manner. 'Here,' he said to the first, 'you must practice: now hear me!' and bursting out into a sonorous laugh, he fairly obliged his pupils, one by one, to join, till the whole were almost convulsed. 'That will do for once,' said the doctor, 'and now mind you keep in practice!'

THE ELASTIC EGG.—Take a good sound egg, place it in strong vinegar, allow it to remain twelve hours; it will then become soft and elastic. In this state, it can be squeezed into a tolerably wide mouthed bottle, when it must be covered with water having soda in it. In a few hours this preparation will restore the egg nearly to its original solidity, after which the liquid should be poured off and the bottle dried. Keep it as a curiosity to puzzle your friends for an explanation how the egg was laid in the bottle.

CROSS WORDS.—'Oh,' said a little girl, bursting into tears upon hearing of the death

of a playmate, 'I did not know that was the last time I had to speak kind to Amy.'

The last time they were together she spoke cross to her, and the thoughts of that last cross word now lay heavy on her heart.

This suggests a good rule about kind words. Speak kindly to your father, or your mother, or your brother or your sister, or playmate, or the poor, when you are speaking to them, lest it may be your last time to speak to them.—*Child's Paper.*

A forcible example of the necessity of observing accent and punctuation in reading, was afforded by the careless reader who gave the passage from the Bible, with the following pauses: 'And the old man said unto his sons, 'Saddle me, the ass; and they saddled him!'

MIND THE STOPS.—To derive advantage from reading, the commas, semicolons, colons, periods, &c., must claim attention. Truth may be changed into downright falsehood by neglect in this respect.

IMPORTANT PRECEPTS.—Follow God. Reverence thy parents. Understand what thou learnest. Know what thou hearest. Command thyself. Believe thy friends. Govern thy anger. Exercise prudence. Disparage none. Do what is just. Practice generosity. Speak words of good omen. Redeem time. Regard the future. Hate injury. Fear deceit. Converse with the wise. Envy none. Hate calumny. Return benefits.

Boys Don't Give Up.—A Chinaman will contend at the annual literary examination till he is seventy or eighty years old, although with the bare possibility of ultimate success. Mr. Cabansin, a missionary at Shanghai, says that his teacher saw a man at the last examination who is eighty-four years old, and who had not despaired of graduating.

GOODNESS.—Did it ever strike you, that goodness is not merely a beautiful thing, but the beautiful thing—by far the most beautiful thing in the world; and that badness is not merely an ugly thing, but the ugliest thing in the world? So that nothing is to be compared for value with goodness; that riches, honor, power, pleasure, learning, the whole world and all in it, are not worth having, in comparison with being good: and the utterly best thing for children is to be good, even though they were never to be rewarded for it: and the utterly worst thing for children is to be bad even though they were never to be punished for it; and, in a word, goodness is the only thing worth loving, and badness the only thing worth hating.

Within the last few weeks a number of men have deserted from the several corps in garrison at Montreal, five or six being privates of the 16th Regiment. Four soldiers are now in jail, having been sentenced to various penalties, from four years' imprisonment to transportation for life.

A VIEW ON THE FLAMBOROUGH ROAD.

The annexed cut illustrates a landscape scene of marked beauty, one of a series of pictures we intend presenting of the fine scenery of our Province. The locality indicated in the engraving is about five miles west of the city of Hamilton, and the artist has not failed in a faithful delineation of the spot.

BUSINESS SUCCESS

Ricardo's rules for success in business were:

1. Cut short your losses.
2. Let your profits run on.

In order to do this, one must have *Experience*—and to avoid a too costly experience, begin small. Feel your way. Bonaparte had a quick and powerful mind; we may learn from him, observing to do good with our knowledge, instead of evil as he did. When in Egypt, he and many of his officers were riding out in a dark evening on the sea beach, where it was very wide. Suddenly the tide came in rapidly, and the water grew every moment deeper where their horses stood; they could not see which way was dry land, they became alarmed and bewildered, and destruction threatened them. Bonaparte seemed never to fail for an expedient. He ordered all to form a circle, with horses' heads outward. They did so. He now ordered all to ride ahead; if any found the water growing deeper, they were to turn about; if any found it growing shallower, they were to ride on, and all the rest to follow. This brought them to dry land. It is so with business. Proceed cautiously in different directions; if failure results, wheel about; if success attends, go ahead. This is the way to carry out Ricardo's rules, 'Cut short your losses—your profits run on.' *Rural Affairs.*



SCENE ON THE FLAMBOROUGH ROAD.

## THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

Daughter of the great English Novelist.

CONTINUED.

They walked up the wooden stairs with hearts that ached sorely enough. Miss Dampier was calm and composed again; she had stood by many a death-bed—she was expecting to go herself before very long—but John was quite unnerved. Little Elly, whom he had pitied, and looked down upon, and patronized, she was to be to him from this minute a terror, a life-long regret and remorse? He could hardly summon courage to walk into the room when the door was opened and Anthony silently motioned him to pass through it.

And yet there was nothing very dreadful. A pale sweet face lying on the little white bed; the gentle eyes, whose look he knew so well, turned expectantly towards him; a cup with some flowers; a little water in a glass by the bedside; an open window; the sun setting behind the poplar trees.

Old Francoise was sitting in the window sewing; the birds were twittering outside. John Dampier thought it strange that death should come in this familiar guise—tranquilly, with the sunset, the rustling leaves of the trees, the scent of the geraniums in the court below, the cackle of the hens, the stitching of a needle—he almost envied Elly, lying resting at the end of her journey: Elly, no longer the silly little girl he had laughed at, chided, and played with—she was wise now, in his eyes.

She could not talk much, but what she said was in her own voice and in her old manner, 'You are kind people, to come and see me,' she said, and beckoned to them to approach nearer.

Miss Dampier gave her nephew a warning touch, she saw how agitated he was, and was afraid that he would disturb Elizabeth. But what would he not have done for her? He controlled himself, and spoke quietly, in a low voice—

'I am very grateful to you, dear Elly, for sending for me. I was longing to hear about you. I want to ask you to forgive me for the ill I have done you. I want to tell you just once that I meant no harm, only it was such a pleasure to myself that I persuaded myself it was right. I know you will forgive me. All my life I will bless you.' And his head fell as he spoke.

'What have I to forgive?' faltered Elly. 'It seems so long ago—Faust and Margaret, and those pleasant drives. Am I to forgive you because I loved you? That was a sort of madness; but it is gone. I love you still, dear John, but differently. I am not mad now, but in my senses. If I get well, how changed it will be—if I die—'

If she died? Dampier, hating himself all the while, thought, with a chill pang, that here would be a horrible solution to all his perplexities. Perhaps Elly guessed something of what was passing in his mind, for she gave him her hand once more, and faltered—

'My love to Lætitia,' and, as she spoke, she raised her eyes, with the old familiar look in them.

It was more than he could bear; he stooped and kissed her frail, burning fingers, and then, with scorched, quivering lips, turned aside and went softly out of the room. Anthony and Madame Tournour were standing outside, and as Dampier passed she looked at him piteously, and her lips trembled too, but she did not speak. It seemed to him somehow—only he was thinking of other things—as if Elly's good and bad angels were waiting there. He himself passed on with a hanging head; what could he say to justify himself?—his sorrow was so real to be measured out into words, his penitence greater almost than the offence had been. Even Tournour, whom he met in the courtyard, almost forgave him as he glanced at the stricken face that was passing out of his house into the street.

After he was gone, Elly began to wander. Francoise, who had never taken such a bad view of Elly's condition as the others, and who strongly disapproved of all this leaving-taking, told Miss Dampier that if they wanted to kill her outright, they need only let in all Paris to stare at her, as they had been doing for the last two days: and Miss Dampier, meekly asking the hint, rose in her turn to go. But Elly, from her bed, knew that she was about to leave her, and cried out piteously, and stretched out her hands, and clutched at her gown.

'Il faut rester,' whispered Francoise.

'I mean to stay,' said Miss Dampier, after a moments deliberation; sitting down at the bedside and untying her bonnet.

Under her bonnet she wore a little prim cap, with loops of gray ribbon; out of her pocket she hauled her knitting and a pair of mittens. She folded up her mantelet and put it away: she signed to Francoise to leave her in charge. When Tournour came in he found her installed, and as much at home as if she were there by rights. Elly wished it, she told him, and she would stay were ten pasteurs opposed to it.

Tournour reluctantly consented at last, much against his will. It seemed to him that her mother ought to be Elly's best nurse, but Madame Tournour eagerly implored him to let Miss Dampier remain; she seemed strangely scared and helpless, and changed and odd. 'Oh, if you will only make her well!' said she to the old Scotch woman.

'How can I make her well?' Miss Dampier answered. 'I will try and keep her quiet, that is the chief thing; and if M. Tournour will let me, I should like to send for my old friend Dr. Bertin.'

And her persistency overcame Tournour's bewildered objections; her quiet good sense and determination carried the day. Doctor Bertin came, and the first doctor went off in a huff, and Elly lay tossing on her bed. What a weary rack it was to her, that little white bed. There she lay, scorched and burning—consumed by a fierce fire. There she lay through the long days and the nights, as they followed one by one, waiting to know the end. Not one of them dared think what that end might be. Doctor Bertin himself could not tell how this queer illness might turn: such fevers were sometimes caused by mental disquietude, he said. Of infection there was no fear; he came day after day, and stood pitifully by the bedside. He had seen her once before in her brilliance and health; he had never cared for her as he did now that she was lying prostrate and helpless in their hands.

Madame Jacob had carried off her children at the first alarm of fever; the house was kept darkened and cool and quiet; and patient Miss Dampier sat waiting in the big chair for good or for ill fortune. Sometimes of an evening she would creep down stairs and meet her nephew in the street outside and bring him news.

And besides John, there was poor Anthony wandering about the house, wretched, anxious, and yet resigned. Often as a boy, he had feared death; the stern tenets to which he belonged made him subject to its terrors, but now it seemed to him so simple a thing to die that he wondered at his own past fears. Elly thought it a simple thing to die, but of this fever she was weary—of this cruel pain and thirst and misery; she would moan a little, utter a few complaining words, and wander off in delirium again. She had been worse than usual one evening, the fever higher. It was a bad account that Miss Dampier had to give to the doctor when he came, to the anxious people waiting for news. All night long Elly's kind nurse sat patiently in the big arm-chair, knitting, as was her way, or sometimes letting the needles fall into her lap, and sitting still with clasped hands and a wistful heart. The clocks of the city struck the dark hours as they passed—were these Elly's last upon earth?—Jane Dampier sadly wondered. The stars sat behind the poplar-trees, a night breeze came shivering now and then through the open window. The night did not appear so very long; it seemed hastening by, dark and silent, relentless to the wearied nurse; for presently, before she knew it almost, it seemed as if the dawn had begun; and somehow, as she was watching still she fell asleep for a little. While she slept the shadows began to tremble and fade, and fly hither and thither in the death-like silence of the early morning, and when she awoke it was with a start and a chill terror, coming, she knew not whence. She saw that the room was gray, and black no longer. Her heart began to beat, and with a terrified glance she looked round at the bed where Elly was lying.

She looked once, and then again, and then suddenly her trembling hands were clasped in humblest thanksgiving, and the gray head bent lower and lower.

There was nothing to fear any more. Elly was sleeping quietly on her pillow, the fiery spots had faded out of her cheeks, her skin looked fresh and moist, the fever had left her. Death had not yet laid his cold hand on the poor little prey; he had not come while the nurse was sleeping—he had not called her as yet. I speak in this way from long habit and foolishness. For in truth, had he come, would it have been so sad, would it have been so hard a fate—would it have been death with his skeleton's head, and his theatrical grave-clothes, and his scythe, and his hour-glass? Would it have been this, or

simply the great law of Nature, working peacefully in its course—only the seed falling into the ground, only the decree of that same merciful Power which sent us into the world?—us men and women, who are glad to exist, and grateful for our own creation, into a world where we love to tarry for a while?

Jean Dampier, sitting there in the dawn, thought something of all this, and yet how could she help acknowledging the mercy which spared her and hers the pang of having fatally injured this poor little Elly, whom she had learned to love with all her tender old heart. It seemed a deliverance, a blessing a hundred times beyond their deserts.

She had been prepared for the worst, and yet she had shrunk with terror from the chastisement. Now, in the first moment of relief—now that, after all, Elly was, perhaps given back to them, to youth, to life—she felt as if she could have borne the blow better than she had ever dared to hope. The sun rose, the birds chirped freshly among the branches, the chill morning spread over the city. Sleepers began to stir, and to awake to their daily cares, to their busy life. Elizabeth's life, too, began anew from this hour.

Some one said to me just now, that we can best make others happy by the mere fact of our own existence; as she got well day by day, Elly found that it was so. How had she deserved so much of those about her? she often wondered to herself. A hindrance, a trouble, a vexation to them, was all she had ever been; and yet as one by one they came to greet her, she felt that they were glad. Anthony's eyes were full of tears; Tournour closed his for an instant, as he uttered a silent thanksgiving—she herself did not know how to thank them all.

And here perhaps, my story ought to end, but in truth it is not finished, though I should cease to write it down and it go on and on as the years go by.

## CHAPTER IV.

And so she had left all behind, Elizabeth thought. Paris, the old house, mother, stepfather, and pasteur, the courtyard, the familiar, wearisome life, the dull days breaking one by one, John Dampier, her hopeless hopes, and her foolish fancies—she had left them all on the other side of the sea for a time, and come away with kind Miss Dampier.

Here, in England, whither her good friend had brought her to get well, the air is damp with sea breezes; the atmosphere is not keen and exciting as it is abroad; the sky is more often gray than blue; it rarely dazzles and bewilders you with its brilliance; there is humidity and vegetation, a certain placidity, and denseness, and moisture of which some people complain. To Elizabeth—nervous, eager, excitable—this quiet green country, these autumn mists were new life. Day by day she gained strength, and flesh, and tone, and health, and good spirits.

But it was only by slow degrees that this good change was effected; weaknesses, faintnesses, relapses,—who does not know the wearisome course of a long convalescence.

To-night, though she is by way of being a strong woman again, she feels as if she was a very, very old one, somehow, as she sits at the window of a great hotel looking out at the sunset. It seems to her as if it was never to rise again. There it goes sinking, glorying over the sea, blazing yellow in the west. The place grows dark; in the next room through the open door her white bed gleams chilly; she shudders as she looks at it, and thinks of the death-bed from which she had scarce risen. There are hours, especially when people are still weak and exhausted by sickness, when life seems unbearable, when death appears terrible, and when the spirit is so weary that it seems as if no sleep could be deep enough to give it rest. 'When I am dead,' thought Elizabeth; 'ah me! my body will be at rest, but I myself, shall I have forgotten—do I want to forget.'

Meanwhile Miss Dampier, wrapped in her gray cloak, is taking a brisk, solitary little walk upon the wooden pier which Elly sees reflected back against the sea. Aunt Jean is serenely happy about her charge; delighted to have carried her off against all opposition; determined that somehow or other she shall never go back; that she shall be made happy one day.

It is late in the autumn. Tourists are flocking home; a little procession of battered ladies and gentlemen, carrying all sorts of bundles, and bags, and parcels, disembarks every day; and then another procession of ladies and gentlemen goes to see them land. Any moment you may chance to encounter some wan, sea-sick friend staggering along with the rest of the sufferers,

who are more or less others people's friends. The waves wash up and down, painted yellow by the sunset. There is no wind, but it has been blowing hard for a day or two, and the sea is not yet calm. How pleasant it is, Miss Dampier thinks; chill, fresh, wholesome. This good air is the very thing for Elly. Along the cliffs the old lady can see the people walking against the sky like little specks. There are plenty of fishing-boats out and about. There is the west still blazing yellow, and then a long gray bank of clouds; and with a hiss and a shrill clamor, here comes the tossing, dark-shadowed steamer across the black and golden water. All the passengers are crowding on deck and feebly gathering their belongings together; here the Frederick William comes close alongside, and as everybody else rushes along the pier to inspect the new-comers, good old Jean trots off too see what is what. In a few minutes the passengers appear, slowly rising through a trap like the ghost in the Corsican Brothers.

First, a lilac gentleman, then a mouldy green gentleman (evidently a foreigner), then an orange lady.

Then a ghostly blue gentleman, then a deadly white lady, then a pale, lemon-colored gentleman, with a red nose.

Then a stout lady, black in the face, then a faltering lady's-maid, with a hand-box.

Then a gentleman with an umbrella.

Jean Dampier is in luck to-night, as indeed, she deserves to be: a more kindly, tender-hearted, unselfish old woman does not exist—if that is a reason for being lucky—however, she has been my good friend for many a long year, and it is not to-day that I am going to begin to pay her compliments.

I was saying she was in luck, and she finds a nephew among the passengers—it is the gentleman with the umbrella; and there they are greeting one another in the most affectionate manner.

The Nephew.—'Let me get my portmanteau, and then I will come and talk to you as much as you like.'

The Aunt.—'Never mind your portmanteau, the porter will look after it. Where have you been, Will? Where do you come from? I am at the 'Flag Hotel,' close by.'

The Nephew.—'So I hear.'

The Aunt.—'Who told you that?'

The Nephew.—'A sour faced woman at Paris. I asked for you at Maurice's, and they sent me to this Madame Tournour. She told me all about you. What business is it of yours to go about nursing mad girls?'

Aunt Jean.—'Elly is not mad. You have heard me talk of her a hundred times. I do believe I saved her life, Will; it was my business, if anybody's to care for her. Her heart was nearly broken.'

The Nephew.—'John nearly broke her heart. Did he? I don't believe a word of it,' (smiling very sweetly). 'You are always running away with one idea after another, you silly old woman. Young ladies' hearts are made of India-rubber, and Lady Dampier says this one is an artful—designing—horrible—abominable—'

Aunt Jean (sadly).—'Elly nearly died, that is all. You are like all men, Will—'

The Nephew (interrupting).—'Don't! Consider, I'm just out of the hands of the steward. Let me have something to eat before we enter into any sentimental discussion. Here (to a porter), bring my portmanteau to the hotel.—Nonsense (to a flyman), what should I do with your carriage?'

Will Dampier was a member of the Alpine Club, and went year by year to scramble his holiday away up and down mountain sides. He was a clergyman, comfortably installed in a family living. He was something like his cousin in appearance, but, to my mind better looking, browner, broader, with bright blue eyes and a charming smile. He looked like a gentleman. He wore a clerical waistcoat. He had been very much complimented upon his good sense; and he liked giving advice, and took pains about it, as he was anxious not to lose his reputation. Now and then, however, he did foolish things, but he did them sensibly, which is a very different thing from doing sensible things foolishly. It seems to me that is just the difference between men and women.

Will was Miss Dampier's ideal of what a nephew should be. They walked back to the hotel together, chattering away very comfortably. He went into the coffee-room and ordered his dinner, and then he came back to his aunt, who was walking on the lawn outside. Meanwhile the sun went on setting the windows lighted up one by one. It was that comfortable hour when people sit down in little friendly groups and break



bread, and take their ease, the business of the day being over. Will Dampier and his aunt took one or two turns along the gravel path facing the sea; he had twenty minutes to wait, and he thought they might be well employed in giving good counsel.

'It seems to me a very wild scheme of yours, carrying off this unruly young woman,' he began; 'she will have to go home sooner or later. What good will you have done?'

'I don't know, I'm sure,' says Miss Dampier, meekly; 'a holiday is good for us at all times. Haven't you enjoyed yours, Will?'

'I should rather think I had. You never saw any thing so pretty as Bernie the other morning as I was coming away. I came home by the Rhine, you know. I saw Aunt Dampier and Tishy for an hour or two.'

'And did you see John at Paris?'

'No; he was down at V——, staying with the M——s. And now tell me about the young lady with the heart. Isshe up-stairs tearing her hair? Aunt Dampier was furious.'

'So she heard of it?' said Miss Dampier, thoughtfully. And then she added, rather sharply, 'You can tell her that the young lady is quite getting over her fancy. In fact John doesn't deserve that she should remember him. Now listen, Will, I am going to tell you a story.' And then in her quiet, pleasant, old-fashioned way, she told him her version of all that had been happening.

Will listened and laughed, and said, 'You will think me a brute, but I agree with Aunt Dampier. Your young woman has behaved as badly as possible; she has made a dead set at poor John, who is so vain that any woman can get him into her clutches.'

'What do you mean?' cries the aunt, quite angry.

'If she had really cared for him, would she have forgotten all about him already? I warn you, Aunt Jenny; I don't approve of your heroine.'

'I must go and look after my heroine,' says Miss Dampier, drily. 'I dare say your dinner is ready.'

But Will Dampier, whose curiosity at all events was excited, followed his aunt up-stairs and along the passage, and went in after her as she opened a door; went into a dim chill room, with two wide-set windows, through which the last yellow streaks of the sunset were fading, and the fresh evening blast blew in with a gust as they entered. It was dark, and nothing could be seen distinctly, only something white seemed crouching in a chair, and as the door opened they heard a low sobbing sigh, which seemed to come out of the gloom; and then it was all very silent.

'Elly, my dear child,' said Miss Dampier, 'what is the matter?'

There was no answer.

'Why don't you speak?' said the kind old lady, groping about, and running up against chairs and tables.

'Because I can't speak without crying,' gasps Elly, beginning to cry. 'And it is so ungrateful.'

'You are tired, dear,' says Aunt Jean, 'and cold—taking her hand; and then turning round and seeing that her nephew had come in with her, she said, "Ring the bell, Will, and go to your dinner. If you will tell them down-stairs to send up some tea directly I shall be obliged to you." William Dampier did as he was bid, and walked away considerably mollified towards poor Elly. "One is so apt to find fault with people," he was thinking. "And there she was crying up-stairs all the time, poor wretch."

He could never hear to see a woman cry. His parishioners—the woman, I mean—had found this out, and used to shed a great many tears when he came to see them. He had found them out—he knew that they had found him out, and yet as sure as the apron-corner went up, the half-crown came out of the pocket.

**GREAT AGES OF TREES.**—There is a glory in trees, as they lift their tall branches on high, giving shelter to the merry squirrel or the singing bird in summer; or when forming Eolian lyres in winter as the winds sing in their leafless boughs. There are many trees which have become sacred by the endearing associations of family scenes. Generation after generation connected with the old homestead have sported beneath them in infancy, and reclined in their shadow in old age. That exquisite ballad, 'Woodman, spare that tree!' is brimful of poetry, because it is full of truth, and vibrates on the tendrils of every heart.

Some one called Sir Richard Steele 'the vilest of mankind.' He retorted, with proud humility, 'It would be a glorious world if I were.'

**Fragments from 'Fun.'**

**A GOOD-NATURED FELLOW.**—Accommodation Bill.

**EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING.**—A clerk in the Artillery Department at Woolwich, having been found to be a great bore, was loaded with reproaches by his fellow-clerks, and discharged by his chief. The report shook the neighborhood, and will shortly be printed.

**METEOROLOGICAL AND ASTROLOGICAL NOTICES.**—The Council of Astronomical Education have decided that the Great Bear shall be taught to dance on the solar system. At sea a good blow from the winds may soon be expected; this arises from the equi-knoeks. The horns of the moon are to be retipped and sharpened up next month, in order to give them a hornamental appearance. We have now entered on the sign of

**Australian Rifleman.**—A short time ago a challenge was received in England from an Australian battalion of volunteers to shoot an equal number of volunteers in this country. We further find the challenge has been accepted, and that the congenial "popping" month of September has been named for the time when this little affair is to come off. This is colonial reciprocity with a vengeance. There has been nothing like it since the song writer told us how

The soldier leaned upon his sword  
And wiped away a (volunt) tear.

The Australian rifleman has the character of having great ability to take an aim, but we should have preferred his having greater amiability of character. Volunteers, look out!

**FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.**—The little boy who threw a summersault in the nursery eventually caught it. The gentleman

raspberries and currant matters generally. If an orphan, cultivate your plot assiduously; by this means pitying neighbours may be induced to assist you when they see that you are all for lawn.—**Social Gardening:** Weeding your acquaintance, and cutting your intimate friends.—Wanted immediately, in a small suburban garden of large extent, an active lad of sedentary habits. As the advertiser's family is unusually cheerful, and consists of himself, two blackbeetles, and a blind donkey of prepossessing appearance, no wages will be given. The A. L. will, however, be expected in return to make himself generally useful, play select tunes on his own chin or the double bassoon, whichever he may prefer, and walk to and from the neighboring church, seventeen miles off, on his hands, every Sunday, to show his handy-walk. N. B. No Irish need apply.

**THE INVOCATION.**

Kiss me under the star-lit sky?  
None are abroad but thou and I;  
The birds are sleeping, the air is still.  
Only our whispers the young buds thrill.  
We can feel, not see, the gossamer threads;  
We guess at the rose by the sweets it sheds;  
The Laurel rustles as we pass by,—  
Kiss me under the star-lit sky!

Kiss me under the clematis bough!  
None are abroad to see us now;  
Dearly I love each graceful spray,  
For it calls back thoughts of the happy day  
When first I saw thee, so gay and fair,  
With its pale stars wreathed in thy clustering hair  
The blossoms fall on my fever'd brow,—  
Kiss me under the clematis bough.

Kiss me under the green-house eaves!  
There's a faint, rich smell from the stifled leaves,  
Little care I for the brilliant bloom  
That must waste its glow in a crystal tomb;  
Give me an English girl for wife,  
Not too high for this daily life,  
Whom a kind word gladdens, a harsh word grieves  
Kiss me under the green-house eaves!

Kiss me again at the threshold floor!  
We enter the world at this open door.  
Friends will come round thee, and claim thy smile,  
And I must share thy dear looks awhile.  
Would that the day were already come  
When I could carry my young bride home!  
Then we shall enter to part no more,—  
Kiss me, love, at the threshold floor.

KINGSWOOD CLARE.

**EDWIN MARBLE.**

The subject of the above portrait is the present Manager of the Theatre Royal, of Hamilton, which establishment he has had repaired and refitted at considerable expense, and with a view to permanency. He was born in Augusta, Georgia, on the 23rd of August, 1839, and made his first appearance on the stage at Marysville, California, in 1856, in the theatre then under the management of the late lamented comedian, F. M. Kent. His *debut* was in the character of "William," in "Black-Eyed Susan."—Since that time he has performed in San Francisco, New Orleans, Louisville, Montgomery, (Ala.), Dubuque (Iowa), and other cities.

Mr. Marble's principal *role* of plays consists of the "Marble Heart," "The Stranger," "William Tell," "Pauline, or the Fatal Duel," "The Corsican Brothers," &c. He has the prospects of a good season before him, his opening entertainments being patronized by a large and respectable audience.

More than four thousand years ago, Plato said, 'We must not separate the physical from the intellectual and moral training, but let them draw together like horses harnessed to a coach;' and Montaigne, 'It is not enough that our education does not spoil us, it should alter us for the better.'

It was Goethe that said this beautiful thing:—'The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and insignificant, is energy—invariable determination—an honest purpose once fixed, and then victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world, and no circumstance, no opportunity, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.'

The most musical county in Scotland—The county of Fife.

Mrs. PARTINGTON is delighted that Prince Alfred would have nothing to do with foreign Greece. She says she always thought he had much better stick to his native Ile.



MR. MARBLE, LESSEE AND MANAGER, THEATRE ROYAL, HAMILTON.

Leo, the lion, and some roar days may confidently be predicted. Tremble, Sir Edwin! Zadkiel has just written to us to say that he has cast our nativity, and that we were born in the Seventh House. This is quite a mistake; No. 1, Mugg's Row, is the place of our birth. For further particulars we must refer him to our forthcoming 'Autobiography from an Introspective Standpoint,' in ninety-three volumes.

**FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.**—The foreign papers have always displayed an unusual amount of intelligence with regard to affairs in England. It is, however, proposed to improve it by a joint-stock society of authors of limited ability, for supplying news. We subjoin a sample:—England: An alarming outbreak at Cremona got up for a 'Oaks,' has resulted very seriously. Contests between armed men take place there daily.—Further particulars: The 'King of Beauty' has been proclaimed Dictator, and has ascended the throne. His first address to the people is anxiously waited for. Still more particulars: The address is out. It runs as follows: 'Perambulators are abolished. The Thames is to be converted into portare beer. Citizen steamboats to call at the Cadogan Pier daily at short intervals.'

**A NURSERY RHYME FOR LITTLE RUSSIANS.**

England joined with France,  
Can teach the bear to dance,  
To turn about and twist about, and skip, and hop and prance!  
If they take up the Pole,  
The Monster to control,  
They'll beat him till he aches all over, from stoborn head to sole!  
So if all human laws  
He scorns and treats with flaws,  
Why, then, instead of claws and jaws, they'll make the creature pause.

**A PRETTY THING INDEED.**—This is what we find in a newspaper paragraph, not printed in red ink as it ought to be, but unblushingly presented in the ordinary way:—

who publicly cut a dash has apologized. The person who boiled with rage is now simmering on the hop. The artist who threw up his foreground is better. The public lecturer who dwelt upon a topic has changed his residence. The gentleman who saved the mark has been presented with a medal by the Humane Society. A well-known low-comedian the other night took the stage; the perplexity of the manager and other performers may be imagined. The recognizances of the person who baled out a boat have been entreated. The gentleman who seized the opportunity has been made the defendant in an action for false imprisonment. The person who brewed a storm the other day proposes to bottle it. The person who stood some chalk found himself unable to pay for it. The undergraduates who roasted a freshman and toasted his sister have been reprimanded. The gentleman who paid his respects has sent the receipt to the British Museum. The contributor who corrected his proofs speaks well of their improved behaviour. The public-spirited man who came down handsomely has gone up again. The cook who shelled some peas served formerly in the Royal Artillery. He was discharged from that service for his dishonesty in boning some beef. (And we can go on at this rate to any amount.)

**THE GARDEN.**—Fruit for Newly-Married Couples: Love-apples.—A hedge to be avoided by giddy gardeners is the hedge of a precipice.—If your oats want bruising, hire a professional bruiser for the purpose; one who will stand no chalk is perhaps the best.—Now is the time to pull hemp-seed. The simplest way is to seize it by the nose; this is a snout and out method.—General Directions: Always treat your cabbages kindly; remember that every one of them has a heart as well as you have. When among ripe gooseberries, be brave, and show your pluck. The same applies to

## MARRYING FOR WEALTH.

'Oh, Charlie, run, run, for mercy's sake! Here comes Miss Brown.'

'Horrid! Why could not the old scarecrow wait till I had delivered these bon-bons in due form, and not oblige me to drop them, and beat an inglorious retreat. But Jupiter preserve me, Lottie; the enemy will soon be upon us—so adieu for the present, and be here to-morrow evening at seven.'

'That I will, Charlie, if I can escape the Argus eyes that are always on the watch; but if I cannot be here myself at exactly 2½ past seven, you will find a note under the stone.'

'All right!' said Charlie, casting a roguish glance at Lottie as he bounded over the fence—'I will not fail to be here precisely at the time.'

'Confound her,' said Lottie, hastily picking up the bon-bons and cramming them into her pocket, 'she is always poking around when she is not wanted.'

She walked away in the opposite direction as she said this, not noticing that she had left a few mottos on the grass; but they did not escape the watchful eyes of the vigilant Miss Brown, as she emerged from the shade of a cluster of trees a few minutes afterwards.

'Ha! What are these?' she cried, as her glance rested upon them, and stooping, she picked them up, and read one aloud:—

You may have wealth, if wealth can bless,  
I fame, if fame be dear;  
With all on earth that I possess,  
When you my love prefer.'

Her face seemed to turn almost green as she read, and her small grey eyes fairly blazed as she angrily exclaimed—

'Oh! that I knew the luzzy that received this. Wouldn't I expel her from the school in disgrace? The shameless creature, to receive such a thing from a man—from a horrid deceitful wretch of a man!—For here is his writing in the corner—'To my sweetest Lottie from Charlie.' But to which of the Lotties does it belong? I don't know now, but I will watch the whole three, and whoever knew Matilda Brown to be defeated in any thing she undertook? and her snaky eyes glittered triumphantly. So on she went to the house, occasionally muttering something about the ingratitude of girls in wanting to have any thing to do with a man, when they had such a splendid school, and such a teacher as herself. But Miss Brown saw her own perfections in a much more favorable light than the young ladies of the Grove Seminary did, and though it certainly was wrong for them to conduct themselves as Miss Lottie Clifton did, still they were young, pretty, merry and light-hearted, and who could blame them for liking Charlie Roger's laughing blue eyes and sunny hair, or George Spencer's roguish brown eyes and dazzling white teeth, said teeth being bound on the North by an irresistible moustache, better than Miss Brown's false curls, rouge, and green eyes, more particularly as the first mentioned were devoted to them, supplying them bountifully with candy and nuts, those indispensable necessities of school-girls, whilst the last mentioned Miss Brown amused herself with spying around on all occasions, listening at the doors of the young ladies' rooms, popping suddenly in the midst of them, when they had imagined themselves alone, relating every trifle to the governor, and other disagreeable things too numerous to mention.—They were always in fear of some new outbreak of the governor's wrath upon them, and were in the habit of judging by her countenance whether she had anything new to relate.

It therefore struck terror to their hearts, and they glanced at each other in consternation, as Miss Brown entered the school room where they were assembled, Lottie Clifton among the rest, her face an ell long. Miss Brown walked hastily through the long room casting a triumphant glance at the girls as she passed, and tapping the governor on the arm motioned him to follow her out of the room. When they left the girls sprang from their seats, and gathered in little knots to discuss the matter. Various were the exclamations from different guilty ones, each fearing that their misdemeanor had been found out.

'Oh Lrura,' said one, 'I do believe Miss Brown has found that book you lent me, for I lost the key of my drawer and couldn't lock it. It would be just like her to rummage it through, trying to find something.'

'Oh! my, if she has found it, and shows it to the governor, won't he raise hob, though?'

Up rushed another, exclaiming,—'Oh!

Peter, I believe Miss Brown has found that caricature of herself that I made this morning. I went out for a minute or two, and when I came back it was gone.'

'Oh! if she has it, won't she be hopping mad? The nose was about a foot long and the eyes the same size as peas, while her hair hung in such graceful corkscrews.'

A burst of laughter greeted this description, but their merriment was soon checked by the entrance of the governor; but instead of the lecture they had expected, nothing was said, and the lessons were resumed as usual. Great was the surprise of the young ladies, and their curiosity was raised to the highest pitch; but there was no means of satisfying it, so they were obliged to remain in ignorance.

That night after they had retired to their rooms, Lottie Clifton related to her confidential friend, Emma Carleton, the adventure of the evening with Charlie Rogers.

'Only for that provoking old maid,' said she, 'I would see Charlie often. I promised to meet him to-morrow evening, in the South side of the grove, by the three elms, but I believe that I will not be able to, for I think that hateful woman suspects me of something, and it will be as much as I can do to secrete the note for Charlie.'

'Well, Lottie,' returned her friend, in a tone of mock sympathy, 'I hope you will be able to speak a few words of consolation to the poor fellow, for Spencer told me in his last note that Rogers was dead in love with you.'

'Indeed,' said Lottie, dryly, 'well all that I can say is that he will have to get out again, for I do not care one mite about him only for the fun of the thing.'

'Oh! Lottie, do not talk so. It is wrong to go on with him only for fun. I thought that you really cared for him, but it is wrong to make him think you do, if you do not.'

'Pooh! Pooh! Emma, don't preach to me, if you please. I know very well what I am doing. Why I should die in this wretched old place if I didn't have some one to flirt with; but do you think I would marry a fellow who hasn't two cents to bless himself with. No indeed, Emma, I assure you, I am not quite such a fool as that. I am not going to marry till I can find some one that is able to keep me in style.'

'Oh! Lottie, if this is your intention, I tremble for you; do you think that wealth brings happiness?'

'Do not you, Emma? Certainly I do. If I were rich could I not buy every thing that I wished, and then would I not be happy?'

'Would wealth buy love, Lottie?'

'Pooh! love; what an absurd idea. Love does very well for foolish, sentimental people, but a woman that is prudent and sensible will look out for the tin, and never trouble her head about such a silly thing as love.'

Emma did not answer, for her friend's words had wounded her feelings; but that did not shake her faith in love in the least, for she was neither foolish nor sentimental, but still she loved, truly and tenderly, and her experience of love had shown her that without it wealth would be nothing, and she only hoped that her friend would find out her mistake before it was too late.

The next evening Lottie wrote a note to Charlie Rogers, and barely succeeded in getting from the school room long enough to fly to the place appointed and secrete the note. This done, she hastened back to the house with a beating heart, soon, however, gaining her accustomed calmness.

The minute that she left the grove, Miss Brown appeared from behind a large tree where she had been hid, thinking that likely she would see something connected with the mottos she had found the preceding evening. In the greatest exultation she hastened to the stone, and drew forth the note, never scrupling to open it. It read as follows:—

'DEAR CHARLIE,—I am very sorry that I cannot see and speak with you this evening, but that horrid Brown watches me as a cat does a mouse. I believe she suspects, but never mind. I'll fix her some of these days. I had hardly time to pick up those delicious bon-bons you gave me last evening, and travel from the spot before Miss Brown came along. Thank you for them, my dear. I hope you will bring some more the next time you come. If you don't see me you can put them and an answer under this stone.

Adieu for the present,

LOTTIE C.—

Miss Brown turned red and then pale, and then back to her old tint, a kind of yellowish green not to be imagined unless seen.

'So, Miss Clifton,' she gasped, when she had so far commanded her feelings as to be able to speak, so I am horrid, am I? And you dare to tell a gentleman that, you vixen—and in all probability because you are jealous of me, for it is likely that he is making fun of you behind your back all the time (men always do) and loves me, for I heard that there was a young gentleman around here nearly all the time trying to see me. You, I suppose, to blind him to my superior merits, call me horrid. Yes, I do believe he loves me, she continued, for like most all old maiden ladies, she had a great idea of her own beauty and perfections, and the last novel she had read had given her the idea of being loved by a handsome young gentleman, instead of the one he professed to love. But her soliloquy was suddenly broken in upon by a voice upon the other side of the fence, exclaiming—

'Does he love you, though, old gal?—Well, I guess he doesn't then.'

Miss Brown was confounded, for she had not counted upon having any listeners, and she was enraged at the language used.

'Old gal!' she cried—'call me old gal! I'll teach you, you impudent scoundrel, to call a lady like me, worth fifty Charlotte Cliftons, an old gal!'

Miss Brown was fairly boiling with rage, and it was the more aggravating because she could not see the person, for it was a high fence and the cracks were boarded up, so she took her way in high dudgeon to the house. She could not see the governor that night, for he was out, so she was obliged to wait till morning to show him the note, and have Miss Clifton expelled from the Seminary, for a doubt that she would be never entered her mind. She went to her room early that night, being so occupied in thinking of this affair, that forgot all about watching the other girls. This was a welcome circumstance to them. Some of them slipped out, and one of them was Lottie Clifton, thinking that perhaps she might see Charlie yet. She raised the stone, but no note was there, and a sigh escaped her as she exclaimed—

'Oh dear, how provoking! He has been here, found the note, and gone away, and now I won't see him after all.'

'Yes you will, Lottie,' said a voice from the other side, and the owner presently appearing on the top of the fence showed the bright, handsome face of Charlie Rogers.

'Oh! Charlie, I am so glad to see you; but why did you stay after you got the note?'

'I didn't get the note,' said Charlie, but Miss Brown did though, and oh! Lottie, I thought I would have died laughing to see the performance after she had read it.'

'Never mind about it now, Charlie, though I don't see how you could laugh when you know the danger I am in. I shall certainly be expelled from the school in disgrace.—Oh! Charlie, what shall I do?'

'Do. Why get it from her before she has time to show it to the governor.'

'Yes, but how?'

'Oh, I cannot tell exactly. You might personate a ghost, and frighten her, and while she is fainting (she will be sure to faint you know) glide in and carry off the note.'

'That is a pretty good idea, Charlie; I will try it, but I am afraid I will not succeed. However, I can but fail, and it will be better to try, for I may indeed, so good night, mon cher. I must be away and make preparations.'

'Good night Lottie—I wish you luck.'

Lottie stole back to her room, and was soon engaged in making herself look as ghost-like as possible. She chalked her face, from which her dark eyes gleamed forth like stars, let down her long black hair, and wrapped a long white sheet about her. Then listening to hear that all was quiet she glided from the room, and along the corridor to Miss Brown's room. Here a light was yet burning, and peeping through the key-hole, she saw Miss Brown sitting by her table, looking at the identical note.

'Was ever mortal more favored?' she ejaculated, for she had entertained some fears of having to look for it, and there it was right in her sight. Her heart beat quicker as she pushed the door open and glided noiselessly into the room. Miss Brown glanced hastily up, and seeing as she supposed a visitor from another world, for she was very superstitious, gave a faint shriek and fainted. Now was the time, and nearing the table Lottie snatched the note, darted from the room, and back to her own. Her room-mate was quietly sleeping as she had left her, so speedily removing all traces of the ghost, she lay down, fearing that Miss Brown's shriek had awakened some one, but all continued quiet. Nothing was ever heard about the note, for Miss Brown dare not re-

peat the story of the ghost for fear of being ridiculed. She was enraged at losing the note, but she determined to persevere in watching, and find out something else. Her spying did her no good, however, for Lottie through the medium of Emma, who met George Spencer, appointed another place of meeting with Charlie, and carried on her flirtation. But this did not last always.—Vacation drew near, and they had arranged it to have a walk before they left for home. So they met, and as both George and Charlie popped the question that very same night we must see if they were accepted. We will first listen to Lottie and Charlie.

After they had conversed on indifferent subjects for a short time, Charlie pressed Lottie's hand to his lips and said in a low tone—

'So, dearest Lottie, to-morrow is your last day at school, and we will have no more opportunities for the stolen moments of happiness we have enjoyed together.'

'Oh, well, you needn't care Charlie, for vacation will not last long, and next term you will soon find some pretty girl to supply my place.'

'Never, Lottie, I could never find another to supply your place, for I love you as I could never love another, and my life's happiness depends on that love being returned. But I think that you do love me—you have always led me to believe so, though you have never actually said it, but you will say so now, dearest, won't you?—May I not hope to win you for my own sweet wife?' and he bent his tender, earnest eyes, beaming with love upon her; but there was no love in the look that met his, and his heart sank down like lead. Lottie replied in a firm voice that never trembled—

'Ours has been a very pleasant flirtation, Charlie, but I never intended it to go further. Your wife I can never be. I do not love you, in fact, I do not believe in love. When I marry it will be for wealth, and then I shall be as happy as any of these that marry for love. But, Charlie, I think it must be time for Emma and me to return or we shall be missed.'

Charlie could scarcely answer, for all his dearest hopes had been ruthlessly dashed to the ground; but he determined that he would not let a heartless flirt see how he suffered, so he looked around, and as Spencer and Miss Carleton were not far behind, he said, calmly—

'They are coming; if you wish we will turn and meet them, and escort you and your friend home.'

'Very well,' said Lottie. But before they met, dear reader, allow me to relate what has just passed between them. They had long loved each other, though it had never been spoken, and now that they were about to be separated for the first time, they felt all the anguish of lovers parting. There was silence for some time, but at last Emma, endeavoring to shake off her gloomy feelings, looked up in her companions face and exclaimed playfully—

'Oh! George, what a long face! a penny for your thoughts, sir.'

George imprisoned the beautiful smiling face between his hands, and held it turned towards him, gazing into the clear, bright eyes as if he would read her very soul.'

'Beautiful girl, my thoughts were of you. Oh! darling, don't you know that I love you?'

A bright blush overspread her lovely features; and that blush, and the love-light in those eloquent eyes, told him all that he wished to know. He clasped her to his heart in a tender embrace, and kissed her fondly, exclaiming in a joyous tone—

'My own darling love! how often have I prayed for this hour, but how can I lose you when I have just found you?'

Her loving answer it is not necessary to record, but before they departed he stated his intention of soon seeing her at her own home, and asking her parents' consent to their union. He did so not long afterwards and though they were not willing at first, having wished their beautiful daughter to marry a rich man, still the desire for her happiness triumphed over worldly feeling, and they gave their consent.

When George and Emma were married they were very poor, but they had mutual love to strengthen them for the work which poverty imposed upon them. They were industrious and careful, and soon bettered their worldly circumstances.

Lottie's parents were different from Emma's. Lottie's would never have given their consent for their daughter to marry a poor man, even had it been her own wish, but she had inherited their own feelings, and looked upon poverty as a disgrace.

She differed materially from the young lady at the College in Hamilton, C. W., who gave it as her opinion that 'a good, honest mechanic, with his sleeves rolled up and his tools in his hands, was worth fifty of those empty-headed fops who strut up the sunny side of the street,' even though the last mentioned owned thousands. Would that all girls thought so. What a change it would make! Young men would not then dread marriage as they do now, on account of the extravagance of women. A woman would then be a helpmeet for a man, thus filling the position that God created her to fill, and not a useless dressed-up appendage to a man who has to toil hard, whether with his brains or his hands, for the money which she thoughtlessly and foolishly expends.

Lottie Clifton married a rich merchant, who was attracted by her beauty and accomplishments, but he soon found the difference between the maiden he had wooed and his wife. He soon discovered that she had married him for his wealth, and he despised her. His domestic unhappiness had such an effect upon his mind that he neglected his business; his affairs went wrong and he failed. They were now poorer in this world's goods than George and Emma had been when first married, and how much poorer in happiness, for there was no love to sustain them. Lottie's spirits sank beneath this affliction, and upon her death-bed she sent for her old friend, Emma Carleton, now the wealthy Mrs. Spencer.

'Oh! Emma,' she cried, wringing her hands in despair, 'my life has been all a mistake—all a mistake—oh! that I had not cast from me the loving, noble heart that was offered me in the days of my youth!—Let my fate be a warning to all coquetts.'

THE MAID OF THE MIST.

The reader is solicited to remember the occurrence on which the following lines are founded. In the summer of 1861, "THE MAID OF THE MIST," a small steamer constructed on the NIAGARA, opposite CLIFTON, and employed to convey adventurous tourists up the river, and into the clouds of spray that forever conceal the mysterious depths into which are swallowed up the mighty "Falls," was from CLIFTON to QUEENSTON, a distance of over seven miles in about 20 minutes; running without material injury. "THE RAPIDS," where the waves are said to average 20 feet in height, and the current descends at the rate of 20 miles an hour. The name of the brave man who steered her was, I believe, ROBINSON.

All purposes that move the hearts of men To swift conceptions, and impulsive deeds, In full fruition find their loss or gain. He, whose confounding eagerness betrays The blind resources of a feeble brain, Beholds his work collapse,—a splendid ruin. He, who clothed on with calm determination, And rudder'd by far-seeing experience, With no hot haste, but noblest energy, Fronts the great danger he must overleap; Fear nor defiance in his steadfast soul, That man may look, with deepest human trust, For vast success to crown his high resolve.

And such was he who in the distant West Achieved a Fame that Rumour loves to tell, And travellers from Earth's remotest region Hear with amaze—half doubt, half admiration:— Such Fame as Death shall hardly dare to cancel; Such Fame as follows him where'er he go, And casts around the scene of his exploit Associations of heroic skill.

There, where tumultuous NIAGARA Hurls ever down the his congregated waters Into unfathomable and misty gulfs, With headlong thunder, like the sullen roar Of far a tillery; whence issuing, He moves to the North in stately majesty,— There, moved beneath the frowning eastern bank Rocks on the pacified and gentle stream "The Maid of the Mist."

Scarcely heaving with the undulating wave She lay serenely still—"The Maid of the Mist," At the earliest dawn of dawn, when many a star Yet quiver'd with a lingering scintillation, And the pale primrose of the waning moon Shew'd like some straggling remnant of a cloud. The grey gull flapped along with labouring wing,

And up the pines the restless woodpecker Pursued his swift, circuitous ascent, Hurrying from bough to bough; the blue-bird flashed, The dense, precipitous woods were thronged with life.

She would not, for her iron pulse was still, Before this mighty orb where'er we dwell Shall in its fixed pre-order'd revolution Again present the great NIAGARA, With its huge rocks and multitudinous foliage To the fierce eye of the beholding sun, Yon little bark shall skim victoriously The horrid borders of annihilation.

Just where the genius of God-like man Has bridged the gulf that separates two peoples, Both famous in the world's broad History, In culture and development of Science,— Both rivals in a great progressive age,— Vexed by the virulence of petty scribes, Who waste their mean perverted intellects In probing wounds long healed, almost forgotten:— There the NIAGARA prepares for flight, And hurls itself with fierce velocity Into a chasm betwixt two mighty rocks Haunted forever by reverberations.

Under the brige, so fairy-fine in shape, Whereon the commerce of a continent Rolls, night and day, in proud security; Into "THE RAPIDS," into such a war Of waters as no human eye hath seen Elsewhere, must pass to-day "THE MAID OF THE MIST."

She went, whether the Heathenish FATES impelled, Or the unparalleled daring of a single heart May claim the sole supremacy, she went.

The sun blazed down with saltry fervidness; The quarried rocks smoked in the breezeless glare; The adders coiled themselves in burning sleep On the bald stones; the birds, too faint to sing, Concealed themselves in leafy crevices, As upwards, slowly, and with doubtful wheels, Steamed toward the FALLS the tiny MAID OF THE MIST;

For he below, who ruled her furnace heart, And knew not the projected enterprise, Must credit, by the dead, resisting tide, She sails again on her original course.

Four hundred paces from her moorings past, A hand appeals to the responsive helm:— She veers, she floats on the descending stream, As frail and helpless as a drifting weed.

With fatal ease upon the smooth, broad wave, With noiseless hurry swam "THE MAID OF THE MIST," Leaving behind her on the stagnant air The long thin pennon of triumphant steam.

Beneath the lofty over-arching Bridge She cleft the sharp infolding cataracts, And burst into the sea of wrath below.

We cannot know, no human tongue can tell, The momentary horror of that plunge, But he, whose grasping brain had learned the key

To the ten thousand currents of NIAGARA, Clutched with unconquerable tenacity The slavish helm, his flashing eye undimmed, And all his frame unquaveringly erect.

The mountainous billows reared their foaming crests In intertwining, horrible contortions, As though a million giant-horses fought, Lashing convulsively their snowy manes, Strangling themselves in the agonies of DEATH.

The swirling waters, swallowed and engulfed, Were vomited in coronets of spray Full fifty feet above that moveless hero.

They hurled the intruder with volcanic roar; Sucked her beneath,—infuriated maelstroms! Hissed at her in their angry impotence, Batter'd and crushed, but still they bore her on,

A Thing of Life sublime!—A Thing of Life:— Till, all their fierce exasperation vain, They panted down into a resolute calm. An oily calm, a smooth hypocrisy.

Undaunted still, seeming imperishable, She, guided by his superhuman skill, With overmastering indifference Spurned the WINDMILL'S snaky treachery, Drove on her pathless track, and, still supreme, Flew to her haven of rest, and nestled there, Moored to a friendly shore,—a Thing of Life,

As peaceful with her wounds as when she lay Beside the shore above, in the earliest dawn of dawn.

Such is the story of no distant date, Which these poor lines so feebly eulogize; They fail, because no pen can ever yield The full conceptions of the weakest brain; May they be added to the rich archives Of old Romance, and learn Posterity That though "the many fail, the one succeeds."

J. J. JONES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In relating anything he had heard, Scott, says Mr. Leslie, added touches of his own that were always charming. 'Why, Sir Walter,' once interposed John Clerk after-wards Lord Eldon, 'that's a story of mine you've been telling; but you have so decorated it that I scarcely knew it again.'

'Do you think,' replied Scott, 'I'd tell one of your stories, or of anybody's, and not put a laced coat and cocked hat upon it?'

The laced coats and cocked hats in which he dressed his inexhaustible store of anecdotes made him a favorite in society long before he was known to fame. Speaking of his lameness, he said, 'When I was of the age at which lads like to shine in the eyes of girls, I have felt some envy in a ball-room of the young fellows who had the use of their legs; but I generally found when I was beside the lasses, I had the advantage with my tongue.' His face, as is well known, had a heavy look when not animated, and, except in the capacious forehead, gave no indication of his genius, but there was more benevolence, Mr. Leslie states, in his countenance than is embodied in any portrait which was ever made of him.

'The gentle turn of the head,' we are told, 'and the lurking humour in the eye and about the mouth were Scott's own.' In his walks he frequently pointed out the precise effect which would strike a painter; but, with an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature, he had little or none for the same effects when transferred to canvass. 'To him,' says Leslie, 'pictures were interesting merely as representing some particular scene, person, or event, and very moderate merit in their execution contented him. There were things hanging on the walls of his dining-room which no eye possessing sensibility to what is excellent in art could have endured. I am inclined to think that in music also his enjoyment arose chiefly from the associations called up by the air or words of a song.' A strong proof of the correctness of this opinion is, that he maintained that the bagpipe was a fine instrument.

Little, however, as he estimated music by its intrinsic qualities, he had a keen relish for Highland melodies and military marches. His face was lighted up by the inward delight, and his whole body swayed slightly in unison with the tune.—Quarterly Review.

"SMALL, BUT GOLDEN GRAINS."

Where necessity pinches, boldness is prudence.

If a jewel is bright, no matter who says it is counterfeit.

A passionate man scourges himself with his own scorpions.

The world is a workshop, and none but the wise know how to use the tools.

Hope is a working man's dream.

A lie begets a lie, till they come to generations.

He who spares when he is young, may spend when he is old.

Good instruction is as necessary as food.

He denies himself who asks what is possible.

An obstinate heart shall be laden with sorrows.

Cherish the buds of piety, and they will bloom with benevolence.

Memory is the mother of the Muses.

Purchase by persuasion rather than enjoy by violence.

Levity of manners favors vice, and weakens virtuous inclinations.

Make provision for want, in time of plenty.

A QUAKER once hearing a person tell how much he had felt for another who was in distress and needed assistance, dryly asked him: "Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"

The wit deservedly won his bet, who, in a company when every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagged that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, two half-brothers, each measuring six feet.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

— Lord Lyon arrived in Quebec on Monday last, and proceeded to Spencer Wood. He dined at the Governor's, the Premier and Messrs. Dorion, Cartier, &c., being present.

— Some boys, employees of the Grand Trunk Railway, at Montreal, had a quarrel on Saturday last, and a lad named Cleland struck another named Riley with a bar of iron, breaking his jaws. He is not likely to recover.

— Edward Mills, of the Ottawa No. 1 Rifles, was accidentally shot by a member of the Foot Artillery, a few days ago. A rifle, while being loaded by the latter, exploded, and death speedily ensued.

— The Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Knox's Church, Galt, left for a fortnight's sea-bathing at Portland, on Monday. Before his departure, his congregation presented him with the handsome sum of \$237, to defray his expenses.

— From June, 1862, down to March, 1863, arms, ammunition, and other military stores, of the value of £363,285, have been sent from Woolwich and the Tower to Canada, besides clothing for the English troops. The articles sent included 40,000 rifled muskets, 20,941 cartridges, and ammunition (for small arms), 6,800,680.

General and Mrs. Thumb, Commodore Nutt and Miss Warren intend visiting Canada in the fall.

— 2117 emigrants have arrived at Hamilton during the month ending Aug. 31st. Of these the destination is said to be—to the United States, 1,193, and 942 to Canada. 655 were Germans, 676 Irish, 282 English, and 271 Scotch.

— The Hon. Col. Knowlton died last week, at St. John's, C. E.

— Arrangements for a battalion drill at Guelph, on the 26th of this month have been made. The Guelph, Galt, Morrison, Mount Forest, Flora, Fergus, Arthur, and Orangeville Companies will constitute the military gathering.

— A statement that Mr. Rankin had been appointed Superintendent of the Lake Superior Indians is emphatically contradicted.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—Dr. Adam Clarke was preaching to a large congregation in Ireland, and after dwelling in glowing terms upon the freeness of the Gospel, and telling them that the water of life could be had, 'without money and without price,' at the conclusion of the sermon a person announced that a collection would be made to support the Gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the worthy doctor, who afterwards related the circumstance to the lady of the house where he was staying. 'Very true, doctor,' replied the hostess, 'the water of life is free, 'without money and without price,' but they must pay for pitchers to carry it in.' The conclusion of the anecdote was followed by cheerful smiles and a clapping of hands, and the children showed that they understood its import by the readiness with which they contributed to the collection.

ENVY.—Envy, like a cold poison, benumbs and stupefies, and thus, as if conscious of its own impotence, it folds its arms in despair, and sits cursing in a corner. When it conquers, it is commonly in the dark—by treachery and undermining, by calumny and detraction. Envy is no less foolish than detestable; it is a vice which they say keeps no holiday, but is always on the wheel, and working upon its own disquiet.—Jeremy Taylor.

PSALMS OF DAVID.—Great has been their power in the world. They resounded amidst the court of the tabernacle; they floated through the lofty and solemn space of the temple. They were sung with glory in the halls of Zion; they were sung with sorrow by the streams of Babel. And when Israel had passed away, the harp of David was still awakened in the church of Christ. In all the eras and ages of that church, from the hymn which it first whispered in an upper chamber, until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal prophet has enraptured its devotions and ennobled its rituals. Chorused by the winds of heaven, they have swelled throughout God's own temples of the sky and stars; they have rolled over the broad desert of Asia, in the matins and vespers of ten thousand hermits. They have rung through the deep valleys of the Alps, in the sobbing voices of the Forlorn Waldenses, through the deeps and caves of the Scottish Highlands, in the rude chanting of the Scottish Covenanters; through the woods and wilds of primitive America, in the heroic hallooings of the early pilgrims.—Harry Giles.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 28TH AUG., 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries, Corresponding Week of last year) and Amount (\$21,107 99, 17,233 14, 1,218 01, \$42,564 15, 43,220 98).

Decrease. \$656 83. JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton, 29th Aug. 1863.

ENIGMA.

- I am composed of 34 letters. My 1, 2, 11, 12, 4, 13, 24, 25, 14, is the name of a city in N. Y. 6, 4, 15, is the name of an exotic plant. 13, 15, 16, 17, 13, Farmers could not do without. 18, 19, 20, 21, 13, Government has expended millions upon. 7, 8, 15, 10, 11, 4, has caused Great Britain a great deal of trouble. 22, 23, 14, 13, 9, 13, have been of great benefit to the North during the war with the South. 6, 12, 16, 5, 13, 21, is uncontrollable by printers. 3, 5, 32, 23, 31, is used by the king of Denmark. 31, 18, 9, 33, 20, 10, 21, is the land of legends and hobgoblins and other fables. 6, 16, 29, is the name of a valuable ore. 26, 4, 20, 31, has caused the death of millions. 27, 23, 6, is a useful animal. 30, 31, 33, 32, 13, are used by mechanics. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 13, are of great value to some, and of great damage to others. My whole is the name of a house, its proprietor, and the village where it is located.

ARITHMETICAL CALCULATION.

If the machines for coining money at the Mint will strike 30,000 half crowns per hour, in what time could a sufficient quantity be struck to reach round the world, supposing they were placed close to each other in a perpendicular or upright position, reckoning the circumference of the globe 360 degrees of 69 miles, and the thickness of a half-crown one-twelfth of an inch? And how many pounds of silver would be required, the weight of a half-crown being 9dwts, 2-21/2grs?

CHARADE.

My first is most commonly made from a tree And shows no refinement of art; When for vengeance employed, the culprit you'd see Approach it with sickening heart.

A book by the skill of my next may inspire; Balloons that convey you above, Or carriage by railroad, or telegraph wire, The worth of this second do prove.

My whole of a term of derision is made For a person who lauds ne'er won; If the Thames were on fire through his tocsin and mid 'Twas the first clever thing he had done.

A DINNER FOR THE POOR.

William Fox, of Nottingham, was a member of the Society of Friends, and he was one of the true old school of friends. His sympathy for the poor was deeply excited by serving in the office of overseer, and, seeing how poor some were who had to pay the parish rates, he resolved to economize the parish funds, and thus prevent their miseries as much as possible. It was the custom then in many parishes for the overseers and the committee who attended the weekly payments of the paupers to have a good dinner at the close of their day's labour, and this was paid for out of the poor-rates; but as it was a manifest abuse, he determined to put an end to the practice. He, therefore, hastened away before the close of the weekly payment to the dining-room, and thus addressed the master of the work-house: 'Is the dinner ready? Yes, sir.' 'Then bring it in.' 'Are the gentlemen ready, sir?' 'Never mind the gentlemen; I say bring it in.' And this was done. 'Now call the poor people, now call the poor people. Dost thou not hear what I say, sir?' 'This dinner is for the gentlemen.' 'Oh! who pays for it then, do the gentlemen?' 'The work-house master, staring most amazingly, said, 'Why no, sir, I reckon not; it's paid for out of the poor-rates.' 'Out of the poor-rates; to be sure it is, thou art right. The rates are for the poor men, and not for the gentlemen. Poor-rates, eh! I think we have no gentlemen's rates, so fetch in the poor at once and look quick.'

The work-house master went, and William Fox went too to see that he did as he was ordered, and not to give the alarm to the gentlemen, and in a few seconds was hurried in a whole host of hungry paupers who had not for years set eyes on such a feast as that. They did not wait for a second invitation to place themselves at table, and William Fox bade them help themselves, and at once there was a scene of activity that for the time it lasted justified the name of the

house. It was a workhouse, indeed. William Fox all the time stood cutting and carving and handing good pieces of pudding and meat to such as could not get seats; in a few minutes there was a thorough clearance of the table. Scarcely had William Fox dismissed his delighted company when another company presented themselves, and these were the gentlemen, who stood in amazement. 'Why,' exclaimed they, 'what is this, why is the table in this state, where is the dinner?' 'I found a very good dinner ready, and as I know that none but the poor had a right to dine out of the parish funds, I have served it out to the poor accordingly; but if any of you is in want of a dinner, he may come home with me and I will give him one.' The gentlemen knew well the character they had to deal with, and never attempted to renew the practice of dining at the public charge during William Fox's year of office.—English Paper.

Remittances.

W.M., R.J., L.B., J. McC, Walsingham; J. F., Galt; W. L. S., Delhi; H. M. DeL., Cumminsville; M. H., Lindsay; J. S. R., Font Hill; T.A., Dunville; S.H., Welland; D. McM., Sarnia; W. H. R., Galt; R. T. D., Colborne; R. E., D. E., W. W., C. R., G. H., J. R. D., Delaware; I. B., J. P., Talbotville; J. W. D. R. L., W. L. D., J. D., A. C., R. McB., Oil Springs; I. H., R. T., I. M., R. E., Mt. Brydges; E. L., S. F. H., E. R. G., G. K., Wardsville; G. K., W. M., W. W., Thamesville; D. S. R., Wainstead; H. H. H., M. C. R., A. C., W. H. McG., H. B., W. L., W. O., Wyoming; H. J. B., Embro; R. D. B., Schomberg; I. O., H. D., Miss M. C., R. P., G. B. K., W. J. B., Mrs. N., R. H., H. E. S., C. L., O. B., I. McC., Geo. I., I. C., W. C., Strathroy.

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, Near G.W.R. Depot, Mt. Brydges, JOHN HUMBLE, PROPRIETOR. Ample Room and First-class fare. Charges reasonable. Sample Room for Commercial Travellers. Mt. Brydges, Sept. 1863.

WOOD ENGRAVING. At considerable trouble and expense, we have succeeded in securing the services of some of the

BEST ENGRAVERS In Canada and the United States, and are now prepared to furnish

WOOD CUTS Of Portraits, Buildings, Machinery, Scenery, &c., for Circulars, Bills, Cards, Books, &c., of a BETTER CLASS, and at from Twenty-Five to Fifty 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. N. B.—Care must be taken to address all Communications to the Office of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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

A. S. IRVING, GENERAL DEALER IN Books, Newspapers, Stationery and Pictures, No. 13, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. [Faulkner's Old Stand.] New York Dishes received by early Trains every Morning, and Mailed or Delivered to any part of the City or Country for 25 Cents per week or \$10 per year Agent in Toronto for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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

S. M. PETTENCILL & CO., No. 37, PARK ROW, NEW YORK. No. 6 STATE STREET, BOSTON. Special Agents for the 'CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS' and all principal Newspapers in the United States, Canada and Pacific Coast. THE TWO LEADING HOUSES IN HAMILTON & TORONTO! NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS IN Clothing, Dry Goods and Millinery, At LAWSON'S! Immense Stocks and at Unequalled Low Prices. LAWSON, BROS. & CO., Corner King and James Streets, Hamilton, C.W. LAWSON & CO., No. 96 King Street East, Toronto, C.W. Wanted, a first-class Milliner. 23-3m

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

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

Wm. Servos begs to inform his numerous friends and the public generally that he has just received a choice selection of Boots and Shoes for the Spring Trade Selected from the most eminent manufacturers in the Province, as they have all been purchased for Cash, he is determined to

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

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

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 29th. 1863. 6

ELLIS' HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA SIDE, NEXT DOOR TO BARNETT'S MUSEUM, Board, \$1.00 per Day. Meals at all hours. Carriages in attendance at the door. Good stabling. W. F. ELLIS, PROPRIETOR.

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

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

ESTABLISHED 1818. SAVAGE & LYMAN, Manufacturers and Importers of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE, Cathedral Block, Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Canes, Fans, Dressing Cases, Paper-Mache and Millinery Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c. Montreal, January 24, 1863.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, HAMILTON, C. W. WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor. THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation and conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province. His long experience in the business of hotel keeping will, he trusts, secure to him a share of that patronage which he has enjoyed for so many years. The locality of the International Hotel—situated in the centre of the business portion of the city—is of itself a flattering recommendation, and in conjunction with other more substantial advantages which the Proprietor has introduced, will earn for this Hotel the subscriber hopes the favor and good will of the business community. The large dining-room of the Hotel—one of the most commodious rooms in the city—will still be open for Dinner Parties, Concerts, and other social entertainments. His sample rooms, for commercial travellers, are by far the best in the city.

In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration. The International Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Caledonia, Port Dover, Dundas, Guelph and other places. An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, connecting with trains east and west. W.M. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. Hamilton, July 27, 1863. 13

TORONTO CITY STEAM MILLS DISTILLERY GOODERHAM & WORTS, PROPRIETORS. HAMILTON AGENCY JOHN PARK begs to call the attention of the trade to the Whiskies manufactured at the above establishment, which for strength, purity, and flavor are unequalled by anything made in this country. They are well known and in great demand throughout the whole of Canada, being shipped in large quantities to Liverpool and London, England, where they are much approved. Grocers, Wine Merchants and Dealers generally, should lose no time in giving them a trial. There are many instances of storekeepers doubling their side 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.

NATIONAL HOTEL, DRUMMONDVILLE, NIAGARA FALLS, C. W. ARTHUR L. ILLIS, PROPRIETOR.

The above establishment has been lately renovated throughout, and is a very desirable Hotel for tourists, wishing to stay a few days at the Falls, being within five minutes walk thereof. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brands, always kept in the bar, and the larder furnished with the best of the market affords. Board \$1.00 per day, Drummondville, June 30th, 1863.

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

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

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

JOHN GREGORY & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN KEROSENE, PENNSYLVANIA AND CANADIAN COAL OILS LAMPS, WICKS, SLIDES, CHIMNEYS, &c. &c. No. 35, St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL.

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

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

Manufacturers of Druggists' and Brewers' SHOW CARDS ON GLASS, DOOR PLATES, BLOCK LETTERS, &c. NORTH SIDE JOHN ST., 3rd DOOR FROM KING. HAMILTON, C. W.

The Canadian Illustrated News is published EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. At the Office, in White's Block, King-st. North side, Opposite the Fountain. TERMS, for one year, sent by mail, \$3.00 six months, 1.50 Single copies, 7 cents, to be had from News-dealers. Payment strictly in advance. Any person sending the names of ten subscribers, with the money, will receive a copy for one year. Rates of Advertising. Ten cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion eight cents per line. All letters concerning business in connection with the paper or the office should be addressed to 'The Canadian Illustrated News,' Hamilton. No unpaid letters taken out of the Post Office. FERGUSON & GREGORY, Proprietors.