

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



VOL. I—No. 15.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

[\$3 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS.]

HON. MICHAEL FOLEY, POST MASTER GENERAL.

Mr. Foley is a resident of the town of Simcoe, in the county of Norfolk, and is a lawyer by profession.

REV. DR. CAHILL.

As the subject of our notice is at present on a visit to this country, his portrait, together

with a very brief biography, will not, we think, be unacceptable to our readers. Dr. Cahill was born in Queen's Coun-

ty, Ireland, about the beginning of the present century. His mother was of Spanish extraction: his father of Celtic origin, and had acquired considerable reputation in his native country as an engineer and surveyor. The young Cahill was thus almost necessarily from his earliest years, practised in those sciences upon which, in a large degree, eminence in his father's profession depended. Whether it was from choice, the wish of his parents, the tendency of his studies, or all combined, the army seems to have been looked to as the sphere in which he was to display his talents. The state of Europe too, in those days was such that one possessed of engineering and scientific knowledge, might hope soon to rise to fame and station in the military profession. This idea, if ever it had taken a deep hold of his youthful mind, was abandoned, and his attention was turned to the ministry. He studied for some time at Carlow College, and afterwards at Maynooth, and in due time was taken into full orders in the church of which he is a member.

He was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in Carlow College, and for some time taught also mathematics and astronomy. He removed from it to Dublin, and subsequently had a Seminary at Seapoint. While engaged in teaching he was known as a forcible and eloquent speaker, and was often invited to preach upon important occasions. He finally gave up his Seminary to enable him to devote his whole time to the ministry.

The portrait is from a photograph taken by Mr. O'Connor, since his arrival in Toronto.

The Hon. Michael Hamilton Foley, is an Irishman by birth. His political career began as the publisher of a Reform newspaper at Simcoe, in the County of Norfolk. He was first elected to Parliament in 1854 for North Waterloo, for which riding he has been returned ever since. At the general election of 1861 he was also returned for the County of Perth, but preferred to sit for Waterloo. In 1858 Mr. Foley was named Post-Master General, in the Ministry formed by Mr. Brown of Toronto, Mr. Dorian of Montreal.

At the commencement of the Parliamentary Session of 1862 he was elected to the leadership of the Opposition. In May of the same year, upon the defeat of the Cartier-McDonald administration, and the formation of the present, he became Post-Master General. During his nine months of office he has exercised considerable energy in his department, and if sustained by the present House will without doubt, make such changes in the management of his office as will give general satisfaction to the people of Canada. He is a very good speaker, though much more effective when amongst his constituents than on the floor of the House. He is a man who has the happy disposition of being friendly with all his co-members in Parliament, whether opposed or not to him in politics.



HON. MICHAEL FOLEY, POST-MASTER GENERAL.

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 those Subscribers, for any term less than a year renew their subscriptions, the paper will be continued to the getters up of the club.

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

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

If any of our Agents have back Nos. 1, 2 and 8, on hand, they will confer a favor by returning them to this office.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

NAPOLEON AND AMERICA.

The benevolent heart of His Majesty of the Tuilleries is sadly pained by the condition of the North American Continent. The 'caving in' of things generally in that hitherto favoured land excited his imperial commiseration to an unspeakable extent. For him to remain inactive, under such circumstances, is not to be expected, the troubled nations of the western world must be taken under his special protection and care. A few doses of the *idees Napoléoniennes*, judiciously administered, would be a sovereign remedy for their disordered systems. So, after making a careful diagnosis of the case, or cases rather, the Imperial M. D. graciously condescends to prescribe. There is this striking peculiarity about the Emperor's nostrums, that they are administered to the suffering patient in inverse ratio to his strength, that is to say, the weaker the patient the stronger the dose, and vice versa. For Mexico, therefore, he prescribes an expedition of armed men; the dose to be repeated until a cure is effected. His other American patient, however, is a different kind of subject, and to call him 'the sick man,' would certainly be no misapplication of terms, but his sickness is rather that of delirium than of weakness. There can be no doubt that his frantic exertions to cast out the devils that are tormenting him, are fast exhausting his strength; but there are a few vigorous kicks and cuffs in him yet. These would pretty certainly be the reward of any royal or other quack who attempted to force a remedy down his throat against his will. In his case, then, the treatment must be of another kind, palatable cordials, to be given with gentle opiates, that will not cause a muscle of his face to twist in the swallowing, but which will gradually bring him to a condition suitable for the application of more effective specifics.—These the Emperor has supplied in the shape of copious dispatches by his foreign ministers, sugar-coated with the usual quantity of diplomatic civility, and profuse with renewals of 'distinguished consideration.'

To those of our readers who have no wish to wade through five or six columns of closely printed matter to ascertain the purport of these dispatches, we offer the following brief synopsis:

The correspondence opens on November 16th, 1862, with a letter from Mr. Dayton, United States Minister at Paris, to M. Druyn l'Huys, referring to the mediation to the courts of Great Britain and Russia. Mr. Dayton attempts to prove that the Federal cause has made satisfactory progress during the year, instances in proof that the rebels have lost during that period the eastern shore of the Chesapeake, the dockyards and country round Pensacola, all Virginia west of the Alleghianies, Kentucky, Missouri, and part of Tennessee, all the ports and fortifications on the Atlantic coast of any value, and most important of all they have lost New Orleans. On November 23d, M. Druyn l'Huys replies: He admits the great strength of the Northern States, but thinks that 'the conditions of soil and climate seem to oppose insuperable obstacles to the progress of the struggle, and that the equal energy of both sides tends to impress upon it a character of indomitable desperation.'

He concludes by offering the friendly of

fices of France, should they at any time be required. Four dispatches follow, from Mr. Seward to Mr. Dayton, in one of which he deals with the abortive mediation scheme, adopting a very decided tone as to the reception it would meet with in the United States. After saying that foreign nations have already prolonged the war by fostering the hopes of disloyal citizens, he grows warlike as follows: 'This Government will, in all cases, reasonably warn foreign powers of the injurious effect of any apprehended interference on their part. And having done this, it will measure its means of self-defence by the magnitude of the dangers with which the country is threatened.'

On January 9th, the French government, unable to wait until their proffered services were asked for, convey the proposal to Mr. Seward, that the belligerents should appoint commissioners with a view of bringing the war to a close. On the 6th of February Mr. Seward replies, refusing to accede to the proposition.

Altogether the Emperor has played his part with ability, and not without success. Although his proposition has been rejected by the Washington Government, he has succeeded in convincing many, ordinarily shrewd Yankees, that he earnestly desires the restoration of the Union, and the triumph of 'the best government the world ever saw.' To produce this conviction must have been the only object he had in view, since he perfectly understood that the North could not and would not accept his overtures for peace.

What will be the next move in the prosecution of his designs it is difficult to say. With Mexico as a base of operations he will probably await future development, and act according to his interpretation of the 'logic of facts.' Should division in the North or favorable offers from the South present the opportunity, he will no doubt dispel the amiable weakness in favor of foreign despots, which the American people have frequently manifested.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT, GOVERNOR GENERAL'S SPEECH.

On Thursday, 12th of February, 1863, His Excellency, Lord Monck, Governor General of Canada, proceeded in state from his residence to the Parliament House at Quebec, but did not then speak from the Throne. The death of Sir Allan McNab, Speaker of the Legislative Council in last session, having left the chair of the Upper House vacant, the election of a gentleman to preside was the first business. Several members had been named by newspaper report; but doubts of ministerial, or of opposition success, led to the omission of their eligibility as an issue of party conflict.—There was no cause for a party contest; for with one consent the House pronounced that it possessed a gentleman qualified by high intellect, by learning, by position in society, by professional eminence as a lawyer, and by spotless reputation, to be the official steward of their legislative privileges and of their honour. That gentleman was the Hon. Alexander Campbell of Kingston, an elective member for Cataragui Division. He was proposed by the Hon. John Hamilton of Kingston, a life-member of the Council, and seconded by the Hon. L. Dessaulles, elective member for Rougemont Division in Lower Canada. The clerk having put the motion, it passed unanimously. Whereupon the mover and seconder conducted Mr. Campbell to the Chair. In the choice language which that gentleman has always so gracefully at command, he expressed in English and in French a desire to merit the approbation of the House by a faithful performance of all the duties attaching to the office of Speaker.

On Friday, 13th, the Governor General went again to the Parliament Buildings in state. The Hon. Alexander Campbell informed His Excellency that the choice of a Speaker had fallen on him. The members of the Legislative Assembly having been summoned to attend in the Chamber of the Legislative Council, the opening speech was delivered. When Lord Monck had retired, the members of Assembly returned to their own Chamber; and the business of the session then commenced. After presentation of petitions, opposition questions and ministerial replies, the Assembly adjourned to Monday.

On Monday, 16th, both Houses met. In the Upper House, Hon. M. P. L. Latour, elective member for Laurentides Division, speaking in French, moved an address in answer to the Governor General's speech.—Hon. J. G. Currie of St. Catharines, lately elected for Niagara Division, seconded the address.

In the Lower House petitions were presented numerously from Lower Canada in favour of the scheme of Credit Foncier, followed by cheers from Mr. Cartier, the Premier who retired from office in 1862, and Mr. Cauchon late Minister of Public Works. The consideration of the address was appointed for Tuesday and the Assembly adjourned.

As pictorial illustrations are being prepared for this journal, depicting the procession of His Excellency to open the Parliament, with views of the interior of both Houses; also portraits of the two presiding Speakers, and other official personages, a detailed account of the procession, and of the proceedings around the Throne, is deferred until the engravings are ready. Meanwhile an epitome of the speech is submitted to the judgment of our readers.

His Excellency, addressing 'Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council,' and 'Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly,' congratulated them: 1st, on being assembled at a season when business, commercial or agricultural, is not interrupted by their absence from home. 2d, they were congratulated on the spirit of loyalty and patriotism evinced by the enrolment of Volunteer Militia Companies, and by Drill Associations rendering them ready for service, should such unhappily be required in defense of the Province. 3d, A Bill to amend the present Militia law was announced; its object, the better military organization of the people for the defense of the Province. 4th, A measure for the readjustment of Parliamentary representation in both sections of the Province. 5th, A Bill to effect an equitable settlement between Debtor and Creditor; and for the relief of insolvents. In other words, a Bankruptcy Law, which is urgently requisite to improve the trading morality, as well as for the commercial advancement of the Province. 6th, A measure to improve the administration of justice. 7th, To improve the registration of Titles. 8th, To improve the Law of Patents.

9th, They were informed that after the last session terminated, His Excellency had appointed Commissioners to investigate and report on the condition of the unfinished Parliament Buildings at Ottawa; that delay had occurred; but a report would be laid before them; and a recommendation founded on the report, 'with a view to the resumption and speedy completion of the works.' 10th, Two members of the Executive Council had visited London during the recess to confer with the Imperial Government, and in connection with delegates from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, respecting an Intercolonial Railway; the correspondence with the Secretary for the colonies on this subject to be laid before them without delay.

11th, 'Those gentlemen' (who went to England,) 'were also instructed to call the attention of the Imperial Authorities to the importance of opening up for settlement the great North Western Territory; and of facilitating the establishment of direct communication between Canada and British Columbia. Very favorable results may be expected from these representations, not only in the development of the resources of intermediate and distant possessions of the Crown, but in the commercial benefits that will accrue to this Province as the natural outlet for the productions of the West.'

Then, addressing the 'Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly,' His Lordship said:

12th, 'The Public Accounts of the past year will be submitted to you, together with Estimates for the Supplies required for the service of the current year. The Estimates have been prepared with the strictest attention to economy.' 13th, They were informed that Commissioners had been appointed to inquire into every department of Public Service; the object being to ascertain, and on the knowledge acquired to provide a remedy for the defects of the system now regulating the audit of accounts, and the payment of moneys from the Public Exchequer, and with a view to the retrenchment of expenditure so far as that may be found consistent with a due regard to efficiency. 'I hope,' said His Excellency, 'that the result of their inquiries will introduce such a system of control and economy as may, before long, bring the expenditure of the Province within its annual income.'

Then, addressing 'Honorable Gentlemen,' and 'Gentlemen,' His Excellency remarked:

14th, On the spontaneous contributions sent from Canada, for the relief of distressed operatives in the manufacturing districts of Great Britain; a gratifying evidence of the sympathy of the Canadian people for their fellow-subjects in the British Isles, and which would strengthen the kindly ties, which will long continue, he trusted, to exist between this colony and the parent state.

15th, and lastly, 'I invite you,' said 'His

Excellency,' 'to consider the several subjects which may be brought before you; in a calm, impartial, and unselfish spirit; and I fervently invoke the blessing of the Almighty on your performance of the important duties which the Constitution of the Province has imposed upon you.' And so ended the speech of the Governor General, which, as the programme of the Ministry, is at once large, liberal, and explicit. But under a constitution based on freedom of election, and freedom of debate, in which organized parties on Ministerial and Opposition sides, are alike a political convenience and a necessity in the moral nature of man, as opposite forces are an ordinance in the physical laws of the universe, it may be feared that the infirmities inseparable from political life, will not always admit of debates being conducted in a 'calm, impartial and unselfish spirit.'

On Tuesday, Mr. Rankin of Essex county, moved the Address in the Assembly, and from his speech it is inferred that the Ministry are not in favor of removing the Seat of Government from Quebec to Toronto at the close of the present Session. This summary will be resumed when the debate concludes. Various amendments are on the notice paper.

EUROPEAN NEWS tell of little but rumours which are not likely to amount to much. The British Government it is said has complaints against that of the United States, owing to the seizure of their vessels too near the Bahama coast. There need be no doubt, if there are any such complaints, but that they will be amicably arranged. The Emancipation society have gained a triumph.—The meeting which was held at Exeter Hall was most enthusiastic and the resolutions adopted approved the principles of the Society and expressed great sympathy with the North. The hostile amendments were promptly voted down, and the 'Times' denounced amid groans and hisses. Sir Robert Peel has been speechifying, and took occasion to declare himself favorable to a separation of the North and South, strongly condemning Lincoln's Emancipation edict. Another surmise is that the Emperor's proposal of a meeting to discuss differences, if rejected will result in the recognition of the Confederate States, whether England joins France or not. These proposals have been rejected by the Federal Government, and the world now waits for the next move. The Prussian Chambers and the King are still playing at cross-purposes, having voted by an overwhelming majority an address hostile to the Government. His Majesty has refused to receive the deputation from the Chamber of Deputies for the presentation of the address. The President of that body therefore proposed that the address should be sent direct to the King as a letter, which was agreed to without debate. It appears that nothing short of expulsion will teach crowned heads the danger of resisting the popular will.

The Greeks have at length found a man who is willing to be made a king; the Duke of Saxe Coburg having consented to become a candidate. Kingcraft seem to be at a discount in these days.

The Spanish Government still refuses to recognize the Kingdom of Italy; from such a quarter nothing better could be expected.

FLAT-IRON HEATER.—Mr. Murray Anderson of London, C. W., has been exercising his genius for the benefit of the feminine portion of the community, and has succeeded in making an improvement in the way of heating flat-irons. The heater is made so as to fit the openings in the top of the stove, and a part of it shaped like the flat-iron projects inward, so that it is in closer contact with the fire, and, therefore, more easily warmed. Mr. John W. Coe is agent for this city, and will be happy to supply it to those who wish to give it a trial. It costs only \$1,00,—no very great investment.

PRIZE MEDAL.—The beautiful prize Medal on our centre page was designed and executed by the well-known firm of Messrs. Millidge & Son, Princes street, Edinburgh, Scotland, and reflects great credit on their taste and skill as artists.

Cleanings.

A NEW COLONY.—The 'British Columbian' publishes an Order in Council constituting the colony of Stekin. The Order was made on July 19th, 1862, at Osborne. The colony is organized under the Falkland Island Acts passed on the 6th and 24th years of Her Majesty's reign. The new colony is called the Stekin Territories. What is now constituted a government is bounded on the south and west by the Russian Possessions; on the east by the 125th meridian; on the north by the 62nd parallel. The Governor of British Columbia is made the Administrator of the Government. The Governor has to appoint provisionally all the officers necessary, as well as suspend them. He can pardon offenders, remit fines, &c. He also has the power given him to make such laws relative to land and minerals as he shall see fit; and persons violating them can be fined £50, but not more. The law of England, as it was on Jan. 1, 1862, is the law of the territory. The Supreme Court of British Columbia has cognizance of all suits; and the Judge of the Court can make rules to allow Justices of the Peace to hear suits not above £50. Appeals are allowed on suits above £10, to the Supreme Court of British Columbia. The Justice of the Peace may try all offences not for treason or felony, punishable with death, but he cannot impose a higher fine than £50, or give more than three months' imprisonment.—The higher offences are to be tried in the Supreme Court. The powers of the justices, sheriffs, jailors, &c., shall be the same as in England. The Governor of British Columbia and Vancouver Island shall be Governor—or in his absence the Administrator of British Columbia. The Duke of Newcastle was to give the directions to carry out the Order of the Council.

EGYPTIAN ENGINEERS.—The correspondent of the 'London Engineer,' at the great exhibition, England, thus relates an account of barbarian engineering: 'I remember when coming from the Nile in 1847, hearing a capital story of Egyptian engineering in those days. Mahomet Ali was the first to introduce steam navigation on the Nile, and, determined to have the natives instructed in the mystery of working the engines, a small steamer of about ten-horse power was, after many lessons from an English engineer, handed over to a native crew.—On the first voyage thereafter, a leakage took place, in consequence of the lower joint of the safety valve giving way. The natives applied the universal panacea for all wounds and bruises, a handful of Nile mud. This proving insufficient, a second and third dose of the same styptic was applied. Finally bricks and mud were built over it, but all in vain. At last, when quite a pyramid of mud and bricks had been erected, and the steam rushed out worse than ever, they gave up in despair. 'Allah! Bismillah!' they exclaimed, 'who can contend with fate?' So saying, they leaped overboard and swam ashore; where they quietly smoked their pipes till the fires burned out and the steam went down.'

HOME.—There is something inexpressibly touching in the story of Ishmael; the youth who was sent into the wilderness of life with his bow and arrow, 'his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.' Even in our crowded, busy, and social world, on how many is this doom pronounced? What love makes allowances like household love? God forgive those who turn the household altar into a place of strife! Domestic dissension is the sacrilege of the heart.

FRIENDLY LONGEVITY.—The vital statistics of the Quakers in Great Britain and Ireland for three years immediately preceding 1861, show that their average length of life is greater than that of the population generally. In 1857-8, it was fifty-one years, three months and twenty-seven days; in 1858-9, fifty years, one month, and twenty days; and in 1859-60, fifty-five years, and eight months. The simplicity of their habits, the restraint and control of the temper, and the quiet and order and discipline inculcated by the society, have much to do with this prolongation of life. As these rules are relaxed, the average term of life is shortened.

When do you think the world will come to an end? asked a German.

'Oh, probably in about three months,' answered the joker.

'Ho, vell I no care for dat, exclaimed Hans, with a smile of satisfaction, 'I pe going to Puffalo dis spring.'

Ingratitude is unpardonable, and dries up the fountain of all goodness.

THE GUINEA SMUGGLERS.

A STORY OF THE COAST.

It wanted but a few minutes to seven o'clock on an April evening in the year 1812. The moon, in her second quarter, had just graciously shown herself to the world, gliding into sight from behind a dark rolling bank of cloud. There was certainly no doubt about the fact that even Lawyer Wedger thought it a gracious and a pleasant night. A mile from Seaford, and on the chalk-cliffs, was, however, not exactly the place where one would have expected Lawyer Wedger to have been found at such an hour. A clean skin of parchment was a pleasanter sight to him than a field of young corn; and a tin deed-box, labeled in white letters 'Re Dawson,' or 'The Honourable Fitzcarder's Mortgage,' a sweeter view than the moonlight ever shone on from Seaford cliffs. But let us not think evil of an attorney. Perhaps a successful action at the assizes, then holding at the neighbouring town, had warmed his millstone heart, and sent Wedger out to bless nature, and in his turn to receive her blessing. My Lord Bacon, in the middle of his bribe-receivings and present-takings from suitors, would often, we are told, go out into his stately garden, and there, taking off his jewelled hat, stand bareheaded in the rain, receiving on his bald cerebrum what he, noble pedant, was pleased to call 'Heaven's benediction.' Why, then, should not Wedger, imitating that great example, and having perhaps that morning got his parchment chains round some new victim, not have come out to bathe in the moonshine, and feel his old wizen heart grow young again in looking at the great gray wall of the sea?

Wedger was a hard, cruel, unjust man, every one around Seaford knew; but he had feelings. He had love for that prodigal scapegrace son of his: he was human at least in that one corner of his heart. Why not, then, in others? His manner as a mere lover of nature, however, was rather calculated just at present to excite suspicions.—He skulked about in the shade of trees; he evidently shunned the open path; he peered, he pryed, he stared at particular holes in the cliff; in fact, he had more the manner of a terrier looking for a wounded rat, than that of a good man taking an evening walk. A sarcastic person might have said that he looked as if he had dropped a writ over the cliff somewhere, and was trying to find it. Well, on Lawyer Wedger went along the cliff-path, dogged by that untiring bailiff, his black shadow, for all the world like a bloodhound on the trail, scratching here, nosing there, stopping at this place, hurrying over that place, evidently bent on some mischief, and making straight for a little seaside inn, the Zebec, the tile-roof of which could just be seen far away to the left.

Suddenly Wedger started—yes, started as if lightning had fallen and ploughed up the turf at his very feet, then fell on his knees, and crouched in the shadow of a chalk-pit, as if he were trying to make himself as small as he possibly could; at the same time he ground his yellow teeth, slapped his thigh, and exclaimed in a low breath, 'Thank God, I have it at last.'

A red light had shown itself for an instant from a window of the Zebec, and was answered by some hoat out at sea. There could be no doubt about it to any one who knew anything about the bad goings-on at Seaford and its neighborhood. It was a smuggler's signal that had been given from the window of that house—a signal to land or a signal warning of danger. Lawyer Wedger did not know which, but it gave him a clue he had long wished for, for he now knew that the Zebec was the depot of smugglers, as he had suspected. But hush! He rose, and crept toward the edge of the cliff, for just then he heard the faint splash and fall of oars. Suddenly, from out the dark shadow of a little bay between the cliffs, a long, white, ghostly boat, swift as a water-snake, shot out of the darkness into the moonshine; it was pulled by four men, while one stood at the helm, and pointed the boat straight for the French coast. In a moment—and Wedger's eyes received everything with the greediness with which a cat in ambush watches the movements of a nest of young birds—two short masts were raised and two lugsails and a jib were taken to the wind. The boat, aided by this new power, flew off like a swallow, as the favourable wind caught her sails, and soon passed into the gray, dim perspective of the coming night.

In a moment, the dark, wily brain of the lawyer had planned his campaign. It should begin that very moment. He determined at once to steal round the back of the Zebec, get into the road from the assize town, and

then return and enter the tavern as if for a glass of grog on his way home from business. He would watch the landlord's manner, and either coax or threaten as he found it best.

'So it is true,' he said to himself, as he arose to execute the plan, 'and no mare's nest, and I have seen the guinea-boat after all, and found out where it harbours. A crown to a bad shilling, young Master Davison, but I stop your counting Polly, and hang you in a wire-basket before April comes round again. Damerham would have it that it was a mere ghost-story, but I stuck to it, it was not, and I'm right.'

Wedger was a lean, shrunken man with a yellow, puckered face, with little, spiteful eyes, hair powdered in the old-fashioned way, and with black clothes of a formal and scrupulously respectable cut. Even to his very black gaiters, there was a design in everything he wore. He had once heard of a certain merchant on 'Change who gained a fortune entirely by wearing a filled shirt, gold seals, and a blue coat and brass buttons; so he determined to dress, too, in character, and assert his special individuality.—There was almost a suspicious air of respectability about the guests in the parlour of the Zebec when Wedger entered. Jumper Davison, the landlord, had his arm fondly round the waist of his pretty daughter Polly.—Three or four farmers sat gravely at their brandy and water, and looked steadily at the kettle, as if they were watching a tardy experiment in chemistry. They all arose and bowed, like automatons, through the smoke, as Wedger entered and called for a glass of hot rum and milk. One amphibious sea-coast farmer was in the midst of a stolid sea-song, something about

It blew great guns that night,
It blew with main and might,
With a fury and a savage lion's roar;
It blew so hard, I've seen, if you'll credit Ben and me,
It blew away the wig of our brave old commodore.

But even the applause given to this song appeared formal and mechanical, and there was nothing hearty in it.

'Rum and milk, Mr. Wedger, sir; and how do you do? Any news at 'sises?—Here, Polly, run and heat the milk at the kitchen fire. It'll do quicker there. Take a seat, sir. Here; there's room between Muster Jobson and Muster Wilkins.'

'Thank you, friends—thank you, Davison,' said Wedger, bowing coldly and grandly, taking a seat, as if intentionally, not where the landlord bade him, but close to the parlour wall, and laying his loaded stick on the table as he spoke. 'Plenty of sugar if you please, and not too much rum. I'm a temperate man. Lawyers must keep their own heads cool, in order to get other folks to run theirs into hot water, eh, eh?—News at the assizes, Davison! Well, not much, except that they expect to hang those three smuggling fellows from Eastbourne.'

There was a slight involuntary shudder ran through the room as the lawyer spoke so coolly of hanging smugglers, and one farmer, perhaps unintentionally, crushed a stray piece of coal with his heel.

'Every one, too, is talking of this guinea-boat that has been seen on the coast lately.'

'Pack of lies!' said Davison sulkily.

'And where's Robert to-night?' said Wedger, looking round for a smart young farmer-cousin of Polly's, who was generally said to be a formidable rival of the old lawyer's in that quarter.

'Gone to Eastbourne for a load of malt,' said Polly blushing, and speaking with nervous haste. 'Didn't you meet him, Mr. Wedger?'

'Not I,' said Wedger, 'in his turn taken somewhat aback, not having been, in fact, near Eastbourne at all that day. 'But lies or no lies,' he added, 'feeling in his pocket for something, 'the ministers and government believe in it, for the guinea smuggling increases terribly, and here's a proof of it.'

And as he said this he drew a large posting-bill out of his pocket, and moistening four wafers which had been previously attached to the four corners, he stuck it, with a slap of his bony hand, on the parlour-wall, just over Jumper Davison's head. It read thus:

GUINEA SMUGGLING.

'This is to give notice to sea-faring men and others, that a reward of £150 is offered to any one who will apprehend or assist in the apprehension of any sailor, boatman or other on the coast, engaged in smuggling guineas to France. *Vivat Rex.*

'Whitehall, April 1, 1812.'

'Look you here, Mr. Wedger,' said the landlord, starting up, quite red in the face, 'I'll not have the paper of my inn-parlour

spoiled by your cock-and-bull posting-bills, not for you or any other lawyer in the county.'

As he said this, Davison angrily stepped forward to peel the obnoxious bill from the wall; but Wedger, putting his back to the bill, to keep it on, for several ready hands were now raised to tear it down, drew out a letter from his breast-pocket, and requested silence. The letter was from the chief-magistrate of Eastbourne, and written by the Secretary of the Home Department. It urged him to do his best to put down the guinea smuggling on the coast, and ordered him to have copies of the posting-bill stuck up in every inn parlour in his county. Penalty for tearing down or refusing to put up the same, £20; second offence, £30.

'Now, then,' said Wedger, folding up the letter with a quiet smile, 'I should like to see the man who'll dare to touch that piece of paper.'

No one stepped forward.

'I thought that would damp your courage,' said the lawyer. At that moment Wedger, who was lifting angry Polly's hand to his lips at the doorway, was roughly thrust one side by a strong, handsome young man, who entered and asked in a loud voice what all the fuss was about, and 'who was scaring his Polly.'

The farmer pointed to the bill upon the wall.

Young Robert, for it was Polly's lover who had thus abruptly presented himself, went up to the bill, and with a saucy air read it through in mimicry of the lawyer's manner. He had completed the perusal, and was about to tear it in two, when Farmer Wilkins caught his hand.

'Stand by,' he said, 'Master Robert,—stand by; it's twenty pound penalty, lawyer says, to tear it.'

The young farmer laughed as he peeled off the bill and stuck it on again, its face to the wall.

'The bill's dated the first of April,' he said laughing, 'and as the fools in Lunnun have said nothing as to how it is to be stuck up in inn parlours, let me see the lawyer as'll dare to give evidence against us for putting it up as we like. It is all a dream, this guinea-boat. They'll want to hang us next because we coast-people don't all go and join the men-of-war.'

'Don't, Bob—don't, Robert, dear,' said Polly coaxingly to her lover, laying her hand softly on his arm, and looking up at his angry face with her pretty, beseeching eyes.

'We don't want spies here, Lawyer Wedger,' said the young man flashing round suddenly, on the rather frightened lawyer.—'That I tell you, though it is in my uncle's house. If you come here out of your way to get liquor, you can have it like any other tramp; but you shall not sneak about an honest man's house to work out mischief; and as for Polly, I'll not have her worried. She don't want to have anything to do with you.'

'No, I don't,' said Polly, half crying, half fretfully.

'Take care, take care, young man,' said Wedger, 'or you'll never die quietly in your bed. You have defamed my character, you have insulted his Majesty's government. I tell you you are suspected. Take care. I warn you, that were I not a merciful man, I could frame two actions out of what has occurred to-night.'

'Frame away, lawyer, and give the devil more clients,' said the young farmer. 'You merciful! Merciful as a weasel sucking at a hare's blood—merciful as the Good in Sands on a rough night. Ha; ha! I say, friends, a lawyer merciful! Well, that is a better joke than even the fool of a story about the guinea-boat.'

'I warn you,' said Wedger, throwing down the money for the rum and milk; 'there are queer reports at Seaford of this Zebec Inn.'

'And I warn you,' said Jumper Davison, the ex-pilot and now landlord—'I warn you, for all your nasty threat, that the day you see the guinea-boat, or any one in her, will be the worst day in your life.'

'O ho!—So there is a guinea-boat, then,' thought Wedger to himself, as he took up his stick, frowned heavily at every one, and strode out of the room.

'I have them, I have them,' exclaimed he, as he strode rapidly home along the cliff and closed his hand as he spoke, as if clutching on a living thing, 'I have seen the guinea-boat; I have found its starting-place: I know the signal for its starting. No doubt

that young cub of a farmer, too, is one of the lot—and he'll hang. I have them, thank God! I have them in a net; reward and all. O lucky, lucky walk! But—

This triumphant soliloquy might have lasted Wedger till he reached Seaford, had not a thought of danger suddenly struck a chill through the lawyer's nerves. 'That warning,' he thought, 'what could it mean?—Would some friends of the smugglers way-lay him?'

It would be well to show that he was armed. He instantly drew a pistol from his side pocket—for he generally went armed—and fired it into the air. There was a flash of light, a report, and then a deeper silence than before. But to Wedger's astonishment he was answered by a shot in the direction of the Zebec Inn. Then a blue light shone out, and cast a lurid, corpse-like light over the cliff, sea and inland fields. It appeared almost like an omen of some evil to ensue from the events of that night.

'Signals again!' said Wedger; 'why the very air's alive with them to-night. But I'll soon smoke out this hive of fire-work makers!'

Twenty minutes more sharp walking bro't the lawyer to Seaford. The country town was already still and hushed, for sleep seizes on such places at a very early hour, probably because in the daytime it is never far away from it. There was no sound but the regretful music of the chimes, as they sang the dirge of another hour, and an occasional fitful burst of drunken singing from the Sir Home Popham Inn. Wedger gave a spiteful suspicious knock at his door,—a knock that seemed to say, in a staccato way, 'Come, look alive, for I know there is something going on inside that ought not to.' A trembling slut of a servant, black with heedless industry, came shuffling to the door, and opened it with a rattling of chains. Wedger, like most bad men, was a tyrant. He said, in a cold stern voice, 'Pru, is my son in?'

'Pru faltered out, 'Yes, I think so.'

Wedger stepped back a foot or two, and looked up at the third-floor window. There was no light. He returned.

'Liar!' he said, 'you know he's out gambling and drinking, as usual. If you don't tell me when he comes in, I'll discharge you this day fortnight. Mind—d'ye hear? and look'ee, call me early, for I've business with the town-clerk to-morrow.'

There was a crowd of prisoners, smugglers, suitors, watchmen and sailors, in the outer office of Mr. Shipton, the town-clerk, next morning, when Mr. Wedger, sending in his name and a line written in pencil on a card, was instantly bowed into the inner sanctum of the great man, to the envy and chagrin of a dozen other visitors.

'The ferret and the terrier always work well together, drat 'em both,' grumbled a farmer in top-boots, flapping the door-mat with his hunting-whip.

But let us follow the lawyer into the great man's terrible presence, where he was in close confabulation with the local magistrate, a pompous and tremendous person, who prided himself much on the circumstance of his having once been in the 'City Light-horse Volunteers.'

There sat the great men, opposite each other, at a table crowded with bundles of papers, depositions, and other magisterial machinery. Now the great man bowed to the right-hand bundles, now to the left—the town-clerk now tugged with his teeth at obdurate red-tape knots, now split up quill pens in the hurry of fretful nibbling.

'Good-morning, Mr. Wedger,' said both gentlemen, as Wedger entered, took a seat, and pulled out a paper.

'And what is this—what is this information you have to give us, Mr. Wedger?—Smuggling, of course,' said the magistrate. 'Oh, those depraved people of Seaford—how long will they trouble us! You received, of course, that ill-judged and I may say irrational proclamation about these imaginary guinea smugglers. I am sur-

prised to find our ministers perpetrating such a blunder.'

'Not so imaginary, I fear, Mr. Damerham,' said the lawyer calmly, 'as you will allow, when I tell you what happened to me only yesterday eve.'

The town-clerk looked up in astonishment at an attorney who could actually contradict a live Seaford magistrate.

'To smuggle guineas, sir,' said the magistrate pompously, putting his two thumbs rhetorically into the two arm-holes of his plum-colored red velvet waistcoat, and shaking his large gold seals with indignation at the lawyer's want of logic, 'is the act of fools. How can Bonaparte hope to drain a country like ours of gold? What are guineas fit for but to be melted down into bullion? What can the dogs of French pay the misguided men in, but worthless assignats? I tell you, sir, the guinea has never been at a premium anywhere. Turn to the 1st Geo. I, cap. 4, or to the Clipping Statute, second Queen Anne—nowhere do I find

of a suborned fisherman, I suppose, again, who swears he has met a great white boat brimming with loose guineas. Tut, tut, Mr. Wedger, I am surprised at a man of your years and sense!

'As for our years,' said Wedger, nettled in his turn, 'they're pretty nearly equal.'—Could he mean to imply that their senses were of a very different calibre? Wedger here rose, and laid his old knuckled and gloved hand on the corpus juris: 'I do not come here to waste a magistrate's valuable time with rumours, dreams and ghost-stories. I come here, gentlemen, to speak of what I myself have seen not twenty-four hours ago, and not a mile from this very room.'

The magistrate and town-clerk pricked up their ears, and stared with positively open mouths as the lawyer related the events of the preceding night, confirming the current story of the mysterious white boat that, when pursued, seemed always to melt away into the distance.

recognised him. Wedger pulled out a deposition and read it; the stranger looking straight in his face as he read:

'Deposition of George Wilson, alias John Belton, taken down by me for the use of the Seaford magistrates.—April 16, 1812.'

The man nodded assent, as much as to say, 'I'm Wilson.'

'I, George Wilson, depose that I am guard to mail-coach between Eastbourne and London, and that on the 6th of February last, a Jew money-lender, one Ezra Levi, of Tabernacle Street, in the Minories, before known to me, came to the coach-office in Lad Lane, and offered me five guineas if I would secretly convey twenty leather sealed bags of guineas from London to Eastbourne, for shipment to Messrs. Delesseaux, of Gravelines. I was to give them to an old woman in a red cloak, who would be waiting in the inn-yard with a covered tilt-cart when the coach got in. I agreed to take them, and I did so, and have since conveyed ten such loads, one every Tuesday;

the last was yesterday. I have turned king's evidence on the promise of a free pardon from the crown, and a promise of the place of coachman of the next mail that is vacant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BACHELOR'S DEFENCE.— Bachelors are styled by married men who have 'put their foot into it,' as only half-perfected beings, cheerless vagabonds, but half a pair of scissors, &c. while, on the other hand, they extol their state as one of perfect bliss, that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of doubtful good. If they are so happy, why don't they enjoy their happiness and hold their tongues about it? What do half the men get married for? Simply that they may have some one to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts, and trot their babies; that they may have somebody, as a married man once said, 'to pull off their boots when they are a little balmy.' These fellows are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness, indeed! Who is petted to death by ladies who have daughters? invited to tea and to evening parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient? The bachelor. Who lies in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls who couldn't entrap him? The bachelor. Who strews flowers on the married man's grave? His widow? Not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief has set up in her heart, and goes and gets married again—she does. Who goes to bed early because time hangs heavily on his hands? The married man. Who has wood to split, house-hunting and marketting to do, the young ones to wash, and the lazy servants to look after? The married man. Who is taken up for whipping his wife? The married man. Who gets divorced? The married man. Finally, who has got the Scripture on his side? The bachelor. St. Paul knew what he was talking about, 'He that marries does well; but he that marries not does better.'



THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE. (FROM A PAINTING BY CARRICK.)

penalties for this offence, sir. The thing is a rank absurdity. Men do not incur severe penalties without adequate motive. Now, when I was in the City Light-horse Volunteers there were—

Could the town-clerk believe his ears?—Mr. Wedger actually interrupted the magistrate.

'But, Mr. Damerham, I have proof.—I never move in legal matters without proof.'

The town-clerk was petrified. What, the low attorney of the place—the felon's refuge—dare to have proof to support a fact contradicted by the chief-magistrate of Seaford? He was astonished—nay, more, he was hurt.

'Some garbled words of a drunken coast-guard'sman, I suppose,' said Mr. Damerham, somewhat nettled, and referring as he spoke to a corpus juris as big as a family Bible to hide his annoyance: 'some dream

'Very important evidence, no doubt, very important,' said the magistrate, as Wedger finished his story by urging strong and prompt measures. 'No doubt you have seen, I may even go so far as to say, a smuggling-boat; but why a guinea-boat, Mr. Wedger? Dear me, why a guinea-boat, of all things? What proof of the guineas, Mr. Wedger? How can we proceed, Mr. Town-clerk, on evidence like this? A gentleman sees a white boat, and observes corresponding signals. That's the total of his evidence.'

'Not quite,' said the attorney coldly, between his teeth, as rising from his chair he opened the door, and cried in a loud voice to the door-keeper, 'Call John Belton.'

Before the sound of the name thus called had well died away, a thickset man, closely muffled, entered, what with comforter, long hair, and hat pulled over his eyes, there was no making out face or feature of the man. His own father could not have

THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE.

Our Engraving represents a young mother, seated on the bed of her child and building for him 'castles in the air,' seeing in the future deep vistas of happiness and honor, down which he paces, her protector, her thanksgiving and her pride! If we judged by her face the world-path she has chosen for him is no high one; he is to be no great man no conqueror or leader of others, but rather the fulfilment of her idea of a good man. A life calm and beneficent, happy in its progress, and happy in its close. She sees herself in future years, bending under Time's hand, tottering and feeble; he walking by her, strong and handsome (what woman's son should not be handsome?) her stay then, as she now is his. A lowly and a peaceful life and death for her and him; clearly no highbanded domineering man to rise from that humble bed: 'Rather let him be good, O God!' prays she.

Original Poetry.

SONG.

BY PAMELIA S. VINING, WOODSTOCK.

Oh! take me where the wild flowers bloom,
 In dying, mother dear!
 And shades of ever deep'ning gloom
 Are round and o'er me here.
 The city's din is in my ear,
 Its glitter dims my eye,
 Oh! take me where the skies are clear,
 And the hills are green, to die!

I do not dread the 'shadowy vale'—
 The 'river' deep and chill,
 For, leaning on my Saviour's arm,
 My soul shall fear no ill.
 But oh! to pass from earth away
 Where skies are blue above,
 Where sweet birds sing, and streamlets play,
 And soft winds whisper love!

And oh! within these fevered hands
 To clasp my flowers again—
 To lay them on my aching heart
 And round my throbbing brain;
 Then feel the South wind o'er me pass
 As long ago it swept,
 When, 'mid the waving summer grass,
 I laid me down and slept.

Oh! ever in my fevered dreams
 The fountain's play I hear,
 The sighing breeze, the chiming streams,
 The robin's music clear!
 Old pleasant sounds are in my ear,
 Sweet visions greet my eye,
 Oh! take me, take me, mother dear,
 To the summer hills to die!

Gossip.

WINTER SCENERY.

Are not many of the readers who honor our 'Gossip' page with a perusal, insensible to the magnificent scenery now around them, or within their easy reach? They perhaps will take long and costly summer journeys, for the mere gratification of the eye, but have with the present season, associations only of dreariness and desolation. But if winter lacks variety, it has more of solemn grandeur, and awful beauty, than any other season and abounds in the richest illustrations of beneficent design on the part of the Creator. Who can sufficiently admire the divine ordinance, which 'sendeth snow like wool,' in view of the various purposes which the fleecy mantle serves; uniting repose and beauty for the eye, ease of locomotion, facilities for numerous industrial interests, and protection for the numberless roots and germs, which would be destroyed by snowless frosts? This covering of the earth is also admirably adapted to impart additional splendor and warmth to the oblique and diminished rays of the sun, to reflect in kindred beams the frosty moonlight, and greatly to enhance the brilliancy of the stars in the absence of their Queen. Then, too, the first moist fall of snow adhering to every bough, and bearding every leafless twig with its feathery fringe; descending unsuspected in the stillness of the night, and transfiguring the yesterday's whole scene before sunrise, in what pure and shining drapery does it clothe the naked landscape!—And when the rain-drops freeze as they descend, or the snow melts and congeals at the same moment, stalactites hang from every roof; when every tree trunk becomes a transparency, and every bough is robed in the purest crystal; when the whole pencil of prismatic rays flashes upon the eye wherever a sunbeam falls, and the entire expanse seems the very temple of primeval light; surely no aspect of external nature is better suited to awaken our warmest admiration.

Yet another view, inexpressibly grand, presents itself if we take our stand by the shore of one of our inland seas, on an intensely cold day, just as a severe winter's storm is giving place to sunshine. We can see the whole eastern heaven's radiant with wreaths and clouds of illuminated vapor, while the leaping,aming waves, with their incessant pray-smoke, seem the foam of a vast aldron upheaved from fathomless depths

by subterranean furnaces. In the mountainous regions far to the north of us, Winter assumes a yet more awful majesty. The waterfalls which through the Summer had tumbled from rock to rock, are now 'motionless torrents, silent cataracts,' clothed in perpetual rainbows, while in height accessible only to

'The eagles, playmates of the mountain blast.'

Still farther north, we are told of the unequalled splendor of the long Polar nights—of the never-resting corruscations of the still mysterious Aurora Borealis—of the meteors of every shape, size and line, that span, fill or cross in rapid flights, the starry heavens.

A little more than three hundred years ago, a good old Scotch Bishop painted a beautiful picture of

'The days of fairy frost and snow,
 When the streams no longer flow,
 And the flowers no longer bloom,
 And the trees, to hide their gloom,
 Borrow robes of spangled rhyme,
 And keep the gray masque of the time.'

It is considered one of the purest gems in literature; every epithet well chosen, every word a picture. The following version of it, modernized by the poet Warton, will doubtless be new to many of the readers of the 'Illustrated Canadian,' and I am sure that even those of them to whom it is familiar will thank me for treating them to another perusal of Gavin Douglas'

WINTER.

'The fern withered on the miry fallows,
 The brown moors assumed a barren mossy hue;
 Banks, sides of hills, and bottoms,
 Grew white and bare; the cattle looked hoary
 From the weather; the wind made the red
 Reed wave on the dyke. From the tops
 and the foreheads of the yellow rocks hung
 great icicles, in shape like a spear. The soil
 was dusky and grey, bereft of flowers, herbs
 and grass; in every holt and forest the woods
 were stripped of their array. Boreas blew
 his bugle-horn so loud, that the solitary deer
 withdrew to the dales; the small birds flocked
 to the thick briars, slunning the tempest-
 uous blast, and changing their loud notes to
 chirping; the cataracts roared; and every
 linden tree whistled and bowed to the sound-
 ing of the wind. The poor laborers, wet
 and weary, draggled in the fern; the sheep
 and shepherds lurked under the hanging
 banks, or wild broom. Warm from the
 chimney side, and refreshed with generous
 cheer, I stole to my bed and lay down to
 sleep, when I saw the moon shed through
 the window her twinkling glances, and win-
 try light. I heard the horned bird, the night
 owl, shrieking horribly with crooked bill
 from her cavern: I heard the wild geese,
 with screaming cries, fly over the city thro'
 the silent night. I was soon lulled to sleep,
 till the cock, clapping his wings, crowed
 thrice, and the day peeped. I waked and
 saw the moon disappear, and heard the jack-
 daws cackle on the roof of the house. The
 crows prognosticating tempests, in a firm
 phalanx pierced the air, with voices sound-
 ing like a trumpet. The kite perched on
 an old tree fast by my chamber, cried lam-
 entably, a sign of the dawning day. I a-
 rose, and half opening my window, perceiv-
 ed the morning, livid, and hoary; the air
 overwhelmed with vapour and cloud; the
 ground stiff, grey and rough: the branches
 rattling, the sides of the hills looking
 black and hard, with the driving blasts;
 the dew drops congealed on the stubble, and
 rind of trees; the sharp hailstones deadly
 cold, and hopping on the thatch.

THE TRIAL SERMON.

In an American paper, which I picked up the other day, I found the following truthful anecdote, which felicitously hits off a large class of hearers in almost every religious congregation. At a village church, a new minister had just made his debut, who chanced to be more remarkable for simple eloquence and perspicuity than his predecessor. After the sermon, there was the usual gathering of deacons when the following dialogue ensued:

'Well, Mr. Squint, what do you think of the new parson?'

'Why, Mr. Twist, I can't say that he pleased me; that is, he warn't what one might have expected; indeed I don't know but I might say I was disappointed a leetle.'

'That's just what I should ha' said, Mr. Twist. I don't know but he's all failing;

I've heard preachers in my day, and not a few, neither; the fact is, the village is waking up; we must have learning—why, the parson's sermon was so plain, I understood every word of it. There was no learning in it; now the parson down the river preaches crack sermons, such as would take you all the week to find out what his meaning was—his discourses are so larned.

'You've hit it, neighbour, 'zactly. I don't think he knows much, and always did think so. Good morning.'

So it is, adds the writer. If the minister astounds his hearers with mysteries he himself knows nothing about, the fool is pleased, while it cannot but make the judicious grieve. Bishop Beverage used to say that it required all his learning to make the great things of the Gospel plain. Some persons painfully remind us of the audience of Goldsmith's Village Schoolmaster. The lines may still be re-quoted,

'While words of learned length and
 thundering sound,
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder
 grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.'

Reviews.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD, Novel
 By the author of 'Margaret Maitland,'
 &c.: New York, Harper and Brothers;
 Hamilton, Joseph Lyght.

After a few chapters of the Chronicles of Carlingford had appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, the authorship was attributed to Miss Evans, who has told so finely the tragic story of the Mill on the Floss. So widely did this opinion prevail, that that gifted lady felt it necessary to deny publicly, that she had ought to do with the Carlingford Chronicles. However flattering the mistake may have been to the actual writer of them—Mrs. Oliphant—we cannot understand how any one could fail to see the difference between the clever production of a woman of talent, and the splendid creation of a woman of genius.

Deeply interesting are the Chronicles, though defective in artistic completeness—some traits of character are well depicted in them—others again are greatly exaggerated. We find nowhere that close fidelity to nature even in the minutest particulars, that subtle knowledge of human character in its humorous, serious and pathetic aspects, that idealizing power of imagination which sheds 'The light that never was on sea or land,' over all it touches, that winsome grace of style, rich in Saxon strength and Saxon music, which command our admiration in Adam Bede and the Mill on the Floss. "The sweet Roman hand" that limned these pictures of the tragedy and comedy of human life, ought to be detected by discerning eyes among a thousand, for how few are there, who can paint with the intense reality of Hogarth, the Rembrandt touch of light and shadow,—the sunset glory of Claude.

Though Mrs. Oliphant's fiction is not a work of genius, yet it is the production of a gifted and cultivated mind, and far superior to many tales which possess a transient popularity. It will fill for a time the hungry maw of the novel-reading public, which, unsatisfied with the numberless delicate morsels prepared for it, still, like Oliver Twist,—asks for more.

ACRE AND FOOT.—Emerson speaks somewhere of the wisdom of the men of State Street, who buy by the acre to sell by the foot again, thereby realizing sure fortunes. That is exactly the way it is done. The expression merely implies forecast—thrift. It is the way of the world—the true law of trade. It may be all wrong, as some thinkers assume, that one class shall have it in their power to keep back needed supplies from the other and consuming class, until, by thus taking advantage of their needs, they are able to realize an advance in values

which brings them to fortune; but so it will be, as long as all cannot perform the work of exchange between producer and consumer. And we must remember too, that if the gains of this middle class are sometimes rapid, and large almost to fabulousness, they are likewise extremely uncertain, and, when secured, very liable to change owners. These circumstances are all to be carefully considered.

The acre-and-foot principle is the only one in trade. It is the only one in other kinds of business. We have so much time given us, in which to accomplish what ambition or interest set before us; but we may as well have no time at all, as to neglect to improve every moment and hour of it, taking no thought at all of solid day. It is the little things—the minutes—that tell at the last. So with accumulating money; we mistake, fatally, if we wait to see the tens and the hundreds, before consenting to take good care of the ones and the fractions. It is as the Scotch proverb says—'Many a little makes a muckle.' Keep stepping, and your day's journey of miles is finally accomplished. Own what you will, in the matter of time, one can use only a minute at once. Have as many acres as you will, the best way to make it valuable is to dole it out by the strip and the foot. The man who continually makes his farm smaller, is obliged to work what is left him more thoroughly; and it is manifestly for his gain that his estate is diminished. There are a great many ways in which this very plain principle applies to the law of life and the ways of society.

A PIOUS FRAUD.—A respectably dressed woman, with an infant in her arms, entered the cathedral of Antwerp early one morning, when the priest was alone, busily engaged in making the altar neat and tidy, and scraping off some spots of wax which had fallen the preceding night. The woman addressed him in a most earnest and affecting manner, and, with due humility, unfolded her tale of sorrow. Her child, she said, was suffering under some mortal malady, the skill of the leech had been applied in vain, and she was at last convinced that nothing could save her beautiful babe from the jaws of death but being placed for a moment in the arms of her tutelary saint. The saint was stuck up in a niche of the wall, in the form of a goodly marble statue, with a neat balcony, before him. The priest was at last moved by her entreaties. He procured a ladder and ascended to the sacred niche, entered the balcony, and placing the babe in the arms of the statue, he asked the grateful mother if she was satisfied. 'Perfectly so,' said the lady, and carefully putting the ladder out of his reach, she walked coolly out of the church, leaving her rosy infant, the astonished priest, and the unconscious saint, all equally elevated, there to remain till the next brother of the community should arrive.

MONUMENT BEFORE DEATH.—A marble monument recently erected in the Abbey Cemetery, Bath, England, attracts more than a usual share of public notice. So noteworthy an object has it become, that visitors frequently enter that beautiful place of burial for the sole purpose of satisfying themselves that it is actually there. This curiosity arises from the fact that the tombstone records the death of a gentleman who is now alive, and who may be seen any day walking in vigorous health along the streets of Bath. According to general notion, it is an odd thing for a man to write his own epitaph, have it engraved on a stone, and set up over the spot in which he intends his body to be laid; but odd as it appears, it has been carried out in the case to which we refer. The marble monument recites the naval rank of the personage who is hereafter to be buried beneath it, states that he expired 'much respected,' but, of course, leaves a blank where ordinarily appear the date and age,

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S PRIZE MEDAL.

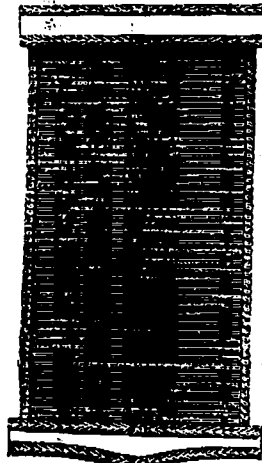
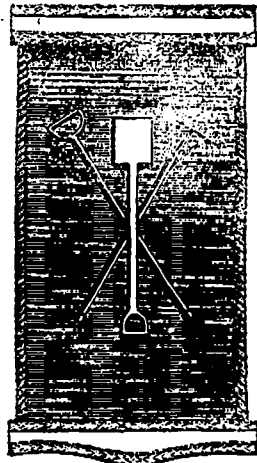
We publish to-day two engravings of the medal presented last year by Adam Brown Esq., President of the Hamilton Horticultural Society, 'To the Gentleman's Gardener who should, during the season, keep his garden and grounds in the best order, and have his flowers most tastefully arranged.'

The medal was struck in England: it is solid silver and very heavy, and both in design and execution is decidedly a chef d'oeuvre. The object for which it was given must commend itself to all who delight to look upon a perfect garden. They who had the privilege of examining the well kept grounds and beautiful flower beds of some of our citizens during last summer were no doubt indebted to Mr. Brown for much of the pleasure they enjoyed. For although the gardeners in this neighborhood have always been distinguished for the great care bestowed upon the grounds under their charge, we are of opinion that no matter how diligent and faithful a gardener may be, still in that as in every other walk in life, a little wholesome competition is required to bring out everything that a man is capable of; and that the competition for this medal had that effect, no one who saw the grounds of the successful competitor, Mr. Hugh Shaw, gardener to H. Jason, Esq., could for a moment doubt. The most captious and fault-finding critic would have been at a loss for anything to amend or improve upon. It was the very perfection of gardening, and well worthy of the honor bestowed upon it. And we hope that Mr. Shaw may be long spared to wear the memorial of his bloodless victory.

WANTED A KING.—It is an unusual thing in this world to see a throne go a begging for an occupant, yet a spectacle near akin to this is to be seen in Greece at the present day. The Greeks, tired of their lager beerish King Otho, quietly and decently dismissed his corpulent majesty. Nothing worth calling a revolution occurred—there was no barricades, no bloodshed, no disturbance. The Greeks simply put their Dutch monarch

with his very strong-minded wife on board a steamer, with directions to seek some other situation; they discharged him in fact without giving him a 'character,' and are now looking out for somebody to fill his place. The choice of the people seems to be unanimous for Prince Alfred

of England; but his election would give umbrage to Russia and France, both of which powers desire to have a controlling influence in the affairs of Greece. It may be doubted also whether the English government will consent to give an English King to Greece, since such an act



HORTICULTURAL PRIZE MEDAL.

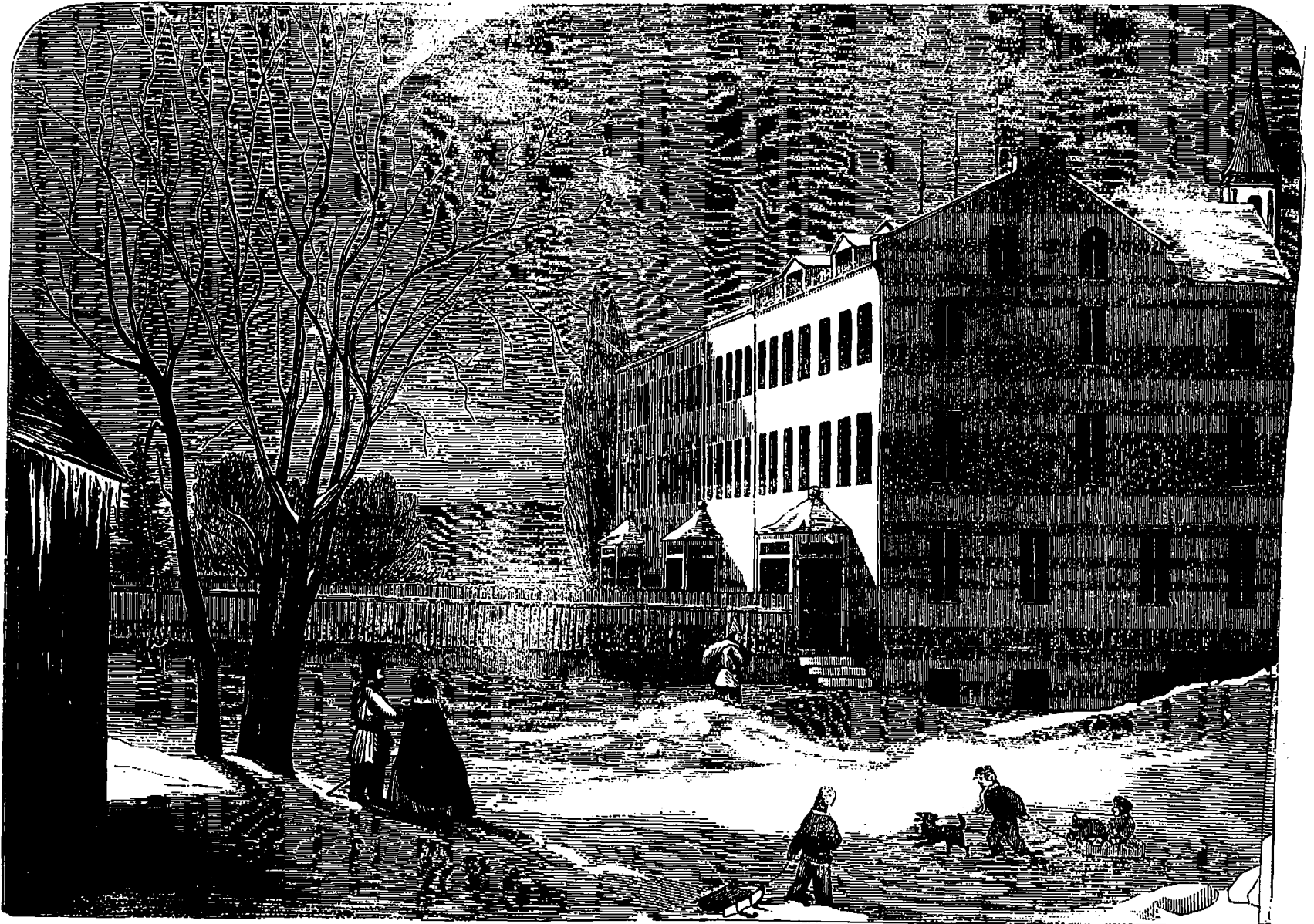
might involve serious complications with the powers of Europe, and weaken Turkey, now the ally and indeed the protegee of England. And thus it is doubtful whether the Greeks, in spite of universal suffrage, will readily be allowed to elect their own ruler. What is wanted is a King Log, a docile creature who will float with the current, a nobody in particular, who can be everything to everybody. The vacancy offers a fair chance to aspirants, and considering their notorious qualifications for office, we venture to commend the opportunity to the consideration of those of our leading politicians who are now out of office.

DRINK LESS WITH YOUR MEALS.—

Many men have relieved themselves of dyspepsia by not drinking, even water, during their meals. No animal, except man, ever drinks in connection with his food. Man ought not to. Try this, dyspeptics; and you will not wash down mechanically what ought to be masticated and ensalivated before it is swallowed.

A SEDATIVE.—A thousand years hence and what will it matter? With what a power this thought sometimes strikes at the root of our earthly hopes and plans. How it relaxes our clutching grasp of the things for which we are so hotly contending.—What then will have become of our racking fears, our smiles of joy, our bitter tears of pain? Other insects will occupy our places, and be toiling up-hill, as we did, with their one mighty grain of sand; shrinking fearfully, as we did from the crushing heel of fate: saying, as we do, that they believe in another life after this, acting as we do, as if this life were the end of all.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN can be had at the news store of Mr. Joseph Lyght. Those who desire to subscribe by the year can have it direct from the office of publication by paying over their subscription to him. It is the best journal of the kind on this continent.



GENERAL HOSPITAL, QUEBEC—SKETCHED BY ALEX. DURIE, FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. (SEE PAGE 179.)

THE LUMBER TRADE.

The lumber trade is a branch of business in which a large amount of both men and means are employed in the British Provinces. The revenue derived from this source alone, during the past year, by our government was over \$350,000, and had the market in the United States not been greatly depressed, would have considerably exceeded this sum. But it is not alone, or even chiefly in the revenue which it furnishes, that its advantages to the country are to be estimated. The lumberman is the pioneer of civilization; he penetrates into the depths of the forest, opens out roads, and gives an impetus to various kinds of domestic traffic. The settler follows in his wake; and hence the wilderness gradually becomes the abode of man, and yields him a rich reward for his labors. But our present purpose is to speak of lumbermen, and briefly, rather than the lumbering trade.

Our engraving gives a true representation of one of their forest homes. They vary in size according to the number of the 'gang,' whom they are intended to accommodate with winter quarters. Squared logs are the material which form their walls, and bark stripped from the trunks of trees serve to shut out the rain and snow overhead, with the exception of an opening for the egress of smoke. It is during the winter months that the lumbermen take up their abode in these shanties; and though sometimes far removed from the abodes of man, it is a mode of life in which many take great delight. The locality selected for winter operations—must be near to some stream, as it is the only means of transporting the timber when felled. The first thing then is to make roads to the watercourses along which the trees is drawn when cut down. It is usual to cut them into various lengths previous to their removal, which makes the operation much more easy. Cattle as well as horses are employed



REV. DR. CAHILL. (SEE FIRST PAGE.)

in dragging over the snow the logs to the bed of the stream, where they remain until the freshets in spring float them onward to their destination. This is often a dangerous and difficult operation: sometimes the logs come together in such numbers at the waterfalls as to produce a 'jam,' and to break these up is sometimes attended with loss of life. When all the falls and rapids have been passed the logs are formed into rafts, and then to the music of many a wild song are navigated to their destination.

PREPARING FOR HISTORY.—A letter-writer, for the New York Times, thinks that the fashionable ladies of the present day, in England, are being unfavorably sketched by modern novelists. He says: 'When Macaulay's calm and contemplative New-Zealander, sitting on a crumbling arch of London Bridge, shall turn from the ruins of St. Paul's to muse on the morals and manners of the then mouldering metropolis, it is very probable that he will write down on the birch-bark leaves of his note-book that the women of the past period of England's glory, moving in the upper circles of fashionable life, were in the habit of systematically deceiving their husbands and lovers on all possible and impossible occasions, and that the men were fools, lending willing assistance, and self-sacrificingly pulling the wool over their own eyes. At least it is something very like this he will be apt to write if, in the course of any of his archaeological investigations, he happens to stumble over one of the broken shelves of Mudie's Circulating Library.'

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

Callous hearts that are insensible to others' misery, are susceptible of no true delight.



LUMBERER'S SHANTY.

CANADA AND THE FRONTIER STATES.

LETTERS TO OUR MOTHER COUNTRY.

NUMBER IV.

Quebec; Travelling Islands of ice; River of the life of Canada; Flying glimpses of its course from the fountains of the West to the Gulf on the Atlantic; Emblems of Life, Death, and Resurrection; Arsenals and Batteries building on the opposite Frontier; The peace and prosperity of Canada imperilled by British Newspapers and builders of Alabama ships, who owe no responsibility to Canada, nor to any power on Earth.

It is not alone the intensity of frost that stretches a bridge of ice across the St. Lawrence at Quebec. The river comes down with travelling islands on its back, thin and level, early in December; but piled in layers and covered with snow at a later period. For the space of four or five hours, according to the neap or the spring tides, those islands, varying in superficial extent from a few feet to masses of three hundred yards, travel eastward at a speed of three miles an hour, possibly more. At the end of four hours they slacken their motion, and at about five hours are stationary. The surface of the river is then thirteen, or from that to twenty feet lower than at high water. After another hour of repose the islands of ice renew their motion; but now it is westward against the natural current of the river. The inflowing tide, though over four hundred miles from the sea, comes up, winding round Point Levi, four miles below our present stand point. It is the blue, the silvery, the white and glittering pathway of an army, whose breadth is a mile, whose length is endless. An army wheeling in close columns, open columns, columns at quarter distance, columns of brigades, columns of divisions. It is an army advancing onward, steadily, beautifully, terribly; grinding the shores as it marches, crushing all things weaker than itself; shaking the piers of Quebec. It is an army advancing compactly to the place of the straggling columns that came down shattered six hours ago. It has been restored, and built up, pile upon pile, down by the gulf of the ocean. Its banners, its helmets, lances, spears, guns and myriads of batteries of cannon—all glancing in the sunbeams, are assorted around the ruins of enchanted castles, and amid small, tiny, fairy palaces; the fairies, if the sun be shining, dazzling your eyes with blue, and red, and green, and golden flashes of light. Or if the sky be cloudy, it is a gloomy procession of death. Spring and summer, and autumn are dead, and this is the funeral. The venerable St. Lawrence is gathering from tributaries on all his shores, from the blue eyed lakes, fountains of his life and love, and from the frozen springs of his youth in the far away forests, all the fragments of death. In that labor of his destiny, he preaches a sermon. The theme is—life, death, and resurrection.

The rivers filling the fountains of the west, which in the aggregate contain one-half of all the fresh water on the globe, the lakes named Superior, Michigan and Huron, flow grandly to Lake St. Clair in the season of life, spring, summer and autumn, carrying fleets of white sails, and steam propellers also white, all laden with produce from forests, mines, granaries of wheat, harvest of Indian corn, boundless cattle pastures, American and Canadian. But the sources of supply are chiefly American; because, in obstinate disobedience to laws both natural and political, Canadians are restrained from reclaiming the wilderness on their own side, while on the opposite shore America has already populous States, containing five millions of inhabitants, and cities, one of which is the centre of thirteen lines of railway, all carrying freight to the lake and river navigation.

At Sarnia the waters of the west and of the north, which united on the bosom

of Lake Huron, float the international traffic of the Grand Trunk, and of the northern branch of the Great Western, both railways of Canada, as at Detroit they ferry over the more ponderous freight of the main line of the Great Western. By the several names, of St. Mary, between Superior and Huron, St. Clair between Huron and Lake St. Clair; River Detroit between Lake St. Clair and Erie Lake, and along the eastern shores of Huron and Lake Erie, to the head of Niagara, the descending waters of more than a thousand miles, have given industrial life to the shore towns and agricultural counties, fringing about three hundred miles of Canada West, and to portions of Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York States, on the west and south. They have gathered in the Maumee river from Toledo, in Ohio, which like Chicago in Illinois, is being prepared for a naval nursery of floating batteries—iron rams-of-war, the Maumee to be made impenetrable, Toledo and its armaments, to be made from the lake approaches, impregnable. Cleveland, Sandusky, Erie city, Presque Isle Bay, and Buffalo harbor, all are being or are to be fortified and armed, though thriving as havens and marts of peaceful commerce now; armed to the water's edge, because the heartless policy of a British bell-wether newspaper, it leading the rest, they owing no responsibility to any power in Canada or on this continent, defiant of political power even in Britain, have in alliance with builders of piratical Alabamas at Liverpool, made the American Republic the deadly enemy of Canada, Canada so loyal and true to British monarchy and the unity of the Empire.

'If the Civil War be terminated in May, the Grenadier and Fusilier Guards, Engineers and most of the Royal Artillery now in Canada are going home,'—so say the newspapers. But I, who have been along the whole American frontier and the islands in the lakes, take leave to say that when the civil war terminates, it will be well for Canada, not to diminish, but to add manifold to her military defences.

The waters of the North-west, rolling through Lake Erie give life to industry on both shores, and do service to human well-being. Next, they gather in their expanded volume, loiter around some lonely islands; then sweeping into the rapids, swift as sudden death, they rush onward in the white foam of a hundred thousand squadrons; they go on with the roar of artillery in battle; wheel around the islands; lash the shores, and lashing themselves to fury, leap madly over the fracture of the continent. Then do they whirl and writhe and roar through the gorges of Niagara. But when you find those mad floods again, they are reposing in peace on the bosom of blue eyed Ontario.

And on the appalling cliff above the whirlpool you have been dreaming the while of nations in convulsions, of invasions, battles, revolutions, and the inevitable accompaniment of rebellion and revolutions, military despotism, and the reign of terror. Coming eastward on the deep lake of Ontario, we have Rochester and Oswego, on the New York shore, building batteries, arming to the water's edge, and like Ogdensburgh, opposite our smaller town of Prescott, threatening to cross to Canada as soon as their own war is over, and make the defenceless towns of Prescott, Brockville, Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope, Whitby, Bowmanville, Toronto and Hamilton, (these two last not wholly, yet at present almost defenceless;) to make these towns and four hundred miles of happy homesteads, whose inhabitants are innocent of any offence against America, 'pay for that.' Pay for what? Pay for the infraction of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality by Alabama builders on the Mersey and the Clyde. Pay for the 'Times' newspaper.

From the lower issues of Ontario, still

seven hundred miles from the ocean, the grand volume of the River of the Life of North America, is named St. Lawrence. Peacefully, beautifully, the wide stream widens into the Lake of the Thousand Islands, passing the busiest little town of its size that I ever beheld in the old world or in the new—Ganongue; supplied with illimitable water-power from the river of its own name.—Next at forty miles east of Ontario passing Brockville: then Maitland and Prescott, and on the New York shore Ogdensburgh. That is a city of many flouring mills and various manufactures; of much commerce; of beautiful upper-town streets, embowered in foliage and flowers in summer and autumn; a city so comely and so nearly related to Canada in business connections, that one marvels to read its newspaper utterances of what it will do to Prescott: and how it will go to Ottawa city by railway fifty miles north and inward from Prescott; and how there, at the mouth of the military Rideau Canal, on the site of the new Houses of Parliament, in the new capital of the Province, it will dictate terms of better behaviour to—to what? To the London 'Times,' and the builders of the Alabama.

At seven miles below Prescott, the placid St. Lawrence breaks into a series of perilous rapids: the Galops (or Galouse); the Boilers; Rapid du Plat; and the Long Sault; diversified by lakes of repose, as St. Louis and St. Francis; then down to Lachine and Montreal, a hundred and sixteen miles direct from Ontario lake; fifteen hundred miles from some, two thousand miles from others of the tributaries of Lake Superior, and still nearly six hundred miles from the sea. The St. Lawrence Canals give water-way for freight-carrying vessels at those rapids. But the powerful steamers of the Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and Hamilton line stem some of the currents without entering the canals. They pick their way through eddies, and around islands; or, at places where the rapid leaves no choice, they meet force with force; panting, blowing, staggering, harking back, yet at it again, and nearly always going up conquerors.

The Island of Montreal is enfolded in the arms of the Ottawa, Grand River of the North, which in its impetuous course has gathered together many streams and outflows of lakes within a region of eighty thousand square miles; has carried down the timber cribs and rafts from forests inexhaustible, and, as yet illimitable, so far as hunters and lumberers have discerned. The head waters of the Ottawa, and the Lake Superior tributaries of the St. Lawrence, issued from the same mountains in the unexplored forests.—But now that the twin-born giants meet near Montreal city, they roll in one channel, yet refuse to mingle. The Indian-colored Ottawa embraces the island and city. The brighter and purer St. Lawrence holds proudly to the southern shore. St. Helen's Island, impregnable outwork of Montreal—to fall while Royal Artillery lives, or Canadian life-blood warms the heart,—never, no never; that island stands midway in the river bed, which is at that place two miles wide, and always bridged with ice in winter. When the two streams, so shy of each other, reach Lake St. Peter, a working lake lately dredged deep for commercial uses, they mingle and roll on as one to be buffeted by the tide below the city of Three Rivers. As they go they gather in the great tributaries, Richilieu, St. Francis and Chaudiere on the right hand; St. Maurice with three mouths—hence the name of the city of Three Rivers; St. Charles and Montmorency on the left hand at Quebec; with smaller rivers both above and below. And last of all, the solitary, solemn Saguenay; its flood deeper than plummet line can tell, its prison walls of iron ore twelve hundred feet high. With these swallowed up, the River of the Life of Canada disappears in the Gulf of the Atlantic.

To that Gulf it is laboriously bearing down those masses of ice which at Quebec are seen travelling upward as well as downward obedient to the laws of motion.

Then the ocean, obedient to other laws of the Physical Universe, distils the matter of its own being; sends clouds of vapour and rain aloft upon the sky, to replenish the fountains of the rivers in their cradle land. And these in continuous repetition offer new services to humankind in the advancement of a grand humanity for which man is the trustee responsible to Heaven. A trustee not privileged to renounce his office, reverse the wheels of progress, or kill or maim himself in any frenzy of ill-humor or quarrel, whether as a unit, or a nation, or two nations with a boundary line between.

Yet in that accountability for the progressive elevation of the human race; for the unfolding of the treasuries of knowledge not yet explored by pioneers of science; for the discovery of sciences hidden as yet beyond the sun; for the true and due use of the talents which are not to be hidden away in a napkin, this trustee of the world's progress must forge cannon if need be; build iron rams-of-war if need be. By all the appliances of the arts of physical force, which force, with reason to guide it is as truly the gift of Heaven to man as is moral force, this trustee must assert with all his might that the World's progress is not to be reversed by the wanton invasion of a neighbour's territory, or by rebellion and war waged against lawful government founded on constitutional responsibilities.

One of the noblest duties of man is to defend a just cause with his life, when that arbitrament of physical force is demanded by events on which reason and moral force were powerless. But woe unto him or them, through whom offences, national antagonisms, invasions, wars, ravages and mutual devastations come.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE,
'Whistler at the Plough.'

A WONDER OF THE DESERT.—One of the most interesting events which have recently transpired in California is the discovery, in the southern part of the state, in the neighborhood of the Colorado, of an immense pyramid of hewn stone. It has a level top of more than fifty feet square, though it is evident that it was once completed, but that some great convulsion of nature has displaced its entire top, as it evidently now lies a large and broken mass upon one of its sides, though nearly covered by the sand. This pyramid differs in some respects from the Egyptian pyramids. It is, or was, more slender or pointed, and while those of Egypt are composed of steps or layers, receding as they rise, the American pyramid was, undoubtedly a more finished structure; the outer surface of the blocks were evidently cut to an angle that gave the structure, when new and complete, a smooth or regular surface from top to bottom. From the present level of the sands that surround it, there are fifty-two distinct layers of stone, that will average two feet each; this gives its present height one hundred and four feet, so that before the top was displaced it must have been, judging from an angle of its sides, at least twenty feet higher than at present. How far it extends beneath the surface of the sand it is impossible to determine without great labor. Such is the age of this immense structure that the perpendicular joints between the blocks are worn away to the width of from five to ten inches at the bottom of each joint, and the entire surface of the pyramid so much worn by the storms, the vicissitudes and the corrodings of centuries, as to make it easy of ascent, particularly upon its sides. A singular fact connected with this remarkable structure is that it inclines nearly ten degrees to one side of the vertical or perpendicular.

EOLA.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

Our readers must suffer us again to pass over an interval of time, in this instance of three years' duration.

In a handsome apartment of his mansion in B—Square, Lord Eswald is seated, partaking, in solitary state, of a late dinner.

He is not the Eswald of sixteen years ago. Fashion and folly have wrought a considerable change in his personal appearance since that gloomy November night when we first presented him to the reader. He is still very handsome, and to some depraved tastes might appear even more so than in the days of his fresh, strong youth; but dissipation has rendered the once clear eyes dull and heavy, and the once full, oval cheeks—which fashion has now profusely clothed with chestnut whiskers—are sunken and pale. Nights of wild vice, and days of consequent pain and restlessness, have likewise furrowed in the broad white forehead lines more fitting to a man of fifty than one seven-and-thirty.

Yet, withal, Lord Eswald is still a fine, good-looking specimen of his class; and the singular fascination he possessed in former days is still the inseparable companion of his other attractions.

His lonely meal finished, he arose, and walked with languid steps to his dressing-room. Here a magnificent creature, of the valet-de-chambre order, was located in waiting for him.

'Well, Miller, said the nobleman, sinking down in a luxurious *bergere*, 'I suppose it's time to dress for this set out. Are you all square?'

'Yes, my lord; the things are at Lord Sackville's chambers, and everything ready.'

'I presume there is no fear of his popping in before it's all over. What do you think? It would be rather a sell if he did.'

'Yes, my lord; but I do not think it very probable.'

'I don't know. Sackville isn't over particular in his jokes. He'd think it glorious just to come in and see the fun.'

'But his valet told me this morning, my lord, that he was engaged at a card party to-night at Sir Sidney Morphal's, and was not likely to be home till daylight to-morrow morning.'

'Ah, that alters the case; but I wish I were obliged to borrow another fellow's chambers for my dirty work. I really think seriously of taking a set in the Albany. (urse these great lumbering houses, I say! If a fellow wants to do the thing properly, chambers are his game, eh, Miller?'

'They're very convenient, my lord, though not so roomy.'

'What earthly use is this great, wretched house to a single man? Can't do as one likes in it. I believe that old fool of a Mrs. Hardy would go mad if anything in the shape of a woman came to see me here—that is, if she knew it. That's the worst of old servants. Now, if Mrs. Hardy hadn't nursed me she wouldn't think of looking after my morals as she does.'

Morals! The nobleman might well laugh and shrug up his shoulders as he did on uttering the word; the wonder is that he knew how to pronounce it.

'I say, Miller, I shall decide on taking a set of chambers in the Albany. There is a set vacant in No. 14, I think.'

If I marry, I shall want a town crib for the fashionable Lady Eswald, whoever she may be, and it would be folly to give this up now, just as I'm thinking of entering into the estate of matrimony.'

The valet smiled.

'Now, Miller, just ring for Ulrich,' he said, as the valet put the finishing touch to his toilet. 'I want to give him his orders.'

The valet obeyed his master's command, and a moment after a pretty, fair-haired boy of almost childish appearance and girlish bashfulness, entered the room.

He advanced within a yard of the nobleman's seat, and then stood still to await his orders.'

'Now, Ulrich, I want you to execute an important commission for me, which I intrust to you, as I know you are discreet, and don't chatter to Mrs. Hardy much. I wish your errand to be kept secret.'

'Yes, my lord,' returned the boy.

'You must go at once to S—,' he continued, 'and tell Sarah that I shall be there

for certain to-night. You recollect the house?'

'Yes, my lord; the one you took me to last week.'

'Yes; where you sent the upholsterers. Well, ask for Sarah, repeat my message, then wait there for further orders. Take a portmanteau with you, as I want you to remain some little time.'

About twenty minutes afterwards his lordship was hurrying along the silent passage of the Albany, in the direction of the chambers of Lord Sackville, a young nobleman with whom he had for some time been on terms of intimacy.

But to these chambers we will precede him.

About ten minutes prior to Eswald's arrival, two ladies presented themselves at the entrance, one of whom rang the housekeeper's bell, a summons quickly answered by an elderly female domestic, who, without exchanging a word with the visitors, ushered them into a large, handsome sitting-room, well lighted, and abounding with every luxury in the way of furniture that a bachelor could desire.

The servant having retired, one of the ladies commenced divesting herself of her walking apparel; but the other flung herself, just as she was, into a large chair, and seemed to be wrapped in deep thought; she did not even put up her veil, which was very thick, and entirely hid her countenance. The former, who, from her appearance, seemed to be much older than her companion, was a fine woman, of good carriage, well dressed, and rather lady-like in her manner; but there was a certain something in the expression of her countenance conveying a disagreeable impression, and yet leaving the beholder in doubt as to what produced it.

The younger lady appeared a mere girl in figure and attire; she was about the middle height, and slightly but prettily formed.

'Come, dear, rouse yourself, and pull off that odious veil,' said the elder lady, when she had settled her own appearance to her full satisfaction before one of the large mirrors.

'His lordship will be here in a few minutes.'

'I was forgetting myself,' she said, in a melodious voice. 'I did not think of these trifles; my heart is full of something much more important.'

But whatever her heart might have been full of, and however much it might at the moment have monopolised her attention, it was plain, from the decided wish she now evinced to make up for the momentary negligence, that personal appearance was by no means such a trifling consideration with her as she professed it to be.

Hastily drawing off her gloves, she unfastened her cloak, threw it over a chair, and then, advancing to the chimney-glass, proceeded to attend to the removal of that most important article of feminine equipment, her bonnet.

But whose countenance is reflected on that polished surface? Whose dark, fiery orbs are those, which gleam so proudly on the beautiful reflection?

Zerneen's!

Yes, Zerneen's—the little, ignorant, despised gipsy of our former pages!

But is it possible that that same ignorant child, that wild, untutored little being, who first made her appearance in London as a runaway show-girl, can have merged into the refined, elegant-looking young lady now before us?

This lovely girl has the air of one whose whole life has been spent in an atmosphere of refinement.

Very possibly. The superficial acquirements of the polite world are all too quickly attained, when passion and vanity are the tutors.

'What is the time, Mrs. Fitzmaurice?' she asked, casting a longing glance towards the door.

The lady informed her, adding—

'It is time he was here.'

The interruption and ejaculation were occasioned by the sudden opening of the door, and Lord Eswald entered the apartment.

Zerneen arose as he approached her, with a bright, loving smile; and the nobleman folded her to his arms with a tenderness worthy of a purer affection.

CHAPTER XX.

'How do you do, Mrs. Fitzmaurice?' said the latter, holding out his hand.

'Quite well, I thank you, returned the

lady. And then followed a disagreeable pause—one of those awkward intervals of silence that generally occur when three people meet together who have very little to say, and are not quite sure how to say it—an embarrassing position, which must have originated the common aphorism, 'Two is company; three none.'

These three had evidently met for a purpose which occupied the whole attention of each, but of which neither felt inclined to speak.

At length his lordship, unperceived by the young girl, made a sign to Mrs. Fitzmaurice, who immediately retired through a pair of sliding doors at one side of the room, across which were drawn curtains of rich blue damask.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice soon re-entered the room.

'Everything is prepared,' she said; 'and your lordship must excuse me for reminding you that the time is getting on.'

'My lord, she added, 'will you precede us?'

'Certainly;' and Eswald stepped forward and threw back the heavy curtains concealing the sliding doors, which were now open.

In the centre of the apartment thus disclosed, before a carved desk, on which rested an open book, stood a man attired in clerical robes, evidently waiting to perform the marriage ceremony.

The clergyman immediately commenced the duties of his office, but Zerneen's brain reeled: she heard nothing but a confused mumbling of unintelligible words—mechanically responded to some equally unintelligible questions, felt a ring slipped on her finger, and then came a blank!

She had fainted.

On reviving, she found herself lying on a couch in the room she had first entered.—Mrs. Fitzmaurice was standing by her side, administering restoratives.

CHAPTER XXII.

It is the morning after the mock marriage. The handsome husband and the blushing wife (we will, for a time bestow on them these titles) are seated at their sumptuously-furnished breakfast table, in a delightful morning room, facing the noble river.

Eswald leans negligently back in his easy chair, and contemplates, with undisguised satisfaction, the movements of the charming gipsy girl, as, attired in a graceful and becoming negligee, she does the honours of his table; her dark, liquid eyes fraught with the intensest love, and her eager desire to please him proclaiming itself in every look and action.

How could he calmly behold such evidences of devoted affection, and know that he deserved them not? How could he unshrinkingly receive the wifely homage and obedience of that poor girl, while knowing that he had claim to nothing but aversion and hatred at her hands? His must have been a heart of adamant.

'I must return to town by the one o'clock train, my darling,' he said, as he coolly chipped off the shell of his egg. 'I regret the sad necessity which compels me to leave you so soon after our—our marriage, but you must endeavour to forget me during my absence. You will find plenty to amuse you here.'

'Forget you! Oh Percy! how do you suppose that possible?' was the half-fond, half reproachful answer.

'Well, I don't mean that exactly; but you must not think of me too much when circumstances compel me to be away, or you will grow discontented; and you must not fancy I can be always by your side.'

An expression of impatience for a moment took possession of Zerneen's handsome features as the last sentence of Lord Eswald's speech fell upon her ear; but she seemed determined, if possible, to curb her fiery temper in his presence, and restrain to the utmost of her power every symptom of it.—Swallowing the angry emotion that had risen to her throat, she replied, with apparent calmness—

'Your image will be the companion of my lonely hours, Percy, whenever and wherever they are spent; and I can hardly complain when you are absent for a few hours, while knowing that you are mine indisputably for life.'

'What will you do to amuse yourself to-day?' asked his lordship. 'There are horses here, if you choose to ride; there is a neat little brougham at your service, if you would like to drive; and there is also a small boat in the hut yonder, if you would prefer a quiet hour on the river.'

'How kind, how thoughtful you are, Percy!' cried Zerneen.

'I think I'll content myself with a ramble to-day,' she said aloud; 'and reserve the more active enjoyments until you can spare time to be my guide and protector through them.'

After a little further conversation, Lord Eswald took a tender leave of his beautiful companion, and departed on horseback for the railway station.

Zerneen watched his handsome figure, as he cantered down the avenue, with a deep thrill of pride; and when he had disappeared from her view, she stood for some moments in an attitude of breathless attention, listening to the faint sound of his horse's hoofs as they clattered in the distance along the road.

Suddenly, a voice whispered close to her ear—'Zerneen!'

She turned quickly, with an exclamation of surprise. Before her stood the page Ulrich.

His fair head was now uncovered; and in the bright golden curls that ornamented it, in the pure young brow, so angelic in its delicate beauty, and the clear azure eyes, so timid and sweet in their expression, the gipsy girl recognized the companion of her infancy and childhood—the long-lost Eola!

In an instant they were clasped in each other's arms; for, though of opposite dispositions, and although their earlier days had been marked with frequent contention and strife, their affection for one another as children of the same people, and souvenirs to each other of the homes of their infancy, returned at this singular reunion in full force. But after the first ebullition of warmth was over, the elder girl began to remember that she was Lady Eswald, and the younger that she was an injured person.

'Ah, Zerneen! how could you so cruelly use me?' cried the latter.

'And what does this strange disguise mean?' exclaimed the former.

And then each stared at the other for a minute in mute astonishment. Zerneen was the first to break silence.

'I suppose you know—you have heard,' she stammered, 'that I am now—that I am here as Lady Eswald?'

'I have heard nothing, and I know nothing,' emphatically responded the pseudo page.

'The people here,' she continued, 'are like deaf and dumb creatures.'

'Ah, that's my lord's wish,' cried Zerneen proudly. 'Our marriage is to remain a secret for a short time, and of course the servants are forbidden to speak of it, so that the news should not be wafted in a direction where it is not meant to go.'

Eola winced at the word marriage. If Zerneen were indeed Eswald's wife, what claim had she to such a distinction more than that other poor gipsy girl who had shared his fondness, but never his dignity—Eola's mother?

And wherefore, by what strange freak of fortune, was Zerneen there, in pampered and acknowledged state, while she—his child—was there only as a menial in irksome disguise, and, now worse than all, page-in-waiting to the companion who had shared her vagrant home and humble fare in the gipsies tent?

But it was only for a moment that the naturally kind heart of the unfortunate child, chastened and subdued by many sorrows, gave harbour to the bitter sentiment of envy.

Her innate goodness of soul soon triumphed over the less kindly feelings, and, banishing with a sigh the remembrance of her own hard lot, she entered into the review of another's.

'Are you sure, Zerneen,' she asked, 'that you are his wife?'

The spirit of the gipsy girl, ever ready to dispute with her own—though it bent pliantly enough to the opposite—sex, rose up in fierce resentment against this implied insult.

'How dare you ask me such a thing?' she cried, while a dusky flush of anger swept over her face.

'How dare you presume to question my honour? You, above all other persons in the world!'

'Forgive me, Zerneen,' murmured Eola, sadly, 'I was wrong perhaps to ask such a question; but others have been deceived, and I thought it was quite likely that you had been.'

'Others have been deceived! What do you mean? Surely you—you—have—not.'

Zerneen paused abruptly, and fixed a withering glance of doubt and jealousy at

the disguised maiden. A dreadful suspicion had entered her soul.

Eola's sensitive mind interpreted it at once and while a deep blush dyed her childish countenance, she replied—

'You need not fear. I am not one of the deceived.'

'Then, in the name of all that is wonderful, what are you and how did you come to be here? What is Lord Ewald to you?'

'I am his child, Zerreen,' she murmured, without daring to lift her eyes to the gipsy's face.

'His child! almost shrieked the latter. 'His child, did you say? It never can be true. You are raving, Eola.'

'It is true, I am sorry to say, Zerreen,' replied the fair page. 'I am the child of a long-forgotten and shamefully-used woman, whom he once loved.'

'Eola, you must be mistaken; and yet, I cannot help saying, as they do in some play I've seen, "there seems to be method in your madness." But are you not my uncle's daughter? Were you not born among our people?'

'No, to the first question, Zerreen; the second I can't answer, for I don't know where I was born.'

'Then pray, how came you to know so much of the other matter you speak of?'

'I will tell you. Do you recollect, a short time before we ran away from the gipsies, about two gentlemen meeting us in a lane one day, in—shire?'

'Yes, of course, I do. One was his lordship.'

'Yes, and the other was his cousin, who's gone abroad. Do you remember what they gave us?'

'Some gold, wasn't it?'

'Yes; but do you remember the reception it met with at home?'

'Yes; I know there was a quarrel about it. Uncle Ralph dashed it all on the ground, and then mother came in, and scolded him for doing so.'

'Do you recollect what your mother said?'

'No; I know it was something odd, that we puzzled our brains over, half the night, to find out the meaning of; but I can't remember exactly now what it was.'

'Well, I can. It was this:—"It is but fitting that he should help to support his own brat."'

'Oh, yes! I recollect it now. And granny blamed her for saying it before us, and bade us pick up the coins. But why should you think that she alluded to you, when she spoke of his brat?'

'Well, she didn't mean you, at any rate. But I have more certain ground for my belief than that one simple expression.'

Eola now related the way in which she had become possessed of the secret.

'And you kept all this from me?' cried Zerreen in a tone of reproach. 'You never made me your confidant.'

'Forgive me, Zerreen, for my want of faith. I was only a silly child at that time, and I was foolish enough to think you would use the information to shame and taunt me in our quarrels.'

'Ah, I see. But now—this singular disguise? What does it mean? Why are you in his lordship's service, a menial?'

The disguised girl continued her recital, from the period of Zerreen's disappearance; but as a portion is already known to the reader, we will take up the thread where we left it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'Well, I went to Manchester, Zerreen,' Eola proceeded, after relating the adventure at Vauxhall, 'and the man who took me got me the berth he promised. It was to dance on the tight-rope at a sort of concert-room there, and the salary was very good for a girl of my age. The people who employed me let me live with them; but they were anything but agreeable. We often had quarrels, and at the end of twelve months I left them. It was through a noise about the master's little nephew, a boy who lived with them. He was a sickly little fellow, about twelve years old; his father and mother were both dead, and his aunt and uncle used to treat him very badly. He was very fond of me, and used to try and be with me all he could. I felt for him, you know, because I had known how hard it was to be ill-treated myself; so I used to do all I could to soften his troubles.'

'He was particularly fond of music. His parents, he told me, had been in very good circumstances till within a few months before they died, and then his father became a bankrupt. His mother had taught him to play on the piano very nicely for a child like

him, and whenever I could spare the time, (I hadn't much to myself, I must tell you, because these people let me live with them rent free, on condition that I was to help the servant with the housework,) I used to go and sit with Willie (that was his name), and he used to play pretty tunes to me on an old piano that his aunt had bought second-hand—for show, as she said, for she couldn't touch it herself. At last, I made a sort of a bargain with Willie, that he should teach me music, and I would save up as much of my earnings as I could to put to what he might scrape together, for him to pay for lessons on the organ, for it was Willie's ambition to become an organist.

'He was a very good boy, Zerreen, and it was through him I got to know a good deal I had never learnt before, which made me happier.'

'We used to go to church together, Willie and I,—and oh! if you could have seen Willie's pale, earnest-looking face as he sat and listened to the beautiful organ! His soft grey eyes used to look as if they were gazing far beyond the church or the people there, and I sometimes fancied—I know it was very silly but I did—that Willie could see the angels, and the other world that he used to talk to me about. I told him so once. He said no, he couldn't see them, but he could fancy just what they were like. I used to try and do the same then, but I couldn't; I suppose I wasn't good enough.'

'Well, after a bit, we had scraped up a nice little hoard of money. Funny, wasn't it, to go and dance on a tight-rope in a concert-room to save money for Willie to play an organ in church? But I don't think it was wicked; at least I hope it wasn't. Well, Willie used to go and have his lessons of an evening when I was out, and then I used to have mine on the piano just whenever I could spare time. I don't know whether it was because I liked poor Willie so much, and so tried harder to please him than I should any one else, but I never learnt anything so quickly.'

'His aunt couldn't bear me to learn, I know, but she couldn't say anything against it so long as I didn't neglect my other work. Besides, they were frightened of losing me altogether if they were to be too hard upon me.'

'Willie didn't let them know that he was taking lessons on the organ, because they'd have prevented him if he had. They wanted him to become a thorough pianist, so that he could some day play in the concert-room, and save them a good bit of money as they thought. If they'd known that he was all the time trying to be an organist in a church I don't know what they'd have said and done. I believe they'd have half killed the poor boy. It was bad enough when it did come out.'

But I must be quick and get my story through. One day about six months after Willie began taking his lessons, we were out walking along the street together, when we met an old white-haired gentleman, who said to Willie:

'Are you the little boy who's learning the organ from Mr. B——?'

'Willie said he was taking lessons from that gentleman.'

'I thought you were the one I wanted,' the old man said. 'I was just coming to your uncle's to see you. I hear you are very anxious to get employed as an organist.'

'Willie's face was burning with joy now. Poor fellow! I knew how delighted he felt, for he fancied he was now to become what he wished.'

'Yes, sir,' he said, 'I would give anything to be an organist, but I am afraid I am far too young to get any one to employ me.'

'Oh,' the old gentleman replied, 'talent is everything; age is not of so much importance. Mr. B—— tells me you are quite a genius, and has so interested me in your behalf that I determined to befriend you, if it is in my power.'

'This was nearly how the gentleman spoke, but of course I can't recollect the exact words. Well, it turned out that the old gentleman was the minister at a very old village church, some few miles out of the town, and having heard of Willie from Mr. B——, and being in want of an organist for his church, he had come to see if Willie would like the situation.'

'You may guess what a flutter of delight the poor boy was in; and I was pleased, too, because I had helped him to do what he wanted. Well, the gentleman gave us his card, and asked Willie to go and see him the next day, to arrange about the matter, and to fetch his uncle or aunt with him. But we told him they were against Willie being an organist, and said we were afraid they wouldn't have

anything done in the matter. He said it was a shame, and he must try and talk them over to it, as they were his only relations, and must have a voice in what he did. He told Willie to let them know when he got home all about it.'

'But Willie was wonderfully brave that day: he seemed ready to face anything. Directly we got home he went straight to his aunt, and left me in the little parlor to wait for him. I wanted to go with him, but he seemed as if he'd rather do it all himself. His aunt was in the kitchen, and I could hear from where I was the sound of their voices, when they spoke loud. At first I heard the low murmur of Willie's voice, telling her the whole story: it lasted a good while; and then I heard her begin, in a terrible angry way, to scold him.'

'Well, all at once I heard Willie scream dreadfully. I knew she'd thrown something at him, for I heard a loud noise of something heavy falling on the floor. I couldn't stand there any longer, and I flung open the door, and was just rushing out, when the kitchen door opened, and Willie came running out, as fast as he could, holding his hands over his forehead; his dreadful aunt was close behind him, with a great thick walking stick in her hand. They both tore up the passage to where I stood, but Willie reached me first, and I dragged him into the parlor, and banged to the door, just as the cruel woman got up to it. I had just time to see that the poor boy's forehead was bleeding, but I could not see how much he was hurt, for I had enough to do to keep the door close while I fastened it. It shut with a bolt, and I managed at last to slip this in the socket; but the aunt was awfully strong, and it was no easy matter to do it while she was pushing against it with all her might. As for Willie, he seemed quite bewildered for a moment or two.'

'Open this door at once!' shouted the aunt, 'or I'll burst it open, and murder you both;' and she gave such awful bangs on the panels, that I quite expected to see them shattered in pieces.

'Fly, Willie, fly!' I whispered, while I still stood with my back against the door. 'Go on—out of the window—be quick!'

'But she'll murder you, then,' he said, bursting out crying.

'I could see he wouldn't move, unless I made him, and I dreaded every moment to see the door burst open, so I went up to him, softly opened the window, and regularly pushed him through it.'

'There, go on; go to the old clergyman's,' I said; and then I shut the window down again, while Willie scampered away up the street as hard as he could, for of course he knew he couldn't help me when I'd shut him out, and it was no good in him waiting there to be pounced on by his wretched aunt again; besides, poor boy, he knew well enough she didn't dare serve me so bad as she could him.'

'Well, after I'd shut the window I opened the door. The woman was still pushing against it, and bellowing out for us to open it, but she looked quite scared when I did open it, and she saw the trick that I'd served her. The first thing she did was to catch hold of me by my curls, and shake me; and then she insisted on knowing where Willie had gone to, all the time shaking and pulling me about as if she was mad. I wouldn't answer a single question. Well, presently she dropped me, and went away, grumbling and scolding dreadfully.'

'When night came I had a terrible quarrel with both of them. I had no Willie there to soothe my temper down, and I gave it full sway; so the end of it all was, that I refused to dance again for them, and was turned out of doors that very night.'

'Now, I was in a dreadful fix as to what I should do. I had spent nearly all my last month's money on Willie's lessons; and only had a few shillings left. At first I thought I would go to the clergyman's where I knew Willie was, but somehow I couldn't make up my mind to do that. I fancied they would think I asked assistance as a sort of return for the little I had been able to do for Willie, and I was too proud then to bear the idea of letting them suppose that. So then I thought of getting back to London, and I went to the railway station to find out how much it would cost me to go. I found I had enough to take me all but five shillings, and then I began to set my wits to work to think how I could get that. I thought of selling the contents of my little bundle to get it at first; but then I was ashamed to ask anybody to buy them; so I rambled up and down the streets for a long time, scarcely knowing how to manage.'

'But help came from a quarter I had never thought of. I was going by a fine, light-looking place, very much like the singing-room where I had been accustomed to dance,

when I heard some one say close behind me—

'Oh, Nelly, look at that child's hair! It's the very color I've been searching for.'

'I looked round to see who it was speaking, and I saw two very pretty women, with dark hair and eyes, standing just at the doors of the gay-looking house, which I now saw was what they call a casino—a dancing place, you know, where they have balls every night.'

'I don't know what put it into my head to do so, but I turned round and said to them, 'Would you buy my hair?'

'They looked at one another for a second and laughed, and then one of them said to me, 'Why, my dear, do you want to sell it?'

'I said I wanted some money, and I'd rather sell that than beg.'

'They then asked me what I wanted for it.'

'I was afraid almost to say five shillings; it seemed such a lot of money for a few ringlets, but at last I said it.'

'They seemed wonderfully surprised, and I thought I had asked too much, and was going to beg pardon, when the lady who had first spoken said—

'Five shillings! Why I'd give ten for it, if it was the last half-sov. I'd got.'

'But I'll give fifteen,' the other said.

'Nonsense, Nelly!' cried the other, 'you don't want it, and I do, so don't out-bid me.'

'I'll give you a sovereign for it, dear,' she said, turning to me.

'I was quite bewildered, and half-fancied they were making game of me; but I've been told since that long hair is very valuable, and at that time mine reached down below my waist.'

'I gladly agreed to sell my hair for a sovereign, as you may guess. The ladies took me in a cab to a hair-dresser's, and had it all cut off, and then gave me the money for it.'

'Now I thought I would go back to London, but I couldn't go that night, for it was too late; so I went to sleep with a poor woman whom I knew. I got to know her through her child, a little blind girl, whom I once found crying in the town; she had lost herself, and I took her home. Her mother was a very poor woman, and I gave the child a new pinafore, as a sort of little kindness.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SELAH.—This word, which is used in the Psalms seventy-four times, and thrice in the prophecy of Habakkuk, must have some significant meaning, and yet there seems to be much doubt in reference to the matter. It is a Hebrew word, which the translators have left as they found it, because they could not agree as to its meaning. The Targum and most of the Jewish commentators give to the word the meaning of *eternally, forever*. The voice of the Septuagint translation appears to have regarded it as a musical or rhythmical note. Herzer regards it as indicating a change of tone; Matherson, as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther, and others, it is equivalent to the exclamation *silence*. Gesenius says 'Selah means, Let the instruments play and the singers stop.' Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda*, (up, my soul.) Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case 'an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah; they are calls for aid and prayer to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or, if not in the imperative 'Hear, Jehovah!' and the like, still earnest addresses to God, that He would remember and hear, etc.' The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. Selah, itself, he thinks, is an abridged expression used for Higgsion, indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets. Some think the word marks the beginning of a new sense, or a new measure of verses; and others that it joins what follows to that which goes before, and shows that what has been said deserves always to be remembered. Some have thought that Selah showed the cessation of the actual inspiration of the Psalmist, and others, that it is simply a note to indicate the elevation of the voice, and still others that it is equivalent to Amen, be it so, or let it be.

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, QUEBEC.

Years had passed, since Jacques Cartier's little fleet weighed their anchors, spread their sails, and bade a last farewell to their winter quarters in Canada; and save a solitary sail or two appearing at long intervals on the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, our country still slumbered in solitude, the red man still remained monarch of her soil, and the frail canoe ruled her native waters. But events thickened as years swept past—the bare-footed Reccollet appears upon the scene, and with him the dawn of civilization and the tramp of European adventurers.

The dwelling of these Reccollet fathers occupied the site of the present General Hospital, which is situated on the banks of the St. Charles, about a mile higher than the scene represented in my last sketch. Here it was that the 'untutored' mind of the poor Indian first listened to the secrets of salvation; on this spot, the inhabitants of the great forest first learned to kneel and pray to the God of the red man as well as of the white, and here was raised the first link between Canada and Heaven.

The present building, founded in 1668, has therefore the high privilege of standing on ground sacred to the sweetest recollections of Christianity in our native land; but it has still further the honor of being one of the earliest (if not the earliest) existing of our religious establishments. True, the Ursuline Convent, and one or two others, were endowed some years before this, but so frequently have they suffered from fire, so often have they been altered or rebuilt, that as yet I have not been able to ascertain positively, that a vestige of their original masonry remains; but these walls have stood in the days when the harvest was gathered on the Place d'Armes of our city—when the river upon whose banks they are—embowered in the foliage of the stately elm, ran its uneven course over huge boulders that lay embedded in the sand, these boulders were afterwards collected to form a jetty of masonry for the protection of the harbor against the British under Gen. Wolfe—from these walls was witnessed the hard-fought field of Abraham, here could be heard the death-rattle of the British musketry—the deafening yells of the untamed native—and the impetuous cheer of the brawling lads of bonnie Scotland, who, discarding their muskets, grasped the Andrew Ferrara of their country, and rushed, as only Highland torrent can, upon the gallant but devoted foe, scattering heads and arms like chaff before the whirlwind—and when to the peal of victory had succeeded the death-throes of the Gallic power in New France, and England's purchase had been made with the blood of her children; we have but to look within the walls of this building—and there in the chapel lay the poor wounded victims of that field of blood—English or Scotch, Frenchman or native, friend or foe, lay writhing in agony, attended with unwearied solicitude by the black-robed Congregational nuns. And here let us inscribe upon our hearts eternal gratitude to our generous foes, whose lofty character shone forth, on this noble institution, as brightly as it ever did under the far-famed, world-renowned banners of France.

Again sixteen years rolled round, and before our good old walls appeared the United Americans under Generals Arnold and Montgomery. Arnold was wounded and carried to the General Hospital, so that even to our neighboring Republic, the place is not devoid of interest; but by this time the nuns of the congregation had transferred their labors to another place. The ladies who attended the General were, 'the Hospitaliers,' clothed in white; and to the present day the building continues in the possession of that Order—who still

preserve the honorable name of their predecessors—in affording relief to the poor and rest to the aged and the infirm.

ALEX. DURIE.

GLEANINGS IN GEOLOGY.

THE CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD—ITS GEOLOGICAL AND INDUSTRIAL FEATURES.

There is not a substance in the mineral kingdom which is better known, or more justly deserving of our highest appreciation, than coal; it is familiar to every eye; its combustible properties enable it to meet the requirements of thousands; and there is scarce a British subject who cannot tell that the same black material had originated within the interior of the earth; but few, perhaps, have once contemplated the probable cause which gave rise to the production of the social comfort, or sought to ascertain the nature of its constituents, which render it pre-eminently of more value to a nation than the royal gem which sparkles with the rarest effulgence as the richest of earth's treasures.

Doubtless to an eye untaught in the principles of geology there may appear but little of an attractive cast which would call forth consideration of its unseen beauty; still the same material extracted from the deep recesses of the earth by the miner's pick, under the faint glimmer of a Davy lamp, has made the land we live in the noblest and the happiest under heaven. But to consider aright the character of the substance, it is necessary to revert to the period in the history of our planet when each fragment of that material formed a portion of a luxuriant vegetation, over a low-lying plain or marsh, and boundless in extent, wherein must have flowed some mighty river, or in the centre of which may have existed an extensive lake, out of which gigantic reeds stretched forth their slender stems under a tropical sky. Behind stretches a trackless forest of tree-ferns; sigillaria, and palm-like lepidodendrons, with a thickly spread covering of smaller ferns and club mosses over the woodlands for leagues. Such a scene of luxuriance in vegetation stands unparalleled in the world's history. Where the huge araucaria reared their proud heads over the marshy platform, spreading out their broad leaves to the sunlight which struggled through the misty vapours floating like a canopy upon the vernal clad earth, as the alternate breeze swept through the phalanx of reeds which fringed the lagoons or river sides, disturbing the deep silence of the lonely earth. But the scene changes, and the twilight gains upon the rich prospect, while deep darkness descends, and casts a gloom over the once smiling plains and perfumed groves. The river which had flowed in tranquillity before is now seen to rush with impetuous force, and overflow its banks, uprooting the huge trees and calamites, carrying down the stems and branches of upland plants; the falling debris also thickens the water, and it assumes a dark, muddy character as it reaches the level platform and spreads out the heterogeneous materials.

At length, however, the waters abate, and the bright sun shines forth upon the watery surface of the earth, drying up the moisture and leaving the dry land once more. Such are the imaginative scenes of that period during which the beneficent Creator stored up for the future use of man those inexhaustible resources of coal and ironstone, which have been the prime movers of mechanical advancement and industry.

We follow now the prostrated trees and submerged vegetation into the rocky tomb, and trace the succeeding changes which it underwent ere it became the mineral we now possess. Like other minerals we find it entering into the composition of the crust of the earth, occurring in most cases at a considerable depth below the surface, forming strata of a variable thickness, from half an inch to several feet. Respecting the true

origin of coal many theories have been invented by men who have held the highest rank in the scientific world, but there ought to exist no longer any doubt regarding its true vegetable origin. In composition it is the same with the existing plants, being composed chiefly of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and further retaining in its structure the woody fibre which is characteristic of all vegetable substances.

Nor does the theory of its 'vegetable origin' at all disagree with the evidence which is manifested in the stratified deposit. For, when we perceive the alternate layers of mud and sand with the interlacing bands of coal, we find evidence sufficient to warrant our acceptance of those fancied scenes of the past conditions of that age, whereby the submerged or drifted matter became overlaid by deposits of mud and sand carried down by the rushing torrents from the higher platforms upon which the plants luxuriated. And as each succeeding elevation or depression of the land was effected, so we have the alternate bands of shale, sandstone and true coal.

But, in addition to coal, there is associated in the same system another material which, commercially speaking, plays a no less important part, viz., iron. As it occurs within the carboniferous system, it is of vast importance in an economic point of view, seeing that the very materials required in smelting the ore are side by side arranged in bands, so that whenever one occurs there, too, are present the others. And it is from this fact that Great Britain has gained her exalted position among the many nations of the earth, whereby her achievements in mechanical enterprise have made her fame to resound through every land—that with whirlwind speed we can be transported along the iron pathway over deep ravines or through dreary moors, and all the while comfortably seated within the railway carriage. The same medium by which a thousand cities, towns, and hamlets are linked together, and every hour conveying with rapid motion the produce of distant lands, or the epistolary receptacles containing the dictates of individuals widely remote from each other.

The value and uses of coal and iron are never-ending: they are daily bestowing new bounties, for the progress of mechanical skill is every day increasing, and the elements they possess made to undergo new changes, so as to accommodate the wants of human industry in driving the complicated machinery of our factories, by which the textile fabrics are produced, from the coarsest pack-sheet to the most delicate lace.

But in the economy of the coal measures there is presented the highest degree of preternatural design possible to imagine, by which the future requirements of the human race had been premeditated myriads of ages ere they became the inhabitants of the earth, and at length found the means for displaying the wonderful powers of ingenuity and achievements over the natural products of the mine.—[British Paper.

Who sunk the 'Hatteras'? was a question which but a few days ago agitated all America. The solution appears in the telegraphic despatches. It was the 'Alabama,' that daring and ubiquitous coarsair of the South, that did the terrible work. After having sunk the Federal vessel, she went to Kingston, Jamaica, where she landed the crew—some one hundred and sixty in all.—At Kingston Capt. Semmes received quite an ovation from the merchants assembled in the Commercial Exchange.

SNOW SHOE RACE.—About 150 people were on the ground of the Montreal Cricket Club on Saturday afternoon last, to witness the seven mile walk, by the members of the Aurora Snow Shoe Club. The weather was very favorable. Eight gentlemen entered their names. Mr. Grey succeeded in keeping the lead until the fifth mile, when he was passed by Mr. Irwin, who won the race in seventy-seven minutes.

Notes and Queries.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC & ANTIQUARIAN.

'Hic est aut nusquam quod quarimus.'

'The enquiring spirit will not be controll'd;
We would make certain all, and all behold.'

The Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not responsible for anything that may appear in this department. While every latitude is given for freedom of thought and expression, a discretionary power is reserved as to what 'Notes and Queries' are suitable for insertion.

Correspondents, in their Replies, will please bear in mind that 'Brevity is the soul of wit.'

NOTES.

FROZEN WORDS.

Dickens, in his 'Old Curiosity Shop,' has made a very felicitous use of the idea, (to be found in Baron Munchausen and elsewhere,) of words being congealed at the time they were spoken, and afterwards sounding when thawed:—

'Don't be frightened, mistress,' said Quilp, after a pause, 'your son knows me; I don't eat babies; I don't like 'em. It will be as well to stop the young screamer though, in case I should be tempted to do him a mischief.'

'Halloo, Sir! will you be quiet?' Little Jacob stemmed the course of two tears, which he was squeezing out of his eyes, and instantly subsided into silent horror.

The moment their (Quilp and Swiveller) backs were turned, little Jacob thawed, and resumed his crying from the point where Quilp had frozen him.

TWO PUNS BY PORSON.

Porson observing he could pun on any subject, a person present defied him to do so on the Latin gerund, which, however, he immediately did in the following couplet:

'When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She mourned in silence and was *Di-Do-Dum*.'

He gives an account of his academic visits to the Continent thus:

'I went to Frankfort, and got drunk
With that most learn'd Professor—Brunck;
I went to Worts, and got more drunken
With that more learn'd Professor—
Ruhncken.'

MONTREAL.

ATHENWOLD.

For Leisure Moments.

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired respecting his occupation, said he kept a hot-house.

'What are you looking after, my dear daughter?' said an old gentleman at a Christmas party.

'Looking after a son-in-law for you, father,' was the witty reply.

'Will you marry me, miss?'

'Sir, you know I have often declared I would never marry.'

'O, yes; if I hadn't known it I shouldn't have asked you.'

An unfortunate sportsman at the West thus recounted the result of a day's excursion:

'Not a duck was heard, not a goose's note,
As our skiff thro' the water we hurried;
Not a fowler discharged his farewell shot
O'er the pond where our hopes we buried.'

A young aspirant for fame, having a desire to see his name in print, sent his verses to a newspaper for publication. In the 'pome' the following line occurred:

'A fragrant rose found near the pendant
coru.'

The compositor in whose hands the manuscript was placed, was pretty well 'set up,' and evidently 'set up' the line also, judging from the following, which greeted the astonished author the next morning:

'A vagrant's nose sounds like a pedlar's
horn.'

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

Pleasure itself soon ceases to be pleasure when there is no object in it but pleasure.

Every man has a Paradise around him until he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden.

A grave-digger, not a hundred miles from Dunblane, complaining of want of employment, remarked that he 'had not buried a livin' soul for the last three weeks, except a sma' sernt' o' a bairn.'

An Irish veterinary student, when under examination, was asked what he would recommend, if there was a horse brought to him with a particular disease. 'Och! and I'd recommend the owner to get rid of him immediately.'

Commercial.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

[Received by this week's mail, and compiled expressly for the 'Canadian Illustrated News.']

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 31st, 1863.

Table with columns for 'POPK PER BRL.', 'WHEAT PER CENTAL 100 LBS', 'FLOUR PER DRY.', 'INDIAN CORN PER 480 LBS.', 'PEAS PER 500 LBS.', and 'PETROLEUM'. It lists various grades of goods and their prices.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, Feb. 19.

Flour—Receipts, 9,718 bbls; market more active and 20 to 15c better; sales 145 bbls. at \$7 to \$7.30. Canadian Flour—10 to 15c better; sales 800 bbls at \$7.60 to \$7.70 for common; \$7.80 to \$9.30 for good to choice extra. Rye Flour steady at \$4 to \$5.50. Wheat—Receipts 878 bbls; market 1 to 2c better; sales 80,000 bbls at \$1.42 to \$1.61. Corn—Receipts 6,771 bbls; market 1 to 2c better, and closing heavy; sales 75,000 bbls at 95 to 97c. Oats firmer at 76 to 78c for Canada, Western and State. Pork steady; sales 400 bbls at \$14.75 for Mess; \$11.50 to \$13.75 for Prime. Beef steady. Dead Hogs firm at 6 1/4 to 6 1/2c for Western.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

MONTREAL, Feb. 19.

Flour—No. 1 Superfine \$4.35 to \$4.40, and dull. In other articles there are no alterations, and continued dullness prevails.

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

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

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 at any place in the City. KING STREET WEST, Opposite American Hotel.

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

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

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

WOOD ENGRAVING.

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

BEST ENGRAVERS

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

WOOD CUTS

Of Portraits, Buildings, Machinery, Scenery, &c., for Circulars, Bills, Cards, Books, &c., of a BETTER CLASS, and at from

Twenty-Five to Fifty pr. cent less

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

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

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

DONNELLEY & LAWSON,



STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

WHITE'S BLOCK,

King Street, Hamilton, C. W.

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

EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS

To their Establishment, having now in running order one of

TAYLOR'S STEAM PRESSES.

- A CORDON BILL-HEAD PRESS, A FRANKLIN CARD PRESS, A TAYLOR POSTER PRESS,

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

PROMPTLY AND AT LOW PRICES!

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

FOR ONE MONTH, PREVIOUS TO TAKING STOCK.

C. M N A B & CO.

Will offer the balances of their

WINTER GOODS!

AT COST PRICE

King Street, Hamilton.

January 24, 1863.

JAMES REID, CABINET MAKER, AND UPHOLSTERER, KING ST. WEST, HAMILTON, C.W.

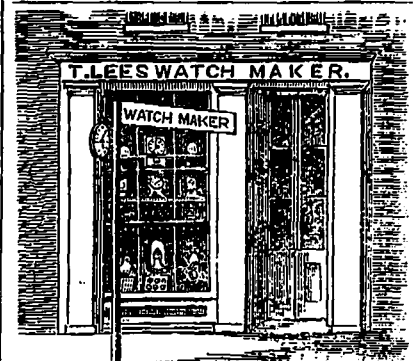
A large quantity of Furniture on hand and manufactured to order.

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

SPECIALTY—DISEASES OF THE EYE. OFFICE—No. 10 King Street East, nearly opposite the Fountain. HAMILTON, C.W.

T. WHITE, MANUFACTURER OF MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS AND Dealer in Sheet Music, Music Books, &c.

KING STREET WEST, HAMILTON, C.W. Pianos and Melodeons Tuned, Repaired and taken in Exchange. List of prices sent free on application.



JOHN STREET, Prince's Square, HAMILTON

DAILY COVERNESS.

A Lady, competent to give instruction in Music, French, Drawing, and the English Branches, wishes for an engagement in a private family. Unexceptionable references. Address A. W., box 597, P. O. Hamilton, January 24, 1863.

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

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

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

D. A. BOCART, DENTIST, HAMILTON, C.W. Teeth extracted without pain or danger. Teeth filled and inserted in a satisfactory manner.

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.

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

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

JAMES BUNTIN & CO. WHOLESALE STATIONERS PAPER AND ENVELOPE MANUFACTURERS, KING STREET, HAMILTON, C. W. Mills at Valleyfield, on the River St. Lawrence.

WM. MALCOLM, BRASS FOUNDER AND BELL HANGER, PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER, Next door to the Canada Life Assurance Co., James st. HAMILTON, C. W. White and Locksmithing done. All Work Warranted Satisfactory.

Toronto Advertisements.

THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. The subscriber has received the following ENGLISH MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY and is now taking subscriptions for them, viz: London Society, \$3.50 per year; Temple Bar, 3.50; Cornhill, 3.50; St. James, 3.50; McMillan, 3.50; Once-a-Week, 3.50; World of Fashion, 3.50; Churchman, 3.00; Sixpenny, 1.75; Good Words, 1.75; Chambers' Journal, 1.75; London Journal, Mo. parts, 1.75; Reynolds' Miscellany, 1.75; Family Herald, 1.75; &c. &c. &c.

Every thing published proctured at lowest rates. P.S.—All English Magazines as received by Canada steamers. A. S. IRVING, 19, King Street West, Toronto, January 23, 1863.

T. C. COLLINS & CO. BRASS FOUNDERS, AND Wholesale Manufacturers of ENGINEERS & PLUMBERS BRASS WORK. Steam Gauges, Whistles, Water Gauges, Globe Valves, and brass work for Oil Refiners. &c. &c. &c. Corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets, TORONTO, C. W.

A. S. IRVING, GENERAL DEALER IN Books, Newspapers, Stationery and Pictures, No. 19, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. [Faulkner's Old Stand.] New York Dailies 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.

W. H. COO, 298, QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO. Manufacturer of Cages Screens, Sieves, Window Guards and Blinds, In fact, every article in the trade.

TERRAPIN RESTAURANT, 89, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. AND CRYSTAL BLOCK, NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL. CARLISLE & McCONKEY.

Dundas Advertisements. Illustration of a steam engine. DUNDAS IRON FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP ESTABLISHED IN 1838. JOHN GARTSHORE, MANUFACTURER OF STEAM ENGINES, BOILERS AND MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS. Gartshore's treble suction Smut Machines. Portable Mills. Mill Stones, Water Wheels, Bran Dusters, Separators, &c.

INSTITUTE OF YOUNG FRANKLINS Society of Eclectic Philosophers. OBJECT.—The advancement of Science and the Propagation of Truth. Charms granted for \$2, twenty copies of the Constitution for \$1, on application to JOHN THOMAS CUTBELL, Representative of the Grand Division of Young Franklinians, Dundas, 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, 5 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 any business whatsoever, in connection with the paper of the office, must be addressed to 'The Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, &c.' No unpaid letters taken out of the Post Office. H. BROWN & Co., Publishers. MAT. HOWIE. W. BROWN.