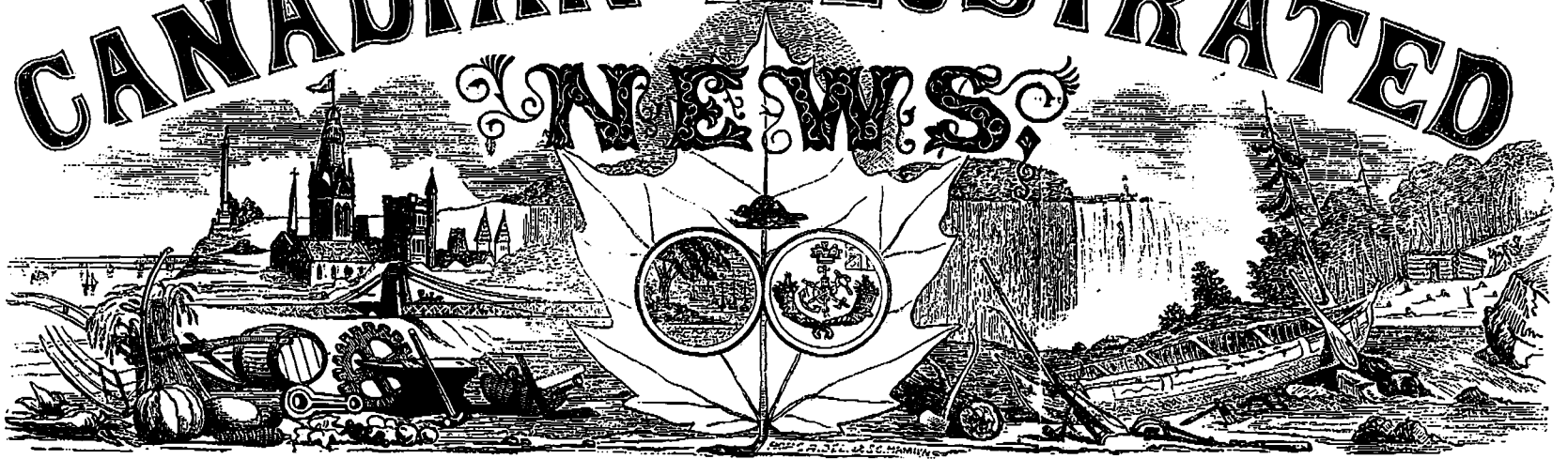


# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. II—No. 10.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1863.

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**THOMAS POPE, ESQ.,**  
LATE MAYOR OF QUEBEC.  
Born 16th of October, 1825;  
died June 29th, 1863.

We prefer first to let the contemporaries of this lamented gentleman speak of him through their local newspapers. We add a few sentences, coming out of a heart of sadness, on the next page.

**DEATH OF HIS WORSHIP  
THE MAYOR.**

From the Quebec Chronicle, June 30.

It is with a feeling of deep regret that we to-day record the death of his Worship the Mayor, Thomas Pope, Esq., which took place yesterday afternoon, and we cannot but feel certain that the announcement will be received with unfeigned sorrow by all classes of the community. Talented and impartial, he endeared himself in no small degree to the citizens of Quebec, who showed their appreciation of his worth by electing him thrice Mayor.

The deceased gentleman was born at Prescott, Upper Canada, on the 16th of October, 1825, and at an early age was sent to Scotland, where he was educated. Having returned to Canada, he decided on studying the profession of the law, and accordingly entered the office of the Hon. Mr. Justice Duval. In 1849, he was admitted to the bar, and in a short time, by his talents and attention to business, succeeded in acquiring a large and influential practice. In December, 1860, he was elected Mayor of Quebec by a large majority over his opponent, A. Joseph, Esq. Since then, he was twice elected by acclamation. By the advice of his physicians, he proceeded to England in the month of January, 1863, and returned on the 7th May last, very little improved in health. He lingered until yesterday afternoon, between one and two o'clock, when death relieved him from his sufferings.

**THE FUNERAL OF THE MAYOR.**

From the Quebec Mercury.

The funeral of the late Thomas Pope, Esq., Mayor of Quebec, took place yesterday morning as announced. His remains were

THOMAS POPE, ESQ., LATE MAYOR OF QUEBEC, DIED JUNE 29th, 1863.

followed to their last resting place in Belmont Cemetery, by a very numerous and imposing concourse of citizens—thus bearing testimony to the high place which the deceased deservedly held in public estimation. About half-past ten o'clock the mournful cortege left his late residence, St. Denis street, for the French Cathedral. First came the chanters of the French Cathedral, in surplices, intoning the funereal service;

then the coffin—the pall being borne by the Hon. Mr. Tessier, M.L.C., Hon. Mr. Justice Taschereau, Hon. C. Alleyne, M.P.P., Mr. Hector L. Langevin, M.P.P., Hon. Joseph Cauchon, M. P. P., and Hon. Mr. Justice Caron—followed by the brothers of the deceased and other immediate friends. Next came the Corporation, accompanied by the civic officials of the different departments. These were followed by the Bar, of which

the deceased gentleman was such an eminent member. The very large attendance of professional men showed how high an opinion was held of Mr. Pope by his confreres, who had the most frequent opportunities of judging of his worth. The 'Institut Canadien' was also well represented; and the attendance of citizens generally, notwithstanding the intense heat of the day, was also large. The City Police force, and the students of the Seminary closed the funeral procession. Among those present we observed Hon. Mr. Dorion, Hon. Mr. LeTellier de St. Just, Hon. Mr. Thibaudeau, His Honor the Judge of the Sessions, His Honor the Recorder, Colonel Irvine, A. D. C., Baron Gaudreue-Boilleau, Consul of France, and many other prominent gentlemen. At the French Cathedral, a solemn high mass for the dead was sung—the sacred edifice being crowded throughout, during the whole time of Divine Service. The mournful procession then resumed its line of march, in the same order, for Belmont Cemetery, where the deceased was interred.

**THE LATE THOMAS POPE, ESQ.**

At a meeting of the Bar, Section of the District of Quebec, held this day at the Advocates' Room, the following series of Resolutions was unanimously adopted:—

Moved by H. F. Cairns, Esq., seconded by L. G. Baillarge, Esq., and

Resolved,—That this Bar has learned with great regret the decease of their confrere, Thomas Pope, Esq.

Moved by C. Delagrave, Esq., seconded by John Burroughs, Esq., and

Resolved,—That this Bar desires to place on record a declaration of the esteem in which their late confrere was held, for his uniformly honorable and upright conduct in his professional relations with them; and to bear testimony to the energy and talent with which he advocated the interests intrusted to him, and which ultimately placed him in the

honorable position of Chief Magistrate of this City.

Moved by John O'Farrell, Esq., seconded by Jacques Malouin, Esq., and

Resolved,—That out of respect to the memory of our late confere this Bar do attend his funeral in a body, and wear mourning during one month.

Moved by F. Xr Langevin, Esq., seconded by L. A. Cannon, Esq., and

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be communicated by the Secretary to the relatives of the deceased.

A few personal words by the Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News.

The reader beholds on the front page the portrait of a gentleman whose great intellectual ability, professional acquirements, energy, amiable simplicity of character, whose whole life—alas, that it was so short—was the dream of early hope and the joy of all his family connections; as his death is their deep, deep grief, and the cause of sadness of heart to all who knew him, or respects them.

I who write, came a stranger to the shores of Canada five years ago, after a life of intense devotion to public well-being in Britain. Mr. Pope knew me only in books, but had heard that I was in Quebec, and long detained there through the mortal sickness of one—the beloved of my bosom—who was all the world to me. The London Times newspaper informed him one day early in 1860, that the late Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, Secretary of State for War, on my name being brought up in a debate in the House of Commons, had said something of me exceedingly kind and complimentary. Mr. Pope, thinking that in the seclusion of a rural cottage outside of Quebec, I might not see the London Times, took the trouble, pressing as his business avocations of barrister, and as his official duties as Deputy Mayor then were, to devote some hours of two different days in search for me—for what? Solely that he might convey pleasure to a stranger, whom he rightly inferred had at that time encountered more causes of anxiety and grief than enjoyment. It would be some solace, he generously supposed, for me to find that gentlemen of high position in England bore testimony, unasked for, to my literary industry, and personal reputation.

This incident, trifling in itself, is named because it was characteristic of the free-hearted, genial Mr. Thomas Pope. He was three times elected Mayor of the city. His name, as a candidate, subdued factions, even religious factions, and the hostility of races. He gave to angry antagonism the courtesy of acquiescence. He was a gentleman of fine presence, of manly beauty. His destiny in Canada, any one would have said, who knew his intellectual force, his intensity of application, his amiable disposition, was the leadership of some governing party, which, in the councils of the Province, would rise above all self-seeking; all things mean or mercenary. But he died before the noon-tide of his days. Canada is poorer in her men of high promise; and I have one friend the less.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE,  
Whistler at the Plough.

#### [ADVERTISEMENT.]

NARRATIVE OF AN EVENTFUL AND DILIGENT LIFE, by Alexander Somerville, known in England as the 'Whistler at the Plough.' In one Vol. 320 pages. Sold by the author at the office of the Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, Canada West, price \$1 free by mail.

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FERGUSON & GREGORY.

Hamilton, July 1st, 1863.

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## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, JULY 18, 1863.

### MUNICIPAL DEBTS.

HOW THE PROVINCE GROWS.

The embarrassed Municipalities of Canada West are of two classes, standing clearly apart the one from the other.

The first class, comprises forty-six townships, or town, or counties which have borrowed from the Provincial Loan Fund.—Their creditor is the Province of Canada.

The second class comprises three cities, Hamilton, London and Ottawa; and the towns or townships of St. Thomas, Prescott, Preston and Caledonia. These have borrowed money from private persons by the sale of debentures promising to pay interest. Thus, they are not only liable for the interest of their own debts, but as integral parts of Upper Canada, they contribute their share of interest paid by the Province on the indebtedness of the forty-six Municipalities, whose creditor is Canada, the Province in its turn being the debtor of private persons mostly all resident in Great Britain.

There was another class of Municipalities which incurred debt, by selling debentures in the open market, comprising the city of Toronto, four hundred thousand dollars, the town of Berlin, twenty thousand; the county of Simcoe, two hundred thousand, and the county of Middlesex, one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. These having been able to meet the interest on their bonds as it fell due, are not embarrassed.

In the case of Toronto, as the metropolis of Upper Canada, where so many public institutions are located, and occasionally the Legislature and Provincial government, it may be said that all the Province, and certainly all that portion of it which contributes to maintain the Law Courts, University, Colleges, Schools of Medicine and other institutions, contribute to meet the debt of Toronto. Moreover, that city, unlike Hamilton, was not exposed to the necessity of defending its commercial position by an expenditure on railways, three-fourths of which has been to the present time lost capital to Hamilton, with this additional burden, that interest on that lost capital must be met by drawing it from other sources of local revenue.

On the contrary, Toronto, by the fortune of position, and the higher fortune of having had the Grand Trunk Railway and Northern, carried westerly and northerly at the expense chiefly of British share-holders, not at the cost of its own corporate property and population, has exposed Hamilton to the emergency of incurring heavy responsibilities in railway construction to sustain some degree of its former prosperity, which the fortunes of favorable position and local enterprise had given it.

Even now, Hamilton asks only the concurrence of the Provincial Legislature to its proposal to defray its debt and accumulated arrears of interest by spreading the payments over a larger period of time. A proposition which, if acted upon, will ultimately pay the debt in full, and meanwhile allow the city to save its existence. It has been owing to the hostility of sister cities from which nothing was asked, and to the perverse misrepresentation by newspapers in other places, on their part a continuous persistence in distorting the facts, either for the 'fun of the thing,' or for the pleasure that disparagement of Hamilton gave to some of the inhabitants of some other city, that the British shareholders have not before this acceded to the honorable terms, offered by a corporation and people who are straining to the uttermost the sinews of industry and of fiscal resource.

Strange to say, the forty-six municipalities which are in most part, though not all, defaulters to the Province, and which, when

sued by the Attorney General, paid nothing of interest or principal, are not railed at and vituperated by the Toronto dailies as the city of Hamilton has been, or at least was until lately.

On the 24th June 1863, a report from the Finance Committee was adopted authorizing Robert Cassels, Esq., manager of one of the banks to act for the corporation in England, in submitting proposals of settlement to the bondholders. For the conditions the reader is referred to page 115 of this issue.

Here it may be only further remarked that a sum of public money similar to that loaned to the municipalities of Upper Canada which are now indebted to the government, was given to Lower Canada to purchase the feudal rights and oppressive customs of manorial superiors, and transfer the soil as freehold to its occupying owners. So that the Lower section of the Province has no just complaint against the Upper section on the score of municipal indebtedness.

But in Upper Canada the Municipalities which have incurred debt in making highways for local and general traffic, have largely promoted the progress of the country.

All these debts (two heavy items in that of Hamilton excepted) represent works which develop industry and wealth; and though not representing interest flowing into the corporate or the Provincial Exchequer those debts indicate the rapidly increasing affluence of Canada.

### THE LANCASHIRE EMIGRATION.

In a recent Debate in the House of Commons on the question of employing the factory operatives at works of local improvement in the town of Lancashire, several members spoke similarly to what we have written again and again in these pages. We have pronounced it a delusion practised on the Lancashire operatives, a cruelty, a crime, to induce them to come to Canada in any considerable number without provision being first made for their sustenance and permanent settlement on land, for which, and the sustenance they should be ultimately required to pay.

Sir George Grey, Secretary of State for the Home Department, said of the works of local improvement to be carried out in Lancashire on money advanced by government on security of future local taxation: 'The government did not pretend to afford employment to all the operatives of Lancashire. They had done what was their duty in providing facilities for the local authorities if they chose to avail themselves of them, to find employment of a remunerative kind.'

Then speaking of emigration, he said, and probably some who in Canada, or Hamilton, bring us under their distinguished censure, may read such an authority as the Home Secretary:

'It would not be safe to establish a wholesale system of emigration unless the colonies were prepared to receive and find employment for a large and sudden accession to their population.'

That was the utterance of a Minister of the Crown. Here is the view of one of the old Tories, not the rational Conservatives, who make up the great party now in opposition in the British parliament, but a Tory who despises Manchester, and cotton, and everything related to calico, Mr. Busfield Ferrand, who lives in the midst of the woolen factories of Airedale in Yorkshire:

'Mr. Ferrand complained that the bill did not go far enough, and that if the facts of the case were such as he believed them to be from actual experience and conversation with the operatives themselves, the government underrated the extent and possible duration of the calamity. He also felt that the sum asked for would not be sufficient. They would before the session closed have to ask for three millions, and at least ten millions would be required to keep the operatives through the winter. The only effectual remedy would be an extensive system of national emigration.'

Mr. Cobden as differing from Mr. Ferrand swings on the extremity of the political balances. In this debate he said that the operatives in the cotton manufacturing districts had enjoyed with their families a rate of wages amounting to comparative affluence. It was, therefore, impossible to reduce a population so situated to an amount of wages which contented the agricultural labourer, with due regard to their health and the peace of the district. He did not deprecate emigration in the interest of the capitalist, but would say to the labourer, 'Emigrate if you can better yourself.' That was the true principle; but he did not object to it in the interest of the operative himself. If he was sent to the wilds of America or Australia, the agricultural labourer benefited himself; but the mill hand could not plough, nor reap, nor tend cattle, and he would be helpless and destitute.

We are not without hope, though it may not be a lively belief that if a wisely provident policy be permitted to Canada by the opposing leaders in the provincial parliament, now about to assemble some measure providing for the sustenance of immigrants, and their permanent location will be enacted. Mr. Cobden is not so well informed as we who have minutely examined this Upper Province. The wholesale immigration of West of Scotland weavers in 1820, 1821, was not a failure, but a great success, as their freehold estates, and affluent families living amidst abundance on the fertile soil, watered by the beautiful rivers in Central Canada, testify this day. But they encountered hardships, even though provided in food and implements of work from the imperial revenue. Neither did the wholesale immigration of United Empire loyalists in 1783-84, prove a failure. It was and is a grand triumph of industrial enterprise.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

HOURS OF RECREATION, by Joseph Hodgson, Stratford. We sympathise earnestly, warmly, with the struggling author of this little book, and will write of it more at length when time has favored us with leisure to read it through. Meanwhile it is commended to the free-hearted and open-handed as the production of a Canadian Poet, who is afflicted with a sad misfortune, the incapacity to walk abroad to behold the face of nature, or to earn his daily bread, by the decrepitude of his lower limbs. His title-page bears this quatrain from one of his poems entitled

#### THE PEN.

Ready Pen, write noblest thoughts  
For time is a glorious mission;  
All that wisdom e'er denotes—  
Write to prompt a pure ambition.

The book is printed for the author by Vivian & Co., of Stratford, C. W. Buy it, Canadians, friends, countrymen! and lovers!

A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. C. B. ANDERLEY, M.P., by the Hon. Joseph Howe, Premier of Nova Scotia.

A pamphlet has come under the Editorial eye which troubles us considerably. It bears on its title-page the words 'British North American Association;' and purports to have been written by the Hon. Joseph Howe, Premier of Nova Scotia. From other sources of information than its pages, we learn it was suppressed by its author when he was in England, in 1862, after he had obtained an imperial appointment connected with the Fisheries, with a salary of £1,000 sterling a year. Was the pamphlet suppressed because it was twaddle? or because it had a flavor of treason? And why is it now circulated in Canada?

Doubtless there are items of truth in it, and its whole subject is one that may be wholesomely discussed. It is in the form of a letter to Mr. Alderley, an English member of Parliament, who has publicly said that the colonies should organize forces to assist in defending the frontiers, or if not, the Home government should withdraw the British forces. We intend quoting more at length on another occasion. The illogical and inconclusive reasoning, with the wildness of hap-hazard statement, makes quotation difficult. He assumes that the colonies, Nova Scotia, or Canada, for instance, if trained to the use of arms might one day turn their arms against Britain.

Epigrams.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

We live, it is said, in a prosaic and realistic age. With all our modern science and modern refinements, our life is not so imaginative, so gay, so insouciant, as that of our grandmothers and grandfathers. Even conversation, we are told, has lost its brilliancy. Women, who used to talk so charmingly, vibrate now between slang and science. Men are either too busy or too languid to exert themselves to talk at all, unless to constitutions or mechanics' institutes. The few who could talk well are suspected of keeping their talk to put into books. We all write and read instead of conversing. And even reading and writing have become occupations, rather than amusements. The warmest and most imaginative lover never now pens a sonnet to Delia's eyebrow, or an impromptu upon Sacharissa's girdle. The modern representatives of those charmers would only vote him a 'muff' for his pains. Vers de societe are gone out of fashion altogether. Such poetry as we want (and we do not want a great deal) is done for us by regular practitioners—laureates, and so forth; we no more think of making our own verses than our own pills. Any man or woman who was to produce and offer to read in polite company a poetical effusion of their own or a friend's, such as would have charmed a whole circle in the days of Pope or of Fanny Burney, would be stared at upon reasonable suspicion of having escaped from a private lunatic asylum. Even if the offered verses should be warranted to contain the severest remarks upon a mutual friend, we of a modern audience should have strength of mind enough to resist the temptation. Perhaps society has grown more charitable and less scandalous; perhaps it is only less easily amused.

It could hardly have been comfortable, after all, to live in the age of epigrams and impromptus. It was all very well for the Delias and Sacharissas, aforesaid, to have their charms celebrated by the wits and poets of the day; and though it is notoriously true that their admirers did not err on the side of reticence, female delicacy in those days was hardly startled by the warmth of the homage. A lady had no more objection to be compared to Venus than to the Graces. Few indeed, were they who needed the warning which Waller—most elegant of love's epigrammatists—puts into the mouth of his messenger, the Rose—

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That had she sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
She must have uncommended died.  
Had her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

The days when such verses passed from hand to hand, and were read instead of 'Punch' and Mr. Darwin, were indeed a good time, as the American ladies call it, for the fair enchantresses who, strong in the charms of youth, had only to 'come forth' to insure admiration; but it was quite a different case with poor Chloe, who was repairing the damages of years with a little innocent paint; or with Gelia, who had just mounted a new wig of her very own hair, honestly bought and paid for. Human nature, we suppose, was human nature then; and it could never have been pleasant to have one's little personal peculiarities, or some outward accident, or slight social sin, done into verses forthwith by a clever friend, and handed round the breakfast or tea-table of your own particular circle for the amusement and gratification of other dear friends, clever or otherwise. It was a heavy penalty to pay for living in an Augustan age. In this present generation, if you find yourself the victim of a severe article in a popular review, you have yourself half-solicited the exposure by being guilty of print in the first place; even if, in the honest discharge of your ordinary duties, you awake some morning to a temporary notoriety in a column of the 'Times,' you can satisfy your feelings by stopping the paper; and in either case, you have the consolation of knowing that probably a majority of your personal friends will never read the abuse, and that most certainly nine-tenths of those who do read it will have forgotten it in a week. But the terse social epigram, of some four or eight lines, communicated first from friend to friend in a confidential whisper, and then handed about in manuscript long before it escaped into print, was remembered by the dullest dolt amongst a man's intimates, stuck to him all his life, and, in many instances, became his only memorial to posterity. Like Sintram's co-travellers, there was no escape from its dreadful companionship; if bad, it was the more readily remembered;

if neat and well-pointed, it was more generally admired and more widely circulated. True, the author of the satire did not always put in the actual name; the victim of his verse figured commonly under some classical alias; but everybody knew—and none better than the unfortunate object—that Grumio meant Sir Harry, that Chremes stood for old Brown, and that Lady Bab was intended by Phryne. Even if there was nothing more personal than a row of asterisks in the original, there were always plenty of copies in circulation with the hiatus carefully filled in. Let no one suppose for a moment that the polish and the humour of such productions made the attack more endurable. Few men, and perhaps fewer women, are of Falstaff's happy temperament, content to be the subject of wit in others. There is more sound than truth in the epigram which says—

As in smooth of the razor best is what,  
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;  
Their want of edge from their offence seen,  
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

And both cut deepest too, and leave scars that are longest in healing. Johnson was quite right when he pronounced, on the other hand, that 'the vehicle of wit and delicacy, only made the satire more stinging; compared with ordinary abuse, he said, the difference was between being bruised with a club, or wounded with a poisoned arrow.'

One is surprised, however, on the whole, in looking over any collection of epigrams which were considered extremely good things in their day, to find how poor the majority of them are. They would read better, no doubt, to those who knew the parties. The spice of neighbourly ill-nature, which gave them their chief zest originally, and made up for the poverty of the wit, is lost—happily—to the cool judgment of the modern reader. They are like the glass of champagne kept till it has lost its sparkle.

A nicely printed little book, recently published, containing a selection (for a collection it certainly is not, though so called in the dedication), will impress this fact upon most of its readers. Of course, such jeux d'esprit do not show to advantage when gathered together at random, as these seem to have been. They find their best place as illustrations of biography or political history; often, an epigram of four lines would require a page of preface to make its point fully intelligible to an ordinary reader. But certainly, as one turns page after page of this 'Literature of Society,' one gets confirmed in the impression that society was very ill-natured in those days. The science of making one's self 'beautiful for ever,' by the aid of paint and other accessories, is still studied by some ladies, if we may trust law reports and advertisements, and, no doubt, sharp-sighted friends detect this false coinage of beauty; but they do not mercilessly nail it down on the social counter, as in the case of poor Doriuda (whose real name was doubtless perfectly well known to her contemporaries):—

Say, which enjoys the greatest blisses—  
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,  
Or Tom his friend, the favored elf  
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?—  
'Faith, tis not easy to divine,  
While both are thus with raptures fainting,  
To which the balance shall incline,  
Since Tom and John both kiss a painting.

There is a sequel, too, even less gallant, which calls itself 'the Point Decided':

Nay, surely John's the happier of the two,  
Because the picture cannot kiss again!

The rude wits of society delighted in attacking these adventitious charms—unconscious, probably, that in this as many other things, the Greek epigrammatists had been long before them. Here is one of the best amongst many—anonymous, so far as we know—which we miss in Mr. Booth's volume:—

Cosmetia's charms inspire my lays,  
Who, fair in nature's scorn,  
Blooms in the water of her days,  
Like Glastonbury thorn,  
If e'er to seize the tempting bliss,  
Upon her lips you fall,  
The plastered fair retains the kiss,  
Like Thisbe, through a wall.

Modern gallantry keeps its eyes open, and its lips to itself, under suspicious circumstances; and perhaps not being so readily taken in by false colors, is not so bitter against those who wear them.

There are blockheads amongst fashionable physicians in our own days, and jealousies, it is to be feared, are not unknown in the profession; but they do not put their professional antagonism into the form of epigrams, as Dr. Wynter, Dr. Cheney, Dr. Hill, Dr. Lettson, Dr. Radcliffe, and a host of others did (or their friends and enemies did for them) in the days of good Queen Anne and the German Georges. Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Hill one of those un-

iversal geniuses whom the public is apt to mistrust, is the hero of some of the best of these medical squibs. He wrote plays as well as prescriptions.

'For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is;  
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.'

There is a little series of epigrams upon him which we cannot resist quoting here from Mr. Booth's book, though they must be already old acquaintances (as most of the best epigrams are) to all whose reading is not wholly of a modern kind. Some of the wits of the Literary Club, of which Garrick, Johnson, Burke, &c., were members, began upon the unlucky physician as follows:

'Thou essence of doek, and valerin, and sage,  
At once the disgrace and the pest of your age,  
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy sad crimes,  
Is to take thine own physic, and read thine own rhymes.'

To which is replied, by a sort of semi-chorus of the members,—

'The wish should be in form reversed,  
To suit the Doctor's crimes;  
For if he takes his physic first,  
He'll never read his rhymes.'

Dr. Hill himself is supposed to rejoice in answer (and if it were really his, the doctor would have had the best of it):—

'Whether gentlemen scribblers, or poets in jail,  
Your impertinent wishes shall certainly fail;  
I'll take neither essence, nor balsam of honey,—  
Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.'

The anonymous quatrain on Dr. John Lettson, the Quaker, is one of the very best of punning epigrams; its brevity may excuse its re-appearance here:

'If any body comes to I,  
I physic, bleed, and sweats 'em;  
If after that, they like to die,  
Why, what care I? I. LETTSON.'

Sir Richard Blackmore, like Hill, was ambitious to combine poetry with physic; and was dealt with no less severely by the popular weapon. An anonymous octrain (of which the first six lines are weak) ends with this climax, which reads much better alone:

'Such shoals of readers thy dull drossian kills,  
'Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy pills.'

This, again, has escaped Mr. Booth, though he has given his readers another, on the subject of Sir Richard's unfortunate poem of 'Job'—a kind of poetical paraphrase of the Scripture original:—

'Poor Job lost all the comforts of his life,  
And hardly saved a postbed and a wife;  
Yet Job blest Heaven; and Job again was blest;  
His virtue was assayed and bore the test,  
But, had heaven's wrath poured out its fiercest visit—  
Had he been thus bylesqued,—without denial,  
The patient man had yielded to the trial;  
His pious spouse, with Blackmore on her side,  
Must have prevailed—Job had blasphemed and died.'

We do not know where the compiler got this from, nor does he give any author's name; there were a whole volley of contemporary squibs flying about the head of this unlucky translator, who had got himself into bad odour with the licentious wits of his day by employing his pen against the immoralities of the stage. This drew upon him the wrath of Dryden, Sedley, Swift, and others; and his reputation has suffered rather unfairly in consequence; for the jests against his professional skill were unfounded, whatever may be thought of his poetry. A volume was actually published in 1700, in which the squibs upon him were all collected under the title of 'Commerciatory Poems, &c.' Here is another of them which we have met with, as good, perhaps, and also anonymous:—

'When Job contending with the devil I saw,  
I did my wonder, but not pity, draw;  
For I concluded that, without some trick,  
A saint at any time could match old Nick.

Next came a fiercer fiend upon his back—  
I mean his wife with her infernal back;  
But still I did not pity him, as knowing  
A crab-tree cudgel soon would send her going.

But when this quack engaged with Job I spied,  
Why, Heaven have mercy on poor Job, I cried,  
What wife and Satan did attempt in vain,  
The quack will compass with his murdering pen,  
And on a dunghill leave poor Job again;  
With impious doggerel he'll pollute his theme,  
And make the saint against his will blasphemous.'

Coleridge's epigram upon Job's wife is printed in the book before us, and is perhaps less generally known than some others:

'Sly Belzebub took all occasions  
To try Job's constancy and patience;  
He took his honors, took his health,  
He took his children, took his wealth,  
His camels, horses, asses, cows—  
Still the sly devil did not take his spouse—  
But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,  
And loves to disappoint the devil.'

Had pre-determined to restore  
'Two-fold of all Job had before—  
His children, camels, asses, cows:—  
Short-sighted devil, not to take his spouse!'

The germ of this lies where very many good things lie unsuspected, and are occasionally dug out and made use of with very little acknowledgment—in the writings of St. Augustine; and has been used by Donne in one of his remarkable sermons, where Coleridge probably found it. The old divine's 'improvement' of the passage bears any epigram that ever was founded on it:—

'Miseri cordem putatis Diabolum,' says that father, 'qui ei reliquit uxorem?' Do you think that Job lighted upon a merciful and good-natured devil, or that Job was he holden to the Devil for this, that he left him his wife? 'Noverat per quam deceperat Adam,' says he; 'suam reliquit adjutricem, non marito consolationem;' he left Job a helper, but a helper for his own ends."

We must have done with the physicians, only quoting some more recent lines, neat but not over-complimentary, upon the trio who were in attendance on poor George III:

'The King employs three doctors daily,  
Willis, Heberden and Baillie;  
All exceedingly skillful men,  
Baillie, Willis and Heberden;  
But doubtful which most sure to kill is,  
Baillie, Heberden, or Willis.'

Law escapes these satiric rhymers better than physic. No doubt the lawyers were able to hold their own against the world in this as in other matters. Two or three clever things of Sir George Rose are given in Mr. Booth's book; but there are, we suspect, some still better in private circulation, perhaps rather too personal on contemporaries to be suitable for publication. The following, though it deals with names well known at the bar, is good-humored enough, as well as clever. It purports to be 'The History of a Case shortly reported by a Master in Chancery':

'Mr. Leach made a speech,  
Angry, neat, but wrong—  
Mr. Hart, on the other part,  
Was proxy, dull, and long.

Mr. Bell spoke very well,  
'Though nobody knew what about,  
Mr. Trower talked for an hour,  
Sat down fatigued and hot.

Mr. Parker made the case darker,  
Which was dark enough without,  
Mr. Cooke quoted his book,  
And the Chancellor said—"I doubt it!"

Of course the Chancellor was Lord Eldon. But the Editor should have given the sequel. His Lordship soon after decided a case against Rose, and looking waggishly at him, said, 'In this case, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor does not doubt!' Mr. Booth has omitted one (or rather two) of the very best epigrams which touch upon the gentlemen of the long robe. We thought the lines were very well known, and they have certainly appeared more than once in print, as a proposed 'Inscription for the Gate of the Inner Temple':

'As by the Templars' holds you go  
'The Horse and Lamb, displayed  
In emblematic figures, show  
'The merits of their trade.

That clients may infer from thence  
How just is their profession—  
'The Lamb sets forth their innocence,  
'The Horse their expedition.

'Oh happy Britons! happy ide!  
Let foreign nations say,  
Where you get justice without guile,  
And law without delay.'

The reply is equally good:

'Deluded men, these holds forego,  
Nor trust such cunning elves;  
These artful emblems serve to show  
'Their clients, not themselves.

'Tis all a trick; these are but shams;  
By which they mean to cheat you;  
But have a care—for you're the LAMBS  
And they the wolves that eat you.

Nor let the hope of no delay  
'To these their courts misguide you;  
'Tis you're the slow Horses, and they  
'The rogues that would ride you.'

The Universities have had their wits and their butts in at least as great abundance as the Courts of Law. Especially was this likely to be the case in a society like Oxford, which maintained upon its staff, for many years, a sort of licensed jester, under the name *Terra Pillus*, whose office was, at the 'Bachelor's Commencement,' to satirise, with the most unbounded license, all the recognized authorities. We feel sure that the Oxford social records might have supplied a collector of this literary smallware with some very tolerable specimens; and we hardly think that Mr. Booth can have availed him-



sell as fully as he might have done of the current witticisms of his own University of Cambridge. He gives us only a few of Porson's, and these not his best. For instance, we might at least have had that poem upon Harman's scholarship, in the English dress which the Professor gave it:

The Germans in Greek  
Are sadly to seek;  
Not five in five-score,  
But ninety-five more;  
All except Hermann—  
And Hermann's a German

Of Oxford epigrams, we have a single modern specimen, by a living Professor of well-known conversational powers, and a more ancient one, we suppose by a wit of the same college, on Dr. Evans (he was Bursar of St. John's, as the editor should have explained) cutting down a row of fine trees there:

'Indulgent Nature on each kind bestows  
A secret instinct to discern its foes;  
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;  
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from rocks;  
Evans the gallows as his fate foresees,  
And bears the like antipathy to trees.'

These, with Dean Aldrich's 'Five Reasons for Drinking,' are all that he has gathered from the banks of Isis. There must surely be others of modern date current in the Oxford Common Rooms, which might have been recovered without much trouble, for a publication like this, and which would have been better worth printing than some which have found a place there. We subjoin two or three which may be new to non-academical readers. It was suggested, some little time ago, to alter the cut of the commoners' gowns—proverbially ugly. This produced the following:—

'Our gownsmen complain ugly garments oppress them;  
We feel for their wrongs, and propose to redress them.'

An alteration having been made in the statutory exercises for divinity degrees, by which two theological essays were required in future from the candidates, the following was circulated in 'congregation':—

'The title D.D. 'tis proposed to convey  
To an A double S for a double S.A.'

The honorary degree of D.C.L. having been declined by a distinguished officer, on account of the heavy fees at that time demanded, his refusal was thus set forth:

'Oxford, no doubt you wish me well,  
But prudence let me be;  
I can't, alas! be D. C. L.  
Because of U. S. D.'

This, again, on a proposal to lower the university charges upon degrees conferred by what is termed 'accumulation' (i.e., when two steps are taken at once,) is remarkably neat:—

'Oxford, beware of over-cheap degrees,  
'Nor lower too much accumulators' fees;  
Least—unlike Goldsmith's—'land to its prey'—  
'Men' should 'accumulate,' and 'wealth' 'decay.'

All these are, we believe, from the same 'well-known hand,' as the old collectors would have phrased it; flashes of the pleasant humor which, in all generations, has marked the lighter hours of scholars. As these are the latest, so the following is among the earliest which has come down to us; it will be found amongst the epigrams of John Heywood, of Broadgate Hall (now Pembroke College,) circa 1550. He is said to have been the only person who could draw a smile from gloomy Queen Mary. So far as the point of the epigram is concerned, it might have been written yesterday:

'Alas! poor fardingles must lie in the streets,  
To house them no door in the city is meet;  
Since at our narrow doors they in cannot win,  
Send them to Oxforde, at Broadgate to get in.'

The following can scarcely be reckoned amongst collegiate witticisms, its birth having been extra-academic. It is given by the editor with just enough of its history to give it interest—a course which, if adopted in the case of some other epigrams in the book, would have well repaid in value the addition to its bulk:—

'George II. having sent a regiment of horse to Oxford and at the same time a collection of books to Cambridge, Dr. Trapp wrote the following epigram:—

'Our royal master saw with heedful eyes  
The wants of his two Universities:  
'Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why,  
'That learned body wanted loyalty;  
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning;  
That that right loyal body wanted learning.'

An epigram which Dr. Johnson, to show his contempt of Whiggish notions which prevailed at Cambridge, was fond of quoting; but having done so in the presence of Sir William Browne, the physician, was answered by him thus:—

'The King to Oxford sent his troop of horse,  
For Tories own no argument but force:  
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,  
For Whigs allow no force but argument.'

Johnson did Sir William the justice to

say, 'It was one of the happiest extemporaneous productions he ever met with;' though he once comically confessed that he hated to repeat the wit of a Whig urged in support of Whiggism.

The book is poor, too, in those scholastic epigrams of which a good many were in circulation in more scholarly days. We have, indeed, Porson's upon poor Dido, 'di-do-dum,'—which is rather schoolboyish, after all; but there is a much better one upon the same lady, which we remember to have seen somewhere in print, with the name of the reputed author:

'Virgil, whose magic verse enralls  
(And where is poet greater?)  
Sometimes his wandering hero calls  
Now *Pais*, and now *Pater*;

But when, prepared the worst to brave  
(An action that must pain us)  
He lends fair Dido to the cave,  
He calls him '*Dus Trajanus*.'

Why did the poet change the word?  
The reason plain is, sure;  
'*Pius Aeneas*' were absurd,  
And '*Pater*' premature.'

Some sort of historical arrangement of epigrams might (like a good collection of caricatures) throw an amusing light upon contemporary history; and we should like to see a careful collection attempted on this principle. One of the best of these quasi-historical 'jeux d'esprit,' in the collection before us is new to us, and may be so to many of our readers:—

ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT, PASSED 1772

Quoth Dick to Tom: 'This Act appears  
Absurd, as I'm alive:  
To take the crown at eighteen years  
The wife at twenty-five.'

'The mystery how shall we explain'  
For sure, as well 'twas said,  
'Thus early if they're fit to reign,  
They must be fit to read.'

Quoth Tom to Dick, 'Thou art a fool  
And little know'st of life;  
Alas! 'tis easier far to rule  
A kingdom, than a wife.'

These kind of gatherings, trifling as they are, are pleasant dalliance for the student of national history, and may even help to impress the dry facts upon his memory. We remember Addington's short-lived Administration all the better, if we chance to associate with it the witty French epitaph suggested for him:—

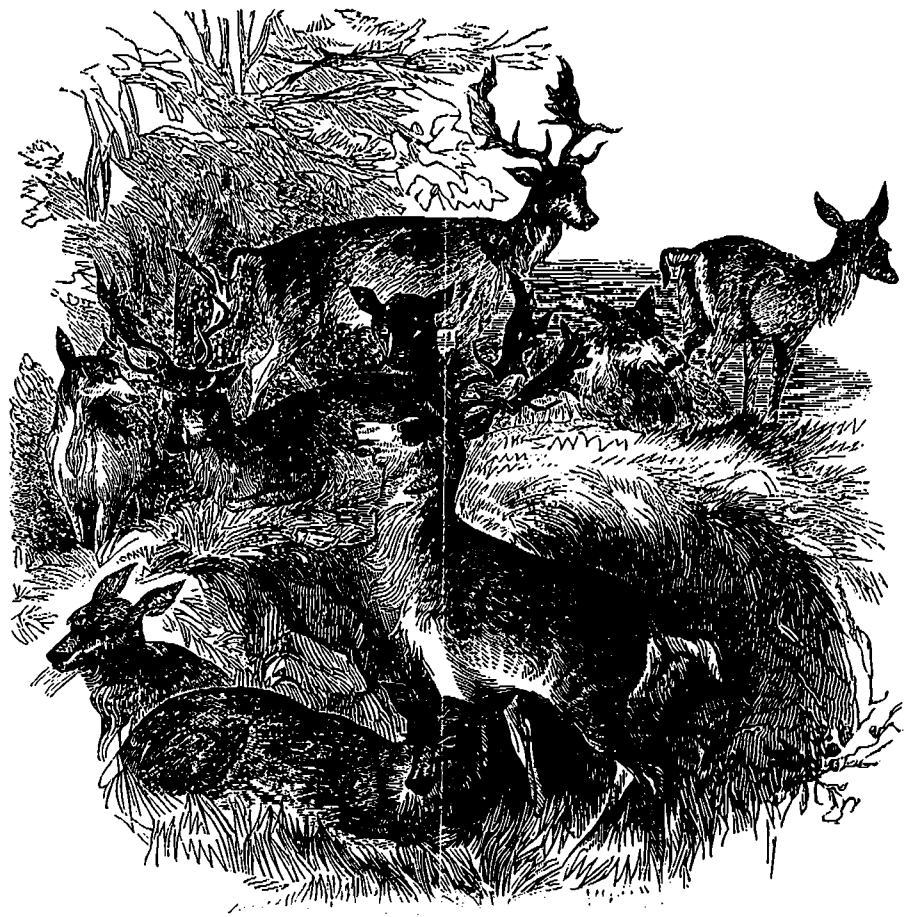
'Ministre soi-distant, *Abdcain malgre lui*.'

It would be very easy to add to the few given in this little book. That of the Anti Jacobin, on the Paris 'Loan upon England,' should at least have found a place. [That was when England was to be invaded by France, and Paris merchants loaned money on a speculation, to be repaid to them when the army of France reached London.—*En. C. I. N.*]

'The Paris eits, a patriotic band,  
Advanced their cash on British freehold land;  
But let the speculating rogues beware:  
'They've bought the skin—but who's to kill the bear?'

The times that followed the Revolution of 1688 were perhaps the great age of what we may call historical epigrams. The bitterness of political hostility found vent in satiric verse, as well as in other less harmless outlets; and those who concealed their Orange or Jacobite feelings from motives of self-interest, often indulged themselves with handing about this kind of political weapon, which was sometimes claimed by the authors in safer days. William on the one hand, and good Queen Anne on the other, were unfailing subjects. But the epigrams of that day had more rancour than wit; and even in the best, their coarseness generally forbids quotation. Swift's were, of course, the wittiest, and the least decent. None were so happy, and few so delicate as that little epigram of his in prose, when it was suggested for the new king's coronation motto, '*Recepti non rapui*,' and the Dean rejoined that he supposed the translation was, 'The receiver is as bad as the thief.'

The Duke of Marlborough, with his wavering allegiance, his penurious habits, and his uxorious fondness for his termagant Sarah, came in for a large share of this questionable literary homage. Swift's epitaph upon him (Booth, p. 58) is too long for quotation, and there are more serious objections to some others which do not want for point.—His new palace of Blenheim was ridiculed in strings of couplets, bad and good. One of the best is not in this collection; on the high arch over the little brook in the park:



GROUP OF FALLOW DEER, (CERVUS DAMA.)

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

'The lofty arch his high ambition shows;  
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.'

In order to understand the violence displayed in the language of some of those effusions, it is necessary to understand thoroughly the relations between the parties, and the provocation which had been sometimes given. An epigram on Lord Cadogan by Bishop Atterbury, given in the collection before us, will strike the reader as mere rabid abuse, unless he remembers the circumstances which called it forth, which should certainly have accompanied it by way of explanation. It ends thus:

'Ungrateful to thy ungrateful men he grew by—  
A bold, bad, boisterous, blustering, bloody booby.'

Atterbury had been imprisoned in the Tower, on a very well founded charge of treason.—Such cases were embarrassing to the ruling powers; and in the royal drawing-room the question had been mooted, 'What was to be done with the man?' Cadogan was present, and replied, 'Throw him to the lions.' The brutality of the suggestion may excuse the Bishop's retaliation. [The National Collection of lions, tigers, and other wild beasts was then kept in the Tower.—*En. C. I. N.*]

A contemporary epitaph on Bishop Burnet shows how the rancorous spirit of party pursued the dead with a bitterness which is really horrible, even if we charitably hope it was meant half for jest:

'If Heaven is pleased when sinners cease to sin,  
If Hell is pleased when sinners enter in,  
If men are pleased at parting with a knave,  
Then all are pleased—for Burnet's in his grave.'

Perhaps the best of the Jacobite epigrams is one which Mr. Booth has not given:

'God bless the King! God Bless the Faith's Defender!  
The Devil take the Pope and the Pretender!—  
Who the Pretender is, and who the King—  
God bless us all, is quite another thing.'

The modern definition of an epigram implies that it should have a spice of malice. We have adopted the Roman notion of it, contained in the Latin distich, which the editor takes as the motto for his preface.

'Omne epigramma sit instar apis; sit aculeus illi,  
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui.'

Of which he adds a rather washy translation, and which is perhaps rather difficult to translate; sooner than risk the attempt ourselves, we will give one which we find in an old miscellany, and which is at least more concise than Mr. Booth's:

'The quantities three in a bee that we meet,  
In an epigram never should fail;  
The body should always be little and sweet,  
And a sting should be left in its tail.'

But the original meaning of an epigram is quite a different thing, as Mr. Booth observes; it was merely an inscription, usually short, inasmuch as it was to be engraved on

an altar, temple, or monumental tablet; and far from being personal, it was usually laudatory or simply commemorative. The well known inscription at Thermopylae was one of the earliest and best which have come down to us: 'Go, traveler, tell it in Sparta that we lie here in obedience to her laws.' Even when the Greeks extended the term to something more like our modern use of it—a few short, pithy verses with some special point in view—they did not consider that a 'sting' was any necessary part of it.

THE HAUNT OF THE FALLOW DEER.

The haunt of the Fallow Deer,  
Of the creature wild and free,  
By the waters flowing clear,  
And the stately forest tree,  
Where the air is cool and sweet,  
And all is calm and still,  
And Nature in her green retreat  
Sits throned, and fears no ill.

The haunt of the Fallow Deer,  
Amid the bosky dells,  
Where the Blackbird whistles near  
To the Foxglove's purple bells;  
Where the Rabbit loves to sport  
The bracken tall amid,  
And the Valley Lilly holds her court,  
By grasses tall half hid.

The haunt of the Fallow Deer,  
Beneath the giant Oak,  
Where sounds no hunter's cheer,  
Nor echoes woodman's stroke;  
Where the Wild Thyme scents the gale,  
And the azure Heath-bell swings,  
And twinkling feet in the moonlight pale  
Dance round the fairy rings.

The haunt of the Fallow Deer,  
By the lonely woodland spring,  
Where the Bullrush lifts its spear,  
And the Honeyuckles cling;  
Where waves the ferny Fern,  
And the sunshine falls in gleams,  
That ever shift, and change, and turn,  
Like the shapes that people dreams.

The haunt of the Fallow Deer,  
By the moorland spreading wide,  
Amid whose herbage sere  
The red Grouse loves to hide,  
Where the Fox barks from the hill,  
And the Owl hoots through the night,  
And the glossy Blackcock croweth shrill  
To hail the morning light.

The haunt of the Fallow Deer,  
From cities far away,  
Where twining roots appear,  
Like serpents in their play;  
Whereby are leafy nooks,  
And mossy beds for rest;  
Oh, throbbing brows and troubled looks,  
Here cease your weary quest.

## NOTES ABOUT DEER.

Deer in Zoology, or the scientific classification of animals are termed cervidae.—They are a family of solid-horned ruminants, the horns caducous and belonging generally speaking to the male only.

In the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons is a section of a part of the os frontis and of the base of a Fallow deer's horn (*cervus dama*) the growth of which is nearly completed. It shows the bone to be a continuation of horn from the outer table of the skull and the velvet-like covering of the horn to be equally continuous with the integuments of the head. It shows also the burr, or pearl which has been formed round the base of the horn, and illustrates the effect of this part on the growth of the horn.

In the formation of the burr which is the last part of the process, and takes place rapidly, the osseous tubercles of which it is composed are projected outwards, and by their pressure induce absorption of the vascular external covering, and increasing at the same time laterally, they enclose and compress the blood vessels, thus in a short space of time the circulation is entirely obstructed, and consequently the whole of that once very vascular and sensible tegument loses its vitality, dries, shrinks, and peels off, leaving the horn a naked insensible weapon.

The rapidity with which this firm mass of bone is secreted is worthy of note. The budding horns of a male Wapiti, or Red deer of Hudson's Bay Territory, as described by Richardson, were several inches high in ten days from their first appearance; and a month afterwards there was an interval of two feet between them, measuring from branch to branch.

It is in the spring generally that the reproduction of the horn is begun. From the place where the old horn has separated and which at first is apt to bleed, but soon is skinned over with a fine film, the new horn sprouts. At this time there is a strong determination of blood to the head, great in proportion to the demand for such an enormous and ultimately solid secretion. The vessels from the roots swell, the vascular horn pushes up, protected by a delicate and soft covering. In this its early stage it is nearly cylindrical. Gradually the antlers appear; the whole 'head,' to use the sporting term, is developed and becomes of the firmest solidity. The animal feels its powers and rubs off the drying and decaying velvet, which may be seen at this period of his seasonal life, hanging from the horn in rugged strips, against trees and other resisting bodies, leaving at last the magnificent ornament and weapon with only the traces, on its now hard surface of the blood vessels which had produced it.

Then it is, the deer conscious of his strength, comes forth in all his grandeur, ready to battle with any creature, even man himself who may dare to invade his haunts. Fierce fights ensue, and the strongest male reigns paramount. The rutting season dies away, spring returns, the antlers are shed, again to be regenerated, in time for the season of love.

In the common stag or Red deer (*Cervus Elaphus*) the shedding of the horns takes place about the end of February or during March. The Fallow deer sheds his horns from about the middle of April to the two first weeks of May.

In the Stag, or Red deer, the horns of the male do not appear till its second year, and the first set which is shed are straight and single, like a small thrust sword or dagger, whence the young male is termed by the French 'dagnet.' The horns of the second set have generally but one antler, though sometimes two, and even three. The third set of horns has three or four antlers, and sometimes as many as five or six, which are also the numbers of the fourth set. Up to this time the male is called a young stag—*Jenne Cerf*. The fifth set of horns bears five or six antlers. The sixth set, which the stag sheds in his seventh year, is that which bestows upon him the appellation, 'full headed stag;' *cerf de dix cors* or 'stag with ten horns.'

## THE FALLOW DEER,

(Pictorial illustration on preceding page) the ornament of the English Parks, is the *Cervus Dama* of Linnaeus; the *Cervus Placeros* of Ray; the *Cervus Palmatus* of Klein; the *Cervus Vulgaris* of Gesner.—These are more strictly Zoological terms.—The names of this admirable creature among ancient and modern nations are:

In ancient British, (hence the names of places where deer abounded in the olden forests of England, and of persons who have

taken names or titles from those places, or from a supposed resemblance of persons to the animal) are:

Hydd, buck; Hyddes, doe; Elain, fawn. In French: Le Dain, buck; La Daine, doe; Faon, fawn.

In Italian: Daino, buck; Damma, doe; Cerbietto, or Cerbiotta, fawn.

In Spanish: Gama, Corza, buck and doe; Venadito, fawn.

In Portuguese: Corza, buck; Veado, fawn.

In German: Dauhirsch. In Swedish: Dof, Dof Hjort. In Danish: Daac, Dijn.

Pennant, an old English authority, writing of the two varieties, the spotted and the deep brown, says they were introduced into Britain by James I, from Norway, where he spent some time when he visited his intended bride, Anne of Denmark, and he remarks that one of the Welsh names of the animal, Geifr Danys, or Danish goat, implies that it was brought from some of the Danish dominions. James, who observed their hardness, brought them into Scotland, and thence to Enfield chase near London.

When Pennant wrote, they were, according to him, scarcely known in France, but were sometimes known in the north of Europe. In Spain, he said they were extremely large, and that they were met with in Greece, the Holy Land, and in China. Cuvier says they were found in all countries of Europe, and that they appear to have come originally from Barbary.

The true Stag, or Red Deer, is a native of all the forests of Europe and of North America. It is the Carw, stag; Kwig, hind; Elain, young, or calf, in ancient British. Le Cerf, stag; la Biche, hind; Faon, young, or calf, in French. Cervio, cervia, in Italian. Ciervo, cierva, in Spanish. Hirsch, stag; Hinde, hind; Hinde Kalb in German.

In England the Red Deer is intimately blended with the old forest laws, and the popular ballads, and with ancient and modern stag hounds.

In North America the Red Deer is the Wapiti Stag, of Pennant; the Waskeewese, of Hutchins; the Elk, of Lewis and Clarke; the American Elk, of Lewis; Le Wapiti, of Cuvier; Red Deer, of the Hudson's Bay traders; La Biche, of the French Canadian voyageurs; the Wawaskeesho, Awaskees, and Moostosh, of the Cree Indians. It is also Le Cerf du Canada, of Cuvier, who makes it the *Cervus Canadensis* of Grmelin and Buffon. It may be the Stag of Carolina, as described by Lawson. There is hardly a doubt that it is the Stag of America, (*Cervus major Americus*), as described by Catesby. 'This beast, says the author last named, nearest resembles the European Red Deer in color, shape, and form of the horns, though it is a much larger animal and of larger make. Their horns are not palmated but round, a pair of which weighs upwards of thirty pounds. They usually accompany buffaloes, with whom they range in droves in the upper parts of Carolina, where, as well as in our other colonies they are improperly called Elks. (All the American States were then British Colonies, except what were Spanish and French.) 'In New England,' Catesby continues, 'it is known by the name of Gray Moose, to distinguish it from the true Elk, which they call the Black Moose. The French in America call this beast the Canada Stag.'—But other authors doubt if the Canada Stag be the same as the Red Deer of Europe.

The Roe or Roebuck, is another species of deer common to the forests of Europe.

The Reindeer is common to the countries of Europe and America bordering on the Polar regions.

In the interesting sketch of the Chateau de Bigot, printed on page 116 of this issue, [for which we are greatly obliged to its author, Mr. Lemoine, and additionally so to Mr. Alexander Durie, of Quebec, its pictorial illustrator,] it is stated that the Canadian Stag is now extinct in Lower Canada; but we presume the remark applies only to the forests of the Lower Province adjacent to Quebec.

## A GOOD DEED.

As a young clerk and friend were passing hastily through Bond street, one raw, chilly day in November, a few years ago, they saw, standing near the corner of India street, as they turned to go down to the wharf, a poor, old woman, thinly clad in a calico dress, tattered bonnet and shawl, holding on her arm a small basket, in which were a few uninviting-looking apples, which she vainly offered to the hurrying pedestrians who passed her. Her stockingless feet thrust into old slippers, she stood shivering in the keen, searching wind, as our two clerks drew near.

'Poor old woman!' said one as he ap-

proached the poor creature, and with a sudden impulse, he plunged his hand into his pocket, and grasping every cent it contained, threw it into the basket—the old woman's 'God bless you!' following on his way. His companion, who witnessed the act, ejaculated at the moment of its performance:

'Bill, you are a fool to throw your money away on street beggars.'

'Perhaps I am,' said the other, 'but I could not help it; she may be an impostor, but I do not believe it.'

The next day the matter was forgotten, and indeed might never have been remembered again had it not been brought to mind in the following manner:

The next summer, one day, as the young man was busy over his ledger in an inner counting-room at his employer's store, he was summoned to the outer office by the message that some one wished to see him. Going out he saw waiting a fine-looking sailor in nautical costume, who eyed him closely as he approached.

'Did you wish to see me, sir?'

'Is your name William?'

'Yes, sir, that is my name.'

'Blue eyes, light complexion, stands straight, speaks quick,' said the sailor, half soliloquizing. 'Yes, you must be the man, you look just like it.'

'Just like what?' said the young man, a little surprised.

'Why, I'll tell you. Overhaul your log, and tell me if you recollect seeing a poor, old woman, about ten months ago, shivering in the cold in Bond street, and trying to sell a few apples to keep her from starving, and you threw a dollar and a half in silver change into her basket and walked away—you did, didn't you? can you remember, can't you?' said the sailor with feverish anxiety.

Somewhat staggered by the questioner's eagerness, it was a moment before the young man could collect his thoughts, when he replied that he did recollect throwing some change into a poor woman's basket, but that the circumstance had passed from his memory.

'Ah, she hasn't forgotten!' said the sailor warmly, 'but do you recollect what the man who walked with you said?' he enquired.

'Why, yes, now that I recall the circumstance, I think that I do. He said, "Bill, what a fool you are to throw your money away."

'That proves it,' said the sailor joyfully, and dashing his hat on the floor, he seized the astonished man by the hand, with a hearty grasp, "God bless you, sir, you saved my mother's life, you did—I knew you must be the man," continued he to the astonished clerk, 'the moment I set my eyes on you: why, bless your honest heart, that poor old woman was my mother,' said the sailor, a big tear running over each cheek.

Drawing his guest aside, the clerk learned that he was second mate of a ship now in port; that he had been searching for his mother's benefactor for nearly three weeks, upon almost every wharf in that part of the city, that during his absence the winter before, he had been taken sick in a foreign port, his mother had met with misfortune, had heard nothing of him, and was deprived of the provision he had made for her support during his absence; that expecting to hear from him, she managed by various means to seek out a living, till the chill month of November found her without food, fire or clothing, and drove her to the street to procure them; that the handful of change which the young man threw into her basket procured her necessities till other means had reached her.

In answer to the clerk's inquiry as to what clue he had to direct him in his search, he replied:

'My mother marked you, sir, although you walked off so quickly, and her description of the color of your eyes and hair, and of your height are correct. Furthermore, she heard your companion call you "Bill," and say something about the wharf; so I have been to every store on the wharf where there were any Williams, and overhauled about two dozen "Bills," but didn't run alongside the true one till I found you, sir. There,' concluded the sailor, 'that's my yarn, I felt I could not rest till I thanked you, and that's what I have called to do.—My mother is well provided for now, and I am second mate of a ship. God bless you, sir, I will never forget your name, and may you never know what it is to be poor.'

And the sailor wrung the hand of his benefactor, whose heart glowed with the riches of the poor man's blessings as he departed.

Each day is a new life; regard it, therefore, as an epitome of the whole.

**THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.**—A pin and a needle, being neighbours in a work basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do:

'I should like to know,' said the pin, 'what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?' 'What is the use of your head,' replied the needle, rather sharply, 'if you have no eye?' 'What is the use of an eye,' said the pin, 'if there is always something in it?' 'I am more active and can go through more work than you can,' said the needle! 'Yes, but you will not live long.' 'Why not?' 'Because you have always a stitch in your side,' said the pin. 'You are a poor, crooked creature,' said the needle. 'And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back.' 'I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again.' 'I'll put your eye out if you touch me; remember your life hangs by a single thread,' said the pin. While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and, attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle. 'Well, here we are,' said the needle. 'We have nothing to fight about now,' said the pin. 'It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses.' 'A pity we had not come to them sooner,' said the needle. 'How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do.'

**PURE ENGLISH.**—It may be a question whether pure English should not be classed amongst the dead languages. Certain it is that we see and hear very little of it, and that what there is has slight appreciation. Yet it is a standing remark that "everyone writes well nowadays." Not so; but few, passing few, read critically. Few bear in mind the standards of English excellence, Addison, Middleton, Swift, Defoe. The only anchorage we have popularly left to pure English is the Bible, and our early divines derived their language from it as well as their truths, not in servile imitation of quaint forms of speech, but in the adoption of the simplicities of expression, great thoughts in brief words. But now there are two distinct languages heard from the pulpit, one drawn from the well pure and undefiled, the other in the following sermon, the Latinised, Frenchified, Americanised, slangified tongue of the day. Fluency is all that is necessary; let the thing flow easily and rapidly, and there is no scrutiny, no analysis. It passes with all the other adulterations, perhaps preferred by force of custom to the genuine thing.

**A WOMAN'S GROWTH IN BEAUTY.**—If a woman could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or re-opened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and coloring; and consequently to those, who never could boast of these, latter years give much more than they take away. A sensitive person often requires half a life to get used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference, both to its defects and perceptions, and to learn at last, what nobody could learn from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of consequence; that with good temper, sincerity, and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two latter only—any sort of body can, in time, be made useful, respectable and agreeable, as a traveling dress for the soul. Many a one who was plain in youth has thus grown pleasant and well looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find anybody not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

**NEVER COMFORTABLE.**—One of the wealthiest farmers on the Connecticut tells the following story:—'When I first came here to settle, about forty years ago, I told my wife I meant to get rich. She said she did not want to be rich but she wanted enough to make her "comfortable." I went to work and cleared up my land. I've worked hard ever since, and have got rich—as rich as I want to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they all have good farms. But my wife ain't comfortable yet.'

A gentleman of Norfolk, Va., had a fine negro, to whom he gave the privilege of hiring himself out and keeping one half the wages. A short time since the negro came home to his master to tell him that the man for whom he had been working wished to buy him and would give \$1,300 for him.

'Well,' said his master, 'what of that? I don't wish to sell.'

'But, you see, massa,' said Sam, 'I've had a cough for some time, and 'spees I'm gwine into desumption. I don't spect I shall last more'n two or three years, and I'd like to take dat man in I'

NOTES ON HORTICULTURE.

The fruit which is figured on this page was sketched by our artist from the different kinds growing on the trees, which with the trees were shown at the recent Exhibitions at Guelph, at Hamilton, and at Montreal. Exhibitions of fruit are as old as human society. But it was reserved for Canada to produce, as a branch of industry, trees covered with growing or fully grown fruit, in form so conveniently portable that they can be conveyed over miles of distance, and arranged within the buildings or tents as a prominent and beautiful feature in Horticultural exhibitions. Messrs. Bruce and Murray of Hamilton, C.W., and possibly others whose names have not reached us, have made this kind of culture a speciality. By the Guelph Herald, and the Gazette and Transcript, Montreal papers, we have occasionally seen notices of portable trees being exhibited while bearing fruit. They were products of the Hamilton Nurseries, though shown in distant places.

The climate at the south-west end of Lake Ontario is favorable to the growth and ripening of peaches in the open air; but only five miles backward they cease to be a certainty.

The proprietors of this journal have sent out a special artist to sketch from the trees as exhibited, or as growing in the gardens, and have several sketches in the hands of the engravers which will show the dwarf trees—peaches, apricots, figs, cherries, and

from peche or pecher, the latter having formerly been written persier by the French.

But the peach is not indigenous solely in Persia. It has been found growing wild in various parts of Turkey, the Caucasus, and Asia. It is found to thrive with very limited care in cultivation between the 30th and 40th degrees of longitude.

The peach withstands English winters if not very severe. And in America it lives and thrives abundantly where winters are more intensely cold, and the summers hotter than in England.

This is in conformity with a cardinal fact in nature, that all deciduous trees suffer less from severe frost in winter, when their wood is perfectly matured by summers sufficiently warm, than when grown in climates where they cannot enjoy that degree of summer heat which they are naturally adapted for, and which they require for the due formation of their tissues. Hence in Scotland or the north of England, young peach trees in the open ground are partially injured by a degree of frost which though of equal intensity, will not injuriously affect similar plants in the neighborhood of London.

The peach succeeds as a standard in most of the Northern States of America and in Italy. Its culture in Canada requires greater care. Hence the device of transplanting it into pots to be removed from the open air within the Canadian conservatories as the changing seasons may suggest.—

nadian Vitis Valpina, and Labrusca. The grape is a native of Canada, of all America, and of Greece, Persia and Asia, generally. In Syria bunches are found to weigh from 25 to 30 pounds. A bunch weighing 24 lbs. is large, yet such was grown on a dwarf vine by Mr. T. Buchanan, gardener to W. P. Maclaren, Esq., of Hamilton, and shown growing in its pot, with various others at the Exhibition of July 8th, 1863.

In 1781, a bunch of the variety of 'thick-skinned' white grapes, called the Syrian, was grown in the open air in the woods of the Duke of Portland, at Welbeck Abbey, Nottinghamshire, England, which weighed 19½ pounds. It was 21 inches long and 19 inches across the widest part. Modern travelers in Judea tell of wild grapes, the bunches of which measure 18 or 20 inches across.

When Jacques Cartier, the famous sea captain of St. Malo, first explored the waters of Lower Canada, he found the wild grapes growing abundantly on some of the islands, that of Orleans, near Quebec, being one. Hence, he named that Bacchus Island.

The Vitis Vulpina, by its name was probably that vine at which the fox of the old fable leapt, and leapt unsuccessfully to catch the sweet, the juicy bunches; but from which, when he could not reach them, he turned away and wisely consoled himself with the reproach of their being sour.

Query: Do foxes eat grapes if they can

America, and chief of these, the Province of Canada, he asks:

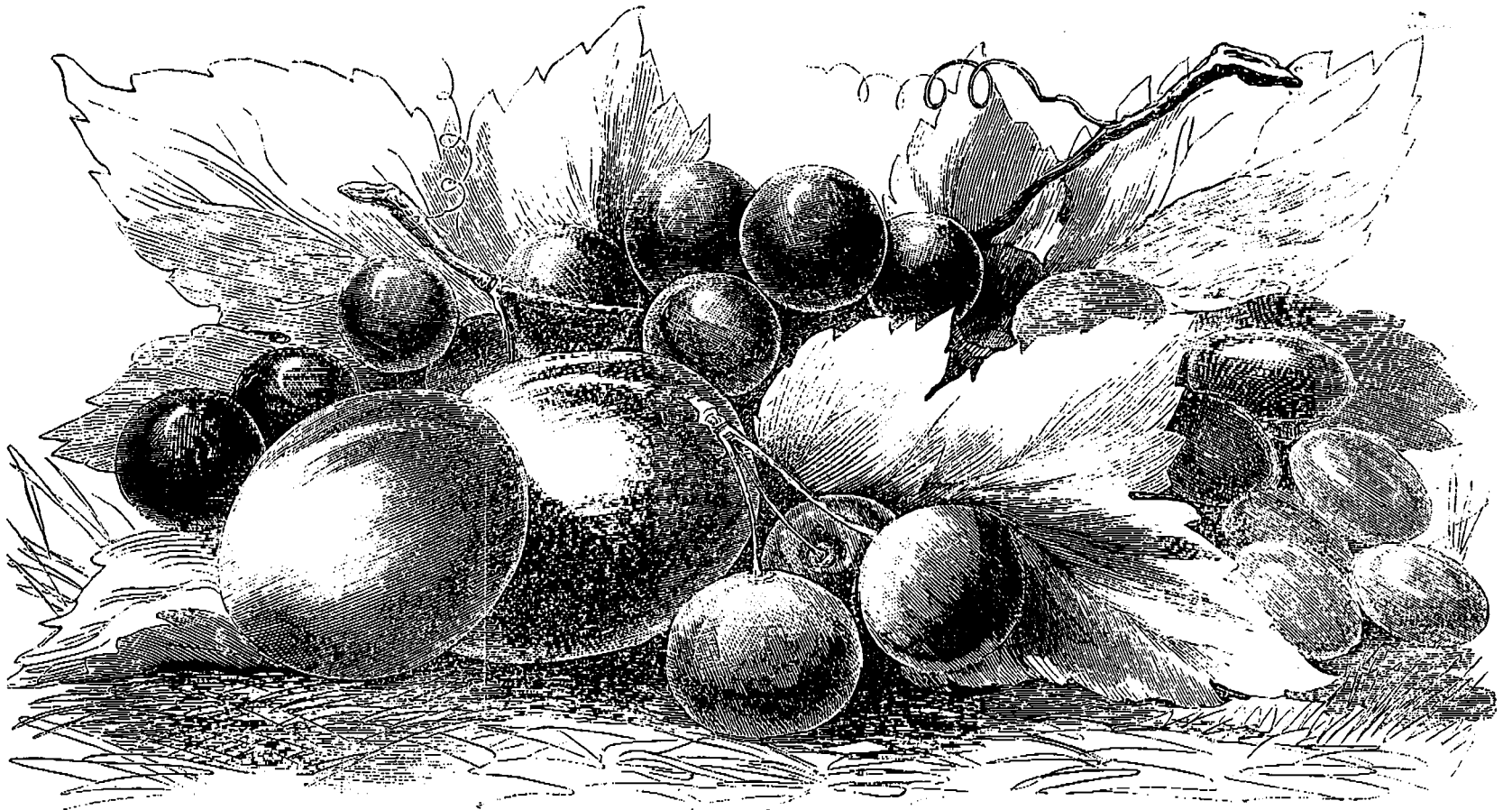
'Is it not clear that the troops trained by the old thirteen colonies, when the struggle came, were to a man enemies to the British Crown?'

'And is it not painfully apparent that as the result of the system you advocate the mother country lost all the advantages of her early colonization and trained rich and flourishing communities to regard her with feelings of hostility more implacable and undying than those that her government is called upon to confront in any other part of the world?'

[If this has any meaning it is that British America should separate from Great Britain.] Mr. Howe continues:

'I am truly amazed that a gentleman of your keenness of perception and great political experience, can be so self-deceived as to press, at this time of day, the adoption of a policy that, in every aspect in which we view it, has proved so disastrous.'

'Let us examine it in relation to finance. The cost of the first American war was £104,981,218. Simple interest at 3 per cent. on this sum would amount to £240,021,996. £50,000,000 were spent in the Second American War. The interest from 1815 to 1862 would be £117,500,000. Here we have then, in round numbers, the enormous sum of £616,784,432 which Great Britain has lost by training Colonies in the mode which you



TREES, LADEN WITH THESE FRUITS, WERE SHOWN WITHIN THE HALL AT THE HAMILTON EXHIBITION, JULY 8TH.

SKETCHED (NATURAL SIZE) BY THE SPECIAL ARTIST OF THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

grape-vines in their beautiful shapes, each of a size to be placed on a table within a room, yet covered with luscious, full-grown, full-flavored fruit.

The grapes, sketched for the picture, grew on two of the dwarf trees exhibited on the 8th of July, by Mr. T. Buchanan, gardener to W. P. Maclaren, Esq. Similar fruit was exhibited on its vine by David Allan, Esq., at the Guelph Exhibition. The figure of the peach which shows largest in the picture was sketched from a richly laden tree exhibited by Mr. Murray, gardener to John Young, Esq., of Hamilton. The cherries were exhibited by Mr. Hugh Shaw, gardener to Richard Juson, Esq.

The Editor will give a narrative of 'Hours among the Gardens and Nurseries' in an early number, or as soon as the engravings are completed. Should correspondents, in any part of Canada, be pleased to send correct figures, and reliable descriptions of remarkable plants, or flowers, or fruit, they will oblige greatly.

PEACHES.—The peach tree, (in Botany Amygdalus Persica or Persica Vulgaris) is supposed to be a native of Persia. It was known to the Romans, and brought to Italy where it became distinguished by the name of Persica, and that name it still retains, under various modifications, in the different countries of Europe, and in America including our own Canada. Thus, peach is derived

Where the average summer heat is 70 or the warmest month above 75, as is the case in the south of Europe, at New York, and on the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, the 'melting' varieties of the peach do not possess that rich succulence which they acquire against a south wall under the more moderate summer heats of the climates of London or Paris. On the contrary, the 'firm fleshed,' or 'Clingstone' peaches, which are little esteemed in Britain, are preferred in the countries bordering on both sides of the St. Lawrence and the lakes.

APRICOTS.—The native country of the apricot is unknown. The old English name was a-precoke, derived from the French, which again was Arabic. By the Romans it was termed Armeniaca, from whence probably they traced it to Armenia. Some French writers have alleged it to be a native of the oases, (the green spots,) met with in the deserts of Egypt. Mr. Royle, a distinguished botanical traveler and writer on the Himalaya Mountains of India, found it growing plentifully in Cashmere. It was also found growing wild and luxuriant in the mountains of Cabool by British military officers in the memorably unfortunate campaigns of 1839-'40 and '41.

GRAPES.—The grape is exclusively the fruit of Vitis Vinifera. The fruit of several other species of Vitis possess some merit as wine grapes, such as the American and Ca-

get them? Let some one make a note of this query and reply.

TORONTO FRUIT GROWERS.—The Fruit Growers' Association held a meeting at Toronto on the 15th instant, at which valuable information was exchanged by practical growers, as to the qualities of different strawberries, gooseberries, and some other fruits and plants.

The report came under our notice too late in the week for insertion in this number, but it will be referred to again. We may now remark, however, that the Triomphe de Gand, a plant which with its fruit, had stood for its portrait to our artist, and was published in the Canadian Illustrated News of July 11, No. 9, was commended at Toronto by all the growers present. So also Wilson's Albany. In our picture one berry, the large one in the upper right hand corner, was put in, but did not belong to the other group. It was a berry from the La Constant, a variety new to Canada.

HON. JOSEPH HOWE,  
PREMIER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Some comments on the pamphlet, written and printed and suppressed by Mr. Howe in England in 1862, are printed on page 110. Addressing Mr. Adderley an English M. P., but in reality the colonies of British North

recommend. Even if this country had assumed the task of defending the old colonial frontiers, of beating off the French, and occasionally chastising the Indians, enormous sums of money might have been saved. It is, perhaps, vain to speculate, at this late period, as to what might have been the results of a different system. Had timely concessions been made, had self-government been frankly conceded, had the British soldier been presented to the Colonial mind as the representative of order, and the friend of freedom, who can doubt that the first American War would never have occurred,—that the second, which grew out of the bitter feeling engendered by the first, might have been avoided. Even had a period arrived when political separation became a convenience or a necessity, it might have been arranged by friendly negotiation; and an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, would probably have insured freedom of commerce and perpetual amity and good will. The British troops might have been withdrawn, marching to their places of embarkation to the sound of merry music, and followed by the acclamations of the self-reliant communities whose early struggles they had shared, whose industrial development they had protected, whose liberties they had never menaced, whose blood they had never shed. Though it may be too late to specu-



late on what might have resulted from applying to the old Thirteen Colonies the system which now obtains, no man can deny that the old one, which you would substitute for the modern, bore nothing but bitter fruit, and is condemned by every page of our old Colonial History.

'Let us see, now, how the modern system works. Great Britain, to maintain her position as a first-rate European power, is compelled to keep up a respectable standing army. While Russia maintains a standing army of 486,000 men—and France, England's nearest neighbour, with a chief of unrivalled enterprise, sagacity, and soaring ambition at her head, can call into the field in a few days 680,000 men—could England, if she had not a Colony in the world, hold any but a very inferior European position

to assume the burden of their own defence in any wars that England might provoke. To enforce your policy would engender ill feeling, and ultimate separation. The boy who is asked to do a man's work, and is driven from the homestead because he lacks the strength, may still love the scenery which charmed his eye, and the old trees that shaded the threshold from which he was driven, but to expect him to love very much the brethren who expelled him, would be to hope rather more from human nature than is warranted by our experience of the world. The Provinces, once separated upon such an issue, there would be an end of friendship, of mutual sympathy, and co-operation.'

THE CITY OF HAMILTON.  
Official paper with the Financial propo-

due at the above date, new debentures be issued, payable in thirty years, such debentures to bear interest at the following rates: four per cent. per annum for the first period of ten years; five per cent. for the second period of ten years; and six per cent. for the third period of ten years.

Third—That a sinking fund be established by the contemplated act to commence after the expiration of ten years, of one per cent. per annum, and after twenty years of two per cent. per annum.

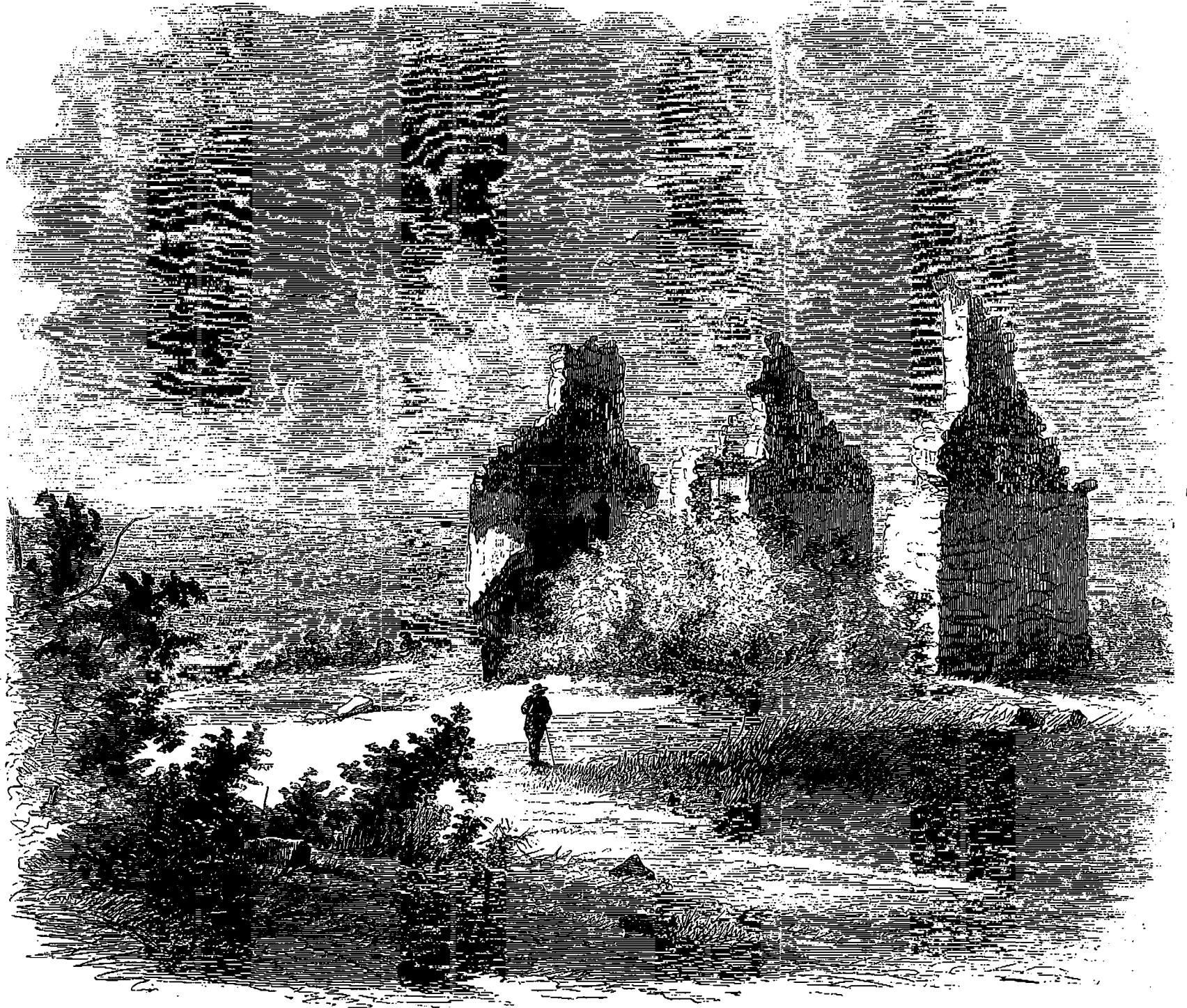
Fourth—That a special sinking fund for redemption of debentures amounting to \$150,000 secured by stock in the Great Western Railway of Canada be provided from all dividends received from that investment.

Fifth—That another special sinking fund

Her lord was true—yet he was false,  
False—false—as sin and hell—  
To former plights and vows he gave  
To one that loved him well."

(THE HERMITAGE.)

From time immemorial an antique and massive ruin, standing in solitary loneliness, in the centre of a clearing at the foot of the Charlesbourg Mountain, some five miles from Quebec, has been visited by the young and the curious. The lofty mountain to the north-west of it is called 'La Montagne des Ormes, and the Charlesbourg peasantry designate the ruin as 'La Maison de la Montagne.' The English of Quebec have christened it 'The Hermitage,' whilst to the



RUINS OF THE CHATEAU BIGOT, NEAR QUEBEC; A PLACE OF MYSTERY.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, BY ALEX. DURIE.

with an army of less than 100,000 in peaceful times? Could she defend her soil from intrusion and insult, in case of war, with less? If she could not, then the Army Estimates would not be much reduced even if she threw off her colonies to-morrow. The legions might come home, and the outlying portions of this great Empire might be left to drift into new alliances and hostile connexions, but the legions would be wanted to defend the British Islands, without the moral support or material aid of millions of human beings, ruthlessly severed from all active interest in their success, by being told that their friendship was not worth preserving.

'It is, then, folly to suppose that the Provinces, having no power to protect their interests by diplomacy, and no voice in determining the policy out of which hostilities may arise, would ever consent to keep up standing armies, to waste their revenues, and

sals, referred to in the Editorial article page 110.

The Standing Committee of Finance beg to submit the following report:

The Committee recommend the following propositions: That Robert Cassels, Esq., be deputed and authorised to act as Agent for this Municipality in endeavoring to effect an arrangement with the bond-holders and creditors of this City. That this Corporation will apply to the Legislature at the next session of Parliament for an act to give effect to any arrangement made by Mr. Cassels, such arrangement to be based on the following principles:

First—That the present debt of the city be consolidated up to the first day of July next, [last past.]

Second—That in lieu of the debentures issued and of coupons which will be over-

for the redemption of debentures amounting to \$773,300, secured by the City Water Works, be provided from all surplus arising from such works after deducting all expenses.

A VISIT TO CHATEAU-BIGOT;  
BEAUMANOIR.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, ESQ.

QUEBEC, June 4, 1863.

"Escorted 'mid trees this chateau stood—  
Mid flowers each aisle and porch;  
At eve soft music charmed the ear—  
High blazed the festive torch.

But, ah! a sad and mournful tale  
Was hers who so enjoyed  
The transient bliss of these fair shades—  
By youth and love decoyed.

French portion of the population it is known as Chateau Bigot or Beaumanoir.

It is believed that it was built and owned by a luxurious French gentleman who, some hundred years ago, held the exalted post of Intendant or Administrator under the French Crown, in Canada. In those days the forests which skirted the city were abundantly stocked with game; deer of several varieties, bears, foxes, perhaps even that noble and lordly animal now extinct in Lower Canada, the Canadian stag, or Wapiti, roamed in herds over the Laurentian chain of mountains and were shot within a mile of the Chateau St. Louis. This may have been one of the chief reasons why the French Lucullus erected the old castle, which to this day bears his name—a resting place for

himself and friends after the chase. The profound seclusion of the spot, combined with its beautiful scenery, would render it attractive during the summer months, even without the sweet repose it had in store for a tired hunter. Tradition ascribes to it other purposes, and amusements less permissible than those of the chase. A tragical occurrence enshrines the old building with a tinge of mystery, which only awaits the pen of a novelist to weave out of it a thrilling romance.

#### BIGOT, THE INFAMOUS.

Francois Bigot, thirteenth and last Intendant of the Kings of France, in Canada, was born in the Province of Guicme, and descended of a family distinguished by professional eminence at the French bar. Living at a time when tainted morals and official corruption flourished at Court, he seems to have taken his standard of morality from the mother country, and not from what existed in Canada: his malversations in office, his gigantic frauds on the treasury, his colossal speculations in provisions and commissariat supplies furnished by the French Government to the Colonies during a famine; his dissolute conduct and final downfall, are fruitful themes wherefrom the historian can draw wholesome lessons for his generation. Whether his Charlesbourg (then called Bourg Royal) castle was used as the receptacle of some of his most valuable booty, or whether it was a kind of Lilliputian 'Parc aux Cerfs,' such as his Royal master had, tradition does not say. It would appear, however, that it was built and kept up by the plunder wrong from sorrowing Colonists, and that the large profits he made by parings from the scanty pittance the French Government allowed the starving residents, were here lavished in riot and luxury.

#### THE FAMINE OF 1757.

In May, 1757, the population of Quebec was reduced to subsist on four ounces of bread per diem, one pound of beef, HORSE FLESH or COD-FISH, and in April of the following year this miserable allowance was reduced to one-half. 'At this time,' remarks our historian, Mr. Garneau, 'famished men were seen sinking to the earth in the streets through exhaustion.'

Such were the times during which Louis the XV's minion would retire to his Sardinian and sylvan retreat, to revel at leisure on the life-blood of the Canadian people, whose welfare he had sworn to watch over. Such were the doings in the Colony in the days of La Pompadour. The results of this misrule were soon apparent: the British leopard quietly and firmly placed his paw on the coveted morsel. The fall of Canada was at the time received in France 'without apprehension or regret,' to use the terms of Her Majesty's ministers, when its fate and possible loss were canvassed one century later, in the British Parliament.—Voltaire gave his friends a banquet at Ferney, in commemoration of the event; the court favorite congratulated Majesty, that since he had got rid of these 'fifteen hundred leagues of frozen country' he had now a chance of sleeping in peace; the Minister Choiseul urged Louis the XV. to sign the final treaty of 1763, saying that Canada would be 'un embarrass' to the English, and that if they were wise they would have nothing to do with it. In the meantime the red cross of St. George was unfurled over the battlements on which the lily-spangled banner of Louis XV. had proudly sat with but one interruption for one hundred and fifty years, and the infamous Bigot was provisionally consigned to a dungeon in the Bastille—subsequently, tried and exiled to Bordeaux; his property was confiscated, whilst his confederates and abettors, such as Varin, Beard, Maurin, Corpron, Martel, Estebe and others, were also tried and punished with fine, imprisonment and confiscation: one Penisseault, a government clerk, (a butcher's son by birth,) who had married in the colony, but whose wife accompanied the Chevalier de Levis, on his return to France, seems to have fared better than the rest.

#### THE RUINS IN 1863.

But to revert to the Chateau ruins, as I saw them on the 4th June, 1863:

I will try and be accurate in what I have to state:

After a ramble with some friends through the woods, which gave us an opportunity of providing ourselves with wild flowers to strew over the tomb of 'Fair Rosamond,' such as the Marsh Marygold, Clintonia, Uvularia, the Starflower, Veronica, Kalmia and Canadian Violets, we unexpectedly struck on the old ruin. One of the first things which attracted notice was the singularly corroding effect the easterly wind has on stone and mortar in Canada: the east gable being indented and much more eaten away than that exposed to the western blast. Of the origi-

nal structure nothing is now standing but the two gables and the division walls: they are all three of immense thickness, and certainly no modern house is built in the manner this seems to have been: it must have had two stories high, with rooms in the attic and a deep cellar: a communication existed from one cellar to the other through the division wall; there is also visible a very small door cut through the cellar wall of the west gable; it leads to a vaulted apartment some eight feet square: the small mound of masonry which covered it might have originally been effectually hidden from view by a plantation of trees over it. What could this have been built for? Was it intended to store some of the Intendant's plate or other portion of his ill-gotten treasures? Was it his mistress's secret and subterranean 'boudoir,' when the Intendant's lady visited the 'chateau?' 'Qu'en sabs?' Who can unravel the mystery? It may also have served for the foundation of the tower which existed when Mr. Papineau visited and described the place thirty-two years ago. The heavy cedar rafters, more than one hundred years old, are to this day sound; one has been broken by the fall, probably, of some heavy stones; there are several indentures in the walls for fire-places, which are built with cut masonry; from the angle of one a song sparrow flew out, uttering its anxious note. We searched and discovered the bird's nest, with five dusky eggs in it: how strange! in the midst of ruins and decay, the sweet emblems of hope, youth and harmony. What cared the child of song if her innocent offspring were reared amidst these mouldering relics of the past, mayhap a guilty past; she could teach them to warble sweetly, even from the roof which echoed the dying sigh of the Algonquin lady. Red alder trees grew rank and vigorous amongst the disjointed masonry, which had crumbled from the walls to the cellar; no trace existed of the wooden staircase mentioned by Mr. Papineau; the timber of the roof had rotted away or been used for camp-fires by those who frequent and fish the elfish stream which winds its way over a pebbly bottom towards Beauport—well stocked with small trout, which seem to breed in great numbers in the dam near the chateau. Those who fancy old ruins and wish to visit the Hermitage, are strongly advised to take the cart-road which leads from the Charlesbourg Church, turning up near the house of a man named Charles Paquet. Pedestrians will prefer the other route; they can in this case leave their vehicle at Mrs. Huot's boarding house, a little higher than the Church of Charlesbourg, and then walk through the fields skirting during a greater part of the road, the beautiful brook I have previously mentioned, but by all means let them take a guide with them. I shall now translate and condense from the interesting narrative of a visit paid to the Hermitage in 1831, by Mr. Amedee Papineau and his talented father, the Hon. L. J. Papineau, the legend which attaches to it:

AS DESCRIBED BY MR. AMEDEE PAPINEAU IN 1831.

"We drove," says Mr. Papineau, jun., 'with our vehicle to the very foot of the mountain, and there took a foot-path which led us through a dense wood; we encountered and crossed a rivulet, and then ascended a plateau cleared of wood, a most enchanting place; behind us and on our right was a thick forest; on our left, the eye rested on boundless green fields, diversified with golden harvests and with the neat white cottages of the peasantry: in the distance was visible the broad and placid St. Lawrence, at the foot of the citadel of Quebec, and also, the shining cupolas and tin roofs of the city houses; in front of us a confused mass of ruins, crenelated walls, embedded in moss and rank grass, together with a tower half destroyed, beams and the mouldering remains of a roof. After viewing the 'tout ensemble,' we examined each portion of the ruins in detail: every fragment was interesting to us: we, with difficulty, made our way over the wall, ascending to the upper stories, by a stair-case which creaked and trembled under our weight. With the assistance of a lighted candle, we penetrated into the damp and cavernous cellars, carefully exploring every nook and corner, listening to the sound of our footsteps, and occasionally startled by the rustling of bats which we disturbed in their dismal retreat. I was young and consequently very impressionable, I had just left college: these extraordinary sounds and objects would at times make me feel very uneasy. I pressed close to my father and dared scarcely breathe: the remembrance of this subterranean exploration will not easily be forgotten. What were my sensations when I saw a tombstone! the reader can imagine. Here we are at last! exclaimed my father, and echo repeated his words. Carefully did we view this

monument; presently we detected the letter C nearly obliterated by the action of time: after remaining there for a few moments, to my unspeakable delight, we made our exit from this chamber of death, and stepping over the ruins, we again alighted on the green sward; evidently where we stood had formerly been a garden; we could still make out the avenues, the walks and plots over which plum, lilac and apple trees grew wild.

#### STORY OF THE MURDERED MAIDEN.

'I had not yet uttered a word, but my curiosity getting the better of my fear, I demanded an explanation of this mysterious tomb-stone. My father beckoned me towards a shady old maple, we both sat down on the turf, and he then spoke as follows: 'You have, no doubt, my son, heard of a French Intendant, of the name of Bigot, who had charge of the public funds in Canada somewhere about the year of 1755—you have also read how he squandered these monies and how his Most Chris. in Majesty had him sent to the Bastille when he returned to France and had his property confiscated.—All this you know. I shall now tell you what probably you do not know. This Intendant attempted to lead in Canada the same dissolute life which the old 'noblesse' led in France before the French revolution had levelled all classes. He, it was, who built this country seat, of which you now contemplate the ruins. Here he came to seek relaxation from the cares of office; here he prepared entertainments to which the rank and fashion of Quebec, including its Governor General, eagerly flocked: nothing was wanting to complete the eclat of this LITTLE Versailles. Hunting was a favorite pastime of our ancestors, and Bigot was a mighty hunter. As active as a chamois, as daring as a lion was this indefatigable Nimrod, in the pursuit of bears and moose.

On one occasion, when tracking with some sporting friends on old bear which he had wounded, he was led over mountainous ridges and ravines, very far from the castle. Nothing could restrain him; on he went in advance of every one, until the bloody trail brought him on the wounded animal which he soon dispatched.

During the chase, the sun had gradually sunk over the western hills; the shades of evening were fast descending: how was the lord of the manor to find his way back? he was alone in a thick forest: in this emergency, his heart did not fail him; he hoped by the light of the moon to be able to find his way to his stray companions. Wearily he walked on, ascending once or twice a high tree, in order to see further, but all in vain: soon the unpleasant conviction dawned on him that, like others in similar cases, he had been walking round a circle. Worn out and exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he sat down to ponder on what course he should adopt. The Queen of Night, at that moment shedding her silvery rays around, only helped to show the hunter how hopeless was his present position.—Amidst these mournful reflections, his ear was startled with the sound of footsteps, close by: his spirits rose at the prospect of help being at hand; soon he perceived the outlines of a moving white object. Was it a phantom which his disordered imagination had conjured up? Terrified, he seized his trusty gun and was in the act of firing, when the apparition, rapidly advancing towards him, assumed quite a human form: a light figure stood before him with eyes as black as night, and raven tresses flowing to the night wind; a spotless garment enveloped in its ample folds this airy and graceful spectre. Was it a sylph, the spirit of the wilderness? Was it Diana, the goddess of the chase, favoring one of her most ardent votaries with a glimpse of her form divine? It was neither: it was an Algonquin beauty, one of those ideal types whose white skin betray their hybrid origin—a mixture of European blood with that of the Aboriginal race. It was Caroline, a child of love born on the shores of the great Ottawa river; a French officer was her sire, and the powerful Algonquin tribe of the Beaver claimed her mother.

The Canadian Nimrod, struck at the sight of such extraordinary beauty, asked her name, and after relating his adventure, he begged of her to show him the way to the castle in the neighborhood, as she must be familiar with every path in the forest. Such is the story told of the first meeting between the Indian beauty and the Canadian Minister of Finance and Feudal Judge in the year 1755—

The Intendant was a married man: his lady resided in the capital of Canada: she seldom accompanied her husband on his hunting excursions, but soon it was whispered that something more than the pursuit of wild animals attracted him to his country

seat: an intrigue with a beautiful creole was hinted at. These discreditable rumors came to the ears of her Ladyship: she made several visits to the castle in hopes of verifying her worst fears: jealousy is a watchful sentinel.

The Intendant's dormitory was on the ground floor of the building: it is supposed the Indian beauty occupied a secret apartment on the flat above; that her boudoir was reached through a long and narrow passage, ending with a secret staircase opening on the large room which overlooked the garden.

Let us now see what took place in this identical spot on the 2nd July, 1755—. It is night; the hall clock has just struck eleven; the silvery murmur of the neighboring brook, gently wafted on the night wind, is scarcely audible; the song sparrow has nearly finished his evening hymn, while the Sweet Canada bird from the top of an old pine merrily peals forth his shrill clarion; silence the most profound pervades the whole castle; every light is extinguished; the pale rays of the moon slumber softly on the oak floor, reflected as they are through the gothic windows; every inmate is wrapped in sleep, even Fair Rosamond, who has just retired. Suddenly her door is violently opened, a masked person with one bound rushes to her bedside, and without saying a word plunges a dagger to the hilt in her heart; uttering a piercing shriek, the victim falls heavily on the floor. The Intendant, hearing the noise, hurries up stairs, when the unhappy girl has just time to tell how she has been murdered, points to the fatal weapon, still in the wound, and then falls in his arms a lifeless corpse. The whole household are soon on foot: search is made for the murderer, but no clue is discovered: some of the inmates state they have seen the figure of a woman rush down the secret stairs and disappear in the woods about the time the murder took place: a variety of stories got in circulation; some pretend to trace the crime to the Intendant's wife, whilst others allege that the avenging mother of the Creole is the assassin. A profound mystery to this day surrounds the whole transaction. Caroline was buried in the cellar of the castle, and the letter C engraved on her tombstone, which, my son, you have just seen.

#### THE RUIN REVISITED.

I now visit this spot several years after the period mentioned in this narrative. I search in vain for several of the leading characteristics on which Mr. Papineau descants so eloquently: time, the great destroyer, has obliterated many traces. Nothing meets my view but mouldering ruins, over which green moss and rank weeds cluster profusely. Unmistakable indications of a former garden there certainly are, such as the outlines of walks over which French cherry, apple and gooseberry trees grow in wild luxuriance. I take home from the ruins a piece of bone: this decayed piece of mortality may have been a vertebra of the caudal appendage of a wild cat; it may also have formed part of Caroline's big toe, for aught I can establish to the contrary. Chateau Bigot brings back to my mind other remembrances of the past. I recollect reading that pending the panic consequent on the surrender of Quebec in 1759, the 'rank and fashion' of the city again crowded within its walls; this time not to ruralize, but to seek concealment until Mars had inscribed another victory on the British flag. I would not be prepared to swear that when Arnold and Montgomery had possession of the environs of Quebec, during the greater portion of the winter of 1775-6, some of those prudent English merchants (Adam Lyburner at their head) who awaited at Charlesbourg and Beauport, the issue of the contest, did not take a quiet drive to Chateau-Bigot, were it only to indulge in a philosophical disquisition on the mutability of human events; for in those days strange things came to pass.

On quitting these silent halls, from which the light of other days has departed, and from which the voice of revelry seems to have fled forever, I re-crossed the little brook already mentioned musing on the past. The solitude which surrounds the dwelling and the tomb of the dark haired child of the wilderness, involuntarily brought to mind that beautiful passage of Ossian relating to the daughter of Reuthomir, the 'white bosomed' Moira: 'I have seen the walls of Balcutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moira, silence is in the house. . . . Raise the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us; for one day we must fall.'



## MILITARY DESERTERS.

In an article in No. 8, we glanced at some of the apparently small things which make up national strength. In relation to soldiers deserting the British service and entering that of the United States, the following is both earnestly and sorrowfully submitted to the few faithless men who may be in the army in Canada:

**FATE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER IN THE AMERICAN ARMY.**—We learn from the Detroit Free Press that a Court Martial now sitting in that city, last week tried Wm. C. Frisbie, an orderly Sergeant in the Ninth Cavalry, on a charge of desertion. He was convicted and sentenced to be shot on the 20th June. Previous to his sentence he wrote some particulars of his case, from which it appears that he served in the British army for upwards of thirteen years, and left it in August last. His escape from England he describes as extremely difficult; but he succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the authorities both there and in Canada, passing from Montreal to Detroit under the disguise of a negro. He was offered a bounty of \$100 with the usual allowances, and was promised a good position in the Ninth Michigan Cavalry. These promises, however were not very faithfully kept. It was true he was an orderly Sergeant, but he never received the \$100, and more than this he lost a valuable watch and chain which he pledged to the Lieutenant of his company for a small sum of money, but could not succeed in redeeming it, although able to do so, as the Lieutenant gave out that the watch was his own property.

This Lieutenant, one Frederick Pistorious, then commenced to persecute his orderly Sergeant against whom he brought a very unjust charge, and he was reduced by Court Martial to the rank and pay of a private.—The persecution did not cease here, however, and stories which he says were wholly unfounded being circulated about him, he appealed to a general Court Martial. His appeal met with no response, and rather than suffer further injury he attempted to leave. He was caught in the act and placed in confinement, but escaped in two hours by undermining the building, using nothing but his hands to dig with. The next day he was again caught, and tried and convicted as above. He will bitterly regret now that he left the flag of Old England which would have secured him against such tyrannies as those to which he has since been subjected. In concluding this statement the unfortunate fellow says: 'I leave a family behind me dependent mostly upon me for support. By an extreme sentence, the land to which I fled for protection will thus be the means of proving my greatest bane.'

## MARRIAGE.

Marriage is the natural state of human kind. There can never be lasting good health without; it is an impossibility, except combined with criminal practices. A person may live in good health to the age of twenty-five, but if marriage is deferred beyond that, every month's delay is the letting out, more and more, the very essence of life, and the worm of certain disease and premature death burrows the more deeply into the vitals. On the other hand, marriage, not later than twenty-five prolongs life. It was for this reason, noticed some three thousand years ago, that the ancients dedicated a temple to Hymen, the god of youth; that is—to the deity that prolongs youth. Men and women get older more rapidly when they remain single, and die off more rapidly; the man, from falling into dissipated habits and irregularities; the woman, true to nature's instincts and living in her purity, grows less and less vivacious, and by slow degrees settles down in inaction, in feebleness and premature decline.

As long as a man is unmarried, he feels himself unfixed, unsettled; and keen business men consider him insecure, because he can any day pack up his trunk and disappear. The most magnificent swindlers in Wall street, those for the largest amounts were unmarried men.

There has always existed from very early ages, a general and almost instinctive prejudice against those who remain unmarried after thirty. Lycurgus legislated against celibacy, and Cato outlawed female celibates at twenty-five, and bachelors at thirty-five. It was decreed of the earlier nations, that the souls of those who died unmarried were doomed to eternal wanderings.

In the present state of society, if the daughter should be encouraged to marry at twenty-one, and the son at twenty-five, vigorous health and moral purity would be promoted thereby. Pride and cowardice join

in delaying marriages; but let the fearful statistics of the larger cities of the world tell the sad story of demoralization. In Milan there are thirty-two illegitimate out of every hundred children born; in Paris thirty-three, in Brussels thirty-five, in Munich forty-eight, in Vienna fifty-one.

Out of every hundred suicides, sixty-seven are single, thirty-three married.

Of the helpless insane, out of one hundred and seventy-two, ninety-eight were single; seventy-four married.

Celibacy is a constant cause of premature death. Of one hundred and twenty who are forty-eight years old, eighty will be married, only forty single men, only twenty will live to be sixty years old. Of one hundred married men, forty-eight will live to that. Of a dozen men of eighty years, nine will be married, three single. Not only marry young, but marry out of your family. The effects of marrying cousins, for example, even to the third degree, are fearful to contemplate. Of one hundred and forty cousin marriages in Dublin, there were one hundred deaf and dumb children. Dr. Buxton of Liverpool states that, in one hundred and nine such marriages, each family had one deaf and dumb child; 38 of them had two deaf mutes; in seventeen of them there were three; three had four; one had six; one had seven, and one had eight deaf mutes—that is, two hundred and sixty-nine children born deaf and dumb, to one hundred and nine cousin marriages. The consanguineous marriages in France are two per cent of the population. Of their children twenty-eight per cent, are deaf mutes in Paris, twenty-five at Lyons, thirty at Bordeaux; while as to the Jews, twenty-seven per cent of the offspring of such marriages are deaf mutes, one sixth per cent of Christian parents—Jews oftener marrying blood relations.

In England, where Bible teachings more than in any other country prevail, and discountenance consanguineous marriages, as well as private profligacy, only six per cent of such children born are deaf mutes, instead of thirty, as when the English do marry relations, they are more distant; and only six per cent, as the direct result of the teachings of that blessed book.—Hall's Journal of Health.

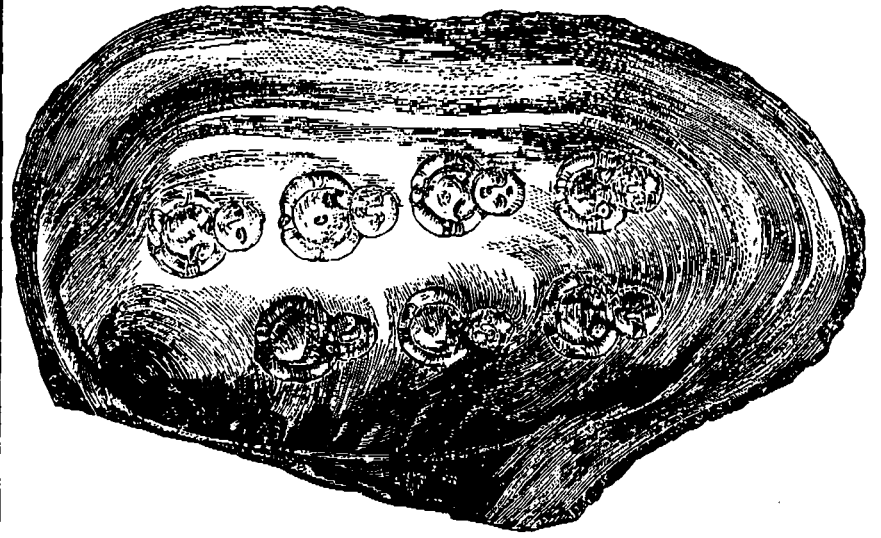
## MENTAL EXERCISES.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 89 letters.  
My 58, 78, 4, 24, 74, 64 is a River in Turkey.  
" 86, 54, 51, 21, 91, 11, 55, 14 is a River in Asia.  
" 9, 7, 67, 77, 38, 8 is a Town in Persia.  
" 49, 39, 59, 69, 76, 66, 18 is a Town in Prussia.  
" 10, 48, 47, 1, 61, 85, 25, 29, 20 is a County in Tennessee.  
" 88, 32, 12, 62, 22, 5, 65 is a Town in Italy.  
" 20, 23, 47, 57, 30, 26, 6, 82, 72, 79, 2, 52 is a Town in Russia.  
" 70, 31, 16, 37, 87, 9, 40 is a Town in England.  
" 47, 75, 33, 80, 28, 35, 63, 3, 27, 41 is a Town in Illinois.  
" 44, 71, 34, 46, 50, 60, 68 is a County in Georgia.  
" 13, 17, 48, 19, 42, 46, 45, 79 is a County in Michigan.  
" 43, 53, 83, 56 is a County in Arkansas.  
" 15, 84, 28, 73, 89 is a Canadian Island.  
My whole is a quotation from 'The Lady of the Lake.' J. J. M.

Here are two from Willie, of Brampton, which have perhaps cooled a little, but they are as fresh as if written yesterday:

I am composed of 39 letters.  
My 9, 24, 34, 19, 28, 15, 9 is a beautiful lake in Canada.  
" 11, 31, 26, 2, 6 is the name of my much esteemed friend.  
" 19, 6, 38, 16, 28, 6 was the King of England in 1273.  
" 35, 28, 13, 27, 37, 26, 4 is an island in the river St. Lawrence.  
" 21, 23, 32, 27 is the sweetest place on earth.  
" 8, 21, 16, 28, 13, 17, 4 was a brother to the Emperor Joseph and King of Spain.  
" 38, 21, 12, 4, 33, 27, 28 is to communicate from one to the other.  
" 22, 27, 37, 5, 14, 5, 7 is the name of a sister to the subject of this enigma.  
" 8, 7, 10, 19, 14 is the name of a gentleman in Brampton.  
" 38, 25, 9, 18 is an indispensable article provided by nature.  
" 38, 5, 13, 14, 2, 16, 32 is a fort on the Ottawa river.  
" 29, 30, 15, 20, 2, 3, 21, 7, 32, 19, 30, 15, 37, 16 is the garden possessions of the English nation.



CHINESE OYSTERS; ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

My whole is the name, and place of residence, of a young lady reader of the Canadian Illustrated News.

Brampton, June 13, 1863. WILLIE.

I am composed of 33 letters.  
My 24, 13, 19, 27, 23, 16, 21, 9 is a town in Peel county.  
" 20, 30, 3, 8 is the name of a flower.  
" 5, 23, 7, 23, 18, 26 is a girls name.  
" 14, 1, 28, 30, 25, 29, 10, 29, 17, 30, 18 is pretty extensively practised by the merchants of Canada.  
" 11, 12, 10, 1, 28, 17, 21, 9 is the name of a vessel on Lake Ontario.  
" 15, 2, 22, 4, 30, 13, 4 is to be found in the ladies' work basket.  
" 33, 6, 9, 32, 12 is a nick-name given to negro women.

My whole is the name, and place of residence of a young lady who wishes the correspondence of some intelligent young gentleman, with a view to matrimony.

Brampton, June 20, 1863. WILLIE.

To the Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News.

St. CATHARINES, July 7, 1863.

I have solved the enigma (in your last week's paper) composed of 40 letters, comprising the name, occupation, and home of a merry young gentleman, and find it to be 'Albert Whitmore, Merchant, St. Catharines, C. W.'

Yours truly, J. D.

CALVIN encloses one as follows.

I am composed of 24 letters.  
My 18, 9, 20, 11, 23 is the name of an animal.  
" 3, 21, 6, 15, 9, 4, 22 is the name of a county in Canada.  
" 15, 10, 20, 20, 21, 12 is the name of an M. L. C. in Canada.  
" 13, 17, 20, 2, 23, 14 is the name of an M. P. P. in Canada.  
" 12, 5, 14 is what we all do.  
" 1, 8, 21, 11, 14 is a game played frequently.  
" 7, 9, 16, 14, 9, 20 is a professional man.  
" 18, 12, 20, 19, 4, 7 is the name of a celebrated newspaper.  
" 16, 24, 11 is a name for him who cannot solve this enigma.  
The whole is the name of a hotel, and the town wherein situated. CALVIN.

## SOPHY'S ENIGMA, OF JULY 4.

The name, occupation, and home of a merry young gentleman, has been solved by J. D., of St. Catharines, Will of Hamilton, and lastly by De Santelvi, of Grimsby.—Each of them say the answer to Sophy's enigma is, 'John Albert Whitmore, merchant, St. Catharines, C. W.'

## THE INTERPRETRESS OF WILL OF BRAMPTON.

The last interpreter of Sophy, De Santelvi, continues: Just before closing my letter to you, I caught sight of another enigma, in the same number, and having a few hours to spare before mail closed, I determined to try to solve it also. The answer to the interpreter of Will of Brampton's enigma is, 'Mary Rose, near Guolph, C. W.'

We presume this solution is correct, but Miss Mary did not entrust us with the secret; nor, indeed, did Sophy with hers. Who comes next?

## ARTIFICIAL PEARLS,

AS MADE IN CHINA.

The manner of producing pearls by wounding the oyster is only practised in the Celestial Empire, in the neighborhood of Ning-po, and, until lately, very little was known of the manner in which they were formed; the account which was first published, it seems, by Sir Joseph Banks, having been looked upon as an imposition upon that distinguished naturalist, and was thus permitted to be forgotten.

It appears that the Chinese, engaged in this business gather the muscles in the months of May and June. They are brought in bamboo baskets a distance of twenty or thirty miles from the Lake Ta-hu, in the province of Kiang-su of Chi-keang.

Care is taken to select large and healthy specimens, and a few days are allowed them in their new depository, so that they may recover from the effect of transportation before they are brought into service. This accomplished, the muscle is taken out of the reservoir in which it is kept and carefully opened with a small knife or spatula, great care being taken not to wound the fish. The matrices for nuclei upon which the artificial pearl is to be formed are then introduced between the pallium or fleshy part of the fish and the inner part of the shell, and the mollusk is then returned to the reservoir.

These matrices are made of various forms and of different materials. Sometimes, as in the specimen given in our engraving, copper images of Buddha, cast in moulds, imitations of fish, flowers, and amulets. Sometimes pellets of clay are strung together on threads and introduced, but the best matrices are said to be made by introducing fragments of muscle shell which, in time, become round and smooth, and resemble very closely the genuine pearls.

These foreign substances being introduced literally into the flesh of the animal, it is found that the irritation from these foreign substances increases the pearly secretion of the fish, and the matrices are rapidly covered with a layer of nacre or 'mother of pearl.' When these ornaments are sufficiently coated to answer the purposes of trade, they are cut off from the shell and used as decorations, or in any way that may suit the fancy of the proprietor. The operation seldom fails of success, and affords the means of livelihood to a considerable number of people. Large quantities of the shells with the matrices adhering to them are carried to the port of Ning-po, and are bought by foreigners as curiosities. The shell which is given in an illustration, has upon its interior surface, as will be seen, quite a number of little copper figures of Buddha; they are well covered with the pearly secretion, and at a distance seem to be wrought out of the mother of pearl, yet possess a polished surface that indicates it could not have been given by any artificial means. The art is a new evidence of the ingenuity and cunning of the Celestials. Should the outside barbarians ever get into the empire, there is no doubt that many inventions that 'beat the Yankees' will be found common among those most peculiar people.

THE DIFFERENCE.—In ancient days the celebrated precept was 'Know Thyself'; in modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim:—'Know thy neighbor, and everything about him.'

## THE CROSS OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. J. V. KOEL,

Of Kingston, Canada West, author of the "Abbey of Baltimore," etc.

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER X.

On the night of the ball at General Davenport's, Sir Reginald Vivyan, accompanied by his friend Audley, made his appearance at a fashionably late hour, in the brilliantly-lighted entrance-hall of the nabob's residence. It was the first ball he had given since his arrival in London, and no pains were spared to render it the ball of the season. A suite of magnificent rooms was thrown open for the reception of company, and these were fitted up by the hand of lavish wealth, luxury, and refinement. Fragrant green-house shrubs lined the stair-case which the guests ascended. Hot-house plants, among them many of the rarest exotics, were scattered in rich profusion through the apartments, filling the air with their delicious perfume. Colored lamps gleamed like meteors from out the wreaths of leaves and flowers, which ran up marble pillars, or hung in graceful drapery from splendid chandeliers. Exquisite groups of statuary met the eye in every corner; and unrivalled paintings, the works of foreign artists, lined the walls, interspersed with splendid Venetian mirrors.

In the large superbly-furnished drawing-room, Ellinor stood, with General Davenport, receiving her guests. She was richly and elegantly dressed in blue moire-silk, flounced and trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace. Her dark hair bound about her classic head in massive coils, wreathed with diamonds, while round her delicate throat, and on her white arms, gleamed the same costly gems. Some of the marvellous beauty of former days had come back to her, and she looked absolutely dazzling, as she stood beneath a brilliant chandelier, her jewels glittering like stars, and reflecting the rays of light it bashed upon them. Her likeness to Ellinor Harcourt struck Sir Reginald more forcibly than ever as he approached with Audley to be introduced.

Ellinor's pulses leaped, when she heard his name announced with Audley's, as they entered the room; and her heart throbbled painfully as she saw him approach. But her countenance changed not, and her look was calm on meeting his eye.

General Davenport's reception of Sir Reginald was frigidly polite. He bowed coldly, then turning abruptly away, addressed his conversation to a gentleman standing near him. Fearful that the General's almost rude reception might confirm the Baronet's suspicion, Ellinor addressed him with a winning smile; and for a few minutes chatted pleasantly with him, and the young hunc.

Sir Reginald started as the well-remembered tones of that voice fell upon his ear; the first time he had heard them in many months.

Good Heavens! how singular! he mentally exclaimed; even the tones of the voice are alike.

Other guests now approached, claiming the notice of the lovely hostess; and Sir Reginald, retiring into the draped recess of a window, watched with strangely mingled feelings, the beautiful being whom he began to fear was indeed the divorced Lady Vivyan. The voice of Audley at length interrupted his train of thought.

'If you wish to dance, Sir Reginald, allow me to introduce you to my cousin, Miss Audley, a sweet girl, I assure you.'

The baronet felt little inclination to join the dancers; but willing to gratify the young officer, he allowed himself to be introduced to the fair partner he had selected for him; and the next half-hour was spent in the ball-room, with the giddy throng threading the images of the lively dance. As soon as he was disengaged, he returned to the drawing-room, intending to join Miss Davenport; but not finding her there, he eagerly sought her through the reception-rooms. At the end of the long gallery into which these apartments opened, was an octagon-room fitted up in the oriental style. Hangings of rich silk, of a deep rose color, covered the walls. Scattered about, in studied disorder, were cabinets beautifully inlaid, and filled with curiosities from India and Japan; stands of rare wood, elaborately carved and covered with costly articles of oriental workmanship; ottomans and couches of embossed satin inviting to repose. The whole lighted by the soft radiance of an argand lamp, filled with perfumed oil.

It was in this bijou apartment that Ellinor, wearied with the gay scene in which she was obliged to take a part, took refuge for a short time to commune with herself as soon as the ceremony of receiving her guests was

ended. The glare, the gayety, the music, accorded ill with her own saddened feelings, and the tide of bitter memories which her meeting with Sir Reginald produced. The gay amusements of the London winter were irksome to her who felt the vanity and unsatisfying nature of such enjoyments.

It was in vain, however, that she urged her father to retire to the beautiful estate he had purchased in Devonshire, where she could again enjoy retirement and employ herself in the Christian duties of ministering to the wants of the poor and the ignorant. It is true, that in the vast city in which she then resided, there were many such objects of benevolence to be found; but, more than assist them by subscribing largely to public charities, she could not do, for the General had sternly forbade her to engage in any such missions as had occupied her time at Mrs. Carleton's, during her residence in town. The gayeties of London were every attractive to the nabob in whose renewed heart the love of pleasure was still predominant. Besides, the sensation Miss Davenport had produced, and the interest and admiration her beauty and wealth excited, were immensely gratifying to the poor old man.

Throwing herself listlessly on one of the luxurious couches, Ellinor remained, for a time, buried in painful reflection. Thoughts of the absent and the loved, came back as they ever would come, unbidden. The sight of her husband always had a saddening effect upon her mind. It seemed to widen the gulf that separated her from Travers. She felt that in this world, even hope was denied; but there was a hope not of this world, which never failed to cheer the heart of the melancholy Ellinor. She had full faith in that, perhaps fanciful, belief of some, that there exists between certain persons here below a true union of spirit; and though they may be separated by the force of circumstances and compelled to pursue a different earthly path, yet in the world beyond the grave, they will be eternally united.

The rustling of the silk curtain, which answered the purpose of a door, as some one moved it aside, made her look up, and with a startled expression, her eye rested on Sir Reginald Vivyan.

'Pardon my intrusion, Miss Davenport.—Having missed the queen of the revels, I have been seeking her in every apartment, and here, I fear, wandered into your boudoir in my eagerness to find one whose presence alone adds a charm to the festive scene.'

As he spoke, he advanced into the room, until he reached the couch on which Miss Davenport was partly reclining. Very lovely she looked in the soft light of the argand lamp; the shimmering drapery of her rich dress, falling gracefully around her, and the costly jewels that glittered in her hair, and on her neck, and arms, shedding a kind of starry lustre about her person.

'The festive scene has but few attractions for me, Sir Reginald,' she replied in answer to his remark.

'This is, I believe, your first winter in London; and its fashionable amusements should at least possess for you, one charm, the gloss of novelty.'

'Still, that gives me no fascination; for I have learned to desire enjoyment from a purer source; but—and she rose hastily, unwilling to prolong a tete-a-tete with the baronet—'we will return to the gay scene, from which you say you have wandered in search of me.'

'Pardon me, but I would greatly prefer remaining here, if you will permit, and enjoy a few minutes intellectual conversation. I am not the gay butterfly you take me for, Miss Davenport, only sensible of enjoyment, when fluttering in the glare of the ball-room, or listening to the vapid, unmeaning chit chat of fashionable society.'

Ellinor again sat down. She saw that the baronet was bent on having a private conversation with her. She knew that his suspicions led him to seek some explanation.—She had been expecting this from the moment she heard his name announced. She felt convinced that some such motive had caused his appearance at the ball that night. Now that the moment for explanation was come, she did not shrink from it. She rather desired an opportunity for exculpating herself in his eyes.

A short, rather embarrassing silence ensued. The baronet surveyed the room, and with apparent carelessness observed:

'This, I suppose, is your boudoir, Miss Davenport? It is quite oriental in its arrangements; but that is natural, for memory will cling to our childhood's recollections, and your earliest reminiscences are associated with everything oriental. Therefore, even in this English home, you like to sur-

round yourself with something that will remind you of your youth, cheating yourself into the belief that you are still in Hindostan.'

The baronet paused, and looked earnestly at his fair companion.

'My earliest recollections are not associated with India, she replied, with forced calmness. 'Indeed, I have never been there.'

The baronet gave a start of surprise; it might be some deeper emotion.

'My life,' Ellinor resumed, in the same calm tones, 'until the last few years, was spent in Ireland. Sir Reginald, do you not recognise me?'

A sudden recoil, a muttered curse, and the next instant the baronet was pacing the boudoir in violent agitation. Suddenly stopping before the trembling Ellinor, and looking sternly down upon her, he demanded, in the choked voice of passion, why she had deserted him, and cast dishonor on his noble name?

'I never deserted you; the malevolence of Lady Esdaile parted us. Ask your aunt why she wrote to Count Altenberg appointing him to meet me at Holyhead. She is, I understand, ill; and the near approach of the King of Terrors may induce her to do me justice, and clear my reputation from the dark blot her malignity cast upon it. Reginald, I am innocent; you have cruelly wronged me; but you have yourself been deceived.'

Ellinor spoke with dignified earnestness; her eyes were raised, with a convincing truthfulness in their expression, to the face of her husband.

'Why was I not made acquainted with this before?' he asked, in the hoarse tones of deep emotion.

'I wrote to you from Dublin, enclosing Lady Esdaile's letter which Count Altenberg gave me; it was written in my name.'

'I never received it! good heavens! can this be true? Have I indeed been duped? But your maid—the baronet added, after a thoughtful pause—'her testimony given in a court of justice, proved your guilt.'

'She was bribed to witness falsely. That woman knew, full well, that I never saw Count Altenberg from the moment we landed at Kingston; and that I only spoke to him for a short time on deck after the packet left Holyhead.'

'Ellinor, you are deceiving me; this cannot be the truth.'

'It is the truth, Sir Reginald. As surely as there is a God in the heavens, I lie not. Why should I stain my soul with falsehood? I do not seek to be reconciled to you; I desire no longer to bear your name; without you, I have both rank and wealth.'

There was much of the old hauteur in Ellinor's tones, as if she scorned the very necessity for exculpating herself. The pure, noble expression of her pale, upturned face carried conviction to the heart of Sir Reginald. Then, the old passionate love for his wife came back instantly rushing like a flood over the barrier that had so long opposed it. He threw himself at her feet and implored her forgiveness. She too was much agitated, but cold. Between her and that kneeling form came the image of Capt. Travers. She turned away, shivering, when she remembered her love for him; and that duty sternly demanded her affection for her husband.

The iciness of Ellinor's manner chilled the baronet; He rose with a deep sigh, and again paced the room. He felt that his treatment of her had entirely estranged her affections. Would they ever flow back into their natural channel? Suddenly stopping, he asked who the friend was who had removed her from the Asylum, if it was General Davenport?

'No; it was a lady, a stranger; her name is Carleton.'

'How did she become interested in you?'

'A friend of mine represented to her my melancholy situation, and induced her to visit me.'

'Who was this friend?'

'Captain Travers.'

'Oh! the officer whom you knew at B—; I remember.' And now a painful recollection came back to the baronet.

'He was an admirer of yours; a lover, I think?'

There was no answer. Ellinor was busied with her diamond bracelet, which had become unclasped.

Again the remark was repeated, and this time there was something of the old jealousy in Sir Reginald's tones.

'He did love me, truly; as most men never love.' And did you love him? Ellinor feared would be the next demand; but the baronet did not venture so far. He dreaded the answer to that question.

Another embarrassing silence, and then Sir Reginald abruptly asked,—'Why did you not marry Captain Travers? If he loved you, he must have sought your hand, when the law set you free?'

'He did seek it.'

'And you rejected him—why?' There was an eagerness in Sir Reginald's voice, which marked the deep interest he felt in her reply.

'Because, I was your wife in the sight of heaven, though legally divorced,' she replied, with some bitterness in her tone.

'You are right; you are still my wife; my own beloved, high-minded Ellinor!' he exclaimed, passionately folding her in his arms.

'It was a natural, irresistible influence, which has been drawing me towards you ever since I saw you at the opera. Do you know, dearest, that you captivated me a second time? Believing you to be what you seemed, a stranger, Miss Davenport, though wonderfully like my lost Ellinor, I actually fell in love with you. But that is not surprising; you really are more charming than ever; you seem much changed, Ellinor.'

'I am changed,' she replied coldly, withdrawing from his encircling arms; 'I have suffered deeply, and that suffering has, through God's mercy, been sanctified. I am no longer the haughty, resentful Ellinor, whose revengeful feelings caused you as well as myself, much pain.'

'Then, religion will teach you to bear more patiently with my infirmities of temper, dearest. Oh! what a bright prospect of future happiness opens to us? And again the baronet would have drawn his beautiful wife fondly towards him; but she drew back with a slight shudder, for love for him was dead within her breast; while she pointedly remarked: 'Remember, that we are legally separated; and that the stain of dishonor still rests upon my name.'

'But it shall be removed,' exclaimed Sir Reginald, angrily. By —, Lady Esdaile shall speak the truth and clear your fame, although by doing so she will brand her own name with infamy.'

'Unless a troubled conscience frightens her into a confession of her guilt, nothing can prove my innocence,' observed Ellinor, sadly, then wishing to put an end to the conversation she rose, adding: 'I must return to my guests; they will wonder at my absence.'

'One more question, Ellinor: Is General Davenport your father?'

'Yes.'

'But the name is different?'

'He changed it to please an aunt, who left him her fortune.'

'And how did he find you out?'

'By mere accident, as some would say. Captain Travers saw him in India, and remarking my likeness to him, showed him my miniature, and an explanation ensued.'

'Captain Travers again! He seems to have been your guardian angel,' observed the baronet, bitterly.

Ellinor's heart acknowledged the truth of this remark.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BY THE CONSTITUTION OF OUR NATURE VIRTUE IS ENJOYMENT.—If it be a proof of benevolence in God, that our external organs of taste should have been so framed as to have a liking for wholesome food; it is no less the proof both of a benevolent and a righteous God, so to have framed our mental economy, as that right and wholesome morality should be palatable to the taste of the inner man. Virtue is not only seen to be right—it is felt to be delicious. There is happiness in the very wish to make others happy. There is a heart's ease, or a heart's enjoyment even in the first purposes of kindness, as well as in its subsequent performances. There is a certain rejoicing sense of clearness in the consistency, the exactitude of justice and truth. There is a triumphant elevation of spirit in magnanimity and honour. In perfect harmony with this, there is a placid feeling of serenity and blissful contentment in gentleness and humility. There is a noble satisfaction in those victories which, at the bidding of principle or by the power of self-command, may have been achieved over the propensities of animal nature. There is an elate independence of soul in the consciousness of having nothing to hide and nothing to be ashamed of. In a word, by the constitution of our nature each virtue has its appropriate charm, and virtue on the whole is a fund of varied as well as of perpetual enjoyment to him who hath imbibed its spirit and who is under the direction of its principles.—Dr. Chalmers.

Agricultural AND DOMESTIC.

The weather, the crops, the midge, the rust, the weevil, the fly, the drought at Kingston and vicinity, thunder storms, the quality of wool and weight of fleeces, the probable yield of growing crops, these are the characteristics of the following paragraphs, taken from papers which exchange with the Canadian Illustrated News.

In the vicinity of the city of Hamilton, along the south, the west, and northwest shores of Lake Ontario, the weather from the end of May until this, the third week of July, has been alternately rain and sunshine, the longest period without rain having been one week.

On Thursday the 9th, the atmosphere was murky, intensifying on Friday and Saturday. On Sunday it cleared, and the sun shone brightly. Monday came with a lurid gray sky, unkindly east wind and a deluge.—Tuesday was wet and sunless. Wednesday the 15th sunny and warm. The hay is abundant beyond all former growth, but is not being saved in the best condition. Wheat is said to be infested with the fly near the lake shores. And many people who travel the country tell of rust, or of fears that it will be rusty. On the wheat-growing plains west of Caledonia on the Grand River, by way of Brantford, Paris, and round by Ayr, Galt, and Guelph, and stretching westerly, travelers who know what wheat is when they see it, declare that it is tall, and strong in straw, and laden with noble ears of grain bending gracefully in token of their healthful weight.

Having enjoyed a summer so delightful, refreshing, and full of promise at the west end of Lake Ontario, it excites remark and regret that at the east end of the lake, the weather has been so different. The latest number of our contemporary, the Kingston Whig, which is to hand when writing these remarks, has the following:

NO RAIN YET.—When will it rain again? Not drizzle, a few drops, just to tantalize the thirsty earth, but rain jollily for hours, wet the growing crops and fill the water but! The moon changes to-night, and perhaps while we grumble, kind Nature is about to open her flood gates and bestow upon us what we are craving for. For eight long weeks no rain, worth mentioning, has fallen in this immediate neighborhood; though East, West, North and South, we hear of its falling in abundance. Hay was sold in Kingston market on Saturday for \$25 per ton. What will the poor people do for fodder next winter, for all the old hay in the country is eaten up? The meadows are past recovery, and of straw there will be a poor yield.—Whig, July 10.

VERY WARM.—The last week has been "piping" hot. The thermometer on Saturday stood at 90 in the shade, while on the Sabbath it was not much better. It is, however, barring the excessive heat, splendid weather for getting in the crops.—Galt reporter.

WHEAT HARVEST.—On some farms in this neighborhood, the Wheat harvest will commence directly. The late rains have done immense good to the growing wheat, and it is filling out rapidly. The crop generally will be very heavy. A large number of harvest hands have made their appearance within the past week, and labour promises to be plentiful.—Ibid.

CROPS IN USBORNE.—We do not remember ever having seen more pleasing prospects for the farmer than at present. The crops in this locality never looked better at this season; and if present appearances hold out and prices rule favourably, we doubt not there is a good time coming for the farmer. The present season is a hard one. There is no money in circulation; but as liabilities generally are not pressing, one good crop will set the wheels of trade in rapid and easy motion.—Perth Reformer. Published at Mitchell on the Buffalo and Lake Huron line of Railroad.

THE CROPS.—The spring wheat throughout this township is in a remarkably forward condition; a little rain just now would do immense good; the fly which committed such sad ravages last year, has not as yet, we are happy to say, made its appearance; oats and peas are also looking well. Hay, without exception, is this year the best crop we have ever seen, and will next week be fit to cut. On the whole the farmers, as well as the whole community, have great reason to feel gratified at the cheering prospect before them.—Stratford Beacon.

NEW WHEAT.—We have before us a little bundle of ears of new wheat gathered last week from a field on the farm of Mr. James Thomas in the Township of Haldimand, full, firm, and good ears which have already begun to change color. In a day or two the field will doubtless be ready for the sickle. If the ears before us are a good specimen of the crop, Mr. Thomas will have no reason to complain. We are glad to note that every thing points to a bountiful harvest in this County.—Cobourg Star.

THE WEATHER.—This summer is the hottest experienced in Quebec for several years past. Yesterday was a melting day, the mercury rising to 95 degrees in the shade, at noon. Towards evening, clouds gathered over the city, with threatening appearance of rain.—Quebec Daily News July 9.

THE WEATHER.—One of those sudden and disagreeable changes from calm to storm, from the insupportable heat of midsummer day to the blustering weather of autumn, was experienced here yesterday. From an early hour a strong easterly gale prevailed, rendering out-door amusements anything but the most delightful, from the quantities of blinding dust that filled the air.—Quebec Mercury July 10.

The next comes from the North West corner of Canada; We of the C. I. N. thank the Owen Sound Times for a friendly notice of this paper. And heartily reciprocate the compliment.

THE CROPS.—Accounts of the most cheering character continue to reach us respecting the prospects of the crop of 1863. The only danger now apprehended is the possibility of rust. In this region everything is most promising.—Owen Sound Times.

SNOW IN JULY.—The Editor of this paper visited the cliffs west of Mr. Snider's residence on the morning of 1st July, and got without difficulty his accustomed snow-bail. With the exception of last year, when he was absent, he has got a sample of snow from these rocks every 1st July for many years.—Ibid.

WEATHER AND CROPS.—We have had excessively hot weather this week: Crops of all kinds are coming on finely. In some parts of the Province, dry weather has been complained of—as for instance the vicinity of Kingston. All along Lake Ontario the wheat midge is making its appearance; also near London. The crops however, will be heavy, though the sample may be injured.—Ibid July, 10.

THE CROP.—That some damage has been done by the insects to the wheat, is beyond a doubt; but we hear of many townships, and even counties, where they have not been seen, and we are inclined to think that their ravages are much less wide-spread and destructive than when they first made their appearance in Canada. We cannot learn that in any county is less than an average crop expected, and in the majority, it is believed that the harvest will exceed anything before seen.—Toronto Globe, July 15.

THE MIDGE.—We have this day been shown a sample of fall wheat, grown upon the farm of Mr. Elijah Buckholder, and we have great pleasure in noting that the ravages from the midge will not be near so destructive as was generally anticipated.

The sample is far advanced and will be ready for cutting in the course of another week, and is the produce of the Siberian spring grain, but by fall sowing and acclimation it promises to be one of our best and most reliable of winter wheats.—Hamilton Times, July 14.

THE CROPS.—The crops in this section of country promise exceedingly well. Owing to the cold, backward weather in the early part of the season, grass did not have a good start, and in some sections it will be light, but take the whole county, and from all that we can learn, the crops will be at least an average one. Fall grain looks well, and oats, pease, spring wheat, and barley, never presented a better appearance, while potatoes and root crops generally, promise abundantly. Should the weather continue favourable, we may expect a plentiful harvest.—Belleville Intelligencer. July 10.

In quoting the foregoing paragraph from our esteemed contemporary the Belleville Intelligencer we add a desire to have occasional contributions from the Bay of Quinte and the Trent District, with pictorial sketches to be engraved. Every thing relating to the industrial progress of Canada is welcome to the C. I. N.

WHO IS THE BREEDER.—By long established custom, the party in whose possession a short-horn calf is born is said to be the breeder of that calf, although the dam may have been the property of another person.

even up to the very day of calving. All the credit of having bred the animal is claimed by the dam's new owner; but all the merit of having bred the animal is clearly due to another. An outlay of money avails to secure the former; but the latter is the result of care, thought, sagacity, anxiety, and experience. It is conceivable that a man of wealth should purchase fifty cows of great value, each in calf to some distinguished bull (a Booth bull, for instance), obtained by hire, at a distinguished price; and all within a few weeks of bringing forth their offspring. The cows in due time calve; and their produce, and the consequence of another man's capital and judgment, are recorded in the Herd Book, not to his honour to whom, in fact, honour alone belongs, but as memorials of the breeding skill of one who may possibly possess no breeding skill at all, and whose part in the transaction was simply that of arranging a pecuniary investment. The real breeder of a calf is unquestionably the person who brings the sire and dam together; and yet, according to orthodox usage the place of calving constitutes the criterion. We suggest no alteration in the ordinary method of proceeding, it is perhaps as good as any other; but our readers will perceive that it renders the Herd Book a less faithful exponent of the history of facts than it would otherwise be, and very frequently imparts undeserved lustre to obscure names.

PROGRESS OF THE VILLAGE OF HASTINGS.—Hastings is situated on the River Trent, a few miles from Rice Lake, C. W. Three years ago there were some dozen houses in it; now there are over one thousand inhabitants, two four-story factories, one cotton, and one woollen; two large saw mills, grist mill and tannery, and ten stores; altogether, it is quite a thriving village.

The cotton factory is called the Trent Valley Mills; it has about 30 looms, and turns out about 8000 yards of grey cotton per week. The same firm have a small factory, where they knit gentlemen's underclothing, vests and pants. They turn out a very respectable article in imitation of the Shetland.—Extracts of a private letter.

A HINT FOR OUR SPARROW CLUBS.—Those valiant members of the agricultural community who spend their time in killing birds, and then meet together to celebrate their folly, may do well to read the following prices, which the Auckland Acclimatization Society offers for the introduction of birds and animals in which New Zealand is deficient: Hares, per couple, male and female, £5; red deer, ditto, £15; blackcock or grouse, cock and hen, £10; silver pheasants ditto, £5; nightingales, ditto, £5; English partridges, ditto, £4; cuckoos, ditto, £3; missel thrush, ditto, £2; common thrush, ditto, £2; blackbirds, ditto, £2; starlings, ditto, £2; skylarks, ditto, £2; rooks, ditto, £2; crows, ditto, £2; jays, ditto, £1 10s.; robins, ditto, £1 10s.; wrens ditto, £1 10s.; bullfinches, ditto, £1; green or grey linnets, ditto, 15s.; sparrows, 5s.; English quails, ditto, £1. That distinguished ornithologist, the Rev. F. O. Morris, says in his very interesting account of the sparrow. 'I have watched pairs of sparrows repeatedly feeding their young, and have found that they bring food to the nest once in ten minutes during at least six hours of the 24, and that each time from two to six caterpillars are brought—every naturalist will know this to be under the mark. Now, suppose that the 3,500 sparrows destroyed by an association for killing sparrows were to have been alive the next spring, each pair to have built a nest, and reared successive broods of young during three months, we have, at the rate of 252,000 per day, the enormous multitude of 21,168,000 larvae prevented from destroying the products of the land, and from increasing their numbers from 50 to 500 fold!'

TO DESTROY RATS IN BARN AND RICK.—Melt hogs' lard in a bottle plunged in water of temperature of 150° Fahrenheit; introduce into it half an ounce of phosphorus for every pound of lard, then add a pint of proof spirit of whisky; cork the bottle firmly after its contents have been to 150°, taking it out of the water and agitating till the phosphorus becomes uniformly diffused, making a milky looking fluid. The spirit may be poured off on the liquid cooling; and you have then a fatty compound, which, after being warmed gently, may be incorporated with a mixture of wheat flour or sugar, flavored with oil of rhodium or oil of aniseed, &c.; and the dough, on being made into pellets, should be laid at the rat-holes; being lumps in the dark, and agreeable both to their palates and noses, it is readily eaten and proves certainly fatal. The rats issue from their holes and seek for water to quench their burning thirst, and they commonly die near the water.—Dr. Ure.

CRICKET.

First Battalion Rifle Brigade, vs. Hamilton Club, July 11th. This match was played at Hamilton, and after a most exciting struggle ended in favor of the Rifle Brigade by 20 runs:

Table with columns: RIFLE BRIGADE, FIRST INNINGS. Lists players and runs scored.

Table with columns: RIFLE BRIGADE, SECOND INNINGS. Lists players and runs scored.

Table with columns: HAMILTON, FIRST INNINGS. Lists players and runs scored.

Table with columns: HAMILTON, SECOND INNINGS. Lists players and runs scored.

First Battalion Rifle Brigade, vs. Toronto Club, July 13 and 14. This match was played at Toronto and ended in favor of the Rifle Brigade by seven wickets:

Table with columns: TORONTO, FIRST INNINGS. Lists players and runs scored.

Table with columns: TORONTO, SECOND INNINGS. Lists players and runs scored.

Table with columns: RIFLE BRIGADE, FIRST INNINGS. Lists players and runs scored.

Table with columns: RIFLE BRIGADE, SECOND INNINGS. Lists players and runs scored.

Publisher's Notices.

If any of our agents have Nos. 1, 2 and 15 of Vol. 1, and No. 1 of Vol. 2, on hand, they will please return them to this office. E. P. B., Seneca.—All the back Numbers have been sent, addressed to the several parties, Caledonia P. O. J. W., Mt. Healey.—Copies have been sent to the new subscribers, as requested. A. C., Port Robinson.—Copies sent as ordered. T. B., Millbrook.—We have altered the address as requested.



Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 10TH JULY, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries) and Amount.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Corresponding week last year, Decrease) and Amount.

JAMES CHARLTON, AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton, 11th July, 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 4TH, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Total, Corresponding week, 1862) and Amount.

JOSEPH ELLIOTT, MONTREAL, July 10th, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

[Compiled for the Canadian Illustrated News] A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT.

LIVERPOOL, June 27, 1863.

Large table listing various commodities (Wheat, Flour, Oil, etc.) with columns for item, quantity, and price.

PETROLEUM.

Table listing petroleum products (American Crude, Canadian, etc.) with prices.

Our provision market has been moderately active this week.

BEFF.—The demand is much improved. PORK sells slowly, and only 200 barrels are reported this week.

BACON in fair demand at steady prices for the best qualities, and a slight reduction on inferior sorts.

LARD.—The demand has slackened, and we close quiet at prices rather in favor of buyers.

CHEESE.—The arrivals are heavy, but the sales are large, and the recent advance is maintained.

BUTTER is neglected, and is offering at low prices.

TALLOW quiet. LINSEED CAKE dull.

The CORN (grain) MARKET shows no improvement, and the demand generally has been unimportant. The weather continues fine.

PETROLEUM.—We have had a quiet market with sales of about 900 barrels refined at 1s. 11d. to 2s. CRUDE—American, dull, at £16 to £16 10s. Canadian, £9 to £10 per ton nominally. No sales reported.

TORONTO MARKETS.

July 15th.

The receipts of all produce were light, with unchanged prices. Fall wheat sold at 85c to 90c per bushel for inferior qualities, and 90c to 94c for good samples. Spring wheat remained unchanged at 30c to 33c for good, and 75c to 80c for poorer grades. Rye

nominal, at 1c per pound or 50c to 60c.—Barley scarce and unchanged, at 45c to 50c. Pease 50c to 54c for good average samples. Oats scarce at 45c to 45c. Potatoes very plentiful and selling at 25c to 25c per bush. wholesale, and 35c to 45c retail, and tending downward. Apples \$2 to \$3 per barrel.—Chickens 40c to 50c the pair. Ducks scarce at 40c to 50c the pair. Butter draws 10c to 12c per lb. at wholesale, and 12c to 14c retail. Eggs are worth 9c to 13c per dozen. Old hay in moderate supply, selling at \$15 per ton for the best qualities, and new at \$8 to \$11 per ton, and but lightly supplied.—Straw \$9 per ton. Hides \$5 per cwt. Calfskins 8c to 9c per lb. Pelts 30c each.—Lambskins 50c each. Wool sold freely at 33c to 36c per lb., with a brisk demand.

Remittances.

G. W., Wellington; W. L. G. & Co., St. Catharines; A. S. J., Toronto; B. H., Millbrook; G. E., Virgil; P. McIn, Port Dover; I. L., Jordan; A. McL., Pt. Rowan; G. P. B., O. R., Rev. J. B., J. K. M., Mrs. W. M., M. B., H. H., I. P., Caledonia; W. C., P. K., A. F. S., Hagersville; H. S. and A. C., Oneida.

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

Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brands, always kept in the bar, and the barter furnished with the best market affords.

Board \$1.00 per day, Drummondville, June 30th, 1863.

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

BEST ENGRAVERS

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Twenty-Five to Fifty per cent less than the usual prices charged in the Province. Make arrangements with us to send a Special Artist to sketch; or send ambrotype or sketch of whatever is to be engraved, stating size required, and we will quote price at once.

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

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GO TO WM. SERVOS' NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE, 48 King Street, Hamilton.

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WM. SERVOS begs to inform his numerous friends and the public generally that he has just received a choice selection of

Boots and Shoes for the Spring Trade

Selected from the most eminent manufacturers in the Province, as they have all been purchased for Cash, he is determined to

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

Work of every description made to order, on the shortest notice, and entire satisfaction guaranteed, or the money returned. One trial is earnestly solicited.

WM. SERVOS. 26

Hamilton, May, 1863.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

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

ELLIS' HOTEL.

NIAGARA FALLS, - - - CANADA SIDE,

NEXT DOOR TO BARNETT'S MURKIN,

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Meals at all hours. Carriages in attendance at the door. Good stabling.

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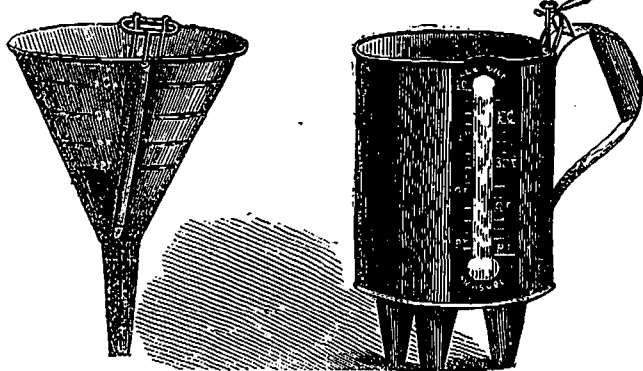
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BROOKES' FUNNEL MEASURE.

The engravings show an ingenious apparatus for Measuring Liquids, lately patented by Mr. THOMAS BROOKES.

Fig. 1, on right, is a gallon measure with three legs, two being portable, the third forming the spout; a piece of glass with figures on either side shows the quantity of liquid contained, while the small handle at the top, by being pressed, opens a valve at the bottom which allows it to pass through.

Fig. 2, on left, is the same kind of apparatus, the valve being opened by pulling the handle. By this contrivance the merchant may possess a Measure and Funnel combined which will save him considerable expense and no end of trouble and annoyance.

The articles may be obtained from Mr. THOMAS BROOKES, 27 King street, Toronto, and from his authorized Agents. Toronto, May 30, 1863. 3

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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.

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Manufacturers and Importers of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE, Cathedral Block, Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

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